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Methods in the Study of Victorian Style

Richard Ohmann

HERE IS EDMUND BURKE, responding with feeling to the notion that the state dances when the mob calls the tune:

> To avoid, therefore, the evils of inconstancy and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude.[1]

The sentence has enough thickness and weight to contain, not only the core of Burke's political thought, but the core of his style as well. One knows some of the devices from long acquaintance: the periodic opening, with the long infinitive phrase positioned before rather than after the verb it modifies; the neat marshaling of parallel forms: "faults of the state"—"wounds of a father," "evils of inconstancy and versatility"—"those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice"; the duration of the single syntactic flight (77 words); the generality, and the dependence on abstract nouns like "prejudice" and "subversion." These we consider touchstones of eighteenth-century prose, and of Burke's in particular. Other contours of the sentence are less apparent, though no less typical. Among the abstract nouns, many (e.g., "inconstancy," "solicitude," "obstinacy") derive from adjectives, which is to say that the deep structure of the sentence contains a number of rudimentary structures in the form Noun + Be + Adjective, each of which has undergone a grammatical transformation that couches the adjectival content in nominal form.[2] Again, Burke has a habit of using the possessive mold, so that instead of "reform the state" and "subvert the state" we have "its reformation" and "its subversion," by a series of transformations. More generally, we might mark how coordination works in the interest of compactness, how little repetition there is. We should also note the lack of impedance to syntactic movement: only once does a construction halt midway for another construction to intrude and run its course. Finally, the mood of the sentence is distinctly declarative. To be sure, these observations do not nearly exhaust the makeup of the sentence, much less of Burke's style. But they at least touch the characteristic peaks of expression.

Burke, or some other writer by the same name, *might* have said what he wanted to say in a different manner, for a style implies alternative styles. How can we shift the underpinnings of Burke's sentence to give the same material another shape? By letting constructions interrupt each other. By shaking the phrases out of their tidy parallels. By transplanting the initial phrase to eliminate the periodic element. By expanding some of the constructions that are pared down in coordination. By converting one clause, say, into a rhetorical question. We must also find alternatives to some of the nominalized adjectives, and phrases like "its reformation" will have to assume another form. Taking these editorial liberties, and a few smaller ones, we arrive at a passage, no more than slightly barbarous, that sounds like this:

> To be inconstant, to be versatile, are evils—evils ten thousand times worse than being obstinate or being most blindly prejudiced. Inconstant and versatile! we have consecrated the state to avoid these evils. Although it has defects, therefore, although it is corrupted, no man but a duly cautious one should approach to look into its defects. And should he dream, ever, of beginning to reform the state by subverting it? No, I say, but approach trembling, solicitous, to the faults that it has, and with pious awe, as he would approach to a father's wounds.

1. *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, as excerpted in *Eighteenth Century Poetry & Prose*, ed. Louis I. Bredvold, Alan D. McKillop, and Lois Whitney (New York, 1939), pp. 1024-25.
2. The linguistic framework that I employ (loosely) throughout this paper is that of generative grammar. The *locus classicus* is Noam Chomsky's *Syntactic Structures* (The Hague, 1957); a convenient place to consult more recent work in the field, by Chomsky and others, is Jerry A. Fodor and Jerrold J. Katz, eds., *The Structure of Language; Readings in the Philosophy of Language* (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1964). I have also drawn on a mimeographed draft of Chomsky's *Aspects of the Theory of Syntax*, scheduled for publication by the M.I.T. Press this spring. The present essay, however, is not a technical exposition, and I hope and expect that the bit of jargon I use will explain itself adequately in context.

Something besides the style has escaped, of which more later; but the stylistic alteration alone takes the passage away from Burke, takes it quite out of the eighteenth century, and in fact, to my ear, places it rather near to this specimen from the 1860's:

> Children of God;—it is an immense pretension!—and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our *city* which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publice egestas, privatim opulentia,*—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome,—unequalled in the world! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*! I say that when our religious organizations,—which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made,—land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection, . . .[3]

This is Arnold, of course, and it is interesting to notice that he writes in a frame of mind not unlike Burke's: both deplore what only Arnold could call "machinery"—external reforms; both are appalled by a rootless vulgarity that the one sees in France and the other in England; both, in fact, are responding to noises made by the mob;[4] both argue for gradualism and tradition; both try to discredit the fanaticism of the hour by imposing a broad historical perspective. So the differences that any reader sees between the two passages cannot be laid to a contrast in allegiance or purpose. And plainly no such contrast can account for the difference between Burke's sentence and my revision, for these have virtually identical content. Style is the discriminator.

I should like to suggest that the contrast between Burke's style and the quasi-Arnoldian style of my revision is a matter of different choices made in expressing the same content, and, if I am right in thinking my revision Arnoldian, that the contrast between Burke and *echt*-Arnold, or between almost any two writers, is of a related kind.[5] To conceive style thus is no more than critics normally and rightly do, except when they pause to *theorize* about style; and the point would hardly be worth making but for the way criticism, in those theoretical interludes, puts on its Sunday best and proclaims that style and content are inseparable.[6] In any case, for the practical critic who is interested in style, the serious questions go well beyond this issue. Of these serious questions, the two main ones are: how can we best describe the choices that make up a style? and, what importance do styles have?

I think that we are on the edge of some better answers to the first question than we have had. Grammatical theory—I refer to generative grammar—has it that there are in any language only a few basic structures, that sentences of these types carry content, and that almost all the sentences of a language that actually occur are built up from the basic sentences by grammatical transformations, and are understood in terms of the content expressed by the basic sentences. Furthermore, the basic sentences that alter and combine, through transformations, to make up a given sentence, may fall into quite different patterns if another set of transformations is applied. For instance, Burke's clause "that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion" can become "he should never dream of beginning to reform the state by subverting it," or can take any one of numerous other shapes. Content is the same, form different. Now, the stylistic changes I made in Burke's sentence were nearly all of this sort; and every descriptive statement I made about his style can be put as a statement about syntactic transformations. By extension, I would argue that nearly all the major differences between Arnold's style and Burke's have a syntactic foundation, as do stylistic choices in general. Transformational grammar, in short, not only makes possible a coherent theory of style, but facilitates revealing descriptions as well.[7]

An answer to my other question—what importance do styles have?—follows from the hypothesis as to what they *are*. If stylistic choices operate among alternate formulations of propositional content, then a *pattern* of such choices—a style—implies a characteristic way of conceiving, relating, and presenting content. A habit of mind and feeling. A conceptual world. Saying so is easier than proving the point, but since it is perhaps a majority opinion among critics now, I should like to assume it here as an hypothesis.

In any case, it is time to return to Arnold. What are some salient features of his prose that will set him off from, say, Burke, and what significance have they? To begin with an obvious one, Arnold favors constructions

3. "Sweetness and Light," *Culture and Anarchy* (New York, 1910), p. 25.
4. That Arnold was doing so, Michael Wolff made clear in a paper delivered at the English Institute, September, 1964.
5. I have argued this point at length in "Generative Grammars and the Concept of Literary Style," to appear in *Word*, December, 1964.
6. True, of course, if the sense of the term "content" is attenuated to cover every last evocative flourish and connotative wiggle. But then the dogma becomes a near-truism, and loses interest correspondingly. As important as it once was for critics to stop thinking of style as embellishment, it is now perhaps at least as important for us to salvage the narrower and in some ways more helpful sense of "content": i.e., overt, cognitive meaning. Otherwise a distinction is lost, and criticism is the poorer.
7. There is much to suggest that transformational analysis will eventually illuminate even such matters as imagery, metaphor, and diction, in so far as they impinge on style.

that have at their grammatical roots the basic pattern, Noun + Be + Predicate Noun. The short passage above includes, for example, "we are children," "it is a pretension," "the work is the city," and six others. Arnold likes labeling and classifying—and *insisting* on his labels—as the tags he has left in our vocabulary will testify: "machinery," "sweetness and light," "Philistines," and so on. He seems convinced that the names we give things have power, and that encircling a concept with labels or categories advances thought; that if only the right name can be found confusion will dissolve.

Often in Arnold's prose these basic structures are transformed grammatically to emerge as appositives, another mark of his style. And appositives, of course, interrupt the sentence that encases them; hence their prominence is one cause of still another pattern in Arnold's style, the tendency to interpolate, or embed, constructions in one another. When the interpolations do not label or classify, they usually add information, or they qualify, or they supply an additional vantage point from which to see the business at hand, and grasp the manner in which it is maintained: "so I say," or "to use the words which Sallust puts in Cato's mouth." So Arnold's interruptions work toward *definition*, in both senses of that word. His prose strives toward completeness and sharpness, and syntactic forward movement gives quarter when necessary in the service of this aim. Still another stylistic consequence hangs upon these procedures: Arnold's prose has unusual syntactic "depth," for prose in which the clauses are relatively short. By this I mean that one word in the surface structure is likely to play several grammatical roles in the underlying structure.[8] Thus for all Arnold's much noted simplicity and condescension, there is a sense in which his prose is quite complex, though complex *in the interest of* conceptual clarity. Compare Burke: how much less effort he spends in regulating verbal or conceptual traffic, and how much more in saying what happens, or what will happen if . . . .

I have spent some time on this stylistic cluster because it seems to me responsive to a common impulse among Victorian writers: the urge to overcome doubt and confusion in a period when the avenue to truth is far from broad, straight, or public. Many Victorians are concerned, not merely to expose error and speak the plain truth (as is more nearly the case with Burke, Johnson, Shaftesbury, and so on), but to create the very climate of mind within which truth and conviction will become possibilities. Arnold and his contemporaries write in a society where no common framework of feelings and assumptions can be taken for granted, and their prose strains to provide the framework, in addition to the local truths they are arguing. Yet at the same time they believe it not unlikely for conversion to take place, for the culture to redeem its way of life; they prod and insist and jostle the reader with dogged urgency to this end.[9]

Still other characteristics of Arnold's style answer to these very general beliefs in the decay of intellectual and spiritual community and in the possibility of change. His famous habit of repetition, for instance, is the mark of a writer trying by main force to establish fixed points in the ebbing sea of faith. He cannot, as Burke could, simply draw his central, freighted terms from the public stock of language and count on culture to supply adequate meanings; he must work to lodge both terms and meanings in his audience's sensibility. Again, Arnold's style relies heavily on the constructions that English has for reporting speech and thought: "I say that . . . ," and "our religious organisations, which *I admit to* express . . ." are two examples in the passage at hand. Usually these represent an attempt to put before the reader, not only an idea, but a judgment *on* that idea, or an attitude toward it, or a sense of the precise strength with which it is maintained. Burke and Johnson could count on ideas as a stable medium of exchange; Arnold must always be setting the rates. On the other hand, he distinctly underplays the transformation, so common with Burke, that converts a predicate adjective into a nominal. To speak of "inconstancy" rather than saying that such and such a person is inconstant implies a faith in unchanging and universal qualities that was harder to sustain in 1868 than in 1790. And finally, the questions and imperatives that trouble the discursive flow of Arnold's prose may be partly an acknowledgement that basic accord is a delicate and elusive thing, and partly an attempt to jolt the reader loose from his complacencies.

A caution: the foregoing is a steeply tilted account of Arnold's style. A more level account would naturally include features less easily subsumed in the single current of Arnoldian (and Victorian) thought and feeling which I have italicized. But I have meant to be selective because my subject is neither style nor Arnold's style, but *Victorian* style, and it is convenient to notice that at least some components of Arnold's style and of

8. "Work" and "city" in sentence three have four grammatical roles apiece; "organisations" in the last sentence has five; and so on. The five basic sentences that give the pertinent information about "organisations" are: "we have organisations," "the organisations are religious," "the organisations express an effort," "the organisations land us in a result," and "the organisations have an idea of perfection." The reader must grasp the relations indicated by these sentences or he will not comprehend the sentence Arnold wrote.
9. These generalities about the Victorian period are not, of course, my own: for views on which I am drawing, see especially Walter Houghton, *The Victorian Frame of Mind; 1830-1870* (New Haven, 1957); William A. Madden, "The Victorian Sensibility," *Victorian Studies*, VII (1963), 67-97; Jerome Hamilton Buckley, *The Victorian Temper; A Study in Literary Culture* (Cambridge, Mass., 1951). The idea of conversion comes from Buckley's chapter, "The Pattern of Conversion," though I am thinking also of Houghton's discussion, "Optimism." The richest source for any point about rhetoric is John Holloway, *The Victorian Sage; Studies in Argument* (London, 1953); but see also, among others, A. Dwight Culler, "Method in the Study of Victorian Prose," *Victorian Newsletter* (Spring, 1956), pp. 1-4, and Leonard W. Deen, "The Rhetoric of Newman's *Apologia*," ELH, XXIX (1962), 224-38.

the conceptual framework it reflects can be understood as deriving from the culture and period he inhabited. The problem I wish to address from now on is: how far can this familiar point be carried?

Given the slant on Victorian style I have proposed, instances from the other great Victorians readily present themselves. Carlyle is a labeler, like Arnold, and out of much the same impulse. He is also lavish with negations, as if called upon personally to deny every received opinion of the age. Newman's style trades heavily on "that" clauses, as Arnold's does, and also has what I have called "syntactic depth." Ruskin leans on questions and imperatives. Pater fills his prose with syntactic interruptions and interpolations, almost to the point of affectation. And his style has another characteristic that fits in the same congeries: he favors a set of transformations that convert verbs into adjectives, in a way that emphasizes process, change, and instability. And so it goes, with one writer after another.

But to put the case for a Victorian style in this way is to see immediately that something has gone wrong: in sifting Victorian prose for this or that bit of grammar, one is no longer speaking of styles at all, for a style is a complex and deeply organized working-together of many linguistic patterns, not a handful of isolated devices. And in any case, even the feeblest intuition of style tells us that Arnold's is very different from Newman's, Newman's from Carlyle's, and so on. If we look for a fundamental pattern of syntactic organization shared by all these writers, and not, say, by a corresponding group from the eighteenth century, we will come up empty-handed. There are stylistic *tendencies* that divide Victorians from their eighteenth-century predecessors, but very few clear and pronounced indicators of one century or the other. I have made a preliminary syntactic inventory of prose samples by six major Victorians and six eighteenth-century writers;[10] out of 33 classes of basic sentences and transformations, which constitute the fundamental machinery of English grammar, there are only three on which the two periods contrast significantly: the Victorians use more questions and imperatives; they use the transformation that converts nouns into adjectives less frequently; and—I am unable to account for this—they incorporate more basic sentences with intransitive verbs Needless to say, these three differences scarcely add up to evidence for a theory of Victorian style. The trutn is that in almost every stylistic dimension the Victorians differ nearly as much among themselves as they differ from eighteenth-century writers.

Yet I have argued that style reflects conceptual framework and critics like Houghton have amply shown that there is something worth calling *the* Victorian frame of mind. How can the two points be reconciled? Fairly simply, I think. A man who occupies a given spot in history and culture is urged by his intellectual world to think and feel in certain ways; but the forming power of intellectual culture operates on a mind already formed, deeply and intricately, by a thousand sub-cultures, from the nursery on up. Style is responsive to the cut of a writer's mind, and that is only trimmed and decorated by intellectual culture, not created by it.

If this is so, as I imagine it to be, many of us have overestimated the importance of historical periods to the description and understanding of styles.[11] Those of us interested in Victorian prose style will do well to study individual writers intensively, and with the best linguistic theory available, to discover the unique and intriguing shapes that mind and language take among the Victorians. We could take our direction from Newman's excellent comment on style:

> while the many use language as they find it, the man of genius uses it indeed, but subjects it withal to his own purposes, and moulds it according to his own peculiarities. The throng and succession of ideas, thoughts, feelings, imaginations, aspirations, which pass within him, the abstractions, the juxtapositions, the comparisons, the discriminations, the conceptions which are so original in him, his views of external things, his judgments upon life, manners, and history, the exercises of his wit, of his humour, of his depth, of his sagacity, all these innumerable and incessant creations, the very pulsation and throbbing of his intellect, does he image forth, to all does he give utterance, in a corresponding language, which is as multiform as this inward mental action itself and analogous to it, the faithful expression of his intense personality, attending on his own inward world of thought as its very shadow: so that we might as well say that one man's shadow is another's as that the style of a really gifted mind can belong to any but himself.[12]

Reliable judgments about the history of style will come after an understanding of styles, and may be quite other than what the textbooks say.

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10. A satisfactory report on this study would require far too much space, and must therefore be put off until another occasion. The writers, though, are Arnold, Carlyle, Huxley, Newman, Pater, Ruskin, Addison, Boswell, Burke, Defoe, Johnson, and Shaftesbury.
11. But at the same time, many critics have emphasized the individuality of Victorian writers—Holloway, for instance, throughout his book, and Houghton, p. 225. See also William E. Buckler's "Introduction" to the Riverside Edition, *Prose of the Victorian Period* (Cambridge, Mass.. 1958), and James Sutherland, *On English Prose* (Toronto, 1957), chap. IV.
12. "Literature," as excerpted in Hardin Craig and J. M. Thomas, eds., *English Prose of the Nineteenth Century* (New York, 1929), p. 479.

The Prose of the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*

George Levine

NEWMAN'S STYLE IS A various and complicated thing. To talk about it adequately—even in the case of a single work—would require more time and more elaborate equipment than I at present have. I therefore intend here to point only to one aspect of it—one which has been at least partially misunderstood or misrepresented in the past. This aspect of his style, as it appears in the *Apologia,* seems to me to warrant the kind of analysis I will try to give it, and might help suggest a good deal about the peculiar qualities of Newman's art in general and about the extent to which his vision was genuinely responsive to the full detail of experience.

Instead then of surveying generally aspects of his prose already well surveyed, I want to concentrate on what might be called its concreteness or particularity. When we call Newman's prose concrete and particular, we do not, I think, mean to suggest that it is like the prose conventionally associated with the traditions of the realistic novel (akin, I would argue, to the conventions of modern autobiography). That is to say, it is not particularly attentive to the minute surface details of experience. The concreteness we descry in Newman seems to be altogether of a different tradition. He may admire St. Chrysostom for the interest that saint takes "in all things, not so far as God has made them alike, but as he has made them different from each other," and for his capacity to mark all things with "graphic fidelity,"[1] but an examination of the *Apologia* suggests that the particular and concrete rarely appear except as internal impression transmuted from thing into idea or feeling. And this leads to the problem of how Newman's style appears to create a living felt reality while at the same time it remains largely abstract, one might almost say eighteenth-century, not only in its rhythms and diction but in the generalizing force of its language.

Perhaps the fairest place to begin an examination of this problem is at one of the least generalized and abstract passages in the book, that which concludes the first chapter of the autobiography proper:

> When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might take a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, "We have a work to do in England." I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, "I shall not die." I repeated, "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light." I have never been able quite to make out what I meant.
>
> I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn in the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed, and began to sob violently. My servant, who acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer him, "I have a work to do in England."
>
> I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, kindly light," which have since become well known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straights of Bonifacio. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day (except a compulsory delay at Paris,) till I reached England, and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit. It was published under the title of "National Apostasy." I have ever considered the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833.[2]

1. "St. Chrysostom," *Historical Sketches* (London, 1897), III, 285-86.
2. I use the edition edited by A. Dwight Culler (Boston, 1956), pp. 53-54.

This is a remarkably forceful passage, especially when one considers how studiously unrhetorical it seems to be. It is also a perplexing passage. It would be difficult, for example, to say of it that it was not concrete. Indeed, in some ways it confirms the general view and Newman's own that he was fascinated by the particular and concrete since it is full of names of places, people, and things. We have some dialogue, some dates, and a carefully developed narrative sequence. Moreover, we have not only one detail which Newman himself says he can't explain, but several other details whose relevance to the passage is at best indirect and at worst unclear; it is almost as though Newman's attention to the particular wins out in a novelistic sort of way over his immediate intention. Why, for example, are we told that he "struck into the middle of the island"; or that, before leaving Castro-Giovanni he sat down on his "bed" and "began to sob violently." Newman does not explain and gives the impression that he probably does not know. He also gives the impression, however, that the details are felt to be important and that it is an act of sincerity and trust blindly to repeat them. Again, why are we told that he gets off an "orange" boat (there are no other such details in the passage) or that he is becalmed in the "Straights of Bonifacio" or that he writes verses the whole time or that his brother had arrived from Persia a few days before Newman himself arrived at his mother's house? All of these random facts do give a feeling of particularity to the passage. At the same time, if one looks carefully, one is struck by the absence of the kind of particularity one would expect from a climactic passage in a novel or an autobiography. The illness in Sicily, which Newman's journals show he thought extremely important for many reasons, is treated cursorily. There is the implication of delirium and that is all. We find no notations of Newman's own feelings except that he was "aching" to get home because (and even that connective is an interpolation) he has "a work to do in England." If Newman had been concerned with the details of this episode, he might have made much fuller use of his journal. But all we know of the boat, for example, is that it was orange; the places have no particularity beyond their names; the actions themselves are generalized, no one of them being rendered in careful detail.

It becomes clear that the passage's power derives not from the particularized description of experience, but from the shape that experience is given in the style. Of course, the *Apologia* was not simply autobiography, but a genuine "apology" so that Newman intended all the details to be subservient to the central purpose of self-defense. But this purpose does not completely explain the qualities we have noted in the passage. The direct experience is, appropriately, mediated by a controlling intelligence who carefully selects a very few details and then imposes on them a pattern which suggests that there is something beyond the personal which directs the action, and that Newman becomes an instrument of God at the inception of a great work, beginning with the "religious movement of 1833" and ending in his turning to Catholicism. The strangely selected details imply Newman's passivity: he says things he doesn't fully understand; he receives strength from the Church although he does not understand its true efficacy; he is at the mercy of the winds and the vagaries of shipping; even his writing poems gives the impression of being compulsive; he is laid up again; and then there is the strange concatenation of events whose connections are not explained: his arrival, his brother's arrival, Keble's preaching of the Assize sermon. The brother's arrival, though not apparently relevant, intimates some mysterious and large action coming to which Newman is related, but for the moment only passively. Even the unexpected "orange boat," with its sudden description of function amidst the bare outline of experience, adds to the atmosphere of passivity.

But the full trance-like force of the passage comes from its unusual (at least for Newman) sentence structure. Only the first sentence of the passage runs over twenty words. All but two of the rest of the sentences are simple or compound (except those which include short quotations) and run at longest to about sixteen words. They create a sense of rapidity of movement guided in a single direction by the compulsive refrain, "I have a work to do in England." But the most unusual aspect of the prose for Newman is the almost total absence of conventional transitions. In this respect, the passage has some of the quality of Biblical prose. It gives a sense of a strong controlling direction, but a direction which depends not on logic or on humanly imaginable connections; rather it depends on a power outside the passage—or in the Blessed Sacrament, which Newman was not ready to understand.

The passage then is much more useful autobiographically in its style than in the facts it presents. Of the immediate experience itself, there simply isn't enough information to give a sense of the lived reality; but the language captures the feeling of the passivity, speed, and disconnectedness of delirious movement. The immediate experience becomes secondary to the mediate and retrospective. Looking back Newman sees the experience as part of a pattern, and we are allowed by the style to enter into the way it feels to see such a pattern, in other words, to be not the John Henry Newman who suffered from delirium as much as the John Henry Newman who sees himself and all things as moved by a force beyond his control.

Even this apparently detailed passage, then, is far more a presentation of a state of mind than of past experience. And this, of course, is really in keeping with Newman's ideas and with what it is he wants his readers to believe. His feeling for the particular and the concrete is allied to his awareness that every particular is for the human an impression not a *ding an sich.* And impressions cannot really be conveyed through direct description. Objects in the external world, Newman tells us elsewhere, "are whole and individual; and the impressions which they make on the mind, by means of the senses, are of a corresponding nature, complex and manifold in their relations and bearings, but considered in themselves integral and one."[3] The manifold and complex relations of the experience of his illness and voyage home can only be shadowed forth because language is not sufficiently subtle an instrument to convey lived experience. In this passage, as in many others, Newman by-passes the conventional realism—associated with fiction—which entails minute description of facts for a new kind of psychological notation of experience. He surrenders particularity in order to create the feeling of the experience of the particular (although it should be repeated that we are given not the feeling of the original experience so much as the feeling of the experience viewed retrospectively as part of a pattern).

This passage, of course, is not typical of the *Apologia;* indeed, it would be difficult to find any single passage that is typical, since one of the most striking things about Newman's prose, and one of the things which distinguishes it from the prose of so many of his contemporaries, is its extraordinary variety. Where, for example, in the sound and fury of so much of Carlyle's prose there is a sameness and a deliberate tendency to reduce all variety and motion to singleness and stasis, in Newman's prose we find a persistent (at least apparent) willingness to face and reflect variety and change. Ultimately, it is true, Newman too reduces variety to unity, but the reduction for Newman is not in this world—it is beyond it, with God. Carlyle, like many Victorians, whatever commitments they may seem to have to a God, attempted to work out his solutions in this world, socially and morally. Most Victorians could not (as Kingsley could not) accept Newman's view—it seemed not a rational view—that a filthy lying beggar-woman might be closer to salvation than a true gentleman. And thus they had to take the terrible facts of change and corruption and make them humanly comprehensible. But for Newman little that mattered could be humanly comprehensible. The mysteries of human experience can remain for him humanly unresolved because they fit into a divine pattern which is incomprehensible to man.

We can see this attitude in operation in the passage we have already noted. There is an interesting passage later on in which it becomes more explicit. As he describes how on his return from Italy he was "fierce in act" and amused himself at the intellectual discomfort of his enemies, he notes also that he remained, with all his fierceness, tolerant and moderate in his reasonings. "All this," he remarks, "may seem inconsistent with what I have said of my fierceness. I am not bound to account for it."[4]

The strength of that statement relates again to the whole method of the *Apologia.* In a way, it might seem simply a firm refusal to discuss his most private feelings (about which the *Apologia* is, in fact, remarkably silent most of the time), but it is not certain that Newman could have "accounted for it" had he thought it appropriate to do so. In the text he appeals to the past and says, "there have been men before me, fierce in act, yet tolerant and moderate in their reasonings; at least, so I read history." Aside from asserting his usual reticence, that is, Newman seems to be appealing to experience as superior to any human capacity to establish connections by means of reason. And although Newman sees the world as unified and directed by God, experience by itself is an accumulation of fragments not humanly explicable. Newman's nominalism (and secularly speaking he seems to have been a thoroughgoing nominalist) ends in mystery and what seems to be scepticism. The resolution of the mystery is the ultimate mystery—God himself (and in this world, His visible church). The commitment to the particular and the concrete, then, leads in Newman's world—contrary to its effect on, say, Huxley or George Eliot—to mystery and an awareness of the irrational. But unlike modern psychology, which moves from a recognition of irrationalism, through curiosity, to a scientific exploration of the irrational, Newman's awareness of the irrational leads him on the one hand, to Christian faith, and on the other, in things of this world, to a kind of Humean rationalism.

But if Newman is not bound to account for inconsistency, he is bound to face it; and much of the *Apologia* shows him facing—though not exploring and accounting for—irrational experience. There is one point, however, perhaps the climax of the book, where he does attempt to account for it, and in accounting for it he demonstrates both in his style and in his meaning the full range and the nature of the limitation of his view of experience. Here is the first part of the passage:

> To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointment of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, the condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.[5]

This is one of the passages, it seems to me, on which depends Newman's reputation for richly particular and concrete prose, but we find here again the same tendency

3. Fifteen Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford (London, 1896), p. 330.

4. *Apologia*, p. 76.

5. *Apologia*, p. 230.

to minimize the particular for the response to it that we have already noted. The force of the passage lies in the accumulation of elements in the catalogue, which is rhythmically and musically controlled in ways which would merit considerable attention. But here we must focus on the power derived from Newman's rare capacity (reflected, for example, in his theory of development as well as in his style) to break down a single feeling or idea into innumerable subdivisions, which are sometimes misapprehended as particularities. Instead of the particular we get language of the highest generality: Newman speaks of man's "greatness and littleness," of "evil," "pain," "anguish," "corruption," "irreligion," of "the progress of things," of "ways, habits, governments." Words like these cannot create for us a particular world; but as Newman arranges them they convey to us the feeling of seeing the world in the way they describe. To know what the world itself so described is like we must translate the generalities into particular elements of our own experience to which they correspond.

The energy, the diction, the sonority, the sweep and meaning of the passage might fruitfully be compared to Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," where in the opening lines we see a world as irrational as Newman's and in the closing lines we find ourselves guided through this world—as we are led through Newman's—by what might be seen as faith in providential direction. The comparison should suggest not only that Newman's style is indebted to the eighteenth-century classics (that is widely known), but that his perceptions are equally of the generalized kind we find in Johnson's sort of poetry. To talk about the "living busy world" is to translate less formally but in an equally generalized way Johnson's "busy scenes of crowded life." The form Newman gives his perceptions, the brilliantly varied rhythms, and the movement to the climactic quotation from the Bible is a more vivid reflection than Johnson's of the state of mind which sees the world as incomprehensible and apparently divorced from God. But we get in Newman—as in Johnson—none of the autobiographer's or novelist's superflux of detail. The horror is faced, as it were, remotely, without dwelling on particular catastrophes, particular sins and injustices and frustrations. The direct experience here as before is mediated and patterned, even if the pattern is not humanly intelligible. Once again, we are turned from mystery to God.

The vision of the world that Newman gives us here is a Victorian vision, but the capacity to face it with restraint is a rare one. Compare Carlyle or Dickens or Ruskin looking at the contemporary world and raging. But the rage is a concommitant of their seeing the catastrophes as particular—not traditional and perhaps inevitable—and of their attempt to find relief in this world. Stylistically, Newman's patience with injustice in this world because of his faith in the next is reflected in his generality. He faces the unintelligible world by accepting its unintelligibility; but, I would suggest, his prose can sustain that acceptance only by avoiding the direct horror of particular anguish, by the patterning (into a long Christian tradition) of the sins and terrors which humanly speaking force us into action or retreat.

Newman's view of the world combines a romantic intensity of feeling, an alertness to the corroding force of empiricism and reason, with fundamentally classical, traditional, aristocratic, and rationalist attitudes. Aware of the irrational, like Johnson Newman combats it with will, and, where it can be assimilated to a rational view of the world, he enlists it in the service of faith. Sensitive to the particular and concrete, he instinctively subsumes them under the general. Experience comes through Newman's prose as through a filter. Explicable and inexplicable alike reveal themselves as under the direction of Providence, which alone can account for everything. We live through his language not the experience described but the feelings of a reserved, sensitive, and dignified man, whose mind is made up and who can, therefore, transmute the particular into the generalized language which itself becomes a principle of providential order.

Newman avoids the romantic commitment to the particular which had its fullest working out in the novels of his contemporaries, basically anti-classical both in form and style. The commitment to raw experience and to the minute investigation of particular injustices and sufferings was essentially a secular kind of commitment, as the novel and the autobiography are essentially secular forms. The threat of this kind of realism is made explicit in a comment of George Eliot's in *Middlemarch*: "If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life," she says, "it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence."[6] Newman's reticence, his gentlemanly sense of decorum, and his commitment to the next world keep him a long way from the heart beat of the squirrel. The heart beat of the squirrel and the numbering of the hairs of the head are God's province. Newman's belief that literature always offered a challenge to religion must have been at least in part a result of his awareness that in its concern with the details of experience literature was confronting the world in a way that only God was equipped to confront it.

The mystery which Newman faces but cannot explain is thus part of the full Christian vision. The division between God and man is absolute and incomprehensible; the division between man fallen and man redeemed is absolute and incomprehensible. The particular contemporary conditions with which fiction and autobiography are concerned are ultimately irrelevant to man's salvation: that depends on his recognition of his part in the Christian tradition under which all particular experiences can be organized and patterned. Experience can do no more than point to the need for superhuman intervention and create the will to transcend this world for the next. Newman's prose attempts to see experience in this way, and through it he describes faithfully an experience which is of no time and no place, but, perhaps, everywhere and eternal.

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6. *Middlemarch*, Book II, chap. 20.

Scott and Dickens: Realist and Romantic

Edgar Johnson

As early as the appearance of *Pickwick Papers* readers were already comparing Dickens with Scott. During its periodical publication Miss Mitford wrote Elizabeth Barrett that Dickens was "the next great benefactor of the age to Sir Walter Scott"; by 1839 Harrison Ainsworth described him as "now installed in the throne of letters vacated by Scott." Even Dickens seemed to regard himself as Scott's literary successor and, like the heir to a crown, often invoked the name of his predecessor. When he wished to justify his desire for a vacation abroad and a cessation from literary toil, what, he asked, might not the sight of Rome and Naples have meant to Scott if he could have enjoyed them in youth and the "plenitude of power" instead of shadowed by illness and decay; when he pleaded in the United States for international copyright he bade his hearers think of the shame that the creations of Scott's imagination had brought him no grateful American dollar to lighten the financial burdens under which he was dying. All Dickens' references to Scott invariably treat him as an honored literary progenitor.

Let us conceive, however, what might have happened if Dickens had been born ten years earlier or if Scott had survived another decade—this latter no impossibility, since Scott was only sixty-one when he died. Under these circumstances *Pickwick* would have been competing for popularity with *Woodstock*, *Oliver Twist* with *Chronicles of the Canongate*, *Nicholas Nickleby* with *Anne of Geierstein*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* with *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*, or any of Dickens' first five novels with an unimaginable series of tales pouring from Scott's aging but undaunted pen. It is impossible not to suspect that this would have sharpened in Dickens—never unbelligerent in self-assertion—a sense of rivalry rather than respectful admiration. Though it is improbable that Dickens would have attacked Scott by direct criticism, like the young Henry James trying in a politely adverse review of *Our Mutual Friend* to destroy the old lion who stood in his own literary path, he might well have exaggerated—if exaggeration were possible—those ways in which his own demonic genius differed from the cooler though vigorous and heroic genius of Scott. In such a Homeric battle of two literary giants Dickens would have been seen even earlier and more plainly as the tremendous revolutionary force in fiction that he was.

It is not the aim of this paper to make invidious comparisons between the two; Scott was also a great revolutionary force in literature and a great artist. What I do desire to do is to point up, even by a degree of overemphasis, if necessary, the significant contrasts between their viewpoints and achievements, and show that they were not literary kinsmen at all, but antitheses, fundamentally unlike in every major way.

Scott was a Tory, steeped in a sense of the historical past and deeply aware of our cultural, social, and political roots in that past; Dickens a Liberal tinged with radical sentiment, seething angrily at the heritage of stupidity, injustice, and cruelty from the past. Scott was not, to be sure, one of those Tories resistant to change. Though a faithful member of the Established Church, he publicly defended Catholic emancipation in 1829, and in the last year of his life he wrote a political paper urging upon the Tory administration the revival of the income tax and the use of its proceeds to aid the unemployed and to provide free education for the children of the poor. Nor did he oppose technological change; the printing plant of which he was the major proprietor used the most up-to-date steam presses, he was one of the first householders in Scotland to install gas lighting in his home, he used scientific methods in farming and forestry on his estate and built into Abbotsford a new system of pneumatic bells instead of the old tangle of bellropes and wires. During the depression of 1817, and later, he established a private plan of work relief for the unemployed—planting trees, making roads, and building improvements he had not planned to execute until later—and urged a similar course on his fellow landowners.

Scott was powerfully impressed, however, by the strength of custom, habit, and tradition as steadying forces. He distrusted what he regarded as highflown speculative schemes of amelioration and radical social changes, and warned against the danger of subverting a respect for law by making far-reaching political experiments. He would have agreed with James Madison—who was hardly a

reactionary—that "when the examples which fortify opinion are *ancient* as well as *numerous*" they have "a double effect," and that appeals for constitutional revision "deprive government of that veneration which time bestows on everything, and without which perhaps the wisest and freest governments would not possess the requisite stability."

Only a superficial reading of Scott, though, sees him as an uncritical *laudator temporis acti.* His deep and extensive reading made him well aware that the same vices and virtues constantly recur in human nature and institutions throughout all ages, and so he depicted them in his books. To take but a single example, despite his own supposed Stuart sympathies, Scott depicts in *Waverley* the attempt of Bonnie Prince Charley in 1745 to regain the throne as mainly supported by wild and ignorant Highlanders, blindly devoted to their clan leaders; their chiefs themselves he represents through the figures of Donald Ban Lean, a cattle thief and a wily trickster who is a traitor to both sides, and Fergus MacIvor, callously disingenuous for all his gallantry, and at least as eager for an earldom as to advance the Stuart cause. Nevertheless Scott believed that in the course of time society accumulates some wisdom and some orderly ways of dealing with its problems which it would be madness to toss hastily aside for some enthusiastic panacea.

Dickens, on the other hand, felt nothing but wrathful impatience with tradition. It was an "obstinate adherence to rubbish," symbolized for him in that archaic collection of wooden splints once used as tallies for keeping accounts, that caught fire and destroyed the Houses of Parliament. In his library at Gad's Hill there were seven dummy volumes collectively entitled *The Wisdom of Our Ancestors,* successively subtitled I, Ignorance, II, Superstition, III, The Block, IV, the Stake, V, The Rack, VI, Dirt, and VII, Disease, and one single volume labeled *The Virtues of Our Ancestors,* so narrow that the words had to be printed sideways.

Though Dickens responded to the picturesque appeal of quaint old many-gabled houses with winding stairs and meandering corridors, and the gargoyles, dark vaulting, and soaring towers of medieval churches, for him the good old times were nothing but the bad old times, which he satirically derides through Mrs. Skewton's gush in *Dombey and Son:* "Those darling bygone times . . . with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture . . . and everything that makes life truly charming!" For Dickens, established institutions were predominantly instruments of vested interests, privilege, corruption, and injustice, or blind and obstructive survivals of barbarism. His entire literary career was a protracted campaign against these forces, from the attacks on the chicaneries of lawyers in Dodson and Fogg and Serjeant Buzfuz, through those on the orphanage and the workhouse, the Yorkshire schools, the Court of Chancery, aristocratic politics, the Circumlocution Office, to his blistering assaults on the greed of big business and the cults of monetary respectability.

It is significant to note as an illustration the differences in approach between Scott and Dickens in such a detail as the delineation of the legal profession. The case of Poor Peter Peebles, in *Redgauntlet,* Dickens would have expanded into one of the major exhibits in *Bleak House;* but if Dickens has an occasional slight sketch of an honest lawyer, such as Mr. Perker and the awkwardly upright Mr. Grewgious, these are nothing beside his roster of legal scoundrels, stupid magistrates, and wily manipulators, from Sampson Brass to Jaggers, Turveydrop, and Vholes. Scott, in contrast, carefully balances the pettifogging Jobson and the villainous Gilbert Glossin, with men like Paulus Pleydell, the sportive but conscientious Edinburgh advocate and Saunders Fairford, the honorable old Writer to the Signet.

Scott is an eighteenth-century rationalist, cool-headed, skeptical, and always conscious of the claims of logic and evidence. In *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* even the Minstrel himself refuses to vouch for the Goblin Page and the Lady of Branksome's sorcerous doings; he says,

> I know not how these things may be;
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

Almost everywhere, when Scott introduces the supernatural he does so with the possibility of a naturalistic interpretation; in *Wandering Willie's Tale* and in *The Pirate,* where he even rather anachronistically has the youthful Brenda Troil suggest rational explanations of the miraculous foresight displayed by Norna of the Fitful Head. The strange manifestations in *Woodstock* are all represented as an elaborate hoax, and designed not as in the Gothic novel to arouse terror in the reader but to reveal how the seemingly uncanny may affect men of different degrees of courage and intelligence. In his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* Scott consistently explains witches as self-deluded old women and occult experiences as products of weak-headedness, credulity, nervousness, and emotional susceptibility.

Although Dickens did not, of course, believe in ghosts, he feels no desire to explain away Marley's Ghost and the three Christmas Spirits, or the ghost of the Signalman, or the mysterious footsteps on the Ghost's Walk at Chesney Wold, or Lucy Manette's strange premonition about the sound of hurrying feet outside her father's house in Soho. More, unlike Scott, who depends very little on accident, Dickens believes in coincidence carried even to fantastic degrees, and in the plots of his novels does not hesitate to link his enormous casts of characters in the most intricate and ramified relations. He seriously contended that any two people brought together for the first time would be sure to discover that they had some association or acquaintance in common.

For all the pictorial surface realism of his novels, they are permeated with the atmosphere of the *Arabian Nights* and the fairy tales: wicked magicians disguised as lawyers, malignant demons, good monsters, cruel uncles and stepfathers, fairy godmothers, enchanted princesses, dungeons of despair, gold descending in showers or melting away. Dickens, in fact, is a fantasist, cramming his pages with thousands of eccentrics, oddities, and grotesques, comic or melodramatic, Jingle, Fagin, Quilp, Captain Cuttle and Mr. Toots, Murdstone, Uriah Heep, Miss Flite, Guppy, Krook, and the Smallweeds, Gradgrind, Bounderby and Mrs. Sparsit, Mrs. Clennam, Pancks, Casby, Flora Finching, Merdle, and the Tite Barnacles—the line might stretch on to the crack of doom. The same heightened tendencies animate almost all Dickens' heroes, from the towering and slightly pasteboard theatricality of Nicholas Nickleby to the disingenuous innocence of David Copperfield.

There are eccentric and heroic and spiritually elevated figures among Scott's characters, but they are made authoritatively convincing by being portrayed against a broad background of the normal. Their success, as Walter Bagehot noted, depends on establishing an identity between their extremes and "the ordinary principles of human nature . . . exhibited in the midst of, or as it were by means of, the superficial unlikeness." Monkbarns and the Baron of Bradwardine would be less real and striking if it were not for the Wardours, Captain MacIntyre, the Mucklebackits, Major Melville, and Colonel Talbot. Scott's heroes, although not portrayed unsympathetically, are usually rendered with a balanced and realistic detachment, cool, ironic, sometimes faintly amused. Waverley's romanticism is not shared by his creator; Frank Osbaldistone is a callow young spoony, with a fancy picture of himself as a poet, full of silly-clever high spirits and immature bravado; Nigel Olifaunt is a cautious guinea-pinching gambler, eager to win but reluctant to take a chance—average young men, all of them, neither stupid nor lacking in instinctive bravery, but not paper cut-outs of impossible perfection.

Dickens' involvement is much more of the heart; he exults full-throatedly in the triumphs of his heroes and the downfall of his villains. His understanding of his characters is emotional rather than cerebral. In like manner, his battle against the evils of society was all indignant ardor and welling sympathy with the neglected and misused. He was a man of intuition and feeling, not a systematic thinker. He had, nevertheless, a sharp intelligence which pierced through the complexities of the social scene to a deeply-moved comprehension of its shocking realities no less true essentially than Scott's cooler understanding. And though Dickens could seize on the sword of a sharp and witty logic to slash through innumerable varieties of humbug and special pleading, he contemptuously dismissed logic if it seemed, as in the hands of a hard-facts economic utilitarianism, to defend the cruelties of business materialism. An individualistic rebel, he had no respect for conventional opinion and in his very last completed book, *Our Mutual Friend,* derided "The Voice of Society." For all his brilliant feats in painting that society, he was concerned as much to change as to portray.

Not so Scott. Though broad principles of conduct, ideals of justice and honor, and convictions about the sound organization of society can certainly be inferred from his work, he was not a propagandist, either for social or political reform or for resistance to transmutation. He was primarily concerned with creating a clear-sighted picture of the world as it is, in all its complexities, contradictions, and cross-currents, and with showing the operations of the forces of permanence and change as they are brought to bear in different times and places on individual men and groups. It is the struggle, indeed, between two states or stages of civilization—feudal and modern, Highland and Lowland, agrarian and commercial, absolutism and constitutional monarchy, rebellion and legal authority, Europe and Byzantium—that forms his most constant theme. And in these mighty collisions, though he could enter with imaginative understanding in the feelings of both contenders, it is clear that the weight of his rational sympathies always leaned to that which tended toward the development of a well-ordered and humanely organized society. William Hazlitt, who hated what he regarded as the prejudices of Scott's personal politics, nevertheless bore testimony to the absolute justice of Scott's portrayal of history.

Though one of the leaders of the romantic movement and though his themes and subject-matter were often what is conventionally regarded as romantic, Scott did not handle them in a romantic spirit. I am not denying, of course, that there are occasional traces in him, as there are in most men, of romantic feeling. But fundamentally he was not a romantic at all, but a realist. With his rationalism, his cool-headed skepticism, his belief in the control of the emotions, his insistence on having the clearest and most irrefutable reasons before going counter to the established judgments of society, his refusal to indulge in utopian dreams of either the past or the future, his just and penetrating comprehension of human nature, untinged by either bitterness or sentimentality, his consciousness both of the stabilizing influence of tradition and of the frequent evils it may help support, his every leading trait is realistic. And for all the vivid reality with which Dickens portrays the thronging scene of mid-nineteenth-century England, he is no less clearly a romantic, rebellious, individualistic, contemptuous of tradition and conventional opinion, a fiery enthusiast and fantasist whose imagination erupted in thousands of wild conceptions and unbridled grotesques, who imposes his emotional vision upon reality with mesmeric power, and whose very intelligence is rooted in his ardent heart.

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A Note on Hegel and George Eliot

Darrel Mansell, Jr.

IN A LETTER WRITTEN in 1848 George Eliot comments on "that ideen-voll observation of Hegel's, We hardly know what it is to feel for human misery until we have heard a shriek. . . ."[1] This is her version of a passage in the *Aesthetik*;[2] and is, so far as I know, the only certain reference to it in her works. But the *Aesthetik* seems to have influenced her ideas on tragedy, particularly as these ideas appear in her "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general"; and, to the extent that she gives her novels the form of tragedy (she declares in a letter, for instance, that it is her "way" to "urge the human sanctities through tragedy—through pity and terror as well as admiration and delights"), the *Aesthetik* seems to have influenced the novels themselves. The influence shows itself in two features certain of her novels have in common. First, her idea that the tragic conflict is between two forces of good, rather than a good pitted against an evil; and, second, her unusual idea that the resolution of the tragic conflict should reassert the commonplace, everyday life that goes on after the hero or heroine has gone down to defeat (the "wharves and warehouses on the Floss" which are busy again "with echoes of eager voices, with hopeful lading and unlading" in the Conclusion of *The Mill on the Floss*).

George Eliot conceives of her novels as a kind of tragedy. In her early "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton" (1857) she calls attention to the "tragedy . . . lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes . . ." (*Scenes of Clerical Life*, v; I,67).[3] She observes in a letter written in the middle of her career that it is her "way" to "urge the human sanctities through tragedy—through pity and terror as well as admiration and delights" (*Letters*, IV, 301); and in the last novel, *Daniel Deronda*, Deronda sees in George Eliot's last heroine, Gwendolen Harleth, what George Eliot has seen in heroines like Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brooke as well: the "girl-tragedies that are going on in the world . . . unheeded" (II, xvii; I, 281).

In these four girl-tragedies the heroine is pitted against the commonplace values of the community. She sets herself apart from the community, attempts to rise above it, and fails; and at the end the community either reabsorbs her, or, in *Daniel Deronda*, is shown going its way without her. There are variations, but this is the outline of the single plot of these girl-tragedies. This plot first appears in the career of Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*. She is not at the center of the story, and the arc of her rise above the community is shallow, but her career is the first tentative version of George Eliot's girl-tragedy. At Dinah's introduction she is elevated above the community, standing on a cart on the Hayslope Green, preparing to preach (I, ii). She tells her audience, "you must think of me as a saint" (I, 29). She has resolved "to minister to others, not to have joys and sorrows of my own . . ." (I, iii; I, 48); and she desires "to live and die without husband and children" (49). This is Dinah Morris' rise above the community. But at the end she has been reabsorbed into it. She marries Adam Bede, to have joys and sorrows of her own; and the Hayslope community comes to her wedding. She is now no saint, and has given up preaching forever. And in the Epilogue this woman who desired to live and die without husband and children is seen with her husband and children. The saint who held herself above the community has become part of it, a housewife, albeit a matronly, happy one standing in sunshine in the Epilogue.

In *The Mill on the Floss* Maggie Tulliver repeats Dinah's career, even though she drowns. She is introduced alone, outside Tulliver's house, "'wanderin' up an' down by the water, like a wild thing: she'll tumble in some day'" (I, ii; I, 13). She stands apart from the community of St. Ogg's, and tries to run away with the gypsies. She, too, is saintly, a "creature full of eager passionate longings" (III, v; I, 369) who is introduced to the writings of Thomas à Kempis, and sets out on the "path of martyrdom and endurance" (IV, iii; II, 39). She is eventually ostracized by St. Ogg's, and the great voice of morality in the community, her brother Tom, turns her from his door. But here, again, there is a kind of reabsorption of the heroine at the last, in the drowning arm in arm of Maggie and her estranged brother. To the extent that Tom, a creature St. Ogg's thinks is "quite likely to rise in the world," represents the sentiments of the community from which Maggie has been divorced in the course of the novel, her drowning with him at the end is a kind of hasty, shorthand, and perhaps embarrassed indication of her reabsorption into the community. In their death they are not divided. The world returns to the commonplace. In the Conclusion, George Eliot tells us that the river which has absorbed them has settled back into its common course; the commonplace life of the wharves and warehouses goes on in sunshine. Nature has repaired her ravages.

The description of Dorothea Brooke's plain clothes in the first paragraph of the first chapter of *Middlemarch* sets her apart from the community of Tipton parish. Like Dinah Morris, she is above her surroundings. She yearns after some "lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there"; she is "enamoured of intensity and greatness . . ." (I, i; I, 9). And, like Dinah and Maggie Tulliver, she is saintly. She prays "as if she thought herself in the time of the Apostles" (10); and she is very much concerned with her "spiritual life" (8). Her sacrificial marriage to the scholar Casaubon, which the community condemns, marks her separation from it. And the marriage is a failure. By the end of the novel she has come down to earth, and has "no dreams of being praised above other women, feeling that there was always something better which she might have done, if she had only been better and known better" (Finale; III, 461). At the conclusion of the novel, her second marriage, like Dinah's marriage to Adam, begins her reabsorption into the community. Mr. Brooke invites the couple to the Grange, Sir James lets Celia visit them, and Dorothea's son at last inherits Brooke's estate. Dorothea at the end joins Dinah Morris and her own neighbors in the housewife's world. "Many who knew her," George Eliot concludes, "thought it a pity that so substantive and rare a creature should have been absorbed into the life of another . . ." (Finale; III, 461). But that is the way of George Eliot's girl-tragedies.

And in George Eliot's last novel, *Daniel Deronda*, she again in the first chapter introduces her heroine as a thing apart. The players at the gambling resort recognize that Gwendolen Harleth is "unlike others." She too holds herself above her surroundings. She dislikes being "middling" (VI, xlv; III, 24), and takes a "Promethean tone" (III, xxiv; I, 415). She has the ardor and intensity of the other heroines, if not the saintliness; and is in "passionate youthful rebellion" (III, xxvi; II, 20) against a commonplace life. Her grandiose marriage to Henleigh Grandcourt ends in disaster, and, like the other heroines, she comes down to earth at the end. She is prepared to take "kindness, even from a dog, as a gift above expectation" (VIII, lxix; III, 385); and there is a hint that, like Dorothea, she may someday make a firm second marriage, and become a housewife.

But in this last novel George Eliot has cut short the plot of her girl-tragedy before any reabsorption into the community is more than hinted at. Gwendolen is still an alien at the end, and her last words in the novel are a letter to Daniel Deronda acknowledging that she has a long way to go before she can put on an apron with Dinah and Dorothea, and swap recipes with the neighbors: "I have remembered your words—that I may live to be one of the best of women, who make others glad that they were born. I do not yet see how that can be. . . ." The world goes on without her. The novel ends with Deronda's marriage to Mirah Cohen, and the beginning of their journey to the East.

At the conclusions of these four tragedies George Eliot is at pains to show that the heroine has either rejoined the general life of the community, or, in the last novel, that life goes on without her. The commonplace, everyday life seems suddenly and unaccountably to take over these novels at the end. George Eliot's tragic novels are unusual in this respect; and she considers this concluding celebration of the commonplace a part of the essential formula of tragedy. In "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general" she maintains that in tragedy the "individual" must always give way to the "general"; and by "general" she means this commonplace world that her heroines must give in to at last. A good tragic subject "must represent irreparable collision between the individual and the general . . ."; and a "tragedy has not to expound why the individual must give way to the general: it has to show that it is compelled to give way, the tragedy consisting in the struggle involved, and often in the entirely calamitous issue in spite of a grand submission."[4]

This seems to be George Eliot's version of Hegel's theory in the *Aesthetik* that tragedy is a conflict between the individual protagonist and the general life of the state, a conflict in which the individual is bound to lose. To Hegel, tragedy produces the "downfall of the individuality"; and "that which is abrogated in the tragic issue is merely the *one-sided* particularity which was unable to accommodate itself to . . . harmony, and consequently in the tragic course of its action . . . either is committed . . . to destruction or at least finds itself compelled to fall back upon a state of resignation. . . ."[5] Here apparently is the source of George Eliot's "irreparable collision between the individual and the general. . . ." Likewise, her observation in the notes that the

1. *The George Eliot Letters*, ed. Gordon S. Haight, 7 vols. (London, 1954-56), I, p. 247.
2. "Tone as interjection, as the cry of grief . . . is already, outside the province of art, the most immediately vital expression of soul-conditions and feelings, the ah and oh of the soul," *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, trans. F. P. B. Osmaston, 4 vols. (London, 1920), IV, p. 298. See *Vorlesungen über die Aesthetik* in *Werke*, 18 vols. (Berlin, 1834-45), X[3] (ed. H. A. Hotho, 1843), p. 144. The *Aesthetik* consists of lecture notes revised and published after Hegel's death in 1831.
3. References are to the Cabinet Edition of George Eliot's works, 24 vols. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood, [1877-85]). Volume and page number in this edition, when cited (as I, p. 67), appear after book and chapter.
4. John Walter Cross, *George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals*, New Edition, 3 vols. (Edinburgh and London, 1885), III, p. 44, p. 46. These "Notes . . ." are described by Cross as "four or five pages of MS." with "no evidence as to the date." He says that they seem to have been left unfinished, and that he gives them as they stand (41). They speak of *The Spanish Gypsy* as finished, which dates them later than 29 April 1868 (*Letters*, IV, pp. 432-33); and they mention Clough's poetry (p. 48). George Eliot's Journal for 23 January 1869 records her having read Clough's poems during the month (*Letters*, V, p. 6); and so the notes may have been written at the beginning of 1869 or later.
5. *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, IV, p. 298; see *Werke*, X[3], pp. 530-31.

"general" is the "irresistible power"[6] may follow the statement in the *Aesthetik* that the individual is in "collision with other forces, which . . . even in a contrary direction to that willed . . . by the active personality, effect the ultimate course of the events. . . ."[7]

George Eliot is attracted to Hegel's theory of tragedy because such a theory concentrates on what is universal in tragedy, rather than what is particular to any time and place. The action of a good tragedy is universal: it applies to men of all times. In the "Notes . . ." she points out, as an example, that the "Greeks were not taking an artificial, entirely erroneous standpoint in their art—a standpoint which disappeared altogether with their religion and their art. They had the same essential elements of life presented to them as we have, and their art symbolised these in grand schematic forms."[8] Hegel's idea of interpreting the tragic action as a conflict between the individual protagonist and the general life of the state allows George Eliot to give the *Antigone* of Sophocles, for instance, a universal appeal. Whereas Matthew Arnold had held in 1853 that the action of the *Antigone* "is no longer one in which it is possible we should feel a deep interest,"[9] George Eliot claims, in a review, "The Antigone and Its Moral," written in 1856, that if the action is considered to turn on the very fact of conflict between, say, the importance in Antigone's mind of the sacred rites of burial on the one hand (the "individual"), and obedience to the state on the other (the "general"), then the action is of perennial interest.[10] It is probably no coincidence that in the *Aesthetik* Hegel treats the *Antigone* in the same way. He considers that the conflict is between "ethical life in its social universality and the family as the natural ground of moral relations"; and concludes that a "content of this type retains its force through all times. . . ."[11]

This is what George Eliot strives for in her girl-tragedies. Their single plot, in spite of all complexities and variations, is Hegel's one universal tragic action: the "individual" attempting in vain to divorce itself from the "general"; or what she calls in the "Notes . . ." the "irreparable collision between the individual and the general."[12] She assumes that this gives her tragedies the perennial significance all good tragedies must have. "Fine tragedies," she points out in the review "The Antigone and Its Moral," "must appeal to perennial human nature."[13]

To both Hegel and George Eliot the tragic conflict between the "individual" and the "general" is not a conflict of bad against good, but of good against good. The force which drags Dinah Morris and Dorothea down to earth, and Maggie Tulliver under water, is not evil, but good in its way. Hegel maintains that, in the tragic collision, "both sides of the contradiction, if taken by themselves, are *justified* . . .";[14] and likewise George Eliot, in the review "The Antigone and Its Moral," considers that the conflict in the *Antigone* is between "two principles, both having their validity. . . ." Martyrs like Antigone "are never fighting against evil only; they are also placing themselves in opposition to a good—to a valid principle which cannot be infringed without harm."[15]

This Hegelian principle, that what the hero struggles for in vain is good, and that what subdues him is also good, is a great moral force at work in George Eliot's girl-tragedies. The individual heroine has failed to hold herself above the commonplace "general"; but evil has not triumphed in the end, only another kind of good. The tragedy is thus moral, as she thinks it must be. She observes in the "Notes . . ." that "art which leaves the soul in despair is laming to the soul . . .";[16] and she is concerned that her tragedies should not end in despair. In a letter, for instance, she writes that she does not want *Middlemarch* to give an "impression of blank melancholy and despair" (*Letters*, V, 261); and she assures her publisher John Blackwood in another letter that in *Middlemarch* there is no "unredeemed tragedy in the solution of the story" (*Letters*, V, 296).

What is apparently intended to redeem George Eliot's tragedies is the goodness, in its way, of this "general," this commonplace everyday life that drags down the first three of her heroines, and leaves the last one up in the air. At the conclusions of these novels, when the heroines' lofty aspirations to hold themselves aloof from the great general run of the world have failed, George Eliot takes pains to celebrate the goodness of this commonplace life. Dinah Morris may not be a saint in the Epilogue, but she is standing in sunlight, and she is plumper than in the novel. She no longer preaches, but she has children, and is a comfort to Adam. She has surrendered to the "general"; but that is good in its way. In the Conclusion of *The Mill on the Floss*, Maggie and Tom are dead, but the reader is told that nature repairs her ravages. After the flood, the Floss is again busy "with echoes of eager voices, with hopeful lading and unlading." Life goes on.

This sudden, moral impulse to celebrate the goodness of the commonplace life explains, I think, the peculiar turn *Middlemarch* takes at the conclusion. Fred Vincy and Mary Garth have, of course, a certain significance in the novel, but they are minor characters. Yet almost half the Finale is devoted to their marriage. Fred, who is no world-beater, is shown going his ordinary way. When he rides home on winter evenings he has a nice vision of the bright hearth waiting for him. And Mary, whose plainness has always been of the "good human sort, such as the mothers of our race have commonly worn in all latitudes" (I, xii; I, 169), becomes solid and matronly, like Dinah Morris. Fred and Mary are George Eliot's moral celebration of the goodness of the commonplace, or Hegelian, "general." They are the good which marriage still holds open to Dorothea after her tragedy. Dorothea now has no dreams of being praised above other women (III, 461), any more than Dinah Morris does. She is no longer enamoured of intensity and greatness. But she can still give "wifely help" as a wife and mother (461). There is no "unredeemed tragedy in the solution of the story." In the Finale her marriage to Will Ladislaw, her absorption into the general life of the community, is still a "great beginning" (455).

The conclusion of George Eliot's last novel does not redeem the tragedy of her heroine. Gwendolen has not been reabsorbed into the community. Deronda has told her that the opportunity to help mankind forward a little, to "make others glad that they were born," is still open to her, as it is to Dorothea at the end; but Gwendolen's last words on the subject are, "I do not yet see how that can be. . . ." There is only a hint that someday she may go the way of Dorothea. At the conclusion she is alone. Deronda and his new bride Mirah leave her, and set out for a new life of service in the East. Pretty little Mirah, who was never cut out "for great tasks" (V, xxxix; II, 316), goes her serene way in the final chapter like the river Floss after nature has repaired its ravages. Mirah appears "in the warm sunlight of content" (III, 404). She is incapable of understanding Gwendolen's grief, or Gwendolen's relation to Deronda (405); and she is mindlessly able to explain the events of the novel to herself in a way that does not interfere with the "bliss" of her own marriage (405). She too, in her common unheroic way, will be able to give her husband "wifely help."

Mirah's marriage in the final chapter is George Eliot's last celebration of the goodness of the Hegelian "general," the commonplace life left open to her heroines after their aspirations to individual greatness have been destroyed. Here in Mirah, as in Fred and Mary, is a "good," if the heroine could only take it. This last tragic novel, like the others, is not "art which leaves the soul in despair"; and it concludes with a passage from Manoa's final speech in the tragedy *Samson Agonistes*. In the novel the passage refers directly to the death of Ezra Cohen, and indirectly to the entire novel; and concludes George Eliot's tragic fiction with the proposition that, in spite of what has been destroyed, all is well and fair:

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.[17]

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6. *Life*, III, p. 44.
7. *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, IV, p. 320; see *Werke*, X^3, p. 552.
8. *Life*, III, p. 45.
9. "Preface" (1853), *The Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold*, ed. C. B. Tinker and H. F. Lowry (Oxford, 1953), p. xxviii.
10. *Leader* (29 March 1956), p. 306.
11. *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, IV, p. 318; see *Werke*, X^3, p. 551. *Philosophy*, IV, p. 319; see *Werke*, X^3, p. 551.
12. Fred C. Thomson finds this "collision between the individual and the general" in the careers of Mrs. Transome, Harold and Esther in *Felix Holt*, "*Felix Holt* as Classic Tragedy," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, 16 (June 1961), pp. 49-50.
13. *Leader* (29 March 1856), p. 306.
14. *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, IV, p. 297; see *Werke*, X^3, p. 529.
15. *Leader* (29 March 1856), p. 306. George Eliot points out in the review that the classical scholar Philipp August Böckh recognized "this balance of principles; this antagonism between valid claims" in the *Antigone* (p. 306). Böckh produced an edition of the *Antigone* with translation and supplementary essays in 1843.
16. *Life*, III, p. 48.
17. Lines 1721-24, with punctuation as it appears in the novel. In the *Life*, III, p. 57, Cross notes that George Eliot's Journal for August 1868 indicates that she was reading *Samson Agonistes*.

Dialectical Structures in Hardy's Poems

D. E. Mayers

Few readers of the *Collected Poems* will deny that Thomas Hardy allowed too many "bad" poems to survive. The dreadful ineptitude of these, his lesser performances, tends to obscure the unquestioned brilliance of his better pieces. Too often must one do battle with awkward metaphors, grating diction, and mere bad taste; one is supposed to imagine "Time" with "his ghostly arms revolving"; or contemplate "the grisly grin of things"; or, worse yet, gaze upon "a dribbling bough." But there is also to be found, among his many verses, the severe excellence of a poem such as "Nature's Questioning":

> When I look forth at dawning, pool,
> Field, flock, and lonely tree,
> All seem to gaze at me
> Like chastened children sitting silent in a school. . . .

It is not that one is intolerant of an occasional false note in a body of work comprising over 900 lyrics; it is the frequency and the severity of his failures that has led critical attention to address itself more toward discovering the roots of Hardy's insufficiency than toward a search for the sources of his peculiar competence.

Occasional defects of diction and of metaphor in a poem may often be ignored if overshadowed by the superiority of the general effect. Hardy's poems, however, die too often at the very heart; they are ill-conceived and, in consequence, emerge still-born. Since it is believed that recurrent, fundamental, structural characteristics in the body of a poet's work ought to be emblematic of his manner of conceiving any given poem, students of Hardy's verse have sought such characteristic configurations in order to clarify the nature of his sensibility. Two of the most significant investigations of this sort are R. P. Blackmur's "The Shorter Poems of Thomas Hardy" and Samuel Hynes' more recent *The Pattern of Hardy's Poetry*. Both critics discovered that the single, most characteristic structural element in the greater number of the poems—both the successful and the unsuccessful ones—was a dichotomous thematic configuration rooted in Hardy's philosophical attitudes. The present essay is primarily concerned with the relationship between Hardy's sensibility and his poetic achievement as formulated by Mr. Hynes.

Mr. Hynes' thesis, stated briefly, is as follows: in order to achieve an ironic representation emblematic of his world-view ("He saw experience as a configuration of opposites, every event contradicted or qualified by a succeeding event, an infinite series of destructive tensions."),[1] Hardy chose to balance the idea-situations in his poems by means of *antinomial* (A vs. B) but not *dialectical* (A vs. B = C) opposition. To quote Hynes:

> Thesis (usually a circumstance commonly accepted as good—marriage, youth, young love, the reunion of husband and wife) is set against Antithesis (infidelity, age, death, separation) to form an ironic complex, which is left unresolved . . . . the pattern . . . is built on the relation of appearance and reality.[2]

Mr. Hynes insists further that this type of structural arrangement is present in and characteristic of the greater number of Hardy's many lyrics. The presence of the pattern, however, does not in itself determine the success or failure of a poem; but, as a consequence of Hardy's compulsive adherence to a world-view that he wished to express or define artistically, the pattern is too often applied mechanically or forced upon inappropriate situations. In other words, the exploitation of this particular structural configuration degenerates into a formula.[3]

The general tendency of these observations is correct, especially the emphasis placed upon the destructive effects of Hardy's reliance upon a formula; but one cannot agree that the characteristic structures in the verse are antinomial. On the contrary, they are quite definitely dialectical.

First, irony itself is a species of dialectic, both as method and as effect: the opposing terms in any ironic configuration must interact with the perceiver of the "ironic" situation to form a new intellectual or emotional construct, usually a new or more complete insight. Antinomial opposition, on the other hand, must, by definition, exclude any such reconstructive interaction because its function is as an analytical tool for the identification of real or apparent contradictions. Thus, strict antinomial opposition as an artistic method can achieve, at best, only interesting juxtapositions. Secondly, Hynes himself indicates that Hardy goes beyond this. For, after objecting to Hardy's frequent and explicit moralizing, he remarks that the poet was at his best "when he was content simply to set life's contrarieties together *and let them act upon one another* (my italics)."[4] Now the opposed ideas do not act upon one another in a vacuum but in the minds of both the writer and the reader; and all laws of relationship demand that, whenever two things "act" upon one another, there must issue some product or effect. If, then, one must choose between the terms "dialectical" and "antinomial," it is the former, and not the latter, which must claim our attention.

The reasons are obvious. Creative interaction is crucial to the purpose of any ironist—and Hardy was such in both his novels and his poems—because irony represents the exploitation of an achieved doctrine or attitude toward the revelation of "appearances" in assumed "realities" in order to indicate higher or more valid "truths," of which the instrumental doctrine or attitude is a function. The new truth or insight, however, is frequently a more or less forceful *implication* inherent in the tonal dynamics of the work, and may or may not be equivalent to any explicit moralizing contained therein. The possibilities, then, of a reader's making erroneous responses are increased. But subtlety is not the only danger. Quite often the instrumental doctrine or attitude is so outrageous as to blind the reader to its presence.

The latter is a difficulty that one must resolve when reading Hardy's poems, and it is further complicated by the prose comments he affixed to several of his volumes of verse. These are, ostensibly, explanations of his attitudes and purposes as pertaining to his artistic procedure; but it must be remembered that he felt constrained to write them in order to defend himself against persistent objections to his pessimism, his "dark view." The trouble with these "explanations" is that they do not correspond to what the poems themselves say and reveal. For example, the preface to *Late Lyrics and Earlier*, called "Apology," establishes what Hardy apparently believed to be the two central tenets of his artistic practice. He claims, first, that his alleged pessimism is only an heuristic strategem: "If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst;" and, secondly, that his verses are to be regarded as "explorations of reality," Arnoldian applications of ideas to life. But Arnold's advocacy of an objective scepticism as a probing, discovering, critical tool is quite at odds with Hardy's dogmatic, highly subjective, negative absolutism. Arnold's method seeks to establish the independent identity of the object under scrutiny; while Hardy's practice seeks to prove the universality of operation of certain cosmological principles in which, albeit reluctantly, he believed. From both points of vantage, ideas may be applied to life, but the results will differ, at least to the degree that an inductive process differs from a deductive one, or the approach of the sceptic from that of the man of faith. And artistically, neither one nor the other of these methods guarantees success or determines failure.

The point is that Hardy's statements about his verse are, in my judgment, utterly irrelevant to an understanding of the verse itself. For, if his ideas are to be received as heuristic strategems, with the antithetical juxtapositions in his poems serving as functions of these strategems, it is quite reasonable to expect to find such maneuvers, or their implications, *represented* in the poems. Yet, through the entire range of criticism surrounding Hardy's verse, there is no competent appraisal that claims to find the least hint of "evolutionary meliorism" in any significant number of the poems. One must then conclude that readers, such as Mr. Hynes, who find only "ironic" juxtapositions which lead nowhere (because they are not synthetically resolved), have searched, perhaps, for the *positive* resolution promised in Hardy's prose commentary when, in fact, the synthetic terms in his verse are consistently and overwhelmingly *negative*. The instrumental attitude informing the ironic configurations in the poems is rooted in a desperate solipsism arising out of an agonized "faith," compounded from the responses of an essentially morose temperament to the more depressing aspects of nineteenth-century deterministic thought.

But it is as an artist, not a philosopher, that Hardy must be judged. As R. P. Blackmur puts it:

> To his ideas as such, then, there is no primary objection. The objection is to his failure to absorb them by craft into the representative effect of his verse. Indeed, from a literary point of view, all that is objectionable in Hardy's ideas would have been overcome, had they been absorbed; for they would have struck the reader *as consequences instead of instigators of significance*. It is the certification of craft, that what it handles it makes actual: objective, authoritative, anonymous (my italics).[5]

To demonstrate the operation of dialectical opposition in Hardy's verse, I shall take the poem "The Convergence of the Twain"[6] as the central illustration. Mr. Hynes discusses it as a specimen example of a poem whose structure is antinomial. At any rate, the eleven stanzas of the poem are concerned with the disastrous sinking of the Titanic. The first five stanzas describe the sunken ship resting on the bottom of the sea; this is the *thesis* term. The remaining stanzas describe the fashioning of the iceberg and the collision; this, the *antithetical* term. But Mr. Hynes discovers no synthesis here:

> . . . the meeting is not a synthesizing one; it just "jars two hemispheres," but does not answer the question that the "moon-eyed fishes" asked in Stanza V: "What does this vaingloriousness down here?" The iceberg is the efficient cause of the ship sinking, but for Hardy there is no final cause, *and the answer is only a recognition that there are no answers* (my italics).[7]

The final stanza reads as follows:

> Till the Spinner of the Years
> Said 'Now!' And each one hears
> And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

Hynes refuses to accept two things. First, though he himself has perceived what is actually the synthetic notion: "A recognition that there are no answers," he ignores its significance. Hardy's implication may be disputed but it ought not to be dismissed out of hand. Secondly, he does not grant significance and agency to the figures "Spinner of the Years" in Stanza XI and "Immanent Will" in Stanza VI. The poem clearly identifies these forces as representative of the final cause—in so far as it can be known. And anyone familiar with Hardy's poetry ought soon to realize that such figures as "The Will," "Spinner of the Years," or "purblind Doomsters" are not used casually. They represent, in Hardy's scheme, a principle of chance, of accident, in effect cruel and anarchic, but so universal in its operation as to constitute the only recognizable principle of order. His poetry is rarely free from his compulsive concern with this idea. And it is this attitude—hardly implicit in this instance—which forces one to restructure the antithetical juxtapositions in the poem into a new unity. The poem does, of course, answer the question it raises: the ship rests on the ocean's floor because the Immanent Will, "that stirs and urges everything," caused it to be there.

The synthesis may be seen more clearly, perhaps, if the opposition in the poem is viewed as one existing between reality and appearance. In appearance, the ship and the iceberg are without visible connection. The ship is an object created by human beings to fulfill definite functions and purposes; the iceberg is the merest debris, natural slough: "Alien they seemed to be / No mortal eye could see . . ." that they were actually "twin halves of one august event." That "august event" is, of course, the revelation that the purposive object created by men and the piece of natural debris are in fact controlled and guided by the same transcendent force, a force indifferent to those discriminations of importance men would make between the two objects. This revelation constitutes the synthetic term; this insight is the new unity.

The poem does not explore or search out possibilities. It interprets an event from the fixed point of vantage of Hardy's world-view. Thus, his dialectic seeks to affirm and not to discover. And to this degree, "The Convergence of the Twain" is a "formula" poem. Yet it is successful despite this characteristic because, in this instance, Hardy was able to create a believable fiction. The operation of Hardy's transcendent and universal principle of accident is introduced into an appropriate circumstance: the actual historical event being replete with suggestions of the ironic and malevolent workings of some purposeful agent while the catastrophe with which the poem ends is the necessary consequence of the foregoing action. There is no sense of formal or affective discontinuity in the poem; its parts work together harmoniously.

The poem "The Torn Letter,"[8] on the other hand, serves as an instructive contrast. A woman, in a momentary fit of annoyance, destroys a letter from an unknown admirer. On reflection, she responds positively to the fund of affection it contains, repents, tries to reassemble the pieces, but cannot recover the name and address of the sender. An opportunity to form a sympathetic union with another human being has been lost. Now, to this point in the narrative, all actions have proceeded easily and naturally as consequences of her own rash decision; there has been not the least suggestion of the operations of the principle of accident. But the poem is destroyed in the final stanzas:

1. Samuel Hynes, *The Pattern of Hardy's Poetry* (Chapel Hill, 1961), p. 44.
2. Hynes, pp. 44-45.
3. Hynes, pp. 45-55.
4. Hynes, p. 54.
5. R. P. Blackmur, "The Shorter Poems of Thomas Hardy," *Form and Value in Modern Poetry* (Garden City, 1957), p. 11.
6. Thomas Hardy, *Collected Poems* (New York, 1931), pp. 288-89.
7. Hynes, p. 48.
8. Hardy, p. 294.

VII

I learnt I had missed, by rash unheed,
My track; that, so the Will decided,
In Life, death, we should be divided,
And at the sense I ached indeed.

VIII

That ache for you, born long ago,
Throbs on: I never could outgrow it.
What a revenge, did you but know it!
But that, thank God, you do not know.

It is painfully obvious that "the Will" is here an obtrusive element. Its presence deflects the movement of the poem suddenly to a totally unexpected, unprepared-for, and unnecessary plane of significance; its agency is false and contrived. Indeed, the irrelevance of Stanza VII is such that to omit it when reading the poem does not in the least disturb the sense sequence. In fact, to do so eliminates the clumsily implied link between "the Will" and "God" in Stanza VIII, and the "ironic" point of the poem is established with greater subtlety and force. Thus, it is the degree to which Hardy's formula is integrated into the total structure of a poem that largely determines success or failure.

Despite the paucity of illustration here presented, it is believed that the consistency of Hardy's work permits the conclusions arrived at to be extended to the entire canon of his lyric verse.

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William Johnson Fox and Mill's Essays on Poetry

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THE CRISIS IN HIS "mental history" which John Stuart Mill first experienced in the autumn of 1826 caused a profound revision in the character and extent of his commitment to the principles of Benthamism, one of the most important aspects of which was the lesson that "the passive susceptibilities needed to be cultivated as well as the active capacities, and required to be nourished and enriched as well as guided"; that a "due balance among the faculties" required the "cultivation of the feelings." Thus, Mill says, he "began to find meaning in the things which he had read or heard about the importance of poetry and art as instruments of human culture."[1] Disillusioned with the narrow utilitarianism of his father, Mill sought new sources of ideas, and new friends and acquaintances. He adopted, as he said, the Goethean motto "many-sidedness" as his own. He became, as he admitted to Carlyle in 1834, "catholic and tolerant in an extreme degree, & thought one-sidedness almost the one great evil in human affairs."[2] In this new frame of mind Mill read Wordsworth, Byron, Goethe, Coleridge, Comte, the Saint-Simonians; he cultivated friendships with John Sterling, John Arthur Roebuck, F. D. Maurice, and, slightly later, with Carlyle; and finally, he fell in love with Harriet Taylor. These associations mark the adoption of a new and significantly broader view of the world and a permanent separation from the narrow Benthamite party in which he had been raised.

Mill's interest in the feelings led him to poetry and to the publication in 1833 of two essays on poetry, "What is Poetry?" and "The Two Kinds of Poetry," and in 1835 of a review of Tennyson's poems.[3] But when we try to discover specific relationships between the literary theory set forth in the essays and these new influences on Mill's thinking, we can find only a very wide variety of very general possibilities. Certainly all of Mill's new friends had thought more deeply about poetry than had Mill. There are broad similarities between Mill's ideas and Wordsworth's Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and Mill gives some evidence of knowing Goethe and Coleridge. Mill himself gives complete credit for his ideas on poetry to Harriet Taylor, but again there is only a general kind of evidence to support the statement; we know nothing of her ideas or tastes (except that Shelley was her favorite poet) and we do know that Mill was something less than objective in estimating her abilities. As a result, the circumstances of Mill's relationship with William Johnson Fox come to have special interest because here there is specific evidence of an association involving literary matters, and of similarity in both the subject and the content of their critical writing.

Fox was a Unitarian clergyman and was active as a writer in support of various liberal political causes.[4] His friendship and ideological sympathy with the utilitarians of a generation older than Mill's (Fox was twenty years older) led to the appearance of several essays by Fox in the early issues of the *Westminster Review* which Bentham and James Mill had founded in 1824, and to which John Mill was also a frequent contributor. We can assume therefore that Fox and Mill first met in 1823 or 1824, although there is no positive evidence of their association until 1830 or 1831. By this time Fox as a journalist had advanced to become the owner and editor of the *Monthly Repository*, and as a clergyman had advanced to the pulpit of a Unitarian chapel at New South Place, among the congregation of which were John Taylor and his wife Harriet. The traditional account[5] has it that Mrs. Taylor, languishing in an unhappy and intellectually unsatisfying marriage, took her difficulties to Fox. Fox, sometime in the winter of 1830-31, introduced the young woman to Mill, either because he thought Mill might be able to provide the intellectual stimulation she required, or because he thought that he could thus capture the services of Mill's pen for the *Repository*, or both. Whatever Fox's intent, these results did come from the introduction. Mrs. Taylor recovered from her sadness, Fox got access to a bright young man, and Mill gained entrance into a new circle of acquaintances of a very different kind from those utilitarians from whom he had recently cut himself off, and the opportunity to develop his new interest in literature and poetry in the company of Fox's literary friends, Harriet Martineau, poetesses Eliza and Sarah Flower, and Fox himself.

The earliest extant letter between Fox and Mill is Mill's acknowledgement on April 3, 1832 of Fox's invitation to contribute to the *Repository*. While he has nothing to offer at the moment, Mill agrees that "whenever I do write anything of the kind, (suitable for the general public) I can find no mode of disposing of it that would be more pleasing to me than by giving it to the world under your auspices."[6] Over the next two years there is considerable correspondence between them, devoted to possible topics for reviews and essays in the *Repository*, discussions of political questions, and how to deal with Mr. Taylor. (Fox was almost the only person to whom Mill allowed even the slightest intimacy on this subject.) During the same period Mill contributes over twenty essays and notes, a total of some 350 pages, to the *Repository*.[7]

There is little specific evidence in the letters of any direct exchange of ideas on poetry between Mill and Fox, but there is a good deal of evidence of other kinds to suggest that Fox was taking a direct interest in Mill's career, and attempting to give him guidance. We know, for example, that it was Fox who supplied Mill with a review copy of Browning's *Pauline*, that Mill wrote but failed to place a review of the poem, that he returned the review copy with his dissatisfactions recorded in the flyleaves and that Fox, against Mill's wishes, passed the advice on to the poet.[8] We also know that during the same period Mill was consulting with Fox about a review of Tennyson which was to be part of the second of the two essays on poetry but which grew to become a separate work: "I have nearly made up my mind to transfer to you the paper on Poetry which I thought of putting at the head of a review of Tennyson somewhere. I think I could make a better review of Tennyson, and with the same ideas too, in another way."[9]

Tennyson was by no means an obvious choice as a subject for Mill's first review of a specific poet's work. He was young, he had published only two volumes, he had not been widely noticed by other journals, and the notice which he had received was largely adverse.[10] Mill and Tennyson did have a number of friends in common, particularly Maurice and Sterling, who had preceded Tennyson at Cambridge. Moreover, Mill's interest may have been aroused by the opinion among those who did know the poet's work, that he was a radical in politics, and by the fact that the few favorable reviews that the poems had received were from journals associated with this political persuasion.[11] But perhaps more significant than any of these connections is Fox's early enthusiasm for the poet, seen in two extremely favorable reviews: the first in the *Westminster Review* of January 1831, the second in the *Repository* for January 1833, the same issue in which Mill's first essay on poetry appears.[12]

A connection between Fox's poetics and Mill's first discussions of poetry is further substantiated by the numerous similarities between Fox's two reviews of Tennyson and Mill's two essays on poetry and his review of Tennyson. The most striking of these similarities is their common adherence to rationalistic aesthetics in their analysis of the psychological process by which poetry is created. Poetry, says Fox, is not a gift of the gods, nor is the poet inspired with supernatural genius.

> There is nothing mysterious, or anomalous, in the power of producing poetry, or in

1. *Autobiography of John Stuart Mill* (New York, 1924), p. 101.
2. *The Earlier Letters of John Stuart Mill 1812-1848*, ed. Francis E. Mineka (Toronto, 1963), p. 205 (12 January 1834).
3. "What is Poetry?" *Monthly Repository*, VII (January, 1833), pp. 60-70; "The Two Kinds of Poetry," *Monthly Repository*, VII (October, 1833), pp. 714-24; "Tennyson's Poems," *London Review*, I (July, 1835), now bound as *Westminster Review*, XXX, pp. 402-24.
4. Mill refers only once to Fox in the *Autobiography*, p. 138: "During . . . 1834 I wrote comments on passing events, of the nature of newspaper articles (under the title 'Notes on the Newspapers'), in the *Monthly Repository*, a magazine conducted by Mr. Fox, well known as a preacher and political orator, and subsequently as member of parliament for Oldham; with whom I had lately become acquainted, and for whose sake chiefly I wrote in his Magazine." See also Richard Garnett, *The Life of W. J. Fox* (New York, 1910), and Francis E. Mineka, *The Dissidence of Dissent, The Monthly Repository, 1806-1838* (Chapel Hill, 1944), pp. 169-365.
5. The story originates in Carlyle's gossip; see *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton* (London, 1913), I, pp. 496-97, and F. A. Hayek, *John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor* (Chicago, 1951), pp. 36-37.
6. *Early Letters*, p. 98 (3 April 1832).
7. *Dissidence of Dissent*, p. 275, and pp. 417-19.
8. Michael St. John Packe, *The Life of John Stuart Mill* (New York, 1954), p. 135.
9. *Early Letters*, pp. 177-78. Mill continues by praising Harriet's help: "If you like the idea, and if you see *her* before Monday, will you mention it to her—you know it is hers—if she approves, it shall be yours."
10. Edgar Finley Shannon, *Tennyson and the Reviewers* (Cambridge, Mass., 1952), pp. 1-21.
11. *Ibid.*, pp. 21-26.
12. "Tennyson's Poems," *Westminster Review*, XIV (January, 1831), pp. 210-24; "Tennyson's Poems," *Monthly Repository*, VII (January, 1833), pp. 30-41. The first of these reviews has been attributed to John Bowring who was editor of the Westminster at this time. But Shannon, *op. cit.*, p. 184, n. 17, and William D. Paden, "Tennyson and the Reviewers (1829-1835)," in *Studies in English* (University of Kansas Publications, Humanistic Studies, VI, No. 4) (Lawrence, Kansas, 1940), pp. 22-27, agree in attributing it to Fox.

> that of its enjoyment; neither the one nor the other is a supernatural gift bestowed capriciously nobody knows how, when, or why. It may be a compound, but it is not incapable of analysis.[13]

Poetry arises from an inherent "physical organization" present in both poets and readers of poetry, a common ability to respond to physical patterns of form, rhythm, and color. The poet differs from ordinary men only in his superior knowledge of "metaphysical science," that is, in the extent of his understanding of the psychological laws of mental activity. This rejection of *a priori* epistemology is one of the foundations of Benthamism, and Fox notes that the poetic principles which Tennyson's work shows are fully in keeping with the new "utilitarian spirit."

This strict empiricist (or experientialist, to use the word Mill preferred) point of view and its rejection of the intuitional metaphysics of the *a priori* school is similarly the basis of Mill's criticism. In the essays on poetry, for example, Mill attempts to "explain" the function of the poet in terms of experientialist metaphysics in order, as with Fox, to avoid crediting the poet with any inherent truths, truths known by intuition without experience. Mill's discussion is, characteristically, more elaborate and careful than Fox's. A poet, he says, is not inherently different from ordinary men: "poetic excellence is subject to the same necessary conditions with any other mental endowment," although "consistent with the principles of a sound metaphysics . . .there are poetic *natures*."[14] These natures, however, differ not in kind, not in respect to the basic psychological laws of personality, but only in the degree of susceptibility to external images, and in habits of organization and association. They are, in short, different in degree of sensibility and fineness of emotional tone, but not in any fundamental way, that is, not in any way which would allow one mind access to truths denied another.

Both Mill and Fox give similar descriptions of the psychological "act" of the creating poet; both subscribe to what has been called the "expressive" theory of poetry,[15] to the view that the poet turns his "attention" inward, finding the source of poetry in the passage of emotions through his interior consciousness. The words of the poem become thus a projection of or expression of or "correlative" of the feelings. Fox takes this view with astonishing literalness, and renders the idea in a metaphor that is perhaps as literal as expressive poetic theory can tolerate. Tennyson, Fox writes, is especially good at the analysis of "particular states of mind," at "moral dissection," because of his thorough knowledge of "metaphysical science."

> He seems to obtain entrance into a mind as he would make his way into a landscape; he climbs the pineal gland as if it were a hill in the centre of the scene; looks around on all objects with their varieties of form, their movements, their shades of colour, and their mutual relations and influences; and forthwith produces as graphic a delineation in the one case as Wilson or Gainsborough could have done in the other, to the great enrichment of our gallery of intellectual scenery.[16]

Mill also sees the poet as an interior "reader":

> The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly: the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of life . . . . Great poets are often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves: they have found within them[selves] one highly delicate and sensitive specimen of human nature, on which the laws of emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study.[17]

Both Mill and Fox admire the skill with which the poet's sensitive nature partakes of and sympathizes in various particularized states of mind, and bodies each of them forth in external scenery which is consonant with the character and state of mind being represented. According to Mill, such poems as "Mariana" and "Eleanor" and "The Lady of Shalott" are praiseworthy because they fulfill his earlier prescription that in the best poetry feeling is seen "embodying itself in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind."[18] To Fox, Tennyson has excellently "made the feeling within generate an appropriate assemblage of external objects";[19] to Mill, he has demonstrated the capacity for "scene-painting," that is, the "power of *creating* scenery, in keeping with some state of human feeling; so fitted to it as to be the embodied symbol of it."[20]

Finally, both Fox and Mill see in Tennyson's poems ground for the prediction that he will in time achieve the most desirable combination of emotional sensitivity and intellectual power. "The true poet," writes Fox, "is compounded of the philosopher and the *artiste*." His mind must have internal "tenacity" which will produce the "firmest web of solid thought," while at the same time his feelings must be "tremulous as the strings of the Aeolian harp, that quiver in every breeze."[21] Tennyson, Fox concludes, has generous capacities in both categories, exceeded among modern poets in intellectual power only by Wordsworth, and in emotional sensibility only by Coleridge. Mill agrees in this division of poetic faculties, also citing Wordsworth as the exemplar of the intellectual powers of what he calls the "Poet of Culture," and contrasting him with Shelley, to "Poet of Nature," the poet of natural sensibility. Mill is, however, more cautious than Fox in giving Tennyson credit for the synthesis of the two qualities. Poetic sensitivity, he warns, requires a substantial amount of intellectual ballast to avoid shipwreck, and Tennyson must continue to acquire this protection.

> To render his poetic endowment the means of giving impressiveness to important truths, he must by continual study and meditation strengthen his intellect for the discrimination of such truths; he must see that his theory of life and the world be no chimera of the brain, but the well-grounded result of solid and mature thinking;—he must cultivate, and with no half-devotion, philosophy as well as poetry.[22]

Mill most admires "The Palace of Art" because it attempts the "highest object of poetry," that is, to represent symbolically "spiritual truths," to incorporate the abstractions of reason in visible forms and images which can appeal to the senses.[23]

While these similarities are due in part to the common heritage of utilitarianism that was shared by Fox and Mill, they provide the only specific evidence of the kind of literary opinion Mill consulted while he was engaged in working out his own "explanation" of poetry. They suggest furthermore that we may look with some skepticism at Mill's statement of the importance to the development of his interest in poetry of Mrs. Taylor's enthusiasms and Wordsworth's affecting pictures of rural scenery. Finally, Mill's association with Fox is an example of what was to become Mill's customary procedure: to evolve broader and more comprehensive views from study of the authorities and the history of the question, to move carefully from older dogmas to newer and better syntheses.

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13. *Westminster Review*, XIV, p. 211.
14. *Monthly Repository*, VII, p. 715.
15. M. H. Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp: Romantic Theory and the Critical Tradition* (New York, 1953), pp. 21-26.
16. *Westminster Review*, XIV, p. 215.
17. *Monthly Repository*, VII, p. 62.
18. *Monthly Repository*, VII, p. 65.
19. *Westminster Review*, XIV, p. 217.
20. *Early Essays by John Stuart Mill*, ed. J. W. M. Gibbs (London, 1897), p. 242.
21. *Monthly Repository*, VII, p. 31.
22. *Early Essays*, p. 266.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 265-66.

Parents and Children in *Great Expectations*

Vereen M. Bell

At the end of *Great Expectations* Joe and Biddy have a child whom they name Pip and through whom our Pip will be able to relive that age of his own life. Little Pip, because of Biddy's wisdom and Joe's love, will no doubt grow straight and strong. The true course of nature is beginning to be restored. Until this point in the novel, however, there is nothing like a sound and intelligent parent-child relationship; the normal course of nature has been tragically perverted. Some of the children are orphans, either utterly alone or dominated brutally by parent surrogates; the ones who are not orphans have parents who are either grotesque and domineering or witless and incompetent. Not one of these children has the parent he needs, and no parent provides the love and mature guidance he is meant to. In *Great Expectations* this pattern is clearer because the context is less cluttered, but of course all of Dickens' novels are the same way—there are not many loving and sensible parents anywhere in his fiction; and this, it seems to me, is one significant element of Dickens' art that is both conspicuous and explainable. Obviously it reflects the lasting influence of his own childhood; but beyond this, given the memory of his misery as a child, and given his conception of the world and society as disoriented and incoherent, it seems natural that Dickens should have hit, perhaps unconsciously, upon the bleak parent-child relationship as a kind of unifying metaphor for his total vision. More specifically, in his insistent—if only vaguely realized—parallel between parent and society, Dickens is able to embody here a distinct personal awareness—that of the moral and social chaos that follows upon the abuse or the abdication of responsibility. And in *Great Expectations*, as the focus sharpens upon the central characters—particularly upon Pip—the loosely relevant metaphorical pattern becomes even more securely articulated with the demands of thematic movement; it develops ultimately into one of the central insights of Pip's moral growth.

The general motif is stressed in an odd variety of domestic situations, involving peripheral as well as central characters. It is mentioned, for example, that Startop "had been spoiled by a weak mother, and kept at home when he ought to have been at school"[1]—over-protected, in other words, and sheltered from his normal course of development. And yet Startop is the most minor of functionaries with nothing much more to do than row. The remark about his mother's influence apparently has no bearing on his role in the novel. On the other hand, Miss Havisham has a similar relationship with her father that has disastrous consequences. "Miss Havisham," Herbert tells Pip, "was a spoilt child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing" (XXII). It was sibling jealousy that motivated her half-brother to conspire with Compeyson against her fortune; and we have no difficulty in imagining further what Herbert only implies—that her father's unthinking devotion served to make her vulnerable, ironically, to the very plot which it engendered. It was he who was responsible

1. Chapter XXV. All of the quotations from the novel are taken from the New Oxford Illustrated Edition (London, 1953), introduction by Frederick Page. For the sake of convenient reference I have chosen to cite chapters rather than pages—and hereafter, within the text.

both for her innocence and for the high valuation she placed upon herself.

Again at the outer edges, like Startop, is Clara Barley, Herbert's fiancée, with no identity to speak of other than her subservience to an irascible, invalid father who is landlocked in an upstairs room. "He makes tremendous rows—roars, and pegs at the floor with some frightful instrument" (XXX). At home Clara's life consists mainly of receiving the provisions he passes out from his imaginary purser's quarters and of tending him with grog—which of course only exacerbates his gout and his temper. "She really was a most charming girl, and might have passed for a captive fairy, whom that truculent Ogre, Old Barley, had pressed into his service" (XLVI). In lieu of a mother, Clara has only Mrs. Whimple, the landlady, who hears her confidences and sympathizes with her thwarted affection for Herbert. "It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could possibly be confided to Old Barley, by reason of his being totally unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's stores" (XLVI). Only after the old Ogre has drunk himself to death can Clara finally be reclaimed. Judging from the frequency with which it recurs, the captive child figure evidently held as much vaguely symbolic significance for Dickens as it did for Blake.

Of course Herbert himself is victimized by an unorthodox, if slightly more congenial, domestic background. His character seems to be composed almost symmetrically of paternal and maternal attributes. From his father he inherits his good nature, his generosity, his manly integrity, his cheerful if impractical industry; from his mother, though he is unsympathetic with her witlessly patrician illusions, he derives a special faculty for dreaming, a kind of naive optimism about himself and his prospects. The eldest of eight children, he is set loose prematurely upon the world, like a juvenile Mr. Micawber, looking about him, waiting for something to turn up. Herbert's character, circumstances, and the chaos that prevails in his father's household are all the indirect result of a parental influence three generations in the past.

> . . . Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased Knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a Baronet but for somebody's determined opposition arising out of entirely personal motives . . . and had tacked himself on to the nobles of the earth in right of this quite suppositious fact. . . . Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who in the nature of things must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebian domestic knowledge.
>
> So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent, that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless (XXIII).

Mrs. Pocket therefore devotes her hours to reading "all about titles" while her children are left to "tumble up" under the harried direction of their two nursemaids. Utterly baffled by his intellectually impoverished wife, Mr. Pocket seems to have resigned all claim to patriarchal authority; and the unseen cohesive power in the household Pip discovers to be vested exclusively in the servants. Considering the circumstances of his upbringing it is not surprising that Herbert turns out a little oddly. Considering his temperamental legacy he is certainly ill-equipped for scrambling in the kind of world over which Jaggers presides, the kind of world in which even Wemmick has to split his identity to be able to survive. Herbert is handicapped mainly by the combination of factors in his makeup, his generosity and his innocently selfish expectations, either one of which, alone, might have served him better. Although he proves to be a successful and productive worker once he has responsibility imposed upon him, it seems clear that he would have got nowhere had it not been for Pip's sympathetic interference. On the occasion of his betraying the secret of his engagement to Clara, Herbert begins by asking Pip if he has "ever had the opportunity of remarking . . . that the children of not exactly suitable marriages, are always most particularly anxious to be married?" (XXX). The question invites us to reflect seriously, and sympathetically, upon Herbert's circumstances, and to speculate whether he and all his brothers and sisters, and Clara, are not unconsciously seeking in marriage what was lost to them in their childhood.

To be truly an orphan in the world is to be an outcast, and the orphan figure most central to the meaning of *Great Expectations* is, of course, not Pip but Magwitch. The social implications of Magwitch's fate as an orphan are obvious, and Dickens has the good judgment not to over-elaborate—here, at any rate. Dickens is concerned with analyzing causes of social evil, not with dramatizing effects, but he allows Magwitch a brief retrospective monologue to plant the idea.

> "I first become aware of myself, down in Essex, a thieving turnips for my living. . . . So fur as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but wot caught fright at him, and either drove him off, or took him up. . . . This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creetur as much to be pitied as ever I see . . . I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison wisitors, picking out me. 'May be said to live in jails, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em . . . and others on 'em give me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?" (XLII).

The general point that is made here is that Magwitch must become hardened and criminal to survive. The specific point, focussed in Pip, is that the fastidious and evasive irresponsibility of England's middle-class only perpetuates those very conditions which it is most appalled by. In case the relevance of all this be lost, Dickens has one more go at it through Jaggers, when he explains his motives for placing Estella with Miss Havisham:

> "Put the case that he [a transparently hypothetical lawyer] lived in an atmosphere of evil, and that all he saw of children was, their being generated in great numbers for certain destruction. Put the case that he often saw children solemnly tried at a criminal bar, where they were held up to be seen; put the case that he habitually knew of their being imprisoned, whipped, transported, neglected, cast out, qualified in all ways for the hangman, and growing up to be hanged. Put the case that pretty nigh all the children he saw in his daily business life, he had reason to look upon as so much spawn, to develop into the fish that were to come to his net—to be prosecuted, defended, forsworn, made orphans, bedevilled somehow. . . . Put the case, Pip, that here was one pretty little child out of the heap who could be saved . . ." (LI).

The world's orphans cannot expect to find a parent in society, have no cause to believe in a family of man.

The orphaned state in general is pivotal in the book's secure and logical relationship between cause and effect. Because Magwitch is an orphan he is abused; because he is abused he wishes to be avenged; because of his desire for vengeance he "adopts" another orphan to remake into a gentleman and an alter-ego. Because Pip is an orphan, he is eligible, and—most important—he is susceptible to being remolded.

In all of the most recent admiring commentary on the opening scene of *Great Expectations*, the one most striking and naturalistic effect of that scene is sometimes ignored: that is the image there of a lonely, dispirited little boy, who has lost his parents (and his little brothers) without even the consolation of their memory, and who can reach them only by making out their characters from the way their names are inscribed upon their tomb. This is the first fact of Pip's identity, dramatized against the background of a forlorn and barren landscape.

> At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

If there can be one emotional source for behavior, it seems to me that Pip's loneliness is enough to account for all the major development in his moral growth.

Like any little boy Pip would like to be loved and pampered. The only kind of care he receives is stupid and arbitrary discipline. In the absence of parents there are plenty of people to tell Pip what to do, to bully him, in a self-satisfied, self-enhancing way, but there is no one who can shield him or guide him, or give him the special kind of love that he seeks. Joe, it is true, loves him, but Joe is a child himself, to be taken for granted, more a companion than a father; and Pip is still too innocent to understand what Joe's love means.

The recurrent theme of Uncle Pumblechook's, Mrs. Joe's, Mr. Wopsle's, and Mr. Hubble's pompous discipline is that Pip is nobody, an excresence. He is made to see himself only as a burden to those who have generously undertaken to supervise his rearing. Repeatedly he is told by implication that he must improve himself in some mysterious way before he may become worthy of a sensible and respectable person's consideration. There is no one (again, except Joe) who can love him simply for what he is.

It is largely for these reasons that when he meets and falls in love with Estella he is so acutely sensitive to her contempt. Estella is even more pointedly derisive, but the difference is that Pip cares intensely what she feels, whereas he has become more or less indifferent to the rest. Hence when Estella is critical of his manners, his speech, his appearance—everything about him, in fact—she simply crystallizes or focusses all of his previously vague feelings of unworth. Now what he is, or what he is not, means something to him; and when Magwitch puts it within his power, he deliberately sets out, true to his training, to make himself worthy of being loved. Since he has never had (or at least has never recognized) the experience of being loved simply for what he is, it never occurs to him that he might be now; and it is one of the book's subtler ironies that whatever affection Estella is capable of feeling for Pip is not for Pip the gentleman but for Pip as he always was. Pip's being parentless, in other words, is not just a plot device but a deep and crucial influence upon his motivation.

Even Magwitch at first loves him more for what he symbolizes than for what he is, more as an impersonal conception. And Magwitch's intellectualization of Pip is simply an inversion of society's attitude toward Magwitch. Ironically, Magwitch has a true daughter who, through no fault of his own, has been made into an exact female counterpart of what he intended Pip to be. And again ironically, both of them—the daughter that he engenders and the son that he manufactures—turn out to epitomize the very cultural attitudes that have made him what he is—Estella arrogant and without feeling, Pip snobbish and neurotically jealous of his respectability. Pip and Estella have in common the fact that they are both the instruments of someone else's vengeance, that both—either actually or in effect orphans—have their true natures distorted and corrupted by a foster parent's

selfish purpose. Most of the mature people in the novel, even Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe, have come to experience, have been broken or disappointed by it in some way, and use the children to avenge themselves against their own failure.

Pip's regeneration is effected by his coming, through pity, to love Magwitch not because Magwitch is worthy but because he is not, or rather because worthiness and unworthiness finally do not matter. Even Magwitch himself is reborn when his gratitude and now deeper love for Pip bring him vaguely to the realization. He begins by creating a gentleman, and he ends by creating a son, in the truest sense.

Through the experience with Magwitch Pip comes to understand clearly what Joe's fidelity has meant, that Joe has had the capacity to love without reservation, even when Pip, by his own admission, has deserved it least. Robert Stange describes the essence of this discovery when he says that "Joe emerges as a true parent—the only kind of parent that Dickens could ever fully approve, one that remains a child."[2] This may be taken to mean that in terms of the parent-child relationship Pip has come to understand the nature of love: that the common bond of father and child is love without qualification, without condition.

There is in fact something childish, or child-like, about all the good people in *Great Expectations*: about the good side of Wemmick, for instance in the elaborate make-believe world of his castle; or about Aged Parent, who is hardly anything but a child. It is easy enough to believe in the Aged as simply agreeably senile; but it is hard to conceive Wemmick as a mature man of "forty to fifty" years. Herbert, Herbert's father, Clara, Startop, and of course Joe—all of the norms, against whom Pip is measured—are good-natured in a clearly child-like way. The only exception is Biddy, who is both mature and good, and if it were not for Biddy and people like her in other novels—Aunt Betsy, for example, or Sam Weller—one would be forced to conclude that Dickens could conceive goodness only in the image of the child. But Pip *becomes* good, and in the difference between a man like Pip and a man like Joe, Dickens has represented clearly the ambiguous nature of moral maturity. Pip can never again be as he was, that is, like Joe; he is tougher and wiser, but only at the sacrifice of the kind of innocence that Joe embodies (he in fact protects Joe from his knowledge). And yet Pip has come to understand that innocence and value it in a way that Joe cannot. That garden that Pip and Estella always walk in and finally walk out of is a "ruined garden"—"too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease"—and yet it is, or was, a garden just the same. For the intelligent and self-conscious being, mature experience is perpetually a moral crisis; but even though he must pass irretrievably from that garden of innocence and childhood, the one painful but essential moral imperative of his existence is that he remember it. The disordered world is set right not by the child but by his memory.

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2. "Expectations Well Lost: Dickens' Fable for His Time," *College English*, XVI (October 1954), p. 14.

The Name Jude

Robert F. Fleissner

RECENT THRUSTS AT Hardy's would-be priest, who valiantly tries to become a loyal servant of God but fails because of the shortcomings of his human nature, need to be parried. Thus the inference of Professor Norman Holland[1] from the coincidence that the name Jude happens to be spelled the same way as the word meaning Jew in German goes too far; he concludes that Jude Fawley connotes the pre-Christian Jew and that the novel becomes a criticism, not just of Victorian morality, but of the very "Christian ideal of self-sacrifice" itself. Upon identifying Little Father Time with Christ (an odd association for, in point of fact, Jesus called Himself the Son and not the Father and did not violate the commandment "Thou shalt not kill"), Holland concludes that "the martyrdom of Christ becomes a mockery" (p. 56), that "Hardy is saying through Jude and the others that the only part of Christianity worth saving is not an ideal of sacrifice" (p. 57), and, finally, that "as a Christian allegory, *Jude* is a terrible indictment of Christianity" (p. 57). Still he may be right that "the names of the characters form an important part of this religious imagery" (p. 51) and when he considers "reminiscences of a Christian allegory centered in Jude as Christ" (p. 58); but even the possibility that Hardy was deliberately drawing upon some of the pessimistic writings of the philosopher Schopenhauer would not imply that the German rendering of his hero's name was significant to the novelist.

Professor Holland is not the only accuser. John Paterson shifts the criticism to a consideration of "*The Return of the Native* as Antichristian Document,"[2] yet he fails not to indict the other novel again as well: "Hardy would be able . . . in *Jude*, to record in more specific terms his quarrel with the Christian order of things" (p. 127). But was Hardy really quarreling with God? Paterson certainly thinks that he was at odds with the Church, the mystical extension of Christ's Body and Blood in the world (spiritually, if not physically, for the Protestant as well as Catholic communion): "The early and radical reorientation of the novel to which the manuscript bears witness would indicate, in other words, that as a criticism of the country's undemocratic system, *Jude the Obscure* was complicated and perhaps transformed by its emergence as a criticism of the marriage laws and of the religious institutions that enforced them."[3]

To try to whitewash a book which has a controversial moral theme, however, may seem like robbing Peter to pay Paul. But there *is* strong reason to believe that Hardy did have a Christian theme in mind when he wrote the history of Jude's falling from grace and that the novel, far from being anti-Christian, is decidedly a pro-Christian document. This way it regains its status within the framework of the Victorian moral esthetic. The reason proposed is that Hardy's apparently hopeless hero was purposely named after the very saint who looks after such a victim of sin: namely, Saint Jude.

Is there any more evidence that he had the Saint in mind than that he was thinking of the German word? Unequivocally, there is such, and Professor Holland himself provides it by quoting from the very passage in Hardy's letter (20 November 1895) where he speaks of "Jude's reading the Greek testament" and then, in the same sentence, refers to "Jude the saint."[4] No doubt, then, Jude Fawley was named specifically after the writer of the Epistle; his Christian name, Jude, relates him to the Saint more than to Judaism or the German *Jude*. Of course, there were other *minor* influences too: for example, since the name is a shortened form of Judas, the betrayer of Christ (Judas Iscariot) is perhaps recalled in the murder and suicide committed by Little Father Time, especially since Hardy had thought of writing a story about a youth "who could not go to Oxford," of "His struggles and ultimate failure. Suicide" (both Paterson and Florence Hardy see an influence here, but the novelist himself later wrote that his finished work differed from his original conception); the monosyllabic name was doubtlessly associated with Job, quoted in the book; finally, there are the other more or less obscure Judes mentioned in the Bible (Jude Maccabaeus, Jude the Galilean, Jude of Damascus, and Jude called Barsabbas). That Hardy had principally Saint Jude in mind needs more proof than his allusion to "Jude the saint" (contrasted with "Jude the sinner") in a letter. There has to be internal as well as external evidence.

And there is such. Hardy's Jude is indeed the very kind of "hopeless case" who has need of the intercession of his true namesake. Thus it is written:

> Post-scriptural tradition asserts that Jude, the Apostle, preached in Mesopotamia and there suffered martyrdom. In time St. Jude came to be regarded as the special patron of "hopeless cases," possibly because it was felt that devotion to him had hitherto been neglected, through his having the same name as the traitor. A Little Office of St. Jude appeared and, in abbreviated form, the main prayer reads: "Most holy apostle, most faithful friend and servant of Jesus Christ, Judas Thaddeus, who . . . art invoked as the special advocate of those who are in trouble and almost without hope . . . pray for me. . . ."[5]

Among the allusions to Jude's reading "the New Testament in the original,"[6] to the fact that he limited his reading to the deuterocanonical "Epistles" (p. 36), is this: "It was Sunday afternoon, four-and-twenty hours after his meeting with Arabella Donn. During the whole bygone week he had been resolving to set this afternoon apart for a special purpose,—the re-reading of his Greek Testament—his new one, with better type than his old copy, following Griesbach's text as amended by numerous correctors, and with variorum readings in the margin. He was proud of the book, having obtained it by boldly writing to its London publisher, a thing he had never done before."[7] Griesbach's text includes Jude's letter. Hardy specifically refers to "the uncanonical books of the New Testament" (p. 244). When Jude asked Sue if she knew "of any good readable edition" of these books, including the Book of Jude, she replied: "I am not familiar with it now, though I was interested in it when my former friend was alive. Cowper's *Apocryphal Gospels*" (p. 244). Jude's response, "That sounds like what I want," underlines his conative relationship to the Saint bearing his name. Sue herself sees in Jude a potential saint and martyr, though she refers to St. Stephen (possibly because Hardy felt that her alluding to St. Jude would be too "neat"): "And sometimes you are St. Stephen, who, while they were stoning him, could see Heaven opened. O my poor friend and comrade, you'll suffer yet!" (p. 246).

There are references in the Book of Jude that apply to the novel. In the eighth verse, the dreamers referred to may be echoed in Sue's designating Jude a "dreamer of dreams" (p. 246), though the direct reference is to Joseph. The fact that references to the Last Judgment are evident in St. Jude's letter especially favors the probability of influence: "'Behold, the Lord has come with thousands of his holy ones to execute judgment upon all'" (14, 15); "the end of time" (18). Thus Father Time whispered, "It do seem like the Judgment Day!" (p. 391). Jude's

1. "'Jude the Obscure': Hardy's Symbolic Indictment of Christianity," *NCF*, IX (1954), pp. 50-60. He has other reasons, also, to be discussed in the pages following. That I strongly disagree with his argument does not mean, of course, that I have any less respect for him as a scholar.
2. *NCF*, XIV (1959), pp. 111-27.
3. "The Genesis of *Jude the Obscure*," *SP*, LVII (1960), p. 98.
4. See Holland, pp. 52-53, and Florence E. Hardy, *The Life of Thomas Hardy 1840-1928* (New York, 1962), pp. 272-73.
5. *The Saints: A Concise Biographical Dictionary*, ed. John Coulson, introd. C. C. Martindale, S.J. (New York, 1958), p. 278.
6. P. 27. All citations are to the Anniversary Edition of the *Works* (London and New York, 1895), Vol. III, which includes the significant 1912 "Postscript" to the original Preface.
7. P. 47. Quotations from the original edition of the New Testament published in 1775 by Dr. John James Griesbach were supplemented by the researches of Matthäi, Alter, Birch, *et al.*, in the Boston edition of 1830 used for this paper.

martyrological remarks ("this—is th' Martyrs'—burning place"; "I'm giving *my* body to be burned!"—pp. 454-455) invite further comparison with St. Jude's martyrdom.

Commenting on Fawley's final lamentation, Professor Holland argues that "despite his references to the New Testament, Jude returns with heavy irony to Job, cursing the hour of his birth (Job 3:3, 4, 11, 13, 18, 19, 20 . . .)";[8] however, there is no need to go all the way back to the older convenant when there is a reference to Job in the epistle of Jude's brother James (also in the Greek testament): "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful" (Griesbach ed., p. 437). Thus again a Christian overtone is present even though the outward cry appears to be one of despair. Furthermore, since Jude's demise ensues forthwith, his words may relate more to St. Jude's death than to Job's. But Holland seems most wrong-headed when he makes the following observation: "It has been noted above that Jewish or Old Testament imagery is associated with Jude. In addition to what has been mentioned, we may add: . . . he notices 'what a poor Christ he made.'"[9] Now, clearly Jude's recognition of himself as a "poor Christ" is no Old Testament image, for Christ had not appeared then. It is not surprising that some references to the older covenant prevail inasmuch as the Saviour announced later that He had come, not to deny the Law, but to fulfill it; and Jude's admission that he does not achieve Christ's ideals is not a rejection of the ideals themselves. What really lives in the novel is Jude as a kind of latter-day fallen-away saint, a failure yet (through the grace of God and the intercession of the saints in heaven, among them the hero's namesake) potentially redeemable. Thus George Herbert Clarke can write that "Hardy's spirit . . . is deeply religious"[10] and Joseph Warren Beach maintain that "in *Jude the Obscure* the guiding principle and source of interest are found in pitiless and searching truth."[11] In the end, it is Christ who is The Truth.

The skeptical reader might at this point present his accusal of special pleading. For is there any true salvation for Jude Fawley? Ward Hellstrom writes: "Hardy has prepared us for the destruction of Jude at the hands of Christminster just as he had prepared us for the destruction of Eustacia by the Heath. Jude's lifelong passion has been to enter Christminster. His whole life has been a continual thwarting of that desire. As he thirsts for water in his last hours, which he is denied, so had he thirsted all his life for knowledge. That he should die within sight of, but outside of, the walls of Christminster is the most esthetically satisfying end to his life. Christminster's final and ironically introduced rejection of him is not gratuitous cynicism; it is symbolic truth."[12] So be it: the novel is, in its way, a retributive tragedy in that Jude must pay for the sins he has committed. His extramarital relationship with Arabella reaps a harvest of sin in somewhat the same manner as, say, Gloucester's illegitimate son in *King Lear* occasions his downfall. Sue's awareness of this lurking evil is summed up in words again recalling, for the would-be skeptical reader, the martyr after whom Jude was presumably named: "How will . . . those legendary persons you call Saints—intercede for you after this?" (p. 199). But Sue is the only freethinker; the implications of her remark to Jude and to the reader are that, whether or not the Saints *will* intercede, they surely CAN.

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8. Holland, p. 57.
9. Holland, p. 54.
10. "Thomas Hardy," *The Dalhousie Review*, VIII (1928), p. 10.
11. *The Technique of Thomas Hardy* (New York, 1922), p. 218.
12. *Victorian Newsletter*, No. 25 (1964), p. 13. It is interesting, however, and may be more than coincidental, that Jude's anguished cries and subsequent thirst have a parallel in Jesus' "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (the acme of *la condition humaine* and furthest point to which His human nature could go, though even here interrelated with His divine nature since the words constitute a devotional recitation of a psalm) and "I thirst." If there is any irony here, there is also a gleam of hope.

A Note on Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came"

Victor Hoar

John Lindberg's "Grail Themes in Browning's 'Childe Roland'" (*VNL*, Fall, 1959) considered that enigmatic poem in terms of the materials of myth and ritual. Drawing in great part upon Jessie Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, Lindberg developed certain Grail motifs which had been introduced into the poem and found that "the imagery of chivalric quest both in the sources and in the poem is 'all bound together by a unified aura of feeling,' a thematic mood indifferent to the variations among the sources and searching out the common elements of folklore among them in a subconscious drive toward self-expression."[1] He concluded that the theme of "Childe Roland" is "the dare to outface and redeem the inscrutable evil of a society that has escaped from the control of the specifically human sanctions of nobility and good faith in men."[2]

Perceptive though it is, and certainly perceptivity in regard to this poem is long overdue, Lindberg's analysis fails to account for an arrangement of symbols and themes which dominate the poem. Furthermore, this arrangement can be discerned particularly with the assistance of Miss Weston's study of the Holy Grail. The symbols are the wasteland and the Dark Tower; the themes are, respectively, regeneration and initiation. The wasteland device is a characteristic of ancient vegetation rites as well as medieval quest narratives, while the Dark Tower or Perilous Chapel, essentially a creation of the quest narratives, is still the dramatization of a rite of initiation of an early Christian sect.[3]

In 1945, George Arms described the poem as a reply to Tennyson's conception of the chivalric hero in "Sir Galahad." "The one is romantic, sentimental, facing no real task; the other is realistic, emotionally secure, overcoming every difficulty, yet doubtful of the outcome and purpose."[4] Browning's hero is not in the tradition of the conventional questor. This is due, perhaps, to the poet's skeptical attitude toward the merits of a romantic, sentimental disposition. But it is due, also, to Browning's desire to give his character a peculiarly Victorian cast, one that would reflect the current apprehension of the twilight of civilization. Thus, the theme of regeneration would suggest the restoration of energy and values. The theme of initiation would propose the obstacles and rewards of such a revival.

After an introduction that establishes the despair and loss of hope that afflict Roland, that hero passes into the wasteland that lies between him and his destination. Blasted by some scornful force, forsaken by nature until the last judgment, the plain looms as a reminder of the failure of earlier questors.

Miss Weston cites the image of the wasteland as being central to an ancient and widespread rite in which the hero had to satisfy certain tests in order to restore the health of the king of the land. Frequently coincident with the decline of the king was the ruin of the land. Once the ruler was restored, the land became fruitful again. Miss Weston conceives of the Grail legends as reviving this pattern. Frequently, the knights had to ask certain questions concerned with the location of the vessel or the identity of its user. Sometimes, by neglecting to ask the question, the knight caused a blight to come to the land. This variation is noted in the *Percival* of Chrétien de Troyes, in *Peredur* and in *Perlevaus*, all quest narratives.[5]

Nothing is so apparent in "Childe Roland" as is the great need for the regeneration of the land. Its presence in the poem is not incidental. The wasteland is as much a challenge as the tower; it can have a corroding effect on the morale of the hero; it can deter him from his mission. But even more important than the physical or emotional threats is the value that the plain has as a symbol of hopelessness and arrested energy. In any age, in any land, a wasteland signifies sterility. In primitive societies, the wasteland represented the decline of the earth's generative powers. In Christian lore, the scene has come to signify the decline of man's spirit.

The relics that Roland encounters are details of ruin. The crippled horse, perhaps, is intended to announce the breakdown of the chivalric manner which had been so dependent on the courage and splendor of the war-mounts. The ghastly engine of war, the trampled battlefield challenge the hero's discipline and sanity. Roland comes to a horrible river which he proceeds to ford though the "wraith of the black eddy" is shocking. Plagued by fears of stepping on drowned men, Roland navigates the crossing with his lance held in front "to seek out hollows." Once he thinks he has speared a water rat, "But, ugh, it sounded like a baby's shriek." Though the Lance has long been associated with the Grail in Christian art, it properly belongs with those other artifacts found at the final affliction of Christ: the Cross, the Nails, the Sponge, and the Crown of Thorns. When Roland stabs the water rat and imagines the cry of a baby, he is, perhaps, figuratively striking down innocence. Nowhere in the poem does the hero seem to draw on a religious zeal for the will to endure. His quest, by this time, seems to be sustained by a sturdy reliance on his soldier's skills and by a simple devotion to the memory of his predecessors, a devotion that seems to prevail in spite of the horror felt at their end. In this scene, Roland especially represents a modern unheroic hero.

Immediately following the encounter with "Appolyon's bosom-friend," Roland becomes aware that the plain has begun to swell into great mountains which quickly shape themselves into landmarks. Before him lies the Dark Tower. Lining the ridges above him wait the ghosts of the lost adventurers. They wait, as Roland says, "to view the last of me." And yet, his horn to his lips, he comes to the tower.

The components of his final scene are not features of a Grail castle adventure as Lindberg has determined, but rather they are indigenous to another chapter in the saga of that chalice, the adventure at the Perilous Chapel and the Perilous Cemetery. Lindberg says first that the tower is the Grail shrine without the Grail. But later he declares it to be the Perilous Chapel.[6] It cannot be both. It is the Perilous Chapel. The chapel contains some manifestation of the Devil which the hero must engage. Both Gawain and Perceval meet such a test in various accounts of their exploits. In *Perlevaus*, the danger is centered in a cemetery near the chapel which is surrounded by the ghosts of knights slain and buried in unconsecrated ground. Such an episode also appeared in the prose *Lancelot* and in one section of *Perceval*.[7]

Miss Weston is of the opinion that the Chapel Perilous adventures were "in confused and contaminated form" actually the remnants of a tradition involving the test of fitness for initiation into the "mysteries of generation i.e. of physical life." The Naassene document belonging to a second-century Christian sect which is her source describes a rite comprised of two initiations, the first and lower being a contact with physical life and death, the second and higher initiation consummating a contact with God. The Perilous Chapel episode signified the

1. John Lindberg, "Grail Themes in Browning's 'Childe Roland,'" *Victorian Newsletter*, No. 16 (Fall, 1959), p. 28.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
3. Jessie Weston, *From Ritual to Romance* (Garden City, 1957), pp. 149-63, pp. 175-88.
4. George Arms, "'Childe Roland' and 'Sir Galahad,'" *CE*, VI (February, 1945), pp. 258-62.
5. Weston, pp. 12-24.
6. Lindberg, p. 29.
7. Weston, pp. 175-88.

lower ceremony, and presumably the discovery of the Grail represented the completion of the higher.[8] Miss Weston has explained the joining of the two themes in the context of the Naassene rite:

> The exoteric side of the cult gives us the Human, the folk-lore, elements—the Suffering King, the Wasteland, the effect upon the Folk, the task that lies before the hero, the group of Grail symbols. The Esoteric side provides us with the Mystic Meal, the Food of Life, connected in some mysterious way with a Vessel which is the center of the cult. . . . a double initiation into the source of lower and higher spheres of Life; the ultimate proof of the successful issue of the final test in the restoration of the king.[9]

Suffice it to say that at the time of the resurrection of these ceremonies in the early Middle Ages, the most obvious participants were King Arthur's knights, already established as popular heroes.

The hero described by Browning is not the Grail hero. There is no reason to assume that Roland is the only one who would or could succeed to the tower and meet the challenge that waits there. Indeed, there is no reason to assume that Roland will endure the trial. He must pass a series of tests; he has not yet passed them all as he clears the wasteland. He is a young, relatively untried man; he may not even, as yet, be a knight. But he is brave, and it is this virtue that Browning seems to be recommending to his own age.

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8. *Ibid.*, pp. 149-63.

9. *Ibid.*, pp. 158-59.

Religion, Art, and the Poet

Arthur F. Beringause

Although *To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster* is most characteristic of Francis Thompson, derelict man and desponding poet, very little critical attention has been given it. Here, as in *The Hound of Heaven*, Thompson's desire to be the poet of England's return to God conflicts sharply with his sense of guilt and his obsession with sensuality. As in *The Poppy*, another indicative poem, Thompson is concerned with one of his driving themes, the ultimate worth of poetry and the fate of the poet whose art has condemned him to spiritual revelation through earthly values exclusively.

Written in 1892 at the request of Wilfrid Meynell for an elegy on Henry Manning, *To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster* has never ceased puzzling readers because it dismisses the memorial aspect in a few lines and hurries on to "press / A private business." However, the third, sixth, and seventh stanzas of the original version—now suppressed—supply needed clues. Thompson could not bear the company of the ascetic churchman, Cardinal Manning. They had met in January 1851 after the poet had advocated creation of a Catholic Salvation Army. Invited to return to the Cardinal's quarters for further consultation, Thompson stayed away. He explains why in the suppressed portions of the elegy:

> Your singer did not come
> Back to that stern, bare home:
> He knew
> Himself and you.

Paradoxically, it is precisely because of his dislike that Thompson is pressing a private business instead of continuing with a formal elegy. The Cardinal was an ascetic who despite the fact that he had "all the world for cell" did not succumb to the temptations of the flesh. Thompson, just the opposite, is an artist—a slave to sensuality. While it is true that Thompson has written neither "for gold" nor for "The loud / Shout of the crowd," he has allowed himself to be driven by "The impitiable Daemon, / Beauty." Have Thompson's artistic impulses led him to hell? He feels guilt at the possibility of having neglected God's service.

And so the poet begs the Cardinal, who is now in heaven, to intercede with "The hosts angelical" by explaining that Thompson was "stricken from his birth / With curse / Of destinate verse." Like the Cardinal, but after his own fashion, the poet had dedicated himself to a vocation and served God. The churchman is to plead that the poet—precisely because he is an artist—"measureth world's pleasure / World's ease, as Saints might measure. . . ." If the angels convey "The secret terrible" of Thompson's fate to the Cardinal, Manning is to advise Thompson whether to renounce the world's beauty and become an anchorite. "Tell!" the poet begs, "Lest my feet walk hell."

Despite its defects (excisions, clipped lines, staccato rhythms, strained images, and imperfectly developed symbols), *To the Dead Cardinal of Westminstar* stirs the reader to full comprehension of the despair and anguish in Francis Thompson's heart. The poem conveys the cry of a soul enmeshed in the conflict of flesh and spirit, dreading the final judgment on a man so devoted to the sensuous art of poetry.

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Henry James to Stopford Brooke: An Unpublished Letter

Fred L. Standley

A week after Henry James died on February 28, 1916, Stopford Brooke noted in his diary: "Henry James is dead—a great loss to us and France, but not to the U. States to which he did not really belong . . . I did not know Henry James well, I could not claim him as a friend, but I met him in society and he used to come and see me in Manchester Square."[1] Sir Frederick Wedmore, a friend of Brooke and frequent guest in his London home, attested to the fact that James occasionally called upon Brooke as also did Holman Hunt, William Morris, and Burne-Jones.[2] Although James and Brooke were not intimate friends and the circumstances whereby they first became acquainted remain unknown, the relationship between the two was apparently cordial.

On January 21, 1875, James published in *The Nation* a review of Brooke's *Theology in the English Poets* which was complimentary but emphasized the one-sided nature of the latter's critical method: "he rather too readily forgives a poor verse on the plea of a fine thought."[3] That James thought well of Brooke's literary acumen, however, is demonstrated by the presentation in 1887, to his novelist friend, Constance Fenimore Woolson, of an inscribed edition of Shelley's poetry which had been selected, arranged, and prefaced by Brooke.[4]

While attending a social engagement at the home of Mrs. Blanche Crackanthorpe, on February 16, 1884, Brooke suggested to James two "little ideas" for stories. One of them was later used by James as the basis for his novel, *The Sacred Fount*.[5] Mrs. Crackanthorpe, author of "Revolt of the Daughters" and "Sex in Modern Literature" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and mother of Hubert M. Crackanthorpe, the essayist and writer of short stories, often entertained such persons as James, Brooke, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith.[6] In 1897 when *Last Studies* by Hubert Crackanthorpe appeared posthumously, the volume contained a prose essay, "An Appreciation," by James and a "Memorial Poem" by Brooke.[7]

Both James and Brooke were inveterate travelers and made numerous excursions on the continent, particularly in Italy. Frequently, they recorded in letters their general impressions of a specific journey that had been taken. On one occasion after a summer's sojourn in Italy, James wrote to Brooke and described in detail a portion of the trip.[8]

> *August 16th*
> 34, DeVere Garden, W.
>
> Dear Stopford Brooke,
>
> Especially now that I am back (within a few days) from Vallombrosa & that the whole land of Italy becomes as it doubly does, always, under these circumstances, a land of fable and romance walled off by the Alps from our hard northern world,—I especially now, as I say, want to reassure you about the said Vallombrosa and to say that, (except that the nights might be rather too cool,) I should think it wd. be very blessed in September. It isn't "spoiled" in the least; the strad carrozzabile hasn't corrupted it, the "big hotel" is very small and the little dependance of the same—the Paradismo, about 12 minutes' roughish walk higher up is *the* place to stay. It has a charming terrace which is a wonderful place to sit in the morning and the evening (when the evening is warm). At the Albergo Centrale, Via Condotta, Florence, you get all information. I wish indeed, I were there, to give it to you on the spot. *Don't answer this*—I only wanted not to leave you under illusions injurious to a spot most dear, to yours ever
>
> Henry James

Although an exact date cannot be assigned to the letter, the value of the correspondence cannot be minimized. The letter reveals a prevalent attitude of James about Italy and England. It shows the author's ability to recall the minute details of his experience. It portrays his willingness to offer suggestions about accommodations to an acquaintance who is preparing to embark on a similar trip.

Apparently, Brooke heeded the expressed command, for there is no evidence that he answered the letter.

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1. L. P. Jacks, *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke* (London, 1917), II, p. 672.
2. *Ibid.*, II, p. 419.
3. Henry James, "Theology in the English Poets," *The Nation*, XX (January 21, 1875), p. 41. Brooke's volume was published in London during 1874.
4. Leon Edel, *Henry James: The Middle Years, 1882-1895* (New York, 1962), pp. 202-3. Brooke's *Poems from Shelley* was first published in London, 1880, and subsequently went through several editions.
5. F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock, eds. *The Notebooks of Henry James* (New York, 1942), pp. 150-51, 275, 292.
6. Katherine L. Mix, *A Study in Yellow: The 'Yellow Book' and Its Contributors* (Lawrence, Kansas, 1960), p. 33.
7. Hubert M. Crackanthorpe, *Last Studies*, With a Memorial Poem by Stopford A. Brooke and An Appreciation by Henry James (London, 1897).
8. The original letter, undated, is located in the Yale University Library and has been reproduced with permission.

Carlyle, Jeffrey, and the "Helotage" Chapter of *Sartor Resartus*

Alvan S. Ryan

The chapter entitled "Helotage" (Book III, Chapter IV) is an interesting example of Carlyle's lapses in handling the fictional element in *Sartor,* and perhaps the most serious one. The chapter, only four and a half pages long, begins thus:

> At this point we determine on adverting shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population;* which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces.* Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it.[1]

Then we are told by the Editor that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus and that his zeal "almost literally eats him up." The remaining four pages of the chapter are entirely devoted to Teufelsdröckh's highly critical and at times savagely ironical marginal notes on the tract. As for the tract itself, we learn nothing of its contents except by implication.

Now what the reader has learned about Heuschrecke up to this point makes his Malthusianism surprising, to say the least. In fact, we feel that the Malthusian tract is singularly out of character. The first glimpse we have of Heuschrecke is of one who plays a kind of Wagner to Teufelsdröckh's Faust. He is a disciple, but not an especially brilliant one. The Editor refers to him as "our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo" and paraphrases the first letter from Heuschrecke as dilating "on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume."[2] In a later passage, the Editor presents a two-page sketch of Heuschrecke's relationship to Teufelsdröckh. He begins by saying that Heuschrecke was the only other person he ever saw in Teufelsdröckh's study. To be sure, the description begins on a negative note and includes a comment on Heuschrecke by Teufelsdröckh, first in German and then in translation: "He has heart and talent, at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed."[3] But then the Editor stresses Heuschrecke's love of Teufelsdröckh and says "he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson."[4] He looked on Teufelsdröckh as "a living oracle" at at every utterance of the Professor he would give his "heartiest approval," either with a chuckle or with a *"Bravo! Das glaub' ich."*[5] Not only is there nothing here to indicate any fundamental disagreement between Heuschrecke and Teufelsdröckh; the emphasis throughout the passage is on hero-worshipping discipleship.

In the next few chapters the Editor begins to sketch out the lineaments of Teufelsdröckh's clothes philosophy, while he waits for the biographical documents promised by Herr Heuschrecke. He emphasizes especially that "our Professor" is "a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge,"[6] a point which is of considerable importance in relation to the alleged Malthusianism of Heuschrecke. Finally Heuschrecke sends the documents in "six considerable PAPER-BAGS"[7] and with them "a too long-winded Letter."[8] Long-winded the letter may be, but in style it is worthy of Teufelsdröckh himself, as the Editor acknowledges. More important, Carlyle puts into the mouth of Herr Heuschrecke his favorite doctrine that a writer's work cannot be understood apart from his life. Everything in the letter, both in tone and thought, shows Heuschrecke to be in complete agreement with Teufelsdröckh.

After this we hear no more of Herr Heuschrecke until in Book III we encounter the chapter called "Helotage." Now, after all we have heard about Heuschrecke's discipleship to Teufelsdröckh, we suddenly discover that he is also a disciple of Malthus, and has written a Malthusian tract on population. Even more implausible is the fact that Teufelsdröckh should first write a long note on the cover of Heuschrecke's tract, and then should cover the margins with notes refuting his disciple's entire scheme. Nothing prepares us for the contrast here made between Teufelsdröckh as a "speculative Radical" and Heuschrecke's "deadly fear of Population."[9] However formalized or stylized the fictional device of *Sartor* may be, Carlyle does preserve a consistency elsewhere that he loses in this chapter. It is as though Carlyle momentarily decided to sacrifice consistency in order to make an attack on Malthusianism through the mouth of Teufelsdröckh. As Teufelsdröckh's antagonist, Carlyle selects the character who, next to the Editor himself, is pictured elsewhere in *Sartor* as in closest rapport with Teufelsdröckh's entire philosophy, and simply foists on him this Malthusian tract.

How can we account for this somewhat awkwardly introduced chapter? Both James Anthony Froude, in his *Thomas Carlyle,* and David Alec Wilson, in his *Life of Thomas Carlyle,* emphasize the fact that just when Carlyle was beginning, in September, 1830, to work on the "Thoughts on Clothes" that later developed into *Sartor Resartus,* Francis Jeffrey arrived at Craigenputtock for a week's visit. There were more than the usual disagreements, especially over Carlyle's rapidly intensifying social and political radicalism, and a spirited debate between the two was carried over into their letters. Froude even sees the visit as crucial in the friendship of Carlyle and Jeffrey, and says that Jeffrey, "A Whig of the Whigs," cooled in his esteem for Carlyle from this time on.[10] And what is most relevant here, both Froude and Wilson interpret the chapter called "Helotage" as Carlyle's answer to Jeffrey.

If we examine Jeffrey's long letter to Carlyle of November 13, 1830, which Froude and Wilson cite as their principal evidence for the theory that "Helotage" is a criticism of Jeffrey's Malthusian views, we note that:

1) Jeffrey attacks Carlyle's radicalism, i.e., his defense of human rights against property rights, and stresses his own "horror of radicalism."

2) Jeffrey goes so far as to say "that the greater portion of all societies *must* be always on the brink of extreme poverty and waging a hard battle with all sorts of fears and sufferings."

3) in the following key passage of the letter, Jeffrey expresses what is called in "Helotage" a "deadly fear of Population." "But it is their (the poor classes') very wants and urgent necessities which first roused the spirit of invention and improvement—and it is only—as it would appear—by their fears and miseries that their multiplication to a still more frightful extent is prevented. If men could have lived merely by breathing, and required neither clothes, house, nor any other accommodation, I take it to be quite certain first that they would very soon have multiplied till they had not room to lie down on the surface of the earth, and second that they would have so lived and propagated in as brutish a state as the very lowest of the animal creation."[11]

Unlike Wilson, who quotes the letter, Froude is content merely to summarize. But after doing so, Froude writes: "Jeffrey was a Malthusian. He had a horror and dread of over-population. 'Sartor' answers him with a scorn which recalls Swift's famous suggestion of a remedy for the distresses of Ireland."[12] Such an interpretation ignores, of course, the fictive element of *Sartor,* and simply views the book as an essay, but if Froude is correct in saying that Carlyle is answering Jeffrey, he at least furnishes a possible key to a basic inconsistency in the fictional relation between Heuschrecke and Teufelsdröckh. It is certain that, in contrast to the relation between the two fictional characters, the disagreements between Carlyle and Jeffrey at this time, as the letters and journals make clear, were not even confined to social and economic matters, and far less confined to the pros and cons of the doctrine of Malthus. Jeffrey criticizes Carlyle for his whole response to experience, for his impatience and truculence, for his assumption of the prophet's mantle. By the same token, Jeffrey's Malthusianism, if it can be called such, was part of a consistent point of view. On the other hand, up to the chapter on "Helotage," Heuschrecke had been presented as a devotee of that very "Clothes-philosophy" which Jeffrey would dismiss as sheer mysticism. In fact, as early as 1828, after Carlyle had restored in the proofsheets of the Burns essay a few sentences on clothes which Jeffrey had cut, Jeffrey wrote back as follows:

> How can you dream of restoring such a word as FRAGMENTARY, or that very simple and well used joke of the clothes making the man and the tailor being a creator? It was condescension enough to employ such ornaments at first, but it is inconceivable to me that anybody should stoop to pick them up and stitch them on again, when they had once been stripped off.[13]

If, then, Carlyle is "answering" Jeffrey in this chapter on "Helotage," he does so by putting Teufelsdröckh against his own disciple, and by making Heuschrecke at once a Malthusian (to use the term loosely) and a transcendentalist. By contrast, the debate between Carlyle and Jeffrey over human rights and property rights makes sense as part of their larger disagreements.

There is, finally, one other bit of evidence to show that "Helotage" is curiously inconsistent with the fictional unity of *Sartor.*

In Book III the Editor turns from the autobiographical documents of Teufelsdröckh back to the volume on clothes with which Book I is concerned. Each of the first three chapters of Book III is supposedly based upon a chapter of Teufelsdröckh's Clothes-Volume. Throughout Book III,

1. *Sartor Resartus,* ed. C. F. Harrold (New York, 1937), p. 226. Henceforth referred to simply as *Sartor.*
2. *Sartor,* p. 11.
3. *Sartor,* pp. 25-26.
4. *Sartor,* p. 26.
5. *Sartor,* p. 26.
6. *Sartor,* p. 63.
7. *Sartor,* p. 77.
8. *Sartor,* p. 75.
9. *Sartor,* p. 227.

10. James Anthony Froude, *Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of His Life,* 2 vols., (London, 1896), II, pp. 135-36.
11. David Alec Wilson, *Life of Thomas Carlyle,* 6 vols. (London, 1923-34), II, p. 186.
12. Froude, *Carlyle,* II, p. 139.
13. Wilson, *Carlyle,* II, p. 73. Wilson italicizes the entire passage.

in fact, the Editor is selecting, at times giving an entire chapter, at other times only what strike him as the most revealing passages.

Chapter I, "Incident in Modern History," is based on Teufelsdröckh's chapter called "Perfectibility of Society."[14] For Chapter II, the Editor not only retains Teufelsdröckh's chapter title, "Church-Clothes," but tells us at the outset that since it is "the shortest in the Volume" he translates it "entire."[15] Chapter III, "Symbols," is likewise based on a chapter or section of Teufelsdröckh's volume, though the Editor says that "to state his whole doctrine indeed were beyond our compass . . . ."[16] But for Chapter IV, "Helotage," as we have already noticed, the Editor returns to the autobiographical documents where, "stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*," he finds Heuschrecke's tract covered with Teufelsdröckh's gloss. For the Editor thus to turn momentarily from the Clothes Volume back to the autobiographical documents is probable enough, in spite of his having told us at the end of Book II that he was putting them aside. But when he opens Chapter V, "The Phoenix," with these words: "Putting which four singular Chapters together, . . ."[17] we are puzzled. The Editor has not given us "four singular Chapters" of Teufelsdröckh's book, either in whole or in part, but three chapters, the fourth having come from the autobiographical documents. Granted that this is a very minor oversight on Carlyle's part in managing his fictional framework, it is more significant than would be a similar lapse in a novel. It serves to corroborate the evidence I have already given for concluding that the whole notion of Heuschrecke's tract and Teufelsdröckh's gloss on it had little organic relation to the larger plan of *Sartor*. It is probable that Teufelsdröckh's "prophesying" (and, we might add, Carlyle's) in this chapter takes over so completely that Carlyle forgets where, according to the fiction, it is supposed to have come from.

This examination of the "Helotage" chapter could be pursued further into the question of why Heuschrecke left the copiously glossed tract in the bag *Pisces* in the first place. What we know of him makes it unlikely that he would send so sharp an attack on his ideas to the English Editor, and thus risk having his chastisement at the hands of his beloved Professor made public. But to ask such questions is to strain at gnats after swallowing camels. The manner of introducing the "Helotage" chapter is evidence of how subjective a book *Sartor* really is. We know that many passages put into Teufelsdröckh's mouth can be found almost verbatim in the journals. And in reading Carlyle's letters to his brother John after the completion of *Sartor* we notice that Carlyle exhorts his brother to be courageous in adversity by quoting the very words of Teufelsdröckh as expressing his own deepest conviction. In short, there is much additional evidence to show that the fictive, the expository, and the confessional aspects of *Sartor* are not fully harmonized, and at times, as in the present instance, come into sharp conflict.

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14. See *Sartor*, p. 212.
15. *Sartor*, p. 213.
16. *Sartor*, p. 217.
17. *Sartor*, p. 231.

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English X News

Committee News

• Chairman John T. Fain announced that the following officers were elected at the 1964 meeting: Wendell Stacy Johnson, 1966 Secretary; Kenneth Knickerbocker and Michael Wolff, Advisory and Nominating Committee Members, 1966-67; Martin Svaglic, 1965 Program Chairman. He also invited suggestions for an editor for the proposed volume of non-fiction prose. Some changes, directed toward more flexibility in electing future chairmen and secretaries of the group, have been proposed.

Information and Requests for Help

• John M. Robson, Associate Editor of the *Collected Works of J. S. Mill* and Professor at Victoria College, Toronto, Canada, is considering publication of a *Mill Newsletter*. It would contain news of new and forthcoming books, work in progress, notes and queries, and reviews. Attention would be given to related matters—for example, the Bentham edition, late-nineteenth-century utilitarianism, the Chadwick papers, and so forth. Another useful feature might be a cumulative and continuing bibliography of writings on Mill. Two or more issues a year are contemplated. Professor Robson is interested in receiving any news, including work underway, recent publications, queries, and so forth.

• Professors Karl Beckson and John M. Munro, of the University of Toronto, are editing the letters of Arthur Symons and would appreciate aid in locating material.

• Mr. Gordon Pitts, Editor of *Victorian Poetry*, advises that preparations for an edition of Browning are underway at Ohio University Press. The text, including the prose, will appear in seven volumes and will record chief variants. Notes and annotations will be issued separately for convenience of use and to facilitate updating. The work is under the general editorship of Roma A. King, Jr., the other editors to be Park Honan, Morse Peckham, and Gordon Pitts.

• *Images of Eternity*, by Professor James Benziger, is now available in paperback from Southern Illinois University Press, at $2.25.

• Mrs. Monica Mannheimer, Hackspettsgatan 21, Gothenburg S. Sweden, is interested in ascertaining information about Meredith: what works were published in 1964 and 1965, what research on Meredith was in progress 1963-65, Meredithian dissertations?

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