The Victorian Newsletter

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**The Victorian Newsletter**

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**The Martyr Clown: Oscar Wilde in *De Profundis***

**Joseph Butwin**

After eighteen months of his two-year prison term, Oscar Wilde composed an apologia in the form of a long letter to Lord Alfred Douglas, the cause of all his troubles. The letter was later published as *De Profundis*. While working on the letter to Douglas, Wilde confided in his friend More Adey:

> It is the most important letter of my life, as it will deal ultimately with my future mental attitude towards life, with the way in which I desire to meet the world again, with the development of my character: with what I have lost, what I have learned, and what I hope to arrive at. At last I see a real goal towards which my soul can go simply, naturally, and rightly. . . . My whole life depends on it. (p. 419)

In effect, he recreates himself. In order to do this he appeals to what may seem to be unlikely models—in one breath he shares the character of Christ; in the next he becomes a ridiculous clown. In one case he would appear to elevate himself in a shawny way; in the other he seems to degrade himself. It is not immediately clear that either comparison would glorify the condition of the exiled prisoner. One claim confirms his pride; the other, his folly. For most people both of these had been made sufficiently clear by his trials.

In fact, Wilde's comparisons are not outlandish. His Christ is the very type of the romantic artist and the aesthetic gentleman, and the debilitated dandy of the prison years fits the figure of the pathetic clown that was becoming familiar in the visual, literary, and theatrical arts. Quite independently of Wilde several painters. James Ensor some-

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1. On his release from prison Wilde gave the letter to Robert Ross intending that the original manuscript be sent to Douglas after two copies had been typed. It appears that Ross kept the manuscript and sent a typewritten copy to Douglas (though he denied ever receiving it). In 1905 Ross published an abbreviated version of the letter under the title *De Profundis* rather than the Epistola: In Carceri et Fincis that Wilde had once suggested. A slightly expanded version was published in 1908, and in 1929 Wilde's son, Vyvyan Holland, published what appeared to be a complete text from one of the typescraps. But there had been mistakes and deletions in the typed copy, and a text printing of the letter awaited Rupert Hart-Davis' excellent edition of *The Letters of Oscar Wilde* (New York, 1963). David uses the original manuscript freed by the British Museums in 1959. All citations of *De Profundis* or of Wilde's other letters refer to this edition and appear in parentheses in my text.

2. The word clown appears often enough in accounts of Wilde's life before the fall, and critics sometimes use the term to cover what they cannot take seriously in their subject. In *The Paradox of Oscar Wilde* (New York, 1950) George Woodcock opposes the "aesthetic clown" to the "creative critic." The imprisoned Wilde has been spared the title of clown that is generally considered abusive and in this case unfair. But it is precisely in prison that he begins to use it for himself. G. Wilson Knight ("The Christian Renaissance" (New York, 1962) solemnly demonstrates Wilde's "Christian affinities" right down to his "Byronic love of children," and he recognizes the tragic form that both lives follow. However, Knight does not take up the self-conscious, theatrical, and ironic way in which Wilde adopts and adopts the identity of Christ. Critics have not pointed out the confession of the images of Christ and the clown in *De Profundis*.

3. In a deft and excellent study of poetry and painting, Jean Stamboulski ("Portait de l'artiste en satyre-bourgeois" [Geneva, 1971]) traces the image of the acrobatic clown from Gauzi, Baudelaire, and Busset into Rouault and Picasso. He describes the affinity between Christ and the clown in Rouault.
cells." Argument becomes incantation. "Sorrow, then, and all that it teaches one, is my new world... Sorrow is the ultimate type both in life and Art... Truth in Art is the unity of the thing with itself: the outward rendered expres-

sion of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body

instinct with spirit. For this reason there is no truth com-

parable to Sorrow" (pp. 472-73). The representative pris-

ioner becomes the Christian martyr, the Man of Sorrows.

In fact, he is talking about "truth in art" for he is also an

artist.

Among the few consolations allowed the prisoner during
the first half of his term had been what he calls "the four
prose-poems about Christ... the Gospels." In De

Pros.

Wilde does not wish to distinguish the way he talks
about art from the way he talks about the Christian re-

ligion. He has come to "see a far more intimate and

mediate connection between the true life of Christ and the

true life of the artist" (p. 476). More specifically, Wilde's

continual allusions to Christianity make the life of Christ

sound remarkably like his own. He lingers with what

should have been embarrassing irony on the betrayal, "the

false friend coming close to him so as to betray him with a

kiss," until the Last Supper begins to sound very much

like those affairs at the Café Royal that had been his own

undoing:

I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the

charm of his personality that his mere presence could

bring peace to souls in anguish... and those whose
dull unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death
rose as it were from the grave when he called them: or

that when he taught on the hillside the multitude

forgot their hunger and thirst and the cares of this

world, and that to his friends who listened to him as

he sat at meals his coarse food seemed delicate, and

the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole

house became full of the odour and sweetness of nard.

(pp. 478-79).

This creed has more in common with Wilde's own under-

graduate idolatry of Walter Pater than it does with the

"four prose poems." It is as if a reading of Pater's "Con-

viction" could raise Lazarus from aesthetic death, and

Wilde is clearly thinking of himself when he quietly re-

minds Douglas that the charm rather than the champagne

of his host should have been sufficient entertainment
during their fatal and expensive courtship. It should be
equally clear that Wilde is not making himself into a demigod;

he is only making Christ into an aesthetic gentleman.

The moment Wilde robs Christ of his divine powers, he

begins to talk about a man, a man of special powers, but

in every case human powers. Wilde describes the extensive

sympathies of the Man of Sorrows and accounts for them

in the same way he accounts for artistic creation: "the

very basis of his nature was the same as that of the

nature of the image, an intense and flamelike imagination." The

lessons taught by the example of both Christ and the artist

is "Whatever happens to another happens to oneself," and

should anyone ask you what such an inscription can pos-

sibly mean you can answer that it is the "true self of

Lord Christ and Shakespeare's brain." Christ, according to

Wilde, is the "true preserver of the romantic movement in

life" (pp. 476-77). The life of Christ, then, is only a model

for something more important, the life of the artist. And

in that life the moral function is itself only a model for

what must be superior functions of the imagination. When

Wilde associates the brain of Shakespeare with the capacity

to recognize the experience of other people as one's own,

he is adopting the doctrine of Hazlitt's lectures. Shoe-

ppear, according to Hazlitt, "was like the genius of human-

ity, changing places with all of us at pleasure, and playing

with our purposes as with his own... He had only to

think of anything in order to become that thing, with all

the circumstances belonging to it." Similarly, for Wilde's

Christ, "there was no difference at all between the lives of

others and one's own life. By this means he gave to man

an extended, a "Titan personality." (p. 480).

Wilde's preoccupation with the character of Christ is

more Shakespearean than Christian; that is, he is attracted

by the theatrical notion of making a personality. It is

theatrical rather than moral. The personality is close to

what the modern advertiser would call an image, a stature

that an artist or a politician adopts before his public. Wilde

becomes for himself the playwright, the player, and the

audience or, in comparable mercantile terms, the publicist,

the product, and the consumer.

Wilde describes a self-conscious, theatrical Christ who

creates an impressive image of himself: "Feeling with the

artistic nature of one to whom Sorrow and Suffering were

modes through which he could realize his conception of

the Beautiful, that an idea is of no value till it becomes

carnate and is made an image, he makes of himself the

image of the Man of Sorrows, and as such has fascinated

dominated Art as no Greek god ever succeeded in
doing" (p. 481). Sorrow ignites the artist's image-making

sense of the action; an intense and flamelike imagination. The

character is split between the creator and the self. It

is as if playwright and actor were to conspire within one

man to "realize" an abstract notion. In order to complete

the metaphorical division a third ingredient is added to

the action, an interest in the work of Art and the actor. A

spectator judges the performance. In The Picture of Dorian

Gray, Lord Henry Wotton devotes his protégé with a criticism

of life that Wilde would eventually apply to his own sad story:

It often happens that the real tragedies of life occur in

such an inarticulate manner that they hurt us by their

crude violence, their absolute incoherence, their absurd

want of meaning, their entire lack of style. They affect

us just as vulgarity affects us. Sometimes, however,

a tragedy that possesses artistic elements of beauty

crosses our lives. If these elements of beauty are real,

the whole thing merely appeals to our sense of dra-

matic effect. Suddenly we find that we are no longer

the actors, but the spectators of the play. Or rather

we are both. We watch ourselves, and the more spec-

tactle enthralls us.

Between the writing of Dorian Gray and De Profundis,

Wilde became a first-rate playwright, and once in prison he

was quick to recognize what bad theatre his own story had

become. While writing the long letter, he was preoccupied

with a classical sense of impurity in the drama that he was

forced to return in his memory.

I thought life was going to be a brilliant comedy, and

that we were to be one of many graceful figures in it.

I found it to be a revolting and repulsive tragedy,

and that the sinister occasion of the great catastrophe,

sinner in its concentration of aim and intensity of

narrowed will-power, stripped of that mask of joy and

pleasure by which you, no less than I, had been de
cieved and led astray." (p. 444)

At the same time he writes to Robert Ross:

No man of my position can fall into the mirr of life

without getting a great deal of pity from his inferior;

and I know that when plays last too long, spectators

tire. My tragedy has lasted far too long: its climax

is over, its two main characters are quite conscious

of the fact that when the end does come I shall return

an unwelcome visitor to a world that does not want

me: a recement, as the French say, as one whose face

is grey with long imprisonment and crooked with pain.

Horrible as are the dead when they rise from their

death, the living come out from tombs are more

horrible still." (p. 413)

He presents himself as a grotesque, living Lazarus,

a post-

tragic figure returning to the stage after everyone's sense of

an ending has been satisfied. He might like to be a tragic

hero, but his theatrical sense is too good. The barest notion

that he is a kind of Othello and Douglas an Iago trails off

with Jacobean extravagance into a mad face:

In all tragedies there is a grotesque element. [Douglas] is

the grotesque element in mine. Do not think I do not

blame myself. I curse myself night and day for my

folly in allowing him to dominate my life. If there

was a mistake in these three it would try to laugh:

and, indeed, even in their case it is against the

regulations for conduct: otherwise I think I would

laugh at them. It is part of the game. Douglas suppose that I

am crediting him with un-

worthy motives. He really had no motives at all. (p.

414)

Wilde sees that he had lived out a laughable tragedy, a

ghastly mixture of theatrical moods that his own Lord

Henry Wotton would have surely rejected. Reading Gaol

was to give him the image that would adequately express

his newly and painfully acquired knowledge that the more

fully realized life is an impure drama, a tragedy that pro-

vokes mad laughter. The sorrowful, martyred clown is the

image of that life. In De Profundis he describes the event

that prepared him to recognize the image:

I remember I used to say that I thought I could bear

a real tragedy if it came to me with purple pall and a

mask of noble sorrow, but that the dreadful thing about

modernity was that it put "Tragedy into the

rainbow."" And I have been true about actual life. It is said that

all martyrs

seemed mean to the looker-on. The nineteenth

century is no exception to the general rule.

Everything about my tragedy has been hideous, mean,

repellent, lacking in style. Our very dress makes us
grotesques. Our very clothes whose hearts are broken. We

are specially designed to appeal to the sense of humour. On

November 13th 1895 I was brought down here from London

from two o'clock till half-past two on that day I had to

stand on the centre platform of Clapham junction in

correct dress and handicapped, for the world to look at

I had been taken out of the Hospital Ward without

a moment's notice being given to me. Of all possible

objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw

me they laughed. Each train as it came up swelled the

audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was

of course before the time who I was as. As soon as they had

been informed, they laughed still more for. Half an hour I

stood there in the grey November rain surrounded by a

perring mob. For a year after that was done to me I went
every day at the same hour and for the same space of time.

Well, no, not they who returned. There was more regret

for the people who laughed than for myself. Of course when

they saw me I was not on my pedestal. I was in the


5. The Picture of Dorian Gray (New York, 1925), pp. 185-86.
Wilde was to carry his broken heart away from prison. His few new writings are expressions of sympathy for the outcast prisoners, and the image of the martyred clown dominates both his first letter to the editor of the Daily Chronicle and the “Ballad of Reading Gaol.” Wilde was moved to write the letter to the editor by the dismissal of the warder, Thomas Martin, who had been kind to him in prison and had more recently committed the humane crime of giving sweet biscuits to a child prisoner. In the letter Wilde moves from the treatment of Martin to the treatment of children to the treatment of the insane and those who become insane in prison. The suffering of prisoners in general is exemplified by the special case of a half-witted soldier named Prince.

Prince is not unique; he is a representative sufferer, an exaggerated version of what happens to all prisoners. “This young man struck me as being more than usually half-witted on account of his silly grin and idiotic laughter to himself.” In the exercise yard he “used to walk around crying or laughing.” The warders assume he is shamming madness and punish him for it; as a result of flogging his condition becomes worse:

I saw the poor fellow at exercise, his weak, ugly, wretched face blotted out by tears and hysteria almost beyond recognition. He walked in the centre ring along with the old convicts and the large people, so that I was able to observe him the whole time—grimacing like an ape, and making with his hands the most fantastic gestures, as though he was playing in the air on some invisible stringed instrument, or arranging and dealing counters in some curious game. All the while these hysterical tears, without which none of us ever saw him, were making runnels on his white swollen face. The hideous and deliberate grace of his gestures made him look like an idiot. He was living grotesque. (pp. 568-74)

Wilde reminds his audience that this particular cruelty is “inseparable from a cruel system.” For the many, Prince is a representative sufferer who seems to recognize the paths and ludicrousness of his own martyrdom with tears and laughter. Prince is, in effect, the saddest of clowns, another version of the image that Wilde made of himself in prison.

This image also presides over “The Ballad of Reading Gaol” which Wilde began a few weeks after his release and a few days after he composed the letter to the Daily Chronicle. The poem is written for the benefit of the victims described in the letter:

For they starve the little frightened child Till it weeps both night and day; (25)
And they scourge the weak, and fog the foot,
And give the old and gray,
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,
And none a word may say. (ll. 565-70)

And the prisoners at exercise are a group of grotesque clowns:

With slouch and swing around the ring
We trod the Fool’s Parade
And shaven head and feet of sand
Make a merry masquerade. (ll. 211-16)

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb
With crooked arrows starred... (ll. 435-34)

The “Ballad” tells the story of a specific victim, a soldier condemned to hang for the murder of his lover. This representative sufferer is associated with Christ; the ugly mud and sand on his grave reminds the prisoners “that God’s Son died for all.” And like Christ this martyry is subjected to ridicule:

They stripped him of his canvas clothes,
And gave him to the flies;
They mocked the swollen purple throat,
And the stark and staring eyes;
And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud
Upon the wretched man. (ll. 395-98)

This is one “whom Christ came down to save”

How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in? (ll. 617-18)

This, then, is the fate of the “banes of sorrow,” the “clowns with broken hearts.”

Wilde once said with what his enemies would call characteristic pomposity and imprecation, “I was one who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age” (p. 473). The basis for this relation was his somewhat labored individualism which frequently depended on conduct that would make enemies. The very phrase about his “symbolic relations” is calculated to separate him from the “age.” Many of his efforts at separation strike his judges as pompous, derivative, or just silly. His greatest enemies are often sincere defenders of individual liberty. To them Wilde is an apostate because he was willing to be many individuals and to put the characters on parade. He said many things that he did not believe or that his audience could not believe that he believed. The most common response by the straight men in his critical dialogues recurs throughout
On Some Aspects of the Comic in Great Expectations

Henri Talon

Critics have failed to do justice to the comic in Great Expectations in spite of its importance in close association with the "tragic"; for "the pivot on which the story turns, as Dickens wrote to John Forster, is "the grotesque tragic-comic conception that first encouraged me." "You will not have to complain," he added, "of the want of humour, as in the Tale of Two Cities." 11

My purpose in this paper is not to study all the aspects of the comic in the novel, but only the forms it assumes when Pip smiles at himself or when, making fun of others, his mockery reverberates upon him so that he is always in focus and appears sometimes a little ridiculous or blamable. Since Great Expectations is supposed to be an autobiography, Pip, as historian of his own life, gives the lie to Bergson who asserts that however "interested a dramatist may be in the comic features of human nature, he will hardly go, I imagine, to the extent of trying to discover his own. Besides, he would not find them; for we are never ridiculous except in some point that remains hidden from our consciousness." 12

Bergson is mistaken. To become aware and make fun of one's follies and other comic features is not unusual. At any rate, Pip often sees himself, as Voreck does, "in the true point of ridicule." The detachment that comic observation demands comes not only of the lapse of time but of the maturity and inner poise that the narrator has achieved at the time he is writing. Because he has outgrown his past errors he can speak about them. "The singular kind of quaint" with himself that he carried on for years is over and done with. He can well remember the feeling of guilt that long burdened his conscience, but he has forgiven himself. Without peace of mind, self-criticism gives rise not to laughter but to the wry smile of a grating irony that does not belong to the realms of comedy. Pip's clear-sighted sympathy for himself is a form of wisdom and gives him humor its distinctive quality. It is a question not of tenacity toward one's mistakes but of self-understanding.

In the Kritik der Urteilskraft, Kant says that laughter conveys a sense of physical well-being and health, and therefore is, like hope and sleep according to Voltaire, one of the favors bestowed on us by Heaven to counterweigh the many sorrows of life. As for Pip's self-mockery, it testifies to his health too — moral health, the integration of personality he has finally achieved. And thus his attitude qualifies Meredith's over-confident assertion that it is "unwholesome for men and women to see themselves as they are, if they are no better than they should be; and they will not, when they have improved in manners, care much to see themselves as they once were." 13

First and foremost, Pip's humorous self-portrait evinces his belated self-knowledge. He was ridiculous because of his illusions and comparative self-ignorance. As though wearing the ring of Gyges with reverse effect, he was invisible to himself. But as the narrator breaks that spell, he can smile.

The comic follows in the wake of the self-discovery. It is linked to the progress of memory and intelligence in search of truth. He smiles as he judges his past mistakes by his present practical and ethical standards. His self-criticism is that of a man who, after trial and suffering, has ordered his life and views past disorders in the perspective afforded by his moral and intellectual growth. And thus, whether humorous or ironical, the comic that Pip achieves at his own cost is a counterpoint to the tragic in his story. It is a comic that, as Meredith might have put it, smiles through the mind, for the mind directs it, but it is a mind listening to the heart. And thus, before he finds any serious mistakes to mock, the narrator, at once a little moved and very much amused, smiles at the harmless deceptions of innocence.

The first instance of this occurs early when he remembers how, wandering alone in the village churchyard, he derived an idea of what his parents were like from the inscriptions on their tombs, and to "five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine... I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on these backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in state of existence." (Ch. 1).

In this passage, the comic is inherent in the very vision of the child who is ignorant of the adult's criteria of knowledge. Here inequality hovers over the border-line of poetry. It is also the child's ignorance of our norms of judgment that calls the writer's smile as he remembers his fright at the convict's extravagant threats. We always laugh when we are made to realize how different the child's world is from ours. For instance, Pip remembers Mr. Hubble "with his legs extraordinarily wide apart: so that in my short days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane" (Ch. 4). No doubt Pip exaggerates a little, but he reminds us nonetheless that our ways of looking at things are not exclusive and normative as we tend to imagine with unconscious pretentiousness. Indeed, humor might well start reflections on cognitive processes that would make philosophers of us all!

Fun blends with emotion when Pip tells us what it meant to be "brought up by hand" by a shrew: "my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accoucheur Policeman had taken up (on my birthday) and delivered over to her, to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality and against the disavowing arguments of my best friends" (Ch. 4). The passage suggests why Dickens decided that his narrator would have to be a humorist. He must hasten to laugh so as not to feel pain as he turns his look toward the little brat who was constantly bullied by Mrs. Joe, Pumblechook, and other cruel fools.

Plato who was very much aware of the paradox in the comic experience that blends pleasure with pain, compared it to relieving an itch by scratching. But is this true? To scratch an itch causes rather than allays irritation, and Pip manages to rub old wounds without injuring himself anew.

The moment he begins to see the fun in a painful situation there disappear the saddens so often perceptible in his tone. So to imagine a policeman skilled in obstetrics and the child's birth as the result of a culpable stubbornness is very droll because the narrator, far from contradicting Mrs. Joe's point of view, writes as if he accepted it; he pretends to believe that the ways of nature are "unnatural," thereby laying emphasis on the abnormality of a woman who can wish a child dead as his sister did. Humor stresses the child's right to live and be loved.

The comic of Pip's lying to his bullies when he returns from his first visit to Satis House springs from his unexpected revenge upon them. It is always amusing to witness the overthrow of established, order in an unjust world. The physical incongruity in the defeat of strong and malicious grown-ups by a weak and presumably helpless little boy is made more funny by the moral corruption of his victory. This congruence, lying as it were at the core of incongruence, gives to the comic a truly happy resonance.

It is already amusing to see a teetotallingly plying with questions a child who had sharply rebuked when he presumed to ask the meaning of a word and other information.
shaking Pip's hands repeatedly, handling one's hat as if it were glass — do not make us forget action, in this case a visit to London prompted by faithfulness and affection. Let me quote Bergson once again: "Gesture slips out unaware, it is automatic. In action the entire person is engaged . . . and here is the essential point — action is in exact proportion to the feeling that inspires it: the one gradually passes into the other, so that we may allow our sympathy or our aversion to glide along the line running from feeling to action and become increasingly interested." 

If Pip laughed at the vanity and illusions of others with- out first laughing at his own, his mockery would not have the same amplitude. But his humour is, so to speak, both immanent and transcendent: on the one hand, it is an intimate process, the result of an inner dichotomy, the critical examination of the self in the past by the self in the present. On the other hand, it is directed outward, it opens up a perspective enabling us to survey, from afar and aloof, a vast human panorama and to perceive the kinship — through self-ignorance and pretentiousness — of characters who otherwise differ from one another. As Pip shows some of the amusing aspects of vanity and delusion, we are made to realize that they are innate, like egoism, and indeed more difficult to conquer.

Great Expectations exemplifies in its way, the three human illusions to which Socrates draws the attention of Protagoras in Plaikbas. First, he mentions those men "who believe themselves to be more wealthy than they are," then those who think they are taller and better-looking than is the case, and finally — and this is the larger group and the major delusion — "those whose ignorance concerns moral qualities and who believe that they are virtuous although they are not." Pip laughs good-naturedly at his vanity, rather sadly at some of his false beliefs, and not at all at his major illusions. His comic modulates from downright gaiety to amusement with melancholy overtones. Humor and irony have both a major and a minor key.

To expose and deflate the protagonist's pretension is both a question of clear-sightedness and verbal virtuosity. Two or three incisive words are enough to prick the swelling of the head as one would a balloon. Soon after learning about his great expectations, Pip affects philanthropy: "I promised myself that I would do something for [the villagers] one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast-beef and plum pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon everybody in the village" (Ch. 19).

The sudden shift from the elation of the host to the host's complicity is the more amusing because the modest ration of ale he is ready to supply sets off his superabound- ing patronage. But the humorous passage also reveals one of Pip's moral delusions. As he is fundamentally decent, he is always uneasy about his conduct, and must believe himself a better person than he is. There is something genuine in his ineffectual impulse of generosity, but even generosity can be turned into food for a boy's — or a man's — vanity. Here vanity is just beginning to appear for what it is all through the novel: scarcely a vice, yet capable of deposing character. Dickens' comic is the child of moral aspiration. It lauds not only at deviations from usual ethical and reasonable standards but occasionally at deviations from the ideal norms of Utopia.

Another instance of an amusing generous velicity is to be found when Pip pompously tells Biddy that he hopes "to remove Joe into a higher sphere." Again he is trying to relieve his guilty conscience through self-deceit. ("All other swindlers are nothing to self-swindlers" [Ch. 28])

But Biddy, who sees through him and is not to be taken in by fine words, replies that "Joe may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill." This is a shock to Pip's smugness and, losing all sense of ridicule, he puts on airs and looks like the picture of offended Virtue. He taunts Biddy with envy and "in a virtuous and superior tone," says he is sorry to see in him "a bad side of human nature" (Ch. 19). The comic lies at once in Pip's attitude and in his tone. Both are incongruous because Biddy is a friend and because she is right, as Pip knows at bottom and refuses to acknowledge. The same intellectual dishonesty is exposed and laughed at when, after his sister's death, Pip says to Biddy: "I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone." Silent at first, but requested to answer, Biddy utters such a dubious "Yes" that Pip gets angry. Again he betrays his mauvais foi through his "virtuously self-asserting manner" (Ch. 35).

This delightfully humorous scene helps us to qualify the narrator's earlier statement about self-swindlers. What distinguishes them from other swindlers is their bad luck. They never manage to deceive themselves for long convincingly. What honesty there still is in them at once urges them to self-deception and makes it impossible for them to succeed. The narrator realizes that to speak the truth is, after all, both easier and better. Humorously he reminds us of it, for one of the characteristics of the obvious is that we are only too apt to forget it.

Thus even the major delusion at Plato's view — the moral delusion — stars the narrator in the face, but he has too occasion to write about the second delusion on Plato's list, for Pip never thought of himself as more personable than
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he was; however he was naive and pretentious enough to believe that if the cowl does not make the monk, the tailor-made suit makes the gentleman and, moreover, is such an unmistakable sign of fortune that he who runs may see. Pip's illusions fit each other like nested tables.

But, as he mocks himself, the narrator is inevitably led to decide those who instilled erroneous ideas into him. Thus the comic enlarges its compass and satire becomes more severe. The narrator has set to himself and therefore keep Pip in focus, I only wish to show how, in scoffing at Pip’s elders, the narrator also makes the boy look slightly ridiculous. For instance, as we watch Mr. Trabb, the tailor, respectfully bending his body, opening his arms, touching the young gentleman’s elbows, in short, gesticulating like the flunky in a puppet-show, something like the image of a doll comes into our mind as we look at Pip himself. This is the harmless, amusing form of a theme whose development is mostly dramatic: the reification of human beings. “So, Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me in the parlour as if I were an estate and he the finest species of surveyor” (Ch. 19).

Pumblechook looks even more like an automaton, a piece of clockwork, the hypostrophically toady, a more ludicrous version of the caricatural tailor, as he shakes Pip’s hands again and again and, parrot-like, asks him repeatedly if he may. Pumblechook’s abjectness is repulsive as ever, but Pip is trivialized both by the mechanical handshake and by the faweeney he is powerless to check. Flattery envelopes both the flatterer and the person he flatters.

Because we can laugh at both Pumblechook and Pip at the same time, the comic of this scene leaves no bitter aftertaste. The selfish, hypocritical corn-chandler is badly mauled, while the swollen-headed but kind-hearted boy escapes practically uninjured. Vice is��iegested; human nature is spared.

As I have said before, Pip smiles occasionally at some of his major delusions with melancholy irony, but the great ironies of his life, those which express his vision of life, and therefore his philosophy, are among the tragic data Dickens alluded to in his letter to John Forster. They fall outside the scope of this paper, and I can examine only such ironies as still belong to the realm of the comic if only, as it were, to the march-hands of this realm.

Whether or not he has the heart to smile at his own illusions, Pip sees illusion as omnipresent in things human, and mostly in hope. Of hope, looked upon by so many as the inspiration of life, he might have said, like Bossuet in his "Eternity car l’Empénétrie finale", that it is a long chain which “we always drag along behind us.” When, commenting upon his first visit to Satis House, Pip compares man’s life to “a long chain of iron or gold, thorns or flowers,” repeating the disjunctive conjunction twice to emphasize the either/or character of Fate, then it is evident that he thinks his own iron chain was wrought in that mansion, because of the hopes it gave rise to and that he cherished so blindly and so long (Ch. 9). As for the reader, he may well smile as he becomes aware of another irony; it lies in the narrator’s partial misunderstanding of facts and, therefore, ultimate delusion: he still regards determinism as a steady flow that nothing can stop or turn aside, whereas his life will play a part in man’s fate and that life is not all iron or gold but rather a strand of both metals twisted together.

The narrator gives a faint smile when he tells Pip how 100,000 of Miss Havisham who, well-informed about his great expectations, makes game of him in order to hurt Sarah Pocket. All that we know about the reclus of Satis House and the mean and morbid enjoyment he betrays at the sight of her kinswoman’s jealousy, makes us uncomfortable. But, ironically, Pip who had often heard his sister and uncle declare that Miss Havisham would make his fortune — indeed he had already received some tokens of her friendship — could not but look upon her as his anonymous benefactor. Ironically, it was “natural” enough that a romantic, visionary boy should take a woman who looked like a witch for a fairy god-mother.

All this the narrator understands and smiles at, but the last irony of the scene is perceptible to the reader alone as he gets the impression that the middle-aged autobiographer is still puzzled by the boy he was and indeed is taken in by him, for he finds natural Pip’s gallantry which strikes the reader as childish play-acting. Indeed Pip must have fancied that he was behaving like “the young Knight of Romance” as he went down on his knees and put Miss Havisham’s hand to his lips.

But the narrator admirably conveys the irony of Fortune, the ambivalence of luck as experienced by the boy who, from the beginning, found more pain than pleasure in his great expectations, “feeling it very sorrowful and strange that the first night of my bright fortunes should be the loneliness I had ever known” (Ch. 18). Young Pip still wishes to attain the dazzling life he has so long yearned for, yet he is afraid of it, so that the future casts a shadow on the present. As a rule, hope is actually the harbinger of the present hour since it consists in thinking of time to come with delight. But, for Pip, hope is present anxiety unaware of what it fears. Of all this the narrator can smile for he remembers how his complacency still asserted itself even through his uneasiness. “I deemed myself out in my new clothes for their delight, and sat in my splendour until bed time” (Ch. 19).

He can also smile for an instant at the part he imagined he was destined to play both as Miss Havisham’s protégé and Estella’s lover, but his smile fades as he remembers the intensity of his love. Though he begins by deriding the young woman who fancied he meant to “restore the desolate house” and “do all the shining deeds of the Young Knight of Romance,” his tone suddenly becomes strident as he confesses: “I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be” (Ch. 29).

It is practically impossible for the narrator to speak of his love with light irony. He knows that it was excessive, but, even to himself, even after all these years, excess is the expression of a soul that burns more fiercely than others; unreason may be deplored, not laughed at.

However, he smiles happily at least once, on remembering how surprised he was when Herbert, to whom he had confessed his love for Estella, answered that he had always known about it. “How do you know it?” asked Pip, “I never told you.” Laughingly his friend exclaims: “Told me! You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have senses to perceive it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you. You brought your adoration and your portmanteau here together” (Ch. 30).

Thus is illustrated one of love’s harmless delusions that Martial sums up, tersely but with less fun, Dum tacet hanc loquirit.

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A Missing Childhood in Hard Times
Edward Harley

The facts about Hard Times seem plain enough but the critics cannot agree on their value as fancy. F. R. Leavis points to Dickens’ fanciful use of facts to achieve a notable moral purpose and so accounts for the book’s continuing popularity. The anti-Leavis critics argue that the facts are barren, the moral is simplistic, and the popularity is a fact created by Mr. Leavis.1 If this evaluative argument has reached a stand-off, then perhaps a new reading of the facts may provide a new basis for evaluation of the fancy.

In the novel’s terms, fact is equated with reality, reason, time, and adulthood. Fancy is equated with pleasure, the imagination, the timeless dream, and childhood. The two are mutually incompatible, destroying or excluding each other. Gradgrind, the fact man, “seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts and prepared to blow [the children] clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge.” He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.2 In fancy’s terms, he is an Ogre, “taking childhood captive” (I, iii, 7). Even without a Gradgrind, the reality of today tends to destroy fancy and childhood. In it, time, “the great manufacturer” (I, xiv, 69), forces children to grow up. Thus time is associated with fact and factories. “Time went on in Coketown like its own machinery: so much material went up, so much fuel consumed, so many powers worn out, so much money made” (I, xiv, 69). In the midst of this grim, real, adult world, the only comforts are the remnants of childhood. “The dreams of childhood — its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful, humane, imposible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should often sun themselves, simple and truthful, and not worldly-wise . . . “ (II, x, 151).

Thus like many of Dickens’ novels, Hard Times is about the danger of childhood being destroyed by adults and the world of reality they have created — a theme that appears as early as Oliver Twist. Accordingly, Dickena gives us the adult reality for everyone and the childhood histories for Sissy, Louisa, and Tom, with a manufactured childhood

1. George Ford and Sylvere Monod have provided a judicious sampling of the two views in their edition of Hard Times (New York, 1966). After a period in which the anti-Leavis critics, led by John Holloway, have dominated, the Leavisian position is again winning support. Robin Gilmour (“The Gradgrind School: Political Economy in the Classroom,” P.S. XI [1967], 207-24) argues, against Holloway, that Dickens did catch the spirit of a real and important "practical

2. W. H. Auden, "The Age of Anxiety," 2. This and all subsequent references to Hard Times are from the Ford and Monod text.
for Bounderby. But surprisingly we have no childhood for Stephen, his wife Rachael. If, as is usual in Dickens, the child is father to the man, this is particularly a problem with Stephen, since he is the novel’s "tragic" hero. He carries the heaviest of the adult burdens without the corresponding childhood dilemmas of the other characters. The measure of this bias might be taken by examining the other childhood histories in the novel. The problems of Sissy, Louisa, Tom, and Bounderby in turn will eventually provide a context within which to understand Stephen.

In Hard Times childhood is repressed and the children are without parents, both physically and literally. Sissy is abandoned by her father and when Gradgrind takes her in, it is to educate her out of her childhood, the world of fancy and the circus. As he says to her, "From this time you begin your history" (I, vii, 56). Sissy proves impervious to this indoctrination, apparently because her childhood had already fully developed. It makes her into a human being and late in the novel gives her powers and capacities no one else in Coketown enjoys.

But Louisa has never had a childhood. She says to her father, "You have been so careful of me, that I never had a child’s heart. You have trained me so well, that I never dreamed a child’s dream. You have dealt so wisely with me, father, from my cradle to this hour, that I never had a child’s belief or a child’s fear" (I, xv, 78). Louisa means to be a parallel to Sissy, with all her potential but repressed and undeveloped. "Yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression" (I, iii, 10). She is also analogues with Coketown, the social unit which has been repressed and allowed no fanciful development. Louisa draws the comparison for her father: "There seems to be nothing there but languid and monotonous smoke. Yet when the night comes, Fire bursts out, father!" (I, xv, 76).

The fire bursts forth in Louisa on the night Harthouse attempts the seduction. But before that the ember had glimmered in strange ways, masked and frustrated by repression. Her love and the love surrounding her is never direct, never whole. When she is twenty years old, she marries Bounderby, a man of fifty, closely associated with her father: "There seems to be nothing there but languid and monotonous smoke". Yet, Gradgrind says to Bounderby, "You are quite another father to Louisa, Sir" (I, vii, 34). But this marriage with the father figure is further twisted since it is made not for love of

father or Bounderby but because of love for Tom. He in turn uses her love for him to promote his narcissism, and finally Harthouse uses her love for Tom to make her love him. As Daniel P. Deeneau has pointed out, the climax of Louisa’s diverted love is not in the scene with Harthouse but the remarkable scene in Tom’s bedchamber in Book II, Chapter viii. The scene is explicitly sexual. "She knelt down beside it [Tom’s bed], passed her arm over his neck, and drew his face to hers. . . . She laid her head down on his pillow, and her hair flowed over him as if she would hide him from everyone but you, and she was here above, my dear, in the melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere one night, when even, if I am living then, shall have left you. As I am here beside you, barefoot, unclothed, undisguisable in darkness, so must I lie through all the night of my decay, until I am dust. . . . You may be certain," in the energy of her love she took him to her bosom as if he were a child, "that I will not reproach you." (II, viii, 145). The conversation is supposedly about the recent bank robbery, but the incestuous implications are overwhelming. Mr. Deeneau calls it a seduction scene, where Louisa wants to share "a secret about a dark matter, a not-to-be-revealed crime." As even Mr. Gradgrind comes to explain it, Louisa’s childhood qualities have been "a little perverted" (III, iii, 138). The fire of childhood has become the adult sexual passion, repressed, turned upon itself, perversely manipulated by everyone around her, directed toward a quasi-father, and most of all incestuously directed toward her brother.

Sissy’s childhood is developed, Louisa’s perverted, but Bounderby’s, energy and all, is annihilated and a fiction substituted. In effect Bounderby destroys his real mother and creates instead one who abandons him to a profligate and drunken grandmother, "the wickedest and worst old woman that ever lived" (I, iv, 12). Bounderby becomes an entirely self-made man, without any ties, debts, or love for his mother. Where he and Gradgrind destroy others’ young lives, Bounderby has tried to destroy his own childhood and thus made himself the most flagrant public hypocrite in the novel. In the eyes of the reader and the public he is almost no one, since the childhood and history out of which he created himself do not exist. But childhood cannot be repressed forever. The mother keeps returning, year after year. Unwittingly she is finally brought into the open and the child’s true feelings toward her are revealed.

Strangely, Bounderby provides the first link between these characters and Stephen. Like Bounderby, Stephen has no childhood and his wife is very similar to Bounderby’s


Secondly, Dickens argues that dreams do not substantially differ from person to person but have "a remarkable sameness in them," a point he repeats in an article written for "Household Words" in October 1852. There he comments that he, Queen Victoria, and "Winking Charley, a sturdy vagrant, in one of her Majesty's jails" may all have the same dream. Also, "it is probable that we have all three committed murders and hidden bodies."* Warrington Win ters comments, "Here he does indeed tell us that the virtuous may commit crimes while they sleep, and suffer for them...." Dickens therefore argues that dreams deal with universal human wishes, common to all men, and may include universal crimes, committed in imagination but still to be atoned for.

To reiterate the dream, then, let us bring together this information, the axiom the novel has established about the child-adult relationship, and the ways in which other child-adults work them out. The child has an immense and potent reservoir of energy, directed toward fanciful elaboration (as in the circus). If allowed scope up to, say, the age of seven (as in Sissy), it may tend to demand excellence, and achieve permanent and awesome exploits despite all that adult reality can do to prevent it. If, however, it is repressed, it may become twisted and turn in terror (as in Louisa) or narcissism (as in Tont), instead of outward to its normal object. Another alternative is to attempt to destroy one's own childhood altogether, as does Bounderby, but thereby one also destroys oneself. The childhood will inevitably return, nonetheless, and the child's wishes toward his mother will be revealed.

Stephen presumably also behaves according to these axioms and his dream tells us something about the unconscious motives behind his strange outward actions.

Stephen's waking energy, whose wellsprings must be from his childhood, is directed consciously toward attaining Rachael and unconsciously toward renewing an ideal marriage with his wife. Both are the dreams of youth since still seen Rachael as a young girl and the fantasy marriage takes place many years previous. Moreover, the two objects are essentially two poles of one object, since we saw the identification of Rachael and his wife as the Rachael-Leah pair, the combination of angel-demon, who together make up a whole personality. But in the dream the marriage evokes universal abhorrence and punishment by death, instead of apprehensions. The explanation is that the Rachael-Leah combination masks yet another desire that becomes apparent in the punishment it receives. As the condemnation is universal, so must be the sin. As the punishment is ultimate, so must be the sin. In other words, the sin is primal, in this case, incest. In desiring Rachael, Stephen idealizes her as a youthful angel, much as a child would idealize his mother. In desiring his wife, Stephen sees the other side to desire—an evil wish, which he carried out in fantasy when he married his wife.

For that primal sin of incest, even though merely imaginary, Stephen pictures himself condemned by the entire world to death by hanging from his loom, the symbol of the realistic, adult, Victorian society about him that damns the sinner. Like Sissy, Stephen has an immense reservoir of resentment, but the reservoir in Louisa and Tom, it has been repressed and perverted. Like Bounderby, he has tried to ignore it, but in the dream it returns to haunt and condemn him.

This reading of the dream makes Stephen's subsequent behavior intelligible and brings together in unity what is otherwise a divided novel.

Stephen returns to consciousness of his real environment “with this condemnation upon him; that he was never, in this world or the next, through all the unimaginable ages of eternity, to look on Rachael's face or hear her voice. Wandering to and fro, unceasingly, without hope, and in search of him knew not what (he only knew that he was doomed to seek it), he was the subject of a nameless, horrible dread, a mortal fear of one particular shape which everything took. Whatever he looked at, grew into that form sooner or later. The object of his miserable existence was to prevent its recognition by any one among the various people who encountered him. Hopeless labour! If he led them out of rooms where it was, if he shut up drawers and closets where it stood, if he drew the curious from places where he knew it to be secreted, and got them out into the streets, the very chimneys of the mills assumed that shape, and round them was the printed word!” (I, xii, 66). He cannot look on Rachael the real woman since this is forbidden. Thus he insists she is not a flesh and blood object but an angel, therefore not sensual and so safe. He goes into exile, wandering about, in fear of “a nameless, horrible dread,” the primal sin, which even now he cannot name, for its fruit is death. It must be concealed at all costs, though in his imagination it is apparent to everyone, it possesses him so thoroughly.

In the rest of the novel Dickens brilliantly portrays Stephen cooperating with his environment to work out yet another desire that becomes apparent in the punishment it receives. As the condemnation is universal, so must be the

Dickens' working out of his theories in fiction but does not analyze the dream or relate it to the novel. 6


7. This and many other of Dickens' references to dreams are collected in his article, "Dreams and the Psychology of Dreams," PMLA, LXIII (1948), 984-1006.

Winters uses the dream from "Herald Times" as an example of Dickens' working out of his theories in fiction but does not analyze the dream or relate it to the novel. 6


Field Boundary refused to understand or satisfy. Adult reality is so structured that he very easily executes once he gets off the beaten path only slightly. The real criminal, then, is society's "muddle"; it has perverted his energy, made him feel guilty for crimes it creates for him, and then killed him for its own purposes.

The novel thus might be seen as a set of concentric circles, the first and innermost being subconscious and individual childhood, the last and outermost being conscious and social adulthood. The first premise is the boundless, mysterious energy of childhood directed imaginatively toward every object it can find for pleasure. Such energy is released objectively in the novel in the person of Sissy and Steerforth's circus. Unfortunately, as this energy moves outward into the real world of adulthood it meets opposition; fact tells it that only certain manifestations are acceptable. But the energy is boundless and remorseless and it will find its way out perversely even if fact ignores it. When it does so, the completely detached, unemotional, non-individual object, industrialized Victorian Utilitarianism, comes down upon it with condemnation and extinction. "Reality will take a wolfish turn, and make an end of you" (II, vi, 125). Thus the disparate plots and characters—Sissy, the circus, the school, the Gradgrinds and Bounderby, Stephen, his wife, and Rachael, Coketown, and Victorian industrialism—are brought together, each one illustrating a different facet of the common theme of childhood's confrontation with adult reality.

The outcome is not totally pessimistic, however. Stephen's aberration occupies the center of the novel, but the book begins and ends with Sissy and the circus. Sissy retains her childhood name with her childhood energy and imagination. She alone as an individual is happily married and bears children, because by a free childhood development she has "grown learned in childish lore" (III, ii, 226). And, on a social, public, and organized basis, Steerforth's circus and philosophy have escaped adult Victorianism. Steerforth recognizes the pleasure principle in his rejected "people must be amused." His circus and its members represent a complete, isolated, child-like world, with all needful joys, sorrows, marriages, births, and deaths, and no factual interruptions. Through the magic of comedy it can counter the evil that adult reality sees everywhere. Steerforth turns the wicked Tom into a clown and counters Bitzer with a dancing horse and a trained dog. Childhood, fancy, imagination, comedy, magic win in the end and that energy that so damned Louisa and Stephen finds a satisfying and complete outlet.

In the early pages of Dickens' first novel, Pickwick Papers, Mr. Pickwick meets a "dismal man," constantly sad, who at one point cries, "What would I not to have the days of my childhood restored or to be
A Reading of Hopkins' "Ephthalamion"

Lionel Aldry

Hopkins' "Ephthalamion," which he apparently scribbled whileinvigilating an examination, is both puzzling and in places quite hauntingly beautiful. Why was this account of a solitary bath thought suitable as a wedding gift to his brother Everard, who was married in 1888? Why, being so designated, was it never finished? My object is to find answers to these two questions.

An answer to the first depends upon whether the poem was based upon a real experience or whether its incidents were purely imaginative, intended to serve as a moral allegory, or as some kind of symbolic reflection of marriage, perhaps as opposed to celibacy. The evidence offered by the poem is somewhat equivocal. The introductory description has so much detail of the river's appearance and surrounding vegetation that Hopkins was hardly likely to have found just such a scene in areas so diverse in character and climate as "Southern dene or Lancashire clough or Devon clieve" or the Irish estate suggested by one commentator.  

Since the boys have come out from a town, which the poet evidently known, any real locality would most probably have been in Lancashire, during his ministry there. Certainly the steepness of the hill, the rocks, and the cold of the water would suggest the north of England rather than the south. As he wrote the poem while in Dublin, such an experience cannot have been recent. The rhythmic reproduction of the torrent'sutterskeltler movement, so admirably caught in:

\[ \text{where a ghastly-brown} \]
\[ \text{Marbled river, hoisterously beautiful, between} \]
\[ \text{Roots and rocks is danced and dandled, all in froth and} \]
\[ \text{water-blowhals, down-- (I 5-7)} \]


2. Paul L. Marquis, Commentary on the Complete Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins (Edina, 1970), p. 292, suggests that the river might have been one of the streams of Llaugheugh at Montrose, Hnymark. The word "dren" or "dren" in the Bournes-

smooth area denotes a wooded ravine. New English Dictionary lists uses in this sense in Surrey, Sussex, Somerset, and also in Northern England.

3. Norman H. Mackenize, in Hopkins (Alva, Scotland, 1968), p. 15, quotes the poet as writing from Stourhurst, Lancs., of "wonderful rivers ripples golden-brown, deep in hanging wooded banks," which supports the view that he has a "Lancashire clough" in mind.

4. Until the nineteen thirties, the male swimming costume in Britain covered the entire torso.

5. For a contrary argument, see W. H. Gardner, Gerard Manley Hopkins (London, 1948), I. 115. Charles Williams, in his Introduction to the 24th ed. of Bridge's Poems of Gerard Man-

ley Hopkins (Oxford, 1993), p. xv (note), says: "the stranger is in the most lovely Ephthalamion -- admirable fellow! -- in preparing to bathe, takes off his boots fast."

6. As nouns, metaphorical, "Rose" would refer to the Blessed Virgin, as in the ice very characteristic poem "Rosa Mystica," printed in the Irish Monthly, 1892, and reprinted as No. 45 in the Appendix to the Bridges-Williams volume.

7. The Latin text, which also includes an English translation (pp. 321-72), is printed as Poem No. 164 in the Gardner and Mackenzie 4th edition.
and in the sense of "without carnal or worldly cares"; by transferred epithet they represent his own state. A Catholic priest who walks upon ancient rock with unshod feet under takes a pilgrimage, a spiritual journey, in which his, burden must be the historical tradition of the Church. He bathes in a "neighboring" pool because his vocation takes him apart from these naked children who in their joy resemble unfallen Man and whom his vocation demands that he regard as neighbors. His immersion in water bathing with "heavenlywashed" freckles recalls both the baptism in the Jordan of the Hymn to Creation and "kindoleaks" because it inflicts suffering yet leads to eternal life and a man in a fur coat. In a further sense, the stranger is Man, regenerated by throwing off worldly vestments, an estranged creature renewing his relationship with God through the walk across the bare rock and the immersion in the healing waters of grace, to become as a child. Why did Hopkins never finish a poem so beautiful and so full of spiritual insight? To point to the great number of projects shelved or abandoned in his final years would be to evade the problem, for no great strength of will is required to add a final line to an occasional poem for a brother's wedding, of which only forty lines have been completed already. In a letter to Bridges, dated May 25, 1888, he expresses himself as being more frustrated because of his inability to complete the poem than by the rejection of an article on Sophocles:

For instance, I began an Epithalamion on my brother's wedding: it had some bright lines, but I could not get it done. That is worse. (This wedding was last month.)

He could hardly have felt too dissatisfied with its verse texture to continue, for in revision the occasional cliché or vivid phrase, such as "lovely is all," could have been eliminated, and the underranging made less bathetic. A more plausible supposition is that he felt unable to make the theme and content fit the occasion. As W. H. Gardner remarks,

... the delightful summer idyll is so completely enjoyed as "poetry of earth" that the sudden excaitive turn by which Hopkins hoped to elevate the subject to the intended doctrinal place strikes the reader as extraneous and unconvincing when trees, flowers and ferns became "father, mother, brothers, etc." the poet himself must have felt that in conccracting the matter he had lost the dream.10

Certainly the trees as the poet has already described them are absurdly out of keeping with the role now to be assigned them. Had the naked children sporting beneath the water represented the eventual offering of the bridal pair, the symbol would have been in the tradition of romantic poetry from Blake's Songs of Innocence to Arnold's "Forsaken Mermaid." A complex argument could be made for their symbolizing unborn children, hurled through "earthworld, airworld, waterworld," to be brought into existence by creative fire of the Spirit, were the bathing scene not too literally described, did not the "gambols" so literally resemble the dolphin's dive, and were it not so illogical to have unborn children inspire the stranger to imitation.

Yet the theme of promiscuity runs through the imagery. The dense which is weedlock "arums along the loins of hills," and the river, which is "spousal love" joining the bride and groom, is "dandled." The word "garland" faintly evokes spring fertility rites, as do the details of the trees surrounding the naked bathers. The stranger, however, behaves as one seeking rebirth, a return to innocence and natural joy in life.

The real reason for Hopkins' abandonment of the poem seems to me to lie in its unsuitability as a wedding ode because of the irreconcilable conflict between its three lines of symbolism: procreation, rebirth, and spiritual fulfillment. The images of promiscuation, if not themselves indecent, made the situation implausible. Personal rejuvenation, though very much in Hopkins' mind during his years in Ireland, was not a theme suitable for the poem's occasion. Still less would it be so if the stranger represented Man and the rejuvenation in mind was that of the species. Thirdly, if Everard had seen "To seem the stranger," written three years earlier, he would doubtless have recognized the stranger as Everard. If he had not, the "Epithalamion" could have become a source of embarrassment, since he might well have taken the stranger's actions literally. Even those actions taken symbolically, the poet's main emphasis would fall on the needs and predicament of the author rather than the future happiness of the bridegroom. In fact, the double viewpoint by which poet and "reader" observe the stranger yet or other becomes the poet's own self-experience, as conveyed in his symbolizing of the child's divided feelings about his alternative mode of self-fulfillment. The tension is between acceptance of his vocation as a means of spiritual renewal, and a longing for choice, as the apparent coinage "honeyrock" is still in local use and was used in 1870 in a botanical reference book by Britten and Holland (v.w.ed.).


10. Some caution is necessary in criticizing the poem's word choice, as the apparent coinage "honeyrock" is still in local use and was used in 1870 in a botanical reference book by Britten and Holland (v.w.ed.).

physical rejuvenation through the shedding of his garments and the encounter with earth, air, and water. The religious overtones in the diction and imagery seem at odds with the possibly unconscious strain of images of sexual fertility. "Summer's sovereign good" implies that the children's sport forms a physical counterpart to the summum bonum of the theologians. Though the stranger bathes elsewhere, undergoing a recognizably spiritual experience, he is left "frolickish," laughing and swimming in a way inappropriate to the allegory.

Enough now; since the sacred matter that I mean I should be wronging longer leaving it to float. Upon this only gambling and echoing of earthy note.

(R. 43-45)

The words "only" and "echoing-of-earth" directly equate the stranger's enjoyment with the purely physical delight of the boys. Thus the allegorical intention now seems to the author to have been overlaid. He has therefore to resort to direct explanation.

Hopkins could not complete the "Epithalamion" because it contains several different poems. This lack of poetic integration seems to me to reflect an unresolved conflict within himself, one largely responsible for his fatigue and desperate unhappiness. The poem includes a delectable imagist cameo of boys fleeting the time carelessly in their golden world; a fragment of nostalgic reminiscence or echo of wish fulfillment; one of those luminously spiritual yet concrete descriptions of a natural scene found in so many of his earlier poems; yet withal an allegory betraying incomplete repression of a sexuality which remains discrete, instead of being transmuted as in the procreative imagery of "Thou art indeed just, Lord." He failed to complete his original purpose because the personal elements, both physical and nostalgic, got out of control. In his own country, among ordinary people, he could reconcile himself to the denial of both natural fatherhood and poetic renown. When exiled alike from country, family, and common life, he found the inner conflict irreconcilable. The "Epithalamion," however flawed and incomplete, has an importance not always recognized as recording an almost successful effort to break out of the relentless self-absorption of the later poems and recover an earlier delight in the created world and its inhabitants. Not surprisingly, it ceased to be a wedding song.

University of Victoria

Fictional Conventions and Sexuality in Dracula

Carrol L. Fry

To the general reading public, Bram Stoker’s Dracula is one of the best known English novels of the nineteenth century. It was an immediate best seller when it appeared in 1897, and the frequent motion pictures featuring the machinations of Count Dracula since the 1931 film version of the novel have helped make vampirism folk very much a part of the English and American popular imagination. The work’s fame is in part attributable to its success as a thriller. The first section, “Jonathan Harker’s Journal,” is surely one of the most suspenseful and titillating pieces of terror fiction ever written. But perhaps more important in creating the popular appeal of the novel is its latent sexuality.

This feature of the work is most apparent in Stoker’s use of disguised conventional characters, placed in new roles but retaining their inherent melodramatic appeal for a sexually repressed audience. The most apparent of these characters is the “pure woman,” the staple heroine of popular fiction from Richardson to Hardy. In dozens of novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this pure woman is pursued by a “rake,” a seducer who designs on her virtue. The melodrama is based on the reader’s suspense regarding whether or not he will succeed. Those women who lose their virtue become “fallen women,” outcasts doomed to death or sequestered repentance. In Dracula, there are two “pure women,” Lucy Westenra and Mina Harker, the former of whom actually does “fall.” The role of “rake” is played by Count Dracula, and vampirism becomes surrogate sexual intercourse. The women who receive the vampire’s bite become “fallen women.”

Stoker establishes Dracula as a rake in large part by making him a “gothic villain,” a derivative of the rake in English fiction. Like most gothic villains, Dracula lives in a ruined castle, remarkably like Udolfo, Otranto, Grasmere Abbey, and dozens of other sublimely terrifying structures in English fiction. It even has subterranean passages, slightly modified to serve as daytime resting places for the vampires. Moreover, Dracula’s physical appearance is that of the rake–gothic villain. He has a “strong — very strong” face and “massive eyebrows.” His face shows the pallor typical of Radcliffe’s Schedoni, Maturin’s Melmoth, and Lewis’s Antoio, and, most impressively, he possesses the usual “glittering eye” of the villain. Stoker returns to this feature over and over. When Harker first sees him, he immediately notes “the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight” and the Cockney zookeeper interviewed by the reporter for the Pall Mall Gazette describes the Count’s “ash and cold look and red eyes” (p. 47).

The rake and the gothic villain pursue and “distress” the pure woman in melodramatic popular fiction of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and Dracula sets out in pursuit of Lucy Westenra and later of Mina Harker in the best tradition of this character type. First, however, Stoker firmly establishes his heroines in their roles. Lucy gets three proposals (a frequently used method of establishing worth in women) from thoroughly admirable men, and when she tells the heroic Quincy Morris that she has a prior attachment, he says: “It’s better worth being late for a chance of winning you than being in time for any other girl in the world” (p. 56). Dr. Van Helsing says of Mina: “She is one of God’s women, fashioned by his own hand to show us men and other women that there is a heaven where we can enter, and that its light can be here on earth. So true, so sweet, so noble, so little an egoist — and that, let me tell you, is much in this age” (p. 161). But perhaps the most important aspect of Stoker’s presentation of Lucy and Mina is that the description of both, before Dracula preys on them, completely omits physical detail. One gets only an impression of idealized virtue and spirituality. They are like Rose Maylie in Oliver Twist, who is “cast in so light and exquisite a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful; that earth seemed not her element, nor her rough creatures her fit companions.”

Stoker had apparently done some research on the folklore of vampirism, and most of the detail he given is verified by the work of Montague Summers. The vampire’s inability to cast a reflection, his fear of daylight, and the stake in the heart as a means of killing him are all part of the folklore of eastern Europe. But one element of this folklore is particularly appropriate for melodramatic fiction: the contiguous nature of vampirism. Both the rake of the popular novel and the vampire of folklore pass on their condition (moral depravity in the former and vampirism in the latter) to their victims. In fiction, it is common to the fallen woman to become an outcast, alienated from the rest of mankind, or to die a painful death. If she lives, she often becomes a prostitute or the chattel of her seducer. The bawdy house to which Lovelace takes Clarissa in Richardson’s novel is staffed by the rake’s conquests, and in Mrs. Radcliffe’s Romance of the Forest, Adeline, the heroine, is abducted by the villain and kept in a harem by his brother, hopeful of his love. Similarly, Dracula’s castle is occupied by his “wives,” who were at some earlier time his victims. At the outset of the novel, when the fair bride who is about to drink the blood of Jonathan Harker is stopped by the Count, she utters “a laugh of ribald coquetry,” and says to her lord: "You yourself never loved; you never loved!” (p. 40). Dracula replies: “Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so?” (p. 60). He has loved them with the vampire’s phallic bite, and they have become outsiders, Un-Dead, and, like the fallen woman, not part of the human race. The frequent references to “love” and to “kisses” and the type of physical description of the lady vampire makes the parallel between seduction and vampirism apparent. The wives are consistently described in terms of erotic physical beauty, but they are hard and wanton in their attractiveness. Moreover, in Victorian fiction, prostitutes, like cockroaches, most often appear at night (one thinks, for instance, of Esther in Mrs. Gaskell’s Mary Barton), just as vampires, in folklore, must avoid the daylight.

The change in Lucy Westenra’s appearance after she receives Dracula’s attention is marked. Physically, her features are altogether different. Dr. Seward describes her in her tomb when the group goes there to destroy her: "The sweetness was turned to adamantine, heartless cruelty, and the purity to wantonness" (p. 175). Instead of the “pure, gentle girl we knew,” her eyes are “unclean and full of hell fire” (p. 180). She approaches Arthur with a “languorous, voluptuous grace,” saying “My arms are hungry for you” (p. 180). In all, “The whole carnal and unspiritual appearance” seems "like a deviilish mockery of Lucy’s sweet purity” (p. 182). Throughout, the description of female vampires underscores their sexuality, and the words “vulturnous” and “wanton” appear repeatedly in these contexts, words that would never been used in

describing a pure woman. Clearly, Lucy has fallen, but in the end she is saved from herself in rather conventional fashion. Her death and the smile of bliss on her face as she passes satisfy the reader's desire for a happy ending to her story and fulfill his expectation regarding the fate proper to a fallen woman.

Much of the interest of the novel from this point on lies in the fate of Miss Harker, who begins to take on the character of the fallen woman. After the vampire has mixed his blood with hers and has been routed from her bedroom, she cries: "Unclean, unclean! I must touch him [Jonathan, her husband] or kiss him no more" (p. 240). Later, after she is burned by the holy wafer used as a weapon against the Count, she exclames: "Unclean! Unclean! Even the Almighty shuns my polluted flesh!" (p. 250). During the journey to Dracula's castle, she has begun to take on the "beauty and fascination of the wanting Un-Dead!" (p. 309). But when Dracula is killed, all of the physical effects are reversed, and she again becomes a pure woman, fit for motherhood and a happy life. She never quite becomes a fallen woman and hence can be saved at the end of the novel.

There are a good many other parallels drawn between vampirism and sexuality in addition to the melodramatic effects achieved through the manipulation of conventional characters. The fact is that vampire lore has much in common with human sexuality. The vampire's kiss on the throat and the lover's kiss are easily made one in the reader's mind, and the Nosferatu's bite can be made parallel in the popular imagination with the love bite or the phallic thrust. In the novel, the very act of biting is made highly erotic. In describing Dracula's embrace, Mina says: "strangely enough, I did not want to hinder him." (p. 250). But perhaps the most suggestive passage in the novel occurs when Jonathan Harker describes his experience while in a trance induced by Dracula's wife. As the fair bride approaches him, he finds in her a "deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive," and he feels "a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips." (p. 39). After a certain amount of coquetish argument as to who would begin, the fair bride bends over his throat, and Harker describes his sensations:

"Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed to fasten on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the claiming sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and I could feel the hot breath on my neck. . . . I could feel the soft shivering touch of the hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and passing there. I closed my eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waited — waited with beating heart." (p. 39)

One can hardly wonder that the novel was enormously popular.

Northwest Missouri State College

Thackeray's Emond and Anne Manning's "Spurious Antiques"

James C. Simmons

It is a curious sign of changing literary tastes that Thackeray's artful historical romance Henry Emond, roundly condemned by many mid-Victorian reviewers, has met with almost unanimous critical approval from twentieth-century commentators. Most modern critics regard the book as Thackeray's finest technical performance and the masterpiece of Victorian historical fiction. It has become a critical cliché to account for the genesis of Emond by reference to Thackeray's lifelong interest in the eighteenth century, especially in his immersion in the comic writings of the age in preparation for his highly successful lectures on the English historians which immediately preceded the novel. These lectures, Gordon Ray has argued, "served to consolidate the knowledge that he had acquired in twenty-five years of disconnected study" and suggested to him the manner in which he would write his own Quene Anne novel.1 There certainly can be no doubt that the book's careful imitation of eighteenth-century modes of thought and writing reflects Thackeray's love for the age and its literature. Emond's prose, as has often been pointed out, is that of The Tatler and The Spectator, a beautiful imitation of Augustan prose style, an English polished into epigram, conversational, urban, and civilised, of impeccable breeding, taste, and judgment. Smith, Elder, and Company, the publishers, extended the imitation one step farther by issuing the novel in three volumes set in antiquated type, reproducing all the archaic conventions of eighteenth-century bookmaking. Everything was done to suggest an authentic memoir and book of the period. In sharp contrast to the modern appraisal of Emond, many of the book's contemporary reviewers were surprised and disappointed. Their general reaction was that Emond failed for several reasons: Thackeray had violated historical truth in his presentation of historical personages, he had captured the manners but not the tone of the age, and he had presented characters who were little more than nine-teenth-century personages masquerading in the costumes of the preceding century.2 Thackeray's own contemporaries complained repetitively about what they felt to be the author's lack of originality and his unexpected reliance upon the commonplace. The characters, as many critics observed, were much too familiar to readers of his earlier novels. And the imitation of eighteenth-century styles of thinking, writing, and bookmaking brought forth numerous objections. There was a sense of regret on the part of many critics that Thackeray had lapsed into what they thought to be the tired formulas of popular fiction. "It is very much to be regretted," wrote the reviewer in the New Monthly Magazine, "that an author whose originality is so striking at that of Mr. Thackeray should have addressed himself to a subject in which the greatest fame he seemed likely to achieve was that of being a successful imitator."3 Certainly, this hostile response can be traced in part to a general weariness with the historical romance. By the time Emond appeared the vogue for historical fiction was well into its decline and the critical reaction to the form was now sharply antagonistic. The same critic for the New Monthly Magazine went so far as to fear that Thackeray's reputation as novelist might be irreparably damaged by his association with such a discredited fictional form.

But there is much more here than general exhaustion with a form worked to death by the horde of post-Scott romancers. Much more to the point was the feeling that Thackeray's Emond was entirely too much of an imitation of an imitation, for in form and appearance the novel was but one more in a long line of "authentic" memoirs foisted on the reading public over the preceding decade. The fact is that as much as the book owes to Thackeray's researches for his lectures on the eighteenth-century humorists, it also is strongly indebted to a short-lived fashion in the novel that enjoyed immense popularity in its own day. Important to the final form of Emond with its structure of a retrospective memoir cast in archaic diction and type was the inauspicious appearance of a small volume in 1844, issued by Longman and entitled So Much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, as Relating to Her Domestick History and to the Reign of Charles I. It purported to be a transcription of an actual journal kept by a certain Lady Willoughby for the years 1635 to 1648, recording a miscellaneous selection of domestic matters and observations on the political and military events pertaining to the Civil Wars. Everything was done by the author and her publisher to simulate a book actually written and printed in the mid-seventeenth century. The grammar, vocabulary, and typography were in imitation of an early age, and so successful were they that the volume was immediately accepted in many quarters as an authentic memoir. It was not until the third edition in the following year that the publishers, responding to pressure from the Willoughby family, affixed a short note to the volume stating that the book was indeed a work of fiction. The author of this successful hoax was a middle-aged woman, Mrs. Hannah May Rathbone (1708-1784), whose antiquarian interests led her to do extensive reading in the histories and memoirs of the seventeenth century. When her first book became a popular success, Mrs. Rathbome issued a sequel in 1740, Some Further Particulars of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, and the two were frequently republished in tandem throughout the next two decades. The upshot of Mrs. Rathbone's two volumes was a short-lived, but intensely popular fashion in historical fiction for novels in the form of "authentic" memoirs in which considerable effort was made to imitate the thoughts, prose, and typography of earlier centuries. Thackeray's Henry Emond is the sole example of this curious literary fashion to survive into the twentieth century, but in his own day the novel was overshadowed by the half-dozen successes of the most popular author to work this vein, Anne Manning (1807-1879), whose list of books runs to over fifty titles. She was best known for two books, The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell (Afterwards Mistress Milton) (1849) and The Household of Sir Thomas More (1851), both of which enjoyed an extravagant success with the reading public and went through more than a dozen reprints before the end of the century.

Mimi Manning used the same format for these two books, as well as another four that followed: that of a journal or memoir in which the leading character (Sir Thomas More's daughter, Milton's wife, the daughter of a shopkeeper in

1. Thackeray, the Age of Wisdom (New York, 1956), p. 177.

2. See, for example, the reviews in Westminster Review: III (N.S., 1853), 360-88; Athenaeum, 1506 (November 6, 1852), 1199-1201; Dublin University Magazine, XI (January 1853), 70-79.

3. New Monthly Magazine, XCVI (December 1852), 493.
Tom Thumb Versus High Art: 
Douglas Jerrold’s “The English in Little” 

Angus Easson

Douglas Jerrold's satire on General Tom Thumb and P. T. Barnum, "The English in Little," was discussed by Richard Kelly in these pages (spring 1967) and has since been edited by him in a handy volume, The Best of Mr. Punch: The Humorous Writings of Douglas Jerrold (Knoxville, 1970). Jerrold's spoof autobiography of Thumb appeared in Punch during 1846 (November onwards) and 1847. Kelly rightly points out certain objects of Jerrold's attack, such as the "gullibility of the English and their preference for foreigners" and "royalty's attitude towards the arts" (pp. 28-29). Clearly, the account of Queen Victoria's reception of Tom Thumb along with various lights of the intellectual world, who have all had to come up the backstairs, is aimed at English philistinism. But there is one figure that looms behind Jerrold's "authors, and artists, and musicians, and players, and philosophers, and people of that sort," the man who had demanded in 1837: "What after so many years are the prospects of Art and the country? . . . The Court and the nobility are just in the same state of infatuation for portrait, and by portrait, and by portrait alone, will any man make his way to high places here," a man who was found by his daughter on June 22, 1846, "scurried out dead, before the easel on which stood, blood-sprinkled, his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury . . . a half-open razor smeared with blood at his side; near it, a small pistol recently discharged; in his throat two frightful gashes, and a bullet-wound in his skull." The unnamed yet ever-present opposite of General Tom Thumb in Jerrold's satire is this dead Titan, Benjamin Robert Hayden.

Richard Kelly nowhere mentions Hayden, either in his article or his edition, and this may partly be Jerrold's responsibility, since "The English in Little" gives the impression that it is an account of Thumb's first visit (1844) to England and indeed it runs together events of that period with the later exhibition in 1846. The satire telescopes the events of three years, much of that time spent by Barnum and Thumb in touring Europe. By stressing the first showing of Thumb (when Queen Victoria certainly received Thumb and so helped promote the dwarf, as Barnum shrewdly intended), Kelly has diverted attention from both the occasion and essential dynamic of Jerrold's satire. In his article Kelly says: "The most talked-about American in London in the year 1844 was a dwarf named Charles Stratton, better known as General Tom Thumb" (p. 28). But why should Jerrold begin a sketch on Thumb in 1846 unless there was some sense of topicality in doing so? That the matter was topical in 1846 is explained by Thumb's exhibition in the Egyptian Hall that year, with great success, at the same time and place that Hayden was exhibiting The Beautification of Aristides and The Burning of Rome. On April 13, 1846, Hayden noted in his diary:

They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a rabies, a madness, a furious, a dream.

I would not have believed it of the English people.

(p. 664)

Then in some bitterness he wrote (April 21), "Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week; B. R. Hayden, 13,955 (the ¼ a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people!" (p. 664) and in despair he closed the exhibition on May 18, when he had "lost £111 8s. 10d. . . . No man can accuse me of showing less energy, less spirit, less genius, than I did twenty-six years ago. I have not decayed, but the people have been corrupted" (pp. 646-47). His death a month later evoked some regret, heartsearching, and at least one attack on Thumb in the Times, which was taken up by Punch (July 1846) in an ironical piece, purportedly a letter by a lady dismayed to find herself attacked in a letter to the Thunderer where Thumb was called a "dunging dwarf," who "attracted hordes of gazing idios, who poured out . . . a stream of wealth one tittle of which would have redeemed an honourable English artist from wretchedness and death." The events of Hayden's death were notorious enough for both the Times and Punch not to give the name of the "honourable English artist"; Jerrold could rely on the same notoriety.

Jerrold takes up the assault initiated by the Times and backed by Punch. He himself was one of the few people


1. The Best of Mr. Punch, p. 312.
Recent Publications: A Selected List

**Arturo F. Minerof**

**February 1972 — July 1972**

**ARTS**


**CRITICISM AND LITERARY HISTORY**


**ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL HISTORY**


**Music and Art**


**Social and Economic History**


Gilbert, Eileen C. "A Woman's Contingency": An- achronism in Carlyle's Prophetic and Art.' MLA, May, pp. 432-42. Carlyle deliberately exploited anachronism both structurally and thematically to present his most characteristic thoughts.


thinks the classical one, while subordinating empirical knowledge to intuitive and mystical wisdom.

THACKERAY, Dorothea, D. J. "Thackeray's Use of Vanity Fair." Studies in English Literature, Autumn 1971, pp. 701-13. Vanity Fair did not mean exactly the same thing for Thackeray as it did for Bunyan.


Sutherland, John. "A Date for the Early Composition of Vanity Fair." English Studies, February, pp. 47-52. The novel was begun in February 1845 or very shortly thereafter.

TROLLOPE, Arthur, Anthony. "The Death of Mrs. Proudie: Fricolous Slaughter or Calculated Dispatch?" Nineteenth-Century Fiction, March, pp. 476-84. Mrs. Proudie's calculated dispatch is both justifiable and necessary.

Terry, R. C. "Three Last Chapters of Trollope's First Novel." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, June, pp. 71-80. Trollope's elimination of three chapters from The Macdermots of Ballycloran considerably improved the unity and pace of the story.


CORRESPONDENCE

Ruth apRoberts, program chairman for 1973 writes: "Because of the special nature of its 1973 meeting, the English X Section of MLA is announcing its topic early: 'Sexuality in Victorian Literature.' Two or three papers on aspects of this interesting subject will be published in The Victorian Newsletter for November 1973, and the December meeting will give the membership opportunity for discussion arising from the papers. It will be led by several specially invited panelists. The papers must be submitted before March 1, 1973, to Ruth apRoberts, Department of English, University of California, Riverside, Cal. 92502."

Paul Elman (Seabury-Western Theological Seminary) reports on a conference held this past April at the Seminary to celebrate the centenary of F. D. Maurice's death. The various papers read appear in the October issue of the Anglican Theological Review; copies may be purchased by writing to Miss Frances Zielinski, 1914 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

Alfred Thomas (St. Bruno's College) advises that the second annual Hopkins Society lecture, given by F. R. Leavis and entitled Gerard Manley Hopkins: Reflections After Fifty Years, is now in print. Inquiries should be addressed to The Hopkins Secretariate, 114 Mount Street, London, England.

Back issues of VNL, at a cost of $1.50 per copy, are available in limited quantities for the following numbers: 8, 20, 23, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41.