The Incantatory Use of Place Names in American Literature

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Available at: http://digitalcommons.brockport.edu/los/vol9/iss1/5
What I have to say this evening, after our good banquet, is a natural extension of the papers that I have given at this conference in the two preceding years. Some of you will recall that in 1978 I presented a paper on "The Evocative Power of Place Names in the Poetry of Carl Sandburg," and last year on "Walt Whitman's Attraction to Indian Place Names." In both of these cases, I felt that the use of place names involved a considerable incantatory element. The names were used not in the normal way, to impart information about geographical whereabouts, but for the love of the names themselves, for the contribution that the names made in their own right.

It is often difficult to tell why poets have chosen to use particular names. Recently I was dipping into the volume that was awarded this year's Pulitzer Prize for poetry -- the Selected Poems of Donald Justice. I was interested partly because he is from the state where I grew up: Iowa. And in one of the poems was a place name.

* Originally presented in slightly different form as the key-note address at the 1980 Literary Onomastics Conference.
that rang a bell with me, **Ladora**, for I had studied its origin in a dissertation back in 1926, fifty-four years ago. His poem began thus:

Excepting the diner
On the outskirts,
The town of Ladora
At 3 A. M.
Was dark but 2
For my headlights.

I recalled that Ladora was so named by a local music teacher, from the notes of the music scale, **la, do, and ra** -- perhaps the only coinage of this type in American naming history.

Now why did Justice choose the name **Ladora**? If he was writing about an incident that actually took place at Ladora, there was nothing incantatory about the name, or did that very name trigger his poetic mood? We can only speculate on the origins of inspiration, but at the least there is a correlation between a beautiful name and the creative urge that it sets in motion.

I would like to share with you a letter on this subject that I received from a colleague at Columbia University, Professor Robert Gorham Davis. He is a nationally known literary critic, and his kindly letter has given me
inspiration. He wrote to me as follows:

   Thanks for sending me the paper on Sandburg.
   It was a congenial treatment of a subject that I
   used to deal with in class, taking off from the
   sections on names and word magic in Frazer's Golden
   Bough. For all poets, of course, place names are
   evocative; for Classicists, those found in Vergil
   and Ovid, for preachers and hymn singers, those
   found in the Bible. I was startled, when I first
   read Shakespeare's historical plays, to find men,
   mere men, addressed by the names of the countries
   they ruled. As for American names, I was brought
   up on Longfellow's Hiawatha, "by the shores of Git-
   che Gumee." ... I think of Marlowe, Milton, Finne-
   gans Wake, which among other things, as you know, is
   full of the names of American rivers. But I will
   stop free-associating.

The earliest American poetry is virtually free from
place names. Among Puritans like Michael Wigglesworth
and Anne Bradstreet, the moralistic and didactic pronounce-
ments were so insistent that no room was left for anything
so down to earth as a geographic name. As an exception,
we find a line by Benjamin Tompson in 1675, in his poem
"New England's Crisis," in which he deplores the moral deterioration of the country that had taken place even by that time. He speaks of the time --

Ere wines from France, and Moscovadoe too,
Without the which the drink will scarily do.

Here the fancy form Moscovadoe is used, harking back to Russia, or "Muscovy," as it was sometimes called. If a name had to be used, its poetic form was required.

Before the end of the eighteenth century, place names became more popular, especially in their poetic forms. In particular, the name Columbia was often used. A researcher into the name Columbia has claimed that the earliest use of it in America, so far as he could discover, was by the black poetess Phillis Wheatley, in October, 1775, in a poem addressed to Gen. Washington and printed in the Pennsylvania Magazine a few months afterwards. She did have an addiction to these poetic forms, as she wrote in her poem "Liberty and Peace" in 1784:

For Gallia's power espous'd Columbia's cause,
And new-born Rome shall give Britannia laws...
With heart-felt pity fair Hibernia saw
Columbia menac'd by the Tyrant's law. ... 4

Britannia owns her independent reign,
Hibernia, Scotia and the realms of Spain;
And great Germania's ample coast admires
The generous spirit that Columbia fires.

It is possible, however, that Philip Freneau antedated Phillis Wheatley, because his "America's Liberty" came out in the same year as her first use, 1775, possibly earlier in the year. His passage was as follows:

0 Congress fam'd, accept this humble lay,
The little tribute that the muse can pay;
On you depends Columbia's future fate
A free asylum or a wretched state.

Then too, Timothy Dwight helped to popularize the name Columbia, with a popular song of that title, written while he was a chaplain in the Continental Army in the 1770s. As his poem ends:

Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung;
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

This was popular with elocutionists in the next century.

Timothy Dwight also made use of storied foreign names like Carthage, Albion, Persia, Tyre, etc. -- in an incantatory way, I believe. While a minister at Fairfield, Conn. (before becoming President of Yale), he wrote the poem "Greenfield Hill," in 1794, with this passage:
The brightest meteors angry clouds invade; ...
Where Carthage, with proud hand, the trident sway'd.
In thee, O Albion! queen of nations, live. ...
In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive;
And Greece her arts; and Rome her lordly throne:
By every wind, thy Tyrian fleets are blown.
Distinctively American names were used by other poets. John Trumbull, in his "Elegy on the Times," of 1774, had these lines:

Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,
Or far Altama's silver waters glide. ...

[the river in Georgia, Altamaha]
There Boston smiles, no more the sport of scorn...
So smiles the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,
(Whose floods fair York and deep Albania lave)
Or Philadelphia's happier clime surveys,
Her glist'ring spires in Schuylkill's lucid wave.

You may be surprised at his use there of the name Albania, but that refers to New Jersey. It was at one time the proprietary domain of the Duke of Albany, and Albania was an early suggestion for its name.

Philip Freneau, already mentioned, introduced the name Susquehanna into poetry in 1786 in his poem "The Indian Student":

From Susquehanna's farthest springs

Where savage tribes pursue their game ... 10

A shepherd of the forest came.

Susquehanna has continued to have an incantatory charm ever since.

Joel Barlow, perhaps America's first major poet, felt free to introduce other American names. In his long

Columbiad of 1807, in ten books, he recorded the fighting of the American Revolution, and the names of the towns attacked were poured forth in this passage:

The fire begins; ...

On Charlestown spires, on Bedford roofs they light,
Groton and Fairfield kindle from the flight,
Norwalk expands the blaze; o'er Reading hills
High flaming Danbury the welkin fills;
Esopus burns, Newyork's delightful fanes
And sea-nursed Norfolk light the neighboring plains.

But Barlow's most impressive use of place names was in his bitter poem written against Napoleon. Barlow, who had been appointed American minister in Paris, accompanied the invasion of Russia in 1812, and took part in the disastrous retreat to Vilna. Its rigors so undermined Barlow's health that he died on reaching Cracow in Poland, but shortly before his death he dictated the poem that
shows his loathing of the slaughter. It brings in an amazingly wide assortment of Europe's place names:

... the southern climes pour'd forth
Their clustering nations to infest the north,
Bavarians, Austrians, those who drink the Po,
And those who skirt the Tuscan seas below,
With all Germania, Austria, Belgia, Gaul,
Doom'd here to wade through slaughter to their fall ...

And taint the breeze with every nation's gore—
Iberian, Russian, British, widely strown;
But still more wide and copious flows their own.
Go where you will, Calabria, Malta, Greece,
Egypt and Syria still his fame increase.
Domingo's fattened isle and India's plains
Glow deep with purple drawn from Gallic veins. ...
Yet other Spains in victim smoke shall rise,
And other Moscows suffocate the skies.
Each land lie reeking with its people slain,
And not a stream run bloodless to the main.

As the nineteenth century went forward, the spirit of literary nationalism continued to grow, and a firm background was presented for the use of American names, especially the native Indian. An outstanding statement
was made in the first history of American literature, published in 1829. Samuel L. Knapp, in his Lectures on American Literature of that year, defended names like Missouri, Connecticut, and Potomack. This was his statement: "What are the Tibers and Scamanders, measured by the Missouri and the Amazon? Or what the loveliness of Illysus or Avon, by the Connecticut or the Potomack? The waters of these American rivers are as pure and sweet, and their names would be as poetical, were they as familiar to us in song, as the others, which have been immortalized for ages."

One poet who had taken Samuel Knapp's advice was the tragic Joseph Rodman Drake, who died in 1820 at the age of twenty-five after showing much promise. His poem "To a Friend" had these names:

Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll? ...
Oh! for a seat on Appalachia's brow,
That I might scan the glorious prospect round....
Away, to Susquehanaa's utmost springs ...
Or westward far, where dark Miami wends.

Drake felt that American poets had been remiss because they had allowed the Scottish Tom Campbell to write about the Wyoming valley of Pennsylvania. Campbell's popular Gertrude of Wyoming had appeared in 1809. Drake
lamented as follows:

Shame! that ... No native bard the patriot harp
hath ta'en,
But left to minstrels of a foreign strand
To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's loveli-
est land. ...

Romantic Wyoming! could none be found
Of all that rove thy Eden groves among,
To wake a native harp's untutored sound?

Something more might have been expected from Joseph
Rodman Drake, because of the origin of his best known
poem, *The Culprit Fay*. Evart Duyckinck has recorded that
it came out of a conversation in 1820, in which Fitz
Greene Halleck and James Fenimore Cooper argued that
Scottish streams held such romantic associations that
they were suitable for use in poetry, while our own streams
furnished no such capabilities. However, Drake took the
opposite side of the argument, and produced *The Culprit
Fay* to make his position good; but, alas, it contained no
place names whatsoever and merely attributed sprites and
elves, in a fantastic way, to American streams.

But we must give him great credit, I think, for
putting the name Bronx into a poem. In 1820 it was a
gentle stream above Manhattan, and Drake treated it as
follows:

I sat me down upon a green bank-side,

Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,...

Yet I will look upon thy face again,

My own romantic Bronx, and it will be

A face more pleasant than the face of men.

Another writer who took seriously the admonition of Samuel Knapp to use native names was Mrs. Lydia Sigourney, who may well be the most prolific poet that America has ever produced. Though now almost completely forgotten, she once was known to every household and her work flooded the magazines. She was known as the Felicia Hemans of America. The Indians fascinated her, and in 1822 her book-length poem entitled *Traits of the Aborigines of America* was printed by the University Press in Cambridge, Mass. Throughout, the poem is studded with Indian names:

... the bands of England steer'd

Where the proud waters of the mighty James,
And swift Potomac, mark'd the broad domain

Of great Powhatan.

Thy silver wave,

Bold Rappahannock, why does it reflect

No more, those dark red features?
The Missionary ... beheld
in Alleghany’s Seer, the same stern Chief
Who with mysterious step had cross’d his path
In Tuscarora’s forests.

... thou too, Warrior brave!
... dar’dst the opposing flood
Of the swift Coosa, ’mid the British fires.

She managed to get into one of her lines the name of Powhatan’s capital in Virginia, Worowocomoco. Thus, of Captain Smith:

... he tastes the captive’s lot,
And borne in triumph sees the royal tent
Of Worowocomoco. There enthron’d
Sat great Powhatan.

Her most famous piece was a poem entitled "Indian Names," written in 1833 and widely quoted. In the preceding year the Choctaws had been forced to cede their lands in Alabama and Mississippi and to make the trek, with great hardship and cruelty, to the Indian Territory now called Oklahoma. Mrs. Sigourney took as a motto this quotation: "How can the red men be forgotten, when so many of our States and Territories, Bays, Lakes and Rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving." I do not know what author that is taken from (probably Schoolcraft).
It inspired this poem, "Indian Names," which became widely known. I quote here from the original publication in the Connecticut Courant of Hartford, Conn., on September 23, 1833:

Ye say, -- they all have past away, --
That noble race and brave, --
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd
There rings no hunter's shout, --
But their name is on your waters, --
Ye cannot wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billows
Like Ocean's surge are curl'd, --
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world, --
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

... Their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore, --
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.
Old Massachusetts wears it  
    Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
    Amid her young renown,  
Connecticut hath wreath'd it  
    Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breath'd it hoarse  
    Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides their lingering voice  
    Deep in his rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
    Throughout its lofty chart, --  
Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
    Doth seal the sacred trust, --  
Your mountains build their monument,  
    Though ye destroy their dust.

The general tone of Ralph Waldo Emerson's poetry is so exalted that we might not expect to find any place names in it. In fact, we do, and Indian ones at that. In his "Ode ... to W. H. Channing" he asks:

... who ...
Dare praise the freedom-loving mountaineer?  
I found by thee, O rushing Contoocook!
And in thy valleys, Agidchooki

The jackals of the negro-holder.

Again, the name of a local stream, Musketaquit, appears:

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

... Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

Emerson is also able to use such a prosaic name as New Hampshire effectively. Witness this:

The God who made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land
With little men.

In turning to Edgar Allan Poe, we have place-name usage of an entirely different sort. He shunned American names entirely -- not one appears in the Poe poetic corpus. But other names, of a romantic and eerie nature, abound. They are often incantation in its strictest sense. The well-known poem "Ulalume" contains the problematical names Auber, Wair, and Yaanek.
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
   In the misty mid region of Weir --
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
   In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.
... As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
   In the ultimate climes of the pole --
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
   In the realms of the boreal pole.

Sometimes a name will be transformed into an exotic dress, as in "The Raven" we have the name Aidenn:
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore.

We learn from reference books that this Aidenn is the Arabic form of Eden.

At times one suspects the searching out for a rhyming name. This may be true in his poem "Dreamland":
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule --
He liked the sound of this so much that he finished the poem with a repetition of it:
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.
Storied, far-away places also attract Poe, such as
Samarkand, Trebizond, or Lemnos:

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand!
Is not she queen of Earth? her pride
Above all cities?

... its honied dew
... fell on gardens of the unforgiven
In Trebizond.

That eve ...
The sun-ray dropp'd in Lemnos, with a spell.

The name Zante seems to have haunted Poe. This obscure island in the Ionian Sea was the subject of a sonnet "To Zante":

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take! ...
... Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,

O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!

'Isola d'oro! Fior de Levante!'
The name appears again in "El Aaraaf": "thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!" The storied names of the Near East are introduced lovingly:
Achaian statues in a world so rich?
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis --
From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
Of beautiful Gomorrah!

For Eyraco, Poe is obliged to give a footnote: "Eyraco -- Chaldea."

... the murmur of the grey twilight
... stole upon the ear, in Eyraco.

What a different atmosphere we encounter when we turn to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow! Are the names in Evangeline, for instance, really incantatory? They are part of a genuine historical account, and could Longfellow do anything but accept them? What about Acadia?

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. 25

But Acadia is surely evocative. In its very etymology it became contaminated with the storied name Arcadia. In the earliest records the form is Cadie (an Indian Micmac word, meaning place of abundance, also handed down as Quoddy and known in Passamaquoddy).
Later on in the poem, Longfellow uses other American names to good advantage. Take the trip to Louisiana:

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen. ... Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas.

The selection of names is very effective in the description of the wanderings of Gabriel and Evangeline:

Westward the Oregon flows and the Wallaway and Owyhee.
Westward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, ...
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean. ...
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

Longfellow showed special onomastic skill in his Hiawatha of 1855. Thirty years later the critic Horace E. Scudder attributed the popularity of Indian names to the great vogue of Hiawatha. In Scudder's own words: "It may fairly be said that by his work a popularity was given to Indian names which did much to preserve them from disuse as titles to rivers, mountains, and districts."

The mesmerizing rhythms of Hiawatha were suited to the polysyllabic Indian names. What beauty resides in the name Tawasentha! This is how he introduces it:

In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

Longfellow himself added the footnote: "This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York."

Other names followed:

From the Vale of Tawasentha
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal.

Surely intended for incantatory purposes, various names were encountered in Hiawatha's later travels:

So he journeyed westward, westward,
... Crossed the rushing Esconaba
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains.

Then:

Homeward now went Hiawatha; ... 
Only once he paused or halted, ...
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees.

(These falls are now in a public park, in the southern outskirts of Minneapolis, much visited by Middle Westerners.)

The exotic names continue, later. (The Gitche Gumee, we are told, is Lake Superior.)

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquemenaw, ...
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquemenaw. ...
Forth upon the Gitche Gumee
On the shining Big-Sea-Water, ...
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

We come now to the centerpiece for the incantatory use of place names -- the writings of Walt Whitman. His dithyrambic style gave wide scope for the piling up of place names. His exultation in his native terrain is set forth in the poem, "American Feuillage":

America always! ... Always Florida's green peninsula! Always the priceless delta of Louisiana! Always the cotton fields of Alabama and Texas! Always California's golden hills and hollows -- and the silver mountains of New Mexico! Always soft-breath'd Cuba!

He further declares in the poem "Walt Whitman":

[I am]
At home on the hills of Vermont, or in the woods of Maine, or the Texan ranch;
Comrade of Californians -- comrade of free northwesterners, (loving their big proportions).
In another mood, much quieter, he introduces place names in an elegy for a friend:
By you, your banks, Connecticut,
By you, and all your teeming life, Old Thames,
By you, Potomac, laying the ground Washington
trod -- by you Patapsco,
You, Hudson -- you, endless Mississippi ... launch,
my thought, his memory.

But it must not be thought that Whitman was only
parochial, for his sympathies extended world-wide. In his
poem "This Moment, Yearning and Thoughtful" he proclaimed:

... there are other men in other lands, ... in
Germany, Italy, France, Spain -- or far, far
away, in China, or in Russia or India -- talking other dialects; ...

I know I should be happy with them.

And further, in "The Sleepers":

To every port of England, France, Spain, enter
well-fill'd ships,
The Swiss foots it toward his hills -- the Prussian
goes his way, the Hungarian his way, and the
Pole his way,
The Swede returns, and the Dane and Norwegian
return.

The same spirit is shown in his poem "With Antecedents":

I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the
Hebrews;
I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god.

Most telling of all is his long poem "Salut au Monde!" of 1856, answering the question, "What do you see, Walt Whitman?" Page after page is packed with long lists of names -- mountains, deserts, oceans, lakes, capes, rivers, cities, ethnic groups -- in an overwhelming avalanche.

Anything after Walt Whitman, in American poetry, I regard as anticlimactic; but sheerly from lack of time I am obliged to ignore later poets.

You will miss Sidney Lanier, whose "Song of the Chattahoochee" has good incantatory material.

You will miss Carl Sandburg, whose love of the earth involved the evocative use of many names.

You will miss William Carlos Williams, whose fixation on the drab town of Paterson I have never understood, along with what he calls, quite rightly, "the filthy Passaic" river.

I will make an exception of Edgar Lee Masters, because of my own love for the name Spoon River. This is a personal matter, on the basis of my boyhood memories. My mother grew up on a farm twenty miles from Spoon River, in west central Illinois, and when we went back to visit relatives there, we would drive over to the Spoon for
outings and picnics. I may also say that my mother was baptized in the Spoon River. Our family were Free-will Baptists, who required total immersion, but on the flat prairie only scummy horse tanks were available, unless the congregation took the long trip — at that time by hay wagon or surrey — over to the Spoon River. There one's sins could be washed away in running water, as hers were.

In his *Spooner River Anthology*, in editions from 1914 on, Masters caught the local atmosphere remarkably well. There are many local references, as in "Lucinda Matlock":

I went to dances at Chandlerville,
And played snap-out at Winchester. . . .
And by Spoon River gathering many a shell.

Such references have been documented by an assiduous researcher and published in the *Journal of the Illinois Historical Society*.

Masters also saw the great variety there, and he even included, I am glad to say, one segment that showed a very negative attitude. One's love of a country can be shown by execrating its shortcomings. This is his "Archibald Higbie":
I loathed you, Spoon River. I tried to rise above you,
I was ashamed of you. I despised you as the place of my nativity.
And there in Rome, among the artists,
Speaking Italian, speaking French,
I seemed to myself at times to be free of every trace of my origin. ...
There was no culture, you know, in Spoon River,
And I burned with shame and held my peace.
And what could I do, all covered over
And weighted down with western soil,
Except aspire, and pray for another
Birth in the world, with all of Spoon River rooted out of my soul?

I have wondered whether, in closing, I should quote for you the most famous of all poems about American names -- that by Stephen Vincent Benét. It is so well known to onomasticians that it may be superfluous, or even corny, to refer to it. On the other hand, I myself have tucked it away in a little corner of my memory and had not actually read it for more than twenty years, until preparing this talk. I asked my wife for her advice, and she said she thought you would be disappointed if I
didn't quote it. I have decided to compromise and give you just three selected stanzas:

I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat. ...

I am tired of loving a foreign muse.
Rue des Martyrs and Bleeding-Heart-Yard,
Senlis, Pisa, and Blindman's Oast,
It is a magic ghost you guard
But I am sick for a newer ghost,
Harrisburg, Spartanburg, Painted Post. ...

(Painted Post, you know, is just eighty miles south of where we now are.)

I shall not rest quiet in Montparnasse,
I shall not lie easy at Winchelsea.
You may bury my body in Sussex grass,
You may bury my tongue at Champmédéy.
I shall not be there. I shall rise and pass. 32
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee.

The use of place names is one of the devices available to a poet for getting down to earth in a fairly
literal sense. I would not imply that all poets ought to use place names, for many poetic messages are of a nature not suited to them. But certain New World poets especially those who speak for the American soil -- have found inspiration in our distinctive place names. The student of literary onomastics will wish to study, as I have tried to do this evening, the part that the use of place names plays in the technique of artistic creation.

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NOTES


8. Timothy Dwight, *Greenfield Hill* (New York, 1794),


15 Ibid., pp. 34-36.

16 Louis Untermeyer, as in footnote 12 above, p. 199.


18 Lydia Sigourney, *Traits of the Aborigines of Amer-
19     Ibid., p. 74.

20     Supplement to the Connecticut Courant, III (Sept. 23, 1833), No. 38, p. 297.

21     Ralph Waldo Emerson, Complete Works, IX, Poems (Boston: Riverside Press, 1904), pp. 76-77.

22     Ibid., p. 248.

23     Ibid., p. 77.

24     The quotations from Poe will be found in various editions of his poetry, under the titles given, here from Complete Poetical Works (Oxford Univ. Press, 1909).


26     Horace E. Scouder, "Sketch of ... Longfellow," in Introduction to Evangeline (Boston, 1883), p. xxvii.


28     The quotations from Whitman will be found in various editions of his poetry, under the titles given, here from Leaves of Grass, Modern Student's Library, ed.
Stuart P. Sherman (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922).


31 Masters, ed. 1925, p. 398.