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Fascination with the inside of our world
has a long history in fact and fiction.

“The Devils of the Volcano”: The Science Fiction Writing of Lucius Chittenden

By MICHAEL N. STANTON

Lucius Eugene Chittenden was one of those little known but enormously talented individuals whom Vermont seems capable of producing in unreasonable numbers. Some years ago in these pages John Buechler described the activities of Chittenden as a book collector.¹ He was indeed an active and discriminating bibliophile, and a large number of his rare books (including early accounts of travels to the New World and books on Vermont history) are now housed in the University of Vermont’s Bailey-Howe Library. But Chittenden was also a prolific writer: his works include a memoir of Lincoln based on Chittenden’s government service in Washington during the Civil War, several historical accounts of that war and of the Revolution, an autobiography, and an odd series of fictional writings, still in manuscript at his death, concerning a proposed expedition to the inside of the Earth.²

The great-grandson of Thomas Chittenden, Vermont’s first governor, Lucius was born in Williston on May 24, 1824. His formal education, in schools in Williston, Hinesburg, and Cambridge, was scanty, and in later years he employed private tutors to teach him modern languages, among other subjects. He became proficient enough to do his own translation of the rare travel book, *Les Singularitez de la France Antarctique, autrement nommée Amérique* (Paris, 1558) by André Thevet (1502-90). The book was one of the gems of Chittenden’s library; the writer, unfortunately, was, according to Chittenden, the “*most unreliable* of the early travelers.”

After a brief but successful stint as a teacher in a one-room school in the Hog Island district of Swanton (where several of the boys were both older and bigger than he) Chittenden read law in his uncle’s office in the

same town, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty. He moved to Burlington in 1845 and until 1857 successfully practiced law in three different partnerships. In that year he became president of the Commercial Bank of Burlington.

In 1861 Chittenden was named as a Vermont delegate to attend the Peace Conference in Washington, set up to prevent what looked like certain civil war. The conference was a failure, but Chittenden struck up a friendship with another delegate, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. When Abraham Lincoln's first administration took office in March, 1861, Chase was named Secretary of the Treasury and Chittenden took office under him as Register of the Treasury. In that post he was responsible for the day-to-day operations of the department; he soon found himself at odds with the easygoing ways of this bureaucracy. He refused to accept gifts from men doing business with the Treasury; he refused with horror the customary kickback from clerks he hired—the going rate was half the first year's salary. For his backwardness, Chittenden writes, "I learned that I was regarded as a very foolish man who had neglected his opportunities."³ Chittenden resigned his Treasury post in the summer of 1864 because of uncertain health, and practiced law in New York City for the rest of his life. He made frequent trips back to Burlington, delivering on one occasion the centennial oration to the city on July 4, 1876, and died there on July 22, 1900.

Chittenden's interest in politics and government dated from his twenty-fourth year, when he and several others bolted the Vermont Democratic Party because of what they saw as its compromising position on slavery. They founded a Free Soil Party in Vermont in April, 1848, several months before that party was organized nationally at Buffalo in August. Chittenden served in the Vermont legislature in 1850 and 1851, and became a Republican when that party was formed in the merger of Free Soilers and other groups in 1854. He remained a staunch and active Republican for the rest of his public life. In later years the stocky, white-bearded lawyer was a familiar and respected figure at party rallies and meetings in New York City, a kind of grand old man of the GOP.⁴

Sources quite apart from Chittenden's own *Personal Reminiscences* (1894) bear out his reputation as an able attorney and an honest and effective public servant. But he was a man whose character had many dimensions. His historical writings have already been mentioned; indeed, even the *Reminiscences* conclude with an extended and affectionate study of Lincoln as president. John Buechler has written in some detail about Chittenden as a bibliophile, and Chittenden himself describes the tenacity with which he searched for copies of Daniel Sanders's *History of the Indian Wars* and Royall Tyler's *The Contrast*. The *Reminiscences* are full of quiet

good humor, much of it at Chittenden's own expense, some of it set in a broader Vermont context. He describes, for example, the nearly accidental creation of the railroad nexus now called Essex Junction, and remarks that as "an abomination of desolation it was an early and conspicuous success"⁵ (an accusation about which I, as a native of that community, remain studiously neutral).



This portrait of Lucius Chittenden appeared in his Personal Reminiscences, published in 1894 when Chittenden was seventy.

Chittenden's love of the outdoors and of nature was paralleled by his love of science. He described hunting and fishing expeditions along Lake Champlain around Orwell and Shoreham, and argued for the preservation of the Adirondack region. He would have been gratified to know that some measures have been taken to protect wilderness in the Northeast, but he was well aware of dangers posed by the entrepreneur, the developer, and the industrialist.

Although he left abstractions like "scientific method" and "scientific fact" to his characters in the manuscripts, Chittenden often urged the importance of studying natural science. Among the Chittenden papers at the University of Vermont are notes Chittenden prepared for a lecture

on the subject. We would learn much, he told his would-be hearers, from studying the designs and analogies so often encountered in the natural world; in a Wordsworthian vein, he called the study of nature “a series of pursuits intellectual and elevating in their character . . . a delightful recreation to the tired Brain and . . . the fatigued Body [pursuits which also] store the mind with . . . valuable facts . . . enlarge the intellectual powers and fill men full of virtue and love . . .”⁶ These sentiments were suitably high-minded; Chittenden was less sanguine when he depicted the actual behavior of his characters in the face of novel scientific phenomena.

As a politician and public official Chittenden served his country and his state in a variety of ways; as a writer, a collector of valuable books, a lover of nature, he expressed in himself the qualities of a true amateur of the culture and science of his time. The manuscripts he wrote about a fictional expedition to the interior of the Earth show all these interests in one way or another.

Fascination with the inside of our world has a long history in fact and fiction. Early in the nineteenth century, Captain John Cleves Symmes, a hero of the War of 1812, became convinced that there were great openings at both the North and South Poles and that, passing within, a traveler could find a warm climate, luxuriant flora, and a livable country. Symmes lectured, wrote, and lobbied legislators, seeking funds to make an exploratory voyage. Nothing came of his efforts and he died a disappointed man in 1829. His zealotry was lampooned in an anonymous novel, *Symzonia*, published in 1820, in which the narrator, Captain Seaborn, passes through the South Polar opening and “meets a friendly race of people who wear snow-white clothes, speak in a musical tongue, and live in a socialist utopia.”⁷

Other treatments of the interior of the Earth (by no means satirical) range from the Swedish Baron Holberg’s *Journey to the World Underground* in 1742 through *The Coming Race*, an 1871 novel by the Englishman Edward Bulwer-Lytton, to H. G. Wells’s depiction of the cavern-dwelling Morlocks in his 1895 novel, *The Time Machine*. The influence of Symmes’s ideas, in particular, can be found in Edgar Allan Poe’s 1838 *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, which ends with Pym’s ship seeming to rush into the whiteness of a South Polar chasm.⁸ The most famous of all such tales is, of course, Jules Verne’s *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. In Verne’s 1864 extravaganza we find Professor Lidenbrock, his hapless nephew Axel, and Hans, their stalwart guide, entering the interior through an extinct volcano in Iceland. Their amazing adventures during their weeks within include a brief encounter with a herd of mastodons and their giant manlike shepherd.



This drawing from Jules Verne's Hector Servadac (1878), captioned "The brilliant cavern dazzled the eye," suggests something of the fascination that the interior of the earth held for writers. Courtesy of Michael Stanton.

Chittenden's treatment of the topic, written at the end of the 1880s, is a rather late one. As more becomes known about a subject of scientific inquiry less speculative fiction about it is possible. Even so, since we can probe it and sound it, but cannot physically visit it, the world beneath our feet remains an enigma. It becomes an image or a metaphor for the pagan underworld or Hell. It is a rich lode of fantasy, as little Alice discovered (Carroll's original title for the Wonderland book was *Alice's Adventures Underground*). Even today speculative writers are simply shifting their ground, so to speak, in the face of scientific fact: a favored habitat lately is the interior of the moon, as in Isaac Asimov's 1986 novel, *Foundation and Earth*. The fascination with interiority remains.

Chittenden's handling of a visit to the inside of the Earth is largely

expository and is conveyed through dialogue. In six of the seven loosely related segments of manuscript, his two characters, David Herschel and Robert Chambers, lob ideas, questions, objections, and theories back and forth as they discuss the means and ends of their journey. Their interest began with the great Charleston, South Carolina, earthquake of August 31, 1886, and the subsequent failure of the daily and periodical press to cover the dire event adequately. (That date also, of course, marks the earliest Chittenden could have begun his manuscript). The two men converse heatedly in the opening pages:

“Here,” [storms Chambers] “is Charleston toppled down over the heads of our neighbors, our friends— Human creatures by scores crushed into shapeless masses—the Continent shaken from the Gulf to the great Lakes—from the ocean to the Mississippi Valley . . . Such events get a small corner of the morning paper—make a little talk and then give way to the next sensation. . . . Have you seen one intelligent satisfying suggestion of the origin, the cause of this convulsion? Nay—have you discovered any evidence that the public cares to know . . . ?”

“I cannot understand,” [Herschel responds] “how a man who thinks at all, can witness these mighty throes . . . and not be intellectually curious to know what sets them in motion. . . . Volcanoes and earthquakes!—they upheave mountain ranges, and sear their flanks with rivers of fire. . . . Their explosions drown the thunder of battlefields . . . Nature has no voice so awful as the groaning of the rocks when they are tortured by an earthquake wave!”

“And what,” [Chambers asks] “has the subject of volcanoes to do with our present journey?”

“I will tell you in few words. The earth’s interior mass is the prison of these mighty forces. . . . We will go down where they are bound—we will open a new page of the book of Nature—we will study it by the light of the subterranean fires. . . . We will return and tell the world about it. . . . If we reach that great interior country . . . and return in safety—and I believe we shall both see it and come back to tell our story. . . . It will be a true story. It shall conform to the discoveries of science to known physical laws, to truth in every fact, circumstance and particular.”

The grandiloquence of this language is meant to show the loftiness of the speakers’ purpose, their disinterestedness, their love for truth and the advance of knowledge, and their intellectual keenness. The speeches also show that Chittenden does not create personalities for Herschel and Chambers. They are spokesmen, both for the scientific assumptions underlying the proposed journey and for the idealistic impulse behind it.

David Herschel and Robert Chambers are themselves idealizations: in the next pages, Chittenden breaks off their discussion to give us their background. The men are descendants of families that had emigrated from Scotland in the earliest days of the settlement of New England; “both

families produced leading men in their successive generations: Indian fighters, courageous soldiers, industrious farmers, intelligent legislators.” The scions of both families had moved west in the 1840s to Kansas where David Herschel and Robert Chambers were born

in the same year, and here in the language of the country they were raised. They were born naturalists—the shot-gun and the rifle were their playthings, the broad prairie the theatre of their athletics. . . . The two boys were educated, physically and mentally. At the age of sixteen they were *prepared* for college and went to pass their examinations, one at Harvard, the other at Yale. At this time they were as good specimens of humanity as the western continent could produce. [In] their university career . . . they were head men always and everywhere. Each pulled stroke oar in the college crew. In his graduating year, each graduated at the head of his class.

Independently wealthy, they travel together after graduation, and “during the twenty years since elapsed, they had in company traversed the entire habitable and much of the non-habitable earth.”

It is therefore not surprising that these two ceaseless adventurers, these ideals of American manhood (or rather, ideals of a particular romantic view of American manhood) should seek a new frontier. The bulk of Chittenden’s manuscript sets forth their preparation for that seeking, and the manuscript as we have it stops with Herschel and Chambers at a hostelry in Ecuador, about to climb 19,000-foot Mount Cotopaxi and seek access to the interior through its volcanic cone.

The manuscript stops, then, about where a less discursive narration might begin: with the actual journey. There is no way of knowing whether Chittenden intended to go on; what is clear, however, is that he had materials and ideas for continuing, and the evidence for that is in the remaining segment of manuscript in this series (six of the seven, as I mentioned above, concern the proposed journey itself). This segment, unlike the others, is a tale, an actual narrative, and Chittenden entitles it “Las [*sic*] Diablos del Volcan.”

Several years earlier, Herschel reminds Chambers, they had also been in Ecuador. Chambers wanted to examine Inca artifacts at Quito, so Herschel and some native guides set off by themselves to scale Mount Cotopaxi and were not heard from for many days. Now for the first time Herschel tells what happened on that occasion. For two or three days they climbed and at last, in Herschel’s words, “we were far above the clouds. There was no particle of mist in the atmosphere. It was purity itself. In the nighttime when the stars shone out of a sky of intensest blue, they seemed more like diamonds in a sea of emeralds than ordinary celestial bodies.” Yet nearby the volcano is booming, shooting forth red-hot rocks and pouring out rivers of lava. Next day, Herschel sits observing this maelstrom of fire:

Turning my field glass to the lava opening . . . *I saw living creatures*, moving over the crust of the [lava] river . . . Not one but several—a dozen at the least! . . . Well, I thought, that does rake in the stakes, take the cake, and knock science endwise! Out of what *Sheol* have these creatures broken? . . . As they moved swiftly over the surface, their forms seemed to be Saurian, such as a lizard might have if his body were cylindrical and he had lost his tail. . . . The place on which they were huddled was hot enough to scorch the life out of anyone but Shadrach and his friends.

Am I awake or dreaming, Herschel wonders, and says aloud, “*Which is it?*” The exclamation draws his guides’ attention, and seeing what he sees, they scream in terror, “*Las Diablos del Volcan!*” and disappear, tumbling down the mountainside in extreme haste, fear, and disorder.



The huge volcanic mountain, Cotopaxi, intrigued artist Frederick E. Church as it did Chittenden. Church painted several renditions of the volcano. One hung for years in the New York Public Library where Chittenden almost certainly saw it. Courtesy of National Collection of Fine Arts

Left alone on the mountaintop (with supplies intact) Herschel decides to try to communicate with these strange salamandrine creatures, who show no external sense organs. Less laudably, he also decides to capture one and take it home to the Central Park Zoo. Communication is gradually established: “Five days in succession, like two great princes of Japan, by measured, stately mutual advances we approached each other, had our meeting, and retired . . .” After these days of imitative gesture, sign language, and pencil-sketching, Herschel decides that goodwill has been established and that it is time to capture the creature:

With the cords grasped in my right hand, and a strong tendency in my heart to rise into my throat with the bound of a (well I had better say of a clown in a circus) I threw myself upon him. Just as I had intended I clasped my arms about his chest and arms and was proceeding to pin him to the ground and tie his limbs—when there was a slight apparent spasm, a kind of flirting movement beneath which raised me like a charge of dynamite. I fell upon my feet however and the creature was standing erect before me.

“You are in for it now, David,” I thought. “You have no choice. You must win this fight or this is your last appearance on any stage, probably. Now for that back hug under which the mighty Japanese wrestler of Prince Komatsu went down.⁹ If that will not save you, your betting chances are not worth a half per cent.” Again, this time standing, I threw myself against him with the spring of a panther, wound my arms around his body, and put all my strength into one supreme effort to overthrow him with the back-hug! I might with equal effect have thrown myself against the cone of Cotopaxi!

I cannot give a very satisfactory account of what occurred in the next half minute. There was a good deal of it, and it happened principally to me. . . . I experienced a chill, a very slight one, a rod of steel seemed to wind around my chest and to be tightening by a thumb-screw, and then I knew that something of which I was a part was going up the mountain very fast, and in close proximity with the rough lava pavement.

So the captor is captured, just as—to use Herschel’s comparison—the Union officer set to capture the Confederate ranger Mosby was instead captured by him. Herschel thinks:

The creature that has got you . . . is bound straight for the underside of that volcano, his family residence and fireside. If he has got a tongue and it can be untied you will probably hear him asking Madame and the little ones whether his game shall be served up for lunch—whether they would prefer you roasted, boiled or fricaseed? Either way you will be devilled Herschel!

“A strange farrago,” Herschel himself calls this interior monologue, and so it is, but it provides some of the most vivid and colorful writing in the entire sequence of manuscripts. Herschel goes on to describe the lair to which the creature takes him:

We were on a higher level which overlooked a boundless ocean of some golden reddish fluid in violent agitation. . . . Gorgeous tints, silvery white, intensest red, violet and golden, danced upon the surface . . . chasing each other like waves of the auroral lights under a polar midnight sky. . . . Now a great area began to rise out of the golden level. Higher and higher it ascended . . . until it took the form of a cone, greater than any pyramid on earth. . . . Its top was stationary for a moment then it burst falling outward in waves, like the petals of a giant lily—then its contents seemed to be driven apart into minute drops which fell into the golden sea below in showers of emerald, silver, diamond rain.

Besides describing for us the wonder of looking out upon a sea of tumultuous lava, Herschel notes one or two anomalies about the scene, and about the creature that has captured him. The place to which he is taken ought to be furnace hot, and because of the combustion, void of oxygen—it is neither. Apparently, the creatures have some way of avoiding the heat or protecting themselves from it. Herschel also notices that he cannot lay hand to the creature, a phenomenon he had noticed before when making its acquaintance: “I had not yet succeeded in touching him. If my hand approached any part of his body it retreated as if repelled by some electric force . . . This was curious, it did not occur to me that it was significant.” Somewhat significant, too, is that the creature, once within its volcanic lair, exerts total control over Herschel: “I was soon to be made conscious that I was no longer my own master, that my limbs were no longer controlled by my own will . . . My captor extended his arm pointed . . . My will had entered his index finger, one of the eight terminations of his hand. When it was his pleasure, I looked downward.”

But in spite of its complete mastery of him, and for reasons unexplained, the creature releases Herschel, after an indeterminate time, from the forces that bind his body and will, and from his captivity entirely. He finds himself once more upon the mountainside under the stars, and at daybreak shakily descends the mountain.

Clearly, there are ample materials here to build on: of what nature are these creatures of the fire? What is their ecology? What is the nature of the forces they seem to exert or possess? Have they a history, a language, a culture? Although Chambers seems at first inclined to attribute Herschel's experiences to nightmares caused by badly cooked frijoles, he is soon enough convinced of their authenticity. Indeed it would seem that at this point the hitherto rather diffuse intentions of the two men (and perhaps Chittenden) have found a focus. Herschel tells Chambers that “my plans involve taking you to this region[,] your introduction to[,] and possibly a considerable stay with this new and interesting race.” Plainly Chittenden's narrative now has a direction and imaginative supplies for the journey. It is unfortunate that he did not continue.

The title of this article calls Lucius Chittenden a “science fiction” writer, and that is accurate in the strict sense of both words: he writes fiction and its foundation is science. In fact, a number of sciences are evoked in these manuscripts: the discussions of the two friends touch on physics, geology, vulcanology, and other branches of scientific knowledge. Particularly, the division of physics concerned with electricity is important here. Writing in the 1880s, Chittenden surely recognizes the coming importance of electricity in common life: he has Herschel imagining an elec-

Las Diablos del Volcan. (By L. E. Chittenden)

Recall our visit to the cities of Quito and Guayaquil in the winter of 1879, when you became so ~~deeply~~^{much} interested in the collection at Quito of the ornaments, implements and weapons of the Aztecs, that you declined to join me in an expedition to Cotopaxi, that mighty volcanic mountain almost astride the Equator, which you declared that the study of the legends and antiquities of the oldest race upon the continent, had ~~greater~~^{greater} charms for you than the climbing of steep mountain sides under a burning sun, only to reach one of the huttets of earth ~~at the end of the journey.~~ I left you and went to Pa. Ballasta, where I hired muleteers and animals, and fitted out an expedition with supplies and provisions for a trip to the crater, which I intended to be completed in ~~ten~~^{seven} days. ~~My~~^{My} ship had passed before I returned. You believed me dead. You sent out parties in search of my body, and you took command of one of them in person. You met me almost naked and destitute at the foot of the ~~volcano.~~^{volcano.} My muleteers and carriers who had returned about ~~two~~^{two} days before reported that I had been captured and carried off by robbers!"

The first page of the original manuscript for Las Diablos del Volcan. Courtesy of Wilbur Collection, University of Vermont

trical field that can be generated to protect its user from the heat of the earth's interior. Such a field seems to be a part of the physiology of the fire-creatures in the volcano. The idea is an interesting precursor of the "force field" so dear to gadget-minded science fiction writers a couple of generations later.

"Las Diablos del Volcan," with its fire-devils, is science fiction in another aspect, too: it exemplifies the familiar theme of "alien encounter." The featureless, apparently senseless, saurian creatures that inhabit the volcano

of Cotopaxi are a startling invention. Equally startling is their lack of hostility to human encounter: the invariably inimical, ugly, and despicable “alien invaders” (from wherever) luridly portrayed on the covers of pulp magazines are a safe distance in the future. The evil, in the form of intended treachery, is all on the human side, as Herschel dreams of being the discoverer, and proprietor, of a creature he can exhibit in a zoo.

But despite the aliens, and despite the science, what Chittenden has written does not give us science fiction according to the best uses of the term today. He does not so far develop, as the ablest science fiction can do, the implications of scientific knowledge or its tangible companion, technology, for shaping our physical, social, and moral worlds. I believe his concerns become divided as his manuscript proceeds, beginning with the laudable but rather abstract goal of exploring the inanimate contents of the earth’s interior to bring back facts, and moving towards the much more imaginatively gripping idea of encountering an intelligent race that can actually dwell among the fires within. These two aims are not incompatible, but Chittenden did not proceed far enough to fuse them effectively.

If Chittenden’s expositions and narrative are somewhat dim in the light of modern definitions of science fiction, the attitude embodied in them toward science itself is clear enough: Chittenden shows us a mental outlook that seeks above all to learn, that seeks to increase our knowledge (whether of volcanoes or of their supposed denizens) and that finds knowledge valuable for its own sake; that admires and rewards curiosity; that loves rational discussion and verification of hypotheses as ways of promoting increased understanding and widening intellectual horizons. The unspoken assumption beneath this viewpoint is that increased knowledge is unqualifiedly a good thing, and that human beings will certainly handle that knowledge well: such an assumption, as much as anything, marks Chittenden’s writings as being of the 1880s, not the 1980s.

An ideal of scientific progress is expressed here, and we have already seen how Chittenden’s two characters or spokesmen, Herschel and Chambers, are ideals of their type. They are represented—not indeed portrayed—as individualists. As Chittenden delineates the situation, they are the only two men in America with sufficient background knowledge, fitness, and above all independence of mind to undertake so quixotic a mission as the one they propose. Herschel and Chambers, although very like each other, are also very unlike the thoughtless masses below them. They are living epitomes of Emerson’s “Self-Reliance,” and they are spiritual descendents of Thoreau.

The myth of progress and the myth of individualism are vividly American; equally American would seem the quest Chittenden’s heroes are about to embark on. Whether in the real-life explorations of Lewis

and Clark and others, or in the fictional voyagings of one Ishmael (or Poe's Pym, for that matter) nineteenth century Americans can be seen as a race of seekers, and Herschel and Chambers are no exception. At a time when the American frontier was about to be pronounced closed, Chittenden's adventurers are seeking an alternate one. They had exhausted the possibilities of the globe's exterior, and in determining to visit its interior, Herschel and Chambers are choosing one of the last available unknowns, and one of the greatest, as the object of their quest for ideal knowledge.

Chittenden's failure to continue his tale suggests that it was written largely for self-amusement or to beguile some leisure hours. Yet it must also be regarded as a serious undertaking. It is not intrusive to suppose that Herschel and Chambers are Chittenden's surrogates on an armchair voyage of discovery to a subterra incognito full of wonders. Their speeches and actions are as revealing as the contents of Chittenden's library, showing us a mind dedicated to and fascinated with human knowledge and human achievement: travel, discovery, exploration, and learning. Lucius Chittenden's mixture of optimism about what human beings can do and realism about what they have done marks him as a true man of his time.

NOTES

¹ John Buechler, "Lucius Chittenden: Vermont Bibliophile," *Vermont History* 37 (Winter 1969): 39-48.

² I quote these MSS by permission of the Special Collections Department of the Bailey-Howe Library at the University of Vermont. I also thank the curator, John Buechler, and his staff for their skilled help and unflinching courtesy as I prepared the material; all the writings about the expedition inside the Earth are found, variously numbered, in Box #1 of the Chittenden Papers. A complete annotated typescript of these writings is on deposit in Special Collections.

³ Lucius Chittenden, *Personal Reminiscences 1840-1890* (New York: Richmond, Croscup & Co., 1894): p. 235.

⁴ Biographical information on Chittenden comes from Buechler, from various widely available biographical dictionaries of Vermonters, from his *Personal Reminiscences*, and from the *Burlington Free Press* obituary, "Lucius Chittenden," July 23, 1900, p. 8.

⁵ *Personal Reminiscences*, p. 203.

⁶ Chittenden Papers, Box #1, Folder #69.

⁷ Martin Gardner, *Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science*, 2nd. ed. (New York: Dover, 1957), pp. 19-20.

⁸ J. O. Bailey, "Sources for Poe's Arthur Gordon Pym, 'Hans Pfaal' and Other Pieces," *PMLA* 57 (1942): 513-35; Robert F. Almy, "J. N. Reynolds: A Brief Biography with Particular Reference to Poe and Symmes," *The Colophon*, New Series, II, No. 2 (Winter 1937): 225-45. Bailey argues that *Symzonia* is not a send-up, but a "utopistic development" of Symmes's ideas (514) and may be by Symmes himself.

⁹ Of the seventy-five or more allusions and references in Chittenden's text, this is one of three I have been unable to pinpoint. Prince Komatsu (1835-70) was a samurai of Kyushu and a leader in the Meiji Revolution of 1868, but how or why his wrestler was famous I do not know.