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George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood

On February 9, 1854, a young man named George Lippard died in the city of Philadelphia. If he had lived two more months he would have reached the age of thirty-two. Lippard had earned his living by writing since he was nineteen years old. He was first a reporter on a daily newspaper; then he turned out "romances" or longish stories and serials for the weekly trade; and then he wrote novels which enjoyed a large sale. The *Public Ledger*, on the day after his death, remarked that "He was the author of a number of novels, which have been read probably as extensively as those of any other writer in the country. . . ."[1]

Actually, Lippard produced twenty-three separately published books in a career that lasted twelve years. Some were thick tomes and some were mere paper-wrapped pamphlets. He also wrote scores of uncollected stories and "legends," hundreds of columns of news reporting and editorial comment, started a publishing house to print his own books, edited his own weekly paper for more than a year, engaged spiritedly in politics, lectured in most of the eastern states, wrote or collaborated on several plays, and, as the masterwork of his

[1] *Public Ledger*, Feb. 10, 1854. The main facts of Lippard's life are given by Joseph Jackson in *The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, LIV (1930), 131–135, and LIX (1935), 376–391. The only biography is *The Life and Choice Writings of George Lippard* [Anon., by John Bell Bouton] (New York, 1851), cited hereafter as *Life*.

short life, organized and directed a secret society to "espouse the cause of the Masses, and battle against the tyrants of the Social System,—against corrupt Bankers, against Land Monopolists and against all Monied Oppressors."[2]

This fraternity was founded on a favorite—and unexceptionable—theme of Lippard's, namely, that "GOD HAS GIVEN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT TO THE FREE—THE TOILING MILLIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE—AS THE LAST ALTAR OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN ON THE GLOBE—THE HOME OF THE OPPRESSED, FOREVERMORE!"[3] Its officers were named after famous Americans: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Wayne, Fulton and Girard. Moving up through its hierarchy there were Chief Washingtons and Exalted Washingtons and one Supreme Washington, who was, of course, Lippard. It was his fond conviction that the Brotherhood of the Union, as he called it, would some day be strong enough to overthrow the capitalist system in the United States—peacefully, if possible, by force and violence, if necessary. This purpose was not concealed, for Lippard had no doubt that revolution was the right of all Americans.

"When Labor has tried all other means in vain—when the Laborer is deprived of Land, of Home, and of the Harvest of his toil—when the Few will not listen to the voice of Justice, nor the Gospel of Nazareth—then we would advise Labor to go to War, in any and in all forms—War with the Rifle, Sword and Knife," he declared in his newspaper. "The War of Labor—waged with pen or sword—is a Holy War!"[4]

Lippard was an orphan who did his growing up during the great depression of 1837 and after. He thought of himself as a child of the masses, and he wrote only for them. His novels are tangled heaps of seductions and catastrophes, plots, murders, rescues and revenge, which he knew would entertain his barely literate readers. Tossed into them at random are large chunks of impudent propaganda. There are caricatures of prominent bankers, popular preachers, and well-known millionaires of his time, riotous attacks on his personal enemies, and exposés of social sore spots. The books are further over-

2 *The Quaker City* (weekly newspaper), June 30, 1849, cited hereafter as *QCW* to distinguish it from Lippard's novel of the same name.

3 *Washington and His Generals* (Philadelphia, 1847), 397.

4 *QCW*, Sept. 29, 1849. The Brotherhood still exists, but is now called The Brotherhood of America. Its aims have been greatly modified.

loaded by all the trappings of worn-out Gothic romance—villains hooded or cowled, menaced maidens with snow-white bosoms, floating coffins, somnambulists, trap doors, and distant tolling bells.

His most famous novel, *The Quaker City; or, The Monks of Monk-Hall. A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery and Crime*, was written when he was twenty-two. It filled 494 pages and was a publishing phenomenon. It was claimed that it sold more than 60,000 copies in less than a year. Even after Lippard died, it was said to be selling 30,000 copies a year.[5]

He began to write it with a plot from real life. On February 10, 1843, a Philadelphia youth named Singleton Mercer tracked down and killed the seducer of his sister on a ferry bound for Camden. Mercer was acquitted at a sensational trial in New Jersey and returned to the city in triumph. On top of this promising theme Lippard piled all his knowledge—and a great many guesses—about the political, financial, and private life of supposedly sedate Philadelphia. The result was the first American muckraking novel which was widely read and which produced some action.[6]

The Quaker City is interesting for another reason. It is one of the earliest novels to describe with some realism the more raffish aspects of a growing American city: its sidewalk slang and gutter brawls, its oyster cellars and theater galleries, its lounging detectives and gaslit hotels. However, it is almost impossible to read the book through today. Lippard's "style," which even his kindest critic called "wild and chaotic," is shattering to modern taste. The kind of melodrama he put into prose is permissible now only in soap opera. Here, for example, is his explanation of why he wrote *The Quaker City*[7]:

> One winter night I was called to the bedside of a dying friend. I found him sitting up in his death-couch, pale and trembling yet unawed by the gathering shadows of the tomb. . . . He was one of those old-fashioned lawyers who delight to bury themselves among their books, who love the law for its theory, and not for its trick and craft and despicable chicanery. . . .
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> "Death is coming," he said with a calm smile, "but I dread him not. My accounts with God are settled. . . . When I am gone, you will find in

5 *Saturday Courier*, Aug. 23, 1845; *Life*, 128.

6 I.e., an "anti-seduction" law was passed in New York State, after long agitation and debate. New York *Weekly Tribune*, Mar. 27, 1849.

7 *The Quaker City* . . . (Philadelphia, 1845), 3–4. See also *Washington and His Generals*, xvii.

yonder desk, a large pacquet, inscribed with your name. This pacquet, contains the records of my experience as a private councillor and a lawyer, for the last thirty years. You are young and friendless, but you have a pen, which will prove your best friend. I bequeath these Papers to you; they may be made serviceable to yourself and to the world—"

In a faint voice, I asked the good old lawyer, concerning the nature of these records.

"They contain a full and terrible development of the Secret Life of Philadelphia. In that pacquet, you will find, records of crimes, that never came to trial, murders that have never been divulged; there you will discover the results of secret examinations, held by official personages, in relation to atrocities almost too horrible for belief—"

"Then," said I, "Philadelphia is not so pure as it looks?"

"Alas, alas, that I should have to say it," said the old man with an expression of deep sorrow. "But whenever I behold its regular streets and formal look, I think of The Whited Sepulchre, without all purity, within, all rottenness and dead men's bones. Have you the courage, to write a book from these papers?". . .

I could only take the old man's hand, within my own, and murmur faintly, "I'll try!"

Lippard's case would be a hard one for the loyalty boards of our day to decide. It can be said without reservation that no more patriotic American ever lived. The heroes of our Revolution were not just great men to him; they were demigods. It is due to Lippard that since 1847 Philadelphia's Liberty Bell has been the favorite symbol of the American way of life. In that year he wrote for the *Saturday Courier* a scrap of fiction which he called "The Fourth of July, 1776. A Legend of the Revolution." It began with a scene which found its way quickly into many a schoolbook—the old bell ringer in the tower of the State House, eagerly awaiting a signal from below: "There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood a blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze flowed his flaxen hair all about his face. And then, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tip-toe, and shouted a single word—RING!"[8]

Lippard was a sincere and vocal Christian, although scornful of most churches and clergymen. He preferred to write his own sermons. He described Jesus Christ as "the Carpenter of Nazareth," and pictured him "in a Mechanic's gaberdine," at work in his father's shop: "He is thinking of his brothers in the huts and dens of the cities;

[8] *Saturday Courier*, Jan. 2, 1847. Henry J. Ford, in "The Liberty Bell," *American Mercury* (June, 1924), traces the later course of the Lippard "legend."

sweltering in rags and misery and disease. O, he is thinking of the Workmen of the World, the Mechanics of the earth, whose dark lot has been ever and yet ever—to dig that others may sleep—to sow that others may reap—to coin their groans and sweat and blood, into gold for the rich man's chest, into purple robes for his form and crowns for his brow."[9]

Lippard worked effectively to rebuild the reputation of Thomas Paine, which took courage in the 1840's. He sought to perform a similar service for Charles Brockden Brown, America's first professional novelist. He wrote one of the first stories about American gangsters and called it (without apologies to Hemingway) "The Killers." He campaigned for free distribution of the public lands under a homestead law, and he was puzzled when James Fenimore Cooper disagreed with him. "If he [*Cooper*] were a Congressman or a Senator, we might account for his sneer," he wrote. "But as a Novelist, writing for the People, his conduct is inexplicable."[10]

With all his headlong and headstrong ways, Lippard was a likeable being. He would break into impromptu song as he strolled about Philadelphia, and he emptied his pockets, even of gold pieces, to beggars in the streets. He wore his hair in long Byronic curls, wrapped his frame in a dark cape or scalloped blue velvet coat, and carried a sword cane or revolving pistol in what he claimed, half-humorously, was self-defense. In announcing his anti-Know-Nothing novel, *The Nazarene*, in 1846, he bid defiance to a host of hypothetical assassins: "From the dirk, or the pistol, or the club, God alone can save me. For these things in the hands of cowards, paid by cowards, strike from dark alleys, stab in the back, and shoot through windows, even as you sit by the light of your fireside candle. But this one consolation I have; *not even the assassin's blow can delay the publication of this Book, for out it must come, out it will come, whether the Author lives or dies.*"[11]

Lippard became a writer in the first place because he had to write. The urge was born in him, and he was still scribbling on his deathbed.

9 *Washington and His Generals*, 405-406.

10 *QCW*, Apr. 28, 1849.

11 *The Nazarene; or, The Last of the Washingtons. A Revelation of Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, in the Year 1844* (Philadelphia, 1846), 6. See also *Life*, and J. M. W. Geist, "Recollections of George Lippard," in *Official Souvenir, Brotherhood of the Union* (Philadelphia, 1900).

His second motive was to make a living for himself and his family. He probably earned from $3,000 to $4,000 a year at the peak of his career, which was good pay in the forties.[12] But he saved very little, and he died close to actual poverty. All his books were potboilers in the sense that they were hurried to the press to meet his needs and the causes he embraced.

His third reason for writing was more unusual, but just as compelling as the other two. "I must avenge wrong and defend innocence," he has one of his characters say in *The Quaker City*, and that was always his idea of what an author should do. In 1849, having done some more thinking, he produced the following credo[13]:

> LITERATURE merely considered as an ART is a despicable thing. It is only, at least mainly, valuable as a MEANS. . . . The age pulsates with a great Idea, and that Idea is the right of Labor to its fruits, coupled with the reorganization of the social system. Let our authors write of this, speak of it, sing of it, and then we shall have something like a National Literature. . . . A literature which does not work practically, for the advancement of a social reform, or which is too dignified or too good to picture the wrongs of the great mass of humanity, is just good for nothing at all.

This was a forthright statement of what was later called the literature of protest. As applied to the America he knew, Lippard was specific. "The fifty years which will close on the 31st of December [*1849*], are among the most important known in the calendar of five thousand years," he wrote. "In the discovery and invention of the various kinds of Power and Mechanism, intended to save Labor . . . this Half Century has in truth done a wonderful work. [But] while Steam Engines are each doing the work of hundreds of men, these Men, forgotten by the Law-makers and Discoverers of the world, have been turned loose to work at a pittance—starve, on a crust—and die in a ditch. . . . So far, the great discoveries of the age, have fallen into the hands of the Few, in nine cases out of ten, to the degradation of the Many. Viewed in this light, the inventions of the Half Century have been a curse to Mankind. . . .

"In the next fifty years Great Men will arise, who will do a mightier work than even Watt or Fulton. . . . These great men will discover the *means* of distributing the blessings of *Labor-saving machinery* among all classes. . . . In the next Half Century the whole race of

12 Philadelphia *News*, Feb. 1, 1890.

13 *QCW*, Feb. 10 and June 2, 1849. Some fifty years later the Russian Tolstoy reached a similar conclusion in his essay *What is Art?*

'Traders in Labor' will disappear. Bankers, *usurpers* of Capital, speculators in labor's sweat and blood, destroyers of women's purity and childhood's hope in the hell of the Factory—These and all like these, by the year 1900 will have gone down to Night."[14]

Lippard knew about European Socialism; he read Charles Fourier, and spoke knowingly of Louis Blanc and the poet-reformer Michelet. He admired the humanitarian novels which Eugène Sue and Charles Dickens were writing in France and England. But apparently he never saw the *Communist Manifesto*, and he lived unaware of Karl Marx.[15] There is no reason to believe that he was unduly influenced by any imported thinking. His rebellious temperament was a local product, and it is not hard to find its roots in the events of his early life.

The most decisive of these occurred when he was three or four, and was practically abandoned by his parents. His father (who had once been treasurer of Philadelphia County) was badly injured in a wagon accident, and his mother was tubercular. She died when George was nine. Several years before that both parents moved to downtown Philadelphia and left George in a little stone house in Germantown, with his German-speaking grandfather and two maiden aunts and one or two of his sisters.[16] The atmosphere in this home was religious and sometimes gloomy, if we may judge by a sampler now in the collections of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It is signed "Catharine Lippard's work in the year 1825 Germantown" and reads as follows:

And when our clay resigns its breath
And falls to dust in silent death
May the blest spirit soar above
To praise the God of peace and love

Seize mortals seize the transient hour
Improve each moment as it flies
Lifes a short summer mans a flower
He dies alas how soon he dies

[14] *QCW*, Dec. 29, 1849.

[15] There was no American publication of the *Manifesto* until the 1870's. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., *Radical Literature in the United States* (Stamford, Conn., 1939), 50, and other information from Mr. Adams. In Lippard's novel *Paul Ardenheim*, published in 1848, the following lines occur (p. 326): "Arise, ye millions of the human race—Arise, ye races and tribes of the Poor!" I make no claim that this inspired the *Internationale* (Paris, 1871) with its familiar opening: "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation! Arise, ye wretched of the earth!"

[16] "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," manuscript in archives of the Brotherhood of America, Philadelphia. This was written by Sarah Lippard Bilbrough, George's sister.

Catharine was George's oldest sister, and she died at the age of twenty-seven.

Young George, who wore his hair long in the back-country German fashion, was thought "queer" by his mates in the Concord School, across the road from his home. He liked to play hooky and fish or hunt for birds in the woods along Wissahickon Creek. In 1847, at the height of his success, he returned there to be married by moonlight, on a high rock which figured in some of his stories.[17]

In the 1830's his aunts moved to Philadelphia and brought George with them. He was a bright, ambitious, and thoroughly undisciplined boy. A spinster in the church he attended offered to pay for his education as a Methodist minister, and he jumped at the chance. He was sent to an academy at Rhinebeck, New York, to prepare for Wesleyan College. But he lost his temper one day when he saw his clergyman-master eating some appetizing peaches, and giving his pupils none. He ran away and came back to Philadelphia, hoping to get part of his father's small estate, and go to school elsewhere. The hard times of 1837 were on and his aunts could give him no money. At fifteen he was an orphan, and a penniless one at that.[18]

His later comments on this state of affairs were bitter in the extreme. "Orphan!" he once defined the word, "Another name for youth, helplessness, and misery! Orphan! A thing to be trodden upon by the oppressors of this world, to be trampled by godly feet, to be crushed by pious hands. . . ."[19] And elsewhere he put into one of his novels this bit of personal history[20]:

> But hold; they tell me that I talk too much of suffering man, and crowd my pages too full of his dumb anguish. Talk all night, if it please you, of still waters and serene skies,—they say it—but never tell us that there are Banks and Churches for the Rich, and only Graves and Gibbets for the Poor.

[17] Lippard always insisted on spelling its name as "Wissahikon." See *Life*, 10, 46; also manuscript notes in Germantown Historical Society. "Geo. Lippard in his *Legends of Washington and His Generals* [*sic*] has rendered the Wissahickon sacred in my eyes, and I shall make that trip, as well as one to Germantown, soon." Samuel Langhorne Clemens to his brother Orion, Oct. 26, 1853, in A. B. Paine, *Mark Twain. A Biography*, I, 100. Twain was then a seventeen-year-old printer on the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

[18] *Life*, 19–20; also "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible." George's father, Daniel B. Lippard, remarried in 1833 and died on Oct. 27, 1837, while constable of the South Ward in Philadelphia. He left sixty shares of stock in the Mechanics and Tradesmens Loan Co., and eleven in the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. (then worth $82 a share) in trust to his sister Mary. Doubtless part of the income was intended to support his son. Will Book for 1837, City Hall, Philadelphia.

[19] *The Quaker City*, 393.

[20] *Paul Ardenheim*, 96, 510.

Pardon me, my friends. Be merciful to me, O silken People. For what I speak, I have learned in a bitter school. The world has not been a very soft road, sprinkled with roses, to my feet. . . . The agonies of the damned, are sometimes written in those three syllables—"I AM POOR."

This was overstating the case. Lippard was given another free chance: he was taken into the law office of a family friend, to read books and become a lawyer. But he decamped again and apparently quarreled with his aunts, for he spent some time wandering the streets and sleeping in an abandoned house. Later an artist gave him a corner of his studio to sleep in. This man also introduced him to "Colonel" John S. DuSolle, who had recently started a lively and well-written penny paper in Philadelphia, the *Spirit of the Times*. Lippard was in a deplorable state just then. "His face was thin with hunger; his dress, a collection of rags, lashed together in some places with twine; his whole person the walking image of starvation and despair." His appearance and spirits improved quickly when DuSolle gave him a job and let him write what he pleased.[21]

His reportorial duties involved him at once in two big civic scandals. One concerned the Bank of the United States, which had been reincorporated as a state institution after President Jackson destroyed its national power. In February, 1842, the Bank suspended payments to depositors, while its leading directors, including the great Nicholas Biddle, were under indictment on charges of conspiracy. Lippard covered their hearings and was heartily disgusted when they were exonerated and freed. So was his boss DuSolle, who was a red-hot Locofoco Democrat and hated all banks whatever. As one after another of the remaining Philadelphia banks closed their doors, bringing ruin to thousands, the *Spirit of the Times* exulted. "The Banks are Breaking—Let them Break," it screeched in headlines. "These rotten institutions are smashing and crashing all around us. We are glad of it. Let them break. Those that are good will stand —those that are not, have no right to." Lippard toured the banking section and wrote a series of articles headed "Asmodeus Among the Banks." He saw one "poor widow" who was unable to cash a $20 note drawn on an institution which was headed by a Sunday School superintendent (whom he named). "God help the poor widow when she gets into the hands of the bank directors," he concluded.[22]

21 *Life*, 15–16; also "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," and *Spirit of the Times*, Feb. 7, 1842, where there is a personal description of Lippard by a fellow reporter.

22 *Spirit of the Times*, Jan. 7 and 15, Feb. 22 and 25, Mar. 18, 19, and 22, 1842.

His other assignment was a legislative inquiry into the building of Girard College. Stephen Girard, the city's richest man, died in 1831 and left $2,000,000 to build a college entirely for orphans. It was the largest philanthropic bequest in the United States up to then, and attracted world-wide attention. Unfortunately, much of it was in Bank of the United States stock and was lost before the college was built. What saved the college, and the huge Girard Estate itself, was the fact that Girard forbade his executors ever to sell any of his local real estate.

In 1842 the college consisted mostly of a cornerstone laid nine years before. Its directors were eminent and respectable citizens, with Nicholas Biddle as chairman. Girard had stipulated that the college be built of "durable materials," but "avoiding needless ornament, and attending chiefly to the strength, convenience and neatness of the whole." Mr. Biddle, who had a love affair with the Greek Revival, interpreted this to mean a marble temple. The building was finished eventually in 1847 and opened to orphans on January 1, 1848, about sixteen years after Girard left them the money.

All this was being looked into by a visiting committee from Harrisburg while Lippard was a reporter. The hearings provided him with a rich opportunity for satire. One day he reported the following exchange between a witness named Struthers and an upstate legislator named Crabb:

"*Mr. Crabb.*—Did you say the columns and architects were from a marble quarry in Massachusetts?

"*Struthers.*—I said the columns and architraves, not architects.

"*Crabb.*—Why, don't architraves and architects mean the same thing?

"*Struthers.*—[With a Smile] I think not. Indeed, I should say decidedly *not.*"

The next day when Lippard reached the hearing room he learned that Mr. Crabb had moved to have him expelled, but was voted down by the rest of the committee. Here is how he handled the matter for his newspaper (and remember that he is only nineteen): "Now Mr. Crabb has doubtless said to himself, as well as to his friends, that he expected a 'scoring' in the 'Times' of to-day. We shall disappoint you, Mr. Crabb. You may escape this time, Mr. Crabb. You have your

sphere, and we have ours. Keep off our track, and behave yourself, Mr. Crabb; and where you are not certain in future that architresos [*sic*] and architects are the same thing, why, don't let your conduct prove that the words 'legislator' and 'donkey' are synonymous."[23]

In the summer of 1842 Lippard sold his first story to George R. Graham of the *Saturday Evening Post* for $15. It was called "Phillippe de Agramonte," and it was a very Gothic and youthful piece of work. He soon sold the *Post* a longer serial called "Herbert Tracy; or, The Legend of the Black Rangers," supposedly relating some untold history of the battle of Germantown.[24]

In January, 1843, some friends of his started the *Citizen Soldier*, a weekly paper specializing in fiction and propaganda for allotting more funds to the state's militia. Lippard worked full time for this sheet, turning out editorials, literary and political satires, reviews (of Poe, among others) and news coverage. In July, he wrote for it a short, Italianesque story called "Adrian the Neophyte," which was reprinted in pamphlet form and thus became his first "book."[25] In November, he began publishing a long and anonymous serial, "The Ladye Annabel; or, The Doom of the Poisoner." This story, as one of his admirers noted, was "stuffed till it cracks" with shrieking corpses, alchemists' alembics, poisoned goblets and other nightmarish details. But it made a hit and was soon issued as a book. Lippard sent a copy to his friend, Mr. Poe, who was ambiguously impressed[26]:

> . . . Touching the Ladye Annabel . . . You seem to have been in too desperate a hurry to give due attention to details; and thus your style, although generally nervous, is at times somewhat exuberant—but the work, as a whole, will be admitted by all but your personal enemies, to be richly inventive and imaginative—indicative of *genius* in its author. . . .
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> And as for those personal enemies, I cannot see that you need to put yourself to any especial worry about THEM. . . . I have never yet been

23 *Ibid.*, Feb. 28 and Mar. 1, 1842. See also Henry W. Arey, *The Girard College and Its Founders* (Philadelphia, 1856).

24 *Saturday Evening Post*, July 9, 1842; *United States Saturday Post* (same publication), Oct. 22, 1842, ff. See also O. W. C. Whinna, "George Lippard," in *Official Souvenir, Brotherhood of the Union.*

25 *Citizen Soldier*, July 26, Aug. 2 and 16, 1843. No copy of Lippard's first "book" has yet come to light. See check list following this article. The only file of the *Citizen Soldier* is in the Bucks County Historical Society, Doylestown, Pa.

26 *Herbert Tracy; or, The Legend of the Black Rangers* (Philadelphia, 1844), 167–168; *Life*, 16.

able to make up my mind whether I regard as the greater compliment, the approbation of a man of honor and talent, or the abuse of an ass or a blackguard. Both are excellent in their way. . . . You have my full permission to publish this letter. . . .

With respect and friendship,
Yours truly,
Edgar A. Poe.

This faint praise from a fastidious critic was welcome enough to Lippard. He was already embroiled in half a dozen literary feuds, some of them growing out of his efforts to serve Poe in the columns of the *Citizen Soldier*. The battles with the critics waxed hotter after *The Quaker City* was published. His former editor, DuSolle, called the book "a disgusting mass of filth" and charged that Lippard wrote it with blackmail in mind. The *Post*, which had printed his first story, began referring to him as "a writer of immoral works."[27]

Lippard responded in kind, but much of his energy was by now directed toward the great project of his life. During the religious riots in Philadelphia in 1844 (which he watched and reported) he was sure he could detect the workings of a secret organization dedicated to destroying the temporal power of the Catholic Church in America. Such an organization did exist; its members became known as Know-Nothings and were important in national politics. Lippard was not on their side; he denounced their church burning and wrote a novel to expose their machinations. But in the introduction to this book he insisted that a *good* secret society, taking for its rules "the great truths of Christ our Saviour," was just what the country needed. "Such an order," he predicted confidently, "with its branches scattered in every hamlet and town of our land, would sweep Fanaticism from the American Continent."[28]

In June, 1848, he attended the Industrial Congress, a loose national forum for trade-unions and reform groups, which met that year in Philadelphia. He was chosen to deliver the closing speech, and his words showed that by this time he was a full-fledged reformer himself, with his head well up in the clouds.

"I know," he said, "that the cause must triumph—I know that the day comes when the interests of the Rich and the Poor will be

[27] *Spirit of the Times*, Jan. 17, 1845; *United States Saturday Post*, Sept. 5, 1846.
[28] *The Nazarene*, 6.

recognised in their true light,—when there shall be left on the surface of this Union no Capitalist to grind dollars from the sweat and blood of the workers, no Speculator to juggle free land from the grasp of unborn generations. . . . We have blazoned upon our banner, LAND REFORM—HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION—THE RIGHTS OF LABOR. Let us, my friends, never forget that holiest word of all, without which all other words are vain—'BROTHERHOOD.' Even while we may differ with regard to details, and hold various opinions as to the method of Progress, let us never, for an instant, cease to gird to our hearts the holy thought of 'BROTHERHOOD.' For it is the consummation of all our hopes—it is the word which the Angels will one day write upon the summer clouds that float calmly over a Regenerated Earth."[29]

There was a reason for emphasizing "Brotherhood"—Lippard had a specific Brotherhood in mind. It was the one he had begun to organize himself. Its first meeting is said to have been held in 1847 in his home on Sixth Street below Poplar. But he did not begin to promote it on a large scale until 1849. By then he had launched his own newspaper, which was called, like his novel, *The Quaker City*.[30] On April 14 he published an editorial which revealed the kind of members he wanted, and the arguments he intended to use:

Men who do *all* the work of the nation—and yet with it all, are always poor! Women who work,—women who labor for the comfort and the luxuries of the rich—and yet are always poor! Listen to a frank and outspoken word. . . .

Why are you always poor? . . . Because there is gliding between you who *produce*, and the *consumer* of that which you produce, an Idle Man, who working never himself, lives by laying a tax upon both the producer and consumer. Not only lives, but riots in wealth, builds his fine mansions, drinks his flavourous wine, and wears his elegant apparel. . . .

How should you get rid of him? Form at once, in every city, town, and hamlet of the United States, associations for your own preservation. Establish stores, governed by these associations, where you may buy the necessaries of life,—in other words, *interchange* all the fruits of your labor. . . .

COMBINATION! ASSOCIATION! These are the words of the last Gospel which God has uttered to man. The Combination of labor until labor produces capital. The Association of workers for their own good, until every worker is a capitalist.

29 *The Nineteenth Century* (quarterly), Vol. II, No. 1 (January, 1848), 187, 188.

30 It commenced publication Dec. 30, 1848, and ended early in 1850. The only file, which ends on Dec. 29, 1849, is in The Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Scattered later copies are in the Western Reserve Historical Society and New-York Historical Society.

In the last two sentences Lippard was describing just what the American system promised to do—and has done, with some determined prodding from the big labor unions. In his lifetime, "labor" was a feeble force in America. But it was groping its way, through such primitive organizations as his, toward a position of strength. Lippard's Brotherhood of the Union was the unsung parent of the Noble and Holy Order of the Knights of Labor, which conducted the epoch-making railroad strikes of 1877 and attained great power in the nation.[31]

Lippard could not live to see this. In 1849 he was busily delving into the lore of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Illuminati, Rosicrucians and other mystic orders. In June, he disclosed the name of his Brotherhood for the first time. In July, he boasted that it was the only secret society in the world which had "preserved its purity through the long night of ages. . . . Its mysterious symbols are written alike on the pyramids of Egypt, and in the monuments of Mexico. The Druids . . . beneath the shadows of the oak . . . were Brothers of our Order." In September, he announced that in one week charters had been issued to "circles" of the Brotherhood in Westville and Rowsborough, Ohio; Baltimore, Maryland; Bernadotte, Illinois; Pontiac, Michigan; Noank, Connecticut; and Easton, Ennisville, Spring Garden and Richmond, Pennsylvania. "Any Ten Men," he added, "who combine into a Circle of the Order, and apply for a Charter, can, for a trifling sum, provide themselves with the Regalia, properties, and symbols of the Brotherhood. This Regalia is not merely intended for show; it has a meaning, and a most important meaning. Many persons, who cannot receive ideas through the means of Books, or oral lessons, may be instructed by means of rites and symbols."[32]

31 The Noble and Holy Order of the Knights of Labor was founded in Philadelphia, Dec. 28, 1869. Its first Grand Master Workman was Uriah S. Stephens, who moved to Philadelphia in 1845, worked as a tailor, knew Lippard and the Brotherhood, and was strongly influenced by them. George E. McNeil, ed., *The Labor Movement: The Problem of To-Day* (New York, 1891), 397–399. "Stephens was less a trade unionist than a humanitarian idealist who sought to unite all workers into a single 'brotherhood.'" Harry J. Carman and others, eds., *The Path I Trod. The Autobiography of Terence V. Powderly* (New York, 1940), 61. See also excerpts from the Knights' secret ritual in the Carman book, 429–443. A leading purpose of the Knights was "to establish co-operative systems, such as will tend to supersede the wage system." McNeil, 508.

32 *QCW*, June 16, July 14, Sept. 29, 1849. Lippard was both a Mason and an Odd Fellow when he died. *Public Ledger*, Feb. 13, 1854.

From this it appears that Lippard expected many of his members would not be able to read or understand spoken words. It was a low estimate of the American workman. But it was not his only mistake. He devoted many months to writing the Brotherhood's ritual, which he described as "the most copious . . . of any secret society in the world . . . not one word or line of [which] but was framed and penned by me." The manuscript was divided among several printers, and the final product was bound into a book of two hundred pages which sold for $20. Maybe it was worth it, but some of the Brothers did not think so. They thought Lippard was trying to make a fortune by selling them books.[33]

Actually, the Brotherhood ruined him financially and almost killed him physically. He neglected his newspaper, which had to suspend. The printer, who was one of the Brothers, took over the copyrights on Lippard's recent writings to pay off his debts. And then his young wife, Rose, whom he adored, came down with the family disease of tuberculosis, and died. Her parents marched into the house and carted off her furniture and clothes before the funeral. Lippard was married less than four years and had two children, both of whom died in infancy.[34]

Through all this he was constantly being nagged by Brothers, who had paid a few dollars in dues, to tell them just what they could expect in return. A letter he wrote in 1851 gives a pathetic picture of his troubles. It was addressed to a friend in Rhode Island[35]:

> Dear Brother! Your letter from that dark corner of the World, where Capital and Avarice are doing their best to degrade man—Your letter breathes the true soul, and I am glad to feel that Roger Williams Circle 142 is worthy to take her place among the most faithful of the Continent. . . . Your ideas of co-operation are good and practical. I *can* name to you a sound, honest man who will buy coal for you at Pottsville, and upon reasonable terms. As Capron said in the Providence Mirror the other day, That is the only way to fight these White Slaveholders. Combination! Buy and sell and work for yourselves. Strikes avail not. Go on in the practice of the idea. . . .

33 Lippard's Address to the Supreme Circle, Brotherhood of the Union, manuscript in the possession of J. Hanley Wilkers, Haddon Heights, N. J. The first page and date are missing, but it was delivered probably in October, 1851.

34 *Ibid.*, and Lippard to George Baker, Aug. 10, 1852, letter owned by Roger Butterfield. See also *Life*, 67. Lippard's children were Mima, who lived nineteen months, and Paul, who lived nine. They and their mother are buried together in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia.

35 Lippard to William MacFarlane, Mar. 3, 1851, letter in Brotherhood archives.

I have now a strong hope of emerging from the business difficulties which have nearly killed me these last six months. . . . I live for the Order now. My only child was buried today. My wife is in the last stage of consumption. The fact that the Brotherhood *demands* that I should *live*, alone keeps me alive. So you see, Brother, that while I speak words of hope for you, I much need someone to help and console me.

After two years of crushing personal tragedy, Lippard's militancy was waning. The "War with the Rifle, Sword and Knife" was now a matter of buying coal in Pottsville. His idea of co-operative stores was, of course, similar to the system which had been practiced in Rochdale, England, since 1844, and was later taken up by many groups in America. Today it is very big business. But it has never eliminated factories, or the factory system, which Lippard did not understand, and certainly did not appreciate.

In one of his later stories he has George Washington rise from his tomb at Mount Vernon to go on a pilgrimage of nineteenth-century America with an immortal Roman named Adonai. These two travel to Valley Forge where they hear a strange noise and see a strange building.

There, from the gloom of the Valley, uprose a huge edifice, its hundred windows flaming with light. And the sound which they had heard, echoed deep and deafening from the bosom of this edifice. It was the roar of iron machinery, mingled with the noise of a cataract.

"Let us enter," said Adonai, and, descending from the hill, they entered. . . . The sight which they saw held them dumb. Women were imprisoned within that edifice, their cheeks blasted into untimely decay, their eyes vacant with despair. . . . Children were imprisoned there—children who had nothing of the love or beauty of childhood in their leaden eyes. Men were imprisoned there—men whose cramped forms, and faces stamped with stolid endurance, told of a life without hope or object save a crust of bread and a grave. . . .

"It is a prison," said the Arisen Washington.

"It is a sepulchre where they bury the living," said Adonai.

"No," said a pleasant voice, which echoed at their side. "It is neither prison nor sepulchre. It's only a FACTORY."[36]

Lippard's last four years were spent mostly in the service of the Brotherhood. He was disappointed to find within it the same human

[36] *The White Banner* (Philadelphia, 1851), 58–59. Lippard was not aware that President Washington once proposed giving a bounty for starting cotton mills in America. John C. Fitzpatrick, ed., *The Writings of George Washington* (Washington, 1939), XXXI, 389.

failings he had noted in the world outside. He had an especially noisy squabble with a Baltimore regalia manufacturer who joined the order to get an exclusive contract for robes. Of another man he wrote gloomily in his diary, "This Brother upon whose head has been lavished the honors of the Order, seems determined to make himself its first Arnold." He drew no salary (although entitled to $500 a year) and accepted only his traveling expenses, supporting himself meanwhile by occasional writing and lecturing. His reward was the fact that the Brotherhood persisted and grew, in a modest way. Its roster in October, 1852, fills twenty-nine pages in Lippard's handwriting, and lists Brothers from Massachusetts to Florida, Texas, and Iowa.[37]

He found a group of congenial Brothers in the Cleveland area and spent several summers there. His last book was published in Cincinnati. In December, 1853, he collapsed in the Philadelphia home of Barclay, the publisher. But he continued working on a serial story called "Eleanor; or, Slave Catching in Philadelphia" for the *Sunday Mercury*.[38] In January, when the doctor told him he was too sick to write any more, he hid drawing paper in his bed and sketched out a new story in pictures. His death was caused by tuberculosis, which probably had been with him all his life.[39]

Perhaps his suffering was lightened a little by a paragraph which ran in a Cleveland newspaper just after his last visit there. Noting that "this distinguished author" was traveling in Ohio, the *True Democrat* went on to say: "The leading and great aim of his works has been to aid the feeble and oppressed—to lift up the downtrodden of the world—to breathe hope into the heart of the desponding patriot—to enoble, elevate and bless Humanity."[40]

That much, surely, was true of George Lippard.

Hartwick, N. Y. ROGER BUTTERFIELD

37 Lippard's diary, various dates, manuscript in Brotherhood archives.

38 *Life*, 73, 119; *Daily Cincinnati Gazette*, Nov. 29, 1853; Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury*, Jan. 29, 1854, ff. *Eleanor* continued for several weeks after Lippard's death. It was an obvious attempt to cash in on the market created by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

39 *Life*, 123–124.

40 Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Sept. 13, 1853 (quoting *True Democrat*).

A Check List of the Separately Published Works of George Lippard

In Volume LIV of THE PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY, pages 131–154 and 381–383, there is a bibliography of Lippard compiled by the late Joseph Jackson. Since 1930 much new information has come to light, and the check list which follows is intended to bring Jackson's work up to date. It includes only those writings of Lippard's that can be considered books—either bound or in pamphlet form—and arranges them in the order of their earliest editions. Where there is a number given in Lyle H. Wright, *American Fiction, 1774–1850* (San Marino, Calif., 1948), it is given here also. Where no copy has been located, the title is given in brackets. Full descriptions have not been made; in some cases they can be found in Jackson.

1. [Adrian the Neophyte. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: I. R. and A. H. Diller, 1843.]

   Title and publisher as given in the Philadelphia *Citizen Soldier*, Aug. 16, 1843, where this book is described as "a tale of some 13 pages, divided into four parts." *Godey's Lady's Book* for October reviewed it and named Lippard as author, and there were other reviews in New York and Philadelphia newspapers. The story first appeared in the *Citizen Soldier*, July 26, under the motto—"A mysterie is the soul."

2. The Battle-Day of Germantown. By George Lippard, Esq. . . . Philadelphia: A. H. Diller, 1843. 34 p. 8vo. Wright 1676.

   Dedicated to John Fanning Watson. The story ran as a serial in the *Citizen Soldier*, beginning Oct. 18, 1843. The book was advertised for sale in the same paper, Nov. 22.

3. The Ladye Annabel; or, The Doom of the Poisoner. A Romance by an Unknown Author. . . . Philadelphia: R. G. Berford, 1844. 133 p. 8vo. Wright 1683.

   Dedicated to A. Henry Diller. The *Citizen Soldier*, Feb. 14, 1844, states that the book had been out a week and had sold 3,000 copies. Reissued under the following titles:

   The Ladye Annabel: A Romance of the Alembic, the Altar, and the Throne. . . . Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., 1849.

   Ladye Annabel, or The Child of Aldarin. . . . T. B. Peterson, 1849.

The Ladye of Albarone: or, The Poison Goblet. . . . T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 1854.

The Mysteries of Florence. . . . T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 1864 and 1876.

4. Herbert Tracy, or The Legend of the Black Rangers. A Romance of the Battle-field of Germantown. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: R. G. Berford, 1844. 168 p. 12mo. Wright 1682.

Dedicated to James Fennimore [*sic*] Cooper. The 168-page edition contains a "Letter from Mr. Poe" dated Feb. 18, 1844. Berford also issued a 166-page edition from which the letter was omitted. The book was announced as published in the *Citizen Soldier*, Mar. 20.

5. The Quaker City; or, The Monks of Monk Hall. A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery and Crime. [Anon.]. . . . Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., 1844. 494 p. 8vo. Wright 1689.

Dedicated to Augustine J. H. Duganne. Description from a unique copy in The Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

The publishing history of Lippard's most famous book is extremely complicated. The first 314 pages were issued by Zieber in seven separate parts, each with its own paper wrappers. The wrappers carry a title which is somewhat longer than that on the title page. Part 1 of *The Quaker City* was advertised as "Just published" in the *Public Ledger*, Oct. 8, 1844. Part 4 was "now complete" on Dec. 8. Parts 5, 6, and 7 were not issued until 1845, and bear that date. To complicate the situation further, there is a "Second Edition" and a "Third Edition" of Part 1, which sold out quickly.

The 314 pages which appeared in parts were set in double-column, and so appear in the finished book. The other 180 pages were set in single column and apparently were not issued separately. A contract between Lippard and Zieber dated Mar. 31, 1845, indicates that Lippard was still writing the book then (manuscript in The Historical Society of Pennsylvania). Before May 5, 1845, however, Lippard himself acquired the copyright and stereotype plates of the entire book and issued a new edition "Published by the Author" with his name on the title page (Wright 1690). This edition was dedicated to Charles Brockden Brown instead of the poet Duganne. Other titles:

Die Quaker-Stadt. . . . Von F. Gerstaker. Leipzig: 1847. 4 vols. Pirated edition, crediting the German translator as author.

Dora Livingstone, The Adulteress of the Quaker City. By George Lippard. . . . London: n.d. Pirated edition.

The Quaker City. A Romance of the Rich and Poor. . . . T. B. Peterson, 1849. This was advertised (*QCW*, Mar. 17, 1849) as "the Twenty-seventh American edition, revised by the Author." The only revision was in the title. Later, the Petersons returned to the original title. Their plates were used for reprints as late as 1900 by Leary, Stuart & Co. (Leary's Book Store).

An anonymous work, *Mysteries and Miseries of Philadelphia. By A Member of the Pennsylvania Bar* (New York: Williams & Co., n.d.), was an imitation, not written by Lippard.

6. Blanche of Brandywine; or, September the Eleventh, 1777. A Romance, Combining the Poetry, Legend, and History of the Battle of Brandywine. By George Lippard, Esq. . . . Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., 1846. 351 p. 8vo. Wright 1678.

   Dedicated to Henry Clay. First issued in parts. The *Saturday Courier*, Aug. 22, 1846, advertised Part 1, and said the work "will be completed in three numbers of 128 pages."

   The book was reissued by the Petersons with the same title as above, and with variations.

7. The Nazarene; or, The Last of the Washingtons. A Revelation of Philadelphia, New York and Washington in the Year 1844. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: G. Lippard and Co., 1846. 239 p. 8vo. Wright 1686.

   Dedicated to Stephen Girard. The *Saturday Courier*, Oct. 31, 1846, announced publication "this day" of "Number One of 'The Nazarene,' " and promised "The work will be published in about 24 numbers, a number to be published (without failure) every two weeks. Terms, $2 in advance, or 12½ cents a number." Only five 48-page numbers were issued. Lippard's publishing venture failed, and the fourth and fifth numbers were published by John A. Bell and Zieber, respectively. There were many complaints from subscribers. In 1850 Lippard was still promising them a second volume "now on the eve of publication" (*QCW*, Feb. 9). This never materialized.

   The Petersons reissued the book in 1854.

8. Washington and His Generals; or, Legends of the Revolution. By George Lippard. . . . With A Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Rev. C. Chauncey Burr. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., 1847. 538 p. 8vo. Wright 1695.

   Dedicated to Andrew McMakin, editor of the *Saturday Courier*, in which most of these stories first appeared. Issued originally in four parts, with brown paper wrappers, at twenty-five cents each. Part 1 was announced by the *Courier*, Apr. 3, 1847. But the Rev. Joel T. Headley of New York had just beaten Lippard to the market with a book also called *Washington and His Generals* . . . (*Courier*, Mar. 27). An angry debate over plagiarism ensued. When the Petersons reissued the book they reversed the title and called it:

   Legends of the American Revolution, or Washington and His Generals . . . and also, *The Legends of the American Revolution "1776"*. . . , etc.

9. The Rose of Wissahikon; or, The Fourth of July, 1776. A Romance, Embracing the Secret History of the Declaration of Independence. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., 1847. 70 p. 12mo. Wright 1694.

Reprint of a story in the *Semi-Annual Pictorial Saturday Courier*, July 4, 1847. In May of this year Lippard married Rose Newman on a rock overlooking Wissahickon Creek in Germantown (*Courier*, June 19).

10. Legends of Mexico. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 1847. 136 p. 8vo. Wright 1684.

Advertised for sale in *Saturday Courier*, Aug. 14, 1847. These Mexican War stories first appeared in *Scott's Weekly*, a Philadelphia rival of the *Courier* (*Life*, 47). Reissued as:

Legends of Mexico; or, The Battles of Old Rough and Ready. . . . 'A Little More Grape, Captain Bragg'. . . . T. B. Peterson, [1848]. Lippard thought the change was in "execrable" taste (*QCW*, Aug. 25, 1849).

This was the first of Lippard's books to be issued originally by the enterprising Theophilus Beasley Peterson. Later on, Peterson and his brothers acquired the copyrights of most of Lippard's titles and published them in uniform editions in 1864 and 1876.

11. 'Bel of Prairie Eden. A Romance of Mexico. By George Lippard, Esq. . . . Boston: Hotchkiss & Co., 1848. 88 p. 8vo. Wright 1677.

Announced in *Saturday Courier*, Mar. 18. This paper-wrapped book was Lippard's first attempt to escape from the Philadelphia publishers, who were gobbling up his copyrights. The experience was not happy. The story of *'Bel* ran first in the weekly Boston paper *Uncle Sam*. When Lippard failed to deliver an installment on time, some one in the Boston office wrote it for him, causing him to cry "Forgery!" (Boston *Daily Bee*, Feb. 15, 1848.)

12. Paul Ardenheim, The Monk of Wissahikon. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 1848. 536 p. 8vo. Wright 1687-1688.

Dedicated to Harriet Newell Lippard, George's sister. Wright lists printings in Philadelphia and "Wissahikon, Penn.," but these are the same: Lippard's "Prologue" was dated from "Wissahikon, Sept. 25, 1848," which means he wrote it sitting on the banks of his favorite stream just outside the city. (He always insisted on his own spelling of the name.)

This book was Lippard's closest approach to an autobiographical novel.

13. [The Memoirs of a Preacher, a Revelation of the Church and the Home. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: Jos. Severns and Company, 1849.]

QCW, May 12, 1849, announced this was "ready, in a neat volume of 96 pages. . . ." See next item. Severns was the printer of Lippard's newspaper.

14. The Man with the Mask; A Sequel to The Memoirs of a Preacher, a Revelation of the Church and the Home. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: Jos. Severns and Company, n.d. [1849]. 106 p. 8vo. Wright 1685.

A continuation of No. 13, announced in the *QCW*, May 12, 1849—"The Memoirs and Sequel together form an elegant volume of 200 pages. . . ."

The story had been running as a serial in Lippard's newspaper since Dec. 30, 1848. It was based on the life of the Rev. J. N. Maffitt, an Elmer Gantry of the time. Reissued as:

Mysteries of the Pulpit; or, A Revelation of the Church and the Home. . . . Philadelphia: E. E. Barclay, 1851 and 1852. Reprint of No. 13 only.

Memoirs of a Preacher; or, Mysteries of the Pulpit. . . . Peterson & Brothers, 1864. Includes both No. 13 and No. 14.

15. The Entranced; or, The Wanderer of Eighteen Centuries. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: Jos. Severns and Company, n.d. [1849]. 92 p. 8vo.

Announced as published in *QCW*, Nov. 3, 1849. Description is from a copy in the author's collection. *The Entranced* began in the quarterly *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1849, under the title *The Iron Door* and continued as a serial in *QCW*.

This volume also contains a reprint of Lippard's first story, *Adrian the Neophyte*, and two articles from the *Nineteenth Century*, "Jesus and The Poor" and "The Heart-Broken," the latter being a tribute to Charles Brockden Brown.

16. [Washington and His Men. . . . By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: Jos. Severns and Company, 1849.]

Announced as published in *QCW*, Nov. 3, 1849, with no details. The book was soon reissued as:

Washington and His Men: A New Series of Legends of the Revolution. . . . New York: Stringer & Townsend, 1850. 184 p. 8vo. Wright 1696. The Petersons issued it as:

Washington and His Men. Being the "Second Series" of the Legends of the American Revolution "1776". . . , 1864.

17. The Killers. A Narrative of Real Life in Philadelphia. In which the deeds of the Killers, and the great Riot of election night, October 10, 1849, are minutely described. . . . By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: Hankinson and Bartholomew, 1850. 50 p. 8vo.

Description from a unique copy at The Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The riot was an actual event, in which five men were killed and the California House in Moyamensing was burned to the ground. Lippard's fictional account appeared serially in the *QCW*, beginning Dec. 1. He then published it anonymously, and quickly, to get the copyright out of Severns' hands. The

THE KILLERS.

A NARRATIVE

OF

REAL LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA,

In which the deeds of the Killers, and the great Riot of election night, October 10, 1849, are minutely described. Also, the adventures of three notorious individuals, who took part in that Riot, to wit:

CROMWELL D. Z. HICKS, *the Leader of the Killers,*

DON JORGE, *one of the Leaders of the Cuban Expedition, and*

"THE BULGINE," *the celebrated Negro Desperado of Moyamensing.*

BY A MEMBER OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY HANKINSON AND BARTHOLOMEW.
1850.

No. 17—A NEWLY IDENTIFIED WORK BY GEORGE LIPPARD

Philadelphia directories list no such publisher as "Hankinson and Bartholomew." The book was reissued as:

The Bank Director's Son, a Real and Intensely Interesting Revelation of City Life, Containing an Authentic Account of the Wonderful Escape of the Beautiful Kate Watson, from a Flaming Building in the City of Philadelphia. By George Lippard. . . . Philadelphia: E. E. Barclay and A. R. Orton, 1851. This contained a number of sensational illustrations.

An imitation by another hand, *Life and Adventures of Charles Anderson Chester, the Notorious Leader of the Philadelphia 'Killers,' who was Murdered, While Engaged in the Destruction of the California House.* . . . [Anon.], also appeared in 1850.

18. The Empire City; or, New York by Night and Day. By George Lippard. . . . New York: Stringer & Townsend, 1850. 8vo. Wright 1681.

Wright lists only one copy, having 100 pages. Whether the rest of the book was issued in 1850 is not known. Lippard was still writing installments in February of that year (*QCW*, Feb. 9). The novel was complete and in print by 1851, when he refers to it as a book of "about 200 pages" in his address to the Supreme Circle (see footnote 33, above). It was reissued as:

The Empire City; or, New York by Night and Day. Its Aristocracy and Its Dollars. . . . Peterson & Brothers, 1864. This edition has 205 pages.

19. [Secret ritual and degree work of the Brotherhood of the Union. Exact title unknown.]

Probably issued in parts late in 1850 or early in 1851. Lippard referred to the complete work as "The B.G.C." and said it was a book of 200 pages (see article and footnote 33, above). The four different parts, relating to four degrees in the order, were issued separately, and for different prices (manuscript in archives of Brotherhood of America). No copies are known to exist today, according to officials of the order.

A portion of Lippard's manuscript, with illustrations drawn by him, is in the possession of J. Hanley Wilkers, of Haddon Heights, N. J.

20. Dedication, Festival and Funeral Ceremonies. [Anon.] N.p., n.d. 16 p. 8vo.

Contains a description of certain Brotherhood ceremonies which were open to the public, and a funeral ode set to the tune of "Old Hundred." The Edgar Allan Poe House in Philadelphia has a copy.

21. The White Banner. "*Amid the war of sect and party—the strife of hollow creeds and vindictive antagonisms*—BROTHERHOOD *lifts its* WHITE BANNER *into light.*" George Lippard, Editor. . . . Vol. I. Philadel-

phia: George Lippard: Publisher, on Behalf of the Shareholders, 1851. 176 p. 8vo.

Issued as a quarterly, but this was actually a substantial bound book. No other numbers were published. There are 24 pages given to the Constitution of a "Circle" of Lippard's Brotherhood, laws, by-laws, and platform of the Order. The rest is devoted to an expanded version of *The Entranced* (No. 15), now titled *The Pilgrim of Eternity*, some "Legends of Every Day," news, editorials, speeches, and a poem, all by Lippard.

22. The Midnight Queen; or, Leaves from New-York Life. By George Lippard. . . . New York: Garrett & Co., 1853. 110 p. 8vo.

Contains three stories: "The Midnight Queen. . . ," "The Life of a Man of the World. . . ," and "Margaret Dunbar. . . ." Lippard was literary editor of the New York *National Democrat* in the fall of 1852 (*Life*, 116).

23. New York: Its Upper Ten and Lower Million. By George Lippard. . . . Cincinnati: H. M. Rulison, Queen City Publishing House, 1853. 284 p. 8vo.

The first advertisement, in the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette*, Nov. 29, 1853, lists E. Mendenhall as the publisher of Lippard's last book. But all copies located so far with 1853 on the title page give Rulison as publisher and owner of the copyright.

Copies dated 1854 list both Rulison and Mendenhall as publisher, but only Rulison in the copyright notice. Rulison seems to have been the original publisher, and may have farmed out a certain amount of sales territory to Mendenhall.