William Vaughn Moody--A Study.

by

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PREFACE

The chief purpose of this study of William Vaughn Moody is to determine his philosophy and his position among modern men of letters by means of an interpretation of his work as a poet and prose writer and by showing his reaction to important social, political, scientific, and religious movements of the latter nineteenth and early twentieth century. To do this properly a complete biographical sketch seemed advisable. Practically all the material is based upon Moody's works published in three volumes by Houghton, Mifflin and Company under the following titles: Poems and Poetic Dramas, Prose Plays, and Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody, the first and last, respectively, referred to briefly in the footnotes as Poems and Letters.

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Chapter I.

Biographical Sketch

William Vaughn Moody, one of the most distinguished of American contemporary authors, was born at Spencer, Indiana, July 8, 1869. His father, Francis Burdette Moody, was of French and English stock; his mother, Henrietta Stoy, of English and German. There is no doubt that this mingled ancestry can be recognized in his works. His writings have the dignity and depth of the English and German, the grace of the French, and the originality and frankness of a true American. That his father was a man of enterprise is shown by the fact of his leaving New York for the pioneer state of Indiana and being for many years a successful steamboat captain. To his father's influence and his early environment, he owed the unquenchable vitality and virility, the daring and vigor of the pioneer, evident in both his prose and poetry. In The Daguerreotype he pays brief but eloquent tribute to his father in these lines:

"Our father and her very constant lover,
Rose stoical, and we knew that she was dead.
Then I, who could not understand or share
Fled from the horrible roof." (1)

One need not read many poems to realize that Moody's noble conception of motherhood and exalted idea of womanhood entered largely into his philosophy of life.

(1) Poems and Poetic Dramas. p. 105.
One cannot fail to realize the large share his mother had in his early training and later idealism. The Daguerreotype is a noble tribute to his mother and to motherhood. Much that Moody was or hoped to be was because of his mother's trust and inspiration. In his successes he could say to his mother:

"Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung lea
You pictured I should climb." (1)

If he failed he grieved because she was pained and disappointed:

"O mother Mine!
Are these the bringings in, the doings fine,
Of him you used to praise?" (2)

In "Faded Pictures" (3) the closing lines give a veiled but illuminating reference to his mother's influence (4) forever compelling and present:

"But I, well, I left Raphael,
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
To think away those stains and blurs
And make all new again and well.

"Only, for tears my head will bow,
Because there on my heart's last wall,
Scarce one tint left to tell it all,
A picture keeps its eyes, somehow."

(1) Poems and Poetic Dramas p.208
(2) Poems and Poetic Dramas p.109
(3) Poems and Poetic Dramas p.79
(4) Poems and Poetic Dramas Intro.
In 1871 the family moved to New Albany, situated on the Ohio river. The mother died in 1884 and the father survived only two years. The orphaned boy's career was much like that of many another ambitious boy. He taught for a short time in a country school and in 1888 attended Riverside Academy. Here he helped with the teaching to put himself through school. In 1889 he entered as an undergraduate at Harvard and as he confided to his friend, Daniel Gregory Mason, his entire capital consisted of twenty-five dollars. (1) It is believed that he was also partly responsible for the education of one of his sisters. He kept busy studying, proctoring, tutoring, and typewriting and so made his way successfully.

It was also in these years at Cambridge that he contributed to the "Harvard Monthly." Other "Harvard Monthly" poets of his day were Philip Henry Savage ('93) Hugh McCulloch ('92) Dr. George Santayana ('86) and Joseph Trumbull Stickney ('95).

In 1893, having completed the work requisite for a degree, he went to Europe as tutor. This journey was noteworthy for a walking trip through the Black Forest and Switzerland with Robert Morss Lovett, Norman Hapgood and L.H. Dow, for the winter in Florence and for his first visit to Greece. In 1893-1894 he was at Harvard doing graduate work. Professor Kittredge says that at this period he had an insatiable appetite for mediaeval French romances. As

(1) Letters, p.5.
soon as he was granted his master's degree, he became a member of the teaching staff in the department of English. In collaboration with Mr. Lovett he earned a slender income by doing editorial work on Bulfinch's Mythology. In one of his letters to Lovett, August 10, 1893 he humorously refers to this work:

"As you purpose returning so soon, I think I will not come to Waterville, as the present stringency in the money market has at last crippled even my immense resources. Do not hurry back on Bulfinch's account, however; I will have a general supervision over Zeus' amours and will keep Hera out of his hair." (1)

His letters tell, better than anything else, what must have been his financial embarrassment at times. September 27, 1894 he asks Lovett for a loan of fifty dollars on the strength of their Bulfinch expectations, "till the Harvard goose begins to lay her golden eggs,"(2) and finally when the Bulfinch payment comes he exults "to think that the ravens still come so opportunely to feed the hungering prophet."(3)

His year as instructor at Harvard was under his old friend, Professor Lewis E. Gates. During his two graduate years at Harvard he wrote a good many poems, highly imitative of Rossetti, Keats, Whitman, and Browning. Considering these merely studies, he did not think them worth being included in the 1901 edition of his poems.

(1) Some Letters of W.V.M. p.13
(2) Some Letters of W.V.M. p.21
(3) Some Letters of W.V.M. p.22
What Moody was like at this period we may learn from Daniel Gregory Mason. He was decidedly "Western," at least he was considered such by the local clique to which Mason belonged. He was taciturn, shy, self-conscious, with an odd blend of floridity and negligence, but even these self-complacent under-graduates soon learned to recognize the magnanimity and solidity of the man. In his quaint, humorous fashion he lets us know that he, too, felt this difference between the East and the West, between his Harvard friends and himself. In a letter to Mrs. Toy some years later he writes:

"I am eager for the queer inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decorum of you children, who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of time by old auntie Ding-an-sich, while we hoodlums contend with the goat for tomato cans in the alley. I have a fair line of the same to lay before your eyes when I am admitted inside the aristocratic front gate: some of them will make a fine effect in a ring around your geranium bed."

Moody and Daniel Gregory Mason sailed to Europe, July 3, 1895, and on the fifteenth they landed at Antwerp where they were joined by Professor Gates for a short trip through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Lille, Amiens and Beauvais. Mason speaks of Moody on this journey as an incomparable companion.

(1) "Introduction to Some Letters of W.V.M." p.vii.
proving the versatility of his mind by rapid and easy transitions from poetic flights and imagery, to rollicking, colloquial humor. He was as charming in one mood as in another. In one he speaks of the cathedral windows at Amiens as "God's spiderweb;" in the other with droll solemnity, he convulses his friends with laughter by telling the French waitress that raspberry jam is called "red-goo." At Caen, Moody made the first sketch of a poem that, after many revisions, became *Jetsam*. At Tessy-sur-Vire they were awakened early one morning by the sound of a bugle. How strangely and deeply impressed he was is commemorated in the speech of the Third Youth in Act IV of *The Masque of Judgment*:

"But always ere the dayspring took the sky,
Somewhere the silver trumpets were acry,
Sweet, high, oh, high and sweet!
What voice could summon so but the Soul's Paraclete?
Whom should such voices call but me, to dare and die?"

On this same trip, August 26, the tourists met the mysterious personage who stimulated Moody to compose *Old Pourquoi*.

In the autumn of 1895, as teacher in the University he came to know what he humorously styled: "That beast Chicago, the pawing and glaring of it."(1) He had at first refused the Chicago position entirely, but later accepted because his family was in great need of "a larger harvest.

(1) Letters p.32
of shekels."(1) He continued his work at The University of Chicago as instructor and assistant professor in English till 1903. He was always a conscientious teacher and so his pupils never guessed what heartache was hidden by the genial smile and reserved manner of their instructor. What this period meant to him we may learn from the intimate glimpses in letters to his friends. In January, 1898 he made this whimsical computation: "April is only eighty-eight lectures, forty committee meetings and several thousand themes away!" and a little later: "My heart leaps up when I behold a calendar on the sly!" He would labor at teaching and hack-writing until he had earned enough to permit a jaunt to Europe, where he could live more cheaply than in America. A man of simple tastes, he did not need a large income.

In spite of the drudgery of teaching he finished *Jetsam* in 1895, began work on the *Faith Healer* and did some editorial work for Mr. Horace Scudder. In 1896 he finished *Wilding Flower,* later revised and called *Heart's Wild Flower.* This poem was suggested by the repeated appearance of a girl who haunted the symphonies and Moody wrote to Daniel Gregory Mason:

"I hope you will like it, because it is almost the first thing I have done which has been a direct impulse from real life, and you know I have theories about that."(2) "Dawn Parley," which Moody did not see fit to enclose in the 1901 edition of poems, was finished in 1896 also and

(1) Letters p.26  
(2) Letters p.56
is likewise based upon an actual experience. To quote Moody it was "an enormous little adventure."(1) He met a girl, a Californian, whom he describes to Mason as "mentally from the age of Rousseau and Chateaubriand---, dating spiritually from the Age of Gold." The result of his meeting can be learned by reading the poem which Mason has included in Some Letters.(2)

His trips in America and abroad play such an important part in his life that they must be described somewhat in detail. In June, 1896, he made a ten-day bicycle tour with Ferdinand Schevill through northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. In 1897 he spent the spring and summer in Europe. Again with Schevill he made a bicycle trip, this time from Rome to Lake Como, through the Alban Hills and over the Apennines. During this journey he sketched, Road-Hymn for the Start. Good Friday Night was suggested by an Easter tide procession seen at Sorrento. It was also on this trip that he began The Masque of Judgment. He visited Montefiascone and Lago di Bolsena, whose scenery is reflected in Road-Hymn for the Start. He visited the Lovetts at Venice, and later Asolo and the Dolomites, climbed the Grosser Vendiger, stayed for a short time at Cortina, thence went to Ravenna, and by bicycle across Italy to Genoa. Here he was again attacked by a disease which had previously prostrated him at Innsbruck. In the summer of 1901 he made his first visit to Mackinac Island and later went on a

(1) Some Letters of W.V.M. p.65
(2) Some Letters of W.V.M. p.71
camping trip to Colorado with Hamlin Garland. In 1902 he made a very profitable trip to Greece and while in the Peloponnesus read Greek tragedy. In 1905 he went to Arizona with Ferdinand Schevill. While there among the Hopi Indians, Moody definitely planned his most popular work, The Great Divide. In the spring and early summer of 1907 he went with Ridgely Torrence to Tangier, Spain, Italy, and France.

In 1896 he undertook the editorial work on Milton's poems which brought him a considerable sum when finished. The work on The Masque and The Faith Healer was continued simultaneously for a time; the former was finally completed January 25, 1900; the latter, ready for performance in January, 1910. It is notable that this play was begun long before The Great Divide, as early as 1898, in fact, and was not hastily written, composed in the heat and blindness of success as some have erroneously supposed. His poems were submitted in 1899 to Houghton, Mifflin and Company for publication and finally came out in 1901. The Ode in Time of Hesitation appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, May, 1900. In the early spring of this same year he was at East Gloucester, Massachusetts where he wrote Gloucester Moors, and the Menagerie.

After 1901, because of his completion of the English Literature, he was able to secure longer leaves of absence from teaching. His time was chiefly spent in Boston, New York and Chicago. His second poetic drama, The Fire-Bringer was published in March, 1904. Early in 1906 he finished
his prose play, *The Great Divide*, which was first given in Chicago under the title, *The Sabine Woman*. It was formally put on the stage in New York the following fall by Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller. October the sixth was the opening night.

In the spring of 1908, while living in New York, Moody was prostrated by a severe and prolonged attack of typhoid, from which he never completely recovered. Unfortunately, his letters, the richest biographical source, are strangely few after this. In spite of his poor health he prepared *The Faith Healer* for performance in January, 1910 and worked spasmodically but earnestly on the first act of *The Death of Eve*, which he had originally intended as the last of a dramatic trilogy with *The Firebringer* and *The Masque of Judgment*. His time was taken with fighting his bodily weakness and giving final directions and criticisms on the production of his two prose plays. Shortly after the publication of *The Faith Healer*, he became afflicted with a tumor of the brain. Fortunately for him, in this distressing battle against disease, he was faithfully nursed by his life-long friend, Mrs. Harriet C. Brainard of Chicago. After a friendship of many years, Moody had at last persuaded her to become his wife and they were married in July, 1909. A few months of ideal happiness were spent together but it soon became evident that Moody was fighting a losing battle against disease. He died leaving uncompleted the last member of the trilogy, which most critics deem his
masterpiece or at least his most ambitious work. On February 17, 1909 in a letter to Mrs. Toy he gives us the pathetic picture of a man fighting a hopeless battle yet courageous and hopeful of future achievement. He says: (Letters. p.169.) 
"I have got a grand idea, and keep feeling my muscle to see if I am up to doing it, thus far with rather discouraging responses from my system." He died October 17, 1910 at the premature age of forty-one.
Chapter II

Moody As a Man of Letters.

I. Earlier Works.

There occurred in 1901 an event in the literary world not utterly unheralded, yet, withal, an event greeted with surprised exclamations by the majority of critics. This was the appearance of a slender volume, modestly entitled, Poems. It is true that a few of these poems by William Vaughn Moody had been previously published in Scribner's, and the Atlantic Monthly; it is true that prior to this, a few spasmodic, poetic utterances by Moody as a young, though promising undergraduate, had appeared in the Harvard Monthly; yet, much of his work had been unnoticed by the majority of readers, and by his college friends had been made a subject of humorous bantering which he, with self-immolating humor, enjoyed as much as anyone. A college companion had parodied, My Love is Gone into the East (1) and had found the expression, "A Foolish little cricket thing" in the second stanza especially amusing. Only portions of some of these earlier poems were included in the 1901 edition and others were carefully and conscientiously revised. One entirely omitted is the class-day poem, The Song of the Elder Brothers; another is Dawn Parley. The former is of little interest, yet may claim a brief glance from the close student and lover of Moody. In it he summons before the reader his great spiritual elder brothers, Longfellow, Emerson and others, who sing the song of praise to his Alma Mater. The poem clothes Harvard in luxuriant, Romantic garb reminding one of the "dim

(1) Poems and Poetic Dramas, p. 151.
religious light" of old world cloisters. The tone is Pre-
Raphaelite, the pictures medieval. In addressing Alma Mater
he uses the figure of a medieval knight, a crusader:

"Lo, have we borne a knightly sword?
Thy kiss was misty on the blade!"

(1)

The important thing learned from this poem is that Moody,
though temperamentally and in technical skill a Romanticist,
later laboriously and successfully trained himself to severe
and chaste classicism. When one compares the lyrics of
The Masque of Judgment (1900) included in the 1901 edition,
with these early efforts one can scarcely believe they were
written by the same author. At least his very early poems
did not give promise of so rich a harvest, of poems so lofty
in quality and technique as are found in The Masque. I shall
deal with this expressly in a later chapter.

Dawn Parley, (2) another early poem not reprinted in
1901, is likewise suggestive of the Pre-Raphaelite influence,
especially of Rossetti in its intangible, spiritual quality.
Mrs. Moody said (3) that he considered this poem superfluous
beside The Golden Journey. Like Swinburne, Moody in this
poem shows a predilection for the "i" sound. It shows a
tendency to repetition, the word "wild" occurring four times
within the poem of 28 lines, twice in stanza one.

(1) Letters p. 12.
(2) Letters p. 71.
(3) Letters p. 70.
Much more interesting because it shows Moody's method of careful study and his constant development, is the poem, *Wilding Flower* (1896) (1) revised and published in 1901 under the title *Heart's Wild-Flower*. (2) In the first place the poem was changed from 6 line stanzas of iambics, alternately tetrameter and trimeter, to three lined iambic heptameter stanzas. At the suggestion of Daniel Gregory Mason, (3) Moody simplified and curtailed it to a great degree. Stanzas 2-9 were entirely omitted, stanza 9 being changed almost entirely. Vague and unusual expressions were mercilessly pruned away: "lilac fire" became "spirit fire," "subtle woe," "autumn woe," "carcanet of flame," "crown of tears and flame." The greatest change was made in stanza ten, both versions of which I think worth quoting for the purpose of comparison. The first version read:

"Not such a sign as women wear
Who bow beneath the shame
Of marriage insolence, and bear
A house-wife's faded name;
Nor such as passion eateth bare
With its carcanet of flame." (4)

The later version became more truthful and softened:

(1) Letters p. 57.
(2) Poems p. 71.
(3) Letters p. 62.
(4) Letters p. 59.
"Not such a sign as women wear who make their foreheads tame
With life's long tolerance, and bear love's sweetest humblest name,
Nor such as passion eateth bare with its crown of tears and flame."

John H. Manly (2) says: "This poem—is in subject, diction and melody not altogether without kinship to Rossetti, but the simple and exquisite phrasing, the subtle reticence of youthful adoration, reach a climax of sincerity and individuality in the last six lines."

2. Poems of 1901 and Other Short Poems.

The remaining poems in the 1901 volume as well as the other short poems included in the collected edition may be classified 1', as poems old-world in tone and theme; 2', poems based on personal experience yet somewhat akin to 1'; 3', political poems and those expressive of modern thought or problems; 4', highly original poems reflecting Moody's personal reflections and experience.

Of the first class are: My Love is Gone into the East, simply called Song in the collected edition, The Three Angels, The Golden Journey, Harmonics, The Bracelet of Grass, The Departure, A Prairie Ride, How the Head-Slave was Set Free.

(1) Poems p. 71.
(2) Introduction to Poems and Poetic Dramas. p. XIX.

Even in the first class of poems there is much that is expressive of Moody's originality in the inexhaustible store of sensory images, which give us a more vivid picture than the object itself. Such phrases as, "the opal heart of afternoon," "the lips of thunder muttered harm," "the shards of day sweep past," in The Bracelet of Grass,(1) are essentially Moody. His similes are rare, but here is a long one from The Mead-Slave worth quoting:

"How good it was to touch the strings
And feel them thrill like happy things
That flutter from the grey cocoons
On hedge rows in your gradual springs!"

These lines ring true with a rare poetic touch that is always found in his later work.

In the second class of poems, those based on experience yet akin to the first type, the real vigor and personality of Moody is revealed. Good Friday Night (3) and Second Coming (4)

(1) Poems p. 75.
(2) Poems p. 93.
(3) Poems p. 8.
(4) Poems p. 115.
are Pre-Raphaelite in their mysticism and characteristic of Moody in religious tone, doubt, and wistful questioning. In the former, the poet has met a Good Friday procession, but is unmoved. He turns babbling unfeelingly to a stranger beside him. The stranger's kneeling in awed worship shames him, so he too is moved. As he passes silently along and up the moon-lit slope of the hill, suddenly he recognizes Christ, the Master. The poem closes with lines of poignant appeal, lines powerfully voicing the religion of the brotherhood of man:

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
He walked. At the first meadow bound
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the Moon's broad gold."

A Grey Day (2) is a poem whose theme is doubt and blank despair as we find it again in Jetsam and Troubled Waters. In the closing lines the questioning, teasing doubts of life are suggested;

"I wonder how the heart of man
Has patience to live out its span,
Or wait until its dreams come true."

(1) Poems p. 11.
(2) Poems p. 80.
Raele Ryan for the Start (1) and Song Flower and Poppy (2) are companion pieces, the latter being a specific application of the former. In the first the poet declares:

"God who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing manifest,
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless quest,"

the quest for beauty. As to Keats, beauty was to him a deity; for it, he had an insatiable passion. It was his inspiration; the quest for it in life and art set him, though not reluctant, apart in loneliness from the great throng of his fellows:

"Dear shall be the banquet table where their singing spirits press;
Dearer be our sacred hunger, and our pilgrim loneliness."

In thought it is suggestive of Horin and the Glean.

Tennyson too, exclaims in the accents of poetic fervor:

"After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam."

In Song Flower and Poppy, the poet makes us realize that he has followed the quest; that so slight a stimulus as an Italian street singer's voice can carry him away from the grim reality of the "gray gulch" of a New York street,

"To purple vineyards looking south
On reaches of the still Tyrrene;"

(1) Poems. p.12.
(2) Poems. p.35.
Virgilian headlands, and the mouth
Of Tiber where that ship put in
To take the dead men home to God."

(1)

His soul is lifted from the sickening vision of
"The worst of the city's infamy"
to where St. Francis sleeps upon his peaceful hill beyond
"Assisi's portal pure." The manner of this poem is Wordsworthian, for a simple incident recalls other scenes and other experiences as in The Reverie of Poor Susan. But there the similarity ends. Wordsworth's poem has the simple language befitting the country wench, lonely in the London Streets; Moody's has the impassioned utterance of the poet. Wordsworth's has the charm of truth and simplicity; Moody's has the power of tense and impassioned inspiration. Lines like the following show his daring and vigor:

"A rag of sunset crumbles grey;
Below fierce radiance hangs in clots."

One need not seek elsewhere for beauty, and sweetness, as these lines show:

"O hark! how it blooms in the falling dark,
That flower of mystical yearning song:
Sad as a hermit thrush, as a lark
Uplifted, glad, and strong.

(1) Poems p.86.

22
Toon-Moth, (1) is closely akin to these two poems in theme, the passion for beauty, but is unlike them in form, being a dramatic monologue of vague, uncertain symbolism.

Of the third class, the occasional and problem poems, The Ode in Time of Hesitation, (2) is considered by some the greatest American Ode, (3) and it is christened by Gilder a companion piece of Lowell's Commemoration Ode. (4) This poem was written after Moody saw at Boston the Monument to Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 16, 1863 at the head of the first enlisted regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. The beautifully lyric stanzas, two and three, have placed familiar American cities and states upon an immortal tablet. The idea of human brotherhood voiced by Omar, and Perseus, and echoed by Shakespeare and Tennyson (5) is by no one else more exquisitely stated:

"Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb
In nature's busy old democracy,
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose." (6)

(1) Poems p. 155
(2) Poems p. 15.
(5) Poems Intro. p. XXII.
(6) Poems p. 20.

23.
The closing lines

"Blindness we may forgive, but
baseness we will smite,"
produce a climax of thought and power. Line after line of this poem moves with the stately sonorosity of Milton and yet the whole effect is extremely modern and American. As in the poem On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines. (1) the theme is anti-imperialism, the imperialism that he feared America was advocating in the Philippine war. The closing lines of the latter poem throb with tenderness and pathos and eloquently express Moody's attitude towards the faults or crimes of his nation:

"Let him never dream that his bullet's
scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land
where she stumbled and sinned in the dark." (2)

"A pleading lover rather than a scourging prophet" (3) one critic aptly calls him.

(1) Poems p. 29.
(2) Poems p. 30.
(3) Atlantic Monthly. 88:132.
Menagerie (1) is a thoughtful burlesque on the theory of evolution; Until the Troubling of the Waters (2) is a dramatic monologue on the faith-cure theme; The Brute, (3) is a symbolic representation of applied science in general, and machinery in particular; The Quarry, (4) a plea against the dismemberment of China; and Gloucester Moors, (5) represents the social problem of the poor. The last mentioned poem was placed first in the collection, certainly not at random. It expresses best of all Moody's characteristic attitude towards life's bitter controversies and the pathos of a poet's helplessness in the face of problems that he cannot but earnestly yearns to solve. There is nothing finer than the closing lines. They grip with the power of reality:

"But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?

(1) Poems. p.61.
(2) Poems. p.51.
(3) Poems. p.55.
(5) Poems. p.3.

25.
Or shall a haggard useless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?"

In Gloucester Moors Moody evinces "technical mastery of his craft, imagination, sympathy, ability to see the large in the little, the universal in the particular, originality, and yet fidelity to poetical tradition." (1) His vision is microscopic or telescopic at will. Stanzas two, and stanzas four and five are examples. The second stanza has the minute detail of the close observer and student; the latter two have a cosmic sweep, using the world as the center of the picture with the sun, moon, and firmament as background. The repetition of the flower passage at the beginning of stanza eight, to relieve the high emotional tension of the preceding lines, is a master stroke of technique.

Last to be considered are the highly original poems reflective of personal thought: Jetsam (2) The Daguerreotype (3) I Am The Woman, (4) The Death of Eve (5) and The Fountain. (6) The first is a dramatic monologue, a struggle against despair and disbelief at the sight of sin and misery in the world, at the consciousness of the allurement of rank

(2) Poems p.45.
(3) Poems p.103.
(4) Poems p.127.
(6) Poems p.166.
nature within his own blood; and at the realization of his wasted life in spite of youth's sanguine promise. At the close of the poem he passes from blank despair to peace and hope; and finally casts aside all doubt in the joyous and grateful acceptance of the pleasure that he finds in the beauty of life. **I Am The Woman** is a poem in which woman sings woman's exaltation, power, and charm, recalling Whitman's manner of singing man in the tone of egoism, nor does the Whitman likeness end here. Like Whitman, Moody represents woman's chief power and distinction to be her fertility. **The Fountain**, likewise a dramatic monologue, has a number of beautiful lyrics interspersed and represents seekers of the fountain of youth falling hopelessly by the wayside. One alone has found eternal youth in the love of his devoted wife. By powerful characterization **The Death of Eve** brings before the reader mild Seth, sinister Cain, angry Lamech, masterful Enoch, young poetical Jubal, and finally Eve, ancient, determined, sweepingly dramatic. **The Daguerreotype** is original and powerfully conceived. It has a wealth of imagery, and sentiment of surprising virility. The simile of the moth beating the flame is striking in its application and suggestion. The broken short lines are used to indicate inexpressible grief. The gripping despair of a youthful spirit because of the defeat of high and mighty striving is conveyed in these lines:

27.
"Look, where the amphoras,
The yield of many days,
Trod by my hot soul from the pulp of self
And set upon the shelf
In sullen pride
The Vineyard-master's tasting to abide-
O mother mine!
Are these the bringings-in, the doings fine,
Of him you used to praise?"
The closing lines are unparalleled in powerful appeal:

"0 then stay by me! Let
These eyes afflict me, cleanse me, keep me yet
Brave eyes and true!
See how the shriveled heart, that long has lain
Dead to delight and pain,
Stirs, and begins again
To utter pleasant life, as if it knew
The wintry days were through;
As if in its awakening boughs it heard
The quick, sweet-spoken bird.
Strong eyes and brave,
Inexorable to save!"

3. The Trilogy or Poetic Dramas.

This is Moody's most ambitious work, though some of the
odes and isolated lyrics published earlier are doomed by

23.
many critics to be of greater artistic value and perfection. Though these poems were intended by Moody as a trilogy, they were not developed as a sequence either in time or method. Each is complete in itself; each uses a different machinery. The Fire-Bringer (1) uses Greek mythology; The Masque of Judgment, (2) the dramatic personae of the Apocalypse; and The Death of Eve (3) has Adam, Eve and their offspring as the center of the drama. The second member of the trilogy was first written; the last was never completed.

The trilogy was intended to show the essential union of God and man. (4) The Fire-Bringer represents man's birth and revolt; The Masque of Judgment, man's punishment; and The Death of Eve was intended to represent man's reconciliation with God. A comparison of the Prometheus characters is interesting; Aeschylus' hero is an indomitable anarch; Shelley's, a Godwinian democrat; Moody's is the avatar, the skytreader, who resembles Shelley himself more than his hero. (5)

Though The Fire-Bringer goes back to the twilight ages of history into mythical lore for its setting, the thought and philosophy is modern. (6) An article on Recent Poetry (7) gives an interesting theory in the

(1) Poems. p.131.
(2) Poems. p.275.
(3) Poems. p.393.
(4) Poems. Intro. p.XXVI.
(6) See p.76 of this work.
(7) The Nation. 78:498.
interpretation of this drama. It says that the sickening
darkness of Act I may be taken to signify a poetic fore-
shadowing of the dull materialism of a highly agnostic age;
the mission of Prometheus, the perennial life-giving services
of the true poet.

The Fire-Bringer begins just after the
destruction of the greater portion of the human race by a
flood. Deukalion, Pyrrha, his wife, and their little
son, Aeolus, overwhelmed by darkness and despair, are on a
mountain slope near a rude altar. Prometheus enters and
tells of his fruitless attempt to steal fire from Olympus
for them. As Aeolus awakes, the parents go to seek food
for him. Prometheus, alone, sinks into deeper despair
till Pandora comes, giving him a fennel stalk. She rouses
him to make another attempt to steal the fire, this time
to use the stalk.

Act II opens with a discussion among the
remnant of the human race, despairing yet hoping to wrest
a tardy forgiveness from the gods. They demand that
Aeolus and Rhodope, daughter of Lykophon, be offered
in sacrifice for the redemption of the race. Deukalion
refuses but at last falls into a swoon as they force his
consent. The children are placed upon the altar but
Pyrrha obtains a respite for them, saying that they must
wait till Prometheus returns. Suddenly the children
cry: "The Star!"
All are dazzled by the light but the blind Deukalion, whose spirit can gaze upon its brilliance. Pandora, singing, passes down the radiant path, with the Stone Men and Earth Women. Prometheus enters, brings the stolen treasure and commands the children to apply the flame to the altar. The act closes with Pandora's tribute to love, the savior of mankind.

Act III opens as the body of Deukalion is being borne upward to his tomb. As Pyrrha, AEolus and Rhodope are watching there, they become aware of a dreadful disturbance in the heavens. Thunder and flashes of lightning and a dark cloudy mist, tell them of impending horrors. Pandora, stricken with fear and grief, rushes in, followed by Prometheus. He tells them not to fear; that all he has secured for them shall endure. He promises great things to the lurking forms of the Stone Men and Earth Women. Then, embracing Pandora, he passes out to meet his doom. His battle with Zeus' eagle is brief but terrible, and at last all is still. The beautiful songs of Pandora are heard in the starlight as she passes on. The act closes with the triumphant song of the young Stone Men who have just awakened to the realization of life and its pleasures.

The Fire-Bringer is an imitation of the Greek Drama. Here there is the unity of time, place,
and action; the lyric portions are beautiful and striking. They express what could not be expressed so well in any other manner. These lyrics are generally conceded to be the best portion of The Fire-Bringer. Nowhere can there be found a more beautiful lyric in emotional quality, rhythm and tone than the following song of Pandora:

"I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known;
I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone.

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair;
Yea, all things that were mine." (1)

The second member of the trilogy, The Masque of Judgment, has as its hero, not a pagan but the archangel, Raphael, yet not an angel of pure spiritual coldness, but an angel, human in sympathy and love.

Some consider The Masque flowery, florid and bombastic, and acknowledge the power only of Moody's simpler and severer works. K. W. Baker (2) takes a far different view.


32.
She thinks that Raphael's song and speeches in The Masque form the very core of Moody's work. This drama, or one might call it a mystery play, is more interesting than The Fire-Bringer because of the inimitable human touch in Raphael's character. The development of the plot is highly original. The stage is a vast one, magnificently set and gorgeously furnished. It is epic in theme and handling. It consists of a Prologue and five Acts. Man in his passionate indulgence turns from God, who in anger creates the "Worm that dieth not" but at length He himself becomes incarnate, and is crucified to give man a chance of redemption. Still some men followed passion's bent; so these He destroys in the Valley of Judgment. Lastly, the "Worm that dieth not," sweeps all creation with destruction even to the very heavens. Raphael takes the part of man, Michael is God's avenger; others are Uriel, the Moon Spirits, and the Apocalyptic characters: The angel of the Pale Horse, the Throne Lamps, the Lion and the Eagle.

So much for the mere machinery. As to dramatic power, the climaxes are carefully built and opportune. Of a highly lyric quality are the songs.
of Raphael and the one song of the Redeemed Spirits
beginning." In the wilds of life astray" etc. (1) What
one most regrets is that Moody was not a little more
definite about his moral code. The question might be
asked what other criminals or sinners lay in the Valley of
Judgment with those poor creatures he depicts. Most of
them we would all declare, were scarcely worthy of eternal
condemnation, as he represents them guilty of mere sins
of frailty, not of malice. One critic (2) says: "We wish
Moody were less luxuriant in his description of variant
moral types and more explicit about the scope of his moral
code." The Masque is a plea for the joys of life, yet
the passion and experience that he pleads for, have a
spiritual tone and color. Raphael's dramatic monologue (3)
expresses this admirably:

"Not in vain, not in vain,
The spirit hath its sanguine stain,
And from its senses five doth peer
As a fawn from the green windows of a wood;

But deep in her ambiguous eyes
Forever shine and slip
Quenchless expectancies,
As in a far-off day she seems to put her trust."

(2) The Nation 72: 259-60. (A Review.)
(3) Act III Scene 1. p. 342.

34.
Raphael's apostrophe to man in the same act and scene is unequalled.

As in all of Moody's poems, we have in this one the same richness of imagery, the power of suggestion and clear picturing, elaborate finish, brilliant imagination, luxuriance yet a certain classic restraint, vividness and, finally, in the lyrics, charm and tenderness.

The Death Of Eve.

As the purpose of the third member of the trilogy was to show man's reconciliation with the Creator, so Eve, who first sinned, is aptly chosen as the central figure. She is to give the final expression of the feelings and aptitudes of woman hinted at by Pandora in the first poem of the trilogy.

At the opening of the drama, Eve, and the youthful Jubal are seated on the Seat of Supplication opposite the Mercy-Seat, awaiting the coming of her son, Cain, the royal master of Nod. From their conversation it is learned that Eve is bent upon a mysterious quest for which she has sought in vain for a companion till Jubal had offered. Seth, Lamech and others had thought her childish or mad; Adam in his dotage had not understood. She had even summoned the spirit of the murdered Abel, and he had threatened her. As the ancient Eve and youth-
ful Jubal converse, a group of women come to draw water at the nearby spring. They mock at the travellers, all but the maid, Abdera, who, moved by the mysterious charm of Eve, offers to be her daughter.

At length Cain, according to his custom, comes down from the stronghold, and supported by trusty followers, with tottering step ascends the Mercy-Seat. When he recognizes Eve, startled, he dismisses his followers. He had thought Eve dead, for so spiteful tongues, that wished her out of their way, had whispered. He is rejoiced to see his mother, but, his joy is speedily converted to anger as he learns that Adam, who had driven him forth as a fugitive, still lives. Eve tells him how all have failed her and how she had sought in vain for one to accompany her to the gates of Paradise. Cain is horror stricken at her daring and at first refuses to accompany her. At last, however, Eve wins his promise and they ascend together to his stronghold. As they advance, Eve sees Azrael, the Angel of Death and knows that she must hasten to accomplish her quest.

What the conclusion of the drama would have been is merely a matter of conjecture. What Moody intended it to be we may learn from his intimate friend, John M. Manly.

(1) The act was to close with the song

(1) Introduction to Poems. p. 40.
of Jubal, as he leads the maid, Abdera, up to the city. The aged Adam was to follow Eve, instinctively wandering back to participate with her in the glorious reconciliation with God. In the third act Eve’s song was to express the essential union of God and man, and as her spiritual vision becomes illuminated and broadened, she passes from the sight of her people. Jubal’s and Abdera’s tender pledge of love, symbolizes the beauty and endurance of the earth and human love. Manly also thinks that Pandora’s song, beginning:

"I stood within the heart of God" etc. (1) anticipates what might have been Eve’s song, expressing her full vision of life and the full relation of God and man.

The keynote of this drama is given by Eve in her speech to Cain:

"'Tis not thy head
Weareth this sign. 'Tis my most cruel head,
Whose cruel hand, whose swift and bloody hand
Smoote in its rage my own fair manchild down.
Not thy hand, Cain, not thine; but my dark hand;
And my dark forehead wears the sign thereof,
As now I take it on me." (2)

(2) Act 1, p. 447.

37.
Eve as the mother of the race, as the first sinner represents all sinners. In her regret and sorrow for having brought sin into the world, she takes upon herself all guilt for sin. With the burden of the world's iniquity on her shoulders she goes to the scene of her first rebellion, there to seek to be reunited to her Creator and to reconcile her race with God.

What Moody attempted to do in all his poetry was to reconcile sense with spirit, the physical joy and beauty, with the Divine. He never quite succeeded, and those poems are best where he forgets the eternal conflict of life and is conscious merely of its beauty. To conclude, let me quote at length Hermann Hagedorn's estimate of the trilogy:

"There is prodigality of beauty throughout the trilogy; beauty of imagery most in *The Masque of Judgment*; beauty of importunate, unexpected harmonics most in *The Fire-Bringer*; everywhere the beauty of a great spirit turning toward the light:

'Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear;
I made my shouting spear;

38."
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shuttling mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring
Down the grey, disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!  " (1)

The Death of Eve has a simple grandeur that neither of the complete numbers of the trilogy, with their rather confusing cosmogony and their not invariably interesting theological discussion, possesses. The figure of Eve is the most tremendous creation in modern English drama." (2)

4. The Prose Plays.

Upon casual observation there seems to be an impassable chasm between Moody's poetic dramas and his prose plays. The diction of the first is classical, poetic, at times almost dangerously academic; the latter have the free and spontaneous language of the pioneer, colloquial, even slangy; the former might be classed as closet dramas;

(2) Nagelhorn, Hermann, Ind., 74: 314-16.

39.
the latter are primarily intended for brisk, vigorous action.

The closer student, however, sees the personality of Moody speaking unmistakably from both. In Ruth Jordan we see another Eve seeking in her own way to reconcile herself with God, to expiate her sin. In Michalis we recognize another Raphael, seeing man's misery, and in his sympathy for man, endangering his own spiritual freedom.

The first thing to realize about these two plays is the time required for the writing. As early as 1895, The Faith-Healer was suggested to Moody by the appearance of the faith-healer, Shlatterer, in the vicinity of Denver. Already in 1899 the first draft of the play was written, but it was not fully revised and published till 1909, the year before his death. The Great Divide was suggested by his visit among the Hopi Indians in Arizona in 1905. The play was planned at once, rapidly written and published in the following year.

This difference in time is significant and suggestive of various things. The theme of The Faith-Healer, the triumph of mysticism, Moody found a little hard to express in the colloquial prose which he had chosen to adopt. In a letter to Daniel Gregory Mason, January 17, 1899 he says: "I found myself embarrassed a
good deal at first by the dull monochromatic medium of
every day speech, but am getting more used to it now." (1)
There was no such difficulty in the treatment of The Great
Divide. Another possible reason was that he was better
acquainted, and more in sympathy with the character types
of The Great Divide, than with the rather abnormal
characters of The Faith Healer.

The Great Divide was Moody's one worldly
success and, though not one of his greatest works, is yet
important in this, that by it he gained recognition for
his poems and not a little fame both in America and
England. It was acted with great success in Chicago,
New York and London, and at one time brought him $500.00
a week.

Briefly the story is as follows: Ruth
Jordan, alone at her brother Phillip's cabin in Arizona,
is attacked by three ruffians. To save herself, she
offers to marry Stephen Ghent, apparently the most decent
of the trio. Stephen agrees, buys off the Mexican
ruffian with a string of gold nuggets and defeats the
other in a duel. That night they ride to San Jacinto
and are married.

Act II introduces us to Stephen Chont's home in the Cordilleras. We find that Stephen's admiration for Ruth has grown into a passionate love, and we also realize that Ruth loves him though she would not acknowledge it even to herself. He is planning to build a beautiful home, but Ruth apparently takes no interest. Meanwhile she labors secretly to buy the gold-nugget chain, the price of her ransom, for she seems to feel debased and dishonored until she has paid for it. Her brother, sister-in-law, and former lover trace her, but she refuses to explain her disappearance or to acknowledge that there is any mystery about it. She treats Stephen with the greatest respect in their presence, but when they leave, her heroic attitude is dropped. Her brother returns, finds her weeping, and demands that she return with them to their old home in Massachusetts.

Act III takes place in Milford Corners, Massachusetts. Ruth has been in a dazed condition for some time and seems to be not at all moved at the sight of her infant, though she tends it faithfully. The doctor declares that she must be roused, whereupon Polly, the vivacious sister-in-law, suggests that the husband be called. He had secretly followed her to New England, had saved the family from financial ruin, and, with Polly's and the mother's connivance, had even seen the 42.
baby. The meeting of husband and wife is agreed on, when unexpectedly Stephen appears. Ruth at last realizes his love and nobility, when he offers to leave her forever. She acknowledges that she has loved him from the first but that her Puritan training had led her to believe that her love was sinful, because of his part in attacking her, and that both she and Stephen would have to make atonement by self inflicted suffering and abnegation.

The characterization in this play is excellent. Ruth Jordan represents a normal American girl, active and ambitious, with a rather sensitive, Puritan-trained conscience, meeting with a highly unconventional experience. Her adjustment to life as she found it, is the problem of the plot. Stephen is a rough frontiersman, not altogether bad, saved from himself through remorse at the sight of his wife's suffering and through the growth of an ennobling love. He believes that nature's course, her pleasures, passions and senses untrammeled by unnatural convention, minister to spirituality. This is the theme of the play, just as it is of the highly elaborate Masque of Judgment. Stephen is the strongest character in the play. The brother, Philip, is a morose, stolid character; his love for his sister is his one passion. His wife, Polly, is the typical modern girl; apparently flippant, selfish and inexperienced.
shockingly frank, yet a true woman in her intuitive powers. She is the first to offer a solution for Ruth’s problem. Ruth’s mother is of the Brahmin caste, and has a horror of anything unconventional; she is not deep enough to be greatly moved by her child’s distress and has enough of worldly wisdom to drive a good bargain. The doctor, friend and adviser of the family, is one of the old school also, a Brahmin, but with a mind broad enough to realize that conventions are not eternal laws.

One can realize that here there is an interesting and possible array of characters, a group that would naturally create a problem, and too, that there is great difficulty in the proper representation of the characters. In a letter to Mr. Henry Miller, the actor, Moody wrote Jan.23rd,1909: “I am forced to protest against the way in which the character of Philip has been gradually, but at last in the end totally, changed, both in spirit and significance. It is now played as a comedy part. I need hardly point out to you that this is to deprive the play of an essential element.” (1) Then again he makes this plea to Miller: “Please, please, persuade whoever plays Ruth in London to put love in Act II. Miss Lawton plays it without one hint of tenderness and smothered affection (or rather affection battling with pride) and in consequence

(1) Letters p.163.
her yielding to Ghent at the close of the play seems unconvincing." (1)

To the majority of readers and playgoers the last act is weakened by the shifting of the scenery from the frontier to the highly cultured New England home. This may be the first impression but after careful thought one realizes the elemental power, sincerity and integrity of the natural man more forcibly, when he is seen in contrast with the life and surroundings of conventional sham.

The Great Divide has many obvious faults. One reviewer (2) says it is "almost crudely dramatic, dealing with human passions of elemental force", but I am sure it will be long remembered and periodically revived on the stage because it represents a vital problem in a virile manner. Ruth's attitude is given in Act III in Stéphen's words in one of the finest and most tense passages of the play: "I know what you're saying there to yourself, and I guess you're right. Wrong is wrong, from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in Heaven, working overtime, can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law." (3)

(1) Letters, p.167.
(2) Outlook, 96:487. Two American Poets.
(3) Act III, p.164.
Then finally Ruth's spirit becomes illuminated and she solves the problem of the play in these powerful, impressive lines: "You have taken the good of our life and grown strong, I have taken the evil and grown weak, weak unto death. Teach me to live as you do!" (1)

The Faith-Healer deals with the spiritual and pathological phenomena associated with the faith cure. Michaelis, a visionary, has raised an Indian boy to life and is exerting his powers over an invalid, Mrs Mary Beeler, a rhapsodical religionist. Her husband, Mr. Beeler, a student of Darwin and Spencer, and his sister Martha, a practical housewife, have no faith in the cure. Rhoda, the niece, a repentant Magdalene, not only has faith in the healer but finds she loves him. Dr. Littleton, a representative of modern science, attributes the cure to the power of suggestion and hypnotism. Dr. Culpepper, the minister and representative of orthodoxy, says it is deviltry. Michaelis finds his power leaving him because of his too earthly love for Rhoda, but it returns when his passion becomes ennobled by the realization that by it he may lift her spiritually.

The ending is scarcely convincing and it rather presents a problem than solves one. One (1) Act III.p.166.
review of this play (1) suggests that it would be stronger if it were clearer in meaning and purpose and more definite in argument and declaration. The question might be raised whether it purposes to be a declaration of faith, a spiritual romance, or a dramatic study of spiritual conditions. Yet as a literary accomplishment it is felicitous in expression, the dialogue is appropriate to the personages and there is great melody in the more oratorical passages.

5. Moody's Letters and Other Works.

Immediately after graduation at Harvard, in collaboration with Robert Morss Lovett, Moody edited Bulfinch's Mythology. In 1899 a History of English Literature was written by the same two men, as they realized the great need of a usable high school text. A review in The Dial (2) declares it the best text in English literature. It is not an elementary text-book, however, but a suggestive book for the alert and interested student of literature. The apology of the authors, upon its publication, is interesting and enlightening:

"---the fact has been held constantly in mind that literature, being the vital and fluid thing

(2) The Dial. 33: 96.

47.
it is, must be taught, if at all, more by suggestion, and by stimulation of the student's own instinctive mental life, than by dogmatic assertion. More than any other branch of study, literature demands on the part of the teacher an attitude of respect toward the intelligence of the student; and if at any point the authors of this book may seem to have taken too much alertness of mind for granted, their defense must be that only by challenge and invitation can any permanent result in the way of intellectual growth be accomplished. This explanation will account for much that seems to a beginner obscure or taken for granted. One of the admirable features of the book is the careful and rather detailed development of the last two centuries, yet the book as a whole is well proportioned.

A scholarly and creditable achievement completed in 1899, and one of great benefit to students, was the Cambridge Edition of Milton's works. His sympathy with Milton and his knowledge of mythology gained from this work and the Bulfinch editing, account for Moody's Miltonic touch and ready and frequent references to mythology.

Lastly, Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody are to be considered. These letters have a
double charm and interest; they are literature and they are reflective of personality. For these reasons they are of interest to the casual reader, even should he not be acquainted with all the circumstances mentioned in the letters. There is one thing more than any other which distinguishes Moody's epistolary style, as well as his conversation, as his friends assert, and that is an exuberant use of metaphor. (1) In reading the letters for the third time, the writer began to note down the pages on which metaphors were used. It proved a needless task for scarcely a page lacked its figure. One might describe his style as rich in imagery and allusion, at times serious, again boisterously humorous, his diction ranging all the way from solemn Biblical style to vigorous colloquialism and up-to-date slang. We realize the vast reading he had done, for he quotes usually indirectly, often in parody, from many authors. His extensive reading and editorial labors are the cause, no doubt, for his frequent mythological allusions. He quotes from or mentions, scores of writers --- Browning, Dante, Spenser, Hardy, Milton, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Keats, Whitman, Woodsworth, etc.

Much of his character is learned from his letters. His humor was broad and deep, oftenest the result of absurd exaggeration and incongruity. He was sensitive to praise or blame, depending to a surprising degree upon the encouragement of his friends. A very good illustration of this fact may be seen in a letter to Josephine Preston Peabody to whom he had sent a copy of *Jetsam*. (1) Her tardy answer found him in the depths of despair over the fact that he had convinced himself of the poor quality of the poem; but her praise of it made him inexpressibly happy and he promptly realized its real value. Grateful and appreciative for what was done for him, he was deeply sympathetic when his friends were in need. He had a great desire to perform some great service as a poet and was almost boyishly enthusiastic when his friends were successful in their efforts to write something that proved to be real literature. (2) It is interesting to note that his greatest regret for Philip Henry Savage's premature death, was that his service as a poet was incomplete. (3)

Strange to say there is very little news

in Moody's letters, but in each there is a mood reflected; and it is a delight to note the variety of devices that he has to suggest the mood without stating it outright. He was always a healthy, though not a robust man, which probably accounts for his reticence when he did become ill; he seemed ashamed of it. He writes to a friend that he has passed through a successful operation but he does not even mention the hospital where he is convalescing. The reader gets the impression that he is ashamed of physical weakness just as he would have been of spiritual or mental weakness. Finally, and best of all, one realizes that he is intensely human: he loves and needs his friends and he lets them know it with charming frankness; in his own weakness he sees and realizes the weakness of all men. This self-knowledge and realization of human frailty gives the key to his never failing sympathy.
Chapter III.

Moody and Literary Tendencies.

It would be a vain endeavor to attempt to say, fourteen years after an author's death, whether he is among authors of the first, second or third rank or among literary stars of a lesser magnitude. To decide such a matter, a considerable perspective is required, a perspective of a quarter, a half or even a whole century. What can be done, however, is to show Moody's relation to literary movements or tendencies in the later nineteenth and early twentieth century.

This is not as difficult a matter as it would seem at first thought, in spite of the fact that Moody's period of production covers the brief span of fifteen years. It is a temptation to critics at times to read into the works of an author an idea or message never intended by the writer; it is equally tempting to try to identify an author with certain preconceived ideas of tendencies and movements. It is true that there is always a main current created by the masters or leaders of the age, as by Shakespeare in his; others are borne along by the main current as flotsam, still others overwhelmed by it as jetsam, as the countless imitators of Shakespeare may exemplify; again there are some who,
though living in a certain age, contemporary with certain movements, seem to have drawn their waters from a higher plain and like unexpected mountain torrents empty their clear refreshing waters into the broad, turgid main stream: witness Milton in his age.

It is the onerous task of the critic to attempt to discover the main current in contemporary work. It is a difficult matter to keep to the mean; so difficult that some of the recognized literary dictators have failed to do so, though unfortunately, the fact was often undiscovered till time had removed the glamor of masterful personality from a revered critic's name. It is interesting to note, for example, upon whom Lowell placed his laurels, and from whose brow he snatched the wreath of literary triumph. In A Fable for Critics he gives unstinted praise to Irving; calls Longfellow the American Theocritus; is as complimentary to Willis as to Bryant; scarcely gives Poe a passing glance; and finally, sneers at Scott and Dickens, Dante and Milton. (1) Yet in spite of this failure on the part of critics, others succeed them with a fund of inexhaustible temerity, passing their judgment without fear or restraint, hurling at times all the thunders of Jove to shatter laboriously, skillfully

(1) Lowell, J. R. Complete Poems. p. 113.
built reputations; and at other times using all the harps and cymbals, flutes and timbrels of the heavenly choirs to lead the writer dealt with in triumph to the halls of fame. How contradictory critics often are, can be seen in the case of Moody. Manly says (1) he is decidedly pagan; Kilmer declares him a Puritan to the last. (2) By another critic (3) it is said: "Mr Moody has a profound fellowship with flesh and blood;" and Kilmer tells us "some critics complain that there is more ink than blood in the veins of the people of whom he writes." (4) K. W. Baker (5) warmly condemns Louis Untermeyer's declaration that an author whose bias is toward large subjects has an inferior mind or, in other words, is a Mrs. minor poet. With Baker the writer agrees that the conclusion, "the major subject is the mark of a minor poet" is a paradox more clever than truthful. Of course all critics agree on some things, but these examples may serve to illustrate the variety of criticism and the difficulty of sane and broad judgment.

The present writer does not lay claim to the temerity of an iconoclast nor to the inspired enthusiasm of a prophet, but after the passage of a few years

(1) Poems. Intro. XXXIII.
(2) The Circus and Other Essays p. 309.
(4) Kilmer, Joyce. The Circus and Other Essays p. 306
the most casual observer may see the landmarks. I shall attempt to decide, not whether Moody is greater than this or that writer, not whether he deserves recognition as a great poet, but what is his relation to the main tendencies in American literature in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

Looking back over the nineteenth century to the Civil War, one finds the literary leaders, Longfellow, Bryant and Taylor, withdrawing to their libraries. They had little sympathy with the times and its problems and as Pattee says each "lived in his study and his study had only eastern windows" (1). Unable to find in the turmoil of after-war readjustment the beauty for which they longed, baffled and wearied by problems that clamored persistently for a hearing, they deliberately buried themselves in the classics. Translations of Dante, Goethe, Homer and other masters were the result. Calmly and decorously each of these leaders passed away.

"Like one who wraps the draperies of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

With them or swiftly in their wake passed their imitators, men without insight and without passion: Stoddard, Read, Boker, the early Stedman, and their spokesman, Aldrich.

(1) A History of American Literature Since 1870, p. 132.
They are well styled Spatromantiker (1) for temperamentally they were a revival of the earlier Romanticists.

Meanwhile there was a healthy, lusty young America that would not be lulled to sleep by the honied crooning of these singers. Whitman ruthlessly startled the slumberous atmosphere by shouting the cause of an insistent democracy. The conventional critics and classicists threw up their hands in horror; others fearing to compromise themselves by advocating a possible failure, shrugged their diplomatic shoulders and said nothing.

Meanwhile in spite of protest, the challenge was heard abroad. Europe recognized the lusty voice of the infant democracy. The West heard the awakening call, and Mark Twain, Bret Harte, John Hay, Joaquin Miller and later Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley were the representatives of the democracy of the West. (2) This was an undercurrent of the Whitman stream.

From 1890-1912, though it was a period of general evasiveness, Bliss Carman, Edwin Markham and William Vaughn Moody advocated the new Democracy prophesied by Whitman. (3) Of the four, Moody had the broadest vision, the vision of a democracy not of the

(3) Untermeyer, Louis. American Poetry. Since 1900
East or the West nor even of America, but of the world.
To quote an able critic: (1) "He is usually free from
local attachments or prejudices and the express enemy
of provincialism;" and "he is deeply concerned with
social problems of more than national significance."
The broad, all embracing democracy is voiced in An Ode in
Time of Hesitation, On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines,
The Quarry, Gloucester Moors; and in Good Friday Night it
is the burden of the prayer:

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!" (2)

In the attempt to realize the broad de-
mocracy Moody pleads for, an analysis of these poems will
be helpful. An Ode in Time of Hesitation, (3) generally
conceded to be his greatest and best work, develops his
attitude towards the Philippine war. In it he saw the dan-
ger of imperialism grasping with greed, instead of aiding
a weaker nation and standing for a democracy in behalf of
weaker and smaller countries. In the annexation of
Hawaii he thought his country's leaders were moved by the
greed of empire. Hawaii he saw as the test of the democracy
of the world:

"Hawaii crowned with palms
(1) Emsley, Bert. The Mid-West Quarterly
4:223-238. The Poetry of W.V.M.
(2) Poems and Poetic Dramas p. 11.
(3) See p. 23 of this work.

57.
Where East and West are met,—
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord has sundered them; let them be
sundered yet." (1)

The very inspiration of the poem, the sight of the
monument of Robert Gould Shaw, the champion of the black
slave, throws added light upon the democratic theme.
What is more democratic than the championship of a down-
trodden people, disregarding race, color and previous
conditions of servitude in the cause of universal
brotherhood? On A Soldier Fallen in the Philippines
is a continuation of the Ode theme, a warning note to his
country's leaders against greed of empire.

In The Quarry he celebrated America's part
in saving China from dismemberment through the diplomacy
of John Hay, poet and statesman. China is represented
as a half-mummified king seated upon an elephant, blind,
half-dead, fleeing frantically before its ravenous
pursuers. As the brutes of prey, symbolizing the states
of Europe, gathered for the final leap, the American eagle
appeared. A moment of doubt, then the pack disappeared.

In Gloucester Moors he stands for
democracy, not for the Far East or China, not for Hawaii.

(1) Poems and Poetic Dramas p.17.

58.
the Philippine Islands or the black race, but for universal humanity. It is true the setting is Gloucester Moors, Massachusetts, but he sweeps beyond all time and place to include a world as vast as the human race of all ages and climes. The problem of capital and labor, the most vital problem of our democratic age, is the theme. One cannot imagine a poet successfully battling with so practical, so sordid a thing as the lust for power and wealth; but what Moody does is to lend us his poetic sensibilities and to represent the problem in the immortal manner of the true artist. He represents mankind symbolically, as sailing over the sea of life:

"By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, 'Thou art not of us!'
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, 'Give Help!' But they said, 'Let be:'
Our ship sails faster thus.' " (1)

But whereas Whitman is revolutionary in his advocacy of democracy, Moody may be said to be evolutionary. Whitman, both in theme and form violently rebelled against his immediate predecessors. He had a message for the common people and he voiced it in a manner that would

(1) Poems. p. 5.
appeal to them. He cared for the Classic traditions only in so far as they would benefit the man of the street, of the furrow and the plain. Moody, too, advocated democracy, but he found the trail blazed by Whitman. He continued to do what Whitman had done before him, but he did not disdain to use all the culture and tradition of classicism so reverently worshipped by Whitman's predecessors. He blended the classicism of the one with the democracy of the other. Whitman is a reactionary from the library poets, from Longfellow, Taylor and Bryant, a rebel against the classic restraints. In poetic form, Moody is always conventional, though his themes are as modern and up-to-date as even Whitman might desire. This conventionality was the cause of Moody's recognition by conservative critics in the unenthusiastic period of 1890-1912. (1) And on the other hand, this conventionality, along with his classicism, is also the cause of his rejection by the "New Poets" (2) whose slogan is freedom from the traditionally stilted poetic diction; (3) yet Untermeyer says Whitman was their prophet, Markham and Moody their immediate forerunners.

(2) Untermeyer, Louis. American Poetry Since 1900, pref.

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Moody's relation to the literary movements of his age is clear. He is the immediate successor of Whitman and yet closely akin to the classicists that preceded Whitman. He synthesized classicism and democracy. And on the other hand, he is a predecessor of the "New Poets" by his vigorous, vital handling of modern problems, by his youthful enthusiasm and essential virility and candor.
The Revolting Puritans——Frost, Robinson, and Moody.

The democratic movement in its demand for liberty of thought and freedom from narrow restrictions was made manifest in the revolt against Puritanism. It was not only classicism that Whitman outraged in his disregard for form and theme, established by centuries of honored and dignified precedent; but worst of all, he shocked the sensibilities of the Puritanical school of New England critics. If his choice of subject or handling of it was often lacking in taste, and even, at times, vulgar and crude, his attitude at least was a positive one, not the everlasting negative of the Puritan. A decided, even if crude, "I will", wins more converts than a hundred noisy declarations of "Thou shalt not." So, though Whitman was put out of public office for perpetrating such an indecency as, "Leaves of Grass", and though this very same book of poems was at first barred from the United States mail, his gospel of freedom triumphed and his influence for years past and to come, is incalculable.

It is a striking coincidence that in 1869, there were born the two men who in the latter part of the nineteenth century were to voice the protest against Puritanism most decidedly and eloquently. These two men were William Vaughn Moody and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Just six years later was born another poet, Robert Frost, who is, one might say, a historian of decadent Puritanism. The fact that Frost was born in California, Moody in Indiana and Robinson in Maine is highly significant, and obviously indicative of two things: first, the extent of Puritan—
ism, and secondly, the universality of the revolt against it.

It is interesting to note the different reaction of these three men to the problem of adapting the freedom of modern life and ideas to their inherited legacy of Puritanical restraint. Frost, who at an early age, came from his Western childhood home to New England, pleads against the result of artificial sham, of straight laced Puritanism in the eloquent fashion of a persuasive speaker. He makes an appeal to the emotions by representing to our eyes the pathetic, terrible, and at times, gruesome pictures of the inevitable effect of a too rigid moral code. His sketches of New England life are short and rugged in many cases, like statues hewn by the few masterly strokes of a mighty sculptor, but in their very baldness and simplicity, lies their chief power. In *Mountain Interval* and in *North of Boston* he gives us sketches of insanity and near-insanity: insanity from hidden crime under a too rigid moral code; insanity inherited from a weakened ancestry; insanity from brooding upon its mere possibility. He paints gruesome pictures and we cannot fail to realize the powerful intellect of the writer who could paint the pictures, live in the surroundings and yet keep his mental balance. In some of his works there is just the faintest suggestion that he had a little humor in his makeup, and this, no doubt, is his salvation. He has the air of recording facts but he does not reason about things. You, the reader, have the burden of the problem. His is merely the power of suggestion. With the candor of the inspired artist he gives us the picture, so that we, too, feel as he does.
Edwin Arlington Robinson not only sees the problem of Puritanism but he voices a protest. He appeals to those in a like position as himself, to throw off the burden. The declaration of Puritan independence is sounded in *Children of the Night*:

"Let us, the Children of the Night,
Put off the cloak that hides the scar!
Let us be Children of the Light,
And tell the ages what we are!"

It is a triumphant challenge, a hopeful appeal. As this was in his first collection of poems it is interesting to note if Robinson later succeeded in the task "to tell the ages" what a Puritan might be or become. In the *Man Against the Sky*, generally conceded to be his masterpiece, we have the soul's history of Robinson. It is a series of arguments against various theories of life each of which, no doubt, the poet had successively considered as possible substitutes for his inherited Puritan creed. The closing lines echo despair, the despair contemplating suicide:

"If after all that we have lived and thought,
All comes to Nought,—
If there be nothing after Now,
And we be nothing anyhow,
And we know that,—why live?"
Robinon's works have not a wide range. Narrative poems, a few sonnets and lyrics, reflective of New England atmosphere and Puritanic gloom, two highly artificial prose plays and his more recent Merlin and Lancelot, constitute his work. As the last two productions are his latest, the question might be raised if Robinson has not sought poetic escape from Puritanism by turning his attention to medieval themes.

Louis Untermeyer (1) says that Robinson voices New England thought and Frost is New England. Moody represents the third stage of revolt. He does not helplessly hold up the gruesome canvas to the gaze of the world, nor does he make an appeal to his fellow sufferers as one leading on to battle, but his is an attempt at reconstruction. How successful the effort has been I shall undertake to show in the last chapter.

During Moody's life, Edwin Arlington Robinson, his distinguished friend and contemporary, was considered his only considerable rival. (2) Fortunately for Robinson's fame, he out-lived the period of "the lean years" and saw the enthusiastic revival of interest in poetry which began in 1912. What would have been the effect on Moody had he seen the revival that

(1) Modern American Poetry. pref.p.XXXIV.
(2) Baker, K.W. FORUM. 68:843.
A Poet of the Lean Years, 65.
considerably advanced Robinson's fame, it is vain to speculate; so also is it a useless speculation to attempt to estimate what Moody would have accomplished had he not died prematurely; but it is interesting and enlightening to compare his work with that of his rival, both that done before 1910, and since that date.

Robinson's first collection of poems was published in 1896, Moody's in 1901. Robinson's best poem, The Man Against the Sky, was published six years after Moody's death.

Considering simply the poems published by Robinson during Moody's life, the output is very small and of a surprising sameness. They are narrative poems, and a few sonnets reflective of New England life and thought, uniformly gloomy, simple, truthful sketches. His ideas are comparatively few, and his diction is simple. All this, no doubt, accounts for his earlier recognition. Narrative poems and the simpler lyrics are the most popular forms of poetry because of their natural and ready appeal to all readers. Robinson advocates understatement, whereas Moody is temperamentally inclined to exaggeration.

On the other hand, Moody has an endless variety of ideas; imperialism, social problems of labor, and machinery, dislike of provincialism, Old World culture, Woman, art, evolution, paganism, mysticism; (1) and to

these might be added, modern religious movements and tendencies. Still more striking is the contrast in the variety of poetic forms and language. In Moody we find the lyric, ode, monologue, narrative, allegory, satire, dialogue, play in prose and verse; he uses symbolism, imagery from all sources, religious and secular, classic epithet, colloquialisms, and even slang. Moody's broad learning and extensive travel made him cosmopolitan. A liberal culture, constant and careful reading, made him a master of language and gave him a store of literary treasure that he drew from at will. This led to frequency of literary allusion and gives us another reason for his tardy recognition. Many of his poems must be studied to be understood, but most of them repay the careful student. Moon Moth cannot be at all understood without a study of mythology. The Dialogue in Purgatory is a jumble of words to one without knowledge of the references to Dante. The Fire-Bringer and The Masque of Judgment need careful study, and finally even the popular play, The Great Divide, does not make known its theme to the careless reader or theatre goer. He was a master of words and found his greatest difficulty in pruning away a
natural overfloridity. To learn just how much of a temptation it was to him to be a romanticist, one need but read a few of his letters, which certainly can be considered as a true index to the man, for they were not written with a view to publication. Here, not obliged to restrain his natural exuberance, he is exaggerative, giving free vent to a lively imagination, writing in metaphors as freely as most people speak colloquially. In these same letters he makes several references to the suggestions of friends that he try to correct this exuberance. In this lopping process Daniel Gregory Mason (1) asserts that Moody was a tireless worker. One can believe it when one realizes his romantic tendency and then reads such masterpieces of chaste classicism as are some of the lyrics in The Masque of Judgment and The Fire-Bringer; or such poems of earnest simplicity as On A Soldier Fallen in The Philippines.

There is one point in which Moody is decidedly inferior to both Robinson and Frost and that is in his lack of universal appeal: the human touch is not always evident as in the other two. There is a coldness, the reader has a feeling of the chill of marble, as if an artist studied technique so carefully that he occasionally forgot the human material with

(1) Letters. Intro. p.XVIII.
which he worked, the human life which he tried to represent. One must study Moody as a whole, in his poems, his prose plays, and finally his letters, to see the whole man and appreciate him. One realizes after such study a charming personality, a brave spirit wistfully searching for a solution of life not only for himself but for his fellow-men. His greatest passion is voiced in Song Flower and Poppy (1)"

"Heart, we have chosen the better part!
Save sacred love and sacred art
Nothing is good for long."

(1) Poems. p. 88.
Chapter V.

**Moody's Philosophy.**

Even more interesting than what a poet says, is what the poet is. If you know a man's philosophy you know the man. Take William Vaughn Moody's *Masque of Judgment* with a few explanatory extracts from his letters, and you have his philosophy. This is said thoughtfully; it is an honest, carefully weighed conclusion after months of earnest study. His entire philosophy of life is there; one synthetic whole.

The key to *The Masque* is given in a letter to Mrs Toy: (1) "To me the whole meaning and value of the poem lies in the humanistic attitude and character of Raphael, the philosophic outlook of Uriel, and the plea for passion as a means of salvation everywhere latent. The rest of it is only mythological machinery for symbolizing the opposed doctrine— that of the denial of life. As Christianity ( contrary of course to the wish and meaning of its founder ) has historically linked itself with this doctrine, I included certain aspects of it in this mythological machinery, always with a semi-satirical intention."

(1) Some Letters of W. V. M. p. 133.

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This explanation should precede every copy of The Masque, for knowing that Moody considered it satirical, one has a clear understanding of the whole. All becomes simple where before there seemed a mass of confusion or absurdities.

First, let us consider what was Moody's religious heritage as a Puritan, especially that portion of it that caused him, as it causes every thinking Puritan, much gloomy reflection. It is the false doctrine of original sin and its pernicious consequences.

Original sin, said the Protestant reformers, is the corruption of the nature of man whereby he is inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit. Though the baptized believers are saved by faith, the lust is sin. From these premises it necessarily follows that since lust or concupiscence itself is sin, we sin necessarily for we all have it. Hence, every person deserves damnation and free will is implicitly denied. The various Protestant sects received this doctrine of original sin from their founders. Each founder grew more and more inconsistent in his attempt to explain or modify the doctrine but essentially it remained the same. The Puritan, for example, harps upon responsibility which postulated free will, a free will.
will to which he cannot, in reason, lay claim for the Puritan has, by his very essence, passions and lusts. Let me again repeat, if these are necessarily sins, he has no choice in the matter of sinning: he has no free will.

This indeed is a gloomy creed, one calculated to lead every sensitive soul, whether sinful or not, to despair and rebellion. If we may take the evidence of Moody's intimate friend, John Manly (1) this was the creed taught him in childhood. This creed is the cause of the doubt and despair of Jetsam, Until the Troubling of the Waters, The Great Divide, and The Masque of Judgment. Gross and sinful souls were excused by this doctrine, from all responsibility and went on indulging their lusts freely and shamelessly; good souls, seeing the utter impossibility of freedom from sin were cast into despair in their desperate attempt to lead unnatural lives, and to deny the existence of passion in their own souls.

In trying to reform the old church, the reformers perverted doctrine, yet they did not in any way impair the integrity of doctrine in the true church. To-day, as a thousand years ago and as will be the case thousands of years hence, the church teaches

(1) Poems. Intro. p. XXXIV.

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that though concupiscence, or the revolt of passion against reason, entices to sin, it is not in itself sin; that every man may, in the exercise of his free will aided by Divine grace, conquer passion; that grace is necessary for salvation yet that every man is given sufficient grace for salvation; that the very control and direction of passion is the Christian's way to salvation or as Moody states it in his original way: passion is "a means of salvation."

But the so-called reformers did not leave their followers altogether without a consoling doctrine. They granted each individual the liberty of private interpretation of the Scripture. What a privilege! They implicitly deny man's free will and at the same time tell him he may exercise it! Bind a man and tell him he is at liberty! It may be objected that the liberty is denied to man in the realm of the instincts and that he has intellectual freedom. To this it may be answered that if man cannot control his instincts by the exercise of his free will then he is not a moral being. Why then legislate at all for him regarding conduct and the exercise of religion?

Moody, no doubt, did exercise this
liberty of interpreting Scripture as most of his fellow believers do. Given the liberty to interpret the Word of God as he sees fit, a man has the liberty to believe anything without being liable to be held accountable for his belief. Some Protestants rejected religion entirely. Others grafted their religion upon materialism, pantheism, or transcendentalism. It would be an endless task to trace the various ramifications. There grew to be practically as many sects as there were thoughtful individuals. Protestantism certainly carries within itself the seed of its own destruction.

Many idealists like Moody, adopted a sort of Pantheism for poetic purposes. (1) Feeling utterly debased by the doctrine, "passion is sin," they found an escape in considering themselves as manifestations of or emanations from God. They sought to raise themselves by linking themselves with the Divinity. What they succeeded in doing was to debase the idea of God to the human level, and so they created a God in their own minds, as monstrous and distorted as the wildest creature of a nightmare. Uriel's application of Pantheistic doctrine in The Masque of Judgment may serve to illustrate this point. In reply Michael, who declares that the people in the Valley of Judgment are justly punished for their crimes,

he says:

"The violence and the unclean acts were his; Unto Himself himself brake covenant; Before the monstrous fancies of his heart His heart made heathen mummy and song, Wherefore to-day himself He punishes." (1)

We are all parts of God, say they; the good, the bad; the saint, the sinner; the minister of God, the murderer of souls—each a part of the Divinity. Therefore when man hates man, God hates God; when man murders man, God murders God; etc. This theory of Pantheism is equalled in absurdity by the reformers' teaching concerning God. For if, as the reformers said, God makes man with passions and then condemns him for them, He is as contradictory a God, as absurd a God, as the Pantheist created.

Now we have the major premises of Moody's philosophy supplied him by training at home and later education and culture: Puritanism and Pantheism. Critics have complained that The Masque is vague, that the reader is quite at sea as to what Moody wishes to say. I declare that, granting the premises, it is logical to the end. Others object to his choice of the cosmos as his stage. It is too vast, too bulky; it becomes wooden, artificial. Could Moody do otherwise? For the theme was man's

(1) Poems,p.353.
relation to God. Not the Infinite, Eternally Wise and Just God, but the God created by the reformers and philosophers. Moody's entire world was to be represented. To him man's relation to God was a vast problem, as vast as the universe. But some may ask, why bring in Raphael, Michael and the other spirits? The writer answers that they are spirits only in name. The poet needed a sort of chorus, interpreters, to explain the action. They must be human beings yet in some way set apart from the mass. Did it occur to you how very little was spoken by actual human beings in The Masque? According to Moody's creed all men were equally debased; all men belonged in the depths of the Valley of Judgment. So he puts angelic garb on a number of his human beings, gives them the names of well-known spirits and puts on their lips the language befitting the characters they represent.

As one reads The Masque thoughtfully the characters are found to be as follows: first, Raphael, the man with the broad human understanding, Moody incognito; Uriel, the Fichtean Pantheist; Michael, the champion of the absurd God; The Throne Lamps, wistful souls battling for the light of faith; the Spirit of the Pale Horse and his crew, Death, Pestilence and Famine. And, finally, The Lion and The Eagle, Scriptural symbols of the
Evangelists. This interpretation is clear as the Masque progresses.

But where is God? We know of Him only as He is described to us. He is anthropomorphic, that is, acts like a man, looks like a man, repents like a man, growing desperate and remorseful by turns. He created man, all fiery passion, then realized His mistake and in His remorse there came to life, "The Worm that Dieth Not." In Scripture the Worm is intended to symbolize the qualms of conscience and so the coming to life of the Worm at this point in the narrative is seen to be logical and apt.

These are the preliminary events of the Masque. In the prelude we are introduced to Raphael, the lover of man, who complains of his too human leanings:

"Thrice have I touched my lute's Reast human strings
And hushed their throbbing, hearing how they spake
Sheer earthly, they that once so heavenly sang
Above the pure unclouded psalmody."

It is as if the poet said that since he had experienced his own frailty, his own lusts, and seen the struggle of his fellow men in the throes of unavoidable passion that they have been taught is essentially sin, he is torn by
anguish and compassion. Uriel, the philosopher, tells the story of God's creation of man, passionate, hopelessly lost. These victims of passion are next shown in the orgies of Bacchanalian revelry. They count as their latest convert, a shepherd, whom they have seduced after he had long withstood their wiles. It is made very clear that he had battled nobly but that there was no escape. In sorrow Raphael muses, repeating what Uriel had just told him:

"Those who consent
He will accept: the rest He will destroy."

In Act 1 Raphael is again introduced, singing the glories of earth. As he stood above the Valley of Judgment he espies the Eagle and the Lion returning to their heavenly home, lame and wounded from some mysterious battle. Raphael is reminded by their return home of his neglected heavenly haunts, but how thoroughly human he has become by his compassion for man can be seen in the following:

"I too must seek my eyrie, sad enough,
Since there my heart abides not any more,
Amid the waste infinitudes of light
Missing the flow of day, the refluent dark;
Amid the bliss of unconcerning eyes
Remembering woman's anguish, man's resolve,
Youth's wistful darling guess, kindled and quenched

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And quenched and kindled yet a little year
In eyes too frail to hold their meaning long
Where chance and enmity conspire with death."(1)

In the next scene Uriel again is the narrator
telling of the Worm's successful combat against the Eagle and
the Lion, the symbols of the Evangelists. They had set out
to conquer God's foe, but, sorely wounded, return heavenwards.
Could this God be saved by all the efforts of the Evangelists?
No, rather if truth be told Scripture itself would furnish
proof of His condemnation. Now indeed there is consternation
in heaven, lurking beneath the seeming peace:

"Peace is on the heavenly meres,
Sabbath lies on Paradise;
But the little Throne-Lamp fears,
For she sees the Master's eyes,
And she tastes the Master's tears." (2)

She finds great difficulty in preserving the Light of Faith.

Act II. gives a scene of horror and confusion.
The spirits of Heaven, Sun, and Moon are equally disturbed.
They meet each other in headlong flight, each anxious to
know the cause of confusion. The Spirit of the Lamp tells how

"Fear hath stood
A whispering eighth among the sisters seven,"(3)

(1) Poems. p.302.
(2) Poems. p.304.
(3) Poems. p.333.
79.
and adds that the eyes of God were "old with pain."

In His final desperation He had laid aside His Godhead and had assumed flesh. Uriel, the usual narrator, speaks:

"Long hath He warned and pleaded; but to-day
With a most searching bosom-whisper pleads;
For in their likeness clad He gives Himself
To die that they may live, accepting Him,
Or, still rejecting, and preferring still
Their own unto His pleasure, may be cast
To outer darkness and the second death." (1)

Act III brings us to the Valley of Judgment. There we find Raphael, altogether unaware of the immediate doom, yet vaguely apprehensive of impending woe.

The wonderful apostrophe to man is found here; (2)here, too, Raphael’s eloquent vindication of God’s eternal justice.

In part it is as follows:

"Thou fiery essence in a vase of fire!
What quarry gathered and packed down the clay
To make this delicate vessel of desire?

Whose wistful hand did lead
All round the lyric brede?
Who tinted it, and burned the dross away?
'He, He' (doth some one say?)
'Whose mallet-arm is lift and knitted hard
To break it into shard!'

(1) Poems p. 338.
(2) Poems p. 339."
"Were that the Maker's way?
Who brings to being aught,
Love is his ore, his furnace, and his tool;
But much is dashed in pieces by the fool." (1)
As Raphael continues to muse upon his
beloved human race, their passions and their frailties,
their struggles leading hopelessly to ruin, the Morning
Star rises. He asks the Star how long this hopeless
groping of man's heart shall last. He receives no answer,
but slowly the Star becomes larger like a wonderful flower
and in its center dimly growsthe outline of Christ crucified.
The poet's picture and Raphael's pleading prayer are full of
tenderness, passion, and pathos:

"Lo! where God's body hangs upon the cross
Dropping from out yon skyey Golgotha
Above the wills and passions of the world!
O doomed, rejected world, awake! awake!
See where He droopeth white and pitiful!
Behold, his drooping brow is pitiful!
Cry unto Him for pity. Climb, oh, haste.
Climb swiftly up yon skyey Golgotha
To where His feet are wounded! Even now
He must have pity on His childish ones;
He knoweth, He remembereth they are dust! "(2)

(2) Poems p.344.
The next scene discloses the Valley of Judgment where the Angel of the Pale Horse and his destructive powers have done their work. Michael is vainly attempting to console the broken hearted Raphael, by putting before his eyes the triumphs of this day. All of God's enemies are trodden down and there will be endless joy now in heaven, he declares. Uriel joins them and as usual knows all the news and is ready to air his philosophical views. He says many things in a delightfully misty manner, among others that God, in punishing man, punished Himself, as the evil deeds were His. This, of course, implies that man has no free will to exercise in the matter. Raphael's protest is eloquent:

"Take not away Man's ancient dignity,
The privilege and power to elect his ways,
His kingly self-possession. Level not
The head that lies too low to-day." (1)

Nevertheless, unabashed Uriel talks glibly on, expounding all the fine distinctions and absurd theories of the modern Pantheist. At last his speech falters and all realize that his theories do not solve the riddle nor save the universe. Michael, the chief champion of the anomalous God, uses no arguments, but all his answers are mere curses and bad names. How could he say anything

(1) Poems p. 354.
in defense of such a God?

Act. IV brings the reader to the evening of the Day of Judgment. Michael is again employed using all his persuasive powers to draw Raphael away from the scene of terror. Gradually faint voices rise from the Valley as some of the prostrate victims partially revive. Youths, old men, women, and maidens tell in turn why they lie there. The victims of lust, ambition, and pride are found. They are represented as a pitiable lot. On the whole the sinners are not grossly repulsive; they are the victims of over-mastering passions that they could not conquer. Suddenly Azazel flies past crying:

"Woe! Woe! unto the dwellers in this Vale, Woe unto them who wait the second death! Prepare to meet the Worm that dieth not!" (1) Michael forcibly drags away the half-crazed Raphael.

Act V describes the victories of the destroying Worm. It passes over the Valley, then mounts upward and approaches the throne of God. Gradually, black despair settles upon the Spirits as they realize that the Worm will attack God and that He must inevitably fall. Slowly the light of the Throne-Lamp flickers, then dies, and darkness broods over all creation.

Thus closes the drama, the satire. Is Moody logical? Unmistakably. Given the premises with which he

(1) Poems p. 377.

83.
starts, the conclusion he reaches is inevitable. The God of Pantheism and Puritanism is unjust, a contradiction. Did either the Pantheist or the Puritan draw the logical conclusion from his premises, he must reach the conclusion of *The Masque*: this cannot be God. And it is fitting that the Worm, the voice of conscience, should have given the death stroke. Does not everyone know by the voice of his conscience that he cannot be held accountable for passion that he does not will? And on the other hand, does he not know just as unmistakably that there is an All-wise, All-just God who will hold him accountable for any wilful, unrestrained, inordinate indulgence in passion? His conscience tells him that God is infinite, all perfection. Anything imperfect cannot be God, hence the Worm destroys this fiction of the Puritan and the Pantheist.

Allow me to restate here that Manly says Moody adopts Pantheism for poetic purposes. (1) Yet from one of Moody's letters the conclusion must be drawn that Fichtean Pantheism played a somewhat more serious role in his philosophy than Manly's statement would lead one to believe. It had caused him a great deal of serious thought yet was not received without doubt and question. The following quotation from a letter to Mrs. Toy (2) will make this clear: "As you

(1) See Page 74 of this work.
lie on your back under these gigantic pines and listen to the inarticulate multitudinous life of the thing, you find yourself reversing the Fichtean telescope, and coming reluctantly to believe that perhaps God could manage to think his thoughts without pouring himself through just your highly ingenious brain. I did not know to be sure that the contrary conviction was at the base of all my thinking, until the negative of it was thrust into my face—but so it is.---I begin to suspect that the voice of many prophets prophesying is as the noon-fly and the strident midge to vex the eyes and ears of God."

On the other hand, though Moody manifestly revolts against Puritanism it is interesting to note whether he has adopted a substitute for his inherited creed. The answer to this question is found in The Masque. As the battle between God and the Worm is imminent Raphael muses:

"On which side then shall Raphael be found,—
The sociable spirit, very friend of man.
And Nature's old-time lover? Surely there;
At God's right hand, with a loud song for sword
To beat the Spectre back when armies fail,
And cheer Him as the shepherd Israel's king."(1)

(1) Poems. p. 385.
It must be remembered that this is the Puritan God. Evidently then, for lack of a proper substitute, if choice had to be made, by force of habit Moody would stand to defend his Puritan God. Yet, on the other hand, was he convinced that either Pantheism or Puritanism could save man? If he had been he could have found a logical way to save the God of the Puritans and Pantheists.

It is clear now that The Masque is a powerful satire, an elaborate reductio ad absurdum. From the standpoint of a philosopher, considering the false premises and absurd, though logical close, one might call it Much Ado About Nothing. From the standpoint of one who sympathizes with and sees the tragedy of the whole, the heartbreak and anguish brought by the Reformers to millions of honest, well meaning souls for over three-hundred years, one might name it, The Tragedy of Protestantism.
APPENDIX.

Chronological Arrangement of Moody's Works.

My Love Is Gone Into the East..............................1894
The Song of the Elder Brothers ............................1894
Bulfinch's Mythology (ed. by Moody and Lovett)........1894
Jetsam.........................................................1895
Dawn Parley....................................................1896
Wilding Flower or Heart's Wild Flower....................1896
Good Friday Night.............................................1897
Road Hymn for the Start.....................................1897
Song-Flower and Poppy.........................................1899
History of English Literature (Moody and Lovett)......1899
Cambridge Edition of Milton's Works.........................1899
Ode in Time of Hesitation...................................1900
Gloucester Moors...............................................1900
The Masque of Judgment......................................1900
Menagerie........................................................1900
On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines....................1901
Departure........................................................1901
Poems.............................................................1901
Old Pourquoi....................................................1904
The Fire-Bringer...............................................1904
Second Coming................................................1905
The Death of Eve (Dramatic Monologue).....................1906
Musa Meretrix..................................................1906

87.
The Great Divide (The Sabine Woman)..........................1906
Gloucester Moors........................................................................1908
The Faith Healer........................................................................1909
Prose Plays (The Divide and Faith Healer).................................1910
The Death of Eve (a fragment)....................................................1910
Poems and Poetic Dramas (Collected)........................................1912
Some Letters of William Vaughan Moody (ed. by D. G. Mason) 1913
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