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## I. PAPERS READ AT THE WASHINGTON MEETING

### THE "DEATH OF PAN" IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE

The story of the death of Pan, as told by Plutarch in his "Cessation of Oracles," so well-attested and yet so improbable, has compelled attempts at explanation ever since scholars at the court of Tiberius decided, after some hesitation, to accept as historical truth that the god Pan, son of Hermes and Penelope, had died. Christian interpreters, fortified by the chronological coincidence, declared that "Pan" was Christ or, alternatively, anti-Christ. Skeptics of the Enlightenment begged leave to doubt both alternatives and suggested that Tiberius had been hoaxed, while modern anthropologists have settled the matter, for the moment, by producing an explanation convincing in scientific terms. Only the Victorians resisted the compulsion to explain the Death of Pan; only they were able to utilize it as an important literary motif, dependent on a variety of symbolic interpretations. Whether in prose or poetry, they put Pan on one end of an intellectual see-saw, to represent pagan religion, or "Romance," or the natural order, or the Arcady in which a haven from modern civilization could be found. Then they argued the case for one or the other pole of the duality, for "Pan" or, to take the case of his archetypal opponent, for "Christ." They declared, with joy or with regret, that Pan had died, or they inverted the formula and rejoiced that he had not died after all.

The Romantic poets, following Schiller, often wrote nostalgically of the death of the pagan gods, but they rarely mentioned Pan in this connection; when, for instance, Byron and Peacock did so, it was still the sense of loss that concerned them, rather than the sense of conflict. The Victorian pattern was set not by the Romantics, but by one of the best-known poems of a very popular poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In her poem of 1844, "The Dead Pan," she declared in thirty-nine stanzas, each of which ended with the refrain "Pan, Pan is dead," that Christ's crucifixion slew the pagan gods, who are thus no longer fit subjects for poetry.

God Himself is the best Poet,  
And the Real is His song ...

Phoebus' chariot-course is run:  
Look up, poets, to the sun!  
Pan, Pan is dead.

That is the moral, and it is significant of the victory of pietism over neo-paganism that "moral" is the only word one can use.

Mrs. Browning herself states the sources of the poem to be Plutarch's essay on the Cessation of Oracles and Schiller's poem "Die Götter Griechenlands," but, as Plutarch does not mention Christ and Schiller does not mention Pan, she must have tapped the "well-known tradition" at some other point as well, perhaps in E.K.'s reference to the Christian interpretations of Plutarch in the notes to the *Shepherds Calendar*. Explanations for her introduction to the poem are easier to find than explanations for the structure and episodes of the poem itself; the repeated refrain, using "Pan" as a summarizing symbol for all the Greek deities, and the elaborate dialectic between myth and Christianity are found neither in the sources she lists nor in previous English poetry. The closest parallel occurs in Heine's *Heligoland Journal*, published in 1840, four years earlier, where Schiller's nostalgia had been transmuted to melancholy and combined with a sharp sense of the clash of opposing principles. Heine, like Mrs. Browning, emphasizes, with physical detail, that the Crucifixion was the direct cause of the death of the Greek gods, and "Zuerst starb Pan." Thereafter the phrase "Pan ist todt!" serves three times as a summarizing refrain, concluding three passages of heightened prose, each dealing with the death of gods.

Still, it was Mrs. Browning's refrain, which to modern taste hardly makes up by repetitiousness for what it lacks in charm, that made the catch-phrase available to the minor poets of the century, orthodox and neo-pagan alike. Heine had feared "eine neue Götterverfolgung," but even though a few poets (Charles Mackay, Roden Noel and others) joined Mrs. Browning in rejoicing that "an error has expired/ And the new truth shall reign for evermore!" it must be admitted that the neo-pagans were in the vast majority.

Even Robert Browning, who had occasional doubts about the poetic validity of myth, gives his Guido leave to put the case for Pan. Guido is "a primitive religionist...sprung...From fauns and nymphs"; he points out the hypocrisy and incompleteness of the "living truth/ Revealed to strike Pan dead." Mrs. Browning's statement of the Pan-Christ dialectic may have been the most influential, but her husband's account of the uneasy equilibrium between Pan and Christ in the soul of the Bishop as he orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church is the most eloquent:

Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan  
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,  
And Moses with the tables...

Sixty years later, Edmund Gosse used a similar metaphor to summarize a conflict typical of the intellectual development of many a Victorian "son":

I was at one moment devoutly pious, at the next haunted by visions of material beauty and longing for sensuous impressions. In my hot and silly brain, Jesus and Pan held sway together, as in a wayside chapel discordantly and impishly consecrated to Pagan and to Christian rites.

But some poets had given up hope even of such an equilibrium; they accepted Mrs. Browning's verdict that the battle was over, while following the view of Heine and of Théophile Gautier that Christ's cold, grey victory over Pan was the victory of morality over beauty. "Die öde Werkeltagsgesinnung der modernen Puritaner verbreitet sich schon über ganz Europa wie eine graue Dämmerung," said Heine (echoing Schiller); Gautier, in 1852, admitted that

...l'Olympe cède au Calvaire,  
Jupiter au Nazaréen;  
  
Une voix dit: Pan est mort! — L'ombre  
S'étend. — Comme sur un drap noir,  
Sur la tristesse immense et sombre  
  
Le blanc squelette se fait voir.

A year later, Sir Richard Burton put Gautier's sentiments into swinging iambic tetrameters:

And when, at length, "Great Pan is dead" uprose the  
loud and dolorous cry,  
A glamour with'er'd on the ground, a splendor faded in  
the sky,  
Yea, Pan was dead, the Nazarene came and seized his  
seat beneath the sun  
The votary of the Riddle-god, whose one is three and  
three is one,  
Whose saddening creed of herited Sin spilt o'er the  
world its cold grey spell  
In every vista showed a grave, and 'neath the grave the  
glare of Hell:  
Till all Life's poesy sinks to prose; romance to dull  
Reality fades:  
Earth's flush of gladness pales in gloom and God again  
to man degrades.

But "too lightly the words were spoken/ That mourned or that mocked at thee dead" said Swinburne's Thalassius to Pan (1887); though Swinburne himself was the author of some of the most graceful tributes to the dead gods in English poetry, he did not follow Gautier in saying that it was Pan whom the "pale Galilean" had conquered. His comment, from "Pan and Thalassius," assesses correctly the history of the literary cliché. As early as 1849, Thoreau, whose Pan-worship was more serious than most, declared that "the great God Pan is not dead, as was rumored." James Russell Lowell, in 1868, using an idea that had been better expressed by Wordsworth, (and even by Mrs. Browning, in *Aurora Leigh*) attempted to rehabilitate myth for the sake of its inner truth. He found the catch-phrase ready to hand:

I envy Science not her feat  
To make a twice-told tale of God.  
They said the fairies tript no more,  
And long ago that Pan was dead  
'Twas but that fools preferred to bore  
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.  
Pan leaps and pipes all summer long...  
Would we but doff our lenses strong  
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

By now the enemy of Romance is not morality, as it was to Burton, but Science. (Indeed Pan and "God" are no longer necessarily inimical.) Robert Louis Stevenson's essay, "Pan's Pipes" (1878), the boldest of these counter-attacks upon the cold, grey facts of modern civilization, supplied the creed for the minor poets of the last part of the century:

Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true, but what is it when compared to the reality of which it discourses?

That reality is "Pan," the symbol of the Romance to be found in all of nature's manifestations, the joyous and the picturesquely terrifying alike.

With Lowell we stood on the watershed between the intellectual poetry of the mid-Victorians and the predominantly lyric adaptations of later poets. With Oscar Wilde, the descent is well under way into the eternal Arcady, where Pan no longer represents an idea (or the imitation of one), but an emotion (or the imitation of one). Wilde characterizes the loss of Romance and pagan beauty in terms of Theocritean pastoral:

No longer...  
In the noon the careless shepherds sing  
For Pan is dead, and all the wantoning  
Great Pan is dead, and Mary's son is king.

But "perchance...Some God lies hidden in the asphodel," and Pan is alive after all. That is the hope and the assumption of the "Arcadiac" lyric poet, who brushes aside such residue of the intellectual conflict as still remains in Wilde and proclaims the living Pan. A hundred-odd minor poets of the decades from 1880 to the First World War blow a pretty bubble of "facile pagan joys"; the final duality is that of Pan and the City (or some other manifestation of modern, soulless, mechanized life); the mode is no longer conflict but escape.

In the meantime Pan had become, more prosaically, a useful symbol for cultural history, tending to be equated with whatever the author thinks of for the moment as typically Greek. Nietzsche recounts Plutarch and then says that "die Tragödie ist tot!"; Pater uses the phrase to mean Greek religion; Lord Alfred Douglas, in lines that echo Pan's pursuit of Daphnis through the pages of the Greek Anthology, as well as the poet's personal dilemma, finds that what died with Pan is "the sweet unfruitful love,/ In Hellas counted more than half divine / Less than half human now..." John Addington Symonds, as he travelled in Italy, saw a palimpsest of the "real Christian present" and the pagan past. He knows that "nothing can take us back to Phoebus or to Pan"; "glad nature worship" is no longer possible, yet he dreams of finding a shrine to "Priapus or pastoral Pan," set up by some nineteenth-century Italian peasant: at that moment he stumbles across a crucifix.

Georges Clemenceau in *Le grand Pan* of 1896 (the seventy-page introduction to a book of essays on social and political subjects), provides a rationalistic interpretation of the death of Pan that contrasts piquantly with Stevenson's. For neither of them is Pan really dead, but for Stevenson it is the scientist who would kill him, and for Clemenceau, with Voltaire instead of Wordsworth as an ancestor, it is the scientist who brings Pan back to life. Pan stands for classical culture, civilization and values, all of which affirmed the joy of living. The Church (here Clemenceau is very Gibbonese) killed the things Pan stood for, but the voices that proclaimed his death were in error; at the Renaissance Pan began to live again. Any heir of the romantic view of Pan would approve Clemenceau's demand for a return to the fount of universal energy, from which the evolution of self-consciousness had separated us; indeed D.H. Lawrence, whose "Pan in America" (1924) is the most distinguished offspring of the Victorian Pan of intellectual argument, says much the same thing. But it would be an unusual romantic indeed who could share Clemenceau's assumption that the increase of man's self-consciousness, the extension of his scientific explorations and knowledge, and the crowning of "le Grand Pan d'un organisme social de justice et d'amour" were the ways to achieve this goal. Like Mrs. Browning, Clemenceau finds "vérité a better subject for art than "rêves," but "vérité" to him is not the death-bearing Christian revelation, but the life-bearing revelation of science.

The rationalistic interpretation was not common in England, where Stevenson's wonder and nostalgia set the dominant mood, but it bursts out briefly in James Thomson's free-thinking polemic, "Great Christ is Dead!" (1875). Thomson sees three stages of history: the pagan dynasty, which died with Pan — here he recounts Plutarch's story — the Christian dynasty whose death has just been decreed by "Fate, in the form of Science," and the scientific dispensation, where

Pan lives, not as a God, but as the All, Nature, now that the oppression of the Supernatural is removed...Miraculous voices are not heard in these days; but everywhere myriads of natural voices are continually announcing to us...Great Christ is dead!

G.K. Chesterton, like Thomson, uses the phrase as a metaphor for defining stages of belief. But in his life of Blake, Pan is equated with the supernatural, with a primitive Greek sense of wonder, associated with Dionysus, sex, wine, and what Chesterton calls the "mysticism of the forest." This Pan was killed, not by Christ, but by Roman common sense, and when Christ was born, "Pan for the first time began to stir in his grave." Only Christianity could fuse the Roman instinct for order with the pre-Roman instinct for the supernatural.

With such a paradoxical twisting of the metaphor, one might suppose that all utility had been squeezed out of it, and indeed it took rather hard wear in the seventy years that I have been discussing. It is not surprising that the Plutarchan formula, "Pan is dead," along with its child, the Arcadiac formula, "Pan is still alive," should drop back, after 1910, into the same relative obscurity that it had enjoyed before Mrs. Browning and Pan made each other famous. That the goat-god, emblematic in so many ways of Nature or the natural, should die is an intriguing paradox in itself; it has the power of good myth to survive the most curious literary transmigrations. That Pan died at the hands of Christ, so to speak, provided the Victorians with an ideal metaphor for the conflict of ideas and feelings that so many of them underwent in their own lives.

Although D.H. Lawrence and Eugene O'Neill are major exceptions to my statement that the metaphor meant nothing to the post-Edwardians, they are also solitary exceptions. Charles Williams has assessed the situation in words which may serve the further purpose of showing what the formula is likely to mean at the present day:

...In general, in public the myths were done, and it was time. Hector and Solomon, Helios and Odin, had had a long day and it may be that still some poet may find them necessary; if so it will be a private compulsion rather than a public habit. Pan is dead.



## THE GENIUS OF JOHN RUSKIN

(Note: Portions of the following paper will appear in the introduction to an anthology of Ruskin's major works *THE GENIUS OF JOHN RUSKIN* to be published this fall by George Braziller.)

At the turn of the century a young litterateur in Paris and an Indian lawyer in Johannesburg discovered Ruskin, and in so doing discovered themselves. "He will enable my spirit," Proust wrote in the first fervors of discipleship, "to enter regions to which formerly it had no access, for he is the gate." Gandhi wrote in his autobiography that reading *Unto This Last* had awakened some of his deepest convictions and transformed his life. The list might be extended—William Morris and Ezra Pound, Tolstoy and Clement Attlee, Bernard Shaw and Frank Lloyd Wright—but the additions only heighten one's perplexity that a single mind could so decisively influence such diverse men.

At the age of nine Ruskin began an epic "Poem on the Universe." His subject remained the world, to which he responded with a baffling multiplicity of judgments. In the 1840s he saw in Turner, and taught a visually retarded generation to see, a revolutionary truth to the visible world which had never before been rendered on canvas. But in the 1870s his prejudices blinded him to the achievement of the French Impressionists, although they exemplified the very principles he had discovered in Turner thirty years earlier. Modern architects unwittingly borrow his vocabulary—"organic form," harmony of function and design, frank display of structure and materials—and they often build upon his principles. Yet he opposed the use of the new materials which have made architecture the most vital of modern arts. (And also, at times, the most sterile. The blank glitter of the lifeless slab flashed on Ruskin's mind almost a century before it was to rise in reduplicated regularity: "You shall draw out your plates of glass," he predicted, "and beat out your bars of iron till you have encompassed us all... with endless perspective of black skeleton and blinding square.") As an economist and social critic, he succeeded more than any other English writer in moderating the barbarisms of nineteenth-century *laissez faire* and persuading his countrymen that starvation in the streets of their prosperous capital was not a "law of nature" but an affront to humanity. Yet he despised parliamentary reforms, ballot boxes, labor unions, indeed the whole egalitarian structure of the Welfare State that he helped bring into being. "I am, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school; — Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's." So begins *Præterita*, the autobiography of this great nineteenth-century radical who, with equal justice, described himself as "the reddest also of the red." One cannot read Ruskin for very long without a sense of bafflement, perhaps of rage, but always of revelation.

His works are as burdened with contradiction as experience itself. Perhaps that is what Shaw meant when he said that few men have embodied our manifold nature more markedly than Ruskin. Endowed with a great mind yet retaining the emotions of a child, noble and narrow, dogmatic and yielding, immoderate both in delight and despair, arrogant and gentle, self-obsessed and self-sacrificing, compulsively communicative yet solitary, prophetic and blind, Ruskin was always changing and always himself. Even his contradictions have a certain consistency. At different stages of life he reacted differently to the same things; yet each response was absolute in its integrity, reflecting a unity of sensibility rather than of system. Throughout his career, his mind was capable of change, and hence of growth; but the change, as he once remarked, was that of a tree, not of a cloud.

During the half century since Ruskin's death in 1900, his genius lay buried under the bulk of his own words. The standard edition of his *Works* contains thirty-nine oversized volumes; most modern readers are less aware of their contents than of the psychological aberrations of their author. He has never regained the reputation he held among his contemporaries, nor has he attracted the widespread critical attention that has recently illuminated the achievement of Dickens or Hopkins. Ruskin's early critics were for the most part pious eulogists who made him out to be far tidier and less vital than he is. Between the world wars everything Victorian was so patently repugnant that it was an easy leap to equate the platitudes of the disciples with the perceptions of the master, and to reject them both. At the time of Ruskin's death, few men would have doubted the justice of Tolstoy's praise; until recently few would have believed it:

Ruskin was one of the most remarkable men, not only of England and our time, but of all countries and all times. He was one of those rare men who think with their hearts, and so he thought and said not only what he himself had seen and felt, but what everyone will think and say in future.

Now that the reevaluation of the Victorians is so solidly under way, we can recognize their creative exuberance as matched only by that of the Elizabethans. As they recede from us in time, they come closer to us in spirit, until the generation of stern prophets and self-assured dogmatists appears strangely perplexed, less certain of themselves and their world than they cared to admit, and far more like ourselves than we ever suspected. But the rush of reawakened sympathy has lacked true discernment. If we recognize that Hopkins is a great poet, we have yet to acknowledge that Arnold is a bad one. Dickens and Meredith, Mill and Macaulay, Ruskin and Carlyle are studied in our universities as equal eminences. Thirty years from now such pairings may well seem as indiscriminate as those of Shakespeare and Kyd, Blake and Gray.

Of all the Victorians, Ruskin has least found his deserved place among his contemporaries or in our literature at large. The great Library Edition of his *Works* has served as his monument in a sense unintended by its editors, and the selections available to the general reader have not made resurrection seem especially worthwhile. In our century Ruskin had been read in outdated, truncated fragments in which the sustained sweep, eccentricity, and uniquely personal voice of his genius are altogether obscured. The result has been a popular image of Ruskin at once absurd and contradictory: the arch-aesthete and word-painter who somehow fostered wedding-cake Gothic, Walter Pater, and art for art's sake; and the puritanical preacher, and effete appendage of Carlyle who overmoralized art and vainly castigated society.

When this caricature of Ruskin is replaced by an authentic portrait, his genius will be recognized for what it is—a unique fusion of the capacity to see with the amazed eyes of a child and to reason with a mind as swift and penetrating as any that England has produced. He once praised the artist's ability to recover "Innocence of the eye... a sort of childish percep-

Ar. + Arch.

socialism

tion of...flat stains of colour, merely as such, without consciousness of what they signify,—as a blind man would see them if suddenly gifted with sight." Anyone who has read Ruskin closely has known that moment when the veil of familiarity abruptly lifts and one feels, as Charlotte Brontë did on first reading *Modern Painters*, that he has been given a new sense—sight. This incapacity to become habituated to the world was the one talent on which all his others depended.

The intensity of Ruskin's perceptions imprisoned him in a private universe where each glance was a revelation but there were no eyes other than his own. In Benjamin Jowett's phrase, "Ruskin never rubbed his mind against others." He had two masters — Turner and Carlyle — and many disciples, but no colleagues. His intellectual isolation was very nearly absolute; to it he owed his occasional arrogance and frequent eccentricity.

Ruskin faltered away from himself only in some of his early prose, which is marred by a self-conscious literary gesticulation. At times the first two volumes of *Modern Painters* bog down in stretches of starchy rhetoric. But the same volumes contain passages which, despite their massed splendor, dazzle the reader less with their magnificence than with their truth. Nonetheless, it was the chief provocation of Ruskin's life to be praised merely for putting words together prettily; since he is best known today for his virtuoso pieces, the illusion persists that he was a fine writer who said foolish things.

Ruskin's style is as varied as his subjects or moods. In youth, when his feeling for physical beauty was keenest, he described nature with an almost audible laughter of delight at his power to make words do his will. "There is the strong instinct in me," he wrote to his father, "which I cannot analyse—to draw and describe the things I love...a sort of instinct like that for eating or drinking." One of his strongest loves was for the "wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea." For some thirty pages in *Modern Painters* he wrote of the sea with a sustained exaltation unequalled in English, except perhaps for Bunyan's description of the pilgrims crossing the river of death and entering the gates of heaven. The standard excerpts from *Modern Painters* mute the larger rhythms of these prose hymns to nature, destroying the cumulative effect of Ruskin's impassioned precision.

The prose of his middle period gains in subtlety without losing force. The reader still hears sonorous echoes from the King James version of the Bible, but in *Unto This Last* one is less conscious of Ruskin's mastery of the cadenced music of words than of the thrust of his logic and the lucidity of his rage. More and more he revised to be concise instead of eloquent. The counterpoint of balanced clauses becomes less conspicuous; assonance predominates over the more obvious effects of alliteration; sound and sense form a single tissue of expression in which the substitution of a word, the alteration of a vowel, distort both music and meaning.

As Ruskin's sense of the mystery and terror of life deepened, his prose became more intimate, achieving the final eloquence of simplicity. He had always felt the need to record all that he had ever seen or thought or felt. But in his later books, above all in *Fors Clavigera*, he wrote less to register his observations than to voice his perplexity and pain, to escape from an enfolding isolation that found him beloved yet incapable of loving, ever in company yet ever alone. As the inner pressure mounted, he brought to bear upon his own psyche the great gifts of penetration and expression that he had previously focused upon external nature. He became his own subject; simultaneously, the tone of his prose shifted. The stately piling up of clauses, perfectly suited to his Alpine descriptions and towering hopes, yielded to a subtler, quieter style which registers the very pulsations of his grief and is as moving as his earlier prose is magnificent.

His late voice is rich in all the nuances of speech, capable almost of physical gesture. We become oblivious of the printed word and follow instead the elusive soliloquy of a mind so habituated to solitude that we seem to overhear it thinking aloud. Let me try to make you feel the presence of this voice in a passage from *Fors Clavigera*. We have no time for close analysis; but I would like you to hear this strange, speaking music if only because it is so rarely associated with Ruskin, so much less familiar than those stately, stupendous stretches in *Modern Painters*.

The letter of *Fors* for December 1874 opens with a quietly ironic account of Ruskin's efforts to raise money for the St. George's Guild, a kind of agrarian utopia which he founded, and through which he hoped to transform blighted, industrial England into a second Eden. He has fared rather poorly, he admits, in soliciting contributions for the Guild during the years of his mendacity. But he can understand his readers' reluctance to contribute, for he is not a very efficient sort of reformer. He once tried to purify the polluted springs of the River Wandel, making them pleasantly habitable for trout, but once purified, the springs required constant looking after, "like a child getting into a mess." He next set up a tea shop in Paddington Street to supply the poor with an unadulterated product at fair prices. But for months on end he could not decide upon the most esthetically pleasing design for his sign—Chinese black upon gold? Japanese blue upon white?—and so "Mr. Ruskin's Tea-Shop" languished, along with the antiquated servants of his mother who sold tea in his employ.

For some four pages Ruskin's tone is bemusedly playful—a mild self-mockery without malice. Only once does he hint at something more painful: his difficulty in keeping aloof from the human misery surrounding him. Such indifference, he says, is what most people call "rational." And if to be rational is to gratify one's pleasures in the midst of others' pain, he must confess to great difficulty in keeping himself "out of Hanwell, or that other Hospital"—Bedlam—"which makes the name of Christ's native village dreadful in the ear of London."

But the hint of gravity is lost in the banter about signs for tea shops and hygienic habitats for trout. The manner is all rather queer and leaves us at a loss whether to admire Ruskin's eccentric benevolences or to pity his folly. Then, at the moment when we no longer know quite how to take him, the tone suddenly shifts and the true subject of the letter is thrust upon us—fear, Ruskin's fear of the final solitude of madness. Notice as I read how the muted ironies Ruskin had first directed against himself are now turned fiercely against the thieving, carnivorous fools all around him. And recall that elsewhere in *Fors* he had warned that if he took off his "Harlequin's mask," if he ceased affecting an antic disposition, his readers would say he was simply mad. He now strips off the mask in a passage that rises to mildly ferocious invective. "Does it never occur to me," he asks, anticipating our own question, "Does it never occur to me that I may be mad myself?"

Well, I am so alone now in my thoughts and ways, that if I am not mad, I should soon become so, from mere solitude, but for my work....We are in hard times, now, for all men's wits; for men who



know the truth are like to go mad from isolation; and the fools are all going mad in "Schwärmerei,"—only that is much the pleasanter way. Mr. Lecky, for instance, quoted in last *Fors* how pleasant for him to think he is ever so much wiser than Aristotle; and that, as a body, the men of his generation are the wisest that ever were born—giants of intellect, according to Lord Macaulay, compared to the pigmies of Bacon's time, and the minor pigmies of Christ's time...and, finally, the vermicular and infusorial pigmies—twenty-three millions to the cube inch—of Mr. Darwin's time!...

But for us of the old race—few of us now left,—children who reverence our fathers, and are ashamed of ourselves; comfortless enough in that shame, and yearning for one word or glance from the graves of old...we, who feel as men, and not as carnivorous worms; we, who are every day recognizing some inaccessible height of thought and power, and are miserable in our shortcomings,—the few of us now standing here and there, alone, in the midst of this yelping, carnivorous crowd, mad for money and lust, tearing each other to pieces, and starving each other to death, and leaving heaps of their dung and ponds of their spittle on every palace floor and altar stone,—it is impossible for us, except in the labour of our hands, not to go mad.

The searing truth beneath the hyperbole forces upon us the realization that the falling away from reason, from humanity, lies not in the eccentrically benevolent Ruskin but in the world whose idiot bestiality appalls him.

In the next paragraph—the last I shall read—Ruskin again puts on his Harlequin's mask, half feigning the madness he fears. Pathological fury fades into jest, but the jest now wears the darker undertint of despair:

In one of my saddest moods, only a week or two ago...utterly beaten and comfortless, at Assisi, I got some wholesome peace and refreshment by mere sympathy with a Bewickian little pig in the roundest and conceitedest burst of pig-blossom. His servant,—a grave old woman, with much sorrow and toil in the wrinkles of her skin, while his was only dimpled in its divine thickness,—was leading him, with magnanimous length of rope, down a grassy path behind the convent....Stray stalks and leaves of eatable things, in various stages of ambrosial rotteness, lay here and there; the convent walls made more savoury by their fumigation, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says the Alpine pines are by his cigar. And the little joyful darling of Demeter shook his curly tail, and munched; and grunted the good-naturedness of grunts...and was a balm and beatification to behold; and I would fain have changed places with him for a little while, or with Mr. Leslie Stephen for a little while,—at luncheon, suppose,—anywhere but among the Alps. But it can't be.

Throughout the letter—with its recipe for Yorkshire Goose Pie, its cuckoo-clocks and barrel-organs, its terror, its wit, its tragedy—Ruskin conveys the whole range of intonations of the living voice, at times in the whisper of isolation, at times with the shrillness of a shout. Nothing else is quite so daringly inconsequent, so immediate, so capable of communicating the music of consciousness itself. Joyce's interior monologues are, by comparison, contrived declamations. The range and inexhaustible vitality of Ruskin's many styles are unsurpassed in English prose.

In his diary Ruskin describes a nightmare in which a skilled surgeon takes a scalpel to his skull and proceeds to dissect himself—Ruskin's *self*-anatomizing in his books is no less incisive, but the horror is transmuted into a terrible beauty. One may for the moment discount the revolutionary importance of his criticism of the world around him. There remains the world he discovered within himself, a world which he delineated on every page he wrote and which constitutes the most animate record of genius ever preserved in words.

Columbia University

JOHN D. ROSENBERG

(Note: Professor McCarthy's paper on "Arnold, the Populace, and the Panic Fear of Revolt" was not made available for inclusion in *VNL*.)

## II. ARTICLES

### THACKERAY ON WAR

In his best-known novel, *W.M. Thackeray* seems to deny any interest in the realistic depiction of war. The author of *Vanity Fair* does not accompany the British Army on the road to Waterloo; he insists that his proper subjects are the peaceful occupations of civilians. Yet this rejection of battle descriptions and military matters may conceal the fact of Thackeray's preoccupation with these elements of nineteenth-century culture. The attacks on war that crop up in his parodies and his fiction from the late 1830's to the end of his life recur throughout his work with a consistency of bitter force and, often, savage anger that is very unlike Thackeray's usual controlled irony.

It is true that at the very start of his career, Thackeray seemed to share the average Englishman's patriotic view of war. In 1831 he wrote Edward Fitzgerald in bellicose terms, stating that he would enjoy a campaign in Russia, if he were in the army, for the pleasure of putting down the Russians' conceit.<sup>1</sup> At the same period, Thackeray enjoyed sketching battle scenes—one of which includes a savage combat between a guardsman and a French soldier "in wh. the latter is in the act of having his head cut off, the blood is spitting [*sic*] from the wound in a most horrible and edifying manner . . ."<sup>2</sup> He sent to *Fraser's Magazine* a straightforward translation of "Das Lied von Feldmarschall," a romantic, elegiac poem by Arndt that

sings of the glory of a full-dress parade and the nobility of an old general who fought against the French. It is difficult to imagine the future author of *Barry Lyndon* writing these turgid lines, even at the age of twenty:

He kept his word when loudly his country's warcry rung,  
Then gaily to his saddle, the grey haired youth he sprang,

On the bloody field of Lützen, good service did he then  
Upon the field were lying ten thousand slaughtered men.<sup>3</sup>

With the exception of these youthful sketches, the only temperate response that Thackeray the mature author could produce appeared in his portraits of old soldiers. Historical figures like the generals Webb, Wolfe, and Washington receive warm and worshipful treatment. And, of course, Colonel Newcome epitomizes the type of idealized veteran. What distinguishes the brave colonel, however, is his utter modesty and refusal even to mention his courageous military exploits—which thus are of no consequence in the context of the novel. The object of Thackeray's scorn was the implication of war itself, the abstract idea of unnecessary destruction in the name of patriotic glory, and the false pride, the devil's code of honor that led alike to boasts, duels, and battles.

One of his most violent anti-war polemics appears in the article, "Meditations at Versailles," written in 1840 and published in the *Paris Sketch Book*. He tells of the miles of canvas that portray the great French battles from Valmy to Waterloo and the magnificent warriors who fought them. "Military heroes are most of these ... some dozens of whom gained crowns, principalities, dukedoms; some hundreds, plunder and epaulets; some millions, death in the African sands, or in icy Russian plains, under the guidance, and for the good, of that arch-hero, Napoleon. By far the greatest part of 'all the glories' of France (as of most other countries) is made up of these military men; and a fine satire it is on the cowardice of mankind, that they pay such an extraordinary homage to the virtue called courage."<sup>4</sup>

In this essay Thackeray is sometimes coolly objective in his discussions of war. He dismisses the canvas of a single French soldier who is prepared to receive the charge of a whole regiment of Cossacks, with the mild comment that false heroics and unreal battle pieces are boring.<sup>5</sup> More often, however, his tone is one of violent anger. "Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epitaphs and sabretaches; all ye guns, shrapnels and musketoons; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights; down—down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you!"<sup>6</sup>

Violently rejecting civilian bellicosity, Thackeray (who in 1852 stated that should a war with France take place he would write songs, since he had no ability at the rifle business<sup>7</sup>) rises in wrath against any noncombatant who tries to share the military glory earned by others. "What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of an heroic stock, because my Uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are we, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives?"<sup>8</sup>

The essay goes on to enumerate the sins enacted in the name of nationalism. Hatred or pride, says Thackeray, is equally shameful. There is no real victor in a war, for the loser is demoralized by hatred, and the conqueror is swollen with self-admiration. In this essay (which is, after all, an art review) the discursive comments on national prejudice become increasingly violent, although the author remains in control of his material. The satirist allows the soldiers to damn themselves; all generals, all armies plead the same motives. "Remember you are Britons!" cries our general; "there is the enemy, and d— em, give 'em the bayonet! Hurrah! helter-skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go!

"Soldats! dans ce moment terrible, la France vous regarde! Vive l'Empereur!" shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling.

"Children!" roars Feld-marechal Sauerkraut, "men of Hohenzolernsigmaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!" and murder again is the consequence."<sup>9</sup> There is no attempt at subtlety, and the final battle scene makes the author's consideration of war only too clear. "Tomahoe-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same warcry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism."<sup>10</sup>

If war must be waged, Thackeray can accept the fact, but he refuses to permit emotional outbursts, heroic posturings, or nationalist superiority. Not only exhibitions of battle paintings serve to set off his antimilitaristic ire. Even a report of a boxing match ("On Some Late Great Victories") can inspire the feeling. He remarks in the course of this essay that although boxing is illegal, the deplorable energies developed in the ring could be aimed in the proper direction should England ever need champions to fight and fall and rise and die rather than yield. If there is a war, Tom may "resist some tremendous enemy who challenges your championship on your native shore . . . Sir Thomas, resist him to the death, and it is all right; kill him and heaven bless you. Drive him into the sea, and there destroy, smash, and drown him; and let us sing *Laudamus*. In these national cases, you see, we override the indisputable first laws of morals."<sup>11</sup> Thus, patriotism remains the last refuge.

Thackeray's later fugitive writings are peppered with cynical allusions to military glory. He doubts the fame of Wellington if he had been overwhelmed at Waterloo, or Washington if he had met defeat at Valley Forge. They would still be good men, but what would history make of them?<sup>12</sup> Thackeray is not impressed by the sight of household troops parading in Pall Mall. The realist considers that they would rather be in barracks, and, "That they fought very bravely there is no doubt; but so did the Russians fight very bravely; and the French fight very bravely; and so did Colonel Jones and the 99th; and Colonel Brown and the 100th."<sup>13</sup> The essay, "On Half a Loaf," praises the courage shown by the American government in the decision to give up the Southern commissioners and avoid the "nightmare of war." Thackeray can anticipate the tragedy of farewells, the thin red line winding through vast Canadian snows.<sup>14</sup> And when he considers Waterloo, his mind grasps the fact that the barley and oats were high that year when 150,000 men came to trample them down—what of the innocent Belgian farmer?<sup>15</sup>



Thackeray's many literary parodies concentrate on historical fiction that emphasizes war and war heroes. Indeed, Thackeray satirizes nearly all of the nineteenth century's well-known examples of war fiction. Like Mark Twain, who shared Thackeray's dim view of war (and Sir Walter Scott), Thackeray scoffs at Cooper's sturdy Indian warriors, in "'The Stars and Stripes', by the author of 'The Last of the Mulligans'"; ridicules Dumas' heroic jousts in *A Legend of the Rhine*; points up the absurdity of regimental histories in his account of "Jenkins's Foot" (formed by London servants armed with maces) in *The History of the Next French Revolution*; and derides Scott's complacent battle descriptions in *Rebecca and Rowena*.

This last work attacks many of the conventions of military fiction. Thackeray's *Ivanhoe* is impregnable in combat; in one engagement alone he accounts for 2,351 Moors. Thackeray mercilessly parodies the false sentimentality of the old soldier's nostalgic tone that was echoed in countless military memoirs of the '40's and '50's: "Silently sat he and looked at his coat-of-mail hanging vacant on the wall, his banner covered with spider-webs, and his sword and axe rusting there. 'Ah, dear axe,' sighed he (into his drinking-horn)—'ah, gentle steel! that was a merry time when I went there crashing into the pate of the Emir Abdul Melih as he rode on the right of Saladin.'"16 We may note that the ideal old soldier, Colonel Newcome, while missing India and the regiment, never years for the excitement of combat.

Thackeray mocks Scott's combat scenes in a savage picture of King Richard brutally slaughtering a small child—after which the author steps in to offer a criticism on Scott's cool battle chapters, a comment that reflects Thackeray's basic distaste for the military novelist's careless attitude towards death. "I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what might be done if I chose to indulge in this style of composition. But as in the battles which are described by the kindly chronicler . . . everything passes off agreeably—the people are slain, but without any unpleasant sensation to the reader..."17

Thackeray's most extensive piece of military parody appears in "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," first published in 1838-1839 in the *New Monthly Magazine*. Gahagan epitomizes the pseudo-modest author of military reminiscences. Six-feet-four, a matchless physical specimen, Gahagan is proudest of his "terrific gash of the deepest purple, which goes over the forehead, the eyelid, and the cheek, and finishes at the ear,"18 enhancing his military appearance. Thackeray exults in the fabulous adventures of his warlike hero, who wins battles either by superhuman courage or incredibly brilliant strategy. Napoleon admires Gahagan for his achievements in the battle of Delhi (even though George Gleig somehow left him out of his history), and the major continually saves vast hosts of terrified soldiers through his amazing qualities of leadership. The biting irony of this piece never ceases. When Gahagan quietly mentions that he was wounded—as was invariably the case in the two hundred and four occasions he had been in action—or boasts of his ability to kill scores of natives, Thackeray is attacking the basic concept of heroism that is usually exemplified in the military man. The author refuses to simplify his view of the human comedy by making an equation of physical prowess with moral strength. While an is dated parody obviously need not be taken seriously, the repetition of this theme shows Thackeray's mordant fascination with what popularly passed for military virtue.

Thackeray's best parody—and his most trenchant literary criticism—is of Charles Lever's popular novel dealing with the adventures of a young Irish officer in the Napoleonic wars. Thackeray's burlesque of *Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon* first appeared in *Punch* in the summer of 1847 and was entitled "Phil Fogarty, A Tale of the Fighting Onety-Oneth."

In general, Thackeray scoffs at the conception of the Irish novelist's leading character, and travesties the ease with which the social flaneur accomplishes his warlike deeds. In addition, the parodist hits nearly every weakness of the romantic, humorous approach to a serious topic such as war. Thackeray is never in doubt as to which aspect of war most interests Lever. The narrator, Phil Fogarty, describes a fierce battle: "The gabion was ours. After two hours fighting we were in possession of the finest embrasure and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Jack Delamere, Tom Delaney, Jerry Blake, the Doctor, and myself sat down under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hearty supper on a tumbrel."19 Thackeray echoes Lever's jolly, sporting attitude towards combat, and Fogarty is exhilarated by the sporting duels with the enemy.

The most incisive aspect of Thackeray's criticism is applied to the false ease and heightened diction of Lever's pages on death and war. The doctor jests as poor Jack Delamere's head flies off—yet, Fogarty assures us, the doctor is a sympathetic soul. Thackeray clearly catches the false notes of much early war fiction, the highly specialized terms, the gay heroics, and the last minute withdrawal of the narrator from the action. "'Forward, Onety-Oneth!' cried I, in a voice of thunder. 'Kilaloo, boys, follow your captain!' . . . The next moment a sensation of numbness and death seized me, and I lay like a corpse upon the rampart.'"20

In a wildly exaggerated ending, which hardly seems overdone to the reader familiar with Lever, Thackeray shows his hero, astride his faithful horse, Bugaboo, leaping over the Emperor and his guard, and ". . . an Irishman on an Irish horse . . . away I went, with an army of a hundred and seventy-three thousand eight hundred men at my heels . . ."21 Thackeray's consistent attack, by parody and satire, on war is climaxed by this ironic re-creation of military fiction.

### III

When it comes to creating his own fiction, Thackeray did not betray his critical beliefs. Despite the frequent appearance of military figures throughout the body of his work, Thackeray never attempted to glorify war. Almost exclusively, war in his pages is a *modus vivendi* for the military men he depicts, a necessity for the realist who wishes to place even his minor characters in their proper social context.

Perhaps the fullest picture of military life appears in Thackeray's earliest novel, *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.*, first published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1844. The novel, like Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, is the ironic tale of the rise and fall of a charming and unprincipled rogue. An Irish exile who serves first in the English and then in the Prussian army, Barry's military career bears a certain resemblance to that of Lever's Tom Burke. The similarity ends here, for through Barry's comments on military life, Thackeray presents a completely damning view of war. His feeling is so intense that it breaks through the fictional framework, and the point-of-view character lapses from self-directed irony into a genuine *cri de coeur* against the evils of war. The author forgets his humour and becomes a moralist.

Barry's greatest successes in life come in the roles of soldier and gambler—two professions of roguery equated by the author. Thackeray makes his hero an enlisted man in order to attack more strongly the dual aspects of war that disturb him, the injustice of military discipline and the horror of combat with its aftermath of murder and plunder.

Even as a youth the hero is characterized by swagger and military ardour. The satiric tone of *Barry Lyndon*, which endures from the start of the novel to the miserable death of the adventurer, is broken in the section dealing with Barry's experiences in the Seven Years' War. Thackeray does not attempt to deal with the war's causes, but his hero is quick to grasp the irony inherent in the situation of Catholics fighting on the side of the Protestant princes. The miseries of the common soldier's life break Barry's spirit, and he contemplates suicide rather than submission to discipline. Thackeray's conception of an enlisted man's lot seems close to the modern attitude of war novelists. He makes it quite clear that he is not writing about the kind of glorious war that can be contemplated in a comfortable club; neither is he describing war waged by officers who are magnificently dressed gentlemen inspired by the prospects of honor and promotion.

Barry's apology for the enlisted man has the ring of genuine emotion, which rises above the ironic tone of the novel. Viewing the plundered corpse of his protector, Captain Fagan, Barry muses on the position of the soldier. "Such knaves and ruffians do men in war become! It is well for gentlemen to talk of the age of chivalry; but remember the starving brutes whom they lead—men nursed in poverty, entirely ignorant, made to take a pride in deeds of blood—men who can have no amusement but in drunkenness, debauch, and plunder."<sup>22</sup> Barry's sympathies are with the men in the ranks. He defends the right of the enlisted man to rebel, because the life of a soldier is an ever increasing series of cruel events. Through Barry, the author shows the disparity between the illusion of glory in battle and the reality of discipline on parade. Barry is appalled by the sight of a veteran of a hundred battles about to be punished by a little ensign aged fifteen. "In a day of action this man would dare anything. A button might be awry then and nobody touched him; but when they had made the brute fight, then they lashed him again into subordination" (pp. 92-93).

Thackeray's interest in the individual denies the ethic of the professional military man like George Gleig who can see that discipline in peace might be necessary for obedience in war. Thackeray displays an ugly world of war where kings receive honours for the victories earned by wretched soldiers who must suffer the horrors of combat. Barry seems nauseated (although he is shown throughout most of the novel as an amoral villain) by the actual items of crime and misery that go to make up the abstraction called glory. He describes the burning of a house after the drunken soldiery had finished their revels. This is the only act in his life of crime that really enters into the rogue's conscience. Later, when Barry is in a coma and speaks deliriously of the facts of his past life that have meaning, he cannot block out the memory of a house on fire—the symbol of war's ruthlessness (p. 80).

Thackeray's realistic narrative technique calls for the presentation of the darker side of war. Barry will not "make myself the hero of some strange and popular adventures, and, after the fashion of novel writers, introduce my readers to the great characters of this remarkable time" (p. 62). He refuses to bring the drummer boy next to the greatest lords, nor will he say he was present when Sir George Sackville failed to charge, since the truth is that he was two miles away from the cavalry, and the line soldiers have no idea of the overall strategy. "I saw no one of higher rank that day than my colonel and a couple of orderly officers riding by in the smoke . . ." (p. 62). The realism of the restricted point of view is accompanied by an impressionistic rendition of Barry's part in the battle of Minden. He treats "The ensign's silver *bon-bon* box and his purse of gold; the livid face of the poor fellow as he fell; the huzzas of the men of my company . . . their shouts and curses as we came hand in hand with the Frenchmen . . ." (pp. 62-63).

Realism and anti-heroism, the refusal to distort or to idealize, provide the keynote to Thackeray's war fiction in *Barry Lyndon*. The bitter commonplace of death in battle is excellently rendered by the comment of a dead captain's best friend: "Fagan's down; Rawson, there's your company." It was all the epitaph my brave patron got" (p. 63). Returning to his ironic frame, Thackeray blames much of Barry's later career of decadence on his army training. Barry proudly admits that the army dispelled any romantic ideas of love and honour (p. 128).

*Barry Lyndon* is not primarily a war novel. The combat scenes are brief, and the army experiences of the hero take up only one-third of the book. But Thackeray's tone exhibits an unusual approach to war for the fiction of his century.<sup>23</sup> His first novel reinforces the suggestion of contempt for the heroic, glorious concept of war that stands out in his satires and criticisms of others' fiction.

#### IV

Thackeray declines the military gambit in his major novels. The focus of the action of *Vanity Fair* (1848) is always outside the war world. We are provided with a sketch of the social structure of the mess, mainly in relation to its reception of Amelia; we have the characters of Dobbin and Osborne—line officers—and Rawdon Crawley and General Tufo—on the staff. Many of the other military portraits, in particular those of Major O'Dowd and Captain MacMurdo, are rich and vividly documented, but these soldiers are shown as they exist in our world, the world of the reader—and the author.

O'Dowd's domestic arrangements are stressed; indeed his wife and niece, the war-horse and Glorvina, steal the spotlight from the phlegmatic major. When Thackeray describes him in battle, he employs a domestic metaphor: "He walked up to a battery with just as much indifference as to a dinner table."<sup>24</sup> The sketch of MacMurdo is an excellent example of Thackeray's ability to create vigorous minor figures. He shows MacMurdo as a typical garrison soldier, a veteran of twenty-four years in the corps, a bluff, good-natured military man whose exertions, however, are those of peace—drinking, gambling, and horsemanship.

For his part, Rawdon is the representative heavy dragoon, reckless, horsey, debauched, endowed with great physical strength and courage, a fatalist who gaily carries his own doom alongside of his duelling pistols—at least before his conversion to domestic respectability. As Miss Crawley sees it, the army is a natural part of his existence; she equates "his horses, and his regiment, and his hunting, and his play . . ." (I, 113). Like John Loveday in Thomas Hardy's *The Trumpet-Major* or Edward Ashburnham in Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, Rawdon has the army for his social milieu, *off-stage*. Similarly with the other characters in this novel, Thackeray makes little reference to their military abilities. Osborne, Crawley, and Dobbin, three radically different types, are all adored by their regiments, although Dobbin is, naturally, the most professional of the three.



When these soldiers march off to battle, Thackeray remains stubbornly outside of the war world, unlike his nineteenth-century predecessors—authors such as Scott and Cooper, Gleig and Lever—who treat war in their novels. Because of his predilection for the world of his own experience, the author is not tempted by the opportunity to include dramatic descriptions of military action. After all, *Vanity Fair* is a novel without a hero, and Thackeray is inclined throughout his fiction to avoid over-inflated scenes that show men rising to heroic efforts; therefore, he fixes his narration on the doings of the travellers. While the English troops pass in review, we are with Jos talking of curry and Amelia dreaming of her husband. Even the regular army wife, Molly O'Dowd, casts her thoughts far from the field of combat and prattles of Ballinafod (I, 310). To be sure, there is irony involved, but this removal of focus reflects the author's conscious literary philosophy. He makes his position plain. "We do not claim to rank among the military novelists. Our place is with the non-combatants. When the decks are cleared for action, we go below and wait meekly . . . We shall go no further with the —than to the city gate . . ." (I, 325).

By his withdrawal, Thackeray implies that the responsible realist must not tamper with a world he doesn't know, and he further intimates, perhaps, that war is too tragic a matter for the ironic tone that controls *Vanity Fair*. Thus it behooves him to make the ball the memorable event of Waterloo, not the battle itself. There is a slight sketch of the day's military events, given by the servant "Regulus," but this is merely an interjected comment on the passing scene, similar to Thackeray's satiric social sidelights. Later, the wounded Stubble talks to Amelia about the progress of the battle; once again the narrative point of view remains back in Brussels as the reader is informed of the ensign's recollections of O'Dowd calmly imbibing from his flask after his horse is shot out from under him, or Osborne killing a French lancer. Only the outline of the action is given, and no attention is paid to the possible emotions of those involved in the battle.

Thackeray concludes the Waterloo section with a one page, dramatic—but essentially historical—account of the final stage of the struggle. The focus is still not on war until the last words when the two worlds of war and peace coalesce for the ultimate shock. "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart" (I, 365). In this brief flash combat serves to illustrate life's paradoxes.<sup>25</sup>

Still working within the form of the historical novel in *Henry Esmond* (1852), Thackeray was under greater compulsion to treat the realities of war, since his hero spends most of his mature life as an active soldier. Just as in his previous novel, however, Thackeray inserts a demurer. "The present narrator . . . does not intend to dwell upon his military exploits, which were in truth not very different from those of a thousand other gentlemen."<sup>26</sup> It is in *The Virginians* (1859) that Thackeray protests most strongly that he is no war novelist. His jaunty yellow park-phaeton cannot compete with the grim chariot of roaring war.<sup>27</sup> He insists that he can give mere hints and outlines, and the reader must fill in the colors out of his own experience and imagination, because the author is no Lorrequer, able to "knowingly explain all the manoeuvres of war, and all the details of the life military."<sup>28</sup>

Yet Henry Esmond must march off to war, and in order to give some meaning to his life away from Beatrix and Lady Castlewood, Thackeray is compelled at least to indicate Esmond's proficiency at his chosen profession; for this reason the author must face directly some of the problems of combat writing. When he turns his hand to the form, Thackeray falls into the patterns set up by earlier nineteenth-century war novelists.

He employs war to fill in the background—in time—of his hero's life. Hewing to the classical tradition of the rise and fall of action and inaction as established by Scott, Thackeray intersperses five battle scenes among the romantic and political depictions in the latter part of *Henry Esmond*. Quite naturally, Thackeray invokes, although he does not extend, the theme of youth gaining experience of life through war. Henry sees no action in his first journey to the wars; still, ". . . the campaign, if not very glorious, was very pleasant . . . He beheld war for the first time—the pride, pomp, and circumstance of it, at least, if not much of the danger" (p. 190). But the actual quality of this experience is scarcely indicated.

When combat must be described, Thackeray's primary aim is to avoid inaccuracies. He breaks from the technique of carefully detailed realism employed elsewhere in the novel. If the author can project himself back to the eighteenth century, and describe costumes and customs of that era, he must also deal with war or at least with its external aspects. Thackeray has fallen into a narrative trap of his own making. The omniscient author of *Vanity Fair* can plead his ignorance of war with perfect justification. The technique of *Henry Esmond*, however, demands in large measure a first person narrator who recounts his own experiences. In such a situation, when the speaker is a soldier, Thackeray can hardly consider him a non-combatant. He is able to vivify the characterizations of his other historical figures, without any compunctions, on the basis of his research and his knowledge of men. War, and the feelings of men in war, pose another problem. The urbane commentator on life must avoid talking of war in the terms of witty social criticism that he can apply to other aspects of the world he is re-creating. Nor can Thackeray escape into the heroic posturing he has attacked in his criticism of Lever's fiction. In *The Virginians*, Thackeray will not allow his leading character to pose as a hero: "Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort . . . overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery and no other means, I am where I am."<sup>29</sup> Thackeray can describe battle in its external forms but he cannot go into the essential nature of war.

Classical terms, "rout," "slaughter," "carnage," dot Thackeray's prose (p. 255). He depends on vague rhetoric even when reciting the actions of a looting army. The details are there, but they are scarcely real in comparison to the vividness of the scenes of peace which are full of the flavor of eighteenth-century life. Thackeray depicts "burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing, in the midst of tears, terror, and murder!" (p. 227). Because he has referred to these events, Thackeray feels that he has accomplished his task as well as he is able. He berates the "stately Muse of history" who presents only pictures of brave heroes and grand conquests without showing those that are "brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war" (p. 227). The honesty and dignity of Thackeray's fictional technique is nowhere better exemplified than in his war writing. He approaches the subject with the greatest reluctance; when forced to it, even though he states that the muse of history should supply the darker view of life, he refuses to falsify his material, to alter his own vision of life. Thackeray does not write of men's feelings in combat—this is alien material. Neither does he fall into Lever's damaging position of applying a false heartiness and

glamor to the aspects of war he does handle. What Thackeray understands, he describes; thus most of his attention is given over to the characterizations of Marlborough and Webb and to the intrigues of the higher echelons.

It is interesting to note that *Henry Esmond* uses the same device as *Charles O'Malley* to avoid emotional involvement in combat. Just as Henry is about to take an active part in battle, he is wounded, loses consciousness, and only retains a dim memory of much slaughter and gallantry and pain (p. 231).

The war section of *Henry Esmond* ends on a note of eliacig sadness as the *ubi sunt* theme is invoked. Thackeray displays a genuine distaste for war. The author inquires—not too deeply, to be sure—into the essential meaning of war, and his answer is grim. His hero states, "We took a few score of their flags, and a few pieces of their artillery; but we left twenty thousand of the bravest soldiers of the world round about the entrenched lines . . ." (p. 308).

Thackeray's performance as a writer of war fiction is, from a modern standpoint, in good taste. More important, perhaps, is the consideration that the complacent and brutal combat scenes Thackeray the critic satirizes in the war fiction of Scott and Lever, Thackeray the creative artist avoids in his own work by writing as little about battle as possible. When forced to do so by the demands of plot, he handles his subject rationally and from a point of view consistent with his realistic and sober conception of war. Thackeray may "write around" the facts of war, but he does not overlay his combat pages with a sheen of romance or bravado. Throughout his fiction he retains his position as a critical non-combatant.

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#### FOOTNOTES

- <sup>1</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Letters and Private Papers*, collected and edited by Gordon N. Ray (Cambridge, Mass., 1946), I, 158.
- <sup>2</sup>*Letters*, I, 160.
- <sup>3</sup>*Letters*, I, 179.
- <sup>4</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *Paris Sketch Book* (London, 1869), p. 286.
- <sup>5</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches and Reviews* (London, 1886), p. 191.
- <sup>6</sup>*Miscellaneous Essays*, p. 193.
- <sup>7</sup>*Letters*, III, 410.
- <sup>8</sup>*Miscellaneous Essays*, p. 193.
- <sup>9</sup>*Miscellaneous Essays*, p. 194.
- <sup>10</sup>*Miscellaneous Essays*, p. 194.
- <sup>11</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *Roundabout Papers* (London, 1869), p. 36.
- <sup>12</sup>*Roundabout Papers*, p. 39.
- <sup>13</sup>*Roundabout Papers*, p. 147.
- <sup>14</sup>*Roundabout Papers*, p. 277.
- <sup>15</sup>*Roundabout Papers*, p. 143.
- <sup>16</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *Burlesques* (London, 1869), p. 310.
- <sup>17</sup>*Burlesques*, p. 326.
- <sup>18</sup>*Burlesques*, p. 197.
- <sup>19</sup>*Burlesques*, p. 33.
- <sup>20</sup>*Burlesques*, pp. 37-38. In a review of Tom Burke of "Ours" Thackeray further indicated his distaste for Lever's battle scenes. "I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting . . . the warriors drive one another off and on the stage until the quiet citizen is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headache [*sic*] with the smell of the powder." "A Box of Novels," *Fraser's Magazine*, XXIX, (Feb. 1844), 156.
- <sup>21</sup>*Burlesques*, p. 48.
- <sup>22</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.* (London, 1869), p. 63. All subsequent references to this edition will appear in the text.
- <sup>23</sup>Smollett's *Roderick Random* takes a similar stand against the brutalities of the navy in the eighteenth century, and in Canto 9 of *Don Juan* Byron voices some anti-war sentiments, as well as in the Waterloo passage of *Childe Harold*.
- <sup>24</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, 2 vols. (London, 1869), I, 296. All subsequent references to this edition will appear in the text.
- <sup>25</sup>Recently in a public lecture C.H. Peake argued persuasively that Thackeray used war to emphasize the folly and misplaced values that bring the characters to social disaster; on a larger scale these same flaws bring on the climactic destruction of Waterloo. To Mr. Peake the imagery and structure of these chapters of *Vanity Fair* show Thackeray linking the battle to Brussels by use of parallel events and phrases. George's death forms for Amelia a false heroic image that must be exorcized.
- <sup>26</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond, Esquire* (London, 1869), p. 191. All subsequent references to this edition will appear in the text.
- <sup>27</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Virginians*, 2 vols. (London, 1869), II, 123.
- <sup>28</sup>*The Virginians*, II, 171.
- <sup>29</sup>*The Virginians*, II, 31.



Readers of the *Letters of George Gissing to Members of his Family* may recall mention of the articles Gissing wrote for the Russian magazine *Le Messager de l'Europe* (*Vyestnik Evropy*). A letter of November 18, 1880 first mentioned the writing project, reporting that the articles would be published quarterly, be about thirty pages long, and deal with "the political, social and literary affairs of England." The remuneration was to be eight pounds per article.

Gissing wrote eight articles, published each quarter beginning January, 1881, for *Vyestnik Evropy*. His letters of 1881 and 1882 contain additional references to these articles. The remarks range from a fairly full summary of the contents of the first article in a letter of January 16 to brief comments about the disagreeableness of the task of writing. He found the writing a drudgery almost at once, and in a letter of January 1, 1882, he used the term "loathing" to describe what he felt for his "serious quarterly labour."

The articles were written in a period of Gissing's life which is relatively barren of other work. After publication of his first novel, *Workers in the Dawn*, in 1880, he completed a second novel, *Mrs. Grundy's Enemies*, in 1882, but it was rejected by the publisher and has been lost. With its disappearance, the Russian articles remain as his only major work available between 1880 and 1884, the year of *The Unclassed*. The English text of the articles has disappeared, but the Russian translation of them in *Vyestnik Evropy* is available. It is, unfortunately, a rather pedestrian effort.

The Russian articles were written during Gissing's period of sympathy for the Radical movement. This time followed the most poverty-stricken and depressing period in Gissing's life, the time between his return from America in October, 1877, and the publication of *Workers* in 1880. After reading *Workers*, Frederic Harrison had written to Gissing, and by hiring him to tutor his children had effected a major change in his career. A small income was more or less assured Gissing from tutoring; and Harrison also introduced him to John Morley, an influential editor, though Gissing chose not to take advantage of Morley's help to any great extent. Thus the Russian articles were written shortly after a period of undoubted poverty, while Gissing's emotional Radicalism was still strong.

The period of the Russian articles exactly matches Gissing's interest in Positivism, which reached a peak under the influence of Harrison, the leading Positivist in England, and then declined to the vanishing point indicated in a letter of October 6, 1882. A third Radical influence was also still recent in 1881-1882. Gissing had been exposed to the views of his friend, Edward Bertz, a Socialist refugee from Germany, whom he first met in 1879. Bertz remained an important influence until he left for America in July, 1881, though his role is most obvious in the two short articles on Socialism which Gissing wrote for Morley's *Pall Mall Gazette* in September, 1880.

Those of Gissing's admirers who prefer his early work, and an excellent case can be made for preferring his early novels such as *Workers in the Dawn* or *The Unclassed* to his much better known later work, could easily be disappointed with the Russian articles. His style, of course, is submerged by translation. Unfortunately, too, Gissing did not take nearly as much advantage as he might of the creative possibilities offered in interpreting English civilization to Russian readers. For example, he does not write of the London slums, which had appeared so vividly in *Workers*, except for general remarks, and he ignores the interesting possibilities offered in interpreting England through consideration of crime, popular entertainment, the newspaper press, or other such material. He shows a matter-of-fact view of English institutions, ignoring many occasions where explanatory remarks would have offered opportunities for interesting comment. But although he may miss such opportunities, the value of the articles still lies in what they reveal about Gissing, not what they reveal about the England of the 1880's. As readers of his novels know, he could never be really "objective"; his opinions are always apparent, often to the detriment of the novels, and they are apparent in these articles too, though less than one might hope.

The articles are overwhelmingly concerned with politics. When Parliament is in session, Gissing reports what is going on there. If it is not in session, he still reports the speeches of leading political figures. Even when he is not dealing with politics and politicians, Gissing retains a political outlook. One could consider his handling of the royal family or of literary criticism as examples of this limited treatment. Gissing offers no remarks concerning the royal family as a British institution; instead he considers it only in such a political context as the debate in Parliament on a grant to Prince Leopold. Literary criticism is also subordinated to political criticism: Disraeli's novel *Endymion* is considered for what it reveals of the policies of the leader of the Conservative party, and Matthew Arnold's *Irish Essays* is studied as a contribution to solving the Irish problem.

This Irish situation was under constant consideration in Parliament during 1881-1882; and every one of these articles studies Ireland in one light or another. Not only was that country in a state of semi-rebellion, but Parliament itself was constantly harassed by the Irish Members led by C.S. Parnell. Gissing exhaustively traced the passage of the Land Act, which was the major attempt to reform conditions in Ireland, and the Coercion Bill, an attempt to restore law and order. He also considered lesser Irish legislation, such as the crimes and arrears bills, and the situation in Ireland itself, where tenant farmers' protests had almost reached the level of guerrilla warfare.<sup>2</sup>

The strong anti-clerical views Gissing showed in *Workers* are, surprisingly, jore moderate in the three passages in the Russian articles which deal directly with the church. In Article I Gissing, considering ritualism, states that the controversy is really a minor one (a "so-called crisis"), and finds that the arrest of clergymen for ritualistic practices "is barely in conformity with the present state of our civilization." In the third article he reports the May Meetings of religious organizations in London, a main purpose of which was fund-raising for missionary work. The thought of sending such funds out of England, when there were tens of thousands of poor in London, evokes a sharp remark from Gissing. Finally, in the last essay, the day of Thanksgiving proclaimed by the Archbishop of York for the British Imperialistic victory at Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt, touched Gissing's life-long hatred of imperialism and led to the ironic remark, "enlisting God to co-operate in defense of our Route through Egypt may seem a bit peculiar..."

Besides these direct references to the church, Gissing also touched it in his treatment of the Bradlaugh case. Bradlaugh, an atheist and member of the Radical party, fought a battle in Parliament to be allowed to "affirm" instead of taking the

standard oath. His campaign was a lengthy one, covering a longer span than 1881-1882; Gissing supports him in the articles, except when he indulges in or suggests violence. On those occasions, it is interesting to note one of Gissing's life-long convictions, a hatred of war and violence, overrule his anti-clericalism, a much less enduring feeling. Regarding Bradlaugh, Gissing took the view that Parliament opposed him not as an atheist, but as a Radical. He supported his opinion with an illustration of the Chamber's real indifference to religion.<sup>3</sup>

The Russian articles show the same sympathy for the poor that one finds in *Workers* and the other early novels. In all his discussions of the Land Law Gissing automatically supports the Irish tenants against the landlords, even when his opinion is unfair to the latter. One can see this slanted view most notably in Article V. An account is given of the early operation of the Land Law, a major purpose of which was to adjust rents, usually, as was expected, in the tenant's favor. To reply to the landlords' complaints about such one-sided adjustments, Gissing pointed out a case where a landlord was aided by an increase in rent. He neglected to note, however, that this was the *only* such case. His sympathy with the underdog appears again when he supports the Irish farm laborers, undoubtedly the most poverty-stricken of Irish classes, against the same tenants whom he had been defending against the landlords.

Together with sympathy for the poor, Gissing exhibits confidence in their abilities and even the sort of admiration that led him to name a proletarian in *Workers* Will Noble. In his reports of the Trades Union Congresses of 1881 and 1882 Gissing emphasizes the initiative and civilized parliamentary behavior of the unions. When the Congress of 1881 almost resorted to violence to eject some intruders, Gissing was happy to note that the police were called instead and that the Congress' reputation thus was not "compromised." In short, Gissing's confidence in the working class is quite firm in the articles. It is expressed most clearly in his quotation of Lord Derby, whom he evidently admired: "...I have come to think more and more highly of the moderation, the fairness, and the general justice with which the masses of men...are disposed to use their power."

The favorable attitude of Gissing toward the aristocrat just named is highly atypical in the Russian essays, however. In addition to his steady opposition to the landowning aristocracy of Ireland, including in Essay V a reference to a *Pall Mall Gazette* article which attempted to prove that many Irish landlords were mere speculators, Gissing criticizes the House of Lords in almost every article. He constantly finds the Lords Imperialistic and moved only by class interests. As a governing body, it is obsolete, introduces few bills, and would be in danger of being forgotten if it did not have to approve bills passed by the lower house.

As one would expect, Gissing consistently took the side of the Liberal party in his discussions of parliamentary debates, or to be more exact, he supported the Radical party, which in Parliament was allied with the Liberals. Consequently, Gissing supported Gladstone, Liberal prime minister in 1881-1882; Article IV opens with a perceptive study of Gladstone as the outstanding political figure of the day, a man whom the Conservatives, now that Disraeli is dead, cannot match. Bright, the elder statesman of the Radicals, is another political figure who draws direct and favorable comment from Gissing. He admired Bright's decision to resign from the cabinet in protest when the fleet bombarded Alexandria. In regard to the third party, the Parnellites, Gissing allowed his sympathy with its goal of Irish independence to override the fact that the Parnellites' obstruction had slowed parliamentary progress to a snail's pace.

Remembering that Gissing was to become thoroughly disillusioned with politics in a few years, one may find his remarks on Lord Derby among the most interesting of the political views in the articles. Of Derby, who had just left the Conservative party for the Liberal, Gissing noted, "Possessing a rare sensibility, he cannot bear the overstatement which is common to the mind of the political agitator. He sees clearly that people who participate in a political struggle do not consider questions honestly and without prejudice." Here, it seems to me, is indicated the distrust of propaganda that was eventually to drive Gissing to distrust all politics. As one might expect, Gissing a provingly quotes Derby's remarks on his dislike to ecclesiastical privilege and jingoism, but he, oddly for a Radical, also apparently accepts Derby's statement that "the wealthy and educated classes" can protect their interests and retain most of their influence if they will support "necessary reforms." This is, of course, a moderate view, which one can find echoed even in the early novels, such as in the emphasis on education in *Workers*. Thus such evidence shows that Gissing's shift to Conservatism, quite plain by the time of *Demos*, is not as abrupt as a first glance at his novels might indicate.

Gissing is idealistic from first to last in his articles to *Byestnik Evropy*. Essay I speaks unfavorably of the term "'practical' government man" and goes on to condemn politics as it is practiced in Disraeli's *Endymion*, i.e., as a sort of game, according to Gissing. In Essay II he urges Bradlaugh to be more idealistic (to refuse to compromise on the oath) and praises John Dillon for "an idealism which it is comforting to see among the general run of schemers and compromisers." In the last article the feeling is still the same: Postmaster General Fawcett's recommendation of "'practicality'" to the voters is deplored, for "plans which seem utterly impractical today are made into party slogans tomorrow and are quickly realized."

Gissing did not believe that Parliament could accomplish social reform efficiently. He was, as it happened, criticizing it at a time when the Parnellites' obstruction (roughly the same as the American filibuster) was congealing its operation. The amount of time Parliament wasted on routine is emphasized in the articles; Gissing supports closure of debate, but perhaps does not hope for a great deal from it. During the period in which he was writing the Russian articles, a letter of May 15, 1881, expresses satisfaction that the King of Denmark had dismissed his parliament for inaction. Plainly, reading the interminable debates of the English Parliament had gotten on Gissing's nerves! The feeling that Parliament was malfunctioning was a firm, but general, belief with Gissing. He had no suggestions for replacing Parliament; as for its reform his most detailed suggestions can be traced to passages from an article he borrowed from Frederic Harrison, with acknowledgement, in Article VI.

The articles support freedom of the press, another tenet of Radicalism that Gissing later modified, notably in a passage in *Ryecroft* where he sees the press as one of the strongest forces for instigating war. In 1880, however, a chance to defend freedom of the press came when the German Socialist refugee Johann Most urged assassination of living sovereigns in his newspaper *Freiheit*. The government's suppression of the paper and arrest of Most became a celebrated case. Gissing defended Most in Article II by noting the long struggle for freedom of the press in England and the trivial influence of Most's newspaper. He also attempted, rather unsuccessfully, to square his support of Most with his hatred of violence by stating that

the foreign monarchs could institute action in the English courts to protect themselves. Article III continued the report of the Most case. Here Gissing was concerned with the vagueness of the English libel laws, "a disgrace to contemporary civilization." Only the moderation of juries, he felt, prevented severe restriction of the press by these laws, for any printed material that could not be called "exalted and virtuous" might be called libelous. Finally in Article VII, in opposing the Crimes Bill, legislation for Ireland which allowed suspension of newspapers, Gissing stated, "The Government is making a serious mistake in repressing freedom of speech and of the press. A free and open discussion of evils can best keep them from being expressed by underground means..."

Two constants in all the articles are Gissing's hatred of Imperialism and war. Unlike his confidence in the working man, which was soon to collapse, his distrust of Imperialism and war can be found throughout his life, from his college days to *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, written near the end of his life. Gissing considered foreign affairs frequently, usually through the medium of reports of debates in Parliament; he invariably is anti-Imperialistic. He favored evacuation of Candahar, Afghanistan, and peace with the Boers in the Transvaal, where a small war, a prelude to the Boer War, had broken out. When the British were about to intervene in Egypt (Article VII), Gissing opposed the action.

Article VIII is the most concerned of all the articles with Imperialism, since the British Army had just occupied Egypt. This invasion, a classical illustration of Imperialism in which Britain easily defeated the group rebelling against the old subservient government, may have shaken Gissing's belief in the Liberal party government of England. He wrote: "The revolt of Arabi Pasha did not challenge England directly, and that is why one could not have anticipated from her a warlike fervor, such as never occurred in Beaconsfield's ministry..." This article goes on to quote a chauvinistic editorial in the London *Times* with disapproval. Gissing's opinion of Imperialism receives its clearest statement a little later in his rejection of the argument that Imperialism permits efficient government. A strikingly modern passage states, "In public opinion the view is becoming more prevalent that self-government, even in its lowest form, is more practical for a people than the highest form of foreign control."

Gissing's hatred of war can, of course, be seen in most of the passages just cited. A similar feeling is apparent in his dislike of Bradlaugh's announced intention of resorting to violence and in an antipathy toward the Irish extremists who believed in violence. Most's appeal to violence in *Freiheit* he calls "stupid." His feelings on this subject, then, are just the same here as they are, for example, in *The Whirlpool* where he has Rolfe, the protagonist, profess an ironic admiration for Kipling.

In general, the Radicalism of these articles is milder than that of *Workers*, a fact that may be explained by Gissing's statement that he was moderating his opinions because of the Russian censorship. In a letter of May 22, 1881, he wrote a brother, "You were right in saying that the articles do not represent the full flavour of my opinions; still I never say anything absolutely contradictory to my standpoint. In future I am going to write with more freedom. Despite the preposterous press-censorship they seem to have been able to print my last article [Article II] intact, including the remarks on Most; so that I shall be less guarded in future." Article III does give a full account of Most's trial, but it is not a great deal more pointed than the second article. The "remarks on Most" in Article II include the justification of freedom of the press, noted earlier, and undoubtedly are intended as an argument against Russian authoritarianism and censorship. "Long experience," Gissing wrote, "has taught us that to hinder anyone's right to speak is not only useless, but harmful..." The English see, in a paper like Most's, "an effect rather than a cause" and respond to such papers "with other remedies than simple barriers to their opportunities for self-expression."

Though the *Letters* do not show that any other passage in the articles is so directly aimed at Russian autocracy, some may be. The confidence in the working man that Gissing drew from the Trades Union Congress of 1881 may be a comment on the distrust of the working class in Russia. On the same occasion Gissing pointed out the attention which the government gave to legislation requested by the Trades Unions; and, after noting the Unions' work to improve factory working conditions, observed, "this, then, is how daringly the so-called lower classes in England speak of their freedom..." This remark is surely aimed at Czarist oppression.

In closing this account of Gissing's articles for *Vyestnik Evropy* some remarks on his sources and how they are handled may be pertinent. The articles mention three newspapers, the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The first of these was politically independent, with Conservative inclinations; the second was the organ of the Liberal party; the third was Radical. The Conservative organ, the *Standard*, was not used, at least not named. Although much information cannot be traced to any particular newspaper, the *Times* is used so often that it appears to have been Gissing's chief source among newspapers. A good example of use, on this occasion unacknowledged, of the *Times* occurs in Article III, where the *Times*' report of the Most trial and the background of press legislation is followed. Gissing also used magazines. The material included Frederic Harrison's article (in *Nineteenth Century*), noted earlier, an article from *Blackwood's* cited at some length in Article II, and an article in the *Quarterly Review*, which is used in Article IV as the source for a program opposed to free trade.

Since we are not dealing with Gissing's text but with a translation, remarks on how he handled his material must be provisional. One cannot always tell, that is, whether he, his translator, or an editor was responsible for what we have. Dates are almost always correct, but figures may be wrong, especially long figures. When his quotations are checked against the source, which can usually be located, one finds that their handling varies. While some are accurate, some are part summary, and some are entirely summary. Phrases and sometimes longer passages are constantly omitted without indication. The sense, however, is usually accurate, except for some mistakes that can definitely be attributed to the Russian translator. As examples of such mistakes, in Article V, in an account of violence in Ireland, the translator confuses firing with firearms and setting afire; or in Article VIII British regular regiments appear not as "guards" but as "civil guards."

To summarize, the Russian articles are not inspired work. Gissing relied too much on newspapers and magazines and not enough on his own observation. Nevertheless, his own opinions appear often enough to make the articles worth study as an exemplification of his youthful Radicalism. Although he dislike journalism, and, as the *Letters* show, the writing of these articles, he did do an accurate job of recording the facts; and the articles do throw some light on an obscure period of their author's life.



## FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>All letters referred to in this article are in this volume.

<sup>2</sup>The press was daily reporting "outrages" from Ireland. They ranged from murder to mutilation of livestock, from firing into houses to threatening letters. From the shunning of Captain Boycott by Irish laborers and servants in 1880 comes our word "boycott." The basic causes of the disturbance in Ireland were the agricultural depression, which had left rents too high, and, of course, nationalism.

<sup>3</sup>A Member had jokingly suggested that a devout new Member, a Mr. Collins, be examined in the catechism. His sober willingness to be so examined had struck Parliament as funny.

## III. NOTES AND BRIEF ARTICLES

1. THE ATTITUDE TOWARD THE READER IN CARLYLE'S *SARTOR RESARTUS*

In his illuminating and convincing essay on "The Early Development of Carlyle's Style,"<sup>1</sup> Professor Francis X. Roellinger, Jr., demonstrates that the style of *Sartor Resartus*, far from being natural to Carlyle, represents a radical departure from the style of his review essays of the 1820's. Roellinger concludes "that Carlyle mastered at least two styles, the first based on the traditional prose required of the periodical reviewer, the second an unconventional, eccentric idiom designed to meet the requirements of the fiction of Teufelsdröckh and his book on clothes" (p. 950). While this conclusion seems to be firmly established by Roellinger's evidence, his argument ignores the role of the Editor in *Sartor*, which is certainly a part of the fiction. Moreover, the climactic passage of Roellinger's essay not only fails to distinguish between the tone and style of Teufelsdröckh and the Editor, but actually misrepresents at least the tone of both. Having quoted first a passage from Carlyle's Voltaire essay on Voltaire's last visit to Paris, Roellinger points out that in the passage "the writer is above the reader, as he is most reviews of the day, but his attitude is polite and courteous..." (p. 946). Then Roellinger quotes a comparable passage in *Sartor*,<sup>2</sup> consisting of a single paragraph where Voltaire's triumphal visit is seen by Teufelsdröckh as an instance of hero-worship, which he calls "the corner-stone of living-rock, whereon all Politics for the remotest time may stand secure." (The paragraph begins with the Editor's question, "'Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at?') Roellinger comments as follows:

In place of the polite reviewer patiently pointing out the moral of his gentle reader, we have Teufelsdröckh on his inverted tub, scolding and haranguing the multitude. He is introduced by a question from his supposititious editor, whose attitude to the reader is hardly distinguishable from that of Teufelsdröckh himself, for the implication is that the reader is a dolt because he will not "discern any such corner-stone." He will not only fail to see what Teufelsdröckh sees; he will even fail to see a great deal less. This scornful attitude to the reader is, of course, a rhetorical device of deliberate provocation; throughout the work he is frequently addressed as "Fool!" (p. 949)

Certain questions are suggested by this passage. Is it a fact that the reader is "frequently addressed as 'Fool!'" in *Sartor*? If so, is it by the Editor or by Teufelsdröckh, and if by the latter what effect does the interposition of the Editor have in moderating the tone of the German seer whose work he is editing and translating? Is it true that the role of "the polite reviewer patiently pointing out the moral to his gentle reader" is replaced by Teufelsdröckh's scolding? As to my first question, I think it can be shown that Professor Roellinger's assertion is mistaken if it refers to the Editor and needs considerable qualification if it refers to Teufelsdröckh. In addition, I hope to show that "the attitude to the reader" is much more complex than Roellinger implies, and that the tone of "the polite reviewer" has by no means disappeared from the pages of *Sartor*.

First, how does the Editor address the reader? Let us look at a few passages. In Book I, Chapter IV, the Editor says: "To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work..." (pp. 29-30). Here there is a controlled tone, and a note of flattery (combined with irony, to be sure), rather than a scornful tone or any bludgeoning of the reader into submission. Chapter IX of Book I begins: "Let no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter" (p. 57). Then the Editor sides with the reader, and far from calling him a fool, chides Teufelsdröckh in a long paragraph that begins: "Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes" (p. 58). Twice on the next page, the Editor refers to the "courteous reader" (p. 59). In Book II we find the Editor trying "to give the wearied reader relief" (p. 194) and in Book III it is "British reader" or "O British Reader" (p. 269) but never "Fool!" It is true that in the final paragraph of *Sartor* the Editor acknowledges that in "these current months" many readers have found his work an "uneasy interruption" and have indicated as much "not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective" (p. 297). He therefore says farewell with an "O irritated reader...have we not existed together, thou in a state of quarrel?" (p. 298) But this is by no means to address the reader as "Fool!"

When we consider passages either from Teufelsdröckh's volume on clothes or from his autobiographical documents we are in an area where the reader of *Sartor* is not being directly addressed; the Editor is continually interposing between Teufelsdröckh and the reader to emphasize, to contradict, to express astonishment. Yet even here we find that while "fool!" and "foolish" occur many times, they are almost invariably terms of self-criticism used by Teufelsdröckh to warn himself and others like him. With a single exception, they are neither addressed to mankind in general nor to the imaginary reader of Teufelsdröckh's *Work on Clothes*. (None, it is obvious, can be directly addressed to the reader of *Sartor*, since the reader only "overhears" Teufelsdröckh.) The single exception I am able to find is at the end of Book I, Chapter X, where Teufelsdröckh tells *his readers* either to "explain" the mysteries he has been acknowledging or to "retire into private places with thy foolish cackle" (p. 70).

Elsewhere it is "Thou fool!" prefaced on p. 71 by "I said to myself" and on p. 102 by "It struck me much, as I sat by the Kubbach, one silent noontide." In both passages Teufelsdröckh is addressing himself when he says "Thou fool!" Again, in a passage like the well-known tribute to the power of a great book in "Centre of Indifference" the exclamation "Fool!" (p. 173) is not at all scornful, but rather hortatory, for it comes after the apostrophe "O thou who art able to write a Book ... Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor" (p. 172). Whether it refers back to the potential writer of a great book, or simply to any Byronic pilgrim who tries to find a cure for restlessness of spirit in travel, is not certain, since the reference is ambiguous. Taken either way, the exclamation is not even directed at the imaginary reader of Teufelsdröckh's autobiography, let alone to the reader of *Sartor*. It is part of Teufelsdröckh's confessions or autobiography.

In "The Everlasting Yea" we find "foolish soul!" (p. 191) and "Fool!" (p. 196) again, but in both passages Teufelsdröckh is speaking first of all to himself and secondly to others who are facing a similar spiritual struggle. If he exhorts his reader with evangelical fervor — "O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual..." (p. 197)—the contest is first of all autobiographical, and the final paragraph of the chapter begins: "I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin" (p. 197).

Roellinger's contrast between the "polite impersonal tone" of the early review—essays and *Sartor Resartus*, because it seems to ignore the relation between the English editor and the German professor, also tends to obscure certain stylistic and structural links between the essays and *Sartor*. Carlyle's basic method in the review—essays, that of combining "life and works," showing their interplay, and interpolating comments and evaluations, while it is a conventional one, does furnish the structural basis for *Sartor*. In many of the essays, for example, Carlyle had been a Scotch if not an English editor, editing, translating and interpreting German writers to the English public. And a point Roellinger makes with reference to the Burns essay, namely that in forsaking the role of expositor for that of apostle Carlyle moves toward the method of *Sartor*, can be made even more pertinently, in my opinion, with reference to the 1829 essay on Richter. Yet in neither of these essays is the controlled tone of the earlier essays abandoned entirely, and even in *Sartor* there are some places where we can see what Roellinger calls "the two styles" at work. For example, the Editor frequently opposes his commonsense English view of things to the imaginative flights of Teufelsdröckh, and in doing so writes in what Roellinger calls the style of "the polite, impersonal, and anonymous reviewer" (p. 948). These passages are far outweighed, I grant, by those in which the styles of the Editor and Teufelsdröckh are identical. It is more by the Editor's explicit statements of surprise, reservation, or disagreement — plus, of course, the merely mechanical device of putting Teufelsdröckh's words in quotation marks — than by style or tone that the two voices in *Sartor* are distinguished. Yet the imperfectly exploited fictive device serves an important rhetorical purpose. The Editor's frequently conciliatory tone serves to temper the impassioned outbursts of Teufelsdröckh, so that even in those passages where Teufelsdröckh's "Fool!" or "foolish" may at first seem to be directed not only at himself and his imaginary readers but also at the reader of *Sartor*, the Editor interposes with the polite tone of one who sympathizes at once with the German seer and the uninitiated English reader.

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#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>PLMA, LXXII (Dec. 1957), 936-951.

<sup>2</sup>*Sartor Resartus*, ed. C.F. Harrold (New York, 1937), pp. 251-252. Subsequent references to *Sartor* refer to this edition.

#### 2. MERMEN AND MERMAIDS: A NOTE ON AN "ALIEN VISION" IN THE POETRY OF TENNYSON, ARNOLD, AND HOPKINS

Critics of nineteenth-century poetry have tended to dissociate Tennyson, the Victorian Laureate, from his two more "modern" contemporaries, Arnold and Hopkins—as did Arnold and Hopkins themselves. Arnold's disparaging remarks to Clough about Tennyson are common knowledge. "But what perplexity Keats Tennyson et id genus omne must occasion to young writers of the  $\delta\pi\lambda(\tau\eta)$  sort.... Those who cannot read G [ree] k sh [ou] ld read nothing but Milton and parts of Wordsworth.... the state should see to it..."<sup>1</sup> Again Arnold complains of Tennyson's "dawdling" with the "painted shell" of the universe.<sup>2</sup> Similarly, Hopkins, who did feel that "Come what may [Tennyson] will be one of our greatest poets," nevertheless wrote to Canon Dixon that "Locksley Hall" and *Maud* were "an ungentlemanly row."<sup>3</sup>

Despite the obvious differences in the work of these dissimilar Victorian poets, I should like to point out a little discussed subject which is common to the early work of all three. I refer to the poets' common use of the subject matter of mermen and mermaids, a motif which perhaps indicates the common romantic sensibility which forms an emotional basis for the multiform structure of Victorian verse. Moreover, for poets who felt alienated from their environment—as Tennyson, Arnold, and Hopkins in various ways did—mermen and mermaids, the alien "in-betweens" from the depths, with their plaintive siren songs, offered a perfect "objective correlative."<sup>4</sup>

Although Tennyson first turned to the depths of the sea for poetic materials in poems like "The Kraken" and "The Sea-Fairies," he treated directly the subject of mermaids in two companion poems in the 1830 volume, "The Merman" and "The Mermaid." These two highly erotic and lushly juvenile poems, with their jewel-like colors and their wonder-filled exploration of the mysterious depths, seem to have exercised a powerful influence on Arnold and Hopkins.

The Tennysonian influence on Arnold's first volume of poetry in 1849 was noted by at least two reviewers. William Rosetti in *The Germ* remarked on the Tennyson touch in "Mycerinus" and commented that "traces of the same will be found in 'The Forsaken Merman.'"<sup>5</sup> *Fraser's* reviewer wrote that "'Mycerinus' is a fragment worthy of Tennyson," but that "the gem

of the book is "The Forsaken Merman," which reminded him of Tennyson's "Merman" and "Mermaid."<sup>6</sup> A glance at Tennyson's little known mermaid poems is enough to show that Arnold had another source for his "Forsaken Merman" and "The Neckan" of the 1853 *Poems* beside the usually cited Danish legends.<sup>7</sup> Arnold's lonely and deserted merman singing on his "red gold throne in the heart of the sea" is surely germane to Tennyson's desire to be

A merman bold,  
Sitting alone  
Under the sea,  
With a crown of gold,  
On a throne.<sup>8</sup>

Arnold's conception of his merman as one of "The kings of the sea" is clearly derived from Tennyson's picture rather than from his Danish source. Again, Arnold's "sea-snakes" that "coil and twine" appear in Tennyson's "Mermaid" where

...that great sea-snake under the sea  
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps  
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
Round the hall where I sate...

Hopkins' relation to Tennyson's and Arnold's mermaid poetry is both direct and indirect. An obvious parallel is Hopkins' early poem (1860-1875?), "A Vision of the Mermaids." In this poem, the poet, having rowed out to a rock uncovered by low tide, sees and describes in ornate, sometimes erotic imagery "Mermaids six or seven, / Ris'n from the deeps to gaze on sun and heaven." Tennysonian sensuousness is apparent in Hopkins' description of the mermaids

wreath'd  
With the dainty-delicate fretted fringe of fingers  
Of that jacinthine thing, that, where it lingers  
Broiders the nets with fans of amethyst  
And silver films, beneath with pearly mist,  
The Glaucus cleped.

The mermaids sing plaintively, making

A piteous Siren sweetness on the sea,  
Withouten instrument, or conch, or bell  
.....  
An antique chaunt and in an unknown tongue.

With the coming of evening the mermaids vanish.<sup>9</sup>

There is, however, an even more curious trace of Tennyson's "Mermaid" in a far better known poem of Hopkins—"Pied Beauty." The particular excitement in "Pied Beauty" lies, of course, in the poet's vision of a world beautiful not in its unity, but in its complex variety, in "all things counter, original, spare, strange," in short, in its "piedness." It may be that in this poem there is at least an unconscious memory of Tennyson's sea-depths with their flickering crimson, purple, green, and "silvery" lights, their glinting jewels, shells, soft mosses, and coiling sea-beasts. The verbal echo in Hopkins is at any rare astonishing, for at the end of "The Mermaid," Tennyson has his mermaid use language that, in one phrase at least, has become almost synonymous with Hopkins' unique diction.

Then all the dry pied things that be  
In the hueless mosses under the sea  
.....  
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft  
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,  
All looking down for the love of me.

I have not tried to show here that Tennyson, Arnold, and Hopkins are similar poets, nor have I tried to conduct a source study. Instead, my object has been to indicate a romantic motif important to the artistic development of three Victorian poets. And if it is true that these three Victorian poets began their artistic careers thus on the bones of their romantic past, it is useful to observe how even twentieth-century poets have made use of their Victorian past and have heard "the mermaids singing, each to each" and have "lingered in the chambers of the sea / By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown / Till human voices wake us, and we drown."

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#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough*, ed. H.F. Lowry (New York, 1932), p. 97.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> *The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon*, ed. Claude C. Dierckx (London, 1955), pp. 24-25.

<sup>4</sup> See my "Matthew Arnold: The Metamorphosis of a Merman," scheduled for publication in *Victorian Poetry*, I, 3, for a detailed treatment of Arnold's use of the merman as a mythic disguise.

<sup>5</sup> *The Germ: Thoughts towards Nature in Poetry, Literature, and Art. 1850* (Portland, Maine: 1898), p. 99.

<sup>6</sup> *Fraser's Magazine* (May, 1849)XXXIX, pp. 575-576.

<sup>7</sup> See C.B. Tinker and H.F. Lowry, *Commentary on the Poetry of Matthew Arnold* (New York, 1940), pp. 130-132 for a good account of the Danish sources.

<sup>8</sup> *The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson* (Eversley Edition; New York, 1908) I, 79.

<sup>9</sup> *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins* (New York, 1948) pp. 18-22.



## 3. ARTHUR DONNITHORNE AND ZELUCO: CHARACTERIZATION VIA LITERARY ALLUSION IN ADAM BEDE

About one third through *Adam Bede*, we learn that Arthur Donnithorne has been perusing Dr. John Moore's novel *Zeluco* (1786).<sup>1</sup> It is puzzling reference in at least two senses. First, this is the only book mentioned in connection with Donnithorne throughout the entire novel. Second, it is cited at a particularly crucial point in the development of Arthur and of the novel. In fact, both the singularity and the possible cruciality of the allusion compel us to pause and to examine both the context of the reference and subsequently the contents of the work referred to.

Reading *Zeluco* is not Arthur's compelling interest. Having met Hetty a number of times, Arthur finds himself increasingly attracted to her. But as a result of the admonitions of Mr. Irwine and the occasional pricks of his own conscience, Arthur determines to avoid temptation. He first plans to go away for a week of fishing. But when he learns that his favorite horse is lame, he decides to ride to Norburne and lunch with his friend Gawaine. No sooner does he arrive there, however, when he gallops home in haste. Eliot, who is particularly adept at detailing, in stream of consciousness form, the stratagems of self-deception, presents Arthur's rationalizations:

He would amuse himself by seeing Hetty today, and get rid of the whole thing from his mind. It was all Mr. Irwine's fault. "If Irwine had said nothing, I shouldn't have thought half so much of Hetty as of Meg's lameness." However, it was just the sort of day for lolling in the Hermitage, and he would go and finish Dr. [sic] Moore's *Zeluco* there before dinner. The Hermitage stood in Fir-tree Grove—the way Hetty was sure to come in walking from Hall Farm. So nothing could be simpler and more natural: meeting Hetty was a mere circumstance of his walk, not its object.<sup>2</sup>

The encounter between Arthur and Hetty in the sensuous atmosphere of Fir-tree Grove is a crucial one, for it serves to cement a relationship that is to impart to the lives of the lovers as well as to the novel a basic tragic dimension. In fact, glimpses of that tragedy appear in the same chapter in Arthur's gradual loss of self-control. Dislocated by the "delicious feeling which had just disclosed itself" with Hetty, Arthur returns in a fevered state to the Hermitage. There, he "pitched *Zeluco* into the most distant corner" and paced up and down the room.

At first glance, the mention of this late eighteenth century novel appears to be merely Eliot's way of documenting the historical setting of her own work. But the more one considers the contents of *Zeluco* in the light both of Arthur's character and of the potentially dangerous liaison he is forming, the more one laments that he had not finished the book and taken its message to heart.

*Zeluco* is not a distinguished novel; nor is its author known for his narrative power or memorable characters. Moore's great appeal, however, resides in what his biographer called his "moral design."<sup>4</sup> When *Zeluco* was republished in *British Novelists* in 1810, Mrs. Barbauld, the editor of that collection of fifty novelists, presented a similar tribute to Moore's uplifting work: "The young may melt into tears at *Julia Mandeville* and the *Man of Feeling*; the romantic will love to shudder at *Udolpho*; but those of mature age, who know what human nature is, will take up again and again Dr. Moore's *Zeluco*."<sup>5</sup> Whether Eliot agreed with this glowing evaluation is unknown. But what is reasonably certain is that her selection of *Zeluco* for Arthur's perusal was informed by her own moral design in *Adam Bede*.

*Zeluco* is the story of a seducer. And it is this subject that immediately and clearly establishes the novel's ominous relevance for Arthur and *Adam Bede*. Significantly, this is not the only resemblance between Arthur and *Zeluco*. Both are rendered fatherless at an early age, take their education lightly, are rich and idle, and serve in the army. To be sure, *Zeluco* is ultimately presented as a vicious and almost depraved character whereas Arthur is not. And I am not suggesting that Eliot modeled her seducer after Moore's. This is a literary allusion, not a literary source. Nevertheless, the resemblances are too striking for Arthur to ignore. Moreover, what difference does exist between the characters is one of degree, not of kind; for whether the seducer's victims number one or many the same moral indictment applies. In fact, that judgment appears on the first page of the novel:

Religion teaches, that vice leads to endless misery in a future state; and experience proves that in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearance, inward misery accompanies her; for, even in this life, her ways are ways of wretchedness, and all her paths are woe.(67)

By failing to identify himself with *Zeluco* and by not taking Moore's warning seriously, Arthur indeed discovers that vice leads to wretchedness and woe. Moreover, in not finishing the work, Arthur discarded the opportunity to discover how vice can be overcome.

Late in the novel Moore introduces Bertram, a young gallant, who, after leading a dissolute existence, recovers his virtuous and benevolent expectations of life. Bertram's transformation is employed by Moore to offset *Zeluco*'s confirmed villainy, and Bertram's frequent and eloquent sermons to *Zeluco* are clearly used by Moore to present his own beliefs. But for our purposes what is particularly relevant is the possibility that because many of Bertram's values resemble Eliot's, he may be not only Moore's spokesman, but also in part Eliot's.

Bertram is referred to in the novel as the apostle of "'duty,'" that all-important watch-word for Eliot(509). Moreover, that sense of duty involves for Bertram the same stress on knitting the self into the fabric of humanity that it does for Eliot. All this is nicely summed up late in the novel in a scene between Bertram and *Zeluco*. In response to *Zeluco*'s cynical questions of how one should conduct oneself in this life, and how one can discern good from evil, Bertram replies in the words of his father:

"By the duties of humanity and benevolence to my fellow creatures, and by the most strict integrity; he recommended particularly that I should listen to the dictates of conscience, which he called the voice of God, and which, even in this life, punishes and rewards in a certain degree, according to our conduct. If ever," continued Bertram, giving the words of

his father's letter; 'If ever, my son, you should feel a propensity to do an unfair thing, overcome it immediately, for no earthly consideration can make it your interest. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but this truth shall remain, *Whatever a man soweth that he shall reap*. Therefore, my dear Bertram, never, O never, be such a fool as to be a knave.'"(449)

Aside from echoing Eliot's general theme in *Adam Bede*, Bertram's father also echoes certain views of Mr. Irwine and thereby provides us with an additional and perhaps unexpected yield from this literary allusion.

Towards the end of the novel, when the bitter harvest of Arthur's sowing appears, Mr. Irwine raises what consistently for Eliot were burning questions: the issue of free will and the question of foreknowledge in matters of conduct. He says to Adam, impatient for revenge on Arthur,

"the problem how far a man is to be held responsible for the unforeseen consequences of his own deed, is one that might well make us tremble to look into it. The evil consequences that lie folded in a single act of selfish indulgence, is a thought so awful that it ought surely to awaken some feeling less presumptuous than a rash desire to punish."(433)

Of course, there is no question that Eliot's presentation of these problems is far superior to Moore's. Whereas he stays within the strict confines of Bunyanesque morality, she moves freely into the realms of psychological and philosophical subtleties. But it would be a mistake to conclude from this contrast that Eliot's greater and more sympathetic awareness both of the complexities of the human mind and the difficulties of fore-knowledge, make her any less certain than Moore of the importance and possibility of moral choice and responsibility. In fact, her literary allusion to *Zeluco* suggests not only her affirmation of free will, but also her related belief that moral self-knowledge is the only antidote to deterministic despair.

By placing the story of a seducer in Arthur's hands, Eliot essentially provided him as well as her reader with the opportunity to be aware before-hand of the "evil consequences that lie folded in a single act of selfish indulgence...." But in pitching this benevolent warning into the corner, Arthur threw away the opportunity, given in various forms to all men, to exercise his free will and to see the unforeseen. In short, by alluding to *Zeluco* in *Adam Bede*, George Eliot not only readily indicated the basic nature of Arthur's character and his blindness. But perhaps more important, she clearly demonstrated, Arnold Kettle notwithstanding,<sup>6</sup> that free will, not determinism, informs both her artistic world and in the case of *Zeluco* her artistic use of literary allusion.

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#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>The full title is *Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, The Works of John Moore, M.D. with Memoirs of His Life and Writings by Robert Anderson, M.D.* (Edinburgh, 1820), 7 volumes. *Zeluco* appears in volume 5.

<sup>2</sup>*Adam Bede*, ed. Gordon S. Haight (New York, 1948), p. 130.

<sup>3</sup>For a detailed estimate of Moore's contributions to the development of the novel as well as an account of some of his other major works see Ernest A. Baker, *The History of the Novel* (New York, 1929), V, pp. 229-331.

<sup>4</sup>Robert Anderson, "The Life of Dr. John Moore" in *Works*, op. cit., I, p. i.

<sup>5</sup>Quoted from Anderson, *ibid.*, p. xlix.

<sup>6</sup>*An Introduction to the English Novel* (New York, 1960), I, p. 185. Recently, George Levine in his thorough study ("Determinism and Responsibility in the Works of George Eliot," *PMLA* LXXVII (June, 1962), 268-79) has argued that Eliot's emphasis on determinism "is in no way incongruous with her continuous emphasis on moral responsibility and duty" (268). This thesis seems to me a sound and balanced view of the entire problem. Aside from supporting that view in a small way, I have also tried to suggest that what has often been interpreted as Eliot's determinism actually represents her somewhat grim estimate of the difficulties of determining the unforeseen as a prelude or condition for moral free choice. Irwine's passionate warning to Adam, quoted above, pictures those difficulties. Another example is Irwine's reply to Arthur when the latter tries to excuse himself from the consequences of his acts: "Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuation that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our mind on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us" (175). In short, in the light of Eliot's intense awareness of the "awful" consequences of one's acts, perhaps her principal fear is not so much determinism as paralysis—not so much that we shall be determined to act in a certain way, but that we shall be unable to act. And, perhaps, Mr. Irwine, for all his wisdom or maybe because of it, best illustrates that fear of moral paralysis.

#### 4. ROBINSON ON BROWNING

Edwin Arlington Robinson never published a poem about Robert Browning — as he did about Erasmus, Calderon, Zola, Verlaine, Shakespeare, Crabbe, Hood, Arnold, Hardy, Poe, Emerson, Whitman — and there is no evidence that he ever wrote one. In his fifteen-hundred pages of printed poetry Robinson mentions Browning just once, in "Momus," to inquire fleetingly and ironically what's become of him. And like his own disjointed child of scorn, Miniver Cheevy, Robinson "had reasons." Protest as he might that his primary influences, if any, stemmed from Crabbe, Heine, and Kipling, at no period throughout his literary life was he able to shake off the hated label of "American Browning."

Bliss Carman was not the first critic, but the first major one to identify Robinson's work invidiously with Browning's. This motif swelled to choral proportions and reached a momentous climax in May Sinclair's 1906 *Atlantic Monthly* article, where she praised Robinson as one of the triad of greatest living American poets, while damning him with "the spirit of Browning." This must have been doubly galling, for Miss Sinclair was a devoted friend who helped lighten his incorrigible loneliness during the early New York years. The Browning refrain touched nadir in 1922, when a fatuous New Hampshireman, who thought Robinson was English, compared his husband-wife conflicts with "some of Browning's erotic studies."

Other ludicrous aspects cropped up in the persistent parallel. Théodore Roosevelt discovered a happy analogy with Browning's nebulous qualities, whereas the Boston *Evening Transcript* reviewer of *Captain Craig* rebuked its "perverse plain-

ness" obviously inspired by Browning; the *Independent's* anonymous critic flailed the same book for its "modern formlessness of which Browning stands as a conspicuous example," whereas Richard LeGallienne blamed Browning for Robinson's "something too stringent and tight-packed style." It is no wonder that, in the face of so constant and contradictory a barrage, Robinson turned morose about the optimist from Asolo.

Robinson's earliest recorded remarks about Browning appeared in letters to his former high school chum, Harry de Forest Smith (*Untriangulated Stars*, Cambridge, Mass., 1947, edited by Denham Sutcliffe). Browning was evidently in high favor on April 15, 1894, when Robinson wrote: "I think I have found your poet in Browning ... and I am anxious for you to read him." He went on to declare warmly that he meant to acquire at first opportunity Houghton Mifflin's six-volume edition "for something like ten dollars," a not inconsiderable sum for a jobless provincial. Two and a half years of unceasing frustration with his environment and his craft failed to depress his estimate. From Gardiner on November 6, 1896, Robinson — a desultory stamp collector — confided to Smith: "After reading Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' postage stamps are not very powerful things to consider."

What brought about his complete reversal from this position may only be conjectured. Was it a normal revision of callow enthusiasm or guilty recoil from a patent source? Was it bravado induced by his two books published and a third completed? Was it the sinister ambience of New York City? Or was it a weary reflex from such as William Morton Payne, who expounded monotonously on his debt to Browning's "dramatic quality?" In a note to Josephine Preston Peabody (*Selected Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, New York, 1940, edited by Ridgely Torrence) on December 9, 1901, he wondered sardonically "if sometimes a court stenographer writes in dramatic form." And then he let fly a surprising jet of repulsion. "[Browning's] plays — so called — are so dreadfully dull that I have always found it next to impossible to read them."

In 1917 he assured Lewis N. Chase that "never at all, so far as I am aware" had he been under the influence of Browning. In 1927 he charged Louis Ledoux to "try [Browning] and tell me if his manner has become stale, or whether this is just a passing mood with me." Thirty-four years after his panegyric to "Rabbi Ben Ezra" he advised Helen Grace Adams that "I dislike 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' so much as a poem that I haven't read it in something like thirty years."

Robinson's mutation of attitude toward Browning is a fascinating psychological conundrum not likely to be solved by an artful embroidery of quotations. However, every statement made by Robinson necessarily promotes our knowledge and may in time lead to full understanding of his curious critical evolution. Therein lies the significance of Robinson's six references to Browning in the as yet unpublished series of letters he wrote to Edith Brower.<sup>2</sup>

He first spoke of Browning to Miss Brower on June 27, 1897. A scant year and a half after his emphatic espousal to Harry Smith, Robinson is disenchanted. It must be remembered that at this point he is projecting himself to a woman he has not met, and that despite his privately published *The Torrent and the Night Before* he has immense need for self-assurance.

The only thing in his [Carroll Brent Chilton's] letter I do not like is an incidental statement that he took my stuff for Browning's. I have had this thing happen too many times. Not that I dislike Browning, but cannot help feeling that my own little efforts must leave, with the intellectual reader, an impression at least of unconscious imitation. I did not desire to be big, but I did hope to be tolerably original. You say I am, but still you let the Browning element creep in. Evidently you can't help it.... Only tell me, if you can, what there is in my book that makes so many people say the same thing. Is the resemblance in the style or in the thought? If it is in the style, I'm afraid there is no hope for me; if it is in the thought, I can only say that I write what is in me and let it go for what it is. As far as I know, "James Wetherell" is the best thing I have done. Is that like Browning?

Six months later his resentment touches on specific areas, but he concludes with an overall condemnation.

[ ] have made the discovery that I care positively nothing for Browning outside of his lyrics. They are the greatest we have, to my mind, but the longer things I cannot read. At least I cannot read them when I have a cough. If the *Parleyings*, for instance, were written in decent prose I fancy they might make rather good reading. I gave up the plays long ago and as for *The Ring and the Book*, I like Calverly's version of it much better. Of course I may live to change my mind but I don't [think] that poetry without even the music of good prose in it will ever appeal to me (January 26, 1898).

(In October of the same year he made mournful fun of *The Ring and the Book* to Harry Smith, indicating that he reserved it for reading when his ugliest moods were on him.)

On May 16, 1899, while discussing an article by Goldwin Smith on the poetry of the future, Robinson revealed a transient vacillation to Miss Brower, but again he closed with a thunderbolt.

[Goldwin Smith] gets after Browning. I have not read the thing, so cannot tell just how.... It [the poetry of the future] will be great for what it is, not in spite of what it is — which is partly true, I am afraid, even of *The Ring and the Book*. You see I have softened towards it infinitely [since] I was in New York; but even now I cannot help looking on it as a sort of sublime "stunt." Its very individuality is enough to bar it from being really great — except in spots. Nine tenths of it is not poetry; nor is all of one tenth of [it] great poetry.

In his most prolonged statement, on August 17, 1899, Robinson continued to focus his displeasure on *The Ring and the Book*, asserting severe doubts about its artistic integrity and its chances for survival.

Browning called him [John Donne] the "revered and magisterial" but that does not make me feel any better. Speaking of Browning, I think I have proved to my final satisfaction that I cannot read *The Ring and the Book*, as a sustained poem, with any honest pleasure. I do not



object to the "prosiness" of two thirds of it but I do object to the self conscious and self satisfied grotesqueness of the carefully prearranged poetical scheme on which the whole thing is founded. If you tell me that the first book of it atones for all that sort of thing, I shall have to say that I do not agree with you. Of course I do not question for a moment the intellectual magnitude of the poem as a literary achievement (it is, in fact, this very impression of achievement that makes it hard for me not to consider it rather in the nature of a sublime "stunt") but I do question very seriously the possible artistic sincerity of any such performance. Time, however, will settle the whole matter. If the poem holds its present place in nineteen hundred and fifty — for a round number — I shall be all wrong in my judgment. You may remember that I said something like this two years ago and thereby roused your ire.

As time passed and success loosened his defensive tension, Robinson set up his Browning straw man less and less. Eighteen years elapsed before he mentioned him to Miss Brower again. On August 9, 1917, he responded with some pique to her suggestion that "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" stirred memories of Browning's dramatic monologues.<sup>3</sup>

I don't quite see the relation between B.J. and R.B. — but I suppose I shall have to be "like Browning" to the end of my days. The one man with whom I have a sort of internal affinity seems to me to be Heine, but no one else seems to have thought of it.

The tone of surfeit is pervasive. What had once been a knife in his side was now only a weariness of flesh. "Enough," he seemed to say. "Let us have done!" So it was that a decade later (November 4, 1928) he could dismiss the recurrent canard with a listless quip: "I'm altogether too lazy to kill anyone — even a critic who calls me the American Browning, meaning apparently to give pleasure."

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RICHARD CARY

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>He must have suffered the same kind of pain when Charles Cestre — whose analysis of his work, *An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson* (New York, 1930), he regarded highly — described him on page 195 as "a follower and disciple of Browning."

<sup>2</sup>Robinson corresponded with Miss Brower, one of his earliest admirers and encouragers (see the Hagedorn and Neff biographies), over a period of more than thirty-three years. One hundred and ninety of his letters to her, now in the Colby College Library, are being edited for publication.

<sup>3</sup>She was not to be alone in this opinion. At least three later critics of note — Mark Van Doren, Lucius Beebe, and Yvor Winters — singled out "Ben Jonson" as a prime example of the Browning impress on Robinson.

#### 5. HENRY MAYHEW: FARCE WRITER OF THE 1830'S

While Henry Mayhew is perhaps best known as a pioneer in philanthropic journalism through *London Labour and the London Poor*, he was ever alert to the myriad literary demands of the Victorian era. When travel literature was required, he wrote of journeys up the Rhine and of German life and manners in Saxony; when boys' biographies — replete with maxims of good conduct and honorable example were called for — he wrote of Luther, Davy, and others in their youth. Reports on the Great Exhibition, comic almanacs, spelling primers, novels, and other literary ephemera demanded by an ever-growing reading public gushed from his pen. He was associated with a plethora of newspapers and magazines — among them *Figaro in London*, *Punch*, *The Iron Times*, *The Era*, and *The Morning Chronicle*. And, at a time when plays were demanded by the hundreds — in the 1830's — Henry Mayhew wrote them.

Yet his dramatic output was, for him, modest: five plays in all and, with one exception, all written in the 1830's, that watershed of theatrical history when public taste fell so deplorably low, a time when, as Ernest Reynolds has noted, the real comic Victorian spirit lay in the farce and the burletta;<sup>1</sup> and it is not accidental that Mayhew's plays fall into those two categories which, with melodrama, constitute overwhelmingly the dramatic fare of the earlier decades of the century and of the 30's in particular. One of Mayhew's farces, *The Wandering Minstrel*, I should like to consider in an effort to show how thoroughly representative it is of the hundreds of its kind in the 30's, how Mayhew gave the public what it wanted, and how the trifling work looks ahead to sterner, more thoughtful, realistic, dramatic endeavor.

But first, a note on the theatregoing public of the 30's so that the play may be considered against that unruly background.

As Rowell has said, "In 19th century England the audience shaped both the theatre and the drama played within it; for patronage, the only card with which a manager may sometimes outbid public taste, was at its lowest ebb at Victoria's accession."<sup>2</sup> By this time, ill-educated audiences had superseded more intelligent and urbane theatregoers; and they indulged their voracious appetites for farce, burletta, melodrama, pantomime, spectacle, and extravaganza. Newly come to the theatre, they demanded their money's worth and this resulted in the long bill — often extending from 7 p.m. until after midnight — consisting, perhaps, of a three act play, a farce and a spectacle, or of a dramatic romance, a clog hornpipe, a "laughable interlude" and a "dance in character." Those who came to gaze were unsophisticated, simple minded, exuberant folk living drab lives for whom escape into the tinsel world of the theatre meant temporary alleviation of mundane problems.

For, in the main, this was a lower class audience, "vulgar, unruly, and physically obnoxious."<sup>3</sup> And it welcomed escape through the uninhibited laughter evoked by the farce, through the fantastic incident of the melodrama, and through the

fantastic incident of the melodrama, and through the romantic action of the burlesque. These were audiences deaf to witty exchange, polished dialogue, and sophisticated repartee. They were lusty people wont to greet the enchanting Mme. Vestris with the roar of "What a breast, what an eye/ What a foot, leg, and thigh." Or, if displeased, they might throw fruit and vegetables at the hapless actors; they might explode fireworks or engage in private quarrels or direct rough epithets to the stage. They had taste of the most unsatisfactory sort and feelings both uncontrolled and violent.

This audience imposed its wishes on both actors and playwrights. Thus there is, in the first four decades of the century, a decline in the subtleties of acting; roaring and ranting, expansive gesture, bombastic declamation were paramount. And, as such men as Liston, Cooke, Emery, Buckstone, Wrench, and Robson (who starred in Henry Mayhew's *Wandering Minstrel*) became greater and greater favorites — through clever rendition of a popular song, by an idiosyncratic gesture, or by some other personal drollery — plays were more and more written to suit their individual talents. A kind of star system prevailed and often determined the structure and very fabric of a play. Clearly, this condition vitiated the talents of the playwrights and caused many to deteriorate into hacks grinding out poorly motivated, badly constructed, tasteless works suited only to the particular talents of the leading figure.

But the audience of these years was one that, for all its roughness, demanded the preservation of the proprieties. Neither sexual innuendo nor risqué situation were tolerated. Neither were "damns," "hells," or similar epithets allowed. Roughness, loudness, and crudity were permitted; but indelicacy of any sort was strictly forbidden. Nicoll cites an extreme example of this moral propriety in the stage directions of Somerset's *A Day after the Fair* given at the Olympic in 1829. The hero, who is over six feet, is required to masquerade as the heroine who is a mere 3½ feet. To effect this, he kneels on rollers, reducing himself to the approximate height of the heroine. When, in the action, he rises to his full six feet again, the following stage direction occurs:

The little stool on rollers is fastened round Jerry's waist and, of course, when he rises, is concealed by his wide petticoats. The effect is exceedingly comic, for, when he stands on his legs, his female garb extends only to his knees, yet there is no indecency in this, as he has stockings, etc., on underneath.<sup>4</sup>

But in spite of the moral strictures placed on comedy — strictures which helped to reduce intellectual humor to crude farce — the audiences themselves lacked decorum and turned the playhouse into a rowdy, bustling centre of boorishness, crudity and poor taste.

It was before such spectators that Henry Mayhew's first play, *The Wandering Minstrel*, was produced at the Fitzroy Theatre in January 1834.

A brief resumé of the plot of *The Wandering Minstrel* suggests that the fledgling playwright gauged his audiences accurately. As the farce opens, Mrs. Crincum is opposing the betrothal of her niece, Julia, to young Herbert Carol. She then reads from a newspaper that two of the gentry recently wagered that "a well known musical nobleman will collect a certain sum of money by travelling through the country under the guise of a wandering minstrel." This gentleman — already touring — is always well received because of "his noble air and courtly demeanour." He is expected immediately at Worthing, the scene of the farce. Mr. and Mrs. Crincum (he is much her senior) disagree over the minstrel, the husband considering him a "vagabond" and the wife a hero of romance. The stage is now set for the inevitable case of mistaken identity which is promptly furnished by the bumptious appearance of the clarinet playing tramp, Jem Bags, who bursts onstage to the accompaniment of some broad jests and is of course taken for the true wandering minstrel by Mrs. Crincum. A tryst between Herbert and Julia — punctuated by some mawkish ballads — follows; and it is then that Julia makes the illogical suggestion to her lover that he may best obtain her hand by pleasing Mrs. Crincum in the forthcoming musical contest: to do this he must outstage the false wandering minstrel, Jem Bags. This he does, and the farce concludes like a maniacal *Meistersinger* with Herbert acquiring his beloved and Jem exposed. So much for what, by courtesy only, passes for a plot.

Of more significance are the numerous ways in which this ridiculous bit of dramatic flummery manifests its farcical ingredients, supplies precisely what its audiences wanted and peers, albeit dimly, into the drama of the future.

First, the dialogue. Jem, the central figure, is illiterate, boorish, and ill-mannered — but never coarse. He is given to malapropisms, street slang, topical references (e.g. toe Bagnigge Wells, Paganini, and such Cockney songs as "The dandy dog's meat man" and "A goblet of Burgundy"). His lines are pun-ridden from first to last. And with his dialogue come such horseplay: refreshments are spilled, Jem plays sour notes on his clarinet, dances clumsily, scatters music stands, rushes violently into the arms of the wrong woman, and finally squares off as if to box. Both in word and action one could hardly find a lower — but for the 1830's — more characteristic farcical appeal.

Second, the structure of the play is flimsy. The exposition alone suggests this. In the first few lines the audience is presented with opposition to the Julia-Herbert romance and the reading from the newspaper about the wandering minstrel. No mind, however simple, could fail to grasp these two slender threads; neither would that mind worry that the two threads — kept apart for the whole action of the play — should so awkwardly and inexplicably intertwine at the end. It would be superfluous to enumerate other structural flaws. Suffice to say, there are as sufficient a number as to suggest disregard, both by playwright and audience, for the niceties of dramatic construction.

Yet this clumsy piece of dramatic carpentry appealed to several well known performers of the time. Like Mayhew's other farce, *But However*, which was written for the celebrated Benjamin Wrench, *The Wandering Minstrel* was knocked together for a famous comedian named Reeves who had to resign his part to his confrère, Mitchell. From him the part passed to that master-comedian, Robson, who placed this mediocre farce forever in theatrical annals by introducing into it the Cockney song "Villikins and his Dinah." The possibilities this play offered a popular theatrical personality are plain. Clearly, the worn out shenanigans of Jem Bags, coupled with the chance to bawl out a popular song, appealed as much to actors as to audience.

*The Wandering Minstrel* reveals set after set of those contrasting elements so dear to early Victorian audiences. Contrasts are the backbone of the play: between youth and age, hypocrisy and sincerity, true and false love, sensible and foolish

values, dignity and indignity. By their simplicity and obviousness they keep the play uncomplicated, help to maintain its movement, and sustain the entire production at the appropriately low intellectual plane desired by its audience.

In addition, the moral tone of *The Wandering Minstrel* is appropriate to its time. Indelicate persiflage, ribald repartee, and compromising situations yield to rough, boisterous, less cerebral fun. The humor is often low and broad; but it is never sexually suggestive. In fact, the dominating tone conduces to a propriety, a level of prudishness and moral constriction, that becomes increasingly manifest as the 'thirties melt into the 'forties and the 'forties into the 'fifties.

With the prudish morality of *The Wandering Minstrel* goes a serious undertone not infrequently found in farce of this period. The strain is apparent in the dignified, elderly Mr. Crincum whose position, both social and domestic, anticipates the world of the realistic playwrights of the latter half of the century. In remarking upon his relations with his foolish young wife he shows a worldly self-knowledge:

Well! Thus it is when an old man forgets himself and marries a young wife; it's ten to one but she follows his example and forgets him, too....<sup>5</sup>

There is also about him a poignant regret and mature awareness not wholly consistent with the world of unrestrained farce. And his lines are free of nonsense. When reading the paper, for instance, he passes over the fashion news, criminal activities, and amusements, to consult Parliamentary reports — and when he comments upon them it is with critical astingency.

His point of view throughout is anti-Romantic. He early debunks his wife's absurd notion of the wandering minstrel with "Romance, fiddlesticks." He considers the wager absurd and the undertaking foolish. Neither is he deceived for a moment by Jem Bags. And, though henpecked by a vulgar wife (not unlike Mrs. Bennet), he does not respond as the conventionally henpecked husband of farce by acting as a foil for that harridan. Instead, he retains his self-respect, thereby exposing her fully and removing himself more and more from the world of the play. His scenes with Mrs. Crincum are suggestive of a deeper current of domestic drama — faint but perceptible here — this is to reinvigorate the English theatre about a quarter of a century later. For Mr. Crincum, in his domestic relationship, displays a critical attitude, an experienced awareness of human foibles, a set of rational values and mature responses, common not so much to these ephemeral works of the 30's as to the plays of the fifties and sixties which were to supersede them.

Consciously or not, Henry Mayhew in this play, while yielding to contemporary tastes by giving his oafish audiences the simple entertainment they expected, looks ahead to those realistic theatrical years when dramas of domestic life grappled with fundamental problems. Thus his little farce, *The Wandering Minstrel*, while essentially of its time, is also the forerunner of the urbane and socially discerning dramas given with such deserved success by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the 'fifties — the drama, that is, of such men as Robertson, Taylor, and Boucicault.

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#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Early Victorian Drama by Ernest Reynolds (Cambridge, 1936), p. 35.

<sup>2</sup>The Victorian Theatre by George Rowell (London, 1956), p. 1.

<sup>3</sup>Early 19th Century Drama by Allardyce Nicoll (2 vols., London, 1946), I, 8.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., I, 16.

<sup>5</sup>The Wandering Minstrel, sc. ii.

#### 6. CHARLES DICKENS: THE PURSUERS AND THE PURSUED

On the dark side of Dickens' fiction we often find passages in which a character is pursued—usually in the evening and often in the vicinity of a church or graveyard—by a coffin or corpse or ghost or similar terror, or by another character, often a villain.

Although these passages may bear a family resemblance to the standard melodrama of the century, it appears that some of them may also be traced back to a personal experience which occurred during the early childhood in the vicinity of Rochester and Chatham.

It was evening, "just after dark," so he tells us in "Lying Awake" (*Reprinted Pieces*). The young Charles was hurrying home, by way of "a little back lane near a country church," when he happened to see a figure "chalked upon a door." Depicted as smoking a pipe, it had "a big hat with each of its ears sticking out in a horizontal line under the brim." It also had a "mouth from ear to ear, a pair of goggle eyes, and hands like two bunches of carrots." Running all the way home, the young Dickens looked frequently over his shoulder, intensely horrified by the notion that this figure, either "disconnected from the door, or door and all," was following close behind. Dickens never forgot this terrifying experience. Even as an adult, he tells us, he was still vaguely alarmed when the memory came back to him, as it often did when he was lying awake.

The first literary use of this memory occurs when Mr. Pickwick gropes his way through the Fleet prison in search of a cell which a potboy has described as follows: "There's the likeness of a man being hung, and smoking a pipe the while, chalked outside the door." (Ch. 42)

The memory also came back to him when he described Ralph Nickleby, hurrying home on the last night of his life. Passing a cemetery, he paused to look for the grave of a man he had once known. The notion of this man then pursued him all the way home, "as he remembered when a child to have had frequently before him the figure of some goblin he had once seen chalked upon a door." Elsewhere in the same chapter this pursuer takes the form of a cloud, a "black gloomy mass that seemed to follow him; not hurrying in the wild chase with the others, but lingering sullenly behind, and gliding darkly and



stealthily on. He often looked back, at this, and more than once stopped to let it pass over; but somehow, when he went forward again, it was still behind him, coming mournfully and slowly up like a shadowy funeral train." (Ch. 62)

Later scenes of pursuit and flight might derive in part from the same memory. Bill Sikes, for example, in *Oliver Twist*, is pursued by the ghastly figure, always following at his heels, of the girl he had murdered. Stiffly and solemnly "it seemed to stalk along...if he stopped it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too: that would have been a relief: but like a corpse endowed with the machinery of life, and borne on one slow melan choly wind that never rose or fell." When he threw himself on the road, it stood at his head, "silent, erect and still—a living gravestone, with its epitaph in blood." (Ch. 48)

The young Barnaby Rudge is similarly tormented: "I dreamed just now that something—it was in the shape of a man—followed me—came softly after me—wouldn't let me be—but was always hiding and crouching, like a cat in a dark corner, waiting till I should pass; when it crept out and came softly after me." (Ch. 6)

The graveyard is the characteristic back-drop for these scenes. Remembering that young Dickens' "figure on the door" may have followed him "door and all," we are struck by the fact that young Jerry Cruncher, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, is chased all the way home from a churchyard by a similar long rectangular wooden object, namely, the coffin which he had just seen his father dig up. He thought of it as "hopping on behind him, bolt upright, upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side." Soon we see the coffin as if it were actually superimposed upon a door. For it "hid in doorways, too, rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors, and drawing them up to its ears as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time it was incessantly hopping on behind and gaining on him, so that when the boy got to his own door he had reason for being half dead. And even then it would not leave him, but followed him upstairs with a bump on every stair, scrambled into bed with him, and bumped down, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep." (Bk. II, Ch. 14)

It is again in the Chatham-Rochester district that the autobiographical young Pip is terrified by Abel Magwitch, who leaps at him from the porch of a country church. Still more terrifying to Pip is the convict's description of "a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am an angel....It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man." Even if the boy be in bed, "that young man will softly creep and creep his way o him and tear him open." And so, peering in terror over his shoulder, Pip runs all the way home. (Ch. 1)

Once more, it is in the Chatham-Rochester-Gadshill district (where Dickens himself now resides) that we meet the most fascinating pursuer of all. He is the villain in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (which the author once thought of calling *Flight and Pursuit*) and his name is John Jasper. Seeing this dream-like figure of terror, as he puffs his pipe, or as he is silhouetted against the grave-stones, it is easy to think of him as a resurrection of that goblin smoking a pipe which the child Dickens had once seen chalked on a door in the same neighborhood.

And whom does John Jasper pursue? Orphans. No less than five of them. The startling fact, however, is that suddenly in this novel we find all five of the pursued dramatically turning to pursue the pursuer, dedicating themselves to revenge and a final show-down with John Jasper.

Take the timid little Rosa Bud. She has complained to Helena that Jasper "haunts my thoughts, like a dreadful ghost...whispering that he pursues me as a lover..." (Ch. 7) Yet in the famous scene at the sur-dial we find that her "flight is arrested by horror" so that suddenly she turns and firmly rejects her Faustian suitor, despite his hypnosis. (Ch. 19) Likewise her fiance, the orphan Edwin Drood, may well return even from the dead to avenge himself on the uncle whose pose of affection has masked the intent to kill.

More notably autobiographical—especially as regards their miserable childhood—are the Landless twins, Neville and Helena, who have "a certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being the objects of the chase, rather than the followers." (Ch. 6) Their desperate childhood flight from their cruel step-father is only equalled now by the concentrated fury with which they prepare to turn the tables on this step-father-surrogate, the murderer John Jasper.

The prize exhibit, however, is Deputy Winks, the boy-servant at the Travellers' Twopenny Inn. His orphaned state is hammered home by his passionate and tragic declaration to Datchery that he does not even possess a name—"there ain't no family of winkses." (Ch. 23) This horrible little dancing demon, twilight chanter of weirdly haunting incantations, fearless stoner of animals, gravestones, and men, is a creature who exists to destroy. The special object of his motiveless hatred is John Jasper, but note that Jasper is equally motiveless in his furious hatred of Deputy. "What! Is that baby-devil on the watch!" cries Jasper, in a fury, so quickly roused, and so violent, that he seems an older devil himself. "I shall shed the blood of that impious wretch! I know I shall do it!" And then Deputy: "gnashing the great gap in front of his mouth with rage and malice," he shrieks at Jasper, "I'll blind yer, s'elp me! I'll stonè yer eyes out, s'elp me! If I don't have yer eyesight, bel-lows me!" (Ch. 12)

And indeed, far from fleeing this churchyard figure of terror, it is positively Deputy who becomes the pursuer. "This creature, Deputy, is behind us," says Jasper, looking back. "Is he to follow us?" (Ch. 5) And again: "He followed us tonight, when we first came here...He has been prowling near us ever since." (Ch. 12)

Thus the pursuer is now pursued. And remember that at this time Dickens was also compulsively and fatally acting and re-enacting on the reading platform, not only the murder of Nancy by Sikes, but especially the business of Sikes being pursued to his very death by the corpse of the girl he had murdered.

May we say that Dickens was emotionally identified, not only with Nancy and the five orphans, but also with Sikes and Jasper? If so, then it is little wonder that the inner tension, at this stage, was so tremendous that it abruptly terminated the readings, the novel, and the life of the novelist himself.

## 7. "THE WINDHOVER" AND "ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ"

Several critics<sup>1</sup> have mentioned, in brief and scattered comments, the similarity between "The Windhover" and Hopkins' sonnet in honor of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, but, so far as I know, no one has shown in any detail how the poems mutually elucidate each other. In my opinion, the sonnet on St. Alphonsus (1888) involves a return to the theme which Hopkins had previously treated in "The Windhover" (1877). Since the sonnet on St. Alphonsus is a less complex poem and is more lucid in its development of the theme, it seems to me to provide a valuable clue to the interpretation of the much disputed "Windhover."

The sonnet on St. Alphonsus was written in honor of a canonized laybrother of Hopkins' own order who had served for forty years as hall porter to the college of Palma in Majorca, and who had been, in Hopkins' words, "much favoured by God with heavenly lights and much persecuted by evil spirits."<sup>2</sup> The aspect of Alphonsus' life that interested Hopkins was the marked contrast between the uneventful simplicity of his physical life and the vitality of his spiritual life. In order to dramatize his conception of Alphonsus, Hopkins presented in the first five lines of the sonnet a picture of Christian valor in a world of heroic action:

Honour is flashed off exploit, so we say;  
And those strokes once that gashed flesh or galled shield  
Should tongue that time now, trumpet now that field,  
And, on the fighter, forge his glorious day.  
On Christ they do and on the martyr may.<sup>3</sup>

"But be the war within..." he says, turning to another kind of strife, "Earth hears no hurtle then from fiercest fray":

Yet God (that hews mountain and continent,  
Earth, all, out; who, with trickling increment,  
Veins violets and tall trees makes more and more)  
Could crowd career with conquest while there went  
Those years and years by of world without event  
That in Majorca Alfonso watched the door.

The poem is built upon an antithesis between two modes of Christian fulfillment, between public action and private spiritual "conquest." "The Windhover," I suggest, is based on a similar structure.

The martial images are obvious in both poems. In "The Windhover" they are especially noticeable in line nine: "Brute beauty and valour and act, oh air, pride, plume," but also in "Chevalier," "minion," and perhaps in "Buckle." In "St. Alphonsus" the martial imagery is even more prominent: "honour," "exploit," "strokes," "shield," "trumpet," "fighter," "war," "brand," "heroic beast," "outward-steeled," "hurtle," "fiercest fray," and "conquest."<sup>4</sup> In both poems there is an explicit contrast to the heroic action which is implied in such words. In "The Windhover" the contrast begins with the word "Buckle"—or possibly with the word "here"—and leads to the images of the plough and the "blue-bleak embers." In "St. Alphonsus" the contrast begins with line six, "But be the war within...." and leads to a different kind of hero from the warrior of the first five lines:

Yet God ...  
Could crowd career with conquest while there went  
Those years and years by of world without event  
That in Majorca Alfonso watched the door.

The word *conquest* is used in "St. Alphonsus," I believe, with deliberate ambiguity; it is, in fact, the antithesis that is the core of the poem. It is obviously appropriate for the martial achievements of the first five lines, but it is used almost ironically in reference to Alphonsus who, to all outward appearances, conquered nothing. Such a vainglorious word hardly conveys the humble perseverance of his life, yet it is meant to apply to him, especially in contrast to the active valor of the first part of the poem, for his is a conquest too in his acceptance, over long years, of his simple task. He has conquered in a different battle and in a different way. In fact, he has conquered the very pride that is the danger of the heroic achievements described in the beginning of the poem.

The windhover in its "brute beauty" and "achieve" objectifies the same kind of action as the martial images in the beginning of "St. Alphonsus." Also, the simple act of the ploughman and the ash-hidden fire of the embers correspond to the simplicity of Alphonsus' life, which cloaked with humility "the war within." The antithesis, then, that we find between the octave and the sestet of "The Windhover" (between the "brute beauty and valour and act" of the bird and the opposing images of the plough and the embers) is paralleled in the overall structure of "St. Alphonsus Rodriguez." The two poems seem to be dealing with the same theme, although the theme is realized through different images and called forth by different specific occasions.

The two images of the sestet of "The Windhover" (the plough and the embers) are not, however, equivalent objectifications of the same thing. Rather they are complementary. To relate them to the theme as it is expressed in "St. Alphonsus," one might say that the image of the plough shining through use as it passes down the sillon is equivalent to the grace that comes to Alphonsus "with trickling increment" as he pursues his menial tasks through long years. The image of the falling embers, on the other hand, which conveys an impression of violence and attrition, might correspond to "the war within" of one "Much favoured by God with heavenly lights and much persecuted by evil spirits." In "The Windhover" both images are contrasted to the heroic physical beauty of the bird, just as the lowly duty and internal struggle of Alphonsus are contrasted to the external violence of chivalric battle in the first part of "St. Alphonsus."

Both poems end on a note of affirmation. "St. Alphonsus" ends with the ironic "conquest" by the man of humility. "The Windhover" ends with the word "gold-vertillion," which reveals the beauty hidden beneath the outward drabness of the

embers. This sudden revelation of color in the final word of "The Windhover" may be equated with the "hidden" fire of line ten, which is "a billion/ Times told lovelier, more dangerous"<sup>5</sup> than the kestrel in the morning sunlight or the honor that is "flashed" off exploit.

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FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>W.H. Gardner, *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, I (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1949), 33, 155, 184.

Herbert Marshall McLuhan, "The analogical Mirrors," *Gerard Manley Hopkins by the Kenyon Critics* (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions Books, 1945), p. 24.

<sup>2</sup>Letter to Bridges, October 3, 1888. *The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges*, ed. C.C. Abbott (Oxford, 1955), p. 293.

<sup>3</sup>All quotations from "In honour of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez" are taken from Robert Bridges' edition of the *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, Edited with additional Poems, Notes, and a Biographical Introduction by W.H. Gardner (Oxford, 1948), pp. 112-113.

<sup>4</sup>There is a specific verbal link between the two poems in the use of "gall" and "gash" in "The Windhover" and "gashed" and "galled" in "St. Alphonsus," but the words do not have the same significance in the two poems. In "St. Alphonsus" they are used in relation to external strife; in "The Windhover" to "the war within." Also, in "The Windhover" the violence of "gall" and "gash" produces the flash not of "honour" but of "gold-vermilion," certainly in this poem a "heavenly light."

<sup>5</sup>Here "dangerous," which is derived from Latin *dominus*, means *masterful, powerful*.

8. REPETITION OF IMAGERY IN THOMAS HARDY

It is not news that Thomas Hardy liked to repeat his plots—contrasting sets of characters, the intrusion of the outside world into Wessex, and so forth.

A less widely recognized and only slightly less significant characteristic of his work is that he also repeated images, sometimes with almost identical wording. In *The Woodlanders* alone, for instance, there have been at least three such repetitions, although only one survives in the definitive 1912 text, and images in *the Woodlanders* also appear in poetry written at a later time.<sup>1</sup>

On the first sheet of the manuscript of *The Woodlanders* occurs a description of tree limbs stretching over a road with easeful "horizontality." Hardy had used the word on page 329 of his first published novel, *Desperate Remedies*. But the word was not printed in any of the versions of *The Woodlanders*. Its removal is explained by a March 29, 1886, letter from Frederick Macmillan to Hardy. Macmillan says that Mowbray Morris—the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which was serializing the novel—had objected to "horizontality" as "an unusual and perhaps not very pleasant looking word." Macmillan assures Hardy that the word will be left in if the renowned novelist wishes; but Hardy was diffident and acquiescent.

Two of the repetitions in *The Woodlanders* first occurred in *The Return of the Native*: one of a wasp made tipsy from drinking freshly pressed apple juice, and another of a road across a hill resembling a part on a head of hair. The road in *The Return of the Native* is described as it "bisected that vast dark surface [Egdon Heath] like the parting-line on a head of black hair" (p. 8). In *The Woodlanders*, a woods on a hill "shows itself bisected by the highway, as a head of thick hair is bisected by the white line of its parting" (p. 1). This image appears only in the serial version of *The Woodlanders*, being removed by the time of the first edition in 1887. Carl Weber believes the removal an improvement, an example of conscious artistry on Hardy's part. Weber says that Hardy recognized the image as trite and weak.<sup>2</sup> If this is so, it is strange he did not also remove it from *The Return of the Native*, since he revised that novel twice—in 1895 and 1912—after having written *The Woodlanders*.

Hardy's method of repeating the wasp image is worthy of notice. The image is an addition to the manuscript of *The Woodlanders* on sheet 243 (p. 215). Perhaps Hardy had remembered the wasp in *The Return of the Native* (p. 330-31), and thought it would make a pleasant figure in the woodlands novel. In each case the humor in the image provides an ironic contrast in context. In *The Woodlanders* the wasp appears in the scene where the newly married Grace thinks scornfully that she had once thought of marrying her rustic childhood lover Giles. In *The Return of the Native*, drunken wasps make up part of the scene at Clym's door as his mother comes for her delayed, and tragic, visit.

An illustration of Hardy's penchant for re-using a discarded image rather than thinking of a new one is his rearrangement of an image of "a folding star" within *The Woodlanders* manuscript itself. The image was first an addition onto sheet 264 (p. 234) after Fitzpiers "went out into the lane." Cancelled there, it reappears two sheets later (p. 235): Grace is described as coming out of the house to meet Fitzpiers "under the declining light," to which is added: "of the sky, whereon hung, solitary, the folding star." Perhaps the best explanation for the transfer of the image was Hardy's thought that such a picture was better suited to accompany the virtuous, wronged Grace than her conscienceless husband in the act of leaving his mistress. While this "repetition" is of a different sort than the others mentioned here, since both cases occur within one novel, the principle—preservation of creative faculties—is the same.

Hardy also later re-used in his poetry images occurring in *The Woodlanders* of a noble downed tree. A passage in *The Woodlanders* reads, "The eakest idler that passed could now set foot on marks formerly made in the upper forks by the shoes of adventurous climbers only" (p. 121). "The Tree," undated but published in *Poems of the Past and the Present* in 1902 [1901], repeats the idea of courageous climbers being followed by lesser climbers, though in the poem it is a child rather than an idler: "Its boughs, which none but darters trod,/ A child may step on from the sod." The succeeding lines in the poem, "And twigs that earliest met the dawn / Are lit the last upon the lawn," repeat the essential image of the descending sun's rays in another section of *The Woodlanders* which describes branches which before the tree's felling had "caught the earliest rays of the sun and moon while the lower part of the forest was still in darkness" (p. 160).



Hardy did not think of himself as a clever writer. He was concerned with the emotions of the heart and the tragic nature of human existence. It is not surprising, then, that during the composition of a novel or a poem he used old images rather than strain for constant originality in descriptive passages. He was able, by such occasional self-plagiarism, to preserve his creative powers for passages of emotional conflict. Moreover, since he carefully revised his novels both before and after publication, Hardy cleared away much of the flotsam and jetsam of composition before finally establishing his texts.

Ohio University

DALE KRAMER

## FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Reference to the MS of *Woodlanders* and other unpublished material is with the permission of the owners, the Dorset Natural History & Archaeological Society, and the Hardy estate trustees, Lloyd's Bank of London and Miss Irene Cooper-Willis. Quotations from Hardy's works are from the Anniversary Edition of *The Writings of Thomas Hardy in Prose and Verse* (Harper & Brothers: New York, n.d. [1920]).

<sup>2</sup>"Tragedy in Little Hintock: New Light on Thomas Hardy's Novel, *The Woodlanders*," *Booker Memorial Studies*, ed. Hill Shine (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1950), p. 145.

## 9. A LETTER FROM HAROLD FREDERIC TO T.H. HUXLEY

For three weeks during the summer of 1891, Harold Frederic traveled widely in Russia, gathering facts and impressions for a series of fifteen articles that appeared in the *New York Times* with the title "An Indictment of Russia"<sup>1</sup> and that were subsequently issued as a book, *The New Exodus* (New York and London, 1892). So vivid was his reporting of the current Jewish pogrom that the government of Czar Alexander III forbade Frederic ever to return to Russia.<sup>2</sup> The book belongs among Frederic's journalistic writings, and can be related to *The Damnation of Theron Ware* and his other novels only in being an honest, courageous, and forceful recording of observed actualities—the kind of writing essential to either a good foreign correspondent or a good realist—and he was both.

His London publisher, Heinemann, though not reassuring about sales, thought well enough of the book to assent to increasing the royalty to 25%; Heinemann's partner remarked that as far as he knew this was the highest royalty ever paid in England.<sup>3</sup> But apart from a desperate need for money to support the two families he maintained, openly, near each other in England, Frederic seems to have been more interested in an opinion of *The New Exodus* expressed by T.H. Huxley. The following letter to Huxley, written on December 21, 1892, from the National Liberal Club in Whitehall Place, in Frederic's minute and beautiful script, is essentially a plea for sympathetic understanding.<sup>4</sup>

Dear Sir:

Mr. Isidore Spielman was good enough some time ago to show me your letter commenting on my book, "The New Exodus," and to allow me to make a note of what you said about its faults. I am writing, though, rather to express my great and sincere gratification at your having read the book, and not disliked it all, than to seek to discuss the points your letter raised. I need not tell you that the book is not the outcome of broad scholarship. The subject was, indeed, quite new to me when I was sent to Russia, some eighteen months ago, and the task of doing as much with it as has been done, was carried along with a mass of other work, including that of a daily newspaper. My chief business, and training, is that of the unhappy man who has to watch, and pretend to understand, everything that happens every day, all over Europe, from what the Home Rule bill is going to be like, and when the man on horseback is to appear in Paris, down (or up) to the probable date of the skeletons just found in the Red Rocks at Mentone. I tried very hard, however, to get to know as much about this whole huge subject thus dumped upon me as possible, and to get together material which would seem to merit to have some permanent value. Of course it was also important—vitality important—to keep the whole thing in narrative form, vivid and fluid, and not to impede its action and force anywhere by getting in extraneous stuff. When a great volume of facts has to be handled in this way, and especially if the facts themselves will not secure public attention in any other way, exactness sometimes goes to the wall before brevity and the pictorial idea.

Of course I had no thought of conveying an impression that there were "specific Jews before Abraham," or that Hebrew antiquity, as such, was comparable with Egyptian or Chaldean. The key to what I had in mind is the word "survivors." You will see, I think, all that I may say in defense of the page from that point of view.

About the character of the influence of "Alexandrian and Syrian Jews on Arabian and Saracenic culture" (p. 57) I wouldn't dream of offering an opinion. I know very little of the period, in any thorough way, and only happened to lug in the "poor authority," Draper, because I remembered that as a boy the pictures he drew of the Saracens, like his others of the Incas, much impressed my imagination. Still less can I speak on any phase of the Hellenic controversy. I do battle sometimes with my friends who are Celtophobes, and I even have convictions about the Basques, but I run when anyone puts up the flag of the Hellenists. But even granting that these Jews of the Dark Ages were merely "porters of Greek philosophy," they would still fully deserve what I say about them. Some modification of that phrase would, I take it, fit the large half of all the men whom we think of as having helped the world to move in sterile times. Measured in that way, Columbus becomes a "porter" of Icelandic reminiscences and Portuguese conjectures, and the great galaxy of scientific stars who distinguish our age from all others, and whom you in turn distinguish by your presence, turn up in the guise of "porters of Epicureanism." [Lucretius Carus, *De Natura Rerum*. v. 855-61.]

I don't know that there is any evidence that there were "Jews in the basin of the Volga 500 B.C.," save the fact that the Russian Jews of today say so, and that is, in most senses, no evidence at all. I suppose that the general assumption that they were in the Don and Dnieper valleys thus early rests largely, if not entirely, upon the fact that there were Greek colonies all along the coast of the Palus Maëotis, and up these rivers, and that from Alexander's time wherever there were Greeks there were Jews. But the Russian Hebrew all speak as confidently of their antiquity in the Volga basin as in the others, and it was this confidence which I reflected in the statement on p. 57. Perhaps it would have been better to leave out the reference to the Volga.

It would certainly have been better had I at that time known more about Jewish history in the matter of propaganda. Before your letter was written, I had myself discovered that the Karaim were not the unique exception I had supposed them to be. No Jewish critic has raised this point, curiously enough. I daresay that readers will as a whole take what I say to be true, because it is true of post-Medieval Judaism.

The final point—"it is not Rome but Greece which should have the credit of the Trinity"—seems to me not quite carefully taken. (p. 59). The context shows, I think, that "Rome" is used as an arbitrary sign to represent Christianity, as "Islam" is used for the other thing.

If this hasn't unduly wearied your patience, let me add a few other words, with which to repeat that I am truly honored by the fact of your having read and written about the book. You have been a big, luminous name to me, ever since as a youngster I read an American imprint—pirated, I daresay—of your lecture on the horse's hoof, and bought your "Crayfish" with almost the first money I ever earned. Your letter makes me wish that the book had been better worth the time you gave to it. Sometime I pledge myself to send you a better one.

Believe me to be faithfully yours

Harold Frederic

Professor Huxley

Huxley's interest in the subject of *The New Exodus* is hardly astonishing; his writings, early and late, covered a staggering number of subjects, religious history among them. Section X of *The Huxley Papers: A Descriptive Catalogue*, edited by Warren R. Dawson (London, 1946), lists ten items under "Hebrew Tradition," some of them published, others not; the period of his greatest absorption in the subject seems to have been 1890-1891, just prior to the publication of Frederic's book. In 1890 he published "The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science," and in 1891 "Hasisadra's Adventure," both seriously questioning the accuracy of much of Jewish history. In 1893, moreover, he collected these and several other essays in his *Science and Hebrew Tradition*. It was therefore entirely natural, when *The New Exodus* appeared in 1892, for Huxley to read with close attention the parts concerning pre-Christian Jewish migration and distribution.

If Huxley replied to Frederic, the letter is unlocated. Frederic was never able to fulfill his pledge to send a better book, for Huxley died in 1895, a year before *The Damnation of Theron Ware* was published.

Florida State University

WILLIAM RANDEL

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Frederic was in Russia from July 23 until August 14, 1891. The articles appeared on page 1 of the *Times* for fifteen consecutive Mondays, from September 14 to December 21, 1891.

<sup>2</sup>Thomas O'Donnell and Hoyt C. Franchere, *Harold Frederic* (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1961), p. 13.

<sup>3</sup>Undated letter from Sidney S. Pawling to Frederic, in Frederic Papers, Library of Congress, quoted in *Harold Frederic*, pp. 70-71.

<sup>4</sup>Original in Huxley Papers, Imperial College of Science and Technology, reproduced with permission of the Governing Board of the Imperial College.

#### IV. ENGLISH X NEWS

##### A. The Officers for 1963

*Chairman*, Donald Smalley, *University of Illinois*; *Secretary*, John T. Fain, *University of Florida*.

*Advisory and Nominating Committee: Chairman*, Francis G. Townsend, *Florida State University* (1963); A. McKinley Terhune, J. Hillis Miller (1961-62); G. Robert Strange, Robert C. Slack (1962-63); Robert Langbaum, William Madden (1963-64); Donald Smalley (*ex officio*).

*Bibliography Committee: Chairman*, Robert C. Slack, *Carnegie Institute of Technology*; R.A. Donovan; C.T. Dougherty; R.C. Tobias.

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

##### B. A Center of Newman Studies

The increased interest in research on John Henry Newman (1801-90) both in Europe and in the United States has prompted Fordham University to create a center of Newman studies as part of the English Department's program in Victorian studies. The Center will operate in close cooperation with C. Stephen Dessain, Director of the Newman Archives, Birmingham, England, and General Editor of the definitive edition of Newman's Letters. Vincent Ferrer Blehl, S.J., and Francis X. Connolly, both of the English Department of Fordham University, will direct the Center. Father Blehl, the recipient of two grants for Newman research, spent three years at the Newman Archives where he assisted in the planning and direction of the definitive edition of Newman's Letters. He has edited volumes XIV and XV in the series. Francis X. Connolly has likewise been engaged in Newman research at Fordham University, where he recently directed, among other Newman projects, the thesis of Edward E. Kelly, S.J., *Cardinal*

*Newman's Unpublished Letters: A Selection From the Year July, 1864 to July, 1865.* These letters will eventually be published as part of the definitive edition of Newman's Letters. Dr. Connolly plans to publish two books on Newman in the near future.

The Center will promote research on Newman at Fordham with the aid of the resources of the Birmingham Oratory Archives which have been secured on microfilm. It aims also at keeping the academic community informed of the current state of Newman research through regular reports in the *Victorian Newsletter*.

To mark the inauguration of the Center, the Directors are sponsoring a symposium on the *Apologia* (1864), as a preliminary celebration of the coming centenary of its publication. The symposium will be held at Fordham University, October 12, 1963, in Keating Hall. All interested scholars and students are invited to attend. A number of Newman scholars have been invited to present papers on the background, content, style, and subsequent history of Newman's most celebrated work. These papers will be published in 1964.

#### Program

#### Morning Session

1. "Why Newman Wrote the *Apologia*"  
Martin Svaglic, *Loyola University, Chicago*.
2. "The *Apologia* and the Ultramontanes"  
Edward Kelly, S.J., *St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas*
3. "Some Rhetorical and Stylistic Aspects of the *Apologia*"  
Sister Mary Baylon Lenz, *Notre Dame University*.
4. "Theological Implications in the *Apologia*"  
Hugo Achaval, S.J., *Gregorian University, Rome*.

#### Afternoon Session

5. "The *Apologia* and the Tradition of Spiritual Autobiography"  
Alvan S. Ryan, *Notre Dame University*
6. "The *Apologia* as Human Experience"  
William E. Buckler, *New York University*
7. "Initial Reactions to the *Apologia* in Periodical Literature, 1864-65"  
Vincent F. Blehl, S.J., *Fordham University*.
8. "Literary Reputation of the *Apologia*"  
Francis X. Connolly, *Fordham University*

#### V. RECENT PUBLICATIONS: A SELECTED LIST

September, 1962 - February, 1963

#### I

#### General

- ARTS.** Morris, Barbara. *Victorian Embroidery*. Jenkins. Rev. *TLS*, 16 November, p. 868.  
Wakefield, Hugh. *Victorian Pottery*. Jenkins, Rev. *TLS*, 9 November, p. 852.
- BIBLIOGRAPHY.** Stilling, Jack. "Recent Studies in Nineteenth-Century English Literature." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 509-528. A critical survey of books published in 1961.
- CRITICISM AND LITERARY HISTORY.** Harris, Wendell. "Innocent Decadence: The Poetry of the *Savoy*." *PMLA*, December, pp. 629-636. The *Savoy* poetry of Dowson, Symonds, and Beardsley reveals a very mild decadence, notably different from its French counterpart.
- Kissane, James. "Victorian Mythology." *Victorian Studies*, September, pp. 5-28. Victorian attitudes towards and uses of mythology, with emphasis on Ruskin, Pater, J.A. Symonds, and Tennyson.
- Sowder, William J. "Emerson's Early Impact in England: A Study in British Periodicals." *PMLA*, December, pp. 561-576. The resistance to Emerson, except by the young, in the 1840's.
- ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.** Collins, Henry. "Karl Marx, the International and the British Trade Union Movement." *Science and Society*, Fall, pp. 400-421. The support and then abandonment of Marx by the British trade unionists.
- Fetter, Frank W. "Economic Articles in the *Westminster Review* and their Authors, 1824-51." *Journal of Political Economy*, December, pp. 570-596. A brief review of *Westminster* economic emphases, and attributions numbering more than one hundred.
- Lambert, Royston. "Central and Local Relations in Mid-Victorian England: The Local Government Act Office." *Victorian Studies*, December, pp. 121-150.
- Mack, M.P. *Jeremy Bentham*. Columbia. Bentham's thought before 1800.



McBriar, A.M. *Fabian Socialism and English Politics, 1884-1914*. Cambridge. A study of Fabian views and of the interplay between Fabians and other political groupings. Rev. *TLS*, 11 January, p. 22.

Morton, A.L., ed. *The Life and Ideas of Robert Owen*. Lawrence and Wishart. A selection from Owen's writings.

**DRAMA.** Shattuck, Charles H., ed. *William Charles Macready's "King John": A Facsimile Prompt-Book*. Illinois. Rich in detail on Victorian theatrical production.

**HISTORY.** Duffy, A.E.P. "Differing Policies and Personal Rivalries in the Origins of the Independent Labour Party." *Victorian Studies*, September, pp. 43-65.

Hancock, W.K. *Smuts: The Sanguine Years, 1870-1919*. Cambridge. The first of two volumes. Rev. *TLS*, 2 November, p. 833.

Hobsbawm, E.J. *The Age of Revolution, 1789-1848*. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. Rev. *TLS*, 11 January, p. 22.

Semmel, Bernard. *The Governor Eyre Controversy*. MacGibbon and Kee. Rev. *TLS*, 28 December, p. 998.

Woodham-Smith, Cecil. *The Great Hunger*. Hamilton. On the Irish famine of the 1840's.

**MISCELLANEOUS.** Lochhead, Marion. "Victorian Abbotsford." *Quarterly Review*, January, pp. 57-66. On the transformation of Scott's Abbotsford into the "centre of a little Catholic world on the Borders."

St. John-Steuas, Norman. "The Victorian Conscience." *Wiseman Review*, Autumn, pp. 247-259. Some general effects of Victorian moral seriousness as seen in attitudes towards sex and literature.

Sparrow, Gerald. *Gordon: Mandarin and Pasha*. Jarrolds. Biographical study.

White, James F. *The Cambridge Movement*. Cambridge. The influence of the Camden Society in reviving medieval interests.

Young, G.M. *Victorian Essays*, ed. W.D. Handcock. Oxford. A collection of Young's essays, all previously published.

**RELIGION.** Davies, Horton. *From Newman to Martineau, 1850-1900. Worship and Theology in England*, Vol. IV. Princeton. This second volume to appear concludes the period 1690-1900.

Fothergill, Brian. "Wiseman: The Man and his Mission." *Wiseman Review*, Autumn, pp. 236-246. Comments on Wiseman's character and on his shaping role in the Catholic revival.

Heaseman, Kathleen. *Evangelicals in Action*. Bles. A sympathetic review of the many philanthropical undertakings of the Evangelicals.

Hinchliff, Peter. "John William Colenso: A Fresh Appraisal." *Journal of Ecclesiastical History*, October, pp. 203-216. Colenso was generous, honest, and courageous; he unfortunately defended views he himself could not adequately control.

Larkin, Emmet. "Church and State in Ireland in the Nineteenth Century." *Church History*, September, pp. 294-306. Church-state relations were complicated by problems of reform, finance, English influence, Papal authority, and most of all, Irish nationalism.

McClelland, Vincent Alan. *Cardinal Manning: His Public Life and Influence, 1865-1892*. Oxford. Rev. *TLS*, 28 September, p. 764.

**SCIENCE.** Bailey, Edward. *Charles Lyell*. Nelson. A general account of Lyell's achievement.

**SOCIAL.** Barker, T.C. "The Centenary of London's Underground." *History Today*, February, pp. 115-122. Events and people relating to the construction of the Metropolitan Railway, opened in 1863.

Cox-Johnson, Ann. "A Gentleman's Servant's Journal." *History Today*, February, pp. 102-107. Excerpts with commentary pointing up day-to-day domestic life in the notable year 1837.

Martin, Robert Bernard. *Enter Rumour*. Faber. Detailed accounts of four Victorian scandals.

Symonds, R.W. and B.B. Whineray. *Victorian Furniture*. Country Life. Rev. *TLS*, 16 November, p. 868.

## II

### Individual Authors

**ARNOLD.** Brooks, Roger L. "A New Source for Matthew Arnold's 'Sohrab and Rustum'." *Philological Quarterly*, January, pp. 129-131. Arnold borrowed oriental detail from an 1847 issue of *Marco Polo*.

Coulling, Sidney M.B. "The Background of 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time'." *Philological Quarterly*, January, pp. 36-54. The essay is Arnold's refinement of positions taken in two earlier essays—on Colenso and on Stanley's *Jewish Church*.

Feltes, N.N. "Matthew Arnold and the Modern Spirit: A Reassessment." *University of Toronto Quarterly*, October, pp. 27-36. From the 1870's on, Arnold abandons the mode of disinterestedness and all hope in cultural change.

Hipple, Walter J. "Matthew Arnold, Dialectician." *University of Toronto Quarterly*, October, pp. 1-26. Arnold's dialectical approach in the prose implies an underlying unity in his thought.

- Knoepfmacher, U.C. "Dover Revisited: The Wordsworthian Matrix in the Poetry of Matthew Arnold." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 17-26. Arnold's use of Wordsworth (in "Resignation" and "Dover Beach") reveals a negation of Wordsworth's vision but a need to affirm joy over pain and suffering.
- Shumaker, Wayne. "Matthew Arnold's Humanism: Literature as a Criticism of Life." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 385-402. The inadequacies of Arnold's theorizing on literature.
- Vogeler, Martha Salmon. "Matthew Arnold and Frederic Harrison: The Prophet of Culture and the Prophet of Positivism." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 441-462. The relationship of the two men, their similarities and differences.
- BRONTË.** Bell, Vereen M. "Wuthering Heights and the Unforgivable Sin." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 188-191. The sin of which Lockwood dreams is lack of charity and forgiveness, and it in turn is the central motif of the novel.
- BROWNING.** Altick, Richard D. "Memo to the Next Annotator of Browning." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 61-68. Comments, critical and otherwise, on eleven Browning poems.
- Drew, Philip. "Browning's *Essay on Shelley*." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 1-6. A rereading of the essay, especially of Browning's distinction between "subjective" and "objective" poets.
- Fleisher, David. "'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' 49-72: A New Key to an Old Crux." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 46-52. Rather than eulogize the flesh, the lines argue the flesh's hindrance of the soul in youth.
- Hayter, Alethea. *Mrs. Browning: A Poet's Work and its Setting*. Faber. Rev. *TLS*, 28 September, p. 762.
- Kishler, Thomas C. "A Note on Browning's 'Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.'" *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 70-71. A defense of Brother Lawrence from the speaker's imputations.
- Raymond, William O. "Browning and the Harriet Westbrook Shelley Letters." *University of Toronto Quarterly*, January, pp. 184-192. Browning read the letters in 1858, not 1851, that is, after his essay on Shelley.
- BUTLER.** Currie, A.W. "Samuel Butler's Canadian Investment." *University of Toronto Quarterly*, January, pp. 109-125. The details of Butler's unfortunate commercial speculations in the 1870's.
- Howard, Daniel F., ed. *The Correspondence of Samuel Butler with his Sister Mary*. California. Rev. *TLS*, 11 January, p. 26.
- CLOUGH.** Gollin, Richard M. "The 1951 Edition of Clough's *Poems: A Critical Re-Examination*." *Modern Philology*, November, pp. 120-127. A review of inadequacies.
- DICKENS.** Parish, Charles. "A Boy Brought up 'By Hand'." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, December, pp. 286-288. The term also meant "bottle-fed."
- DISRAELI.** Smith, Sheila M. "Willenhall and Wodgate: Disraeli's Use of Blue Book Evidence." *Review of English Studies*, November, pp. 368-384. A study of Disraeli's use of the Children Employment Commissioner's Report (1842) in *Sibil*.
- ELIOT.** Carroll, David R. "*Felix Holt: Society as Protagonist*." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, December, pp. 237-252. George Eliot's point is the necessary union of the public and the private life.
- Fernando, Lloyd. "George Eliot, Feminism and Dorothea Brooke." *Review of English Literature*, January, pp. 76-90. In the first half of *Middlemarch* especially, George Eliot is working out her views on feminism.
- Paris, Bernard J. "George Eliot's Religion of Humanity." *ELH*, December, pp. 418-443. A study of the assumptions—moral, social, psychological—of George Eliot's humanism.
- Robinson, Carole. "*Romola: A Reading of the Novel*." *Victorian Studies*, September, pp. 29-42. The novel fails because George Eliot could not accept the positives she would have liked to affirm.
- Rubinstein, Elliot L. "A Forgotten Tale by George Eliot." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 175-183. Comments on "The Lifted Veil," especially with reference to George Eliot's other work.
- HARDY.** Brick, Allan. "Paradise and Consciousness in Hardy's *Tess*." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 115-134. Fulfillment can come only in the real world, however hostile.
- Roberts, James L. "Legend and Symbol in Hardy's 'The Three Strangers'." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, September, pp. 191-194. Rather than being an exercise in cosmic irony, the story affirms the value of human action.
- Schweik, Robert C. "Moral Perspective in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*." *College English*, October, pp. 14-18. The moral-didactic passages provide particular moral perspectives, but are not intended to imply a comprehensive moral system.
- Schweik, Robert C. "Theme, Character, and Perspective in Hardy's *Return of the Native*." *Philological Quarterly*, October, pp. 757-767. The limited perspectives Hardy allows to Clym, Eustacia, Mrs. Yeobright reveal Hardy's own relativism, his sense of the limits of human understanding.
- HOPKINS.** August, Eugene R. "Hopkins' Dangerous Fire." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 72-74. The concluding three lines of the "windhover" are addressed to Hopkins' own "heart."
- MACAULAY.** Zall, Paul M. "Selina Macaulay's Diary." *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, September, pp. 440-443. The references (1826-33) in Selina's diary to her brother.
- MALLOCK.** Nickerson, Charles C. "W.H. Mallock's Contributions to *The Miscellany*." *Victorian Studies*, December, pp. 169-177. Reprints two Mallock poems (from a privately circulated manuscript periodical) which indicate his early religious doubt.



- 32 **MEREDITH.** Morris, John W. "The Germ of Meredith's 'Lucifer in Starlight.'" *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 76-80. The germ is a passage in Ch. XXIII of *Feverel*.
- Thomson, Fred C. "The Design of *One of Our Conquerors*." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 463-480. An earlier draft suggests that Meredith modified his plans mid-way through; hence the split in the book's structure.
- MILL.** Carr, Robert. "The Religious Thought of John Stuart Mill: A Study in Reluctant Scepticism." *Journal of the History of Ideas*, October-December, pp. 475-495. The *Essays on Religion* are seen as the culmination of a continuing struggle in Mill between faith and scepticism.
- Waller, John O. "John Stuart Mill and the American Civil War." *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, October, pp. 505-518. Mill's views as a proponent of the North.
- MORRIS.** Carson, Mother Angela. "Morris' Guenevere: A Further Note." *Philological Quarterly*, January, pp. 131-134. Though guilty of earlier transgression, Guenevere is innocent of Gawain's immediate charge.
- NEWMAN.** Dessain, C.S., ed. *The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman*. Vol. XII. Nelson. The second volume to appear; covers the period, January 1847-December 1848.
- Leslie, Shane. "Cardinal Newman v. Cardinal Manning in Modern Documents." *Quarterly Review*, January, Notes on their differences.
- PATER.** Knoepfmacher, U.C. "Pater's Religion of Sanity: *Plato and Platonism* as a Document of Victorian Unbelief." *Victorian Studies*, December, pp. 151-168. An analysis of Pater's failure to recast Plato in Christian terms.
- ROSSETTI.** Packer, Lona Mosk. "F.S. Ellis and the Rossettis: A Publishing Venture and Misadventure, 1870." *Western Humanities Review*, Summer, pp. 243-253. The details of Christina's unfortunate shift from Macmillan to Ellis; includes unpublished letters.
- STEPHEN.** Bicknell, John W. "Leslie Stephen's *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*: A Tract for the Times." *Victorian Studies*, December, pp. 103-120. The relationship between Stephen's eighteenth-century studies and his nineteenth-century struggle in behalf of rationalism.
- SWINBURNE.** Peters, Robert L. "Swinburne's Idea of Form." *Criticism*, Winter, pp. 45-63. A valuable account of Swinburne's theory of organicism, based exclusively on his literary criticism.
- TENNYSON.** Ball, Patricia M. "Tennyson and the Romantics." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 7-16. Tennyson's grappling with his own experiences, in subjective poems like *In Memoriam*, associates him with his Romantic predecessors.
- Barry, Francis. *Poetry and the Physical Voice*. Oxford Includes discussion of Tennyson's "voice."
- Danzig, Allan. "The Contraries: A Central Concept in Tennyson's Poetry." *PMLA*, December, pp. 577-585. A continuing dialectic, never more than tentatively reconciled, runs through Tennyson's poetry.
- Grant, Stephen Allen. "The Mystical Implications of *In Memoriam*." *Studies in English Literature*, Autumn, pp. 481-495. Tennyson's experiences in *In Memoriam* are genuinely those of the mystic.
- Litzinger, Boyd. "The Structure of 'The Last Tournament'." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 53-60. Imagery and the counterpointing of plots give force to Tennyson's picture of the collapse of Arthur's ideal.
- Pettigrew, John. "Tennyson's 'Ulysses': A Reconciliation of Opposites." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 27-45. The greatness of "Ulysses" is the fact that it does fuse Tennyson's different moods and voices.
- Pipes, B.N. "A Slight Meteorological Disturbance: The Last Two Stanzas of Tennyson's 'The Poet'." *Victorian Poetry*, January, pp. 74-76. The imagery of the last eight lines is confused.
- Rader, Ralph Wilson. "Tennyson in the Year of Hallam's Death." *PMLA*, September, pp. 419-424. Tennyson's response to Hallam's death was less bleak than is usually assumed.
- Svaglic, Martin J. "A Framework for Tennyson's *In Memoriam*." *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, October, pp. 810-825. Argues that Tennyson's statement on the poem's nine-part division provides the best approach to its structure.
- THACKERAY.** Baker, Joseph E. "Thackeray's Recantation." *PMLA*, December, pp. 586-594. Thackeray betrays, in *Philip*, the moral and social values upheld in his earlier and better work.
- Sharp, Sister M. Corona. "Sympathetic Mockery: A Study of the Narrator's Character in *Vanity Fair*." *ELH*, September, pp. 324-336. The narrator is an "urbane dissimulator" who moves from pose to pose but who at bottom is consistent.
- THOMSON.** Shaeffer, William D. "The Two Cities of Dreadful Night." *PMLA*, December, pp. 609-615. Thomson's poem is in fact a joining of two separate poems, done in 1870 and 1873.
- YEATS.** Nathan, Leonard P. "W.B. Yeats's Experiments with an Influence." *Victorian Studies*, September, pp. 66-74. Yeats assimilated Paterian sensibility to his own ends.

#### Projects - Requests for Aid

- BOER WARS.** Donald J. Weinstock asks for "titles of novels, songs, verse, plays about the wars or about South Africa during that period"—1880-81, 1899-1902. *TLS*, 21 December, p. 994.
- ISAAC D'ISRAELI.** For a biography, James Ogden is seeking manuscript material and out-of-the-way information. *TLS*, 14 December, p. 975.
- JOHN FORSTER.** For aid in preparing the Pilgrim Edition of Dickens' letters, Philip Collins would like information on the whereabouts of Forster's diary. *TLS*, 30 November, p. 937.
- GEORGE GISSING.** Pierre Constillas seeks the location of Gissing manuscripts and letters to or from him, especially concerning Hardy, Meredith, and W.H. Hudson. *TLS*, 21 December, p. 994.
- THOMAS HOOD.** For a biography, John Clubbe wishes letters or other papers. *TLS*, 21 December, p. 994.
- DOUGLAS JERROLD.** Richard M. Kelly is looking for papers, letters, or collections of Jerrold for a study of his periodical prose. (305 West Maynard Avenue, Durham, North Carolina).
- MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.** For a study, Greer Anne Ng(435 West 119th St. Apt. 1G, New York 27, N.Y.) would like to have any information concerning her as well as letters and manuscripts.