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Frederick Douglass, Scotland and the South

INTRODUCTION

Addressing an audience in Rochester, New York on 25 January, 1849, Frederick Douglass concluded his speech by assuring his listeners that

though I am not a Scotchman, and have a colored skin, I am proud to be among you this evening. And if any think me out of my place on this occasion (pointing to the picture of Burns), I beg that the blame may be laid at the door of him who taught me that ‘a man’s a man for a’ that’.¹

Douglass considers it likely that some would consider him ‘out of his place’ at a Burns’ Supper—not just because he is not a ‘Scotchman’ but also because he has a ‘colored skin’: as if he is doubly disqualified from participating in a Scottish ritual, not only on grounds of nationality but of race.

Perhaps this shouldn’t surprise us. After all, Scotland has long been perceived as racially homogeneous while its neighbours have apparently become more diverse. Henry James, when confronted by the ‘melting pot’ that was turn-of-the-century New York City, expressed a yearning for ‘the luxury of some such close and sweet and *whole* national consciousness as that of the Switzer and the Scot’: as if the purity of the mountain air cannot help but be transposed to the composition of the population which breathes it.² Much more recently, the extreme right-wing historian David Irving was reported as ‘contemplating moving to Edinburgh to get away from “Arabs and blacks.”’ He said: “I want to live somewhere where England is still England. Edinburgh has a lot of old England about it, if you get my drift”.’ And one of his associates, anti-conservation campaigner Ian Mitchell, who lives on Islay, seems to agree: “Scotland has not been quite so changed in the last 20 years or so as England,” he said. “In a way a lot of the people we are dealing with ... are people who want to keep Scotland the same. They want to prevent any movement.”³

In the Southern United States, Scotland occupies an especially important place in the racist imagination, from the Confederate battle flag (based on the St Andrew’s Cross) and the purportedly Scottish inspiration behind the rituals of the Ku Klux Klan, to the some of the dubious sponsors of Tartan Day and the canonical status of *Braveheart* among white supremacist groups.⁴ Among the reasons why Scotland figures so prominently is, firstly, the perceived parallel between the ‘lost causes’ of the Confederacy and the Jacobites and the defeats of Appomattox and Culloden. Secondly, some see the distinctively Southern commitment to certain old-fashioned values (particularly the importance of ancestry and family-belonging) mirrored—possibly in a more robust, or at least more vivid form—in the Scottish clan system and its associated tartans.⁵ And thirdly, many Southerners claim to be of

Scottish descent. In recent years this identity has been embraced with enthusiasm, as demonstrated by the rapid growth of the Highland Heritage movement with its network of societies and popular gatherings.⁶

‘Scotland’ has acquired this value and importance in the South, then, for a variety of reasons. Many of those who attend, say, the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games in North Carolina would doubtless have little trouble recognizing a modern ‘multi-cultural’ Scotland, and certainly would be genuinely offended if accused of racism. Nevertheless, it is hard to believe that this movement would be so popular if it did not offer (among other more innocent attractions) the opportunity to belong to what is effectively a whites-only community, without having to announce itself as such—during a period which saw the end of segregation and the increasing unacceptability of the direct (as opposed to euphemistic) expression of racist views in public.

SOUTHERN HONOUR

The last twenty years have seen the emergence of a number of studies that might be described as ethnographies of the antebellum South, aiming to imaginatively reconstruct the underlying patterns of the region’s distinctive culture.⁷ According to Edward L. Ayers, while the divergent economic, ethnic, religious conflicts of the North were resolved in the eighteenth century through the rule of law and dignity, the more homogenous South preferred personal justice and honour. Dignity was a Puritan ideal that slowly became hegemonic in the North (as industrial capitalism took root), while honour was an aristocratic ideal that eventually held sway in the South (as slavery came to dominate the rural economy) (Ayers 19–27). As a result, the ethical culture of the South was predicated less on the values of hard work, private introspection, and individual rights, than on those of physical courage, masquerade, and family obligations and allegiances. Conduct was governed through the medium of ‘honor, not conscience, shame, not guilt’ (Wyatt-Brown 22).

From the beginning of the nineteenth century, the evangelical revival provided a religious and feminine counterweight to secular masculine honour. Ayers refers to a growing ‘ambivalence’ towards honour in the South (31), while Bertram Wyatt-Brown talks of ‘primal honor’ giving way to a more sociable and restrained form he calls ‘gentility’ (59, 88–114; Fox-Genovese 201). But Southern culture remained distinctive through the antebellum period and beyond, as suggested by Northern and European observers’ failure to understand practices such as the duel, the nature of the Southerner’s love of hunting and gambling, and the region’s code of hospitality (Greenberg, *passim*).

According to the prevailing ethical culture, male slaves could not—by definition—be men of honour. Displays of physical courage were usually dangerous. Slaves could do little to prevent themselves being labelled as liars and cheats, and any insult they made was likely to be answered not by a challenge to a duel but immediate violence. And—to turn to the subject I wish to explore here—they were regarded as having no family name or history to appeal to in vindication of their character.

Slave narratives frequently remark on the high value placed on genealogy and family allegiance in Southern culture:

In the northern and middle states, so far as I have known them, very little respect is paid to family pretensions; and this disregard of ancestry seems to me to be the necessary offspring of the condition of things. In the plantation states, the case is widely different.

Thus Charles Ball in *Slavery in the United States* (1835).⁸ Slaves might indeed be expected to offer a critical perspective on this ideology; for, despite the ‘patriarchal’ rhetoric of plantation management in the antebellum period (which increasingly figured slaves as part of the extended household), they could never be fully part of the families they belonged to, as were their white contemporaries with whom they played as children, even if they were half brothers and sisters.

‘My father, _____, was one of the most wealthy planters in Virginia,’ writes William Grimes at the start of his narrative, a sentence that might announce a very different autobiography, if the omission of his father’s name did not already warn us that despite this connection, ‘I was in law, a bastard and slave, and owned by Doct. Steward.’⁹ Invoking the generic male slave, James Pennington dwells at length on the way the plantation system

throws his family history into utter confusion, and leaves him without a single record to which he may appeal in vindication of his character, or honour. And has a man no sense of honour because he was born a slave? Has he no need of character? Suppose insult, reproach, or slander, should render it necessary for him to appeal to the history of his family in vindication of his character, where will he find that history? He goes to his native state, to his native country, to his native town; but no where does he find any record of himself as a *man*. On looking at the family record of his old, kind, Christian master, there he finds his name on a catalogue with the horses, cows, hogs and dogs.¹⁰

Now Pennington, like many slave narrators, escaped from the South at a relatively early age. When he came to write his story, he had been living in the North for some twenty years, joined the community of abolitionists, and learned to address Northern audiences in an idiom that would appeal to them.

What is interesting about this passage is that Pennington believes that his ‘character’ can only be vindicated by reference to his ‘family history’ rather than, say, his own actions. This suggests that he places an importance on kinship that may have puzzled his Northern readers. His reference to ‘honour’ indicates that he is not simply asserting the value of the ties of affection between relatives (which slavery often ruthlessly cut, as abolitionists never tired of pointing out) but subordinating individual achievement to family reputation. His condemnation of slavery here draws less on a Northern, sentimental conception of family, which emphasized the private emotional bonds between individuals, than a Southern one, for which it was a seat of ‘corporatist values that legitimated white men’s personal power over dependents’ (Fox-Genovese 63). This suggests he absorbed this ideology as a child and did not entirely abandon it as a free adult in the North.

DOUGLASS’ CREATIVE GENEALOGY

Pennington was not alone. Frederick Douglass too shows signs of an attachment to similar conceptions of family and kinship. But while Pennington regrets the impossibility of identifying and locating ancestors in order to validate his good name, Douglass compensates by fictionally elaborating his pedigree so that it more closely conforms to that expected of a Southern planter.

In his second autobiography, *My Bondage and My Freedom*, he confesses he is unable to provide much information about his parents. ‘Genealogical trees,’ he writes, ‘do not flourish among slaves.’¹¹ He tells how, in the absence of any record of his mother, he creates his own by dwelling on an image he finds in a recent work of ethnology:

Her personal appearance and bearing are ineffaceably stamped upon my memory. She was tall, and finely proportioned; of deep black, glossy complexion; had regular features, and, among the other slaves, was remarkably sedate in her manners. There is in “*Prichard’s Natural History of Man*,” the head of a figure—on page 157—the features of which so resemble those of my mother, that I often recur to it with something of the feeling which I suppose others experience when looking upon the pictures of dear departed ones. (52)

Douglass makes no more of this: his point is simply to draw attention to the improvisational flair needed to match the family portraits and documents of those more fortunate, while incidentally highlighting the wide range of his reading. He leaves it to James McCune Smith, in his introduction to the volume, to inform the reader that this head was ‘copied from the statue of Ramases the Great, an Egyptian king of the nineteenth dynasty’ (xxx).

As for his father, he admits he can say ‘nothing ... for he is shrouded in a mystery I have never been able to penetrate’ (51). However, he *does* know that his father was ‘a white man, or nearly white’: a qualification that lends even more bite to what follows. ‘It was sometimes whispered that my master was my father’ (52). Of course, if this was the case, Douglass may have more easily found a likeness to refer to than he did with his mother. But with his father, his response was different. If he tried to make up for the absence of his mother with a portrait of someone who reminded him of her; he substituted for his slaveholding father other father-figures more worthy of emulation. As a young abolitionist in the late 1830s, for instance, he was much under the spell of William Lloyd Garrison, and as late as 1852 (several years after the two had fallen out) he wrote: ‘I stand in relation to him something like that of a child to a parent.’¹²

But what is perhaps more interesting, and the line I want to pursue here, is the fact that Douglass changed his name. As he pointed out in *My Bondage*, under slavery, ‘the order of civilization is reversed’ for ‘[t]he name of the child is not expected to be that of its father, and his condition does not necessarily affect that of the child’ (51–52). In fact, Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey was named after his mother. He dispensed with his two middle names early in life, and when he fled North he adopted several other names, including Stanley, designed to throw any pursuers off the track, and arrived in New Bedford, Massachusetts, as Johnson.

As he explained in his autobiographies, the name Johnson was very common in that town, and was even the name of the family who took him in. His host, therefore, proposed he adopt the name of Douglas, the popular, courageous outlaw who appears in Walter Scott's poem *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), which he had been reading, and tells him he

was pleased to regard me as a suitable person to wear this, one of Scotland's many famous names. Considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson, I have felt that he, better than I, illustrated the virtues of the great Scottish chief. Sure I am, that had any slave-catcher entered his domicile, with a view to molest any one of his household, he would have shown himself like him of the 'stalwart hand.' (*My Bondage*, 343)

If the writer generously compares his host to Douglas, he would not have missed certain parallels with himself too, if not in 1838 (it is not certain that Douglass had read the poem himself at this stage) then later. Douglass, after all, like his namesake is an outlaw and a member of an 'exiled race' of sorts. At one point Scott compares his hero to a 'hunted stag', recalling the famous royal hunting scene which opens the poem and in which, significantly, the 'antler'd monarch' gets away. No doubt this would have carried some resonance for the author of the 1845 *Narrative* who recounted his escape from 'the hunters of men.'¹³

Douglass certainly exploited the multi-layered symbolism of his name during his visit to Britain in 1845–47, most memorably perhaps in a letter in which he asks his correspondent to picture him 'amid the free hills of old Scotland, where the ancient "black Douglass" once met his foes', invoking another historical personage who appears in Scott's work.¹⁴ The original 'Black Douglas' was the Good Sir James Douglas (c1286–1330), the king's leading military commander, who was knighted by Robert Bruce on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn (1314). Sir James appears in Scott's last novel, *Castle Dangerous* (1832). But the whole line of his descendants was known collectively as the Black Douglasses, beginning with his bastard son, Archibald the Grim (or 'Blak' Archibald) (?–1400), the third Earl of Douglas, who appears in *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828).

The Black Douglasses must be distinguished from the illegitimate descendants of Sir James' legitimate son, William, the Earls of Angus, who became known as the Red Douglasses at a time when they supported the Crown against the other branch of the family who were in rebellion during the fifteenth century. But a few decades later it was Archibald Douglas, Sixth Earl of Angus (c1489–1557) who threatened the King (James V) and indeed imprisoned him in 1525. James escaped in 1528 and managed to win back his authority, and subsequently passed sentence of forfeiture against Douglas and his kinsmen. This is the Douglas (and the King) who figures in *The Lady of the Lake*.¹⁵

In the final two sections of this paper, I will try to draw out some of the significance of this choice of name.

DOUGLASS AS SCOT

From one point of view, we might see in Douglass' claim to an avowedly fictitious Scottish ancestry a reminder that such ancestry could easily have been fact. Of the thousands of slaveholders of Scottish descent, a fair number of them would have fathered their own slaves. And therefore—even if there are precious few written records to prove it in any given case—many African Americans today must be counted as being of Scottish ancestry. One fairly striking example is that of Lewis Clarke:

I was born in March, as near as I can ascertain, in the year 1815, in Madison county, Kentucky, about seven miles from Richmond, upon the plantation of my grandfather, Samuel Campbell. He was considered a very respectable man, among his fellow-robbers, the slaveholders. It did not render him less honorable in their eyes, that he took to his bed Mary, his slave, perhaps half white, by whom he had one daughter, Letitia Campbell. This was before his marriage.

My father was from 'beyond the flood'—from Scotland, and by trade a weaver. He had been married in his own country, and lost his wife, who left to him, as I have been told, two sons. He came to this country in time to be in the earliest scenes of the American revolution. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and continued in the army to the close of the war. About the year 1800, or before, he came to Kentucky, and married Miss Letitia Campbell, then held as a slave by her *dear* and *affectionate* father. My father died, as near as I can recollect, when I was about ten or twelve years of age. He had received a wound in the war, which made him lame as long as he lived. I have often heard him tell of Scotland, sing the merry songs of his native land, and long to see its hills once more.¹⁶

Given that Campbell is an unmistakably Scottish name, this passage indicates that three of Clarke's grandparents were of Scots descent, although Clarke is careful to distinguish between the slaveholding maternal grandfather (whose respectability, honour and capacity for sentiment is heavily ironized) and the revolutionary father (courageous not only in the field of battle but in marriage too).

Lewis Clarke later served as the model for George Harris in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but he is not mentioned anywhere in Duncan A. Bruce's best-selling *The Mark of the Scots*, a book which lists famous people of Scots ancestry in an attempt to demonstrate—as its subtitle has it—'their astonishing contributions to history, science, democracy, literature and the arts', as if the nation were somehow vindicated by a careful selection of its talented progeny.¹⁷ The success of Bruce's book illustrates how much we remain in thrall to genealogy: not just by being curious about tracing our ancestors, but by continuing to believe that it can ground moral judgements. But it should also remind us that genealogy has little to do with genetics: some lines of descent are more favoured, and therefore more visible and documented than others. Traditionally, of course, genealogy was largely the privilege of landed families, which handed down estates (usually) from father to eldest son, and whose names often leave their mark on the landscape, while the wandering landless record their own ancestry in denigrated oral traditions rarely tapped by historians.¹⁸ It is thus not surprising that

the only African American I could find in *The Mark of the Scots* was (the then U.S. General) Colin Powell.

So genealogies are selective. And while being able to trace one's ancestors to the distant past—by demonstrating one is of an *old* family—was clearly considered important, one had to be careful not to go *too* far back, lest one risked exposing primitive or barbaric origins. Only by the middle of the nineteenth century, after the pacification and then romanticization of the Highlands, did Scots descent begin to be seen as ennobling. Both George IV and Queen Victoria claimed kin with the Stuart kings (whose descendants may have still considered them usurpers of their right to the throne) and both contributed to the fascination for tartan, the cult of Mary Queen of Scots, and so on) (Gilmartin, 59–60, 250).¹⁹

The very selectivity of genealogy encourages such creative revisions of one's ancestry. And so, in adopting a Scottish family name, Douglass was in excellent company. He was certainly plugging into that romantic 'Scotland' without which such descent might have been a source of shame rather than pride. But in addition, his choice of name might be thought of an entirely fair way of helping to restore the balance in favour of those descendants Scotland tends to forget. Certainly the image of Douglass as a Scot—if propagated more widely—might help to unsettle the grounds that make those sentiments of Henry James and David Irving so easy to express. And perhaps he might serve as a kind of improvised 'ancestral portrait' for ethnic minorities living in Scotland today, in the way the young, adopted, Jackie Kay, who 'knew then of no black Scottish heroes that I could claim for my own', and instead 'concocted an imaginary black family for myself through images I had available for me', claiming Shirley Bassey, for instance, as a birth mother.²⁰

DOUGLASS AS SOUTHERNER

If Douglass' choice of name makes him 'Scottish', we might also say that his choice of a name from Scott makes him more American—or, to be more precise, more Southern. For Walter Scott's work was hugely popular in the South, and certainly left its traces in many ways, not least in the way places and characters in his poems and novels were adopted as names of steamboats, stage-coaches, plantations, and—indeed—children.²¹ Some critics and historians have focused on the rather literal legacy of his 'mediaeval romances' (the popularity of jousting tournaments in the antebellum South, for instance, or its castellated architecture, which, for Mark Twain, were signs of the degeneration of the plantocracy, leading him to accuse Scott of being 'in great measure responsible for the [civil] war').²² Actually, there may be a more fundamental reason for Scott's appeal. For his narratives often dramatize a similar shift in ethical culture identified by those historians of the Old South mentioned earlier. The same moral topography one finds in, say, the pairing of generous, tolerant Douglas and his impetuous and harsh nephew Roderick Dhu in *Lady of the Lake*, or the contrasting modes of Norman lordship elaborated in *Ivanhoe*, or the fine gradations of moderation and fanaticism in *Old Mortality*, is also at work in the many plantation manuals and instructions for overseers produced in the antebellum period.

To reiterate, male slaves could not be men of honour. However, those who later wrote their own stories could—in the relative safety of the written

page—imagine themselves retrospectively as men of honour, and often did so. Douglass himself renders his famous fight with his master, Edward Covey, as if it were a duel, after which the ‘tyrant’ ‘never again laid on me the weight of his finger in anger’ (*My Bondage*, 246). This allows Douglass to condemn Covey as a ‘coward’ and to show himself as a slave now in name only, his ‘spirit ... roused to an attitude of manly independence’ (247). When he finally does escape several years later, we are encouraged to think of it not as running away, but rather as taking possession of a freedom he has already won in a fair contest.

In adopting the name of a character from Scott, Douglass similarly performs a gesture characteristic of a member of the class that formerly owned him. But he chooses not just the name of any Scott character, but ‘one of Scotland’s many famous names’, one shared with a ‘great Scottish chief.’ Together with the suggestion of family resemblance between his mother and an Egyptian Pharaoh, Douglass invites us to imagine he had the kind of exalted forebears that a Southern slaveholder might also have laid claim to. A reviewer of Disraeli’s *Sybil* (1845)—one of many eighteenth- and nineteenth-century novels to use the plot device where a lowly protagonist is revealed to have noble ancestry—complained that its author appears ‘unable to depict [his hero] as a “virtuous, educated Chartist-artizan without making [him] descend with an unbroken pedigree from a Norman baron”.’²³ The same reviewer might have complained that Douglass is only able to justify himself by imaginatively buying into a mythology espoused by the system that exploited him.

However, there may be more at stake. In 1854, Douglass addressed an audience in Hudson, Ohio, on ‘The Claims of the Negro Ethnologically Considered’. In this speech he confronts proponents of what came to be known as the American School of Ethnology, who had mounted a scientific challenge to the long-established Christian doctrine of the unity of the human species. Kinship rhetoric is at issue here too, as Douglass counters ‘[t]he temptation ... to read the negro out of the human family’ (Blassingame 2: 506–7) by insisting that the arguments in support are ‘partial, superficial, utterly subversive of the happiness of man, and insulting to the wisdom of God’ (523).

That he chooses this moment to invoke once more the words of Burns—“‘ A man’s a man for a’ that’” (523)—suggests that his choice of name does not simply challenge the way the language of kinship is often deployed to sustain racially exclusive imagined communities, and allow him to write himself, playfully, provocatively, into Scottish and Southern ‘families’ that might normally consider him ‘out of place.’ It also suggests that the very creativity that makes it possible for him to improvise his ancestry underlines his common humanity.

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NOTES

1. *The Frederick Douglass Papers. Series One: Speeches, Debates and Interviews*, ed. John W. Blassingame (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), 2: 148.
2. Henry James, *The American Scene* [1907] (New York: Scribner’s, 1946), 86.
3. Rob Edwards, ‘Anti-Green Activist in Links with Nazi Writer’, *Sunday Herald*, 5 May 2002.

4. See Diane Roberts, 'Your Clan or Ours?', *Oxford American* (Sept/Oct 1999), 24–30.
5. Grady McWhiney, *Cracker Culture: Celtic Ways in the Old South* (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 1988), argues that the distinctiveness of Southern culture is explained by its Celtic origins.
6. See Celeste Ray, *Highland Heritage* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2001).
7. See in particular: Bertram Wyatt-Brown, *Southern Honor: Ethics and Behavior in the Old South* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982); Edward L. Ayers, *Vengeance and Justice: Crime and Punishment in the 19th-Century American South* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984); Steven M. Stowe, *Intimacy and Power in the Old South: Ritual in the Lives of Planters* (Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins Press, 1987); Kenneth S. Greenberg, *Honor and Slavery* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1996); Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, *Within the Plantation Household: Black and White Women of the Old South* (Chapel Hill and London: University of South Carolina Press, 1988).
8. Charles Ball, *Slavery in the United States* (1835), in *I Was Born a Slave: An Anthology of Classic Slave Narratives*, ed. Yuval Taylor (Edinburgh: Payback Press, 1999), 1: 383–84. Note how Ball cannot resist a genealogical metaphor ('offspring') to explain the lack of interest in genealogy in the North, indicating perhaps the extent to which he had assimilated its importance.
9. William Grimes, *Life of William Grimes, the Runaway Slave* (1825) in Taylor, 1: 187. Cf. the father of William Wells Brown who was 'connected with some of the first families in Kentucky': William Wells Brown, *Narrative of William W. Brown, A Fugitive Slave* (1847) in Taylor, 1: 684.
10. J. W. C. Pennington, *The Fugitive Blacksmith* (1849) in Taylor, 2: 111.
11. Frederick Douglass, *My Bondage and My Freedom* [1855] (New York: Dover, 1969), 34.
12. Frederick Douglass, Letter to Charles Sumner, 2 September 1852 in *The Life and Writings and Frederick Douglass*, ed. Philip Foner (New York: International Publishers, 1950), 2: 210.
13. Frederick Douglass, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave* [1845] (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982), 149.
14. Frederick Douglass, Letter to William Lloyd Garrison, Perth, 27 January 1846 in *The Life and Writings and Frederick Douglass*, ed. Philip Foner (New York: International Publishers, 1950), 1: 133.
15. See Michael Brown, *The Black Douglasses* (East Linton: Tuckwell Press, 1998); Rosemary Goring, ed., *Scottish Biographical Dictionary* (Edinburgh and New York: Chambers, 1992), 121–22.
16. Lewis Clarke, *Narrative of Lewis Clarke* (1846), in Taylor, 1: 608.
17. Duncan A. Bruce, *The Mark of the Scots* (New York: Citadel, 1998).
18. See Barbara Allen, 'The Genealogical Landscape and the Southern Sense of Place' in *Sense of Place: American Regional Cultures*, ed. Barbara Allen and Thomas J. Schlereth (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1990), 152–163; and Sophie Gilmartin, *Ancestry and Narrative in Nineteenth-Century British Literature: Blood Relations from Edgeworth to Hardy* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 23–53.
19. Note how Lewis Clarke acknowledges the nationality of the 'good' Scottish ancestor: as if the 'bad' one was unworthy of association with a Scotland now identified with natural beauty and musical prowess.
20. Jackie Kay, *Bessie Smith* (Bath: Absolute Press, 1997), 15. See Carole Jones, "'An Imaginary Black Family": Jazz and the Construction of Scottish Blackness in Jackie Kay's *Trumpet*", *Symbiosis* 8.2 (October 2004) [forthcoming].
21. On the influence in the South of Scott's vocabulary (especially the term 'Southron') and the names of characters and places in his narratives, see: Paul Revere Frothingham, *Edward Everett, Orator and Statesman* (Boston: 1925), 118; Grace Warren Landrum, 'Sir Walter Scott and His Literary Rivals in the Old South', *American Literature* (1930), 2: 262; Rollin G. Osterweis, *Romanticism and Nationalism in the Old South* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1949), 3–5, 45–48.
22. Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1883), 420; see also 369–70, 416–21. Twain's avowedly 'wild proposition' is (rather solemnly) discussed in E. J. Eckenrode, 'Sir Walter Scott and the South', *North American Review* (1917), 106: 595–603; William E. Dodd, 'The Social Philosophy of the Old South', *American Journal of Sociology* (1918), 23:735–46; G. Harrison Orians, 'Walter Scott, Mark Twain and the Civil War', *South Atlantic Quarterly* (1931), 40: 342–59.
23. W. R. Greg, 'Review of *Sybil* by Benjamin Disraeli', *Westminster Review* (September 1845), 44: 141–52, quoted in Gilmartin, 107.