Producing American Literature

Teaching the American Literary Tradition

June 19, 2014 • Eric Lupfer
Thomas Jefferson School Yearbook Staff, St. Louis, MO, April 1993.
Literature: Texas Treasures (American Literature).
Challenge of Teaching ELA

• To help students imagine the life, meanings, and significance that their texts have had over time.

• To pry the texts out of the textbook.
Goals of this Presentation

• Examine how American literature is produced.
• Suggest possible teaching approaches and assignment ideas.
• Review online resources offering access to historical newspapers and magazines, literary archives, and other teachable resources – all related to the production of American literature.
Producing American Literature

• What happens between writer and reader?
• Who is involved?
• How do their actions shape a text’s meaning and value?
Example #1: Book publishers


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LIFE IN THE WOODS.
On Wednesday, Aug. 9.
TICKNOR & FIELDS
will publish.

WALDEN; Or Life in the Woods;
by Henry D. Thoreau.

"When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone in the woods, a mile from my neighbor, in a house which I had myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only." -

Contents:
- Economy
- Where I lived, and what I lived for
- Reading
- Seasons
- Solitude
- Visitors
- The Bean Field
- The Village
- Conclusion

This strikingly original and interesting book will be published in 2 vol. soon, in which it will.
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In the preparation of this school edition of Thoreau’s *Walden* it has seemed best to lay the emphasis on the literary and human qualities of the book rather than on the philosophy contained in it. Much of the latter is beyond the full comprehension of youthful readers, and anything like a thorough discussion of it would be out of place here. The text used is that of the “Walden Edition,” which is as yet sold only by subscription to the entire set of Thoreau’s writings. This text was revised with some care at the time of the printing of the Walden Edition in 1906, and has now again been subjected to the most careful scrutiny in the course of the annotation for the present edition. It is therefore believed to be very nearly free from errors, except such as the author alone is responsible for. No attempt has been made, of course, to correct the slight misstatements of fact which are likely to be found in the works of any author, but such slips, so far as they have been observed, are pointed out in the notes.

In annotation an effort has been made to cite the originals of Thoreau’s many quotations and allusions; but a diligent search has left a few of them undiscovered, while it is more than possible that some veiled allusions may have entirely escaped the editor’s apprehension. Among those which are not accounted for are a number of quotations from Oriental literature. An attempt to locate these would seem almost hopeless to an editor who is not an Orientalist, and even in the case of success, the value of the results would be out of proportion to the labor involved.

For assistance in locating quotations and explaining allusions, the editor is indebted to a number of persons, among

THOREAU AND HIS BOOK “WALDEN”

Written perhaps a single exception, the relative greatness of Thoreau as a man and as a writer has been disputed more warmly than has that of any other American man of letters of the first rank. But his fame has grown astonishingly in the half-century since his death, and his importance is more and more recognized even by those who do not like him. An enjoyment of Thoreau’s books and an admiration for the man is, indeed, very largely a question of personal likes and dislikes. He was so independent, so scornful of conventionalities, that no thoroughly conventional person can read him with any degree of pleasure. No writer has been more misunderstood than he, but the misunderstanding, as usually in such cases, is on the part of those who have not read his books thoroughly, who take their knowledge of him at second hand and make no effort to put themselves en rapport with him.

To understand and appreciate Thoreau, then, we must read him; and *Walden*, his most popular and most characteristic book, is the best of his volumes to begin on. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, Cape Cod, The Maine Woods, Excursions*, each makes its own special appeal, and one or another of them may be preferred by individual readers, but to get the full flavor of Thoreau’s thought and style, we must go to *Walden*. Before beginning the book, let us learn something of the life and aims of the man who wrote it.

Henry D. Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12, 1817. His grandfather, John Thoreau, had come to America from the island of Jersey, where his collateral descendants are still living, though the name is now extinct.

1 The name is pronounced Thóreō.
Student annotation of Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*,
edited by Francis Allen. Riverside Literature Series.
My Prayer

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how thou'rt distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practice more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated thy designs.

Where I Lived, and What I Lived For

A house is a solid, a substantial, and a durable creation. It is a kind of political and social institution. It is a community of people, and it is a place where they live together. It is a place where they grow old together, and it is a place where they die together. It is a place where they raise their children, and it is a place where they make their homes. It is a place where they find their peace, and it is a place where they find their joy. It is a place where they find their love, and it is a place where they find their friends. It is a place where they find their mates, and it is a place where they find their families. It is a place where they find their lives, and it is a place where they find their futures. It is a place where they find their histories, and it is a place where they find their legacies. It is a place where they find their memories, and it is a place where they find their dreams. It is a place where they find their stories, and it is a place where they find their songs. It is a place where they find their voices, and it is a place where they find their spirits. It is a place where they find their souls, and it is a place where they find their heavens. It is a place where they find their heavens, and it is a place where they find their heavens.
Many Waldens

• Differences in book design: pocket-size books, textbooks, coffee-table books, paperbacks for study.

• Differences in target audiences: students, general readers, soldiers, people seeking inspiration.

• Differences in how HDT is portrayed:
  – an author whose status is contested v. “lessons for a new millennium”
  – nature writer v. political philosopher
  – Writer whose work matters in the “war of ideas” during WWII

• Differences are drawn not by the author but by publishers.
Example #2: Magazine publishing

Mark Twain, “An Adventure of Huckleberry Finn.” The Century, December 1884.
JIM'S INVESTMENTS, AND KING SOLLERMUN.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

Jim knew all kinds of signs. He said he knew 'most everything. I said it looked to
me like all the signs was about bad luck, and
so I asked him if there warn't any good-luck
signs. He says:

"Mighty few — an' dry ain' no use to a
body. What you want to know when good
luck's a-comin' for? want to keep it off?"

And he said: "If you's got hairy arms en a
hairy breast, it's a sign dat you's agwine
to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign like
dat, 'cause it's so for ahead. Y' see, may be
you's got to be po' a long time fast, en so you
might git discourage'd en kill yo'self if you didn'k
know by de sign dat you gwine to be rich
lymely.

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy
breast, Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? don' you
see I has it?"

"Well, are you rich?"

"No; but I bin rich wannet, en gwine to
be rich agin. Wannet I had fifteen dollars, but
I tuck to speculatin', en got busted out."

"What did you speculate in, Jim?"

"Well, fast I tuckled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock. Cattle, you know, I put
ten dollars in a cow. But ain' gwine to
run no mo' money in stock. De cow up
it died on my han's."

"So you lost the ten dollars."

"No; I didn' lose it all. I on'y lose bout
nole of it. I done de hide en t'aller for a dol-
lar en ten cents."

"You had five dollars and ten cents left.
Did you speculate any more?"

"Yes. You know dat one-hooged nigger
dat belongs to ole Misto Bradish? Well, he
set up a bank, en so anybody dat put in a
dollar would git 50 dollars mo' at de en' er de
year. Well, all de niggers went in, but dey
didn' have much. I waz de on'y one dat had
much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo' dollars, en
I said 'I didn' git if I'd start a bank my-
self. Well, o' course dat nigger want' to keep
me out er de business, becase he say dey
warn't business enough for two banks, en he
say I could put in my five dollars en he pay
me thirty-five at de en' er de year.

"So I done it. Den I reck's I'd invest
three-five dollars right off en keep things

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI:
AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Soon as it was night, out we shoved; when
we got her out to about the middle, we let
her alone, and let her float wherever the cur-
rent wanted her to. Then we lit the pipes,
dangled our legs in the water and talked
about all kinds of things.

Sometimes we'd have that whole river all to
ourselves for the longest time. Yonder was
the banks and the islands, across the water;
and may be a spark,—which was a candle in a
cabin window,—and sometimes on the water
you could see a spark or two, on a raft or a
scow, you know; and may be you could hear
a fiddle or a song coming over from one of
them crafts. It's lovely to live on a raft. We
had the sky up there all speckled with stars,
and we used to lay on our backs and look up
so many. Jim said the moon could 'fraid
them; well, that looked kind of reasonable,
so I didn't say nothing against it, because
I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course
it could be done.

Once or twice of a night we would see a
steamboat slipping along in the dark, and
now and then she would belch a whole world
of sparks up out of her chimbleys, and they
would rain down in the river and look awful
pretty; then she would turn a corner, and
her lights would wink out and her pow-wow
shot off and leave the river still again; and
by and by her waves would get to us, a long
time after she was gone, and joggle the raft a
bit, and after that you wouldn't hear nothing
for you couldn't tell how long, except may be
frogs or something.

After midnight the people on shore
got to bed, and then for two or three
hours the shores was black — no more
sparks in the cabin windows. These
sparks was our clock — the first one that
showed again meant morning was com-
ing, so we hunted a place to hide and
tie up right away.

One morning, about daybreak, I
found a canoe and crossed over a chute
to the main shore,—it was only two
hundred yards,—and paddled about a
mile up a crick amongst the cypress
woods to see if I couldn't get some
berries. Just as I was passing a place
where a kind of a cow-path crossed the
crick, here comes a couple of men tear-
ing up the path as tight as they could
foot it. I thought I was a goner, for
whenever anybody was after anybody I
judged it was me — or may be Jim. I
was about to dig out from there in a
hurry, but they was pretty close to me
then, and sunk out and begged me to
save their lives; said they hadn't been
doing nothing, and was being chased
for it; said there was men and dogs
coming. They wanted to jump right
in, but I says:

"Don't you do it. I don't hear the dogs
and horses yet. You've got time to crowd
through the brush and get up the crick a lit-

* See The Century for December and January. The negro Jim is escaping on a raft from slavery in Missouri, and Huck Finn is running away from a drunken and cruel father. — Ed.
THE OPEN BOAT

A TALE INTENDED TO BE AFTER THE FACT, BEING THE EXPERIENCE OF FOUR MEN FROM THE SUNK STEAMER COMMODORE

By Stephen Crane

ONE of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bathtub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wonderfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each foth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The coxswain sat in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said, "Good God! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oars, steering with one of the two men in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that spouted in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other end, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes temporarily at least to even the bravest and most enduring man; willy-nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the gray of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that tumbled to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady it was deep with mourning and of a quality beyondocation or tears.

"Keep her a little more south, Billie," said he.

"A little more south, sir," said the oarsman in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a backing broncho, and, by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after tumultuously jumping a crest, she would strike, and slide, and splash down a long incline and arrive hobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as seriously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamp-boating. In a ten-foot dinghy one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dinghy. As each sly wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave...
THE YELLOW WALL-PAPER.

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity—but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply?

And why have stood so long unrented?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and perhaps — (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind —) perhaps that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?
Close-up on “To the Texas-Bound Emigrant: The Town of Trespalacios.” *The New-York Mirror*, February 8, 1845

THE BOSTONIANS.*

By Henry James,
Author of “Portrait of a Lady,” “Daisy Miller,” “Lady Barberina,” etc.

1.

“Olive will come down in about ten minutes; she told me to tell you that. About ten; that is exactly like Olive. Neither five nor fifteen, and yet not ten exactly, but either nine or eleven. She didn’t tell me to say she was glad to see you, because she doesn’t know whether she is or not, and she wouldn’t for the world expose herself to telling a lie. She is very honest, in Olive Chancellor; she is full of reserve. Nobody tells them in Boston; I don’t know what to make of them all. Well, I am very glad to see you, at any rate.”

These words were spoken with much volubility by a fair, plump, smiling woman who entered a narrow drawing-room in which a visitor, kept waiting for a few moments, was already absorbed in a book. The gentleman had not even needed to sit down to become interested; apparently he had taken up the volume from a table as soon as he came in, and standing there, after a single glance round the apartment, had led himself in its pages. He threw it down at the approach of Mrs. Luna, laughed, shook hands with her, and said in answer to her last remark, “You imply that you do tell fibs. Perhaps that is one.”

“Oh, no; there is nothing wonderful in my being glad to see you,” Mrs. Luna rejoined, “when I tell you that I have been three long weeks in this unprevailing city.”

“That has an unflattering sound for me,” said the young man. “I pretend not to prevarelate.”

“Dear me, what’s the good of being a Southerner?” the lady asked. “Olive told me to tell you she hoped you would stay to dinner. And if she said it, she does really hope it. She is willing to risk that.”

“Just as I am?” the visitor inquired, presenting himself with rather a workaday aspect.

Mrs. Luna glanced at him from head to foot, and gave a little smiling sigh, as if he had been a long time in addition. And, indeed, he was very long, Basil Ransom, and he even looked a little hard and discouraging, like a column of figures, in spite of the friendly face which he bent upon his hostess’s deputy, and which, in its thinness, had a deep dry line, a sort of premature wrinkle, on either side of the mouth. He was tall and lean, and dressed throughout in black; his shirt-collar was low and wide, and the triangle of linen, a little crumpled, exhibited by the opening of his waistcoat, was adorned by a pin containing a small red stone. In spite of this decoration the young man looked poor—at poor as a young man could look who had such a fine head and such magnificent eyes. Those of Basil Ransom were dark, deep, and glowing; his head had a character of elevation which fairly added to his stature; it was a head to be seen above the level of a crowd, on some judicial bench or political platform, or even on a bronze medal. His forehead was high and broad, and his thick black hair, perfectly straight and glossy, and without any division, rolled back from it in a bonnie manner. These things, the eyes especially, with their smoldering fire, might have indicated that he was to be a great American statesman; or, on the other hand, they might simply have proved that he came from Carolina or Alabama. He came, in fact, from Mississippi, and he spoke very perceptibly with the accent of that country. It is not in my power to reproduce by any combination of characters this charming dialect; but the initiated reader will have no difficulty in evoking the sound, which is to be associated in the present instance with nothing vulgar or vain. This lean, pale, solemn, shabby, striking young man, with his superior head, his sedate shoulders, his expression of bright grimness and hard enthusiasm, his provincial, distinguished appearance, is, as a representative of his sex, the most important personage in my narrative; he played a very active part in the events I have undertaken in some degree to explain. And yet the reader who likes a complete image, who desires to read with the senses as well as with the reason, is untreated not to forget that he prolonged his consonants and swallowed his vowels, that he was guilty of elisions and interpolations which were equally unexpected, and that his discourse was pervaded by something sultry and vast, something almost African in its rich, basking tone, something that suggested the tening.
THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM

BY W. D. HOWELLS,


I.

LAPHAM had the pride which comes of self-making, and he would not openly lower his crest to the young fellow he had taken into his business. He was going to be obviously master in his own place to every one; and during the hours of business he did nothing to distinguish Corey from the half-dozen other clerks and book-keepers in the outer office, but he was not silent about the fact that Bronfield Corey's son had taken a fancy to come to him. "Did you notice that fellow at the desk facing my typewriter girl? Well, sir, that's the son of Bronfield Corey—old Phillips Corey's grandson. And I'll say this for him, that there isn't a man in the office that looks after his work better. There isn't anything he's too good for. He's right here at nine every morning, before the clock gets in the word. I guess it's his grandfather coming out in him. He's got charge of the foreign correspondence. We'repushing the paint everywhere." He flattered himself that he did not lay the matter in. He had been warned against that by his wife, but he had the right to do Corey justice, and his brag took the form of illusion. "Talk about training for business—I tell you it's all in the man himself! I used to believe in what old Horace Greeley said about college graduates being the poorest kind of horse-drawn carriage; but I've changed my mind a little. You take that fellow Corey. He's been through Harvard, and he's had about every advantage that a fellow could have. Been everywhere, and tells half a dozen languages like English. I suppose he's got money enough to live without lifting a hand, any more than his father does; son of Bronfield Corey, you know. But the thing was in him. He's a natural-born business man; and I've had many a fellow with me that had come up out of the street, and worked hard all his life, without ever losing his original opposition to the thing. But Corey likes it. I believe the fellow would like to stick at that desk of his night and day, I don't know where he got it, I guess it must be his grandfather's, old Phillips Corey; it often skips a generation, you know. But what

* Copyright, 1884, by W. D. Howells. All rights reserved.

The battle of Shiloh, fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, is perhaps less understood, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and so-called Confederate troops during the entire rebellion. Correct reports of the battle have been published, notably by Sherman, Hallock, and, in a speech before a meeting of veterans, by General Pemberton; but all of these appeared long subsequent to the close of the rebellion, and after public opinion had been most erroneously formed.

Events had occurred before the battle, and others subsequent to it, which determined me to make no report to my then chief, General Hallock, further than was contained in a letter, written immediately after the battle, informing him that an engagement had been fought, and announcing the result. The occurrences alluded to are these: after the capture of Fort Donelson, with over fifteen thousand effective men and all their munitions of war, I believed much more could be accomplished without further sacrifice of life. Clarksville, a town between Donelson and Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, and on the east bank of the Cumberland, was garrisoned by the enemy. Nashville was also garrisoned, and was probably the best provisioned depot at the time in the Confederacy. Albert Sidney Johnston occupied Bowling Green, Kentucky, with a large force. I believed, and my information justified the belief, that these places would fall into our hands without a battle, if threat-
Other articles in the Feb 1885 issue of *The Century*

- “Canada as a Winter Resort” (travel essay)
- “Dutch Portraiture” (art history)
- “Notes of a Confederate Staff Officer” (memoir)
- An editorial criticizing continued “sectional hatred”
- An editorial on political and election reform following the 1884 presidential election

STEPHEN CRANE’S OWN STORY
HE TELLS HOW THE COMMODORE WAS WRECKED
AND HOW HE ESCAPED
FEAR-CRAZED NEGRO NEARLY SWAMPS BOAT
YOUNG WRITER COMPELLED TO WORK IN STIFLING ATMOSPHERE
OF THE FIRE ROOM
BRAVERY OF Captain MURPHY AND HIGGINS
Tried To Tow THEIR COMPANIONS Who Were on The RAFT-
LAST DASH FOR the SHORE Through The Surf.

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 6. -It was the afternoon of New Year’s. The Commodore lay at her dock in Jacksonville and negro stevedores processioned steadily toward her with box after box of ammunition and bundle after bundle of rifles. Her hatch, like the mouth of a monster, engulfed them. It might have been the feeding time of some legendary creature of the sea. It was in broad daylight and the crowd of gleeful Cubans on the pier did not forbear to sing the strange patriotic ballads of their island.

Everything was perfectly open. The Commodore was cleared with a cargo of arms and munition for Cuba. There was none of that extreme modesty about the proceeding which had marked previous departures of the famous tug. She loaded up as placidly as if she were going to carry oranges to New York, instead of Remingtons to Cuba. Down the river, furthermore, the revenue cutter Boutwell, the old isosceles triangle that protects United States interests in the St. John’s, lay at anchor, with no sign of excitement aboard her.

EXchanging Farewells

On the decks of the Commodore there were exchanges of farewells in two languages. Many of the men who were to sail upon her had many intimates in the old Southern town, and we who had left our friends in the remote North received our first touch of melancholy on witnessing these strenuous and earnest good-bys.
I have got twenty men at my back who will fight to the death," said the warrior to the old filibuster.

"And they can be blown, for all me," replied the old filibuster. "Common as sparrows. Cheap as cigarettes. Show me twenty men with steel clamps on their mouths, with holes in their heads where memory ought to be, and I want 'em. But twenty brave men, merely? I'd rather have twenty brave onions."

Thereupon the warrior removed sadly, feeling that no salaams were paid to valor in these days of mechanical excellence.

Valor, in truth, is no bad thing to have when filibustering, but many medals are to be won by the man who knows not the meaning of pow-wow, before or afterwards. Twenty brave men with tongues hung lightly may make trouble rise from the ground line smoke from grass because of their subsequent airy pride, whereas twenty cow-ey-old villains who accept un- righteous and far-compelling kicks as they do the rain of heaven may bale the ultimate history of an expedition with gold and plentifully bedeck their names, winning forty years of gratitude from patriots, simply by remaining silent. As for the cause, it may be only that they have no friends or other creditable furniture.

If it were not for the curse of the swinging tongue, it is surely to be said that the filibustering industry, flourishing now in the United States, would be pie. Under correct conditions, it is merely a matter of dealing with some little detectives whose skill at search is rated by those who pay them at a value of twelve or twenty dollars each week. It is nearly axiomatic that normally a twelve-dollar-per-week detective cannot defeat a one-hundred-thousand-dollar filibustering excursion. Against the criminal the detective represents the commonwealth; but in this other case he represents his desire to show cause why his salary should be paid. He represents himself, merely, and he counts no more than a grocer's clerk.

But the pride of the successful filibuster often smites him and his cause like an ax, and men who have not confided in their mothers go prone with him. It can make the dome of the Capitol tremble and incite the Senators to overturning benches. It can increase the salaries of detectives who could not detect the location of a pain in the chest. It is a wonderful thing, this pride.

Filibustering was once such a simple game. It was managed blandly by gentle captains and smooth and undisturbed gentlemen who at other times dealt in the law, soap, medicine, and bananas. It was a great pity that the little cove of doves in Washington was obligated to rustle officially, and naval men were kept from their berths at night, and sundry custom-house people got wiggles, all because the returned adventurer pow-wowed in his pride. A yellow and red banner would have been long since smothered in a shame of defeat if a contract to filibuster had been let to some admirable organization like one of our trusts.

And yet the game is not obsolete. It is still played by the wise and the silent, men whose names are not display-typed and blathered from one end of the country to the other.

There is in mind now a man who knew one side of a fence from the other side when he looked sharply. They were hunting for captains then to command the first vessels of what has since become a famous little fleet. One was recommended to this man, and he said: "Send him down to my office, and I'll look him over." He was an attorney, and he liked to lean back in his chair, twirl a paper-knife, and let the other fellow talk.

The seafaring man came, and stood, and appeared confounded. The attorney asked the terrible first question of the filibuster
M.D. “Perilous Stuff.” *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 8, 1892.

**PERILOUS STUFF.**

To the Editor of the Transcript: In a well-known magazine has recently appeared a story entitled “The Yellow Wall-Paper.” It is a sad story of a young wife passing through the gradations from slight mental derangement to raving lunacy. It is graphically told, in a somewhat sensational style, which makes it difficult to lay it aside, after the first glance, till it is finished, holding the reader in morbid fascination to the end. It certainly seems open to serious question if such literature should be permitted in print.

The story can hardly, it would seem, give pleasure to any reader, and to many, whose lives have been touched through the nearest ties by this dread disease, it must bring the keenest pain. To others, whose lives have become a struggle against an hereditary mental derangement, such literature contains deadly peril. Should such stories be allowed to pass without protest, without severest censure?

M. D.
“Thoreau’s Thoughts.”


You get across in stripes...

You get across in Van Heusen shirts...

*Reau's Thoughts*

I had been on a hike, but I was completely unprepared. I had been told that COTY CARE was the best of the best. I had been promised miracles, but I was skeptical. I had been warned that it might not work. I had been assured that it would work, but I was unsure.

Then, I saw it. A small bottle, standing alone on the shelf. I was curious, but I was also skeptical. I decided to give it a try.

I applied it to my skin, and within minutes, I could feel a difference. My skin felt smoother, and it looked younger. I was amazed. I continued to use it, and I was even more amazed. My skin felt younger, and it looked younger.

I decided to spread the word. I told everyone I knew. I told them about COTY CARE. I told them how it had changed my skin.

And they were amazed too. They were skeptical at first, but then they saw the difference. They saw the younger skin.

I continued to use it, and I continued to spread the word. I continued to see the difference. I continued to feel younger, and I continued to look younger.

I am a believer in COTY CARE. I am a believer in the power of youth. I am a believer in COTY CARE's ability to make me feel younger, and to make me look younger.

I am a believer in COTY CARE, and I will continue to use it, and I will continue to spread the word.
FLOWERS.
Flowers—well, if anybody
Can the ecstasy define,
Half a transport, half a trouble,
With which flowers humble men—
Anybody find the fountain,
From which floods so contra flow,
I will give him all the Daisies,
Which upon the hill-side blow!
Too much pathos in their faces,
For a simple breast like mine!
Butterflies from San Domingo,
Cruising round the purple line,
Have a system of esthetics,
Far superior to mine!

HOSPITAL INCIDENT.
The Chaplain came in one day after a walk over
the fields with one of the privates, and wiping his heat-
ed forehead he turned to his wife, and said “Do you
know young Melvan, the Scotchman?”

Example #3: Editors and Editing
“Flowers.” Drum Beat (Brooklyn, NY), March 2, 1864.
Table of contents. ED, Poems. Eds. Mabel Loomis Todd and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Roberts Brothers: Boston, 1890.
Table of contents. *Poems.*
Eds. Mabel Loomis Todd and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Roberts Brothers: Boston, 1890.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>XIII. Exclusion</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. The Secret</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. The Lonely House</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. “To fight aloud is very brave”</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. Dawn</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. The Book of Martyrs</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. The Mystery of Pain</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX. “I taste a liquor never brewed”</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI. A Book</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII. “I had no time to hate, because”</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIII. Unreturning</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIV. “Whether my bark went down at sea”</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXV. “Delshazzar had a letter”</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVI. “The brain within its groove”</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BOOK II. — LOVE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. Mine</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Bequest</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. “Alter? When the hills do”</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Suspense</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Surrender</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. “If you were coming in the fall”</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. With a Flower</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
XXVII.

THE CHARIOT.

BECAUSE I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

POEMS.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

ED, Manuscript of “Because I Could Not Stop for Death-” [1862]. From the online Emily Dickinson Archive.

As I Have Walk’d In Alabama

As I have walk’d in Alabama my morning walk,
I have seen where the she-bird the mocking-bird sat on her nest in the briers hatching her brood.

I have seen the he-bird also,
I have paus’d to hear him near at hand inflating his throat and joyfully singing.

And while I paus’d it came to me that what he really sang for was not there only,
Nor for his mate nor himself only, nor all sent back by the echoes,
But subtle, clandestine, away beyond,
A charge transmitted and gift occult for those being born.

The players playing, all the world’s musicians,
The solemn hymns and masses rousing adoration,
All passionate heart-chants, sorrowful appeals,
The measureless sweet vocalists of ages,
And for their solvent setting earth’s own diapason,
Of winds and woods and mighty ocean waves,
A new composite orchestra, binder of years and climes, ten-fold renewer,
As of the far-back days the poets tell, the Paradiso,
The straying thence, the separation long, but now the wandering done,
The journey done, the journeyman come home,
And man and art with Nature fused again.
Example #4: Textbooks and Teaching American literature

Assignments and Activities

• Become an editor and create an anthology organized around a certain theme or literary period. Write a preface explaining your rationale.
Assignments and Activities

• Use *Making of America* or *Chronicling America* to locate classic texts of the nineteenth-century in magazines or newspapers of the period. Examine the table of contents, to determine what else was happening at that moment in local, state, national, and world history.
Chronicling America home page. chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/
Making of America journals page. ebooks.library.cornell.edu/m/moa/
Assignments and Activities

• Design an edition of a book covered in class, complete with a target audience, a book design, and marketing plan. Ask students to explain 1.) why they think that text will be significant to that audience, and 2.) how they have developed their book design and marketing plan with that audience in mind.
Assignments and Activities

• Select a specific edition of a classic text and imagine how a member of its target audience read it. What meaning did the text have for that person?
Assignments and Activities

• Compare different versions of the same text, such as the Dickinson poem.

• Search the web for different covers of the books you read in your courses. Determine their date of publication; identify the audiences they seemed to target. Assess the effectiveness of the design.
Richard Wright, *Native Son.*
New York: Harper and Brothers, 1940.
Assignments and Activities

• Redesign a “textbook treatment” of one of your textbook readings.
Assignments and Activities

• Identify articles, books, and movies that re-interpret or make reference to classic texts. What sort of arguments are being made about the classic work?