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I. PAPERS READ AT THE CHICAGO MEETING

THE FOURTH DIMENSION OF VICTORIANISM

(NOTE: In compliance with the tradition that VNL should offer a full report on the proceedings of *MLA English 10*, this paper is presented as written for oral delivery at the 1961 meeting and accordingly lacks the documentation and even the continuity to be expected of a more patient analysis. It is offered somewhat apologetically as the preliminary statement rather than the solution of a complex problem. Indeed, it may perhaps best be regarded simply as the prospectus of a study upon which the author is at present engaged, a consideration of the ideas of time and history, progress and decadence, and the role they play in Victorian literature. — J. H. B.)

CONFRONTED with the persistent ambiguities of Victorianism, all of us must have known at times the confusion of Lewis Carroll's mad gardener:

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

Under scrutiny Victorianism has assumed increasingly benign connotations; the rattlesnake has long since lost its venom. Books about the Victorians continue to pour from the trade houses and university presses alike; and this season alone has seen new studies or editions of Dickens, Ruskin and Rossetti, George Eliot, Froude and Gissing, John Davidson and Baron Corvo, Housman and Hardy, Hardy's first wife, and an eminent Victorian poacher named James Hawker. So widespread and sympathetic has been the concern of late years with Victoriana that John Gloag's *Victorian Comfort*, a rather unpleasantly jaundiced book, has been received in England as "the first sign of a reaction to the extravagant admiration of all things Victorian which has lately become fashionable." "Victorian" has acquired the vagueness and even some of the glamor of that elusive label "Romantic," which has served to describe everything in literature from the wild verses of Smart to the smart verses of Wilde. Yet the effort to define "Victorianism" continues — often with no greater success than that of Lytton Strachey and the debunkers of the 1920's. Sir Charles Petrie, for instance, having suggested in his new survey of the age that Victorianism is to be associated with the rise and fall of the railway, suddenly decides that "one characteristic... gives a unity to the period, and that characteristic was its middle-class smugness." But bourgeois complacency, we know, was hardly the leading attribute of any major Victorian writer. For those of us who work with serious literature, Victorianism has entered that "speculative realm of incomprehensibly involved relationships" sometimes spoken of as the "fourth dimension." Having committed myself some years ago to the notion that it belongs in that realm, I do not now propose to give the term a more definite denotation. Rather, dodging the chore of "critical definition" as deftly as I may, I should like to associate the more precise meaning of "fourth dimension" not so much with Victorianism as with some of the Victorian authors who are the immediate concern of *English 10*; I should like to consider briefly the significance of time as a motif in Victorian culture — that is, in a way, to re-examine the rattlesnake as quite literally the Middle of Next

Week. Though I have little to say that is new, I hope by directing attention to familiar works to place them in fresh perspective. And if I seem to be presenting little more than a catalogue of titles and ideas, I hope that some of us may choose to give the themes their proper development.

The Victorians were probably more preoccupied with time than any literary generation since the seventeenth century. The clock beats out the little lives of men *In Memoriam*. At a moment of extreme suffering Adam Bede listens intently to the clock's "hard indifferent tick, ... as if he had some reason for doing so." The large watch that defines Mr. Dombey races with the doctor's watch across the silence as Mrs. Dombey lies dying. A chorus of bells and chimes striking the hour in a pawn shop makes time "instant and momentous" for Stevenson's Markheim. Father Time behaves frighteningly as the son of Jude the Obscure. "Time leers between above his twiddling thumbs" in *Modern Love*. Time crawls "like a monstrous snake" (though perhaps not a rattlesnake) across the City of Dreadful Night. The bird of Time flutters more relentlessly through FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát* than through Omar's. Indeed, as Teufelsdröckh points out, all men are so sunk in the "troublesome dim Time-Element, that only in lucid moments can so much as glimpses of our upper Azure Home be revealed to us."

Time might thus be a great delusion, seducing men from realities. At any rate, if not that, it became to the Victorians suddenly a relative and subjective quantity. Time, declared the learned Master Whewell, "like space, is not only a form of perception, but of intuition." "All creation," explained the equally erudite Princess Ida,

is one act at once,
The birth of light; but we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession. Thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time....

Haunted by the "phantom of succession," the Victorian intellectual lived in constant peril of change. Whatever Victorianism may have been, it seems always to have implied some compulsion to discover a new stability as the old forms lost their permanence, to harmonize the values of a fixed order — an order perhaps gone forever — with the new notions of an expanding and exploding universe, the worlds of the fourth dimension. The hills themselves, said Tennyson, "flow/ From form to form, and nothing stands." Modern man, lamented Arnold, was weary of being rolled from change to change, of knowing only "hours/ Of change, alarm, surprise." Modern man was clearly and dangerously committed to time. And now even God was to be seen in a temporal no less than an eternal aspect; for the new theology, whether liberal or orthodox, laid new emphasis on historical origins. Hopkins was responding in his own passionate way to a common impulse when he dated the inquest of Christ that "rides time like riding a river" "from day/ Of his going in Galilee."

The greatest animating idea of the Victorian era was the idea of history, with its component ideas of historical evolution, progress, and decadence. The nineteenth century witnessed the rise of the great philosophies of history following Vico and Kant: the ideologies of Hegel, Comte, Marx, and Herbert Spencer, each to some degree repudiated by a later time for subscribing to a rigid, non-empirical formula of "phantom succession." But apart from the cyclic view of cultural growth and decline (derived from these and implicit in works as different as Sartor Resartus, "Dover Beach," and the *Idylls of the King*), the general notion of history as organic development was ubiquitous. And the special study of history determined or corroborated many a personal prejudice or conviction; it gave J. A. Froude, on the one hand, the rationale of his attack on Roman Catholicism and J. H. Newman, on the other, his assurance that "whatever history teaches, at least the Christianity of history is not Protestantism.... To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant."

The idea of progress, in large part the legacy of the French eighteenth century, was propagated most strenuously by the early and mid-Victorian radicals and rationalists, who construed progress as the spread of liberalism in politics or religion. And the notion that fruitful change was possible indeed stimulated a good many practical reformers of various persuasions. Lord Acton, whose liberal views sometimes seemed at odds with his orthodoxy, declared progress to greater freedom "the characteristic and unique aspect of modern history." Walter Bagehot, who was both conservative and liberal, argued in *Physics and Politics* that there was after all "such a thing as 'verifiable progress.'" And Herbert Spencer, whose *laissez-faire* liberalism now seems reactionary, insisted that social evolution had proved progress, once and for all, "not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." To less speculative minds — that is, to the bulk of the great new middle classes, who found their most articulate apologist in Macaulay — the idea of progress seemed to have acquired new relevance and cogency in an age of unparalleled technological advance. Henceforth the common man might have a "future" — a "future" in the sense that the early Victorians first gave the word: a better time to come. So convinced, even the gloomy young man of "Locksley Hall" as "heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," could cry, "Forward, forward, let us range!"

But Tennyson did not for long share the sentiment of his hero; and the hero himself eventually, as the late Victorian of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," asked that "this cry of Forward" be hushed "till ten thousand years are gone" for "while we range with Science, glorying in the Time," the monstrous modern city gives the lie to our illusion: "There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet." Among men of letters, in fact, the idea of progress existed primarily to be qualified, questioned, or rejected. Arnold, for instance, in "The Future," a poem mostly about the past, tentatively suggested that the future might possibly bring "a solemn peace of its own"; yet he had little confidence in such progress, for the peace would hardly equal the calm of the long lost "sources of Time." William Morris as socialist wrote some doggerel verses of a new day coming; but the true drift of his poetry — and perhaps of his socialism — was toward an imaginary medieval past. And Swinburne who could look forward with naive ebullience to the "clamor and rumor of life to be" was more than half-regretful that Time was turning the old days to derision.

The complement of the idea of progress, and ultimately almost its successor, was the idea of decadence. But we should at the outset distinguish more sharply than most literary historians have thought it necessary to distinguish, between two rather different concepts of decadence in the Victorian period. The first involves the awareness or the possibility of cultural and moral decline and its social and intellectual sources. The second, caused in part by the conditions postulated by the first, concerns specifically the aesthetic mode and temper we associate with some of the literature of the 1890's. The first and much more important idea recurs throughout the age, though of course with greater frequency toward the end

consciousness: not Romantic egoism or the simple fascination with oneself, but a nervous, sometimes stuttering or fluttering awareness of our hands and feet, and uncertainty about how we look, about whether we belong here. Something like this is what Mill and his contemporaries very often mean by the term, apparently. "I am!" was the great Romantic assertion, whether or not the assertion was sublimated in the idea of an over-soul; "Who am I?" is the great Victorian question; and it can easily be translated into the simpler question "Am I?" in a time when the assumptions of both Descartes and Wordsworth have to be doubted.

Just how nervous Carlyle's questioning is, he indicates by preaching in the voice of Teufelsdröckh against "self-consciousness." The irony that an intensely mannered and self-conscious spiritual autobiography delivers this message is one echoed in a good many other Victorian works: in Tennyson's "Two Voices" and sometimes in his *In Memoriam*, in Ruskin's *Præterita*, and also perhaps in Newman's artful *Apologia* and Mill's less evidently artful but highly selective and ordered autobiography.³ In all of these documents, except perhaps Ruskin's, that experience is described which Professor Buckley calls "the pattern of conversion," a movement from doubt and isolation to the assertion, at least, of a larger sense of life, a faith.⁴ In all except Newman's, however, conversion may seem partial and imagined rather than the total acceptance of an answer to that worrisome question, as posed in Arnold's words, of "what I am and what I ought to be."

Again and again the combination of autobiography and art, of direct statement and dramatic indirection, of uneasy self-awareness and a consequent need to adopt some impersonal disguise (which fails to be complete disguise) occurs in Victorian literature. Sometimes, depending on the clarity and the artfulness of a dramatic method, the result is an impressive representation of human life with its moral ambiguities and mixed feelings. The painfully self-conscious performer, emotionally committed to his role, who turns stage fright into energy through his art can be more moving than the too calm master technician. Sometimes, too, the result of this nervous combination is vagueness or stuttering, is incoherence. In *The Buried Life*, taking his title from Arnold's poem about the doubleness of all human beings, Gordon Ray has demonstrated how the novels of Thackeray may draw strength or, at other points, may suffer from precisely this relationship between personal attitude and fictional embodiment.⁵

If, as Professor Ray shows us, Pemmennis is Thackeray himself revealed and disguised, entered into and then objectively examined rather as Teufelsdröckh is, surely the boys and young men in Dickens are quite as much the projections of their creator. Before finishing *David Copperfield* the novelist wrote, "I seem to be sending some part of myself into the shadowy world." And, as Edgar Johnson observes, his decision "to make the story of David Copperfield at least in part his own story" enabled Dickens "at the same time to reveal and conceal the dark unhealed wounds that he could not expose without disguise, to analyze, to assess, and to assuage."⁶

Other examples of how the Victorian novelist can use his own most private experience—Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* for one, and for another Meredith's *Evan Harrington*—suggest that the body of Victorian semi-fictional autobiography is complemented by a larger body of Victorian semi-autobiographical fiction. It seems clear that no earlier period produced many instances of such fiction; and, although Proust, Gide, and perhaps Joyce as well might be called autobiographical novelists, it seems doubtful that so many important novels of this quite self-conscious kind have been written in English since the Victorians.

But it is the poetry of this age that demonstrates most often its doubleness of mind, its anxious mood of introspection and uncertainty. Like the novelist, of course, the poet may both reveal in part and hide in part quite personal experiences—as Rossetti apparently does in cryptic verses from *The House of Life*.⁷ He may, furthermore, express self-consciousness in fantasy or vision.

From Tennyson's "Two Voices" to Clough's version of himself as "Dipsychus," the fantasies and visions of Victorian poetry display a curious fascination with the dual self. Often, indeed, the poet's method reveals that very duality implicit in Carlyle's being editor and edited, in Thackeray's being both narrator and hero. At its grimmest, the sense of the poet looking anxiously at himself occurs in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night":

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: I was twain,
Two selves distinct that cannot join again;
One stood apart and knew but could not stir,
And watched the other stark in swoon...

At its most whimsical, the poet's self-consciousness is suggested by these lines:

"How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!"
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

Edward Lear does not quite commit himself on himself—as T. S. Eliot comes nearer in our day to doing with his version, "How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot"—but the looking-glass remains at hand.

An even more subtle and pervasive effect of this fascination with and uncertainty about oneself is the Victorian form of dramatic verse which Professor Smidt has described as "diagonal" or oblique.⁸ In this verse it is difficult to be certain how much Tennyson's own feeling enters into the madman's voice of *Maud*, or Browning's into the young lover's voice in "Love Among the Ruins," or Arnold's into the voice of his suicide Empedocles. Browning, of course, began his career with a spiritual autobiography, *Pauline*, inspiring Mill to ascribe to him "a more intense and morbid self-consciousness than I ever knew in any sane human being." Whether or not the poet's turning to an apparently objective form, the dramatic monologue, is a result of Mill's remark, the effect of his using that dramatic method is sometimes only to disguise the personal convictions of the poet, and even his personal experiences—the experience, for instance, of elopement, the escape with a beloved from her oppressive home into a fuller life, which is echoed in his poetry.⁹

Tennyson's methods for disguising his most personal involvement in his art include the use not only of dramatic monologue but also of incantation and trance. As a poet and as a person he could seem to be led through the most intense self-consciousness to a selfless abstraction, by repeating, for example, his own name until its individual meaning was unreal.¹⁰ Here again, there is a transforming, but still somehow a fascination with the poet's own identity.

That question of identity is the beginning of self-consciousness. And for the Victorians, as for their readers, it is likely to remain a question. When we ask if Carlyle really is Professor Teufelsdröckh, if Dickens is David Copperfield,

if Browning is Sordello, we can of course have no final answer. Or the answer is only this, that a peculiarly Victorian absorption in and questioning of one's own nature is expressed in poses and in partial disguises—and that it issues, for better or worse, in ambiguity.

There are several ways of misjudging this ambiguity. One, that of the debunker, is to assume that it means mere hypocrisy on the part of Victorian preachers and poets, hypocrisy that vitiates their writing. But such a simple-minded attitude has by now, happily, gone out of fashion. Another is to separate neatly the two sides of each writer's personality, and to accept the irony of *Sartor Resartus* but not its foggy "philosophy" as Carlyle's, the charm but not the sentimentalism of his novels as Thackeray's, the verve but not the optimism of his poetry as Browning's. This, in effect, is the method of opposing artistic integrity, the life of the imagination, to public morality, the demands of a philistine world; and this is the theme of E. D. H. Johnson's *Alien Vision of Victorian Poetry*, a book with admirable insights and remarkably fine passages, but one that suffers from its thesis.¹¹ For the source of such ambiguities as we find in Victorian prose and poetry is often, let me emphasize again, self-conscious uncertainty of what the speaker thinks and feels, of what and who, in fact, he is. If there is alienation in Victorian literature, it is usually a partial alienation of the artist not from society only but from himself—an alienation caused not so much by his public as by the state of his own mind.

As to why this should be so, there are familiar explanations. Probably, as Professor Houghton suggests, the two great factors are a sense that society is in transition and a profoundly disturbing loss of generally accepted Christian belief. Men rely for their identities on knowing their places in society and in the universe—on the sense of being members both in a class and in a greater creation. But thoughtful Victorians have to ask themselves what their place is and if indeed they are even creatures. Arthur Carr has recently pointed out that until some time in the nineteenth century the assumed doctrine of the Incarnation gave significance to individual lives, but that now this doctrine could no longer be taken for granted, even by a Newman or a Hopkins.¹² One other point: men are also given lasting identities by relationships within the family. If I am not the son of God, if I am not a farmer by virtue of being a farmer's child, still I remain my father's son. The last, certainly, of stable institutions to be questioned by Victorians were marriage and the family. Still, we may possibly doubt G. M. Young's assertion that Victorian belief in the family was not generally shaken; or at least we may remember that the grounds and nature of marriage, and especially the role of the wife, are serious problems for the later Victorians, and not only for Mill or Meredith.¹³ Furthermore, the alienations of sons from their fathers in Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," in Meredith's *Richard Feverel*, and in Butler's only technically post-Victorian *Way of All Flesh* would suggest another aspect of the problem: the problem of men who practice such self-examination as Headmaster Arnold and George Eliot's Evangelicals preach, but who remain uncertain about what value or order or person defines the self as it is and ought to be.

But many of the doubts which characterize the nineteenth century have a place in our world as well. What, then, is the difference between Victorian self-consciousness and modern anxiety about the personal "image"? It is often, I think, the difference between earnest questioning and quite skeptical irony.¹⁴ The ironic tone in Victorian literature usually expresses discomfort instead of either amusement by or resignation to the morally ambiguous nature of things. To put it in another way, Victorians are likely to assume that there are truths, hard though they may be, to which one can be converted—including a truth about oneself, a "buried life." And so Victorian art is frequently, and evidently, the artist's attempt to discover himself. In much of modern poetry and fiction the attempt is to create oneself, whether through the *personae* of Pound or the various refractions of the southern American in Faulkner. To be sure, those journeys into a personal past which Proust, Mann, Joyce all undertake may tend at least to qualify this general comment; but increasingly in our time, writers speak of invention, of creation, of myth-making to give chaos a significance. Yeats sails to Byzantium in order to make a durable self and not in order to find himself. In some of its most interesting forms, of course, the assumption that a man creates his nature is given voice by all the existentialists. Some of its least attractive manifestations are the advertisers' and the politicians' appeals to us by inventing "images" of ourselves and thus manipulating our desires.

Self-conscious Victorians, finally, may sometimes be naive; and certainly theirs is a pursuit, even for many of the greatest writers, without a certainty. But in asking "who I am and what I ought to be" they are asking after truth. Personal experience and fictional form are repeatedly joined in the posing of this question. For the disguises and the poses in Victorian art are usually attempts neither to create anew nor utterly to hide the artist's self, but rather to ask about and perhaps to discover a personal conviction, a personal identity.

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FOOTNOTES

¹*The Victorian Temper* (Cambridge, Mass., 1951); and *The Victorian Frame of Mind* (New Haven, 1957). Both Buckley and Houghton are aware how difficult the task is, how many and how contradictory, even, are the elements that constitute this age. Perhaps, a year before the great reform bill and six years before Victoria's reign began, Carlyle and the young Mill were less aware of all such contradictions, real and potential. But for the mid-Victorians these had already become evident. Here, for one example, is the *Athenaeum* reviewer of Ruskin's *Pre-Raphaelitism*, writing in 1851: "Whether the enthusiasm of this Victorian era be more conscientious or comical in the multiplicity of its shrines and the inconsistency of its articles of belief, we leave to be decided by the holders of 'the real mesmeric truth'." At least the critic recognizes that with its contradictions this nevertheless is an era (and, by the way, his is a fairly early use, in this self-appraising year which saw the Great Exhibition, of the adjective *Victorian* to define an age—much earlier than the first one given by the *OED*, dated 1875).

²Some Victorian critics, at least, saw a tenuous link between Byron's love of dramatizing himself and their own poets' use of dramatic method for essentially personal verse. In his review of Arnold's *Strayed Reveller* volume, for the second number of *The Germ*, William Rossetti hints at such a link: "If any one quality may be considered common to all living poets, it is that which we have heard aptly described as *self-consciousness*. In this many appear to see the only permanent trace of the now old usurping deluge of Byronism; but it is truly a fact of the time—less a characteristic than a portion of it." Apparently Rossetti refers here to the poet's pouring out his heart and soul. Carlyle's injunction "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe" was not, perhaps, universally heeded, although, like his doctrine of anti-self-consciousness, it reflects the peculiarly Victorian desire to objectify the ego if not to escape from the bower of Shalott.

THE UNITY OF "IN MEMORIAM"

"The unity of *In Memoriam*," says an introduction to the poem in the best of the current Victorian anthologies, "is not immediately apparent."¹ This agreeable understatement, addressed to the inexperienced student, will sum up the predicament of the shrewdest of us. My reader will say in his heart, *I know how In Memoriam hangs together—and this paper is proof I share his belief.* But do not our public dealings with the poem contradict us? When we teach *In Memoriam*, we affirm, of course, that it makes a whole, and adduce, if the notes don't anticipate us, the traditional evidence: the concentration of fifteen years of thought and feeling into a ritual three, the recurrent Christmases and anniversaries, and so on. But when we come down to poetic cases, are we not inclined to focus upon favorite lyrics? The "Dark House" or the "Old Yew" are teachable for their beauty as separate poems. The lyric beginning "There rolls the deep where grows the tree" will neatly exemplify Tennyson's ability to turn geology into poetry. The equivocal tone of the opening prayer, with its tremulous equilibrium of faith and doubt, is a handy instance of the religious predicament of the poet and his age. As we demonstrate these useful truths, we go on calling *In Memoriam* "Tennyson's masterpiece"; but I should guess we teach it not as a self-sufficient and entire creation (which a genuine masterpiece should minimally be) but as a quarry from which to extract good examples of Tennysonianism. And the anthologies we use in the survey courses where Tennyson is most frequently brought to the light of pedagogic day encourage this practice, for they often omit the "less interesting" portions of the poem altogether.

This practical disbelief in the unity of the poem can find some support in Tennyson's admission that the separate sections were composed over a long period of time. Their present order, we know, was made later, and may therefore attract an imputation of artificiality. The poet's inspiration, like his reader's pleasure, was sporadic, fragmentary, and lyric. How seriously then need we take such continuities and developments as critical tradition tells us we can find? Scepticism can find additional support in the first book-length study of Tennyson to appear after the war, in which *In Memoriam* was compared to an opera "which has lost everything but its overture and a few good tunes";² though scepticism ought to view sceptically a judgment emanating from an embarrassingly evident hostility to poetry in general and Tennyson in particular.

But the critical voices who speak with better authority agree that the unity of the poem is not factitious or arbitrary. There is Bradley's wonderful, unsurpassable *Commentary*;³ there is Mr. Eliot, who directly rebukes our classroom tendency to focus narrowly on selected lyrics, even such lyrics as the "Dark House." These isolated excellencies, he says, are not *In Memoriam*; "*In Memoriam* is the whole poem."⁴ More recently other students have begun to fill out the argument for unity by tracing significant recurrences of topics, theme, and image.⁵ These efforts to rationalize the careful reader's persistent faith that the poem does somehow make a whole might all take as a common motto a sentence from Mr. Buckley's new study of the poet's development: "*In Memoriam* itself, as a finished 'piece of art,' is designed so that its many parts may subserv a single meaningful 'end,' a distinct if rather diffuse pattern of movement from death to life, from dark to light."⁶ My reader may consider what follows as an extended footnote to this remark.

I have just glanced at some of the familiar larger signposts of order, poetic elements of a kind stark enough to attract the notice of anthology introductions. Other, lesser, connectables strike the attention as one moves forward slowly or rapidly over the plain of the poem, some distinct enough to be worth registering in a conscientious footnote, some arcane enough to justify more deliberate scholarly reportage. The two yew tree poems, the two visits to Hallam's house, the two renderings of the image of the child crying at night, are familiar resting places for the mind in search of order. Thumbing through Bradley's *Commentary*, we come into possession of definite regions within the poem where single problems prevail through a chord of complementary lyrics. We locate topics, and in the light of some central lyric arrange the miniature idylls which re-express the major themes in terms of domestic or social or natural analogies. Around such distinct comparables and contrastables there remains a fine cloud of noticeably repeated elements, descending in dignity from consciously paired incidents to apparently unconscious harmonies of image, word, or even sound. These tease us with the hope of a still larger synthesis, always just beyond the corner of our mental eye.

But the question is still alive to us, how far even the most definite sequences and contrasts make a satisfactory whole. At this stage in our reading we may be tempted to return to our private anthology of striking lyrics. Yet we need not, I think, give up. Nor need we settle for an abstract paraphrase. Our best resource is to fall back on a Tennysonian trust in the potential meaningfulness of the partial combinations we have succeeded in noticing. We can re-examine these not at first as parts of some unknown whole, but as miniature statements whose implications ramify outwards towards a general theme. If *In Memoriam* is alive as a poem of momentary pleasures and evanescent combinations, we can look for the larger whole by dwelling upon the general import of the isolated scenes and linkages that most attract us. The entirety of which we are in search may then begin to appear as an overtone, echoes of which may be re-discovered in some other context, and then in another, until we are ready to generalize and talk about a plot for the whole. This tactic is sanctioned by Romantic theory from Blake to Goethe; in an organic entity, the smallest part should not merely contribute to the whole, but reproduce its principle in miniature.

When we attend to the implications of the most interesting particulars, we will become aware almost immediately of an omnipresent theme. This is, to state it baldly, the theme of change. It is change, natural, moral, psychological, and artistic, that we locate within the separately memorable images as the secret of their general relevance. *In Memoriam* grows into a whole, I believe, by virtue of the organic elaboration of this single principle.

Let me quickly try to make this proposal something more than a self-evident generality. The opening sequence of lyrics, you will recollect, shows the speaker—one might as well call him "Tennyson"—in a state of rigid grief. Far from desiring or accepting change, he resists it. He is trapped, he tells us, in a determination to hold firmly to his first reactions to the news of his friend's death. "Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd," says the first lyric, and the second symbolizes this desperate and self-destructive state of mind in the single most memorable image of resistance to change which the early part of the poem provides:

O, not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changes not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom....

Tennyson is addressing a yew tree in a graveyard; its darkness, persistence, and apparent exemption from the sexual cycle help make the tree a suitable fictive protagonist for a neurotic need to fix a single gloomy state of feeling. The yew

is said to "grasp" the gravestones and "net" the bones beneath; the action is expressive of the emotional armlock Love has on Grief, and negatively exemplifies the affectionate embrace the protagonist has lost, and now longs for, an embrace he will finally re-experience in mystical form towards the close of the poem. At the end of this particular lyric we find him about to "fall from out my blood" and "grow incorporate into" the yew, like the skeletons interpenetrated by its roots. His distrust of his proper vitality has brought him to wish that he too, like his friend, should cease to participate in the changes of mortality.

Other images through this opening section of the poem re-express the same unwillingness to change, the same withdrawal of vital confidence. Thus we read of a girl whose affianced lover's death condemns her to "perpetual maidenhood." The speaker's heart seems a vase of tears shaken by grief to ice, a condition of chill and vacant stasis whose unnaturalness is retroactively emphasized by the many later images of warmth, fullness, rondeur, and flowing water. A second water image shows us a "dead lake/ That holds the shadow of a lark/ Hung in the shadow of a heaven," a peculiarly hideous combination of immobility and unreality.

Lifeless immobility also appears in many images of repetitive motion. The low beat of the heart prevails everywhere through these first lyrics. Vitality on the verge of extinction is revealed equally by the clock that "beats out the little lives of men," the funeral bell tolling "Ave, Ave," the dove which "circles moaning" endlessly, "is this the end? Is this the end?" and such senselessly repeated rituals as the morning visit to the door of Hallam's house or the songs and games of the first Christmas celebration. Stars "blindly run"; crowds "eddy"; the poet "wanders." A persistent secondary metaphor for such multitudinous but meaningless cycles, too repetitive to involve the vital principle of change, can be seen in the references to "dust" or "ashes" or "chaff." The same kind of impression is presented through the metrical structure of the verse itself, with its unvarying stanza form and circular rhyme scheme, a monotonous formula which of itself invites the epithets Tennyson finds for some of his expressions of grief, "dull narcotic," and "mechanic exercise." And such characteristically repetitive sound effects as "On the bald street breaks the blank day" bring the mood up to the sensuous surface.

The first sign of recovery from this lifeless mood comes early. "To Sleep," he says, "I give my powers away." Sleep is everywhere in the poem Death's healthy analogue: to sleep is to resign the conscious self which has been tempted into identifying with fatal permanence to the ebb and flow of animal life, the cycle of night and day. Waking therefore brings an access of confidence that he "shall not be the fool of loss"; by submitting to the course of time, the poet begins to recover a portion of his daunted vitality.

More striking evidence of a growing though still tentative willingness to trust to the motions of nature may be found in a sequence of waking perceptions which leads eventually to the close of the first section of the poem, the burial of Hallam. Lyric XI in particular illustrates a possible strategy by which Tennyson can begin his recovery from the extremity of grief and the state of unnatural resistance which the shock of loss first induces. In it he looks down across a great plain to the sea over which he can fancy he sees the ship carrying Hallam's body home. He feels "a calm despair" — the local name for the lifeless insensibility he wishes to conquer. His heart is still; but all around him nature is in gentle motion. Nature, too, is calm, but *her* calm is made up of a hundred small evidences of vital process. The chestnut "patters" to the ground; the dews silently "drench" the furze; the spider webs of autumn "twinkle" in the light; the leaves actively "redden"; and even the flat plain itself "sweeps," with "crowded farms and lessening towers," towards the distant sea. Nature is unceasingly alive in all its parts. The description is "vivid," as our normal idiom of praise properly puts it, because its concrete details are each separately alive in its own way, each moving in the manner appropriate to it through its special verb.

Here then, by implication, is the solution to the rigid despair from which Tennyson suffers; a going out of the suffering soul into the reassuring particulars of natural life, whose principle of motion, of alteration in position or condition, so elaborately exemplified everywhere he looks, might become by sympathetic identification a source of new vitality for himself.

At this stage in the progress the poem charts, though, Tennyson is not quite able to enjoy the life he so clearly sees. He contemplates the active calm of nature, as he can later notice the contrasting "wild unrest" of an equinoctial storm, without taking these slight and grand outward changes into the "deep self" which still prefers to identify itself with a "dead lake." But the vividness of the natural descriptions is a good omen, like the sustained image of directed motion created by the voyage of the ship bearing Hallam, and the complementary image of the dove embodying his far-ranging eagerness to see the ship safely home. The sequence ends in a closing note of hope, the change prospectively to be undergone by Hallam's body from "ashes" to "violets." This thought, indeed, represents the first deliberate focusing on a natural alteration with positive implications for Tennyson's own soul. Home burial is "well, 'tis something"; his immediate profit is a renewed expectation of moral development, of a slow but equally natural transmutation of sorrow into "the firmer mind."

The first Christmas is a good place to see a newer trust in the processes of natural change and the old despairing identification with permanence or repetition in conflict. The bells, "four changes in the wind," themselves repeat, but the monotony of their action is somewhat transformed by their message: "Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace./ Peace and goodwill, to all mankind." Their vital voices "swell out" and "dilate," "answering" each other companionably, though hidden from the listener by mist and distance, "as if a door/ Were shut between me and the sound" — the same door which elsewhere stands between Tennyson and the embrace he desires. The lyrics which follow complain of the useless Christmas pastimes in the way we have mentioned, but even these repetitious motions end in a song of "higher range," affirming that the dead "do not die" but "sleep"; they do not "lose their mortal sympathy./ Nor change to us, although they change."

Christmas, after all, is the birthday of Christ, who conquered death, as the sermon which follows indirectly affirms, not only in his own person through the resurrection, but representatively in the evocation of Lazarus from the tomb. Christ has sanctioned belief in immortality by his actions; a trust in these, of course, defines the Christian. Christianity converts death into the last of the changes to which the soul is subject, and simultaneously makes it possible to see the lower alterations of nature as types of this final spiritual metamorphosis. The cycles of nature in itself are merely repetitive when the secular mind stands back far enough to see them as a whole and in quantity: "I bring to life, I bring to death;/ The spirit does but mean the breath;/ I know no more," says Nature, and the "knowledge" of mortal men can

go no farther. But if "trust" in immortality is possible, then this same circular motion, whatever the natural context in which it appears, can be a metaphor of the transmutation from life below to life above, and redeem the changes of this world for souls still in the flesh. The Christian poet can allow himself to identify with the vitality nature's changes embody, in the expectation that this power of life will re-appear appropriately on the higher levels of the soul's action. Belief in upward metamorphosis after death reverberates in the believer's moral will, which thereby acquires confidence in its ability to rise above the urges of the beasts here and now, and also faith in the triumph of love, whose object becomes constantly present, however altered and hard to get in touch with. There is "comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd" because Christ's life and actions testify to the truth of a development from which Tennyson's emotional and ethical confidence derive.⁷

Christianity, then, conveys objective evidence for the immortality of the soul; subjective evidence that change for the better prevails past death is provided by the supernatural experiences of memory and dream. "Nor can I dream of thee as dead." To the senses and understanding Hallam is dead, but to the other faculties he is still alive, not now as a body but as an image or idea or influence upon the conscience of his living mourner. As long as his friend can still think of him, awake or asleep, Hallam is still *there*. Of such inward continuities and conversions the processes of actual nature are a mutely encouraging symbol.

The dramatic effect of the sequence of lyrics devoted to the problem of immortality, then, is to free Tennyson from the compunctions that kept him from yielding wholly to the visible motions of the natural scene. Criticism cannot begin to report justly the whole presence of natural images of movement, change, and organic metamorphosis which fill the middle portions of the poem. The relevant facts are too varied, too elaborate, too pervasive in their effect. The appeal to nature becomes as delicately complex as nature herself, and works in the same half-conscious fashion, by small oblique touches of language even more than by full dress appeals to the dawn or the spring; though these necessarily constitute the occasions through which a reader alerted to the omnipresent theme may focus his sense of the psychic progress towards which all elements work. Here are those passages of natural description which so attractively perfume the most casual reader's memory of *In Memoriam*. The non-believer in the poem's unity invariably appreciates them for their own sake. He need only add, to his approval of their beauty, a secondary recognition that the reasons why they are beautiful incorporate the meaning of the poem as a whole.

A connection between the conviction that Hallam has become immortal, and the faith that nature is God's image for such transitions, and therefore a trustworthy vehicle for the sympathies of the poet, is made clearly in a pair of lyrics near the center of the poem. In the first Tennyson protests his indifference to the changes Hallam's body is undergoing:

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis

of his metamorphosed friend. "I know transplanted human worth/ Will bloom to profit, elsewhere." His faith that this is so permits him, in the second lyric, to call vigorously on the Spring to "dip" down upon the world and him: the meaning of the season cannot now be other than good. "Trouble" now will not "live with April days":

Bring orchids, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

The separate aspects of the longed-for scene are not merely not neglected, but adored: the imagery of color, fullness, fluidity, and light contrasts sharply with the dark frozen emptiness we have seen associated with rigid changelessness when "faith" was "dry." The invocation further on to the "ambrosial air," with its long sentence winding through the verses, laden with opulent verbs of motion, is a still more entire opening of its speaker to the living power of nature: "sigh," he exclaims, "the full new life that feeds thy breath/ Throughout my frame," so that his fancy may fly as far as the wind, free from "Doubt and Death." Even the yew, when Tennyson returns to it, proves no exception to nature's rule: "to thee too comes the golden hour/ When flower is feeling after flower"; it "answers" a stroke of a walking stick with "fruitful cloud and living smoke" of pollen. To be sure busybody Sorrow reminds the observer that this "kindling" is temporary, but her words are definitely called a "lie."

The seasonal cycle is the most prominent and traditional sequence of natural change in which Tennyson can see instances of affirmative motion. But he has at his disposal every type of natural pulsation from the alternation of day and night to the immensely slow but equally sure processes of geologic change.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

The tone of these verses trembles between awe and melancholy. The progressiveness of nature, whatever the scale, is evidence of life in the system of things and therefore by sympathy in the observer. To be sure geology can also induce a lapse back towards static despair, if in place of vital transmutation one sees merely a mechanical interchange of "form" for "form." But Tennyson is saved from yielding permanently to the idea of a universe of motionless motion not only by his Christian faith in immortality but by a typically pre-Darwinian confidence that evolution has a direction. For him these larger cycles of inorganic and organic change are an upward spiral benignly incorporating the realms of civilization and individual culture.

The special form of motion most crucial to a poet is of course speech. Muffled speech is a mark of inhibited or falsified life; it is one of the marks of Sorrow's "lying lip" that it "whispers," and the dying sun cannot speak out, but only "murmur." The wretched child afraid of the dark "has no language but a cry." When Tennyson's gloom returns upon him his own sorrow seems to him inexpressible; his verses then express only his shallower griefs. The family mourners at the imagined funeral of a beloved parent find their "vital spirits" so "sunk" that "open converse" is impossible. A more

developed image links Tennyson's death-like inability to mourn his dead friend with the tidal movements in the Severn estuary beside which Hallam was buried. When the "salt sea-water," always an image for the absolute negation of life in Tennyson's work, fills the river mouth, the speaker's grief is "hushed"; when the tide runs out, and the flow of the river is re-established, his "deeper anguish" falls with the level of the waters, and "I can speak a little then."

Living beings typically move towards each other for food, companionship, and love. Once Tennyson has persuaded himself that the spirit survives death, he is free to appreciate the motions of nature as evidence of progressive life for Hallam and for himself. But though Hallam continues to live, the change of death has "put our lives so far apart/ We cannot hear each other speak." The ache of broken companionship therefore becomes the chief negative of lost life that still concerns him during and after lyrics in which the motions of the seasons are fully accepted. Contact is still missing.

The forming pressure of the poem's organic imagery shifts the motif of friendship into an intimately physical key. Sexuality, the chief act of mortal life among humans as among trees and flowers, appears in an enormous reliance on the idea of marriage, which gives Tennyson his happy ending and, in various forms, his principal image for the desired relation with Hallam in the past and present alike. Detached images of touching and embracing are diffused through the whole body of the poem, as most readers soon notice. Hands reach out; those of Science, "feeling" for knowledge from world to world; those of faith, groping "through darkness up to God"; those of domestic affection, seeking to comfort the fearful child. The "dark hand" which "struck down thro' time" killed Hallam; but touch is usually creative, as when the "random stroke" drives pollen from the yew, or Hallam's hand, in a dream, touches "into leaf" a crown of thorns worn by the dreamer.

A negative complement to these images of fruitful organic contact is the chorus of references to doors, which separate lovers and friends from the desired embrace. Thus Tennyson finds himself outside the door of Hallam's old room at Cambridge, listening to the racket of an undergraduate party within, and unwilling to knock; for his friend is no longer there to answer and take his hand. This memory will also illustrate another negative of intimacy. The gregariousness of an unloving crowd is a counter to the fruitful juncture of friends and lovers: people in large groups are "flies of latter spring," mere units, like the grains of dust we have already identified as an emblem of meaningless non-existence. In positive contrast is the happy moment in a dream when the door opens: "thro' a lattice on the soul/ Looks thy fair face and makes" all "still."

All forms of human connection mentioned are metaphors for the desired contact with Hallam, and the changes the figure of Hallam undergoes in the course of the poem each involve different relations between his spirit and that of his friend. To start with, Hallam is simply a dead man, and sympathy with him prompts the survivor to seek a kind of death himself. But soon the emphasis shifts to Hallam the remembered friend. Still later Hallam becomes a puzzle; who, or what, is he at the present moment? Images from mortal experience, babyhood, marriage, social mobility, are invoked in an attempt to define the indefinable state of being he now occupies. Is Hallam merged within the general soul? Or is he still a striving figure among the worthies of heaven? What kind of contact can the poet have with these immortal identities? His friend becomes someone to dream of, more than once; someone whose impossible future career may be fantasied; even someone to pray to, an interior power that merges with the speaker's conscience.

The climax to these changes provides an answer to the question of Hallam's final identity and a demonstration of the kind of relation it is now possible to have with him. This comes in the long lyric telling the story of a mystical vision. The circumstances are memorable; Tennyson stays up late out on the lawn. The "wheels of Being" have reached their seasonal perfection in the warmth of full summer. Tennyson feels as calm as the air, which barely stirs the flame of a spirit lamp under the tea urn by his side. The cattle grazing in the distance gleam through a "silvery haze," and the trees embrace the field with "dark arms." Harmony of nature and soul have been attested by "old songs" earlier in the evening, but now his companions have left him alone to read some old letters Hallam had written long ago. As he reads,

Strangely on the silence broke
The silent speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change....
So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flashed on mine,
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd,
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world....

"The dead man touch'd me from the past"—here is a consummation of the yearning for a new companionship to replace the old. This mystical marriage dissolves the separate identities of the two friends: "the living soul was flashed on mine, / And mine in this was wound."

What has happened here? If I understand the poet correctly, something quite simple but always extraordinary. The experience, recollect, is the reading of words, whose tones echo on Tennyson's inward ear. The "soul" of Hallam is "living" because Tennyson's reading brings it back to life as he hears in his mind the words in which it is eternized. The climactic proof that Hallam is both immortal and available to him is appropriately a literary proof; Hallam lives eternally in precisely the same way that Tennyson's own experience lives for the reader of *In Memoriam*—in words.

This climactic moment confirms an essential lesson of the poem as a whole. Hallam lives in Tennyson's own vital actions; his power to feel, to remember, to dream, to aspire, to see the life of outward nature, but especially in his power to read words. So far as Hallam is the object of his surviving friend's contemplations, or the tenor for which these objects are vehicles, he is still alive; he cannot, in fact, ever die, for the act of contemplating, itself a living action, becomes immortal by turning it into poetry. At this moment, Tennyson possesses not merely Hallam's point of view, but God's. He is "whirl'd," he says, to "heights of thought" from which he can overlook the whole of the natural process to whose motions he has been instinctively appealing. He comes on "that which is," and hears "Aeonian music measuring out" the whole temporal process. In God "is no before,"—and no after. Thus the consummation of friendship can "master Time indeed, and is/ Eternal."

The effects of this trance contact, the last of the important identifications, are chiefly moral. The poet vows he will "partake" in the changes of life; outwardly, for he leaves his old home for a new one, inwardly, by proposing a new

identity as a poet of public issues. This inner alteration is signaled by a final dream, in which a voyage out to sea stands both for acceptance of the prospect of death and for commitment to the active life. The poet of private woe will be transformed into the prophet of the larger progress of humanity: "I will not shut me from my kind...." In the preacher's voice appropriate to this new role Tennyson presides imaginatively over a penultimate course of bells announcing renovation for the world: "Ring out the old, ring in the new.... / Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, / But ring the fuller minstrel in," who will sing the "larger lay" he dared not risk before. From the assured point of view to which sympathy with Hallam's spirit has lifted him the cycles of nature and history are not "seeming-random forms, / The seeming-prey of cyclic storms," but parts of a slowly spiraling ameliorative progress of which such individuals as Hallam are an inspiring prophecy, heroes for the epic muse.

"What art thou then?" he asks once again in a lyric near the end of the poem, and the answer comes; Hallam is "mix'd with God and Nature." Hallam is mixed with nature because he is involved with the whole of the natural process and its metaphoric moral and spiritual analogues; he is mixed with God because he is identified, through love, with the point of view from which that whole process is visible as a vital and progressive motion. That point of view is available to Tennyson by faith, which is to say, by solitary but sympathetic imagination. Hallam, then, is revealed finally as a name for the powers of life growing into consciousness, of the mind's ability to act in accordance with its own nature, to believe, fancy, observe, dream, and participate in the hopes of mankind. "I cannot," as he says, "think the thing farewell"; he cannot unthink his own thought. The only way for Hallam and what he comes to represent to cease to exist would be for Tennyson himself to cease to exist; a possibility that is real enough at the beginning of the poem, but impossible later not only because Tennyson was able to recover his power to live, but because he succeeded in embodying the actions of that life in the poem itself, which makes both it and Hallam immortal.

There is a degree of pathos, though, in this moment of triumph, which is reflected in the rather forced rhetoric of the optimistic social lyrics. They are less convincing poetically than the "swallow flights of song" in which seasonal rather than moral change is the expression of the speaker's confidence. The life of nature can be directly experienced; even the "flow" of the hills is visible to the exalted eye; but the forward movement of mankind is rather demanded than seen or felt. The motion desiderated is putative, and the strain of carrying out the metaphor of organic change into the paler dimensions of history shows up in the tone. The proper imaginative climax of the poem still remains the mystical contact; what follows is anticlimactic in the tedious as well as the technical sense.

There is, perhaps, a deeper reason for the relative failure of the last sequence of lyrics than their subject matter. The reality of Tennyson's hopes for moral adjustment to the hopes of his readers depends on the confidence he derives from his mystical self-involvement with Hallam. But this crucial event fulfills the poet's longing for communion with his kind only indirectly. He does not, after all, meet Hallam and embrace him, as he once could do; he raises Hallam from the dead in the shape of a voice he reads from words. This voice is intimately present, but only as a sound within the mind's ear. We can be reminded when we notice this that the lesser versions of Hallam which anticipate this climax are all equally ideas or images sustained by the interior powers of the poet. Hallam, like the other persons and objects the poem presents, is always a re-creation of the imaginer whose voice we hear and whose mind we never leave. And images, though proper objects of the imagination, are "phantoms," which cannot finally satisfy the social longing for dramatic response. Had he not earlier called the idea that the dead merge "in the general soul" unsatisfactory, and yet has not a version of this impersonal assimilation in fact been the way he and Hallam have been able to meet? The one change of all changes which the poem does not show is a change of address. The mind of its creator is caught in a lyric monotony, able to fancy a variety of fictional listeners for just so long as a single lyric takes to peruse, but always falling back on the quality of its own mode of acting. The resources of isolation are repeatedly re-experienced, but they are not escaped. Sometimes Tennyson feels himself *too free* to explore possibilities of doubt and belief, fancy and knowledge, which because they are untested by any social response blur into mutual obscurities of tremulous feeling. "So," he says, "hold I commerce with the dead; / Or so *methinks* the dead would say; / Or so shall grief with symbols play / And pining life by fancy-fed." Self-doubt of this sort is the native curse of the Romantic imagination, as Tennyson's master Keats has found long before the young Tennyson had repeatedly faced this issue in his own early verse. There is no way for the artist to resolve these doubts, which are intrinsic to his creative activity, except by ceasing to write.

His resource is the reader, in whom the monologue is renewed as soon as the poem is taken up. "In my thoughts," says Tennyson on his second visit to Hallam's house, "I take the pressure of thine hand." In his own thoughts, the reader recollects, the whole action of the poem takes place. For the reader, after all, is the one lost soul whose immortality the poet can have confidence in: "trust" is then and there made good by the present action of the person—you, me—who reads the words. And the point of contact is exactly that point of view from which the elaborate whole the language builds lives, in all its rich cycles, before the eye. It is the reader, then, who achieves the unity of the poem.

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FOOTNOTES

¹ *Victorian Poetry and Poetics*, ed. Walter E. Houghton and G. Robert Stange (Boston, 1959), p. 6.

² Paul F. Baum, *Tennyson Sixty Years After* (Chapel Hill, 1948), p. 105.

³ A. C. Bradley, *A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam"* (London, 1901).

⁴ T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays* (New York, 1950), p. 291.

⁵ C. R. Sanders, "Tennyson and the Human Hand," *VNL*, no. 11 (1957), 5-14; E. D. H. Johnson, "In Memoriam: the Way of the Poet," *VS*, II (1958), 139-148; John Rosenberg, "The Two Kingdoms of *In Memoriam*," *JEGP*, LVIII (1959), 228-240; J. L. Kendall, "A Neglected Theme in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*," *MLN*, LXXVI (1961), 414-420.

⁶ Jerome Hamilton Buckley, *Tennyson, The Growth of a Poet* (Cambridge, Mass., 1960), p. 119.

⁷ It is the custom to speak slightly of the Victorian devotees who read *In Memoriam* for religious comfort; to think Kingsley, say, foolish for calling it the great Christian poem of the nineteenth century. But is such a reading really wrongheaded or hopelessly sentimental? Granted that the poem is not all Christian, is not the part which deserves the name profoundly resonant with an important aspect of Christianity, the new relation Christ establishes between God and nature, the soul and the conditions of organic life? Let theologians judge, but to an amateur outsider Tennyson's poem seems rather an extension of orthodoxy into certain of its possible lyric and personal ramifications than a shallow misunderstanding. Hallam seems to be a sacrifice, and Tennyson a communicant. We have recently had in *Doctor Zhivago*

7 an extension of the Russian Christian tradition in a similar direction, with comparable thematic consequences. In both works life is the key; life dramatically repeating the Christian discoveries in moments of individual perception and affection. One obvious difference is that Pasternak-Zhivago knows this kind of Christianized experience stands in opposition to the prevailing Philistia of abstract compulsion, while Tennyson more optimistically and perhaps muddle-headedly hoped to incorporate the yearnings of the age within the scope of his private and traditional metaphors.

II. NOTES AND BRIEF ARTICLES

1. HARETON EARNSHAW: NATURAL THEOLOGY ON THE MOORS

In the abundant criticism of *Wuthering Heights* during recent years, two general points have been made. First, the outer narrators, Ellen Dean and Mr. Lockwood, placed between Heathcliff and the reader, are essential to transform what is apparently incredible into the easily credible.¹ Secondly, their story, though more than merely an allegory, reveals a microcosm and concerns the nature of the evil existing within it, which appears to be either unforgivable or in some way unrelated to the usual consequences of evil.² One of the least credible elements in the story, in this instance supported directly by Mr. Lockwood as well as by Ellen, is the regeneration of Hareton Earnshaw, whom Hindley once called his "unnatural cub" (Chapter IX) and Heathcliff admittedly "taught . . . to scorn everything extra-animal as silly and weak" (XXI). From his animalism Hareton has developed a simple worldview, which, though never recognized as such by himself or others, offers to him essential justification of what he sees around him. The fact renders his regeneration even less credible, especially since he appears never to abandon the first principle of his cosmology, and bears indirectly upon the second point with which many recent critics of *Wuthering Heights* have been partly concerned, the nature and consequences of evil in the microcosm given us by Ellen Dean and Mr. Lockwood.

At a time not long before his death, Heathcliff finds in Hareton "a personification of my youth, not a human being" (XXXIII), his dead self, existing out of time, which has rendered his anticipated triumph in the present meaningless. Heathcliff's rise to power in the world of the moors has of course prevented Hareton's attainment of manifest humanity. "He has satisfied my expectations," Heathcliff remarks at one time.

If he were a born fool I should not enjoy it half so much.
But he's no fool; and I can sympathise with all his feelings,
having felt them myself. I know what he suffers now, exactly:
it is merely a beginning of what he shall suffer, though. And
he'll never be able to emerge from his bathos of coarseness and
ignorance. I've got him faster than his scoundrel of a father
secured me, and lower; for he takes pride in his brutishness (XXI).

And others attest to the success of the imbruting. Lockwood recalls noticing at their first encounter that Hareton's "whiskers encroached bearishly over his cheeks" (II); and returning to the Heights toward the end of the story, he finds Hareton "in the office of watchdog, not as a substitute for the host" (XXXI). "He's just like a dog . . . or a cart-horse? He does his work, eats his food, and sleeps eternally!" Catherine Linton remarks. "What a blank, dreary mind he must have! Do you ever dream, Hareton?" And in a moment she answers her own question: "He's, perhaps, dreaming now . . . He twitched his shoulder as Juno twitches hers. Ask him Ellen" (XXXII).

The irony of the situation does not go unnoticed by Heathcliff. "And the best of it is, Hareton is damnably fond of me!" he reflects aloud. "If the dead villain [Hindley] could rise from his grave to abuse me for his offspring's wrongs, I should have the fun of seeing the said offspring fight him back again, indignant that he should dare to rail at the one friend he has in the world!" (XXI) And so he would. Toward the end of her narrative, Ellen Dean describes an aspect of the developing relation between Catherine Linton and Hareton:

The two new friends established themselves in the house during his absence; when I heard Hareton sternly check his cousin, on her offering a revelation of her father-in-law's conduct to his father. He said he wouldn't suffer a word to be uttered in his disparagement: if he were the devil, it didn't signify: he would stand by him; and he'd rather she would abuse himself, as she used to, than begin on Mr. Heathcliff. Catherine was waxing cross at this; but he found means to make her hold her tongue, by asking how she would like *him* to speak ill of her father? Then she comprehended that Earnshaw took the master's reputation home to himself; and was attached by ties stronger than reason could break — chains, forged by habit, which it would be cruel to attempt to loosen (XXXIII).

The position taken by Hareton is, quite simply, theological. Given the choice between the priority of the concept of good and that of the image of deity, he of course unknowingly selects the latter. In Hareton's world, which is bound by the moors and the time of his own recollections, Heathcliff assumes the divine position: he is good because he is strong, and those

who oppose him, obviously weaker than he, are thereby evil. "Who's your master?" Ellen Dean recalls asking Hareton many years before.

"Devil daddy," was his answer.

"And what do you learn from daddy?" I continued

He jumped at the fruit; I raised it higher. "What does he teach you?" I asked.

"Naught," said he, "but to keep out of his gait. Daddy cannot bide me, because I swear at him."

"Ahl and the devil teaches you to swear at daddy?" I observed.

"Ah—nay," he drawled.

"Who then?"

"Heathcliff."

I asked if he liked Mr. Heathcliff.

"Ay!" he answered again.

Desiring to have his reasons for liking him, I could only gather the sentences—"I know't: he pays dad back what he gies to me—he curses daddy for cursing me. He says I mun do as I will!" (XI).

The precise nature of Hareton's view might be somewhat clarified by comparison with that of Caliban. Hareton's position in his own insulated realm, like that of Shakespeare's Caliban, has been usurped; but Hareton is, though savage, not "deformed," and, possessing native intelligence, he is capable of regeneration. Of greater significance perhaps, Hareton, like the Caliban which Browning was to develop, has worked out, from his own condition, a natural theology, which appears to carry primitive anthropomorphism to somewhat logical, though unpleasant conclusions.³ Neither Caliban nor Hareton attributes omnipotence to his god (Caliban distinctly makes Setebos subject to the Quiet, and Hareton implicitly accepts Heathcliff's mortality), since such an attribution would presuppose the conceptual faculty, which neither can exercise. Quite simply, each imagines his god as the most powerful on the island containing his own existence. "Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in Him, / Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord," Caliban reflects.

'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea;
'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.

(*"Caliban upon Setebos,"* 11. 98-103)

Hareton is almost constantly seen in the context of animals, which analogically display the level of his own feelings.⁴ But Hareton's dogs, like the crabs beside Caliban, are for him more than symbols: in his mind they have come to people that world in which he himself "is strong and Lord." Over them he holds the power of life and death, seen in the image of that of Heathcliff in the larger universe: some of the dogs serve as protection, others become his gifts, and still others he destroys. "I knocked over Hareton, who was hanging a litter of puppies from the chair-back in the doorway," Ellen recalls of her flight after the struggle between Heathcliff and Hindley, "and, blest as a soul escaped from purgatory, I bounded, leaped, and flew down the steep road" (XVII). Characteristically naive,⁵ Ellen is of course unaware of the complex nature of this "purgatory"—of the many private worlds, each with its distinct structure, existing side by side, which must, in some way, be resolved before harmony can again prevail.

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FOOTNOTES

- Melvin R. Watson, "Tempest in the Soul: The Theme and Structure of *Wuthering Heights*," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, IV (1949), 87-100; William E. Buckler, "Chapter VII of *Wuthering Heights*: A Key to Interpretation," *NCF*, VII (1952), 51-55; John K. Mathison, "Nelly Dean and the Power of *Wuthering Heights*," *NCF*, XI (1956), 106-129; Carl R. Woodring, "The Narrators of *Wuthering Heights*," *NCF*, XI (1957), 298-305; George J. Worth, "Emily Brontë's Mr. Lockwood," *NCF*, XII (1958), 315-320.
- Lord David Cecil, *Victorian Novelists* (Chicago, 1958), pp. 136-182; Dorothy Van Ghent, "The Window Figure and the Two-Children Figure in *Wuthering Heights*," *NCF*, VII (1952), 189-197; Ruth Adams, "Wuthering Heights: The Land East of Eden," *NCF*, XIII (1958), 58-62; Eric Solomon, "The Incest Theme in *Wuthering Heights*," *NCF*, XIV (1959), 80-83; Edgar F. Shannon, Jr., "Lockwood's Dreams and the Exegesis of *Wuthering Heights*," *NCF*, XIV (1959), 95-109.
- It is not my intention to suggest that Emily Brontë's novel exerted an influence, even in this matter, on "Caliban upon Setebos"; it is simply that Browning's Caliban was to make explicit the theological structure that is implicit in Hareton's worldview.
- For discussion of the animal imagery in *Wuthering Heights*, see Mark Schorer, "Fiction and the Matrix of Analogy," *Kenyon Review*, XI (1949), 539-560, especially 547-549.
- See Mathison's discussion of Ellen's failure to comprehend the meaning of what she recounts: "we are constantly directed toward feeling the inadequacy of the wholesome, and toward sympathy with genuine passions, no matter how destructive or violent" (p. 129).

2. THE HAWTHORNE AND BROWNING ACQUAINTANCE: AN ADDENDUM

Professor James C. Austin's article on "The Hawthorne and Browning Acquaintance" (*VNL*, 20, pp. 13-18) offers persuasive evidence that Browning's poem "Mesmerism" was suggested by the tale of Matthew Maule and Alice Pyncheon in *The House of the Seven Gables*. The relationship seems to me, however, to be more complicated, since Hawthorne's episode, in its turn, has an equally close resemblance to an earlier poem of Browning. Professor Austin cites proof that Hawthorne read *Bells and Pomegranates* at the beginning of April, 1850, just when he was deeply engaged in his new novel. One of the most startling poems in *Bells and Pomegranates* is "Porphyria's Lover," and the parallel between it and the Maule-Pyncheon story is too close to be accidental.

Porphyria's lover was sitting in his dreary cottage in the woods on a stormy night "when glided in Porphyria," who had abruptly left "a gay feast" and "was come through wind and rain," impelled by "a sudden thought of one so pale for love of her, and all in vain." Her cloak and shawl were dripping with rain, her hat was drenched, her sodden gloves became dirty when she rebuilt the fire on her lover's hearth. While he remained ominously silent and motionless, she behaved almost like one in a trance as she seated herself beside him, drew his arm around her waist, and pillowed his head on her bared shoulder.

The similarity of this scene to Hawthorne's is obvious: "Seated by his humble fireside, Maule had but to wave his hand; and, wherever the proud lady chanced to be,—whether in her chamber, or entertaining her father's stately guests, . . .—her spirit passed from beneath her own control, and bowed itself to Maule. . . . One evening, at a bridal party, . . . poor Alice was beckoned forth by her unseen despot, and constrained in her gossamer white dress and satin slippers, to hasten along the street to the mean dwelling of a laboring-man . . . It was an inclement night; the southeast wind drove the mingled snow and rain into her thinly sheltered bosom; her satin slippers were wet through and through, as she trod the muddy sidewalk."

When Browning wrote "Porphyria's Lover" in 1834, the vogue of mesmerism had not set in, and so his central character is not explicitly a mesmerist; but the poem implies that Porphyria's weak, pleasure-loving personality has fallen temporarily under the control of the young man's psychopathic passion, which bridges the distance between them and summons her inexorably to his side in spite of all the barriers of social convention and physical discomfort.

In both stories the girl dies as the result of her visit. In *The House of the Seven Gables*, Maule merely "meant to humble Alice, not to kill her; but he had taken a woman's delicate soul into his rude gripe, to play with—and she was dead." The metaphor distinctly recalls the shocking climax of the Browning poem, when the young man strangles the girl with her own long hair.

A routine comparison of "Mesmerism" with "Porphyria's Lover" would merely suggest that Browning had reworked a situation after twenty years, giving it the specific coloration of a current fad. Professor Austin's evidence, however, that Hawthorne had read the one poem shortly before writing his story, and that Browning had read *The House of the Seven Gables* shortly before writing "Mesmerism," indicates that a more interesting and complex process is represented: through the intermediation of Hawthorne, the intense dramatic scene of the earlier poem was revitalized in the poet's imagination and acquired the new association with mesmerism.

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3. THE RELIGIOUS IMAGERY IN BROWNING'S "THE PATRIOT"

When Robert Browning subtitled "The Patriot" (*Men and Women*, 1855), "An Old Story," most commentators have assumed, with William C. DeVane, that he considered the story an old one "because it is often repeated, and the poem is a satire upon the fickleness of the public."¹ It seems not to have been noticed that it is an "old story" in a more specific sense as well. There is, in the poem, a running image of martyrdom or, more particularly, suggestive, somewhat ironic parallels to the Crucifixion. The Patriot, in other words, conceives himself, within the carefully controlled tone of the poem, as a Christ-like victim of human folly and ingratitude.

The first two stanzas re-create, in modern terms, the jubilation of Palm Sunday:

I

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

II

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.

Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels -
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
 They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

The roses and myrtle in his path, and the cries of the crowd, recall the crying out of the multitude and the branches cut from the trees and strewed in the way on Christ's entry into Jerusalem (Matthew xxi.8, 9; Mark xi.8, 9; John xii.13). The Patriot's very phrase later on, "Thus I entered," supports the precise analogy. Even the imagined, quasi-divine command, "Give me your sun from yonder skies!" is not out of keeping with the regal divinity of "Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord" (John xii.13). Stanza three is the Patriot's rueful reflection on the hollowness of his triumph:

III

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it to my loving friends to keep!
 Naught man could do, have I left undone:
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

Line three, "Naught man could do, have I left undone," is crucial. It directly recalls the Messianic phrase in Isaiah (v.4), which, significantly, appears in the *Improperia*, or Reproaches, of the Good Friday liturgy: "What more should I have done for thee, and did it not?" (*Quid ultra debui facere tibi, et non feci?*) In the liturgy, these words are attributed of course, by anticipation, to Christ addressing his people.

The succeeding two stanzas are a kind of *Via Crucis*:

IV

There's nobody on the house-tops now -
 Just a palsied few at the windows set;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate - or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

V

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
 And I think by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

The reference to the "Shambles' Gate" should, I think, recall the familiar text elsewhere in Isaiah (liii.7): "He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter [in some texts, "slaughter-house"], and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Again, this text appears in the liturgy of Holy Week, in the *lectio* for Wednesday. Perhaps even the stones flung at the Patriot's bleeding forehead are meant to call to mind St. Matthew's "And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head" (xxvii.30).

To be sure, this religious motif, though present and important, is not the final tone of the poem. The concluding stanza,

VI

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
 Me?" - God might question; now instead,
 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

makes clear that this political "martyr," though not unmindful of the similarities of his situation to that of the prototypal Martyr, goes to the scaffold with a rather bemused, wryly ironic air - an air implied by the flurry of rapid anapaests which crowd the poem, by the bits of colloquial or archaic diction ("like mad," "I trow"), and by the shrewd, almost detached observations ("the best of the sight is, all allow"; "more than needs, A rope cuts"). He is thoroughly conscious of the indignity of his situation, and of his own helplessness. Nothing grandly cosmic here; a sane, religious man accepts his paradoxical fate and submits to God's eventual righting of the scales of justice. Part of his very frustration, as well perhaps of his ability to bear with it, is his awareness that another, though with even greater justice on his side, thus entreated and thus went.

Finally, as Dean DeVane suggests,² "The Patriot" was probably written late in the spring of 1849. It may be conjectured that Browning, then in Florence, perhaps followed the liturgy of Holy Week in a local church only a few weeks

before, and that certain hints and phrases from both the Old Testament and the New lodged in his memory and found their way into the poem.

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FOOTNOTES

¹ *A Browning Handbook* (2nd ed.; New York, 1955), p. 239.

² *Ibid.*

4. THE MENU OF *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

In the final stage of *Great Expectations*, Abel Magwitch tells Pip, "If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble" (Ch. XL).¹ This explicit connection between Magwitch's manner of eating and the degree of his trouble is a variation on a theme that Dickens develops in his novel with significant consistency: brutal, corrupt, and self-seeking individuals in *Great Expectations* are associated with inordinate consumption. Of minor importance is the fact that a documented study of this association will show immoderate eating and wickedness go hand in hand; of major importance is the possibility such a study suggests: one might explore the more essential areas of *Great Expectations* guided by what the novel says about ingestion and digestion. The physiological terminology would seem to be appropriate because Dickens himself brings it inevitably to mind.

Opening pages immediately present Magwitch, a compulsive eater and a man of great violence who is capable of murdering another with his bare hands. While on the marshes he gobbles "mincemeat, meat bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie, all at once" (Ch. I). At a later meal in London, "he ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, and greedy" (Ch. XL). Magwitch had lost some teeth since he ate on the marshes and now "as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog" (Ch. XL). With the tone of a polite kind of apology, he says to Pip at the end of his meal, "I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy, . . . but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble" (Ch. XL).

Another heavy grubber in *Great Expectations* is the odious hypocrite Mr. Pumblechook, who eats bacon and hot roll in "a gorging and gormandizing manner" (Ch. VIII). At Mrs. Joe Gargery's funeral, Pumblechook stands "stuffing himself" before a table laden with cut-up plum-cake, cut-up oranges, sandwiches, biscuits, port and sherry (Ch. XXXV). Old Bill "Gruffandgrim" Barley might have been kept quite busy "victualling" someone like Pumblechook had he not made a living "with the victualling of passenger-ships" (Ch. XXX).

Bill Barley was a selfish, muttering, growling old man who kept his daughter virtually captive. Every night he served the charming Clara an "allowance of bread" and a "slice of cheese" (Ch. XLVI). His evening meal must be imagined, but for breakfast he had "two mutton chops, three potatoes, some split peas, a little flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and all this black pepper" (Ch. XLVI). He kept his ready-mixed grog constantly beside him.

In addition to a great deal of excessive and violent eating in Dickens' novel, there is in *Great Expectations* a note of cannibalism, a note that had been sounded eight years earlier in *Bleak House*. Here the reader was told that unscrupulous lawyers such as Mr. Vholes lived upon the Richard Carstones of the world: "Make man-eating unlawful, and you starve the Vholes!"² Esther Summerson said of Mr. Vholes she felt as if "there were something of the Vampire in him."³ In *Great Expectations* there is a scene where the brow-beating lawyer Mr. Jaggers, who once "seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it" (Ch. XX), examined with Mr. Wemmick a client named Mike. After the two expert and unfeeling businessmen savagely question Mike, they go "to work again with an air of refreshment upon them as if they had just had lunch" (Ch. LI). Still another reference to man-eating occurs when Dolge Orlick is about to murder Pip in the sluice house. Pip tells us Orlick "leaned forward staring at me, slowly unclenched his hand and drew it across his mouth as if his mouth watered for me" (Ch. LIII). And an equally overt expression of cannibalism is presented when Miss Havisham groups Sarah Pocket, Georgiana, Camilla and Raymond around the table she intends to lie on after her death. She says, "Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me" (Ch. XI).

Miss Havisham not only plans to take the place of her bridecake on the long, cobwebbed, spider-ridden table; she imagines that her relatives will feast upon her. She will become her own cake and be eaten too. This is perhaps the clearest expression in *Great Expectations* of mad consumption, but the theme is also given breadth and depth by several voracious and savage eaters: Abel Magwitch, Mr. Pumblechook, Bill Barley, Mr. Jaggers, Mr. Wemmick, Dolge Orlick, Miss Havisham's relatives and Miss Havisham herself all figuratively and literally tamper with the natural balance between ingestion and digestion. In short, they bite off more than they can chew. And in varying degree, they are all portrayed as wicked people.

This consistency on Dickens' part is significant because it can influence our understanding of his novel in several ways. For instance, consider the arguments of two pairs of critics who are concerned with Abel Magwitch. On one side is George Bernard Shaw, who thinks Magwitch was inspired by an altogether noble idea as he lifted himself out of crime and honestly made a fortune in order to help Pip.⁴ On the opposite side is Humphry House: "It does seem to be going a little far to say that Magwitch's fixed idea is 'altogether noble'; for he was not concerned so much about Pip's true well-being as about his own capacity to make a 'gentleman' of him; Pip was to be Magwitch's means of self-

expression, just as Estella was to be Miss Havisham's; they each wanted to use a child to redress the balance of a world gone wrong, to do vicariously what they had failed to do direct."⁵ Professor House has a supporter in Dorothy Van Ghent, who feels that "Magwitch is the concretion of [Pip's] potential guilt."⁶ But Miss Van Ghent annoys Julian Moynahan when she assumes Magwitch has been guilty of great wrong-doing towards Pip: "Metaphysics aside, how badly has he treated Pip? Does his wrong-doing stand comparison with the vicious practices of an Orlick or even a Miss Havisham? Who, in the light of the virtues of faithfulness and love, virtues which the novel surely holds up for admiration, is the better, Magwitch or his daughter Estella?"⁷ Magwitch is clearly a much better person to Shaw and Moynahan than to House and Van Ghent. The reader who fits Magwitch into the pattern of eating established in *Great Expectations*, however, will probably tend to sympathize with the two latter named critics. Influenced by the association between immoderate eating and wickedness, he will in fact support a reading that suggests Magwitch selfishly exploited and helped to corrupt Pip.

And even Pip can be better understood by the reader who considers him in connection with what the novel says about ingestion and digestion. Everyone agrees that as a youth Pip is predominantly a good person. Here, in the first stage of his expectations, two things should be noticed: Pip gives food to Magwitch and he is told that people eat little boys. Magwitch says, "You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate" (Ch. I). Pip encountered cannibalism, then, as an impressionable youngster.

As a young man, however, he became the animal who lives on another, who derives support from another without returning any useful contribution. Pip no longer gives sustenance; now he takes sustenance. Magwitch pays for his keep, for his room, board, and entertainment, and Pip gives nothing save snobbery in return. Nor does Pip attempt to repay Joe and Biddy, the people who supported him physically, emotionally, and intellectually in his youth. Again critics are in essential agreement: the parasite is predominantly a bad person and Pip is indeed a parasite; he doesn't earn the substance he gives his body to absorb.

Consideration of Pip in the third stage of his expectations has been troublesome. Humphry House feels that Pip was still a snob at Magwitch's death,⁸ and K. J. Fielding suggests there is no self-deception when Pip says, "I only saw in [Magwitch] a much better man than I had been to Joe" (Ch. LIV).⁹ G. Robert Stange believes Pip finds his own real self and thereby saves himself when he finally suffers with, when he finally loves, the despised, rejected Magwitch.¹⁰ But Julian Moynahan draws a completely different conclusion from the final chapters of the novel: "Pip wants to give himself, but there is no longer anyone in a position to accept his gift."¹¹ Magwitch is dead; Joe and Biddy are married; and before the last chapter Estella cannot receive Pip. "Living abroad as the partner of a small, unambitious firm, he is to devote his remaining life to doing the least possible harm to the smallest number of people, so earning a visitor's privilege in the lost paradise where Biddy and Joe, the genuine innocents of the novel, flourish in thoughtless content."¹² According to Moynahan, Pip is doomed to live on vicarious experiences in a kind of limbo.

To me, this judgment is too harsh. Pip will never be a Mr. Brownlow or a Mr. Jarndyce, but Dickens does allow him a part of the good life that Joe Gargery lives: like Joe, Pip was not "in a grand way of business" either as a clerk or as third in the firm of Clariker and Company; like Joe, he worked for his profits. When asked if he does well, Pip answers, "I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore—Yes, I do well!" (Ch. LIX) With neither too much nor too little, both Joe and Pip lead lives of moderation—and in *Great Expectations* moderation and goodness go hand in hand. Now thirty-six years old, Pip no longer needs the reprimand he received as a youngster from Joe, a reprimand that foreshadowed his later behavior as a parasite with an uncontrolled appetite: "You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not at Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek, 'I bolted, myself, when I was your age—frequent—and as a boy I've been among a many Bolters; but I never see your bolting equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't Bolted dead'" (Ch. II).

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FOOTNOTES

¹ All quotations are from the Washington Square Press edition of *Great Expectations*, but for convenient reference to any standard edition of the novel they are identified by chapter rather than by page.

² Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*, ed. Sir Osbert Sitwell (Oxford, 1948), p. 549.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 820.

⁴ See George Bernard Shaw's "Introduction" to the Novel Library edition of *Great Expectations* (London, 1947).

⁵ Humphry House, "G.B.S. on *Great Expectations*," *All in Due Time* (London, 1955), p. 210.

⁶ Dorothy Van Ghent, *The English Novel* (New York, 1953), p. 133.

⁷ Julian Moynahan, "The Hero's Guilt: The Case of *Great Expectations*," *Essays in Criticism*, X (January, 1960), p. 63.

⁸ Humphry House, *The Dickens World* (London, 1941), p. 156.

⁹ K. J. Fielding, "The Critical Autonomy of *Great Expectations*," *A Review of English Literature*, II (July, 1961), p. 82.

¹⁰ G. Robert Stange, "Expectations Well Lost," *College English*, XVI (October, 1954), pp. 9-17.

¹¹ Moynahan, "The Hero's Guilt," p. 69.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 79.

5. "THE HEART OF THAT MYSTERY": A NOTE ON JOHN STUART MILL'S THEORY OF POETRY

During the years immediately following his mental crisis of 1826, John Stuart Mill wrote comparatively little. He felt he had to educate himself anew: "[I] was glad to carry on my private studies and meditations without any immediate call for outward assertion of their results."¹ But then two events combined to start him writing once more. One was the French Revolution of July, 1830; the other was that "in the summer or early autumn of 1830"² he met Harriet Taylor, the love of his life and, he claimed, the inspiration of all his subsequent work. A year later, in June 1831, appeared the first of his articles on a purely literary subject, and articles and reviews on poetry and to a lesser extent on theatre and music continued to appear up to 1843.³

Two of the earliest and longest of these writings are essays in poetic theory. Both were published in the *Monthly Repository* in 1833, the first, "What Is Poetry?" appearing in January and the second, "The Two Kinds of Poetry," in November. I hope to show that these essays imply contradictory or at least divergent ideas as to the cognitive value of poetry, the kind of truth to which its statements pretend. I will suggest that the confusion resulted from Mill's attempt to modify his original views to accommodate his new experiences of poetry and of love, and that the new opinions on poetry which he expressed in 1833 gradually lost interest for him and were eventually abandoned.

According to the final definition of the first essay,

Poetry is feeling, confessing itself to itself in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols, which are the nearest possible representation of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. (208-209)⁴

Poetry, Mill writes a few pages earlier,

is interesting only to those to whom it recalls what they have felt, or whose imagination it stirs up to conceive what they could feel, or what they might have been able to feel had their outward circumstances been different. (205)

In short, "The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly [unlike] the truth of fiction [which] is to give a true picture of life" (205).

In the second essay Mill first defines the special nature of the poetic mind, agreeing that *poeta nascitur, non fit*, but then he goes on to stress that "poetic excellence is subject to the same necessary conditions with any other mental endowment . . . to no one of the spiritual benefactors of mankind is a higher or more assiduous intellectual culture needful than to the poet" (222). "Although a philosopher cannot, by culture, make himself . . . a poet . . . a poet may always, by culture, make himself a philosopher" (233). Mill gives no example of a poet-philosopher, but clearly such a one if he existed would be the ideal. "It would be absurd to doubt whether two endowments are better than one; whether truth is more certainly arrived at by two processes, verifying and correcting each other, than by one alone" (235). There is no questioning, then, that the writings of the poet-philosopher will be "as a whole, truer, and their influence more beneficent, than those of the other" (235). The only danger is that the state of education being what it is, the poet is more likely to receive false ideas than true, and they will make just as intense an impression on his feelings.

Truth, then, is the object of poetry, but whereas in the first essay it was the truth of feeling—the correspondence between the poem and poet's feeling—which alone was in question, in the second it is the truth of the propositional content, of the detachable ideas, that is stressed. The first essay implied that the function of poetry was what the young Mill shown us in the *Autobiography* desiderated: the cultivation of the "passive susceptibilities"; in the second, since the influence of poetry will be "more beneficent" as its ideas are truer, the function implied is at least partly the communication of ideas.

It is possible to suggest reasons for this division in Mill's mind. After his "crisis" we know that a revolt against his father's influence—and thus to some extent a revolt against his earlier self—took place. Under the influence of Wordsworth, Carlyle, Coleridge, and Sterling,⁵ Mill evidently strove to broaden his appreciation of intellectual traditions and habits other than those he had been trained in, and perhaps the most successful results of this effort are the two great essays on Bentham (1838) and Coleridge (1840). Yet even these essays mark a degree of failure, for although Mill perceived the dialectical opposition of his two subjects, he could do little to synthesize their philosophies. It has even been forcefully contended that he really understood neither man's mind. "He could not penetrate either to the basis of their differences or to the essence of their likeness. . . . For all his remarkable powers of intelligence and sympathy, he lacked the integrating power of genius which apprehends the inner unity underlying outward disparities."⁶ My suggestion is that the division in his mind on poetry and truth is an analogous case of insight into both sides of a major issue, with a similar lack of genuine or lasting synthesis or reconciliation. Furthermore the attempt to reconcile the two views on poetry, like the attempt to appreciate both Bentham and Coleridge, drew its energy also from his personal history, and Mill's interest in continuing it later declined together with his general loss of interest in poetry as he grew older.⁷

There is evidence to support this argument, and it will even enable us to set a terminal date for Mill's active concern with these topics. In July, 1826, a couple of months before the onset of his mental crisis, Mill wrote in the *Westminster Review* a paragraph in praise of French writers:

they write as if they were conscious that the reader expects something more valuable from them than mere amusement. Though many of them are highly gifted with the beauties of style, they never seem desirous of showing off their own eloquence; they seem to write because they have something to say and not because they desire to say something.⁸

What literature says, therefore, is what counts for the early Mill; "the beauties of style" are of little value in themselves. This is moderate in tone, and, depending on context and interpretation, might be found unobjectionable. But taken in the

context of the *Westminster Review* it leaves little room for the appreciation of imaginative literature, and marks no essential modification of the views more vehemently expressed by another contributor:

to be literary . . . is the disease of the age. . . . But ledgers do not keep well in rhyme, nor are three deckers built by songs as towns were of yore. . . . Literature is a seducer; we had almost said a harlot. She may do to trifle with; but woe be to the state whose statesmen write verses, and whose lawyers read more in Tom Moore than in Bracton.⁹

This is the side of Utilitarianism which developed into mid-Victorian Philistinism, and although Mill in 1867 protests against Matthew Arnold's "enumerating me among the enemies of culture,"¹⁰ we find in his *Diary* of 1854 the following passage which is essentially continuous in attitude with the anonymous passage just quoted, and which Arnold would have regarded as amply justifying his charge:

Verse is . . . the most flexible and precise expression of thoughts and feelings, thrown into beautiful poems. Verse, therefore, I take to be eternal; but it ought, as well as every other attempt at public Art, to be suspended at the present time. In a militant age, when those who have thoughts and feelings to impress on the world have a great deal of hard work to do, and very little time to do it in, and those who are to be impressed need to be told in the most direct and plainest way possible what those who address them are driving at — otherwise they will not listen — it is foppery to waste time in studying beauty of form in the conveyance of a meaning. The shortest and straightest way is the best. The regeneration of the world in its present stage is a matter of business, and it would be as rational to keep accounts or write invoices in verse as to attempt to do the work of human improvement in it.¹¹

Verse is thoughts and feelings expressed in — "thrown into" — poems; the poet aims at beauty of form in the conveyance of a meaning; the inadequate theory of poetry revealed in these remarks shows no sign that the writer had ever read the Coleridge whom he had thought so important. Poetry is irrelevant because it does not convey a message plainly and directly. Its function as an educator of the emotions is now quite forgotten; the implication is that poetry does make statements whose truth is relevant but that they are cluttered up and obscured with decoration, beauty, and so on. The recurrence of the jibe about keeping accounts in verse from the aggressive passage of *Westminster Reviewing* of thirty years earlier may be a trick of memory and in any case signals the continuity of attitude. Evidently the hard-headed Utilitarian side of Mill was too early and too firmly established to be permanently modified by his delayed emotional stirrings. All in all, the passage shows the re-emergence of the pre-crisis Mill, with, if anything, more emphatic and extreme views.

The curious thing is that Mill was at this very time writing the first draft of his *Autobiography*, substantially in the form in which we know it, according to Levi.¹² Between it and the *Diary* we find an interesting correspondence which confirms that both were written at roughly the same time, and also supports my idea of the split in Mill's mind and his return as regards the cognitive value of poetry to the views of his early Utilitarian period.

In the *Autobiography* Mill recalls that Roebuck's objection to the cultivation of the feelings through imaginative literature was that it was "only cultivating illusions." "I urged on him," continues Mill,

that the imaginative emotion which an idea, when vividly conceived, excites in us, is not an illusion but a fact, as real as any of the other qualities of objects; and far from anything erroneous and delusive in our mental apprehension of the object, is quite consistent with the most accurate knowledge and most perfect practical recognition of all its physical and intellectual laws and relations.¹³

Having recalled this ad hoc defense of poetry which he had believed in thirty years earlier, a defense which argues that the literal truth of the statements of poetry is irrelevant, Mill now in 1854 develops it and gives it universal statement, making no mention of literature. The *Diary* entry for January 11 reads:

Those who think themselves called upon, in the name of truth, to make war against illusions, do not perceive the distinction between an illusion and a delusion. A delusion is an erroneous opinion — it is believing a thing which is not. An illusion, on the contrary, is an affair solely of feeling, and may exist completely severed from delusion. It consists in extracting from a conception known not to be true, but which is better than the truth, the same benefit to the feelings which would be derived from it if it were a reality.¹⁴

M. H. Abrams quotes this passage and comments:

here, in more than embryonic development, is I. A. Richards' influential distinction between 'scientific statement, where truth is ultimately a matter of verification,' and the 'emotive utterance' of the poet, which is composed of sentences which look like statements, but are actually 'pseudo-statements.'¹⁵

But although the distinction is thus applicable to poetry and arose out of Mill's own earlier concern with poetry, Mill himself in later years applied it only to religion (e.g., in 1872 he wrote: "I am convinced that the cultivation of an imaginative hope is quite compatible with a reserve as to positive belief, and . . . is of unspeakable value to human nature"¹⁶); and when he wrote the passage in 1854, at a time when he believed that both he and his wife were near death,¹⁷ it was the latter subject that he had primarily in mind. On 29 January 1854 he wrote to Mrs. Mill (as Harriet Taylor now was), expressing his worries about "the shortness and uncertainty of life & the wrongness of having so much of the best of what we have to say, so long unwritten & in the power of chance."¹⁸ He was then writing "Nature," and eight days later, having finished that essay, he writes of his puzzlement as to which of a list of subjects awaiting treatment he should attempt next.¹⁹ Among them was "Utility of Religion," and this was in fact the one he chose, beginning the essay in March.²⁰ In it he mentions in passing that poetry and religion "both supply the same want, that of ideal conceptions grander and more beautiful than we see realized in the prose of human life," but his attention, naturally, is devoted to the latter, and it is with regard to it that he uses the distinction developed in the *Diary*. He puts absolutely no credence in the truth of religion, but he does not dispute its value "to the individual, both in the past and present, as a source of personal satisfaction and of elevated feelings."²¹

While he was aware, therefore, in 1854 that the statements of poetry could be plausibly defended as examples of beneficial illusion, he gave no attention to elaborating such a position beyond recalling his youthful remarks to Roebuck. Positive evidence that he now had abandoned this line of defense can be found in the *Letters*. Writing on 23 April 1854 to refuse an invitation to join the "Neophyte Writers' Society," Mill declares:

Now, I set no value whatever on writing for its own sake, and have much less respect for the literary craftsman than for the manual labourer, except so far as he uses his powers in promoting what I consider true and just. I have, on most of the subjects interesting to mankind, opinions to which I attach importance, and which I earnestly desire to diffuse, but I am not desirous of aiding the diffusion of opinions contrary to my own; and with respect to the mere faculty of expression, independently of what is to be expressed, it does not appear to me to require any encouragement.²²

We could hardly ask for a more explicit, not to say more *simplicite*, expression of the theory that the statements of literature belong to the realm of fact than this rather pompous and humorless letter affords.

Thus we may conclude that as Mill's emotional crisis receded in time, he gradually lost interest in poetry and in the formulation of a poetic theory combining his new discoveries about the feelings with what he already believed. Mill's last published writing on poetry appeared in 1843.²³ Coleridge's influence may be said to have been worked off with the 1838 essay; Carlyle's had been on the wane for several years before the last meeting of the two men in 1844; and Sterling, who was the recipient of most of the letters on literary subjects, died in 1844. Apart from the letter just quoted and a rather weary disclaimer of 1869 to a would-be writer asking for advice and a recommendation to a publisher—"I am not an authority on these subjects,"²⁴ answered Mill—I can find no mention of literature in the letters later than 1843, and this therefore is the terminal date I would suggest for Mill's preoccupation with poetry.

In a letter of 1833 to Carlyle accompanying the first of the two essays on poetry which formed our starting point, there occurs a passage which hints that Mill, with characteristic self-scrutiny, may have foreseen as early as that something like the development I have been tracing. He asks Carlyle for criticism:

I need it much, for I have a growing feeling that I have not got quite into the heart of that mystery, and I want you to show me how. If you do not teach me you will do what is better, put me in the way of finding out. But I begin to see a not very far distant boundary to all I am qualified to accomplish in this particular line of speculation.²⁵

To this request Carlyle made no reply,²⁶

University of California (Berkeley)

SEAMUS COONEY

FOOTNOTES

¹ *Autobiography* (New York, 1924), p. 110.

² F. A. Hayek, *John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor* (Chicago, 1951), p. 23.

³ See Ney MacMinn and others, eds., *Bibliography of the Published Writings of John Stuart Mill* (Evanston, Ill., 1945), pp. 16-55.

⁴ Numbers in parentheses give page references to John Stuart Mill, *Early Essays*, ed. J. W. M. Gibbs (London, 1897).

⁵ See Michael St. John Packe, *The Life of John Stuart Mill* (New York, 1954), pp. 80-86.

⁶ R. J. White, "John Stuart Mill," *Cambridge Journal*, V (1951-52), 91.

⁷ A similar pattern can be seen in Mill's psychological theorizing—first a reaction from his father's ideas in an attempt to take account of his new emotional experience, and then a modification and final abandonment of the resultant theory as that experience receded in time. See my "Mill, Poets, and Other Men," *YNL*, No. 17 (Spring, 1960), pp. 23-24.

⁸ *WR*, VI (1826), 63, cited in George L. Nesbit, *Benthamite Reviewing* (New York, 1934), p. 97.

⁹ *WR*, IV (1825), 151, 165f., cited in Nesbit, p. 98.

¹⁰ *The Letters of John Stuart Mill*, ed. Hugh S. R. Elliot (London, 1910), II, 93.

¹¹ *Letters*, II, 364; entry of January 27.

¹² A. W. Levi, "The Writing of Mill's *Autobiography*," *Ethics*, LXI (1950-51), 284-296.

¹³ *Autobiography*, pp. 106-107.

- 14 *Letters*, II, 358.
 15 M. H. Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp* (New York, 1953), p. 323.
 16 *Letters*, II, 339.
 17 See Levi, p. 290, and Hayek, pp. 182-211 (chapter ix: "Illness").
 18 Hayek, p. 191.
 19 Hayek, p. 192.
 20 Hayek, p. 200.
 21 John Stuart Mill, *Three Essays on Religion* (London, 1874), pp. 103-104.
 22 *Letters*, I, 180-181.
 23 It was a favorable review of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* in *WR*, XXXIX (1843), 105-113.
 24 *Letters*, II, 225.
 25 *Letters*, I, 43.
 26 I have checked *Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill* . . . ed. Alexander Carlyle (New York, 1923), and Emery Nefz, *Carlyle and Mill* (New York, 1926).

6. JAMES AND ELIOT: THE TWO GWENDOLENS

That Henry James as novelist was indebted to George Eliot is well-known; see, for example, Chapters II and III in F. R. Leavis's *The Great Tradition* (New York, 1948), linking the work of the two. A minor, but interesting, specimen of James's indebtedness consists of his description at one point of Gwendolen Erme in his story "The Figure in the Carpet" (1896):

For the few persons, at any rate, abnormal or not, with whom my anecdote is concerned, literature was a game of skill, and skill meant courage, and courage meant honour, and honour meant passion, meant life. The stake on the table was a special substance and our roulette the revolving mind, but we sat round the green board as intently as the grim gamblers at Monte Carlo. Gwendolen Erme, for that matter, with her white face and her fixed eyes, was of the very type of the lean ladies one had met in the temple of chance. I recognized in Corvick's absence that she made this analogy vivid. It was extravagant, I admit, the way she lived for the art of the pen. Her passion visibly preyed on her, and in her presence I felt almost tepid. I got hold of "Deep Down" again: it was a desert in which she had lost herself, but in which too she had dug a wonderful hole in the sand—a cavity out of which Corvick had still more remarkably pulled her.¹

Can one doubt that the passage derives from the opening chapters of *Daniel Deronda* (1876)? The beginning of Eliot's novel finds Gwendolen Harleth literally at a gambling resort very much like Monte Carlo. James writes of "grim gamblers"; Eliot describes those around the gambling table as follows:

Round two long tables were gathered two serried crowds of human beings, all save one having their faces and attention bent on the tables. . . . while every single player differed markedly from every other, there was a certain uniform negativeness of expression which had the effect of a mask, — as if they had all egest of some root that for the time compelled the brains of each to the same monotony of action.²

Gwendolen Erme performs desperately in a literary circle characterized by intellectual and spiritual aridity; Gwendolen Harleth gambles with an equally fruitless fervor amid the "dull, gas-poisoned absorption" of the European resort. This resort seems to indicate symbolically Miss Harleth's fallen spiritual state at the beginning of the novel.

James writes of Miss Erme's "white face and fixed eyes," her leanness, of the passion preying upon her. Eliot emphasizes Miss Harleth's paleness, her "Iamian beauty." In Chapter II, Eliot describes her heroine thus: "she walked on with her usual floating movement, every line in her figure and drapery falling in gentle curves, attractive to all eyes except those which discerned in them too close a resemblance to the serpent, and objected to the revival of serpent-worship."³ Physically Gwendolen Harleth belongs to the company of Fatal Women discussed in Praz's *The Romantic Agony*, Chapter IV, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." The Fatal Woman, Praz writes, often assumed the serpent form; in keeping with the serpent image, Gwendolen's eyes are almost abnormally penetrating and disturbing: "Was the good or the evil genius dominant in those beams? Probably the evil; else why was the effect that of unrest rather than of undisturbed charm? Why was the wish to look again felt as coercion, and not as a longing in which the whole being consents?"⁴

James wrote his "Conversation" on *Daniel Deronda* in 1876; Leavis traces the influence of Gwendolen Harleth on the writing of *The Portrait of a Lady* in 1879. Apparently that lady — to judge from "The Figure in the Carpet" — was still asserting her influence almost twenty years later, if only for the purposes of a vivid analogy and a brief touch of characterization.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ *Stories of Writers and Artists*, ed. F. O. Matthiessen (New York, undated), p. 298.
² *Complete Works* (London, 1910), III, 4.
³ *Ibid.*, p. 19.
⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 1.

III. ENGLISH X NEWS

A. The Officers for 1962

Chairman, Francis G. Townsend, *Florida State University*; Secretary, Donald Smalley, *University of Illinois*

Advisory and Nominating Committee: Chairman, George H. Ford, *University of Rochester* (1962); A. McKinley Terhune, J. Hillis Miller (1961-1962); Robert C. Slack, G. Robert Stange (1962-1963); Robert Langbaum, William Madden (1963-1964); Francis G. Townsend (*ex-officio*).

1962 Program Committee: Chairman, Wendell Stacy Johnson, *Smith College*; Fraser Neiman, Robert Preyer.

Bibliography Committee: Chairman, Robert C. Slack, *Carnegie Institute of Technology*; Oscar Maurer; R.A. Donovan; C.T. Dougherty; D.J. Gray; R.C. Tobias; R.E. Freeman; Michael Timko.

Editor, *Victorian Newsletter*: William E. Buckler, *New York University*.

1963 Officers: Chairman, Donald Smalley, *University of Illinois*; Secretary, John T. Fain, *University of Florida*. (Nominations to be voted on.)

B. The Victorian Luncheon

The Victorian luncheon will be held at 12:45 P.M., Friday, December 28, 1962, in the Pan American Room of the Mayflower. As usual, a bar serving cocktails on a cash basis will be opened at noon. Price of the luncheon will be \$4.00. Please send check or money order to Professor B. R. Jerman, Department of English, University of Maryland, College Park, before December 15.

C. An Unusual Offer

Professor B. R. McEldery, Jr., of the University of Southern California offers, gratis upon request, copies of his well-known study "The Narrative Structure of Browning's *The Ring and the Book*" to interested persons. He has twenty-four copies for distribution, the twenty-fifth having been requested by your editor.

D. The Seton Hall Colloquium

"Satire as a Literary Weapon" is the topic of the fourth annual Colloquium of the Department of English, Seton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey, to be held Saturday, October 27, 1962. Victorianists wishing to read papers should communicate before September 1 with Professor Edward Byrnes, Colloquium Chairman.

IV. RECENT PUBLICATIONS: A SELECTED LIST

September, 1961 - February, 1962

I

General

- ARTS. Ames, Winslow. "Inside Victorian Walls." *Victorian Studies*, December, pp. 151-162. A review-article on Victorian furnishings and ornament.
 Wakefield, Hugh. *Nineteenth-Century British Glass*. Faber. Rev. *TLS*, 5 January, p. 4.
- BIBLIOGRAPHY. Stange, G. Robert. "Recent Studies in Nineteenth-Century English Literature." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 149-166. A review and appraisal of selected works published in 1960.
- ECONOMICS AND POLITICS. Cole, Margaret. *The Story of Fabian Socialism*. Heinemann. Rev. *TLS*, 17 November, p. 828.
- Fraser, P. "The Liberal Unionist Alliance: Chamberlain, Hartington, and the Conservatives, 1886-1904." *English Historical Review*, January, pp. 53-78. A detailed study of the strained relations between the leaders of the Alliance.
- Heath, Frederick E. "The Grenvilles in the Nineteenth Century: The Emergence of Commercial Affiliations." *Huntington Library Quarterly*, November, pp. 29-49. The Grenville family provides a case-study of how the aristocracy enlarged its interests from agricultural to industrial and colonial.
- Ramm, Agatha, ed. *The Political Correspondence of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville, 1876-1886*. 2 vols. Oxford.

- DOYLE. Pearson, Hesketh. *Conan Doyle*. Walker.
- ELIOT. Allott, Miriam. "George Eliot in the 1860's." *Victorian Studies*, December, pp. 93-108. The failings of *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, and *The Spanish Cypsy* derived from George Eliot's attempt to resist, by a variety of meliorism, the bleak implications of her more deeply felt views on life.
- Harvey, W. J. *The Art of George Eliot*. Oxford.
- Selig, Robert L. "The Red Haired Lady Orator: Parallel Passages in *The Bostonians* and *Adam Bede*." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 164-169. Dinah Morris seems to have been the model James used in creating Verena Tarrant.
- Steinhoff, William. "The Metaphorical Texture of *Daniel Deronda*." *Books Abroad*, Summer, pp. 220-224. Significant use of metaphor establishes a basic unity in the novel.
- FROUDE. Dunn, Waldo Hilary. *James Anthony Froude, A Biography: 1818-1856*. Oxford. The first of two volumes.
- GISSING. Korg, Jacob, ed. "George Gissing's Commonplace Book: A Manuscript from the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library." *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, September, pp. 417-434;
- October, pp. 534-546; November, pp. 588-614. An edition of Gissing's Commonplace Book (1887-1903), the bulk of which he used for *Henry Ryecroft*; entries are rearranged in topical groupings.
- Young, Arthur C., ed. *The Letters of George Gissing to Eduard Bertz, 1887-1903*. Constable. Rev. *TLS*, 12 January, p. 27.
- HARDY. Drake, Robert Y. "A Laodicean: A Note on a Minor Novel." *Philological Quarterly*, October, pp. 602-606. The novel's failure results from Hardy's having emphasized the wrong conflict, and from a looseness of structure.
- Elsbree, Langdon. "Tess and the Local Cerelia." *Philological Quarterly*, October, pp. 606-613. The dance scenes of *Tess*, in their thematic and structural significance.
- Fayen, George S. "Hardy's *The Woodlanders*: Inwardness and Memory." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 81-100. The novel is primarily psychological in manner, with impression, introspection, and memory as its principal notes.
- Hagen, John. "A Note on the Significance of Diggory Venn." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 147-155. In Venn, whose good intentions lead to unfortunate consequences, we get an "emblematic expression" of the world of the novel.
- Hardy, Evelyn and Robert Gittings, ed. *Some Recollections by Emma Hardy, Thomas Hardy's First Wife*. Oxford. Emma's recollections of her early life, supplemented by a selection from Hardy's poetry. Rev. *TLS*, 27 October, p. 772.
- Morrell, Roy. "Hardy in the Tropics: Some Implications of Hardy's Attitude towards Nature." *Review of English Literature*, January, pp. 7-21. Aspects of Hardy's "evolutionary meliorism," as seen in the novels.
- Smart, Alastair. "Pictorial Imagery in the Novels of Thomas Hardy." *Review of English Studies*, August, pp. 262-280. Hardy's landscapes are indebted to the paintings of Rembrandt and others, as well as to his own observations.
- Wing, George. "Tess and the Romantic Milkmaid." *Review of English Literature*, January, pp. 22-30. Notes the similarities and differences between Tess and the heroine of Hardy's "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," done some six years earlier.
- HOPKINS. Boyle, Robert. *Metaphor in Hopkins*. North Carolina.
- McNamee, M. B. "Mastery and Mercy in *The Wreck of the Deutschland*." *College English*, January, pp. 267-276. On Hopkins' indebtedness to *The Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius* for Part One and some of Part Two of *The Wreck*.
- HORNE. Pearl, Cyril. *Always Morning: The Life of Richard Henry "Orion" Horne*. Angus and Robertson. Rev. *TLS*, 22 December, p. 910.

- HUTTON. Tener, Robert H. "More Articles by R. H. Hutton." *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, January, pp. 58-62. Assigns some fifty unsigned articles to Hutton, and includes evidence for each ascription.
- MALLOCK. Tucker, Albert V. "W. H. Mallock and Late Victorian Conservatism." *University of Toronto Quarterly*, January, pp. 223-241. The limitations of much of Mallock's social criticism derive from his attempt to publicize the Conservative ideology of his time.
- MEREDITH. Bartlett, Phyllis. "The Novels of George Meredith." *Review of English Literature*, January, pp. 31-46. Defends Meredith against the claims of cleverness, editorial intrusion, and lack of tragic dimension; stresses his variety; and recommends him as a tonic author.
- Buchen, Irving H. "The Importance of the Minor Characters in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*." *Boston University Studies in English*, Autumn, pp. 154-166. The minor characters present on another level the major themes of the novel.
- Cline, C. L. "The Betrothal of George Meredith to Marie Vulliamy." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, December, pp. 231-243. Meredith's difficulties in winning the consent of his future father-in-law.
- Karl, Frederick R. "*Beauchamp's Career: An English Ordeal*." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 117-131. The novel proceeds structurally by a series of disappointments and frustrations, and presents a strikingly pessimistic analysis of English society.
- MILL. Miller, Kenneth E. "John Stuart Mill's Theory of International Relations." *Journal of the History of Ideas*, October-December, pp. 493-514. Mill's theory was in general agreement with that of Victorian Liberalism, though he allowed entrance to many qualifications.
- Spiegelberg, Herbert. "Accident of Birth: A Non-Utilitarian Motif in Mill's Philosophy." *Journal of the History of Ideas*, October-December, pp. 475-492. A study of Mill's concern for the social injustices that follow from such accidents of birth as sex, color, social class, and inherited wealth.
- Stillinger, Jack, ed. *The Early Draft of John Stuart Mill's Autobiography*. Illinois. Includes the text of the early draft, a selection of deleted readings, and extracts from the rejected leaves.
- Woods, Thomas. *Poetry and Philosophy: A Study in the Thought of John Stuart Mill*. Hutchinson. Examines Mill's revised view of Benthamism, particularly in terms of his indebtedness to Wordsworth's poetry.
- READE. Burns, Wayne. *Charles Reade: A Study in Victorian Authorship*. Bookman. Biographical and critical study.
- RIGBY. Lochhead, Marion. *Elizabeth Rigby, Lady Eastlake*. Murray. Life, work, and acquaintances.
- ROBERTS. Jameson, Storm. *Morley Roberts: The Last Eminent Victorian*. Unicorn. Rev. *TLS*, 27 October, p. 767.
- ROSSETTI. Putt, S. Gorley. "Christina Rossetti, Alms-giver." *English*, Autumn, pp. 222-223. Reviews the contents of nine of Christina's unpublished letters (1886-1888) which show her in the role of alms-giver.
- RUSKIN. Bradley, John Lewis. "Ruskin's Advice to an Amateur Artist: Some New Letters to Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 101-122. Thirteen unpublished letters, for the years 1855-1863, and a fourteenth dating before 1868.
- Rosenberg, John D. *The Darkening Glass: A Study of Ruskin's Genius*. Columbia. A very notable study of the quality of Ruskin's thought.
- Thomas, J. D. "Poetic Truth and Pathetic Fallacy." *Texas Studies in Literature and Language*, Autumn, pp. 342-347. Ruskin intended "pathetic fallacy" to be a term of classification, not of condemnation.
- SHAW. Bullough, Geoffrey. "Literary Relations of Shaw's Mrs. Warren." *Philological Quarterly*, January, pp. 339-358. The situation of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, as treated by Shaw, De Maupassant (in *Yvette*), and others.

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