Mr. Sludge and Mrs. Oliphant:  
Victorian Negotiations with the Dead  
June Starrock

"We cannot hear each other speak."
(In Memoriam 82.16)

Victorian mourners were concerned not only with the material tokens of grief—jet ear-rings, black edged stationery, the Albert Memorial and all—but more seriously with the more nebulous question of their on-going relationship with the beloved dead, or, as in my epigraph, the lack of relationship. For many, and notably Queen Victoria herself, the supreme expression of this concern was found in In Memoriam, where Tennyson represents not only the pain of irrevocable separation, but also the intensity of a momentary union with the dead. As he reads over Arthur Hallam’s letters to him:

So word by word and line by line
The dead man touched me from the past
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine. (95.32-35)

The consulting interaction with the beloved dead that Alfred Tennyson found both in his "waking trance" and in his own poetry was sought by the less gifted in other ways. Tennyson’s brother Frederick and his sisters, Emily and Mary, like many of their contemporaries, looked for insight and consolation to their spiritual beliefs and activities (Byatt 103-04). For the attraction that spirituality held for many Victorians—an attraction that has fascinated in its turn such twentieth-century novelists as A. S. Byatt, Margaret Atwood, and Rebecca West—was usually initiated by grief. As Alex Owen says

Death was regarded as simply a state through which each of us must pass on the journey from this world to the next, and some spiritualists considered removing the dead of death as spiritualism’s greatest gift. A belief in the unnaturalness of death and a certainty of the soul’s survival was a source of inestimable comfort to all adherents, especially to the bereaved. (95)

The dark door of sorrow was the usual entrance to spiritualist belief, according to an early believer, Morrell Theobald, who had himself experienced a "wave of psychic power" after "burying three little ones." Theobald’s contemporary, the Reverend Charles M. Davis, whose beliefs also changed after his son’s death, defends spiritualism as leaving “room for hope—hope at a time when we are most hopeless” (qtd. by Oppenheim 75.). Notoriously, this aspect of spiritualism, this hope for the hopeless, encouraged deception in mediums who feared disappointing their bereaved clients or who perhaps took a less elevated approach to their own activities:

Sludge begins
At your entreaty with your dearest dead
The little voice set liping once again
The tiny hand felt for you ever since
The poor lost image brought back, plain as dreams. (471-75)

The relish and the fury with which Robert Browning imagines "Mr Sludge—the Medium" surely arise in part from outrage at the spiritualists’ practising on the living and the bereaved, as well as from the lies, the sycophancy and the mutual exploitation between client and medium that Browning associated with the spiritualist movement.

The anxiety about the relationship between the dead and the living that fostered the spiritualist movement also produced countless ghost stories, especially in the second half of the nineteenth century. The extraordinary series of stories of the supernatural that Margaret Oliphant published in the 1880s and 1890s are remarkable among these as they are among her own voluminous writings. For Oliphant is unique in representing her dead and bereaved as loving and benevolent and as yearning after the living as the living yearn for them. In this she resembles contemporary spiritualists, who sought communion with and comfort from the dead, rather than her fellow-novellists, who were more likely to exploit the fear of the dead. Elizabeth Gaskell, for instance, another writer of powerful ghost stories, focuses like Oliphant on family love and the care for children. The dead themselves, however, appear in Gaskell’s fiction as malevolent and threatening: in "The Old Nurse’s Story," for example, the dead child threatens the life of the little Rosamund. Other great writers in this genre, such as M. R. James, consistently represent their ghosts as acting out of vengeance (as in "Casting the Ruses," "The Ash-Tree," and "The Uncommon Prayer-Book"), or even out of an Iago-like "motivesless malignancy" (as in "Room Thirteen," or "0 Whistle and I’ll Come to You, My Lad"). Oliphant’s dead, however, love the living and act purely out of their desire for the welfare of the living.

For years Oliphant—the unhappy survivor of all six of the children born to her as well as of her husband—brooded over the relationship between dead and living, the dreadful

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Cover: Unlined pencil sketch of Dickens by John Leech
realization that "We cannot bear each other's speak." An agonized passage of her journal follows the death of her ten-year-old daughter, Maggie: "Oh, my darling, my Maggie. I feel as if I could go down and pray for her not to forget her poor mother" (4). She goes on:

The more I think of it, the less I am able to feel that those who have left us can start up as much into a heartless and unfeeling state without compassion for our sorrow. God who is Love cannot give immortality and amnibilate affection; that, surely, at least we can take for granted—as sure as they love they love to use. Human nature in the flesh cannot be more faultless, more tender, than the purified human soul in heaven. Where, then, are they, those who have gone before us, and may perhaps see us, still seeing, still knowing all that occurred to us, but in an idea I cannot entertain either. It would not be happiness but pain to be beside those we love yet unable to communicate with them, unable to make ourselves known.

Where are you, oh my child, my child. I have tried to fol- low her in imagination, to think of her delight when from the fever, wandering and languor of her bed she came suddenly into the company of angels and the presence of the Lord. But then the child was but a child and death is but a natural event; it changed her surroundings, her capabilities, but it could not change the living soul. Did she not stop short there and say "where is Mamma"? did not the separation overwhelm her? This thought of very jealousy. Did she not think of the sad terror, the heart that was breaking for her? God knows. (Autobiography 6.7).

Oliphant initially felt herself to be incapable of expressing adequately the bitterness of her experience. As a domestic novelist she felt silenced by the discourse of *In Memoriam*, privileged both as a formal elegy and as part of the avant-garde tradition of male poet mourning male poet, "as if I may put the long musings of my agony into words, but Ten- eyson has done it already far better than I can" (11), she writes, commenting that he carries the "human yearning and longing farther than I have ever carried before" (6). The questions she asks herself in the anger and misery of her loss were to haunt her for the rest of her life.4 These questions are multifaceted, concerning both God's mercy and the nature of human immortality. While Oliphant maintains God's existence, she does doubt his mercy, "always upholding and reproaching God" (9). Similarly, while she never doubts the immortality of the soul, she does question the duration of time and eternity: "do they sleep until the great day? or Does time so ease for them that it matters but a hour of minutes and till we meet again?" (6). The question of God's mercy rapidly finds expression in her domestic fiction, published the year after Maggie's death, records an almost blaspheous intensity—"Ah my God, was it as hard to be crucified?" (392)—the pain of losing a child. The bereaved mother sees her child's death as "nobody's fault, except God's" (392). In her anger she feels that it "is God only who was against her and the mother. The storm was against us" (392). The crisis of her experience: "Thus it all ended, God, knows why. . . . If anybody on earth could tell you why or what it meant, it might be a little con- solation" (412). Until the last years of her life Oliphant con- tinued to ponder the question of why God permits "the anguish that is in the world to go on" ("Fancies", 237). Yet her first shock and anger rapidly found an adequate outlet in her domestic fiction.

Those other questions, questions about the afterlife and about the dead in relation to the living, were more difficult for her imagination. Only after fourteen years did they finally work their way into her fiction—into fiction of a kind that was new to her and that she differentiated sharply from her usual competent professional writing. If the rest of her career was, as Deirdre D'Athbert claims, "anti-romantic" and "resolutely mercenary" (808)—and certainly Oliphant herself describes it in very similar terms—her ventures into the Gothic are apart from the main stream of her work. "Stories of this description," Oliphant wrote of her Tales of the Seem and the Unseem, "are not like any others. I can pro- duce them only when they come to me. . . . " (Jay 158)—a strong contrast with her highly-organized and market-driven productivity of her usual professional writing. As the Colby says, these supernatural stories "engrossed her creative mind more deeply and thoroughly than did her other fiction" (86). These Tales of the Seem and the Unseem, from 1873, show, in one focus in many ways on another on the interaction between the living and the dead, and the care of the dead for the living. The ghost story with its generic necessity for fantasy enabled her finally to express her anxieties.

The strongest and most powerful of these narratives is the short novel, *A Beleaguered City*, which is probably the best work of fiction she ever produced—and (even for a Vic- torian she was remarkably productive). "In *A Beleaguered City* in France—is beleaguered by its own dead, who expel the living inhabitants not out of malice but so that they may learn while they are still alive "the true significance of life." But the living, preoccupied with their own affairs, incurious because of their fixed assumptions, and terrified by their experiences, cannot learn from the dead. Only the marginal welcome the message of the dead. The major theme of the novel, the story, notes that those who were most sensitive to the presence of the dead were "the weakest among us; most of them unable to sleep, and aware of the mystery; drees" (35). None of the narrators seems to understand "the true significance of life" or to grasp completely the message of the dead. That all is clear is that the dead return love of life. And it was the power of the story, its visionary and one younger male who has ears to hear, says (6).

One time I was by the river posts in a boat; and this song [the song of the dead] came to me from the walls, as sweet as heaven. Never have I heard such a song. The music was beyond, it moved the very heart. "We have come to you for a moment. We only come to tell you of our love of you; believe us, believe us! Love brings us back to earth; believe us, believe us! How was that you did not hear? (144-45).

In this narrative, Oliphant imagines positive answers to the questions that she had asked herself years earlier after Maggie's death. The dead do continue to care for the living. Let us imagine a benefit for a woman who suffers from "influence in a young man's life" (Fiction 168). The dead mother's influence brings her son a living wife. Women are associated with the benevolent interaction between living and dead in virtually all these narratives. In the enormously popular (and rather saccharine) "Little Pilgrim" series, the pilgrim in question is a middle-aged woman. "One of the greatest merits of this novel," the *National Observer* says, "is the very life-like and agreeable manner in which the incidents are described. . . . The story is a very interesting one, being highly romantic. . . ." (37). And Oliphant imagines an answer that is in part consoling; the dead do love the living, do return to them, through their contact with the living can exist only partially and is largely ineffectual. Commenting on the relation of Oliphant's short novel to the anxieties of her culture, Alison Milbank writes:

Accounts of Victorian funerary customs and the encoding of a mourner's dress, behaviour, stationery and so on reveal a more complex relationship, with, from 1861 onwards a hidden Queen, mourning her own loss, at her heart. Most families would have lost at least one child, and accounts of the passage to death of family members formed an important part of family tradition among the literate classes. Oliphant's *A Beleaguered City* reveals something further. . . . that the real, lost to this world, is located in the realm of the beloved dead. (384)

Yet as I have said, the living and the dead cannot mix. The city is eventually returned to its living inhabitants, but few of those who have changed the experience in life: Oliphant refuses any conventional reassurance in her ending. The loving dead operate more effectively and on a more domestic scale in "The Portrait", a narrative that exploits what Kerry Powell calls the "magic picture" mania of the period, which would culminate four years in Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. But whereas in Wilde's narra- tive the supernatural is destructive, Oliphant's portrait is restorative. A narrative about the lives of the dead, she calls it, calling out of the dead who, at his death, having left his father to grow more callous and more worldly with the passi- ng years. At the first sight of the portrait the father acknowledge- and griefs over the distance between dead wife and living husband—the distance, that is, between innocence and corruption. After his own death, he says, and his wife will . . . (as) the dead who are seen to the glimpse of each of sight of each other" (117). But then the dead mother acts through the uncompassionate son, compelling him to break down his father's bitterness and avarice. "It is for this, the son will say to his father, when he finally collapses "that heaven opened and one whom I never saw, one whom I knew not, has taken possession of me" (160). Yet though the son recognizes that what has possessed him is a "blessed crea- ture," he is also conscious that the dream of a "Blessed life" is not made for such encounters," he says. As usual in these stories, the living are weaker in their love than the dead—and the males notably less responsive to the world of the spirits than the females.

For in "The Portrait" the love of the dead for the living is associated with the female. Jay describes this story as investigating "the spiritual sterility of the male ethos by an alter- native supply of the negative, the influence in a young man's life" (Fiction 168). The dead mother's influence brings her son a living wife. Women are associated with the benevolent interaction between living and dead in virtually all these narratives. In the enormously popular (and rather saccharine) "Little Pilgrim" series, the pilgrim in question is a middle-aged woman. Jay comments that "the heavenly Book of Life has been too long neglected by a people too strongly tainted with eighteenth-century feminist history . . . Most women find themselves at home in heaven because their experience has already taught them something of divine altruism" (Feit 171, 172).

In *The Beleaguered City* it is the mayor's dead daughter who reaches out to him, and Leacums' dead wife who comes back to him. And the living women, too, are far more numerous than their fathers, and the dead men are: as Merrill Williams comments, "most of those who manage to make contact with the unseen are the women, the 'half of God's creatures' who are treated with contempt" (xi). In another tale, "Old Lady Mary," the old woman who has been charmingly selfish all her life feels compelled to come back after death out of concern for her ward, another Mary, who in turn will bear nothing against the woman who left her heart- less. In *The Lady's Walk*, the dead "lady" stays on earth as a "good guardian, a kind soul" (88) to succeed gen- erations of her family. True, in the much-anthologized story, "A Ghost Story," that calls out of the dead to speak after night, "Oh mother, let me in! Oh mother, let me in, let me in" (169) belongs to a man. But it is the dead mother whose love will bring her son peace at last. The other Scottish minister speaks to the dead man, laying his ghost to rest:

"Your mother's gone with your name on her lips. Do you think she would ever close the door on her own? Dead lady" acts benevolently. "Your mother's the one who cares as a woman should about the fate of her beloved creature! No! . . . Cry out no more to man. Go home, ye wandering spirit! Go home. . . . Lord, take him into Thy everlasting habitations. The mother he cries to is with Thee . . . Lord let that woman there draw him inew! Let her draw him inew!" (180)

And she does. The hauntings stop with their reconciliation.

For Oliphant, it is those characteristics culturally asso- ciated with the feminine that allow for such negotiations.
between the dead and the living. Qualities such as unquestioning love and openness to the irrational permit such liminal activity. In this again Oliphant resembles the Victorians, spiritualists, in that “the spiritualist movement, argues that the ‘sensitive’ medium’s” ability enabled women to move towards the spiritual world, giving them the opportunity to communicate with loved ones who had passed away. Despite her initial skepticism, Oliphant became convinced of the spirit’s existence and began conducting seances and holding spiritist discussions.

Oliphant’s spiritualist beliefs were influenced by her experiences with the mediumship of Mrs. Oliphant, who claimed to have the ability to communicate with the spirit world. Despite her initial skepticism, Oliphant became convinced of the spirit’s existence and began conducting seances and holding spiritist discussions.

The same note of detachment continues throughout the novel and is characteristic of her best work in this genre. It is only when Oliphant leaves the comfortable realms of domestic fiction and ventures into the spiritual world that her writing becomes truly exceptional. "I have been sympathetic with these ‘other people,’" Oliphant comments. "The awareness of the psychological appeal of spiritualism is not present in any of her other novels." (216) Even in her later works, Oliphant’s depiction of the spiritual world remains consistent, and her ability to create a believable and coherent spiritual realm is remarkable. Her novels are marked by a sense of mystery and the unknown, which is a hallmark of her best work.

Image and Text in Jane Eyre’s Avian Vignettes and Bewick’s History of British Birds

Several scholars have noted Charlotte Brontë’s fascination with Thomas Bewick’s History of British Birds in her 1847 novel, Jane Eyre. Brontë’s interest in birds is evident throughout the novel, and her descriptions of birds are often used to symbolize the characters’ inner lives. In this section, we will examine how Brontë’s interest in birds is reflected in her depiction of birds in the novel and how it contributes to the development of the characters.

Jane’s elaborate paintings of stormy seas, drowned women, and icy realms, two important thematic and structural connections with Bewick’s text have been overlooked. First, Bewick’s novel’s ornithological imagery contributes more than just completing the realism of the natural scenery. Rather, pervasive and integrated references to birds add a deeper, personal symbolic dimension to the novel’s portrait of Jane Eyre and illuminate complex facets of Jane’s identity, especially when read in terms of Bewick’s species accounts of the coromant and the rook. Second, for Brontë’s work, History of British Birds offers a model for integrating seemingly important connection between Brontë’s novel and Bewick’s work successfully.

For example, a number of critics have observed how Brontë’s use of the birds in her novel is not accidental but rather carefully chosen to reflect the characters’ inner lives and the novel’s themes. The birds are used as symbols of freedom, escape, and the ability to transcend the limitations of the material world. They serve as a constant reminder of the beauty and power of nature, and their presence in the novel reinforces the idea that the natural world can provide a source of solace and comfort in the face of adversity.

Therefore, Brontë’s interest in birds and her use of them in her novels highlights the importance of nature and the natural world as themes in her work. By exploring the relationship between the natural world and the human experience, Brontë is able to create a rich and nuanced portrait of the characters and their relationships.

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5In her autobiography, "Very curious incidents" after the death of one Captain Geo, which "took place with the face-turning to which we had given ourselves with such levity for the moment—the only serious experience we ever had" (218).

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The Victorian Newsletter

Bewick's works were tremendously popular in the nineteenth century. By the time of Bewick's death in 1828, his History of Land Birds was in its eighth edition and his History of Water Birds was in its sixth edition. In his introduction to Bewick's Memoir, Iain Bain quotes William Harrison Ainsworth's notes in his Rural Life of England (1838), "I have seen how his [Bewick’s] volumes are loved, and treasured, and revered to time after time, in many a country house. It is the free friend; the other is the oftener desired" (ix). As one such rural family, the Brotons often perused Bewick as well.

Like many of the natural history texts of his day, Bewick personifies a number of the birds he depicts. Bewick's use of personification is fairly complex, while he often criticizes the personifications created by others he nonethelessacci without personifications to various birds. In fact, it is several of Bewick's avian personifications combined with his tailpieces and engravings, that render his text such a vital element of Jane Eyre.

The accompanying illustration of Bewick's History of British Birds in more than merely passing references to birds. The formal structure of Bewick's text, the relationship of vignette and verbal text, is also found in Bewick's novel. In fact, Bewick's ornithology itself serves as a vignette for her novel, a running illustration of her text, in much the same way that Bewick's vignettes serve his ornithological text. It is not clear whether this is part of the design of Bewick's text or whether Bewick writes an ornithological treatise illustrated with engravings of birds and smaller tailpiece illustrations of ordinary life, whereas Bewick writes a treatise of ordinary life, a picture of contemporary rural life, and is accompanied by smaller "tailpiece" references to birds. We are drawn to ask the significance of Bronet's references to birds in her novel, in the same way that we might be drawn, like Jane, to question why Bewick includes a small engraving of a shipwreck as a tailpiece to a section on seabirds, for example. Using Bewick's avian histories as guide reveals how Bewick's ornithological vignettes are intertwined with the novel's storyline, despite their seemingly peripheral, marginal roles. In this context, it becomes clear that the novel mirrors Bewick's model of natural history as a combination of observation, personalization, and formal organization.

Charles Rosen and Henri Zerner note that as a child reading Bewick in the window seat at Gateshead, Jane is fascinated by the tailpieces and their mysterious relationship to the ornithological text alongside them. Other readers, Jane puzzles over how to relate the images of shipwrecks or churchyards to the text and illustrations of birds, their descriptions, and perceived personalities. Rosen and Zerner observe that, "Although there is no explicit connection between the endpieces and the text, we feel a hidden one. An intimate feeling for nature unites Bewick's familiar scenes, his glimpses of life, his visions, and the accompanying descriptions" (91). If nature unites Bewick's fascinating but seemingly unrelated vignettes of human life with a given bird species, then what connects Bewick's vignettes of bird life to Jane's life?

One answer to this question, is that Jane's nature, as personified in Bronet's ornithological references, unifies the narrative of her life. The specific birds mentioned in Jane Eyre suggest important metaphorical elaborations of Jane's character. In much the same way that Bewick's sense of nature pervades his illustrations of human life, Bronet's depictions of Jane's nature permeate the novel. One example is the fact that Thornfield has a rookery, a breeding locale for a colony of crows (see Plate 4; note that in Bewick's plate, a rookery is shown in the background, near a large country house, identified as "thorn tree". A rookery was one of the first things she observes at Thornfield; that, 'Is gray front stood out well from the background of a rookery, whose cawing tenants were now on the wing. They flew over the law, and ground to alight in a great meadow, from which these were separated by a sunk fence, and where an array of mighty old thorn trees, strong, knotty, and broad as oaks, at one part, and thin and pointed at another' (130-131). Jane further mentions how she is "listening with delight to the cawing of the crows" (131). The novel refers to crows and rooks interchangeably, for Rochester mentions he liked the sound of crows; and "one-by-one", he is telling Jane about his love affair with Céline Vares (173). Similarly, when Jane returns to discover Thornfield a fire-gutted shell after her absence, she imagines the crows' response:

The crows sailing overhead perhaps watched me while I took this survey. I wonder what they thought. They must have considered I was very careful and timid at first, and that necessarily I grew very bold and reckless. A prepa and then a long stare; and then a departure from my niche and a straying into the meadow; a sudden stop full in front of the great mansion, and a protracted, hardy gaze towards it. 'What affection of difference was this at first?' they might have demanded "what stupid regardlessines now?" (449)

Bewick's popularity also reflects the broader interest in natural history in the eighteenth century. As Barbara T. Gage notes, "In the 1830s and 1840s, women joined men in the widespread enthusiasm for natural history" (Rambler Needlework 50).

A few examples from the Heron family will illustrate. Bewick criticizes previous renderings of birds such as the owl (Bewick, vol. 2, p. 117) which "exhibit the picture of weariness, anxiety, and indigence [...] It is sickly blackened" by the loss of the "long and strong, white, light, and elongated" beak. In this respect, Bewick comments in rebuttal that "it is probable that [...] the Heron suffers from other causes, and that theendpoint, which employ equal attention in looking for their prey [...] " (1: 52). And yet, he then commendably himself by stating: "This bird, frow's view, is out of a melancholy deportment, a silent and patient creature [...]" (3: 52-52). He also comments of the Night Heron, that it is "known by its rough, harsh, and disagreeable cry, that is so in contrast to the training to some" (2: 54-54).

Rooks (Corvus frugilegus) and Carrion Crow (Corvus corone corone) are both widespread in the British Isles, as is the subspecies of the Hooded Crow (Corvus corone cornix) with which Thornfield is filled. As fact birds, such as rooks proliferate habitats of cultivated fields with groups of trees, they may very well be found in the carron carriage into nesting pairs and only rooks while resting; also, unlike rooks, carrion crow and rookary when the visited Ellen Nsney at Rylas in September 1825, before not.
The soaring crows' perspective, as described by Jane, gives a bird's-eye view of her arrival at Thornfield. Jane adopts their vantage point, which is also analogous to the perspective the confined Bertha Mason may have had from her prison on the third floor. In fact, it is through the rooks that we find important correspondences between Jane and Bertha.

Bewick delineates several features of rooks that aid us in understanding Jane and Bertha's related identities. In appearance, Bertha's dark hair and complexion are closer to that of a rook than Jane's. Bertha also shares some behavioral traits of rooks. Bewick notes that rooks generally live and travel in large flocks (something Bertha is denied by her marriage) and despite their gregarious natures, rooks do not welcome all:

These rookeries, however, are often the scenes of bitter content, the new-comers are frequently driven away by the old inhabitants, their half-built nests torn in pieces, and the unfortunate couple forced to begin their work anew in some more undisputed situation. (British Birds 1: 116)

Though we do not hear from her directly, it is clear that Bertha sees Jane accurately as a rival for Rochester. Bertha attempts to destroy the "half-built nest" Jane and Rochester are constructing, first by lighting Rochester's bed on fire, then by tearing apart Jane's bridal veil, and most climactically, by destroying Thornfield Hall itself after Rochester's failed attempt atbigamy. Bertha symbolically renews Jane and Rochester's nest, a process her brother furthers when he arrives to interrupt Jane and Rochester's wedding ceremony. Indeed, Jane notes before they enter "the gray old house of God" that there is a "rook wheeling round the steeple," Bertha's symbolic representation (316). As the "unfortunate couple," Jane and Rochester are finally able to build their nest "undisturbed" at Ferndean, after Bertha's plunge from Thornfield's battlements.

However, Jane's adoption of the crows' perspective upon her return to Thornfield (after Bertha's death, of which she is still ignorant at this point) identifies Jane at some level with the "old inhabitants" of Rochester's life, including his first wife.4 Knowing about Thornfield and its inhabitants, she views herself as the interloper and object of the crows' bemusement.

Bewick mentions several other behavioral characteristics of "Birds of the Piece-Kind" (i.e., the Corvid family, which includes rooks, ravens, and crows), that apply to Bertha as well. He comments they are "generally disliked for their disassorting and indiscriminating voracity" (British Birds 1: 99). Similarly, Rochester alludes to Bertha's sexual voracity when he tells Jane, "What a pigmy intellect she had, and what a giant propensities! . . . Bertha Mason, the true daughter of an infamous mother, dragged me through all the hideous and degrading agonies which must attend a man bound to a wife at once improper and unchaste" (334). Bertha's supposedly ravenous, indiscriminate sexual appetite is meant to contrast with Jane's calm control; it clearly disgusts Rochester, who voices nineteenth-century society's strictures on a woman's sexual nature.

Insofar as Bertha and Jane can be seen as alter egos (as many appearances argue), Jane also appears to harbor the same elements of voracity and destructiveness symbolized by Thornfield's rooks. For Jane, these qualities emerge through another bird that assumes a central position in the novel: the coromarin (75). With its glossy plumage reminiscent of a cor-marpin, or "crow of the sea"/"sea-raven," the coromarin serves as a maritime double to Bertha's land-locked crows. The coromarin is one of the most important birds noted in Jane Eyre, as illustrated in one of Jane's paintings pulled aside by Rochester. Jane tells us of these works in Chapter 13:

These pictures were in water-colours. The first represented cloaked and hooded priests by night, as if on theLimbo of the dead; all the sea was in eclipse; so, too, was the foreground; or rather, the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-sunken mast, on which sat a coromarin, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam; it beak a gold flecked, and set with gems, that I had touched with broi-lait paint to polish. . . . (2. 348)

It is remarkable the qualities attributed to the coromarin's disposition in this description: tyrannical, greedy, wary, and finally, Satanic. Bewick's qualification that the coromarin is only "half the matter as yet put to the proper finishing hand by ightness as my pencil could impart. Sinking below the bird andmast, a drowned corpse glanced through the green water; a fair arm was the only limb clearly visible, where the bracelet had been washed or torn. (137)

I would argue that this painting is Jane's self-portrait as a coromarin. In fact, the description of the coromarin's appearance itself contrasts with Jane—the coromarin is "dark and large," more Bertha-like, and Jane describes herself as small and with "white face and arms" (46)—as though Jane has painted her alter ego. The coromarin's nature is even more appropriate for Jane than for Bertha. In his letter from Chaucer to the present, the coromarin has been seen as a symbol of gluttony and voracious greed. Even the current Oxford English Dictionary defines coromarin as "A large and voracious sea-bird (Phalacrocorax carbo), about 3 feet in length, and of a lustrous black colour, widely diffused over the northern hemisphere and both sides of the Atlantic" (3: 936). The repeated personification of "had been voracious is odd, since coromarins eat proportionally no more than any other seabird. However, Brontë would certainly have been aware of the ravenous appetites ascribed to coromarins and the practice of training them to fish with a ring around their necks to prevent them from swallowing their catch. Bewick's text describes this practice as does Milton in Paradise Lost.5 Bewick's textual description of the coromarin seems both to question and to reinscribe the personification of this species as greedy and rapacious:

This tribe seems possessed of energies not of an ordinary kind; they are of a stern sullen character, with a remarkably keen penetrating eye, and a very vigorous, and their whole deportment carries along with it the appearance of the wary circumstances plunderer, the unceasing tyrant, and the greedy insatiate glutton, rendered lazy only when the appetite is full, and then that putting forth as his motto, "I have been satisfied, I have been sated occasionally in the disagreeable croakings of their hoarse hollow voice. Such is their portrait, such the character, generally given by the ornithologists; and Milton seems to have put the finishing hand to it, by making Satan personate the Coromarin, while he surveys, underdight the beauties of Paradise. It ought, however, to be observed, that this kind, like other animals, led only by the cravings of appetite, and directed by instinct, fills the place and pursues the course assigned to it by nature.

The possible pun of Jane's "surviving Eye and 'eye' or 'aerie', a bird's eye on a cliff or a eyrie is noted by Marianne Adams.6 Maggie Bogan also notes the theme of self-portraits running through Jane Eyre; however, she does not include the coromarin as an element of Jane's self-representation (27). She does note, however, that the coromarin "is the symbol of the coromarin's "lone", thus the author's supposed isolation.

The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations (381) as mentioning "The lone coromarin of the gloomy century, the wise and heavy bird of misfortune," which is firmly established as a figurative term for greedy persons or things as well as the alehouses which served it (3: 936). Langford argues the coromarin represents an "evil force" generally in the novel (47-48).

For a detailed reading of the connections among the coromarins of Bewick, Brontë, and Milton on my articles in Jane Eyre.7 Had the bracelet been torn off by the bird, one might begin to personify the coromarin as greedy or rapacious for stealing jewels from the dead. If the bracelet had simply washed off, did the coromarin pick up the bracelet and throw it into the river. Bewick notes that the raven is called "cally" because it will frequently pick up pieces of value, such as rings, money, etc. and carry them to its hiding place (British Birds 1: 102). Perhaps as a sea-raven, the coromarin cruelly devours the jewels.

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Another quotation from Beckwith illuminates the struggle within Jane initiated by her passion for Rochester and figured by the consummation. Beckwith comments about consummations. 'At other times and places, while they sit in a dozing and stupified state, from the effects of one of their customary surfeits, they may easily be taken by throwing sets over them, or by putting a noose around their necks' (British Birds 2: 346). Note Jane's comments: 'I have been asked by Jane to succumb to her strong passion for the married Rochester, she would risk being caught by the 'net' of false bridal veil, or with Rochester's 'the immortality of the world', leaves behind when she flies Thornfield after the failed wedding. (State of the pearl necklace, 'I left that. It was not mine. It was the visionary bride's who had melted it in air' [146]). Simultaneously, Jane broach her passion in Thornfield, the symbolism of an appropriation of riches that would kill a part of herself; were she to give in to her voracious, consummatory without being completely true to herself, the fair side would drown. Jane's consummatory nature is evident in more than just her passion for Rochester. Her self-portrait as consummatory connects as well with the novel in which she articulates a hunger for intellect, creative, and social out- lets denied her because of her class and gender. In one example, while pacing the third story corridor, Jane tells herself: 'a tale of my imagination created, and narrated con- tinuously; quickened with all of incident, fire, feeling, that I desired and had not in my actual existence' (141). Similarly, in her remarks on the Welles's battalions, Jane describes how she 'longed for a power of vision that might overpass that limit' of the horizon (140). These two quota- tions emphasize Jane's creative hunger and her desire to imagination and vision instead of the circumscribed and limited existence of a nineteenth-century English governess. Brontë remarks upon comparable gender, class, and intellectual restrictions in a journal entry written while teaching at Roe Head, noting a similar creative voraci- conceptions: O [the wind] has wakened a feeling that I cannot satis- fy—a thousand wishes rose at its call which must die with me for they will never be fulfilled. now I should be agiosnized if I had not the dream to repose on—its exist- ence, its forms are immeasurable to that of araphic of the creative fancy (199). (qtd. in Christ 61)

Much like Jane, Brontë articulates this distinction here between boundaries that stifle the imagination and freedom symbolized by the wind and the "craving vacuity" it arouses, Nature, as embodied in the wind (or for Jane, the horizon), figures this hunger for greater experience and fulfillment. Similarly, Harriet Manners's "sight" from her window at Lowood before obtaining the position at Thornfield than the comments, 'I tired of the routine of eight years in one afternoon. I desired liberty; for liberty I gaped; for liberty I uttered a prayer; it was the wind that I libitiously blowing' (117). Tellingly, Jane cannot fully imagine attain- ing such liberty; instead she 'abandoned it and framed a human application' for a "new servitude" if nothing else (117). Unlike the unhandsome creature Jane is in Thornfield, the practicalities of being a poor, unmarried woman in nineteenth-century Britain require her to "frame" the self-portrait of what she would like her life to be on wind than the wind. Indeed, despite the seemingly inevitable frames that circumscribe Jane's life, I would argue that the novel struc- turally supplies moments of liberation from confinement through its avian vignettes. A quotation from Rosen and Zerner about the genre of the Romantic vivace (as exemplified in Beckwith's tales) will help draw out the import of Brontë's formal arrangement of the novel: 

Apparently unassuming as an artistic form, the vignette launched a powerful attack on the classical definition [of a short piece of literature]. The vignette is not a window because it has no limit, no frame. The image, defined from its center rather than its edges, emerges from the paper as an appar- ition or a fantasy. The fantasy of contour often makes it impossible to distinguish the edge of the vignette from the paper: the whiteness of the paper, which represents the play of light within the image, changes imperceptibly into the paper of the book, and realizes, in small, the Romantic blurring of art and reality. (84)

Like Beckwith's tales and other Romantic vignettes, Brontë's birds references transcend the frames of Jane's life physically presented in such architectural details as the window seat at Gateshead, the attic bedroom window at Lowood, and the battlements of Thornfield. It is as though Jane (and Brontë) wished to question the confining representa- tions of Jane's world embodied in the frames of wood and stone. Through the rook and consumer vignettes, Brontë provides a means to depict the unconstrained dimen- sions of Jane's person. Indeed, Brontë's model for an ideal world for Jane owes much to the formal arrangement of Beckwith's work, the interplay between vignette and text, and the scientific content of the species accounts.

The Romantic vignette, by blurring the boundary between text and picture, suggests that the two are integrally related. Perhaps in this quality of Beckwith's illustrations that appealed to Brontë, even when the links between text and image are not obvious. Even children, the Brontës studied the relationships between text and image; Alexander and Sellars note that the Brontë children were "undiscriminating" when they read the popular illustrated Annuals of their day (15). "Although they absorbed their [the Aatrakc's] Byronic moral and gothic overtones, they were often critical of the forced association between text and picture, occasioned by the poetry or prose being commis- sioned to accompany an already completed engraving" (15). Similarly, the importance of "the process of pictorial inspiration that we find at the beginning of Jane Eyre: the movement from visual perception to written form, as the older Jane articulates the young Jane's response to Beckwith's illustrations" ("Art and Art 200) (2004). Alexander argues this is precisely Charlotte's own method of composi- tion (200). This early questioning about the relationship between image and text resources in Jane Eyre and emphasizes the central role of Beckwith's work as a structural model for the novel.

Bromh health celebrates Beckwith's mixture of text and vivace: an honor of honor of Bromh. "Like Bromh. In this poem, Bromh describes exactly the effective integra- tion of verbal and visual, what she calls Beckwith's "pictorial thoughts," that gives her work its great impact.

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Bromh's vertale reference to the vignette of avifauna, Jane Eyre expresses its debt to Beckwith's art, to the images and text that "breathe and speak and burn." By naming the first house presented in her novel "Gateshead," also the name of the home-schooled character, the home of Newark's home-schooled on Tyne, Brontë might be suggesting that Beckwith's work is a gateway to understanding Jane Eyre's nature—and perhaps her own. Similarly, Charlotte's Woold notes the essential relationship between the natural world and characters in the novels of both Charlotte and Emily Brontë. Woolf seems to com- ment explicitly on this relationship in terms of the vignette and text structure Beckwith employs:

[Charlotte and Emily Brontë] seized those aspects of the earth which were most akin to what they themselves felt or imputed to their characters, and so their storms, their birds, their lovely spaces of summer weather are not ornaments applied to decorate a doll page or display the writer's power of keeping on the emo- tion and lift up the meaning of the book. (163)

Charlotte Brontë's consummatory vignettes serve as one such aspect of natural world for Charlotte and perhaps Jane Eyre and perhaps her self. The consummatory in Jane Eyre may appear incidental, embedded within a painting described for us by Jane after it was drawn, and drawn by the reader for examination. However, I would suggest that the consummatory marginally rests in the novel functions structurally like Beckwith's talepieces or "pictorial thoughts," as a brief revelatory tale which in fact brings into our perception of the text through the text through her almost lack of frame. In using the consummatory and the rook as verbal vignettes in her novel, Jane does not merely ornament her page, as Woolf emphasizes. As Bromh asserts in a letter to her editor after they had inquired about clarifications of Jane Eyre, "I might explain away a few other points, but it would be a bad drawing a picture and then writing underneath the name of the object intended to be represented. We know what sort of a pencil that is which needs an ally in the pen." (L., 485-86; qtd. Berg 31). Brontë integrates ornithological vignettes into her novel, not as supplementary ornaments or labeled illustrations. Instead she enriches funda- mental relationships between the natural world, the visual world, and the written world, all fused by voracious and pas- sionate creativity. (11)

Works Cited
One Man Is an Island: Natural Landscape Imagery in Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island

Brian Gibson

Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island, written from September to November 1881, was born of landscape—landscape remembered and imagined—and a map. After returning to his homeland with his newlywed American wife and her children, Stevenson was forced out of the Scottish moors by "native air" that had long affected his health, and moved to Braemar, where he was kept indoors by snow. For both his own entertainment and his stepson Lloyd Osbourne's, he explains that he made the map of an island; it was elaborately and thought beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression. New Haven, CT 1979.

The landscape of Treasure Island is a product of the imagination, a creation of the author's mind. It is a place where the hero, Jim Hawkins, can escape from the现实ities of life on land and find freedom and adventure.

Stevenson's landscape is a reflection of the wearer's psyche. It is a place of escape and a means of expressing his own feelings and desires. The island is a symbol of the wearer's individuality and the power of the imagination.

The island is a place of adventure and discovery. It is a place where the wearer can experience the thrill of the unknown and the excitement of the unexpected. The island is a place of mystery and intrigue, a place where the wearer can uncover hidden treasures and secrets.

The island is a place of escape and refuge. It is a place where the wearer can retreat from the pressures and demands of the real world. The island is a place of solitude and peace, a place where the wearer can find solace and comfort.

The island is a place of transformation and change. It is a place where the wearer can undergo a journey of growth and self-discovery. The island is a place of transformation, where the wearer can transcend their limitations and limitations and reach new heights of possibility.

The island is a place of freedom and liberation. It is a place where the wearer can be free from the constraints and limitations of the real world. The island is a place of liberation, where the wearer can experience the fullness of existence and the richness of life.

The island is a place of wonder and inspiration. It is a place where the wearer can be inspired by the beauty and wonder of the natural world. The island is a place of inspiration, where the wearer can find the strength and courage to face the challenges of life.

The island is a place of wisdom and knowledge. It is a place where the wearer can encounter the wisdom and knowledge of the natural world. The island is a place of wisdom, where the wearer can learn the lessons of the universe and the secrets of life.

The island is a place of love and connection. It is a place where the wearer can experience the love and connection of the natural world. The island is a place of connection, where the wearer can find the deep and profound love of the universe.

The island is a place of healing and regeneration. It is a place where the wearer can find the healing power of the natural world. The island is a place of healing, where the wearer can experience the power of nature to heal and regenerate.

The island is a place of hope and transformation. It is a place where the wearer can find the hope and transformation of the natural world. The island is a place of transformation, where the wearer can experience the power of nature to transform and uplift.

The island is a place of beauty and grace. It is a place where the wearer can experience the beauty and grace of the natural world. The island is a place of beauty, where the wearer can find the wonder and beauty of the universe.

The island is a place of joy and celebration. It is a place where the wearer can experience the joy and celebration of the natural world. The island is a place of celebration, where the wearer can find the deep and profound joy of life.

The island is a place of peace and tranquility. It is a place where the wearer can experience the peace and tranquility of the natural world. The island is a place of tranquility, where the wearer can find the deep and profound peace of the universe.

The island is a place of awe and wonder. It is a place where the wearer can experience the awe and wonder of the natural world. The island is a place of wonder, where the wearer can find the deep and profound awe of life.

The island is a place of inspiration and inspiration. It is a place where the wearer can experience the inspiration and inspiration of the natural world. The island is a place of inspiration, where the wearer can find the deep and profound inspiration of the universe.

The island is a place of challenge and growth. It is a place where the wearer can experience the challenge and growth of the natural world. The island is a place of growth, where the wearer can find the deep and profound growth of life.

The island is a place of balance and harmony. It is a place where the wearer can experience the balance and harmony of the natural world. The island is a place of balance, where the wearer can find the deep and profound balance of the universe.

The island is a place of mystery and mystery. It is a place where the wearer can experience the mystery and mystery of the natural world. The island is a place of mystery, where the wearer can find the deep and profound mystery of life.
and 11). There are no detailed seascapes during the voyage of the Hispaniola; indeed, Stevenson—narrating through Hawkins, of course—actually says that "I am not going to tell you of the voyage; it was the voyage of a romance-adventure writer who cites this to him making a quick transition from one "setting" for adventure—the coastal waters he pirates characterize as "the seaboard of Treasure Island, the central setting of the novel. Thus Robert Kiley claims that Stevenson, "with shameless dispatch...[gets] rid of geographical place and time present and all the verisimilitude that goes with that," and that "chronology is presented through the highly ominous mind of a child and an island is a place where treasure is buried, not an actual ground of land and given names of miles off the coast of England" (69, 81). Even Diana Lowry, discussing the retelling of Treasure Island to imperialism, sees the island merely as a "setting...significant only in so far as it functions as the barrow for that treasure" (65).

Stevenson, however, rapidly immerses the reader in the environment of the island because the landscape of Treasure Island is crucial in illuminating and shaping Jim's independence from society. As a child and as a young man, he both longs for and collaborates with the pirate world, and his maturing experiences of isolation and violent death. Unlike Kidnapped or The Master of Ballantrae, where the landscape is typically used as the background for action, the visual and physical world of Treasure Island, a place of equal turf and pirate world, is a world of its own, a "treasure island," and is the key to much of the narrative. Stevenson, as a writer, is indeed creating a novel about the world of adventure, "the mystery of adventure," as he describes Treasure Island as a "treasure island" in a letter to his friend, the "real" Stevenson, for someone who lives in a land of "unreality" where one can "think" of a place but not experience it. Stevenson's "black" thought, as he describes the island in his letters, is that it is at first simply topographical: "Grey-coloured woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, with various other-things—some singly, some in clumps; but the general colouring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock" (117). Then, description changes to haunting implications:

perhaps it was the look of the island, with its grey, melancho-
ly woods, with its even tints, with its mountainous region that could both see and hear and moving and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shine bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treas-
ure Island. (118)

Stevenson at first clearly suggests, with the woods and birds, and the "mountainous region" that could both see and hear, the idea of adventure, and then suggests that the idea of adventure might have been the basis for the character of Jim, theFebruary 9, 2002

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they must enter if they are to prove their fitness for the adult world (70, 71)."

Jim himself sees the island as a kind of theater. As he looks back on his adventures, he says that the island was, indeed, entirely landed, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheatre, one here, one there (119). More than just dramatic foreshadowing, this is his subconscious organization of the island as a dramatic forum for self-maturity. Inter-
estingly, he omits the fact that it was al-
though written the novel, Stevenson has "two of the pep-
pers of Treasure Island, Captain Smollett and Long John Silver, engage in a conversation "in an open place not far from the shore" (32) (25: 183). They discuss their non-existence, the Godliness of the "Author," their possible fates, depending on which of them the Author prefers, and even their own relative and ambiguous moral merits as characters in the narrative (25: 183-7). While it may be a stretch to claim that Stevenson is anticipating an important element of postmodernism here—after all, metac-
fictional narratives were not suddenly born with the advent of postmodernism—he is expanding upon his propensity for finding stories in landscapes. For we see him here using the page as a narrative landscape, removing two minor characters to "just as, within the story, Hawkins is isolated in an amphitheater of natural landscape which will reveal his relative and often amoral virtues, in the postmodern novel, the natural landscape is used to reveal the postmodernist's structure—natural landscape as dramatic forum for Jim's maturity, within a narrative landscape where the author's control over all the characters is emphasized—implied by the presence of the shore, which distances it from the author's narrative control. Throughout Stevenson's oeuvre, one can see his constant per-
ception of landscape as dramatic forum, with the story emerging from the surroundings, much as the plot of Treas-
ure Island formed itself for him from the map he had drawn for his steps. In The Silverado Squatters (much of which came from a journal he kept in California), Stevenson writes: "in from the place was open like the prospectus of a theatre, and we looked forth into a great realm of air, and down upon tree-tops and hill-tops, and far and near on wild and varied country" (2: 488-9). The passage in Treasure Island con-
tinuing on the page, can also be read in a similar way: by suggesting that the place looks as if no one had ever been there before; it is a blank page on which the narrative—Jim's journey—begins. The amphitheatre is indeed the setting, the landscape as a theater for action can also be seen in one of Stevenson's stories, "Edifying Letters of the Rutherford Family" (1876-77), where a character stands in "the bottom of a vast amphitheatre of highlands" (1:64).

Stevenson's use of landscape is similar to Pacific's; his repeated use of the amphitheater image in this writing is combined with the clear realization of the relation between natural landscape and narrative landscape, as in Treasure Island. But Stevenson is clearly advancing beyond a romancer's "clean canvas" that [V]isions often require (Eig-
ner 18) to a modernist, self-reflective, metanarrative use of landscape.

Jim literally plunges into the natural landscape to begin his quest for mature selfhood, braiding the foliage of "poisonous brightness" (120) to rush "into the nearest thickets and still farther" (121). As he comes back, he runs headlong into the depths of the island—an adolescent rushing towards adulthood. Perhaps mirroring this immanent, uncertain embrace of nature, the landscape becomes less clear-cut, with sandy, undulating areas, contorted trees, twisted evergreen oaks, bramble-thick, and a steaming marsh (125). In the midst of this range of images, Jim says that Silver's "sly" authority figures, speaks in a voice that 'runs in a stream' (127), and when Jim doubles back to eavesdrop on the pirate and his crew, he sees them sitting in a "little green dell" as the "sun set full upon them" (127). So, after painting a bidding portrait of a landscape which Jim may have to negotiate alone, Stevenson outlines one of Jim's alternatives to the hero's traditional journey, the "real" and "symbolic" mutineers who are observed in an idyllic, radiant setting. Thus the narrative begins to show the ambiguity of the moral choices in Jim's mind.

To add to the ambiguity of moral codes, Jim has still not decided against following Silver even when he sees him savagely kill Tom, the rebellious mate. Much like Jim's de-
scription of his first view of the island, Tom's death is at first rendered in a most unromantic way, with no moralistic point about honor among thieves, and the elaboration on the cal-
ous and violent death is expressed in a neutral tone. Then, however, using landscape, Jim relates how this death in his sheltered, morally clear-cut, boys' world: "I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from me before I was a boy. I was just behind the hilltop, going round and round and topsy-turvy before my eyes" (130). The association of Silver with the birds and cen-
tral spine of the island is interesting, suggesting perhaps Stevenson's ruthless, selfish amorality is natural to the world

Modernists such as Conrad, Lawrence, Greene, and even Borges would exploit this link between landscape and character more fully (Greene, a dis-
referred version of Treasure Island and Borges in fact acknowledged Stevenson as a major influence).
The soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees. ... The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees stood rosy in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they could not see even the figures of the men. It was plainly a dump, feverish, unhealthy spot. (175)

Jim must overcome this sinister landscape to advance towards maturity, gain the treasure, and return home.

Fittingly, the forbidding landscape also spurs Jim to strike off on his own. As he sits in the log-house grilling in the hot sun, the adult world of violence and bloodthirst-ness sickness him: "so much blood and meat, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around. . . . I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear" (197). He wants to escape to the idyllic fancies associated with his childhood, which are again evoked through landscape: "What I longed to do was to get back to the world, to be with the birds about him, and the pleasant smell of the pines" (197). "The cool shadow of the woods and the "pleasant smell of the pines" are like the sunlit world and the "bright sun on the land" around the log-house. Jim thus takes "the first step towards my escape," after "this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger" (197). He takes pistols and food, he has a plan in mind, but feels still "only a boy" (198). Yet, ironically, his two imperious, youthful follies—of first joining the expedition and now leaving the log-house to the protection of only himself—are not only to help towards saving all of us but also to his own maturity (198).

The presentation of the natural landscape now both echoes and diverges from the early passages describing the setting of the "Adventures Begins." The sea bleeds "blue and sunny to the horizon," the "afternoon" is "still warm and sunny," and Jim "walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment" (199), but Stevenson keeps calling attention to the noise of the sea. Even as Jim "continued to thread the tall woods" (199), the sound of the sea weaves its way through the scene without dominating and eerie feet to what might otherwise be a cathartic release for Jim, now ostensibly free in his imagined boy's idyl:  

I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thud of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set me already on the borders of the ocean. There was sand in my eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our laps. Sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the knees; a little of the silver of the sun found its way out, and the rest edited about the house. (170-1)

The sea does not become a landscape, but a sound that haunts Jim's imagination, and he is driven by the urge to leave. This is a foreshadowing of the signal, which will later bring him back to the island.}


does not hallucinate.

1 The similarity of the sea images quoted above to a passage from "The New Old Capital" (written in the summer or fall of 1889) is striking. In this story Stevenson is concerned with the country being governed from off the ocean. A great sound of breakers follows you high up into the island

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resulted the legs. Silver then has one of his men fetch a torch, recalling the bulls-eye lanterns that is linked with the moon early in the book. Silver, like the other, is trying to avenge his and his mother's, but his guilt guiding him, can both help and harm Jim.

none of the men on the island is more moral than another in their desire to survive and return home. The next day, the landscape makes the Doctor appear to Jim as Silver once did: "When I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the mid-leg in creosote bushes.

the actual site of his violent marnation—to disappear, but that hated spot and the three abandoned men who reminded him of what might easily have been his own plight haunts his memories and dreams and decisions ever after.

Although the ship, on what ought to be a triumphal
return voyage, stops at a "beautiful land-locked gulf," anchors for a time at an idyllic place in the best tradition of an adventure-romance, and Silver escapes with a bag of gold, the last of the novel's shifts in mood. Jim's psychological obsession with the island and his "dark and bloody soil" on it (315): "Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back across the sea that occurred island, and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf boom- ing about its coasts" (317).

There has been much speculation as to the other literary origins of Treasure Island to the romanticized lands in general as a setting. Yet it is Stevenson's treatment of the natural landscape that truly sets Treasure Island apart, not only from other island adventure-romances of the time, but from the spirit of romanticism thatMahon holds the sea. One critic of Romantic poetry writes: "Like the mountains, the sea is antisocial. . . . It is a type of sublime wilderness that provides a particularly good test-ground for the romantic hero":Such landscapes of refuge and retreat are isolated but are not themselves hostile to man, and even their solitude may be modified" (Fletcher 25, 4). It is striking, however, that Stevenson does not treat the sea as such a sublime wilderness that inspires contemplation; rather, the seascape most often fills Jim with fear, forcing him to act to survive, to experience hardship, and thereby achieve maturity. The sea is indeed a testing ground for him, but he is no romantic hero—any notion of a hero is absent from the book, which emphasizes instead the desperation of man in life-and-death circumstances that seemingly cut moral positions—Jim becomes a man who knows how to survive in a morally relative world. John Sandford talks of the pre-Romantic view of islands as illustrative of "as a fairy tale rather than a curse," while in nineteenth-century literature, the island setting is seen as a prison (82). But in Stevenson's novel, the island and the sea are neither wholly liberating nor wholly imprisoning: Jim loses his boyhood innocence and is hardened in his dealings with the adult world he enters, thus helping his own survival. The sea and island make a man of him and haunt him ever after, effects far removed from the contemplative aims of sublime Romantic landscapes. Jim Hawkins' incomprehensible dread of Treasure Island bespeaks Stevenson's interest in the "something both more essential, more transcendent, more elusive" that Barrie Hocman points out, is the fundamental modern masters of fiction (12). Especially in the way that he employed landscape we can see that, like the modernists, he "stressed a range of ecological motivations and impulses, and often to inform the conscious self. . . . The modernist conception of character... often directs our consciousness away from the immediate context of social, moral, economic striving, and tends to subvert our sense of monolithic coherence in character..." (Hocman 12). Treasure Island is also not as modernist as some recent critics have suggested. Tom Hubbard talks of "sheer necessity, not the romanticized world of Stevenson's islands" (77). Yet the island itself is not particularly menacing to Jim: he cannot forget the hardships, fear, and close calls indelibly associated with its seascape and its landscape, but he also registers his sense of isolation and the panoramic prospects that occasionally open up before him. Sandison argues that "antagonism towards the father" (15) is central to Stevenson as well as modernism, and talks also of the Freudian symbolism of the island landscape. Silver, while a threat to Jim for much of the book, at first wins the boy's sympathy but reveals his true nature in the one-legged pirate's bloodthirsty and treacherous nature. By the end of the book, however, after having joined with Silver for mutual protection (Silver saves Jim from the pirates, and Jim saves Silver from Blackbeard), his feelings for him are ambivalent, and he is satisfied with the eventual escape of "that formidable seafaring man," and hopes that he lives in comfort in the world, for he will not in the next (317). In this I find little of the "antagonism towards the father" that Sandison focuses on, nor do I agree with his Freudian observations about Jim's reactions to the landscape of the island. But this hill does not grow to dwarf Jim's manhood, and uses his adventures on the island in order to show him learning how to endure hardship and read the landscape, as the means of his acquisition of adult experience—harsh, violent, unheroic and mean but also gritty and determined. In discussing the island motif in Stevenson's fiction, too, I find that critics have missed the point. Nicholas Rankin and Jenni Calder, for example, in writing about Treasure Island, talk of the many islands in Stevenson's childhood, and Rankin goes on to write of how, to a child, an island is "a place where it can be safely isolated, as it was, in the womb. . . . An island encloses, but it also excludes, like a charmed circle" (43-44). In a similar vein, the less psychologically-inclined Calder writes: "An island suggests a perfect territory of the imagination, especially a distant, barely charted island. Isolated, hard to reach, a work of art, a place of the poet's own... to be enjoyed, to be played with, to be enjoyed, to be explored, and to be enjoyed... all, or at least as much as it is possible." (169-70)

Such notions are fine in the abstract, but my analysis of the landscape imagery in the novel shows that Jim is not safely ensooned in an anomic Caribbean atoll. Isolation, violent death, and amoral acts contribute decisively to his achievement of selfhood. The island setting is neither idyllic nor contained. In Treasure Island, Stevenson makes a drastic transition from using landscape—primarily in the early chapters of the children story England—for the foreshadowing and atmospheric type of the adventure-romantic landscape imagery in the service of a Bildungsroman in which life is seen as demanding, harsh, and morally-relative. The landscape in the book is of vital importance to the development of the consciousness of Jim Hawkins, who is the true story of Treasure Island. Stevenson himself perhaps realized the nuances and subtle meanings of his landscape imagery when he describes how the man of the sea in his (My First Book xxix) and that the "author must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like his land (xxx). Indeed, in the topography of Treasure Island, "the tale has a root there; it grows in that soil; it has a spine of own behind the words," and it is more true than Stevenson imagined that, as the author studies a map which he will turn into a narrative landscape, "relations will appear that he had not thought upon... even when a map is not all the plot, as it was in Treasure Island, it will be found to be a mine of suggestion" (xxx).

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Hundred Daily Comedies: Anne Thackeray Ritchie's Comic Identity in Old Kensington
George Scott Christian

Anne Thackeray Ritchie's virtually forgotten novel Old Kensington (1873) deserves recognition as one of Victorian fiction's most powerful and dramatic narratives of self-consciousness. But in it, like many of its contemporaries, desires revealing an identity between the novel of novel-writing and the formation of self-consciousness itself. Telling a story is nothing more than narrating the self into being—Ritchie's Bildungsroman reveals that aesthetics and comic epistemology are one and the same. If Jane Eyre is a novel about the development of a comic sensibility in a self that is persistently and negatively constructed by others, Old Kensington traces a similar develop-ment in a self that is explicitly conscious of its own fleet-

183a Stuart Tava and Ronald Paulson have persuasively argued. Whig aestheticism such as Joseph Addison and Richard Steele reimagined because its "amiable humor" concept of Whig comic theory was adopted by eighteenth-century British novelists as a fictional concept—"the comic consciousness—in an attempt to combat radical individualist arguments, and give it a spine of own behind the words," and it is more true than Stevenson

coherent, concretized individuality. 2 This process of displac-ing the self in order to save it is familiar to readers of Vic-torian fiction, and Ritchie's heroine, Dolly Vanbrugh, is reminiscence with D'Oyly Carte's role, but that of Marjory Hope. Maggie Tulliver, Dorothea Brooke, and others. But quite distinctly from these novels, Ritchie's impressionistic narra-tive enacts the very diffusion of the self that comic self-consciousness requires, revealing an identity between the novel of novel-writing and the formation of self-consciousness itself. Telling a story is nothing more than narrating the self into being—Ritchie's Bildungsroman reveals that aesthetics and comic epistemology are one and the same. If Jane Eyre is a novel about the development of a comic sensibility in a self that is persistently and negatively constructed by others, Old Kensington traces a similar develop-ment in a self that is explicitly conscious of its own fleet-

trat novel, the dominant literary mode of the British nineteenth century, both modeled and disseminated comic consciousness to a nation of alienated readers, promoting an essentially aesthetic voice of social reform and reconnection of the individual to the collective. 3 See J. Jeffrey Franklin's lengthy discussion of Smith's concept of self-formation in Sense and Sensibility, Chapter 3. On Smith's theory of sympathy, also David Marshall, Roy C. C. Berndtson's analysis of Smith and Burke, as sources for Hart's use of the concept of disinterested sympathy. 

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appearing back into oblivion, these objects move among and past one another on different planes, unconsciously casting their shadows on one another but not mutually entwined in any other way.

Frank Raban, for example, exemplifies this essential psychic isolation:

'Rabab is a shabby old street child, a derelict, a tramp; he is too thin and too weak to fight even his own nightmares. His only way of life is the street, the gutter, the sea of faces and voices that is the city.' (Chapter 30, 111-112)

Like Raban, Dolly is characterized as disconnected from the collective. But whereas Raban imagines his isolation as a silence or nullity in the music of humanity, Dolly imagines hers as a fatalism that he shares with all the other characters in the novel. The novel is one of a series of isolated, disconnected, and disconnected voices, each one representing a different aspect of human experience. This is a deliberate choice by the writer, who uses the voices of the characters to explore the nature of human consciousness and the role of art in society. The novel is a meditation on the nature of reality and the human condition, and it is a powerful and moving exploration of the human experience.
Schwartz-Mackenzie, x.x. I'm not sure that this is entirely the case. Dolly's unavailing love and sympathy for her brother George seems equally as formative as her bond with her mother, Rhoda, and Lady Henley, marked by jealousy, misunderstanding, and injured feelings. Dolly's romantic relationship with Mrs. Fane, by whom she is nourished through the stress brought on by her grief at the virtually simultaneous deaths of George and Lady Sarah, but even this relationship is initiated and mediated by her close friend and confidante. It is far more questionable to me whether Ritchie intends to foreground bonds between women as a hedge against male authority, or whether she finds that both women and men, although starting from different gender positions, still occupy an individual and social relationships. Could it be that those "mysterious other selves," so reminiscent of Pater's friendly companions, exist synchronically for each one of us, layer upon layer accruing with each moment of experience, each self onto itself? And could it be that each of those other selves exists in its own dimension of time and space, always simultaneously part of other, sometimes distant, other selves? If this is the case, Ritchie provides another possible key to the Carlylean hieroglyph, a key Brontë finds in Jane's visionary moments of self-consciousness. For Ritchie, that key is not the sanction of one type of experience over another, but the willing suspension of that overpowering sense of isolation and the inexpressible sadness that accompanies it. It is a fact that might be too easily thought of as the resistance of tragedy. Preoccupied with the dying Lady Sarah, Dolly attends a dinner party with Henley, who is annoyed by her "constant depressions":

It is fortunate, perhaps, that other people are not silent always because we are. With all its objections—I have read this in some other book—there is a bracing atmosphere in society which acts as a determined—ironic and without leave... to here or to there, and to try to forget all the ill and woes and ruts to which we are subject, and to think only of the present and the neighbour's fate has assigned for the time. Little hope. Dolly felt happier and more reasurred. Where everything was so commonplace and unquestioning it seemed as if tragedy could not exist. Comedy seems much more real at times than tragedy.

Three or four tragedies befall us in the course of our century, and a hundred daily comedies pass before our eyes. (Chapter 34, 303-304)

The translation of a "name" to a "known" is the comic process at work. Dolly's tragedy, bore of her conformity to Henley's "trust" and the suppression of the "voices out of the infinite," is transformed by the "complacence" comprised in her sympathetic or quick response. Again, this "quick response" is not only a reaction to the proffered friendship or kindness of another, but to the voice of the mysterious other self that travels with us and emerges out of loss and despair of isolation. As we have seen, comic self-projection assumes the division and identification of the parasitic individuality and collectivity of the self. Ritchie takes the comic identity as a进一步, imagining a self as always in the process of division and multiplication even as it envisions the potential for transcendent harmony. "Life has, indeed, many phases, love has many a mere synecdoche": those phases are life's individual present moments, each contained within itself yet linked by memory into set (89). I would argue further that part of Ritchie's narrative strategy is the negative way it proceeds. The personification of com-
and the “infinite” voice which mysteriously tells our whole story in a fleeting instant of coherency. Dolly senses the approaching evil in one of these flashes of “kindly” insight, yet very little self-knowledge allows her to resist the impetus to tragedy and to embrace the tornado of cosmic self-consciousness, the “generous and peaceful streams” of friendship.

Of course, it is important to remember that the narrator glosses Dolly’s response to Colonel Fane’s kindness, once again raising the issue of the text’s mediation of the text and leaving us to evaluate her authority to tell the “truth” of the tale. At the end of the novel, the narrative shifts to the narrator’s own voice, which describes the loving home in which she writes the novel and the genuine German ideal “of the phoenix of home and of love springing from the dead ashes.”

Take courage, say the happy—the message of the sorrowful is harder to understand. The echoes come from afar, and reach beyond our ken. As the cry passes beyond us it is lost. We cannot understand it. Perhaps, the voice in life that reaches beyond life itself. Not of harvest to come, of not of peaceable home desires they speak in their sorrow. Their fires are out, their hearths are ashes in the end but the sun’s was the sunlight that extinguished the flame. (Chapter 56, 531)

Just prior to this passage, Dolly finds a packet of letters written by Henry to Emma Penfold, Rahban’s first wife. They reveal that at the time Henry was courting Dolly, he and Emma were having an affair, which Henry broke off with the assertion that “I shall not marry Emma Penfold.” (Chapter 56, 530.) With this revelation, Dolly finally realizes that Henry’s marriage proposal was premised solely on the expectation of her inheritance. Frank sees the letters burning in the fire and “understood all and weeping he took his wife’s hand in his and kissed it” (Chapter 56, 531). This conclusion is far different, for example, from the Reader, I Married Him marriage resolution of the plot in June Eyre. In this tale of betrayed and broken lives, it seems clear that Dolly’s is the message of the sorrowful, whose cup nevertheless runneth over.

Overwhelmed with grief over the deaths of George and Sarah, Robert’s duplicity, and—the final blow—the demolition of Church House at Rhoda’s behest, Dolly seems to give up:

She was looking for something that was not any more, listening for silent voices, and the girl’s whole heart was answered as she stood sternly towards the burrowing ulterior shewers. At that minute she would have been very glad to lie down on the old stone terrace and never rise again. Time was so long, it weighed and weighed, and seemed to be crushing her heart. She had to be brave, but her cup was full, and she felt as if she could bear no more, not one heavy hour more. This great weight on her heart seemed to have been gathering from a long way off, to have been lurking in the darkness, and all the thoughts that came to ease this pain. Marker had sat down on the stone ledge and was wiping her grief in her handkerchief. Dolly was at her old haunt by the pond, and bending over looking into the depth with strange circling eyes. (Chapter 55, 514)

This vision of her dead self, drowned in the pond, completes Dolly’s prior vision, when she looked at her image in the Cam and saw a succession of selves leading to old age and the grave. Those silent voices Dolly seeks are all the dead selves associated with the ruined Church House and its inmates, the house characterized at the beginning of the novel as standing outside of time and warping around itself. It is the intrusion of time into this stanza that crushes Dolly’s spirit, the consciousness that prior selves do not remain fixed, even in memory. Rahban’s dashes in which they were constructed. This incongruity is almost too bitter to bear, yet it is in essence a comic incongruity, borne of the self-consciousness that both grooms and mourns each iteration of the dividing self as a friend and fellow-traveler.

Rahban’s sympathetic intervention forestalls Dolly’s suicide and restores her to this self-consciousness, this comic peace:

"Escaping the Body’s Gaol": the Poetry of Anne Brontë

Alexandra Leach

"She thought not of the grave, for that is but the body’s gaol, and of that is beyond it." — Ellen Nussey (Gaskell 297)

A well-known and still ubiquitous nineteenth-century reference source dismisses Anne Brontë as "the youngest and least gifted of the celebrated Brontë sisters," and "of a few negligible poems" (de Ford 73). Often side-stepped by critics and underrated by Charlotte Brontë herself, Anne Brontë’s work sheds light on the intriguing Brontë family, more importantly it reveals the inner thoughts of an early Victorian woman struggling to find an authentic voice. I believe that Brontë’s poems chart her progress from deriva- tive copyist at the side of Emily Brontë, her sister and early literary collaborator, to the increasingly self-awareness arising from her experiences as a governess, to a fully-realized expression of her mature views and beliefs. Anne Brontë uses images of confinement and loneliness and metaphors of prison and tomb throughout this journey. Instead of out-growing this conventional Romantic vocabulary that has been

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bequeathed and taught her, she learns to reise as in a language that describes her own understanding of life's boundaries.

Anne Brontë does not fit the mold created by Charlotte, Emily, and Branwell Brontë and their later mythmakers. As a poet she works much more in the tradition of earlier hymn writers and poets such as Cowper and Moore, and is much closer to Wordsworth, and romantic writing rather than the Byron and Shelley favored by her siblings. Anne Brontë's poetry emphasizes the faculty of reason, specifically reason aided by conscience. Emotionality is not inconsequential in her work, but they hold a subservient position to the discipline of the intellect. Her most mature works lead her to positions that at first may seem as conventional or overly pious. In fact Anne Brontë's views on a generous and forgiving deity and on universal salvation are not common, but represent a philosophy reached on her own through both logical analysis and much soul-searching.

Brontë's preferred methodology is a self-reflexive examination of her own personal experiences. Apart from the Gondal poems, which are based on the imaginary land and characters of Gondal that she invented and shared with Emily, all of Brontë's poetry arises from personal experience. She tries to make sense of her life by subjecting these experiences to intellectual scrutiny and challenge by other views. She does not shy away from examining difficult issues; and Anne Brontë's life experiences were difficult. Apart from the relatively stable years between her two older sisters' deaths when she was five until she went away to school at age fifteen, she was either away from home and homesick, or back in her father's parsonage becoming increasingly alienated from other family members. Still she worked successfully as a governess for five years, published two novels, two poems in magazines, and a joint volume of poetry with Charlotte and Emily, all before her death at age twenty-nine. She was sent to school at all only because Emily was unable to adjust to life away from home and could not finish out her term; Charlotte, who taught at the school, barely mentions her youngest sister in her abundant correspondence from this period. When Charlotte and Emily traveled to Brussels to prepare themselves to open a girls' school, Anne Brontë was not invited to go. The major joys of her life were the yearly visits to the sea at Scarborough when she was employed by the Brontë family of her own volition, probably as a result of Branwell's interventions with Mrs. Robinson, those trips came to an end. It is not believed that she was ever offered an opportunity to marry.

Many of Brontë's best poems concern defacement: cages, tombs, prisons, dungeons, chains. This device is not unexpected since the poetry and novels by women of this era are permeated by what Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar call the "power of the idea that the female artist feels trapped and sickened by suffocating alternatives, and by the culture that created them" (64). What is strikingly unique is that Anne Brontë finds alternative meanings for metaphors that typically express disappointment, bereavement, loneliness, and homesickness. Her early poems become scaffolds for the later poems, with the topography of the early years showing little resemblance to that of the final years. An examination of the early Gondal poems, the middle poems written mainly while she was a governess, and the later poems written back home in the Haworth parsonage demonstrates this progression. Most of the Gondal poems were written between 1836 and 1849, in Haworth. Ada Harrision and Derek Stanford have called these the "imaginary" works, because they are by a woman who has not yet been bruised by hard experience (172). They are also the imaginary poems because they are infected by Emily's "torrid" Byronic heroines (Harrision and Stanford 175). It is especially illuminating to think of them, however, as the inauthentic poems since they are so heavily influenced by Emily. But even in these tentative, fledgling poems, Brontë asserts her own views of life that do not share Emily's themes of revenge, rebellion, and scorn.

In "A Voice from the Dungeon," the prisoner, Marina Saba, speaks in a resigned voice:

I'm buried now; I've done with life; I've done with hate, revenge and strife; I've done with joy, with hope and love
And all the bustling world above.

Long have I lived forgotten here
In pining woe and dull despair;
This place of solitude and gloom
Must be my dungeon and my tomb.
(3: 1-9)

The dungeon and the tomb are virtually the same since to be imprisoned and forgotten is a living death. Near the poem's end, Marina Saba utters "one long piercing shriek," which rouses her from one cold, desolate dream of child and lover:

I looked around in wild despair, I called them, but there were not three; The father and the child are gone, And I must live and die alone.
(3: 51-54)

After this melodramatic episode the poem returns to its resigned misery. "A Voice from the Dungeon" has a highly derivative poem and has even been mistaken for Emily's work (Brontë 167). Brontë's heroines are not usually given to making piercing shrieks, but the joy that the dreaming Marina Saba feels in being reunited with her darling child is purely Anne Brontë. Neither Charlotte nor Emily seems particularly interested in children and neither expresses the yearning that Anne Brontë did for love and home and family have failed. A governess lives exile from her own family, yet resides outside the circle of her employer's family and apart from the lower world of the household servants.

In "The Captive Dove" Anne Brontë evokes the image of the gentle bird with its haunting call. The scene is heartbreaking that it has the power to turn the speaker from her own loneliness:

Poor restless Dove, I pity thee, And when I hear thy plaintive moan I'll mourn for thy captivity And in thy woes forget mine own.
(24: 1-4)

In vain I run! Thou canst not rise—

Both Elizabeth Hollis Berry and Maria Pauley provide in-depth discussions of silence and voicelessness in Brontë's poems and novels. The name Alexandra Zenobia is Emily. Emily had nothing to say about this Gondal character in her poems, although Charlotte includes a Zenobia lover. The Byronic influence is clear in her description: "his hollow wandering eyes, 'his marble brow." And as Alexandra Zenobia tries to reach him:

I struggled wildly but it was in vain, I could not rise from my dark dungeon floor, And the dear name I faintly strove to speak, Died in a voiceless whisper on my tongue. . . .
(4: 18-21)

Brontë transfers the emphasis from Alexandra's suffering to her concern for the man who "bleeds and breaks for her." She is able to bear her imprisonment if only it did bring suffering upon her beloved.Brontë's personality emerges in these lines, in her diqustion over another's grief, even when she speaks in the voices of stock characters and locates them in the Gotthloth settings of earlier Romantic poetry.

Both of these poems were written before Anne Brontë assumed her first position as governess in April 1840. Then the impact of the world of Gondal became largely silent and Brontë's experiences as a paid employee in a busy household began to supply the material for her verses. It was also at this time that an attentive man, her father's curate, William Weightman, entered her life. His death, at the age of twenty-eight, in 1842 almost certainly inspired Alexandra's lines on a dead lover. Her work as a governess ended in 1845 and her brief career as a published writer began.

The poem, "The Captive Dove," clearly represents a woman yearning for freedom. A bird in a cage is a common image of a trapped individual, a yearning soul, or a woman with limited opportunities. The suffering bird is also a popular, early, carefully metaphor for the Victorian woman, since a governess is an educated lady who is required to work, trapped essentially, within the homes of other people. The employment of a governess acts as a testimony to the economic power of the Victorian middle-class father and an indication of his wife's leisure and ornamental status (Peter- son 5); it is also living proof that the woman's own family and home have failed her. A governess lives exile from her own family, yet resides outside the circle of her employer's family and apart from the lower world of the household servants.

Placing the burial under the church floor strongly identifies with Weightman's tomb in Haworth's village church. He is doubly entombed: frozen below the floor and shut up within the building itself, and he is doubly dead: lifeless as well as frozen. The speaker's pacing movements further emphasize the narrow, captive space. The poem's mood however is not bleak; it concludes by reflecting on the sweetness of the lover's transient existence and its lasting impression upon the poet.

"Mirth and Mourning," and its companion poem, originally published as "Weep Not Too Much, My Daughter," are some of the last of the Gondal poetry. Written a year after Brontë's return to Haworth, and at a time that it appears Emily had stopped writing poetry, this pair of verses demonstrates that the themes of Gondal are merging with the themes of Brontë's experimental verses, and that Gondal's
dungeons no longer serve to contain her thoughts. In the first poem Zerona argues with another speaker who implores her to cast away her sorrow. But Zerona cannot be joyful when her lover is still imprisoned:

For, in the brightest noontide glow,
The dungeon’s light is dim;
Though bright ten thousand rays as now,
No breath can visit him. (50: 17-20)

This poem may be an internal dialogue that takes place in the mind of Zerona’s death in connection such as this is consistent with Broné’s increasing use of dialogue and rational argument as a way to refine ideas and present satisfactory conclusions. The technique reaches its maturity in her last poems.

Striking similarities exist in the descriptions of Zerona’s prisoner-lover to the dead lover of Broné’s bereavement poems. The lines, “What waste of youth, what hopes destroyed,” and “If he must sit in twilight gloom” could easily refer to Weightman. In the answering poem, the imprisoned lover responds, begging Zerona to enjoy nature for his sake:

When through the prison grating
The holy moonbeams shine,
And I am wildly longing
To see the ethereal flame
Not crooked, deformed, and twisted
By those relentless bars
That will not show the crescent moon,
And scarce the twinkling stars.

It is my only comfort
To think, that unto thee
The sight is not forbidden—
The face of heaven is free... (51: 17-28)

The anguished lament raised by the first poem is not left unchallenged. Broné does not realize its purpose until she provides a convincing counter-argument that offers comfort in a seemingly hopeless situation. In “Severe and Gone,” Broné is still reconciling herself to a lost love. Again, she unfinchingly surveys death’s abode:

I know that in the narrow tomb
The form I love was buried deep.
And left, in silence and in gloom,
To shudder out its dreamless sleep.
I know the corner, where it lies,
It is a dreary place of rest.
The channel moisture never dries
From the dark flagstones o’er its breast.

(55:5-12)

One of Broné’s chief fears is that her experiences and reflections are chilling and hardening her heart. She laments the loss of an early friendship to someone who was her “sun by day and moon by night.” Critics widely believe that Broné is referring to an increasing estrangement from Emily, whose early literary partnership had brought her so much delight. Emily’s scorn of her sister’s crystallizing religious faith becomes a source of deep anguish for Anne Broné: the poet chooses to hide her concerns and discoveries from those closest to her, further constricting the shell of silence that she inhabits. In “Self-Communion,” the first speaker (echoing Broné’s own conscience) assures her:

Could I but hear my Saviour say,—
“I know thy patience and thy love;
How thou hast held the narrow way,
For my sake lusted not and died,
And watched, and strivest with that stroke;
And still hast borne, and didst not faint,”—
Oh, this would be reward indeed! (57: 326-332)

The second of the two poems that Broné saw published during her lifetime is entitled, significantly, “The Narrow Way.”

Using archetypal images of the Christian Pilgrim (Dulthie 85), it is a rousing foursquare evangelical hymn filled with admonishments, encouragement, and assurances of God’s rewards:

Believe not those who say
The upward path is smooth;
Lost thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.
It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that bluest abode
Must all his powers employ. (58: 1-8)

The ‘narrow way’ has now evolved into a major theme in Anne Broné’s last poems, and she is no longer interested in exalting its Romantic aspect, lumping dungeons or silent tombs, to express it. These metaphors have merged with a well-known phrase in Christian theology, the “straight and narrow path.” Anne Broné’s belief in the end is that life indeed is filled with sorrow and loneliness. And we think her dearly loved home is no longer a place of refuge, with Emily alleviated, Charlotte pursuing her own ambitious goals, and Brunwell wallowing in self-abuse and defeat, she can still envision a path that will lead her to her final destination of Heavenly reward and reunion with loved ones. She affirms a constricted life of disappointments and absent opportunities by transforming it into a pathway that if followed carefully and faithfully will lead to a reconciling God. That which was a language of failed expectations and estrangement now expresses a firm conviction that a life lived within narrow borders can ultimately lead home.

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*Desmond Pacey reported in the Times Literary Supplement his discovery that this poem had appeared in the December 1848 issue of Fraser’s Magazine, many works on Anne Bronte do not include this information.

*Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth sure life, and few there be that find it* (Matt. 7: 13-14).
The Fall of the House of Usher and Little Dorrit

Rodney Sennie Edgecombe

Since Dickens met Poe during his first trip to America, and tried, as a result, to get his work published in England, there can be no doubting that he must have known the latter’s tales. Indeed when both Vizetelly and Routledge republished them in 1852 (though with different copyrights), he took note of their appearance on both sides of the Atlantic, and, ten years on, recalled their unsuccessful efforts on behalf of his author in the 1840s: “At least ten years passed . . . before Mr Poe’s tales were republished in England” (10:40). We can infer from this scrupulous enumeration of dates that Dickens was (at the very least) reminded of the tales during the time that Little Dorrit was gestating and that he probably re-read them, increasing the likelihood of The Fall of the House of Usher’s having exerted some influence on that novel—a not-inceivable line of influence, even though it reverses the usual arrows of the flow chart. (As the Pilgrim editors remark, Poe owed much more to Dickens than vice versa, being “the first American critic to see CD’s true importance,” using “him in his articles, from 1841, as a model by which to judge other writers,” and almost certainly gaining “ideas from him . . . for his own tales and poems” (3:1066).)

So far as I can tell, the motif of the collapsing house in Little Dorrit has not been traced to Poe’s Fall of the House of Usher, though it seems an obvious enough comparison to draw. Here are some points of contact between the tale and the novel that, taken together, suggest that aspects of that tale lodged in Dickens’s mind during composition. For a start, there is the spiritual collapse intimately associated with the physical house of Usher, anticipating Arthur Clennam’s state of mind when he returns to home to London. In both cases, a building catalyses that sense of oppression and becomes the objective correlate of what Poe calls “incredible gloom” (244): I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reverie upon opium—the bitter lapse into everyday life—the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, a sensation of indescribable and unnameable keenness of thought which no going of the imagination could torture intought of the sublime. (245)

Dickens projects Sabbatharian London as likewise involving “an utter depression of soul”—“Melancholy streets, in penitential garb of soul, stept the souls of the people who were condemned to look at the out rush of men in dire despondency” (67)—before moving to the Povian “dreariness of thought” (245) that also characterized the Sabbath of Arthur’s childhood:

-The dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrid tract . . . There was the resonant Somnolence can be little later, when town glowing and glooming through the tardy length of day, with a sunny sense of injury in his heart. . . . (69)

He swiftly canalizes this sense of mental oppression into the actual “House of Clennam,” the barrenness of which, like Poe, he images through vegetation that should contrast with, but actually confirms, the surrounding sterility:

—passing silent warehouses and wharves, and here and there a narrow alley leading to the river, where a wreathed little hill, FOUND DROWNED, was weeping on the wet wall; he came at last to the house he sought. An old brick house, so dingy as to be all black and standing, by itself within a gateway. Before it, a square court yard where a shrub or two and a patch of grass were as rank (which is saying much) as the iron railings enclosing them were rusty, behind it, a jumble of rooms. It was a double house, with long, narrow, heavily framed windows. Many years ago, it had had it in its mind to slide down sideways; it had been propped up, however, and was leaning on some half-dozen gigantic crutches: which gymnasium for the neighbouring cats, weather-stained, smoke blackened, and overgrown with weeds, appeared in these latter days to be no very sure reliance. The sky grew changed, opacity, seemed to be turning round. “Dark and miserable as ever. A light in my mother’s window, which seems never to have been extinguished since I came home twice a year from school, and dragged my box over this pavement. Well, well! well!” (70-71)

Like Poe before him, Dickens prepares us for the imminent collapse, but, since at all turns he Radcliffeizes Poe’s super-naturalist, he also hints that the closeness of the river and the weakness of the timbers will be the immediate (and rational) cause: “the house’s fall. Only once it happens does he adapt it to the symbiotic pattern of his narrative. In Poe, on the other hand, the instability of the fabric is from the very first symbolic, and only secondary (and in a peripheral way) related to issues of physics. “Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the mossery had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild incongruity between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the old stones” (248). Indeed the narrator even goes so far as to couch the proximate cause of collapse in the subjunctive mode: “Perhaps the eye of a scrupulous eye might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down in the wall a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sunny waters of the tarn” (248).

By the same token, while he regrets to see in capsules of bad weather, the mansion of the House of

Usher is the vehicle of Gothic atmosphere (in both scenes of that term), generated at first from the narrator’s subjectivity, but quickly hypostasized into something “faintly discernible”: I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of other dwellings, but which had reeked up from the decaying trees, and the gray wall, and the silent, a pestilent and mystical vapour, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, leader hood. (247)

Dickens, on the other hand, connects attributes of the “bad weather” of his house (which in any case, he presents as a condition) to its architectural shortcomings and physical situation: The debilitated old house in the city, wrapped in its mantle of sloth, and leaning heavily on the cushions that had partaken of its decay and worn out with it, never knew a healthy or a cheerful interval, let what would befall. If the sun ever touched it, it was but with a ray, and that was gone in half an hour; if the moonlight ever fell upon it, it was only to put a few patches on its doleful cheek, and make it look more wretched. The stars, to be sure, could not light the nights and the clouds were clear enough: and all bad weather stood by it with a rare fidelity. You should alike find rain, hail, frost and the snow, any time of year, when they had vanished from other places; and in a snow, you should see it there for weeks, long after it had changed from yellow to black, slowly weeping away its grime life. (220)

One can see from this how Dickens has tempered and adapted Poe’s conflation of inner and outer weather. He monitors the passage of the seasons instead of offering a single, symbiotic take upon his own milieu—and yet for all that, the parallels remain quite striking. One is struck throughout by the similarity of subject-matter, and, at the same time, by the differences of tone and presentation. For Poe traces an intangible continuity between house and inhabitant that begins in superstition but converts to something real but ineffable. The “terms too shadowy to be here restated” resembled the misma that had begun in the narrator’s mind but quickly turned into an apprehensible datum:

He was enchanted by certain superstitions impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose superstitious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy to be here restated—an influence which, by some peculiar influence in the mere form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long suffering, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the physi- que of the grey walls and turrets, and of the dom tains which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the morale of his existence. (252)

This sort of self-cloning and its corollary, viz. the elision of the personality into its closed environment, almost certainly inspired Dickens’s treatment of Mrs. Clennam, whose identity likewise becomes co-extensive with her room, and ultimately with her house: “The world has narrowed to these dimensions. Arthur . . . it is well for me that I never set my heart upon its hollow vanities” (73). And just as Roderick Usher’s “moral” absorbs the graysnes of his setting, so to does Mrs. Clennam’s: All seasons are alike to me, she returned, with a grim kind of heartlessness. “I know nothing of summer and winter, and such things have been pleased to put me every beyond all that.” With her cold grey eyes and her cold grey hair, and her immovable face, as stiff as the fists, and the story of her story being beyond the reach of the seasons seemed but a fit sequence to her being beyond the reach of all changes. (74)

Dickens’s richer grasp of psychology, as before, becomes the more vivid when we place the passage alongside its probable source. What Poe renders as a vague Gothic neurasthenia has here been adapted into a study of Calvinist self-immolation, the semi-supernatural origin of the first recast as the “history of a self-tormentor” (to use the phrase applied to the comparable character of Miss Wade). Where to the fall of the manor, Poe connects the sounds of his collapsing structure with details of the pastiche romance that the narrator is reading at the time, and, true to the tradition of Oratio Gost, attempts to milk it for all its supernatural horror. I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unquiet scream or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon’s unnatural shriek as described by the romancer. (265)

Dickens’s Udolpho Gothic also connects the sounds of the imminent fall with romance, but more so, for the sake of plausibility, and runs them through the consciousness of a superstitious old woman, who comically relays that con- sciousness to herself at one remove (“She thought that she had been similarly frightened”) (245). This is Dickens’s way of adapting the nightmare world of Poe to a realistic context. Reality itself becomes so odd that the participant thinks she is dreaming:

On a wintry afternoon at twilight, Mrs Flinnwach, having been heavy all day, dreamed this dream: She thought she was again getting the kettle ready for tea . . . she was frightened by a sudden noise behind her. She thought that she had been similarly frightened once last week, and that the noise was of a most portentous kind—more than of her usual quick beats like a rapid step; while the shock or tremble was communicated to her heart, as if the step had shaken the bed . . . as if she had been touched by some awful hand. (222)

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Both tale and novel handle the actual collapse of their buildings with startling despatch, though Poe's, having been given away by the title to which it finally recurs, and contextualized by a Gothic storm, is more obvious in its effect: "my brain reeled as I saw the mighty wall rising asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed suddenly and silently over the fragments of the 'HOUSE OF USHER'" (268). Dickens has learned from Poe—he also deploys an effect of centrifugal force—but improved upon him. Instead of a storm "still abroad in all its wrath" (267), he gives us a pious idyll in which "great shoots of light streamed among the early stars, like signs of the blessed later covenant of peace and hope that changed the crown of thorns into a glory" (862). Then, changing registers in a way that seems almost to mock St. Paul's account of instantaneous resurrection, he flings his structure down before its spectators: "In one swift instant the old house was before them, with the smoking in the window; another thundering sound, and it heaved, surged outward, opened asunder in fifty places, collapsed and fell" (863). This shows an extraordinary imaginative capacity in Dickens, for it anticipates the sort of rapid slow motion we see in the footage of implored buildings, just as Leonardo's sketches of turbulent water show his awareness of date that only slow motion photography can bring to the consciousness of lesser mortals. Also, unlike Poe, he allows Mrs. Clenam to survive the fall of her house for some years. But she does so only as so much building rubble, her inhuman values finally externalized in stroke-induced stoiness: "There Mrs. Clenam dozed upon the stones; and she never from that hour moved so much as a finger again, or had the power to speak one word" (862). This Grand Guignol is wholly functional in terms of the novel's over-arching themes. Poe's falling figure, on the other hand, is itself its own Gothic justification: "For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily toward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated" (267).

Works Cited


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A Note on 'Jack, Joke' in Hopkins's "That Nature is a Heraclitan Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection"

Nathan Cervo

The word 'Jack' (l. 23) is generally interpreted by critics of "That Nature is a Heraclitan Fire and the Comfort of the Resurrection" as signifying 'Everyman' (Trilling 687). However, this does not take into account the appositive character of 'joke' (l. 23). To Hopkins, this 'Jack' is not merely a 'joke,' a ludus naturae, but a joking Jack, an actor who fulfills the thematic idea of "ster" stated in the phrase "heaven-rose-rotten" (l. 7) and the phrase "mask" (l. 8; that is, aesthetic moments dockainely masking the Paterian's sensibility). At this point, the putative subject of the poem—Heraclitus' notion of the logos qua fire—is not so decisively in the direction of the "hard gem-like flame" (pistmimic impressionism) of which Pater speaks in his 'Conclusion' to Studies in the History of the Renaisance. To Hopkins, this sort of practiced openness to the sensual allures of really extraordinary perceptiveness culminates in just that: perceptiveness, whose object and content is percept. Thus, the Aesthetic strain of perceptiveness to a point of frustrated titillation and must let the moment pass on its way into the area of rueful romanticism tinged with philosophy. The Aesthetic stage proliferates with 'Squadroned masks' (l. 8), all ready to make forays on the no-man's-land of exquisite sensation.ironically considered, such is the wisdom of the world, couched in the nervous system and armed with the stone—if not the slingbow—of surpa. Not to be so open is to be humb

D. hedge's devotee, a zany.

With a good deal of optimistic humor, Hopkins blithely pits the "Resurrection" (l. 16) of the "king" ("roy"; l. 2) against the "squeezed dough, crust, dust" (l. 7) of the Renaissance (in the poem clinging to Heraclitus' underbelly); that is, against the levies of the Pharisee (Pater).

Laughing from his zany place among 'heaven-roysterers' (l. 22), Hopkins embraces the role deridingly assigned him as a Christian believer: he is a rany, a 'joke, joke,' a domestic clown or jester ("patch"; l. 23). And why not? The process as he sees it—and it is a process—is from humility to glory, with all the stages participating in the various phases of the Incarnation, including Christ's being laughed at: thanks to his faith, Hopkins is able to say of himself, "I am all at once what Christ is" (l. 22).

In the eyes of many, as Hopkins understood only too well, Christ continues to be the butt of amusement, a zany.

In effect, perceptions hampered in and by the experiential constructive limits of a given sensibility are unable to mature to Apocalypse. To Hopkins, the zany (the word "rany" derives from "Zanni," that is, "Jack," a dialectical nickname for Italian Giovanni, "John," and designates a masked subordinate clown in the Old Comedy) is the unosightful unbeliever, who, constricted in the vagaries of material constructs, remains at the level of terminal joke (l. 23) quia ludus naturae. Rather wryly, Hopkins envisions himself and other Christian believers as being fools only in the estimation of fools but really richly participating actively and conceptually in the graces afforded by the Incarnation and Heaven's King. Such participation reveals 'Christ' (l. 22) to the believer as being infinitely superior as a human agent to other Heraclitus' smoky dance of the fire/god or Pater's sensate "flame" darting wispily toward imploled pseudo-Platonic yearnings from an ideologically exclusively perceptual zincor temperature.

To Pater, in his "Conclusion," each 'personality' (the Latin word persona means "mask") is "ringed round" by uniquely defining and therefore impenetrable (opaque) 'impressions' that infelicitously reify "human" isolation. To Hopkins, the moral necessity of mutual strengthening in faith is intrinsic to human nature (the "comfort" of the poem's title) and accorded fulfillment not by the Renaissance but by the "Resurrection" (l. 16).

Substantively, the poem is about the real face of folly behind the mask of "personality": "We were deceived by the wisdom of the ascents, but we are freed by the foolishness of God" (St Augustine 1: 14, 13). The wisdom of the world is folly with God; and what the world laughs at, "the foolishness of God," is, to the believer, the true wisdom.

Works Cited


Franklin Pierce College

Coming in

The Victorian Newsletter

Lawrence Starzyk, "'Ut Pictura Poesis': The Nineteenth-Century Perspective"

Marilyn Hume, "Who Is Heathcliff? The Shadow Knows"

Ernest Fontana, "Rossetti's Related and Disturbed Verse Poems"

"Of Bolognese's theatrical projection of Gigliati's evaluation of him and his Catholic faith in Browning's 'Bishop Bolognese's Apology,'" l. 4:

"He's quite above their humbug in his heart. [ ]"
Books Received

Adams, Kimberly VanEvelt. Our Lady of Victorian Feminism: The Madonna in the Work of Anna Jameson, Margaret Fuller, and George Eliot. Athens: Ohio UP, 2001. Pp. 299. $59.95 (cloth), $24.95 (paper). “This book focuses on three prominent 19th-century angels: Anna Jameson (1794-1860), the Anglo-Irish art historian; Margaret Fuller (1810-1850), the American Transcendentalist essayist; and Marian Evans (1819-1880), the English novelist, who wrote under the name George Eliot. All three, Protestants by background and feminists by conviction, are curiously and crucially linked by the use of their Madonna in arguments designed to empower women. They are not the only Victorians to focus on this figure, but in their work the Madonna is not, as customary in this period, abstracted from tradition and endowed with literary license, usually to support a constrictive domestic ideology; rather, she has a central role in a feminist biblical hermeneutics. Anna Jameson saw the Madonna historically as the feminine face of the divine, a figure whose glory and power are shared by women. Jameson also made the Madonna a human and inclusive figure; she noted ethnic and class variations in Marian portraiture and insisted on a Madonna who ages. Margaret Fuller and George Eliot focused instead on the Madonna as Virgin and Mother, seeing her as a figure at once intellectually self-reliant and fulfilled by her family relationships. As such, the Madonna represented the self-perfection and completion that ordinary women would achieve when freed from social restraints. Fuller also considered her a powerful symbol of the female artist, miraculously producing books, or ‘virgin births,’ with no man’s aid. All three women explored the Virgin and Mother image of the Madonna in their devotional and didactic goddess-figures of the religions pre-dating Christianity. The three writers form a significant group because they were quite unusual among their English-speaking and Protestant contemporaries in seeing feminising possibilities in the Madonna, and because they knew or knew of each other and frequently were influenced by each other’s work. More generally, I would like to suggest that we consider issues of representation, the relations of nineteenth-century feminism and religious thought, and cross-cultural and trans-Atlantic influences in our writing about women and culture (1-2).”

Bown, Nicola. Fairies in Nineteenth-Century Art and Literature. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001. Pp. xii + 235. $59.95 (cloth). “The fascination with fairies which is the subject of this book emerged in the late eighteenth century, and the fairy was a pervasive cultural figure for more than a hundred years. Indeed, so many and various were the forms of fairies representation that fairies took that in this book I look at only a few of them. Hundreds of fairy opera and operettas, plays, songs and ballets were produced during these centuries, too many for me to deal with here. The same goes for the enormous numbers of fairy tales, traditional and literary, which flourished during this period. In this book I concentrate on fairies in painting, poetry and non-fictional prose. These genres interest me because they allowed the Victorians, most of all grown-up, an outlet for their fantastic and escapism fantasies. When I first became interested in nineteenth-century fairies I was startled by the mixture of strange- ness and sentimentality I encountered. This book is about that combination of strangeness and sentimentality, and it is I argue that understanding the Victorians’ enchantment with fairyland is central to understanding their emotional responses to their own world (1-2). Illustrated.”


Green, Laura Morgan. Educating Women: Cultural Conflict and Victorian Literature. Athens: Ohio UP, 2001. Pp. xii + 153. $42.95 (cloth), $16.95 (paper). "The subject of this book is the relationship between two phenomena central to English culture in the second half of the nineteenth century—the movement to establish higher education for women, and the profusion of representations of women as students, teachers, or frustrated scholars within novel and poem of the period. The women's education movement intersected with larger Victorian cultural conflicts over gender and identity, in particular a conflict between the values of domestic ideology and those of the emergent liberal individualism, provoking complex and often ambivalent responses even among its supporters. I analyze both fiction and nonfiction works with strategies that focus on the thematic content of the works, and on the ideological content of the narratives in which they are produced. The book is divided into an "Introduction," "History of Women," "Fiction" (some 26 novels and short works), "Topics." (12). Includes a general bibliography, guide to further reading and an index.

Hunt, Peter. Children's Literature. Blackwell Guides to Literature. Blackwell, 2001. Pp. vi + 480. $69.95 US, $65.00 UK (cloth); $34.95 US, $16.95 (paper). There are several recent anthologies on children's literature, but as far as I know, this is the first study that includes both British and American authors. Includes an introduction, select bibliography and index.

Johnson, Patricia E. Hidden Hands: Working-Class Women and Victorian Social Problems Fiction. Athens: Ohio UP, 2001. Pp. ix + 224. $55.00 (cloth), $24.95 (paper). "The absence of women factory workers ['in the industrial novel the 'real' working-class woman is, as in the Victorian social novel']—placed alongside the emphasis on women—is the contradiction that this study focuses on, a contradiction that has its roots in the complex role of working-class women in Victorian ideology. I have chosen to use [Raymond] Williams's 'industrial novels' as my core group of fictions, first of all, because they have largely set the terms of debate about social-problem fiction and industrial questions. Second, because it was the relative absence of factory women in these novels that roused my initial interest. I have, however, expanded on William's list by including works by key women writers—such as Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, Charlotte Brontë, and Frances Hodgson Burnett—who address the issue of working women, as well as some examples of the treatment of working-class women in late-nineteenth century social-problem fiction." (1-2).


University of Marburg dissertation 2000.

Larson, Jill. Ethics and Narrative in the English Novel, 1880-1914. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001. Pp. ix + 176. $49.95. "This book has two broad purposes: the first is to read ethics as articulated by other narratives in the ethical sense, the other is to read the novels in which they are produced. In either case, the work is conducted by examining how narratives of ethical behavior are embedded in the larger narratives of the novels. The second purpose makes my project similar to William Scheick's Fictional Structure and Ethics: The Turn-of-the-Century English Novel, in that there is an intersection formed by Hardy and Conrad ... and in the ethics of their fiction, particularly their ideas about compassion. My work differs from Scheick's, however, in the philosophical lenses through which I read these texts, and, perhaps more importantly, in the literary historical direction of my overall argument. While his book focuses on Hardy and Conrad, and on the emergence ... tradition in relation to twentieth-century fiction (both modernist and contemporary), my study considers late nineteenth-century English novels in relation to Victorian culture and to the development of writing culture of the early twentieth century. For this reason my emphasis is interest in the turn-of-the-century obsession with the new, which went hand-in-hand with sometimes defiant, but more often ambivalent efforts to break free of the trammels of the old, including both mid-Victorian moral culture and novelistic traditions." (3)

Mallinson, Helen. Honour System: A Novel of India before the Raj. New York etc.: Bantam Books, c2000. Pp. ix + 299. $13.95 (paper). "Honorable Company is a work of fiction: the pristine state of Chintal never existed. However, the story is firmly rooted in what was happening in India, just after Waterloo, in the build-up to the Third Maratha War. And even within this context, the story is not certain, not untypical of the many minor princes in whose precarious existence depended increasingly on the Honorable East Company. They were states where young Englishmen like Hervey—as soldiers, administrators, or tutors to the royal household—often had disproportionate influence" (iv).

Murphy, Patricia. Time Is of the Essence: Temporality, Gender, and the New Woman. Albany, NY: State U of New York P, 2001. Pp. ix + 291. $68.50 (cloth), $22.95 (paper). "Feminist critics have turned unprecedented attention in recent years onto the plight of nineteenth century women. And, while this is by no means a new development, the relative absence of female voices in Victorian and twentieth-century women's literature has been marked, not to mention the complete absence of women in such canonical nineteenth-century literary texts as Middlemarch or Vanity Fair. Is there a place in the literary canon for the voice of the woman writer? Yes, there is, and my generation of women is proving that women's literature is not a genre that is 'alien' to the literary canon. This study explores the development of women's literature as a genre in the early twentieth century and as a mode of expression for women writers." (v)

Parlour, Norman. Marmion Wilde Savage 1840-1874: Unwritten Tales of Irish Literature Vol. 3. Lewiston, Queenston, Lampeter: Edwin Mellen P, 2000. Pp. xii + 133. "This book is a detailed historical and biographical account of a major author's life and unique literary contribution. ". Research was undertaken in Dublin, Torquay, and London where he lived. With great admiration for this Irish poet, the author tells us much about Marmion Savage's life, work, and place in the canon. The Savage books are now out all print, available in major British and American libraries. O'Donnell, Edward T. "How Things Should Know about Irish American History. New York: Broadway Books, 2001. Pp. 352. $15.95 (paper). 1001 facts are arranged alphabetically from "Abandoning Ireland" to "Zaccheus in Ireland". This is a book to be read "in bed before sleeping and before going out to bed after waking up. I find the book entertaining and informative. The 'Ireland before 1850,' "Coming to America," "Politics and Law," "Nationalism," "Religion," "The Military Tradition," "Culture," "Medicine and Science," "Work, Business, and Innovation," and "Sports." Petronen, Linda H. The Traditions of Victorian Women's Autobiography: The Poetics and Politics of Life Writing, 1800-1914. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001. Pp. viii + 217. $70.00 (cloth), $25.00 (paper). "In this book, I recontextualize Victorian women's autobiography not by presupposing the existence of a women's tradition but by instead asking about possible self-representational modes available to, acknowledged, or created by women writers. And I begin by proposing an alternate version of literary history but by looking closely at early attempts to identify 'women's autobiography' and by examining the assumptions that undergird them. For, as it turns out, modern literary critics are the first to construct a tradition of women's autobiography. The effort to construct a literary past—that is, a tradition of autobiographical writing that accounts for women's texts as the expression of women—originates in the nineteenth century. The 'origins of women's auto- biography' are distinctly Victorian." (v) Siddiqui, Ayesha. The Line in the Sand: Self in Nineteenth-Century Painting. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2000. Pp. xvii + 230. $75.00. "In all the paintings I analyze here, space is as palpable and as vivid a presence as any sentient being. These interiors are not figurative spaces designed to contain or protect; they are animate entities, highly responsive to, even shaped by, the psychological currents that swirl within them. These images exploit the interiority of its accessibility as a sign, even as they subvert its commonplace associations with comfort and safety. Contradictions are inherent in the interior... On the one hand, the private interior response to the threatening New Woman. Temporality thus offers not only an enlightening but a crucial approach to understanding the formation, inscription, and problematization of gender boundaries in the century's waning decades" (1-2).
was a sanctuary from which the world could be safely observed—a 'box in the world theater', as Benjamin put it; on the other, it was a stage for the acting out of one's most intimate feelings with great authenticity" (3).

Turner, Paul. *The Life of Thomas Hardy: A Critical Biography*. Blackwell Critical Biographies. Oxford, UK and Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2001. Pp. xiv + 326. $25.95 (paper); clothbound edition was published in 1998.) "To make tentative questions about aspects of experience" easier, I have focused each chapter on a single work, and divided it into two sections, one biographical, the other critical, the first on what Hardy was doing and thinking in the run-up to publication, and the second on the work itself. Needless to say, this arrangement does not always work smoothly; for Hardy, like Wordsworth, often drew on thoughts and experiences 'from hiding-places ten years deep,' and sometimes much deeper. For instance, certain childhood memories tend to recur throughout his long writing career. In such cases the current instalment of biography has had to be extended backwards, or the system otherwise modified" (1)-2.


Ulrich, John M. *Signs of the Times: History, Labor, and the Body in Cobbett, Carlyle, and Disraeli*. Athens: Ohio U Press, 2002. Pp. x + 221. $44.95. "As I intend to show in the following chapters, these three writers—[William Cobbett in *A History of the Protestant Reformation* and Rural Rides, Carlyle in *Past and Present* and Disraeli in *Sybil*]—are not merely wallowing in a wishful nostalgia for the past; instead, each writer's intense level of engagement with his present times is founded on two mutually important characteristics: a passionate belief in the power of writing to shape the way people understand their position relative to the past, present, and future; and a relentlessly self-conscious approach to discerning the texture of those times—to the complex, 'perplexing' interrelation between the materiality and the textuality of history, labor, and the body" (7).

Vallone, Lynne. *Becoming Victoria*. New Haven and London: Yale UP, 2001. Pp. xvii + 256. $26.95. "This study of Queen Victoria's girlhood is not meant to compete with the many excellent large-scale biographies of Queen Victoria ... Nor is this book solely a work of literary and cultural criticism of Queen Victoria as a figurehead and cultural marker of an age. Rather, *Becoming Victoria* is a study of girlhood, and combines biographical with cultural criticism, focusing on the youth of Princess Victoria by way of her own words and works found in her letters, stories, drawings, educational materials, and journals. *Becoming Victoria* also tells the story of children's books: that those that Princess Victoria read, those she attempted to copy, and those that helped create the cultural climate of certain mores in which she was raised. The book locates the young Victoria within the complex and often conflicting contexts of Georgian children's literature, conventional child-rearing practices, domestic and familial intrigues, and the frequently turbulent political climate of the period" (xvi-xvii).