

# UNREASONABLE DISCONTENT : THE POLITICS OF CHARLES

## BROCKDEN BROWN AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE pdf

### 1: Table of contents for Fugitive empire

*War for empire and the New York conspiracy trials of -- Unreasonable discontent: the politics of Charles Brockden Brown and the Monthly magazine -- Imperial geographies and Arthur Mervyn -- Snug stored below: slavery and James Fenimore Cooper's White America -- William Apess and the nullification of empire -- Epilogue: troopers in the saddle ; the histories of American empire.*

English Date first posted: August Date most recently updated: August This eBook was produced by: Richard Scott Project Gutenberg of Australia eBooks are created from printed editions which are in the public domain in Australia, unless a copyright notice is included. We do NOT keep any eBooks in compliance with a particular paper edition. Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before downloading or redistributing this file. This eBook is made available at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg of Australia License which may be viewed online at <http://www.gutenberg.org/licenses/au/>: I am well acquainted with your motives, and allow that they justify your curiosity. I am willing, to the utmost of my power, to comply with your request, and will now dedicate what leisure I have to the composition of her story. My narrative will have little of that merit which flows from unity of design. You are desirous of hearing an authentic, and not a fictitious tale. It will, therefore, be my duty to relate events in no artificial or elaborate order, and without that harmonious congruity and luminous amplification, which might justly be displayed in a tale flowing merely from invention. It will be little more than a biographical sketch, in which the facts are distributed and amplified, not as a poetical taste would prescribe, but as the materials afforded me, sometimes abundant and sometimes scanty, would permit. Constance, like all the beings made known to us, not by fancy, but experience, has numerous defects. You will readily perceive, that her tale is told by her friend, but I hope you will not discover many or glaring proofs of a disposition to extenuate her errors or falsify her character. I pretend not to the infallibility of inspiration. He is not a creature of fancy. It was not prudent to unfold all the means by which I gained a knowledge of his actions; but these means, though singularly fortunate and accurate, could not be unerring and complete. I have shewn him to you as he appeared, on different occasions and at successive periods, to me. This is all that you will demand from a faithful biographer. If you were not deeply interested in the fate of my friend, yet my undertaking will not be useless, inasmuch as it will introduce you to scenes to which you have been hitherto a stranger. The modes of life, the influence of public events upon the character and happiness of individuals in America, are new to you. The distinctions of birth, the artificial degrees of esteem or contempt which connect themselves with different professions and ranks in your native country, are but little known among us. Society and manners constitute your favorite study, and I am willing to believe, that my relation will supply you with knowledge, on these heads, not to be otherwise obtained. If these details be, in that respect, unsatisfactory, all that I can add, is, my counsel to go and examine for yourself. Stephen Dudley was a native of New-York. He was educated to the profession of a painter. But this son, manifesting an attachment to the pencil, he was resolved that it should be gratified. For this end Stephen was sent at an early age to Europe, and not only enjoyed the instructions of Fuzeli and Bartolozzi, but spent a considerable period in Italy, in studying the Augustan and Medicean monuments. It was intended that he should practise his art in his native city, but the young man, though reconciled to this scheme by deference to paternal authority, and by a sense of its propriety, was willing, as long as possible to postpone it. The liberality of his father relieved him from all pecuniary cares. His whole time was devoted to the improvement of his skill in his favorite art, and the enriching of his mind with every valuable accomplishment. He was endowed with a comprehensive genius and indefatigable industry. His progress was proportionably rapid, and he passed his time without much regard to futurity, being too well satisfied with the present to anticipate a change. The death of his wife had rendered his society still more necessary to the old gentleman. He married before his return. The woman whom he had selected was an unportioned orphan, and was recommended

merely by her moral qualities. These, however, were eminent, and secured to her, till the end of her life, the affection of her husband. Though painting was capable of fully gratifying his taste as matter of amusement, he quickly found that, in his new situation it would not answer the ends of a profession. His father supported himself by the profits of his shop, but with all his industry he could do no more than procure a subsistence for himself and his son. The death of the elder Dudley introduced an important change in his situation. It thenceforth became necessary to strike into some new path, to deny himself the indulgence of his inclinations, and regulate his future exertions by a view to nothing but gain. There was little room for choice. His habits had disqualified him for mechanical employments. He could not stoop to the imaginary indignity which attended them, nor spare the time necessary to obtain the requisite degree of skill. His father died in possession of some stock, and a sufficient. He lived at what they call a good stand, and enjoyed a certain quantity of permanent custom. The knowledge that was required was as easily obtained as the elements of any other profession, and was not wholly unallied to the pursuits in which he had sometimes engaged. The knowledge of his business was acquired in no long time. He was stimulated to the acquisition by a sense of duty, he was inured to habits of industry, and there were few things capable to resist a strenuous exertion of his faculties. Knowledge of whatever kind afforded a compensation to labour, but the task being finished, that which remained, which, in ordinary apprehensions would have been esteemed an easy and smooth path, was to him insupportably disgusting. The drudgery of a shop, where all the faculties were at a stand, and one day was an unvaried repetition of the foregoing, was too incongenial to his disposition not to be a source of discontent. This was an evil which it was the tendency of time to increase rather than diminish. The longer he endured it the less tolerable it became. He could not forbear comparing his present situation with his former, and deriving from the contrast perpetual food for melancholy. The indulgence of his father had contributed to instill into him prejudices, in consequence of which a certain species of disgrace was annexed to every employment of which the only purpose was gain. His present situation not only precluded all those pursuits which exalt and harmonize the feelings, but was detested by him as something humiliating and ignominious. His wife was of a pliant temper, and her condition less influenced by this change than that of her husband. She was qualified to be his comforter, but instead of dispelling his gloom by judicious arguments, or a seasonable example of vivacity, she caught the infection that preyed upon his mind and augmented his anxieties by partaking in them. By enlarging in some degree, the foundation on which his father had built, he had provided the means of a future secession, and might console himself with the prospect of enjoying his darling case at some period of his life. This period was necessarily too remote for his wishes, and had not certain occurrences taken place, by which he was flattered with the immediate possession of ease, it is far from being certain that he would not have fallen a victim to his growing disquietudes. He was one morning engaged behind his counter as usual, when a youth came into his shop, and, in terms that bespoke the union of fearlessness and frankness, enquired whether he could be engaged as an apprentice. A proposal of this kind could not be suddenly rejected or adopted. He stood in need of assistance, the youth was manly and blooming, and exhibited a modest and ingenuous aspect. It was possible that he was, in every respect, qualified for the post for which he applied, but it was previously necessary to ascertain these qualifications. For this end he requested the youth to call at his house in the evening, when he should be at leisure to converse with him and furnished him with suitable directions. The youth came according to appointment. On being questioned as to his birth-place and origin, he stated that he was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire; that his family were honest, and his education not mean; that he was the eldest of many children, and having attained an age at which he conceived it his duty to provide for himself, he had, with the concurrence of his friends, come to America, in search of the means of independent subsistence; that he had just arrived in a ship which he named, and, his scanty stock of money being likely to be speedily consumed, this had been the first effort he had made to procure employment. His tale was circumstantial and consistent, and his veracity appeared liable to no doubt. He was master of his book and his pen, and had acquired more than the rudiments of Latin. Dudley did not require much time to deliberate. In a few days the youth was established as a member of his family, and as a coadjutor in his shop,

## UNREASONABLE DISCONTENT : THE POLITICS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE pdf

nothing but food, clothing, and lodging being stipulated as the reward of his services. The young man improved daily in the good opinion of his master. His apprehension was quick, his sobriety invariable, and his application incessant. In a short time he was able to relieve his master of most of the toils of his profession, and Mr. Dudley a thousand times congratulated himself on possessing a servant equally qualified by his talents and his probity. He gradually remitted his attention to his own concerns, and placed more absolute reliance on the fidelity of his dependant. Young Craig, that was the name of the youth, maintained a punctual correspondence with his family, and confided to his patron, not only copies of all the letters which he himself wrote, but those which, from time to time, he received. He had several correspondents, but the chief of those were his mother and his eldest sister. The sentiments contained in their letters breathed the most appropriate simplicity and tenderness, and flowed with the nicest propriety, from the different relationships of mother and sister. The style and even the penmanship were distinct and characteristic. One of the first of these epistles, was written by the mother to Mr. Dudley, on being informed by her son of his present engagement. It was dictated by that concern for the welfare of her child befitting the maternal character. Dudley should extend to him not only the indulgence, but the moral superintendance of a parent. Dudley conceived it incumbent upon him to return a consenting answer, and letters were in this manner occasionally interchanged between them. Things remained in this situation for three years, during which period every day enhanced the reputation of Craig, for stability and integrity. A sort of provisional engagement had been made between the parents, unattended however by any legal or formal act, that things should remain on their present footing for three years. When this period terminated, it seemed as if a new engagement had become necessary. Craig expressed the utmost willingness to renew the former contract, but his master began to think that the services of his pupil merited a higher recompence. He ascribed the prosperity that had hitherto attended him, to the disinterested exertions of his apprentice. His social and literary gratifications had been increased by the increase of his leisure. These were capable of being still more enlarged. He had not yet acquired what he deemed a sufficiency, and could not therefore wholly relieve himself from the turmoils and humiliation of a professional life. He concluded that he should at once consult his own interest and perform no more than an act of justice to a faithful servant, by making Craig his partner, and allowing him a share of the profits, on condition of his discharging all the duties of the trade. When this scheme was proposed to Craig, he professed unbounded gratitude, considered all that he had done as amply rewarded by the pleasure of performance, and as being nothing more than was prescribed by his duty. He promised that this change in his situation should have no other effect, than to furnish new incitements to diligence and fidelity, in the promotion of an interest, which would then become in a still higher degree than formerly, a common one.

# UNREASONABLE DISCONTENT : THE POLITICS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE pdf

## 2: The Charles Brockden Brown Electronic Archive and Scholarly Archive

*Unreasonable Discontent: The Politics of Charles Brockden Brown and the Monthly Magazine* 3. *Imperial Geographies and Arthur Mervyn* 4. *Snug Stored Below: Slavery and James Fenimore Cooper's White America* 5.

Early life[ edit ] Brown was born on January 17, , [1] the fourth of five brothers and six surviving siblings total in a Philadelphia Quaker merchant family. His father Elijah Brown, originally from Chester County, Pennsylvania , just southwest of Philadelphia, had a variable career primarily as a land-conveyancer or agent in real estate transactions. The two oldest brothers, Joseph and James, and youngest brother Elijah, Jr. After six years in Philadelphia at the law office of Alexander Wilcocks , he ended his law studies in The New York group included a number of young male professionals who called themselves the Friendly Club including Dr. During most of the s, Brown developed his literary ambitions in projects that often remained incomplete for example the so-called "Henrietta Letters," transcribed in the Clark biography and frequently used his correspondence with friends as a sort of laboratory for narrative experiments. His first publications appeared during the late s e. By , however, these formative years gave way to a period of novel-writing during which Brown published the titles for which he is best known. Novels[ edit ] Between and late Brown published the Wollstonecraftian-feminist dialog *Alcuin* , and seven subsequent novels. An additional novel was written, but was lost by a series of mishaps and consequently never saw publication. In addition to his output of novels, Brown also became an editor during this period and, along with his friends in New York published and wrote many short articles and reviews for *The Monthly Magazine* and *American Review* from April to December , as well as its short-lived successor, *The American Review and Literary Journal* . Finally, besides these two New York periodicals, Brown also published numerous fictional pieces, including the only surviving fragment of his first novel *Sky-Walk* , in the Philadelphia-based *Weekly Magazine of Original Essays, Fugitive Pieces, and Interesting Intelligence* . Brown builds plots around particular motifs such as sleepwalking and religious mania, drawing on Enlightenment -era medical writings by people such as Erasmus Darwin. Because of their sensational violence, dramatic intensity, and intellectual complexity, these four novels are often referred to as the "gothic" or "Godwinian" novels. *Stephen Calvert*, which appeared only in serialized form and in the posthumous biography, remained little-read until the end of the 20th century, but is notable as the first U. Clara Howard and *Jane Talbot* have been regarded sometimes as relatively conventional works distinct from the earlier novels because they have classic epistolary form and concern domestic issues that seem very different from the violence and sensationalism of the first four novels. Recent scholarship since the s , however, has largely revised this view and emphasizes the continuities and overall coherence of all seven novels understood as a loosely unified ensemble. In these essays, he explains that his novels combine fiction and history to place ordinary individuals like his novelistic protagonists Arthur Mervyn or Edgar Huntly into situations of historical stress like the Yellow Fever epidemic of or settler - Indian violence on the Pennsylvania frontier after the Walking Purchase in such a way as educate his audience about virtuous behaviors and the historical causes and conditions of individual actions. In short, Brown uses his Wollstonecraftian-Godwinian models to develop political fiction that is intended to educate his readers and to take part in the ideological and cultural debates of his period. Brown shares with the British radical-democrats an emphasis on sociocultural determinism and on the use of literature as a medium for spreading progressive ideas. In addition, he shares with Godwin, in particular, the project of combining historical and fictional modes into a distinctive and progressive narrative style designed to stimulate social awareness and action. But he advances their models, for example, by placing a new emphasis on the culture and contradictions of economic liberalism and the world of commerce, focusing on a crucial topic that his British novelistic sources minimized, but which would grow exponentially in importance throughout the post-Revolutionary era. It is also significant that Brown examines issues associated with personal identity race , gender and sexuality , etc. Later life and writings[ edit ] After Brown continued to publish prolifically. He authored several important

political pamphlets arguing for the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory and against the Embargo Act of 1807. He edited and was primary contributor to two more magazines: *The Literary Magazine* and *American Register* (1800), a miscellany on cultural and other topics from geography and medicine to history and aesthetics and *The American Register and General Repository of History, Politics, and Science* (1800). Brown continued to write fiction and experiment with other literary genres during this period, notably in the *Historical Sketches*, a group of historical fictions that were written between 1800 and 1805 but published only posthumously. These late experimental narratives show Brown exploring the interface of fiction and history at the end of the Revolutionary era, at a moment that both follows the great Enlightenment historians and precedes the rise of the novel. He also published miscellaneous pieces in other Philadelphia newspapers and magazines of the 18th century including the *Aurora* and, in 1793, the *Port-Folio*. In addition to these pamphlets, magazines, and historical narratives, it is notable that Brown maintained his contacts with reformist and progressive individuals and institutions in 18th-century Philadelphia. Although it was never completed, Brown planned from 1793 to 1795, with close friend Thomas Pym Cope, to publish a "History of Slavery" using the records of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society. Benjamin Rush recommended Brown in 1793 as an ideal author for a history of penal reform in Philadelphia. In addition, he contracted to publish a major introduction to geography during his last years, but the manuscript is now lost. Politically, Brown has been an enigma, but more recent scholarship considers Brown as having, for instance, few or no associations with a Federalist political agenda and instead divorcing himself from the ideology of America as an exemplary nation, and desiring "political justice" on both sides of the Atlantic. Brown died of tuberculosis in Philadelphia on February 22, 1804, at the age of 42. His novels were the first American novels translated into other European languages: *Ormond* was published in German where it was attributed to Godwin in 1801, and a French version of *Wieland* appeared in 1802. The most important group of writers influenced by Brown during this period was the Godwin-Shelley circle mentioned above, but Brown was read and recommended by many other major British writers of this era, notably William Hazlitt, Thomas Love Peacock, John Keats, and Walter Scott. Literary-critical scholarship revived interest when American Studies scholars like Vernon Louis Parrington and Fred Lewis Pattee examined his works in the 1920s and subsequent decades. Between the 1920s and the 1950s, scholarly biographies and monographs began to appear on Brown. Reid and appeared from 1920 to 1925. During the same period, new but still incomplete attempts to publish a selection of non-novelistic writings were initiated by German scholar Alfred Weber. Brown was regarded as a somewhat secondary novelist by scholars in the Cold War era who focused on normative aesthetic criteria and tended to ignore the wide scope of his writings, and their referential impact, but more recent and historically-oriented scholarship has established Brown as a leading writer and intellectual of the late Enlightenment and early Republic. At the beginning of the 21st century, Brown is widely acknowledged as a key figure in American literary history whose writings provide insight into the major ideological, intellectual, and artistic struggles and transformations of the Atlantic revolutionary era, even if not as aesthetically rewarding as core works of the traditional American literary canon. Joyce Carol Oates calls Brown "the first American novelist of substance". George Washington, in its volume of American poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

## UNREASONABLE DISCONTENT : THE POLITICS OF CHARLES

### BROCKDEN BROWN AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE pdf

#### 3: Edgar Huntly - Broadview Press

*Charles Brockden Brown (January 17, - February 22, ) was an American novelist, historian, and editor of the Early National period. He is generally regarded by scholars as the most important American novelist before James Fenimore Cooper.*

A Sketch of the Poet Spenser. Literary Magazine and American Register 5 February The concluding paragraphs develop an interpretation of the historical allegory in Book I: This is an uninteresting species of writing, even when intelligible, but is particularly unfortunate when the allusion is to temporary historical events, and which, of course, quickly becomes an unfathomable mystery" p. Brown elsewhere describes Spenser as "a favourite poet with me" 6 July Philadelphia, is a periodical publication of merit. In typography it equals the best Monthly papers of England. Its original, prosaic communications are able. But the man, that can dress well himself, is under less temptations to wear as his own the adornments of others. We are therefore the more surprised at noticing in this work, the frequent insertion of articles selected without any other than internal evidence to distinguish them from original productions. We cannot believe these editors calculate that many are probably ignorant to whose credit this stock should be transferred, that few know its fair owners, that consequently gain will be greater, than loss, and thus strike the balance in favor. Neither can they at this day doubt the right of literary property. The error probably arises from mere inattention, and it is therefore we notice it" 1 5 July The fame of this poet, however great during his lifetime, seems to have excited no inquiry into his parentage. But though Spenser alludes repeatedly to his gentle birth, and claims kindred with several persons of rank, his parents are entirely unknown. It appears from one of the sonnets, that the christian name of his mother was Elizabeth; and this is all we know. The birth of the poet is conjectured to have taken place about ; but the first event of his life, which has been ascertained, is his admission as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, , where he acquired the degree, of bachelor and master of arts in and Here commenced his intimacy with Gabriel Harvey. He seems, to have been disappointed, either in his views of a fellowship, or of some other academical distinction, which has not prevented his gratitude to his alma mater from breaking forth in his account of the Ouze, who â€”doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit; My mother Cambridge, whom, as with a crown, He doth adorn, and is adorned of it, With many a gentle muse, and many a learned wit. From the university, Spenser seems to have retired to some friends in the north. Of the cause of his journey, or his occupation while with them, we have no record. It is supposed that some passages in these poems, of a nature rather political than pastoral, particularly a warm eulogium on archbishop Grendal, drew down upon him the wrath of the great Burleigh; the effects of which, though deprecated by Spenser, and exaggerated perhaps by former biographers, certainly continued to attend him through his life. We find, from repeated passages in his works, that his offence was never forgotten or forgiven. Its fame was the means of introducing him to the friendship of sir Philip Sidney, and to that of Leicester; a more powerful, if less discerning patron. At this time the poet was also engaged with his Faery Queen, with the Dying Pellican, with the Visions, which he afterwards published in a more correct shape, and sundry less important labours. Spenser appears to have been sincerely attached to this nobleman, whom he has distinguished in his Faery Queen under the character of Arthegal, or justice. Hence Spenser describes Arthegal, when returning from the adventure of succouring Irene, as leaving his work unfinished. But, ere he could reform it thoroughly, He through occasion was called away To faery court, that of necessity His course of justice he was forced to stay. On his return, the victorious knight is attacked by Envy, by Detraction, and by the blatant beast, or Slander, who railed against him; Saving that he had, with unmanly guile And foul abuson, both his honour blent, And that bright sword, the sword of justice, lent, Had stained with reproachful cruelty, In guiltless blood of many an innocent. As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie And traines having surprised, he foully did to die. The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the Waterford mountains; Ballyhowra hills to the north, or, as Spenser

terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds. Here, indeed, the poet has described himself, as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the cool shades of green alders, by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe as his custom was to his fellow shepherd-swains. O for the namelesse power to strike mine eare, The power of charm by Naiads once possest! To the criticism of the shepherd of the ocean, as Spenser elsewhere termed him, he submitted such books of the Faery Queen as he had then finished; and was determined, by his ardent approbation, immediately to prepare them for the press. For this purpose, he accompanied sir Walter to England; and in , the three first books of this beautiful poem were given to the world. The author of a romantic poem did not remain long unrewarded in the romantic court of Elizabeth. Some farther advantages, probably a permanent establishment in Britain, appear to have been unsuccessfully solicited by our author; for the striking lines, describing the miseries of a suitor for court favour, have been always understood to refer to his own disappointments. In the same satire and elsewhere, Spenser has not hesitated to launch the darts of his satire against his powerful enemy, lord Burleigh. The progress of his passion and its success is celebrated in his sonnets and epithalamion. The surname of the beautiful Elizabeth has escaped the researches of the biographer. In , the next three books of the Faery Queen made their appearance. There is an unauthorised story told by sir James Ware, that about this time Spenser had written the remaining six cantos of that beautiful poem, which were afterwards lost by the carelessness of his servant in passing from Ireland. But it appears much more probable, that the work was never completed by the author, especially when we consider how long lie had dwelt upon the first three books. Spenser visited England in , when he appears to have presented to the queen and her ministers his View of the State of Ireland, which probably induced Elizabeth to recommend him to the office of sheriff of Cork, by a letter dated in September, But, in October following, Tyrone, who had been long in arms, obtained that signal victory over sir Henry Bagnal, marshal of Ireland, which was long after remembered by the name the defeat of Blackwater. He instantly summoned his secret confederates in Munster to imitate him in assailing the English settlers. The call was obeyed; and the insurrection, like those we have had the misfortune to witness in later times, broke out with the irresistible fury of a volcano. For, whereas they should have built castles, and brought over colonies of English, and have admitted no Irish tenant, but only English, these and like covenants were in no part performed by them. Of whom the men of best quality never came over, but made profit of the land; others brought no more English than their own families; and all entertained Irish servants and tenants, which were now the first to betray them. If the covenants had been kept by them, they themselves might have made two thousand able men; whereas, the lord president could not find above two hundred of English birth amongst them, when the rebels first entered the province. Neither did these gentle undertakers make any resistance to the rebels; but left their dwellings, and fled to walled towns; yea, when there was such danger in flight, as greater could not have been in defending their own, whereof many of them had woeful experience, being surprised with their wives and families in flight. He arrived in London in misery and indigence. The bounty of Essex, and of his other friends, might save him from the extremity of poverty; but, in proportion as the sufferers under a calamity are numerous, relief becomes more difficult, and individual distress is regarded with less commiseration. Spenser never subdued the impressions of sorrow and misfortune. He died of a broken heart at London, in January, He was buried at the expence of his munificent patron, the earl of Essex. His melancholy, fate is thus commemorated by Phineas Fletcher. Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he died. And had not that great hart whose honoured head, Ah, lies full low pitied thy woeful plight, There hadst thou lain, unwept unburied, Unblest, nor graced with any common rite: Yet thou shalt live when thy great foe shall sink Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink, And Time his blacker name shall blurr with blackest ink. Oh, let the Iambic muse revenge that wrong, Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead: Let thy abused honour cry as long As there be quills to write or

## UNREASONABLE DISCONTENT : THE POLITICS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE pdf

eyes to read. On his rank name let thine own votes be turned, "Oh, may that man that hath the muses scorned, Alive nor dead be ever of a muse adorned. This is an uninteresting species of writing, even when intelligible, but is particularly unfortunate when the allusion is to temporary historical events, and which, of course, quickly becomes an unfathomable mystery. The red-cross knight, the hero of this canto, in general signifies "holiness," or, the perfection of the spiritual man in religion. But, in the political and particular sense, the adventures of St. George bear a peculiar and obvious, though not a uniform reference to the history of the church of England, as established by Queen Elizabeth. Thus, we find the orthodox church, in its earlier history, surmounting the heresies of the Arians, and many others; as the red-cross knight, while animated by the voice of Una, or Truth, destroys the monster Error and her brood. Again, he defeats Sans Foy, but falls into the snares of Duessa, the leman of the vanquished knight. Thus the church, in the reign of Constantine, triumphed over paganism, but was polluted by Error, in consequence of its accession to temporal sovereignty. Hence its purity was affected by those vices which are described as inhabiting the house of Pride; and, becoming altogether relaxed in discipline, the church was compelled to submit to the domination of the pope. Here the poet also seems dimly to have shadowed forth what was not too plainly to be named "the persecution in the days of queen Mary. But all the floor too filthy to be told With blood of guiltless babes and innocents true Which there were slain as sheep out of the fold, Defiled she was, that dreadful was to view; And sacred ashes over it was strowed new. The conquest of Orgoglio and Duessa, therefore, plainly figure forth the downfall of popery in England, as the enlargement of the redcross knight signifies the freedom of the protestant church, happily accomplished by the accession of Elizabeth. Timias finds Amoret in the arms of Corflambo, or Sensual Passion; he combats the monster unsuccessfully, and wounds the lady in his arms.

## UNREASONABLE DISCONTENT : THE POLITICS OF CHARLES

### BROCKDEN BROWN AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE pdf

#### 4: Charles Brockden Brown - Wikipedia

*War for empire and the New York conspiracy trials of --Unreasonable discontent: the politics of Charles Brockden Brown and the Monthly magazine --Imperial geographies and Arthur Mervyn --Snug stored below: slavery and James Fenimore Cooper's White America --William Apess and the nullification of empire --Epilogue: troopers in the saddle ; the histories of American empire.*

This story was written in , and was collected in *At the Mountains of Madness and Other Novels* in *Selected Poems*, edited with an introduction and notes by Richard Holmes, pp. The following poem was composed by Coleridge in , and first published in the journal *The Friend* in Coleridge explains in his preface that his own fragment of this ballad is based upon a poem which Coleridge summarizes written by William Wordsworth. The language was intended to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator; and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows: The outlines of the Tale are positive facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents. It is I that love you! Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a curse both on him and on her own child. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane Still swung the spikes of corn: And from their house-door by that track The bride and bridegroom went; Sweet Mary, though she was not gay, Seemed cheerful and content. But when they prayed, she thought she saw Her mother on her knees. Her feet upon the mossy track The married maiden set: That momentâ€”I have heard her sayâ€” She wished she could forget. And when the merry bells rang out, They seemed to stop her breath. A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive. So five months passed: And on the few fine days She stirred not out, lest she might meet Her mother in the ways. Ellen was a faithful friend, More dear than any sister! And now Ash-Wednesday cameâ€”that day But few to church repair: For on that day you know we read The Commination prayer. Though Ellen always kept her church All church-days during Lent. And gentle Ellen welcomed her With courteous looks and mild: Thought she, "What if her heart should melt, And all be reconciled! The wind was wild; against the glass The rain did beat and bicker; The church-tower swinging over head, You scarce could hear the Vicar! And then and there the mother knelt, And audibly she criedâ€” "Oh! I saw poor Ellen kneeling still, So pale! I guessed not why: When she stood up, there plainly was A trouble in her eye. And when the prayers were done, we all Came round and asked her why: Giddy she seemed, and sure, there was A trouble in her eye. But ere she from the church-door stepped She smiled and told us why: She told it not to Mary. But Mary heard the tale: He snapped them still with hand or knee, And then away they flew! As if with his uneasy limbs He knew not what to do! You see, good sir! His farm lies underneath: He heard it there, he heard it all, And only gnashed his teeth. Now Ellen was a darling love In all his joys and cares: And in the moment of his prayers He loved them both alike: Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy Upon his heart did strike! And they clung round him with their arms, Both Ellen and his wife. And Mary could not check her tears, So on his breast she bowed; Then frenzy melted into grief, And Edward wept aloud. Dear Ellen did not weep at all, But closelier did she cling, And turned her face and looked as if She saw some frightful thing. You see that grave? The Lord he gives, The Lord, he takes away: She managed all the dairy. To market she on market-days, To church on Sundays came; All seemed the same: But all was not the same! Had Ellen lost her mirth? When by herself, she to herself Must sing some merry rhyme; She could not now be glad for hours, Yet silent all the time. And then her wrist she spanned; And once when Mary was down-cast, She took her by the hand, And gazed upon her, and at first She gently pressed her hand; Then harder, till her grasp at length Did gripe like a

convulsion! She felt them coming, but no power Had she the words to smother; And with a kind of shriek she cried, "Oh Christ! Linger he raised his latch at eve, Though tired in heart and limb: He loved no other place, and yet Home was no home to him. One evening he took up a book, And nothing in it read; Then flung it down, and groaning cried, "O! And he burst into tears, and fell Upon his knees in prayer: And then the hot days, all at once, They came, we knew not how: You looked about for shade, when scarce A leaf was on a bough. Those hollies of themselves a shape As of an arbour took, A close, round arbour; and it stands Not three strides from a brook. Within this arbour, which was still With scarlet berries hung, Were these three friends, one Sunday morn, Just as the first bell rung. His limbs along the moss, his head Upon a mossy heap, With shut-up senses, Edward lay: Both groaned at once, for both knew well What thoughts were in his mind; When he waked up, and stared like one That hath been just struck blind. He sat upright; and ere the dream Had had time to depart, "O God, forgive me! Byron, George Gordon Noel, Lord. Byron composed the fragment during the competition between Polidori, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Shelley, and himself, during which Mary Shelley produced her novel, Frankenstein. June 17, "In the year 1782", having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family: Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish. The Byronic hero has been likened to Byron himself, and is a melancholy man, often with a dark past, who eschews societal and religious strictures and seeks truth and happiness in an apparently meaningless universe. The drama is set in the Alps where Manfred lives in a Gothic castle. This novel fragment and the other works Byron composed between and prior to the publication of Don Juan, his most highly respected work contain many elements of the Gothic tradition, including ruined settings, tortured characters, and encounters with the supernatural. While thus engaged, I heard much both of his past and present life; and, although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentrated: It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other" and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness: It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me; it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through these regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency: I have also been here before. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent" and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. As he sat, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know

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not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiledâ€”he spokeâ€”"I know not whether to himself or to meâ€”but the words were only, "Tis well! What do you mean? You know the rest of my injunctions. But it is odd that she does not devour it.

### 5: Full text of "Charles Brockden Brown's Leben und Werke"

*Charles Brockden Brown was the first professional author in the United States, one of the early lights in the tradition of the American novel, and the founder and major contributor to a number of early American periodicals such.*

### 6: Gothic Themes, Settings, and Figures | [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*The Project Gutenberg eBook, Ormond, Volume I (of 3), by Charles Brockden Brown This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever.*

### 7: Charles Brockden Brown: A Sketch of the Poet Spenser.

*The author is likely the editor of Philadelphia's Literary Magazine, the gothic novelist Charles Brockden Brown. Brown elsewhere describes Spenser as "a favourite poet with me" 6 (July ) The Emerald [Boston]: "The Literary Magazine and American Register, published by Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, is a periodical publication of merit.*

### 8: Project MUSE - Frenchifying the Frontier: Transnational Federalism in the Early West

*Charles Brockden Brown, "The Difference Between History and Romance," Monthly Magazine and American Review (April ) From Sir Walter Scott, "Essay on Romance" () From Nathaniel Hawthorne, Preface to The House of the Seven Gables ().*

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Index Why are ed files locked Raiders of Cardolan (Middle Earth Role Playing/MERP) Mea Tempora: El entramado del  
tiempo en Metamorfosis Outcast of the Island Marginal annotations and other poems Teacher growth in faith formation  
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