

**INTROVERSION AND EXTROVERSION IN CERTAIN LATE
VICTORIAN WRITERS**

Jørgen Stepputat

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INTROVERSION AND EXTROVERSION
IN CERTAIN LATE VICTORIAN WRITERS

by

Jørgen Stepputat

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ABSTRACT

This thesis deals with three writers, George Gissing, Edmund Gosse and Robert Louis Stevenson. I use the words "introversion" and "extroversion" partly in a geographical sense. George Gissing, for example, in spite of Continental influences remained a very English (in some ways almost insular) novelist, and in that sense an introvert. Edmund Gosse, on the other hand, was a very cosmopolitan critic although his style was typically English. Robert Louis Stevenson provides a third angle. Having been born in Edinburgh he was forced into exile for most of his life, and obviously this had a great effect on his writings. Of the three writers most weight is given to Edmund Gosse.

In my analysis of George Gissing I concentrate on some of his best known novels, The Unclassed, The Nether World, New Grub Street and Born in Exile. The Emancipated and By the Ionian Sea deal specifically with Italy. - There are four chapters on Edmund Gosse. The first concentrates on the early part of his long career when his main interest was Scandinavian literature. The next two chapters give an account of his impressions of and writings on America and France. In the fourth chapter on Edmund Gosse I concentrate on the part of his career when he had become an established authority on his own country's literature. - Robert Louis Stevenson, too, is dealt with in four chapters. First I write briefly about His Scottish works, all inspired by his childhood and youth. Next I deal with his two favourite countries, France and the United States, both associated with his wife, Fanny. The last chapter follows Stevenson to the South Seas where he spent the last few years of his life and wrote some of his best books.

The three writers are compared from time to time. Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse knew each other well; George Gissing is the odd man out. But his reaction to foreign influences differs from that of the other two and this makes a comparison very interesting.

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St. Andrews March 1985

Jørgen Stepputat

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ERRATA

- p. 35, last par. a "modern": delete "a"
 p. 67, bottom line bareness: read "bareness"
 p. 69, main par. poetical climate: read "political climate"
 p. 94, long quote moevement: read "movement"
 p. 109, line 11 unqualified: read "unqualified"
 p. 118, first par. Gosse Gilder: read "Gosse wrote Gilder"
 . 159 imprimateur: read "imprimatur"
 p. 167, lines 9-12 read "... on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Hardy's death, it was broadcast by the BBC. A reviewer in The Listener, as well as Richard Hoggart, who presented the talk, seems amused..."
 p. 189 read "Alan" throughout
 p. 204, second par. Phillistines: read "Philistines"
 p. 204, third par. different than: read "different from that"
 p. 242, line after q. unmistable: read "unmistakable"
 p. 329, n. 18 ascerbic: read "acerbic"
 p. 358, n. 106 in into: read "into"

CHAPTER 1

INTROVERSION AND EXTROVERSION IN
CERTAIN LATE VICTORIAN WRITERS

INTRODUCTION

The concepts of nationalism and patriotism are closely involved with the theme of this thesis. They often impinge on works of literature; this is sometimes recognized although the connections have rarely been studied. In this thesis three Victorian writers are subjected to scrutiny, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edmund Gosse and George Gissing. In the title of this work the terms "introversion" and "extroversion" are applied to the question of nationalism. I am not primarily concerned with psychology although my use of the terms cannot, of course, exclude that aspect. No doubt nationalism and patriotism are in many ways intimately related to the general psychological make-up of a writer. My main concern is to see how the three writers view their own country and other countries, and also to demonstrate how this is reflected in their works. All three could be said to be collectively representative of the late nineteenth century but each of them was perhaps too unusual to be labelled a typical Victorian, with the possible exception of Edmund Gosse. They travelled extensively and all received important

stimuli from abroad. Best documented are the travels of Robert Louis Stevenson, who died on Samoa in the Pacific. As a young man he travelled widely in Europe and later he went on a famous cross-continental tour of the United States (The Amateur Emigrant) before embarking on his Pacific adventures. Wherever he went Stevenson put his impressions into books. Even the surroundings of his honeymoon were turned to literary use in The Silverado Squatters. A characteristic feature of Stevenson's globe-trotting was his search for health.¹⁾ Having escaped the dampness of his beloved Scotland, he went to live in Bournemouth, and when his father died he left the United Kingdom for good, except in spirit. The movements of George Gissing have received less attention. His clashes with the establishment made him more mysterious. Gissing too, starved in the United States, and later he visited the places of classical civilization, Italy and Greece. George Gissing died in France where he had settled down with Gabrielle Fleury. Edmund Gosse went to the United States in greater style than Stevenson or Gissing. Towards the end of 1884, when he sailed, he was already a respected and known literary critic. For a few months he travelled in eastern United States on an extremely successful lecture tour, not completely dissimilar to Dickens's experiences some years earlier. In the 1870s Edmund Gosse had visited the Scandinavian countries and had reported his impressions in several articles. He grew very fond of France, went there often; in fact he had been to France shortly before his death. Gosse's travels were not documented by travel books as Stevenson's were. However, there are in existence thousands of letters, some of them published, which describe Gosse's impressions. But in the case of all three writers, foreign travel had a clear influence on their books. Interestingly, the most insular of the trio is George Gissing. As we shall see, he concentrated his

fiction on England and London. To him, going abroad was an escape in a different sense than it was to Stevenson; "at home" and "abroad" were very clearly distinguishable in Gissing's mind. It is a paradox that while both he and his novels remained above all English, subsequent critics have pointed to French and other European literature as direct sources of influence.²⁾ Only Edmund Gosse was truly an internationalist to whom borders meant little. Since his death in 1928 Edmund Gosse has rarely been in favour with critics but nobody can deny that he searched for talent in literature wherever it came from. This soon became the main feature of his life, and he helped many non-British writers to fame in the United Kingdom. All his life he worked to bring countries together in literature, others have tried to do the same with music and sport. Gosse was probably a more sedentary person than the other two; he always led a protected life and was not subjected to the misfortunes suffered by Stevenson and Gissing. Significantly, his health was better and he survived them both by several years.

The theme of this thesis is in its nature a very wide-ranging one. For that reason it has been difficult and occasionally painful to select material for study. It would clearly be impossible to include everything written by the three (who all produced tremendous amounts), and everything written about nationalism and foreign travel descriptions. The main emphasis has been on works of literature; this thesis is not a social history. Extensive literary analysis of fictional as well as critical works is often used to throw light on the theme. It is important that as many angles as possible are used.

In the case of George Gissing I have restricted myself to the novels, and I have concentrated on a few of them, and on By the Ionian Sea. It was tempting also to include the by now many published collections

of his letters but space did not allow this, and my main concern had to be with the main stream of his fictional work.

With Gosse it was a different matter. He was not essentially a fiction writer although he did write some fiction. First of all, however, he was a literary critic, he wrote poetry, and he was a prolific letter-writer. His son, Philip Gosse, wrote that immediately after breakfast his father would go to his study and reply to each letter he had received in the post.³⁾ In this thesis I have used a number of letters never published, as well as several published volumes of Gosse's letters to different writers in America, Scandinavia, France, and in Britain. A few works by Gosse have been left out.

I have decided not to stop the study of Edmund Gosse at the end of the Victorian age proper. He retained his values until the end of his life and did not change them because the Queen died. Besides, it is particularly interesting that Gosse should have lived on until just before the Depression (unlike Stevenson and Gissing). He experienced the first reaction against the Victorian age, and defended the traditional values while at the same time keeping an open mind. His interest in France became more absorbing as he grew older. Furthermore, Edmund Gosse's work during the First World War shows a side not seen before. The fight for victory and peace became very important to him and his writings were penetrated by these feelings.

The section on Robert Louis Stevenson is not a study of the longer (and more popular) fiction. I have selected the works that have a particular bearing on the theme, notably the books about the South Seas, some of the short stories, and many of the published letters.

In Appendices B. and C. I have reproduced a Journal and a Diary written by Gosse. These throw light on the text of this thesis. The Journal (written in Scotland in 1870) has never been published in full, and the Diary

(written in Denmark in 1874) has never been published at all.

This thesis deals with the prose writings of Gissing, Gosse and Stevenson, and makes little reference to poetry. The last two wrote many poems, as well as plays; a study of these works might easily provide material for another thesis.

It may be relevant to ask, why three writers? And it is not difficult to answer the question. Two writers would seem insufficient to illustrate the theme properly. Discussion of Edmund Gosse and Robert Louis Stevenson might leave a somewhat flat picture; the analysis of George Gissing adds depth to the other two sections. An increase of authors to four or more would first of all lead to an increase of material impossible to accommodate within the scope of one thesis. Three is not only a magical number but also a practical one.

As regards the arrangement of the different chapters I rejected a merely chronological order because this would have seemed both arbitrary and confusing. I start with George Gissing because he provides an introduction to the chapters on Edmund Gosse and Robert Louis Stevenson. The atmosphere of Gissing's novels is very typical of England at the end of the last century.⁴⁾ In a period when the Empire had grown rapidly it became important to many to look inwards, as it were, to the English cities, and especially London. Only late in his career, with The Whirlpool, does Gissing reveal increased extroversion, although even in the "London novels", foreign influences make themselves felt. Gissing's novels provide much information about the 1880s and 1890s in the same way that Anthony Trollope's novels had done some years previously. Within the Gissing chapter there is a progression towards the two Italian books discussed at the end, The Emancipated and By the Ionian Sea. It also seemed sensible to treat Gissing first since, within our trio, he is in some ways the odd man out. Both Stevenson and Gosse belonged to a literary clique to which Gissing never

seriously aspired. Socially he was an outcast. He was also less cosmopolitan than they were. Gosse brought foreign literature into Britain but Gissing never let foreign influences interfere with the intense Englishness of his works.⁵⁾

After the chapter on George Gissing, I trace the life, works, and travels of Gosse and Stevenson. From being a critic on Scandinavian literature and affairs Gosse extended his interests, and at the end of his life he was also regarded as an authority on French and English literature. Stevenson's life was a progression from his native Edinburgh to the exotic islands of the Pacific, and so I start by looking at some of his "Scottish" works (most written later outside Scotland), and finish by discussing some of his short stories about the Pacific.

It is to be expected that the reputations of George Gissing, Edmund Gosse and Robert Louis Stevenson have fluctuated somewhat over the years. Until fairly recently Gissing was little known, and most of his novels were out of print. But in recent years we have seen a renewed interest in Gissing, spurred on by the impressive work of people such as Pierre Coustillas, Jacob Korg, and Gillian Tindall (an appropriately international group of scholars has shown interest in Gissing). Today most of his novels are available, and new paperback editions are still coming out.

Robert Louis Stevenson has not ceased to arouse interest and controversy. Biographies, critical books, even attacks were published not long after his death. And to this day his name appears frequently in The Scotsman and other publications. Of the three, Robert Louis Stevenson is undoubtedly the most famous, and his reputation has never been allowed to rest. A short account of some of the Stevenson literature is to be found in Appendix A.

Edmund Gosse was for a long time almost completely forgotten. The general feeling has been that his work

was too dated to have any lasting value. It is perhaps also the case that Churton Collins's attack on Gosse in 1886 damaged him more than he could have imagined; charges of inaccuracy have not stopped since. Critics in this century have delighted in going through Gosse's work with a fine comb pointing out errors and misprints. Of all the books, only Father and Son continues to be liked and admired. Much the same chord is struck in Ann Thwaite's excellent and comprehensive biography of Gosse published only last year. She at one point comments: "It is extraordinary how often Edmund's memory betrays him in trivial details!"⁶⁾ Ann Thwaite is not always entirely consistent in her attacks on Gosse. It seems to me that any writer subjected to this kind of scrutiny would be considered guilty of having made mistakes. Edmund Gosse was such a prolific and versatile writer, and we cannot expect perfection and complete accuracy in everything he wrote. I do not believe that any writer could sustain this degree of consistency. I disagree particularly with one speculation put forward by Ann Thwaite to the effect that in the late 1880s Gosse must have wished he had stayed on in America. There is no evidence to suggest that Gosse ever considered living permanently outside England. Ann Thwaite's most tantalizing statement is that Gosse had known and loved a girl in Denmark.⁷⁾ She does not give any evidence or reference, and I have not come across any myself.

It is hoped that the present thesis will restore some of Gosse's lost reputation. The point is not that he never made mistakes but that these were of little importance. Since Charteris's 1931 biography of Gosse there have been few (if any) favourable, and yet critical, studies of the writer.

The chapter on Gosse and Scandinavia is a very long one since that part of the world was very dear especially to the younger Gosse. I have concentrated on Denmark largely because sources have been easily available to

me in Copenhagen. The publications of Elias Bredsdorff have been of great value to me; his meticulous scholarship is an encouragement to us all. It is easy to understand Edmund Gosse's interest in the Copenhagen of the nineteenth century. The city was changing from what to a Londoner must have seemed a provincial backwater to a centre of civilization. Besides, Denmark could offer a remarkably independent and living literature for its size, and a long and interesting history. Denmark and Britain had (and have) much in common. In the nineteenth century Denmark still had many colonial possessions, and the memory of greatness was still there. She had once ruled England; until the seventeenth century she had ruled the south of Sweden, until the beginning of the nineteenth she had been one with Norway, and as recently as 1864 she had lost Slesvig and Holsten to Prussia. (For convenience I have translated letters written in Danish into English. In these cases the original Danish can be found in the notes.)

Much has been written about Gissing's relations with London, and I can only refer, as I do later, to Asa Briggs's splendid discussion in Victorian Cities. George Gissing was not a native Londoner; he was born in Wakefield in Yorkshire, and for a while went to Owens College in Manchester. Thus his views and observations discussed in the chapter following this introduction are really (and surprisingly perhaps) the views of an outsider.

Generalizations about Victorian values abound. To a large extent the last ten years or so have seen something of a return to those values, only to be expected perhaps, after the violent reaction had at long last subsided. One Victorian institution, the Empire, has now been replaced with the Commonwealth. In Victorian Britain the Empire meant an outlet for many people, and emigration was big business. The Empire made it impossible for almost anybody not to be aware that outside Britain there was a totally different world, even if the vast

majority would never catch a glimpse of it. And the world impinged on literature too, even on the most urban of London novels.

CHAPTER 2
THE ENGLISH NOVELIST:
GEORGE GISSING

Of the three writers in the present study, George Gissing is the most English. In some respects he could be described as an insular author although this does not include associations of narrowmindedness. Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse were both in so many ways more international than George Gissing. Gissing comes very clearly in the English tradition of writers, following on from Charles Dickens, and himself followed, several years after his death, by a writer such as George Orwell. As is well-known, Gissing was deeply influenced by foreign novelists; for example, he had read the Dane J. P. Jacobsen's Niels Lyhne and was deeply impressed by it.¹⁾ The Russian novelists too, like Turgenev and Dostoevsky, made a great impact on his writings, as did many French novelists, especially Émile Zola, whose novel Germinal has sometimes been compared with Gissing's books.²⁾ Furthermore, George Gissing had travelled a great deal; he had been to the United States (where he went after his disgraceful dismissal from Owens College), and Italy and Greece were familiar to him. When he was abroad he often deplored the reputation and behaviour of his fellow countrymen and he was enthusiastic especially about Italy

and the Italians, something quite normal in travel descriptions of the period.³⁾ Foreign influences meant much to him. Nevertheless, George Gissing's novels are above all English; he used his foreign inspiration but the results were quite unlike the novels of Zola, Dostoevsky, and Jacobsen. Gissing has sometimes been described as a writer in the European tradition but this is somewhat misleading.⁴⁾ A contemporary critic reviewing The Nether World noticed this, albeit in a somewhat jingoistic manner. "I have called the book realistic, but happily it is an English book, and the reader will find in it none of that leprous naturalism which disgusts every honourable reader in the works of Zola and his school." Asa Briggs felt that The Nether World reminded him of Mrs. Gaskell and the eighteen-forties.⁵⁾

George Gissing's novels are books with a very clear theme. The title, The Nether World, is almost self-explanatory; the novel is about London working class life. Gissing addresses himself to the "upper world", the middle class readers, who would normally read such works. He describes his characters and the world they live in as if it were a foreign country; this reflects the situation at the time, when indeed the working classes were considered a different race who followed different laws. This point is made over and over again in the novel. People in the nether world are defenceless against any attack - as when the police break into a flat to arrest Bob Hewett, "That fierce kick, making ruin of your rotten barrier, is dealt with the whole force of Law, of Society; you might as well think of resisting death when your hour shall come." There is a sense of inevitability which reminds one of Nineteen Eighty-Four.⁶⁾ Gissing treated the same theme in The Unclassed where the heroine, Ida, is "framed" by Harriet Casti. Ida has to face trial (in the chapter called "Justice"). The trial is described in some detail, and it becomes clear that Ida will certainly not receive justice. The court becomes (to Waymark, the "hero")

"the hateful place", it becomes an instrument of oppression rather than a traditional court of law. Gissing's detached language makes it clear that he did not believe in the usefulness of the courts.

A verdict was returned of "Guilty."
Had the prisoner anything to say? Nothing whatever. There was a pause, a longer pause than seemed necessary. Then, without remark, she was sentenced to be imprisoned for six months with hard labour. 7)

It is by no means surprising that Gissing should have formed a less than respectful opinion of the English law courts and their activities. He realized that those who were on the lower rungs of society's ladder were more liable to suffer miscarriages of justice than their superiors.

Like New Grub Street (to be discussed below) The Nether World is a London novel concentrating very strongly on the growing capital, which was a never-ending source of inspiration for Gissing.⁸⁾ The subject matter is perhaps unusual but, as we have seen, by no means unique. The world of the novel is far removed from that of its genteel middle class readers, and it was felt by many reviewers at the time that Gissing's picture was a true one.⁹⁾ In fact, Gissing was not nearly as familiar with the nether world as he was with the world of New Grub Street. His portraits of the working class characters, although extremely good, are still fairly conventional.

Obviously, one main theme is poverty, which is the main reason for the misery suffered, "Poverty makes a crime of every indulgence."¹⁰⁾ The poverty-stricken inhabitants of the nether world have problems peculiar to their situation. Gissing calls them "the slaves of industrialism".¹¹⁾ The poor are not to blame for their poverty, Gissing is keen to point out. Jacob Korg has said, with some truth, that only poverty appears in the novel. One is often tempted to describe The Nether World as a catalogue of working class

miseries.¹²⁾ The effects of poverty are analysed in each of the characters. The people of the nether world do not even know how to use money properly, and on Bank Holidays, for example, they squander it irresponsibly.

As in his other novels, Gissing meticulously describes different members of the world under scrutiny. Thus in The Nether World there is a host of working class characters, all different, all illustrating different problems and concerns of London working class people. The main character is Sidney Kirkwood. Compared to some other central Gissing characters Sidney is somewhat flat. He does not impress us as very realistic, and rather reminds one of C.P. Snow's Lewis Eliot. Sidney works in a jeweller's, and he paints. We can see that he is not a typical member of the nether world. Thus he can behave to the rest with a certain degree of detachment. Like Gissing he has looked at socialism:-

With some help... he reached the stage of confident and aspiring Radicalism, believing in the perfectibility of man, in human brotherhood, in anything you like that is the outcome of a noble heart sheltered by ignorance. It had its turn, and passed. 13)

Sidney also becomes sceptical towards charity as displayed in the novel. He listens to the philanthropic plans for great works outlined by Michael Snowdon and he descends "from the clouds", "Sidney not only had no faith in the practicability of such a life's work as Michael visioned, but he had the profoundest distrust of his own moral strength if he should allow himself to be committed to lifelong renunciation." Michael Snowdon wants his daughter, Jane, to meet Miss Lant, a philanthropic do-gooder, and it is clear that her activities are fairly ineffectual. Sidney has grave misgivings about the project ("Her Jane's nature was home-keeping; to force her into alliance with conscious philanthropists was to set her in the falsest position conceivable"). He is right; the work, as well as being

misdirected, depresses Jane, "the imperative hunger of her heart remained unsatisfied."¹⁴⁾ Throughout the novel Gissing displays a fatalistic attitude. This applies to Sidney's relations with Clara Hewett, whom he eventually marries. The marriage is unsuccessful, which is not a surprise. At the beginning of the novel Sidney reflects, "her faults were too obvious to escape any eye."¹⁵⁾

In The Nether World George Gissing concentrates mainly on the women characters. The urge, conscious or unconscious, for them to break out is more acute since they are less independent than the male characters. Thus, Gissing's message is better illustrated. Clara Hewett, for example, almost succeeds in escaping from the nether world. She is far better educated and more intelligent than most other girls of her social class ("her unfortunate endowment of brains", as Gissing puts it). For this reason she is perhaps more aware of her surroundings than others. At first she works in an ordinary workroom, then in a licensed eating-room, but she swears to Sidney that soon she will leave for higher things.¹⁷⁾ Clara is true to her word, and she reappears later in the novel as an up-and-coming actress touring the north of England with a company. Here she has a fatal argument with another actress which ends with Clara's face being disfigured by vitriol. It was a typical dream for a girl to be an actress, like today many dream of becoming a movie-star. At the same time, middle class Victorians still regarded the stage with much suspicion. At the beginning of the century Fanny Price had objected to the amateur theatricals in Jane Austen's Mansfield Park (1814). In Wilkie Collins's No Name (1862) Magdalen Vanstone was described as "a public performer, roaming from place to place in the country, under an assumed name", all of which could be applied to Clara Hewett.¹⁸⁾ As far as Gissing, and Sidney, are concerned, Clara was destined to fail from the start. Sidney once remarks, "Suppose she'd been the daughter of a rich man; then everything we now call a fault in

her would either have been of no account or actually a virtue."¹⁹⁾ Of course, it comes down to poverty once again. Clara's accident is merely nemesis. She does not love Sidney but she respects him and this, according to the ethos of Victorian respectability, was quite sufficient basis for a marriage.²⁰⁾ At the end of the novel we see Sidney in an attempt to cheer up Clara, who seems destined to spend the rest of her life in utter desolation. She is forever trapped in the claustrophobic atmosphere of the nether world. Some middle class writers (Dickens for example) might romanticize about the lower classes as an escape from conventional respectability, but Gissing knew from personal experience that it was no escape.

An entirely different character is Pennyloaf (Penelope) Candy, who marries Clara Hewett's brother, Robert. Like Clara, Pennyloaf never succeeds in changing her life, but whereas Clara does her best and is left embittered, Pennyloaf never even makes the attempt to change her own future. As Jane Snowdon remarks, "She doesn't seem even to understand me when I try to show her how it might be different." Pennyloaf is submissive to everybody, from the pawnbroker to her husband, who habitually beats her. Pennyloaf is an easy victim for the coarse Clem Peckover, who on one occasion attacks Pennyloaf in the street.²¹⁾ But, as Gissing is keen to point out, Pennyloaf's childhood has been too miserable to give her any strength. Her mother is a victim of the beer-house ("... for a penny you forgot all the cares of existence; for threepence you became a yelling maniac"). Her father is a journeyman baker who works nineteen hours a day, and (like his son-in-law) he habitually beats his wife.²²⁾ But in spite of all this Pennyloaf has pride; she is what Gissing would call an "industrial thrall" but most emphatically not a domestic servant. For example, She herself had never been a servant - never; she had never sunk below working with the needle for sixteen hours a day for a payment of ninepence. The work-girl regards a domestic slave as very distinctly her inferior.

Gissing is emphasizing the point that even Pennyloaf feels she has some independence, or freedom. To surrender that for the relative comforts of a middle or upper class household is inconceivable to the proud members of the nether world.²³⁾

We have mentioned Jane Snowdon in connection with Sidney Kirkwood. When her irresponsible father goes abroad Jane is left in the unfriendly Peckover household. When things are at their worst, Jane's "fairy grandfather", Michael Snowdon, comes over from Australia. Grandfather and granddaughter then live together, even after the return of Jane's father (who marries Clem Peckover). Michael's plan is to bring up Jane so that she can devote her life to philanthropic work; a plan which, as we have seen, fails. To some extent Jane is a very Dickensian heroine (in the mould of Flora Dombey, Esther Summerson, and Little Dorrit). Jane is very fine and delicate, and modest too.

Gissing remarks on Jane and Michael's attitude to religion. When bullied by Clem Peckover, Jane's anguish manifests itself "in a broken word or two of a prayer she knew by heart, including a name which sounded like a charm against evil", and later, "Prayers she had never said".²⁴⁾ Together Jane and her grandfather read the parable of the Samaritan. Snowdon's theme when talking to Jane after the reading is "Compassion", which he regards as "the saving principle of human life". Snowdon studies the Bible for the humanity it teaches, not because of its religious message, "he used the Bible as a source of moral instruction"; Jane should, he thinks, possess "the religious spirit".²⁵⁾ Like Sidney, Jane stands out from the crowd in the nether world; she is clearly different from the other girls. For example when she laughs, "What sweet laughter it was! How unlike the shrill discord whereby the ordinary workgirl expresses her foolish mirth!" When Jane, her grandfather, and Sidney Kirkwood travel into the country Jane is talking to the farmer's daughter, "Jane's clear-throated

laugh contrasting with the rougher utterance of her companion."²⁶⁾

Gissing rejected conventional and organized philanthropy, as we have seen. He disliked people such as Miss Lant in The Nether World, although he did not attack do-gooders as savagely as Dickens had done with his portrait of Mrs. Jellyby in Bleak House (1853). The message conveyed through characters such as Sidney and Jane is that individuals can do much more good than charitable organizations. Gissing spells it out in the last paragraph of The Nether World:-

In each life little for congratulation. He with the ambitions of his youth frustrated; neither an artist, nor a leader of men in the battle for justice. She, no saviour of society by the force of a superb example; no daughter of the people, holding wealth in trust for the people's needs. Yet to both was their work given. Unmarked, unencouraged save by their love of uprightness and mercy, they stood by the side of those more hapless, brought some comfort to hearts less courageous than their own. Where they abode it was not all dark. Sorrow certainly awaited them, perchance defeat in even the humble aims that they had set themselves; but at least their lives would remain a protest against those brute forces of society which fill with wreck the abysses of the nether world

So Gissing's vital message in The Nether World is a rejection of corporate charity and a belief in the greater effect of individual effort. Minds are at least as important as bodies, and handouts are not necessarily a good thing; Miss Lant's Soup Kitchen is a failure.²⁷⁾

There is much the same message in The Unclassed, but it is an earlier novel and does perhaps present a less sophisticated, perhaps a less disillusioned approach. The Jane Snowdon figure in The Unclassed is Ida Starr, who inherits property in London and decides to improve it. The inhabitants notice that, "she brought no tracts, spoke not at all of religious matters".²⁸⁾ There is, in other words, an implicit criticism of charity organized by religious institutions. Again,

Gissing makes the point that more can be done by individuals, in this case landlords; "... poverty in plenty, but at all events an attempt at cleanliness everywhere, as far, that is to say, as a landlord's care could ensure it."²⁹⁾ One chapter consists of a somewhat idealized account of a garden party Ida throws for the poor girls of the area.

The criticism of the Church is especially a criticism of some typical Evangelical attitudes (such as, for example, the attitude represented by Edmund Gosse's father). Maud Enderby is brought up by her aunt, Miss Bygrave, who teaches her that one must not enjoy anything in life. When entering her house "you were oppressed by the chill, damp atmosphere". Maud takes a very severe view of the Eppings, who are High Church.³⁰⁾ It seems a little odd that later Maud starts going to a Roman Catholic Church. ("She was soothed and filled with a sense of repose.") And, when the novel ends, she has joined a sisterhood in a Midland town. Her life is devoted to works of charity, although it is not charity of the same individual kind as the work of Ida Starr.³¹⁾

One of the main themes of the novel is Waymark's choice between Ida and Maud. The two are contrasts. When in straitened circumstances Maud decides to become a governess, Ida takes up prostitution. Ida is very close to Gissing's ideal woman; she has experienced the seamy side of life but it has not damaged her mentally or physically (one thinks of Gissing's two wives). To Gissing prostitution is not a taboo subject (although, of course, he does not use the word itself); indeed, he points out that prostitutes can bring up their children as well as anybody else. Ida's mother too, was a prostitute, and Gissing comments, "Ida Starr's bringing up was in no respect inferior to that she would have received in the home of the average London artisan or small tradesman."³²⁾ There is no attack on prostitution but Waymark influences Ida in

such a way that she gives it up; and her subsequent concern for the young girls of Litany Lane is made very clear. As if to underline this point, Gissing makes frequent mention of Ida's obsession with cleanliness.³³⁾ Ida shows that there is a higher respectability than the sort which narrow Victorian conventions allowed for. The subject matter in The Unclassed is in many ways more controversial than in The Nether World. In his Preface to the 1895 edition George Gissing said that when the novel was first written, in 1884, many publishers and editors were unwilling to have anything to do with it. "Nowadays, the theme and its presentment will, at worst, be 'matter for a flying smile'".³⁴⁾

Waymark is the main character of the novel. He strikes a friendship with Julian Casti, who is in some ways a weaker version of himself. Waymark meets Ida in the street and, as we have said, it is his influence which makes her give up prostitution. Gissing describes their relationship as in great part a platonic one; Waymark himself remarks, "I'm a believer in friendship between men and women. Of course there is in it the spice of the difference of sex, and why not accept that as a pleasant thing?"³⁵⁾ And yet, Waymark is not himself clear about his relationship with Ida: "This was not love he suffered from, but mere desire. To let it have its way would be to degrade Ida."³⁶⁾ Like other Gissing heroes, Waymark has many such scruples.

And like Sidney Kirkwood in The Nether World Waymark passes through a brief phase of radicalism in his youth; he calls it "those days of violent radicalism, working-man's-club lecturing, and the like". The more mature Waymark identifies his youthful zeal on behalf of the poor as disguised zeal on behalf of his own starved passions. He shows a marked contempt for the British Parliamentary system, and makes his low opinion of Westminster clear when Abraham Woodstock suggests he stand for Parliament. Waymark also confesses that he

has never known religious feeling or consolation.³⁷⁾ As becomes a Gissing "hero", he is free from the shackles of conventional tradition, and all the more insecure for that. Neither has he any worldly ambition, and like Reardon in New Grub Street he is content with a job without prospects, such as the job in the circulating library.³⁸⁾ A man of his learning is also out of place in Dr. Tootle's academy. Dr. Tootle and his academy (with its Irish and Swiss masters) provide comic relief in the Dickensian tradition. The passage is strongly reminiscent of Dotheboys Hall in Nicholas Nickleby.

The two women between whom Waymark is positioned are very neatly juxtaposed in the novel. Gissing, with his great attention to detail, even describes samples of their handwriting, as Waymark receives one letter from each, "on one of which his name stood in firm, upright characters, on the other in slender, sloping, delicate writing."³⁹⁾ Ida and Maud go to the same school, and Maud likes her friend, but when Ida leaves Maud loses the benefit of her influence. Her father steals and goes to the United States. (He later returns and is arrested.) Maud is brought up by an aunt who, as we have seen, is very religious and has an exaggerated sense of guilt and a preoccupation with sin. ("She was oppressed with the consciousness of sin.")⁴⁰⁾ As we have seen, Maud decides to become a governess, an utterly respectable profession even by Victorian standards. But the other factors we have mentioned still make her one of the "unclassed".

Gissing knew, partly from personal experience, that the United States had just as many social problems as England. In an important passage in the early novel, Thyrza (1887), Walter Egremont says, "Social problems are here in plenty. Indeed, it looks very much as if America would sooner have reached an acute stage of social conflict than the old countries; naturally, as it is the refuge of those who abandon the old world in disgust." In America too, there were different

classes. Equality, Egremont realized, was a mere phrase.⁴¹⁾

Ida Starr is more obviously unclassed than Ida. When Waymark meets her she is walking the streets but, as mentioned, it has not affected her temper, which (somewhat surprisingly) is a cheerful one. Ida appears sometimes as not quite human, and, significantly, to the children of Litany Lane she is an angel who has led them through the portals of paradise.⁴²⁾ After her trial she is unjustly convicted which also makes her a martyr. And, as we have seen above, Gissing does not associate prostitution with a loss of respectability. Fortunately, like Jane, Ida is rescued by an unknown grandfather.

In many ways The Unclassed differs from The Nether World. It is certainly more extrovert in the sense that it uses a greater variety of backgrounds and characters. America, and to some extent Australia, is a place where people either succeed triumphantly or fail ignominiously. The Nether World is not about America or Australia, they are merely a deus-ex-machina device. Michael's fortune can be obtained without any confusing link with the English middle or upper classes, and Joseph can conveniently disappear out of the book. Likewise in The Unclassed where America tends to be associated with dubious characters. Thus Paul Enderby, who is a former clergyman, returns from America with "a scheme for the utilisation of waste product in some obscure branch of manufacture". Indeed, shady financial transactions tend to happen in the United States.⁴³⁾ A later novel, The Whirlpool (1897), demonstrates a more confident approach to the new world, and an acceptance of its importance. Harvey Rolfe says, "The future of England is beyond seas. I would have children taught all about the Colonies before bothering them with histories of Greece and Rome." The Whirlpool is in many ways a much more outward-looking novel. Rolfe elaborates on his views in a prophetic vein,

We shall go on fighting and annexing, until - until the decline and fall of the British Empire. That hasn't begun yet. Some of us are so over-civilised that it makes a reaction of wholesome barbarism in the rest. We shall fight like blazes in the twentieth century. It's the only thing that keeps Englishmen sound; commercialism is their curse. 44)

The prophecy may not be a very accurate one but we see a clear indication of how England's position had developed during Gissing's career. The Whirlpool is more enthusiastic about foreign countries. There is even mention of the South Seas, which may well have been inspired by Robert Louis Stevenson's life and death on Samoa. 45)

In The Unclassed Julian Casti is born in Rome but brought up in England. And yet he says to Waymark, "I don't so much long for the modern Italy, for the beautiful scenery and climate, not even for the Italy of Raphael, or of Dante. I think most of classical Italy". This is of course in great part a reflection of Gissing's own feelings and we shall see similar sentiments expressed in New Grub Street. Throughout the novel up to his death, Julian Casti dreams of going back to Rome. 46) The dream is kept alive but it is just a dream. Unlike Reardon in New Grub Street Julian Casti does not know Italy. The pattern which emerges is that of the new world (the United States and Australia) as a place full of risks and challenges, and the old world as a romanticized paradise.

Compared to The Whirlpool, The Unclassed and especially The Nether World are much more claustrophobic novels. In the latter there is no escape from the everyday duties of labour, for the whole novel we are confined to the festering slums of London, but once in The Nether World we follow the Snowdons and Sidney Kirkwood on their holiday in the country:-

Over the pest-stricken regions of East London, sweltering in sunshine which served only to reveal the intimacies of abomination; across miles of a city of the damned, such as thought never conceived

before this age of ours; above streets swarming with a nameless populace, cruelly exposed by the unwonted light of heaven; stopping at stations which it crushes the heart to think should be the destination of any mortal; the train made its way at length beyond the outmost limits of dread, and entered upon a land of level meadows, of hedges and trees, of crops and cattle. 47)

The Snowdons can at least escape for a while, unlike others. As Jane says, "How I should like Pennyloaf to be here! I wonder what she'd think of it?"⁴⁸⁾ Chapter XII takes place outside the London slums, the spectacular but gruesome Bank Holiday at Crystal Palace. In this chapter, however, one could hardly say that the working classes get out of London but rather that they bring the problems of the city with them.

Gissing was one of the few novelists who described the masses as individuals, and without a fear of them. And in The Unclassed he drew a sympathetic picture of some of the many unacceptables in Victorian England.

II.

New Grub Street is another London novel, but the world it describes is quite different from the world we have seen in The Unclassed and The Nether World. New Grub Street deals with writers in the "Grub Street" of London in the 1880s. Some of them are successful and some are not, there are numerous examples of writers exemplifying various types. One could say that the book is like a microscope on the literary world of the time; Walter Allen has written that in the novel "Through the Gissing man we see the world as through a distorting lens; but it is a lens of extraordinary power".⁴⁹⁾

And, as in all novels by George Gissing, New Grub Street contains many autobiographical elements. Edwin Reardon, one of the main characters, is very like Gissing; he even suffers from severe congestion of the right lung.⁵⁰⁾ The novel benefits from Gissing's personal experiences - in dealing with writers trying

to make their living by writing he was on home ground.

As I have said, Edwin Reardon is the character who most closely resembles George Gissing (George Orwell called him "a typical Gissing hero")⁵¹⁾, although as is indicated by Bernard Bergonzi, Gissing is a much better novelist than his subject. Reardon's novels

... lacked local colour. Their interest was almost purely psychological. It was clear that the author had no faculty for constructing a story, and that pictures of active life were not to be expected of him; he could never appeal to the multitude. But strong characterisation was within his scope, and an intellectual fervour, appetising to a small section of refined readers, marked all his best pages. 52)

None of these could be attributed to Gissing's works; certainly his characterization was very strong but he did not miss out local colour, nor were his novels purely of psychological interest. No doubt Reardon shared with his creator a violent distaste of "the market" (although it was probably more emphasized in Reardon), of literature no longer an art but turned into a business. Reardon's distaste is somewhat akin to the distaste of some Victorians of trade. He winces when his wife, Amy, uses the word "market", and later confesses he will be ashamed to see his latest literary product in print - in his own words he is "sunk to writing a wretched pot-boiler".⁵³⁾

Reardon's problem is that he will not and he cannot "mass produce", he cannot use the opportunities he is given. As Milvain, a successful writer in the novel, points out, Reardon has no influential friends, he married at the wrong time ("As a bachelor he might possibly have got into the right circles, though his character would in any case have made it difficult for him to curry favour."); and he does not know how to deal with publishers, "Reardon can't do that kind of thing, he's behind his age; he sells a manuscript as if he lived in Sam Johnson's Grub Street."⁵⁴⁾ Reardon is, to use a word often mentioned in the novel, unpractical. He shares with Gissing a lack of consideration for

social conventions and appearances; when he concludes that he cannot make money from writing he accepts a clerkship. Such behaviour is incomprehensible to many of his practical friends and to his mother-in-law - "such curious eccentricities!"⁵⁵⁾ When he goes to see his estranged wife she is prejudiced against him because he is wearing shabby clothes.⁵⁶⁾ Reardon has no great social aspirations (rather the reverse) and does not care about dignity, but it is important to emphasize that, like Gissing, he is not a revolutionary; Reardon once says to Biffen, another hapless author, "Doesn't it strike you that you and I are very respectable persons?"⁵⁷⁾ He is also a perfectionist, who will never be satisfied with his work.⁵⁸⁾

Edwin Reardon has a broad experience - he is both well-read and well-travelled. He received a very good education and learned French from a Swiss. After having sold his most successful book, On Neutral Ground, he spends six months travelling in the south of Europe. Particularly Italy and Greece, the countries of the ancient civilizations, catch his imagination, and time after time in New Grub Street Reardon returns to the subject, "The Acropolis simply glowed and blazed...." And he decides, "Poverty can't rob me of those memories. I have lived in an ideal world that was not deceitful, a world which seems to me, when I recall it, beyond the human sphere, bathed in diviner light."⁵⁹⁾ Reardon dreams of going back there with Biffen; Italy and Greece are no longer real countries but only a vague dream, a sort of earthly paradise. Apart from a Shakespearian quote, his last words are, "I shall never go with you to Greece."⁶⁰⁾

From the "practical point of view", however, Reardon states that his months abroad were a mistake. They distracted him from the things he should have concentrated on - he admits this in a conversation with Jasper Milvain, and again Gissing puts many of his own traits into Reardon:-

That vast broadening of my horizon lost me the command of my literary resources. I lived in Italy and Greece as a student, concerned especially with the old civilisations; I read little but Greek and Latin. That brought me out of the track I had laboriously made for myself; I often thought with disgust of the kind of work I had been doing; my novels seemed vapid stuff, so wretchedly and shallowly modern. If I had had the means, I should have devoted myself to the life of a scholar. That, I quite believe, is my natural life; it's only the influence of recent circumstances that has made me a writer of novels. A man who can't journalise, yet must earn his bread by literature, nowadays inevitably turns to fiction, as the Elizabethan men turned to the drama. Well, but I should have got back, I think, into the old line of work. It was my marriage that completed what the time abroad had begun. 61)

These are exactly the mistakes which Jasper Milvain does not make. Jasper can perhaps best be described as a complementary character to Reardon - he is everything that Reardon is not. Jasper succeeds where Reardon fails. Jasper has not travelled, and is acutely aware that he has never left England. "It shames me when people talk familiarly of the Continent."⁶²⁾ The two characters even marry the same woman. Jasper knows how to make full use of an opportunity and to a very large degree he can even manoeuvre his feelings to suit his practical purposes, unlike, for example, Harold Biffen, who is a victim of his emotions.

Jasper Milvain is not a literary artist of any pretension. He says that, "my qualities are not of the kind which demand the recognition of posterity. My writing is for to-day...". He has connections with Manton Rupert, an advertising agent who is very wealthy, and he proposes to his daughter.⁶³⁾ Gissing displays a rare touch of humour by letting Jasper describe himself as never having suffered any hardship; he is thus unable to come out with Grub Street reminiscences. "Unfortunately, I have always had enough to eat."⁶⁴⁾ For Jasper, the main object is social prestige and above all, money. Financial considerations will overrule anything else, and in conversation he once says, somewhat light-

heartedly, that financial success means intellectual distinction.⁶⁵⁾ He is unromantic, and his ideas on money affect his theories on love and marriage too. To Jasper, "marriage is the result of a mild preference, encouraged by circumstances, and deliberately heightened into strong sexual feeling." The chapter "Jasper's Magnanimity" is one of the eccentric proposals of English literature. Marian Yule is deeply disappointed at Jasper's cold statement of his financial circumstances and his relegation of love to second place, "Marian's heart sank. She did not want truth such as this; she would have preferred that he should utter the poor, common falsehoods. Hungry for passionate love, she heard with a sense of desolation all this calm reasoning." Gissing's irony is evident at the end of New Grub Street when Jasper marries Amy: "the man was in love at last, if he had never been before."⁶⁶⁾

Jasper Milvain's hard-nosed attitude brings him into some conflict with the other characters. Relations between him and Reardon soon begin to cool, and he becomes the enemy of Marian's father, Alfred Yule, because of his involvement with a journal. Again, personal relationships are subordinate to his own career. His work is treated like business, not literature.

Now just listen; it deserves to be chronicled for the encouragement of aspiring youth. I got up at 7.30, and whilst I breakfasted I read through a volume I had to review. By 10.30 the review was written - three-quarters of a column of the Evening Budget.

Later he is described by Gissing at work and he spreads out his papers "in the usual businesslike fashion."⁶⁷⁾ Jasper is a hack, but a very superior hack at that. And most significantly, he survives. After Biffen and Reardon have died, Jasper writes on, supremely successful ("Jasper of the facile pen" as he is called in the chapter following Reardon's death, "The Sunny Way").⁶⁸⁾ Gissing seems to have delighted in the character of Jasper Milvain, who gets everything he asks for, and even ends up by having all the things he never dreamt of.

Biffen and Whelpdale are minor characters, the former resembles Reardon and the latter Jasper. Gissing seems to have had so much material that he created extra characters. Whelpdale's experiences in the United States are inspired by Gissing's time there. Whelpdale is less calculating than Jasper Milvain; his biggest success is the magazine Chit-Chat, which addresses itself to the new class of literate but relatively uneducated people (he calls them the "quarter-educated") that became prominent at this time. Papers and magazines such as his sprang up ("bits of stories, bits of description, bits of scandal, bits of jokes, bits of statistics, bits of foolery"), and indeed still exist.⁶⁹⁾ Whelpdale suffers a series of unlucky infatuations (his "self-control" is not as strong as Jasper's) but he marries Dora, Jasper's sister. Biffen is an altogether more seedy character. He is a realistic novelist and does not compromise on his ideals - he is, if anything, even more unpractical than Reardon. He is always wearing threadbare clothes and looks shabbier than Reardon - "Biffen was always in dire poverty, and lived in the oddest places".⁷⁰⁾ The characters of Biffen and Whelpdale serve to bring more nuances to Gissing's picture of London's literary world in the 1880s. They are all members of New Grub Street and they all know each other well. Even Biffen and Jasper Milvain share something in as much as they both have their origins in New Grub Street.

Alfred Yule, however, stands apart from the rest. Bernard Bergonzi has said that Yule today would have been an academic; his conversation "provides some choice examples of the shop-talk of Eng.Lit. professionals."⁷¹⁾ Yule is an old critic in decline. He is compared with the younger men who are at the beginning of their careers. He has had an eventful and not always pleasant career as a writer. Talking of a colleague, Yule says, "When I first met Quarmby I was a Grub Street gazetteer, and I think he was even poorer than I. A life of toil! A life of toil!" Poverty has turned Alfred Yule into a bad-tempered old man.⁷²⁾ As if this was not enough he

contracts a cataract, and dies, a prematurely senile man. Gissing certainly does not present a romantic picture of the writing profession. It is a cut-throat business; Alfred Yule, unlike Reardon, has a full career but in the end, he too, collapses under the strain, even though his daughter, Marian, helps him. Yule's associates are, like himself, somewhat tragic figures; Mr. Quarmby ("a man of sixty, short, stout, tansured by the hand of time") and Hinks (who "made perhaps a hundred a year out of a kind of writing which only certain publishers can get rid of").⁷³⁾

Alfred Yule is rather hostile to some of the new ideas of the day. His book English Prose in the Nineteenth Century is partly an attack on contemporary journalism: "on certain popular writers of the day there was an outpouring of gall which was not likely to be received as though it were sweet ointment."⁷⁴⁾ His ideals, in other words, are inimical to the emergence of the Milvains and the Whelpdales. As they represent the present he represents the past.

As mentioned before, George Gissing was familiar with the problems of making a living by writing. Like Yule he somehow managed in spite of great problems but it was a hard struggle. Of the three writers under discussion in the present study, the man happiest in his profession was certainly Robert Louis Stevenson; he was also more famous than the other two. He certainly sold more books, and often he actually enjoyed writing. Edmund Gosse was different from Gissing and Stevenson in the sense that he always had a source of income separate from his writing. And unlike Alfred Yule he always adapted to the needs of the age in which he lived.

In New Grub Street, as in The Nether World, poverty is a main theme, but it is poverty of a slightly different order. The damaging effects of poverty are analysed with a scientific thoroughness. Marian says of her father, "It is poverty that has made him worse than

he naturally is; it has that effect on almost everybody".⁷⁵⁾ The acquisition of money becomes all-important. To some characters in New Grub Street, especially Jasper Milvain, money is the most important thing there is. Throughout the novel there is constant speculation about how much money is needed each year, how much certain amounts will yield, how much can be made by writing articles (by, for example, Marian), and so on. Money becomes Mammon and takes on divine features. In this respect, as in many others, there are striking similarities between George Gissing and George Orwell, similarities which have been noticed by some social and literary historians.⁷⁶⁾ Although Gissing undoubtedly had some influence on Orwell, we are talking about similarities rather than strong influences if only for the simple reason that Gissing's novels were hard to obtain in the middle of this century. Raymond Williams complained about this in 1958. George Orwell himself, writing ten years earlier, said, "So far as I know only The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, the book on Dickens, and A Life's Morning, have been in print at all recently."⁷⁷⁾ A comparison between the two "born exiles" is nevertheless useful as it emphasizes more clearly some of the difference between Orwell's and Gissing's time, and this makes the picture of Gissing's "world" more intelligible. Orwell's own essay on Gissing, from which I just quoted, points to some of the similarities and differences. Certainly there was the preoccupation with money, which has been mentioned; it is a persistent theme in New Grub Street. When Reardon has to go into hospital he "had the strange sensation of knowing that whatever was needful could be paid for; it relieved his mind immensely." Orwell appreciated this, and in his essay notes that, in Gissing's day, it was impossible to be comfortable without a thick padding of money between yourself and the outer world.⁷⁸⁾ Money is also the main theme of Orwell's novel Keep the Aspidistra Flying (1936). The main character, Gordon Comstock

(another unsuccessful writer) has declared war on money.

I go up and down London saying it's a city of the dead, and our civilization's dying, and I wish war would break out, and God knows what; and all it means is that my wages are two quid a week and I wish they were five. 79)

Money is important in the other novels by Orwell, and, as we have already seen, in Gissing's novels. Furthermore, the characters portrayed by both novelists are "unpractical"; with their respective authors they share a desire to see how the other (that is lower) half live. It was a characteristic feature of Gissing's life. Orwell put some of his experiences into Down and Out in Paris and London (1933). Edwin Reardon feels that he has been a pretender living like people with a secure income, "he belonged to the class of casual wage-earners. Back to obscurity!" Gordon Comstock echoes these thoughts; he wants to go "underground": "That was where he wished to be, down in the ghost-kingdom, below ambition."⁸⁰⁾ Gissing and Orwell both shared a dislike of the Oxbridge old boy network; Orwell never had a university education (he had, however, been to Eton) and Gissing's had been cut short. This dislike comes over in the novels. Reardon complains that many of the successful novelists of the day are "public-school men, University men, club men, society men." Gordon Comstock is annoyed when his poems are forever rejected by magazines, and is irritated by the editor's politeness; why not say, "We only take poems from chaps we were at Cambridge with. You proletarians keep your distance".⁸¹⁾

The differences between the two writers and their works are, of course, to some extent personal differences but they are also caused by changes which had occurred between the 1880s and 1930s. Orwell, in his 1948 essay, pondered on the idea that Gissing was younger than Shaw and might indeed still be alive, "and yet already the London of which he wrote seems almost as distant as that of Dickens."⁸²⁾ Again on the subject of socialism there is a difference between Gissing and Orwell. Gissing was

aware that society often treated the working classes with great injustice,⁸³⁾ but he was never really convinced that socialism provided a solution. Orwell, on the other hand, believed for most of his life that socialism of one kind or another would bring about the required changes. In Demos Gissing describes socialism as he sees it; one of the characters, Hubert Eldon, says, "no movement can be tolerated which begins with devastating the earth's surface."⁸⁴⁾ Richard Mutimer, a socialist, turns a green valley into an inferno of mineworks, and Hubert Eldon, somewhat incredibly, restores the valley to its original state. It must be said of Orwell, however, that almost wherever he saw socialism in practice (for example during the Spanish Civil War and in the Soviet Union) he was disillusioned with the results. But, by the time Orwell was writing, socialism had become so pervasive and respectable that it seemed to provide an attractive alternative to the existing system; in Gissing's day socialism was still a bugbear to be feared, and we shall see how Edmund Gosse feared it. Gissing and Orwell were both suspicious of conventional ideas and generally accepted dogmas. Also in the attitude to women there had occurred a change. Orwell noticed that for the likes of Reardon, suitable wives were absurdly hard to come by. "The sort of woman whom a writer would want to marry was also the sort of woman who would shrink from living in an attic." This, Orwell added, was not the case in 1948. It is probably too harsh to dismiss Amy Reardon as "merely a silly snob",⁸⁵⁾ although if we compare the women portrayed by each writer there is a clear difference. When it comes to relationships, Orwell's women are more often in sympathy with the men. In Keep the Aspidistra Flying the relationship between Gordon Comstock and Rosemary is a very strong one. Indeed, Rosemary has few of the faults with which many women in Gissing are endowed. Even in the harsh world of Nineteen Eighty-Four relations between Winston and Julia stand up quite well. As we shall

below, relationships are altogether more fragile in Gissing's novels, and especially in New Grub Street. To a large extent this can probably be explained by referring to Gissing's own emotional and sexual life. No doubt too, the education of women has improved, as Gillian Tindall put it in 1974, "Both the sexual structure of society and the class structure have been greatly modified."⁸⁶⁾ A comparison between Gissing and Orwell brings home to us the rate with which English society had developed.

New Grub Street is above all a novel about LONDON. The capital is closely linked to the theme - all the writers lived in London, many in poor lodgings. London was practically the centre of the world by the time Gissing came to write the novel. J.A. Sutherland in Victorian Novelists and Publishers compares the book-trade in Britain at mid-century with that of Germany, and continues:-

In England everything came to be centralised in London (and to a lesser extent Edinburgh [sic]); paper-makers, printers, publishers, commission houses, the major booksellers and generally authors and a large proportion of readers were all concentrated in the metropolis forming a kind of literary-commercial ganglion.

In Germany, on the other hand, books were printed all over the country and then sent to Leipzig to be circularized.⁸⁷⁾ Partly for this reason London drew all literary talent to it (Cobbett's "great wen" magnified); a writer who wanted to succeed quite simply had to go to London.⁸⁸⁾ Sutherland's points are substantiated in Asa Briggs's Victorian Cities, which includes a discussion of Victorian London. Briggs explains how the population of London rose rapidly in the late nineteenth century, and, "London captured as much of the attention of thinkers and writers, social critics and prophets, as the provincial cities had done in early-Victorian England."⁸⁹⁾ Briggs includes a long discussion of Gissing. In it he suggests that "There are hints not of Wells but of Baudelaire in

Gissing's feeling that the city kept the artist free and yet enslaved him."⁹⁰⁾ Reardon himself certainly seems enslaved; his experiences of London are unpleasant. At the end of it all he argues bitterly that intellectuals do their best to keep away from London once they have got acquainted with the place. Because although the "centre of the universe" was London, communication with other parts of the United Kingdom was very effective. J.A. Sutherland points out that the efficiency of the Victorians as far as getting books distributed surpasses our own. Reardon remarks that "There are libraries everywhere; papers and magazines reach the north of Scotland as soon as they reach Brompton".⁹¹⁾ Little chance of that today!

The characters of New Grub Street are nearly all born outside London. As described in the preceding paragraph, London has acted like a magnet. Reardon, for example, was brought up in Hereford where his father was a photographer. Reardon's mother always wanted to go to London and this desire "had in him the force of an inherited motive". So Reardon journeys to the capital where he goes through the procedure of obtaining a reader's ticket to the British Museum.⁹²⁾ Adapting to London life can be a rather harrowing experience, as Jasper Milvain's sisters find, "During the first week a good many tears were shed by both of them; it was not easy to transfer themselves from the comfortable country home to this bare corner of lodgers' London." The novel starts in the rural idyll far away from the bustling capital, "As the Milvains sat down to breakfast the clock of Wattleborough parish church struck eight".⁹³⁾ This is a distinct contrast to what is to come, and, indeed, Jasper's very first remark (the first piece of dialogue) is an announcement that, as they are eating their hearty breakfast, a man is being hanged in London. The Yules too, are from Wattleborough. The three sons (of whom Alfred is one) were educated at the town's

grammar school. Afterwards Alfred starts to work for a London bookseller and drifts into New Grub Street. The Yules reach full circle; at the end of New Grub Street when things are worst for them, Marian Yule obtains work in a library in "a provincial town". They fade into obscurity once more: "The family removed from London, and the name of Yule was no longer met with in periodical literature."⁹⁴⁾ It is also the last we hear of them. In New Grub Street the provinces only exist in order to provide a foil to London. It is a different London than the London described in The Nether World; all the same it is a very atmospheric picture which is presented. The view of the capital from Reardon's attic is described, and Alfred Yule's wanderings around Camden Town Station are well complemented by the surroundings ("the traffic of the great highway was growing uproarious".)⁹⁵⁾

New Grub Street presents a very Victorian environment for us. As I have indicated above, appearances and money are everything. Jasper succeeds very largely because he is better dressed than Reardon. The pre-occupation with money had also become fairly common with many in the Victorian age.

Later we will have occasion to mention The Odd Women, which treats in detail the "woman question". We have already mentioned Marian Yule, who helps her father by researching in the British Museum. She ends up, as we have seen, in a provincial library. Marian is one of the good characters in the novel but she is not a "modern" in the ordinary sense. Amy Reardon is more typical; she is well-read, "She was becoming a typical woman of the new time, the woman who has developed concurrently with journalistic enterprise".⁹⁶⁾ This sentence is characteristic, for Gissing regards Amy as a type rather than a person, and has a somewhat detached attitude to her. When she first marries Reardon she shows a strong interest in his work but that soon fades ("her intellect was growing more active and mature"); she becomes more attuned to the ideas of Jasper Milvain.⁹⁷⁾

Indeed, Gissing frequently points out that she is totally the wrong wife for Jasper Milvain. There is a certain despondency on Gissing's part, which is perhaps to be expected when considering his personal life:-

Could Amy's voice sound like that? Great Heaven! With just such accent he had heard a wrangling woman retort upon her husband at the street corner. Is there then no essential difference between a woman of this world and one of that? Does the same nature lie beneath such unlike surfaces? 98)

It is an unusual and perhaps fatalistic remark for Gissing to make, but it shows his frequent irritation with "the lower orders".

New Grub Street is, then, a very English novel dealing with problems unique to London. The novel stands out among the Gissing canon because he was so familiar with his subject-matter - he knew writers better by far than he knew the working class. For once he was dealing with a world where he felt at home.

III.

Born in Exile too, makes wide use of autobiographical elements. It is, in many ways, a crucial book in Gissing's career. Gillian Tindall has remarked that the title has often been taken as a slogan for Gissing's own life, and, indeed, she calls her own study of Gissing The Born Exile.⁹⁹⁾ However, in New Grub Street George Gissing concentrates on the plight of the writer and obviously uses his experiences as a novelist; in Born in Exile, on the other hand, he returns to an earlier, and in many ways more painful part of his own life. Kingsmill in the novel represents Manchester, where Gissing had attended Owens College until he was caught redhanded stealing money at the age of eighteen and, as a consequence, dismissed. The problems of the main character, Godwin Peak, were to a large extent the problems of Gissing himself; for example, "How to keep oneself

alive during a few years of intellectual growth? - a question often asked by men of mature age, but seldom by a lad of sixteen."¹⁰⁰) Godwin is the epitome of the bright scholarship boy who succeeds (or is given the opportunity to succeed) in spite of his circumstances. Most of the other students at Whitelaw College in Kingsmill, although not Tories, come from a different world than Godwin Peak. "The note of the assembly was something other than refinement; rather, its high standard of health, spirits, and comfort - the characteristic of Capitalism."¹⁰¹) As a matter of fact, Godwin Peak just misses the scholarship, "of candidates in the prescribed district, he came out second." During his course at Whitelaw College he relies on a good act of nineteenth century philanthropy. It is Sir Job Whitelaw himself who decides that Godwin merits attention. He offers to pay for Godwin's fees if his relatives can arrange for his support. Gissing remarks that this reminds Godwin of "the poetry of Medicean patronage."¹⁰²) Godwin does well at college, and again on Prize Day he typically receives the second prize in most subjects while his "rival" Chilvers wins first prize. He is very lonely at Kingsmill ("Not a house... opened hospitable doors to the lonely student") and although he becomes friendly with Buckland Warricombe Godwin feels that he cannot possibly cultivate the friendship of Buckland's family.¹⁰³) Godwin displays many such scruples in the course of the novel. His most acute problem occurs when his common uncle, Andrew, declares his intention of opening an eating house opposite the college. Gissing makes Andrew speak with a distinct Cockney accent; he shares some characteristics with Sam Weller and the other Londoners in Dickens. But Andrew Peak is an object of contempt and hate (he has "the most offensive purity of Cockney accent")¹⁰⁴), he is a millstone round Godwin's neck. Godwin's reaction to leave Whitelaw is understandable but perhaps somewhat exaggerated, and rather typical of the central

Gissing characters.¹⁰⁵⁾ The position is causing Godwin and his mother much agony and he decides that "this detestable tie of kindred must no longer be recognised." By the time Godwin has left Whitelaw, he learns that Andrew Peak's scheme at Kingsmill has failed.¹⁰⁶⁾

Godwin Peak is helped and encouraged by Mr. Gunnery, an amateur geologist of about seventy years of age. When he dies he leaves Godwin his scientific instruments.¹⁰⁷⁾ Gissing's emphasis on the influences on Godwin Peak is important. Godwin is not a character who is determined to take his life into his own hands; he is entirely conditioned by his origins and the circumstances into which he is thrown. In this respect one might say that the novel is rather typical of its time. Gissing is concerned with the externals of Godwin's life, on the forces that have made him what he is. Later novelists would be more concerned with what went on inside a character, although, as we shall see, Robert Louis Stevenson, too, depicted at some length the emotions of his characters.

One of the most important themes in Born in Exile is the state of religion and the church in the late nineteenth century in England. The English clergy come in for much criticism. Godwin Peak puts himself forward as a candidate for the Church of England without having any theological beliefs; and so, we are led to believe, does Bruno Chilvers. Godwin's plan fails but Chilvers has an illustrious albeit somewhat controversial career in the church. In addition there is the typical "genial parson", Mr. Lilywhite, "well-read, of scientific tastes".¹⁰⁸⁾ This is no place for a discussion of the impact of science on the nineteenth century church. The debate which followed the publications of Darwin and others does play some part in Born in Exile. Godwin Peak himself is considering translating Bibel und Natur by Reusch. At first he finds it extremely odd that Mr. Warricombe has devoted his life to geology and still remained an orthodox member of the Church of England.¹⁰⁹⁾ Reusch's book is to a large extent about reconciling the

discoveries of natural science with theological beliefs; it is really a survey of nineteenth century theories on the subject.¹¹⁰⁾ Gissing explains this position later in Born in Exile - Mr. Warricombe really feels that the scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century are compatible with the teachings of the Bible.¹¹¹⁾

Gissing pokes fun at the sort of scientist who analyses and criticizes the statements of the Bible, such as Hugh Miller in Testimony of the Rocks, which, according to George Gissing, proves scientifically that Noah could not possibly have collected all living creatures, and that the deluge must have spared parts of the earth.¹¹²⁾

Testimony of the Rocks is indeed a very serious book, which also seeks to reconcile the statements of the Bible with scientific discoveries. It was published in Edinburgh in 1857 and consists largely of lectures delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow. In his introduction Hugh Miller concludes that the days of the creation are prophetic rather than natural, and decides that the world offers many such inconsistencies.¹¹³⁾ Unfortunately, there is no comment in Born in Exile on the writings of P. H. Gosse, who also became embroiled in the whole religious/theological conflict of the Victorian age.¹¹⁴⁾ In the novel Bruno Chilvers succeeds in the Church of England without demonstrating a real belief in the doctrines of Christianity. His choice of profession as well as his choice of wife displays a strong sense of purpose lacking in Godwin Peak; Chilvers is Peak without doubts or moral standards. Bruno Chilvers is presented early as a youth who is very attractive to women. As he is searching for a wife, Mr. Lilywhite describes him thus, "He makes love to all unmarried women - never going beyond what is thought permissible, but doing a good deal of mischief, I fancy."¹¹⁵⁾ Some of the characters in the novel do see him for what he is. For example Sidwell Warricombe:-

[He is] Undoubtedly sincere in his determination to make a figure in the world. But a Christian, in any intelligible sense of that much-abused word, -

no! He is one type of the successful man of our day. Where thousands of better and stronger men struggle vainly for fair recognition, he and his kind are glorified. 116)

Just as Chilvers is at home and finds success everywhere, Peak is out of place wherever he goes, "Now... he was an alien - a lodger. What else had he ^{ever} been, since boyhood?"¹¹⁷⁾ Abroad too, Godwin fails to find a home, and he dies in exile.¹¹⁸⁾ It is pointed out that Godwin Peak has a natural disadvantage because of his "low birth", which makes people more suspicious.¹¹⁹⁾ There is perhaps much truth in this although, as before, Godwin Peak exaggerates his misfortunes.

Of course, nineteenth century novels provided many examples of men entering the church for one reason or another. At the beginning of the century, in Jane Austen's Mansfield Park, Edmund (a second son) becomes a clergyman with genuine beliefs approved of by Jane Austen, although his values are questioned by the superficial Mary Crawford in the novel. Samuel Butler's The Way of All Flesh (written in the 1870s and published in 1903) has as its main character Ernest Pontifex, who is forced into taking holy orders by his rigid parents.

Another separate issue contained in the novel is that of the position of women in the late nineteenth century in England. This has some relevance to our theme and therefore deserves brief comment. On the subject of women's rights, Gissing was the most radical of the three writers in this study. Stevenson took little interest in the issue, and he is notorious for having few women in his fiction. Edmund Gosse's viewpoint was a traditional one. In "A Norwegian Ghost Story" he was possibly influenced by Wilkie Collins in his portrait of Marie Bjornsen, who is strong and independent, but the perfect wife. (As we shall see in Chapter Six, however, Gosse dismissed the significance of the women readers of Hardy and the great novelists.) Gosse's traditional stance is to be expected in view of his status as a member

of the establishment. He could afford the confidence to be cosmopolitan and liberal about foreign nations but he took no special interest in women's rights, which anyhow was not compatible with the ideals of established values. George Gissing, on the other hand, had nothing to lose by explicitly espousing women's rights, or at least by openly sympathizing with them in his novels. Whereas Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse concentrated on the rights of foreign nations and their peoples to British attention, Gissing was more concerned with the often forgotten plight of women within our borders. In all cases (and especially in Stevenson and Gissing) it was a question of defending the under-dog, and a recognition of the rights of disadvantaged groups. Adrian Poole and many more have stressed that there was a great deal of activity in the second half of the nineteenth century on the subject of women's rights, legal reforms, and so on.¹²⁰⁾ Before Born in Exile was published, John Stuart Mill's The Subjection of Women (1869) had been discussed. In 1879 Henrik Ibsen wrote Et Dukkehjem (A Doll's House), which Edmund Gosse considered translating. His scheme came to nothing but there was no shortage of English translations, the authoritative one being William Archer's, dating from 1889, when the play was performed in London.¹²¹⁾ The play sparked off a controversy in which many leading figures, for example Eleanor Marx-Aveling, took part; in 1890 she and her husband went on an Ibsen pilgrimage to Norway.¹²²⁾ Ibsen told Edmund Gosse that Et Dukkehjem "is a serious play, really a family drama, and it deals with contemporary conditions and problems in marriage."¹²³⁾ Some years later, the feminist movement increased its activities and some branches of it became increasingly violent. Finally, in 1918, women were given the vote.¹²⁴⁾ It is almost a commonplace that Gissing's novels are full of independent and strong-minded women, and, obviously, Gissing in his portrayals was influenced by the women he knew.¹²⁵⁾ At Whitelaw Godwin Peak's

knowledge of women is described as being very limited. When he overhears two girls at Prize Day he is surprised that not only do they speak with propriety like his own women relatives; they are not just grammatical, "they must excel in the art of conversational music".¹²⁶⁾

Godwin Peak soon meets Marcella Moxey, sister of his friend, Christian. Marcella is perhaps not a very convincing character but she is a very significant one. Marcella is (Gissing makes this very clear) not a beautiful girl; she is "shy", "awkward", and "hard-featured". There is a lack of the expected feminine beauty. Marcella compensates for this, however, with her clear intellectual abilities. Marcella is perceived by the male characters of the novel as being somehow incomplete, and they feel sorry for her at the same time as they dislike her.¹²⁷⁾ Marcella is a very unconventional woman, and very free compared to most other Victorian women; "Arrived at womanhood, she affected scorn of the beliefs and habits cherished by her sex, and shrank from association with the other." She offers to give Godwin an annual stipend, something which is certainly unconventional, and Godwin refuses the offer.¹²⁸⁾ She knows and understands his love for Sidwell but is nevertheless prepared to back him. Marcella has a sad and dramatic end. While on a walk she meets a carter beating his horse furiously in an attempt to make it obey. Marcella acts to protect the horse and is badly injured by the horse's heels in the process. Three months later she dies from the wounds.¹²⁹⁾

Sidwell Warricombe is almost a total contrast to Marcella Moxey. This is made particularly clear during Marcella's speculations on Godwin:-

So intensely sympathetic was her reading of Godwin's character that she understood - or at all events recognised - the power Sidwell would possess over him. He did not care for enlightenment in a woman; he was sensual - though in a subtle way; the aristocratic vein in his temper made him subject to strong impressions from trivialities of personal demeanour, of social tone. ¹³⁰⁾

Gissing even makes the exile theme bear on what is really a classic love story. Marcella's love for Godwin is unrequited and even Godwin's feelings for Sidwell seem to suffer from a lack of mutuality. His attraction towards Sidwell is a physical one, "That was a beautiful girl; he stood musing upon the picture registered by his brain." Later, it is stated that Godwin admires her "physical vigour".¹³¹⁾ Any attraction towards Marcella Moxey would be intellectual, and Godwin is not capable of such emotions. Gissing emphasizes that Sidwell is much more conventional than Marcella. Godwin proposes to Sidwell when he receives Marcella Moxey's legacy. Sidwell refuses him and writes, "I live in a little world; in the greater world where your place is, you will win a love very different."¹³²⁾

There are many minor women characters in the novel. The most noticeable is Janet, a cousin of Christian and Marcella. Perhaps because she is not a major figure, Gissing's characterization is very successful. Janet is a modern woman in a more thorough sense, perhaps, than Marcella, and quite different from Amy Reardon. She develops from a shy young girl of eighteen ("whose plain features were frequently brightened with a happy and very pleasant smile") with whom Christian has a casual flirtation, to a woman doctor; a distinct achievement at the end of the nineteenth century.¹³³⁾ Christian, who at first is an irresponsible character, marries Janet, and, significantly, he fits in with her way of life and moves to Kingsmill where Janet practises, and where she knows people. One may see many examples of strong women in Victorian literature but rarely in such a fundamental way.¹³⁴⁾

In his novel, The Odd Women, Gissing treated the "woman question" in greater detail. This novel provides numerous variations of independent women. There are two central characters, Rhoda Nunn and Mary Barfoot. Into their mouths Gissing puts a great many crucial statements. Thus Rhoda Nunn explains the title of the novel, "But do you know that there are half a million more

women than men in this happy country of ours?... So many odd women...".¹³⁵⁾ Mary Barfoot has undertaken to train as many women as possible, and for professions not normal to most women; for example, clerks. In one of her four o'clock addresses she says, "I am not chiefly anxious that you should earn money, but that women in general shall become rational and responsible human beings."¹³⁶⁾

The Odd Women also describes the Madden sisters. Two of them die young. The "poor hard-featured" Isabel drowns herself at the age of twenty-two. Alice and Virginia live on to become old maids, the latter takes to drink, the former to religion; as Alice reads in her Bible and prays, Gissing comments, "This was her refuge from the barrenness and bitterness of life."¹³⁷⁾ Monica Madden is somewhat younger than Alice and Virginia. She works in a draper's shop but leaves the post to go to Mary Barfoot's establishment. After a short while, however, she gets married to the much older Edmund Widdowson ("I can't be contented with this life.... It seems to me that it would be dreadful, dreadful, to live one's life alone.").¹³⁸⁾ The marriage is disastrous, and Monica drifts into an affair. At the end of the novel she dies shortly after having given birth to a girl.

The Odd Women is in many ways a typical Gissing novel with many of the typical Gissing features, and much the same can be said of Born in Exile. Comparison is possible with Robert Louis Stevenson. The latter is, as might be expected, much more a straight story-teller; there is less explicit description in Robert Louis Stevenson compared with George Gissing, who is forever pointing out social problems and the like.¹³⁹⁾ Furthermore, as mentioned, there are relatively few women in Robert Louis Stevenson's books; in fact, some novels have no women characters at all. Attwater in The Ebb-Tide once says, "I dislike men, and hate women."¹⁴⁰⁾ This is not, of course, an attitude completely shared by Stevenson himself but it gives us a good impression of the general atmosphere in some of his works. However,

There are a few strong women in Stevenson's stories. One good example is Flora Mackenzie in The Misadventures of John Nicholson. Flora helps the weak John Nicholson and at the end of the story marries him: "Flora led John - to the altar."¹⁴¹⁾ However, it must be added that Flora Mackenzie is not what Forster would call a very round character, and she is certainly of a different cast from nearly all of Gissing's independent women characters, who are often more socially and politically aware of their circumstances. It is clear that Stevenson is more determined to describe women, and relationships, from a man's point of view, than Gissing, who frequently gives the women's point of view too. Stevenson's Catriona is evidence of this; it is narrated throughout by David Balfour and presents only his point of view, "I had crept like an untrusty man into the poor maid's affections; she was in my hand like any frail, innocent thing to make or mar..."¹⁴²⁾ The same is the case at David's first meeting with Catriona where he comments, "There is no greater wonder than the way the face of a young woman fits in a man's mind, and stays there, and he could never tell you why; it just seems it was the thing he wanted."¹⁴³⁾

But there are good women portraits in Robert Louis Stevenson. Two of the best are in Weir of Hermiston, which Stevenson did not live to complete. Of the two Kirsties in this novel Stevenson's biographer Furnas rightly said, "the women are superb".¹⁴⁴⁾ Stevenson is certainly a little more ambitious about his women in Weir of Hermiston, especially the elder Kirstie. The description of her is superior to anything Stevenson had produced before, and it does indeed rank very high in Victorian literature; "Kirstie was a woman in a thousand, clean, capable, notable; once a moorland Helen, and still comely as a blood horse and healthy as the hill wind." And in Weir of Hermiston we do not just get the points of view of Archie Weir, the main character.

Kirstie had lost her 'cannie hour at e'en'; she could no more wander with Archie, a ghost, if you will, but a happy ghost, in fields Elysian. And to her it was as if the whole world had fallen silent; to him, but an unremarkable change of amusements. And she raged to know it. The effervescency of her passionate and irritable nature rose within her at times to bursting point. 145)

Even when we get Archie's point of view, it is with a difference as compared with David in Catriona; we see this in the description of Archie's attitude to Kirstie's niece, Christina, "What had he been doing? He had been exquisitely rude in church to the niece of his house-keeper; he had stared like a lackey and a libertine at a beautiful and modest girl."¹⁴⁶⁾ Nevertheless, it seems clear that, compared to Stevenson, Gissing's portraits of women were more far-reaching and more detailed.

Born in Exile is also a good point of departure for a comparison with the third writer to be discussed in the present study, Edmund Gosse. There was little contact between the two. Gosse did, of course, review a number of George Gissing's novels as they came out,¹⁴⁷⁾ but one might well say that the well-established Victorian critic and the frequently impoverished novelist lived in two different worlds; if Gissing approached Gosse, it was with deference. In November 1892 Gissing wrote Gosse a letter expressing his praise of a Tennyson paper by him in the New Review. He added, "I am guilty of presumption in sending this note, but the impulse is too strong."¹⁴⁸⁾ Both men, of course, knew H. G. Wells, who was indeed a very close friend of Gissing. Gillian Tindall writes that after Gissing's death, in 1904, Wells was in touch with Gosse, as the latter was trying to get a government pension for Gissing's boys.

Born in Exile can perhaps best be compared with Gosse's short novel The Unequal Yoke, which will be discussed in greater detail below. Edmund Gosse appears much more confident on the subject of social mobility than George Gissing. The world presented by Gosse is in most ways a more open one. In nearly all Gissing's novels a somewhat uncompromising attitude is displayed; people are stuck where they are. In The Unequal Yoke the families of Frank and Jane do eventually tolerate

each other although they are what may be termed "socially incompatible". In the Gosse story there is perhaps more emphasis on personal qualities, less on social status, than in Gissing. One reason is undoubtedly connected with Gosse's own background; he was brought up in relative poverty and austerity. His father led a very isolated life in Devon. When Edmund Gosse's career was established he led an extraordinarily busy social life both in and outside England. George Gissing had no such spectacular success in life, and this may explain his greater pessimism with regard to social success. The Unequal Yoke also deals with the problems of non-conformists, an issue close to Gosse's heart. A parallel in Gissing might be The Emancipated. Gosse puts a statement in Lady Priscilla's mouth, which may have been originally intended as ironical, but which came closer to Gosse's own attitude as he grew older:-

... independence in religious matters was most undesirable, and likely to lead to atheism and socialism and all sorts of horrors of that kind. 150)

Gosse may not have agreed with the religious aspect of the matter, but he certainly developed a strong distaste for and fear of socialism, a feeling not unique to Gosse. He did not seem to distinguish between socialism in different countries. Gissing, however, lets a character in Demos say that English socialism is infused with the spirit of shop-keeping and appeals to the vulgarest minds, "It keeps one eye on personal safety, the other on the capitalist's strong-box; it is stamped commonplace, like everything originating with the English lower classes." On the other hand, he finds that the revolutionary societies of the Continent appeal to the imagination. 151)

IV.

Two of Gissing's ^{books} novels dealt specifically with one European country. The Emancipated takes place partly in Italy, and By the Ionian Sea is a travel-book describing a journey Gissing made to southern Italy. The Emancipated is, rather surprisingly perhaps for a three-volume novel, divided into two parts. The first part is the Italian part, and chapter one is suitably entitled "Northerners in Sunlight". Part II takes place in Britain, and Gissing calls the first chapter "A Corner of Society". To a very large extent the novel is about travelling Britons, "the Emancipated", although that term certainly has much wider implications.¹⁵²⁾ As in many other Gissing novels, the characters travel a great deal. Gissing sometimes mentions their travels in passing; for example, when Mrs. Lessingham dies, Cecily and Reuben are in Denmark, Mallard and Marian are in the north of Scotland. These are small details, of course, but they are quite significant as they help to establish our impression of these characters as well-travelled and likely to receive stimuli from abroad.¹⁵³⁾ The Spences are from Manchester and go to Italy for a long time;¹⁵⁴⁾ there is a great deal of movement going on in The Emancipated.

Throughout the novel Gissing makes the distinctions very clear when it comes to differences in thought between Britain and the Continent. He is nearly always in favour of the Continental approach, although, as we shall see, he was not deeply involved in these countries compared to Stevenson and Gosse. Thus Britain and especially England is associated with religious hypocrisy, and Gissing is somewhat apologetic on that score, "To be sure, the vast majority of English people are constantly guilty of hypocritical practices, but that, as a rule, is mere testimony to the rootedness of their orthodox faith."¹⁵⁵⁾ And the English prudishness comes in for much criticism; the main character, Mallard, says that things are much better in France and Italy.

The English Puritans of the really Puritan time had freedom of conversation which would horrify us of to-day. We become more and more prudish as what we call civilization advances. It is a hateful fact that, from the domestic point of view, there exists no difference between some of the noblest things in art and poetry, and the obscenities which are prosecuted; the one is as impossible of frank discussion as the other. 156)

Puritanism is, Gissing maintains, typically English. Reuben Elgar, one of "the Emancipated", discusses what he calls the alliance in England between democracy and Puritan morality: "Puritanism has aided the material progress of England; but its effect on art!" Later in The Emancipated, Reuben's plan for a book seems much more European than British. He feels that Puritanism is dead (the novel, and indeed the character of Reuben Elgar, disproves this), "My book shall declare the emancipation of all the better minds, and be a help to those who are struggling upwards." And he concludes, "All the younger writers will rally about me. It shall be a 'movement'. The name of my book shall be a watchword."¹⁵⁷⁾ This type of concept of moral and literary leadership seems more akin to some European countries than to Britain. Elgar really wants to be a Georg Brandes, and such a figure did not exist in Britain.¹⁵⁸⁾ Interestingly, Gissing points towards Anthony Trollope's novels, which, according to one character in The Emancipated, will give foreigners an idea of "what is permissible in conversation and what is not."¹⁵⁹⁾ Some twentieth century writers on Victorian history have indeed used Trollope extensively for that purpose.

It is quite clear then that the theme of the novel is given a distinct geographical dimension. And again we see this reflected in the backgrounds of the main characters. (Gissing was always most thorough when describing a character's social background.) Most of them come from the north of England, and Gissing indulges in rather delightful descriptions of Manchester and other places in Lancashire. Gissing knew this part of England well, and the biographical accounts contrast neatly with the many descriptions of Italy (which we

will look at below). Ross Mallard chose as the subject of his first painting "a tract of moorland on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire." Mallard is from a place called Sowerby Bridge (a suitably gritty name), which "makes a blot of ugliness on country in itself sternly beautiful". Here his father was manager of "certain rope-works".¹⁶⁰⁾ The sections on Miriam Baske are also exquisitely evocative:-

Imagine a very ugly cubical brick house of two stories, in a suburb of Manchester. It stands a few yards back from the road. On one side, it is parted by a row of poplars from several mean cottages; on the other, by a narrow field from a house somewhat larger and possibly a little uglier than itself. Its outlook, over the highway, is on to a tract of country just being broken up by builders, beyond which a conglomerate of factories, with chimneys ever belching heavy fumes, closes the view; its rear windows regard a scrubby meadow, grazed generally by broken-down horses, with again a limited prospect of vast mills. ¹⁶¹⁾

In the above-quoted passage Miriam is merely thinking about her origins; later she returns to Bartles outside Manchester (she travels "through fumes and evil smells and expanses of grey-built hideousness"). British Puritanism flourishes here, and Miriam's stay in Italy makes her a very suspect character; "If she ever came back at all, it would be as an insidious enemy...".¹⁶²⁾ Furthermore, there is Clifford Marsh, whose stepfather "was a well-to-do manufacturer of shoddy in Leeds", and Jacob Bradshaw, a Lancastrian manufacturer of silk.¹⁶³⁾

Just as Europe is distinguished from England, London is distinguished from the provinces. We have already remarked on the lengthy and very evocative descriptions of some of the industrial centres of the north; they appear like an unmitigated version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "auld Reekie".¹⁶⁴⁾ Along with the fumes and the smells go the puritanical and parochial modes of thought - and the boredom. Mrs. Denyer and Barbara "were weary of provincial life" and go to London. Miriam

changes her attire - Gissing comments, "No suggestion now of the lady from provincial England."¹⁶⁵⁾ And even London is compared unfavourably with Europe. Mrs. Denyer complains that her daughters are dépaysées in England and pine for Italy ("the larger intellectual atmosphere of Continental centres"). Miriam finds that, compared with her Italian homes, London depresses and discourages her (although it is more stimulating than the English provinces). Cecily and Reuben are undecided whether to settle in London or somewhere on the Continent.¹⁶⁶⁾

It is clear that in many cases going abroad relieved people from the unpleasant dilemma of where to settle in England; this is undoubtedly how Gissing often felt, especially when he went to live with Gabrielle Fleury in France. There was certainly relative freedom of speech in England (Karl Marx and many others settled there) but the rigid social conventions and prejudices (especially associated with Puritanism) drove many English people abroad.

Italy was a very popular place, and the exiled English often ended up there. Gissing provides many descriptions of Italian scenery to contrast with the bleak desert of industrial Yorkshire and Lancashire. Outside Naples, "The coast was distinctly outlined; against the far sky glowed intermittently the fire of Vesuvius." And characteristically Gissing connects this with Homer and The Odyssey.¹⁶⁷⁾ There are many such passages in the novel, and one immediately thinks of Turner, Ruskin, Pater and the romantic poets (of whom Keats and Shelley lie buried in Rome). Gissing often appears to describe a painting rather than actual scenery. It is significant, too, that the English landscapes tend on the whole to be northern and industrial, the Italian ones to be southern and romantic; there are no descriptions of northern Italy.¹⁶⁸⁾ Once in By the Ionian Sea Gissing expresses some interest in the more unromantic side of Italian life. Describing a woman servant who waits on him while he is ill, he wishes he knew more about her life, "How interesting, and how sordidly picturesque against the . . .

background of romantic landscape, of scenic history!"¹⁶⁹⁾
 And Gissing is aware that, like Britain, Italy is a divided country. The south is poor and rural, the north considerably further advanced. Early in the book Gissing meets a commercial traveller from the north, "He loathed the South, finding no compensation whatever for the miseries of travel below Naples", and later he overhears two military men criticizing Calabria. The Southerners themselves feel that the north of Italy (beyond Rome) is a foreign country to them; their accent and their manners are different from those those in the North.¹⁷⁰⁾
 The two Italies appear to be more separate even than the north and south of Britain. It is quite possible that Dickens's Pictures from Italy may have had some influence on Gissing, although paradoxically, Dickens's attitude towards Italy appears to be a slightly more realistic one. Dickens freely and explicitly rejects the "miseries and wrongs" in Italy while at the same time admiring "the beauties, natural and artificial".

Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule, have been at work, to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies, fomented by petty Princes to whom union was destruction, and division strength, have been a canker at their root of nationality, and have barbarized their language; but the good that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be, one day, raised from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope! 171)

In The Emancipated Gissing is mostly concerned with the English in Italy and was less detailed about the Italians, even By the Ionian Sea is a very British book. But, as we have seen, many things about Italy attracted Gissing. There was the lure of ancient culture and the art treasures of antiquity. Jacob Korg mentioned that George Gissing read Goethe's Italienische Reise.¹⁷²⁾

Of course, many Victorians went to Italy and to other Mediterranean countries for health reasons; Robert Louis Stevenson is a good example.¹⁷³⁾ Health was not Gissing's main reason for going to southern

Italy although he certainly suffered from poor health often enough. While on the journey described in By the Ionian Sea he came down with the usual symptoms, congestion of the lung, compounded by rheumatism. He had been warned against the fever, people had told him the country was in great part pestilential.¹⁷⁴⁾ His stay in bed takes up two chapters of the travel book; these are somewhat reminiscent of Stevenson's laborious journey across the American continent, as we shall see later. Gissing's description of his experience reveals him as being very observant in spite of his illness (as indeed Stevenson was). People in the little town of Cotrone would gather round the ailing novelist and stare at him while debating his chances of survival; Gissing noticed that everyone in Cotrone was more or less gloomy, and the hostess "went about uttering ceaseless moans and groans".¹⁷⁵⁾ It is the worst possible place to be ill - the hotel, the Concordia, is inconceivably filthy. His doctor agrees,

He contrasted the present with the past; this fever-stricken and waterless village with the great city which was called the healthiest in the world. In his opinion the physical change had resulted from the destruction of forests, which brought with it a diminution of the rainfall.... To-day there was scarce a healthy man in Cotrone: no one had strength to resist a serious illness. 176)

Gissing travels on to the bracing mountain town of Catanzaro and improves.

And, as we have already seen, there was the attraction of ancient Roman civilization. Characteristically, Gissing digresses into an account of the life of Cassiodorus after coming to a river and a monastery. Cassiodorus lived at the time when the Goths had taken over, and Gissing becomes very enthusiastic as he describes the Variae of Cassiodorus. "Not quite easy to read, for the Latin is by no means Augustan, but, after labour well spent, a delightful revelation of the man and the age."¹⁷⁷⁾ Gissing spends a whole chapter on this account, which provides some of the freshest

reading in the book. Gissing also notes with great pleasure that the Italians are doing their best to revive classical place-names.¹⁷⁸⁾ But at the same time he also realized, with some good-natured sadness, that many Italians knew next to nothing about their country's past and were absolutely astounded that anyone would or could read the old records in Latin. On the other hand, he was impressed with the quality of conversation among ordinary folk, which he thought was superior to anything in England: "These people have an innate respect for things of the mind, which is wholly lacking to a typical Englishman."¹⁷⁹⁾ (Stevenson found the English inferior to the Scots in this respect, although that could be put down to what he considered a superior Scottish education system.)¹⁸⁰⁾

In many respects, however, George Gissing is a very insular writer, and certainly more British than Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse. This is clearly seen in his novels, which, although influenced by European writers, are the unmistakable products of Victorian England; but we see it, too, in By the Ionian Sea, for in spite of his praise of Calabria he certainly does not feel at home there; trains and coaches are slower and worse than in England: miles are not to be reckoned by English standards. On one occasion Gissing is furious because the departure time of a train has been changed. And then there is the horrid fuocatico (a tax on each fire-place), the equivalent of which was got rid of a long time ago in England. And many Italians are in the grip of poverty, "... there's nothing but poverty. The same reply would be given in towns and villages without number throughout the length of Italy."¹⁸¹⁾ The English poverty described in the novels is of quite a different order and is ordinarily an "industrial poverty"; the Italian poverty, on the other hand, is medieval. Victorian Britain is far more advanced than nineteenth century Italy - "the enterprising spirit of the English race" is admired by the Italians, and a gardener whom Gissing

meets "marvelled that I had thought it worth while to come from England to Calabria."¹⁸²⁾ Gissing did not quite have Gosse's sense of mission or Stevenson's cosmopolitan outlook. Whereas the young Gosse while travelling in Stornoway astonishes his landlady by asking for locally produced oatcake, Gissing is sorely disappointed when the tea obtained for him in Cotrone proves to be like charcoal.¹⁸³⁾

Perhaps Gissing was too interested in the things of the past to have much energy for getting familiar with modern day Italy. The pull towards Italy and Greece was caused by his fascination with the writers of over a thousand years ago. It is perhaps to ask too much of him to get quite as involved as Stevenson and Gosse were in non-British affairs.

CHAPTER 3
THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
SCANDINAVIA

In 1899 the well-known literary critic, Edmund Gosse, wrote to Sir James Donaldson, then Vice-Chancellor and Principal of St. Andrews University:-

I must not allow an hour to pass without thanking you and the University for the generous reception you gave me this morning. There is no exaggeration in my saying that this is the most gratifying moment in my life of a man of letters. I am profoundly touched by your kindness, and it will greatly encourage me in the coming years to recollect the way in which the University of St. Andrews has rewarded my past efforts.

The occasion was the graduation ceremony at St. Andrews University on the first of April; Edmund Gosse had just received an honorary LL.D. for his "services as a critic, as a historian of English literature, and an interpreter of the great writers of other nations".¹⁾ By 1899 Gosse's reputation was very firmly established. His early works had been mainly on Scandinavian literature but later he had also built up a reputation as an expert on English literature, especially in the seventeenth century. His tastes were certainly very broad and this was no doubt why he enjoyed such respect among his contemporaries. Edmund Gosse had arrived in London in 1867 at the age

of seventeen.²⁾ As Gosse himself put it, "In January 1867 I came up to London alone to win my livelihood. I obtained a nomination to a junior post in the Library of the British Museum." Gosse's upbringing had not prepared him for the big city: "Of the world outside, of the dim wild whirlpool of London, I was much afraid...".³⁾ Gosse's appointment was finally confirmed when he received a letter from the Principal Librarian, J. Winter Jones, on the third of February, 1868:-

I am directed by the Principal Trustees of the British Museum to inform you that they have confirmed your appointment as a Junior Assistant, or Transcriber, in this establishment, - on the understanding, however, that your engagement be determinable at any time that the good of the service may be considered to require it.⁴⁾

The versatility, and the cosmopolitan flavour of Edmund Gosse's subsequent criticism was indeed a contrast to the somewhat stifling environment in which he had been brought up.⁵⁾ A good summary of his childhood is given by Evan Charteris in his Life & Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse, but the best account is given by Gosse himself in his best known book Father and Son. Ann Thwaite in her recent biography of Gosse provides a very good supplement to Gosse's account. The austere religion of his parents seems the most important element of his education; the Gosses were members of the Plymouth Brethren. Edmund comments on the Bible reading of his father and himself, "In our lighter moods, we turned to the 'Book of Revelation', and chased the phantom of Popery through its fuliginous pages". His father approved of one eccentric seller of onions from Jersey, because of his "godly" attitude to the "Papacy": "Here's your rope.... /To hang the Pope...."⁶⁾ Edmund Gosse's mother, however, was by far the stricter of the two parents; it was she who put the ban on fiction - for her "to compose fictitious narrative of any kind, was a sin". Consequently, as Gosse recalls with regret, not a single fiction was told him in his infancy.⁷⁾ As Edmund grew older, it was obviously not possible to impose this ban totally (and, of course, Mrs. Gosse died while her

son was very young); but although he was allowed to read Scott's poems, the Waverley novels were forbidden ground. Dickens was permitted and Edmund was enslaved by Pickwick.⁸⁾ Thus Edmund Gosse's reading, by the time he went to London in 1867 was by no means extensive, although it would be misleading to say that his education had been bad. As a child he had met Sheridan Knowles, who had become converted and was now a Baptist minister. Knowles (of whom the elder Gosse had never heard) told Edmund about Shakespeare.⁹⁾ This disparity between Gosse's childhood and his literary career has been noted by many; among them Virginia Woolf:-

... the narrowness, the ugliness of his upbringing; the almost insane religious mania of his father; the absence from his home of culture, beauty, urbanity, graciousness - in fact, of all those elements in life to which Edmund Gosse turned as instinctively and needed as profoundly as a flower the sun.

Actually, Virginia Woolf is exaggerating the significance of the elder Gosse's "religious mania" and she partly misunderstands the cause of the Gosses' austerity. As Edmund himself pointed out, their little family were very happy and cheerful, "before disease and death had penetrated to our slender society".¹⁰⁾ He also wrote of "her sweet and dignified cordiality" (i.e. his mother's) in The Life of Philip Henry Gosse. When Edmund was only six years old it was discovered that his mother was suffering from cancer ("she mentioned one of the most cruel maladies by which our poor mortal nature can be tormented"). The doctors recommended an operation but this was too painful; instead an American doctor with "a secret medicament" was tried. Mrs. Gosse had to live close to the doctor and she took lodgings in Pimlico. Her only company was her son, now seven years old - it was a dreary time for both.¹¹⁾ The treatment did not work and Emily Gosse died tragically. Some years later the elder Gosse married again and, as Edmund commented, "My stepmother immediately became a great ally of mine. She was never a tower of strength to me, but at least she was always a lodge in my garden of cucumbers".

Philip Gosse, now occupied with saving the soul of his new wife, left his son to his own devices: a newly acquired freedom.¹²⁾

As a child Gosse was almost excessively pious. The first question he asked his father when the latter announces his intention of remarrying was whether she was one of the Lord's children. George C. Williamson many years later recalled an occasion in his childhood when he and his grandfather visited Philip Gosse and his son. The two boys were left alone and Edmund immediately put the other a host of similar questions about his relatives. Edmund, writes George C. Williamson, "had such an air of profundity and of superiority, that... it was like trying to play with Almighty God!" He also received a long tirade against the wickedness of playing-cards. However, Gosse became a different person in later years, George C. Williamson concludes.¹³⁾ As Gosse grew older, he could laugh at the kind of attitudes and expressions he possessed as a child. In a humorous and light-hearted letter written to Elizabeth Haldane in 1923, he addresses her as "Dear Sister in the Lord", refers to "the infant imp of Satan in the ticket-office" at the railway station and comments that "In spite of the ministrations of dear Sister Aspirin, I did not manage to sleep".¹⁴⁾ Alec Waugh described Edmund Gosse as "a small nervous boy, overborne by the rigid religion of his Plymouth-Brother parents".¹⁵⁾

Sooner or later the break between Edmund Gosse and his father had to come. The occasion is described by Gosse in Father and Son and is worth quoting in its entirety:-

Then came a moment when my self-sufficiency revolted against the police-inspection to which my 'views' were incessantly subjected. There was a morning, in the hot-house at home, among the gorgeous waxen orchids which reminded my Father of the tropics in his youth, when my forbearance or my timidity gave way. The enervated air, soaked with the intoxicating perfumes of all those voluptuous flowers, may have been partly responsible for my outburst. My Father had once more put to me the customary interrogatory. Was I 'walking closely with

God'? Was my sense of the efficacy of the Atonement clear and sound? Had the Holy Scriptures still their full authority with me? My replies on this occasion were violent and hysterical. I have no clear recollection what it was that I said, - I desire not to recall the whimpering sentences in which I begged to be let alone, in which I demanded the right to think for myself, in which I repudiated the idea that my Father was responsible to God for my secret thoughts and my most intimate convictions.

He made no answer; I broke from the odorous furnace of the conservatory, and buried my face in the cold grass upon the lawn. My visit to Devonshire, already near its close, was hurried to an end.

Gosse explained that his father would have been a good friend except for "this stringent piety".¹⁶⁾ In fact, he still considered his father as a close friend in spite of the quarrel. Charteris includes a long letter from Gosse to his father (eleven and a half printed pages) in which he states, in a friendly and respectful manner, the differences between father and son; these differences were not as important or as lasting as some critics have believed. Many years later, in 1887, Gosse wrote to his friend, Hamo Thornycroft, and mentioned a visit to his ageing father, who was

... very sweet and gentle, wonderfully mellowed at last by the softening hand of age; and I have felt an affection for him and a pleasure in his company, this visit, that I am afraid I never really felt before. 17)

But at the age of twenty-one he threw off the yoke and "took a human being's privilege to fashion his inner life for himself".¹⁸⁾

II.

And so, as we have seen, Edmund Gosse arrived in London. There is no doubt that to begin with at any rate, Gosse was very lonely in the world city. He once complained that when he arrived, he had no introductions to any friends in London. But Charles Kingsley, who was a friend of Gosse's father, had obtained for the young man the job at the British Museum, and, as he explained, "I had two

[acquaintances]; two elderly spinster ladies who were Plymouth Sisters, and had known my mother". Gosse later revealed that at the time he had a vague idea of becoming a surgeon, and planned to start at a hospital but "after long disappointments, the way in another profession was opened to me".¹⁹⁾ Very early on, Charteris tells us, Gosse started philanthropic work under Dr. Barnardo in the East End. But soon the "active literary tradition" of the British Museum lured Edmund away from the narrow path his father had envisaged for him.²⁰⁾ According to Charteris, Gosse got to know the Pre-Raphaelites - D.G. Rossetti, Swinburne (who was to become a close friend) and others. But soon Gosse's attention turned towards Scandinavia. After a journey to Scotland (including a visit to the Hebrides) in 1870, he went to Norway in 1871 and 1872, and to Denmark in 1872. Why this sudden interest in a relatively unknown part of the world? There was obviously a desire to look north - to the Hebrides and the Lofoden Islands - and besides, he got all his articles on the familiar English classics refused. Hutton, the editor of the Spectator gave him this advice: "Choose something out of the way, Scandinavian literature for instance, and you will get a hearing".²¹⁾ Scandinavia certainly was out of the way as far as the Victorians were concerned. An article on "The Attitude of Victorian England towards Finland" was written for Finsk Tidskrift by Geoffrey Matthews in 1956. The English had only a vague impression of what Finland was like. Gosse never took up the study of Finnish writers (with the exception of Runeberg) - it was mainly towards Norway, Denmark, and to a smaller extent Sweden, that he turned.²²⁾ It is quite obvious from Edmund Gosse's 1871 article, "The Lofoden Islands" that he wished to be different from the rest:- "how few leave the great southward-streaming mass, and seek the desolate grandeur of those countries which lie north of our own land!" It is natural for the majority to seek the sun, to get away from the dampness of England. At this point the twenty-two year old Edmund Gosse waxes lyrical and bombastic.

The only people who do go north, he complains, are sportsmen, "bent on pitiless raids against salmon and grouse".²³⁾ Gosse in fact regards himself as an apologist for the Lofoden Islands. However, he does have other writers and travellers to refer to; thus he mentions Herr C. F. Lessing who in 1831 in Berlin published Reise durch Norwegen, and the Rev. W. S. Green.²⁴⁾ Gosse gives a very careful description of the isles starting with a few remarks about the climate, then the different names of the individual islands are mentioned, followed by a section on the very active fishing industry. The maelstrom is discussed, and a few pages follow on poetry written in or about Lofoden. Then a section on the geography of the islands. It is only recently, Gosse informs us, that an exact chart of the coast has been made. But the land away from the coast is still to a large extent a wilderness. The only passenger-boat going in and out of Lofoden is a weekly steamer from Trondhjem, on the coast of mainland Norway. A few places are described; Gosse is not enthusiastic about the scenery: "there is no ocean landscape from Torghatten to the Naze to call forth the slightest enthusiasm. There is much finer country in the Hebrides".²⁵⁾ Gosse gives a long quotation from the above-mentioned Rev. Green, who ascended a peak on Lofoden. A comment is made on the hard lives of the people here; a seemingly small thing such as a change in the weather "is sufficient to plunge them into distress and poverty". But still they are honest and well-to-do - and, says Gosse admiringly, they can all read and write.²⁶⁾ He makes an interesting comparison:-

It is a fact, too, not over-flattering to our boasted civilisation, that the education of children in the hamlets of this remote cluster of islands in the Polar Sea is higher than that of towns within a small distance of our capital; ay, higher even, proportionally, than that of London itself. 27)

Gosse is realizing that civilization is a thousand times more complicated than it looks - however, in 1871 Gosse knew hardly any Norwegian so he was not really in a

position to put the above statement to the test. Gosse finishes the essay with yet another picturesque description.

It was on his return to England, passing through Trondhjem, that Gosse "discovered" Henrik Ibsen.²⁸⁾ After having taught himself sufficient Norwegian, Gosse published a review of Ibsen's volume of poems in The Spectator - through this article Ibsen was brought into British literary life, as Einar Østvedt puts it.²⁹⁾ In 1872 Edmund Gosse was in Scandinavia again. He visited Denmark for the first time, and then went on to Norway. (During a visit to the Tivoli Gardens that year Gosse saw busts of great poets arranged along a terrace, one of them was that of Ibsen "whose prophet to English readers I had just undertaken to become".) On this visit he was indeed, as Charteris says, like an ambassador, since, in Gosse's own words, "In the summer of 1872 I received special leave from the Principal Librarian of the British Museum to visit Denmark and Norway for the purpose of reporting on the state of current literature in those countries". This was written in 1918 and may have been slightly inaccurate but it indicates exactly what Gosse's purpose was. In Norway Gosse met many of Ibsen's friends and later he wrote an article about the stay.³⁰⁾

On his first Danish visit Gosse made a great many connections which were to be of use to him in his career. Dr. Fog, who was later to become Primate of the Danish Church, came to London in the spring of 1872 when he was introduced to Edmund Gosse. Dr. Fog invited Gosse back to Copenhagen the same summer and introduced him to many of the famous Danes of the day. At one point Dr. Fog even enlisted the help of the King to get Gosse access to the poet Frederik Paludan-Müller. Edmund Gosse gives an interesting description of Dr. Fog, and it is clear that the two men, in spite of the age difference, had a great deal in common,

... The future bishop was thus compacted of the two

great classes of his country, the toilers of the earth and of the sea. He showed brilliant native gifts, entered the church, and had the usual vicissitudes of a young man of intelligence torn between speculation and orthodoxy. All his life, however, Fog naturally gravitated to the staid, traditional and official order of things; while cultivating a lively curiosity about, and sometimes even a secret sympathy for, the revolutionary. He was always a safe man, but so eminently safe that he could be daring. Very quickly his social gifts, among which his adaptability was not the least, made themselves felt. 31)

There is no doubt that Gosse admired these qualities in Dr. Fog, and perhaps tried to imitate them later, not without success.

Gosse must have been delighted, even dazzled by meeting so many well-known people on his short visit to Copenhagen, and since the Danish capital was many times smaller than London, it was much easier to get in touch with everybody. In fact, the very size of Denmark may well have attracted Gosse. He commented on the smallness of Denmark as early as the Preface. A few years before Gosse went to Denmark, Prussia and Austria, under the leadership of Bismarck, had conquered large parts of the country in the extreme south of Jutland, the duchies of Slesvig, Holsten and Lauenborg. The other large nations of Europe, Britain and France, did not interfere in spite of assurances by Palmerston.³²⁾ (And in 1870 Gosse had to give up with regret a journey to France because Germany at this time was at war with France.)³³⁾ Through Fog Gosse met another distinguished Danish divine, Hans Lassen Martensen, who told Gosse that the English had blundering statesmen and a cowardly policy, "and he began to discuss the burning question of England's neutrality in the recent Danish war with a certain vehemence".³⁴⁾ And Dr. Fog himself tells Gosse that he learnt English almost as a direct result of the 1864 war - "the sole matter about which he could speak to God was the awful sorrow and agony of Denmark". The language of English was something else to think about. Denmark had, as Gosse puts it, been hanging over the brink of annihilation - an agonising thing "for a small

but brave and self-respecting nation".³⁵⁾ And, as mentioned, the Preface treats Denmark's smallness, as does the brief introductory note. The former compares Denmark with a delicate old lady and Prussia with a vigorous navy, and Gosse adds that Denmark was not destroyed by the war: "she retained her modes of thought, her extraordinary mental activity, her distinguished personal outlook upon life". Talking more generally, Gosse emphasizes that small nations cannot rely on quantity. Gosse thinks that the question of whether a small nation deserves to be independent or not can now best be answered by a second question, "Does it or does it not keep up a high standard of independent national culture?" Gosse seems confident that he has a mission when he describes the small nation of Denmark to his English readers; the inhabitants of "an Empire like ours" should not forget "the function and value of the small nations in the civilisation of the world".³⁶⁾ Gosse starts his journey in North Germany, which he considers "dreary" - and sits opposite a German on the train: "a stiff Prussian officer of brilliant mechanical aspect. He looked as though he had been poured in a molten state into his uniform, and had by this time finally cooled".³⁷⁾ Flensburg consists of people who are "dead-alive". Gosse describes the fierce anti-German feeling that exists in the border area, before he proceeds to Zealand.³⁸⁾

Edmund Gosse carefully notes the differences in manner between the English and the Danes, often commenting that manners in Denmark have changed in the forty years since he was there. (Gosse certainly cannot have verified this personally since he returned to Denmark only for a brief visit to Jutland in 1900.) He talks about "an air of frugality, not expressed with gauche excuses, but taken for granted" - Gosse felt himself back in an age before the French Revolution - "the charmingly simple manner of the North in those days".³⁹⁾ Probably, Gosse found nineteenth century Danish manners fairly simple compared to the rather elaborate social customs of the Victorians. Gosse describes how he spent his day

in Copenhagen from the time he got up to coffee and "smörbröd" (Gosse appears to have had only the vaguest idea of what "smörbröd" actually was) till he went to bed before midnight, but very little in terms of views can be deduced from this. His description of a Danish Sunday, however, is interesting. According to Gosse, a Danish Sunday starts on Saturday afternoon and stops at lunchtime on Sunday - this gives him "an odd feeling of having lost half of Sunday".⁴⁰⁾ Of course, Sundays for the Victorians were almost notorious. Earlier in the century Dickens had complained about the starkness of the British Sunday, and later, in The Way of All Flesh (published posthumously in 1903) Samuel Butler railed against religious rigorousness including the Sunday. Theobald Pontifex's children are not allowed to cut out things, or to use their paint-box on a Sunday - "One treat only was allowed them - on Sunday evenings they might choose their own hymns".⁴¹⁾ And Gosse himself complains about the terribly strict Sundays he had to suffer as a child. Against this background one can easily understand how Gosse felt there was something lacking in a Danish Sunday afternoon - "The conversation, which had hitherto been of a staid and pious complexion, turned to worldly topics".⁴²⁾ On the Sunday morning Gosse notes the earnestness of the congregation in the church he goes to in Copenhagen and he compares it favourably with his experiences in Hamburg but adds that this is partly caused by the popularity of Dr. Fog as a preacher.⁴³⁾ But to turn to completely different kinds of observations: Gosse sees the Danes enjoying themselves as they take him to the Tivoli Gardens; these remind him of the pleasure gardens so famous in eighteenth century London (Ranelagh and Vauxhall). Tivoli was well established by the time Gosse arrived in Copenhagen - the amusement park had been opened by one Georg Carstensen in August 1843 - at that time it was not, of course, the tourist-attraction it has now become. Gosse significantly called Tivoli "the most agreeable as well as the most blameless place of

summer recreation in the North of Europe".⁴⁴⁾ What impresses Edmund Gosse is the fact that people of all classes mix in Tivoli: "Here a workman stopped the Minister for Foreign Affairs that he might beg a light from his cigar".⁴⁵⁾ This could hardly happen in Gosse's London. And Gosse is impressed by his friends' energy - nothing must be missed in the way of entertainments.

Gosse met a patriot of rather fervent beliefs - of a kind you would not really find in Britain. This was the secretary of the Royal Society for Promoting the History and Language of the Fatherland. To him Gosse firmly expressed the strong Danish sympathies which he says he felt sincerely. Gosse thought that this person, Christian Plesner - a brother of the Hans Christian Andersen translator, was slightly ridiculous.⁴⁶⁾ It is interesting to note that Edmund Gosse, although he could sympathize with ideals, was never an idealist himself; he was too cautious to follow just any fashion which was then current, and at the same time he kept up with new writers and ideas.

Like all other travel books Two Visits to Denmark contains a fair amount of passages describing scenery, but Gosse obviously finds Denmark particularly difficult; the peculiar quality of Danish scenery is "a quality which I have never seen defined in description". Gosse then goes on to try to define it - "sinuous lines", "modulated horizons", and so forth. The characteristic elegance, he claims, is difficult to seize. Certainly the Danish landscape did not give Gosse the opportunity to launch into long descriptive passages, which the Scottish and Norwegian landscapes had done.⁴⁷⁾ But the lack of charm in many Scandinavian country towns struck him: "the provincial town of Denmark, Sweden or Norway being not merely without beauty or dignity, but without any appearance of antiquity". His conclusion reflects on the Danes:-

But the absence of trees and gardens, the squalid bareness of the Danish streets, is extraordinary,

and can only be accounted for by believing the inhabitants insensible to what makes an English country-town attractive. 48)

Unfortunately, Gosse leaves the subject there so we cannot be absolutely certain what exactly he is driving at. It is perhaps a pity that Gosse never got inside any of the houses in the country towns to view them from a different angle. And Gosse does not really consider the possible effects of a different climate on the construction of houses and gardens.

The people Gosse met in Copenhagen were indeed, as Charteris points out, distinguished figures. Most of them were of the establishment; Bredsdorff says they were "almost all of them men of the old school, ultra-Conservative, violently opposed to det moderne Gennembruds Mænd".⁴⁹⁾ This is misleading; Gosse did not limit himself to one particular group of people; he kept his mind open, and saw other literary characters too.⁵⁰⁾ And most important of all on his first visit to Copenhagen, Gosse went to listen to Grundtvig, probably the most significant person in the nineteenth century Lutheran Church. As Gosse himself explains in his book Grundtvig was very much an anti-establishment figure, he had the King's sympathy but not the sympathy of any of the church leaders. So when Gosse realized, to his surprise, Grundtvig was then ninety years old, that the great man was still alive, and expressed his intention of going to listen to him, his hosts were not pleased. But as Gosse said, Fog was so safe as to be daring, and he accompanied the young Englishman to the Workhouse Church where the old man gave one of his last sermons.⁵¹⁾ Later Gosse did astonish his host by making friends with Georg Brandes.

And from Copenhagen Gosse sailed off for Norway. Obviously, Denmark and Norway had two different kinds of appeal for Edmund Gosse. In most respects he certainly preferred the company he enjoyed in Copenhagen; as he put it, "The young Norwegians of that age of sturm und drang were, indeed, apt to exhibit a pomposity and a

self-consciousness to which the rest of Europe could, I suppose, offer no parallel". And Gosse bluntly stated that Norway about that time was far behind Denmark and Sweden "in the amenity of its social customs".⁵²⁾ But Norway could no doubt make up for this with its magnificent nature, and one can in fact assume that Norway had the same sort of appeal for Gosse as Scotland had. His visit to northern parts of Norway has been mentioned above; in 1872 he spent most of his time in the south of Norway. Many years later he wrote an article entitled "A Visit to the Friends of Ibsen" describing the visit. In fact, the visit had very little (if anything) to do with Ibsen, who was living outside Norway at the time.⁵³⁾ Most of the people he saw in Norway were termed as "Conservatives". However, as Gosse pointed out in "The Present Condition of Norway", the poetical climate in Norway was quite different from that in any other country ("the whole public feeling in Norway is democratic to a degree which cannot be paralleled elsewhere in Europe") and in other countries they would be termed "advanced liberals".⁵⁴⁾ One of the foremost, Jacob Løkke, was furthermore, as Bredsdorff explains, an Anglophile, and this would of course bring the young Englishman and the Norwegian together.⁵⁵⁾ But as in Denmark, Gosse did not limit himself to one circle of people. For instance, Hans Christian Andersen had given Gosse an introduction to Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, and the two met in Norway. Bjørnson belonged to "the opposite camp" but this did not prevent Gosse from paying him a visit.⁵⁶⁾

Nearly two years later Gosse went to Denmark once again. Meanwhile, he started a correspondence with Georg Brandes, the famous literary critic; Julius Lange, an art critic; and Hans Christian Andersen.⁵⁷⁾ The letters he exchanged with Julius Lange at the time are particularly interesting. In January 1874 Gosse had published in The Academy a review of J. Beavington Atkinson's book An Art Tour to Northern Capitals of

Europe. Unlike Gosse, Atkinson's introductions had been "chiefly to artists of the anti-national party"; something which Gosse deplores. He starts the article by saying that the natural beauties of the North grow yearly more familiar to the English, but this does not apply to the Baltic countries. Gosse sent a copy of the article to Julius Lange (whom he had called "admirable"), who wrote a reply. This reply dealt with the position of Denmark towards the big nations; the points made are eminently sensible and could well have influenced Gosse:-

... you are yourself a man who makes his judgement from his own experience; your opinion thus has an independent value for us Danes. Sometimes we could certainly do with some kind of intellectual alliance: we are very isolated. The French do not know us; when they occasionally talk about us they reveal an ignorance about that which we value highest. The Germans would like to annex the best we have for themselves; they would not, by the way, care to acknowledge an independent Danish intellectual life. Our brothers in Sweden and Norway are often too pleased that their emissaries in German culture are noticed and praised by the Germans. They think we are childish when we want to stand on our own feet culturally speaking. Neither is a definitive national independence the most important thing in my thoughts. I am merely keen that we in Denmark do first-hand work - for that is the only kind of real work - ; from that it will probably follow that the work which a Dane does will get a Danish character. 58)

Lange said he hoped to see Gosse sometime, possibly in the British Museum. At the end of February Gosse wrote back thanking Lange for his comments; he refers to the art critic's book Nutids Kunst - his only dismay is "what the writings of my friend Dr. Brandes also incline me to fear, that the critic is too good for the work criticised". Gosse further wrote that he hoped to be in Copenhagen in May.⁵⁹⁾ One Carl Thrane sent Gosse a book of essays on Danish music for which the Englishman politely thanked him in a letter written in March, but the two do not appear to have met two months later when Gosse was in Denmark.⁶⁰⁾

Charteris once again sums up events very well - about the 1874 visit he writes, "He was welcomed

everywhere". This time Gosse was in a far better position to exchange views with literary persons since his Danish had improved tremendously.⁶¹⁾ Certainly, this visit was from a literary viewpoint far more profitable. But obviously Edmund Gosse also revisited old friends, Bishop Martensen among them (he delighted in Gosse's "flow of bad Danish") and Hans Christian Andersen.⁶²⁾ And this time too, Gosse talked about the dreariness of Danish provincial towns. He visited Roskilde and had the same experience as when he went to Elsinore two years before. His conclusion is, "The Danes, I suppose, lay outside the great passion of mediæval artistry". Gosse was particularly disappointed because Roskilde was the place where the medieval spirit and tradition should linger.⁶³⁾

Most of the people Gosse knew and spoke to in Denmark were much older than himself; in fact, he did not meet many contemporaries. It was only when he visited the Students' Union at the University of Copenhagen that he met somebody of his own age. He was entertained there one evening and was surprised when - comparing the conversation with that in Oxford or Cambridge - "There was an entire absence... of any reference to the subject of athletics, and yet many of the students looked vigorous and cleanly built".⁶⁴⁾ One of Gosse's observations is particularly interesting, and indeed true: these students were interested in ideas more than in facts, unlike "a similar group of English lads". Gosse was well received; the news of the young Englishman's presence spread through the room and a toast was proposed in his honour. Everything seems to have gone well except for an argument with a radical Norwegian; Gosse afterwards cannot remember when the party stopped but adds that it was very noisy.⁶⁵⁾

The visit to Copenhagen made Edmund Gosse reflect on the noise and clatter of cities in general today (meaning 1911). He talks about "the pleasant, peaceful stir of Copenhagen" in 1874 and contrasts it with the

tramway-plagued city of the early twentieth century. "All the towns of Europe have grown more strident and vociferous within my memory". Gosse goes on to deplore the changes:-

Nothing, in my judgement, emphasises more strongly the change between the world of my youth and the world of to-day than the increase of unmeaning sound. Within the life of one generation the whole key of human activity has been changed from a subdued hum, in which human relations could be maintained, to a fury and frenzy of iron discord which is like the clash of armies, and in the midst of which neither sleep nor rest nor reflection seems attainable.

Gosse was to become even more disillusioned after the First World War.⁶⁶⁾ But the passage certainly calls to mind the second chapter of Raymond Williams's book The Country and the City. It is called "A Problem of Perspective", deals with change, and proves that "the good old days" were not as good as they are usually made out to be.⁶⁷⁾ Gosse does indeed travel into the country, most notably when the Fogs take him to see some yeomen farmers but he does not reach any interesting conclusions from this particular journey.⁶⁸⁾

In 1874 Gosse went to Sweden for the first time when he joined Dr. Fog on a short excursion to Lund, the ancient town in the south of Sweden. Gosse was certainly interested in Swedish affairs though not to the same degree as in Norwegian and Danish affairs - but "I was very curious to hear Swedish spoken, and to discover whether I could understand it". When the two men arrived at Lund they had a meal in the University Club and noticed the politeness of the students towards each other, founded, writes Gosse, on "what seemed a universal kindliness".⁶⁹⁾ Gosse, however, has a slight reservation when he indicates that this almost excessive politeness demands not only leisure but also "a narrowly restricted society" and he noticed that bishops, at any rate, were people of greater social pretensions than in Denmark.⁷⁰⁾ When he had been to visit a bishop with Dr. Fog, Gosse went on to see some literary people. Gosse explains that Lund was then the centre of æsthetic activity in Sweden. On this

brief visit (he could only have had a few hours at his disposal) he managed to see two professors, who were "entirely Conservative" and one of them, Ljunggren, reacted violently when Gosse mentioned the name of Georg Brandes, "a spasm of horror contracted his amiable countenance, as though I had suddenly discovered an asp".⁷¹⁾ The reason for Gosse's greater interest in Norway and Denmark was probably because he had happened to teach himself Dano-Norwegian first (although he may have had an early attempt at learning Swedish) - trying to communicate in Swedish was therefore something of a strain though by no means impossible. Besides, Norway and Denmark were closer and probably easier to get to from Britain.⁷²⁾

There was one small Scandinavian country in which Gosse took very little interest. This was far away Iceland, the home of the legendary sagas. In the nineteenth century, Iceland was ruled from Denmark. The island in the North Atlantic achieved self-rule in 1918 but it shared its foreign policy with Denmark until the Second World War when the two countries separated completely. However, as Gosse mentions, the relations between Denmark and Iceland were very strained in the 1870s. A new constitution for Iceland had been recommended to the Danish King. Things, said Gosse, were in fact moving, "but the Icelanders were sick with hope deferred, and their attitude was not always conciliatory". At a party Gosse met Denmark's leading archaeologist, Jens Worsaae, who said that he intended to suggest to the King that Iceland be presented with a statue of Thorwaldsen. This got Worsaae into a serious argument with Gudbrandr Vigfusson, an Icelander of strong nationalist leanings.⁷³⁾ In fact, Vigfusson was one of Gosse's few links with Iceland. The two men had met in England in 1871 and had seen each other at least a few times in London. Vigfusson is presented by Gosse as a typical representative of his country (he had "the pale eyes of an Icelander who gazes upon snow from his birth"). In 1874 he was working on old Icelandic manuscripts in the University Library in

Copenhagen and Gosse would find his friend almost fanatically glued to the old papers.⁷⁴⁾

Greenland gets just as little attention as Iceland. Gosse gives a brief account of the history of Greenland in connection with the very first ordination of a Greenlander, one Tobias Mörch, who would appear to have had all the appeal of a noble savage to the Copenhageners of the 1870s.⁷⁵⁾

As mentioned above, Gosse met a great many literary worthies on his visit to Copenhagen. Of one person in particular he had a very high opinion, and it continued to be high through the years. This person was the poet Holger Drachmann, who died in 1908. But Gosse says that Drachmann was too big for Denmark - he was "like an artist singing in a small drawing-room with a voice of opera-pitch". So Drachmann wanted to get out of Denmark, only to return, "after all, it was the Danish language he used". Gosse could forgive a lot of things in Drachmann; after having described the poet's first wife, a veritable beauty, he writes that she should not be confused "with any of the later wives of Holger Drachmann, who became a finished expert in the art of matrimony". One would certainly not expect Gosse to have treated this sort of matter lightly in other cases.⁷⁶⁾ Gosse did not keep up a regular correspondence with Drachmann after the 1874 visit, but Drachmann was one of the few Danes who kept Gosse's interest - to Brandes (in 1879) he wrote, "To me, as to you, the condition of Denmark seems hopelessly dull and conventional. I see no new light arising, - except Holger Drachmann, who writes much faster than I can read".⁷⁷⁾ A few letters, however, were exchanged after Gosse's visit, in late 1874 and in 1875 (they are printed by Bredsdorff). Many years later Drachmann visited England - Gosse met the Dane during one of them, in 1895; and in 1900 Drachmann was in London again. Gosse was very keen to invite the Danish poet, and at one point was rather nervous when he disappeared, "The great man - who is eccentricity itself - has

disappeared! Melted, like a long genie out of a bottle!" (November, 1900) More invitations were issued and more meetings occurred. In January 1901 Gosse wrote to Drachmann saying that he had to translate some of his works for Mrs. Gosse, "We revelled in your fancy. What a great and starry poet you are, my dear Friend!" And Gosse finished the letter, "I watch your career with joy - thi jeg ser ingen så stor og mandhaftig som Dem i Nordens Poesi".⁷⁸⁾

Among the other writers Gosse met in Two Visits to Denmark was Ludvig Bødtcher, who died later in 1874. As Gosse said, "Bødtcher had been younger than Shelley, older than Keats". Gosse did not succeed in meeting another venerable poet, Christian Winther.⁷⁹⁾ But he did meet the Scharlings, one of whom had written the popular play Nøddebo Præstegaard⁸⁰⁾, and other writers and publishers.

III.

Edmund Gosse's most important connection in Copenhagen was undoubtedly Georg Brandes, the renowned critic born in 1842. Georg Brandes was the most significant literary critic of the nineteenth century in Denmark. He managed to be a controversial outcast as well as a leader of men. He lived to a grand old age, and his position soon became unassailable. Brandes was one of the few Danes who made an international reputation although he has never reached the heights of international fame as, for example, Andersen and Kierkegaard did. Georg Brandes was born in Copenhagen of Jewish parents. This added suspicion to hatred in the hearts of Brandes' enemies. The Jews in Copenhagen were never properly assimilated into society; a well known play Indenfor Murene ("Behind the Walls") written by Henri Nathansen was published in 1912, and describes the plight and the isolation of the Danish Jews. However, Brandes and his family were never

very religious; indeed, Brandes kept his contempt of religion together with all his disciples of the "modern breakthrough". He studied law but was really more interested in philosophy and aesthetics. He obtained his doctorate in 1870 for a thesis called, "French Aesthetics Today". He was influenced by Taine and Sainte-Beuve, and the thesis was a study of the former. He wrote and lectured prolifically. His main work was Hovedstrømninger i det nittende Aarhundredes Litteratur about the main currents of nineteenth century literature (published between 1872 and 1890). He also wrote books on Shakespeare, Disraeli, Ibsen, Kierkegaard, Goethe, and others. Like Gosse he was truly an internationalist. And also like Gosse he translated a number of well known books into his own language, for example Mill's The Subjection of Women.

Georg Brandes' interests were not just limited to literature. First of all he was involved in the politics of his day; in fact his political profile was a very high one, especially because of his brother Edvard Brandes. The latter founded the Radical newspaper Politiken, and later became Danish Chancellor of the Exchequer. It can be deduced from this that in many ways Georg Brandes was very different from Gosse, a factor which, as we shall see, has puzzled some of those scholars writing on the two men.

If we compare the influence of the two men on their respective countries we find again similarities and dissimilarities. Both were undoubtedly major figures but in Denmark the situation was perhaps less clearcut than it was in Britain. Brandes' reputation since his death has remained more stable than that of Edmund Gosse.

The two men met in 1874 but had been in touch before that time. The preceding summer Brandes had received a letter from Gosse in which the latter wrote:-

There are few men in Europe whose course I have been watching with more interest than yours; partly because you are a Dane and all things Danish have a charm to

me, and more because you are a champion of those "modern" ideas in literature and art which are to me of vital importance....

And Gosse recommended that Brandes read Swinburne. Paul Krüger has commented that Gosse reveals a tendency towards the literary and intellectual ideas which took him away from the strict puritanical surroundings in which he had been brought up.⁸¹⁾ Gosse's interest in meeting Brandes increased when August Larsen - the chief clerk of the publishing house of Gyldendal - mentioned Brandes to him, "All our youngest writers seem to be trotting after him, like performing dogs after the circus-man with the whip".⁸²⁾ There is no doubt that Gosse was very keen to see the unique representative of modern Denmark; he was also a little nervous and visited Brandes for the first time in the company of Larsen:-

He looked bored at being disturbed, and bit the feather of a pen rather querulously. But as soon as Larsen had presented me by name, he sprang a step forward, and gave me the typical Danish squeeze of the hand. His quiet manner left him; talking very fast, asking questions and not waiting for my answers, he led me, gratified but more than a little bewildered, into his sanctum. I never met with anyone more impatient than Brandes, and this had probably something to do with the atmosphere of suspicion and anger which he had created around him in Copenhagen. ⁸³⁾

Both men became very good friends and each influenced the other's writings. Although Brandes had travelled widely and had visited Britain, he never got to know English literature very well ("Much of our intellectual and moral nature had been obscure or repulsive to him; he had felt us to lie outside the circle of European culture".) In 1873 Gosse had offered to become Brandes' first English friend and some years later Brandes admitted in a letter to Gosse that he knew nothing about the English.⁸⁴⁾ However, Brandes did write books on Shakespeare and other literary figures in England. It is indeed a pity that Gosse's biographers show so little interest in Brandes. The best source of information on the relations between the two writers is

Paul Krüger's edition of Brandes' letters, and of course Gosse's own account in Two Visits to Denmark. The most eccentric account of the friendship was given in 1959 in the United States by G. G. Harper, Jr.. He thought that "Brandes might well have asked Gosse to become his fogleman" in England and added that Gosse did not leap at this golden opportunity. Harper then went on to elaborate on "Gosse's failure to become the English Brandes". There is no evidence anywhere, however, to show that Gosse ever wanted to become Brandes' disciple; the two were excellent friends who benefited from each other's advice: in other words, a regular two-way relationship of equals. In this light it is foolish to talk about a "failure" for Gosse when what he allegedly failed to do was never attempted by him in the first place.⁸⁵⁾ Dr. Elias Bredsdorff finds it strange that the two men became so attached, seeing that many of Gosse's other Scandinavian friends were Conservatives. But, as will be pointed out later, Gosse regarded politics and literature as two completely separate things. He rarely discussed politics with Brandes; and in the field of literature they had a great deal to offer each other.⁸⁶⁾ As mentioned above, Brandes knew very little about England, and here Gosse was a great help. Krüger writes that "Brandes pouvait mal payer Gosse de retour...". Still, in spite of his unpopularity among the establishment in Denmark, Brandes must have been a good contact indeed. As Gosse himself wrote in the 1873 letter quoted above, "In trying to introduce Scandinavian literature to the English public, I can wish for no better help than yours".⁸⁷⁾ Besides, as we shall see, Brandes often gave Gosse valuable criticisms on his works.

Some embarrassing situations for Gosse ensued from his knowing Brandes. When he mentioned the critic's name during his visit to the two Swedish professors mentioned above, their reaction was one of horror. Brandes was shunned like a leper.⁸⁸⁾ Society did not accept him - a fact which is mentioned over and over again in Two

Visits to Denmark. First of all it complicated Gosse's relations with his host. When Gosse had been to Sweden for a day, Brandes had been to Dr. Fog's house. The ladies in the family were horrified, and "I was to explain to Brandes... that he really must not appear again in person on Dr. Fog's staircase".⁸⁹⁾ Gosse decided to have it out with his host, who "objected with a quite fanatical tenacity" to Brandes; it was quite a difficult situation for Gosse, who felt that seeing Brandes was very important to him.⁹⁰⁾ He tries to explain the dread of Brandes, and writes that at "the present day we have grown to be so lax and so indulgent to opinions that it is not easy for us to reconstruct, even in imagination, the indignant zealotry of earlier times". Possible parallels in England, he says, are Shelley and Swinburne. Of course, Brandes, being a Jew, was also the victim of anti-semitism - "That a scion of this hated people, so long excluded from citizenship, should come forward with a loud message of defiance to the exquisite and effete intellectual civilisation of Denmark, this was in itself an outrage".⁹¹⁾ Gosse also pointed out that Brandes was an iconoclast. Certainly, Brandes had a knack of insulting people. He disliked Gosse's Icelandic friend, Vigfusson, and made no attempt to hide his impatience when Vigfusson joined Gosse on his visits to Brandes.⁹²⁾ (His brother Edvard was even worse. As a theatre critic he got into trouble with a young actor in 1900; the two fought a duel and were consequently put into prison for a fortnight.) This is not the place to enter into a detailed account of Georg Brandes' career, but it is interesting to note that he found Denmark uncongenial (to be expected in view of the facts related above). Gosse explains,

He was starting that next week for Germany; he had been treated by the Copenhagen University with great injustice in the matter of the Chair of Literature, and the discussion of this question had revealed to him the existence of so many enemies, that life in Copenhagen had become intolerable to him.... He had thoughts of settling in Hamburg, in Berlin -

perhaps in Warsaw, in Moscow; he talked, even, of committing literary suicide by writing books, at his mature age, in German instead of Danish.

This was in 1874. Brandes did indeed go to Berlin. In 1879 he was back on a brief holiday in Copenhagen; he wrote to Gosse saying he was very happy in Germany: "We live in an atmosphere of refinement, general sympathy and real friendship, something I have not done before".⁹³⁾ However, in 1883 he returned to Copenhagen for good.

It may be useful to return to Gosse's 1874 visit, for Krüger makes an interesting observation regarding the correspondence before and after the two men met: "... les deux amis ont adopté le tutoiement au cours du séjour de Gosse - liberté que Brandes n'accordait pas facilement après qu'il atteint l'âge mur". Gosse himself recorded the episode as he drank "dus" with Brandes in Klampenborg.⁹⁴⁾ Certainly, the two seem to have confided in each other. Even before the meeting Gosse would receive letters from an extremely depressed Brandes, for instance, "I am sitting here, half ill or wholly ill, not in a terribly good mood in an abominable heat in an abominable hotel and I wish that this letter meets you in better conditions than those under which I send it".⁹⁵⁾ But obviously large parts of the letters deal with literary affairs - the two critics commenting on each other's books and making remarks about literature in general. Some of Brandes' criticisms are particularly interesting. After having read Gosse's Gray, Brandes remarked, "... in my opinion you have become far more English, more national than ever before". Brandes adds that in this respect there is a great difference from Gosse's "earliest attempts". Brandes also thinks that Gosse is to a large extent "himself". And a year later, in April 1884,

My knowledge of English is unfortunately extremely poor... but it is still my wish to get to know literary England properly. It appears to me that you have changed your style since your early youth. You have become far more sober, more certain, more instructive. Furthermore, you have become far more

English. Nevertheless, I regret that you have not maintained a little more of your early, less matter-of-fact and more lyrical way of writing. I think one can be matter-of-fact and still allow ordinary ideas and feelings to take up more space than the English usually grant them. 96)

Brandes showed relatively little interest in England. A year later he complained to Gosse that he had no connections in England, "I know nothing about you". Almost as if to illustrate the point he congratulated Gosse on becoming a Professor at Oxford! In the same letter Brandes remarked that though he was known throughout continental Europe, he was hated in Denmark. The two countries which then rejected his leadership were, interestingly, Denmark and Britain.⁹⁷⁾ However, in 1895 Brandes did go to London. Gosse invited him to his house; it was a rather amusing invitation written in Danish, in which Gosse described Henry James, the novelist, as one of his most expensive friends.⁹⁸⁾ Gosse, on the other hand, was more into the national literature of his friend than vice-versa. He often discussed Danish literature in his letters to Brandes.⁹⁹⁾ But he did admit to a lessening interest in affairs in Denmark as early as 1877:-

I confess to you that now Andersen, Winther and Paludan-Müller are dead, and you are going away, there is not one single tie of interest that connects me with Denmark. What a change in five years! What deaths, what obscurations! The sole intellectual pleasures Denmark has sent me for a long time have been your books and Det Nittende Aarhundrede.

However, Gosse certainly did not get to like Berlin or Prussia because Brandes was there - "But I hate Berlin! Write next about poetry, about anything but Prussia".¹⁰⁰⁾

The main theme of the letters apart from literature is probably politics. In this respect the two men were poles apart, Gosse believing that politics should be kept apart from other activities and Brandes, who (in spite of denials) was heavily involved in politics with his brother Edvard. In 1877 Gosse commented on

Bjørnson's Kongen, which he detested, and he added, "I wish you would come out of the ranks of the politicians". In his reply Brandes firmly denied that he was in the ranks of the politicians and he said that he had never been involved with practical politics; however, he then added that his sympathies, and indeed support, were with "the enlightened Liberalism", or "the Left". Gosse seemed to have difficulties explaining to Brandes that politics were kept separate from other things in England:-

I think I have pointed out to you before the curious difference that exists between England and the rest of Europe as regards modern thought. Politics and philosophy are almost entirely divided with us except in the little knot around John Morley. Our leaders of political agitation are mostly... convinced and earnest Christians, absolutely borné as regards literature and science.... Liberty of thought is now thoroughly diffused throughout the best English society, but it has no connection whatever with the spread of political liberty. The lower classes are overwhelmingly orthodox. 101)

In 1884 Brandes was back in Copenhagen but very unhappy about his position. One of his problems was that "the Danish left" had broken with his group and had deprived them of their mouthpiece, the daily Morgenbladet. As mentioned above, Edvard Brandes and a group of radicals founded their own newspaper, Politiken ("the policy"), in October 1884. Politiken established itself as one of the leading Danish newspapers. Today it is one of the two large Copenhagen morning papers. (The other being the Conservative Berlingske Tidende.)¹⁰²⁾ As Gosse pointed out, although Brandes was unpopular, he had a great deal of influence in Denmark.¹⁰³⁾ And this applied not only to literature.

The correspondence includes a great deal of interesting information on the two writers. Edmund Gosse is of greater interest in this study. In February 1875 he wrote, "I, for my own part, read no English criticism, and for years have striven to found my style on the great French writers, - Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Gautier, Janin - in that order". Many

years later Brandes asked Gosse for some information about Shakespearian criticism. Gosse at first replied (in September 1892) that he thought this "a very arid branch of English literature" and that he had not followed it closely. Besides, he was at the time far away in Dorset. However, Brandes did not give up, and in May of the following year Gosse replied again - "I blame myself greatly, - but the facts seem to be there:- I am quite out of all Shakespearian criticism..." Gosse therefore transferred the question to Dowden.¹⁰⁴⁾ The letters show that Bredsdorff's remarks on Gosse were not entirely fair. In his book on Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, Bredsdorff writes that Gosse's interest and publications in Scandinavian literature were merely a springboard at the start of his career; "he got tired of the job". Gosse did not get tired of the job, but the people in Danish literature changed and those who entered the scene were of less interest to him than those who were leaving it. In 1879 he wrote, "To me, as to you, the condition of Denmark seems hopelessly dull and conventional. I see no new light arising, - except Holger Drachmann... It is true that there is very little vitality in Denmark, but whatever life there is comes from the veins of G. B.". And in 1883, "It will be a day of triumph for the modern party in Denmark when you return, and I shall find my flagging interest in Danish affairs singularly revived".¹⁰⁵⁾ According to Bredsdorff Gosse's interest in Scandinavia though still very active between 1875 and 1880 was slowly decreasing year by year. However, at the end of 1877 Brandes writing from Berlin expressed some surprise that Gosse was well connected in Denmark and always knew what was going on there.¹⁰⁶⁾ Bredsdorff rejects the idea that Gosse was a Scandinavian scholar. It should, perhaps, be pointed out that this was an honour Gosse never claimed for himself. In his biography of Ibsen (1907), for instance, Gosse is very modest and makes it clear that as a foreigner his interpretation may perhaps be a little limited. And when Gosse was in

his seventies he wrote, "I have not been in Denmark for nearly a quarter of a century, and have entirely ceased to follow its literature". It should be remembered that Gosse's Scandinavian honours came late in his life, 1901, 1908, and 1912. Bredsdorff seems surprised that "Gosse's admiration for certain Scandinavian writers was entirely genuine"; however, every indication shows that this was the case. And as mentioned above, he does not understand entirely Gosse's friendship with Brandes: how could Gosse admire Brandes when he disliked the Radicals? Bredsdorff opines that "It is an odd phenomenon..." and adds that Gosse cannot be acquitted of "double-talk". However, as explained above, Gosse regarded literature and politics as completely separate.¹⁰⁷⁾

The friendship lasted for a very long time. As the two men grew older, however, they grew apart; not for the reasons that Bredsdorff would suspect. But Gosse and Brandes saw so little of each other and the correspondence was flagging. It seems that the blame was largely on Brandes' side. In 1895 Gosse asked Brandes to contribute to a series, Short Histories of Literature which Gosse edited. He wanted his friend to write the Scandinavian volume. Normally one hundred and fifty pounds are paid for each book -

But my desire to secure you is so great, and my sense of your position as one of the first living critics of Europe is so pronounced, that I have persuaded them [my publishers] to allow me to offer you the exceptional fee of £200 (two hundred pounds).

Later in the same year Brandes actually visited England and Gosse, but seven years later the subject returns in two somewhat angry letters from Gosse:-

Perhaps you will break through your rule of persistently ignoring me, so far as to write to me on this subject.

You do not, I think, realise that I am the originator and the organiser of the whole series of "Histories of Literature".

This got Brandes to reply, and a week later Gosse wrote again,

For thirty years now I have valued and I hope

possessed your friendship, and I have never in that time ceased to do my best to widen the circle of your admirers and to increase the range of your great reputation. I was therefore (I confess it) considerably pained about a year ago to be shown a letter from you in which you spoke with great dislike of England, and in particular said that there was no person in London (except the man to whom this letter was addressed) in whom you took the slightest interest or whom you wished to see. I was very much hurt by your writing in these terms to a comparative stranger. 108)

However, the correspondence continued fairly amicably until Brandes' death.¹⁰⁹⁾

Gosse was in touch with other Danish writers too, although not for as long a period as with Brandes. He went to Denmark only once more, in 1900. One person Gosse was in touch with for a time was Professor Molbech. He sent the professor a copy of King Erik (published before Christmas 1875) and wondered - rather ambitiously - whether it might stand a chance of being performed at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen.¹¹⁰⁾ In 1879, a few years later, Molbech in turn sent Gosse a play of his own with much the same kind of question. Gosse explained that literature and drama were completely separate in England - a statement which was certainly true at the time: "We have dramatists, but they are not poets; we have dramatic poets, but they never reach the stage! This is an anomaly to which, I suppose, there is no parallel in any other country of Europe".¹¹¹⁾ Contact was established in the eighties between Gosse and Alfred Ipsen; the latter wanted information about the literary situation in Britain.¹¹²⁾ This was in preparation for an anthology of poetry which was eventually sent to Gosse, "I received the Anthology and congratulate you on its admirable form and contents.... My own pieces you have translated admirably, to my more than satisfaction".¹¹³⁾ Bredsdorff tells us that Ipsen went to London in 1890, and indeed contact must have been maintained throughout the nineties, for when Gosse went to Jutland in 1900, he wrote to Ipsen:-

We are enjoying ourselves very much here, and

shall probably stay here until about the 25th when we shall go north, if the weather remains good, and try to see Silkeborg, Aalborg and Skagen. I am afraid it will be impossible for us to visit Copenhagen this year. 114)

Gosse's reluctance to go to Copenhagen seems surprising, but perhaps the journey into the Danish country-side was intended simply as an antidote to London.

While at Skagen in the extreme north of Jutland, Gosse and his wife met Dr. Troels Troels-Lund, and the two men became very good friends. Gosse wrote Troels-Lund a letter in Danish, "Thank you again for all your generosity and helpfulness. Our week together has been like a beautiful dream". Gosse had seen Viborg: "the ugly shadow of a past age of aristocracy". At the end of the letter Gosse asks Troels-Lund to convey his greetings to "my dear Georg Brandes".¹¹⁵⁾ Nearly twelve years later Gosse was awarded the Danish Cross of the Dannebrog. This was partly through the good offices of Troels-Lund, although it certainly was Denmark's turn since Norway and Sweden had awarded him orders in 1901 and 1908 respectively. "All my life", he wrote, "as you know, I have been a faithful lover of Denmark, but my love has been so powerless that I never dreamed of so honourable a recognition of it". At the start of the Great War Gosse wrote to Troels-Lund on the subject of Denmark's neutrality; he was at the time Librarian of the House of Lords. "We realise thoroughly that Denmark has much to give us", he wrote on 12th September, 1914. "Mr. Asquith has pledged this country to an absolute protection of the rights and property of the small nations involved". Gosse soon had second thoughts and wrote again on 15th September:-

Two days ago, under considerable pressure of feeling, I wrote you a letter in which I placed certain views held by a section, perhaps a small, section of His Majesty's Government. That letter has caused me much trouble of mind, and constant reflection. I have come to the clear conclusion that however much a certain action on the part of Denmark might seem of advantage to the Allies, and therefore to what is dear alike to

us and to you, a lasting peace, it is not for us to interfere in any way with the careful deliberations of your statesmen. 116)

Troels-Lund had already replied to Gosse's first letter explaining why Denmark preferred to remain neutral.¹¹⁷⁾ At the end of the war Troels-Lund and Gosse were discussing current affairs again. The subject now was Slesvig and Holsten, originally Danish but conquered by Germany in 1864. Troels-Lund explains that Denmark only wishes to get back Slesvig, not Holsten. He suggests that due to the importance of the canal from Kiel to Elben the area becomes an international region administered and guarded by the Allies. Gosse accepted Troels-Lund's ideas and put them forward in his article in the British press - he wrote back to his Danish friend, "... if there is anything further in this direction which I can do to aid the Danish Government in its just aspirations, I shall be much obliged if you will let me know, in as full language as possible".¹¹⁸⁾ There is another, longer, letter from Troels-Lund on the same subject but the two did not seem to have kept in touch for long after the peace had been signed.

IV.

We now turn our attention towards Gosse's extensive writings on Scandinavian topics. It was almost totally as a critic that he was known to the public; although, as we have seen, he was also an author of travel-descriptions as in Two Visits to Denmark. Rarely did Edmund Gosse attempt to write fiction. One of his short-stories is called "A Norwegian Ghost Story". He wrote it after his holiday in Norway in 1871 and sent it off to Blackwood's, hoping they would publish it (he had just had his "Lofoden" article accepted by Fraser's). Over a year later the story still had not been published, and Gosse sent Blackwood's a reminder, but without success.¹¹⁹⁾ As expected, the story is not a particularly original one, although

Gosse evidently thought that the background itself would make it so. As pointed out above, Gosse clearly felt he had a mission; he starts the story, "I wonder whether any of my readers know where Haugesund is...". However, to most of his readers, the north of Norway was just another exotic (or "Gothic") place full of danger and the story itself is hardly exciting. Marie Bjornsen's husband is away fishing. Meanwhile she has a vision telling her he has died. Although he has lost his ship, however, he is still alive and returns home. Gosse introduces this "extra-terrestrial" element into the story hoping to revive fading interest ("When she ventured to look up, the spectral face was gone and utter darkness [sic] around her as before".)¹²⁰⁾ Religion plays only a small part in the story - for instance, Marie Bjornsen opens the Bible at random.¹²¹⁾ Gosse is even more conventional on the subject of women. When Marie believes her husband is dead, her sister spreads the rumour and all the gossips in town come to visit her, of course bringing their knitting! Gosse indulges in some commonplaces, or common misconceptions, such as, "There is nothing like the delicious tenderness of a sympathizing woman; there is nothing like the harshness of an untender woman. Men never say such bitter things, never anatomize a thrilling wound so impartially as some women will".¹²²⁾ As a contrast to the sharp-tongued knitting old women of Haugesund there is a description (albeit a short one) of Bjornsen's mishaps at sea - "the whole boat slid down into the abyss to mingle never more with the doings of living men", etc.. W. M. Parker comments that this description resembles a scene in Hugo's The Toilers of the Sea - it probably resembles scenes in dozens of novels about maritime adventures.¹²³⁾ The characters too, are rather conventional. Of the main character, the author has this to say:-

Marie Bjornsen is one of those invaluable women who never shriek or swoon. A sudden terror makes her rigid, she rises like a petrified creature.... her whole body stiffened and rose erect as she stared

on the apparition.

Her one fault, he explains, is "an appearance of self-assertive decision".¹²⁴⁾ Marie Bjornsen is thus very typical of the new Victorian women presented by many writers - Wilkie Collins's Magdalen Vanstone (No Name) is one - partly in reaction against Dickens's angelic figures.¹²⁵⁾ Mr. Bjornsen is declared to be more commonplace than his wife, but "stern" and "masculine" - a true Viking hero indeed!¹²⁶⁾ The few remarks on Norway and Norwegians do not succeed in bringing the story above the level of mediocrity but they are nevertheless of some interest. For instance, the laws of hospitality are more stringent in detail than in England, and there is "an absence of those distinctions of caste that confine our own society, that make confidence possible between persons who would at home be considered very unequal in social position".¹²⁷⁾ This, once again, is the Gosse with a mission to inform his countrymen about the customs and literature of foreign countries.

His role is the same in the article published in February 1874 for Fraser's Magazine.¹²⁸⁾ For once he seems to have a political axe to grind, that of some of his friends in Norway. The article is called "The Present Condition of Norway" and it assesses the political, commercial, and cultural situation in Norway at the time. In particular, he is very critical of the recently founded Højskoler, schools putting the ideas of Grundtvig into practice, "They are particularly suited to satisfy the craving of the extreme democracy of which we have already spoken", says Gosse almost derogatorily. "The object of worship is the People, the sovereign masses, Folket". Folket does indeed seem to be the bugbear in the article - in the Norwegian situation Gosse is on the side of the few against the many.¹²⁹⁾

Gosse's sympathy appears to be with Denmark rather than with Norway. Wergeland's book, A List of Crimes committed by Denmark against the Norwegian Nation,

"reads now like mere midsummer madness."¹³⁰⁾ This is confirmed in another article written for The Academy at the same time; this article is a review of the "Dictionary of Peasant Norwegian" by the well known philologist Ivar Aasen. The "new" Norwegian language, which Aasen was working on was largely an attempt to separate Norway culturally and linguistically from Denmark.

Had Norway never separated from Denmark, had an unworthy jealousy of Copenhagen never crept into certain schools of thought in the sister-capital, no one would ever have dreamed of calling this folk-tongue the Norwegian language. Minor journalists may amuse themselves with such small trifling, but it is beneath the dignity of savants.

Gosse continues and states that "nothing but the sober sense of the majority prevented the total abandonment of the classic Danish".¹³¹⁾ As Gosse himself indicates, the Norwegian situation vis-a-vis Copenhagen is to some extent similar to that of Scotland in Great Britain. For instance, many Norwegian writers (Ibsen and Bjørnsen) published in Copenhagen.¹³²⁾

Religion plays a small part in Gosse's discussion on the contemporary situation in Norway. This is quite different in "The Ethical Condition of the Early Scandinavian Peoples" where the main theme really is the impact of Christianity on heathen civilizations.¹³³⁾

We know that in Greece the Gospel had to contend against an elaborate system of pure ethics fallen into decay, against a moral obliquity only the more impervious because it held the outward form of an earlier, far nobler morality, and against a system of literature and the fine arts, the most perfect in execution that the world has ever seen. ¹³⁴⁾

It is very largely a question of morality, Gosse indicates. But in Scandinavia, he writes, the moral standards were very high in spite of the barbarous horrors perpetrated there. The major part of the essay is taken up with descriptions of "Viking" customs. Very little was (and is) known about these and they were undoubtedly regarded as "barbaric excesses" associated

with plundering expeditions to England. Gosse is defending the early Scandinavian peoples by telling us that we should not judge people separated from us by several centuries by our standards. Some of the customs described are certainly horrible by those standards. The position of women was said to be better than that of Rome and Greece, although again not compared with even the Victorian standards. The emphasis is on virility, says Gosse, the "Vikings" are athletes. And, "The Northern laws and practices show far more consideration for individual rights than those of Germany".¹³⁵⁾ But slaves were not treated very well. The article is descriptive - Gosse acknowledges some of his sources - and does not reveal many opinions, although it is, of course, a testimony to his interest in Scandinavian affairs, not just contemporary ones but also historical.

The same tendency can be observed in many of Edmund Gosse's short articles and reviews, some of them unsigned. It is only possible to mention a few of these articles here, but the tendency is clear.¹³⁶⁾ Gosse's comments on Scandinavian literature and society in the 1870s are extensive. He seemed to be almost personally engaged in events in Norway - much more critical of goings-on there than in Denmark. Sweden gets very little mention. The worst danger in Norway appeared to Gosse to be communism, and he thought he knew why:-

The Communist principles which are so alarmingly in the ascendant in Scandinavia may perhaps be explained by the low state of the higher education, a fact which has received a strong confirmation in the statistics lately published of the condition of the various universities. The retrograde tendency is shown in the most startling form in the University of Christiania, where the number of students, over 1,000 at the end of the corresponding term last year, now scarcely exceeds 800.

In another brief article Gosse complained that professors at Christiania were very poorly paid (from 200 to 340 pounds a year) and that this affected disastrously the state of the university. He blamed the "peasants" in

the Storthing (the leading party) who were "niggardly misers".¹³⁷⁾ In fact, Gosse was unduly pessimistic about the intellectual situation in Scandinavia. Probably not surprising when it is considered that one of his main contacts in Copenhagen was Georg Brandes, who, although he was a brilliant critic, was frequently depressed about the situation; with good reason since he was undoubtedly treated with great injustice.¹³⁸⁾ Edmund Gosse put it very concisely in a review, "... It may be cynically answered that the political liberty is there, but that the intellectual freedom is sadly lacking". This comment applies in particular to historical writings but it is certainly valid about literature too. And of the Brandes debate he wrote, "the condition of public intelligence in Denmark is proved by this controversy to be lamentably low". This also occasioned him to criticize the University of Copenhagen of which Gosse was very critical at the time.¹³⁹⁾

There is also, from time to time, comment on the position of Germany, a relatively new power in European politics and not one that Edmund Gosse particularly liked. In a review of Elise Otté's Scandinavian History he looks back at the grandeur of the three northern kingdoms in the past, but all this is over now, "The immense power of Germany has crippled it; the momentous advances of the Russian Empire fill it with alarm and threaten its very existence".¹⁴⁰⁾ And in the article on Brandes' book referred to above, it is Germany in literature which is the topic; Germany as the birthplace of romanticism: they were first "but the carrying out of that idea was left to be perfected elsewhere": "the birthplace of romanticism is violently realistic". Again, the comments are in no way complimentary to Germany. Elsewhere, Gosse wrote that "the Danes have a horror of what is German, and a contempt for the latest German poetry, and what is written in England and France they do not read."¹⁴¹⁾ This observation was undoubtedly true at the time of

Bismarck, as Germany had conquered a considerable part of Denmark in 1864, although, of course, Germany was extremely influential, not just militarily but also in the arts, theology and the sciences. Gosse appeared to be ever waiting for a literary revival in Scandinavia, a revival which never really happened.

No language can produce men of genius with the same incessant activity with which Stromboli pours out its ceaseless lava-fires; there is always a pause in which the grass grows over the most startling innovations, a quiet interval in which the voices of those who are not trumpet-tongued can be heard, and this hushed period often produces very graceful writers.

"Graceful", however, does not mean good, and Denmark is "resting after the labours of the last generation".¹⁴²⁾ The Danes are looking back, and Gosse appears to be doing the same. The only hope was the critic Georg Brandes but he was treated with scorn - "none of the younger men promises to make any mark in Europe, and their conventionality and timidity need a sharp awakening voice".¹⁴³⁾ The interest does indeed seem to go back, in history as well as literature, with Scandinavia deprived of any military power, no political influence and no prominent writers in the literary field. And then there was "the communist threat" referred to above. Gosse does, however, see a possibility of Norway, led by Christiania (centrally placed) becoming once again important. Copenhagen and Stockholm have both become defenceless and exposed.¹⁴⁴⁾

The articles are certainly written by a man who cares a great deal for Scandinavian literature, but he was not a great lover of contemporary letters in Scandinavia; in fact, he took a rather gloomy view of it. As indicated above, he obviously had many contacts in Norway and Denmark; this explains his apparent personal involvement in the affairs of Christiania. But Gosse was always very modest about his own contribution and emphasized that he did not have the insight of a native. He introduced one review by writing, "A genuine picture

of the customs and household life of a country is always a hundredfold more valuable than the cursory notes of a mere tourist".¹⁴⁵⁾

Some of Gosse's longer essays were published in Northern Studies.¹⁴⁶⁾ In his introductory article about Norway one notes at once a change from the short reviews discussed earlier. It was originally written in 1872 for Fraser's Magazine, and Gosse at this stage appeared to be much more hopeful; here he does not have an axe to grind: "It would be hard to point out any country in Europe whose condition at the present moment presents a more satisfactory aspect than Norway", a statement which would seem to contradict many of the shorter articles. It is not meant as a contribution to the current debate but an informative article in a book meant for the general public.¹⁴⁷⁾ He also seems more sympathetic towards Norwegian attempts at asserting their independence from Denmark and Sweden. Although he is critical of the dialect devised by Ivar Aasen, he is not as vitriolic as in the review of Aasen's book,

The chief objection to the movement seems to be that it would make Norwegian literature more remote and undecipherable than ever; on the other hand, it is no doubt an advantage that the peasant should understand when he is preached to and written for. The creator of this language of the future, Aasen, is a man of high and versatile genius, and has himself contributed several poems to the new literature. 148)

Gosse is, in fact, being far more unbiassed than in his reviews on the same subject. The first version of the article was printed by Fraser's at a time when Gosse had only just started getting interested in Norwegian literature and had not studied Danish or Swedish literature at all. In the revised version he left out the following conclusion:-

While Sweden falls deeper and deeper into an affected prettiness of style and mannered mediocrity, while Denmark turns like a sunflower to the witcheries of French plays and novels, Norway stands aloof, and bids her poets choose noble themes and treat them in an original and manly way. It is in this vigour that

the great promise of her strength lies; she needs a school of writers that shall reflect the solemnity of her pine woods, the majesty of her mountains, and the wild splendour of her seas. Such a reflection we find in men like Bjørnsen and Ibsen, and we here would heartily wish them God speed, with three times three for Gamle Norge! | "Old Norway" - although at the beginning of the paragraph he mentions "this young nation". The two are not exactly contradictory but the choice of words is somewhat unfortunate. | 149)

Gosse certainly seemed to have changed his views on Denmark and Danish drama by the time he wrote the article on "The Danish National Theatre".¹⁵⁰⁾ And his views on Bjørnson changed too. So in the later version, Bjørnson's second period is proclaimed to have been "extremely injurious to Bjørnson's reputation and to the literature of his country".¹⁵¹⁾ Gosse gives a summary of the careers of several Norwegian poets; and as in the Lofoden article, the exotic and strange element is emphasized as when he writes about M. B. Landstad born at Maasø parsonage at the North Cape in the extreme north of Norway:-

One needs to have glided all day, as I have done among the barren creeks and desolate fjords of Finmark, to appreciate the vast expanse of loneliness - a very Deadman's land - that lay between the lad and civilisation. 152)

Gosse stresses the intellectual activity of Norway; it is a pity, he says, that we in England know so little about Norway because there is an intellectual activity which would interest us.¹⁵³⁾ And again when the turn comes to Denmark and the Royal Theatre, which have succeeded in preserving "a truly national dramatic art. One has but to compare it in this respect with the surrounding lands of a cognate character, with Sweden, Norway, Holland, to perceive at once the complete difference of individuality".¹⁵⁴⁾ Denmark, Gosse tells us, has kept its place in spite of its military and geographic vulnerability. Of course, in the arts there will be a certain degree of "borrowing" from the larger countries. Thus Holberg's comedies without actually imitating those by Moliere were

nevertheless very similar to the plays of that great French dramatists.¹⁵⁵⁾ And later Shakespeare arrived at the Danish scene with "the dreadful dramas of the German Sturm und Drang Periode". Even the famous Danish poet, Oehlenschläger, had a German name. A conclusion which Gosse never quite reached was that in a large country like England it is perhaps desirable to encourage the import of more literature as a healthy injection into the cultural life; in small countries, on the other hand, the danger is that too much is imported and the national literature tends to drown in the multitude. But Edmund Gosse was very optimistic about Denmark and about the Royal Theatre.

A stranger from London, we will not say from Paris, is struck in Copenhagen by the wonderful reserve and poetical repose that characterises the general tone of the acting; no one is permitted to rave and saw the air; it is preferred to lose a little in sensation if thereby something can be gained in completeness. The great merit nowadays of Danish acting is not the supreme excellence of a single performance so much as the intelligence of the whole company... 156)

Edmund Gosse's essay on "Dano-Norwegian Literature" in volume eleven of The Cambridge Modern History (1909 edition) repeats many of the points mentioned above. It is essentially a brief history from the late seventeenth century to the end of the eighteenth century. The history starts with Baggesen and Oehlenschläger (both influenced by Germany) and continues with Grundtvig, "every word and every thought is redolent of Danish soil".¹⁵⁷⁾ Norway separated from Denmark in 1814 and at first they were behind the Danes but with Bjørnson and Ibsen this has all been changed: they are "the only authors whom Norway has contributed to the class which enjoys universal publicity".¹⁵⁸⁾ As the essay is what Gosse terms "a general survey", it does not include personal opinions. Even the "peasant's language" is mentioned unaccompanied by critical comments.

Later on, in 1916, Gosse published a book called Inter Arma. The book consisted of seven essays

dealing with various aspects of war, literature, and civilization. As expected, the book is to a very large extent a piece of war propaganda. It was certainly very popular; Gosse wrote to Richard Haldane in June, "My last book, 'Inter Arma', is sold out: but a second edition cannot be brought out. Guess why? Because it is impossible to get suitable paper".¹⁵⁹⁾ The one essay in which we are interested, "The Neutrality of Sweden", is fairly representative; opinions and emotions are quite easy to detect. In this essay Gosse really is (as his detractors have said) anti-German, which can perhaps be excused under the circumstances. Gosse describes how "Teutonic methods" in Scandinavia have served to foster sympathetic relations between Norway, Sweden and Germany. The Kaiser has been on innumerable trips to Norway and has given help to Norway. They have also established a regular ferry service between Sweden and Germany:-

There are two daily services in each direction, and they compete irresistibly with the boats which cross the unruly waters of the North Sea from Sweden to England only twice a week. ¹⁶⁰⁾

German action in peace-time appears to have been misinterpreted. At the same time, Edmund Gosse comes down hard on British inefficiency - this is certainly reminiscent of George Gissing's remarks on the export trade in Italy.¹⁶¹⁾ First of all, the British Censorship delays everything. But more important than that is the stupidity of the English publishing trade. German books, Gosse informs us, are easily available in Sweden; not so English books, and this is due to "the difficulty which the bookseller has in obtaining English books on reasonable terms". The Germans sell their books to the shops on conditions of sale or return: "the English publishers sit in their offices waiting for firm orders - and cash".¹⁶²⁾

However, the main theme of the essay is the neutrality of Sweden, "her old policy of neutrality, the strictest neutrality maintained towards all the belligerents in exact equality". The Swedes are

"proud and independent" and they want to live in peace, Gosse tells us. The Viking spirit has died.

The Swede loves his own country, but he hates no other.... He does not want to interfere with any other country, but neither does he want any other country to interfere with him. 163)

Gosse respected neutrality, albeit reluctantly in some cases. His correspondence with the Danish historian, Dr. Troels Troels-Lund, about the neutrality of Denmark has already been mentioned. Gosse further points out some peculiarities of Sweden. The early significance of the Swedish Social Democratic Party is duly mentioned, and Gosse touches on the unity of Sweden. On many issues the Government is actually supported by the opposition.¹⁶⁴⁾ Gosse was obviously not quite as frightened by the Swedish Social Democrats or Labour party as by their British equivalent.¹⁶⁵⁾ The biggest fear of the Swedes is Russia - the bugbear of Sweden.¹⁶⁶⁾ The fear is demonstrated here by the question of the Åland Islands. The Russians, who at the time owned the islands, were proposing to fortify them:-

It would have been a pistol constantly levelled at the heart of Sweden; it would have meant, as a politician at the time expressed it, "that the wishes of a Russian minister at Stockholm would be turned into commands". 167)

Gosse sympathizes with this fear of Russia, but what he is trying to point out is that Germany is cause for even more alarm - at one point he refers to "the wheedling German intriguers".¹⁶⁸⁾

The essay bears the distinct stamp of the First World War. In peace-time Gosse was somewhat more objective in his views of the European nations. Here he is trying to influence opinion in Europe, particularly in Sweden and he is not succeeding very well. The role of propagandist was not one that suited Edmund Gosse.

V.

Now we turn to another of Gosse's relationships with Scandinavian writers. With the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, he kept up a correspondence for many years although the two men met only once. Gosse's final words on Ibsen can be found in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Gosse's entry on the dramatist is a rather long one; it outlines his background and his earlier career when he was "entirely under the influence of... Oehlenschläger". "It is noticeable that Ibsen, by far the most original of modern writers for the stage, was remarkably slow in discovering the true bent of his genius". The article then traces Ibsen's career - including the attempts (finally successful) to get a "poet's pension". And then the conclusion:-

... although the value of his dramatic work is still contested, it has received the compliment of vivacious discussion in every part of the world.... In every country, though least perhaps in England, the influence of Ibsen has been marked in the theatrical productions of the younger school. Even in England, on the rare occasions when his dramas are acted, they awaken great interest among intelligent playgoers. 169)

In 1907 Gosse published a short biographical book on Ibsen. It is a rather pleasant although somewhat conventional study of the dramatist. Gosse was very modest about the book; at the same time William Archer was editing Ibsen's works, and Gosse wrote to him:-

My little book approaches completion, but I halt very lamely after you. However, I shall frankly say so, and I hope to make my book a pointing-staff towards your Heinemann edition, my admiration for which is without bounds. 170)

One might say that the book is an introduction to the works of Ibsen, which is what Gosse intended it to be. However, he does go into some detail on the subject of Ibsen's character; the playwright certainly appears to be a complicated person. He was insensitive to foreign languages: "All through his life he forgot the tongues of other countries almost faster than he gained them".

And yet, Gosse says, Ibsen was "a citizen of the world". He comes to this conclusion while comparing Ibsen with Bjørnson - the latter, "with less originality, was the typical patriot in literature", Ibsen belonged to "civilization at large".¹⁷¹⁾ It is evident that languages must have caused Ibsen problems. After having received Gosse's Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe in 1879, Ibsen replied:-

I have still not read the whole book, as the English language is causing me some trouble, but when I leave here tomorrow, to spend some months at Amalfi your book will be the only thing I bring, and I then intend to study it thoroughly. ¹⁷²⁾

Gosse's articles on Norwegian literature have been discussed above. In the chapter called "Early Influences" Gosse once again gives a brief account of the background; the split between "Dano-maniacs" and "Patriot" being an important element. Ibsen was certainly not a typical Norwegian patriot - the language he wrote in was the "classical" Danish rather than the "new" language promoted by Ivar Aasen.¹⁷³⁾ It is also clearly indicated in the book that drama would probably appeal more to a foreign audience than to a Norwegian one, at least at the time when Ibsen started his career. So in 1849 Ibsen went to Copenhagen ("To go from Bergen to Copenhagen was like travelling from Abdera to Athens...")¹⁷⁴⁾ But Ibsen did not stop there. Later in life he spent many years in Germany - of one of his plays, The Pillars of Society, Gosse remarks, "Danish taste pronounced it 'too German'". (Gosse in general was not favourably disposed towards German influence.)¹⁷⁵⁾

The account of Ibsen's early life and of his background is a fairly straightforward one. Gosse suggests possible reasons for Ibsen's cosmopolitan elements; most of his ancestors, for instance, were anything but Norwegian, and he concludes:-

Much of a wire-drawn ingenuity has been conjectured about the probable strains of heredity which met in Ibsen. It is not necessary to do more than to recognize the slight but obstinate exoticism, which

kept all his forbears more or less foreigners still in their Norwegian home... 176)

Gosse is keen to point out the characteristics of Ibsen's Norwegian background as this differs from a British background. Again he realizes his mission as an interpreter - in a figurative sense - of Norway towards his English readers. And then, of course, there are discussions of the plays. There will not be time to analyse Gosse's treatment of all the plays here, but it may be useful to give a brief survey of it. In A Doll's House, which Gosse calls Ibsen's "first unqualified success" - "the spectator feels that a new thing has been born in drama".¹⁷⁷⁾ Of most plays he has very little to say and merely gives a brief account of the circumstances and the main themes; with An Enemy of the People Ibsen entered a new stage in his career and with The Wild Duck the resemblance between Ibsen and Euripides becomes apparent.¹⁷⁸⁾ And then came the tragic play, Romersholt - "... he would reopen the door to allegory and symbol, and especially to fantastic beauty of landscape". The successor was completely different: The Lady from the Sea "shows a distinct advance" on its predecessor.¹⁷⁹⁾ Hedda Gabler undoubtedly deserves, and certainly gets detailed treatment. With this play Ibsen passed into "his final glory", Gosse says.¹⁸⁰⁾

Northern Studies too, includes a discussion on most of the plays although the discussion is of a different kind. These essays were written at the height of Ibsen's career and do not mention the later plays. The first of the two monographs was written in 1873 and bears the marks of youth. One introductory passage about Norway can best be described as amusing:-

A land of dark forests, gloomy waters, barren peaks, inundated by cold sharp airs off Arctic icebergs, a land where Nature must be won with violence, not wooed by the siren-songs of dream impulses, Norway is the home of vigorous, ruddy lads and modest maidens, a healthy population, unexhausted and unrestrained. Here a man can open his chest, stride

onward upright and sturdy, say out his honest word and be unabashed: here, if anywhere, human nature may hope to find a just development. And out of this young and sturdy nation two writers have arisen who wear laurels on their brows and are smiled on by Apollo. [Bjørnson and Ibsen.] 181)

Edmund Gosse is obviously struggling to find his own style, as yet unsuccessfully. The first essay consists largely of summaries and quotations; there is very little critical comment. The book contains a long section about Love's Comedy with translations of various passages; then summaries of Brand and Peer Gynt. This essay finishes with the treatment of a play which Gosse did not particularly like, Emperor and Galilean, and a brief mention of "Ibsen's historical and national dramas". One of the least known - The Pretenders - prompts Gosse to conclude the essay with these words, "The dramatic power displayed in this poem quite raises it out of any mere local interest, and gives it a claim to be judged at a European tribunal".¹⁸²⁾

The second essay is different in character. This, of course, is perfectly natural as it was written sixteen years later. Here, Edmund Gosse does not hide his light under a bushel: "it is a pleasure to me to know that it was I who first introduced it [the name of Ibsen] to English readers - a very poor and inadequate interpreter, but still the first".¹⁸³⁾ But he gives "foremost praise" to William Archer. This second essay contains much more critical comment. This is partly due to the fact that Gosse himself had had sixteen years' more experience but it should also be remembered that Ibsen's plays had changed. The early plays are the least famous; they are symbolic and lyrical, difficult to translate and more closely connected with Norwegian history. The later plays are "realistic" prose plays: dealing more directly with contemporary problems, common not only to Norway but to other countries too. These later plays are a great deal easier to handle for a critic and they are more likely to appeal to an audience outside Norway.

Gosse himself comments that these later plays are "Ibsen's claim to be considered as a European dramatic prose writer of the first class...", and, "Ibsen's new departure was marked by the rejection of verse as a vehicle".¹⁸⁴⁾ The epithet "new departure" is also used about The Pillars of Society - a long summary of this play is given, and Gosse goes on to discuss A Doll's House, another new departure: "he confronted his audience with a new conception". Woman, he explains, was to be "an independent entity, with purposes and good moral functions of her own".¹⁸⁵⁾ A few other plays are discussed ending with The Lady from the Sea, just published. This essay ends with a conclusion similar to the one reached in the earlier essay:-

Those to whom the most modern spirit in literature is distasteful... would reject Ibsen... But others, who believe that literature is alive, and must progress over untrodden ground with unfamiliar steps, will recognise a singular greatness in this series of social dramas, and will not grudge a place for Henrik Ibsen among the foremost European writers of the nineteenth century. 186)

Gosse is very modest about his monograph, which he calls "this brief and imperfect sketch".¹⁸⁷⁾

Gosse was quite genuine about his admiration of Henrik Ibsen. This was amply demonstrated in 1898 when he wrote to William Archer:-

I would suggest that you, Massingham & I should form a committee to invite subscriptions for this purpose [i.e. doing something for Ibsen on his seventieth birthday], not publicly, but by means of a letter, signed by us three, printed agreeably on a folded leaf, the second page being a form to be returned by the subscriber.

As your name will come first, and as your acquaintance with Ibsen & his works is more than Massingham's or mine I hope you will consent to draft the letter. 188)

The plan did not go smoothly. Massingham thought that the initiative should come solely from Archer, and Gosse agreed, "Your services to Ibsen in this country infinitely transcend those of any one else...", he wrote to Archer.¹⁸⁹⁾ At first it was suggested that they get a clock, but that idea was abandoned; "Let

us meditate, - with prayer and vigil, - on 'showiness' in relation to a complex Scandinavian mind".¹⁹⁰⁾ They settled on a set of silver, a ladle and a cup.¹⁹¹⁾ Then there were problems and arguments; Gosse made a mistake in the calculations and was three pounds out of pocket. Furthermore, Massingham was being difficult.

If Massingham is vexed, it must surely be with himself, not with us? He secured us not one single subscription, not even his own. 192)

And in the same letter (he was obviously getting a little tired of the whole thing) Gosse said that our only purpose is "to smite the faces of Ibsen's wretched detractors by a dignified act of faith".¹⁹³⁾ According to Bredsdorff this "act of faith" was generally regarded as a success "though some people who had not been approached, protested publicly against the character of the subscription".¹⁹⁴⁾

Gosse's letters to Archer included a great deal of very interesting information on Gosse's opinions of Ibsen and his writings. For instance, Bygmester Solness (Gosse worked with Archer on a translation) disappointed him:-

I confess that in spite of the literary excellence of the 1st & 3rd acts, I am very much disappointed. The tedium of the 2nd act is, to me, unbroken or almost unbroken, and the moral upshot of the whole play (unless one treats it as a rather absurd personal allegory) seems utterly incoherent. I hope I am wrong, - but the piece strikes me as the work of a majestic mind in rapid decline. 195)

In order to protect the copyright in Britain the play was "publicly performed" in December 1892 before it was published in Scandinavia. Twelve copies of the bill were printed - "One journalist did discover the bill and wanted to make 'copy' of the affair, but was promptly nobbled".¹⁹⁶⁾

A detailed and very interesting account of the friendship between Ibsen and Gosse is provided by Elias Bredsdorff in the above-mentioned Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers.

Bredsdorff has made a great effort to find some unpublished letters from Ibsen to Gosse. Unfortunately, he has not succeeded in finding letters from Gosse to Ibsen (except for one or two public letters) and this inevitably makes the account a little one-sided.

Ibsen's gratitude towards Gosse is evident throughout. While writing Emperor and Galilean Ibsen sent Gosse a letter in which he promised to give him a copy as soon as it was finished:-

Sending it to you first is a matter of course. For I do not appreciate the judgement of my other friends as highly as yours; exactly because of the deep, the profound, the poetic understanding which comes out of all that which you have written about me with a kind and friendly mind. 197)

Gosse's friendship with Ibsen lasted even longer than his friendship with Georg Brandes, but he knew the Norwegian playwright less well, and the two men only met each other briefly once, in 1899 in Norway.

Bredsdorff states that the correspondence started in April 1872 when Gosse was only twenty-two years old. As mentioned above, Gosse had already come across Ibsen's name in 1871.¹⁹⁸⁾

A year later Gosse was in Denmark; his visit to the Tivoli Gardens has been mentioned already. Here he saw "the busts of the great poets of the North, and here for the first time, above the name of Ibsen, I saw, with a certain thrill, a presentment of the features of one whose prophet to English readers I had just undertaken to become".¹⁹⁹⁾ This was of course something which Ibsen would appreciate. He already had a foothold in Germany but Britain had hitherto eluded him.

The English people are close to us Scandinavians in spirit, mentality and emotional life; and for that very reason it has been painful to me to think that language should create a barrier between my poetry and this large, related world. 200)

This was written in 1872 - as Bredsdorff mentions, Gosse's efforts, later combined with those of William Archer, began to bear fruit,²⁰¹⁾ and Ibsen became

popular in the English speaking world too. Today nearly all his plays are easily available in English translation in several paperback editions.²⁰²⁾

Bredsdorff also describes the other side of the coin; the quarrels that occurred between Gosse, Archer and Ibsen. One dealt with Gosse's allegedly poor translation of Hedda Gabler, adding a long quotation of Gosse's "howlers".²⁰³⁾ The section finishes with a letter from Ibsen's son Sigurd thanking Gosse for sending him a copy of the biography written in 1907 after the playwright's death.²⁰⁴⁾ Just before Gosse's own death, he gave a lecture on Ibsen - probably, says Bredsdorff, Gosse's last public appearance. "His early connection with Ibsen, and his pioneer-work in England for a true appreciation of Ibsen's genius, was mentioned in most of the obituary articles".²⁰⁵⁾

It is certainly significant that Gosse was a friend of both Henrik Ibsen and Georg Brandes, two of Scandinavia's most important writers. Both had a very scanty knowledge of English: Gosse acted largely as a kind of bridge between them and their English audience. Gosse made some mistakes - no one claims, for instance, that his translations were perfect - but these were minor faults and cannot detract from his unique contribution towards introducing Scandinavian literature in Britain.

CHAPTER 4
 THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
 AMERICA

Edmund Gosse's attitude to America was by no means clearly definable. He was often full of praise of the Americans but in 1907, in a letter to William Archer, he summed his feelings up like this, "You had, I am glad to hear, a splendid time in America, which is always an exhilarating dip into a possible futurity. But would you like to live there?"¹⁾ Gosse's father must have told him about his years in America. Philip Gosse had been to both Canada and the United States in his youth. According to Edmund in his Life of his father there had been problems, especially in Alabama. One gets the impression that Philip was in many respects rather like his son, except he did not appear to possess the cosmopolitan side so typical of Edmund -

He [Philip Gosse] was proud of his pure enunciation, and was careful not to adopt an American accent - his "British brogue" was in consequence brought up as a charge against him; nor could he throw aside a latent jingoism, as we should call it to-day, a patriotism that was apt to become truculent because it was in exile. In Alabama the jealousy of the "British" was almost humorously prominent;... the ignorance of European life was such as to make the picture in Martin Chuzzlewit, twelve years later, seem in no degree whatever a caricature. "The universal

notion here", says my father in July, 1838, "of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, is that they are conquered provinces, on a par with Poland, kept in a state of galling servitude by the presence of a powerful 'British' army". Nor was it ever supposed that the confident prophecy that America would shortly "whip the British" could be other than pleasant to the young English schoolmaster. 2)

This gives an indication of some of Gosse's very early impressions of America. They may have influenced his opinions although, of course, he was not nearly as negative as suggested here. It was generally recognized that Gosse had a very extensive knowledge of American affairs. Paul Mattheisen and Michael Millgate in their book Transatlantic Dialogue. Selected American Correspondence of Edmund Gosse say that Gosse had a good knowledge of American writing and American affairs and that he found it particularly easy to get on with American men of letters. We have seen that his range of acquaintances in Scandinavia was impressive so it is no surprise that the same was the case with respect to America.³⁾ But although Gosse wrote several essays on American subjects and indeed for Americans (notably in The Century) he did not comment as extensively on American literature as he did on Scandinavian literature. In spite of some of his remarks, it seems fairly certain that Gosse liked America, especially Baltimore (Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington were not as much to his taste) - but Baltimore "is a lovely southern city, full of light, like one of our favourite French towns, reminding me the least in the world of Périgueux, ... after so much Northern experience".⁴⁾

II.

Edmund Gosse saw many writers during his stay in the United States. The visit which has occasioned most comment is the one he paid Walt Whitman. First of all, the visit was described later by Gosse and published

in Critical Kit-kats. Gosse writes that at the outset he was somewhat reluctant to see this grand old man of American poetry. But eventually he decided to cross "the broad Delaware River, where blocks of ice bumped and crackled around us, and saw the flat shores of New Jersey expanding in front, raked by the broad morning light". Gosse reached Whitman's house in safety and when he left, hours later, he "was captivated without being converted".⁵⁾ In the essay the English visitor is full of praise of Whitman; it is not, however, unqualified praise. For instance, he counters accusations that Whitman had no humour by saying that it seemed "to me not quite correct" and "he seemed dwelling in a vague pastoral past life".⁶⁾ Before the visit, a few letters had been written. The first by an admiring twenty-four year old Edmund Gosse in 1873, at that time working in the British Museum. Gosse says he is drawn towards Whitman, and that "Leaves of Grass" has become a part of his every-day thought and experience. Gosse concludes:-

As I write this I consider how little it can matter to you in America, how you are regarded by a young man in England of whom you have never heard. And yet I cannot believe that you, the poet of comrades, will refuse the sympathy I lay at your feet. In any case I can but thank you for all that I have learned from you, all the beauty you have taught me to see in the common life of healthy men and women, and all the pleasure there is in the mere humanity of other people. The sense of all this was in me, but it was you, and you alone, who really gave it power to express itself. Often when I have been alone in the company of one or other of my dearest friends, in the very deliciousness of the sense of nearness and sympathy, it has seemed to me that you were somewhere invisibly with us. 7)

It is pertinent here to recall a remark Evan Charteris made about Gosse: "Hero-worship was a frank and genuine emotion with him, inseparable from his passion for literature".⁸⁾ Various attacks have been made on Gosse and his alleged "dishonesty". Such an attack was published in 1957 in the then new periodical Victorian Studies. The author, Professor William White, felt

that there were considerable "discrepancies" between the essay in Critical Kit-Kats and Gosse's letters. (There seems some doubt as to whether the initiative to meet in 1884 came from Gosse or Whitman; it appears to have come from the Englishman, and to have been responded to very favourably by the poet.) White's conclusion is indeed severe - severer, if that were possible, than Elias Bredsdorff's opinion on Gosse's Scandinavian interests - "the essay is a further example of Gosse's 'somewhat feline disposition' - to put it as kindly as possible".⁹⁾ Fortunately, White's attack has by no means been generally accepted. Thus when Paul Mattheisen and Michael Millgate published their volume of Gosse's American correspondence in 1965 they commented on White's judgement and said, "This severity appears not to be entirely justified", and on the early "fan letter" they decided that "there seems no reason to doubt the sincerity of its commitment".¹⁰⁾ Gosse's controversial essay was written in 1893; nearly ten years after his visit to Whitman and twenty years after his first letter. Needless to say, Gosse had changed a great deal, as had his views on the poet Walt Whitman. Gosse compares Whitman's poetry with the secret room in Bluebeard's Castle: "We all know that discomfort and perplexity await us there, that nobody ever came back from it with an intelligible message, that it is piled with the bones of critics".¹¹⁾ Gosse decides that in literature there is not any one figure which is "Walt Whitman": "he is literature in the condition of protoplasm - an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it".¹²⁾ Thus many readers have found themselves reflected in Whitman's poetry -

Almost every sensitive and natural person has gone through a period of fierce Whitmanomania; but it is a disease which rarely afflicts the same patient more than once. It is, in fact, a sort of highly-irritated egotism come to a head, and people are almost always better after it. 13)

Whitman's writings, says Gosse, cannot be analysed. He

realizes that it is always difficult to analyse contemporary writers in a proper way - Whitman must certainly have defied analysis at the end of the last century and one can forgive Gosse. Whitman's poetry, he concludes, is "rough landscape" -

When people are still young and like roughing it, they appreciate a picnic into Whitman-land, but it is not meant for those who choose to see their intellectual comforts round them. 14)

In the final section of his essay, Gosse deals with a Victorian taboo when he states that "the central feature of the writings of Walt Whitman is their nakedness". This does not consist of "phrases" but in a "theory... of uncompromising openness".¹⁵⁾ It is Whitman's honesty with regard to his observations that is the reason why people discover themselves in Whitman's poetry. Gosse's concluding paragraph on Whitman is a little severe. The American writer should be regarded as "a maker of poems in solution". His poems are not art but "mere amorphous expression"; he remains "rich above almost all his coevals in the properties of poetry, and yet, for want of a definite shape and fixity, doomed to sit for ever apart from the company of the Poets".¹⁶⁾ It must be admitted that the conclusion is somewhat presumptuous. It is perhaps easy to understand and excuse White's strong criticism of Gosse. The Englishman is not exactly enthusiastic about America in his essay, and he describes Camden where Whitman lived as "a crude and apparently uninhabited village, grim with that concentrated ugliness that only an American township in the depth of winter can display".¹⁷⁾ In addition, it should be borne in mind that Gosse's style of criticism is not favoured by many twentieth century critics, especially in America. The middle section of Gosse's essay was referred to above; it does not mention Whitman's poetry at all but deals only with the person, who seems to have fascinated Edmund Gosse much more than his writings.¹⁸⁾

III.

As mentioned above, Gosse was in touch with a great many other American men of letters. Mattheisen and Millgate are by far the best authority in this field - they have dealt in detail with Gosse's relations with Americans and a summary will therefore be sufficient for our purposes. By the time he set foot on American soil Gosse had met and corresponded with many men of letters in the United States - Mattheisen and Millgate give a list of American friends in the early 1880s amounting to over fifteen people, adding that there were more than just those names.¹⁹⁾ And we must add to these all those people Gosse met during the visit. To Hamo Thornycroft he wrote,

You will laugh to hear that we have been introduced to more than 600 people already. I try to remember their names and faces, and by dint of tremendous effort should perhaps recollect more or less vaguely 150 of them. Nellie gives up trying to remember any but the most celebrated and the most agreeable. 20)

I am not, of course, suggesting that Gosse made six hundred friends, but the passage nevertheless gives an impression of numbers. Robert L. Peters and David G. Haliburton compiled an index of persons mentioned by Gosse, when they edited his American diary for English Literature in Transition; this index includes two hundred and forty-five persons.²¹⁾ As mentioned above, Gosse wrote for the American magazine The Century, or Scribners, as it was first called. Charteris states that Gosse was appointed their London agent in 1880. His annual income from this source rose and rose for the next few years and reached 702 pounds in 1883. According to Mattheisen and Millgate, however, Gosse did not become their London agent until the end of 1881 when the magazine changed its name, and Richard Watson Gilder took over full editorship. Mattheisen and Millgate set his annual salary at 200 pounds, until 1888, when it was cut to 100 pounds.²²⁾ Edmund Gosse's relations with this American magazine are very interesting since they reveal many attitudes held

by Gosse and the editors, especially Gilder. It seems surprising that Gosse was employed as their London agent at all. As has been remarked (again by Mattheisen and Millgate), the 1880s "was a period of great American national pride, of a self-conscious national attempt to establish America's artistic and cultural superiority over Britain, and of extreme sensitivity in all matters appertaining to Anglo-American relations". The editors were therefore reluctant to use too many English, indeed foreign, authors in their magazine. In November 1886 Gilder explained this policy in detail to Gosse:-

... the conviction is growing daily upon us that we must give place to our American writers rather than to foreign ones. Our writers are being crushed by the lack of international copyright; few of them have a proper income, and it seems as if it must be our duty to think first of them. ["Harpers" are criticized for publishing novels by Englishmen.] If we should take an English serial to-day it would crowd out some American story which, in our way of thinking, has greater claims upon us. Americans are interested in English and foreign matters and therefore we have articles on English and other foreign subjects; but we prefer as a rule to have these articles written, or else to have the illustrations made, by Americans. This is not provincialism; it is simply a matter of obvious duty.

This attitude was as far from that held by Gosse as one could possibly imagine. It was not just that Gosse was eager to retain his salary - he genuinely disagreed with Gilder,

I am very sorry you have determined, as you tell me, to boycott all English contributions. It seems to me a step in the wrong direction. I cannot think that an editor has to "protect" the literature of his country. If I were an editor I should try to "protect" by getting the best things wherever they came from, England and America alike. But I will not presume to criticise you. 23)

In theory, Gosse's view-point was undoubtedly the more sensible and consistent one although one can sympathize with Gilder for his stance in a desperate situation. In 1888 Gosse returned to the subject in "Has America Produced a Poet?" written for another American

magazine, Forum. Here he quite categorically stated:-

If we admit into our criticism any patriotic or political prejudice, we may as well cease to wrangle on the threshold of our discussion. I cannot think that American current criticism is quite free from this taint of prejudice. In this, if I am right, Americans sin no more nor less than the rest of us English, and French; but in America, I confess, the error seems to me to be occasionally more serious than in Europe.... Patriotism is a meaningless term in literary criticism. 24)

It is one of Gosse's most important passages as it underlines his cosmopolitan attitude to literature. His literary activities were in no way restricted to one country or language. Literature had to be given what Gosse might term "universal justice".²⁵⁾ However, as Mattheisen and Millgate mention, Gosse was also somewhat inconvenienced by the decreasing salary. He wrote to Stedman about his problem, asking his friend if he could help him get any work for other American periodicals. In this he was successful.²⁶⁾

In the middle of all this Gosse discovered that he had American ancestors. This happened in 1888 when his father died. Gosse looked among his papers and found his mother's pedigree, "By both grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side I am pure Massachusetts...". Gosse was delighted, he told Oliver Wendell Holmes, "to find the true blue blood of Boston, unadulterated from colonial times, flowing in my veins." He jubilantly announced to Holmes that one of his distant relatives was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.²⁷⁾

Several years later, Gosse's very good friend, American born novelist, Henry James, took British citizenship; partly for practical reasons²⁸⁾ but, as he explained to Gosse, "The disposition itself has haunted me as Wordsworth's sounding cataract haunted him - 'like a passion' - ever since the beginning of the War". Henry James needed four British sponsors; he wanted Gosse to be one of them, and he sounded his friend out on the possibility of asking Asquith (who was then Prime Minister) as well. Gosse was delighted

about James's decision. "How I rejoice to think of you as about to be of us in this anxious time, as you have been with us without fail ever since the trouble began!" The novelist became British at 4.30 p.m. on 26th July, 1915; he wrote to Gosse; "The odd thing is that nothing seems to have happened and I don't feel a bit different...".²⁹⁾ Gosse wrote an essay about Henry James published in Aspects and Impressions. James was a man "without a country": he had lost his American citizenship by living in London, where he was still looked upon as a foreigner. But in the War, Gosse explains, "His heart was so passionately united with England in her colossal effort".³⁰⁾ In politics patriotism was, of course, in its place, and as we have seen, Gosse was anxious not to mix literature with politics.³¹⁾

IV.

Although, as has been pointed out, Gosse did not write as extensively on American as on Scandinavian literature, there is a great number of essays published mainly in periodicals and scattered about his collections. With one of them we return to one of Gosse's most important relationships with American men of letters. In 1925 Silhouettes was published - it consisted mainly of articles that first appeared in the Sunday Times. One silhouette was of W.D. Howells, whom Gosse had known very well. In the article Gosse is very critical of Howells's patriotic involvement in literature: "he subordinated all principles of taste to an almost provincial anxiety to praise anything American because it was American", echoing the views expressed many years earlier in "Has America Produced a Poet", which was discussed above. There were surprisingly few points on which the two critics agreed. Mattheisen and Millgate explain that Howells "was the leading American champion of realism, while Gosse aligned himself firmly with the supporters of romance".³²⁾ This is an oversimplification;

Gosse often praised the works of Zola and of Gissing, but it is true that he leaned more towards the romantic side. Gosse himself describes the two rocks, on which the barque of Howells stuck; the first being the patriotic one, the other the "anti-romantic error". Howells belonged, explains Gosse, to a generation which began to rebel against the excessive practice of romance. Anyway, Howells "refused to observe any of the phenomena of evil". Gosse adds the following remark, "In plainer words, he was the most rigorous of prudes".³³⁾ Similar remarks have been made about Gosse, most of them unjust, although it could certainly be argued that compared to twentieth century writers all Victorians were prudish. Gosse believes in bluntness ("But how is a man to write severely 'realistic' novels if he not merely does not call a spade a spade, but even denies that such an implement exists?")³⁴⁾ at least to a certain degree, for as we have seen, Walt Whitman's writings were perhaps somewhat blunter than Edmund Gosse was used to. There were undoubtedly some striking similarities between Howells and Gosse. Neither of the two men went to University - Howells "enjoyed no set education"³⁵⁾ - and yet they both had great success in the literary world.

Howells, like Walt Whitman, did not qualify as a great writer in Gosse's view - he surrendered "the fine instincts of an artist in favour of an obstinate, and, as it may seem to us, provincial, concentration on the outside of the American cup and platter".³⁶⁾ But again Gosse emphasizes the attractive personal characteristics of the writer. It is not surprising that Gosse should be less than enthusiastic about Howells's books when the two disagreed on some major issues, notably the "patriotic" question.

Edmund Gosse appears to be a little more favourably inclined towards Whittier, who at least "has an individuality of his own that is of durable importance".³⁷⁾ This is an essay published in 1912 in Portraits and Sketches, an essay very reminiscent of the Whitman

essay in Critical Kit-Kats. Gosse visited Whittier in the middle of winter in 1884 when he was in the United States. Again, Gosse's description of American towns and scenery would not tempt the would-be traveller: "All this Massachusetts landscape, doubtless enchanting at other times of the year, is of a most forbidding bleakness in midwinter".³⁸⁾ The word "forbidding" seems to sum up the whole day very well. Gosse reaches the house where Whittier lives. The poet is portrayed as a very pleasant person. In the course of the conversation it turns up that Whittier is completely colour-blind. Gosse adds, "When he had told me this, it was then easy to observe that the fullness and brilliancy of his wonderful eyes had something which was not entirely normal about them."³⁹⁾

Another "Portrait" in the same book is of Wolcott Balestier. Once again, Gosse concentrates on personal characteristics rather than writings. There is only one paragraph on the latter; Gosse appears to feel that they were only worth a paragraph - of some of the novels of the 1870s Gosse remarks that they had not the merit even of being good imitations of W. D. Howells.⁴⁰⁾ However, the "short stories of his last year showed a remarkable advance". (Gosse puts this down to Balestier's friendship with Rudyard Kipling.) But the pattern from earlier articles repeats itself. If the man's writings were not really worth critical attention, at least the man himself is worth dwelling on: "a spare and stooping figure, atonic, ungraceful, a general physique ill-matched with the vigour of will, the extreme rapidity of graceful mental motion, the protean variety and charm of intellectual vitality, that inhabited this frail bodily dwelling".⁴¹⁾ Balestier stayed in England for some time where he was a close friend of Gosse. One thing constantly amazed Gosse about Balestier:-

He was able to preserve in a very remarkable degree his fine native taste in literature, while conscientiously and eagerly "trading" for his friends

in New York in literary goods which were not literature at all. 42)

In 1891 Gosse Gilder commenting on Woolcott Balestier's Benefits Forgot, which he says, "is extremely American, extremely racy, of the new school".⁴³⁾ However, as indicated above, the essay is typical of the whole group we are discussing.

An essay on Edgar Allan Poe in Some Diversions of a Man of Letters is somewhat different in character. This is, of course, not a biographical description like those discussed above, but purely an essay about Poe's writings. The point of departure, as it were, of the essay is the Centenary of Poe, and the main theme is really the isolation of Poe, his position as an outsider. The concentration is on Poe's poetry, which has never really been recognized. Gosse once again repeats his complaints against the parochial attitudes of the American men of letters (an attitude which, as we have seen, was totally opposed to Gosse's own):-

When he [Poe] died, in 1849, the tribunal of American letters sat at Cambridge, in the neighbourhood of Boston, and it was ill-prepared to believe that anything poetical could deserve salvation if it proceeded from a place outside the magic circle. 44)

Gosse then starts to analyse Poe's poetry, an analysis which we cannot discuss in detail here, as it has no bearing on our theme. It is significant that according to Gosse, one of Poe's worst faults was that his "taste was never very sure". Gosse's final conclusion is that "He was the discoverer and the founder of Symbolism".⁴⁵⁾ The essay merely emphasizes Edmund Gosse's wellknown views on patriotism in literature and his disapproval of this tendency in many American critics, notably his friends Howells and Gilder.

V.

We now turn our attention to the visit itself; Gosse's only to the United States. He and his wife arrived on 29th November 1884 and left on 27th January 1885. A very good account of this visit is given by Mattheisen and Millgate in Transatlantic Dialogue...; the authors make use of the material published by Charteris in his biography of Gosse as well as Gosse's own diary of the visit (now at the Henry E. Huntington Library in the United States) and of course various manuscript letters included in their collection.⁴⁶⁾ It can be said with confidence that this lecture tour represents the peak of Gosse's career. In 1884 he was also appointed ~~Clark Professor~~ ^{Lecturer} at Cambridge. It has been described as Gosse's hubris; nemesis occurred when the critic had returned to England.⁴⁷⁾ Charteris explains that it was W. D. Howells who persuaded Gosse to cross the Atlantic. Commenting on American interference with Irish affairs in January 1884, Howells wrote, "It is all part of our 'jokes'; come over and try to understand it.... I don't despair yet of the Lowell Lectures... I will get Congress to instruct the President to ask the British Government why my friend Gosse cannot have three months' leave".⁴⁸⁾ Of course, many literary Englishmen had visited the States, with many different results. An American writer once commented that when in the States the English were "too generally arrogant, fault-finding, and supercilious". This is obviously an over-generalization although cross-Atlantic feelings were not always good; this is best exemplified by Dickens's famous 1842 visit and the subsequent savage attacks in American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit.⁴⁹⁾ More recently Matthew Arnold (1884) and Thackeray (1852-3) had journeyed across the Atlantic. Gosse was working on the lectures throughout the summer of 1884; towards the end of August he wrote, "I believe I have never written so well before, I have certainly never tried before so original and difficult a thesis".⁵⁰⁾ And then the Gosses arrived in New York, "Our reception

has been something I never dreamed of". It was obviously all quite overwhelming; on the first day Gosse was "Interviewed by 'Times' and 'Herald'".⁵¹⁾ Mattheisen and Millgate describe how people braved storms and queued up to obtain tickets for Gosse's "performances".⁵²⁾ He lectured in many places and spent a great deal of time travelling about.

We are pounding away in one of the quickest trains in the world - the afternoon express that goes from New York to Boston in six hours....

I never seem to find time to write letters except in the train. To-day I shall be travelling more or less all day, for I am going straight from Baltimore, where I lectured last night, to New York, where I lecture this evening, and back to-night to Baltimore, where I lecture to-morrow. If you glance at the map you will see that this represents a respectable amount of globe-trotting for a single day. ⁵³⁾

Gosse lectured to huge audiences of hundreds of people (Tuesday, Dec. 2nd: "850 seats, all filled, 150 people turned away".)⁵⁴⁾ The Gosses even succeeded in seeing the President; Saturday 10th: "I call at the White House on Mr. F. J. Phillips. The President not well: appoints 2 p.m. on Monday for our visit, wh. we have to decline". Sunday, 11th: "At 2 N & I went to the White House. At 2.30 President Arthur came. Very melancholy, talked about contingencies, 'what a tragedy' under Garfield's picture, very gentleman-like, showed us the White House himself." But one of the big thrills was going to the theatre with General Sherman, "I shared the best box with General Sherman, which seemed like sharing it with Alexander the Great, and not a whit less romantic".⁵⁵⁾ And as Mattheisen and Millgate remark, "Gosse's social life in America remained splendid and distinguished to the last".⁵⁶⁾ Gosse himself was certainly more than satisfied with American hospitality, "America has been wonderfully good to me. I am full of gratitude and happiness and surprise. My eight or nine weeks here have been a long ovation".⁵⁷⁾

VI.

And as indicated before, the lectures were very popular indeed. When he had returned to England they were published under the title From Shakespeare to Pope. An Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England. It will be useful to sketch the controversy which this book sparked off, although a detailed analysis would be too long a digression. It was a debate not merely interesting and important to the people involved but also in a wider literary perspective. The best description can be found in Charteris. There had been a slightly unfavourable review in the Academy; "No author who had not been brought up on honeydew would have detected malice in this. Yet to Gosse it was gall in its purest form". Mattheisen and Millgate comment that the reviews "which appeared in America tended to show a greater awareness of the fact that the book had started life as a series of lectures". Charteris also remarks:-

The criticisms on From Shakespeare to Pope had ceased, the volume itself had slipped into oblivion, when without warning in the October Quarterly [1886] there appeared an article by Churton Collins anonymously, written with the ferocity of a scholar's contempt for offhand inaccuracies, intensified by jealousy of a successful man of letters. 58)

In brief, the charge against Edmund Gosse was that in his carelessness he had made too many blunders. Here, it is quite amusing to note that Mattheisen and Millgate state that the lectures were first given at the Lowell Institute in the States; and Charteris tells us that the lectures were delivered in America and then repeated at Cambridge. Gosse himself, in his Preface to the very book under discussion, very clearly informs us that the lectures were first delivered "to members of the Universities of Cambridge, in the Hall of Trinity College, during Michaelmas Term last year [i.e. 1884]". He then read them in various places in the

States. This is confirmed by Gosse's more recent biographer, Ann Thwaite, who states that his first Cambridge lecture ("Poetry at the Death of Shakespeare") was given on 25th October 1884.⁵⁹⁾ Churton Collins's review was very vitriolic indeed. It was a fierce attack on both the book and universities policies; it also included a lengthy disquisition on the connection between classical and modern English literature. He wrote that English literature is

... not inferior in intrinsic merit to the literatures of the Ancient World, that it is, therefore, from an historical point of view, worthy of minute, of patient, of systematic study; and that, regarded as an instrument of culture, it is - if studied in a liberal and enlightened spirit - of the utmost value and importance. But of this, to judge from such books as Mr. Gosse's on the one hand, and by such editions of the English classics as the Clarendon Press provides on the other hand, the Universities appear at present to have no conception... they do not sufficiently distinguish between philology and literature. ⁶⁰⁾

Collins pointed out a great many mistakes made by Gosse in the book. It was not just a list of errata, however, but a very personal attack and this was why Gosse emerged from the debate fairly (though not entirely) unscathed. Collins accuses his rival of being an incompetent amateur. The trouble, he explains, is that education has spread - a more popular literature springs up, infection sets in. The universities ought to guard against the crowd, against infection, but even they have not escaped contagion. A "book so unworthy, in everything but externals, of a great University has never before been given to the world".⁶¹⁾ Gosse replied to the attack in The Athenæum. He admitted that he had been treated perhaps, too well by the critics. "I desire to draw from it what benefit I can.... But he has passed all bounds of moderation, and no one needs be surprised if I turn to defend myself". Alleged blunders are defended and new ones made by Collins are pointed out. Gosse objected to his rival's attitude: "I believe I possess one of the fullest private collections of

Restoration poetry and drama in the country; I have not neglected it, and in this matter the reviewer's assumption of superiority is entirely out of place". Gosse finishes by emphasizing the friendship which at one time existed between Collins and Gosse. As Charteris commented, "Gosse was in no sense crushed, but he was humbled".⁶²⁾ In the middle of all this Gosse wrote a letter to Coventry Patmore in which he commented on the attack:-

I suppose you know what a hornet's nest I have about my ears? The author of the "Quarterly Review" article is J. Churton Collins, lately an intimate friend of mine, who takes his revenge for what he thinks a personal slight. In the "Athenæum" of this week I shall reply to him categorically, I think you will admit satisfactorily. I shall not attempt to deny that there are slips & oversights in the book, but the grossness of his attack happily overshoots itself....

I am bearing up well; I should do splendidly if it would allow me to sleep....

The College is behaving like a trump, giving me the fullest confidence & encouragement. ⁶³⁾

Gosse explained the situation to his American friends: "But oh! the weariness of it all, the horrible paragraphs about one's wife and one's servants, the anonymous insulting letters". To Howells he wrote that, "I do not suppose that it has done me much harm: everybody has to run the gauntlet some time or other". But his anger was revealed in a letter to Stedman, "I befriended him [i.e. Collins] when he was poor, I got his articles into magazines when he had no influence or connection, and his letters, which I possess, are full of eulogy of my writings".⁶⁴⁾ Charteris said of Gosse's carelessness, "he was educating himself and teaching at the same time"; he did not have "the discipline of examinations". Mattheisen and Millgate put the case in a nutshell when they point out that Gosse "achieved eminence in a field for which nothing in his early life had prepared him".⁶⁵⁾ Collins was a more meticulous scholar than Gosse but he did not achieve the eminence attributed to Gosse. Much has been made of Gosse's

carelessness and poor memory - it is doubtful whether he was much worse than others in this respect. Gosse wrote very prolifically and was subjected to severer attack than most other literary historians.

CHAPTER 5
THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
FRANCE

Not surprisingly, Gosse was also an authority on French literature. Most of his writings on Scandinavian literature were published early in his career - the interest in French literature and writers came later. After the turn of the century he wrote books such as French Profiles (1904, 1913) and Three French Moralists and the Gallantry of France (1918) as well as numerous articles on French affairs including one, "France et Angleterre. L'Avenir de leurs Relations Intellectuelles", written in French for Revue des deux Mondes in 1916. And of course Gosse had several friends among French writers. The most significant was probably the novelist André Gide; the two exchanged a great number of letters, many of which were published in 1959 by Linette F. Brugmans. As we have seen, the Victorians viewed everything French with suspicion - and this applied especially to the literature of France. However, about the time when Gosse was born, in the 1840s, "French novels were much read in England... by men and independent women - one shop in the Burlington Arcade, Jeff's (the shop where Miss Evans first met Mr. Lewes) sold nothing else".¹⁾ But officially,

the French were certainly not popular, and their novels least of all. The historian G. M. Young discussed the Continental sympathies of the English in his book, Victorian England. Portrait of an Age. He concluded that when Bismarck's Germany first started their aggression, sympathies were still largely with Germany, but as the Prussian troops advanced and the bravery of the French was proved, public opinion changed in favour of the French.²⁾ The main reason why the Victorians disapproved of the French and their novels was a moral one. Charles Dickens had written of Wilkie Collins, "He occasionally expounds a code of morals, taken from modern French novels, which I instantly and with becoming gravity smash."³⁾ Trollope was of the opinion that the writer of stories should "make virtue alluring and vice ugly" - he "must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman". Trollope continues, "I think that many have done so; so many that we English may boast as a class that such has been the general result of our work". The implication obviously is that this has not been done abroad.⁴⁾

In this situation Gosse had a contribution to make. He became the interpreter of French literature. Ruth Temple thinks that "his discrimination was not fine and his penetration not profound", but his reputation in the field of French literature was nevertheless very high. He was honoured many times in France itself, and in England, of course, he always enjoyed respect and a wide audience. Ruth Temple draws attention to the comparative element of Gosse's criticism:-

It was therefore as Englishman and outsider that Gosse pronounced on French literature. In his capacity of foreigner criticizing French literature, he interested himself, not unnaturally, in the differences between French and English literature and in their similarities, in the influences that one had exercised upon the other. He was conscious of a special vocation and had evolved a particular technique for presenting French literature to English audiences. In this lies his distinction as critic of French poetry. 5)

Gosse never claimed that he had the insights of a native although his French friends kept complimenting him on his perspicacity. Paul Desjardins wrote to Gosse in 1911:-

The tourist eye sees but land, trees, stones; whereas you, with your preparation and your sensitiveness, experience the very spirit and inner harmony of these places. Dear guest of ours, no French person has a subtler understanding of France than you have.

On the subject of Si le Grain ne meurt Gide, its author, wrote to Philip Gosse, "Few persons spoke of my book with so broad, enlightened, and generous understanding as your father".⁶⁾ The French were as grateful to Gosse as the Scandinavians were. **And in the Great War of 1914 to 1918 Gosse' friendly attitude towards the French was even more pronounced than usual.**

Here, Gosse felt he had a mission. For many years he had disliked certain traits of the German character. I have already mentioned that Gosse had to give up a journey to France in 1870 because of the war then. And when he went through northern Germany on his way to Denmark in 1872, his impressions were not very pleasant. Thus, already as a young man, Gosse was certainly not fond of the Germans.⁷⁾ When the War started in 1914 Gosse felt that finally he had been proved right - all the things he had been saying about Germany through the years had now emphatically and painfully come true: "Year after year we have been saying Germania est delenda! not really believing it to be true: and now all the civilized world is launched upon the formidable adventure!"⁸⁾ Gosse, who usually kept politics apart from literature, obviously - and quite rightly - felt, that in war, it was different. Germany was a threat, which had to be fought with all the means available. At the outset of the war in the summer of 1914 he wrote to Earl Spencer that all now depended on France.

Will the loathsome tyrants, who trample children to death, and strip and then stab innocent women, be allowed to run a sword through the heart and brain of France? I cannot believe it, and yet - I fear it. The danger of our country, and perhaps its happiness, is ignorance of Germany. 9)

And Gosse was to be involved in many publications and other activities supporting the cause of the Allies. In 1916, for instance, he edited a very interesting book of stories for Heinemann called The Allies' Fairy Book. It was a collection of fairy tales from all those countries that were at war with Germany. Another book specifically dealing with the war was Inter Arma published also in 1916. Most of the essays in this book deal with France; another essay, "The Neutrality of Sweden", was discussed above. Here, we will concentrate on "The Unity of France" and "The Desecration of French Monuments". It could be argued that these articles are more anti-German than pro-French; at any rate, they are clearly written in the shadow of war. Some expressions used are: "Teutonic evil", "powers of darkness", "forces of Teutonic crime", "the brutality of German arrogance", "the dark genius of Prussian slavery and tyranny", "diabolical ingenuity of desecration", "Hunnish vandalism", "Teutonic vileness", "the shell of the marauding vandal", etc..¹⁰⁾ But Gosse reveals a great deal of admiration for the French nation; Gosse himself calls it "an admiration bordering upon amazement"; the French have a remarkable confidence in victory which has no parallel. He finds that France has distinct advantages even over England; "we see in France the riper results of a more consistent and a more complicated civilisation than is presented by any other country". It is apparently a question of "the habit of dealing on broad lines with series of abstract ideas", where the French are superior.¹¹⁾ There is some criticism of France as well but this is not really directed against French character as against individual things in France. He strongly disapproved of French socialism as he dis-

approved of English and Danish socialism. Socialism in France was associated with anti-militarism, which in France was "the most menacing phenomenon". There was a danger of a war-strike contemplated by "the working classes". Had this threat been carried out, France would have been totally helpless against the invaders. However, Gosse regards this threat as a socialist threat against France, and France itself has countered the threat. Gosse's fear of socialism was expressed often. Such an attitude was to be expected from a member of the establishment like Gosse. As indicated above in the discussion of Gissing's New Grub Street, fear of socialism was nothing unusual in Victorian and early twentieth century England. Opposition to socialism did not so much constitute a political as a moral stance.¹²⁾

Edmund Gosse realizes that there are objections against France and defends this favourite country of his against them. They are, naturally, mostly moral objections - or what Gosse calls "the evidences of ethical chaos in a bewildered people". He defends the "frivolity" of Paris by saying that it is all on the surface - the "gaiety", "was thrown like a gauze veil over the harsher lines of life". Unfortunately, the defence does not enter into more detail, but the subject is continued in an article by Gosse in Revue des Deux Mondes mentioned above and also published in 1916. About the article Gosse himself said, in a letter to André Gide, "Very stupid - and I don't like my own style in a different language". Here, Gosse explains that subjects can easily seem shocking when they are translated into other languages - "ou même dès qu'ils s'adressent à des lecteurs étrangers, ignorans de la foule de nuances qui, aux yeux d'un Français, suffit pour leur enlever toute portée scandaleuse".¹³⁾ And Gosse does not forget the old hostility between England and France. There are faults on both sides:-

Le Français a persisté à tenir les Anglais pour un peuple de ténébreux hypocrites; l'Anglais s'est entêté à regarder les Français comme une race in-

crédule et sans mœurs. 14)

Gosse also finds it humiliating for "notre vanité insulaire". Thackeray is largely responsible and there is a whole paragraph about his anti-French attitude. But Gosse is confident that things are changing for the better, especially now that England and France are fighting the common enemy, and he encourages much closer ties between England and France. It is with the present and the future that Gosse is concerned, not with the past. And this applies in more ways than one. He is first of all interested in modern literature and deplors the "retrospective" tendency in both countries. What he means is that after the emancipation from the discipline of Latin and Greek, "les jeunes gens français et anglais demandent qu'on les délivres encore de la discipline de leurs classiques nationaux". It is odd that Gosse, who himself wrote extensively on seventeenth century English literature, should thus discourage the study of his national literature; however, his anxiety to help new authors, and to encourage the writing of modern literature, especially when one considers that he did this well into his sixties and seventies, should be noted and appreciated.¹⁵⁾ (His friendship with the much younger André Gide, which we will discuss later, illustrates this very well.) And he points out that the two countries have a great deal in common; they both have respect for individuality - unlike the Germans, who want to impose on other nations their own form of culture. The (alleged) intolerance of the Germans is exemplified by the Manifesto signed in October 1914 by ninety-three intellectuals. He does not in detail relate what is in the manifesto but he calls it a...

... brigandage à peine croyable. Avec une unanimité servile et une faconde pleine d'impudence, la plus fine fleur de l'âme teutonne justifiait pleinement la destruction de Louvain, le massacre de milliers d'habitans civils de la Belgique, et toutes les autres

"atrocités" de ces premières semaines dont le seul souvenir nous remplit d'horreur.

There is a completely different spirit in France and England which would make such a manifesto in those countries unthinkable.¹⁶⁾ Gosse in effect argues that it is a fight for freedom in more ways than one.

One of Gosse's most explicit and clearest articles about the War appeared in the Edinburgh Review in January 1917. It was called "France and the British Effort" and it deals largely with the cultural and intellectual differences between the two Allies. He starts by lamenting the fact that neighbours do not normally take the trouble to learn much about one another; "One thing that the great war has done is to make it worth while for the Allies to understand each other".¹⁷⁾ The French know very little about the English, and they often find it difficult to comprehend the English attitude. For instance, there is a "strange reluctance of the English to accept any form of intellectual discipline". Intellectual quality, writes Gosse, has never been part of the English ideal. Then there is the British attitude towards sport; the French were somewhat surprised when they saw the English playing football in the trenches, having teas, and in other respects muddling through; the French thought that the English were not taking the war seriously.¹⁸⁾ Frenchmen visiting London were surprised to feel there "no pressing sense of peril". Indeed, to the French it seemed that England was half asleep - they had to be roused from the "conviction of security which laps the English nation round like a coverlet of down".¹⁹⁾ Gosse comments on literary criticism too - his conclusion is rather important and deserves to be quoted here:-

... it becomes necessary to distinguish between a mechanical transference of data and opinion from one language to another, and a philosophical treatment of those data in the light of a distinct national training.... an examination of foreign poems,

novels, or essays, which is introduced by a wide knowledge of English literature, and is the result of long thought on home lines may be very valuable. 20)

The essay "The Gallantry of France" (in Three French Moralists) is even more enthusiastic if that were possible. It is as anti-German as all the other articles: the first page includes a reference to "Chanson de Roland";²¹⁾ Gosse remarks that for many years it was known only through a German paraphrase, which obscured the direct influence of the epic. The German monk who "committed" this paraphrase "completely modified the character of the 'Chanson de Roland' by omitting all expressions of warlike devotion to 'la douce France'" and instead concentrated on religious sentiment. It was the former which is really important, argues Gosse. Germany is then accused of foisting the paraphrase on Europe -

There was a sort of poetical revenge, therefore, in the attitude of those who answered the challenge of Germany in the true spirit of Roland and Oliver. 22)

Following that, the essay consists largely of a discussion of a list of poets: Mééus, Paul Lintier, Captain E. J. Délanger, Marcel Drouët, Camille Violand, and Jacques de Choudens; as Gosse himself points out, the Rupert Brookes of France. But Gosse emphasizes that those French officers who have entered the war are quite different from their English counterparts - "The new generation which France sent into the war of defence was more simple and more ardent at the outset than our own analogous generation was". Talking about Lintier, Gosse comments that his writings are extraordinarily "grown up". Gosse tries to explain why this is so, and where the "serenity" of these young Frenchmen comes from. They had arrived at what Gosse calls, "a comprehension of the unity of life" mainly due to military discipline. Gosse also argues that the sedentary life in the trenches has "enforced the habit of sustained contemplation based on a vivid and tragic experience". And the French have always excelled in "that analysis

of feeling which has been defined as 'le travail de ciselure morale'.²³⁾ Furthermore, Gosse indicates that the French are more courageous than their English allies; he keeps emphasizing the chivalrous attitude of the young Frenchmen and he states that the French like the "heroic attitude" which is unwelcome to the English.²⁴⁾ To some extent, "The Gallantry of France" is, of course, a piece of propaganda but it is more an analysis of the mood of young French war-poets.

Although Gosse was in his sixties when the First World War started, he did not just participate by his pen alone. In 1916 he went on an official visit to France. On 28th September 1915 he wrote to Earl Spencer:-

A fortnight ago I received a wholly unexpected invitation from M. Delcassé, through the Embassy, to go to France as the guest of the French Government and describe the state of things behind the front. I telegraphed back I must refuse so great an honour on account of my health. But Delcassé would not take my refusal, and an emissary of his - a very interesting M. Leyret, who was Waldeck-Rousseau's private secretary - called here on Monday and would not go until I consented. 25)

As Brugmans points out, almost a year passed by before the visit went ahead, and in September 1916 Gosse could write to André Gide to say that he was going to his "adored and adorable France". So Gosse went, and saw Reims and the French front. He then wrote the article, "Reims Visited" for The Fortnightly Review. This is of very little literary significance but it is a most interesting description of France in the middle of the War, concentrating on the damage done by the Germans to the churches; as in the essay discussed above, the "Schrecklichkeit of the Huns" is expatiated on.²⁶⁾ The visit made Gosse admire the French and their courage even more than he did before; to Earl Spencer, once again, he wrote, "The French are the most glorious people in the world. I always suspected, and now I know it". Of course, his French hosts did treat him exceedingly well; they entertained him at dinner at the Académie Française,

for instance.²⁷⁾

Gosse had always had a liking for the French, even decades before the War started. In 1882 he was in Laon and enjoyed the sights, "Not a corner, not a lane but would make a picture...". In 1893 it was the turn of Paris; describing a visit to the Latin Quarter he wrote to Hamo Thornycroft, "I have been having a most amusing time with these queer people - all so gracious and friendly to me. I never really touched the life of Paris before".²⁸⁾ In 1903 Gosse wrote Alfred Bateman from Lozère,

What dear people these French are! We have met absolutely nothing but cordiality and politeness and gentle civilized courtesy from everybody in Town and Country. The English, mirabile dictu, are tremendous favourites here; all the little newspapers are naïvely full of articles full of friendliness. What mercurial spirits! But I love it - I would be mercurial myself if my age and infirmities permitted. 29)

Writing to Richard Haldane from Candebec-en-Cann, however, in 1922, Gosse found the French friendly towards the English, but he thought the hatred of Lloyd George "somewhat amazing". The people were civil, but a little chilly.³⁰⁾

II.

As mentioned above, Gosse was friendly with many French writers. Evan Charteris gives an impressive list and adds, "He was a daily reader of the Figaro and the Débats, and no new publication of the least importance escaped him...".³¹⁾ In particular there were many French poets in England, some of them leaving France after the Paris Commune. Thus it was largely for political reasons that Verlaine came to London in September 1872 although he also had personal reasons for leaving France.³²⁾ He left England again in April 1873 but returned in 1875; this time to Stickney in Lincolnshire (according to Cecily Mackworth) "to teach French, classics and drawing to the Stickney children, in return for his

board and lodging and English conversation with the Andrews family". His mother came to join him in 1876.³³⁾ A few months later, however, they left Stickney for Boston, and less than a year later, they went to Bourne-mouth where he stayed for a few months - according to Jean-Aubry he stayed until late 1877 or perhaps early 1878. He came to England often and was also in touch with Edmund Gosse. At one occasion, in 1893, Verlaine gave a lecture in London. The lecture consisted largely of a reading of his poetry.³⁴⁾ Gosse was involved in organizing this lecture, and he entertained Verlaine.³⁵⁾ Afterwards, Verlaine wrote a poem about the occasion and he dedicated the poem to Edmund Gosse. Cecily Mackworth relates how they all went to the Crown Inn in Charing Cross Road to celebrate after the lecture. Verlaine was in conversation with an ex-ballet girl and "Gosse - a prudish young man - left in a hurry".³⁶⁾ Gosse was forty-four years old at the time, only five years younger than Verlaine himself! Later, Verlaine lectured in Oxford.

Mallarmé was also keen to lecture in London and wrote to Gosse to try to bring this about, an attempt which failed.³⁷⁾ Paul Valéry also met Gosse in London - Cecily Mackworth writes,

Then he was cornered by Edmund Gosse, another ardent purveyor of French poetry. Hearing that the young Frenchman knew Mallarmé, he launched into a monologue on the subject of Mallarmé's poetic art. It lasted for one and a half hours. Nothing could stop him and Valéry, in any case, was too young and polite to try. ³⁸⁾

Through André Gide Gosse met Paul Desjardins who arranged discussion meetings at Pontigny from 1904 until 1939. Gosse took part in the meeting in 1911. The meeting was a very rewarding one for Gosse; he called Desjardins "that unsurpassed Hellenist" and on the subject of the meeting he wrote to Evan Charteris, "It has been an experience charming and delicate beyond almost anything of the rest of my experience". Desjardins was certainly very pleased to have Gosse there; his letter to the

Englishman has already been quoted in a previous passage. Desjardins wrote, among other things, that in Pontigny he "was able to become better acquainted with you in ten days than I could have in Paris or London in ten years."³⁹⁾

Gosse had many more French friends and acquaintances than those we have mentioned - the preceding paragraphs have merely provided examples. It may be interesting to look at the above-mentioned list of people given by Evan Charteris:-

He had known Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Verlaine, and Ferdinand Fabre; he could number among his personal friends, Henri Davray, Madame Duclaux, known as an English poetess under the name of Mary Robinson, André Chevrillon, Paul Bourget, Henri de Regnier, Marcel Prévost, Maurice Barrés and André Gide. 40)

French Profiles has studies of many French people including Alfred de Vigny, Mademoiselle Aissé, Barbey D'Aurevilly, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Verhaeren, Samain, and Paul Fort.

III.

Most important of all, however, was his friendship with André Gide. The best account of this friendship is to be found in Linette F. Brugmans' book of the correspondence between the two writers and the discussion here is indebted to the information in that book. The first contact was made in 1904 when they met in Paris at a reception organized by Henri Davray in honour of Gosse. Then there was a brief letter from Gosse thanking Gide for sending him two of his books. In 1909 Gide published La Porte Étroite. Gosse read it and was instantly captivated, "I do not know how long it is since I have read a book which has so profoundly moved me", he wrote Gide on 5th July of that year. Gosse said that he felt that for many years "very close spiritual and intellectual ties" had existed between them.⁴¹⁾ The differences between the two men were only too obvious. These consisted of age,

nationality, and temperament. Gosse was twenty years older than Gide, and although he was an expert on France he was still as indisputably English as Gide was French. An interesting meeting between the two is described by Gide in his Journal 1889-1939. It occurred when Gosse visited Reims and the French front in 1916; "Je retrouvai le vieux Gosse à peine un peu vieilli; un peu racorni, aminci par endroits". A misunderstanding obviously occurred when Gosse suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! cher ami, embrassons-nous encore une fois!" Gide immediately jumped up and, as a Frenchman, kissed his friend twice -

Il eut un petit sursaut, un presque imperceptible recul, une légère grimace aussitôt dissimulée, mais à quoi je reconnus nettement qu'il prétendait rester maître d'indiquer jusqu'où aller et pas plus loin; qu'en prenant au pied de la lettre son "embrassons-nous", j'oubliais qu'il ne parlait qu'à moitié bien le français, et, qu'enfin pour les Anglais, si sobres de démonstrations, un shake hand prolongé valait tous les embrassements. 42)

It seems clear that although Gosse was very knowledgeable about French literature and history, his spoken French was none too good and neither was he well acquainted with French customs. Speaking French in 1877 while visiting Holland, Gosse wrote to his wife, Nellie,

His [Dr. August Allebé] English is very, very small indeed, so we fell back upon French, and I was startled by my own temerity and eloquence, but I will never leave England again without being able to speak French fluently and elegantly. It is extremely disgraceful not to do better. 43)

One gets the impression that Gide and Gosse came closer to each other in their letters. A later meeting described by Bellows, however, has the two talking much more freely and without restraints, this time in English. 44)

Thus it was La Porte Étroite which started the friendship. Gosse decided to become a kind of English prophet for Gide in the way that he had been a prophet for Ibsen and other non-British writers. And just like Ibsen, Gide was delighted by this chance to become known

in England; he was known in his own country and in Germany but as yet the English market had eluded him - again much like in Ibsen's case. He wrote to Gosse, "... mes goûts, mes sympathies, mes passions tournent mes regards vers l'Angleterre". And Gide was delighted, of course, that somebody understood his books so well - he felt that Gosse spoke of his works with a "rare compréhension et compétence".⁴⁵⁾

The book Portraits and Sketches included a lengthy essay on André Gide. Here Gosse argued that Gide's "mind is more closely attuned to English ideas, or what once were English ideas, than that of any other living writer of France".⁴⁶⁾ A substantial part of the essay consists of a summary of Gosse's favourite Gide novel La Porte Étroite. It is quite obvious that this novel had a special appeal to Edmund Gosse - it reminded him of the problems, mainly of a religious character, of his own childhood. Talking about Gide and his books in general, Gosse found Gide's individualism interesting and significant, "Nothing vexes M. Gide so much as the illogical limits which modern discipline lays down for the compression of the human will".⁴⁷⁾ And Gide, still a fairly young man (at the time forty years old), is experimenting and will develop - the question is how. It is interesting that Gosse talks about Gide as standing alone, between two stools, "now leaning a little to the revolutionary, now to the retrograde party".⁴⁸⁾ Gosse himself was neither one nor the other. The essay was written fairly soon after La Porte Étroite was published (the date 1909-12 is given) and Gosse is doing his best to encourage his readers to read Gide - he is playing the role of prophet. He is bringing Gide's name to their notice.

The two writers soon became good friends, so good in fact that Gide felt that he could turn up unannounced at Gosse's house on Christmas Eve in 1912. But Linette Brugmans notes a slackening of interest on the part of Gide towards the end of 1913. Gosse, as always, was

fairly sensitive about this kind of thing, and on 2nd January, 1914 he wrote Gide, "You do not realise how much your friendship is to me. I am miserable if I think that you have ceased to think of me with indulgence".⁴⁹⁾ Gide reaffirmed their friendship in his next letter. Later, after the War, Brugmans also notes less frequent letters. Gide now had several contacts in England: Lytton Strachey, Dorothy Bussy, Arnold Bennett, and others - "he had less and less to say to the aging dean of English critics".⁵⁰⁾ Again we see the Ibsen situation repeat itself with Gide. But there was a renewal of contact and we have previously mentioned the meeting between Gosse and Gide, taking place in 1928 and described by William Bellows.⁵¹⁾ But Gosse still showed his extreme sensitivity at times. Furthermore, he was very depressed by the post-war situation:-

I hunger for the pressure of your hand, my dear, exquisite friend! I wish you would write to me. We are passing through dreadful days, in which the pillars of the world seem to be shaken and all in front of us seems to be darkness and hopelessness. It is much harder to bear than the War was, because there is no longer the unity which sustained us nor the nobility which inspired hope and determination. What is to come of the angry, distracted world? I feel very old and very helpless. 52)

Gosse was also hurt when, in 1924, Gide did not send him a copy of Corydon. Brugmans again sums up the importance of the friendship to both men, and the parallel between Ibsen and Gide is still obvious. "He discovered the French novelist for himself, and discovered him early". Then there was, to emphasize the point made earlier, the difference of age and nationality. And, as Brugmans concludes, Gide's books were "works that freely trampled on his most important preconceptions about the moral responsibility of authorship, and their untrammelled individualism affronted his lifelong code". Gosse was always totally loyal to those foreign writers whom he un-

deniably discovered, and more or less introduced in England, and he never ceased to be disappointed when, unavoidably, they established other British contacts.⁵³⁾

IV.

Edmund Gosse's writings on French literature are extensive. Volumes could be filled with discussion and analysis on these writings. As Ruth Temple has pointed out, Gosse's French criticism is to a large extent comparative. Edmund Gosse was well aware that he was interpreting the French, their literature and their history, to his English readers. He was ever working to fulfil this role of interpreter. Thus in many cases he pointed out basic differences between England and France; in the essay on Anatole France the subject is irony, and Gosse claims that the English, unlike the French, do not allow irony in literature:-

But once let him adopt a contrary method, and endeavour to inculcate his meaning in words of a different sense, and his auditors fly from him. No one who has endeavoured for the last hundred years to use irony in England as an imaginative medium has escaped failure.

He goes on to cite examples from the works of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. The explanation, he suggests, might be that Swift wounded the nation so deeply, "That it has suspected ever since, in every ironic humorist, 'the smiler with the knife'?"⁵⁴⁾ Gosse seems keen to emphasize that most of the differences are merely differences of behaviour. The French are, for instance, "by nature bellicose and amorous of adventure, and more than all other nations has a tendency to clothe its patrimonial ardour of defence in beautiful terms and gallant attitudes". In this respect, the English are completely different. Gosse also points out elsewhere that the English have no equivalent of the word "gloire".⁵⁵⁾ And, of course, in the field of literature too, there are differences. The most obvious area is

perhaps drama. The latter part of Gosse's career saw the emergence of some brilliant playwrights (Shaw is the obvious example), but the nineteenth century had been a rather bad period as far as English drama was concerned. Gosse explained it in this way, "We have dramatists, but they are not poets; we have dramatic poets, but they never reach the stage!" Elsewhere, he explains how "the very tradition of histrionics died out" when the Puritans closed the English theatres in the seventeenth century. People could, however, go to the theatre in Paris, and they did.⁵⁶⁾ In poetry too, there are some obvious differences, pointed out by Gosse -

... while in France poetry has been accustomed to reflect the general tongue of the people, the great poets of England have almost always had to struggle against a complete dissonance between their own aims and interests and those of the nation. The result has been that England, the most inartistic of modern races, has produced the largest number of exquisite literary artists.

There is a division in England between the people and literature, a division which does not exist in France. But, as mentioned above, Gosse never ceases to imply that all these differences are on the surface. Deep down, the French and the English have so much in common.⁵⁷⁾ Gosse is indeed ever enthusiastic. We have looked at his effort on behalf of France in the First World War. The stated object of the volume called Three French Moralists is to trace the gallantry of France. In fact, Gosse is usually praising the object of his article, whoever he (or it) may be. La Rochefoucauld, for instance, made a considerable contribution to life in France ("He saw France deadened by a universal sycophancy, and tyrannized over by a court life which made a lie of everything").⁵⁸⁾ Gosse's French essays are full of remarks like, "the age of Racine was, and could not but be, an age of extreme refinement", and very often comparisons unfavourable to England.⁵⁹⁾

Gosse's extensive writings on French literature are ostensibly the result of wide reading. Getting the

sweeping, over-all picture is important to Gosse. It is true to say that he pays more attention to that, and less attention to detail than his colleagues of today do. Indeed, by looking at the French articles we can learn a great deal about the general features of Gosse's criticism, and on his opinions on various matters. His attitude to Zola is perhaps most interesting of all. The article, "The Short Stories of Zola", is not exactly a defence of the controversial Frenchman but the attitude is certainly favourable. Gosse enjoyed Zola's novels, La Conquête de Plassans was his favourite; however, he finds the short stories more optimistic, and gentler. There is in Zola none of the condemnation we find in many Englishmen at the time.⁶⁰⁾ On the subject of the short story, "Sœurs des Pauvres", Gosse comments that unlike many people, including Zola's publisher, he does not consider the story revolutionary. Gosse was certainly not as unduly excited by some elements as Mrs. Grundy and her followers were. And Gosse includes the usual condemnation of city life; thus in the early sixties Zola lived in Rue Neuve St. Étienne du Mont where "the squalor of Paris was around him". There is a lengthy description of Zola's poverty and hardship in the capital, and then, years later, he manages to escape out of the bustle - to Médan, "a very quiet hamlet of less than two hundred inhabitants... a delicious and somnolent air of peace hangs over it; though so close to Paris".⁶¹⁾ Gosse appreciates a sense of humour, as he makes clear when discussing La Fête a Coqueville. Especially French humour seems to have appealed to Gosse.⁶²⁾

V.

Edmund Gosse continued to be interested in France until his death; in fact, he went to France immediately before he died in May, 1928. William Bellows accompanied Gosse on many of his late journeys to France, and he has published two books describing some of them. The first,

"A Visit to Alsace", deals with the occasion, in 1920, when Gosse received an honorary doctorate at the University of Strasbourg. Bellows's style is somewhat pompous and lends itself easily to satire; thus when the two national anthems are played, Bellow comments, "This is the climax of the climax!"⁶³⁾ But the book testifies to Gosse's great interest in France - and even stronger evidence appears in Edmund Gosse. Some Memories, published in 1929. "Edmund Gosse loved France." "It was difficult to name a French province which he did not know". Bellows met Gosse during the War, and, as has been noted above, Gosse's anxiety to promote the French cause was particularly evident then. Bellows writes the following on the subject of their friendship:-

Externally one might say that a common interest in France was the cause, but friendship may go deeper than that in its origins - quietly preparing the ground when we little suspect it. ⁶⁴⁾

There is a detailed description of Gosse's very last journey to France in 1928. Gosse's health was in a poor state but he enjoyed a great peace of mind and a great restfulness of spirit. "In spite of his occasional discomfort and fatigue, Edmund Gosse was in the brightest spirits".⁶⁵⁾ He was ever discussing literature and he had a meeting with André Gide. As Charteris records, Gosse was elated "to have been once more in France".⁶⁶⁾ Up to the last he displayed a great and absorbing interest in France and her literature. In this and other respects there was no decline towards the end. His contribution was formidable and it was appreciated by the French. His forte was his ability to get, as it were, the whole meaning of a work, to survey it in a comprehensive way. He was not as interested in detail but did not overlook it. He had an immense range of French friends, as he had friends of other nationalities, and, as just pointed out, the interest remained until the end.

VI.

Gosse wrote on other countries too, but not in any great detail. His attitude towards Germany has been dealt with above in the discussion on Edmund Gosse's writings during the First World War. He did not write very extensively on German affairs, and the same can be said with respect to the Netherlands. Gosse did have some contacts in Holland but not many, and his essays on the country and her literature are few and far between. An article has indeed been written on this subject by Paul Vincent; he appears to be disappointed by Gosse's contribution to this particular branch of literary criticism - "This unwritten chapter in the history of literary relations remains a sad one".⁶⁷⁾ There is little sadness in it: Gosse never pretended to be a great scholar on Dutch literature. It seems that because everybody considered him an authority on Scandinavian affairs he must be an expert on Holland as well. What small contribution Gosse did make to the dissemination of Dutch literature in England should be appreciated - it was not a substantial contribution, but it was made in all sincerity.

Gosse visited Holland in 1877 and found that, "My Dutch is very queer, but I get along with it quite successfully". He could make himself understood. He also observed that Holland was in many ways more affluent than the Scandinavian countries, "All the private homes I have seen here contrast with the poverty of German and Scandinavian homes."⁶⁸⁾

CHAPTER 6
THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
THE UNITED KINGDOM

There is very little comment in Gosse's writings which deals specifically with Scotland. However, as is well known, so many Scots in the nineteenth century gained a national reputation, and most of them went to the south of England for longer or shorter periods of time. Gosse knew personally J. M. Barrie, Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, and others. His first encounter with Scotland was in 1870. He had intended to go to France but war put a stop to that and in August (not September as Charteris states) he and Mansell Dames went to Scotland together. First they sailed up along the east coast to Leith. After a short time in Edinburgh they went over to Glasgow, to Oban, and then visited several of the Hebridean isles including Iona, Skye, and Lewis. After that they went back to the mainland, slowly down to Perth, Edinburgh and back by sea to London. Edmund Gosse kept a journal addressed to his father. As Charteris comments, the journal is the work of a dutiful son: "Little is taken in jest. The whole affair might have been an exercise in mental deportment designed to maintain a species of spiritual poise".¹⁾

The young Edmund Gosse felt very strongly that he was in a foreign country and he did not feel at ease in Scotland. The trouble started already on the sea journey to Leith where Gosse was prevented from going to sleep because "Two horrible Scots" with an Aberdeen accent were telling endless stories about Aberdeen University. In Scotland Gosse was disgusted with the smells everywhere (he appears indeed to have been a rather sensitive youth). At Greenock Gosse and Dames met an elderly lady whom they immediately liked - "She was very English, and that, too, was pleasant to us". In Stirling they met a young German lady. "She was quite disappointed when I made known in my best German that though an ardent lover of Deutschland, I had not the honour of that birthright. She was a very pleasant creature, and her tones seemed refreshing after the hideous Scotch". Especially at the end of the journey Gosse was longing to get back to England. He disliked Perth where everybody including the workmen were, wrote Gosse, basking in the sun doing absolutely no work. Gosse could not endure a whole day in Perth and went for a day-trip to Newburgh in Fife. Stirling disappointed him too, and it made him think of the drunkenness of the Scots - "The vices of a Lowlander are unseemly, there is no shame in being very drunk before breakfast". Even London seemed less brutal than Stirling. "Be it here recorded that I hate the Scotch".²⁾ All this in no way discouraged Gosse from returning to Scotland. In September 1881 he was in the north of Scotland with Hamo Thornycroft. Gosse confessed that Orkney disappointed him, "They are flat, hummocky islands, with the one exception of Hoy, which is very grand as seen from the opposite shore of Pomona". But in general he found the scenery breath-taking, and he climbed a mountain top in Sutherland; from here he could see Skye, the Moray Firth and the coast of Aberdeenshire, "The colours just before sunset were quite bewilderingly brilliant...".³⁾ However, in 1924 his friend Elizabeth

Haldane suggested that he had the (Scotch) Evil Eye. Towards the end of his life Gosse mellowed considerably. On 15th March 1928 he wrote to Elizabeth Haldane, "I think there is hardly more beautiful scenery to be found anywhere" west of the Minch. "It seems a long, long while since, in 1871 [i.e. 1870], I rounded Airdnamurchan with R. Louis Stevenson in an atmosphere of liquid gold and amethyst."⁴⁾

Edmund Gosse's knowledge of Scotland was extended. He became friends with Andrew Lang. The two had a great many things in common. In a "portrait" in Portraits and Sketches Gosse remarks on Lang's interest in French romantic literature, "He dipped into the wonderful lucky-bag of France wherever he saw the glitter of romance."⁵⁾ It is not an entirely flattering portrait - for instance,

His wit had something disconcerting in its impishness. Its rapidity and sparkle were dazzling, but it was not quite human; that is to say, it conceded too little to the exigencies of flesh and blood. If we can conceive a seraph being funny, it would be in the manner of Andrew Lang. 6)

There is no doubt that Lang was a somewhat controversial character, to say the least. Charteris quotes from the diary Gosse used to keep at the House of Lords Library:-

Andrew Lang's manners are always amusing, if a little exasperating.... He came here with me to-day, to talk over Jacobite history with Evan. By the way, I asked him if he was going to dine to-night with the St. Andrews University Club, of which he is a Vice-President. He said, "No! I hate dinners and I hate clubs and I hate universities!" I answered rather tartly, "I believe you hate everything in the world!" "No", he replied, "I don't hate Mary Queen of Scots". 7)

Although Gosse considered Lang's character to be full of apparent inconsistencies, his long career, he thought, was singularly "unaltered". Gosse noted that Lang completely eschewed something or somebody that was not sympathetic to him; "large tracts of the literature of the world, and even of England, existed outside the dimmest apprehension of Andrew Lang". In this respect

he was certainly a contrast to Gosse himself.⁸⁾ The death of the famous Scottish critic was a blow to Gosse. On 22nd July, 1912 he wrote to Floris Delattre:-

To-day I am mourning, with a sense of shock and loss, for Andrew Lang, my old companion and friend of 35 years. You are acquainted, of course, with some part at least of his abundant and multicoloured work. There dies, with him, what was (no doubt) the most elegant mind that the English-speaking race has brought forth in our time. 9)

Andrew Lang obviously influenced Gosse to a large extent, and the veneer of the Scotsman was appreciated by his equally accomplished English colleague.

An even closer friend was Robert Louis Stevenson. It was on a ship named The Clansman that Gosse met Stevenson for the first time. This was during Gosse's 1870 journey through Scotland to the Hebrides. As Charteris states, the encounter was later "invested with a romantic value". The two men did not know each other - they were merely strangers travelling on the same ship. When they met again (in 1876) they instantly recognized each other. Gosse's description in Critical Kit-Kats of the early meeting in 1870 is indeed a very romantic one, "We lay in a gorge of blackness, with only a strip of the blue moonlit sky overhead...".¹⁰⁾ After they became acquainted the two writers met often in London and in Scotland when Gosse visited Stevenson at Braemar. On the subject of Stevenson in 1879 Gosse had this to say:-

Louis used at that time to spend the mornings wandering about or writing, and make his appearance at the Savile about 1.15, and lunch with any crony or cronies who happened to turn up. Those were his most gregarious days. I should think, when he was in town, I must have lunched with him at an average 4 or 5 times a week in 1878 and the beginning of 1879. I had to go back to my office, but Louis used to wind upstairs after lunch, enveloped in a cloud of talk and accompanied by any one who would follow his piping, and the afternoon would be consumed in rather foolish jesting. 11)

But Stevenson's health was giving cause for alarm, "and he used to bury himself in lonely Scotch and French places, 'tinkering himself with solitude', as he used to say".

Quite often too, Stevenson would visit Gosse and his wife in their house at Delamere Terrace (like many other friends, Stevenson would make - in Gosse's words - "sudden piratical descents".)¹²⁾ In 1881 Gosse visited Stevenson at Braemar. Stevenson had started Treasure Island in the middle of August. Gosse later wrote Balfour,

I arrived at Braemar on August 24, and that same evening Louis read to me after dinner, - Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson and Fannie [sic] being the other people present, Sam already in bed, - three chapters of the book. The others had heard them before, and they had been written, certainly some days. 13)

Gosse remembers, "To the Cottage... I proceeded in the most violent storm of hail and rain that even Aberdeenshire can produce in August, and found Louis as frail as a ghost...".¹⁴⁾ The Scottish climate proved too harsh for Stevenson - already when starting Treasure Island at Braemar he had to spend days in bed - and he went to Switzerland.

Of course, whenever Stevenson was abroad, the two exchanged a great many letters, and many of Gosse's are published by Charteris. First, there was Stevenson's journey to California in 1879, and on this particular occasion his friends, including Gosse, were all very worried about Stevenson, who fell ill during this time. In December Gosse wrote to Hamo Thornycroft:-

You remember my often speaking to you of Robert Louis Stevenson (By the way, he is the wayward youth who brings mischief on the wanderers in my poem). Well, I have had a letter from him from a little town in California, where he lies very ill. He does not think he will recover; he says his health is broken altogether. You cannot think how this has upset me. He is such a charming creature, all instinct with genius and power. He is absolutely one of the best prose-writers we possess. 15)

Stevenson was ill at an Angoran ranch in the Santa Lucia mountains - Gosse urged him to return to Britain. However, in California Stevenson married

("we all soon learned to regard her as the most appropriate and helpful companion that Louis could possibly have secured"). By October 1880, Stevenson had recovered and was back in London.¹⁶⁾ But some years later, in 1887, he left Britain for good. Back in London there was obviously a great deal of speculation concerning the author's whereabouts; Gosse wrote to him:-

We have been hearing of your visit to Honolulu, which I suppose is true? I say that, because the gossip-columns of the newspapers pullulate with gossip about you that cannot be true... and I am sorry I do not know how your future biography is to be compiled from the enormous mass of conflicting material. 17)

Obviously, much of Gosse's attention after Stevenson's death in 1894 was taken up by concern for Stevenson's reputation. To Sidney Colvin he expressed his worries about allegations made by Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's co-writer and step-son. Gosse was in fact angry with all Fanny's relatives. Writing about letters published by Fanny in 1924 he wrote, "I am particularly glad that they should be published, because they finally and effectively sweep away all the odious insinuations and libels of the Osbournes".¹⁸⁾ 1927 saw G.K. Chesterton's book on Stevenson, and in the middle of a heated battle over the reputation of the controversial writer it was a welcome boost for the defenders. Gosse showed his appreciation, "I cannot express without a sort of hyperbole the sentiments which you have awakened - of joy, of satisfaction, of relief, of malicious and vindictive pleasure. We are avenged at last".¹⁹⁾ Gosse's own impression of his friend was that he was eminently human, but Gosse could not remember any faults, "Perhaps the nearest approach to a fault was a certain want of discretion, always founded on a wish to make people understand each other...". About his voice Gosse recalled that "There was always a marked tone of the Scotsman".²⁰⁾

We have already had occasion quite frequently to refer to Gosse's connection with the Haldanes of Cloan.

He often visited their house in Perthshire and exchanged letters with them. Many are preserved in the extensive Haldane Papers in the National Library of Scotland in Edinburgh. It was mainly to Elizabeth Haldane and her brother Richard (Viscount Haldane), for a time the Lord Chancellor, that he wrote. Richard Haldane had many interests: philosophy, education, law, etc. and some of these certainly coincided with those of Gosse. The latter admired The Pathway to Reality, a book originating from a series of lectures delivered at St. Andrews University in 1902-3. Gosse wrote to Haldane,

I feel as if I had been taken up rapidly very high in a balloon, and my head is ringing and my nerves are all disordered, but I have very much enjoyed the adventure.... I want to be a philosopher, - but cheerfulness is always breaking in - you know the old story. 21)

Edmund Gosse did not, as we have remarked earlier, interfere with politics, at any rate in peace time. In December 1914 he was keen to defend his friend when certain accusations were levelled against some work Haldane had done for the War Office:-

As you know, I have many friends in Unionist circles [Haldane himself was a liberal], and I hear a great deal of gossip. There is growing up, and thriving by ignorant repetition, a thoroughly twisted and false legend about your negotiations in Berlin in 1912. 22)

Haldane was accused of being pro-German, and of course the fact that in his youth he had gone to Göttingen University and spoke fluent German did not make things any easier. It is all the more remarkable that Gosse, whose views of Germany were none too positive, was prepared to defend his friend so staunchly.

So long as no notice was taken, the libels simply grew and grew, and the libellers considered it safe to prolong and to exaggerate their charges. The disgraceful tone of the National Review, Blackwood's and the Daily Express, - ... made me feel that some counter-action must be taken. 23)

The letters to Elizabeth Haldane were often about her

brother; generally they were in a lighter vein than those addressed to Richard Haldane. Elizabeth was writing a book on George Eliot; she was deeply interested in literature, and Gosse would often advise her on this subject. She was appreciated as a close friend of the Gosses. (At Edmund Gosse's death in 1928 Sylvia, his daughter, wrote Elizabeth a note thanking her for her kindness.²⁴⁾ Richard Haldane later wrote of Gosse, "A born man of letters, he attracted to him those who cared for books as he did, and he had long since made a great impression on the public as an author." Haldane spoke of Gosse as "my old friend", and the two used often to talk in the House of Lords Library.²⁵⁾

The impressions that Gosse received during his 1870 tour in Scotland did not, fortunately, last a lifetime. Although, as mentioned, he joked with Elizabeth Haldane about having the Scotch Evil Eye, his opinion of England's northern neighbour was really quite a favourable one. To J. C. Squire he wrote that he loved Scotland.²⁶⁾ He was particularly enthusiastic about Perthshire, but was generally enchanted with the grandiose scenery of the country - he always preferred country to city. And Gosse had, as we have seen, received an honorary doctorate from St. Andrews; a gesture for which he was very grateful.

II.

Gosse was also an authority on his own country's literature, and here his verdicts on English letters gained all the more credibility because he was also a recognized expert on many foreign literatures. It is not true, as Dr. Elias Bredsdorff has claimed, that Gosse used his exploits into the realm of Scandinavian literature merely as a springboard for a reputation as a critic on the domestic scene. His interest in all the foreign literatures was genuine and he covered more

ground than anybody else. Of course, his criticism on English literature could not be "comparative" as his criticism on French literature was. Gosse was of the establishment, and his views were the views of an insider. As mentioned often above, Gosse did not interfere with politics. Literature was strictly literature. This did not mean that he did not have political views of his own for he expressed them often enough in his private letters. His correspondence with the Haldanes makes this clear. To Elizabeth Haldane he complained about the Socialists and "all these horrible things" they wanted to do; he complained to her about the strike in 1926.

I am frightened almost to physical faintness by the proposals of the Socialist Congress at Whiteley. Did you know that we were so near revolutionary confiscation? They speak with confidence of doing all these horrible things within the next year or two. Do you suppose that the banks and business people will submit to all this robbery without a struggle? Our "ruling classes" seem to have no courage.

Gosse made it quite clear that he approved of Richard Haldane's political activities: "you are the only politician who has a definite panacea to offer". All the other politicians, Gosse said, were pursuing a sly game of "wait and see".²⁷⁾ We have already discussed Gosse's involvement in the First World War. Here, he openly interfered in non-literary matters. But Gosse's general attitude in this respect was already losing ground as he approached old age, and since his death in 1928 it has become ever more common for people of literature to preach politics.

But here, as in other matters, Gosse made his position clear. He stuck to his guns. Although he survived Queen Victoria by over twenty-five years, Gosse remained in so many respects a typical Victorian. And in his old age he defended the values of the nineteenth century. He was by no means in favour of the debunkers of the Victorian age who wrote in the early decades of the twentieth century. He once made the following comment about Leonard Woolf to Sir Sidney

Colvin:-

He is the son-in-law of our old friend Leslie Stephen, having married Virginia. I have never had any communication with him, but I don't think he is an "idiot", rather a perverse, partially-educated alien German, who has thrown in his lot violent with Bolshevism and Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" and "the great sexual emancipation" and all the rest of the nasty fads of the hour. 28)

Gosse's comments on Samuel Butler's The Way of all Flesh are especially relevant. The reason is, of course, the obvious parallel with Gosse's own Father and Son. Both books were published in the first decade of this century although Butler's book had been written several years before. Both books were attacks on certain tendencies of early Victorian England. But there was a difference; Gosse's book was more balanced, more mature in its attitude to its "victim". As Richard Hoggart has pointed out, Butler was an iconoclast, albeit an ambiguous one. Gosse's perception of his own background, and his understanding of his father was much greater than Butler's. Gosse himself does not say so, but his remarks make the difference quite clear:-

He disliked excessively the atmosphere of middle-class Evangelicism [sic] in which he had been brought up, and we must dislike it too, but we need not dislike the persons involved so bitterly as Butler did. It was narrow, sterile and cruel, and it deserved no doubt the irony which Butler expended upon it. 29)

What Butler did was to reject the values of his childhood out of hand. Thus he was indeed, as Gosse puts it, the pre-cursor of the anti-Victorian rebellion.³⁰⁾ Gosse's reaction to his childhood was different and much more detached; it was this ability of Gosse's to view things from above, as it were, which made him so radically different from Butler and the later anti-Victorians.

Of course, there are other, more structural differences between the two works. Gosse's book, although it is not a straightforward biographical account by any means, adheres fairly closely to the truth; The

Way of all Flesh has been changed into a novel, or as Gosse says, it "is not an autobiography, but a romance founded on recollection".³¹⁾ Gosse draws some parallels between characters in the book and their counter-parts in real life, mentioning Festing Jones's biographical book on Butler, of which the essay is to some extent a review. Just ~~like~~^{as} the elder Gosse had a specific religious career lined up for Edmund, so Canon Butler had decided that Samuel Butler should be ordained. The latter declined, and a painful correspondence ensued. Again, Gosse had been in a similar situation in his own youth. But Gosse had been lucky; he had obtained a post in the British Museum. There did not seem to be any opening for Butler and so he went to New Zealand where he took up sheep-farming. One book in which Butler used his experiences from New Zealand was Erewhon, which unfortunately is only briefly mentioned by Gosse here. It is a very interesting book and one of English literature's best utopias, a sort of up-side-down country where all values appear to be opposite those held in Victorian England. Geographically, this Utopian state was situated in New Zealand and many areas of that country are vividly described in the book. However, Gosse does mention a man called Pauli, whom Butler met in New Zealand. This person "sponged" on Butler for many years - this in spite of the fact that Butler was often in financial straits himself. It is an incident difficult to understand but as Gosse writes, "The charm of his mind lies in its divagations, its inconsistencies, its puerile and lovable self-revelations".³²⁾ Gosse's essay on Butler is especially enlightening because of the similarities in background between the two men, similarities that highlight the differences in reaction. Gosse, although he protested against his parents' generation, nevertheless understood his immediate ancestors and their problems.

Lytton Strachey's book Eminent Victorians was attacked by Gosse in 1918 in "The Agony of the Victorian Age".³³⁾ This article contains Gosse's most explicit

defence of Victorian values. Strachey's well-known book caused a great deal of furore when it was published in 1918 for the word "eminent" was used in an ironic sense. The book was an attack on the Victorian age and its idiosyncracies.³⁴⁾ It was not meant to be a narrative of the period. Strachey's method was to select four Victorian characters and ridicule them and their contemporaries. The longest portrait is of Cardinal Manning. Then follows portraits of Florence Nightingale and Dr. Arnold. The last essay, "The End of General Gordon", does display some sympathy with its victim, and it is perhaps for this reason that it is the best of the four essays. But the Victorians had to be defended, and Gosse was perfect for that job; he summed up the general attitude of 1918 thus, "Our younger contemporaries are slipping into the habit of approving of nothing from the moment they are told it is Victorian".³⁵⁾ Gosse speculates that this is an intellectual and moral revolution which means liberation of the intellect from bondage. Gosse wants to find out what the bonds were and what the characteristics of the age were. The very early part of it was characterized by rancour and turmoil or "a tempest of theology". Gosse himself experienced what could well be described as a side-effect in his own childhood. As mentioned above, his parents were strictly religious - this caused the conflict known from Father and Son. Gosse then reaches the second stage of the Victorian period - the "tremendous upheaval of a practical radicalism"; he is, of course, referring to such political movements as the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Chartists, both very prominent in the 1840s. But after that time, things get even more incomprehensible; "No Age hitherto lived out upon the world's surface has been so multiform or so busy; none defies the art of the historian to such a bewildering degree".³⁶⁾ At this point Gosse turns his attention towards Strachey's book, which has enjoyed an extraordinary degree of publicity. Strachey's aim, which is "to damage and discredit the Victorian Age" ³⁷⁾

is well concealed at first - Strachey is an "iconoclast" whose main purpose is to criticize his parents' (and Gosse's) age. In discussing the biographies, Gosse expresses the opinion that irony is certainly a permissible weapon in a biography, but, "A biographer should be sympathetic; not blind, not indulgent, but sympathetic. He should be able to enter into the feelings of his subjects, and be anxious to do so".³⁸⁾ Gosse argues that Strachey does not really understand the Victorians and (to take an example) their religious scruples. Gosse realizes that the mood has changed radically - hero-worship has certainly died. "Epochs come to an end, and before they have their place finally awarded to them in history they are bound to endure much vicissitude of fortune". It is an added irony that this was to be the fate of Gosse's own reputation.³⁹⁾ Immediately after he died, his work was looked upon as dated.

III.

A substantial part of Edmund Gosse's criticism dealt with poetry; however, he did not neglect other forms of literature. Obviously, the novel had great interest for him, as it was - and is - beyond any doubt the most dominating genre in literature. Gosse himself even went so far as to talk of "The Tyranny of the Novel"; this was in 1892 when the production of fiction must certainly have seemed quite enormous.

In Scandinavia the drama may demand an equal prominence, but no more. In all other countries the novel takes the largest place, claims and obtains the widest popular attention, is the admitted tyrant of the whole family of literature.

Gosse does not seem to approve entirely of this tendency; he wrote hardly any prose fiction himself but was an established minor poet.⁴⁰⁾ There was undoubtedly more money in prose fiction than in other areas of literature. The whole problem was dealt with in detail in Gissing's

New Grub Street, which was published in 1891.⁴¹⁾ A novelist could now live off his pen provided he conformed to certain conventions. This was not in general possible for a poet, and even a prose writer such as Gosse had a permanent job as well as writing articles and essays and books. Gosse first worked in the British Museum and then as a translator at the Board of Trade. From 1904 to 1914 he was Librarian to the House of Lords. As Gosse put it, the "trade" took more interest in novels. As has been mentioned above, Gosse did not consider Victorian drama as a brand of literature.⁴²⁾ Gosse voices his disapproval of some of the characteristics of the novel genre. One is the inordinate preoccupation with the subject of love, and Gosse wonders, "What is the probable number of young persons who have conducted one another to the altar in English fiction during the last hundred years?" Gosse finds such concentration monotonous and tedious. And in the same vein Gosse disapproves of the "follies committed" in the name of psychology - again, Gosse finds such concentration on the workings of the human mind somewhat tedious; "To make such studies of the soul even partially interesting, a great deal of knowledge, intuition, and workmanlike care must be expended". The statement that follows in the next paragraph is even more striking: "But the interior life of the soul is, after all, a very much less interesting study to an ordinarily healthy person than the exterior".⁴³⁾ There is no doubt that Gosse found some of these "psychological" novelists very boring, and George Eliot especially so; he once wrote, "The lifelessness of her correspondence is extraordinary; to read her private letters is an affliction hardly to be borne".⁴⁴⁾ Gosse generally finds that the novelists of his day are too young. He has a few other criticisms - he asks for "a larger study of life".

I cannot think that the commercial and professional aspects of life are unworthy of the careful attention of the novelist, or that he would fail to be re-

warded by a larger and more interested audience for his courage in dealing closely with them. At all events, if it is too late to ask our accepted tyrants of the novel to enlarge their borders, may we not, at all events, entreat their heirs-apparent to do so? 45)

Moving from the novels themselves to the readers, Gosse questions the importance of women readers. First of all he does not agree that these consist of young girls but argues that the real audience most probably consists of married women; he calls them "these young matrons". Gosse argues that these have no effect on the novelists; it is from male readers, "that the first-class novel receives its imprimatur". Gosse is probably right in this statement although he is guilty of grossly underestimating the significance of women novel readers. Gosse did note the fact that English novels, unlike many foreign works, were "prim and decent". Gosse's explanation for this is interesting -

The Anglo-Saxon race is now the only one that has not been touched by that pessimism of which the writings of Schopenhauer are the most prominent and popular exponent. This fact is too often overlooked when we scornfully ask why the foreign nations allow themselves so great a latitude in the discussion of moral subjects. It is partly, no doubt, because of our beautiful Protestant institutions; because we go to Sunday-schools and take a lively interest in the souls of other people... 46)

He also mentions the "hereditary dulness" that makes the Anglo-Saxon race "slur over the dissonances between man and nature". The Latin races, Gosse explains, are in the opposite extreme. Crime and frailty are notoriously more interesting than innocence and virtue - "they have introduced such a brutal want of tone as to render the portrait of life a caricature".⁴⁷⁾ Gosse could agree to some extent with the Grundyites; but he was not offended in the same way, and he gave good reasons for not liking some less worthy aspects of novels.

Elsewhere, he made some critical remarks on Tennyson and mid-Victorian poetry. Tennyson was acting as an

upas-tree:-

... a wide-spreading and highly popular growth beneath whose branches true imagination withered away. Propriety had prevailed; and, once more to change our image, British poetry had become a beautifully guarded park, in which, over smoothly shaven lawns, where gentle herds of fallow-deer were grazing, thrushes sang very discreetly from the boughs of ancestral trees, and where there was not a single object to be seen or heard which could offer the very smallest discomfort to the feelings of the most refined mid-Victorian gentlewoman. 48)

This passage confirms our impression of Gosse as a balanced and critical writer, who could see both sides of a matter.

IV.

Naturally, Gosse frequently commented on individual writers; many of them were contemporaries or near contemporaries, for instance, George Eliot, who was not a novelist after Edmund Gosse's liking. We have already quoted a remark he made about her letters; elsewhere he concludes, "It is admitted that George Eliot was one of the worst letter-writers, pompous, didactic, and without a spark of humour". George Eliot sank "like a plummet into an abyss of dullness".⁴⁹⁾ It was a question of style - George Eliot did not have the right one: "that was the rift in her armour, she could not be quite natural". Gosse was of the opinion that although her prose had qualities of force and wit, "it never sings".⁵⁰⁾ Needless to say, Gosse did not consider George Eliot's poetry to be successful; he admitted that he had never been able to swallow The Spanish Gypsy.⁵¹⁾ In conclusion Gosse states that "for the last ten years of her brief literary life she did practically nothing but lay heavy loads on literature".⁵²⁾ Gosse was in broad agreement with a great many contemporary and later critics on this subjects.⁵³⁾

So in Gosse's opinion, style was a major obstacle to any George Eliot reader, although, of course, that was

not the only criticism that one could level against her. She was certainly guilty - in Gosse's eyes - of those psychological follies we mentioned earlier. George Eliot was an "intellectual novelist, very analytical in her descriptions". Her failure, he claims, began "when she turned from passive acts of memory to a strenuous exercise of intellect".⁵⁴⁾ Too much pedantry and too much psychology, which brings her too far away from the real world. "The most conscientious labour, expended by the most powerful brain, is incapable of producing an illusion of life by these means."⁵⁵⁾ In Daniel Deronda George Eliot had, in Gosse's opinion, lost all hold on reality, and its predecessor Middlemarch is a "residuum of unimaginative satire". Gosse puts a large part of the blame on German influence on George Eliot; Gosse believed this to be very detrimental:-

... she became less and less well disposed towards the French fiction of her day, rejecting even Balzac, to whom she seems, strangely enough, to have preferred Lessing. That Lessing and Balzac should be names pronounced in relation itself throws a light on the temper of the speaker. ⁵⁶⁾

Gosse's exact point is not clear although his assertion seems precise enough.

We must not, of course, make the mistake of thinking that Gosse did not find George Eliot interesting. He acknowledged that she was one of the great Victorian novelists (although he argued that her stature might have been less impressive if the other famous novelists had lived longer).⁵⁷⁾ Many of these Victorian novelists had "secret lives", notably Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. So did George Eliot, although perhaps she was less secretive, and the question of respectability gained greater importance: "Of course, she wished to cover her tracks, in later years when she was fighting like a tiger to recover her 'respectability'", he wrote to Elizabeth Haldane.⁵⁸⁾ She was preparing a book on George Eliot, and as she and her brother, Richard Haldane, were, as we have seen, close friends of Gosse,

he gave her extensive advice on the subject. Perhaps the most perceptive piece of advice deals with Middlemarch. Gosse did not think much of the book as a novel but he found in it much of interest:-

Has it occurred to you how very much of her own secret life G.E. reveals in "Middlemarch"? More, I think, than anywhere else in her books. The intense preoccupation about money deserves attention. It was evidently a leading instinct in her to avoid poverty, being keenly aware of its harassing and warping effect. Have you given sufficient attention to this? The dread of exposure, too, is strongly marked. I think she suffered extremely from the fear of having certain facts in her career revealed. I see evidence of her character less in Dorothea (where the self-portraiture is a little crude) than in Lydgate. 59)

Gosse's personal impression of George Eliot can be seen at the beginning of the essay quoted above - aptly enough included in Aspects and Impressions. As Gosse points out, her reputation was at an ebb for some decades after her death - she was indeed "duly neglected". His verdict was completely correct: "Perhaps another generation will follow us which will be more patient, and students yet unborn will read her gladly".⁶⁰⁾ And Gosse was certainly not slow to recommend her books; she was "an observer of life more diligent and more meticulous perhaps than any other living person".⁶¹⁾ Gosse's critical comments on George Eliot are very interesting; they are extremely well-balanced remarks and his predictions have come true. He appears to be in agreement with many of his successors in literary criticism; one may say that the verdict of posterity has confirmed Gosse's.

Some of his predictions did not, of course, come true. When writing on Disraeli, Gosse commented on Sybil that "it has never been a favourite among his works". This was perhaps true at the time although in retrospect Sybil has become very much the favourite; its contents has seemed more interesting to a twentieth century audience than either Coningsby or Tancred. It was Disraeli in Sybil who coined the expression "two Nations"

symbolizing (expressed in simple terms) the rich and the poor, and the kind of things discussed in the novel has been of interest not just to English students but students of history too. Gosse, however, was more fond of Tancred, and especially Lothair. Gosse revealed a surprisingly un-Dickensian mind in his essay on Disraeli. On the subject of Vivian Grey and The Young Duke - two early novels - he wrote:-

In either book, what we feel to-day to be the great objection to our enjoyment is the lack of verisimilitude. Who can believe in the existence of persons whose titles are the Earl of Fitz-Pompey and Deprivyseal, or whose names are Lady Aphrodite and Sir Carte Blanche?

This statement does seem odd because it comes from a person who enthusiastically swallowed Pickwick.⁶²⁾ But the objection only seems to apply to the early novels - of the later novels, Gosse opines that they are "intensely literary". And, "The appeal to the intellectual, to the fastidious reader is incessant". This must obviously be welcome to a literary critic, and, as Gosse points out, it is very rare in England.⁶³⁾ But Gosse emphasizes that the most interesting thing about Disraeli is the extraordinary position of the man, and his personality too. The last sentence of the essay is, "It is the living Disraeli who is always more salient than the most fascinating of his printed pages". It is obvious that somebody who disapproved of mixing politics with literature would not be over-enthusiastic about Disraeli, and Gosse's judgement is measured but fair.⁶⁴⁾

V.

One of Gosse's closest friends, especially in his early career, was the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edmund Gosse did not just write articles on the poet but a biography. His first encounter is described in this book and Charteris quotes another account taken from a journal which Gosse kept at the time. It was 1868 and

Gosse was working in the British Museum. Swinburne, who was working in the Reading Room, had an epileptic fit and injured himself when falling down; "This distressing event made an immense sensation in the Museum and has acted on my nerves so as to agitate them painfully". Ann Thwaite has a discussion of the episode with an attack on Gosse for getting some of the details wrong in his account written over forty years later. A few years later the two men met each other - Gosse found that there was something disconcerting about Swinburne: "He was not quite like a human being".⁶⁵⁾ It was a friendship that was to last for several years. The Poet would often come to the Gosses' home at Delamere Terrace, sometimes he stayed for days. Charteris says that Swinburne was completely at ease here. But in 1879 Swinburne became ill and as a result he moved to Putney, and was now taken care of by T. Watts-Dunton; Gosse saw less and less of him.⁶⁶⁾ In his letters to Swinburne, Gosse revealed his great admiration for the poet, frequently before 1879 and occasionally after that date. In 1894 he wrote, "It is 27 years since I received my first letter from you, 24 since first you took my hand. No second light has arisen during all that time that has been to me what the lamp of your great passion for poetry has been".⁶⁷⁾

Gosse became an expert on Swinburne as he had become an expert on most other contemporary writers - many of them personal friends. And later, in 1917, he wrote one of those typical Victorian Lives. He told Thomas Wise (in 1914) about the project:-

I have to conquer a feeling that Swinburne was rather sickening: there is a very ugly side to him, and it so deeply permeates his whole existence that I scarcely know how a life of him is to be written. What humbug has been printed about his purity and highmindedness! And yet, such is the paradox, he was pure and he was highminded - on certain defined sides. 68)

There was clearly a problem when discussing Swinburne and his poetry: there was a very dark side to the poet's personality and life-style, and it was difficult

to explain it away. There is a Confidential Paper on Swinburne in the Ashley Library in the British Museum, in which Gosse cautiously, and somewhat embarrassed, enters upon the subjects of Swinburne's alcohol problems and the enjoyment he had from flagellation.⁶⁹⁾ These things could not, of course, be mentioned in a published biography. The book was planned for a long time; on 29th March Gosse wrote to Gordon Bottomley that the Life was to be published the following Tuesday - "at last! after having been talked about so long that I fear everybody must be tired of hearing it announced". And he wrote to his friend, Richard Haldane, expressing a similar lack of enthusiasm for the book, "My "Swinburne" comes out tomorrow. I have no pleasure in the thought, nor hope of success. In these dreadful times - growing more dreadful every day - who is going to give a thought to Swinburne?"⁷⁰⁾ Nevertheless, the biography was a success. "My 'Life of Swinburne' appeared on Tuesday last", he wrote to his son on Good Friday 1917, "and the whole edition of 1500 copies sold out in two days!"⁷¹⁾ The biography was largely a defence of Swinburne and as mentioned it did not discuss the less attractive aspects of the poet. But the controversy did not by any means stop with the publication of the Life. About five years later, for instance, Gosse returned to the subject of an 1866 attack on Swinburne, which had been briefly touched upon in the biography. A lady wrote to him on the subject; he replied that the name of the author had been kept secret, "for a certain purpose". But Gosse now proposed to reveal it, and he did so in the Times Literary Supplement on 20th March 1923 in a letter to the editor. It is a letter very typical of Gosse, in the style so well parodied by Max Beerbohm in A Christmas Garland.⁷²⁾ It was, explained Gosse, an attack which had had serious effects on Swinburne's career. Gosse relates a conversation with John Morley, in which the latter reveals that he wrote the attack, but later regretted it and came to admire Swinburne. Swinburne's reputation was, writes Gosse, redeemed by the "daring

originality and splendour of enthusiasm" of his articles in the Fortnightly Review.⁷³⁾ And interestingly enough, looking back, Gosse could find in Swinburne a type of patriotism very compatible with his own. Thus at the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 Swinburne wrote the sonnet "Strike England, and Strike Home".

At the darkest moment, the old poet rejoiced at the vision of "England's name a light on land and sea"... When the proper time for publication comes it will be found, with interest and perhaps surprise, how accurately Swinburne predicted the treachery of Germany almost with his latest lyric breath. 74)

On the question of Germany, at any rate, Gosse found himself in agreement with his older poet friend. In other respects, it is interesting to notice that Gosse, who was in so many ways a pillar of the literary establishment in Victorian England, was for a time such a close friend and companion of the dissipated poet. It bears witness to Gosse's broad-mindedness, which applied to moral issues as well as those concerning nationality.

VI.

Another of Gosse's friends, Thomas Hardy, also had some problems with Victorian respectability although not to the same extent. We have referred to Thomas Hardy earlier; Gosse believed that men still had more influence on novels in spite of the many women readers - "Men have made Mr. Thomas Hardy, who owes nothing to the fair sex; if women read him now, it is because the men have told them that they must". Gosse wrote to Hardy about Tess of the D'Urbervilles and said, "You have strengthened your position tremendously, among your own confrères and the serious male public".⁷⁵⁾ It thus seems clear that to Gosse, Hardy was a serious male novelist worthy of respect. Edmund Gosse generally used superlatives when writing of Hardy and his works. In 1884

he called Hardy "the strongest talent we possess in the novel for the moment". In 1919 he wrote, "... in the lifetime of Thomas Hardy, no other man dares to be called 'our greatest living novelist'".⁷⁶⁾ When Hardy died in January 1928, his old friend Edmund Gosse (who was himself to die only a few months later) gave a lecture, which was recorded. It was transcribed and printed several years later; and in 1978, on the occasion of fiftieth anniversary of Hardy's death, it was broadcast by the BBC. A review in The Listener, as well as Richard Hoggart, who presented the talk, seem amused by Gosse's style and his lavish use of superlatives. Hoggart said that,

One's first impression is that we simply could not write or speak like that today....

One simply couldn't, today, offer up a writer as a great public monument, in the way Gosse offers Hardy. Such a phrase as "the present head of our literature" is simply not available.

Gosse is, in fact, over-respectful and so his tribute is, in some important ways, untrue to the reality of Hardy's life. 77)

Hoggart's remarks constitute a typical reaction to the style so widespread in the past, but it is dangerous to reject such criticism as Gosse's, which indeed has lasting validity.

Of course, the two eminent men of letters were very close friends. They went for walks in Dorchester, with which Hardy had intimate and well-known connections. In 1919 Gosse thanked him for nearly forty-five years of friendship, and added, "May we both live on to celebrate our jubilee of Friendship". Both men lived to a grand old age; and the year before they died, Gosse wrote,

Earlier in the summer we paid several visits to T. Hardy at Max Gate. He is a wonder, if you like! At 87½ without a deficiency of sight, hearing, mind or conversation. Very tiny and fragile, but full of spirit and a gaiety not quite consistent in the most pessimistic of poets. He and I colloqued merrily of past generations, like two antediluvian animals sporting in the primeval slime. 78)

The two writers did, of course, have a great deal in common since they were both connected with the south west of England. The novelist's connection with Dorchester has just been mentioned, and Gosse was brought up partly in South Devon; Gosse recalled that his father used to "sing loud Dorsetshire songs of his early days, in a strange, broad Wessex lingo that I loved".⁷⁹⁾ The surroundings of Gosse's childhood are not unlike the surroundings in Hardy's novels. This was indubitably an important factor in their friendship.

When Hardy died, his widow suggested that Gosse edit the novelist's correspondence. The veteran critic hesitated:-

My first impulse was to decline it at once, on account of my great age and failing strength. But after reflection, I have determined to accept it, at all events provisionally.

Gosse envisaged the book as a "typical selection, with examples from all sides of T. H.'s intellectual experience". He got in touch with Siegfried Sassoon, who was to assist the aged Edmund Gosse.⁸⁰⁾

Some aspects of Hardy's career are similar to aspects of the career of Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian playwright. Both men changed style, as it were, in mid-career. Ibsen, after having written several plays in verse-form, turned to prose in The Young Men's Union in 1869, and in Kejser og Galilæer in 1873. Gosse's response with regard to the latter play was rather unfavourable. It was "hardly credible", said Gosse, that Ibsen, who had been so successful in verse should turn to prose, "It is as if Orpheus should travel hellwards without his ivory lyre".⁸¹⁾ Hardy's career had reached its peak in the 1890s when the novelist decided to become a poet. This caused a great deal of controversy. In this case Gosse's reaction was more favourable than when Ibsen, some years previously, made the reverse change, although there are signs that he still preferred the novels - later he pointed out, "there survives a

tendency to take the verse of Mr. Hardy, abundant and solid as it has become, as a mere subsidiary and ornamental appendage to his novels."⁸²⁾ However, although Hardy changed the format of his work, he stuck to Wessex. According to Gosse, Hardy had thought of making the change earlier but he was dissuaded by Leslie Stephen and he wrote The Return of the Native instead.⁸³⁾ Gosse thought very highly of Hardy's poetry, and he lost no opportunity in telling the poet; of The Dynasts he said that it "will live as one of the most original and beautiful productions of the present age", and in 1917 he wrote to Hardy saying he was better than ever.⁸⁴⁾ The Dynasts was a rather ambitious project with what Gosse called a "huge dramatic panorama". Many other collections, like, for instance, the Wessex Tales, were quite different as they were not sweeping accounts out of European history but depictions of Wessex. Gosse found that it was in these poems that Hardy's "metrical imagination is most triumphant".⁸⁵⁾ Hardy may be described as a poet close to the soil, that is the soil of Wessex, and Gosse points out that Hardy's grandmother told the poet many stories from Wessex in the eighteenth century, stories which Hardy made use of in his fiction. In many respects, Hardy's concentration on Wessex, in prose as well as verse, is probably what made Hardy such a fine novelist. Had he spread himself over a wider geographical area, his qualities might have been more difficult to discern. As it is, the narrowing of scope has proved to be a great boon as it gave Hardy the opportunity for making his picture of Wessex detailed. Another factor is worth notice here; when the background in each novel (and many poems) is familiar and the conventions known, there is more space to be devoted to things like description of human character, the key-issue in novels. Gosse realized and understood this concentration on Wessex:-

As in his novels so in his poems, Mr. Hardy has chosen to remain local, to be the interpreter for present and future times of one rich and neglected

province of the British realm. From his standpoint there he contemplates the wide aspect of life, but it seems huge and misty to him, and he broods over the tiny incidents of Wessex idiosyncrasy. His irony is audacious and even sardonic, and few poets have been less solicitous to please their weaker brethren. But no poet of modern times has been more careful to avoid the abstract and to touch upon the real. 86)

The word "brood" is important to Gosse, for he has stated that Hardy is a pessimist - what Gosse calls "the Hardy doctrine". This means that man is abandoned by God and treated with scorn by Nature.⁸⁷⁾ This seems not entirely surprising in a writer who describes farmers and other rural dwellers who are often completely dependent on the whims of the weather. To reiterate: there seems no doubt that the minds of Gosse and Hardy were close to each other, very largely because both were intimately connected with the south west.

VII.

Edmund Gosse's capacity for friendship has been mentioned frequently. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this capacity was that Gosse made friends not only with people of his own age, but very much so with people of different generations - this seems to have been a distinct feature of his life, and his ability to sympathize with people of different ages was probably related to his ability to understand foreign nations. Thus when Gosse was a young man he managed (in the words of Charteris) to "make friends with many of the literary leaders of the day". His visits to Denmark, which we have discussed above, emphasize this. We have also mentioned his hero-worship of various men of literature, for instance Walt Whitman.⁸⁸⁾ When Gosse grew older we hear from him many complaints about the young people of the day; in 1913 he grumbled that "There is something extremely unwholesome in the way reviews are conducted now", and

the year before he died he wrote to Professor Grierson, "Like you, I am driven mad by the noises of civilisation".⁸⁹⁾ Gosse was convinced that the old order was changing. His depression at times was very probably caused by his failing health. He frequently made complaints about the doctors treating himself and his wife. "Tomorrow another specialist is to come. Oh! this multiplication of doctors!"⁹⁰⁾ But in spite of these complaints, Edmund Gosse still kept in touch with young people. It was once said of him, "The only venerable thing about him is the entire generosity with which he gives himself to the cause of younger writers. But when some of these are really growing old, Mr. Gosse, while he will be encouraging them with generous praise, will as surely still be instructing them by his example".⁹¹⁾ A Norwegian critic, L. Aas, summarised his career after his death and started, "Sir Edmund Gosse lived for seventy-nine years but was never tired and old, and was never finished...".⁹²⁾ Gosse's good relations with the younger generation were well-known.⁹³⁾ The two booklets by Bellows, which we have already discussed previously, also show how well the aging Gosse understood and sympathized with younger people. These attitudes of Gosse's must, of course, be put in their historical context. To somebody of Gosse's age in particular, the First World War and the immediate post-war years were a traumatic experience. Although things in England had started to go wrong towards the end of the nineteenth century, the world war still appeared to put a definite end to the "old world" and to begin the terrifying new world of the twentieth century.

The face of literature above all was changing radically, but this did not prevent Gosse from displaying a great interest in what was going on. One of the new writers was the poet Siegfried Sassoon, one of the literary personalities of the Great War (some contemporaries were Robert Graves and Rupert Brooke). Hamo Thornycroft, Edmund Gosse's close friend, was Siegfried

Sassoon's uncle. Sassoon had sent Gosse one or two collections of poetry, and in 1909 Gosse responded with a letter criticizing them for certain errors but generally encouraging Sassoon.⁹⁴⁾ This continued after they met, and there is also a letter from Gosse on the subject of The Daffodil Murderer. The contact was maintained throughout the war - Gosse wrote, "I am much struck by the increased firmness of handling and the sincerity of your work. I hope you will not overdo the irregularity of versification".⁹⁵⁾ The friendship continued until Gosse's death - the aging critic giving his opinion on Sassoon's writings.⁹⁶⁾ When Thomas Hardy died, it was suggested (as mentioned above) that Sassoon and Gosse should edit his letters. Unfortunately, because of Gosse's own death shortly afterwards, nothing came of it.⁹⁷⁾ Sassoon was obviously very grateful for this connection with the great critic of the age.

Two or three times in a twelve-month I go there [to the Gosses' house in Hanover Terrace]. And Gosse is always genial. I went there unwillingly this evening. But I came home feeling grateful to Gosse. He always sends me away with a desire to excel in the honourable craft of literature. He is a faithful servant to the distinctions and amenities of decent writing. He upholds delicacy and precision in the art of letters. And for that, as Johnson would say, "he is to be applauded".

And of course there was Gosse's connection with the past; Sassoon once put it in this way: "...I was on my way to have dinner with someone who would probably have known Keats and Shelley - or even Shakespeare - if he'd happened to have been born in time for it!" And there was the fact that for many years Gosse was the Librarian to the House of Lords. (Sassoon again, "... that beautiful Library was surely an ideal background for the Edmund Gosse of my imaginations".⁹⁸⁾ There are many other instances of Gosse befriending younger men of letters; we have already mentioned the French writer, Gide.

VIII.

Among Gosse's few works of fiction is The Unequal Yoke, a short novel of roughly the same length as his The Secret of Narcisse, and a sort of contemporary Romeo and Juliet with a difference, but, as we shall see, quite a different small novel altogether. There are, of course, some similarities. In a way they both deal with spiritual problems; The Secret of Narcisse depicts the power of superstition in a late medieval French town, and The Unequal Yoke deals with problems relating to religion in nineteenth century London. The novel was published anonymously, in three instalments, in the English Illustrated Magazine in 1886. Simon Nowell-Smith's Letters to Macmillan makes it quite clear that Gosse wrote the story, because in a letter written on 3rd June, 1886 he calls it "my story" and he says that Andrew Lang urged him to print it. Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan read the novel and wrote that:-

[The writer] is evidently penetrated through and through with the bitterness of nonconformity, and loses consequently his artistic self-control when he comes to represent the fashionable and prelatival side of things. His solecisms are frequent and extreme.

This judgement is a little too severe, and anyway, the novel was serialized.⁹⁹⁾

By 1885 Gosse had been working at the Board of Trade in Whitehall for a decade, and his time there provided him with much material, which is used in the novel. One of the characters, Frank Capulett, works in the civil service at the Ministry of Agriculture. Gosse himself was a translator. Compared with the strict examinations of today, it was fairly easy for Gosse to join the civil service.¹⁰⁰⁾ His predecessor, a Hungarian gentleman, died. The Permanent Secretary wanted to bring in his family governess but she did not speak any of the Scandinavian languages and Gosse seemed the obvious choice. Apparently, Gosse found things rather difficult to start with. Charteris,

"Thrown among Charter-parties and Bills of Lading, expressed with all their technicalities in the Scandinavian languages, he was soon floundering and at sea". However, judging from the fact that Gosse stayed in the Civil Service for twenty-nine years, one can conclude that he must have been fairly competent.¹⁰¹⁾ The Unequal Yoke gives us several lengthy descriptions of Whitehall, ministry life, the surroundings and the atmosphere.

The crowd in Whitehall is official, discreet, and impersonal. Here is the Secretary, revolving parliamentary measures which will ring through the country from end to end, but without the echo of his name; here is the clerk with his head full of dogs, or music, or lawn-tennis - a little degenerated already with the regular security of an unambitious official life; here is the meticulous office messenger, as confidential as a butler, carrying a large blue envelope from the Foreign Office to the War Office. 102)

These observations are obviously personal ones. And so, perhaps, are the descriptions - in some cases comical - of various civil servants. There is, for instance, "The Queen of Sheeba", or Sir Eusebius Holcroft, a typical senior civil servant. He adheres closely to the rules and conventions of Whitehall and is outraged when he espies Jane Baxter visiting in a government office. ^{Like} ~~As~~ most senior civil servants, Sir Eusebius is hoping for a peerage.¹⁰³⁾ In fact, many of the traditional aspirations as well as fears of civil servants are discussed. As one of them, Leyoncrona, says, "How would you like to be one of those poor devils of public servants in France and America, who are sacked when the Minister goes out of office?"¹⁰⁴⁾

The Unequal Yoke is very much a domestic novel - the whole action taking place in and around London (apart from a small "digression" to Brighton). In this respect, too, it is a contrast to The Secret of Narcisse, and "A Norwegian Ghost-Story", which we discussed above - in those stories Gosse was introducing strange and exotic surroundings to his English readers. In a way, however, it could be said that he is using the same

kind of approach here. In this respect the story is similar to George Gissing's The Nether World, where certain parts of London are presented as foreign territory. Describing the whereabouts of the Ministry of Agriculture Edmund Gosse comments that even many cabmen do not know where it is. London can indeed seem a strange wilderness -

The darkness gathered fast around them as they walked past the gorgeous scarlet and white sentry that haunts the arch of the Horse Guards, and by the glimmering groves of St. James's Park up the steps into Waterloo Place, and so gained Regent Street. All this commonplace walk had the fascination of novelty to Jane, essentially a country girl, who did not know her London. When she found herself at Picadilly Circus she exclaimed with astonishment, for she had completely lost herself in strange ground.

Leyoncrona has his rooms in the heart of London. Gosse emphasizes that this is not good for the health but very convenient. The Capuletts, of course, live in Kensington, and the Baptist family, the Baxters, live in the less fashionable but still genteel area of Maida Vale.¹⁰⁵⁾ The emphasis in the story is on the busy London of business, a fascinating metropolis bustling with activity. Gosse is keen to point out the contrast between this hectic world and what you might call "muffled" London, because the large city does provide privacy and calm, like Mr. Leyoncrona's apartments: "though the Strand was within gunshot of him, as the crow is shot, he hardly heard a murmur of that great volume of sound."¹⁰⁶⁾ But nineteenth century London still had much more easily definable limits or borders than the London of today, and near the end of the novel Jane Baxter can walk away in a north-westerly direction "till she had left London far behind her". The distinctions were clearer then than they are now.¹⁰⁷⁾ Brighton, really a special case, was mentioned above. The Capuletts spend their Christmas at this, for Londoners, so popular resort. But it is only briefly mentioned and does not steal

any attention from London, really the only scene of action.

In the well-defined surroundings of London, the main themes are manners and conventions. Such apparently superficial things create many difficulties. Again, Gosse tries to deal with the problems as if he were an outsider - just as he did (more convincingly) in the Norwegian story. This is undoubtedly why Macmillan found the writer penetrated with non-conformity (this group being the outsiders). There is a clash between the two families, the Baxters and the Capulets, brought about by the engagement of Jane and Frank. The two families are both prejudiced against each other. This is to some extent caused by religious differences but these are of less importance than the social ones. The Baxters are dissenters, or non-conformists, like Gosse's own parents. Dr. Baxter, the head of the family, is also a priest originally from Somerset, and "it was thought that great shrewdness had been shown in bringing up so effective a preacher from the country to a large town congregation".¹⁰⁸⁾ It was normally thought that dissenters were glum and cheerless; and Gosse is eager to point out that this is far from the case. As Frank Capulett says to his sweetheart, "I thought the Dissenters were always moaning and groaning. I was quite surprised to find the service [at the Baptist Chapel] so - so amusing". In many other books Gosse saw it as his mission to root out misconceptions about foreign nations; here he attempts to root out prejudices about minority denominations.¹⁰⁹⁾ And these were very widespread prejudices. The dissenters were not allowed a niche in Victorian society. It is felt that when Jane and Frank start seeing each other, the two families should also meet, in spite of Frank's remark that "neither of us marries the other's relations". John Baxter (Jane's brother) is merely stating the obvious in his conversation with Frank when he says that, "You belong to one part of society and we to another".¹¹⁰⁾ As a result of this conversation Mrs. Capulett and

one of her daughters pay a visit to the Baxters. Mrs. Capulett, or Lady Priscilla, Frank's mother, is something of a virago, and very set in her views, but she displays an extraordinary degree of tolerance (objecting only to the Baxters' pet mice); and the alliance is - almost miraculously - accepted. The original romantic attachment between Frank and Jane is soon forgotten in this social exercise. The engagement is finally broken off by Frank.¹¹¹⁾ This act is not considered to be entirely honourable by Frank's sisters and by his father. Lady Priscilla, however, is somewhat relieved, and her prejudices are reinforced; as she writes to her cousin, the Bishop, "Your reward ought to be the sense of the noble work you are doing in stemming the odious tides of atheism and nonconformity that are sweeping over the country".¹¹²⁾ At the outset of the novel, the Capuletts are on the Continent; it is at this stage that Frank contracts his mésalliance. His mother is the daughter of an Irish earl. For her son, Frank, to contemplate marrying a young Baptist girl is unbelievable. As Lady Priscilla points out, she raised her husband to her position, and she expects Frank to reverse the order of affairs.¹¹³⁾ In fact, she is hoping that Frank will be married by her cousin, the Bishop; and a dissenter of inferior social status does not fit into her plans.¹¹⁴⁾ Frank describes his own family as "rather high" (referring to church) and he adds that his sisters are not interested in the poor as Jane is. "It is something quite new to me, and it seems to me that you all live much more useful lives than the people I have been accustomed to meet".¹¹⁵⁾ The Capuletts are very keen on the theatre; the Baxters do not entirely approve of it. Indeed, Mr. Capulett is himself a playwright albeit of somewhat declining reputation - the description of him is interesting:-

Mr. Capulett was a man who would have received not a single vote in a plébiscite for an English literary

academy, and yet he had no small practical acquaintance with the outer confines of literature. He was the author of some of the most paying melodramas of our age, and there are more than one of his plays which everybody knows by name, and which most people have seen upon the stage. Yet his own name was scarcely known, and it was rapidly declining in reputation year by year, as a form of theatrical amusement less obvious and less mechanical than his came into vogue. 116)

The theatre provides a useful illustration in this novel. Jane Baxter is taken to the theatre by the Capuletts; she is exceedingly nervous about such sinful activity and does not come out of the ordeal with much grace. We have already discussed Gosse's views of the English stage, and indeed some of his own ventures into the dramatic genre. His views are reinforced here, and nothing new comes to light. The distinction between literature and drama is a distinct feature of the nineteenth century, the century of melodrama.

Gosse himself calls the story "this quiet chronicle" and that seems a very accurate description.¹¹⁷⁾ It is a nice and competent novelette about Frank Capulett's callousness. It is not a great work of art - but neither does it deserve the strong criticism that Kingsley Macmillan made. The style is balanced and the language is clearly that of an experienced prose writer such as Gosse.¹¹⁸⁾

IX.

Gosse's general views on literature fit in with his personality, his reputation as well as his writings on individuals. These ideas were expressed in such talks and essays as "The Continuity of Literature" and "Making a Name in Literature". The former in particular very clearly states his ideas. Gosse is defending the historic attitude to literature, an attitude which, alas, is now even more out of vogue than it was at the beginning of this century. Gosse writes that "we must not permit the past to be regarded as a cemetery,

nor the authors of the past as fossils".¹¹⁹⁾ The point is very forcefully argued; Edmund Gosse felt strongly about this - he was very much himself a historic critic. One problem, according to Gosse, is political upheavals, they "tend to accentuate the force of modernism in literary societies.... So, perhaps, we may see, in the common neglect to-day of the great Victorian poets, some echo of the disturbance of the recent European war, which has shattered the meditative and optimistic dreams of popular imagination".¹²⁰⁾

Another factor mentioned by Gosse is the tendency of one age to break with the tradition of the immediately preceding age; a similar point was made in "The Agony of the Victorian Age", which we discussed earlier.

Another modern tendency of which Gosse disapproved was applying the "wrong end of the telescope". This, he explains, happens when "an isolated fragment of literature is made the subject of absolute exhaustive treatment".¹²¹⁾ That kind of approach was certainly

a complete contrast to Gosse's own. His specialty was the broad, sweeping essays, the comprehensive surveys of British and foreign literatures, and here his forte lay. "Making a Name in Literature" should be a subject familiar to Gosse; nevertheless, it is not an autobiographical essay. He tries to ascertain in what ways a literary reputation is established and comes to the conclusion that there are three ways:-

- reviews, private conversations among the leaders of opinion, and the instinctive attraction which leads the general public to discover for itself what is calculated to give it pleasure. ¹²²⁾

However, Gosse then points out that reviews are not as important as they used to be, and decides that "It is in conversation that the fame of the best books is made". The critics are not, after all, ultimate judges, Gosse seems to be saying, we are not entirely responsible for a writer's success or lack thereof; "It rests with the author, not the critic, to destroy

his own reputation".¹²³⁾ However, it is difficult to point to the exact reasons, says Gosse, that make somebody in literature famous. "The increased pressure of competition tells upon the literary career as much as upon any other branch of professional life, and the author who wishes to continue to succeed must keep his loins girded".¹²⁴⁾ It is interesting that Gosse here regards literature as a branch of professional life. The drudgery of a literary career was, as we have seen, pointed out by Gissing, and by Anthony Trollope. As far as Gosse's remarks on criticism, something can be put down to modesty. There is no doubt that Gosse himself at any rate was extremely influential.

CHAPTER 7

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
THE UNITED KINGDOM

One essay is, above all others, crucial to our theme. That is, of course, "The Foreigner at Home".¹⁾ It therefore provides a convenient point of departure for our discussion. In part it is concerned with the very common Victorian problem of the "two nations" - however, Stevenson was pointing to a different division than the one which concerned Disraeli. Britain had ceased to be the one big family it once was - or at least was thought to be. Britain was quite different from some other European nations, which had recently been created from a jumble of small states or duchies. This general background is very important when we read "The Foreigner at Home". The title appears on the surface to be a contradiction in itself, but a contradiction which makes a great deal of sense. To Stevenson most of the world, not just England, was home. What Stevenson is saying is that national borders are not really important - there are other borders which are more real -

It is not only when we cross the seas that we go abroad; there are foreign parts of England; and the race that has conquered so wide an empire has not yet managed to assimilate the islands whence

she sprang. Ireland, Wales, and the Scottish mountains still cling, in part, to their old Gaelic speech. It was but the other day that English triumphed in Cornwall, and they still show in Mousehole, on St. Michael's Bay, the house of the last Cornish-speaking woman. 2)

The most widespread ignorance about Scotland is to be found, not "abroad" but in England. More significantly, there are divisions even within Scotland itself. Stevenson makes this point very clearly in the essay; "Galloway and Buchan, Lothian and Lochaber, are like foreign parts...."³⁾ Especially the distinction between a Highlander and a Lowlander is important - outside Scotland the two "fall upon each other's necks in spirit" but generally, inside Scotland, they are enemies. It is a distinction which many critics have been fond of emphasizing.⁴⁾

In Victorian Britain there was a marked difference between regions - perhaps more so than in other countries. And this difference was most clearly seen or rather heard in the spoken language. "Book English has gone round the world, but at home we still preserve the racy idioms of our fathers, and every county, in some parts every dale, has its own quality of speech, vocal or verbal."⁵⁾ And there was, in the English, a striking lack of knowledge of foreign nations. John Bull - at this time particularly striking in the illustrations of Punch - was a remarkably self-sufficient gentleman in so many ways. It was realized by many English authors that they were indeed suffering from parochialism, or insularity, really in this context the more appropriate word. Many of Dickens's characters represented these features in the extreme, notably Mr. Pecksniff in Martin Chuzzlewit, and, even more so Mr. Podsnap in Our Mutual Friend.⁶⁾ A great deal of parochialism was obviously caused by ignorance, and English ignorance of foreign lands was, as we have said, widespread. But more striking than this was the English ignorance of Scotland; Stevenson maintained that this ignorance could not be described and instead he tells a little story about an

Englishman he met on the train who was completely unaware of the fact that there is a separate Scottish legal system.⁷⁾ Today, Scotland's separate identity and own systems are perhaps more willingly recognized by the English although they still have a long way to go, but in the early days of the British Empire it was thought that at least the British Isles themselves were fairly homogenous. Nevertheless, there were, and still are, a great many differences between England and Scotland (not to mention Wales and Ireland), and these are pointed out by Stevenson; for instance, "the domestic architecture" of England, which is unfamiliar to the Scots. Of more vital importance is what Stevenson calls the constitution of society - or "the very pillars of the empire"; there is a difference between the peoples of England and Scotland. This is, he suggests, largely explained by the difference in education. Education in England is a piece of privilege. Different in Scotland: here, education is truly democratic - "His college life has little of restraint, and nothing of necessary gentility. He will find no quiet clique of the arts". The different classes are taught together, Stevenson says.⁸⁾

Even if Stevenson's observations are not, perhaps, ahead of their time they do represent a very perceptive and unusually frank account of the position in the late Victorian period. "The Foreigner at Home" is very aptly contrasted by "The Scot Abroad". This is a chapter in The Silverado Squatters but its contents really make it a self-contained essay of three pages. Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny, newly-weds, went to the Californian mountains. In this unknown territory Stevenson suddenly became very patriotic. As in "The Foreigner at Home" the differences within Scotland are emphasized - and he continued:-

... There is no special loveliness in that grey country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places, black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking corn-lands; its quaint, grey, castled city, where the

bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, "Oh, why left I my hame?" and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year: there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street-lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning! 9)

All the inter-Scottish differences and prejudices are forgotten, Stevenson points out, one is just happy to be Scottish. Scots wander wide, he observes; this was certainly true of Stevenson himself. (And the chapter finishes with a comparison with the Jews which, unfortunately, is not discussed in detail.)

The remarkable difference between Stevenson's place of birth and his place of death is striking. What could be more different from Samoa than the New Town, which in the eighteenth century was described as being "exposed to very violent winds." "Houses blown down, large trees torn up by the roots, people carried off their feet, are no uncommon circumstances in Edinburgh."¹⁰⁾ The basic facts of Robert Louis Stevenson's childhood and youth are well-known and there is no need for an account of them here. His affection for his native city was certainly mixed. To Mrs. Sitwell he once wrote, "I cannot pretend that I am glad to be back in Edinburgh. I find that I hate the place now to the backbone and only keep myself quiet by telling myself that it is not for ever."¹¹⁾ And yet, on other occasions Stevenson's love for Edinburgh was only too evident. The first paragraph of Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes, for example, includes the sentence, "No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects." (Although McLaren does have a point: "The truth is that, from his adolescence, almost up to the time of leaving Edinburgh, Stevenson felt none of that ardent curiosity for his

city of the kind that Dickens, for instance, felt as a boy and a youth for London."¹²⁾ And when writing to Charles Baxter from Davos in 1881, Stevenson was very keen to hear some more "Edinburgh gossip":-

Ah! what would I not give to steal this evening with you through the big, echoing, college archway, and away south under the street lamps, and away to dear Brash's, now defunct! But the old time is dead also, never, never to revive. It was a sad time too, but so gay and so hopeful, and we had such sport with all our low spirits and all our distresses, that it looks like a kind of lamplit fairyland behind me. O for ten Edinburgh minutes - sixpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear mysterious Leith Walk! 13)

As noted, Stevenson seemed to be more interested in Edinburgh when he was actually away from the city, not unlike many other Scots. Thus, Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes was written in France.¹⁴⁾ That is certainly remarkable; if nothing else it testifies to Stevenson's ability to visualize and describe things far away.¹⁵⁾

A parallel case is provided by Stevenson's last two novels Weir of Hermiston and St. Ives. The latter is the story of a French soldier who during the Napoleonic wars is imprisoned in the Castle in Edinburgh, and as Chesterton put it, "But indeed we might fancy it was Stevenson and not St. Ives who was imprisoned on Edinburgh Rock".¹⁶⁾ The Frenchman escapes from captivity during the night, and as dawn begins, this description is given:-

Soon, by concurrent steps, the day began to break and the fog to subside and roll away. The east grew luminous and was barred with chilly colours, and the Castle on its rock, and the spires and chimneys of the upper town, took gradual shape, and arose, like islands, out of the receding cloud. All about me was still and sylvan; the road mounting and winding, with nowhere a sign of any passenger, the birds chirping, I suppose for warmth, the boughs of the trees knocking together, and the red leaves falling in the wind. 17)

Stevenson called his book Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes. The title would seem to indicate a fairly informal and unambitious essay, although not everybody at the time

felt that.¹⁸⁾ However, it remains what might be called a string of notes - very picturesque ones to be sure. Indeed, to quote Chesterton once more, "Now Stevenson's life was really what we call picturesque; partly because he saw everything in pictures."¹⁹⁾ One can easily perceive, in Stevenson's book, a tone of restraint and objectivity.²⁰⁾

When reading Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes one is struck by the large number of implicit and explicit contrasts. Note, for instance, this description of the city:-

In a place no larger than Edinburgh, and where the traffic is mostly centred in five or six chief streets, the same face comes often under the notice of an idle stroller. In fact, from this point of view, Edinburgh is not so much a small city as the largest of small towns. It is scarce possible to avoid observing your neighbours; and I never yet heard of any one who tried. 21)

The fact about Edinburgh is, of course, that the city limits are fairly easy to define compared to, say, Glasgow and the much larger London; and this brings to light that other well-known contrast between the country and the city, a contrast which, for the reason outlined, is particularly visible in Edinburgh. This is pointed out in Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes and particularly in the last chapter called "To the Pentland Hills", "On three sides of Edinburgh, the country slopes downward from the city, here to the sea, there to the fat farms of Haddington, there to the mineral fields of Linlithgow."²²⁾ One might say that Stevenson applies extroversions even to his concept of the city of Edinburgh. Thus, his criticism of the planning of the 'New Town' concerns its introspection -

It cannot be denied that the original design was faulty and short-sighted, and did not fully profit by the capabilities of the situation. The architect was essentially a town bird, and he laid out the modern city with a view to street scenery, and to street scenery alone. The country did not enter his plan; he had never lifted his eyes to the hills. If he had so chosen, every street upon the northern

slope might have been a noble terrace and commanded an extensive and beautiful view. But the space has been too closely built; many of the houses front the wrong way, intent, like the Man with the Muck-Rake, on what is not worth observation, and standing discourteously back-foremost in the ranks; and in a word, it is too often only from attic windows, or here and there at a crossing, that you can get a look beyond the city upon its diversified surroundings. But perhaps it is all the more surprising, to come suddenly on a corner, and see a perspective of a mile or more of falling street, and beyond that woods and villas, and a blue arm of sea, and the hills upon the farther side.

It is quite appropriate that this chapter should be called "New Town: Town and Country".²³⁾ At least the air comes not only from the sea but also from the hills and gives the New Town some of its special characteristics, for better or worse. And as far as the Old Town ("Old Town: the Land") is concerned, it depends not only on the new quarters that lie around it, but also on "the hills that back it up". It received the affectionate cognomen of Auld Reekie because this is how it appeared to observers in rural Fife.²⁴⁾ Stevenson's message is, to paraphrase Donne, that no city is an island, or at any rate that Edinburgh is certainly not an island. The surrounding country-side is a very important feature in any comprehensive and full description of the city. Another significant contrast is, on the one hand the desire for entertainment, very visible in the city and most clearly symbolized by the New Year celebrations; and on the other hand the deeply felt need to observe the Sabbath.

Sometimes, by a sore stroke of fate for this Calvinistic people, the year's anniversary falls upon a Sunday, when the public-houses are inexorably closed, when singing and even whistling is banished from our homes and highways, and the oldest toper feels called upon to go to church. Thus pulled about, as if between two loyalties, the Scots have to decide many nice cases of conscience, and ride the marches narrowly between the weekly and the annual observance. 25)

Perhaps the ability to contain all these contrasting

elements is the very reason for Edinburgh's durability. This was seen most clearly in the eighteenth century. Smollett spoke of Edinburgh as "a hot-bed of genius" which undoubtedly it was, and yet, other things were happening too. It was as Moray McLaren has aptly described it, "Edinburgh in the eighteenth century was a city of high living, high thinking and high stinking."²⁶⁾

One aspect of Stevenson's childhood in Edinburgh which has interested many critics was his relationship with his father. There are some similarities here between Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse. When the latter visited Stevenson at Braemar in 1881 he wrote back to his wife, Nellie,

The family here consists of Mr. Stevenson père (who is something like Father), Mrs. Stevenson mère (who is brisk and practical & evangelical), the young couple & Sam. I like both the old couple very much already. Louis I think looks better than I thought he would. 27)

Although many Scottish books deal with father/son relationships Stevenson never wrote a book such as Father and Son, but some of his novels treat similar themes, notably Weir of Hermiston and The Misadventures of John Nicholson. The latter has never been very popular; it is, nevertheless, an extremely well-written short-story and a crucial piece of work because of its autobiographical value. It is noticeable that John Nicholson is a very serious story - much more serious than Gosse's Father and Son, which was discussed in detail earlier. The seriousness of John Nicholson can be explained in part by the simple fact that it is a Christmas Story (first published in Yule-Tide, Cassell's Christmas Annual in 1887) and therefore it has to conform to certain of the Christmas book conventions best known, perhaps, from Dickens. But there are other differences between Gosse's and Stevenson's two works. In Father and Son the emphasis is on the author's childhood (with the father as the most prominent figure) whereas in John Nicholson Stevenson is

concentrating on John's adult years and is really depicting the effects of childhood. There are other obvious differences - all the characters in the Stevenson story are entirely fictional; Gosse's book is factual with only some details disguised.²⁸⁾ Nevertheless, all the autobiographical elements in John Nicholson are striking, for instance several of the episodes in the story. There are, first of all, John's escapades into the demi-monde of Edinburgh. The descriptions of these are very vivid and they undoubtedly rely largely on personal experience. For instance, Collette's, the nightclub, which - it is pointed out - is not nearly as sinful as might be first thought: "Collette was simply an unlicensed publican, who gave suppers after eleven at night, the Edinburgh hour of closing".²⁹⁾ Worse for John is the bad company he keeps. In the first chapter of the story the author clearly takes the side of the younger generation and describes Mr. Nicholson as "a jealous parent" but subsequent events clearly demonstrate that Allan (John's friend) is indeed a somewhat bad influence; at the same time as John returns to Scotland, Allan murders one of his tenants: "He was quite mad, and instead of going to prison, had been taken to Morningside Asylum."³⁰⁾

It is tempting to see in some friends of Stevenson's such as William Henley and Bob Stevenson the original of Alan Houston; indeed, as John in the story admires Alan ("everything about him down even to his shirt-sleeves and wrist-links, were seen by John through a luxurious glory") so Stevenson admired Henley - in the words of Jenni Calder, "Louis admired immensely Henley's courage in the face of pain and boredom, and his determination to carve himself out a literary career under adverse circumstances". Jenni Calder continues to describe the friendship,

It was the spirit of adventure that they shared most genuinely, with its ingredients of rebellion and irreverence. It was a spirit that they en-

couraged in themselves and each other certainly partly because of their respective disabilities. It was a conscious effort sometimes, a deliberate compensation, as well as the natural bubbling over of excitement and a belief in action. 31)

Henley may perhaps have provided inspiration for Stevenson but the character of Alan is certainly not completely modelled on Henley, merely he may have been the point of departure, as happened in the case of Long John Silver, who was originally conceived with Henley in mind.³²⁾ Stevenson did not often describe what he called his "frolics" - however, one account, in a letter to Gosse, is quite interesting.

You will probably be glad to hear that I am up again in the world; my news is better, Gosse; I have breathed again and had a frolic on the strength of it. The frolic was yesterday, Sabbath; the scene the Royal Hotel, Bathgate; I went there with a humorous friend, the hero of the German Governess, to lunch; the maid soon showed herself a lass of character. She was looking out of window; on being asked what she was after "I'm lookin' for my lad" says she. "Is that him?" - "Yeel, I've been lookin' for him a' my life and I've never seen him yet," was the response." 33)

There were some less well-documented exploits into the underworld of Edinburgh - and from time to time he even did some slumming:-

I was down at Leith in the afternoon. God bless me, what horrid women I saw; I never knew what a plain-looking race it was before. I was sick at heart with the looks of them. And the children, filthy and ragged! And the smells! And the fat black mud! 34)

These observations are close to those made by English travellers such as Edmund Gosse. In the story John decides to leave home, and like Stevenson (in 1879) he goes to California. Here again Robert Louis Stevenson is building on personal experience (John was "rooked", "robbed", "beaten", "starved", and "at last taken up by charitable folk, restored to some degree of self-complacency").³⁵⁾ John makes his fortune in California in a different way from Stevenson, but in

both cases it is the New World which provides solace and a way out, after which both returned to Edinburgh. Stevenson's affection for his native city is particularly evident when describing John's return:-

Meanwhile he walked familiar streets, merry reminiscences crowding round him, sad ones also, both with the same surprising pathos. The keen frosty air; the low, rosy, wintry sun; the Castle, hailing him like an old acquaintance; the names of friends on door-plates; the sight of friends whom he seemed to recognise, and whom he eagerly avoided, in the streets; the pleasant chant of the north-country accent; the dome of St. George's reminding him of his last penitential moments in the lane...

And before that, the account of John's departure from Edinburgh is equally descriptive, the city is completely empty, characterized by its "great Sabbath quiet" so as to match John's mood of "mere desolation and despair".³⁶⁾ It is significant that virtually the whole story takes place in Edinburgh - this is the place where John's misadventures happen. The adventures, occurring in California, are but briefly rendered in a summary, and the narrator makes it very clear that he wants to be brief, although there is a number of references to San Francisco in the story.³⁷⁾

One other aspect of the story which may have some similarities with fact is John's love for, and eventual marriage with, Flora. Before John goes away very little is told about Flora Mackenzie but John's love for her is firmly established in our minds - especially after John spends thirty minutes alone on the Calton Hill repeating her name again and again. When he returns many years later he meets Flora again while she is a sick-nurse for his sister. Flora feeds the starving waif that John has become. He tells her his story; Flora's response is to order him on his knees to beg God's forgiveness, "And the great baby plumped upon his knees, and he did as he was bid; and none the worse for that!" John in fact appears to crumble entirely as an independent character, and he puts himself at Flora's command. It is Flora, assisted by John's brother, who brings about the

reconciliation between Mr. Nicholson and his prodigal son. And the story concludes with the marriage between John and Flora - as the narrator puts it, "Flora led John - to the altar". The mysterious narrator ends the story thus:-

The last I saw of them, on a recent visit to the north, was at a dinner-party in the house of my old friend Gellatly Macbride; and after we had, in classic phrase, "rejoined the ladies", I had an opportunity to overhear Flora conversing with another married woman on the much canvassed matter of a husband's tobacco.

"O yes!" said she; "I only allow Mr. Nicholson four cigars a day. Three he smokes at fixed times - after a meal, you know, my dear; and the fourth he can take when he likes with any friend."

"Bravo!" thought I to myself; "this is the wife for my friend John!" 38)

This could be a reflection upon Stevenson's own marriage with Fanny although there is no sign that Stevenson lost all independent thought like John Nicholson. The last sentence is interesting since - to some extent at least - the narrator reveals himself as a friend of John's. On one other occasion does he use the first person; that is in his description of Collette's, "the Bar was very well represented on the only occasion on which I flew in the face of my country's laws, and, taking my reputation in my hand, penetrated into that grim supper-house."³⁹⁾ Stevenson shows all the signs of speaking from personal experience. John's desire for adventure is certainly not dissimilar to Stevenson's own. For both, as mentioned, the United States provided a land of golden opportunity. But John's sense of adventure was with him from the start and the reasons seem almost inextricably connected with the very architecture of the New Town and the strict sabbatarianism of the Edinburgh establishment. John's upbringing is exceedingly secure and somewhat oppressive as a consequence - the wish to break out is natural. Gosse's background, interestingly enough, was quite different from John Nicholson's and Robert Louis Stevenson's. The Gosses went through some hard times:-

On my Father's books and lectures, therefore, the whole weight now rested, and that at a moment when he was depressed and unnerved by anxiety. It was contrary to his principles to borrow money, so that it became necessary to pay doctor's and chemist's bills punctually, and yet to carry on the little household with the very small margin. Each artifice of economy was now exercised to enable this to be done without falling into debt, and every branch of expenditure was cut down, clothes, books, the little garden which was my Father's pride, all felt the pressure of new poverty. Even our food, which had always been simple, now became Spartan indeed, and I am sure that my Mother often pretended to have no appetite that there might be enough to satisfy my hunger.

And the Gosses' brand of religion was also quite different from that of Thomas Stevenson. The Scotsman was a pillar of the establishment, Philip Gosse was a Dissenter.⁴⁰⁾ (Mrs. Gosse was - as Edmund discovered years later - American.)

Justice and religion play minor parts in the story. John's misadventures are caused by what is called a "judicial error" - this is Stevenson the lawyer pointing out that things can go wrong. But it is largely a vehicle for sending John off on his adventures although as Flora points out, he could very well have avoided his predicament by showing a little common sense.⁴¹⁾ Of course, both religion and the law seem to be professions closely interwoven with Edinburgh and it was no accident that Stevenson's professional training was as an advocate. Stevenson's attitude to religion in the story is characteristically a conciliatory one, not exactly in favour of the strict Christianity represented by Mr. Nicholson but not against it either; and certainly not against the rather milder brand of Christianity represented by Flora.⁴²⁾ Mr. Nicholson is presented at first as a very strict man -

His [John's] father - that iron gentleman - had long ago enthroned himself on the heights of the Disruption Principles.... A stranger to the tight little theological kingdom of Scotland might have listened and gathered literally nothing. And Mr. Nicholson (who was not a dull man) knew this, and

raged at it. He knew there was a vast world outside to whom Disruption Principles were as the chatter of tree-top apes;... And when he entered his own house in Randolph Crescent... his heart swelled with security. Here, at least, was a citadel unassailable by right-hand defections or left-hand extremes. Here was a family where prayers came at the same hour, where the Sabbath literature was unimpeachably selected, where the guest who should have leaned to any false opinion was instantly set down, and over which there reigned all the week, and grew denser on Sundays, a silence that was agreeable to his ear, and a gloom that he found comfortable. 43)

But he mellows. Chapter Nine, entitled "In which Mr. Nicholson concedes the principle of an allowance", marks the turning-point. He is reconciled to his son and there is a happy ending. The last paragraph was quoted above - to a very large extent the story sets forth what could have been if Stevenson's health had been good enough to allow him to remain in Scotland.

CHAPTER 8

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
FRANCE

From an early age Robert Louis Stevenson's interest in foreign lands and languages was evident. The very first letter included in Sidney Colvin's collection of The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson is composed in an amusing school boy type mixture of French and English, and written at Spring Grove School near London, which Stevenson attended in 1863. "Je suis presque driven mad par une bruit terrible tous les garçons kik up comme grand un bruit qu'il est possible. I hope you will find your house at Mentone nice." The letter continues with an appeal to be allowed to join his parents in France.¹⁾ So already in adolescence Stevenson had a taste for travel abroad. However, while he was a student his foreign travel was extremely limited. But Stevenson did travel extensively within Scotland. These journeys were undertaken as part of his studies on the light-houses there (he was following family tradition - in the words of Graham Balfour, his biographer, "Father and sons, the Stevensons were civil engineers, and to the grandsons naturally, in course of time, the business would be transferred."²⁾) Many of them were in windy and inhospitable places on the Western Isles and Shet-

land - truly a veritable contrast to Stevenson's later dwelling places, although as sparsely populated islands they also have some obvious similarities with the South Sea Isles. For health reasons this career among the rocks of the Scottish coastline had to be abandoned. So in 1872 Robert Louis Stevenson went to the Continent. He got on well with the Germans at his hotel in Frankfurt; they were extremely interested in Scotland, and Stevenson indulged in what he called "my patriotic garrulage" rambling on about education at home. "I am generally glad enough to fall back again, after these political interludes, upon Burns, toddy, and the Highlands."³⁾ Stevenson found the hotel too expensive and moved into lodgings: "Last night we went to bed about ten, for the first time householders in Germany - real Teutons, with no deception, spring, or false bottom."⁴⁾ Stevenson enjoyed his trip thoroughly and was certainly developing a healthy appetite for travelling.⁵⁾

Naturally, some countries fascinated Stevenson more than others. His first impressions of Germany were fairly favourable, but the nation of Bismarck did not influence Stevenson greatly, and it was not really until he encountered German colonialism in the South Seas that he started thinking systematically about the Germans.⁶⁾ France, on the other hand, had a great impact on him (and Belgium and Switzerland to some extent). In fact, it could be said that France and the United States were his two favourite countries,

But, indeed, I think we all belong to many countries. I am a Scotchman, touch me and you will find the thistle; I am a Briton, and live and move and have my being in the greatness of our national achievements; but am I to forget the long hospitality of that beautiful and kind country, France? Or has not America done me favours to confound my gratitude? Nay, they are all my relatives; I love them all dearly; and should they fall out among themselves (which God in his mercy forbid!), I believe I should be driven mad with their conflicting claims upon my heart. 7)

Scotland was always, of course, on fairly amicable terms

with France; and sometimes a bond between the two was felt, especially when faced with the common foe, England. This has become a feature of European history. In the fifteenth century the establishment of the Scottish universities at St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen took most of their ideas from France rather than from Oxford and Cambridge; and later, in 1745, Scotland received (albeit lukewarm) support from the French against the English. Of course, by Stevenson's day the Union of 1707 was very firmly established but the emotional links still lingered, and to some extent they still linger to-day.³⁾ It was indeed to France that Stevenson was "banished" in 1873. This was very much a crisis year for him - the quarrel with his father had reached a climax, and he was trying to decide on a career. He considered, for example, studies for the English Bar. But he was unwell and so he was packed off to the south of France for the winter.⁹⁾ From this apparently quite pleasant experience was created the essay "Ordered South" -

The promise is so great, and we are all so easily led away when hope and memory are both in one story, that I daresay the sick man is not very inconsolable when he receives sentence of banishment, and is inclined to regard his ill-health as not the least fortunate accident of his life.

Stevenson furthermore notes that the places to which invalids are normally sent are extremely beautiful. All the associations of the word "south" are rosy and pleasant.¹⁰⁾ But Stevenson's most important observation concerns "the mind's eye":-

We admire splendid views and great pictures; and yet, what is truly admirable is rather the mind within us, that gathers together these scattered details for its delight, and makes out of certain colours certain distributions of graduated light and darkness, that intelligible whole which alone we call a picture or a view. Hazlitt, relating in one of his essays how he went on foot from one great man's house to another's in search of works of art, begins suddenly to triumph over these noble and wealthy owners, because he was more capable of enjoying their costly possessions than they were...

"No man can find out the world, says Solomon, from beginning to end, because the world is in his heart", he wrote, and so in a sense Stevenson was always at home wherever he travelled.¹¹⁾ More evidence of this can be seen in his early travel books An Inland Voyage and Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes. It is an interesting fact that these travels were undertaken not for reasons of health but more as exciting adventures - somewhat rough adventures at times. And Stevenson did not survive them entirely unscathed. In his grateful dedication to Walter Simpson, Stevenson, or, as he calls himself in An Inland Voyage, the "Arethusa", admits to being a derelict wreck of mankind. During Stevenson's Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes (which we will discuss below) he often spent nights in the open; something which certainly did not improve his already fragile constitution.

An Inland Voyage has little intrinsic value. It is clearly a modest book - the most notable thing about it is that it was Stevenson's first book.¹²⁾ Stevenson himself was not overenthusiastic about it. An Inland Voyage is indeed pleasant if unremarkable. As Jenni Calder rightly remarked, hardly anything happens in the book.¹³⁾ It is in all senses a quiet book which drifts along in much the same way as the two travellers drifted along the waterways of Western Europe. This means that it is very difficult to sum up An Inland Voyage - it is perhaps more like a painting than a piece of prose.

In fact, the most interesting thing about An Inland Voyage is the many reflections which Stevenson makes in the course of his voyage. Some are the typical reflections of travellers, but as has been pointed out Stevenson was no ordinary traveller.¹⁴⁾ While journeying through the waterways of Belgium and France he heartily embraced the hospitality of the local population while at the same time reinforcing his patriotic feelings. When Stevenson spoke to a group of children, a little girl said to him that England is "bien loin d'ici". "I was as nearly homesick as ever I was in my life; they seemed to make it

such an incalculable distance to the place where I first saw the day."¹⁵⁾ But meeting a crowd of enthusiastic boating people he was touched by the unexpected warmth and kindness they displayed, "I wonder if French Huguenots were as cordially greeted by English Protestants when they came across the Channel out of great tribulation. But, after all, what religion knits people so closely as a common sport?" In general he seemed pleased by the open and sympathetic attitude of people. However, once again his national feeling was rekindled when he saw soldiers marching to military music. "Reservery and general militarismus (as the Germans call it) were rampant", he wrote, but, paradoxically, the men looked shabby and undisciplined compared to British regiments.¹⁶⁾ It was an interesting remark for a British person to make in 1870, in the middle of what historians have called the Great Peace for Britain.¹⁷⁾

But fellow-Britons come in for much criticism, in particular for their somewhat sanctimonious manners.¹⁸⁾ And interestingly, there are many comparisons between France or Belgium and Scotland; Stevenson became homesick not merely by thinking about home but by being reminded of it constantly. In particular Monastier reminded him of Maybole in Ayrshire...

On the whole, this is a Scottish landscape, although not so noble as the best in Scotland; and by an odd coincidence the population is, in its way, as Scottish as the country. They have abrupt, uncouth, Fifeshire manners, and accost you, as if you were trespassing, with an "Où'st-ce que vous allez?" only translatable into the Lowland "Whau'r ye gaun?" They keep the Scottish Sabbath.... Again, this people is eager to proselytise... Here, as in Scotland, many peasant families boast a son in holy orders. 19)

Indeed, the habit of comparison is carried very far - on occasion into the realms of hypothesis. For instance, describing the effect on France of losing Alsace and Lorraine he reflects that "we shall never know we are Englishmen until we have lost India."²⁰⁾

An Inland Voyage and Travels With a Donkey in the

Cevennes include comments on churches, cathedrals, monasteries, and religion in general; the latter book, however, more than the former. In fact, Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes discusses the relationship between Protestants and Catholics in such great detail that it gives the book a dramatic tension which is lacking in An Inland Voyage. The conflict between the two large Christian denominations in Europe has always been a burning issue and so it was in the Cevennes in Stevenson's day. In many cases politics entered into the controversy too. The two towns of Le Monastier and Florac are contrasted. In Le Monastier -

There are adherents of each of the four French parties - Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Republicans - in this little mountain-town; and they all hate, loathe, decry, and calumniate each other.

Florac encompasses the same divisions but is much quieter - "there was even an exchange of hospitalities between households thus doubly separated."²¹⁾ In Stevenson there was normally a typical British sympathy for the underdog whoever that might be. Thus, in the Protestant strongholds he more than welcomed the Catholic oases:- in the overwhelmingly Protestant St. Germain de Calberte there was one old Catholic church, "Strange was the position of this little Catholic metropolis, a thimbleful of Rome, in such a wild and contrary neighbourhood."²²⁾ Stevenson attempted to regard himself as neutral although he lost no time in describing himself as a Protestant when among that branch of the Church. Thus he talks of "us Protestants", and in Cassagnas he observed, "As a Protestant myself, I was well looked upon, and my acquaintance with history gained me further respect." His Scottish Presbyterian background made itself felt, especially on Sundays, "for I am a countryman of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scottish accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse."²³⁾ However, he made a point of emphasizing that actually, he regarded himself as no Christian at all. This happened when he stayed as a

boarder at the Trappist monastery Our Lady of the Snows; "I... pursued my way... creaking in my secular boots and gaiters...". And predictably it all came out:-

It was only in the morning, over our coffee..., that this couple [guests, a priest and a soldier] found out I was a heretic. I suppose I had misled them by some admiring expressions as to the monastic life around us; and it was only by a point-blank question that the truth came out. I had been tolerantly used both by simple Father Apollinaris and astute Father Michael; and the good Irish deacon, when he heard of my religious weakness, had only patted me on the shoulder and said, "You must be a Catholic and come to heaven." But I was now among a different sect of orthodox. These two men were bitter and upright and narrow, like the worst of Scotsmen, and indeed, upon my heart, I fancy they were worse. The priest snorted aloud like a battle-horse. 24)

He could not run away from his background and although he professed himself a heretic the strong influence of his upbringing made the claim unconvincing. And interestingly, he had a deep fascination with churches and cathedrals; in An Inland Voyage he had written, "Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral: a thing as single and specious as a statue to the first glance, and yet, on examination, as lively and interesting as a forest in detail." 25)

Robert Louis Stevenson was certainly not anti-religion. But he realized that religion could divide people. After leaving the Trappist Monastery he met a group of Protestant pastors in Florac -

I own I met these Protestants with delight and a sense of coming home. I was accustomed to speak their language, in another and deeper sense of the word than that which distinguishes between French and English; for the true Babel is a divergence upon morals. And hence I could hold more free communication with the Protestants, and judge them more justly, than the Catholics. 26)

However, Stevenson goes on to say that he is grateful for even "partial intimacies". It is a very revealing paragraph and very tempting to draw a number of conclusions from it; André Chamson, for example, thought that, "Il fut simplement une occasion pour ce descendant des rigides Covenantaires d'Ecosse de découvrir un peuple différent

du sien, mais qui parlait pourtant, en esprit, le même langage." Chamson is particularly interesting because he writes as a native of the Cevennes. Robert Louis Stevenson truly discovered the Cevennes, Chamson concludes, since no other literary persons had interested themselves in that part of France.²⁷⁾

Very largely the journey was, of course, a sort of rustic slumming exercise, and Stevenson was roughing it, staying at very modest hostels and the like, and sleeping out in the open too. And Daiches's observation that the books are "a sort of high-grade literary exercise" is important - the journeys, as Daiches points out, were undertaken so that books could be written about them.²⁸⁾

II.

Robert Louis Stevenson loved travelling in France and the rest of the Continent. His enjoyment is always obvious when one glances at his letters; for example his observation concerning the patriotism of French dogs, "I just stop to remark upon French dogs, which seem to me more French considerably than the French people. They are charmingly national."²⁹⁾ Stevenson disapproved of the attitudes held by most British people when they went abroad, and he referred specifically to his two favourite nations in a letter to Gosse, "I was glad you enjoyed your visit to the States. Most Englishmen go there with a confirmed design of patronage, as they go to France for that matter; and patronage will not pay."³⁰⁾ Such an idea was antithetical to Robert Louis Stevenson. As we have seen above, there is no hint of patronage in his travel descriptions. And his love of France is manifest throughout his writings. To Marcel Schwob he once wrote:-

Comprehend how I have lived much of my time in France, and loved your country, and many of its people, and all the time was learning that which your country has to teach - breathing in rather that atmosphere of art which can

only there be breathed... 31)

He certainly merged well with the French and it got him into some peculiar language problems -

I cannot write English because I have been speaking French all evening with some French people of my knowledge. It's a sad thing the state I get into, when I cannot remember English and yet do not know French! 32)

It is no surprise that the title-character in one of Stevenson's best known novels, the very late St. Ives, was a Frenchman, a Frenchman whose command of English was perfect (because he had had an English nurse and because his father had spoken English with him).³³⁾ The character of St. Ives could thus combine the best features of the two nations. He had the "social arts" of the Frenchman and yet he could pass himself off as English (or more accurately, as the author explains - perhaps asking the readers to suspend disbelief - in Scotland he could pass for an Englishman and in England for a Scot). St. Ives' journey south through England has some unusually amusing episodes, and the descriptions of the company at the inns are full of vigour - such as those "fine old vatted English stories of that class which is often so enthusiastic as to be inarticulate". While in such company St. Ives himself turns into an arch-tory, mostly for the fun of it:-

... I gave them authentic details (on the authority of a cousin of mine, an ensign) of certain cannibal orgies in Galicia, in which no less a person than General Caffarelli had taken part. I always disliked that commander, who once ordered me under arrest for insubordination... 34)

He does not convince everybody; afterwards he is approached by a secret English admirer of Napoleon and the French, who tells St. Ives, "You are a Frenchman! I hold by the hand, at last, one of that noble race, the pioneers of the glorious principles of liberty and brotherhood."³⁵⁾ St. Ives is not only frightened but also somewhat disgusted - he prefers the British Tory

to this near-traitor. Stevenson seems to be attacking not Napoleon or the French, but the hypocrisy and underhandedness of the Englishman, hypocrisy being in Stevenson's opinion one of the major defects of the English people.³⁶⁾

Robert Louis Stevenson had many favourite spots in France, and he was certainly very fond of the Cevennes, which we have discussed above. But as Gaston Bonet-Maury rightly commented in an extraordinarily perceptive essay, Fontainebleau was favoured above all other places. "Amené, dès 1875, à Barbizon par son cousin le peintre R. A. Stevenson, il y avait formé des relations... et y découvrait chaque fois de nouveaux sites admirables."³⁷⁾ Not least of all, Stevenson met and fell in love with Fanny Osbourne there, so it is no surprise if the place had special connotations for him. These were more important than, for example, the landscape. Fontainebleau made Stevenson think of the position of artists in France and in England. In Fontainebleau the colony of artists is isolated; isolation, says Stevenson, is good for the young artist since all his concentration and effort will be on his art. (The isolation, however, makes the artist vulnerable to invasion by "that essentially modern creature, the English or American girl-student".) But in England "too many painters and writers dwell dispersed, unshielded, among the intelligent bourgeois". It is the insidious influence of what Matthew Arnold only a few years before had so aptly called the Phillistines, which made itself felt.³⁸⁾

Stevenson's love of France was intimately connected with his love of art and literature, and indeed, his préoccupation with style. The social structure of France was different than at home and therefore provided different work-conditions for any artist; style did indeed receive special encouragement here:-

Lastly, there is something, or there seems to be something, in the very air of France that communicates

the love of style. Precision, clarity, the cleanly and crafty employment of material, a grace in the handling, apart from any value in the thought, seem to be acquired by the mere residence; or, if not acquired, become at least the more appreciated. The air of Paris is alive with this technical inspiration. And to leave that airy city and awake next day upon the borders of the forest is but to change externals. The same spirit of dexterity and finish breathes from the long alleys and the lofty groves, from the wildernesses that are still pretty in their confusion, and the great plain that contrives to be decorative in its emptiness. 39)

Stevenson was more conscious of style when he was in France, and this can be seen very clearly in An Inland Voyage and Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes, which are about France and Belgium, and we are aware that even Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes was written in France, so Robert Louis Stevenson obviously practised what he preached. We see it too, in the essay, "Fontaine-bleau. Village Communities of Painters". Stevenson is being very explicit in this essay, "In this continual variety the mind is kept vividly alive. It is a changeful place to paint, a stirring place to live in." And, he adds, "the forest has been civilised throughout."⁴⁰⁾ It is the combination of old and new which is so inspiring and so conducive to producing art of impeccable style. The following essays in the collection Later Essays are along much the same lines. In "A Note on Realism" Stevenson attacks Zola and his followers. He objects to some common misconceptions about Zola; "A man of the unquestionable force of M. Zola spends himself on technical successes. To afford a popular flavour and attract the mob, he adds a steady current of what I may be allowed to call the rancid." Style is to a large extent a question of selection (and, as Stevenson points out, it can be learned). The main fault of modern literature, including works by Zola, is the admission of detail; this has in France "fallen into a merely technical and decorative stage".⁴¹⁾ Stevenson sees it as "idealism versus realism":-

The immediate danger of the realist is to sacrifice the beauty and significance of the whole to local dexterity, or, in the insane pursuit of completion, to immolate his readers under facts; but he comes in the last resort, and as his energy declines, to discard all design, abjure all choice, and, with scientific thoroughness, steadily to communicate matter which is not worth learning. The danger of the idealist is, of course, to become merely null and lose all grip of fact, particularity, or passion.

Stevenson added that his contemporaries were "more apt to err upon the side of realism than to sin in quest of the ideal."⁴²⁾ Stevenson was no doubt conscious of both these directions and was himself perhaps slightly more of an idealist than a realist, but not by any means a complete idealist, and his concern with the organization of some stories (for example, The Ebb-Tide, which we will discuss below) shows that he was indeed conscious of the importance of selection for effect. In "Technical Elements of Style" the message is the same, "Style is synthetic", he states.⁴³⁾ This essay also outlines some of Stevenson's ideas about language both prose and verse. He attempts a detailed analysis of language, and explains that "I am here embarked upon a most distasteful business: taking down the picture from the wall and looking on the back".⁴⁴⁾ There is no need here to go into the details of Stevenson's analysis but only to repeat that he was indeed often conscious of these and other inherent demands of literature. And also to reiterate that his awareness of them was intensified by visits to France.

Among Stevenson's other favourite spots in continental Europe was Davos in Switzerland where the family spent two winters. His "Essays of Travel", a collection of articles, could, perhaps be called "Ordered North" since Stevenson originally went to the Swiss Alps for health reasons, as he had previously been sent to the French Riviera: "The invalid is now asked to lodge on wintry Alps; a ruder air shall medicine him; the demon of cold is no longer to be fled from, but bearded in his den."⁴⁵⁾ Davos had many attractions for Stevenson;

by no means the least important was the presence of John Addington Symonds, as Balfour explained.⁴⁶⁾ And, of course, the place was half-English; and thus a total contrast to the very French Fontainebleau - in Davos "A magazine club supplies you with everything, from the Quarterly to the Sunday at Home".⁴⁷⁾ (However, as Stevenson points out, the place remains half-German.) Interestingly, Davos made Stevenson think of America, of the snowy "Rocky" mountains in northern Colorado: "It is among these mountains in the new State of Colorado that the sick man may find, not merely an alleviation of his ailments, but the possibility of an active life and an honest livelihood."⁴⁸⁾ (Later in life Stevenson was sent, not to the Rocky Mountains, but to the frosty Adirondack Mountains in the State of New York.)

III.

Some of Stevenson's fiction was set in France, but unlike Zola and other contemporary French writers he preferred a setting in the distant past instead of using a modern French background. "Lodging for the Night" and "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" were first published in magazines and then in 1882 in New Arabian Nights. It is tempting to make comparisons between them and Gosse's The Secret of Narcisse, which we mentioned before. The settings are, as we have indicated, not perhaps fashionable ones in the literature of the 1880s and 1890s. They are not quite "Gothick" according to that school of authors but can probably best be described as a compromise between such a setting and a contemporary, domestic one. "A Lodging for the Night" takes place in Paris in late November 1456. The city is not described in any great detail; what is emphasized throughout is the heavy snow. The scene in "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" is the little town of Château Landon in September 1429. It has "intricate lanes" and is confusing for a stranger (such as the main character); "It is an eerie and mysterious position

to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town."⁴⁹⁾ A few buildings are mentioned, such as the inn, the church and its spire, and -

By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighbourhood... ⁵⁰⁾

The town is manifestly very unsafe (and showery too, as befits the middle ages).

Gosse's story takes place in Bar-le-Duc in the Duchy of Barrois and starts (a little later than Stevenson's stories) on Monday before Pentecost in 1548. Gosse is even preciser than Stevenson as regards time: setting for him is much more important. To a very large extent the setting in The Secret of Narcisse is the story whereas in Stevenson's two short-stories it is merely a frame. And in The Secret of Narcisse the population too, takes part. Bar is a very self-sufficient medieval town. Anything or anybody from outside Bar is regarded with deep-rooted suspicion. Thus Narcisse, an artist from the south of France, who has been in Bar for some years, is frowned upon. This fact is frequently remarked on throughout the short novel. For example, "Narcisse was not a savage, perhaps, but he came from a distance, from some place on the high road to Heathenese. He was not Barrois, and why should the Barrois love him?"⁵¹⁾ The town takes an absurdly parochial view of things, and it creates quite a stir when a young woman, Rosalie Mercillat, falls in love with him. However, her father, the gunsmith, approves of the match largely because Narcisse is an extremely reliable business associate.⁵²⁾ Narcisse has a personal

friend in the trumpeter, a very typical product of Barrois but more sociable than most. He is Narcisse's most loyal friend.

The very character of Narcisse is used by Gosse to contrast Bar with the "exotic" south from which he comes. The "southern fields" and "the flat south country" are mentioned to strike home the contrast.⁵³⁾ To conclude, Gosse's concern (almost anxiety) when it comes to stressing the insularity of Bar brings out the didactic nature of the work. The attack is against those whose thought is parochial, those who tolerate nothing the least foreign. The Secret of Narcisse is thus a novel with a message entirely consistent with the rest of Gosse's writings. In the case of both writers the love of (and fascination with) France is obvious.⁵⁴⁾

We have indicated that the setting in Gosse's story is inextricably bound up with the action. The population of Bar turns against Narcisse because Rosalie in a fit of jealousy hints broadly that (to use the somewhat melodramatic terminology of the novel) he has been walking with the devil. In spite of her feeble attempt to stop the wave of hatred he is hanged at the end of the story. Narcisse is only a mere workman sculptor whose "crime" consists in building an intricate wooden model of a human skeleton, which by a mechanism can beat the strings of a zither. Stevenson's stories are stories of action. Francis Villon in "A Lodging for the Night" is in the company of some friends, and when one stabs the other to death they all empty the pockets of the dead body and leave the house separately. We follow Villon as he tramps the snowy streets of Paris and is finally taken in and fed by an old man. They converse all night, and part in disagreement. "The Sire de Malétroit's Door" is about a dashing young man, Denis de Beaulieu, who gets trapped in the house of the Sire de Malétroit. The young man is then forced to marry the niece of the house, or be killed. Dennis decides to

face his death bravely and gallantly, but after a while he and the niece fall in love and the story has a happy ending.

As we can see, rather violent events occur, some of them can certainly be described as very reprehensible in character. The author, however, makes no moral judgements himself, unlike Gosse in The Secret of Narcisse, who is firmly on Narcisse's side. The end of "The Sire de Malétroit's Door" is especially interesting. Denis Beaulieu has been threatened with hanging unless he marries a woman he has never seen before in his life. The young lady's uncle is at this stage his most fiendish enemy. But this is how the story actually ends: "A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good morning."⁵⁵⁾ Nor does Stevenson make any condemnations in the other short-story. Francis Villon is quite open about his rather dubious morals, especially in his discussion with the old man, but there are no attacks. We see, perhaps, traces of Dostoyevski here.⁵⁶⁾ But there are other and older sources of influence too. The story of Denis's plight presents for us that motif of medieval literature, a damsel in distress, as young Blanche desperately and melodramatically pleads with the old man, "Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial."⁵⁷⁾ But soon it is the young cavalier who is in mortal danger. "The Sire de Malétroit's Door" illustrates one attitude to love and romance just as The Secret of Narcisse illustrates another. Edmund Gosse in his story is very matter-of-fact, very practical in his way of describing the relations between Rosalie and Narcisse - they are rather in the nature of habit than of love. When Rosalie arrives at the trumpeter's house and sees Narcisse there... "her good-humour was complete. She took, as by right, her place on the other side of him."⁵⁸⁾ Not the language of a romantic writer; the attitude is fairly

similar to that seen in The Unequal Yoke. "The Sire de Malétroit's Door", on the other hand displays a totally opposite point of view. It is perhaps a more conventional one but it is at any rate more truly romantic; we virtually have an account of love at first sight. But Gosse is really more detailed, and anyway, it is not a description of first meeting.⁵⁹⁾ It is a well-known fact that Stevenson rarely drew portraits of women, and of relationships between men and women; and most of these generally occur towards the latter end of his authorship. It is clear that in "The Sire de Malétroit's Door" the account is very crude, merely conventionally romantic.⁶⁰⁾ This applies all the way down to the language used, which is a very good example of stiff Victorian eloquence. (For example, "I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent.")⁶¹⁾

Both in The Secret of Narcisse and in "A Lodging for the Night" religion is crucial. Everything depends upon it. As Francis Villon tramps through the snowy streets of Paris (right at the beginning of the short-story) the reasons are pondered on:-

Master Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels moulting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honour of the jest and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age. 62)

The theme continues right to the end when Villon is criticized by the old man:-

Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honour, like darkness at morning. 63)

The old man spurns Villon's light-hearted attitude (summed up in Villon's final thought, "A very dull

old gentleman... I wonder what his goblets may be worth".⁶⁴⁾ To emphasize the religious theme clerical persons keep turning up. First of all there is the priest mentioned in the passage quoted above; then there is the drunken monk, Dom Nicolas, and Villon's adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît. The latter displays somewhat un-Christian behaviour and uses "foul unpriestly oaths" when Villon attempts to seek shelter with him.⁶⁵⁾ One might say that the story is steeped in medieval religion and myth, but again Stevenson makes no judgements. The Secret of Narcisse too, is permeated by religion. Here, the church itself plays, as it were, a leading role. In fact, many passages are attacks on the sixteenth century French church. The majority of the population in Bar are misguided. In the first chapter Edmund Gosse describes the grotesque procession, which the widowed Princess holds every Monday and which ends at the notorious church of St. Maze.⁶⁶⁾ The event is not, perhaps, a church-event but it gives us an early indication of the unsoundness of the town's religious and other attitudes. A little later there is a detailed description of the church as Rosalie pays a visit. When Narcisse is suspected of associating with the devil the absurdly superstitious church leads the way. The sacristan, who "seemed to be the leader of the mob", gets into Narcisse's house where "the maiden" is kept:-

"Saint Ignatius and Saint Hippolytus, preserve me! Holy saints of my dedication, hold me in your hands!" murmured the sacristan; and then, in a snappish tone of voice, to Narcisse, "What is under that sheet? Unveil! disrobe! expose!"⁶⁷⁾

The sacristan has turned into the villain of melodrama. And eventually, the whole town is in a frenzy of superstition. The accounts of what the sacristan saw in Narcisse's house become wildly exaggerated: "The devil, with his hoof and claw, had closed the door against the invaders, and it was not until the sacristan had

sprinkled holy water on the lock that it had given way".⁶⁸⁾ Gosse shows how religious teaching can go wrong. Once again, Gosse is being didactic where Stevenson merely wants to tell a story.

CHAPTER NINE

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
THE UNITED STATES

Robert Louis Stevenson's contact with America was fairly extensive. He went to the United States twice, each time suffering from extremely bad health and each time requiring careful nursing. The famous first trip to California is still to some extent shrouded in mystery. Biographers write that Stevenson received a telegram from Fanny Osbourne (whom he had not seen for over a year) summoning him to her sickbed. He almost literally fled Britain and launched upon his trans-Atlantic voyage in some secrecy. Stevenson travelled in the "Second Cabin"; this was almost as bad as travelling steerage but not quite, he did not have to bring his own bedding or dishes and he found "berths and a table completely if somewhat roughly furnished".¹⁾ And, of course, as on earlier "expeditions" (such as the journey with a donkey) it was most important that Stevenson could write about his experiences and turn them into a book, "I am not very well; bad food, bad air, and hard work have brought me down. But the spirits keep good. The voyage has been most interesting, and will make, if not a series of Pall Mall articles, at least the first part of a new book."²⁾ This was followed by an even more uncomfortable

railway-journey across the American continent. The first part of the trip is duly described in The Amateur Emigrant, the second in Across the Plains.

When Stevenson finally reached San Francisco Fanny Osbourne's health had improved; however, Stevenson himself was close to death after the rough journey.³⁾ A great many difficulties had to be overcome before Stevenson and Fanny could marry, not the least being Fanny's divorce arrangements, but eventually the wedding could take place in May 1880.

Seven years later Stevenson was once again bound for the United States, this time with his new family and his fifty-eight year old mother (who had recently been widowed). To their disappointment they discovered that their travelling companions were to consist of two hundred and forty horses, which they were to pick up at Havres. One problem resulting from this was the substitution of a strong stable smell for fresh sea air; "However," as Margaret Stevenson wrote, "Louis assures us it is 'gran' for the health,' so that ought to be a consolation."⁴⁾ They decided to go to Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains in the State of New York. The Stevensons stayed here over the winter of 1887 and 1888. In April Robert Louis Stevenson left Saranac, and in June he and his family boarded the Casco, which was to take them to the South Seas. Stevenson was never to see the United States, or Europe for that matter, ever again.

Many Victorians regarded the United States as a land of equality and opportunity, and usually the contrast between the dream of emigration and the act was striking. As Stevenson himself put it, "Emigration, from a word of the most cheerful import, came to sound most dismally in my ear."⁵⁾ America had featured in his mind from childhood, as he once wrote to Colvin:-

It is a singular thing that as I was packing up old papers ere I left Skerryvore, I came on the

prophecies of a drunken Highland sibyl, when I was seventeen. She said I was to be very happy, to visit America, and to be much upon the sea. It seems as if it were coming true with a vengeance. 6)

Although drunken Highland sibyls probably predicted similar fates for thousands of others, there is no doubt that both America and the sea meant much to Stevenson. One of the most valuable contributions to this aspect of the Stevenson criticism was no doubt J. C. Furnas's essay, "Stevenson and America".⁷⁾ Here, the early reading about America by Stevenson is outlined and a general impression of the popular image of the United States in Britain at the time is given. Of course, there had just been a civil war, and there were many problems, which were all discussed in Britain, but a writer in The Contemporary Review could still write, "That these problems will find a happier solution in the New World than they have ever found in the Old, is still our firm belief."⁸⁾ The fact was that America, for all its faults, was ever regarded as an egalitarian society without the pernicious effects of a class structure. Moreover, Stevenson pointed out, there was an even more basic human urge at play here, -

For many years America was to me a sort of promised land; "westward the march of empire holds its way"; the race is for the moment to the young; what has been and what is we imperfectly and obscurely know; what is to be yet lies beyond the flight of our imaginations. Greece, Rome, and Judæa are gone by for ever, leaving to generations the legacy of their accomplished work; China still endures, an old-inhabited house in the brand-new city of nations; England has already declined, since she has lost the States; and to these States, therefore, yet undeveloped, full of dark possibilities, and grown, like another Eve, from one rib out of the side of their own old land, the minds of young men in England turn naturally at a certain hopeful period of their age. It will be hard for an American to understand the spirit. But let him imagine a young man, who shall have grown up in an old and rigid circle, following bygone fashions and taught to distrust his own fresh instincts, and who suddenly hears of a family of cousins, all about his own age, who keep house together

by themselves and live far from restraint and tradition; let him imagine this, and he will have some imperfect notion of the sentiment with which spirited English youths turn to the thought of the American Republic. It seems to them as if, out west, the war of life was still conducted in the open air, and on free barbaric terms; as if it had not yet been narrowed into parlours, nor yet begun to be conducted, like some unjust and dreary arbitration, by compromise, costume, forms of procedure, and sad, senseless self-denial. Which of these two he prefers, a man with any youth still left in him will decide rightly for himself. He would rather be houseless than denied a pass-key; rather go without food than partake of a stalled ox in stiff, respectable society; rather be shot out of hand than direct his life according to the dictates of the world. 9)

We can see now how crucial America was to Stevenson.

And the reality did not break the spell. His impressions at the first trip can perhaps best be described as overwhelming. First of all, New York must have made its mark on him, although it reminded him of towns in Europe, notably Liverpool.¹⁰⁾ Then at Monterey he was faced with so many problems, financial, personal and otherwise. But, he wrote to Gosse,

There is a wonderful callousness in human nature which enables us to live. I had no feeling one way or another from New York to California, until, at Dutch Flat, a mining camp in the Sierra, I heard a cock crowing with a home voice; and then I fell to hope and regret both in the same moment. 11)

The natural thing was perhaps to compare America with home, and Stevenson did this to a large extent (as we shall see in the discussion of The Amateur Emigrant later). Indeed, he did find similarities, not only in the scenery but also in people. Reflecting on attitudes towards foreign food and customs in "The Foreigner at Home" (written in the winter of 1881-1882, one year after his first American trip) he said, "Uncle Sam is better than John Bull, but he is tarred with the English stick."¹²⁾ He was certainly kept occupied while in San Francisco and Monterey, and he made a number of friends and contacts.¹³⁾

When Stevenson returned to the United States in 1887

it was in the company of his American wife. Furthermore, he had a great many more connections at that time; and Robert Louis Stevenson had become a world famous author, and was consequently besieged by reporters on arrival.¹⁴⁾ Saranac always remained a pleasant memory for Stevenson, in spite of the freezing temperatures. To Gosse he wrote at the time, "it seems a first-rate place... Highland, all but the dear hue of peat... Highland also, but for the lack of heather."¹⁵⁾ It was a very rewarding period for Stevenson - here he wrote The Master of Ballantrae. His health was also improving. And his by now secure popularity must have been a great comfort to him. Next spring he saw "Mark Twain" in New York.¹⁶⁾

But Stevenson was perhaps most impressed with observations made out west (most of which will be discussed below). For example, he noticed that a red Indian seemed more familiar to him than a Cornishman. This notion is similar to that which Stevenson expressed in "The Foreigner at Home"; he wrote, "A division of races, older and more original than that of Babel, keeps this close, esoteric family apart from neighbouring Englishmen." And his conclusion, "This is one of the lessons of travel - that some of the strangest races dwell next door to you at home."¹⁷⁾ Perhaps a universal truth!

What fascinated Stevenson especially on his travels was the mixture of different peoples he encountered in the States, and it is no accident that "Babel" was mentioned, in the quote above. Of all these, Stevenson liked his fellow-Caucasians the least, and in his book defends the Chinese and the red Indians against attacks from these Caucasians in a chapter entitled "Despised Races"; the Mongols were hated a priori: "They declared them hideous vermin, and affected a kind of choking in the throat when they beheld them." But in fact, Stevenson claims, the Chinese are much cleaner than the rest. Stevenson's special sympathy was with - as he emphasized - the original inhabitants of America,

"the noble red man of old story". There follows a strong criticism of the treatment of the Indians and a defence of "historical hatreds"; these are not disgraceful to us, but honourable because they depend on "wrongs ancient like the race, and not personal to him who cherishes the indignation."¹⁸⁾ Unfortunately, there is no discussion of any effects of such historical hatreds. Nevertheless, the implications were that the United States was not the egalitarian society it had been made out to be. The multitude of races was great and the "melting pot" effect started already on the ship as it left the Clyde and "all now belonging for ten days to one small iron country on the deep".¹⁹⁾ It seemed to Stevenson that the inequalities increased as he got further west in the United States.²⁰⁾ His first impression of New York was, since he had to go west on the same day, somewhat superficial and he had no time to observe the multitude of nationalities assembled there.

Stevenson's books on America were, almost by their nature, rather controversial. Especially The Amateur Emigrant was rather too detailed about the sordid realities of emigrant transport. Besides, the son of a worthy Edinburgh citizen ought to know better, and had undoubtedly shamed himself and his family by consorting with what might be considered unsuitable "failures".

Certainly, the contents and the tone of the American travel books are quite different from his French ones. They are more serious and include more discussion. In my opinion they are certainly better books. Apart from being descriptive there are many opportunities for philosophizing and reflecting. Into this category fall all the remarks on the multitude of emigrants coming from an unbelievable mixture of countries. Related to that is an entire chapter and an almost self-contained essay on stowaways. It is a seemingly well-researched, comprehensive account of the subject; the dangers (suffocation, imprisonment, etc.) as well as the

possible advantages. Then follows an almost Dickensian account of two eccentric stowaways, conveniently juxtaposed for the essay, Alick and the Devonian, the former a rascal adept in living off other people and the latter a mild-mannered sympathetic man.²¹⁾ Alick is despised: he uses people, especially women, to achieve his goals with a minimum of work. This chapter on stowaways stresses the anecdotal nature of the book; and this was the type of experience Stevenson was so delighted to put into The Amateur Emigrant. Stevenson's own social status on board the ship was rather interesting too: "To such of the officers as knew about me - the doctor, the purser, and the stewards - I appeared in the light of a broad joke". Such observations were, of course, embarrassing in the extreme and not very suitable for publication at the time. Even when the book was published post-humously, many passages were left out, such as a description of the lack of washing facilities on board, a paragraph depicting the forwardness of the Irish and Scottish girls, and (even more interestingly) a few pages on the relations between the Americans and the English. Anyhow, according to the conventions of Victorian respectability there was a little too much mixing going on, a little too much frankness. A man in Stevenson's position should not have gone on an emigrant ship in the first place, and he should not have associated with the other travellers.²²⁾

Things did not improve when he got off the ship. Again, as in the case of the emigrants, there was a vast difference between reality and phantasy (or even pre-publicity). Stevenson had been told about the lawlessness and the dangers of New York but found things quite different. As a matter of fact, New York did not look nearly as foreign as he had expected, it rather reminded him of Liverpool, "but such was the rain that not Paradise itself would have looked inviting".²³⁾ And a very short stay was followed, as we have seen, by an exhausting train-ride across the

American continent. The conditions on the train were worse even than those on the ship and Stevenson confessed, "I had been suffering in my health a good deal all the way", and in Laramie he fell sick.²⁴⁾ There are more examples of the lack of hygiene on the special immigrant train. But there were advantages, the obvious enjoyment of observing the strange landscape of the United States and comparing it with the scenery at home, "... the contours of the land were soft and English. It was not quite England, neither was it quite France; yet like enough either to seem natural in my eyes".²⁵⁾ Again there are various eccentric characters on the train who are described - and the most important person of all, the newsboy. It is remarkable that disease in no way impaired Stevenson's powers of observation, as mentioned in connection with George Gissing's By the Ionian Sea. What becomes obvious from The Amateur Emigrant (as well as the French travel books) is that, as Daiches indicated, writing was at least as important to Stevenson as travelling; and he was writing in order to raise money, so his motivation was very strong indeed, ill health notwithstanding.

An accompanying piece is called "Old and New Pacific Capitals" and describes Monterey and San Francisco. Most of this is fairly insignificant, such as passages on the surrounding scenery, the situation of the two cities, and the presence of the Pacific Ocean. More interesting, since it reveals to us some of Stevenson's attitudes towards the United States, is the comparison between California and Palestine. With gold eagerly sought for, California had been a land of promise, just as Palestine in its day, "but if the woods continue so swiftly to perish, it may become, like Palestine, a land of desolation".²⁶⁾ The direct reference was to the many wood fires raging in the neighbourhood of Monterey, although in other respects it is clear that the promise has faded. A distinct feature of San Francisco was its international flavour. Here Stevenson had an ideal opportunity to see a picture of the world, as it were,

in microcosm. An Englishman, and even an American, is swamped with other nationalities.

The shops along the street are like the consulates of different nations. The passers-by vary in feature like the slides of a magic-lantern. For we are here in that city of gold to which adventurers congregated out of all the winds of heaven; we are in a land that till the other day was ruled and peopled by the countrymen of Cortes; and the sea that laves the piers of San Francisco is the ocean of the East and of the isles of summer. 27)

And all have made themselves at home, Stevenson adds. This was what Stevenson himself was forced to do since he spent most of his life away from his native Edinburgh; here we come back to Chesterton's remarks about Stevenson as the "natural traveller".²⁸⁾ He must have felt peculiarly at home in San Francisco since, at least, he was among fellow-exiles.

It was indeed very obvious that San Francisco had a very special fascination for Stevenson. In The Wrecker, written with Lloyd Osbourne, he returns to the city and calls it the most interesting in the Union, "and the hugest smelting-pot of races and the precious metals". There is Chinatown, which impressed Loudon Dodd (the main character) as "a vitalised museum"; and there is North Beach where he gazes at the straits. But most important of all is the position of San Francisco as an outpost of Western Civilization:-

I stood there on the extreme shore of the West and of to-day. Seventeen hundred years ago, and seven thousand miles to the east, a legionary stood, perhaps, upon the wall of Antoninus, and looked northward toward the mountains of the Picts. For all the interval of time and space, I, when I looked from the cliff-house on the broad Pacific, was that man's heir and analogue: each of us standing on the verge of the Roman Empire (or, as we now call it, Western civilisation), each of us gazing onwards into zones unromanised. 29)

Stevenson was to go into those "zones" in order to explore what was beyond Western Civilization, as the Roman legionary might perhaps have explored Scotland; and San Francisco was the window of the Pacific. It should also

be noticed that Stevenson was a great deal happier in San Francisco, and in better health, than in, say, Monterey. Writing to Gosse from San Francisco, Stevenson described himself as "a bonhomme given to cheap living, early to bed though scarce early to rise in proportion", whereas in Monterey he was a "desponding, invalid son."³⁰⁾

But after the hustle and bustle of the western cities the Stevensons decided they wanted a change; so once Louis and Fanny were married they went off to the mountains north of San Francisco. They travelled by rail for a while, but at Calistoga the railway suddenly ends, and then:-

It must be remembered that we are here in a land of stage-drivers and highwaymen; a land, in that sense, like England a hundred years ago. The highway robber - road-agent, he is quaintly called - is still busy in these parts. 31)

In The Silverado Squatters their simple rustic life beyond the railroad is described. The Silverado Squatters joins a long list of books of travel to uncharted parts of the world, represented by such works as The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides (1785) by Boswell and Rambles Beyond Railways; or Notes in Cornwall taken A-foot (1851) by Wilkie Collins. The latter provides an enlightening parallel with Stevenson's own book since Collins, too, was a young man whose main purpose was to write about his travels.³²⁾ Of course, even today travel descriptions are published; they abound: popular series such as Lilian Beckwith's prove this. For Stevenson it was clearly high time for a rural retreat, and Silverado had the same appeal to Stevenson as the Adirondack Mountains a few years later.

I rose before any one else, lit the stove, put on the water to boil, and strolled forth upon the platform to wait till it was ready. Silverado would then be still in shadow, the sun shining on the mountain higher up. A clean smell of trees, a smell of the earth at morning, hung in the air.... As soon as the kettle boiled, I made porridge and coffee;

and that, beyond the literal drawing of water, and the preparation of kindling, which it would be hyperbolical to call the hewing of wood, ended my domestic duties for the day. 33)

Their life at Silverado was simple and Stevenson was in good health while they were there. "I was the last to go to bed, as I was still the first to rise. Many a night I have strolled about the platform, taking a bath of darkness before I slept."³⁴⁾ This was a taste of rural idyll for Stevenson; he was to visit even more idyllic spots when he went in search of health in the South Sea Islands.

II.

Among Robert Louis Stevenson's essays on American subjects and people one of the most important was the article on Walt Whitman. It was originally called "The Gospel according to Walt Whitman" and later simply "Walt Whitman". Edmund Gosse, too, wrote on Walt Whitman, and his contribution to the cornucopia of Whitman criticism was discussed earlier. As we saw then, Gosse's final judgement on Walt Whitman was a reserved one. He was "captivated without being converted" and decided that Whitman was "doomed to sit for ever apart from the company of the Poets".³⁵⁾ Stevenson's essay differs from Gosse's in many ways; he concentrates on the message or "gospel" of Whitman where Gosse emphasized the difficulties with Whitman. For example, Gosse decided that Whitman's poetry is "literature in the condition of protoplasm" or, put in another way, it is a sort of mirror in which readers can see reflections of themselves.³⁶⁾ Stevenson, on the other hand, goes into some detail discussing Whitman's theories, his doctrine, and attitudes. Gosse's contribution is very anecdotal; he had one monumental meeting with Walt Whitman when he was in the United States in 1884 and not unnaturally he makes the most of it. Thus, even though he was not "converted" by the meeting, he was

certainly impressed and highly influenced by the personal charisma of Walt Whitman. Robert Louis Stevenson never met Whitman (although Fanny saw him once); he was, however, very much under the influence of the poet when he was very young. In an autobiographical fragment written in San Francisco in 1880 Stevenson comments on his days in Edinburgh, "I date my new departure from three circumstances: natural growth, the coming of friends, and the study of Walt Whitman." Stevenson intended to elaborate on the latter, as shown in his notes.³⁷⁾ And in Later Essays Stevenson wrote about "Books which influenced me".

I come next to Whitman's "Leaves of Grass", a book of singular service, a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues. 38)

(Unfortunately, the feeling was not mutual; Whitman, on the basis of Stevenson's writings and Fanny's visit to him in Camden, did not like the Scottish writer - "I confess I do not enthuse in the slightest degree myself."³⁹⁾ However, even without a meeting, Stevenson did acknowledge and appreciate the personal magnetism of Whitman - "I never met any one who had known him personally who did not profess a solid affection and respect for the man's character."⁴⁰⁾

(Gosse was clearly among these.) As far as the writings go, Stevenson was obviously impressed by Whitman's intense nationalism, his Americanism; it was one of the most important facets of the poet. Stevenson interprets Whitman's idea of literature as being "first, human, and next, American". He must "give a certain unity of ideal to the average population of America"; this makes the poetry "democratic".⁴¹⁾ His intense national feeling exacerbated his depression during the American Civil War. Stevenson was in a good position to make such an evaluation. Stevenson, as Gosse before him, was aware of the difficulties in analysing Whitman's poetry, and

states that "Whitman is too clever to slip into a succinct formula".⁴²⁾ But, as indicated, Stevenson goes a great deal further than Edmund Gosse. He presents Whitman as a very positive and cheerful figure who objects to what is termed the "literature of woe" and the harm done by "refinement".⁴³⁾ Instead, he testifies to the "livableness of life". This, Stevenson claims, fits in with the rest of Whitman's system, "for the average man is truly a courageous person and truly fond of living". This also goes with his "outdoor atmosphere of sentiment", Stevenson adds.⁴⁴⁾ He very much regards Whitman as "The Answerer" - "The poet is to gather together for men, and set in order, the materials of their existence."⁴⁵⁾ This is a very similar idea to Gosse's "protoplasm". The poet must mirror something within the reader's mind, he must reflect the common man. This is the reason why Whitman can be termed a "democratic" poet, and, furthermore, it has notable effects on Whitman's style. "He calls his verses 'recitatives'... Too often, I fear, he is the only one who can perceive the rhythm..."⁴⁶⁾ Everything is inter-related. Stevenson thinks that Whitman's poetry is filled with what one could call "beauty spots" and he comments "that no one can appreciate Whitman's excellences until he has grown accustomed to his faults."⁴⁷⁾ Stevenson finds a great many excuses or justifications for Whitman's poetical style, which, as he says, is almost like prose. In vocabulary too, Whitman is unusual - "the right word, bold and trenchant, is thrust into its place".⁴⁸⁾ In a different essay by Stevenson, on Henry David Thoreau, a comparison is made. The doctrine of the two is the same but the styles and ways of life are radically different. Thoreau is "churlish" whereas Whitman follows "the nymph Happiness, buxom, blithe, and debonair."⁴⁹⁾ Inevitable in any discussion of Walt Whitman must be his position in literature, his following - or, put in another way, "the legend Whitman". Very few poets, if any, compare with Whitman in this respect. One could perhaps find similarities between him and Tennyson in

England, although the latter was of course much more of an establishment figure. It is, however, true of both that although critics have praised them, they have never received unqualified praise.⁵⁰⁾ The contemporary reactions of Gosse and Stevenson were much the same; Whitman's leading position as a poetical giant was acknowledged, but somehow his poetry was not of first class quality. But Stevenson's judgement seems a less negative one - where Gosse used words like "doomed" about Whitman, Stevenson finds the American poet encouraging and in him "much that is Christian".⁵¹⁾

Stevenson's evaluation of Henry David Thoreau, on the other hand, is less favourable. The very first sentence of his essay on Thoreau heralds the tone of what is to come, "Thoreau's thin, penetrating, big-nosed face, even in a bad woodcut, conveys some hint of the limitations of his mind and character."⁵²⁾ Thoreau himself, of course, was quite a well-known figure; his views on civil disobedience and spartan living are part of American legend. It is perhaps interesting, then, that Stevenson looks at Thoreau as Epicurean ("He was no ascetic, rather an Epicurean of the nobler sort") and does not think anything of his well-publicized frugality. He observed too, that Thoreau showed as much simplicity when giving up the life at Walden Pond as in beginning it.⁵³⁾ From Stevenson's essay one rather gets the impression of a purist breathing a "rarefied and freezing air".⁵⁴⁾ The other side of this particular coin, however, is that one does get a very distinct idea of the uniqueness of Thoreau; perhaps best expressed in the following remark, "There is a rude nobility, like that of a barbarian king, in this unshaken confidence in himself and indifference to the wants, thoughts, or sufferings of others." But uniqueness does seem the only positive quality Stevenson can assign to Thoreau. The conclusion is a little disappointing and merely points again to Thoreau's "eccentric and independent mind".⁵⁵⁾

More interesting are some general views expressed by Stevenson in the essay on Thoreau. To be noticed in particular is his objection against prigs, a feature observed elsewhere in his writings. Hand in hand with this objection goes a pronounced suspicion of what he calls "artificial training". It may be naturally assumed that Stevenson had special insights in this area, being himself so familiar with the Land of Counterpane.⁵⁶⁾ Enjoyment and relaxation seem to be the key, "A man who must separate himself from his neighbours' habits in order to be happy, is in much the same case with one who requires to take opium for the same purpose."⁵⁷⁾ Stevenson is thus not favourably inclined towards what he calls "valetudinarian healthfulness". It is perhaps important at this point to remember that Stevenson went to the United States in search of better health although his first trip there nearly killed him. Ironically, the New World proved to be tantalizingly similar to the old one. In 1879 he wrote, "The only American institution which has yet won my respect is the rain.... I have been steadily drenched for twenty-four hours...".⁵⁸⁾ Stevenson's impressions of American nature and climate were of desolation and roughness. The Missouri prairie established that at an early stage, and later he described the snow-clad Saranac Lake, not without sarcasm, as an "Arctic St. Andrews".⁵⁹⁾ The frosty clearness seemed to open Stevenson's eyes. Europe was now in some way behind him.

I am strangely disquieted on all political matters; and I do not know if it is "the signs of the times" or the sign of my own time of life. But to me the sky seems black both in France and England, and only partly clear in America. I have not seen it so dark in my time; of that I am sure.

Soon he would reach the west coast of the American continent, and from there he would gaze into the Pacific where he was destined to end his days.⁶⁰⁾

CHAPTER 10

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
THE SOUTH SEAS

Dreams of an idyllic life beyond the pale of civilization were widespread in the Victorian age. In The Wrecker, which takes place largely in the South Seas, Loudon Dodd talks about "the sense of our immitigable isolation from the world" and he adds that "the State, the churches, the peopled empires, war... all gone silent as in the days ere they were yet invented."¹⁾ Stevenson had heard many stories about the world in the South Pacific. In the summer of 1875 he wrote Mrs. Sitwell from Edinburgh:-

Awfully nice man here to-night. Public servant - New Zealand. Telling us all about the South Sea Islands till I was sick with desire to go there: beautiful places, green for ever; perfect climate; perfect shapes of men and women, with red flowers in their hair; and nothing to do but to study oratory and etiquette, sit in the sun, and pick up the fruits as they fall. 2)

Stevenson himself became something of a celebrity of the Pacific; he was well-known in Hawaii where he became entangled in politics and visited the leper colony on Molokai, and he eventually settled in Samoa, on the island of Upolu. Here he was even more involved in the

political situation of the day, criticized the colonial authorities and made friends with many of the natives, high and low. Stevenson's writings were, of course, strongly affected by this immersion into a completely different world. Below, we shall concentrate on some of those books that deal specifically with the South Seas; they are travel books, collections of letters, and works of fiction. One of the first to be written was In the South Seas, a collection of articles first published in The Sun in 1891 and some years later in book form.³⁾ The islands covered by this book are the Marquesas, the Paumotus, the Eight Islands (Hawaii), and the Gilberts. As the book consists of separate essays it is obviously not a travel book in the same sense as An Inland Voyage and Across the Plains. The book has often been criticized, both at the time as well as later. Balfour stated that "the result satisfied neither the author nor the public", and Furnas felt that the influence of Fanny and Colvin damaged the book, turning it into "a huddle of ill-assorted elements that, individually, are very well handled and invaluable immediate."⁴⁾ A later critic, Robert Kiely, claimed that in the book Stevenson "plainly distorts a South Sea island to fit into a European mold", a somewhat unfair criticism. As we shall see, Stevenson was very keen to explain Pacific conditions to American and European readers in a way they could understand but that is not the same as distortion.⁵⁾ H. J. Moors gives us his version of how the book came into being and he claims to be instrumental in stopping Stevenson's writing of the loathed newspaper articles; "this oppressive work", he calls it.⁶⁾ As a matter of fact, In the South Seas is a delightful book. Possibly one reason is that Stevenson was less involved in politics than later when he came to write A Footnote to History, an altogether more sinister book. Politics, however, is not entirely avoided, as for example the visit to the leper colony shows.

A prominent feature of the book consists of (inevitably) descriptions of scenery and of nature in the Pacific. These passages are indispensable if only to set the mood. Stevenson is naturally aware that the world which now surrounds him is totally different from any encountered in the earlier books. This becomes very clear at the beginning, "The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense." There follows an accurate and surprisingly unsentimental account of Stevenson's first Pacific sunrise.⁷⁾ Subsequently, we find interspersed a number of purple passages - many hamlets and towns in the South Sea islands are described. In Anaho, "A grove of palms, perpetually ruffling its green fans, carpets it (as for a triumph) with fallen branches, and shades it like an arbour...." Another good example is the delightful picture of Hookena, the "humming city, with shops and palaces and busy wharves...."⁸⁾ But these descriptive passages occasionally have other purposes too. In the double chapter entitled "A Tale of a Tapu" Stevenson tells a bleak story (which we will return to later) of the pernicious and violent effects of alcohol on the native population in the Gilberts. At the end of the first chapter is a paragraph which serves both as a contrast and a complement to the somewhat "realistic" contents of the rest:-

The night was exquisite, the silence enchanting; yet as I lay in my hammock looking on the strong moonshine and the quiescent palms, one ugly picture haunted me of the two women, the naked and the clad, locked in that hostile embrace.

It is a sudden change of style and pace, and it provides a breather before Stevenson starts on the second half of the story.⁹⁾ It might be argued that Stevenson was a romantic but only in a somewhat limited sense. A passage in the section on the Paumotus shows this most clearly. While describing the people here, he gives us a few

pages of nature description - "The reader may think I have forgot the sea. The two beaches do certainly abound in life, and they are strangely different."¹⁰⁾ This is one of the rare passages of this type in the book; it is undoubtedly the people of the South Seas who constitute by far the most important element in In the South Seas.

First of all, Stevenson was interested in the indigenous residents of the islands. Before we comment on his literary treatment of these people it should perhaps be stressed that Stevenson, or any other writer dealing with the same subject, had a great many stereotypes to contend with when describing Pacific natives to European and North American readers. There was the well-known concept of the noble savage, very much in people's minds in the Victorian age. Literature had presented a number of savages (noble and otherwise); among the most famous were Caliban in Shakespeare's The Tempest, a character who incorporated many of the qualities frequently attributed to savages; and Friday, who appeared in Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. (Neither story took place in the Pacific, however, but this is a minor point.) A more recent book was fellow-Scot R. M. Ballantyne's The Coral Island first published in 1857 when Stevenson was seven years of age.¹¹⁾ This is a tale of three boys who get stranded on a South Sea island. After an idyllic stay on the island they fall into the hands of pirates as well as natives. The Coral Island was written mainly for children and it is a fairly conventional story describing cannibals eating "long pigs" or humans. It reaffirms a contemporary conventional Christian viewpoint, which had changed only a very little since Defoe's day. We assume that the London Missionary Society would approve of a book like The Coral Island. It is remarked that the white pirates are no better than the savages, they are called "white savages".¹²⁾ Missionaries are generally looked upon with favour.

As Bill, the boys' only friend among the pirates, says, "The South Sea Islanders are such incarnate fiends that they are the better for being tamed, and the missionaries are the only men who can do it." The boys themselves, in their intercourse with the natives, prevent cannibalism.¹³⁾ The Coral Island reinforced preconceived views of what the Pacific was like.

Another well-known book about the South Seas was Herman Melville's Typee (there was a sequel entitled Omoo).¹⁴⁾ The book was published in 1846 and in a sense gave an opposite point of view to Ballantyne's. Typee, unlike The Coral Island, was full of autobiographical elements and it was subtitled "Narrative of a Four Months' Residence Among the Natives of a Valley of The Marquesas Islands; or, A Peep at Polynesian Life". To Melville the Polynesians were by no means "fiends"; they were very clearly idealized:-

There were some spots in that sunny vale where they would frequently resort to decorate themselves with garlands of flowers. To have seen them reclining beneath the shadows of the beautiful groves; the ground about them strewn with freshly gathered buds and blossoms, employed in weaving chaplets and necklaces, one would have thought that all the train of Flora had gathered together to keep a festival in honour of their mistress. 15)

Melville did not believe in the tales of horror coming from the South Seas, and he even offered an explanation of how accounts became falsified and exaggerated by "retired old South-Sea rovers".¹⁶⁾ Melville puts up a defence of cannibalism, although as we shall see later, he did not go quite as far as Stevenson. Herman Melville points out that there are very few eyewitness accounts of this practice - a fact which is hardly surprising under the circumstances. Nevertheless, he regrets cannibalism, "a rather bad trait in their character it must be allowed". He then makes the point that in the not too distant past worse things were committed in "enlightened England", such as execution by axe,

disembowelling, and quartering. There follows a listing of horrors by civilized man, and the point is emphasized, our fiend-like skill, vindictiveness, and so on "are enough of themselves to distinguish the white civilized man as the most ferocious animal on the face of the earth". He feels that the term "Savage" is often misapplied.¹⁷⁾ Melville's attack on civilized man is a vigorous and a consistent one, and it was continued in Omoo, which was also extremely critical of missionaries.

Robert Louis Stevenson's great liking and indeed affection for the Polynesians was never in dispute. But it is wrong to argue that he idealized them in the way that Melville did. Such a point was made as early as 1904 by Arthur Johnstone, who, writing in Honolulu, spoke of Stevenson's "indiscriminate love for Polynesians".¹⁸⁾ Love yes, but indiscriminate no, as we shall see. Stevenson and his family were very enthusiastic about people in the South Seas. Perhaps Fanny put it most clearly when she said to Colvin, "I write you from fairyland, where we are living in a fairy story, the guests of a beautiful brown princess [Moë]". Often Stevenson would tire of white men and after an escape from Honolulu he once wrote to Charles Baxter, "After so long a dose of whites, it was a blessing to get among Polynesians again even for a week."¹⁹⁾ He firmly stated that, "We live here [i.e. on Samoa] in a beautiful land, amid a beautiful and interesting people."²⁰⁾ Stevenson's enthusiasm for his indigenous neighbours did not always please his friends and correspondents in Britain. Only a few months before his death he wrote apologetically to Colvin, "Well, excuse this excursion into my 'blacks and chocolates.' It is the last."²¹⁾ However, as mentioned, Stevenson's enthusiasm and love for the Polynesians was by no means indiscriminate; in fact he did occasionally feel even repugnance for the natives, for example on the issue of cannibalism.²²⁾

Stevenson's explanation if not defence of the practice is a vigorous one and goes a little further than Melville's. He is treating cannibalism in almost the same breath as vegetarianism. "We consume the carcasses of creatures of like appetites, passions, and organs with ourselves; we feed on babes, though not our own; and the slaughter-house resounds daily with screams of pain and fear."²³⁾ Subsequently, Stevenson confesses to the crime of eating meat, for, he says, "I can never find it in my appetite that man was meant to live on vegetables only." Another illustrative point is the practice of some cultures (not all) which eat pets such as dogs. In the South Seas, the argument continues, pigs that provide the staple meat on the islands live with the islanders. There follows an extraordinary two pages of empathic writing as Stevenson puts himself into the place of a pig.²⁴⁾ To a reader in the late twentieth century it calls to mind George Orwell's Animal Farm. Of course, as we saw earlier, the term for human meat was "long pig".

It would be wrong to suggest that cannibalism was the only issue commented on in connection with the native peoples of the Pacific islands. It probably was not even the main issue since, as pointed out, the practice was dying out anyway. Of particular interest to Victorian readers, on the other hand, were the manners of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands - and indeed etiquette in the South Seas. Stevenson is interested and sympathetic but, as we have seen earlier, by no means uncritical. Most interesting is his account of rules and regulations in the Gilberts. He finds that inhabitants have a great deal in common with Europeans. In Eastern Polynesia, he says, etiquette is absolute and plenary, but further west, "The Gilberts are seemingly more free, and pay for their freedom (like ourselves) in frequent perplexity". Not only has Stevenson established in his mind an idea of manners

among the Polynesians; he is also distinguishing between manners on different islands. He seemed to trace "in the Gilbertines a virility of sense and sentiment which distinguishes them (like their harsh and uncouth language) from their brother islanders in the east."²⁵⁾ Incidentally, the South Sea peoples featured quite prominently in Stevenson's mind in all his speculations about the origins of various races.²⁶⁾

Portraits of some of the South Sea kings are very much part of Stevenson's picture of Polynesians. Two of these stand out; one is Mataafa in Samoa, and the other is Tembinok' on Apemama in the Gilberts. Tembinok' is the all-powerful ruler of his island and (like many rulers) an eccentric into the bargain.

There is one great personage in the Gilberts: Tembinok' of Apemama: solely conspicuous, the hero of song, the butt of gossip. Through the rest of the group the kings are slain or fallen in tutelage: Tembinok' alone remains, the last tyrant, the last erect vestige of a dead society. The white man is everywhere else, building his houses, drinking his gin, getting in and out of trouble with the weak native governments. There is only one white on Apemama, and he on sufferance, living far from court, and hearkening and watching his conduct like a mouse in a cat's ear. 27)

Stevenson's family too, were in his power and had to approach him in the manner of a suitor. The man himself certainly fascinated Stevenson both by his ideas, his personality, and his entourage, most of them women, "and all rivals".²⁸⁾ A whole section is devoted exclusively to Tembinok's island, and two chapters solely to the ~~king~~^{king} himself, including a short history of his reign. Certainly, a great part of the fascination for Stevenson lay in the fact that in the South Seas he could become personal friend of many monarchs, something which would have been inconceivable in Europe. This created discrepancies; to some of the South Sea kings he became Queen Victoria's son. This, he added, would not work with Tembinok' and he appeared instead

as "one of the Old Men" of England who was to see Tembinok's dominion, "and [was] eager to report upon it to the no less eager Queen Victoria".²⁹⁾ (Just as well that Stevenson never actually made it back to England to give his report!) Quite a contrast to this tyrannical ruler of Apemama was Mataafa of Samoa. He does not appear in In the South Seas but is a prominent figure in A Footnote to History and throughout the letters. Mataafa was both a less absolute ruler and less eccentric. A friend of Stevenson's, he was but one of the two Samoan kings, and he was not recognized by the three powers (Germany, the United States, and Britain, see below). In A Footnote to History Stevenson gives a striking contrast between the two Samoan capitals; the corrupt Mulinuu with the ineffective and ill-paid King Laupepa supported by the Europeans, and the "clean" and pleasant Malie with Mataafa as its monarch:-

About himself and all his surroundings there breathes a striking sense of order, tranquillity, and native plenty. He is of a tall and powerful person, sixty years of age, white-haired and with a white moustache; his eyes bright and quiet; his jaw perceptibly underhung, which gives him something of the expression of a benevolent mastiff; his manners dignified and a thought insinuating, with an air of a Catholic prelate. 30)

In a letter to Colvin he frankly confessed that he had "a great affection for Mataafa" and he added that he thought Mataafa "a beautiful, sweet old fellow". Probably, this was Stevenson's "favourite" Polynesian; all the more remarkable since they required an interpreter to communicate with each other.³¹⁾

However, Stevenson was very keen to learn the native tongues and he took a great interest in analysing them.³²⁾ In his linguistic discussions as well as elsewhere he drew on comparisons with more familiar languages. As we have indicated, it was often his technique to explain exotic things in fairly familiar

terms. Thus, while explaining some of the old native superstitions (surely very difficult to understand) he adds that in Europe too, "the gods of Olympus slowly dwindled into village bogies" and finds that even in the sacred wells in the Scottish Highlands there is a parallel.³³⁾ Likewise with tapus; these would appear unfamiliar to readers at home until Stevenson compares them to Sabbath regulations in Scotland.³⁴⁾

And here we come to a central aspect of Stevenson's sojourn in the South Seas. It is perhaps not apt to describe it as homesickness, for Stevenson settled into his Samoan home extremely smoothly, although it was somewhat akin to it. Nevertheless, Robert Louis Stevenson was forever thinking of his native Scotland, and his writings are full of Scottish comparisons. Thus he found that during the Five Days' Festival in Little Makin the men seemed to swagger "in the town, like plaided Highlanders upon the streets of Inverness, conscious of barbaric virtues"; and he thought that the ecclesiastical history of the Paumotus made them "the Scotland of the South".³⁵⁾ We have already seen how the rules of the Sabbath were used to explain the existence of the Polynesian tapus. The deposition of native chiefs by the French is compared to the government of George II, who exiled many Highland magnates.³⁶⁾ In answer to a question from Colvin whether he was homesick for the Highlands, Stevenson described his work on the Lives of the Stevensons in some detail; "Now, imagine if I have been homesick for Barrahead and Island Glass, and Kirkwall, and Cape Wrath, and the Wells of the Pentland Firth; I could have wept."³⁷⁾ And he was constantly thinking of his home city of Edinburgh; to H. B. Baildon' he wrote, "It is curious to think you will read this in the grey metropolis; go the first grey, east-windy day into the Caledonian Station, if it looks at all as it did of yore...".³⁸⁾ And from Vailima he wrote to a cousin, Willie Traquair,

I am writing the lives of the Stevensons, by the bye. Do you remember our once quarrelling, O but handsomely! as to whether your uncle was a better lawyer than my father was an engineer? It was in the farm yard; we had just come out by the kitchen door, and we differed upon this nice point with emphasis. God bless me, what a picture! 39)

Nevertheless, he realized fully that he had left Scotland for ever: "I have said my last farewell to the hills and the heather and the lynnns: like Leyden, I have gone into far lands to die, not stayed like Burns to mingle in the end with Scottish soil."⁴⁰⁾

Stevenson's awareness of his origins was acute. He confessed that he himself was a child of the Covenanters.

And after having settled in Samoa he took a renewed interest in his family history.⁴¹⁾ At the same time he speculated much about the United Kingdom and the origins of its races; this was expressed especially to his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, to whom he gave detailed theories concerning the Picts and the Celts.⁴²⁾

No doubt these speculations were fuelled by Stevenson's keen awareness of his exile status.⁴³⁾

Of course, Stevenson was not in that sense alone, and his feelings on the subject were shared with his mother.

Her own book of their travels, From Saranac to the Marquesas, consists of letters written to her sister at home. Margaret Stevenson's observations on South Sea mores are well worth reading. Most interesting is her account of a service she attended at a native Protestant church in Tahiti, which she found "very much like our own at home." Everything is compared to practices in Edinburgh, and this makes the account all the more fascinating.⁴⁴⁾

The trend was reflected in fiction. Thus the most Scottish of Stevenson's novels were written towards the end of his life in Samoa. St. Ives has the evocative passages on Edinburgh Castle. The better-known Weir of Hermiston is also a case in point. These books were mentioned above. Weir of Hermiston in particular

showed how intensely Stevenson thought of home.⁴⁵⁾

An important aspect of South Sea life, along with the tapus and everything else, was superstition. Lingering old faiths, as Stevenson called them, had stayed longer here than in Europe, possibly they were seen as part of a more primitive civilization. In the South Seas:-

Half blood and whole, pious and debauched, intelligent and dull, all men believe in ghosts, all men combine with their recent Christianity fear of and a lingering faith in the old island deities. So, in Europe, the gods of Olympus slowly dwindled into village bogies; so to-day, the theological Highlander sneaks from under the eye of the Free Church divine to lay an offering by a sacred well. 46)

There is a strong element of time in Stevenson's view of superstition and its explanation. But as in ghost stories from "home" - vide Oscar Wilde's The Canterville Ghost (1887) and similar stories - there was a strong element of place too. Thus the Stevensons themselves almost started to believe in the native spirits, called aitus. "Louis has been cutting a path in the bush", wrote Fanny, "He confesses that the sight of anything like a human figure would send him flying like the wind with his heart in his mouth."⁴⁷⁾ Stevenson also noticed that the islanders were strong believers in what we call astrology, "The beautiful planet Venus plays a great part in all island tales and customs...".⁴⁸⁾ All these different types of superstition affected Stevenson and, as we shall see, came to play a part in his fiction. Such beliefs provided new angles, new inspiration.

Stevenson observed many familiar types of clashes between old and new. The most familiar was the arrival of alcohol in new civilizations, a perennial problem throughout the Empire. I have mentioned above the chapter dealing with an episode illustrating this problem. The occasion was made more poignant by the fact that the festival which led to the disturbances was a white one: "On the 4th July a feast had been made, and the king, at the suggestion of the whites,

had raised the tapu against liquor." The difficulty now was to reimpose the tapu; the natives were becoming increasingly violent and the white traders were making a great deal of money from the sale of liquor. It was, of course, worse than drunkenness "at home" because here in the Gilberts everybody was armed, and "the whole polity - king, magistrates, police, and army joining in one common scene of drunkenness." Furthermore, Stevenson reminds us, "we were here in barbarous islands".⁴⁹⁾ The situation is finally resolved, however.⁵⁰⁾ The mixture between old and new is also epitomized by a number of natives, the most striking of whom is Stanislao, son of a Marquesan high chief, Temoana. He was educated by the fathers in South America, sent by the influential Bishop Dordillon. Stanislao is of great use to the French and he keeps things working on his island. "And yet, though the hereditary favourer, and one of the chief props of French authority, he has always an eye upon the past." Stanislao described himself to Stevenson as "a savage who had travelled".⁵¹⁾

Stanislao was, in a way, evidence of one of the most powerful forces in the Pacific in the nineteenth century: Christian mission. For all his criticism of the Scottish brand of religion, Stevenson's attitude to Christianity was a very positive one, as he made clear:-

We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality; thou shalt was ever His word, with which He superseded thou shalt not. To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgements of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto. ⁵²⁾

Certainly, Stevenson's attitude to missionary work was totally different from that expressed by Melville. He was quite frank, "Those who have a taste for hearing missions, Protestant or Catholic, decried, must seek their pleasure elsewhere than in my pages." He found

that the missionaries were "the best and the most useful whites in the Pacific."⁵³⁾ Furthermore, Stevenson was only too ready to express admiration for individual missionaries. Writing about "The excellent Clarke" to Sidney Colvin (in 1892) he said, "I prefer him to any one in Samoa, and to most people in the world; a real good missionary, with the inestimable advantage of having grown up a layman."⁵⁴⁾ Nevertheless, Stevenson was by no means uncritical of missionaries; for example, he took issue with "the female missionary", who was "continually busied about dress"; the celibate missionary mixed more easily with the natives but displayed "slovenly habits and an unclean person".⁵⁵⁾ However, there is no doubt that partly as a result from meeting hard-working and well-meaning missionaries in the South Sea islands, and partly because he was further removed, in time as well as in place, from his childhood, his views on religion did mellow somewhat.⁵⁶⁾ In 1890 he wrote the famous defence of Father Damien in an open letter to the attacker, the Rev. Dr. Hyde, a Presbyterian minister. In it he talks about "the sect" to which he belongs, "as far as any sect avows me".⁵⁷⁾ Indeed, it was not a clear-cut issue of for or against; in March 1893 he was in Sydney and he wrote to Colvin, "I was entertained at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, likewise at a sort of artistic club; made speeches at both, and may therefore be said to have been, like Saint Paul, all things to all men."⁵⁸⁾ In his speech at the General Assembly Stevenson had started by claiming his right to be there,

... In the first place I am a Scotsman... In the second place I am an old, and I hope I may be allowed to say, a very good Presbyterian, the proof of which is that I have sat out a sermon of an hour and thirty minutes. (Laughter) 59)

It was a reluctant but unmistakable acceptance of the religion in which he had been brought up. He no longer described himself as a heretic as he had done when he visited the Trappist monastery many years previously.

When Sister Martha McGaw was writing Stevenson in Hawaii (1950) she found that the turning-point of his life came during his visit to the Molokai leper settlement. There, she writes, his love of life reached its peak, "There, he abandoned once and for all the theory of the noble savage and began instead to take spiritual soundings in the depths of his soul."⁶⁰⁾ Also late in life Stevenson wrote the "Prayers written for family use at Vailima".

Another notable white presence in the South Seas was traders, who, as a group, were nearly as important as missionaries. The Beach of Falesa provides Stevenson's most exhaustive look at South Sea traders, and we will discuss this short novel below. In the South Seas includes, of course, the already mentioned "A Tale of a Tapu", in which traders play a somewhat unsavoury part. According to Stevenson their main concern it to get a share of copra and in order to achieve this purpose they sell the natives gin,⁶¹⁾ "one begins, the others are constrained to follow".⁶²⁾ Stevenson plays an active part in finally stopping the sale - a very risky business. Afterwards, "the king and queen, in European clothes... attended church for the first time". Stevenson then assists in drawing up a petition calling for a law against the liquor trade in the Gilberts.⁶³⁾ Graham Balfour recalls an episode at Vailima when a hogshead of claret had to be bottled; "Stevenson feared the effect of the fumes even of the light wine upon the natives, so he himself with our aid undertook the work."⁶⁴⁾ Traders were not entirely bad; for example, they made excellent husbands whenever they married any of the natives. And "The position of a trader's wife in the Gilberts is, besides, unusually enviable."⁶⁵⁾ Another very prominent group of white residents in the Pacific were, of course, the white rulers. Some of them appear in A Footnote to History, a book which in comparison with In the South Seas reflects Stevenson's increasing involvement in politics.

II.

A Footnote to History is a remarkably serious book and perhaps in that respect Stevenson's most Victorian product. Stevenson actually planned a few such books. In 1889 Fanny was complaining -

He has taken into his Scotch Stevenson head that a stern duty lies before him, and that his book must be a sort of scientific and historical impersonal thing, comparing the different languages (of which he knows nothing, really) and the different peoples, the object being to settle the question as to whether they are of common Malay origin or not. Also to compare the Protestant and Catholic missions, etc., and the whole thing to be impersonal, leaving out all he knows of the people themselves. 66)

Stevenson's intentions with A Footnote to History were somewhat similar, and he admitted himself that the book would probably not be very popular. "Will any one ever read it?" he asked, "I fancy not".⁶⁷⁾ Furthermore, the book was the cause of some controversy, especially as it was so critical of the German role in Samoa. In Germany itself Baron Tauchnitz, who was publishing the Continental edition, had it burned by the Government, and was also fined.⁶⁸⁾ The book was singularly idealistic and very didactic. His purpose is to explain the Samoan situation to people at home, and he says that "it is a piece of contemporary history in the most exact sense." Again, as in In the South Seas Stevenson explains Samoa as a mixture of old and new, with references to "our tattooed ancestors who drove their chariots on the wrong side of the Roman wall."⁶⁹⁾ Stevenson made an effort to be completely objective although his sympathies were clear. He was perfectly well aware of the contentiousness of the issue, and he was even somewhat taken aback by his own involvement in politics. "I wonder if you [Colvin] can really conceive me as a politician in this extra-mundane sphere".⁷⁰⁾ And two years later, in April 1894, he wrote to his old friend, Mrs. Sitwell, and described himself as "quite a political personage... in a small way". He justified himself when he wrote to

his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, "But it is impossible to live here and not feel very sorely the consequences of the horrid white mismanagement."⁷¹⁾

Stevenson's involvement in political matters was long but somewhat spasmodic. He always took at least a moderate interest in politics; as he would point out, this was natural to anyone born in Scotland. In *Leven in Fife* (in 1873) he once discussed politics and education with a labourer, something which would have been inconceivable in England. The reason behind this had much to do with John Knox, Stevenson stated. Stevenson once planned a book called Four Great Scotsmen (in 1874), on John Knox, David Hume, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott. The section on Robert Burns was to include "the question of the framework of society in Scotland".⁷²⁾ One essay which Stevenson did write on Burns appeared in Familiar Studies of Men and Books entitled "Some Aspects of Robert Burns". It does not discuss Scottish society to any great extent except for its detailed description of Burns's background in Ayrshire. In the essay, however, Stevenson makes his low opinion of politics clear, "... poetry and human manhood are lasting like the race, and politics, which are but a wrongful striving after right, pass and change from year to year and age to age." Burns is better known, Stevenson adds, than either Pitt or Fox. When Stevenson was in France in September 1876 he wrote (in Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes), "At supper we talked politics. I make it my business, when I am in France, to preach political good-will and moderation...".⁷³⁾

Nevertheless, there is a difference between political interest and political involvement. Any permanent involvement did not start until Stevenson arrived in Samoa but various events aroused his feelings. He has sometimes been labelled "a Scottish Tory" but this is a misleading and not entirely correct description.⁷⁴⁾ It has been assumed that because he supported the case of the Curtin family in Ireland and wanted to move in with them more or less as a protest he sympathized with

Unionism and with all the ideas and theories of the Tory Party. The fact was that his reasons for wanting to involve himself were moral rather than political. The first public event which aroused strong feeling in Stevenson was the death of General Gordon in the Sudan, an event which interested and sparked off debate in the entire nation. Disillusionment is a good way to describe Stevenson's state of mind, and, certainly, a hatred of Gladstone (although not a corresponding support of Conservative politicians). In February 1885, the month after Gordon's death, he wrote to J. A. Symonds,

But why should I blame Gladstone, when I too am a Bourgeois? when I have held my peace? Why did I hold my peace? Because I am a sceptic: i.e. a Bourgeois. We believe in nothing, Symonds; you don't, and I don't; and these are two reasons, out of a handful of millions, why England stands before the world dripping with blood and daubed with dishonour. I will first try to take the beam out of my own eye, trusting that even private effort somehow betters and braces the general atmosphere. See, for example, if England has shown (I put it hypothetically) one spark of manly sensibility, they have been shamed into it by the spectacle of Gordon. 75)

It is also clear that a book such as The Amateur Emigrant was not written by "a Scottish Tory". And he had some sympathy with the United States where at least, as he said, the sky was partly clear.⁷⁶⁾

We mentioned above another pre-Samoan controversy in which Stevenson was involved. However, this was perhaps more in the nature of a moral and religious argument: Father Damien was a Catholic priest whose work in Molokai had been noted by many. He was attacked after his death by a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. Hyde (aptly named), in Australia. Stevenson reacted swiftly with a virulent reply. Sister Martha McGaw in Stevenson in Hawaii felt that this reply was "the only example we have of Stevenson's raw power".⁷⁷⁾ Stevenson thought that he had "struck as hard as I knew how".⁷⁸⁾

Certainly, Stevenson was no romantic, at least not

in the conventional sense, and as we have seen he did not idealize the natives, although it is true to say that he felt a somewhat romantic sympathy with the natives in much the same way as he felt about the red Indians while travelling across the American continent, described in Across the Plains. However, on the subject of German involvement in Samoa, Stevenson was totally unromantic. As we have remarked, Robert Louis Stevenson learned more about the Germans in the South Seas than he did in Europe. He was very critical of the German involvement, particularly in Samoa, so critical in fact that he laid himself open to accusations of being anti-German. Arthur Johnstone claimed that "... later the facts show that Stevenson's political attitude in Samoa became anti-foreign in general, and anti-German in particular".⁷⁹⁾ However, Johnstone himself was somewhat biased. Stevenson based his assessments on the actual behaviour of each of the European powers; he found that they were indeed all to blame but that it was possible to distinguish between them, the United States emerged with the most credit, Germany with the least.⁸⁰⁾ The main problem was "the German firm" (Deutsche Handels und Plantagen Gesellschaft für Süd-See Inseln zu Hamburg.) Elsewhere in the Pacific it had been either suppressed or placed under public supervision. In Samoa, on the other hand, there are no such restraints "and the dirty linen of the firm... is washed in private."⁸¹⁾ Stevenson made an observation which seemed to foreshadow British-German relations in the early half of the twentieth century:-

Other whites take part in our brabbles, while temper holds out, with a certain schoolboy entertainment. In the Germans alone, no trace of humour is to be observed, and their solemnity is accompanied by a touchiness often beyond belief. ⁸²⁾

One can only speculate on what Stevenson's attitudes would have been had he survived a few decades into this century, but it seems clear that they would have

been fairly close to those of Edmund Gosse.

Stevenson worked hard on A Footnote to History. In November 1891 he wrote to Colvin, "It is true that the first three [chapters] had been a good deal drafted two years ago, but they had all to be written and re-written, and the fourth chapter is all new."⁸³⁾ A brief outline of the construction and contents of the book will be in place here. The first two chapters deal systematically with two sources of the trouble in Samoa, native and foreign; "The Elements of Discord" he calls them. This emphasizes Stevenson's desire to be fair. He points out that the Samoan custom as regards the election of kings is confusing to say the least, and this factor has a great deal to do with the subsequent muddle. Among the foreign elements of discord the most significant and pernicious is that of the German firm, which we mentioned. Stevenson gives a good description of the extremely strong foreign presence in Samoa and in Apia, the capital, especially. After the first two chapters the plot thickens considerably. Various contenders for the position of king are considered - the support of the colonial powers shifts; it becomes so complex that it makes the Indo-China wars of the mid-twentieth century look simple. Stevenson describes the destinies of two of them, Tamasese and Laupepa, like this, "So these two chiefs began to change places like the scales of a balance, one down, the other up."⁸⁴⁾ Stevenson, realizing the difficulty in lucidly describing the tortuous train of events that followed, selects three incidents, "the arrival on the scene of a new actor, the visit of the Hawaiian embassy, and the riot on the Emperor's birthday."⁸⁵⁾ The new actor is Captain Brandeis, who eventually installs Tamasese on the throne. Stevenson says of Brandeis that he is "an alien" who "was supported by the guns of alien warships, and he had come to do an alien's work, highly needful for Samoa, but essentially

unpopular with all Samoans." An opponent of Brandeis was Harry Moors.⁸⁶⁾ The situation was a chaotic one, several battles were fought and the colonial powers muddled on from blunder to blunder. In all this the whites supported Mataafa against Tamasese. Eventually, however, Laupepa was brought back as King by the Germans, and Mataafa ignored. As a consequence the latter set himself up as a sort of unprovocative pretender. Stevenson deplored the situation and put much of the blame on the whites. Fanny commented:-

It is disgusting to think that if the two high chiefs, Laupepa and Mataafa, had been allowed by the government to make friends, as Louis advised and as they wished to do, there would have been no war and all would now be prosperity and peace.

Under the circumstances Stevenson had apparently advised that Mataafa should take a subordinate position under Laupepa and that the two should work together.⁸⁷⁾ The whites were also blamed by Stevenson for applying different standards to the natives.⁸⁸⁾ (Later, Stevenson reported in another letter to The Times, Mataafa was exiled.⁸⁹⁾ Furthermore, Stevenson believed that it was a straightforward case of incompetence among the white leaders. Generally, A Footnote to History reiterates some of the main points made in In the South Seas. He puts his message most clearly when discussing the Berlin Act drawn up for Samoa, "I am asking what is the result of taking a word out of one state of society, and applying it to another."⁹⁰⁾ This message also pervaded Stevenson's letters to The Times, which were obviously addressed directly to people at home, and where he attacked the imperial officials time after time.

III.

It is no surprise to find that Stevenson's fiction complements the books we have just discussed. Apart from that, it provides us with new insights too. He

wrote The Wrecker with Lloyd Osbourne. This is a novel which is picaresque in style; the main character is Loudon Dodd, a young American chasing wrecks all over the Pacific ocean. As regards questions of authorship there have been many claims and counter-claims. Lloyd Osbourne wrote, "It is a pleasure to me to recall that the early part of both 'The Wrecker' and 'The Ebb-Tide' was almost entirely my own". He goes on to explain their method of collaboration; Lloyd Osbourne would write Chapter 1, and would then embody Stevenson's criticisms. "When my first draft of the entire book was finished he would rewrite it again from cover to cover."⁹¹⁾ Certainly, in the case of The Ebb-Tide, it has been established that Stevenson took over the story and that the end of it is his beyond any doubt. Edmund Gosse, who edited the Pentland edition of Stevenson's works in 1906, received letters from one Harry Smith at Malvern. Smith felt that The Wrecker was a mere pot-boiler and the work of Lloyd Osbourne, The Ebb-Tide he thought brilliant and added that even in the beginning he found more R. L. S. than Ll.O.. Gosse remarked that this was a work of clairvoyance. "I was bullied by Lloyd Osbourne, who adopted quite a threatening tone, because I would not give him the main credit for these three books. He did not write them: he did not write a sentence in them." It is unlikely that Gosse is speaking the literal truth, but the remark makes it clear that Lloyd Osbourne was rather anxious to draw prominence to his own contributions.⁹²⁾

Here, The Beach of Falesá and The Ebb-Tide will be discussed in detail. The former was published in Island Nights' Entertainments (which also included The Bottle Imp and The Isle of Voices). These South Seas stories dealt with various subjects, most of which also appeared in the works discussed above, such as relations between whites and natives, superstition and evil (also a strong element in The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde), Christianity and missionaries, and the effects

of liquor. In The Beach of Falesá there was no collaboration. The story was Stevenson's and Stevenson's only. It occasioned a great deal of debate between Stevenson and his publishers at home. Somehow he was now out of touch with propriety as it was practised in the civilized world (as indeed he had been when he wrote The Amateur Emigrant). His annoyance gave rise to a typical outburst in a letter to Colvin:-

The Beach of Falesá I still think well of, but it seems it's immoral and there's a to-do, and financially it may prove a heavy disappointment. The plaintive request sent to me, to make the young folks married properly before "that night", I refused; you will see what would be left of the yarn, had I consented. This is a poison bad world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world; I usually get out of it by not having any women in it at all; but when I remember I had The Treasure of Franchard refused as unfit for a family magazine, I feel despair weigh upon my wrists. 93)

It is one of Stevenson's finest stories, and Balfour has pointed out that it is also among the most realistic. "It is not a picture of any one island, though most of it would have been applicable at the time to any place in Samoa, if Apia had not existed." 94)

Briefly, The Beach of Falesá is the story of a South Sea trader, Wiltshire. One of the first people he meets when he arrives on a new island is Case, another trader who at least seems to be helping Wiltshire settle in. Case arranges for Wiltshire to spend a night with one of the young native women and is responsible for the famous faked wedding certificate that was to be a bone of contention with Stevenson's publishers. However, Wiltshire decides to marry Uma properly after falling in love with her. Next he encounters problems as he discovers that the natives have tabooed Uma and himself. The scheming Case is at the bottom of it; Wiltshire discovers how Case exploits the natives by playing on their superstitions. It comes to a show-

down and Case is killed.

Wiltshire is the narrator of the story. He is an ordinary trader, not an educated and literate man like Stevenson, as the latter once put it, "Now it would have taken a fairish dose to disgust Wiltshire."⁹⁵⁾ Not everybody felt that Stevenson had been entirely consistent in allowing Wiltshire to tell the story in his own way although Jenni Calder has found that "the consistency of tone achieved is rather remarkable."⁹⁶⁾ His arrival on the island of Falesá is described at great length. Already before landing on the island it is indicated that there are strange goings-on on Falesá; the last trader left. Wiltshire has been living among Polynesians for years and is glad when he sees Case and a negro called Black Jack. As Wiltshire is completely new to the place he accepts Case's seemingly kind hospitality - he comments, "There was no smarter trader, and none dodgier, in the islands."⁹⁷⁾ Wiltshire is by no means favourably disposed towards the natives (he does not like missionaries because they mix with them). Nevertheless, Wiltshire is a fair man with a sense of moral duty; his intention to marry Uma shows this, among other things. His remarks on Uma at the end of the story bear out Stevenson's views of the typical trader, as indicated above: "She's turned a powerful big woman now, and could throw a London bobby over her shoulder. But that's natural in Kanakas too, and there's no manner of doubt that she's an Al wife."⁹⁸⁾ It is because of Uma that Wiltshire is tabooed (disregarding Case's machinations for a moment); Uma and her mother had been connected first with a white trader and then with a native chief. "None called at their house, none spoke to them on the roads." Wiltshire's method of explaining this is similar to Stevenson's, "It was a regular excommunication, like what you read of in the Middle Ages, and the cause or sense of it beyond guessing."⁹⁹⁾ Stevenson himself had experiences with taboos, many of which we have already mentioned. And he soon came to see his problems

with whites in native terms. Thus, his criticism of the Germans soon caused them to "taboo" him: "the blessed Germans will have none of me". This was on Christmas Day 1891; in the following May the situation had changed: "O the German taboo is quite over; no soul attempts to support the C. J. or the President, they are past hope". No whites at this stage was paying them any taxes, Stevenson added.¹⁰⁰⁾ Wiltshire's problems are only overcome after enlisting the help of a missionary (an unlikely combination) against Case.

Case is typical not perhaps of all traders as they were in the Pacific but of one kind of trader at least. Stevenson had met many on his extensive travels. One stands out; he was Harry J. Moors, an American trader in Samoa, who was closely involved with the Stevensons. Stevenson's own assessment of Moors is significant and deserves to be quoted in full:-

The man himself is a curious being, not of the best character; has been in the labour trade as supercargo; has been partner with Grossmühl, the most infamous trader in these waters, the man who is accused of paying natives with whist counters; has settled down at last in Apia, where everyone owes him money on mortgage, where his business is both large and growing, and where he took a great though secret part in the late war. I was forced to be his guest, rather against my will, for his looks, his round blue eyes etc. went against me, and the repulsion was mutual. However we both got over it, and grew to like each other; and it's my belief he won't cheat me. He is highly intelligent; tells a story well and from a veracious understanding: of all the scores of witnesses I examined about the war, H.J.M. was the only one whom documents invariably corroborated, and also (although the most open enemy of the Germans at the time) appeared to suffer from no bias in the retrospect. He is married to a Samoan, whom he treats kindly, and his oldest girl is in the States at school. I draw you [i.e. Baxter] this portrait because the man is necessarily a feature in my business life and has the marring of many of my affairs. You may wonder I should become at all intimate with a man of a past so doubtful, but in the South Seas, any exclusiveness becomes impossible... 101)

There is no doubt that Moors took advantage of Stevenson both financially and otherwise. For example,

Fanny noticed how Moors absorbed some of their opinions; opinions which he had previously scorned.¹⁰²⁾ The American made his presence felt in so many ways; his house was a centre of social life on the island and Fanny observed that the parties Moors gave were always so enjoyable.¹⁰³⁾ Harry J. Moors's exploitation of Stevenson continued after the author's death. In 1911 the American published With Stevenson in Samoa; in it he emphasized Stevenson's dependence on him, financially, and particularly when time came to build the house at Vailima. At first, he states condescendingly, Stevenson and his wife drew up "the most ungainly design ever devised".¹⁰⁴⁾ Apart from Moors there were other traders who did not impress Stevenson favourably. Most prominently among them the Long Handle Firm, "... the true centre of trouble, the head of the boil of which Samoa languishes, is the German firm."¹⁰⁵⁾

In The Beach of Falesá Case is most frequently associated with evil. It is significant that in the first few pages, as Case appears, buzzing flies are mentioned several times. Wiltshire is left with old Billy Randall, "The room was stifling hot and full of flies; for the house was dirty and low and small". Wiltshire himself says that then "I knew no more than a fly" and Case and Black Jack were parasites and crawled and fed upon Billy Randall "like the flies, he none the wiser".¹⁰⁶⁾ Case is responsible for getting Wiltshire a "wife"; an attempt on his part to make Wiltshire dependent on himself. In his attitude towards the natives Case uses a skilful combination of native superstitions and western techniques. The latter includes simple conjuring tricks very effective with the natives such as plucking a dollar from the missionary Mr. Tarleton's head.¹⁰⁷⁾ Case has his temple in the middle of the bush - "Some said he had a church there, where he worshipped Tiapolo, and Tiapolo appeared to him". Wiltshire plucks up courage to go there, "And I must say I rather admired the man's ingenuity. With a box

of tools and a few mighty simple contrivances he had made out to have a devil of a temple."¹⁰⁸⁾ Stevenson works up to a splendid climax as (towards the end of the story) Wiltshire confronts Case in the bush. He blows up Case's temple, is shot by his enemy but finally kills him in a fight. The most objective assessment of Case comes from Tarleton, the English missionary, and the author's point of view is closer to his than it is to Wiltshire's, the narrator.

Case provides a clear example of white exploitation of Polynesians, but it is important to remember that he is just as ready to exploit his fellow-whites. What makes Case so impressive is his versatility and ingenuity of method, for he wins over not only the native pastor but also most of the whites. We have already seen above how strong an influence superstition exercised in the islands. Fanny once wrote, "People have fallen into trances, with stern set countenances like corpses, and the spirits have talked from their mouths."¹⁰⁹⁾ In Attwater in The Ebb-Tide we are to see a somewhat different type of exploitation but Case brings home to us the special significance of superstition in his optimum use of it.

The white traders did not like the white missionaries - Wiltshire made that clear. Harry J. Moors's book provides us with an interesting parallel. He had a veritable hate of missionaries and wrote, "I have heard of many strange things being done by missionaries", and went on to relate a tale by referring to "an infamous proposal" made by one of them.¹¹⁰⁾ In The Beach of Falesá we meet two white missionaries. The most important is Mr. Tarleton, the English missionary; the other is the French priest, Galuchet. As the story is told by Wiltshire we would expect to see missionaries merely through his eyes. However, Stevenson manages to provide a remarkable double-perspective, partly because of Wiltshire's fairness, and also by giving Tarleton a long story

within the story.¹¹¹⁾ In a sense Tarleton not only gives Wiltshire an outside view, he also sets the standards. He provides Wiltshire with the means, or perhaps rather the knowledge to eliminate Case. The missionary is so clearly separated from the other characters that he is almost a deus-ex-machina. He presents to us the typical image of a South Sea missionary as Stevenson saw them, disliked but respected and envied by traders, "there's no smarter sight in the islands than a missionary boat with a good crew and a good pipe to them."¹¹²⁾ Wiltshire's final comment on Tarleton is, "He was the best missionary I ever struck, and, now, it seems, he's parsonising down Somerset way. Well, that's best for him; he'll have no Kanakas there to get lunny over."¹¹³⁾ Thus Stevenson's views and observations as expressed in In the South Seas are confirmed and expanded here. The only other missionary in the story is the French priest Galuchet, nicknamed Galoshes. He is a fairly minor character but, like Tarleton, incorporates the elements of a typical missionary; for example, "He was a kind old buffer, though the dirtiest you would wish to see."¹¹⁴⁾

The Beach of Falesá is a brilliant story, and Stevenson has put the knowledge he received, the impressions gathered from his South Sea travels, to perfect use. Balfour wrote that "he utilised only a little of what he had actually seen as material for the darker shadows in the romantic and spirited Beach of Falesá."¹¹⁵⁾ However, some of it he certainly used, and he produced one of the best stories of his writing career.

IV.

The Ebb-Tide is divided into two parts entitled "The Trio" and "The Quartette" (the musical connotations are interesting although somewhat obscure). Not one of Stevenson's best works, it was written jointly with

Lloyd Osbourne. Stevenson's own dissatisfaction with the novel is well documented, "I am discontented with The Ebb-Tide naturally". Besides, Stevenson wrote it at a time when things at Vailima were not going too well and the whole family were coming down with a cold.¹¹⁶⁾ Indeed, reactions at the time were generally unfavourable. Much of the blame was put on Lloyd Osbourne's part in the story, a part which was probably exaggerated. However, one critic wrote that "it is better to have Mr. Stevenson and another than not to have Mr. Stevenson at all."¹¹⁷⁾ Another critic opined that, "this is not the Stevenson we love, but it is something to be read and remembered, nevertheless."¹¹⁸⁾ Later critics have been somewhat more favourably disposed, although most still have strong reservations and many think of the story merely as a means of demonstrating Stevenson's attitudes, which, it is claimed, changed when he wrote this story.¹¹⁹⁾ The Ebb-Tide is above all a tale of human relationships. It portrays a vicious power-struggle only resolved at the very end of the book.

Three of the characters (the trio) are introduced at the very beginning of the story. It is emphasized that they have absolutely nothing in common except for one thing: they are all "on the beach", that is to say, destitute. The theme is established in the opening sentence, "Throughout the island world of the Pacific, scattered men of many European races, and from almost every grade of society carry activity and disseminate disease."¹²⁰⁾ The three men in this story are Robert Herrick, John Davis, and J. Huish, "a vulgar and bad-hearted cockney clerk".¹²¹⁾ Robert Herrick is the most thinking or reflective character in the story and he is not unlike the "heroes" seen in George Gissing's novels. He is an Oxford graduate who has failed in life. "With all his talent (and he had much of both) Robert was deficient in constancy and intellectual manhood". His career until he reaches the beach in Papeete is described

as "one of unbroken shame".¹²²⁾ He carries with him a copy of Virgil, and on the wall of the old calaboose he writes down the first few notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, "Destiny knocking at the door". "'So,' thought he, 'they will know that I loved music and had classical tastes.'" He also writes down some Latin.¹²³⁾ Herrick fears because he thinks, but his intelligence also in a sense prevents him from indulging in irrational fears and superstitions in the way that Davis does.¹²⁴⁾ One effect of all this is a prevalent feeling in Herrick that he is weighed down with responsibility, "I do not believe there is any form of words under heaven by which I can lift the burthen from my shoulders."¹²⁵⁾ It is Herrick alone who resists when the three are on board the Farallone and Davis and Huish are rapidly losing control as they are digging deeper and deeper into the cargo of champagne. His Oxford education separates him clearly both from the American sailor and the cockney clerk; at one point the American shouts, "He thinks himself too good for his company, that's what ails Herrick, Esquire".¹²⁶⁾ Throughout the story Herrick is the person with the scruples, thus making the evil contained in the other characters the more visible. Herrick is brought to the verge of suicide. When confronted with the formidable Attwater, Herrick is the only true survivor. Huish is killed by one of Attwater's bullets, and Davis becomes a sort of zombi, converted to Attwater's personal version of Christianity, his willing instrument.

Captain John Davis is presented to us much more gradually than is Herrick. At first on the beach he is just "the stalwart frame of the American who called himself Brown, and was known to be a master-mariner in some disgrace."¹²⁷⁾ Then very slowly we get an impression of him through dialogue. Later, however, he emerges much more clearly when the Farallone turns up. This is a ship carrying champagne from California to Sydney. All the white crew-members have died from small-pox. Davis's

plan is to steal the schooner and take it instead to South America. Suddenly his determination and desperation to succeed becomes evident when, with some difficulty, he wins over Herrick.¹²⁸⁾ At this point in the story the two combine against Huish, who is merely dismissed as "the bummer". Later, as we have seen, Herrick stands isolated. It seems clear that of the three, Davis appears to provide a type of bridge between the two Englishmen, the contemptible cockney and the Oxford graduate. But he has less stamina than both, since he alone succumbs alive to Attwater. His final loss of independence is foreshadowed a few times in the story. He is very prone to superstition - "it seemed as if the devil must serve the pieces". And later he is appalled at hearing Huish's plan of throwing vitriol in Attwater's face, "Superstition rules all men; semi-ignorant and gross natures, like that of Davis, it rules utterly." And "he seemed to himself to be parting the last strands that united him to God."¹²⁹⁾ And so at the end of the story Davis submits completely to Attwater. On Stevenson's part there seems to be an element of satire against religious cant, as Davis says to Herrick, "why not come to Jesus right away, and let's meet in yon beautiful land?"¹³⁰⁾ Davis behaves like some of the native converts.

Huish's fate in the story is a more violent one, and more befitting his character. Huish is "wholly vile".¹³¹⁾ He is not among the best characters created by Stevenson but (perhaps like Mr. Hyde) he has fascinated the critics. Huish was regarded by some as Dickensian; making Huish a Londoner turned out to be a stroke of genius on Stevenson's part.¹³²⁾ The author himself seemed impressed with his own character. In a letter to Colvin he reported that he had finally completed the novel. "It's done, and of course it ain't worth while, and who cares?" He then drew up the tomb-stone of J.L. Huish, "Born 1856, at Hackney,

London, Accidentally killed upon this Island, 10th September 1889."¹³³⁾ It can be said that the reader experiences a kind of snowball effect as far as Huish is concerned towards the end of the story as this character develops strongly and suddenly. I. Zangwill put in in a nutshell when he wrote that Huish's "desperate courage in the latter stages has at least not been sufficiently 'prepared' in the original introduction of him."¹³⁴⁾ First of all, Huish is associated with evil. In the same way as we learnt about Davis through his plan to take over the Farallone, we see Huish's true colours by hearing his plan to overpower Attwater by throwing vitriol in his face, "This'll burn to the bone; you'll see it smoke upon 'im like 'ell-fire!" Huish is "in a burst of venomous triumph", and at the same time Captain Davis is engaged in a "frenzied effort to comprehend".¹³⁵⁾ And earlier Huish sings snippets of London music hall songs, which Stevenson describes as "meaningless gibberish that, in that hour and place, seemed hateful as a blasphemy". The implication here is that Huish in his savagery is worse than any of the native savages.¹³⁶⁾ And when Attwater tells the "trio" the story of how he acted as executioner to one of his erring natives it is Huish who stays with Attwater for one more drink, as Captain Davis takes the delirious Herrick away, the latter having realized the evil forces in Attwater.¹³⁷⁾ However, we are assured at the start on the beach, "There is no one but has some virtue: that of the clerk was courage".¹³⁸⁾

As we have seen, while they are a trio, Herrick is most often the odd man out. The situation changes when Attwater confronts them. Davis and Huish only think of stealing Attwater's pearls while Herrick is not convinced that such a plan would be successful; he confesses to being both attracted and repelled by Attwater. We now have a "Quartette", the name of the second part of the novel, the four characters of course being Huish, Davis,

Herrick, and Attwater. Huish is (as we saw) killed by Attwater, Davis converted by him. The two university men remain unchanged; each of them independent. (Attwater is a Cambridge graduate, just to put the balance right.)

Attwater appears in the chapter entitled "The Pearl-Fisher". We have seen how Herrick is repelled and attracted by Attwater, "... you are cold, cruel, hateful; and I hate you, or I think I hate you. But you are an honest man, an honest gentleman."¹³⁹⁾ Attwater rarely uses the first person but talks about himself as "one". He is a very tall man, "He was a huge fellow, six feet four in height, and of a build proportionately strong, but his sinews seemed to be dissolved in a listlessness that was more than languor."¹⁴⁰⁾ Attwater is full of health and virility, a leader of men; he outsmarts everybody including Davis.¹⁴¹⁾ His capacity for evil is quite as great as Huish's but Attwater is a much more complex character. The episode which he tells the Trio (and to which Herrick reacts so violently) deals with two natives, one of whom is wrongly punished for another's crime and hangs himself in shame. Attwater eventually finds out the culprit; at gunpoint he forces him to climb up the tree where the dead man hangs, "So soon as he was up he looked down, and there was the rifle covering him...". Attwater then shoots the native.¹⁴²⁾ He sets himself up as a God ruling the lives and deaths of the natives in his charge. This total power is so distasteful to Herrick, and provokes his violent retort, "It was murder!... a cold-hearted, bloody-minded murder! You monstrous being! Murderer and hypocrite...".¹⁴³⁾ Ironically, Attwater came to the South Seas as a missionary.

I was a man of the world before I was a Christian; I'm a man of the world still, and I make my mission pay. No good ever came of coddling. A man has to stand up in God's sight and work up to his weight avoirdupois: then I'll talk to him, but

not before. I gave these beggars what they wanted: a judge in Israel, the bearer of the sword and scourge; I was making a new people here; and behold, the angel of the Lord smote them and they were not! 154)

Attwater is in many ways a pivotal character against whom the other three characters are tested. Yet it is misleading to regard Attwater as too much of a piece. Robert Kiely, for example, felt that, "Stevenson has created in the self-righteous Attwater an exaggerated personification of everything he most feared and despised in the religion of his father". Stevenson may have taken a few elements of his father's religion but Attwater is not modelled on Stevenson Senior.¹⁴⁵⁾

In line with many other Stevenson stories there are no women in this story. What Attwater considers to be the pernicious influence of women is fiercely resisted. He had one native woman married off to another Polynesian because, "A man never knows when he may be inclined to be a fool about women.... She made a lot of fuss." He adds, "Whom God hath joined together are the words, I fancy. So one married them, and respects the marriage." Of course, Attwater performs the ceremony himself, again demonstrating his own unique and personal brand of Christianity.¹⁴⁶⁾ He seems indeed ubiquitous at least on his own island. As Herrick says, "That man there with the cat knows all".¹⁴⁷⁾ Attwater's capacity for cruelty is allowed full play on the island both in his relations with the natives, and with his three white visitors.¹⁴⁸⁾ His total exploitation of the surroundings thus goes much further than Case's did in The Beach of Falesá. Some sinister people, Stevenson indicated, found it possible to realize their terrible potential in the South Seas, after having been frustrated at home. The main sufferers were, of course, the natives.

To sum up: Stevenson's stories of the South Seas

continued the theme of evil so well treated in The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The South Pacific provided new insights as people and circumstances changed. Added to this was a certain fascination on Stevenson's part with the supernatural. In Case and in Attwater he described personal variations of religion; religion used skilfully to exploit natives. The latter group appear as almost helpless victims easily manipulated out of their wits while on board the Farallone serving a sick and drunken white master. Stevenson's sympathy is certainly with the Polynesians although he is mainly (and not surprisingly) concerned with relations between the exiled whites, of whom he was one.

CHAPTER 11
INTROVERSION AND EXTROVERSION IN
CERTAIN LATE VICTORIAN WRITERS
CONCLUSION

Robert Louis Stevenson certainly travelled more widely than both Edmund Gosse and George Gissing; his impressions cover a vast number of countries, and the diversity of his homes, from the New Town in Edinburgh to the Pacific comforts of Vailima, cannot be over-emphasized. The impressions of all three writers recorded and analysed in this thesis are wide-ranging and they cannot be summed up briefly. Edmund Gosse's views of Scotland, for example, varied as he saw more of the country and met more Scottish writers - certainly, he kept a more open mind about Scotland than Samuel Johnson had done. The same can be said about Stevenson's attitudes to England. Of course, both knew that national and personal characteristics did not always overlap. Of the three only Stevenson experienced a totally separate culture, even if this culture was already being infested, for good or bad, by western civilization.

The United States was particularly important to all three writers. This has been stressed in this thesis. As we saw at the beginning of Chapter Four, Gosse often conceived of America as a possible futurity. In

Gissing's novels, too, America seems fairly distant. Partly because Stevenson married an American, his knowledge of the country surpassed that of the other two. Not unnaturally, Gissing's image of America was associated with financial ruin or, occasionally, financial triumph. Stevenson's image certainly included starving and suffering, but eventually he himself achieved a great measure of success in his wife's country. Gosse knew the United States mainly through his correspondence with American writers and, as we have seen, he deplored the parochial and patriotic attitudes of some of them. In Victorian Britain the United States attracted almost as much attention as she does today. In spite of the distance she was regarded as a neighbour and a relative who constantly surprised and baffled the British; this is still largely the case.

As I said at the beginning, Gissing, Gosse, and Stevenson are collectively representative of the late nineteenth century. Between them they produced such diverse literary works as children's books, criticism, novels, travel books, and poetry. With George Gissing the emphasis was on novels. The poverty of late nineteenth century London has never been given a better artistic expression. The soup kitchens, the working men's clubs, the prostitutes, all are there together with the dreams and fantasies about foreign countries, the paradise in the Mediterranean and the hard-nosed "realities" of commercial competition in America and Australia where the men are separated from the boys. The world presented by Gissing is in many ways a prosaic one devoid of romantic elements. As a contrast, many of Stevenson's works describe a world created entirely by the author's imagination. For his adventures Stevenson would either go far away in space or far back in time, or both. As mentioned, some of his most Scottish works were written in exile at Vailima whereas a novel such as Treasure Island was begun at Braemar. It is a

well-known but curious fact that Stevenson found it easier and more congenial to write about Scotland when he was away from home; his imagination could have more freedom when it was not restricted by day-to-day reality.

As a literary critic Edmund Gosse was dealing largely with reality. (As we saw, his fiction reveals parallels both with George Gissing, for example The Unequal Yoke, and with Robert Louis Stevenson, for example The Secret of Narcisse.) One of his most important assets was an open mind and an ability to make friends with almost anybody. Edmund Gosse is an unending source of information for researchers into the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries but few have awarded him more than a mention in foot-notes. Even Ann Thwaite's biography is sub-titled A Literary Landscape as if to hint that the main reason for getting interested in Gosse is to learn more about his period. It is clear that he was much more important than that.

Edmund Gosse has exercised an enormous if hidden influence both during his own life-time and later. The importance of his writings on Scandinavia as well as his efforts to make Ibsen and others known in Britain have been sometimes grudgingly admitted but never fully understood. The fact is that Gosse was very successful in what he set out to do. Many writers, André Gide for example, owe their reputation in England to the work of Edmund Gosse. But it is more important to bear in mind that attitudes have changed, and Gosse played a vital part in changing these attitudes by his writings. The twentieth century has seen a much more receptive state of mind towards foreign influences in most people, and whereas it would be an absurd exaggeration to claim that this was brought about by Sir Edmund Gosse, we must acknowledge his not inconsiderable part in the process. Furthermore, he did have a direct and personal influence on many of the writers of the twentieth century. In his criticism

Edmund Gosse applied a degree of common sense as well as a breadth of knowledge rarely seen, perhaps, in literary critics. He was not hampered by a theory or one method - the bane of many a modern critic.

George Gissing's influence on the novel has been more easily understood, especially in recent years. And his descriptions of poverty among the poor and among writers have been valuable. Robert Louis Stevenson made the Pacific better known. He wrote books, letters (to The Times and other publications), and stories in order to tell people what was going on. And he could be very critical of whites in the Pacific, something which often made him unpopular. Even today Stevenson is often mentioned by anthropologists and others interested in the Pacific - indeed, he is not just known for his adventure stories.

And so our three writers fitted into their world at the same time as they influenced it. Gissing's concern with London and its problems, Gosse's mission to bring in fresh literature, and Stevenson's globe-trotting existence, all succeeded in bringing new inspiration to bear on the culture and literature of their own nation.

APPENDIX AROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S BIOGRAPHERS AND CRITICS

Robert Louis Stevenson's travels are, of course, very well documented, and many critics have had a field-day commenting on his more or less voluntary exile. These critics have been of various nationalities and have for that reason concentrated on different aspects. The most perceptive and longest book on Stevenson remains Graham Balfour's Life.¹⁾ This is the authorized version of Stevenson's life, the one of which Fanny Stevenson approved. Originally it was to have been written by Sidney Colvin but he was too busy - the story of the genesis of the biography has been told by Graham Balfour's son.²⁾ Graham Balfour was a cousin of Stevenson's and he visited the Stevenson household at Vailima. Writing to J. M. Barrie after the visit in December 1893 Stevenson remarked:-

... I equipped my cousin Graham Balfour with a letter of introduction, and from him, if you know how - for he is rather of the Scottish character - you may elicit all the information you can possibly wish to have as to us and ours. Do not be bluffed off by the somewhat stern and monumental first impression that he may make upon you....³⁾

Stevenson's first and foremost Life was thus written by a Scot with a good insight into the character of his subject. The chapter "Student Days" gives details of Stevenson's proposed career. He was expected to take up the family profession of designing and building lighthouses. Balfour explains (as do the other biographers) how Robert Louis Stevenson started to study for a science degree at Edinburgh University and how he visited various lighthouses in different parts of Scotland. But Stevenson was not cut out for the career of a lighthouse engineer and, Balfour records, "On April 8, 1871, Louis told his father of his extreme disinclination for the work, and asked to be allowed to follow literature."⁴⁾ This of course is what eventually

happened, although the Law was also attempted. Most interesting, however, is Balfour's observation that during Stevenson's student years (1867-73) he crossed the Channel only once; and Balfour adds, "he was hardly out of Scotland but for his trip to the Lakes, and a visit to R.A.M. Stevenson at Cambridge, where he had a glimpse of the life of the English undergraduate." His one trip to the Continent was a holiday to Germany in 1872. However, Stevenson's interest in Germany flagged; like Gosse he was never fascinated by the Germans and his relations with them in the South Seas were none too good. Returning to the subject of student days, Balfour states:-

For the next year or two there is an occasional reference to Heine or Goethe in his letters, and even a few quotations, chiefly in his unpublished fragments. But with these insignificant exceptions German appears to have passed over him without effect, and French was the only modern language that ever exercised an influence upon his style. 5)

And indeed, later on he went to France frequently. While he was there he wrote Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes -

There seems an irony in the fact that, having lived most of his life in Edinburgh, more or less against his will, he should retire to France only to write about it. But, as if by way of protest against realism, he never drew his native country or his countrymen better than when he was absent from Scotland. 6)

Balfour provides the best all-round account of Stevenson's travels and his attitudes, although later biographers and critics have continued to enlighten readers on various aspects.

G. K. Chesterton, for instance, wrote what the publisher called an "intimate biography" in 1927. His book on Stevenson is similar to his book on Dickens (1906); in other words, it contains a great many inspiring comments, many inaccurate

generalizations containing germs of truth; however, Chesterton is always extremely entertaining. There are indeed many generalizations about Scotland and the Scots in Robert Louis Stevenson; in fact, Chesterton seems to focus on some of the national characteristics of Scots rather than on Stevenson the person. For example:-

It is an obvious truth that Stevenson was born of a Puritan tradition, in a Presbyterian country, where still rolled the echoes at least, of the theological thunders of Knox; and where the Sabbath was sometimes more like a day of death than a day of rest.

Perhaps it is significant that Chesterton stays in the past tense. He makes many other such generalizations, for instance about Edinburgh ("Blasts of raw whisky come to us on that raw wind..."⁷). These remarks, although expressed in an apparently novel way, are really nothing more than common English prejudices about Scotland. But Chesterton goes further - his most perceptive comment on Stevenson is interesting:-

He was never denationalised; for he was a Scotsman; and a Scotsman never is, even when he is in theory internationalised. But he did begin to become internationalised, in the sense that he gained a sort of indiscriminate intimacy with the culture of the world, especially the rather cynical sort of culture which was then current. The local and domestic conventions, which were in many ways wrong, lost their power to control him even when they were right. 8)

Again, Chesterton is extremely wordy but the remark is very true. And his book was well received; we have already seen (above, on page 150) how delighted Edmund Gosse was when he first saw Chesterton's biography in 1927.

Another major contribution to the Stevenson literature was a modest little book published by Moray McLaren in 1950. He explained in his introduction that no one had yet dealt with what he believed to be Stevenson's most informative influence: "his native city". And so Stevenson and Edinburgh was written.

The most important thing to remember about this book is that it was written by a Scot -

The English [says McLaren], for all their delicate appreciation of Stevenson as an artist, tend to be ill-informed or condescending when writing about R.L.S. and his city. For the most part they seem to have looked upon Edinburgh as no more than a picturesque but accidental and provincial background to the early years of a man of genius.... The Americans, on the other hand, in their writings on Stevenson have certainly not neglected R.L.S.'s birthplace. With that laborious industry, for which their literary scholars are noted, they have dug up a number of interesting and sometimes illuminating facts about Stevenson's youthful years in Edinburgh. Their treatment of and comments on these facts have been, in the eyes of most natives of the city, hopelessly wide of the mark. 9)

Moray McLaren knows his Edinburgh, and he knows his Stevenson - the background, Edinburgh, is thus firmly set, and described in chapter after chapter. It is emphasized that in Edinburgh Stevenson had a very happy childhood, but not a very happy adolescence and youth.¹⁰⁾ What was lacking in Stevenson was the kind of enthusiasm - or "ardent curiosity" - which Dickens felt for London: "He was always doing odd, even if quite innocent things to try and escape from the ordinary Edinburgh surroundings."¹¹⁾ Moray McLaren does a good job of effectively squashing the commonly held English and American prejudices. Thus he rejects the traditional view that Stevenson's father was a tyrant - and a Scottish Presbyterian tyrant at that.¹²⁾ McLaren's description of Thomas Stevenson is fair and sympathetic, and it meant that later critics were more sympathetic too. But a book about Robert Louis Stevenson and Edinburgh would be useless without an account of the author's "dissipated" youth in the Scottish capital, and Moray McLaren does indeed have a detailed discussion of Stevenson's velvet-coat days - and of course an illuminating description of the demi-monde of Edinburgh.¹³⁾

Stevenson and Edinburgh is altogether a very

satisfying book written by a Scot about Scots, and although modest in size and scope, it seems to have had a great - if hidden - influence on subsequent studies.

In contrast, Voyage to Windward, published in 1952, was at the same time more ambitious and more disappointing. It is unfortunate that McLaren's book has apparently had no influence on the American writer. J.C. Furnas does mention it in his bibliography but presumably had not enough time to assimilate McLaren's advice, and thus fell into some of the traps diagnosed by McLaren. Voyage to Windward. The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson would appear to be a straightforward biography of the author, and¹⁰ some extent it is, although the language is somewhat disconcerting and betrays Furnas's American journalistic background. And a sentence such as, "Engineer, physician, Calvinist theologian - serious Scots are known as such throughout the English-speaking world", does not really make a great deal of sense - the paragraph goes on to inform us that Stevenson was born with blue eyes which soon turned dark hazel.¹⁴⁾ Furnas makes several generalizations about the Scots and the English, many of them very inaccurate. For instance,

His dismayed dislike for that latter country and nation England grew as he saw more of it and the world. He was, of course, as loyal to King [sic] and country as a Greenwich pensioner; but, whereas the Englishman is loyal primarily to England, the Scot is so primarily to the Crown. So for Louis the region south of Tweed could remain principally a dank corridor to Europe, an habitation for friends, living or dead, a cultural puzzle, and a steady irritation. 15)

Furnas has, of course, read "The Foreigner at Home", which reveals some displeasure with the English. But Furnas seems to forget that nearly all Scots are born with a vigorous scepticism of anything English, and Stevenson was no exception. However, he was more open, more favourably disposed towards England

than many of his countrymen. Certainly, An Inland Voyage displays no strong Scottish nationalism or any anti-English feeling.¹⁶⁾

Some later biographies - especially Jenni Calder's revealing study from 1980 - have undoubtedly great advantages over Furnas's relatively early book. Fortunately, J.C. Furnas himself improved both his knowledge on Stevenson's Scottish background, and his style, and one almost hopes he might write another biography now. To The Robert Louis Stevenson Companion (1980) J. C. Furnas contributed "Stevenson and America", an excellent analysis of the author's relations with America; and Stevenson and Victorian Scotland (1981) included an essay of his, "Stevenson and Exile", which contained some very interesting and indeed valuable conclusions.¹⁷⁾ It is important to notice, furthermore, that both collections of essays were edited by Jenni Calder. She was the author of the brilliant book just mentioned on Stevenson, which came out in 1980. Jenni Calder, daughter of David Daiches - himself a well-known expert on Stevenson and author of critical books on him - is undoubtedly one of the world's leading contemporary scholars on the subject of Stevenson.¹⁸⁾ Jenni Calder's book starts dramatically with a description of Stevenson and his father taking a walk:-

On the eighth of April, 1871, Robert Louis Stevenson and his father walked from the New Town of Edinburgh to the little village of Cramond, a few miles distant on the shore of the Firth of Forth. At that time the handsome mid-Victorian developments to the north of the Water of Leith, which edged the New Town, merged into pleasant farmland and woods; beyond the green, the blue of the Firth, beyond that, on a clear day, the hills of Fife. Glimpses of water and hills continually surprise one in the heart of Edinburgh's grey stone. For Stevenson they were a temptation and a reassurance. He never liked to be far from water and hills. 19)

This is probably the best biography of Stevenson

since Balfour and thus brings this summary look at
the Stevenson literature full circle.

APPENDIX BEDMUND GOSSE: SCOTTISH JOURNAL 1870

From MS 2562 in the National Library of Scotland,
Edinburgh.

Note

All ampersands have been expanded.

IMPORTANT

Miss Jennifer Gosse has kindly given me permission to reproduce the Scottish Journal and the Danish Diary in this thesis, and I am very grateful to her. Appendix B and Appendix C: must not be copied.

I. Sorrow on the Sea.

It must be confessed that the opening hours of our holiday were not as auspicious as could have been wished. I had imprudently bought a heavy article called "our Alpine boot", which in one afternoon had so frayed my heel as to make the least pressure unbearable, and on Saturday I was fain to hobble about London in a slipper. To start for the Highlands with a blistered foot can at no time be pleasant, and a general feeling of ill-health and apprehension increased my ill-timed depression. When, however, my back was well turned on the Museum, when I had left behind all the little cares and monotonies of business, when D. greeted me on the steps of the Royal Exchange, and when, after a slight meal at fine old Crobbie Hall, we fairly started eastward, my spirits became more in union with the occasion. The Hermitage Wharf, whence we started, is behind the Tower, past Nightingale Lane, and in a land quite unknown to me. We were a little dismayed to find the steamer overwhelmingly full of passengers, but as we had secured berths a good while before, this seemed of little moment. Presently, fairly afloat, we went slowly down the dingy Thames, watching unwholesome bubbings rise and spread after their loathsome fashion into glimmering prismatic surfaces on the water, and, on land, wharf and dock, all dull and brown alike, pass in monotonous series. The great peninsula of the Isle of Dogs was thus skirted by us, and opposite its point, a really capital view of Greenwich Hospital presented itself. St. Paul's, unlamented, faded back into its foggy surroundings, while we floated down the ever-widening estuary; it seemed odd from such a point of view to see the Crystal Palace as plainly as we did; soon it, too, vanished, and the banks of the river began to struggle into something of leafage and meadow-land. I fretted a little, at last, at the slow unvarying banks, that seemed far longer than [i.e. than] geography justified. At last at Gravesend, while we were criticising the trumpery remains of a port at Tilbury, the welcome dinner-bell rang, and down we rushed, gladly enough, to pass an hour in waiting and eating and talking. It was a little past noon when we started; when the cheese had exhausted its charms, and we emerged on deck again, it was deep in the afternoon. Wonderful seemed the change of surrounding:- Essex, at a considerable distance to left of our path, was low and scarcely defined; Kent lay behind us, a blue cloud, that soon sunk on the horizon. We felt brilliant and elate, there was a strong breeze blowing right down the North Sea, we felt the swell of real waves, and enjoyed the brisk salt flavour. For a long while I stood near the wheel, watching the green path of the ship, and the wreaths of snowy foam wrought by the screw of the steamer. We stood on the bows too, now and then, but the rush of air was tremendous, and drew a stream of tears from our eyes, and flattened us painfully against heaps of cordage. Towards nightfall Essex faded away, and for the first time in my life I looked round in a circle of unbroken water. We stayed on deck till it grew very cold and dark, then when some Suffolk sea-port was glimmering faintly far away to westward, we went down to our berths. They were very small, of course, but they seemed clean, and one reckons on rough handling at sea, so we clambered into our little holes cheerfully enough; but oh! the heat of that night! D. opened the port-hole close to him for a while, but the sea dashed in, and it had to be shut. Then only a slight and incomplete partition divided us from the cabin, where the crowd of unfortunates who failed to secure berths, made night horrid after their own fashion. They

smoked to a man; they all drank spirits; they played whist for hours. At first sight these three things seem harmless enough, but to my notion, the smell of tobacco, which I care nothing for on shore, is horrible at sea; secondly, the drinking of spirits involved incessant clinking of glasses; thirdly, they played whist with an exasperating heedlessness of its very name, and babbled ceaselessly. Nevertheless nature conquered at last. and I slept till far into Sunday morning. I got up with a feeling of strong disgust for the confined air and stale smell of the cabin, and got as soon as possible on deck. If we had had breakfast at once, I think I might have overcome the queasiness that now overtook me, but it was too long in coming, and when at last the bell rang and I sallied down, I had a chop sent me, such a chop! I see it now, and I was vanquished. Seizing my hat I rushed on deck, and relinquished myself to the selfishness of utter despair. To describe the misery of that terrible morning would be idle indeed; soon D. succumbed likewise; almost all the passengers sooner or later were in like plight. The deck was soundless and motionless; the poor people lay in painful heaps here and there, no one spoke or opened a book; it was most unsundaylike. Before noon land came in sight again; I languidly looked up, and learned it was Flamborough Head. Then it sank out of sight. Towards the end of the afternoon we began to brighten a little; after lying down I felt better, and D. kindly got me some oatcake, which was delicious. I came on deck again to see the Coquet, a finely-shaped rock with a lighthouse picturesquely set at the high end of it; beyond stretched the Northumbrian coast and Alnwick Castle was visible. Then I lay down again and slept, till D. routed me out to look at the pretty group of the Fern Islands, the home of Grace Darling, between which and the land we passed. At tea I discovered that D. had found in some fellow-passengers, old acquaintances, namely Col. Lawford of Bristol, and his daughter. With them was a most agreeable and clever young lady, a Miss Sutherland, and we all fraternised most pleasantly. We had all been ill, we were all tasting the joys of convalescence, and we sat down on one seat, shared rugs, dug up old associations, and enjoyed the splendid scenery in the long evening light. Soon Scotland came in sight, the rough coast of Berwickshire, full of caverns and hewn into cliffs, with the crowning precipice of St. Abb's Head, then East Lothian, and the crag of Dunbar was coming up into dim sight, when we made our adieux and sought our berths. But if sleep had been difficult the night before, it was now impossible. Two horrible Scots close to my ear, in the frightful drawling growl peculiar to Aberdeen, recounted endless stories of that university; then the sailors from far aft, fell into a lusty singing of songs, they "took a cup of kindness" in the most tempestuous manner, were very crushing in "coming through the rye", and dwelt to excess on the virtues of "bonnie Dundee". These gentlemen at length becoming hoarse, twelve o'clock struck, and lo! the screw gave a hideous shriek, hauling of ropes, letting down of the anchor, heavy-lunged commands answered to by awesome "Ay, ay sir's". We were moored in the Firth, opposite Leith, and looking out of the port-hole, I was aware of the heights of Burntisland glimmering across the lapping, waneless water. All hopes of rest was gone now; the passengers one by one clambered on deck, and their footfalls passing over me were maddening. I got to know the exact moment they would come. So before two o'clock, as light was glimmering, and I quite weary of a hot berth, I got up and dressed, having for the first time in my life passed a night without a moment's unconsciousness. Soon we crept into Leith Dock, and about

3 a.m. were moored; the Lawfords had wrapped themselves in rugs, and staying on deck, had fared better, getting an hour or two of sleep. Dames, also, as I had been conscious painfully, had snored for an hour and a half. I felt very nervous and hollow-eyed, hungry and cold and cross, and with a distinct prejudice against Leith. It took another hour before we were off the boat, and another yet before the first train started for Edinburgh. At last, however, we found ourselves in the great Waverley station, the very centre of Auld Reekie, which occupies the hollow filled of old by the Loch.

II. Edinburgh.

We had been recommended to an hotel, the Waverley Temperance, very close to the station. Thither we went, and ordered breakfast. From the bedroom they gave us we had an excellent view of the town; exactly opposite, towering above us, was the exquisite Scott Monument, on whose lovely arches and pinnacles I was never tired of gazing. Beyond were the Loch and the railway, and still beyond, the Old Town, terrace above terrace. After breakfast, I went into the little reading-room to write to you, but I suffered sadly from the sleeplessness of the past night. The paper seemed to recede as I wrote, my eyes lost focus, and I felt so ill, that I staggered upstairs and throwing myself on a bed, slept for forty minutes. This refreshed me greatly, and without it I scarcely could have gone through the day. It was still quite early when we sallied out, walking along Prince's [sic] Street and climbing Calton Hill. From here Edinburgh looks sublime; the classic repose of the town, its magnificent position, the fine peak of Arthur's seat, the far more striking outline of Salisbury Crag, the stately monuments rising everywhere, are seen to excellent advantage. Behind lies the Firth of Forth, with its islands, and the pastoral lands of Fife, with the gleaming houses of Burntisland and Aberdour, and far east the strange conical peak of Largo Law. Then we wended our way back again, passing our hotel, and reaching the Mound, where are the Museum of Antiquities and the National Gallery. The latter presents a far better collection of pictures than I expected. Here were some pictures familiar by name or engraving, Drummond's 'Porteous Riot', Dyce's 'Francesca di Rimini', Noel Patons's diploma pictures and others. I noticed a fine Bonifazio which only a few weeks before I had seen at a London sale-room. One chamber is almost dedicated to some monstrous cartoons by Etty. After passing a little while here, we called on Mr. Martin, to whom my kind friends of that name, at Onslow Square, had given me an introduction. Mr. Martin was out, but Mrs. M. greeted us with much cordiality, and sent her eldest son, a nice ingenuous boy of 14 or 15, to guide us through the city. Our first expedition was to the Castle, where after examining old Mons Meg, we enjoyed the magnificent view north. While roaming about the Castle I was surprised to come across a Tottenham acquaintance, a relation of the Howards, who, like myself, had been disappointed by the war in an intended tour on the Continent. We 'did' the regalia, and all the other sights, including the firing of the canon at the dropping of a ball from the Nelson Monument, a ceremony that produces a harrowing effect upon the nerves. Leaving the Castle, our discreet and intelligent young guide took us down the High Street to the sombre little square of cloisters fronted by Giles Cathedral. This is the centre of the professional and intellectual life of the city. To reach it one must pass over the "Heart of Mid Lothian" carved in the pavement, by the Cathedral. The Parliament House was our first point of visit, with its great hall, adorned with clever sculptures, and imposing, though with an elaborately hideous and heavy roof. The great painted window is a masterpiece in the modern German style; Mr. Martin afterwards was kind enough to give me a pamphlet describing its foundation. The Courts of Law, nothing differing from our English courts, were then seen, and then the Signet Library, with its noble hall. Our guide then led us down the steep and evil-smelling Canongate, pointing out various places of historic interest, till we at last reached Holyrood, of which I will say but little. No place in Scotland interested me less, or caused a greater

feeling of disappointment. We saw all through the rooms redolent of that unpleasant personage, Mary Queen of Scots; we viewed with weary eyes beds that had been slept in by veritable sovereigns, and tapestries that had decked the rooms of several monarchs celebrated for their inanity or their vices. Also, with an air of great mystery, our sceptical vision was allowed to rest on the black stain of Rizzio's blood. I doubt whether a microscope would discover much blood there. Then came the portrait gallery, with all the Scotch Kings since Fergus I., whose blessed memory dates back to some 300 B.C. We returned under shadow of Salisbury Crag, and up some incredibly steep lanes into the town; on our way we looked from a viaduct down upon Cowgate (which former haunt of the nobility is a blot upon Scotch civilization), and reached at last the University, where the statue by Brodie of Sir David Brewster was just uncovered. By this time we were fairly tired out, and as we were to dine with our new friend in Chester Street, we made that an excuse for going back to our hotel, where we threw ourselves down and lolled. Gaining a little refreshment thereby, we went out into the Public Gardens close at hand, and even ventured on a twopenny trip up the inside of the Scott Monument. Let no one follow our example; the ascent is excessively wearisome, and the view from the top not comparable to those from Calton Hill and the Castle. Then at 6 o'clock we wended to Chester Street, where we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Martin, and a most cordial and hospitable welcome from all. At 10 p.m. we begged ourselves away on the plea of having had no sleep the previous night, and left our new friends as though they had been old ones. The look of the old town from Princes Street, and its fairy twinkling tiers of lamps struck us very much. On Tuesday morning we woke greatly refreshed, but were mortified to find the city muffled in a thick mist. The noise of Princes Street, which like all Scotch streets is shamefully ill-paved, is tremendous; we wondered how we had managed to sleep through such a riot. In dressing I still felt a good deal of nausea, and the horrid sensation of the rolling of the vessel. After breakfast we posted up to Giles Cathedral, the tower of which is very strange and beautiful, in the shape of a crown imperial, but the inside, which has been walled up into three kirks, is disappointing; we then by appointment met Mr. Martin who in the most courteous way obtained for us a sight of the Register Office, containing the royal documents to a very early date. Some of these, of a vast antiquity, were of the most singular interest. Mr. Martin then showed us some of the great banks, on the interior of which a great amount of artistic labour has been expended. The most noticeable thing to a Londoner about Edinburgh is the profusion of statues, and their cleanliness. The one which pleased me most was that of Allan Ramsey, most Scottish of Scotchmen, and full of realistic power in execution.

III. Linlithgow and Glasgow.

In the middle of the morning we started westward through the rather commonplace lands of Lothian. About midway between Edinburgh and Lithgow [sic] we got a good view up a glen of Niddry Castle, a ruin connected in some way with Queen Mary. Linlithgow is a sleepy little town, straggling along and down a hill. Close to the station is an old well bearing the carved words "Sainte Michael is kinde to strangers." The little town is full of fountains; springs bubble out of every wall and bank, and form a quite surprising feature. On the central hill I mentioned stand the church and Palace, and beyond them is the loch. We walked up to the Palace, passing the Church, and climbed unmolested by guides about its shattered towers. When we reached the top we were overwhelmed by the beauty of the situation. On one side lies the pretty town, full of trees; on three sides the quiet loch, when we saw it, glittering with the unclouded sunshine of August. The palace, the neighbouring church, seemed to solemnize and soften by their grey ruin the silent joyousness of nature. There was no discordant chord, the loveliness was complete, and we lay on the high wall of the Palace, watching the wind ruffle the loch, and move the leaves on the trees that cover its islets to this edge, with our hearts full of serene delight. Linlithgow Palace must ever be among my happiest memories. We came down at last, sauntered along the marshy shores of the bay, tantalized the expectant swans who followed in vain hope of crumbs, and then climbed the peninsula again to see the Church. This is a noble building, and one which claims to be the largest in Scotland; northern barbarity has thrown a rude wall down the middle of the nave, but this ugly piece of masonry is to be removed, as we learned from the intelligent and enthusiastic old man who does the honours of the church. In the vestry there are kept two extraordinary slabs of early sculpture in bas-relief, representing with much vigour and quaintness the Agony in the Garden and the Betrayal by Judas. These doubtless date back to the foundation of the church. This over, we walked down the town, refreshed ourselves with some excellent ale, and bought some wonderful local "cakes". At this shop where the last were purchased, we heard for the first time the funny expression that afterwards grew familiar "These are all ha'pennies each!" It is needful to compliment the Lithgese on their good eyesight; we were not so pitilessly stared at anywhere else, the Hebrideans even expressed less surprise at our modest selves than these Lowlanders of West Lothian. Reaching the western limits of the village, we went back, past the station, to the extreme east of it, gained the loch side, and lay down in long grass under a pastoral beech, rousing a couple of skimming coots as we did so. The place is very charming in a quiet, unobtrusive, English way. Harebells bloomed everywhere in profusion, a rosy water-plant unknown to me studded the surface of the lake, fish rose everywhere, feasting on the unwary insects that crowded to the glittering water. We unwillingly tore ourselves away at last in the afternoon, and started westward again. Our way lay for many miles through the south of Stirlingshire, a manufacturing district, full of collieries. We got from the railway a good view of the large smoky town of Falkirk, and, far behind it, the blazing ironworks of Carron. Soon we were among the hills again, but no striking forms presented themselves, and before long we were sliding down the steep decline which ends in a tunnel and lands the startled passenger suddenly in the heart of Glasgow. Our first idea in the great city was George Square, into which we dizzily emerged. Bye and bye we found our way into Buchanan

Street, and hit upon an hotel to our mind. The afternoon light was waning, and so without pausing for food or rest we rushed off through wretched little streets to the Cathedral. The inside of this building is, as everybody knows, richly lighted through coloured windows. These certainly have a very beautiful effect; I hardly liked the designs in all cases, and the colouring, when the windows are looked at individually, has the faults of the German school, yet the tout ensemble is very pleasing and impressive. Still more unique and beautiful is the vault, also lighted entirely by painted windows, some of them better than any in the church above. From the Cathedral Close you see the Necropolis, which lines the hill beyond; this we did not visit, the tombs looked many of them pompous and extravagant; to me nothing is more distressing than hideous efforts to make the forms of death ornamental, unless it be the blind and heartless pride that generates such efforts. Returning another way to the heart of the city, we began to look everywhere for an eating-house. Wonderful to say, it was with the greatest difficulty we found one, and that poor enough. Shops entirely consecrated to sweets are in full display everywhere, and form a novel feature to an Englishman, but meat and potatoes Glasgow bodies seem supposed to never need. We in no wise were pleased with Glasgow, it is smoky, regular, dull; the streets contain few buildings of importance, and fewer still, or none, of any pretensions to beauty. We spent the evening in lounging about the town, hanging about the bridges and wharves, and passing adverse criticisms on the sluggish nasty Clyde. The embankments of the river, however, won fullest admiration, they bear the seal of a masterly skill and perseverance. Lastly we went down to the Broomielaw, found out the time of the starting of the next day's steamer, and, pretty well worn out, betook ourselves to our hotel. It was our second night in Scotland, and how much we had already seen! The amount of ground gone over seemed incredible, and we were full of thankfulness for the beautiful weather and the success of our plans. But such a night as that was may I never feel again; suddenly about 11 p.m. the heat became overwhelming, we could hardly breathe, sleep was impossible, worn out with travel, apprehensive for the next day's labour, we lay sleepless for hours. At last the oppression of air passed off, and we fell asleep. This day had been, as I mentioned, foggy at first, but the mists had cleared off before noon. On Wednesday morning, however, we found ourselves wrapped up again in white clouds. The steamer which received us was the Iona, a finer boat than I ever saw before. We were right glad when it slipped from its moorings and began to glide down the river; fifteen hours in Glasgow had been quite enough to tire me of the great dull town. But if Glasgow was unpleasing, what shall I say of the Clyde? St. Giles' is familiar to me, Whitechapel and the odourous purlieus of Lambeth are not beyond my experience, but never in the foulest corners of London were my nostrils tortured as on the highly-respectable Clyde. The stench of the river as the steamer tore up whirlpools of brown mud was beyond the imaginings of a Dante. Horror-struck, and veiling in handkerchiefs [sic] our offended noses we rushed down to the Saloon and buried ourselves in the cushions, but nowhere could we avoid it. The mists grew very thick so that the banks could hardly be seen, and nothing on them defined; our spirits sank lower and lower; presently having passed and dimly seen the castled crag of Dumbarton, we stopped at the quay of Greenock.

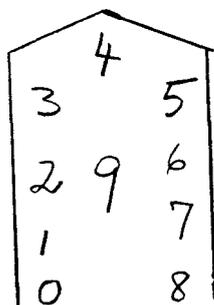
IV. Westward to Oban

At Greenock properly began the sightseeing of the day. At that town an immense number of passengers poured in, and we discovered that the wise course would have been to spend another hour in bed, and come hither by train in time to catch the "Iona". We learn by suffering! After an hour's delay, during which the mists had shown signs of alleviation, and the opposite shores of Roseneath [i.e. Rosneath] had slowly become more distinct, we started due west, passing the straggling little town of Gourrock, and bearing direct for the opposite coast of Argyleshire. Kirn was our first stopping-place; this name is given to the pier at the north of the long and beautiful town of Dunoon, the Brighton of Glasgow, which lies along the wooded side of the Clyde for some miles, and with its white gleaming terraces and shapely buildings has a particularly fine effect from the water. We skirted the bay stopping at the pier of Dunoon proper, and Inellan, a smaller village of a little character further south. These places have an extremely beautiful outlook; the estuary seeming rather like a noble lake, than an arm of the sea. At Greenock an elderly lady got in, with whom almost immediately we became quite at home; she was one of the most charming people I ever met, full of wise and witty thoughts, and with that pleasant quaintness of phrase and feeling that goes by the name of "old school". She was very English, and that, too, was pleasant to us. Before the end of the day she had discovered from a book I left in her charge at Crinan, that my name was the same as that of the most popular of living naturalists; she was familiar with many of your books, and had read with interest Mrs. Shipton's little biographical sketch of my mother. Her name, a strange one, is Lanzun. She promised to look me up at the Museum, and I thoroughly hope she will. Well, this is a digression, - we soon rounded Toward Point, and the mist all this while very slowly lessening, we steamed across to Rothesay. This is a large, busy place, built round a most superb bay, and looking very distinguished in the mystery of a sunlit haze. Everywhere we took in hosts of passengers, and the deck began to look like one of Keating's Fly-Destroyers in full work. Leaving Rothesay we moved up the north shores of Bute, till we entered the narrow strait called the Kyles of Bute. This watery glen is very pretty; its scenery cannot be called grand, the height of the hills being inconsiderable, and their forms gentle, but it has a quiet beauty peculiar to itself. The Bute shore is tame and bare, the Argyle, well-wooded and much nobler in outline. At the head of the Kyles, where the strait again turns south, there is a group of singularly pretty islets, and a view down three fine waterways. Soon we passed Taynabruich [i.e. Tighnabruaich] (pron. Tinnabrooich) a favourite resort of weary Glasgovians. Keeping close to land, and dimly catching Inchmarnock to the south, we entered Loch Fyne, illustrious for herrings, and bore right across for Tarbert. The coast of Kintyre here was the first real Highland scenery I had seen, and its sterile grandeur impressed me deeply. The pier at Tarbert is far away from the village, which lies down a deep narrow bay. Here the people of Islay got out, and the Marquis of Lorn, with an army of volunteers going to a review at Lochgilphead, got in. Now before this arrival, we had an outrageous old Gael on board squeaking out ditties on the pipes unsanctified by any musical river-god. But the Marquis brought his own piper, a glittering gentleman with a brand-new instrument that quite took the wind out of our old friend's sails. The latter in mortified silence passed into the background

and the newcomer sucked the bag-pipes, and paced up and down to the hearts' delight of all good Scots. But it was droll, and almost sad too, to see the old piper stand behind, whispering, what doubtless were no compliments to his next neighbour. Then on, up Loch Fyne, hugging the shore of Knapdale, a thoroughly Highland district, mountainous, barren and scarcely at all peopled. I had never seen such a dearth of houses, and even in the far north, I scarcely recall any coast so desolate, so silent, as this of Knapdale. Noon brought us in sight of Ardrisha[i]g, where everyone gets out. This pier is the most ill-regulated place I ever saw, an eager horde of half-naked screaming children, and drunken roaring porters overwhelm you at once; you break your shins over promiscuous kegs of herrings, and get crushed in a heavy rain of imports and exports. Besides the natives, shoals of tourists rush off the boat, and other shoals rush on; mighty deeds are done by determined Scotch umbrellas, and great is the peril of toes. That such a state of confusion should daily repeat itself, is a disgrace to the authorities, whoever they may be. Extricating ourselves and Miss Lanzun at last from this hideous turmoil, we walked about a quarter of a mile to the point where the canal-boat was waiting to take passengers to Crinan, while the luggage goes in carts. We were prepared for three dull and wasted hours, everyone said the canal was most tiresome. But we did not think so; it winds like some slow river through rich and beautiful country; its banks are wooded down to the water's edge with rowans and sycamores, everywhere the rich woodland and deep cool glades reminded us of Devonshire. About half-way the scenery becomes wilder, and here, as there are several locks all at once, we got out and walked in Knapdale. Blechnum and lady-fern were abundant, and several pretty heaths. At the locks were a group of little girls, each holding a can and a cup, and repeating these words, "Pour you any milk, sah?" These were all the English words they knew; if anyone showed a disposition to buy a glass-full, the two nearest children wrangled for the honour in eloquent Gaelic. The monotony of their unvarying cry was very strange in that otherwise soundless land. Near the end of the canal is a cottage, on whose whitewashed end figures are painted thus.(1) This was a great puzzle to me; on asking I was told it was used as a telegraph to tell the people in the Oban boat how many passengers were coming, with an eye to arrangements for tea. To this same Oban boat we in good time came, and glided off into the silence of Crinan bay. The afternoon was a lovely one, the mists still hovered about, but they were so spread, and so permeated with sunlight, that we gained a very lovely, though scarcely an adequate idea of the shores. We were out into the Atlantic now, but the sea was like a mill-pond. Jura and Scarba were grand shadows on our left, on our right we skirted an archipelago of wild islets. Soon we reached the long dreary island-mountain of Luing, bare as a tour on Dartmoor, and with scarcely a house to be seen. Here we stopped a moment to throw a newspaper out to a boat that came off from shore for it; we speculated as to whether that "Scotsman" was for the Laird of Luing, and if so where he lived, and whether he was an entertaining person, and whether he was ever bored with Luing. The sight of Mull along the horizon was our next excitement, and then we rather wearily watched for Oban; at last the island and some of the Kerrara were reached, and we soon found ourselves in the sung bay of Oban, with the white houses of that town gleaming to us from its secure and commodious harbour, of which Kerrara is the natural protection and breakwater. Our friend, Miss Lanzun, was going to Lochaline (pron. Loch Allen) in the Sound of

Mull, so we parted from her here. There was a rush of people eager to get lodging, and as there is sometimes the greatest difficulty in this, I left the luggage with D., and pushing on rapidly, got capital rooms at the comfortable King's Arms Hotel, on the Quay. After an excellent and welcome dinner we sallied forth to see Oban. It was a lovely evening; the sun was just setting as we climbed the steep wood which clothes the bluff southern boundary of the little bay. From the top of this hill we got a fine view,- Oban below us clustering between moor and sea, a similar wooded promontory on the other side, and ivy-covered Dunolly Castle at the end of it; over against us the long island of Kerrara, with the harbour smooth and glistening at our feet; far beyond, the Atlantic, with a consciousness of Mull in the background, though it was grown too hazy to see that. We spent the remainder of the evening in scouring Oban, a town it is very easy to exhaust. Oban is simply a congregation of hotels and lodging houses, with a sprinkling of small shops; it is exclusively a wayside house for travellers north, south, east and west, most convenient and helpful in that light, but nothing in itself. So after a day of unprecedented (for us) travel and novelty, we went to bed.

1)



V. Round Mull.

Next morning the same tiresome mist was hanging over hill and water, but the weather was calm and sunny, and quite propitious for the Atlantic trip. We, in starting, passed between the north of Kerrara and Dunolly Castle, and then bore due north-west, skirted the uttermost point of Lismore and at last came into the Sound of Mull itself. The discrepancy and error of our maps gave us much perplexity in this early part of our voyage; for instance, at the end of Lismore the maps put a lighthouse, whereas there is none there in reality, but one at the point of an islet considerably to the south; about the position of Lady Rock, where legends say the Lord of Duart landed his wife and left her, all the maps differed and all were wrong. The Sound of Mull is now more familiar to me than any part of the Highlands, for after this day's excursion, I twice, as I shall relate, and each time in the most translucent weather, saw slowly the whole length of it. Consequently, my memory of it on this first Thursday, when it was so murky, is hardly characteristic, and I shall therefore describe it here from my eventual experience. Coming from Oban, then, you find yourself after passing the point of Duart, in a broad waterway of nearly parallel sides, running here and there into bays and lochs at right angles. Both shores are grand and beautiful in their outlines, but Mull eclipses Morven in the height and wildness of its mountains, towering to a central apex, Ben More, in magnificent perspective. A very fine peak, Dundagee [Dun da Ghaoithe], beetles over Duart Castle. A little further up the Sound, on the Morven side, are the ruins of Ardtornish, sung of in the Lord of the Isles. Scott romanced outrageously in painting this little kennel as a baronial palace; it is so small, and is built on so small and conical a rock, that the wonder is how any one could have ever lived in it at all. Round the cliffy sides of Ardtornish the entrance of Lochaline presents itself, a pretty winding glen among the hills, where was our first station, though but for a moment. Thence along the narrowest part of the gloomy strait, to the bright little bay of Salen, and the little village, the first group of houses we have seen since we left Oban, of Salen. This is an important station, being the rendezvous for all the west and centre of the island, but it is a very little place, just a kirk and half-a-dozen cots. The history of its name is odd; originally, as now, its name was Salen; about a century ago this was somehow exchanged for Torosay, by which, even yet, it is marked in some maps, and then back to Salen again. In leaving Salen Bay we pass the little castle of Aros, and nothing else very singular till Tobermory is neared. Tobermory, capital of Mull, and largest town between Oban and Stornoway, has a harbour which combines to the fullest beauty and utility. It lies along a little bay of the main island, and has opposite it for breakwater the small low land known as the Calf of Mull. This last on the east is scarcely separated from the main, but on the west leaves just space enough for the largest vessels to enter with ease. Once inside the calf, and the maddest storms that ever tore the neighbouring Atlantic would be but an unheeded rumour. The shores of the bay are very lovely; round the town the woods are thick, and long cascades fall in white columnar stillness from the precipitous rocks; the Calf, on the other hand, is a true Hebride, rugged and heathery. The town is poor and dirty, with streets so steep that the houses seem built on one another. But it is large as towns go in the West; it must have quite 1000 inhabitants. Leaving Tobermory after a considerable stay, we reach a wider sea, and look

down the silent stormy Loch Sunart; Morven here, on the north side, gives place to Airdnamurchan, and at last we reach the unbroken Atlantic. We had a very great anxiety to see Coll, the great island that lies west of Mull, and by dint of straining our eyes, persuaded ourselves that we made out its shape through the mists. But we were wrong; we became familiar afterwards with the outline of Coll, and know that it was quite beyond our ken that day. Turning the headland the glorious south wind, blowing along the ocean without frenzy or violence, but with a steady strength, was a fine thing to face, and a healthy memory for sultry days in London. The cliffs of Mull about Caliach have a basaltic character, and so have a group of islands which we passed to our right, the Treshnish Islands. These little rocks have most singular shapes, one looks exactly like a broad-rimmed hat on the water. Now we saw Gometray, and towering behind it, Ulva; whereupon everyone on board laid a claim to the latter by observing "And I'm the lord of Ulva's isle!" But all minor attractions were forgotten, when a sailor drawing attention to a tiny grey shadow far before us on the horizon, said, "There's Staffa!" When it is rough, nobody can land on Staffa at all; when it is very smooth, one can go in a boat up Fingal's Cave. When, as on the day I speak of [i.e. of], the Atlantic swell makes the latter unsafe, visitors are put ashore in boats on the north side of the island. There is no proper landing-place on Staffa, but at one place it is easy to row a boat up a break in the basaltic cause-way, and one steps ashore on the truncated columns as on a pier. This we did, and climbing the incline, gained the ridge of hill running through the island. We walked nearly a mile over rich grasslands, odourous [sic] with clover and honey-scented flowers, among which the black and russet Highland cattle were luxuriously feeding. A sailor told me these were brought over from a farm at Gometray, the pasture being considered particularly good. Staffa is uninhabited; you pass one ruined house, where a family once tried to be comfortable, but gave in at last. At last we reached an inlet, the sides of which were like the skeleton of a boat, or the ridges on the inside of a pecten. This queer place, for some reason unperceived by me, is called the Clam Cave. On the other side of this, a rough path leads down to the shore, and you walk along a basalt pavement to Fingal's Cave. On the way an inlet, separated by a very narrow thread of deep water, is passed, on which the truncated hexagonal pillars are seen in perfection. Fingal's cave is familiar to everyone; in size it hardly reached my expectations; I have seen larger caves in Devonshire, and Norwich or Hereford Cathedral would easily contain it. But the beauty of the regular columns, and their splendour of shining whiteness in that sombre place, can not too much be delighted in and dwelt on. The only ferns I found on Staffa were rutamuraria and marinum; the flowers, also, were all common species. We returned to the boats the way we had come, and were taken off again to the steamer. A few miles south of Staffa, we reached Iona (pro Eona), a long low island. We sailed between Mull and it, and about half-way down its coast, were taken on shore in boats. There is no regular landing-place, but a rough foot-pier has been thrown out to a point where the water is always deep enough for boats. Long before the steamer approached Iona, the look of the shore excited curiosity; all the beach is lined with a heavy white sand, as white as lime, which gleams to a great distance. In rowing to the landing-place we had a good view of the Cathedral; round the former a little cluster of houses, with an inn, represent the nucleus of the island, and from these houses, and especially from the day-school a troop of wild

children came rushing with ferns, plates of shells, echini, and the like, to sell. Their accent was most droll; all round us we heard in a sort of stage whisper, - "Shulce - tup-ponce!", "Funs, throp-ponce!" "Schulce, tup-ponce!" We invested in twopenn'orth of "shulce"; they proved to be almost exclusively cowries and the little yellow winckle. The muffled declamation of these little gentlemen was the more funny, because they gabbled Gaelic at intervals in their natural voice. For a whim, I asked a boy with an Echinus if he knew what it was; I was surprised to hear him answer, - "Urchince". I did not enjoy Iona as I could have wished; the crush of tourists talking, joking and sentimentalizing spoiled for me the pleasure of seeing the wild lonely rock where such mighty deeds were done, not with man's arms, but by the Spirit of God, the island that was true to the Apostles' simplicity of worship, when all Europe else bowed at the feet of Rome. Yet it was a deep gratification to have seen, even under such adverse circumstances, the little church, in modern parlance absurdly called a Cathedral, where these Culdee missionaries worshipped, and whence they were sent to Ireland, England and Norway. It is extremely simple in architecture, with a solid square tower of plainest masonry and round-arched windows of small dimensions to admit light to the nave. We visited in turn the other ecclesiastical ruins on the island, very interesting in themselves. The water is extremely clear round the island, and, owing to the bright sand bottom, seems of a dazzling grass-green colour. In some places the boat went over forests of zoostera, with leaves of an immense length. The interest of our day was well over in leaving Iona. We coasted the Ross of Mull, threading our way among the islets with some difficulty, and then stood direct east along the south coast of the great island. The mists of evening began to gather upon us; the wind was excessively cold; the land we passed not very interesting, and we should have been dull but for some delightful acquaintances we had made early in the day, three ladies, two sisters and a cousin, from Arran, of the name of Stoddart. They were most agreeable, and we chattered gaily enough; we did not part at Oban without a general and most pressing invitation, that though D. was going to India, I, at least, might some day be in Arran, and would I promise to stay with them? They were too kind! I did promise. Their house is on the acclivity of Goat Fell, in the loveliest part of Arran. As we cut through the calm water, we were amused in watching the loons dive, waiting till the bows were right upon them and then simply tilting their tails up and vanishing. Bye and bye we got back to Oban.

VI. Cruizing Northward.

In the middle of the night I woke to hear a thunder-storm crashing on the roofs around with raindrops like a shot. Next morning I learned the value of that storm; the air was as I had never seen it in Scotland, translucent, mistless and sunny; the hill from my bedroom-window had changed from an ill-defined grey mass, to a green and purple brae ore whose steep sides tree and watercourse and heather-plat [sic] were sharply outlined. This was an end of the cobweb weather; if we had no day afterwards which for intense brilliance equalled this wondrous Friday, we had at least no fog or haze to destroy the distant elements of the view. We were prepared to start in the goods steamer, Clansman, for Stornoway. Sanguine that we were, we thought by starting in good time, we might reach that town by nightfall; we were not versed in the ways of good boats. First of all, instead of starting at 8 a.m. the Clansman announced that 10.30 would be its hour; we, nothing loath, spent the time by hiring a boat and rowing ourselves out of Oban Bay, and landing on the outer shore at Kerrara. This island is inhabited only in the southern part of it; the northern is an uncultured brae, covered with a wonderful willow-tree, not a foot high! When we landed, we walked along the utterly desolate coast, till, rounding a point, we came suddenly upon a bird, who at once set up such a wailing as I never heard. It did not fly, but ran up and down pretty close to us; it was large, with rather long legs, black and white plumage, and an enormous scarlet bill, as long as itself almost. What could it have been? The stones on the shore were covered with a magnificent flustra. When we got back to Oban, and soon after 11 a.m. the Clansman moved off, everyone scoffed at our green ideas about getting to Stornoway. "Stornoway! nobody ever goes there! you may not reach [it] till Sunday, till Monday! We shall not get to Portree till tomorrow morning." For a little while we wavered; should we give up Lewis, should we be content with Skye? No, we would not be vanquished by the first difficulty. Soon it became plain why we should be so long; Lochaline in the Sound of Mull was our first station, off this tiny port we anchored half-an-hour; but these stoppages soon grew to be a delight, for staying an hour in a bay, in such weather that every stone and plant was clearly visible, stereotyped the loveliness on our memories. How different the Sound of Mull looked! on each side where clouds had blotted the view on the day before, now, clad in robes of sunlight, the royal mountain-heads smiled down on us in serene and royal purple. Dundagee was sublime, nodding over the Sound opposite Ardtornish; Lochaline itself looked like a valley out of Paradise. Soon we crossed to Salen, where we loitered 3/4 of an hour, and then on to Tobermory. My memory never wearies of dwelling on the sweet security of Tobermory Harbour; this was my second visit, and as we stayed here two hours, there was time to take dinner and wander about the town. We climbed the hill on the north side, and from among the clustering woods had a fine view of the Calf of Mull, and Morven beyond. There is a tolerable inn in Tobermory, bearing the mystic name of "Mishnish Hotel"! At last we left the harbour, and passed down the Sound. Opposite the entrance to Loch Sunart we got two marvellous peeps; first, down that Loch, Ben Nevis blue in the distance; and secondly, down a glen in Ben More, in the island of Rum. This day we had for pleasant fellow-voyagers, a gentleman and lady, with their niece, going to Skye. The Lady, Mrs. Mackenzie, was a landscape-painter, an exhibitor in the R.S.A., and an

eccentric, but very interesting and attractive person. Her husband was full of local information, having visited every corner of this coast. As we left the Sound of Mull, and the sweet sunny day ripened to a splendid afternoon, with the Atlantic glittering like molten gold before us, and low jagged hills of Coll dividing the glory of air from the reflected glory of waters, an exultation such as I have seldom felt, filled me, and I found my cheeks flushed, and my heart beating fast. I stood near the head of the vessel, and looked round. The mainland lay on our right, tier upon tier of rudest sterile rock, on our left the still grander ridges of Mull, crag above crag, and the smooth sea glimmering down to Staffa; and straight before us Coll, a serrated line of low cones upon the horizon. Then as we turned north-west, there stole Airdnamurchan, first Canna, a low grey shadow far away, then the crimson peaks of Rum, more beautiful in form alone that thought can imagine, and now clothed with a garment of coloured light; then, set as in the breast of Rum, the far nearer little isle of Muck, green and low; as these were enfolding one another, Eigg crept into sight, with its grotesque sheer precipice and ridge like a boar's back. Last of all, wedge-like thrust into the very Atlantic, the long stern cape of Airdnamurchan, with its lighthouse white and triumphant. Then we became conscious, that above Rum and Eigg were gleaming in faint silvery blue the distant peaks of the Cuchullins [Cuillins], supremest of the mountains of Skye. Usually the boats hug the shore, but fortunately the proprietor of Eigg was on board. He was a very genial man, an Edinburgh professor, and an acquaintance of the MacKenzies. The steamer both in going in and returning was so kind as to go quite out of its usual route, thus giving great variety to our voyage. Accordingly after rounding Airdnamurchan we bore directly north, passing close under the lee of Muck (pro. Moo-ick), an uninteresting thinly-peopled rock, getting a grand view of the mountains of Rum, and at last anchoring off the village of Kildonan on the east side of Eigg. We were about 3/4 mile from shore, and got a splendid view of the whole island. Geologically, I believe, it is a wonderful place; visibly, it is a rocky heather-land of no slight elevation, and with a caverned shore; but what is truly remarkable is what is called the Scur, a range of colossal basaltic pillars that run in a ridge from north and south of the island, rising at the south to a height of 1300 feet above the sea. Then, just before reaching the sea, this causeway ends in a great precipice, and the land slopes greenly from the foot down to the water. The sight is very grand, and never to be forgotten. Boats came out to the steamer to take the Laird and his belongings home, and soon the Gaels were talking in their sonorous, somewhat melancholy tones on all sides. I heard no Gaelic so clearly and, apparently to me, well spoken as at Eigg. The steamer was anchored here a delicious hour, though the flying moments seemed directly gone. Behind us were the mountains of Inverness-shire, and the level fertile lands about Arisaig. Above us towered the red scarp of the Scur, with the green glens of Eigg below it; and the Cuchullins (pro. Coolins) in the now fully-seen coast of Skye, were lifting to a severe blue heaven their white peaks already tinged with faint violet. While we lay off Eigg, the current bore past us myriads of Medusae of a singularly lovely kind, like half moons of the purest azure, with a lace-work of silver over their edges, and one basalt line of delicate rose-colour. Medusae swarm in the Hebridean seas, but I saw none so beautiful as these round Eigg. Soon after leaving Eigg, Rum came into full view, with its triple Alp; Rum is the grandest as well as the most exquisite in form, of

mountain-islands I saw in Scotland. Not Ben Nevis has the sublimity of look that Ben More has, rising sheer for 2500 feet from the sea. We found in the finest scenery that Nature still loathes a vacuum, hence we refreshed ourselves with tea and salmon-steaks off even Skye, and on emerging again on deck, found ourselves considerably nearer that island. The sun sank low as we swept up the sound of Sleat, and as we approached the village of Armadale, we lost the orb behind the hills. At Armadale is the palace of the MacDonalDs, titular kings of Skye, and once the sole proprietors; it is a magnificent building. Armadale is thickly wooded, presenting in that particular a striking contrast to the rest of Skye. Then on we went again, steadily gliding up the Sound, and if in the noon we had feasted on the glory of light, now our eyes were feasted with a greater glory of colour. Skye, with its pine-woods, was dark deep green, against the pure amber of the sunset skye. The opposite shore of Knoydart first wore a robe of silvery green, with an appearance almost of phosphorescence. Then as the sun its peaks could see, though we were in the shadow of Skye, like the dolphin of fable turned more brilliant in death, Knoydart flushed rosy, and a sudden rain-shower, of which we felt nothing, wrought a single rainbow-pillar on its highest mountain. Then the garment of colour turned golden, with rich purple shadows in the glens, and then the purple hues crept up and were dominant everywhere but on the scarps of cliff, which still beamed in orange. Meanwhile shafts of feathery crimson went shooting eastward over our heads, and the calm sea reflected all, and deepening it, became a heaving surface of dull purple. Presently, while sunlight lingered yet in bright Loch Nevis, and Loch Hourn, magnificently gloomy was opening its dark jaws upon us, we reached that part of the southern peninsula of the island of Skye where the hills are comparatively low, and where across their glades the distant Cuchullins can well be seen. And how we did see them! The western sky was white with the burning intensity of a summer sunset, and against it, deepest indigo blue, were cut the sharp pinnacles of those wonderful mountains. A page about a sunset! you will say, but ah! if you had seen that sight, you would pardon me while I linger over it. Further north we lost the Cuchullins, and the solitary peak of Blabbheim [Blaven] (pro.Blaaven) took their place. Glenelg was our next station, and while we lay half an hour in the dark bay, the yellow light of sunset died away, and behind us in the pure sky the round white moon swam slowly up and threw a silver pathway down the Sound, Selene so turning Thetis for our honour. We sat on deck with the MacKenzies, telling weird stories of magic and mythology that took an awful air of reality from that silent and beautiful place. On leaving Glenelg the mountains shut in upon us, and but for the moon that now rested on the utmost point of a Skye peak we should have been in utter night. Ballamacarra [Balmacara] was our next stoppage. It was now midnight and I began to wish for bed. I went below and wheedled the steward as we were going all the way to Lewis, to let us have the state-cabin, and we gained it and paid nothing extra. But I could not tear myself away. As the boats came out, and the moon had sunk, the utter blackness was strangely broken by the spectral light from myriads of noctilucae ploughed up by their oars. We went on, and soon stopped at Kyle-akin, in Skye, where I positively gave up, and making my adieux to the MacKenzies, who were going to Broadford, slipped down stairs and into my berth. The leaping of the water sent me to sleep before we left Kyle-akin. My next memory is a great rushing outside and on deck and shouts of "Broadford!". The same was repeated at

"Portree!", and this time waked me seriously; after lying awake a little while, I sat up in bed, opened the port-hole, and put my head out to look. We were passing Raasay, I knew. It was about 3 in the morning, and the island was painted most strangely with white lights and blackest shadows. I sank back into delightful sleep, and woke about 7 a.m. strong and refreshed. Rushing on deck our first cry was "How quiet everything is!" All the passengers with a very few exceptions had been set ashore in Skye. So this Saturday began, destined to be one of the strangest in my life, as quiet and soundless as the Friday past had been ringing with excitement. It was a cool bright morning, the sun already high and the sky cloudless; [we] were puzzled at first as to our whereabouts. Presently we discovered that the boat was just about to enter the bay of Gairloch, and that the wild hills of Rossshire were close before us; behind us, somewhat to the right were dimly visible Skye and Rona. Everywhere around there was perfect calm; all the chatter and bustle of the day past seemed faded indefinitely into our old lives; the fellow passengers we had were a minister going to officiate in the Lews, and old gentleman going to Barvas to fish, and an officer going back to his home in Stornoway. The two latter of these still lay abed,[.] [W]ith the former, a Mr. Oliver, I had had pleasant talk before, and we talked at intervals now. He was an enthusiast for Lewis, his old home, and now frequent place of visit. I must tell you that north of Oban nobody talks of what we call "Lewis", but as "The Lews", and so universal is it that in the island itself no other name is known or recognized. Mr. Oliver, therefore, initiated us into many things about the island, and from him I learnt much of what I may afterwards refer to; much, that is, which otherwise would have mystified me only, was intelligible through his information. All this while we were steaming into Gairloch, and now we anchored off the pleasant village, muffled in trees, and looking very unlike Hebridean scenery. Gairloch is quite an oasis in a wilderness. We, looking at the hills behind the village, felt with some spleen that magnificent Loch Maree lay there, beyond our reach. Gairloch is a very important place, being the emporium for all the commerce of Wester Ross. I suppose the new Skye railway will take a good deal of this down to Loch Carron, but at present, Ullapool being dedicated to fish, Gairloch is the chief port of the mainland from Thurso to Oban. The land is fertile about the Loch, the rich fields of oats were refreshing to our eyes after so much bare brae, and little white cottages scattered about, peeping out of trees, gave a favourable impression of the prosperity of two districts. Directly the steamer anchored, boats came off from shore to take back what we had brought with us, and having waited to see them come alongside and commence operations, we went down to breakfast. We did nothing in a hurry this Saturday; time had ceased to have a value for us; we were more remote from London in point of fact that we should have been in South Italy or the north of Turkey. I thought it out, and found it would have taken less time, starting at that moment, to reach London from Belgrade than from Gairloch. It was impossible but that all the hurry and anxiety of life should seem gone and quite dead. We stayed three hours off Gairloch unlading, amusing ourselves vastly with the Hieland bodies that had come out to us, especially with one who was exactly, extraordinarily, like "him whom men call Dizzy". Another we christened Dugald, and had much fun out of Dizzy and Dugald. Three hours we chewed the lotos, and then once more the screw churned the quiet loch, and we turned our backs on Ben Larig and Ben Steach. Leaving Loch Gair, we coasted the peninsula that lies north of it,

and at once got out of the local fertility into the wonted barrenness of these north coasts. There was no great interest in all this, and soon we reached Loch Ewe, which has, lying across the middle of it, rather a large island, which divides it into an inner and an outer loch. On the eastern side this island nearly touches the shore and opposite that point lies the hamlet of Aultbea (pro. Alt-bay). This was our station, and here we lay two hours. There could not be a greater contrast than between this scenery, and that of Gairloch, Loch Ewe being utterly brown and bleak without a single tree, the low hills heaped up inelegantly in lumps. While we were here there was a fight among the Gaels who came for goods, nobody seemed hurt, and it was a delightful excitement for us from above. The Captain said there was always a row at Aultbea; these Loch Ewevians have the reputation of being the roughest set around the coast. Certainly they scuffled wildly enough, and burst a great sack of dried peas, which, to our vast amusement, burst out suddenly like shot. We had dinner off Aultbea. Just before we left I remarked to Mr. Oliver that I had been wondering where the people came from, as I did not see a single house! He coolly remarked that he saw 80 at least; and he opened my eyes to Hebridean bothies. The huts the people live in up here have no window or chimney, they are round, and brown like the heather, and till you are initiated, are indistinguishable from mounds on the hill-side. I shall say more about these primitive buildings when I come to describe the Lews. At Aultbea, D. amused himself by climbing the mast, by which he got a look into inner Loch Ewe over the low island I mentioned. He also got extremely dirty, so I did not indulge in a similar adventure. When we got fairly out of the Loch, the steersman set the head of the boat direct for Stornoway, and we did not afterwards swerve a point. Up to that time I had dreamed the hours away, but soon I could not but awake to excitement as I found myself so swiftly rushing to the ultimate bourne of my desire, "to Stornoway o'er the faem"! [Foot-note: To Norraway! To Norraway! / To Norraway thro' the faem! / The King's fair daughter of Norraway / 'Tis time maun bring her hame!] We had a magnificent voyage across the Minch; the wind was in our favour, and a great sail helped to hurry us over the sea. When the Lews slowly rose into sight, first like a row of islands along the horizon, and then the intervals filling up with low land till the great coast from Tolstae to Scalpa was all one before us. From the middle of the Minch the view was exceedingly strange and striking; the horizon was a circle round us, but the ring was crusted with dim land almost everywhere. Behind us an immense arc of mountains stretched from Store [Stoer] Point at Culkeih to Applecross. In front the Lews occupied a long line, North Uist claimed a small space on the left front, and due left were Skye and the shadowy blue cloud that was Benbecula. Sweeping onward as we neared the Lews, one portion stood out before us very plainly, and presently we reached and coasted it; this was the great peninsula called on the Lews "The Point", and on maps "the Aird", which simply is "point" or "cape" in Gaelic. Chicken Head is a fine white precipice, and there are some gigantic caverns in several places along the peninsula, the coast there being finer than that of the mainland. The Lews is not lofty by any means, nor are its forms imposing, you can see from far away what a wild sterile land you are approaching. Stornoway Bay is exceedingly spacious, and the harbour calculated to shelter in perfect safety all the navies of the world. The Stornovegians are justly proud of their harbour, but nothing is perfect, and it has a grievous smell, which goes against its pleasantness. As none of the maps I saw gave the

least idea of the real situation of Stornoway, I may perhaps be excused if I give here a little plan I drew on the spot after I was familiar with the town. This is carefully copied from my original chart. We soon saw as we entered the harbour, the pier so covered with people eager to receive their weekly budget of letters, news, and groceries, that to land seemed impossible, and it was quite an ordeal to pass down an endless lane of starving Gaels; at length we disentangled ourselves and started to find our inn. Mr. Oliver had directed us to the Lews Hotel as being the most decent, its position is marked in my map by a little pink smudge. It was a quaint old place, but clean, and we were received with much deference by a very young landlady, who was just a little more flustered than a hotel-keeper usually is. The windows looked across the uttermost arm of the harbour, which is shallow just here, and to Stornoway Castle, the handsome mansion of Sir James Matthieson, who is proprietor of all the island. Around the Castle, Sir James has planted a good many trees, which reach a certain height very well, but seem to be then stunted per force. These are the only trees on this vast island! After tea we walked about the town a little, and at the point where a row of dots in my map crosses the harbour, went over to the other side by a bridge of stepping-stones. This took us into the Castle grounds which we passed through, and then walked on inland. From the hill-top over the Castle we had a noble view:- Stornoway at our feet, the Aird before us, the round hills stretching away to right and left, and the spacious sea-coast on either side. But before we had rested a minute, we were maddened by a small midge, with freckled white whings, which settled on our faces and hands, and stung terribly. We flew in really severe pain from this terrible foe; we did not yet know what we afterwards thoroughly learnt that to rest near grass on summer evenings is impossible in the Hebrides. When we spoke to our landlady of these little plagues, she told us that men working in the fields in the evening are obliged to cover their face and neck with a cloth made with eye-holes for that express purpose. Our skins were much disfigured by these vicious little foes. After a while we came to a pretty burn, almost dried up, in whose rocky channel were growing great tufts of Blechnum, and a creeping lycopodium. Still we wandered on inland to the barren hills, sliced everywhere into deep black parallel clefts, where peat has been extracted. The Lews is a mass of peat from point to point; in many places the lumps lying about shewed most distinctly the grain of the wood which once so densely covered the island. Presently we struck into the Callarnish [sic] road, and keeping it, returned to Stornoway. The town greatly reminded us of a view I had seen of Trondhjem, the great town of northern Norway; the people too, were very Norse in their look. I never saw so fine a race of men, the fishermen lounging about were such handsome giants, with dark brown curly hair, and with their finely-cut features burnt to the real Venice-colour, the flesh-tint of Titian. The women were many of them very comely, and tall even for Scotch lassies, who tower universally, we noticed. We walked on beyond the town east, and coming back the sunset was orange behind the Barvas hills. We had a good laugh when we got back to our inn. Evidently there was a general puzzlement as to what on earth we had come for; tourists are great rarities in the Lews. But it reached a climax when we asked for oatcake. They prepared for us meals from the steamer, Glasgow wares, - while we were desirous to eat the productions of Stornoway. The landlady's wonder and dismay were wonderful to behold; oatcake! it was like asking for cold bacon in Wiltshire. Could gentlefolk really prefer

oatcake to the bread from the south! It seemed to us as if this Saturday would never close, but when we looked at our watches to see if it were 8 p.m. yet, it proved past 11 p.m. Such a difference did the high latitude make. Indeed it was not perfectly dark all night, as I found by waking at 2 a.m. and finding it twilight then. How strange seemed the difference a week had made to us!



VII. Sunday at Stornoway.

It seems quite unnecessary to say that the next morning was clear and sunny, for that now every morning was for the next ten days, but this Sunday was particularly pleasant, there being a cool air from the sea. We found the smell from the harbour very offensive, it was like gas escaping. The town evidently was less smelly than usual, herring-fishery being just over and white-fishery hardly begun. It must be a shocking place in those seasons. We had some ling for breakfast; it was very good, like cod in taste and substance. After this we went out into the town. We had been forewarned by Mrs. Oliver that a very interesting ceremony was to take place this day, and we resolved to be present, -that was the annual Gaelic communion. People not only come to it from all parts of the Lews, but even from Harris and the mainland. Accordingly as we sauntered about before the service we found people pouring in by all the roads, dressed in their best, the women in cloaks and snow-white quilted caps, the men in blue sailor-dress and Glengarry bonnets. Men and women trudged on naked feet, carrying their shoes in their hand; just outside the town they sat down in rows along the hedges to put them on. The custom seemed very droll to us. About 11 the crowds tore off to the upper part of the town, where a large field, with a wall round, is set apart to this service, at the entrance two aprons were laid down, and everyone threw in one penny. There were no seats, but all sat down on the grass; fortunately it was very fine, for there was no slightest protection from the weather. The gallery was immense. We lay down like the others, and no one took the slightest notice of us. In the centre of the field, an old little wooden pulpit was set up, and presently the precentor popped up from within it, and commenced reading the psalm. They sang it in a most extraordinary manner, first the precentor in recitative, and then the congregation, not unanimously, but from various sides, now all the chanting being south-west of the pulpit, and now north of it; and all on a single chord in a minor key. The effect was overwhelming in its strange mystical solemnity. Then followed an extremely long prayer, then another psalm, this time to an ordinary tune, but with strange flourishes, and then the sermon. I began to feel rather guilty, as it certainly was curiosity that had led us there, and one could only join with the good people in their spirit. The sermon was, of course, after the first novelty had passed away, of no interest, so I read in my own English bible what passages I thought suitable to the occasion, till the extremely long ovation was over at last and the non-communicants retired, including of course, ourselves. I felt exceedingly small in a group of these islanders, they are so tall and finely-fashioned. Certainly it does not seem that the greatest gifts of head and hand are given to the physically finest races. These magnificent Norsemen are content to waste their lives away in fishing ling and digging peat, while their stunted fellow-countrymen shake the world. After dinner we started for a long walk up the "Aird". There is a good road made right along it, running between peat-swamps, called up here, "mosses". It is a lonely walk; two birds were very common, the pretty stonechat, and a species of pepit, a sombre little fellow, but with the elegance of a swallow in flight. The scenery is very dreary, all the water in the little tarns being as black as ink. I forgot to mention that all the water in the Lews is the colour of Guinness' [sic] Stout, and scarcely more limpid, being thoroughly saturated with the all-pervading peat. This we had been warned off, and at the Hotel the water had been

strained and clarified and filtered, till they had succeeded in bringing it down to the colour of very rich sherry. It tasted very well, slightly smacking of the mountains whence it came. The Aird is connected with the mainland by an exceedingly narrow sandy isthmus, which has a tolerably large loch in the centre of it; the Aird is therefore very nearly an island. As we stood beside this loch, suddenly a little army of sandpipers flew past us like a wind, and settled close by on the margin. I stalked up to them, and they let me come to within a few feet of them. They looked most amusing with their little round shoulders, impertinent perked bills, and long thin legs. On the north side of the isthmus is a magnificent sand-beach, one of the finest I ever saw, it would be invaluable to an English watering-place. Over this were a flock of the Kittiwake Gull, not what we falsely called Kittiwakes as children, but the serene great bird with broad blue back and white tail. It was very strange to find all the creatures so little afraid of human presence; these gulls would only run when we came near, or rather walk very fast in a sort of nervous strut, like pigeons. At last they flew to sea, and following them with our eyes, we saw close to shore a low island absolutely covered with birds, gulls, guillemots and terns, and a pair of large yellowish-white creatures, which I set down as Solan geese. We thought it would be most interesting to reach this island, so we tore off our clothes, and swam out, -but partly the rock was much more distant than it seemed from shore, and partly we were not in practice for swimming, we failed to reach it; we exerted ourselves too much in the effort, and were exhausted; for the time being it was of very doubtful benefit, but eventually the sea [?] bath seemed to refresh us. Crossing into the Aird, we were passing on the road, when D. saw a piece of masonry sticking up from among the brambles, and we turned aside. After a good deal of scraping and tearing, we discovered a very old ruined church; inside were Runic ornamentations, exactly like those on the cornices of Iona Cathedral, and lying buried in one corner, but in good preservation, was the effigy of a knight drawing his sword, the very counterpart of some tombs at Iona. Near the church were some rather modern tombstones, one of which I copied out and give here, as being perhaps the most fatuous epitaph I ever read:-

Here lye interred John
Mary, Barbara, Alexander
John the younger
of Alexander the younger
McIvers children of
Alex McIver Sen. Merchant
in Stornoway
and Katherine his wife who
all died in their infancy

Beyond this old church lies the hamlet of Aguish, which we passed through, and mounting the hill, and getting into about as dreary scenery as it is possible to imagine, reached the rather large village called Garrack (or wost) (I do not vouch for spelling), which is about the centre of the peninsula. We thought we might as well go back now, as there was no interest in the walk here. The Aird is thickly peopled, but I do not suppose that it contains a single house. The huts are exactly like those I described at Aultbea, except that some of the better ones have windows. They have no chimneys on principle, it being an object to catch all possible smoke between the rafters. I must tell you that they do not reap the oats, but pull it up by the roots, and then, cutting off the ears, reserve

the stalks for thatch. In the spring, they take off the thatch of the past year, thoroughly impregnated with soot, and spread it over oatfields for manure, and make a new thatch with last autumn's stalks. The thatch is fastened on by laying over it a network of oatstalk ropes, and having large stones to the edge all round. They are sometimes hard put to it to find rafters, and there is a great competition for driftwood. As we came back we met a long string of people in carts or on foot, returning from the communion at Stornoway. I must tell you that the bothies are found only in the suburbs of that town, which is composed of very neat little houses, all whitewashed; these give it an important look from the sea, and indeed it is a populous place, much longer than Oban, and containing perhaps 3000 souls! It is the only town in the Long Island, which is the local name given to the whole string of Outer Hebrides from the Butt of the Lews to Barra. There is an odd tradition here that the Norsemen found this Long Island, then actually one, so much to their mind that they concluded to carry it off. Now the Butt of the Lews is a wonderful headland rising grandly out of the sea and near the top turning suddenly outwards over the water, till it is the shape of a raven's beak. This beak has a large tunnel through it. Well, the Norsemen put a wizard rope through this hole and sailed North, pulling; but first Barra dropped off, and then Uist and then Benbecula, and North Uist, and still they tugged, till Harris too was leaving them, when they gave up in despair.

We were tired of Stornoway when we woke next morning, and it was a relief to learn that the steamer would start at noon, instead of late in the afternoon. We spent the morning wandering up the Barras [sic] road, and about the town. There are public gardens, of a very limited size, like fine little suburban plots turned into one. But the smells are what make Stornoway unbearable, you meet at every corner a distinct fresh stench, each seeming more quaintly horrid than the last. In the harbour is a mass of old masonry, called Cromwell's Wall. It must have been shattered in Cromwell's time, for the character of the building is far older than the Commonwealth. There were plenty of actues at the foot of this, but without exception mesembryanthemum of the commonest variety. When we got on board the Clansman we found the time had been altered to suit the convenience of Sir James Matthieson, who wished to go to Strome Ferry, and that consequently we should see a good deal of new scenery.

VIII. Cruizing in western waters.

Perhaps this desultory chapter may open with a strange story I heard from a credible source in the Lews, telling that 40 miles north of the Bute there is rather a large islet, called Rona, on which till lately 3 families were living. As they were in the parish of Barras, the ministers of that place sailed up to Rona once-a-year to marry any or some. One year he found one woman and two men who wanted to change their condition. The woman decided which man she would have, whereupon the lorn man brought out a shilling, a priceless treasure some sailor had given him, and told the minister that if he would go back to Stornoway and get him a wife, he might take the shilling to pay all the expenses! The story interested me geographically, because no such island is to be found on the maps, and yet the belief in its existence is strong at Stornoway. The coast of the Lews is very much indented, but is low and dull, the only interesting feature being the three islands called the Shiants, which are lofty and basaltic. We passed pretty close to these, and I should much have enjoyed exploring them. The voyage then for some hours was not very pleasant, the heat was excessive, and a slight haze came on, so this crossing of the Minch would have been a trial of patience, but for a copy of Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom that I got hold of. The haze soon cleared. We stood away from Skye, sailing south between Rona and the Mainland. There is nothing very striking about Rona, which after a while overlaps Raasay, which is higher and finer, but similar in character. There is infinitely more beauty about the mainland; after passing the great gulf of Loch Torridon, we reach the district called Applecross, which is a pastoral lowland shut in behind by wild mountains, and which has one small village with a jetty, where we did not stop however. At the south of Applecross we turned up Loch Carron, where the views, ever changing as the steamer winds through sinuous straits and among an archipelago of islets, are exceedingly grand and lovely. We stopped first in the bay of Plockton, a large village, to put down Sir James at the Mansion, Duncraig, of his son, the member for Rossshire. Plockton is very prettily situated in the deep recess of an arm of the loch. Then we pursued the course of Loch Carron, the scenery becoming each moment more sublime, as far as Strome Ferry, opposite which, at Port Chilan, is the terminus of the new railway from Dingwall, not yet opened. This episode complete, we started for our original destination, holding due west, passing between Scalpa and Raasay, under the sublime mountain that overhangs Loch Sligachan, and by 10 p.m. reached Portree, with just light enough left to see the charming little town, nestling among the trees, twinckling down to us from the steep hill-side.

IX. Skye.

Leaving luggage behind us, we started early in the morning by the mail-car going to Uig. We soon rattled out of Portree and its cluster of trees, and crossing the peninsula of Trotternish were for a while in very interesting country, consisting of bare, utterly sterile worlds, like the rudest parts of Dartmoor. The first break of this monotony was the sight far away west of the conical mountains called MacLeod's Tables, which lie behind Dunvegan, and have a curious truncated look, whence their name. We soon became on talking terms with all our fellow-passengers, we made a party [of] 9 in sum. In front were two ladies whom we recognized as having been with us from Oban to Broadford; behind were two young ladies of their kith, and the Portree doctor, in the middle of ourselves and an Indian surgeon with white hair and a crimson face. We all talked like a house on fire, through Trotternish. One of the ladies in front was a Miss Sinclair, sister of Sir George Sinclair, who is the chief proprietor of Caithnessshire, and son of the celebrated Sir John Sinclair; one of the young ladies was his daughter. The doctor from Portree was a very quaint soul, full of jokes with no point, and with an air of being about to say a very good thing, which he never did. The Indian officer was a very worthy person with a battered white hat, and a long blue scarf wound round his neck and ears, and with a cheery eye and a depressed manner. He entertained a belief that Skye was going, undoubtedly going; you had but to look at the mountain, to see how it was being washed away. He repeated this remark very often, with a certain triumphant meekness. He conversed much on Indian languages with D., but got not much further than the startling inference that the name "Sanskrit" was derived from the Gaelic. As he said this he sighed, as one who would say "Sad but true". D. flirted sadly with the young ladies, in the intervals between the lugubrations of this old party, while I talked to Miss Sinclair, which process would have had greater charm, had she not been in the habit of going into a brown study in the middle of a sentence, and coming up in a new place. Which, however, added a spice of adventure to conversation. About half-way across the peninsula, the blue of the distant sea comes into sight, and soon the long creeks of Loch Snizort become more and more plainly seen, and Harris arises cloudily on the horizon. Vaternish Point ends the coast of Skye in sight, and just off it rise the rocky points of the Ascrib Islands. Loch Snizort has low sides, especially inland, and has an air of indescribable dreariness, as if the ghosts of October mists and dead leaves and all Autumnal sadness were [sic] hovering over it. It was low tide when we passed, and the brown ooze did not tend to enliven the loch-side. If Snizort is marked as a large place on your map, your map deceives you; it consists of two hovels and a tiny kirk, and is without exception the most woe-begone dull hamlet I remember seeing. The sheep in this part of Skye are splendid fellows, with black faces and large tortuous horns. The road from Snizort runs above the sea so that you can see the horizon with Vaternish, North Uist and Harris at intervals, but so far away from shore as to make the foreground quite unimportant. But about half-a-mile from the inn, rounding a point, the beauty of Uig Bay bursts suddenly upon you. It is surrounded by high mountains, which slope down to the water in successive plateaus, and these terraces are well-cultivated. All round the head of the bay lies the village of Uig, with Colonel Fraser's house in the centre. Uig is, after Portree, the largest place in Skye. I know it is an outrage to the guide-books to say so,

but it is a fact, neither Broadford nor Kyleakin, though much more imposing, containing half so many houses. The population of the place cannot be under 600. The whole valley looks flourishing and wealthy, though almost all the dwellings are merely bothies. The Inn, our destination, is quite new, and a very neat little affair. We ordered breakfast, and our Indian friend in doing so, remarked how plain it was that the island was being washed away. At the back of the inn I found along a brook some magnificent crowns of lady-fern, with fronds three feet long. I longed to transplant a root to my Tottenham garden. After breakfast we were divided in our counsels, and it ended in the ladies going off to Duntulm Castle and Flora MacDonald's Grave, while our Indian friend and we started in a similar trap for the Quirang. Our way lay round the head of Uig Bay; after a while the route turns inland up a steep hill-side, where we got out and took a foot-path short cut, partly to save the horse, and partly to see a fine waterfall. Reaching our little conveyance again, we drove on through wild moorland scenery till we reached the foot of the mountain. It is not its actual elevation which has won for the Quirang its great fame, but the extraordinary structure of its peak. Words fail me when I try to give you some faint conception of this singular mountain. Try to imagine a colossal flower-bud, whose petals on one side have flown open and are erect, pointing upwards, and on the other side still hang together. Conceive that in the middle of this cracked flower-cup rises a solid corolla half the height of the petals. Turn the flower to stone, and consider the open petals to be 1000 feet from their points to the base of the calyx and you have the Quirang. The only way to the inside of this basin is between two of the open leaves, where you climb up a very steep and slippery ravine, which after an hour's hard clamber brings you into the cup. At this entrance is a thin rock like a needle, of a prodigious height, forming an accidental or mis-shapen petal. Once in the cup, a winding path on the inner side takes you up on to the corolla, which, to drop this floral imagery, is a steep-sided tableland with cliffs behind it, and a semicircle of towering pinnacles before, above and below it. Between these, you win wonderful views of the plain 800 feet sheer below, with shallow lochs that gleam in the sunlight, and, far beyond, the sea, and Rona and the mainland dimly beyond this. On the walls of these precipices grows the charming *cystopteris fragilis* in profusion, but on the sides of the mountain *oreopteris* is the dominant form. The ascent proved quite too much for our Indian friend, who subsided half-way up. But we joined a party of two ladies and with their guide and ours, and a Highland Shepherd and his colley, bravely ascended in a body. Guides are needful to point out the way, but the actual service of them is slight, if one is a pretty dexterous climber. The ladies had climbed Alps and Pyrenees, but they confessed the Quirang was not a trifle, nevertheless. At the very top is a well of exquisite cool water bubbling out of the rock, and wondrously refreshing. The needle of the rock in front of the entrance is very extraordinary. I could only account for the extraordinary grotesqueness of shape which this mountain displays, by supposing that all the centre had been filled originally with a much softer rock, and that what now remains is only the skeleton of a decayed peak. As we came down, the lochs on the plain below looked so fascinating that, to the outrage of our guides' red-tape decorum, we went off the beaten track and reached the nearest in safety. We bathed in it, inspired more by the desire of saying that we swam in a Skye loch, than by the glamour of the water, which was yellow, or the

bottom, which was mud. However, we had a nice bathe, and very refreshing, on the whole. As we were driving back over the desolate moor, suddenly two mother-naked imps of children popped up on a ridge of heathery hill, and went through the wildest gymnastics, on heads and hands. It seemed so truly barbaric to see the ruddy little Gaels dancing like little devils, in a country peculiarly their own counterpart in savagery, that we had to think twice to persuade ourselves that this was Britain. Further off we met some women walking homewards, spinning as they went, and wearing a curious large coif or frilled cap but no other covering on their heads. As we got back to Uig our friend gave as a reason for not having climbed the Quirang, that he could see it was all being washed away; but we had seen him part, and didn't believe it. We had dinner at Uig and loitered about, waiting for the mail-car to come, which it did at last, and all our party gathered, the doctor, who had occupied the hours in physicking all the maladies of Uig, the ladies, who were full of Duntulm and the heroic Flora, and ourselves. I had almost gone off, as the mail-car nearly did, without our tropical friend, who had taken "several of whisky" and was now more crimson than ever, and a little inclined to sleep. All the rest of us talked more than ever. "O dear me", said Miss Sinclair, [" "] so interesting, you know, to see Flora MacDonald's grave; so shamefully neglected too, quite sad! -ah! - hum! - almost entirely surrounded with the sea, such tremendous waves." "Dear me, I had no idea the grave was near the sea!" "Oh no! it isn't, but I am speaking of Duntulm." And so on, with atrocious flirtations of D's, which I feel it is my duty to nip in the bud by counter flirtations; a doleful reference now and then from an aged somnolent gentleman to the fate of Skye, which is going, undoubtedly going. Till, by and by, Kingsburgh and Snizort are passed, and the sea lessens to a strip of amber light in the sunset, and the midges come out and plague us so sorely that by degrees the talk drops through, till we reach the little eastern glen again, and while the white houses glimmer through the dusky leafage, we rattle into sleepy Portree, and prepare with gusto to discuss a "plain tea". Early next morning we set out for a walk south to Sligachan. The air was so bracing and we felt so light, that the ten miles between us and our destination in nowise troubled us. We skirted Portree harbour for a while, and then our road lay directly south and inland. For five or six miles we saw the pretty town, and towering above it the precipitous mountain called the Storr Rock, with its Old Man, a rock like our Lot's Wife at Petit Tor, but larger, which is a landmark along this coast. Soon the Cuchullins came into sight, and so luminous and clear was the air that day, that every jag and torrent-path on Scur-na-Gillean and every cleft and crag on the Storr was visible from the same point, through the one was ten miles south and the other twelve miles north of us. Rather a large stream flows along the Sligachan road, but owing to the continued drought, there was very little water in it; we waded in much contentment in what there was. The roads in Skye, as in the Lews, are excellent, far better than those in the populous parts of the mainland. I doubt if Perthshire contains a road to compare with this from Portree to Sligachan. It is difficult to imagine one more delightful; it is level, yet grand mountains hem it in, and every mile the traveller advances brings him more fully under the shadow of the Cuchullins. These mountains are peculiarly grand in their outlines; Scur-na-Gillean is a perfect sugar-cone, and looks as if it were quite unscaleable. It used, indeed, to be called the Scottish Matterhorn, and be considered quite unattainable, but within the last

few years even its proud spire has been conquered, and while we were there, all Skye was talking of three young students from Glasgow who had reached the summit that summer. Little amber-coloured brooks run under the road everywhere, and the water from it is delicious and strength-giving. When at last we reached the Inn, (for Sligachan, though marked as a town in treacherous maps, really consists of one inn) we confessed to being a little tired, but a draught of good whisky, real mountain-brew, brewed as we hoped by L'Homme Vert et Tranquille, was vastly refreshing, and having ordered our dinner, we walked still further on up Glen Sligachan. Here we found a noble river-pool, and had a delicious bath. At the Inn we sat down in the little parlour, under the very shadow of Ben Glamaig, with some eight other people, and were directly comparing notes, quizzing Skye fare, and talking as only a lot of people who never saw one another before, and who meet suddenly to a picnic sort of dinner, can talk. After dinner we lingered about a little, were rather awed and oppressed by Ben Glamaig, a solitary colossus rising on the peninsula south of Loch Sligachan, and peeped and botanised a little in Glen Sligachan, - to some effect, too, for I found one of the rarest of English flowers, *Eriocaulon Septangulare*, a blue hard head of blossoms on a long twisted stalk. Of course I did not know what the prize I had found was at the time, but I learned afterwards from a botanist I met. I preserved several fine specimens, would you like to have one? On our way back we were overtaken by our landlord, Mr. Ross, about half-way from Sligachan, and he very kindly took us up into his trap so we gained some four miles. After tea we went out again, and coasted the north side of the harbour, and climbing Essie Hill, got a fine view of Raasay and the opposite side of the bay. On the sides of this hill grows a forest of the dwarf highland willow, about a foot high, when full-grown, and a handsome bombycine caterpillar unknown to me, with golden rings upon a black velvet coat, was abundant. We had considerably more than 20 miles walking that Tuesday, and we were quite glad to slip to bed, telling them to call us right early, as the southward steamer was advertised to start "not earlier than 4 a.m.". When we did wake, it was 8 a.m. and we were panic-stricken. However, the boat had not appeared, so we took our breakfast peacefully and awaited it. As still there was no sign of this laggard, we went beyond the town eastward and had a swim in the harbour. The steamer was a goods boat, and one of those in whose punctuality no dependence can be placed. After a desultory morning, at noon it glided up to the pier, and then by a foolish accident, grounded itself in the sand almost immediately; this misadventure caused us no little annoyance, for we began to feel that to reach Oban that night would be impossible, and that in consequence the excursion to Glencoe, which we had planned for the following morning, must be abandoned. We had dinner on board, laid up the features of Portree firmly in our memory, and whiled away the time as best we could, till 2.15 when the screw, with prodigious throes, at last extricated itself, and we slipped away from the jetty, and from Skye.

X. Wool-gathering.

There would have been something melancholy, if the sunny speed of our voyage had permitted much reflection, in thus leaving the beautiful island into whose treasures we had but as for a moment dipped. Further north the scenery had been, though grotesque, not beautiful, and rather interesting from its novelty than from its intrinsic worthiness. But Skye possesses a savage loveliness, together with an endless variety of feature, which must make it a field inexhaustive alike to poet, painter and savan[t]. A man returning to it would surely discover in its coasts a new and greater charm than he felt before, and if he have any "inner eye" at all, the memories of its lochs and peaks must often come like cool waters to his spirit, jaded with the daily monotony of labour. But this requiem I am singing too soon, we have some hours still before our eyes and Skye part company. Passing the Sound of Raasay, and coming once more into the shadow of vast Ben Glamaig, whose greatness seemed to have awed Loch Sligachan to the silence of utter calm, we stood out beyond Scalpa and were in the quiet inland sea that gathers but faint traditions of the stormy Atlantic around it, and in which the green islets and tortuous peninsulas wind and overlap each other in a puzzling labyrinth. Applecross, with its glen-shadows merely a little toned by distance, seemed spread out to gather the liquid sunshine in its valley-breast, and the shadowy side of Raasay stood out in contrast to it. Presently we sailed into Broadford Bay, and saw the little white houses of the influential but tiny village of that name. The bay is a fine semicircle, with the curious low island of Pabba [Pabay] opposite it; between Skye and Pabba we now, after a short stay off Broadford, sailed towards Kyle-Akin. The mainland began to approach very close, and to all appearance was united with Skye. It is not till you approach the strait, that the extremely narrow entrance to Loch Alsh becomes visible. Kyle-Akin is a row of well-built houses lying along the sea west of a very good pier. This is halfway house for almost all the traffic between Skye and the mainland. Then we entered Loch Alsh, and I wish I could express in fitting words the wonderful loveliness of this all-but-land-locked gulf. Around it on every side tower mountains of great altitude. On the point of Skye is bare-headed Ben Cailleach, on whose peak the moon had rested when we came northwards. Straight before us, towering ahead and shouldering above the vassal hills, rose Ben Attow, 4000 feet above the level of the not distant sea. When presently we stopped at Ballamacarra, no outlet to Loch Alsh was visible, and we seemed floating in some far inland lake, whose serene waters were unconscious of tumultuous currents of fretting tides. At Ballamacarra our friends the Sinclairs got out, and some other acquaintances. We soon began fully to recognize the scenes of last Friday's voyage; down the Kyle Rhea, whose sides seem near enough for open arms to touch both, we steamed into the bay of Glenelg, and stayed an hour there to take in wool. This was our first long stoppage; we soon found that the remainder of our journey would be a succession of such lingerings, and we kissed our hands pensively to the phantom of Glencoe. While we were at Glenelg, watching the solitary cone of Blabbheim, we witnessed the phenomenon for which it is noted, and which makes the ascent of it so dangerous, the almost instantaneous collection upon its head and sides of a dense white fog. It was astonishing to see the peak, one minute clearly graven against the sky, the second bleared out with a white nightcap of cloud. Isle Arnsa [Oronsay] was our next station. This name is

given to a village with an islet rock in front of it, on the south coast of Skye. We did not stop here long, but soon left Isle Arnsa Lighthouse behind us and stood for Armadale. Here we saw the familiar loons again, ducking with the same sharp tilt of the tail; we had not seen one further north; I noticed that the Minch and its arms were singularly bare of water-fowl, -no gulls, no terns, no loons. Yet Loch Tua[th], north of Stornoway, we found swarming with every variety of flying and screaming creature. It was evening when we left Armadale, when, to our surprise and horror, we turned back a little, crossed the Sound, and bore right up Loch Nevis. Thither we went for wool, and stopped not till we reached a narrow strait through which it would not have been safe for the steamer to go, and there we moored, while slow barges, laden with wool-sacks to the water's edge, came leisurely out to us. We were anchored there among the mountains three hours, and tantalizing as in some respects the delay undoubtedly was, those hours were a season of almost unmixed delight to us. I have no hesitation in saying that the scenery of Loch Nevis surpassed in sublimity all I saw in Scotland. Sheer from the edge of the dark water the cliffs rise and seem to overhang the passer-by. Here and there a cataract like a thread falls headlong with a ceaseless musical roar into the silent loch. The purple of the sunken sun lit up with solemn splendour the northern shore for awhile, till it faded even from its loftiest precipices. When night came on at last, and the stars came out with an almost frosty keenness [sic] in the dark blue light above us, while yet the moon lingered, the boats, moving round the steamers like restless shadows, ploughed up with oar and keel clouds of faintly luminous noctilucae. When we turned towards the Sound of Sleat once more, it was midnight. The fore part of the vessel was filled with emigrants, which we had taken on board at this place, and as their friends rowed back to shore, and the steamer started, they broke out into loud sobbing and moaning. It was very pityful to hear them. They were going to Glasgow, to start from thence to America. We were too late to secure berths, but the steward made comfortable beds up for us on settees in the saloon, and I slept like a top. Very early in the morning I heard D. in a doleful voice over me, asking "Where do you suppose we are? why, in Loch Nevis still!" "Get away, do!" I groaned, and fell to sleep again. That unpleasant fact was one I could not face at 3 a.m. It seems we had got into difficult places, the steersman being of course unused to the loch, and it had been thought advisable to wait for morning light. About 7 a.m., D. who had been asleep, but was now alert once more, waked me again, and savagely insisted that I should come up on the deck. I shook myself, as dogs do, put boots and coat on (all I had taken off), and flew up the companion. We were just leaving Arisaig where, according to D., we had loitered for an hour and a half. The exquisite group of the Small Isles was plainly visible to the West, Eigg being so distant now that the three peaks of Rum were outlined everywhere above it. Scarcely were we out of Arisaig when we turned a corner, puffed into Loch Moydart, and stopped again in this endless passion of ours for wool-gathering. I suppose an hour was wasted here, and then we stopped yet again at a barren bay on the north shore of Airdnamurchan, whence wool-bearing boats came from some habitations out of sight. Here we breakfasted; the meal was welcome, for most of the emigrants were sick and moaned, the stoppages were very wearing to the patience, and breakfast removed the attention agreeably from both uncomfortable facts. Rounding Airdnamurchan Point, getting the same views as I have already described of Rum, Coll and Mull, the second of these being

exceedingly distinct against the horizon, we passed down the Sound of Mull, and found ourselves once more in the familiar homely harbour of Tobermory, ever welcome to us, and nowise less attractive even to eyes that had feasted on Skye and Wester Ross. Here we left the boat, and walked a little about the town, enjoying a little release from the narrowness of a steam-boat's deck. We did not stay long at Tobermory, but were soon again in the familiar Sound; Salen did not delay us long, but at Lochaline we dawdled till our patience was entirely gone, and we believed that we should even miss the evening steamer from Oban. We took on board an endless burden of pigs, cows and, of course, wool. The wool-sacks by this time were running mountains high. It was very exasperating, almost in sight of Oban, to have to wait and wait. After Lochaline we visited Craigmore, a wretched hamlet on the Mull shore, and then at last stood fairly for Oban, which we reached after a voyage, not of 12 hours, as it should have been, but of 30. Happily for us the boat from Crinan to Banavie, calling at Oban, was very late; it did not come for another hour, which we spent in first flying to the post-office, where were letters inexpressibly welcome, and then rushing off to the woods and Dunolly Castle to read them. How delightful it was after a week's isolation to see the dear handwriting again! D. went up to the Castle, but I stayed in the wood, and wrote a pencil-note to you against the side of Fingal's Dog Stone, a great boulder with a legend tacked to it. On board the Chevalier all seemed more luxurious after our rough, slow Clydesdale, we shot with good speed up Loch Linnhe, passing alongside of the great flat island of Lismore, over which rose the hills of Morven as if no broad gulf were separating mainland and island. Past Lismore the eastern coast is very broken, and our first station, Port Appin, is very prettily situated. There was a wool-gathering here, just a minute for passengers to get in or out, and off again. At the point where Loch Linuha divides, we went out of our straight course to call at Ballachulish down Loch Leven. This is the pier for Glencoe. It was now sunset, one of the evenings we so frequently had in the Highlands, when the sky was of a clear primrose colour, cloudless and uniform. Loch Leven is very grand; its glen is narrow, and the cliffs high, so that especially under such circumstances as we saw it in, it is wonderfully grim and solemn. The hill above Ballachulish pier is very striking, - steep and well-wooded and essentially Scottish. By the time we turned back into Loch Eil it was getting dark. Our intention was to go on to Bannavie, but when we stopped at Fort William we were told there would be no room at that place. We wavered; we wished much to go on, but if there were no beds to be got, what should we do. For the first time in our travels I felt at a loss, the babbling of angry passengers, the darkness, the unexpected dilemma confused me. At last we made up our minds to stop at Fort William, but not till almost everyone had started for the hotel. I was altogether surprised to find Fort William a rather large town, extremely ill-paved and ill-lighted, however. The chief [sic] hotel was a long way from the pier, and when we reached it every bedroom was taken. However we insisted that they must give us sleeping-places, and after a little demur a parlour was given up to us, and beds made up on the sofas. We were intensely disgusted with the people in the coffee-room. They were the first really unpleasing people we had met on our travels, and there was something painfully incongruous to us both, in meeting the Cockneys of the London music-hall style by the banks of remote Loch Eil. Then it occurred to us that Loch Eil is not remote, and that we were now once again in the full current of

tourists. When our sofas were arranged for us, and we were able to remove ourselves from the company of these coarse gentry, we speculated one to another what strange working in these men's minds could have induced them to leave their appropriate Oxford Street for the Highlands. I will not speak of these persons again, but I may mention that we were in future constantly coming across them, we met them at Banavie, at Inverness, at Blair, at Dunkeld.

XI. Caledonian Canal.

Next morning we were up very early, and with a general flock of tourists started for Banavie; we woke [to] the echoes of the still-awakened town as our omnibus dashed off, and soon were breathing the crisp air under the eye of Ben Nevis. Passing Inverlochry Castle and crossing the river Lochy (getting from this bridge a superb view of the whole valley and Loch Eil beyond, flanked by Ben Nevis on one side and the Ardgour hills on the other), we reached Banavie, which is simply one vast hotel, not a town or not even a village; here we dismounted and walked across the Canal to where the boat lay moored, for, the locks being numerous lower down, the steamer goes no further than Banavie. It was one of the loveliest mornings I ever saw, the sky was a cloudless sheet of burning blue, and reflected itself on canal, river, loch and sea. The trees and mountains looked magically lustrous in the dewy morning air, and Ben Nevis was never to be seen, I am sure, to better advantage. Directly we started, breakfast was prepared, and I was ready for it. The Caledonian Canal boat is celebrated for its breakfasts, and we had an excellent one certainly. When we came on deck again, we had almost reached Loch Lochy, which struck me as the most beautiful part of the whole valley. The mountains which hem it in are very grand, on the west side rude and bold, on the east rounder, and torn with deep dry water-courses; in either case the hills rise sheer from the water's edge, and appear to overhang the beholder. At Invergarry we took on board our friends the Sinclairs, who had come across country from Balmacarra, and had seen much noble scenery. At the end of Loch Oich almost everyone gets out, to avoid the locks, which are very numerous here, and walks through extremely uninteresting country as far as Fort Augustus, which is a dull little straggling village, with a mouldering fort as the north end of it. At this point the steamer reaches Loch Ness, one of the largest of British Lakes. The Sinclairs had secured at Portree a genuine Skye terrier puppy, and this queer little beast had been christened "Uig" by me, which name took with his owners. He created a mighty deal of fun by his little tricks, and was evidently quite a dog with a character. On a long steamer voyage a little oddity of this kind is appreciated. Halfway up the lake, we stopped that all the passengers might visit the famous Falls of Foyers. Everyone started, but only few reached them, for little time can be spared for the episode, and the falls have to be reached by a long steep foot-path through a wood. D. and I, pushing forward, soon gained the edge of the waterfall, and enjoyed looking at the great column of mountain waters turned into saffron coloured foam. This is said to be the longest cascade in the country. After rains it must be very magnificent, since even its dwindled volume was so great. From above the falls, standing in the deep birch-wood through which our path lay, I was greatly struck with the grand view we got of the lake, lying like a watery high-way beneath us; and the vast dome of Mealfourvonnie rising in iron shadow beyond it. On leaving Foyers, we went below to dinner, and unhappily missed thereby a sight of Castle Urquhart. At Muirtown, a crowd of omnibus were waiting to take passengers to Inverness, a distance of a mile and a half. We were rather pleased with Inverness; it certainly is the cleanest of Scotch towns, and the people in the streets had none of the squalor, ugliness and prematurely aged look which is so striking in the Lowland towns. Also be it recorded that the Invernessese speak most excellent English. The town itself is dull and sleepy; before we left a body

of Highland infantry marching through its streets woke it into some galvanic loveliness. Young Miss Amy Sinclair came with us to the Cathedral, lying on the other side of the river, a rather new structure remarkable for nothing particular, except some fine carving on the pulpit. Then we hurried back to the station, restored pretty Miss Amy to her aunt and cousin, and waved them off towards Thurso, after pledges of eternal friendship. We ourselves took tea, sauntered about Inverness, and then started for Elgin.

XII. Morayshire and North Perthshire.

We passed first over dreary though classical grounds, the first station bore the familiar name of Culloden, and we recognized in the sterile plain we were crossing the fateful Drumossie Muir of melancholy memory. I could not wake up much sentiment for so dull a place. so I sat and ate Scotch sandwiches, and watched the orange sunset across the Moray Firth deepen to scarlet behind the blue cone of Ben Wyvis. Presently we were at Nairn, a pleasant little sea-side place, as far as we could discern through the dusk. At Forres we changed trains and at last, quite late at night, reached Elgin, having gone over a good deal of ground in one day. At Elgin we found a very nice hotel near the station, and felt the return to civilization and luxury very pleasurable after our somewhat precarious fare in the West. We had a hearty tea off some first-rate oat-cakes and bannocks and marmalade, and went to bed. The full moon was silvering the level sands as I looked out to say goodnight to her, and I could hardly realize that I had rushed up the steep streets of Fort William the night before, with the crown of Ben Nevis dividing me from her beams. Next morning was Sunday (Aug. 14th) and a rest was very welcome. We walked before church over the town. It is full of kirks, in the centre of all is a very large and very hideous one, in the style grimly called Grecian. To the east of the town lies the great attraction of Elgin, the shattered remains of its vast cathedral. We only glanced at the outside, enjoying the beauty of the arched entrance, which is chisselled with exquisite skill. We loitered awhile on the bridge over the river Lossie, then turned back into the town, passing the Museum, the porch of which is ornamented by a very curious black carved shrine, which has an Indian look about it. After sitting awhile under the Gordon Monument on Ladyhill, whence an extensive view of the town and its surroundings can be had, and sauntering again in the woods by the pleasant Lossie, it was church-time. The sermon was very poor indeed; however, one is made tolerably independent by the preacher, if he be a dry stick, by the providence of our service. Still it was a dreary affair; we did not care to make a second acquaintance with this long-bearded stupid, so after dinner we started for a country walk, first visiting the Cathedral. It seemed scarcely suitable to archeologise on a Sunday, so we did not examine these graceful ruins as they deserve. The chapter-house is in the best preservation, in it is an epitaph of a lady, of whom it is said, with much beauty and vigour of expression, I think, that

"David's swan-song much in her mouth she had,
More in her heart it was established!"

Then we started south-west towards Pluscardine Abbey, which after a very long walk we found with no small difficulty. Part of the way lies through fir-woods, and in the hedges wild raspberries, with very passable fruit, were abundant. Pluscardine is a very fine structure, and it lies in a wooded valley, with its walls shrouded in feathery clematis, making a vastly pretty sight from the hill-side. Service still carried on in the refectory. The ivy is magnificent, contrasting well with the delicate twirls of woodbine. We were very tired when we got back to Elgin, the roads being of the very poorest description and indescribably displeasing to the feet while the actual length of the walk was nearly fourteen miles. Early next morning (Aug. 15th) we started by train for Forres, and went thence across the mountain-braes of the Grampians. The scenery is dull till the train reaches Boat of Garten, where the views open up, and the Spey

(pro.Spee) begins to appear, winding in the valley below. At Boat of Ansh station there is a most lovely view south-east, over the valley of the Spey with its birch-woods, and the green peaks of the Aberdeenshire Highlands beyond. The villages hereabouts are built entirely of wood, trees being very abundant, and much clearing going on. Poor Stornoway would delight and glory in a tithe of the timber. The morning had hitherto been dull, but now the sun peeped out again and lit up the mountains that clustered ever more grandly on our left hand. At Dalwhinnie the head of Loch Ericht, an azure strip in the gray hills, was visible for an instant. Passing Blair Atholl, we reached Killiecrankie, where we got out, and walked to the pass. This is beautiful but disappointing; you imagine a dim deep glen among a savage wilderness of boulders, and behold! a smiling valley of no great depth or steepness, muffled up in dreamy birch-woods, with the mossy stream babbling through the centre of it: We hurried on to the Falls of the Tummel, back through the pass of Killiecrankie to the station; returning on our voyage to Blair Atholl, we left our luggage, and posted on to the Falls of Bruar Water, sung by Burns. ["The humble petition of Bruar Water"] I wish I had powers of description that I might set before the eyes of your imagination this lovely succession of woodland cataracts. In Burns' poem Bruar Water begs to be planted on her sides; the prayer was heard to good effect, and now the pines and birks cluster fully over her long musical ravine. After dinner we strolled about the tiny hamlet of Blair Atholl, and tasted the far-famed Atholl Brose, the most potent of all drinks, a marvellous compound of whisky and honey. The hotel at Blair is a palace: Blair itself is a most trumpery little hamlet. Next morning we started south again, through romantic glens of Perthshire, having Dunkeld as our destination. This town lies at some distance from the railway-station of the same name, around which latter an extensive village, Birnam, has sprung up, containing some good new houses, and a very large hotel. Dunkeld itself is a very different place, a little decayed burgh of some 100 houses built in a cross, the northern arm of the cross being a cul-de-sac, with the Cathedral at the end. The Cathedral is the chief [sic] object of attraction. It is a noble ruin in good preservation. In the porch is the tomb of the Wolf of Badenoch, the same wild hero, "half savage, half soft", who [? burned] down all churches from Elgin downwards and died in an eventual odour of sanctity. Like so many of the beautiful ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland, Dunkeld is spoilt by a wall down the centre dividing nave and choir, the latter being used as parish kirk. In the Cathedral Close are the two famous larches, said to be the first brought into the island. The bridge over the Tay at this town is famous for its beauty; the river is broad and babbles over stones into frequent rapids, both looking up and looking down the views are eminently picturesque. But the finest view of Dunkeld is obtained by going a quarter of a mile down the eastern bank of the river and looking back. We were at this spot shortly before sunset and nothing could be finer than the little white town and cathedral lying embosomed in a dark woodside with the golden sky beyond, against which the massive bridge was conspicuous and the broad silvery waters of the Tay. We were chaperoned over the Cathedral by an old vergeress, who, I must tell you, invited us to look at the statue of an old person by saying "That's just the tomb of Bishop Sinclair, who founded the Cathedral, but there's no much o' him left to the fore," and indeed there is not, for the poor prelate has neither head, hands nor feet remaining, and his shoulders are so battered as to give his unhappy torso a very mean bodily presence.

Thence we walked three miles across the river to the falls of the Braan at Rumbling Bridge. This was a pleasant walk, and the falls exceeded our anticipations. We spent a most luxurious morning chiefly in the bed of the Braan, which is full of great boulders, between and beneath which the river seethes and gushes. I lay on one broad hollowed stone, while the river flowed on all round me, and experienced an exquisite sensuous pleasure from the sounds of the water and the trees, and from the sunlight, partly "winnowed" down on me through the shifting fretwork of leaves. Higher up the river collects in a great pool, and leaves it in a tumultuous little cascade. Vast boulders hem in this dark pool, and on their ledges we sat in the complete coolness, and bathed our hot feet and ankles in the icy stream. After dinner we went to Birnam Falls, which lie behind the Station; they seemed very poor indeed, a mere feeble trickling. I conjecture that the water has gone to Dunsinane in exchange for the wood, which has obviously returned to Birnam since the days of Macbeth. In this valley, as everywhere about Dunkeld, the wild raspberry is abundant, and affords an agreeable fruit. We found the flies extremely annoying that afternoon, almost as virulent as the poisonous midges of the Hebrides. In the evening we walked about the environs of the town. Dunkeld is an excessively small place; the population is very trifling, and it is built in so compact a way, that though you could not mistake it for a village, it strikes you as a tiny dwarf town. Half a dozen steps in either direction takes you beyond the houses. It was full of tourists, who in nowise troubled us however. I fancy it is all cant to pretend that you cannot enjoy scenery because of tourists; it is only when the space is very limited, and a large number of people come bouncing in at once, as at Iona, that pleasure-seekers are in themselves troublesome.

XIII. Perth.

On Wednesday (Aug. 17th) we left Dunkeld with its deep quiet woods and pure bright river for Perth. Reaching that town we walked out of the station pleased and elate at being once more in a large city, once again in a comfortable centre of civilization, and in lands not unacquainted with the amenities of life. True the view of the west end before us was, to say the least, dull, but surely, we thought, the dazzling splendour of shops is to come! We left our impediments at an hotel, and marched on to explore the illustrious town of Perth. Alas for our hopes, each wynd and causeway seemed poorer and smellier than the last; presently we got into the fairly well-built dull High Street, and went down it to the river, along which are built the best houses in the town. Here we came out on the classic North Inch used now as an amateur laundry, where also an absurd memorial to Prince Albert lifts its head. So through the dreary dreary morning we sauntered through Perth, up every lane and street, lounging on North Inch, sitting on South Inch, dawdling over bridges, seeking for places of interest and finding none. Certainly no town so empty of attractions have I ever seen; its public buildings are few and commonplace; the cathedral uninteresting and incomplete; the river Tay itself, lucent and musical as it is, has not bettered its condition since it left sweet Dunkeld. The city is undoubtedly well-situated, but so is almost every village in this fair country of Perth, and no pre-eminence has been allotted in this respect to the chief town. The bridge should be seen before Dunkeld, and our eyes had been made critical by the northern beauty. What struck us very strangely was the ennuye look of all the inhabitants, not a stroke of work was being done anywhere; groups of idle artizans lolled against door-ways, droned along the pavement with pocketed hands, or indulged in the weakest of weak wit; the women, their arms a-kimbo, stood at their doors, dreamily gazing at their equally dreary neighbours; children in the last stage of exhaustion and languor basked in the sun or lay in heaps at the threshold. In one street a party of men had begun to take up the pavement for repairs, but the effort had been too great, and there they all lay among the debris with lazy heads lolling on elbows, and silent. All this at 11 a.m.! Surely a nepenthe was poured over Perth that morning, and ourselves were not unconscious of its sleepy influence.

We positively would not endure a whole day at Perth, so after an early dinner we started by train along the south shore of the Tay Estuary to Newborough in Fife. This is a pleasant old-fashioned town, built along the sides of a hill, with the broad salt river beyond it. We walked from here on eastward to Lindores Abbey, which lies in a farmyard. It is in the uttermost stage of decay, scarcely one stone left upon another. In the yard we noticed an extraordinary crimson-headed goose, of great size, and odd manners. It had a most naughty leering expression of eye, and a flat tail which it waggled on one side, as though winking. It led, too, a troop of full-grown common ducks, who followed it with the greatest decorum. From Lindores we extended our walk eastward over the brae, admiring the remarkable and pleasing prospect. Turning round, before us we had the Perthshire hill we had left, with Newborough in the distant foreground clustered around by Lombardy poplars. To our left were the Ochils, rising into sudden precipitous mountains, as is their singular habit everywhere, and presenting most grotesque and bold outlines. To our right the broad estuary, with the fertile island of

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Mugdrum conspicuous in midstream and beyond, the rolling meadows of the rich Carse of Gowrie. Retracing our footsteps, we regained Newborough and its station, and returned from a delightful little visit to Fife. Coming back the train, lingering outside the small town of Abernethy gave us a full view of the celebrated Round Tower of that place, a shaft of solid simple masonry rising out of the little market-place. Our sleep that night at Perth was much disturbed by the engines at the station close by, who screamed, snorted, gasped and coughed with a callous indifference to our tired nerves.

XIV. Round the spurs of the Ochils.

Our first stage on the next morning (Aug. 18th) was to Dumblane [sic], where we had a short walk through the sleepy dirty little town to the Cathedral, which much resembled that of Dunkeld. The west window is beautiful and curious, and an arcaded clere-story runs all round, which we reached and had a good view from. The tower is extremely old, being evidently a remnant of the old Culdee masonry, and it contrasts oddly with the later floriated style. The village of Dumblane is a wretched little place, but the beautiful Allan Water runs by it, and walking towards Bridge of Allan, we reached a path in the wood, which led us to a lovely glade by the river. The train presently took us on to Stirling, where we at once went to the Castle, built quite on the same plan as Edinburgh. In the Castle Yard they were drilling the recruits who looked droll enough in their uncomfortable clothes. We duly "did" all the sights of Stirling, but I was not in the least interested. In the "Douglas Room" there was a person in charge with a foreign accent. She was telling a whole troop of us the stock story, when to my surprise she pounced suddenly upon me, who had not spoken, about "Unser Vaterland", and the wrongs of "die heilige Rhein". She was quite disappointed when I made known in my best German that though an ardent lover of Deutschland, I had not the honour of that birthright. She was a very pleasant creature, and her tones seemed refreshing after the hideous Scotch. Stirling is grievously Scotch, - in smells, in harshness of accent, in the unseemliness of the inhabitants it is typically Southern. The Cemetery of Greyfriars Church is a sight of Stirling; the Greyfriars' Church, consisting of two distinct kirks is really worth seeing, the East Church being in a very lovely Gothic style, and well-appointed. All the rest of the morning we spent in the town, wandering about, till noon, when some rain fell, the only rain we had felt in Scotland barring one shower off Mull. In the afternoon we started for an episodal excursion into Clackmannanshire. This interesting and populous little county, the smallest in Britain lies east of Stirling, and north of the Forth. The first object of interest is the Wallace Monument which Scottish ardour has built on the Abbey Crag, a fine cliff to the west of the town. This monument, a very wretched imitation of Giles Cathedral Tower, is perhaps the ugliest building I had ever the ill-luck to see. The rain now came on with such fury that we entirely lost all the scenery in the driving wreaths of mist. But after passing Alloway or Alloa, the scene cleared a little, and we became conscious of the Ochil Hills. These hills rise to a considerable height and have such precipitous sides as to be inaccessible in some places. Here and there they are broken by deep gorges and wooded ravines. Their grotesque and sudden forms stood out in the great contrast with the plain which spreads in an unbroken flat from their feet to the Forth. So sudden is their rise that at Tillicoultry as well as at Dollar I saw places where you might sit with your back leaning against the hill, and your legs stretched on the plain, there being a distinct angle formed by the side of the hill and the flat. Tillicoultry lies under the very shadow of the mountains. It is a very considerable town, and busy with trade and manufactures, smoky with factory-chimneys and full of new-looking streets. The great brae rising just behind it, with a deep glen running inland through it, present a scene seemingly inconsistent with so much work-a-day industry. Dollar is similarly situated, on a dead level, with the towering mountain a few yards behind, but it is not, like Tillicoultry, a place of any active

business, it is a sleepy little old-fashioned place, with certain academic airs about it, boasting a museum, and visited by antiquaries. Directly at the back of the village is a most picturesque ravine, whose steep sides are thoroughly muffled in green woods. At the top of this glen is Castle Campbell, a grand old ruin, to which we climbed with much exertion, and from which, had the weather permitted, we should have enjoyed a superb view. The gorge down which it looks reminded us of the rich woodlands of Devonshire, and down it creeps and rushes a fine beck, the principal tributary of the Devon, renowned in legend and ballad. This Castle Campbell perplexed us by its name; on inquiry we found that it was a sort of colony of the Argyles, and set here to guard their isolated eastern possessions. Dollar is a terminus, and consequently trains leave its station with unwonted punctuality. This [sic] we, not taking into consideration, were a minute late, and saw our train move off with infinite chagrin. The dullness of Dollar is unbroken, and a drizzling rain, which once more broke out of the leaden sky, did not tend to enliven our situation during the two hours so thrown on our hands. However we harried the town for eatables, and got some passable bannocks, and some plums to which verjuice would have been a mild acid. But the very badness of these plums was funny; for we mocked at one another in the attempt to eat them, and generally behaved ourselves like two big children till we got off at last. Clackmannanshire seems very fertile, and to judge by the myriads of colliery chimneys must be a rich coal-district. Perhaps it is to be the Lancashire of future Scotland. Alloa from all we heard is the most flourishing port, save Leith, on the Forth Estuary. Thus this little speck of land, scarce a fifth of the size of our tiny Rutland, would seem to surpass all its vast encirclers in riches and industrial activity. Tired enough, we returned about sunset, to Stirling, and kept indoors through the rest of the evening. We were beginning to be terribly tired of the ceaseless excitement of travel. Town after town, scene after scene, had to be visited, and there was no rest for the sole of the foot. In addition to all this Stirling disappointed me terribly; I expected a larger, a finer city, and I was disgusted with the extreme Scottishness of the people. Like Dr. Johnson, I could smell them in the dark. The vices of a Lowlander are unseemly, there is no shame in being very drunk before breakfast. We English are not wild till nightfall, and there is a mixture of genuine passion about our profligacy which makes London seem less brutal and disgusting than even a little Scotch borough like Stirling. Be it here recorded that I hate the Scotch.

Early next morning we were off again, moving south and east along the south shore of the Forth. At Larbert Junction we reached the point where three weeks before we had diverged for Glasgow. Soon Linlithgow was passed, and little Niddry Castle came once more into sight, and then we whirled into the bright heart of Edinburgh. Very stately and serene the queenly old city looked that morning, bathed in sunlight, glittering like some stainless Greek town of the old days when marble was in town for building, and the world was innocent of coal fires. We went to call upon our kind friend Mr. Martin, but found that he and all his had gone far west to Tignabrooich (pro. Tinnabrooish) on the Kyles of Bute for the autumn holidays. In fact all the city was desolate. Mr. Martin, however had given me an introduction to the well-known savant, Mr. David Laing, Keeper of the Signet Library, and we forthwith called upon him. He is a puffy, nervous, courteous old gentleman, reminding me very strikingly of the

late Mr. Watts; unfortunately, the book I wanted most to see, a unique work of Lodge's in the Advocate's Library was inaccessible, for though Mr. Laing took a good deal of pains, all the people from the University were gone, and it was impossible to get in. However he amply made up for that disappointment by granting me a sight of the precious Hawthornden MSS, now under his charge, and from which he first elucidated the troublous [sic] questions concerning the relations between Drummond and Jonson. I saw among these volumes one or two short unprinted poems of Drummond, but they were unimportant, and Mr. Laing assured me that everything of real value was included in the last edition of his works. One of the most interesting of these holographs was a list of books Drummond gave to Ben Jonson to order for him in London, with prices; Spenser's "Amoretti", 4 pence, seems startling in these days when the quarto fetches ~~15~~ 15. I enjoyed in Mr. Laing's company the very rare treat of conversing with a man who is learned in my favourite study, and I should greatly enjoy a further acquaintance with him. He had lately been directing his attention to the Scotch satires and pasquils of the seventeenth century in which sterile disquisitions I feel not the slightest sympathy with him. I vainly strove to induce him to collect and publish Lodge's Works. Of all men living he has done most to popularize this author, and such a work would come very gracefully from him. The rest of this day was spent in lounging about Edinburgh and Leith, and sitting on Calton Hill. I was amused at a little incident; while ascending the latter, a hanger-on of the tourists coming and going, accosted us and offered to show us the places of interest; "Indeed", replied Dames indignantly, "we know Edinburgh very well; we have been here often before." And indeed it seemed like a familiar place, and by our mutual never-failing geographical instinct we had no difficulty in reaching all the points we desired. From Calton Hill we could but again admire the beautiful sea-view, the Forth with its dark islets and scudding sails, and the fair misty slopes of Fife, that frieze county with the gold-lace border.

XV. The End.

On the morning of the Saturday (Aug. 20th) we started upon our last excursion to Hawthornden and Roslin. Getting out of the train at the first-named place, we walked to the grounds laid out 250 years ago by the strange poet, half angel, half satyr, whose name has made Hawthornden proverbial. We were hustled through, however, in a very uncivil way, not allowed to see the house, or any of its attractions, and even debarred from a sight of the famous arbour where Drummond wrote the Cypress Grove, and talked with his illustrious guest. The charge, also, for this hurried visit, was exorbitant, and gave us an unfavourable idea of the woman who owns the property, and by whose commands these incivilities are practised. One ascends the Esk from Hawthornden by a path through a wood, till a break in the foliage discovers Roslin Castle and Chapel on twin crags. The Chapel alone is worth a visit, and this would reward any labour. It is very small, but exquisitely finished, full of most delicate and subtle carving, exhibiting the most lavish prodigality of genius and labour. I cannot say to what school of architecture it belongs, but it seems to combine in elaborate excess the beauties of many styles. The eccentricities of the roof astonished me particularly; I never saw such a wealth of original design expended on so small a building. From the Chapel it is a long walk to Roslin Station; once again in Edinburgh, we took our dinners, and then hastened down to Leith and walked on board our steamer.

Hardly had I stepped on deck when I recognized our Tottenham acquaintance, a young man named Shelton who kindly assists us sometimes in the Sunday School, and who is a church-member at Brooks Street. As he is an agreeable fellow, I was delighted at the chance. He is a friend of our friends the Phillipsons. It was very rough at the mouth of the Firth; we tossed horribly off the Bass, and when North Berwick twinckled through the dark to us, most on board were very ill. I managed better than this, and lying down on a mattress in the saloon (for I could not get a berth), I slept well enough. But next day I was rather ill and very wretched all day long. The weather was raining, the boat uncomfortable and the state of things generally dull. When on Sunday evening we passed Yarmouth Roads, and heard the bells ringing the happy people on shore to evening service, I longed bitterly to be with them. With this exception of Yarmouth we were out of sight of land all day, which was very dreary. The sea was calmer on Sunday; on Saturday night I was waked from time to time by being heavily bounced against the table-leg. Gladly did I welcome on Monday morning the dear familiar mud of the Thames, and sweetly sounded the names of Gravesend, Erith and Greenwich, and sweetest of all, London that I love.

So came to an end this glorious outing, for the great pleasure and profit of which I owe most hearty thanks to the best of Fathers that ever lived.

This with the hand and seal of me

Edmund W. Gosse

[The End]

APPENDIX CEDMUND GOSSE: DANISH DIARY 1874

From Ny Kgl. S. 735 in The Royal Library, Copenhagen
"Edm. Gosse Dagbogsnotitser fra hans ophold i
Danmark 1874"

Tuesday. C. A.

Wednesday. Theatre.

Sunday, kl4. dinner to C. A.

May 10. Sunday.

Arrive at Rheden 5 a.m. Walk through the City. No one up. Welcome. To church in Holmenkirke. After frokost to visit Carl Andersen. After dinner with Dr. F. to Østerbro. Hegel & the Higher Philosophies.

May 11. Monday.

Carl Andersen to breakfast. Scandal about Swinburne. To the Gyld. Bogh., Larsen not expecting me. Pleasant chat. Hegel. Like a genial unpretending thin Scotchman. Frederik Barfod impressive person with white hair & long white beard. He gave a kind of lecture in Hegel's parlour. Young Hegel. With Larsen over to Brandes. In one room. Letter to the Lady. He should travel immediately over to Hamburg. Curious person, thin, undersized, pale, but very frank & modest. He walked back with me. Then with Fr. Aline to buy tickets & then for a walk in the town, during which twice we met the ubiquitous C. A. After dinner (7) to det Kong. Theater to see Wiehe in the Nygifte. Pretty piece. Good combined acting. Kjærligheds Drømme. Memories & sentiments about the Theatre. Shut up June 3rd. Missed Professor Scharling.

May 12. Tuesday.

To Professor Molbech in Fiolstræde. Two hours conversation on Ibsen, Björnson etc. His wife. With Fr. Aline to Charlottenborg. Pretty [?] Danish dinner. To Carl Andersen. The Fortælling about Tottenham. The Icelandic lady who knew Morris. Walk back with Carl Andersen at 10.30. Pleasant little tete-a-tete with Fr. A.

May 13. Wednesday.

The Ordination in Vor Frue Kirke. Martensen. Fru Exner. To G. B. Larsen. Letter from Brandes & to H. C. A. Missed E.v.der Recke. Walk to Frederiksberg. Zoologisk Have. Fru - Theatre with Carl Andersen. Nornerne & Thrymskviden. Bruun.

May 14. Thursday.

Fog's Sermon in Holmens Kirke. Ascension Day. Exner. Martensen. With Bondo to Studenter-Foreningen, & to the Marble Church. Wrote to Lange. To Castellet with Frøken Aline. To G. Vigfussen, call in vain on C. A. Bring G. V. home to Gammel Strand. Dr. Fog dines in the Kronprinzen.

May 15th. Friday.

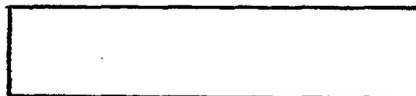
To Østergade to be photographed. Reading and talking with Frøken Aline. With Carl Andersen to see A. Munch, but failed. Gade in Slottet. Letter from Lange. Walk with Fr. Aline. With Larsen to the Theatre to see Iphigenia paa Tauris. Carit Etlar. Munch. Ernst v.d. Recke. Larsen ? from Hegel. 10.30.

May 16th. Saturday.

Walk to Sorte Hest (268 Vesterbrogade) to see J. Lange (9.30). To Havnegade to A. Munch (12) spent $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Talk about poetry, English pronunciation, "bishop's son", that I should come again. To Nyhavn (1.30) to see H. C. Andersen. So dreadfully altered. Grønt fra Skoven. Nikolai Bøgh. Wedding at Gammel Strand. Reading Richardt & Paludan Müller aloud. To the University to hear Brandes. Disappointed. To the Gyld.Bog. Larsen. Walk through Christianshavn to Amager & Langebro (?). With Juul Bondo to Studenter-Foreningen. Lange's Foredrag. The nature and aim of art. Great applause. Front seat. Talk by my side "en Engländer er kommen iblandt os". Lange greets me & introduces me to Seniorerne. Thomsen the philologist.

Formand Atd.

Thomsen



Tolderlund
the finger

Fog Lange Larsen

Bright Talk. The Norwegian Bøgh. My articles. Skaaler to England, the British Museum, & its representative.

May 17th. Sunday.

A converted jew priest indviet at Holmens Kirke. Larsen's invitation. E. v. d. Recke. Walk to Østergade, & then to his house. A corner-house in Havnegade. Exquisite prospect. Reckes's passionate gifted face, & odd distrait manner. He plays Heyse's songs on the guitar & sings. Portrait. Back, talk about Shakespeare, Ibsen. To dinner (5) at Nørregade. 10 persons. Gade, Vigfussen, Worsaae, Erslev. Worsaae talks about a gift to Iceland of Thorwaldsen's bust. Waves of culture from the south. Letter from Ewald.

May 18th. Monday.

Up at 6 a.m. By rail to Roskilde. Clear blue sky. Fjord. Over to Bjerget. Visit Hr. Friis. Elegant house & old-fashioned furniture. Over Cathedral. Marstrand's pictures. Trolden in Døren. The wells in Roskilde. Visit the parish priest, Hr. . Back early, lay in my room reading Fra Piazza del Popolo. To dinner with the Koefoeds. Elegant husband & wife. Dinner & walk afterwards. Exquisite girl, Frøken E.v.d. R. Panting at the music, excessively vain. The French Herr. Chopin.

May 19th. Tuesday.

Prior & Tobias Mørch to breakfast. Lange also. Thinness of Prior, pride in Mørch. With Lange to the Kobber-samling. Cf. Two Visits to Denmark, p. 267. Drawings of animals by Lumbye. Carsten's exquisite drawings of Jason. To Charlottenborg. Through Udstillingen. To Herz's [? cf. Two Visits to Denmark, p. 268.] private collection. Marstrand, Bloch, Lumbye, Eckersberg's portrait of Thorwaldsen's mistress. To Carl Bloch's studio. To Skovgaard's atelier, to La Cour's Sketches on both, exquisite shore stretching in the east. Lange at dinner. With Lange to Thomsen. With Thomsen to Vigfussen. To Bishop Martensen. Bispinden. The two Larsens. Young M. Delightful evening.

May 20th. Wednesday.

Splendid weather. Visit from Munch & invitation. 11.30 over to Malmö. Provincial character. Town House. By train to Lund. Horse-fair. Academic Forening. Good dinner. Meet with a young student. Botanical Garden. Cathedral Crypt. Trolden og sin Kone. Visit to Ljunggren. Presents me with his book. Punch. Visit to Bishop Flensburg. Splendid house. & Udsigt. Cardinal-like manners. Extreme politeness. More punch. Memory. "Doctoren". Back to Ljunggren's house. Fru Ljunggren. Frøken Aresværd. Tegnér's house. Little Museum. Farewell at Lund Station. Sleep at Malmö.

May 21. Thursday.

Early (6.30) from Malmö. Cold & tedious passage. Han sidder da i Stormen. og læser en Dansk Bog! General excitement. Visit from Fr. Paludan-Müller. H. C. Andersen's letter. Brandes' card. Horrible pain. Ploug in Fædrelandet's office. Mild face, with white hair. Horrible pain. To the Gyldendalske B. Hegel & Larsen. To Brandes. Shelley, Wordsworth. To H. C. Andersen. Weak. Photograph. Promise of book. Visit into the country. Dinner. Sad pain again. Syvsoverdag with Larsen. Exquisite acting & music. Forklaring om Brandes.

May 22. Friday.

To Glostrup after breakfast. De to smukke Elskender. Christian drives us out to Vannelsbæk i.e. Vallensbæk. Pretty Præstegaard. Welcome at the door. Cold. W --? House. Garden-Room. Garden. Middag with Frr. Anna & Elizabeth out to Stranden. Mark-blomster & linseed-fields. Visit to Per Hansen. Wife. Rare old furniture. Profusion of things. Cigar. Garden. Tea. Dansk [?]. Question about the poor of London, about the price of a pound of meat. Hvad tænker Herren om Forholdet i Spanien? To Per Larsen's The søde Margarethe. Hoiskole. Modern [?] church. Old drawings. Font. Altar-piece. Singing. Greenlanders. Driving back. De to Elskender igjen.

May 23. Saturday.

To Paludan-Müller's. His wife not amiable. To Brandes. Wordsworth. Anecdotes about poets, etc. Paludan-Müller, so amiable. About my poems. His own new piece. To dinner at Andreas Munch. C. A. & Thora A. Norsk Forfatterinde Frøken Nilsson. Hr. Statsmand Birch-Reichenwald. Studenter-Forening. Amor & Psyche.

May 24th. Sunday.

To Sermon in Holmen Kirke. Scharling. Troops of ladies at Frokost. Visit to Goldschmidt & Lange. Out to Klampenborg Pinsedag. Crowds. Brandes & Fru Drachmann. Lovely person. Brandes pere et mere. Ernst Brandes extremely small. Holger Drachmann extremely big. Lively talk. Walk with G. B. and the two ladies in the wood. Exquisite trees. Sunlight-Sound. Eremitagen. Edward Brandes & his wife. Drink dus with G. B. We all troop down to Klampenborg. Home at last with the Drachmanns. Squeeze of the hand.

May 25. Monday.

11.30 to see L. Böttcher in . 81 years old; blind in one eye. Very genial & gentle, pleased with the visit. Circumstances regarding Thorwaldsen & Ludwig of Bavaria. Bissen's bust. Must have been very handsome. Visit to the Koefoed's sic. Frøken Hoegh-Guldborg. At 3 at Rosenborg to meet Andersen. Visit to Christian Winther. Out. Leave card, book & letter. With the Andersens out to Klampenborg, Hartmann in the street, walk over to Lyngby. Deilig tour. Colour & light. Gade's house. Professor Erslew, the geographer. Talk with Gade, about climate, botany, old English drama, politics, music, Lawson. The old Gade (84). Wait at L. station 1½ hours. King must also wait.

May 26. Tuesday.

To buy gloves in Østergade and fetch photographs.
 To Larsen. With L. to Universitets Bibliothek.
 Prof. Thorsen. Short pale, weak, gentle, pleasant,
 old gentleman. Fausböll much younger, a mild
 man with broad black spectacles. Arna-Magnaeen
 MSS. Pali MS. Painted black on silver. The
 oldest known copy of the Bend Arvestio. Undecipher-
 able language from islands near Java. With pictures
 of cocks, etc. Some of the oldest MS existing.
 Thorsen shows me some of the oldest Norse &
 Icelandic. Snorre's Edda. Birket Smith talk
 about dialects. Fausböll shows Christian Fjerde's
 school-book. Quite naïve. Thorsen thanks me for
 what I have written Vigfussen. We go to Brandes.
 Not at home. Kongelige Bibliothek. Dr. Larsen.
 Flateybog. A colossal folio MS in 2 vols. The
 only existing copy of the Elder Edda. Little
 precious vellum volume, blackened with age, not
 written in verse-form. Weeke. Portrait from Dr.
 Thomsen. Letter from Brandes. Holger Drachmann's
 Digte. Dinner-party at home. Andreas Munch - C.
 Andersen - Larsen - Pastor Driebein - Henrik
Scharling - Bakke & his wife. Talk about English
 tourists. Munch's Norskhed - Plum pudding.
 Question of races. Walk with H. Scharling to visit
 Professor Vilhelm Scharling in Havnegade. Back with
 H. S. Invitation. Pastor Driebein to tea. Story
 about the Normand & Øhlenschläger's birth-house.

May 27th. Wednesday.

Before breakfast with Vigfussen to Langebro. After
 frokost with V. By Lange Linie to Østerbro. The
 Drachmanns. Fru D.'s unpatriotic speeches. H. D.'s
 pictures unlucky in London. To Brandes. Drach-
 mann's Digte. Wordsworth. Walk back to Gammel
 Strand. Farvel. The Frøkener Bondo. To
 Frederiksberg Have. Delicious Views. To Scharling.
 W. Scharling. Pastor Plenge. Married to an English
 wife.

May 28. Thursday.

Before breakfast to the Thorwaldsen Museum. Fru Koefod calls. All the Bondos come to spend the day. After frokost with E. v. d. Recke to Christiansborg to see Carl Bloch's Christian II in prison. To buy gifts with Frøken Aline. The great bordet in the daglig Stue. Topsoe & his sister. We lean out of window. To Carl & Thora Andersen. (Winther - Gade - Ploug - Bødtcher) Frederik VI. "It is cold. We must not forget to send out fuel for the poor." Ingemann's birthday. Home by 10.15. Dr. Fog also soon home. Family party. Skaaler. Dr. Fog proposes my health. I answer with a Skaal for Denmark.

Notes

For editions of works by George Gissing, Edmund Gosse, and Robert Louis Stevenson, please see the bibliography. References to Stevenson are to his collected works (Swanston edition) unless otherwise stated (see bibliography). References to other works are to editions used; for year of first publication please see the bibliography.

Evan Charteris, The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse, London, Heinemann, 1931, is referred to throughout as "Charteris".

Graham Balfour, The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, London, Methuen, 1901 (second edition), is referred to throughout as "Balfour".

MANUSCRIPTS

References are to the libraries in which the MS is held, followed by no. and date of letter.

LIBRARIES:-

<u>BL</u>	British Library
<u>CUL</u>	Cambridge University Library
<u>NLS</u>	National Library of Scotland
<u>RL</u>	Royal Library, Copenhagen
<u>StA</u>	St. Andrews University Library

Notes to pp. 1-9

CHAPTER 1 INTRODUCTION

1) See Kenneth Gelder, "R L S : invalid with window on world of imagination", Weekend Scotsman, The Scotsman, 3 December, 1983, p. 4.

2) I do not agree with Michael Collie's interpretation in "George Gissing, Cosmopolitan", English Studies in Canada, vol. 7, 1981, pp. 156-170.

3) A Catalogue of the Gosse Correspondence in the Brotherton Collection, Leeds, the Brotherton Library, 1950. Introduction by Philip Gosse, p. vii.

4) It has been argued that the works of Gissing call to mind an earlier age, for example the 1840s. See Asa Briggs, Victorian Cities, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1968, p. 354; and Lee F. Courtney, "George Gissing, Victorian", unpublished Ph.D. dissertation from Emory University, 1975, p. 14. Although Gissing certainly learned from the past, his novels remain modern.

5) Bernard Bergonzi discusses Gissing and H.G. Wells in his book The Turn of the Century, London, Macmillan, 1973, pp. 70-1. The conclusions reached are interesting. Letters between Wells and Bennett "show how vigorously Wells resisted his friend's attempt to make him read and follow French novelists; while Gissing, though he spent the last years of his life in France, retained a strong prejudice against French mœurs".

6) Ann Thwaite, Edmund Gosse: a literary landscape 1849-1928, London, Secker and Warburg, 1984, p. 71.

7) Ibid., pp. 148, 259-60.

CHAPTER 2

THE ENGLISH NOVELIST: GEORGE GISSING

1) Niels Lyhne is in fact a somewhat disappointing and vastly overrated novel about a young man's changing attitudes to religion. - Jacob Korg, George Gissing: A Critical Biography, Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1963, p. 141.

2) Jacob Korg, George Gissing: A Critical Biography, pp. 232, 44.

3) Cf. ibid., pp. 148-9. - See this thesis, pp. 48-55.

4) An article by Michael Collie lists Gissing's foreign influences but comes to the conclusion that Gissing wrote "a type of non-English continental European naturalism". Collie completely ignores the fact that Gissing's inspiration came almost entirely from English problems; the novels are English and deal with English (and especially London) problems. "George Gissing, Cosmopolitan", English Studies in Canada, vol. 7, 1981, p. 161.

5) F. W. Farrar, Contemporary Review, September 1889, quoted in Gissing. The Critical Heritage (edited by Pierre Coustillas and Colin Partridge), London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1972, p. 142. - Asa Briggs, Victorian Cities, p. 354.

6) The Nether World, p. 347. Gissing often explains seemingly obvious things; for example, "In the upper world a youth may 'sow his wild oats' and have done with it; in the nether, 'to have your fling' is almost necessarily to fall among criminals." (Ibid., p. 52.) - Cf. Asa Briggs, Victorian Cities, p. 314, "The contrast between East End and West End in London, which reflected what the Quarterly Review called 'the complete separation of the residences of different classes of the community', was the great contrast of the 1880s and the 1890s.... During the 1880s and 1890s the term 'East End' began to be used generally: it suggested a different world, an unknown world, within the same city."

7) The Unclassed, p. 209.

8) Cf. The Nether World, p. 364, "Look at a map of greater London, a map on which the town proper shows as a dark, irregularly rounded patch against the whiteness of suburban districts, and just on the northern limit of the vast network of streets you will distinguish the name of Crouch End. Another decade, and the dark patch will have spread greatly further; for the present, Crouch End is still able to remind one that it was in the country a very short time ago.

9) Cf. Gissing. The Critical Heritage, pp. 138, 143.

10) The Nether World, p. 296.

11) Ibid., p. 104.

12) Jacob Korg, George Gissing: A Critical Biography, p. 111. - Misery, see for example The Nether World, p. 130, "On all the doorsteps sat little girls, themselves only just out of infancy, nursing or neglecting bald, red-eyed, doughy-limbed abortions in every stage of

babyhood, hapless spawn of diseased humanity, born to embitter and brutalise yet further the lot of those who unwillingly gave them life."

- 13) The Nether World, p. 57.
- 14) Ibid., pp. 179, 233-5, 253.
- 15) Ibid., p. 58.
- 16) Ibid., p. 79.
- 17) Ibid., p. 32.
- 18) See my B.Phil. thesis (St. Andrews, 1979) "Wilkie Collins on Victorian England", pp. 91-2. The quotation from No Name occurs on p. 458 of Charles Dickens's magazine All the Year Round, vol. VII, 1862. - Cf. John Reed's Victorian Conventions, Ohio University Press, 1975, p. 356, on cosmetics, "The nineteenth century witnessed a growing fascination with cosmetics, and writers quickly appropriated the subject for their own purposes. A respectable journal such as the Cornhill Magazine could, as late as 1863, announce that 'cosmetics are an imposition', and recommend exercise for a good complexion while warning against the use of belladonna or other drugs to produce bright eyes. The author is piqued into the mildly ascerbic observation that 'The succession of fashions seem rather determined by an image conspicuously allied to humanity.'"
 - 19) The Nether World, p. 102.
 - 20) Ibid., p. 292. "She had never loved him; she never loved any one; yet the inclinations of her early girlhood had been drawn by the force of the love he offered her, and to this day she thought of him with a respect and liking such as she had for no other man."
 - 21) Ibid., pp. 140, 73, 334. Clem's attack, ibid., p. 78, "Pennyloaf could not even ward off the blows that descended upon her head; she was pinned against the wall, her hat was torn away, her hair began to fly in disorder".
 - 22) Ibid., p. 76. - Jacob Korg (George Gissing: A Critical Biography, p. 114) makes the point that Mrs. Candy's problems reflect those of Gissing's first wife, Helen, who was a dipsomaniac. Mrs. Candy once has the audacity to resort to the law and prosecute her husband. She has dared to appeal to an authority beyond the circle of the poverty-stricken city-dwellers and is therefore treated with scorn by her neighbours in Shooter's Gardens, a residential complex for the poor.
 - 23) The Nether World, p. 213. - Cf. Jacob Korg, George Gissing: A Critical Biography, pp. 111-2.
 - 24) The Nether World, pp. 7, 152.
 - 25) Ibid., pp. 99, 151-2.
 - 26) Ibid., pp. 138, 166.
 - 27) Ibid., pp. 391-2.
 - 28) The Unclassed, p. 292.
 - 29) Ibid., p. 309.
 - 30) Ibid., pp. 32, 113. - On Edmund Gosse and his childhood, see this thesis pp. 57-61.
 - 31) The Unclassed, pp. 218, 312.
 - 32) Ibid., p. 23.
 - 33) Ibid., p. 137, "I was in the laundry nearly six months, and became quite clever in getting up linen. Now

this was a kind of work I liked. You can't think what a pleasure it was to me to see shirts and collars turning out so spotless and sweet... I do so like cleanliness! I have a sort of feeling when I'm washing anything, that I'm really doing good in the world, and the dazzling white of linen after I'd ironed it seemed to thank me for my work." And later, at the garden party, Ida has the girls washed (p. 274), "They looked at their hands, and were amazed at the whiteness that had come upon them".

- 34) Ibid., p. v.
- 35) Ibid., p. 116.
- 36) Ibid., p. 193.
- 37) Ibid., pp. 211, 124, 225.
- 38) Ibid., pp. 254-5.
- 39) Ibid., p. 112.
- 40) Ibid., p. 149.
- 41) Thyrza, p. 422.
- 42) The Unclassed, p. 273.
- 43) Ibid., p. 151.
- 44) The Whirlpool, pp. 105, 16.
- 45) Ibid., p. 58.
- 46) The Unclassed, pp. 45, 288.
- 47) The Nether World, p. 164.
- 48) Ibid., p. 169.
- 49) Walter Allen, The English Novel. A Short Critical History, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1958, p. 291.
- 50) New Grub Street, p. 331. - Cf. By the Ionian Sea, p. 109. See this thesis, pp. 52-3.
- 51) The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1970, vol. 4, p. 488.
- 52) Bernard Bergonzi, Introduction to the Penguin English Library edition of New Grub Street (Harmondsworth, 1968), p. 10. - New Grub Street, p. 54.
- 53) New Grub Street, pp. 42, 115.
- 54) Ibid., pp. 24, 5, "But our Grub Street of to-day is quite a different place: it is supplied with telegraphic communication, it knows what literary fare is in demand in every part of the world, its inhabitants are men of business, however seedy."
- 55) Ibid., p. 214, see also p. 238.
- 56) Ibid., p. 314.
- 57) Ibid., p. 333.
- 58) Cf. ibid., pp. 45-6, "I can't pretend that I rule my life by absolute ideals; I admit that everything is relative. There is no such thing as goodness or badness, in the absolute sense, of course. Perhaps I am absurdly inconsistent when - though knowing my work can't be first rate - I strive to make it as good as possible."
- 59) Ibid., p. 336.
- 60) Ibid., p. 413.
- 61) Ibid., p. 68.
- 62) Ibid., p. 299.
- 63) Ibid., pp. 351, 267, 441.
- 64) Ibid., p. 355.
- 65) Ibid., p. 464.

- 66) Ibid., pp. 276, 299, 466.
- 67) Ibid., pp. 162, 275.
- 68) Ibid., p. 414.
- 69) Ibid., p. 419.
- 70) Ibid., p. 128.
- 71) Bernard Bergonzi, Introduction to the Penguin English Library edition of New Grub Street, p. 15.
- 72) New Grub Street, pp. 283, 264.
- 73) Ibid., pp. 71, 90.
- 74) Ibid., p. 149.
- 75) Ibid., p. 264.
- 76) Bernard Bergonzi in his Introduction to the Penguin English Library edition of New Grub Street, p. 21, writes that Orwell's Keep the Aspidistra Flying from 1936 "reads rather like a pastiche of New Grub Street transplanted to the London of the early nineteen-thirties." - Raymond Williams in The Country and the City, St. Albans, Paladin, 1975, p. 329 wrote, "Orwell, as it happens, had in many ways followed Gissing: in his deliberate explorations of urban squalor, to which he responded with some of the same anxious distaste but in the end with a much finer and more generous humanity: a resolution that reached its climax in his celebration of Barcelona, the revolutionary city." Raymond Williams also dealt with George Orwell in Culture and Society 1780-1950, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1963, p. 279, "He is genuinely baffling until one finds the key to the paradox, which I will call the paradox of the exile. For Orwell was one of a significant number of men who, deprived of a settled way of living, or of a faith, or having rejected those which were inherited, find virtue in a kind of improvised living, and in an assertion of independence." This is certainly very true of Orwell and it could be applied to Gissing too. Unfortunately, Raymond Williams does not mention Born in Exile in his discussion of Gissing. He writes, however, (ibid., p. 179) that "Gissing found the London poor repulsive, in the mass; his descriptions have all the generalizing squalor of a Dickens or an Orwell." In my opinion this is a somewhat misleading statement. Culture and Society does not include a comparison between the two writers. - Cf. Gillian Tindall, The Born Exile, London, Temple Smith, 1974, p. 21.
- 77) The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, vol. IV, p. 486.
- 78) New Grub Street, p. 406. - The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, vol. IV, p. 486.
- 79) George Orwell, Keep the Aspidistra Flying, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1962, p. 97.
- 80) New Grub Street, p. 232. - George Orwell, Keep the Aspidistra Flying, p. 217, and cf. p. 233.
- 81) New Grub Street, p. 341. - George Orwell, Keep the Aspidistra Flying, p. 84.
- 82) The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, vol. IV, p. 485.
- 83) See e.g. The Nether World, pp. 81, 102 (Clara).
- 84) Demos, p. 312.
- 85) The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, vol. IV, pp. 488, 489.

- 86) Gillian Tindall, The Born Exile, p. 264.
- 87) J. A. Sutherland, Victorian Novelists and Publishers, University of London, the Athlone Press, 1976, pp. 68-9. Cf. a remark quoted from a 1932 letter in P. R. Harris's The Reading Room, London, the British Library, 1979, p. 30, "Today there was a callow youth in the sacred inner circle, dressed in what looked like a brown 'sports jacket', with dark trousers, a soft coloured collar which may or may not have been washed last week and a loud tie. What impression does this make on foreign visitors to what is as near as I am likely to get to the hub of the intellectual universe?"
- 88) Cf. J. A. Sutherland, Victorian Novelists and Publishers, pp. 64-5. Note that many writing Scots, like Carlyle, moved to London.
- 89) Asa Briggs, Victorian Cities, p. 311.
- 90) Ibid., 351. Briggs's discussion, on pp. 349-355, is very important as it explains Gissing's relationship with London very clearly.
- 91) J. A. Sutherland, Victorian Novelists and Publishers, pp. 64-5. - New Grub Street, p. 398.
- 92) New Grub Street, pp. 49-50.
- 93) Ibid., pp. 153, 1.
- 94) Ibid., p. 13, 461.
- 95) Ibid., pp. 39, 373.
- 96) Ibid., p. 327.
- 97) Ibid., p. 60.
- 98) Ibid., p. 206.
- 99) Gillian Tindall, The Born Exile, p. 63.
- 100) Born in Exile, p. 43.
- 101) Ibid., p. 11.
- 102) Ibid., pp. 44-5.
- 103) Ibid., pp. 17-8, 47.
- 104) Ibid., p. 24.
- 105) Cf. Gillian Tindall, The Born Exile, p. 139, "One should, undoubtedly, make allowances for the vastly different social climate of the period, for the contempt in which 'trade', particularly ignoble, obvious trade, was held by the upper classes, and for the fact that scholars from humble homes formed only a tiny proportion of College students. A common old uncle from Dalston Junction was just the sort of relative a boy at 'White-law' - or Owens - would reasonable prefer to keep secret, or at any rate at a safe distance. At the same time, however, Peak's subsequent career, with its emphasis on appearances rather than on integrity, allows us to suppose that Gissing himself did think Peak's reaction somewhat extreme."
- 106) Born in Exile, p. 56. See also pp. 77, 128.
- 107) Ibid., p. 74.
- 108) Ibid., pp. 456, 221.
- 109) Ibid., p. 169.
- 110) A translation, Nature and the Bible, was published by Kathleen Lyttelton in 1886 in two volumes, Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark. - For George Gissing's keen interest in Germany, see Patrick Bridgwater, Gissing and Germany,

London, Enitharmon, 1981.

111) Born in Exile, p. 255, "Indeed, our knowledge of the true meaning of the Bible has increased with the growth of science, and naturally that must have been intended from the first." See also p. 249.

112) Ibid., p. 241.

113) Hugh Miller, The Testimony of the Rocks; or Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed, Edinburgh, Th. Constable and Co., Shepherd and Elliot, 1857, p. xi.

114) Ann Thwaite, Edmund Gosse: a Literary Landscape 1849-1928, London, Secker and Warburg, 1984, p. 36, discusses Omphalos and the tidal wave of debate resulting from its publication. "Philip Gosse came up with the Law of Prochronism, which argued that the course of nature is cyclical and that, creation occurring at one moment in that cycle, everything bore witness of an illusory past." According to Ann Thwaite Philip Gosse was extremely disappointed when everyone reacted to his idiosyncratic theory in such a negative way, and she compares the controversy with Edmund Gosse's thirty years later (see this thesis, pp. 121-4).

115) Born in Exile, pp. 16, 456.

116) Ibid., p. 459.

117) Ibid., pp. 298-9, "Nay, even as a boy he could scarcely have been said to 'live at home', for from the dawn of conscious intelligence he felt himself out of place among familiar things and people, at issue with prevalent opinions. Was he never to win a right of citizenship, never to have a recognised place among men associated in the duties and pleasures of life?"

118) Ibid., p. 506.

119) E.g. ibid., pp. 134, 375.

120) Adrian Poole, Gissing in Context, London, Macmillan, 1975, pp. 176-7.

121) James MacFarlane (ed.), Henrik Ibsen. A Critical Anthology, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1970, pp. 44, 65.

122) Olga Meier (ed.), The Daughters of Karl Marx. Family Correspondence 1866-1898, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1984, p. 222.

123) Elias Bredsdorff (ed.), Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, Copenhagen, Gyldendal, 1960, pp. 38-9, "Det er et alvorligt skuespil, egentlig et familjedrama, og behandler nutidsforholde [sic] og problemer indenfor ægteskabet...".

124) Cf. e.g. David Thomson, England in the Nineteenth Century (1815-1914), Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1950, pp. 187-8.

125) See Gilian Tindall, The Born Exile, Chapter 4, "The Woman Question", pp. 158-193.

126) Born in Exile, p. 52.

127) Ibid., pp. 113, 120.

128) Ibid., pp. 286, 447.

129) Ibid., p. 471.

130) Ibid., p. 331.

131) Ibid., pp. 147, 213.

132) Ibid., p. 479.

133) Ibid., pp. 70-1, 414.

- 134) Ibid., p. 474.
- 135) The Odd Women, p. 37 (Ch. IV).
- 136) Ibid., p. 135 (Ch. XIII).
- 137) Ibid., pp. 12 (Ch. II), 301, 305 (Ch. XXVIII).
- 138) Ibid., p. 111 (Ch. XI).
- 139) Cf. this thesis pp. 212-3.
- 140) Robert Louis Stevenson, Works, vol. XIX, p. 101, cf. this thesis, p. 262. - See author's note to The Master of Ballantrae; Stevenson explains the use of Mackellar as narrator, "... the device enabled me to view my heroine from the outside, which was doubly desirable. First, and generally, because I am always afraid of my women, who are not admired in my home circle; second, and particularly, because I should be thus enabled to pass over without realization an ugly and delicate business - the Master's courtship of his brother's wife." The Master of Ballantrae. A Winter's Tale, London, Thomas Nelson and Sons, p. 280.
- 141) See this thesis, p. 192.
- 142) Stevenson, Works, vol. XI, pp. 242-3.
- 143) Ibid., p. 10.
- 144) J. C. Furnas, Voyage to Windward. The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, London, Faber and Faber, 1952, p. 367.
- 145) Stevenson, Works, vol. XIX, pp. 165, 270.
- 146) Ibid., p. 235.
- 147) Cf. e.g. Gissing, The Critical Heritage, pp. 4, 25.
- 148) BL, MS 5736, letter of 20/11/92 (the Ashley Library).
- 149) Gillian Tindall, The Born Exile, p. 249.
- 150) English Illustrated Magazine, 1885-86, p. 566.
- 151) Demos, p. 351. - Cf. this thesis, p. 153.
- 152) See for example the excellent analysis on the novel by Jacob Korg in George Gissing: A Critical Biography, pp. 136-140.
- 153) The Emancipated, p. 440.
- 154) Ibid., p. 17.
- 155) Ibid., p. 199.
- 156) Ibid., p. 328.
- 157) Ibid., pp. 103, 267.
- 158) On Georg Brandes, see this thesis, pp. 75-83.
- 159) The Emancipated, p. 245.
- 160) Ibid., p. 78.
- 161) Ibid., pp. 196-7.
- 162) Ibid., pp. 372, 374.
- 163) Ibid., pp. 118, 30.
- 164) Stevenson's view of Edinburgh, see this thesis pp. 184-8.
- 165) The Emancipated, pp. 283, 311.
- 166) Ibid., pp. 286, 376, 265.
- 167) Ibid., p. 216.
- 168) Note for example ibid., p. 16, "About the cone of Vesuvius a darkly purple cloud was gathering; the twin height of Somma stood clear and of a rich brown. Naples, the many-coloured, was seen in profile, climbing from the Castel dell'Ovo, around which the sea slept, to the rock of Sant' Elmo; along the curve of the Chiaia lights had begun to glimmer. Far withdrawn, the craggy promontory of Sorrento darkened to profoundest blue; and Capri veiled itself in mist."

- 169) By the Ionian Sea, p. 123.
170) Ibid., pp. 42, 138-140.
171) Charles Dickens, American Notes and Pictures from Italy, London, Oxford University Press, 1957, p. 433.
172) Jacob Korg, George Gissing: A Critical Biography, p. 122, "During his stay in Paris, Gissing prepared himself for the great experience of Italy by refreshing his Italian, communing with the Italian paintings and ancient sculpture in the museums, dreaming of Pompeii and Vesuvius, and reading Goethe's Italienische Reise. In Goethe's longing for Italy, so intense that he found references to Roman culture unbearable, Gissing detected feelings exactly like his own."
173) See note 9 to Chapter 8, p. 363.
174) By the Ionian Sea, p. 4.
175) Ibid., p. 122. - Cf. this thesis, p. 221.
176) By the Ionian Sea, p. 137.
177) Ibid., p. 204.
178) Ibid., p. 43.
179) Ibid., pp. 217, 172-3.
180) Cf. this thesis, pp. 183, 245.
181) By the Ionian Sea, pp. 220, 68-9, 191.
182) Ibid., pp. 5, 96.
183) See this thesis, p. 294. - By the Ionian Sea, p. 126.

CHAPTER 3
 THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
 SCANDINAVIA

1) StA, MS 8379, letter of 1/4/99. - Address by Professor Burnett (Dean of the Faculty of Arts) printed in the Dundee Advertiser, 3 April, 1899. (From Sir James Donaldson's scrap-book, "NewsCutting", vol. 4, 1897-1899, held by the University Library of St. Andrews (the Donaldson Collection).

2) Not in 1865 as the Dictionary of National Biography states.

3) Quoted in Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 82. - Father and Son, p. 229.

4) BL, MS Acc. 42181, f. 19, letter of 3/2/68.

5) Charteris, p. 11, "Up till then his general education had been neglected. One side of his mind was surfeited, the other was starved. He was familiar to the point of weariness with the language, the facts and the doctrines of the Bible: indeed he was so saturated with its literary beauties that the complete absence of its influence in his writings becomes remarkable. Four years of school had given him some knowledge of Shakespeare and a few of the English poets. Of fiction he knew nothing except a few volumes of Walter Scott and Uncle Tom's Cabin. His acquaintance with English or foreign literature hardly went beyond that; but he had a good working knowledge of Italian, French, German, and in a less degree of Latin and Greek, and during his last year at school had been working on his own account at Swedish." The last statement seems slightly dubious and Charteris cites no source. Certainly, when Gosse went to Norway in 1871 he spoke "not one word of Norwegian!" (In Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 83, and cf. p. 1.) It seems likely that Gosse knew a little Norwegian, and that his statement may be a little exaggerated; still, his knowledge of the Scandinavian languages was probably fairly rudimentary at this time.

6) Father and Son, pp. 93, 86.

7) Ibid., p. 48.

8) Ibid., pp. 190-1.

9) Cf. note 5 above. Ann Thwaite (Edmund Gosse: a literary landscape 1849-1928, pp. 58-9) believes that Gosse in 1867 was extremely well educated. "He certainly knew a great deal more about the culture and languages of the modern world than if he had gone to one of the great public schools." - Father and Son, p. 176, "He could hardly credit that the names of Hamlet and Falstaff and Prospero meant nothing to a little boy who knew so much theology and geography as I did."

10) Virginia Woolf, The Moment and other Essays, London, the Hogarth Press, 1947, p. 73. - Father and Son, p. 52.

11) The Life of Philip Henry Gosse F.R.S., pp. 262-70. - Father and Son, pp. 69, 72-81. - For more on the American doctor see Douglas Wertheimer in Notes and Queries, vol. 221 (cont.ser.), pp. 6-7.

- 12) Father and Son, pp. 154-5.
- 13) George C. Williamson, "A Reminiscence", London Mercury, vol. 18, 1928, pp. 633-635.
- 14) NLS, MS 6029, f. 69. Letter of 24/8/23. (The Haldane Papers.)
- 15) Alec Waugh, "Edmund Gosse", The Virginia Quarterly Review, vol. 32, 1956, p. 70. The passage continues: "my grandmother told me how his father, Philip Henry, used to welcome her family each morning with the greeting, 'And how do I find you, Sister Alice, happy in the daily expectations of our Lord's second coming?'"
- 16) Father and Son, pp. 248-9.
- 17) Charteris, pp. 45-6, 212. - And in 1890 was published Edmund Gosse's biography of his father.
- 18) Father and Son, p. 251.
- 19) The information and the quotations come from "An Address to the Fountain Club" in 1923. Only thirty-five copies were printed by William Bellows in 1931. One copy was presented by Philip Gosse, the author's son, to the British Museum in August 1931. The story is told of how Edmund Gosse declined to have the address printed. A secretary was then employed to take down the speech in short-hand. Unfortunately, the dinner proved rather too pleasant for the secretary, who had so much wine that a great deal of the address turned out to be illegible. Gosse had, however, made some notes, which are used here, and these are printed with those parts of the speech which could be interpreted.
- 20) Charteris, pp. 13, 23.
- 21) Charteris, p. 39. - According to Elias Bredsdorff, W. R. S. Ralston gave Gosse similar advice (Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 2). - Ann Thwaite (Edmund Gosse: a literary landscape 1849-1928, p. 53) suggests that Elise Otté, who had been born in Denmark, inspired Gosse: "In 1849, the year of Edmund's birth, she joined the household of G. E. Day, Professor of Anatomy at St. Andrews. She worked on scientific translations for members of the faculty there. In 1863 she moved with the Days to Torquay where she met the Gosses. It was undoubtedly Elise Otté who began Edmund's interest in Scandinavian languages."
- 22) Geoffrey Matthews, "Det Viktorianska Englands Syn På Finland", Finsk Tidskrift, vol. 160, 1956, pp. 161-74.
- 23) Northern Studies, p. 105.
- 24) Ibid., pp. 116, 126.
- 25) Ibid., p. 120.
- 26) Ibid., p. 131.
- 27) Ibid., pp. 131-2.
- 28) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 83, "The heat at Thronhjem was so extreme, that I felt quite disinclined for any exertion. I strolled, therefore, into the principal book-shop, to buy myself an English novel. I asked the bookseller, languidly, if there were any Norwegian poets!! He answered 'oh yes!' 'Who is your greatest poet?' 'Henrik Ibsen! And he has just published a new book, which we have only received to-day'. 'Let me have it!' It was, of course, the

'Digte'. I put the small green volume in my pocket, and left the shop. Of course I could not understand one word, but I could see that the versification was singular and good, and altogether felt much attracted to the unknown poet." - Edmund Gosse also described the episode in a letter to William Archer (quoted in Charteris, p. 223); however, this letter is written in 1888 and Gosse decides on the wrong year, 1870, when he was visiting the Hebrides.

29) Einar Østvedt, "Henrik Ibsens pionér i England - Sir Edmund Gosse", Samtiden, vol. 71, 1962, pp. 359-368. - Edmund Gosse's article is in The Spectator, No. 2281, 16 March 1872, pp. 344-345; he concludes: "The poet is remarkable above his predecessors for his desire to preserve and restore in an artistic form the Norsk language or dialect. He is not content to write in the Danish of Copenhagen, but he studiously introduces the words common among the people and the idioms of the earlier original Norse tongue. In his hands the Norsk differs very markedly from Danish. It will be interesting to watch whether this innovation will prove to be a mere affectation of the moment, or whether a chasm between the two literatures will absolutely be formed. We fancy the labours of Ibsen and his fellow poets are in vain; we notice that Copenhagen is every year attracting the Norwegian poets as a place of publication more and more, and we fear this movement will suffer the fate of that formerly made to separate the literature of Scotland from our own."

30) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 91. - Charteris, p. 58. - "A Visit to the Friends of Ibsen", Modern Language Review, vol. XIII, 1918, pp. 282-291.

31) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 21-2. - Charteris, pp. 39-41.

32) David Thomson, England in the Nineteenth Century (1815-1914), Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1950, pp. 159-160.

33) Charteris, p. 26.

34) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 118; and Gosse adds, "I had many times to feel abashed for my country during these visits to Copenhagen."

35) Ibid., pp. 26-7.

36) Ibid., pp. viii-ix, xiii-xiv.

37) Ibid., p. 3.

38) Ibid., pp. 8-9.

39) Ibid., pp. 64-5.

40) Ibid., pp. 30-3.

41) Charles Dickens, The Uncommercial Traveller and Reprinted Pieces, London, Oxford University Press, 1958, "Sunday Under Three Heads", pp. 637-663. - Samuel Butler, The Way of All Flesh, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1966, p. 123.

42) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 30. - Father and Son, pp. 194-5.

43) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 29-30.

44) Ibid., p. 89.

45) Ibid., p. 91.

46) Ibid., pp. 44-5.

47) Ibid., p. 17.

48) Ibid., p. 72.

49) Directly translated into, "the men of the modern breakthrough"; these were the new radical writers emerging towards the end of the century. See Charteris, p. 40. - Elias Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 6.

50) For example Georg Brandes, see this thesis, pp. 75-83.

51) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 78-86. - The remark on Fog, see this thesis, p. 64.

52) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 234, 312. - And "A Visit to the Friends of Ibsen", Modern Language Review, vol. XIII, 1918, p. 289, "The fault of Norwegians in that day was their deadly seriousness, and their excessive sensitiveness to the slightest indication of criticism."

53) On Henrik Ibsen, see this thesis, pp. 99-106.

54) "A Visit to the Friends of Ibsen", Modern Language Review, vol. XIII, 1918, p. 283. - "The Present Condition of Norway", Fraser's Magazine, vol. IX (N.S.), 1874, p. 175.

55) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 90. - "A Visit to the Friends of Ibsen", Modern Language Review, vol. XIII, 1918, p. 289.

56) Ibid., p. 286.

57) Charteris, p. 58. - Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 137-140.

58) The Academy, vol. V, 1874, pp. 72-3. - Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, pp. 210-212, "At De berigtiger den, glæder mig saa meget desto mere, som De selv er en Mand, der dømmer af eget Øjesyn; derved faaer Deres Opfattelse en selvstændig Værdi ogsaa for os Danske. Vi kunne i Sandhed undertiden trænge til nogen Alliance paa det aandelige Omraade; vi staae meget isolerede. Franskmandene kjende os ikke; tale de engang imellem om os, røbe de gjerne Uvidenhed i Det, som vi selv sætter allerstørst Priis paa. Tyskerne ville gjerne annektere det Bedste, som vi have, for sig selv, og ville forresten ikke vide Noget om et selvstændigt dansk Aandsliv. Vore Brødre i Sverig og Norge ere hyppig altfor glade over, at deres Emissærer i den tyske Cultur blive ændsede og roste af Tyskerne. De betragte det gjerne som noget barnagtigt af os, at vi tænke paa at ville staa paa vore egne Been i Henseende til Culturen. I mine Tanker er det heller ikke nogen afsluttet national Selvstændighed, som det meest kommer an paa for os. Jeg interesserer mig blot for, at vi her i Danmark arbejde paa første Haand - thi kun dette er et virkeligt Arbejde - ; det vil da formodentlig komme af sig selv, at det Arbejde, som en Dansk præsterer, faaer et dansk Præg."

59) RL, MS NKS 4752, letter of 22/2/74.

60) RL, MS letter to Carl Thrane of 13/3/75.

61) Charteris, p. 58. - Two Visits to Denmark, p. 146, "... on the former occasion, I could hardly find one intelligible word to stammer, we now both talked

so fast, and entangled ourselves in so many questions, that at the church door we laughed to find that we had hurriedly to drop the ends of skeins of conversation enough to last for days and weeks of unwinding."

62) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 272. - Elias Bredsdorff in his H. C. Andersen og England, Copenhagen, Rosenkilde og Bagger, 1954, gives a detailed account of the relations between Gosse and Andersen, which has only been given very cursory treatment here.

63) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 258-9.

64) This reflection possibly occurred to Gosse after the visit since he was not very well acquainted with Cambridge until the 1880s. - Two Visits to Denmark, p. 231.

65) Ibid., pp. 228, 235, 234, 235-6.

66) Ibid., pp. 214-5. - Cf. for example this thesis, p. 139.

67) Raymond Williams, The Country and the City, pp. 18-22.

68) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 295-300.

69) Ibid., pp. 274, 276; p. 277: "Dr. Fog moralised on the beautiful manners of the Swedes, and judged that a few visits to Lund would marvellously brush up the boorishness of the Copenhageners."

70) Ibid., p. 277.

71) Ibid., p. 282.

72) It is perhaps worth noting that Gosse never went to Copenhagen after 1874. He went to Denmark in 1900 but at that occasion stayed in the west of the country, in Jutland. However, he did go to Sweden again in 1902. (Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 13.)

73) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 256.

74) Ibid., pp. 211-2; p. 351: "Vigfusson bade me shut my eyes, until with infinite concern he had put into my hands a little volume, blackened with age. 'Now', he said, 'you may boast that you have held the most sacred treasure of the ancient literature of the North, the only MS. of the Poetic Edda of Saemund.' Such are the enthusiasms of the learned, at which the practical and hustling world turns up its nose".

75) Ibid., pp. 183-194.

76) Ibid., pp. 333-4, 360.

77) Paul Krüger (ed.), Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, Copenhagen, Rosenkilde og Bagger, 1956, p. 84.

78) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, pp. 215-220. - Charteris, pp. 245-6, 271 (remark on the disappeared poet in a letter to Sir Gilbert Parker). - RL, MS NKS 4653, letter of 14/1/01.

79) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 345, 346.

80) "Nøddebo Parsonage". - Two Visits to Denmark, p. 353.

81) Gosse had met Larsen in 1872, and they had kept in touch. - Paul Krüger (ed.), Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, pp. xiii, 11-14 (letter 300). This letter is also quoted by Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's

Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 7.

- 82) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 41-2, 151.
- 83) Ibid., pp. 167-8.
- 84) Ibid., p. 158. - Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letters 302, 356.
- 85) G. G. Harper Jr., "A Study of the Prose Works of Sir Edmund Gosse, 1872-1907", unpublished Ph.D. dissertation from Northwestern University, 1959, pp. 27-9.
- 86) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 7.
- 87) Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letter 300, and p. xviii.
- 88) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 282, 285. - Cf. this thesis p. 73.
- 89) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 284. Gosse adds (on p. 285), "Denmark refused to listen to 'modern' ideas as an elderly maiden lady in straitened circumstances refrains from adopting any household improvement which her parents did not recognise."
- 90) Ibid., pp. 291-2.
- 91) Ibid., pp. 164-5; p. 166: "Here, then, was an angry Jew, with something of the swash-buckler about him, shouting that mental salvation was impossible without a knowledge of 'foreign devils' like Taine and John Stuart Mill and Schopenhauer, of whom dignified and reputable Danes desired to hear only just enough to enable them to lift their hands and shake their heads at the mention of such dreadful names".
- 92) Ibid., pp. 288, 357. - Cf. letter from Gosse to Brandes, RLMS Brandes arkivet, 11/1/12, and in Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letter 365, "You used to hate Icelanders in those old days; you have forgiven them, as I have forgiven Kings."
- 93) Two Visits to Denmark, p. 358. - Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letter 348, "Vi leve i en Atmosfære af Dannelse, almindelig Sympathi og virkeligt Venskab, Noget, jeg aldrig før har gjort".
- 94) Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. IV, p. 212. - Cf. this thesis p. 324.
- 95) Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letter 303 (written in Munich, 28/7/73), "Jeg sidder her halvtsyg eller heltsyg, med et ikke altfor godt Humeur i en afskyelig Hede i et afskyeligt Hotel og vil ønske, at dette Brev træffer Dem under bedre Forhold end dem, hvorunder jeg afsender det."
- 96) Ibid., letter 358 (26/1/83), "Hvad der ved Bogens hele Tone og Behandlingsmaade var mig paafaldende er den Omstændighed, som jeg ikke veed om du vil godkjende, nemlig den, at du efter min Opfattelse er bleven langt mere Engländer, mere national end nogensinde før." Letter 360 (22/4/84), "Min engelske Dannelse er desværre saa yderst ringe. Jeg kan jo ikke engang tale Sproget, har jo saa at sige ikke været i England, i Alt 3 Uger for 14 Aar siden. Tiden løber og man bindes stedse fastere til Stedet, hvor man boer; men dog er det stadigt

mit Ønske engang ordentligt at lære det litterære England at kjende. Det forekommer mig at du meget har ændret din Stil siden din tidlige Ungdom. Du er bleven langt ædrueligere, bestemtere, lærerigere. Du er desuden bleven langt mere engelsk. Alligevel beklager jeg at du ikke har beholdt lidt mere af din Ungdoms mindre saglige men mere lyriske Fremstillingsform. Jeg synes man kan være matter-of-fact og ikke desmindre tillade de almindelige Ideer og Følelser at indtage en større Plads end Englænderne gjerne undem."

97) Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letter 361 (28/10/85). Gosse was appointed Clark Lecturer at Cambridge.

98) RL, MS Brandes arkivet, 6/11/95. This letter is briefly mentioned by Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. IV, p. 257.

99) Ibid, vol. II, for example letters 333 (30/7/77) and 357 (9/1/83).

100) Ibid, vol. II, letter 333. - RL, MS Brandes arkivet, postcard of 6/1/87.

101) Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letters 333, 334 (11/8/77), 357.

102) Ibid., vol. II, letters 360, 361 (28/10/85).

103) Ibid., vol. II, letter 315 (15/7/79): "... But I do not think that you are right in saying that you are without influence in Denmark."

104) Ibid., vol. II, letter 315 (10/2/75). - RL, MS Brandes arkivet, letters of 28/9/92 and 16/5/93.

105) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. x. - Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letters 347, 357.

106) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 10. - Krüger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, letter 339 (?/12/77).

107) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 16, "Gosse has no claim to be regarded as a Scandinavian scholar - his knowledge of Scandinavian literature was far too scattered and insufficient for that; on the other hand, in the history of Anglo-Scandinavian literary relations he holds a prominent place as a critic whose pioneer work for Scandinavian literature was of great importance in his own day." - Ibsen, London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1907. - BL, MS 42256, letter to Sir W. J. Ashley, 30/4/23. - Gosse's Scandinavian honours came from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark respectively; see Charteris, p. 509. - Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 17.

108) RL, MS Brandes arkivet, letters of 31/5/95, 21/10/02 and 29/10/02.

109) Cf. some important remarks made by Brandes, quoted by Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 146.

110) The reply was presumably in the negative. The Royal Library has a copy of a draft of this reply but the writing is hardly legible. - Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 223.

111) Ibid., pp. 226-7. (RL, MS NKS 3526, letter of 9/9/79.)

112) Gosse said he considered the greatest living English poets to be Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, Patmore, Christina Rossetti, and Austin Dobson. (Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 231.)

113) Ibid., pp. 231-2.

114) RL, MS N.B.D. 2.rk., letter of 13/8/00.

115) RL, MS letter of 4/9/00, "Tak skal De hav igjen for alle Deres Godhed og Hjælpsomhed. Vor Uge tilsammen har været som en skjön Dröm.... Viborg, den grimme Skygge af en adelig Tid forbigangen". (Printed by Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 234.)

116) RL, MS letter of 15/9/14. (Printed by Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, pp. 236-9; Bredsdorff leaves out "perhaps a small".)

117) Ibid., p. 238.

118) Ibid., p. 241. - An article appeared in The Morning Post in December 1918.

119) The MS (4797) was given to NLS by Philip Gosse, the author's son. In 1967 W. M. Parker published the MS at the Toucan Press in Guernsey. It is this edition which I have used here.

120) "A Norwegian Ghost Story", pp. 5, 8. - Cf. his later novel, The Secret of Narcisse, which will be discussed on pp. 207-213.

121) "A Norwegian Ghost Story", p. 8.

122) Ibid., p. 11.

123) Ibid., pp. 14, 4.

124) Ibid., pp. 7, 6.

125) There are also some Dickensian elements in The Unequal Yoke, which will be discussed on pp. 173-8.

126) "A Norwegian Ghost Story", pp. 14, 6.

127) Ibid., pp. 12, 5.

128) Fraser's Magazine, vol. IX (N.S.), 1874, pp. 174-185.

129) Ibid., pp. 183-4.

130) Ibid., p. 175.

131) The Academy, vol. V, 1874, pp. 235-6. A statement strangely contradictory to some of Gosse's remarks in the article in Fraser's Magazine.

132) The Academy, vol. V, p. 235. - Fraser's Magazine, vol. IX, 1874, p. 181.

133) "The Ethical Condition of the Early Scandinavian Peoples". This was a talk given by Gosse in April 1874 to the Victoria Institute and reprinted by Robert Hardwicke, London, 1875.

134) Ibid., p. 3.

135) Ibid., p. 17.

136) Here I am indebted to Bredsdorff's extremely useful listing "Gosse on Scandinavian Subjects", Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, pp. 316-339.

137) The Academy, vol. VIII, 13/11/75, p. 502, and

vol. XI, 9/6/77, p. 509. - Communist fears, cf. this thesis p. 153.

138) See this thesis p. 79.

139) The Academy, vol. VII, 24/4/75, p. 420, and vol. XII, 10/11/77, p. 449.

140) Ibid., vol. VII, 24/4/75, p. 421.

141) The Athenæum, vol. II, 6/12/73, p. 728. - The Academy, vol. IV, 15/5/73, p. 183.

142) The Academy, vol. IV, 15/5/73, p. 182.

143) The Athenæum, vol. II, 6/12/73, p. 728.

144) See for example the article on "The Present Condition of Norway" referred to in note 54 of this chapter.

145) The Academy, vol. IV, 1/3/73, p. 82.

146) For example "The Lofoden Islands", which I mentioned above (this thesis p. 61). And essays on Henrik Ibsen, see this thesis pp. 99-106.

147) Northern Studies, p. 2.

148) Ibid., p. 36.

149) Fraser's Magazine, vol. 6 (N.S.), 1872, p. 449.

150) In The Cornhill, vol. XXX, 1874, pp. 297-308. - See Northern Studies, pp. 188-9.

151) Northern Studies, p. 34.

152) Ibid., p. 22.

153) Ibid., pp. 1-2.

154) Ibid., p. 175.

155) Ibid., p. 182.

156) Ibid., p. 184. At the beginning of this article (ibid., p. 174) Gosse also states: "The only instance in which unfamiliar forms of culture have a claim on public attention is when they are wholly original and individual."

157) "Dano-Norwegian Literature", in The Cambridge Modern History, vol. XI, Cambridge, at the University Press, 1909, p. 698.

158) Ibid., p. 701.

159) NLS, MS 5913, f. 25, letter of 29/6/16 (the Haldane Papers).

160) Inter Arma, p. 219.

161) George Gissing, in By the Ionian Sea, noticed some English signs in southern Italy, (p. 141), "I have often heard the remark that Englishmen of business are at a disadvantage in their export trade because they pay no heed to the special requirements of foreign countries; but such a delightful illustration of their ineptitude had never come under my notice. Doubtless these alluring advertisements are widely scattered through agricultural Calabria. Who knows? they may serve as an introduction to the study of the English tongue."

162) Inter Arma, p. 221.

163) Ibid., pp. 209, 227, 233, 234.

164) Ibid., pp. 211, 227.

165) See this thesis p. 153.

166) Inter Arma, p. 211.

167) Ibid., pp. 226-7.

168) Ibid., p. 237.

169) Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, 1911.

(Vol. XIV, pp. 224-6.)

170) BL, MS Add. 45291, letter of 9/7/07 (the Archer Correspondence, vol. II).

171) Ibsen, pp. 57, 152.

172) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 38. Letter of 4/7/79: "Den hele bog har jeg endnu ikke fåt gennemlæst, da det engelske volder mig adskillige vanskeligheder; men når vi i morgen afrejser herfra for at tilbringe nogle måneder i Amalfi bliver Deres bog det eneste, jeg tager med, og da har jeg foresat mig at studere den grundigt."

173) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 35. - Ibsen, p. 81.

174) Ibsen, p. 54.

175) Ibid., p. 150. And p. 133: "The success of German discipline deeply impressed him, and he thought that the day had probably dawned which would be fatal to all revolt and 'liberal rebellion' for the future".

176) Ibid., p. 2.

177) Ibid., pp. 158-9.

178) Ibid., pp. 169, 172.

179) Ibid., pp. 185, 187.

180) Ibid., p. 195.

181) Northern Studies, pp. 38-9.

182) Ibid., pp. 75-6.

183) Ibid., p. 77.

184) Ibid., pp. 78-9.

185) Ibid., pp. 88-9.

186) Ibid., p. 104.

187) Ibid., p. 103.

188) BL, MS Add. 45291, letter of 13/1/98 (the Archer Correspondence, vol. II).

189) Ibid., letter of 19/1/98.

190) Ibid., letter of 1/3/98.

191) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 50, quotes from the official letter to Ibsen: "It is a set of silver, consisting of a ciborium, or loving-cup, an exact facsimile of one executed for King George II., by the well-known silversmith, Jeremiah King, in 1730; a ladle, in silver and ebony, an original, made about 1725; and a small cup of the same period."

192) BL, MS Add. 45291, letters of 14/3/98 and 22/3/98 (the Archer Correspondence, vol. II).

193) Ibid., letter of 22/3/98.

194) Elias Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 51.

195) BL, MS Add. 45291, letter of 2/12/92 (the Archer Correspondence, vol. II).

196) Charteris, pp. 226-7 (letter from Gosse to G.B. Foote, 8/11/92).

197) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 31: "At jeg vil sende den først til Dem, er en selvfølge. Thi på ingen af mine øvrige venners dom sætter jeg så megen pris, som på Deres, netop på grund af den dybe, inderlige, digteriske forståelse, som ånder ud af alt, hvad De med et venligt og velvilligt sind har skrevet om mig."

198) See this thesis p. 63. - On Gosse's knowledge of Norwegian, cf. note 5 to this chapter

199) Two Visits to Denmark, pp. 90-1. - See this thesis p. 63.

200) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 26: "Det engelske folk står os Skandinaver i ånd, tænkemåde og følelsesliv så nær; og just derfor har det været mig smerteligt at tænke på at sproget skulde stille en skranke mellem min digtning og hele denne store beslægtede verden."

201) Ibid., p. 41.

202) Ibid., p. 43, in a letter of 29/11/90 Ibsen again expresses his pleasure at having "gained" the English-speaking world.

203) Bredsdorff indulges in a similar tirade against various H. C. Andersen translators in H.C. Andersen og England. Joseph O. Baylen in "Edmund Gosse, William Archer, and Ibsen in Late Victorian Britain", Tennessee Studies in Literature, vol. 20, 1975, pp. 124-137, comments on Gosse's translation of Hedda Gabler in much the same vein. Although inaccuracies can be very harmful to a translation it seems to me that both Bredsdorff and Baylen exaggerate "technical" faults and do not recognize that, first of all, a translator must recreate the spirit of the original.

204) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 54.

205) Ibid., p. 55.

CHAPTER 4
 THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
 AMERICA

- 1) BL, MS Add. 45291, letter of 12/5/07 (the Archer Correspondence, vol. II).
- 2) The Life of Philip Henry Gosse F.R.S., pp. 140-1.
- 3) Paul F. Mattheisen and Michael Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue. Selected American Correspondence of Edmund Gosse, University of Texas Press, Austin and London, 1965, pp. 8, 27.
- 4) Charteris, p. 175.
- 5) Critical Kit-Kats, pp. 101, 107.
- 6) Ibid., pp. 105-6.
- 7) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 60.
- 8) Charteris, p. 171.
- 9) W. White, "Gosse on Walt Whitman", Victorian Studies, vol. I, 1957, p. 182. White's quotation comes from page 448 of William Rose Benét's Reader's Encyclopaedia (N. Y., 1948). - Cf. James Pope Hennessy, Robert Louis Stevenson, London, Jonathan Cape, 1974, p. 119.
- 10) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 28.
- 11) Critical Kit-Kats, p. 95.
- 12) Ibid., p. 97.
- 13) Ibid., p. 98.
- 14) Ibid., p. 99.
- 15) Ibid., p. 107.
- 16) Ibid., pp. 109, 111.
- 17) Ibid., p. 101.
- 18) See also Robert L. Peters and David G. Haliburton (eds.), America. The Diary of a Visit 1884-1885 by Edmund Gosse, edited with Notes and an Introduction. English Literature in Transition, special series, No. 2, Department of English, Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana, 1966, p. 8. - Stevenson on Whitman, see this thesis, pp. 224-227.
- 19) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue: (p. 8) Stedman, Gilder, Roswell Smith, T.B. Aldrich, John Hay, W. D. Howells, Henry James, Emma Lazarus, Brander Matthews, L. C. Moulton, J. R. Osgood, Lawrence Barrett, E. A. Abbey, Frank Millet, Alfred Parsons, J.S. Sargent.
- 20) Charteris, pp. 168-9.
- 21) Peters and Haliburton, America, pp. 15-30.
- 22) Charteris, p. 133. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, pp. 10, 32-4, 191-2, 202.
- 23) Ibid., pp. 191-2, 202 (and note 2 on that page).
- 24) From Questions at Issue, pp. 74-5. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 207. And cf. ibid., p. 45.
- 25) Gosse's view of Ibsen as writer for the world typify this attitude.
- 26) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, pp. 34, 206-7.
- 27) Ibid., pp. 210-1, 31.

28) This was in 1915. The Great War had begun and, of course, James was technically an alien.

29) Mattheisen and Millgate, pp. 289, 293, "Your good letter makes me feel that you will be interested to know that since 4.30 this afternoon I have been able to say Civis Britannicus sum! My Certificate of Naturalization was received by my Solicitor this a.m., and a few hours ago I took the Oath of Allegiance, in his office, before a Commissioner." - Charteris, p. 382.

30) Aspects and Impressions, pp. 28, 53; p. 28: "It was a little later than this [i.e. after 1883] that that somewhat acidulated patriot, Colonel Higginson, in reply to someone who said that Henry James was a cosmopolitan, remarked, 'Hardly! for a cosmopolitan is at home even in his own country!'"

31) Cf. this thesis p. 76.

32) Silhouettes, p. 195. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 42.

33) Silhouettes, pp. 195-6.

34) Ibid., pp. 196, 197.

35) Ibid., p. 197.

36) Ibid., p. 199.

37) Portraits and Sketches, p. 146.

38) Ibid., p. 138.

39) Ibid., p. 143.

40) Ibid., p. 223.

41) Ibid., pp. 224, 216.

42) Ibid., p. 218.

43) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 218.

44) Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, p. 104.

45) Ibid., pp. 111, 113.

46) The diary, see note 13 to this chapter.

47) Cf. Alec Waugh, "Edmund Gosse" in The Virginia Quarterly Review, vol. 32, 1956, p. 74.

48) Charteris, p. 159. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 128-9.

49) J. Burroughs, Winter Sunshine, 1881; quoted by Henry Steele Commager, Britain Through American Eyes, London, Bodley Head, 1974, p. 457.

50) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 145. Letter of 21/8/84 to Stedman.

51) Charteris, p. 166. - Peters and Haliburton, America, p. 1.

52) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 11.

53) Charteris, pp. 167, 174 (from letters to Hamo Thornycroft).

54) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 12. - Peters and Haliburton, America, p. 1.

55) Ibid., p. 10. - Charteris, p. 170. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 17.

56) Ibid., p. 17.

57) Ibid., p. 163 (letter to Holmes).

58) Charteris, pp. 192-3. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 20.

59) Charteris, p. 192. - Mattheisen and Millgate,

Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 20. - From Shakespeare to Pope, p. v. - Ann Thwaite, Edmund Gosse: a literary landscape, p. 250.

60) "English Literature at the Universities", Quarterly Review, vol. 163, 1886, p. 313.

61) Ibid., pp. 291-5, 295.

62) The Athenæum, No. 3078, 23/10/86, pp. 534-5. - The paragraph quoted from Charteris (p. 196) continues, "His letters give only a faint impression of the extent to which he suffered. His self-confidence was undermined, his personality reduced. Firm ground had turned into quicksand. Was not everyone watching his struggles, and regarding him as doomed? At the rival University it became a stock saying for anyone who had made a 'howler' that 'he had made a Gosse of himself'".

63) BL, MS Ashley 5739, letter of 18/10/86.

64) Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, pp. 200-1, 194, 196.

65) Charteris, p. 199. - Mattheisen and Millgate, Transatlantic Dialogue, p. 3.

CHAPTER 5

THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE

FRANCE

- 1) Kathleen Tillotson, Novels of the Eighteen-Forties, London, Oxford University Press, 1954, p. 7.
- 2) G. M. Young, Victorian England. Portrait of an Age, London, Oxford University Press, 1953, pp. 103-4.
- 3) Kenneth Robinson, Wilkie Collins. A Biography, Second edition, London, Davis-Poynter, 1974, p. 77.
- 4) Anthony Trollope, An Autobiography (1883), London, Oxford University Press, 1953, pp. 190-1.
- 5) Ruth Zabriskie Temple, The Critic's Alchemy. A Study of the introduction of French Symbolism into England, New York, Twayne, 1953, pp. 228, 189. It is Ruth Temple who gives the information that Gosse worked for the Propaganda Ministry, p. 187.
- 6) Linette F. Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse 1904-1928, New York University Press, 1959 (New York University Studies in Romance Languages and Literature, No. 2), pp. 65, 204.
- 7) Cf. this thesis, pp. 64-5.
- 8) Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, p. 115.
- 9) Charteris, p. 370.
- 10) Inter Arma, pp. 41, 65, 67, 68, 74, 79, 85, 102.
- 11) Ibid., pp. 41, 67.
- 12) Ibid., pp. 53-5. - Cf. note 137 to Chapter 3, and this thesis p. 153, 47.
- 13) Inter Arma, p. 42. - Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, p. 140. - "France et Angleterre: l'Avenir de leurs Relations intellectuelles, Revue de Deux Mondes, vol. XXXV (6th series), 1916, p. 536.
- 14) Revue de Deux Mondes, vol. XXXV, p. 535.
- 15) Ibid., pp. 534, 533.
- 16) Ibid., pp. 527-8.
- 17) "France and the British Effort", The Edinburgh Review, vol. 225, 1917, p. 46.
- 18) Ibid., pp. 55-6, 53-4.
- 19) Ibid., pp. 57, 52.
- 20) Ibid., pp. 50-1.
- 21) Three French Moralists, pp. 135-167.
- 22) Ibid., pp. 135-6.
- 23) Ibid., pp. 164, 145-6, 161, 163.
- 24) Ibid., pp. 146-7. "The Frenchman likes the heroic attitude, which is unwelcome to us, and he adopts it instinctively, with none of our national shyness and false modesty."
- 25) Charteris, p. 386.
- 26) "Reims Revisited", The Fortnightly Review, vol. CVI, 1916, pp. 768-781; p. 777: "The Quartier de Cérès, "Here, in a relatively small compass, the wealth of Reims was collected, and it is quite evident, when one examines the district, that the Germans deliberately and, it must be added, with devilish skill contrived the destruction of all that meant financial prosperity to the ancient

city. Without wasting ammunition on the suburbs where the poor reside, or on either of the outlying portions of Reims, they concentrated their fiery rain on the rectangle of streets where the rich merchants and the vine-growing millionaires had built their mansions and stored their possessions. There is nothing reckless about the Schrecklichkeit of the Huns."

27) Charteris, p. 400.

28) Ibid., pp. 152, 227. The latter quotation continues: "To-day I have a breakfast-party at St. Germain. My guests will be arriving - poets in straw hats and pink shirts."

29) Ibid., pp. 288-9.

30) NLS, MS 5914, f. 213, letter of 20/9/22 (the Haldane Papers). The letter as a whole is typical of Gosse's post-war mood; in many ways he was getting disillusioned because he was getting older, and because the post-war situation proved to be worse than expected.

31) Charteris, p. 466.

32) G. Jean-Aubry, "Paul Verlaine et L'Angleterre (1872-1893)", La Revue de Paris, October-December 1918, p. 800, "La débauche de son bonheur conjugal et les craintes de représailles politique ou administratives convainquirent Verlaine de s'éloigner de France pendant quelque temps."

33) Cecily Mackworth, ENGLISH INTERLUDES. Mallarmé, Verlaine, Paul Valéry, Valéry Larbaud in England, 1860-1912, London and Boston, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1974, p. 73. - See also Jean-Aubry, La Revue de Paris, 1918, pp. 827, 829.

34) Mackworth, English Interludes, p. 73. - Jean-Aubry, La Revue de Paris, 1918, p. 304.

35) Mackworth, English Interludes, p. 104. "At midday, Edmund Gosse arrived to take them out to lunch, so Verlaine found himself in the stimulating company of the two men who were the chief English experts in contemporary French poetry", the other being Arthur Symons.

36) Ibid., p. 106.

37) Ibid., p. 117.

38) Ibid., p. 132.

39) Charteris, p. 329. - Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, pp. 61, 65.

40) Charteris, pp. 466-7.

41) Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, pp. 44-5.

42) André Gide, Journal 1889-1939, Paris, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, Gallimard, 1948, pp. 563-4.

43) Brugmans' discussion of the event is most interesting (The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, p. 146). Osbert Sitwell argued that Gosse wanted Gide to become a "modified cropper" and Somerset Maugham thought Gosse a vain man. - CUL, MS Add. 7019, letter of 11/8/77.

44) William Bellows, Edmund Gosse. Some Memories, London, Cobden-Sanderson, 1929, pp. 24-5.

45) Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, pp. 47, 51.

- 46) Portraits and Sketches, p. 269.
- 47) Ibid., p. 287.
- 48) Ibid., p. 289.
- 49) Linette Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, pp. 20, 21, 105.
- 50) Ibid., p. 25.
- 51) Cf. ibid., pp. 26-7.
- 52) Ibid., p. 165. - Cf. letter to Earl Spencer of 20/5/20 (Charteris, p. 464): "Coal, I hear is pouring into England, but none of it may be sold to factories. However, I suppose it will be available when the strike is over for industrial purposes. I had a letter two days ago from a friend of mine in Copenhagen, who is in a very large way of business. He is a loyal friend of the Allies. He has just returned to Denmark from a prolonged tour through Germany, and he describes the state of that country as stupefying. Everybody hard at work from dawn to dark, all the factories humming, an air of universal prosperity and a firm decision to conquer in a war of revenge in less than ten years! My Danish friend asks me why no one in England seems to be aware of all this. He says the Germans are well aware of all our strikes and unemployment, and that they say, 'England is dying of laziness'. What is one to think?"
- 53) Georg Brandes was another case in point (cf. this thesis, pp. 75-85). - Brugmans, The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse, pp. 171-2, 42-3.
- 54) French Profiles, pp. 193-4.
- 55) Three French Moralists, pp. xiii, 114. - Gosse undoubtedly had quite a job speaking in favour of the French during the Great War. Cf. Siegfried Sassoon Diaries 1920-1922, edited by R. Hart-Davies, London, Faber and Faber, 1981, p. 232 (entry for 3/9/22), "Slept till nearly 10 (dreaming serially, between half-awakening moments, about the next war. Curiously enough it was being waged in slightly antiquated style. No air-raids, anyhow, which was a relief. I was unable to decide between 're-joining my old regiment' and being a conscientious objector. We were fighting the French)".
- 56) Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 226. - French Profiles, p. 359.
- 57) French Profiles, p. 344.
- 58) Three French Moralists, p. 37.
- 59) French Profiles, p. 362.
- 60) Kruger, Correspondence de Georg Brandes, vol. II, pp. 79-80. - French Profiles, p. 127.
- 61) French Profiles, pp. 131, 127, 129, 137-8.
- 62) Ibid., p. 142.
- 63) William Bellows, A Visit to Alsace, London, Cobden-Sanderson, 1922, p. 14.
- 64) William Bellows, Edmund Gosse. Some Memories, pp. 11, 16, 7.
- 65) Ibid., pp. 18, 27.
- 66) Charteris, p. 507.
- 67) Paul Vincent, "Sir Edmund Gosse and Frederik van Eeden. Some Reflections on an Unpublished Correspondence", The Modern Language Review, vol. 66, 1971, p. 138.
- 68) CUL, MS Add. 7019, letters to his wife of 4/8/77 and 10/8/77.

CHAPTER 6

THE WORLD CRITIC: EDMUND GOSSE
THE UNITED KINGDOM

- 1) Charteris, p. 26.
- 2) See this thesis, pp. 315, 313.
- 3) CUL, MS 7019, letters of 10/9/81 and 15/9/81.
- 4) See this thesis, pp. NLS, MS 6029, f. 182, letter of 29/5/24; and MS 6032, letter of 15/4/28.
- 5) Portraits and Sketches, p. 203.
- 6) Ibid., p. 209.
- 7) Charteris, p. 354.
- 8) Portraits and Sketches, p. 203.
- 9) Charteris, p. 335.
- 10) Ibid., pp. 27-9. - Charteris talks about Literary Kit-Kats but it is clear that he is in fact referring to Critical Kit-Kats.
- 11) NLS, MS 9895, f. 31, letter to Graham Balfour of 26/2/00.
- 12) Critical Kit-Kats, pp. 280-1.
- 13) NLS, MS 9895, f. 39, letter of 7/3/00. Gosse wrote to Graham Balfour to clear up some confusion as to when the novel had been started; Stevenson himself thought it was September. Cf. Roger G. Swearingen, The Prose Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. A Guide, London, Macmillan, 1980. - See this thesis, note 27 to chapter 8.
- 14) Critical Kit-Kats, p. 290.
- 15) Charteris, p. 127. - See this thesis, chapter 9 below.
- 16) Charteris, p. 126. - Critical Kit-Kats, pp. 285-6.
- 17) Charteris, p. 232.
- 18) NLS, MS3355, f. 53, letter of 15/4/24. - David Daiches sums up the situation concisely: "Stevenson's reputation has been erratic; he was first hero-worshipped as a brave invalid, then relegated to the nursery as a children's writer, then 'exposed' as a rake and bohemian." The Penguin Companion to English Literature, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1971, p. 502.
- 19) Charteris, p. 504.
- 20) Critical Kit-Kats, p. 299. - Charteris, p. 330.
- 21) Pathway to Reality was the Gifford Lectures in 1902-3. - NLS, MS 5906, f. 4, letter of 5/2/03.
- 22) NLS, MS 5910, f. 305, letter of ?/12/14.
- 23) NLS, MS 6025, f. 3, letter of 14/1/15.
- 24) NLS, MS 6032, f. 23, letter of 18/5/28.
- 25) Richard Burdon Haldane, An Autobiography, London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1929, pp. 78, 259.
- 26) Charteris, p. 449, "I love Scotland, and I wholly agree with you about the generosity of the Scotch. Their literary atmosphere is not quite the same as ours; there are English reputations which expire as they cross the Tweed. You must not be one, and you will not be. I am glad you have been reading R.L.S.'s letters. I had the loveliest time with him in Scotland in, I suppose 1880. I wish I could scour Perthshire with you now."
- 27) NLS, MS 6031, f. 22, letter of 7/4/26; MS 5914, f. 230.

- 28) NLS, MS 3355, f. 56, letter of 25/4/24.
- 29) Richard Hoggart, Introduction to the Penguin English Library edition of The Way of All Flesh, Harmondsworth, 1966, 28. - Aspects and Impressions, p. 63 - my emphasis.
- 30) Aspects and Impressions, p. 56.
- 31) Ibid., p. 63.
- 32) Ibid., p. 59.
- 33) In Some Diversions of a Man of Letters. It is clear that this was not a personal attack, but an attack on the opinions expressed in the book. Edmund Gosse's Leaves and Fruit, published in 1927, was dedicated to Lytton Strachey "with affectionate admiration".
- 34) Charteris, p. 305, points out the connection between Eminent Victorians and Father and Son, and the "debunking" of the Victorians. However, Gosse's book was not exactly an attack on his father, it was a sympathetic and yet critical biography. - Lytton Strachey, Eminent Victorians, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1971, p. 9.
- 35) Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, p. 313, "For a considerable time past everybody must have noticed, especially in private conversation, a growing tendency to disparagement and even ridicule of all men and things, and aspects of things, which can be defined as 'Victorian'. Faded habits of mind are lightly dismissed as typical of the Victorian Age, and old favourite poets, painters, and musicians are treated with the same scorn as the glued chairs and glass bowls of wax flowers of sixty years ago. The new generation are hardly willing to distinguish what was good from what was bad in the time of their grandmothers."
- 36) Ibid., pp. 316-7.
- 37) Ibid., p. 318.
- 38) Ibid., pp. 327-8.
- 39) Ibid., p. 336. - Cf. Basil Willey, Nineteenth Century Studies. Coleridge to Matthew Arnold, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1964, pp. 59-60.
- 40) The "equal prominence" which Gosse claims for drama in Scandinavia is undoubtedly a reference to Ibsen and Bjørnsson. - Questions at Issue, pp. 3-4.
- 41) On New Grub Street, see this thesis pp. 23-36.
- 42) See this thesis p. 85. - Questions at Issue, pp. 9, 11.
- 43) Questions at Issue, pp. 18, 24-5.
- 44) English Literature. An Illustrated Record, vol. IV, p. 317. - Gosse on Eliot, see this thesis, pp. 160-2.
- 45) Questions at Issue, p. 31.
- 46) Ibid., pp. 13-4, 149-150.
- 47) Ibid., p. 150.
- 48) Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne, pp. 135-6.
- 49) Leaves and Fruit, p. 342.
- 50) NLS, MS 6029, f. 225, letter of 10/8/24. - Aspects and Impressions, p. 11.
- 51) Aspects and Impressions, p. 12.
- 52) Ibid., p. 15.
- 53) This, for example, is what Walter Allen wrote in

1954 (The English Novel, p. 222), "George Eliot's prose has neither grace nor wit; it is serviceable, but lacks the conversational ease that alone makes the author's interventions in the story in his own voice tolerable for long. It is not altogether pleasant to be lectured by George Eliot."

54) Aspects and Impressions, p. 4. - Ibid., p. 9: "She trusted to her brain rather than to those tired servants, her senses, and more and more her soul was invaded by the ambition to invent a new thing, the scientific novel, dealing with the growth of institutions and the analysis of individual character. - The critics of her own time were satisfied that she had done this, and that she had founded the psychological novel. There was much to be said in favour of such an opinion..."

55) Ibid., pp. 10-1, 8, 4.

56) Ibid., pp. 14, 6.

57) Ibid., p. 2.

58) NLS, MS 6029, f. 150, letter of 19/3/24. Gosse continues: "Henry James told me that her husband, Mr. Cross, confessed to him that his marrying her was a gesture of benevolence, not of passion, and that she wept with gratitude at his 'generous' act. You will make something of this odd craving for social esteem in a woman who had utterly flouted social opinion."

59) NLS, MS 6030, f. 227, letter of 24/8/25. In the same letter Gosse remarked of the verse-headings to the chapters that they are "redolent of that kind of ethical rhetoric, masked by rather pompous imagery, which characterises her acknowledged 'poetry'".

60) Aspects and Impressions, p. 15.

61) Ibid., p. 7.

62) Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, pp. 167, 157. - Cf. Father and Son, p. 190.

63) Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, p. 161.

64) Ibid., p. 178. - It may be useful to look at the first few lines of the essay (ibid., p. 153): "It is not easy for a man whose sovereign ambition is seen to be leading him with great success in a particular direction to obtain due credit for what he accomplishes with less manifest success in another. There is no doubt that Disraeli as an author has, at all events until very lately, suffered from the splendour of his fame as a politician. But he was an author long before he became a statesman, and it certainly is a little curious that even in his youth, although he was always commercially successful with his books, they were never, as we say, 'taken seriously' by the critics."

65) Charteris, p. 20. Ibid., p. 34: "Moreover, the dead pallor of his face and his floating balloon of red hair, had already, although he was but in his thirty-third year, a faded look. As he talked to me, he stood, perfectly rigid, with his arms shivering at his sides, and his little feet tight against each other, close to a low settee in the middle of the studio. Every now and then, without breaking off talking or bending his body, he hopped on to this sofa, and presently hopped down again,

so that I was reminded of some orange-crested bird - a hoopoe, perhaps - hopping from perch to perch in a cage." - Cf. Ann Thwaite, Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape 1849-1928, p. 71.

66) Charteris, pp. 131-3.

67) Ibid., pp. 233-4.

68) Ibid., p. 360.

69) BL, Ashley MS 5753.

70) Charteris, p. 404. - NLS, MS 5913, f. 119, letter to Richard Haldane of 2/4/17 (also in Charteris, p. 406), "My 'Swinburne' comes out tomorrow. I have no pleasure in the thought, nor hope of success. In these dreadful times - growing more dreadful every day - who is going to give a thought to Swinburne?"

71) BL, MS 42847; the letter is enclosed in a MS-copy of the book.

72) Max Beerbohm, A Christmas Garland, London, Heinemann, 1912, pp. 135-46.

73) Times Literary Supplement, 20th December, 1923.

74) Edmund Gosse was, needless to say, on the side of the British in the Boer War. He discussed the war with his Scandinavian correspondents, many of whom sided with the Boers. Elias Bredsdorff mentions this in his book (Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 13); Bredsdorff talks about Gosse's fanatical support of the English and claims that this alienated him from many Scandinavian friends. Of course, there is nothing extremely fanatical or unnatural about Gosse supporting the cause of his own country in war, and Bredsdorff loses sight of the fact that Gosse, several years earlier, gave support to Denmark against German attack. Gosse's attitude is seen in the following letter to O. Thommesen of 30/8/01 (ibid., p. 159): "England made no war on the Boers: she was, unprepared and greatly against her will, forced into a war prepared for and cunningly led up to by Boers. England had to face a desperate conspiracy to drive her wholly out of Africa. Even you ought to admit that a 'large' nation (to be 'large' seems in your eyes the unpardonable sin!) must struggle for its own life. Our life, our honour, all that makes us a nation, would have been lost if we had permitted the Boers to drive us, as they hoped to do, out of South Africa. - All this, and more, will be plain enough when once the true history of the last two years is written. Till then, evidently, we must be patient and bear in silence the virulence of European prejudice." A correspondent in a similar situation in 1982 might have written a somewhat similar letter on the subject of the Falklands conflict. - Life of Swinburne, p. 293.

75) Questions at Issue, p. 14. Cf. this thesis pp. 40ff. - Charteris, p. 226.

76) Letter to Alfred Ipsen, printed in Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 233. - Letter to J. C. Squire, printed in Charteris, p. 445. In this letter Gosse is discussing Conrad.

77) "Wow!" (one feels) ("Out of the Air"), The Listener, vol. 100, 1978, p. 176. - Thomas Hardy, D.M. From a

lecture given in March 1928. Edited and annotated by R. Knight. Knight and Knight, Bulphan, 1968.

- 78) Charteris, pp. 157, 108, 502.
- 79) Father and Son, p. 107.
- 80) StA, MS PR4753.G7, letters of 1/6/22, 30/1/28, 20/2/28, 23/2/28. See also Peter W. Coxon, "Recollections of Thomas Hardy in St. Andrews", in the Thomas Hardy Year-Book, No. 8, 1978, pp. 10-5.
- 81) Northern Studies, p. 73. Ibsen himself defended his use of prose in a letter to Gosse in January 1874 (Bredsdorff, Sir Edmund Gosse's Correspondence with Scandinavian Writers, p. 35). He wrote that what he wanted to achieve was an illusion of reality, and this would have been impossible had he been using verse. Ibsen then went on to talk about realism in sculpture, saying that he would prefer a negro-head to be done in black marble. Ibsen explained that he wanted to describe people, and therefore he did not wish to use "the language of the Gods."
- 82) Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, p. 233.
- 83) Ibid., p. 237.
- 84) Charteris, pp. 312-3, 420-1.
- 85) Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, pp. 257, 245-6.
- 86) Ibid., p. 258.
- 87) Ibid., p. 247.
- 88) Charteris, pp. 40, 171.
- 89) Ibid., pp. 352, 502.
- 90) NLS, MS 6032, f. 15, letter to Elizabeth Haldane of 20/1/28.
- 91) Sir William Rothenstein, Twenty-Four Portraits, London, Allen and Unwin, 1920, 1957.
- 92) L. Aas, "Sir Edmund Gosse", EDDA (Oslo), vol. XXXVIII, 1938, pp. 475-93. P. 475: "Sir Edmund Gosse blev 79 aar, men aldrig træt og aldrig gammel og færdig...".
- 93) Cf. BL, MS Ashley 4844, "Presentation to Mr. Gosse and letters in connection with his 70th birthday". Mr. Balfour's speech, "He has seen too much, read too much, felt too much to be intolerant. He is content to smile, to admire, to sympathise and to help."
- 94) Siegfried Sassoon, The Weald of Youth, London, Faber and Faber, 1942, p. 15. - Charteris, p. 318.
- 95) Sassoon, The Weald of Youth, p. 133. - Charteris, p. 389.
- 96) Charteris, p. 500.
- 97) See note 80 to this chapter.
- 98) Siegfried Sassoon, Siegfried Sassoon Diaries 1920-1922, edited by R. Hart-Davies, London, Faber and Faber, 1981, p. 165. - Sassoon, The Weald of Youth, pp. 177-8, 143.
- 99) Simon Nowell-Smith, Letters to Macmillan, London, Macmillan, 1967, pp. 208-9. - The novel was reprinted in 1975 in the United States with an introduction by James D. Woolf. Unfortunately, the quality of this facsimile is rather poor. (Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, New York, Delmar, 1975.) - On The Secret of Narcisse see this thesis pp. 207-213.
- 100) The system of competitive examination for the civil service had started by this time but still did not

extend very far. Cf. Asa Briggs, Victorian People, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1965, p. 85.

101) Charteris, pp. 75-7.

102) English Illustrated Magazine, 1885-6, p. 504.

103) Ibid., pp. 570-1. Lady Priscilla Capulett (ibid., p. 615): "By the way, poor Sir Eusebius has not got his peerage, but dear Lady Holcroft was telling me the other day that she is very glad he has not, for his health would never bear the strain of attendance in the Upper House."

104) Ibid., p. 570.

105) Ibid., pp. 504, 572, 606, 506, 503.

106) Ibid., p. 606. - Frank takes a walk at Christmas (p. 607): "All the shops, theatres, music-halls and restaurants were shut, so that the great nightly thoroughfare of pleasure was as mute and mournful as on a Sunday morning.... Cat shrieked unto cat across a desolate thoroughfare which in twelve hours' time would be glutted to bursting with the traffic of the world. He sped across St. Paul's Churchyard, and gazed up at the vast and shadowy cathedral towering into the inane void of night. Through the Old Jewry he passed somehow into Lothbury, and saw the stolid mass of the Bank of England from behind. Here again there was a thin concourse of passers by, and he seemed in a world of living men; but soon after this he found himself in into the tortuous inclosure of Austin Friars, with the two churches frowning at him, in a soundless solitude that was unnerving. And now the fog began to get more dense. A panic took him that he would be snared all night in this labyrinth of the City, and he hastened to return. When he got well into the main arteries again, he found them fuller of the pulse of life; the Christmas parties were beginning to break up."

107) Ibid., p. 612. - Cf. note 8 to Chapter 2.

108) English Illustrated Magazine, 1885-6, p. 503.

109) Ibid., p. 508. - Cf. Father and Son, p. 52.

110) English Illustrated Magazine, 1885-6, p. 564.

111) Jane returns home after a visit to the Capulets (ibid., p. 605), "She reached home in an excited frame of mind, ready to burst into tears, and without having once bestowed a thought on the young man who was to be her husband. - That young man was not so indifferent, or at least his indifference took a totally distinct form. Jane's visit to his parents had entirely destroyed his illusion, and now he was on the verge of saying to himself that he was the most unhappy of mortals to have bound himself with such a chain."

112) Ibid., p. 615.

113) Ibid., p. 512.

114) Ibid., p. 512.

115) Ibid., p. 508.

116) Ibid., p. 567.

117) Ibid., p. 569.

118) James D. Woolf in his Introduction to the 1975 facsimile of The Unequal Yoke thought that the novel was "abreast of its times in the development of the English novel" because it stresses "inner plot rather than ex-

ternal".

119) "The Continuity of Literature", The English Association Pamphlet, No. 54, 1922, pp. 5, 8.

120) Ibid., p. 10.

121) Ibid., p. 12.

122) Questions at Issue, p. 118.

123) Ibid., pp. 123, 128.

124) Ibid., p. 133.

CHAPTER 7

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
THE UNITED KINGDOM

1) First published in The Cornhill, vol. XLV, 1882, pp. 534-541.

2) Memories and Portraits, Works, vol. IX, p. 7.

3) Ibid., p. 17.

4) Ibid., p. 18.

5) Ibid., p. 8.

6) Mr. Podsnap was also meant to symbolize a moral insularity - he was more of a Grundyite than Mrs. Grundy herself. - Michael Duffy gives an historical explanation for the English hate of France in an article in History Today, "The Noisie, Empty, Fluttering French' English images of the French, 1689-1815", vol. 32, 1982, pp. 21-26, "Folk memory has established a long list of alleged criminal French misdeeds against the English from the 'Norman Yoke' to the 'non' of de Gaulle or the Common Agricultural Policy of the EEC. History indeed has a lot to answer for in its impact on Anglo-French relations, but historians can at least seek to explain and evaluate the reasons for the long-established hostility. At the beginning of the seventeenth century there were signs that rivalry was giving place to co-operation, but they were short-lived. In the late-seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a peak of Francophobia was reached in which a picture of France and the French was built up in the theatre, in literature and in prints and caricatures that created a feeling that a Frenchman was an alien animal: one who was openly abused and even assaulted on the streets of London. In their dress, in their mannerisms, in their food, in their political and religious practices, the French were painted as unnatural; as un-English; as a race apart. These images fuelled the animosity between the two nations (Scottish and Irish attitudes to the French were never so violent) during the 'Second Hundred Years' War' between 1689 and 1815 and the images and prejudices were to survive long afterwards."

7) Works, vol. IX, p. 10.

8) Ibid., p. 15.

9) Works, vol. II, pp. 194-5.

10) Hugo Arnot in 1778; quoted by David Daiches in Edinburgh, London, Hamish Hamilton, 1978, p. 132.

11) MLS, MS 99, f. 1., undate letter.

12) Moray McLaren, Stevenson and Edinburgh, London, Chapman and Hall, 1950, p. 132. - Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes, Works, vol. I, p. 271.

13) Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, p. 337.

14) Balfour, vol. I, p. 158.

15) Cf. Works, vol. I, p. 320: "The Scots dialect is singularly rich in terms of reproach against the winter wind. Snell, blae, nirly, and scowthering, are four of these significant vocables; they are all words that carry a shiver with them; and for my part as I see

them aligned before me on the page, I am persuaded that a big wind comes tearing over the Firth from Burntisland and the northern hills...".

16) G. K. Chesterton, Robert Louis Stevenson, London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1927, pp. 176-7. - Cf. this thesis, p. 239.

17) Works, vol. XX, pp. 62-3.

18) The Scotsman, 21 January, 1879. Printed in Paul Maixner (ed.), Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage, London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1981, p. 59, "Edinburgh is the most bewritten of modern cities. Not to speak of the countless allusions to its characteristic features in biography and romance, there are hundreds of formally historical and descriptive works about it; and it is rediscovered, and described afresh - if such a word may be used - by touring Cockney litterateurs at least every autumn. It requires some courage, therefore, in a young author to give to a work on Edinburgh the title of 'Picturesque Notes;' but in whatever quality Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson fails, it is not in what, to borrow a French phrase, may be called the courage of his convictions, one of the most cherished of which is evidently a thorough - and to a large extent just - belief in himself."

19) Chesterton, Robert Louis Stevenson, pp. 14-5.

20) Typically an attitude taken by an historian writing on the city - objectivity is something to be strived for in such a case (cf. Daiches, Edinburgh, p. 247, and The Scotsman critic quoted in note 18 to this chapter).

21) Works, vol. I, p. 281.

22) Ibid., p. 327.

23) Ibid., p. 306.

24) Ibid., p. 278.

25) Ibid., p. 323.

26) Smollett quoted by David Daiches, Edinburgh, p. 158. - McLaren, Stevenson and Edinburgh, p. 20. The latter accounts for the changelessness of Edinburgh by putting it down to the huge physical things within and around her (ibid., p. 15).

27) From "Edmund Gosse Visits Robert Louis Stevenson" by Arthur C. Young, Journal of Rutgers University Library, vol. XX, 1957, No. 2, p. 36. - Cf. Jenni Calder, R L S A Life Study, London Hamish Hamilton, 1980, p. 89.

28) Interestingly, Penguin classify Father and Son as "Autobiography". James D. Woolf, in his introduction to The Unequal Yoke (p. 11) described Father and Son as "his biographical-autobiographical novel and final effort in the genre of the novel", either using the term "novel" in a very broad sense or regarding the work as largely fictional.

29) Works, vol. X, pp. 7-8; p. 7: "To go to Collette's was to see life indeed; it was wrong; it was against the laws; it partook, in a very dingy manner, of adventure. Were it known, it was the sort of exploit that disconsidered a young man for good with the more serious classes, but gave him a standing with the riotous. And yet Collette's

was not a hell..."

30) Ibid., pp. 5, 71.

31) Ibid., p. 7. - Jenni Calder, R L S A Life Study, p. 93.

32) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, p. 31, Stevenson to Henley in May 1883, "I will now make a confession. It was the sight of your maimed strength and masterfulness that begot John Silver in Treasure Island. Of course, he is not in any other quality or feature the least like you; but the idea of the maimed man, ruling and dreaded by the sound, was entirely taken from you."

33) BL, Ashley MS A 1796, letter of 29/7/79. Published in Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, pp. 226-7, where the phrase, "my news is better" is left out.

34) Works, vol. XXIII, p. 201.

35) Works, vol. X, p. 21.

36) Ibid., pp. 26, 20.

37) Ibid., p. 21.

38) Ibid., pp. 10, 59, 72.

39) Ibid., p. 8.

40) Father and Son, p. 71. Edmund Gosse appeared to be a normal, healthy young boy - unlike Stevenson. Nevertheless, his mother had irrational fears (ibid., p. 68): "That I might die in my early childhood was a thought which frequently recurred to the mind of my Mother. She endeavoured, with a Roman fortitude, to face it without apprehension. Soon after I had completed my fifth year she had written as follows in her secret journal: 'Should we be called on to weep over the early grave of the dear one whom now we are endeavouring to train for heaven, may we be able to remember that we never ceased to pray for and watch over him.'" - Cf. this thesis, p. 188.

41) Works, vol. X, p. 60.

42) Edwin Eigner's comments in Robert Louis Stevenson and Romantic Tradition, Princeton University Press, 1966, p. 37, are relevant: "And when, as he grew older, Stevenson rejected his religion, he accepted in its place a discipleship to Darwin, to Meredith, and to the psychologists of dualism. In the 1870's he was secretary of an Edinburgh psychical society. Towards the end of his life he was an associate member of the London Society for Psychical Research, as was his good friend from Davos, John Addington Symonds." - Cf. this thesis p. 242 and note 56 to chapter 10.

43) Works, vol. X, pp. 3-4.

CHAPTER 8

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
FRANCE

- 1) Works, vol. XXIII, pp. 6-7.
- 2) Balfour, vol. I, p. 69.
- 3) Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, pp. 41-2.
- 4) Ibid., p. 42.
- 5) As Balfour remarked, Stevenson did not actually travel much when he was a student; see this thesis, p. Appendix A.
- 6) Cf. Balfour, vol. I, p. 107.
- 7) MS of The Silverado Squatters, quoted by Balfour, vol. II, p. 24.
- 8) Cf. for example Ronald Gordon Cant, The University of St. Andrews. A Short History, New and Revised Edition, Edinburgh, Scottish Academic Press, 1970.
- 9) Balfour, vol. I, p. 113. - See John Pemble in The Listener on the Victorian practice of sending patients to the Mediterranean and to the Swiss Alps. "Following the swallows to the south" and "Resurrection in the Alps", vol. 111, 22/3/1984 (pp.14-5) and 29/3/1984 (p. 10).
- 10) Works, vol. II, p. 345. - Ibid., pp. 346-7: "Moreover, there is still before the invalid the shock of wonder and delight with which he will learn that he has passed the indefinable line that separates South from North.... There is something in the mere name of the South that carries enthusiasm along with it."
- 11) Ibid., p. 351. - Ecclesiastes, Chapter III, Verse 11, "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."
- 12) Excluding a few juvenilia (such as The Pentland Rising) published privately and paid for by Thomas Stevenson.
- 13) Jenni Calder, R L S A Life Study, p. 99, "It was a gentle pastime but, unfortunately for the book, remarkably uneventful. Although many people have enjoyed it, the book is about very little. Not very much happened. There is a lack of distinct individuality in the sketches of towns and people." - Cf. Balfour, vol. I, pp. 158-9.
- 14) Cf. Chesterton, Robert Louis Stevenson, p. 18.
- 15) Works, vol. I, p. 29.
- 16) Ibid., pp. 17, 53, 94.
- 17) Cf. David Thomson, England in the Nineteenth Century, pp. 110-1, "Apart from the episode of the Crimean War (1854-6) it was for Britain a period of peace, broken only by turbulent but remote events like the Indian Mutiny and the Chinese war.... Only after 1900 did even the notion of another general European war loom above the horizon, although the antics of Napoleon III, Emperor of France after 1851, caused temporary alarms in London. The Great Peace seemed to die with the Great Queen in 1901: meanwhile Lord Palmerston could bluster against tyrannies and Disraeli could assert British prestige in the world at very low cost."

18) Works, vol. I, p. 27, "But in our brave Saxon countries, where we plod three-score years and ten in the mud, and the wind keeps singing in our ears from birth to burial, we do our good and bad with a high hand, and almost offensively; and make even our alms a witness-bearing and an act of war against the wrong."

19) Ibid., pp. 260-1. From the fragment, "A Mountain Town in France".

20) Ibid., p. 63.

21) Ibid., pp. 143, 235.

22) Ibid., p. 249. - Cf. ibid., pp. 239-40: "I met but one human being that forenoon, a dark military-looking wayfarer, who carried a game-bag on a baldric; but he made a remark that seems worthy of record. For when I asked him if he were Protestant or Catholic - 'Oh,' said he, 'I make no shame of my religion. I am a Catholic.' He made no shame of it! The phrase is a piece of natural statistics; for it is the language of one in a minority."

23) Ibid., p. 108 (An Inland Voyage); ibid., pp. 242-3, 151.

24) Ibid., pp. 184, 197.

25) Ibid., p. 87. - Cf. also ibid., p. 105.

26) Ibid., p. 236.

27) André Chamson, "R.-L. Stevenson et les Cévennes", Revue des Deux Mondes, pts. 5-8, 1957, pp. 422-9.

28) David Daiches, Robert Louis Stevenson. A Revaluation, Glasgow, William MacLellan, 1947, p. 149: "The journey with a donkey in the Cévennes was undertaken simply in order to write a book about it when it was over, and this deliberate organizing of one's life in order to have something to write about results in a certain lack of any compelling insight in the writing, which turns out to be a sort of high-grade literary exercise."

29) NLS, MS 99, f. 81, letter to Mrs. Sitwell, written 7/11/73.

30) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, p. 141.

31) Ibid., p. 398.

32) Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, p. 159. Letter to Mrs. Sitwell written in Edinburgh in November 1874.

33) Works, vol. XX, p. 35.

34) Ibid., pp. 99, 102.

35) Ibid., p. 103.

36) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, p. 42.

37) Gaston Bonet-Maury, "R. L. Stevenson. Voyageur et Romancier (1850-1894)", Revue des Deux Mondes, vol. XI, 1902, pp. 164-201. The paragraph quoted (p. 170) starts, "Mais, malgré ces beautés montagnardes des Cévennes, c'est toujours a la foret de Fontainebleau que notre Écossais revenait de préférence." The article represents a remarkably mature stance towards Stevenson, all the more significant because it was published as early as 1902. It is probably due to the fact that it was written outside an Anglo-Saxon country and thus escaped the insidious influences of pro- or anti-Stevenson cults. The article goes through the major works and looks specifically at

Stevenson's attitude to France. Bonet-Maury found that Stevenson had all the qualities which would endear him to a French public (p. 201): "l'étrangeté des sujets, l'originalité des caractères et la clarté et l'élégance du style".

38) Works, vol. XVI, pp. 217, 218, "These the bourgeois, when they are not merely indifferent, prate to him about the lofty aims and moral influence of art. And this is the lad's ruin. For art is, first of all and last of all, a trade." - Cf. Matthew Arnold, Culture and Anarchy (1869), Cambridge, at the University Press, 1935, Chapter 3.

39) Works, vol. XVI, pp. 219-220.

40) Ibid., p. 221.

41) Ibid., p. 235.

42) Ibid., pp. 239-240.

43) Ibid., p. 245.

44) Ibid., p. 242.

45) Works, vol. XXII, p. 245.

46) Balfour, vol. I, p. 179, "The great feature of the place for Stevenson was the presence of John Addington Symonds, who, having come there three years before on his way to Egypt, had taken up his abode in Davos, and was now building himself a house. To him the new-comer bore a letter of introduction from Mr. Gosse." - Cf. also Jenni Calder, R L S A Life Study, pp. 160-3.

47) Works, vol. XXII, p. 249.

48) Ibid., p. 245.

49) Works, vol. IV, p. 251.

50) Ibid., p. 252.

51) The Secret of Narcisse, pp. 8-9.

52) Ibid., p. 12: "His business [sculptor] soon brought him into close relations with Mercillat, the gunsmith, for whom he wrought ornamental pieces in which his art showed to advantage. Mercillat, a subtle man, who concealed great acuteness under a noisy demeanour, knew how to appreciate a workman so adroit and punctual - one, moreover, who gave the gunsmith no trouble by demanding for his designs any personal credit with the nobles, content that Mercillat should hear the praise if he himself got ready money."

53) Ibid., pp. 60, 61.

54) Gosse's concern is also, it should be noted, to try to give the story authenticity and an air of verisimilitude. Thus he once or twice gives us details of medieval thought. Such as, for instance, the significance of scenery (ibid., pp. 59-60): "It was not the habit of that age to observe in any very conscious way the features of landscape, but perhaps those at the feet of the traveller were more real to his attention than the stars and mountain-tops which engage our restless modern thought. Four hundred years earlier St. Bernard of Clairvaux had been able to ride all day along the shores of the Lake of Geneva, without noticing that there was a lake. This was no longer possible, perhaps, yet Narcisse would scarcely have been able to say why the glowing fields, laced with little grey streams and edged with water-

flowers, affected him as they did."

55) Works, vol. IV, p. 272.

56) Cf. for example Crime and Punishment.

57) Works, vol. IV, p. 261.

58) The Secret of Narcisse, p. 37.

59) Cf. again The Unequal Yoke, which has first meeting and further development of the romance. See this thesis pp. 173-8.

60) See, for example, David Daiches' very lucid account (Robert Louis Stevenson. A Revaluation, pp. 89-92, 129-136) of David Balfour's relationship with Catriona, and Archie's with Christina in Catriona and Weir of Hermiston respectively. Daiches relates these to Stevenson's own experiences. - Cf. this thesis, p. 45.

61) Works, vol. IV, p. 270.

62) Works, vol. IV, p. 227.

63) Ibid., p. 247.

64) Ibid., p. 249.

65) Ibid., p. 237.

66) The Secret of Narcisse, pp. 3-4. Gosse explains that the Prince's body was carried into the castle, to the arms of his wife.

67) Ibid., pp. 20-1, 140, 143.

68) Ibid., pp. 160-1.

CHAPTER 9

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
THE UNITED STATES

- 1) The Amateur Emigrant, Works, vol. II, p. 8.
- 2) Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, p. 231.
- 3) Balfour, vol. I, pp. 166-7, "To recover from the effects of his hardships he forthwith went another hundred and fifty miles to the south, and camped out by himself in the coast range of mountains beyond Monterey. But he had overtaxed his strength, and broke down. Two nights he 'lay under a tree in a sort of stupor,' and if two frontiersmen in charge of a goat-ranche had not taken him in and tended him, there would have been an end of his story. They took him back to the ranche, and amid romantic surroundings and in that enchanting climate, he made a recovery for the time."
- 4) M. I. Stevenson, From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond. Being Letters Written by Mrs. M. I. Stevenson During 1887-88, to her Sister, Jane Whyte Balfour, With a Short Introduction by George W. Balfour. Edited by Marie Clothilde Balfour, London, Methuen, 1903, pp. 4-5.
- 5) The Amateur Emigrant, Works, vol. II, p. 15.
- 6) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, p. 337.
- 7) Published in Jenni Calder (ed.), The Robert Louis Stevenson Companion, Edinburgh, Paul Harris Publishing, 1980, pp. 94-104.
- 8) Goldwyn Smith, "The Labour War in the United States" in The Contemporary Review, vol. XXX, 1877, p. 541. - Cf. Gordon Donaldson, The Scots Overseas, London, Robert Hale, 1966, p. 113: "Among the reasons which led so many Scots to choose the United States, rather than a British colony as their new home, there is no doubt that the republican government and the - at least formally - egalitarian society of the United States did have their attractions."
- 9) Works, vol. II, pp. 80-1. The succeeding paragraph reads, "He knows or thinks nothing of the Maine Laws, the Puritan sourness, the fierce, sordid appetite for dollars, or the dreary existence of country towns. A few wild story-books which delighted his childhood form the imaginative basis of his picture of America. In course of time, there is added to this a great crowd of stimulating details - vast cities that grow up as by enchantment; the birds, that have gone south in autumn, returning with the spring to find thousands camped upon their marshes, and the lamps burning far and near along populous streets; forests that disappear like snow; countries larger than Britain that are cleared and settled, one man running forth with his household gods before another, while the bear and the Indian are yet scarce aware of their approach; oil that gushes from the earth; gold that is washed or quarried in the brooks or glens of the Sierras; and all that bustle, courage, action, and constant kaleidoscopic change that Walt Whitman has seized and set forth in his vigorous, cheerful, and loquacious verses."
- 10) Cf. Works, vol. II, p. 81. And J. A. Hammerton (ed.), STEVENSONIA. An anecdotal life and appreciation

of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edinburgh, John Grant, 1907, p. 84.

11) Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, p. 237.

12) Works, vol. IX, p. 9.

13) For Stevenson's activities in California see Anne Roller Issler, Happier for his Presence. San Francisco and Robert Louis Stevenson, Stanford University Press, 1949, and "Robert Louis Stevenson in Monterey", Pacific Historical Review, vol. 34, 1965, pp. 305-321.

14) One of the best accounts is given by Stevenson's mother (see note 4 to this chapter) in From Saranac to the Marquesas: New York, 10th September (p. 10): "When we got to the hotel, interviewers from all the papers began to arrive at once. Louis, who was very tired and far from well, had gone to bed immediately, to have a rest, so they had to be dismissed and told to come back later, when they must take their chance of finding him; but it was hard to persuade them to go away, and they kept sending up their cards even after Louis had finally settled down for the night."

15) Works, vol. XXIV, p. 244.

16) Cf. Calder, R L S A Life Study, p. 233, "The Americans provided a public who wanted to read his books." - Balfour, vol. II, p. 36.

17) Works, vol. II, pp. 129-132.

18) Ibid., pp. 129-132.

19) Ibid., p. 15.

20) Cf. ibid., p. 130.

21) Ibid., p. 61, "The difference in the conduct of the two was remarkable. The Devonian was as willing as any paid hand, swarmed aloft among the first, pulled his natural weight and firmly upon a rope, and found work for himself when there was none to show him. Alick, on the other hand, was not only a skulker in the grain, but took a humorous and fine gentlemanly view of the transaction. He would speak to me by the hour in ostentatious idleness; and only if the bo's'un or a mate came by, fell-to languidly for just the necessary time till they were out of sight. 'I'm not breaking my heart with it,' he remarked."

22) Ibid., p. 68. - Balfour, vol. I, pp. 177-8, "On the other hand, both Stevenson and his father now considered it undesirable to publish the account of his recent experiences as an emigrant in its existing form. It was necessarily somewhat personal, and the circumstances under which it was written had told against its success. It had been sold, but it was the work which his friends had criticised most severely, and there no longer existed the dire need for making money by any possible means. The sum paid by the publishers was refunded by Mr. Stevenson, and for the time being the book was withdrawn." - See James D. Hart (ed.), From Scotland to Silverado by Robert Louis Stevenson, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press, 1966, pp. 22, 79; and 92-3: "If one thing were deeply written on my mind, it was this: that the American dislikes England and the English; and yet I had no sooner crossed the Atlantic, than I began to think it an unfounded notion. The old country - so they

called it with an accent of true kindness - was plainly not detested; they spoke of it with a certain emotion, as of a father from whom they had parted in anger and who was since dead; and wherever I went, I found my nationality an introduction. I am old-fashioned enough to be patriotic, particularly when away from home; and thus the change delighted and touched me. Up to the moment of my arrival, I had connected Americans with hostility, not to me indeed, but to my land; from that moment forward, I found that was a link which I had thought to be a barrier, and knew that I was among blood relations."

23) Works, vol. II, p. 81.

24) Ibid., p. 119.

25) Ibid., p. 97.

26) Ibid., p. 145.

27) Ibid., p. 162.

28) Chesterton, Robert Louis Stevenson, p. 18.

29) Works, vol. XIII, pp. 128-9.

30) Works, vol. XXIII, pp. 261-2.

31) Works, vol. II, pp. 179-180.

32) Kenneth Robinson, Wilkie Collins. A Biography, p. 52, "According to Wilkie Collins, books of travel crowded the shelves of the circulating libraries relating to every country of the Globe 'except perhaps Cornwall and Kamchatka.' Of the two he thought he preferred Cornwall, and, accompanied by a young artist friend, H. C. Brandling, he set out in July for Plymouth and the end of the railway."

33) Works, vol. II, p. 265.

34) Ibid., p. 274.

35) Critical Kit-Kats, pp. 107, 111.

36) See this thesis pp. 108-111.

37) In Balfour, vol. I, pp. 86, 94.

38) Works, vol. XVI, p. 274.

39) Traubel, "With Walt Whitman in Camden", quoted in Maixner (ed.), Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage, p. 104.

40) Works, vol. III, p. 93.

41) Ibid., pp. 79, 83.

42) Ibid., p. 99.

43) Ibid., pp. 83-4.

44) Ibid., pp. 85-6.

45) Ibid., p. 79.

46) Ibid., p. 96.

47) Ibid., p. 97.

48) Ibid., p. 96.

49) Ibid., p. 125.

50) A very typical twentieth century opinion of Tennyson is given by Robin Mayhead (in Boris Ford (ed.), The Pelican Guide to English Literature, vol. 6, "From Dickens to Hardy", Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1958, p. 243: "...although he is a monumentally representative figure of his own age, he is without the qualities that would put him on a level with the great even of the nineteenth century alone."

51) Works, vol. III, p. 100.

52) Ibid., p. 101.

53) Ibid., p. 102. - There is an autobiographical note here, since Stevenson writes (ibid., p. 110), "It is not his frugality which is worthy of note; for, to begin with, that was inborn, and therefore inimitable by others who are differently constituted; and again, it was no new thing, but has often been equalled by poor Scotch students at the universities."

54) Ibid., p. 119.

55) Ibid., pp. 124, 128.

56) From "A Child's Garden of Verses", Works, vol. XIV, p. 11.

57) Works, vol. III, p. 103.

58) Works, vol. XXIII, p. 231.

59) Works, vol. XXIV, p. 282, and Works, vol. XXIII, p. 233.

60) Works, vol. XXIV, p. 259. - Cf. this thesis, p. 222.

CHAPTER 10

THE EXILED SCOT: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE SOUTH SEAS

- 1) Works, vol. XIII, p. 238.
- 2) Letters, Works, vol. XXIII, p. 180.
- 3) For a detailed discussion of the origins of the book, see Roger G. Swearingen, The Prose Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. A Guide, London, Macmillan, 1980, pp. 134-143.
- 4) Balfour, vol. II, p. 136. - Furnas, Voyage to Windward, p. 304.
- 5) Robert Kiely, Robert Louis Stevenson and the Fiction of Adventure, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard University Press, 1964, p. 167.
- 6) Harry J. Moors, With Stevenson in Samoa, London, Fisher and Unwin, 1910, p. 19.
- 7) Stevenson obviously attached great importance to sunrises and sunsets. Earlier (Works, vol. II, p. 97) he had compared North American sunrises to European ones. - Works, vol. XVIII, p. 6.
- 8) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 16. - Ibid., p. 187, "On my return I passed from a humming city, with shops and palaces and busy wharves, plying cabs and tramcars, telephones in operation and a railway in the building; mounted a strong and comfortable local steamer; sailed under desolate shores indeed, but guided in the night by sea and harbour lights; and was set down at last in a village uninhabited by any white, the creature of pure native taste - of which, what am I to say but that I know no such village in Europe? A well-to-do western hamlet in the States would be the closest parallel; and it is a moderate prophecy to call it so already."
- 9) Ibid., p. 254.
- 10) Ibid., p. 143.
- 11) In preparing for the book The Lighthouse (1865) Ballantyne stayed for three weeks at the Bell Rock Lighthouse where he studied the elder Stevenson's account of the building. (Author biography in the Collins edition of The Coral Island (1857), London and Glasgow, 1953.)
- 12) The Coral Island by R. M. Ballantyne, p. 191.
- 13) Ibid., pp. 210, 178.
- 14) Herman Melville was a South Sea writers of whom Robert Louis Stevenson approved. Works, vol. XVIII, p. 28.
- 15) Herman Melville, Typee, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1972, p. 182.
- 16) Ibid., pp. 235-6, "The fact is, that there is a vast deal of unintentional humbuggery in some of the accounts we have from scientific men concerning the religious institutions of Polynesia. These learned tourists generally obtain the greater part of their information from retired old South-Sea rovers, who have domesticated themselves among the barbarous tribes of the Pacific. Jack, who has long been accustomed to the long-bow, and to spin tough yarns on a ship's fore-castle, invariably officiates as showman of the island

on which he has settled, and having mastered a few dozen words of the language, is supposed to know all about the people who speak it. A natural desire to make himself of consequence in the eyes of the strangers, prompts him to lay claim to a much greater knowledge of such matters than he actually possesses. In reply to incessant queries, he communicates not only all he knows but a good deal more, and if there be any information deficient still he is at no loss to supply it. The avidity with which his anecdotes are noted down tickles his vanity, and his powers of invention increase with the credulity of his auditors. He knows just the sort of information wanted, and furnishes it to any extent."

17) Ibid., pp. 180-1, 310.

18) Arthur Johnstone, Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific, London, Chatto and Windus, 1905, p. 9.

19) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, pp. 308, 345.

20) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 52.

21) Ibid., p. 388.

22) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 94.

23) Ibid., p. 85.

24) Ibid., pp. 85-7.

25) Ibid., pp. 284-5. - Slightly different on Apemama. Here, Tembinok' stood for firm rule (ibid., p. 325); "... I was haunted and troubled by a problem, the problem (perhaps) of to-morrow for ourselves. Here was a people protected from all serious misfortune, relieved of all serious anxieties, and deprived of what we call our liberty. Did they like it? and what was their sentiment towards their ruler?"

26) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 435. Stevenson is discussing the Picts in a letter to R. A. M. Stevenson, "But colour is not an essential part of a man or a race. Take my Polynesians, an Asiatic people probably from the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf. They range through any amount of shades, from the burnt hue of the Low Archipelago islander, which seems half negro, to the 'bleached' pretty women of the Marquesas (close by on the map), who come out for a festival no darker than an Italian; their colour seems to vary directly with the degree of exposure to the sun. And, as with negroes, the babes are born white; only it would seem a little sack of pigment at the lower part of the spine, which presently spreads over the whole field. Very puzzling."

27) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 289.

28) Ibid., p. 307.

29) Ibid., p. 300.

30) Works, vol. XVII, p. 180.

31) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 186. - Cf. Our Samoan Adventure by Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by Charles Neider, London, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1956, p. 192. - On Stevenson's involvement in politics, see this thesis pp. 245-7.

32) Fanny wrote about Stevenson's efforts at learning Samoan in Our Samoan Adventure, p. 35. - Cf. Works,

vol. XVIII, pp. 14-16.

- 33) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 172.
- 34) Ibid., p. 47.
- 35) Ibid., p. 265. - Ibid., p. 160. These islands are affected by sectarianism and the ofical peculiarities of the Mormons.
- 36) Ibid., p. 45.
- 37) Works, vol. XXV, p. 95. Stevenson was not, of course, a native of the Highlands. Cf. this thesis, pp. 183-4; and "The Foreigner at Home", Works, vol. IX, p. 18.
- 38) Works, vol. XXV, p. 57.
- 39) Sotheby, English Literature and English History, (Printed Books and Manuscripts), Day of Sale, 8th December, 1983.
- 40) Letter to W. Craibe Angus, Works, vol. XXV, pp. 69-70. He continues, "I shall not even return like Scott for the last scene. Burns Exhibitions are all over. 'Tis a far cry to Lochow from tropical Vailima."
- 41) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, pp. 81.
- 42) Ibid., pp. 434-440.
- 43) Cf. remark to Mrs. Sitwell, ibid., p. 394.
- 44) M. I. Stevenson, From Saranac to the Marquesas, pp. 189-197.
- 45) David Daiches found (Robert Louis Stevenson. A Revaluation, p. 129) that the book was very successful, "... one is inclined to conjecture that Stevenson deliberately changed the colouring of his heroine (for his Highland love had been fair, like Catriona) as an instinctive act of caution. However this may be, the fact remains that Stevenson in the last months of his life, when his mind was turning more and more to his own youth in Scotland, produced for the first time a love story authentic in its psychology, moving in its details, and perfectly integrated with the larger story of which it is a part."
- 46) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 172.
- 47) Our Samoan Adventure, p. 59.
- 48) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 145. - Superstition did, of course, appear in many stories, cf. the discussion of Gosse's The Secret of Narcisse in this thesis, pp. 207-213.
- 49) Works, vol. XVIII, pp. 248-9.
- 50) On Pacific traders, see this thesis pp. 252-5.
- 51) Works, vol. XVIII, pp. 72-3.
- 52) "A Christmas Sermon", Works, vol. XVI, p. 307.
- 53) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 79.
- 54) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 203.
- 55) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 80.
- 56) Thus the evidence does not bear out Eigner's statement that "as he grew older, Stevenson rejected his religion...". Quoted in note 42 to chapter 7. Cf. also this thesis pp. 193-4.
- 57) Works, vol. XVI, pp. 317-8.
- 58) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 292. - Corinthians I, Chapter IX, Verse 22, "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men,

that I might by all means save some."

59) Reported in The Presbyterian and quoted in "Robert Louis Stevenson: His Associations with Australia", Royal Australian Historical Society, Journal and Proceedings, vol. 21, 1935, p. 66.

60) Sister Martha Mary McGaw, Stevenson in Hawaii, Honolulu, University of Hawaii Press, 1950, p. 136.

61) There is an interesting parallel with the situation in London in the 1730s and 1740s. Cf. Dorothy George, London Life in the Eighteenth Century, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1966, pp. 47-8: "To the inflaming character of gin the committee ascribed the many crimes of violence, the drinkers being often 'carried to a degree of outrageous passion'. Neglected children 'starved and naked at home... either become a burthen to their parishes or... are forced to beg whilst they are children, and as they grow up learn to pilfer and steal'." Then an act was passed, "It did at first check the consumption of spirits, but these were sold illicitly, at first secretly, then openly; riots broke out, informers were hunted down and murdered, and the law became a dead letter."

62) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 258.

63) Ibid., p. 264, "... it was with the approval of all present that I helped to draw up a petition to the United States, praying for a law against the liquor trade in the Gilberts; and it was at this request that I added, under my own name, a brief testimony of what had passed; - useless pains, since the whole repose, probably unread and possibly unopened, in a pigeon-hole at Washington."

64) Balfour, vol. II, p. 114.

65) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 279.

66) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, p. 348.

67) Letter to Colvin, Works, vol. XXV, p. 138. Stevenson continued, "people don't read history for reading, but for education and display - and who desires education in the history of Samoa, with no population, no past, no future, or the exploits of Mataafa, Malietoa, and Consul Knappe?"

68) Balfour, vol. II, p. 140. - Cf. Furnas, Voyage to Windward, p. 342.

69) Works, vol. XVII, p. 5.

70) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 182.

71) Works, vol. XXV, pp. 393, 402.

72) Letter to Mrs. Sitwell, Works, vol. XXIII, pp. 61, 111.

73) Works, vol. III, p. 69. - Travels With a Donkey, Works, vol. I, p. 196.

74) For example by Christopher Harvie, "The Politics of Stevenson" in Stevenson and Victorian Scotland edited by Jenni Calder, Edinburgh, University Press, 1981, p. 113.

75) Letters, Works, vol. XXIV, pp. 139-140.

76) Ibid., p. 259. Quoted in this thesis on p. 228.

77) McGaw, Stevenson in Hawaii, p. 106.

78) Works, vol. XXIV, p. 384. - Jenni Calder (R L S A Life Study, pp. 273-4) sums up the episode like this, "He did not actually defend Father Damien: the great

appeal for Louis lay just in the fact that he had been both disreputable and splendid. But all his feelings of disgust at the hypocritical and the complacent, which had boiled up so often in the old Edinburgh days, seethed again. If Damien achieved so little in the leper settlement, why were others not there to help him? There was no attempt to tame the virulence of his attack; Louis was writing straight out of the white heat of his feelings... The rhythms are strikingly biblical. It is revealing, though unsurprising, that the combination of a sense of wrong and a need for rhetorical emphasis brought out the earliest influences, the Old Testament and the writers of the Covenant. - After consultation with the family Louis decided to publish... Dr. Hyde took no action... But publication in a sense sealed Louis's commitment to the Pacific. He had not so publicly taken a stand on any issue in Scotland as he now found himself doing in Polynesian affairs."

79) Johnstone, Stevenson in the Pacific, p. 160.

80) Works, vol. XVII, p. 25: "Even on the field of Samoa, though German faults and aggressions make up the burthen of my story, they have been no-wise alone.... The United States have the cleanest hands, and even theirs are not immaculate."

81) Ibid., p. 21.

82) Ibid., p. 23.

83) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 122.

84) Works, vol. XVII, p. 33.

85) Ibid., p. 34.

86) Ibid., pp. 58, 63.

87) Our Samoan Adventure, pp. 217, 192.

88) Works, vol. XVIII, p. 358 (letter to The Times of 12/10/91): "... they receive gratefully a fresh lesson in civilised methods and civilised justice; a day may come when they shall put that lesson in practice for themselves; and if they are then decried for their barbarity - as they will surely be - and punished for it, as is highly probable, I will ask candid people what they are to think? 'How?' they will say. 'Your own white people intended to do this, and you said nothing. We do it, and you call us treacherous savages!'"

89) Ibid., p. 393.

90) Works, vol. XVII, p. 166.

91) Note to The Ebb-Tide, Works, vol. XIX, pp. 3-4.

92) The third book in question being The Wrong Box.

One reason for the collaboration which is often mentioned is that, as an American citizen, Lloyd Osbourne enabled them to have the power of copyright in the United States. - CUL, MS Add. 7030, Nos. 35-6.

93) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, pp. 152-3 (and p. 187). - There is a good account of this controversy by R. Swearingen in The Prose Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. A Guide, pp. 153-6.

94) Balfour, vol. II, p. 139.

95) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 187.

96) Introduction to the Penguin English Library Edition of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Other Stories (Harmondsworth, 1979), p. 16. - Cf. Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage, p. 416 - a contemporary review by A. B. Walkley.

97) The narrative at this stage is full of such hindsight; it has the distinct effect of impending doom. Works, vol. XVII, p. 196.

98) Ibid., p. 270.

99) Ibid., p. 226.

100) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, pp. 138, 188.

101) De Lancey Ferguson (ed.), Stevenson's Letters to Charles Baxter, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1956, p. 266.

102) Our Samoan Adventure, p. 195: "We have just been reading an excellent pamphlet written by Moors to the Samoans on the subject of crops. It is amusing to see our own original views, that caused Moors so much amusement, now put forward, and excellently well put forward - as his own sentiments. He thinks they are his now, and no doubt has forgotten all our arguments with him on the subject. I think his paper may do much good. I hope it may."

103) Ibid., p. 159.

104) Harry J. Moors, With Stevenson in Samoa, p. 42.

105) Works, vol. XVII, p. 20.

106) Ibid., pp. 200, 196, 199.

107) Ibid., p. 238.

108) Ibid., pp. 244, 252.

109) Our Samoan Adventure, p. 39.

110) Moors, With Stevenson in Samoa, p. 132.

111) Works, vol. XVII, pp. 233-9.

112) Ibid., p. 228.

113) Ibid., p. 270.

114) Ibid., p. 240.

115) Balfour, vol. II, p. 82.

116) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 305. - Ibid., pp.

302-3: "It may interest you to know that I am entirely tapu, and live apart in my chambers liked a caged beast. Lloyd has a bad cold, and Graham and Belle are getting it. Accordingly, I dwell here without the light of any human countenance or voice, and strap away at The Ebb Tide until (as now) I can no more."

117) Saturday Review, 22 September 1894. Printed in Maixner (ed.), Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage, p. 454.

118) Ibid., p. 459. (The Speaker, 29 September 1894.)

119) See, for example, Robert Kiely, Robert Louis Stevenson and the Fiction of Adventure, pp. 179-193, and Jenni Calder, R L S A Life Study, pp. 317-8, and Jenni Calder's introduction to the Penguin English Library Edition of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Other Stories, pp. 19-23.

120) Works, vol. XIX, p. 7.

121) Ibid., pp. 11-12.

122) Ibid., p. 9.

123) Ibid., p. 30.

- 124) For instance ibid., pp. 142-3.
 125) Ibid., p. 103.
 126) Ibid., p. 55.
 127) Ibid., p. 11.
 128) Ibid., pp. 33-8.
 129) Ibid., pp. 132, 142-3.
 130) Ibid., p. 153.
 131) Ibid., p. 12.
 132) Cf. the articles included in Maixner (ed.), Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage. Richard Le Galienne (p. 456), "The little Cockney alone preserves something of his original character...", and the review quoted on p. 257 of this thesis also says, "Huish... has the individuality that arrests attention. But what an individuality it is! If the purpose of the authors had been to show us of what unutterably loathsome material the dregs of modern civilisation consists, they could not have done so more effectually than by giving us this portrait of Huish." (Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage, p. 458.)
 133) Works., vol. XXV, p. 313.
 134) The Critic (New York), 24 November 1894. Printed in Maixner (ed.), Robert Louis Stevenson. The Critical Heritage, p. 461.
 135) Works, vol. XIX, pp. 136-7.
 136) Ibid., p. 94.
 137) Ibid., p. 117.
 138) Ibid., p. 13.
 139) Ibid., p. 130.
 140) Ibid., p. 86.
 141) Ibid., p. 122.
 142) Ibid., pp. 114-7 (quotation from p. 116).
 143) Ibid., p. 117.
 144) Ibid., p. 100.
 145) Robert Kiely, Robert Louis Stevenson and the Fiction of Adventure, p. 183. Kiely goes on to compare Herrick's "choice" with that of Will of the Mill in the earlier story. Kiely is led astray early in his analysis by simply regarding Attwater's island as an enormous microcosm or "an urban daydream" and "a strip of Britain". Jenni Calder comes much closer to the truth in a briefer but finer rendering of the novel in R L S A Life Study, pp. 317-8: "What Louis found in the South Pacific was an area of the world where conventional moral restraints and control just did not, or could not, operate." He also saw "heroism in unlikely places". Herrick is not good, but not ultimately bad, and that is positive, Jenni Calder writes.
 146) Works, vol. XIX, p. 107.
 147) Ibid., p. 119.
 148) For example ibid., pp. 148-9.

APPENDIX A

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S BIOGRAPHERS AND CRITICS

1) Graham Balfour, The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, London, Methuen, 1901. In two volumes. (Second edition used here.)

2) Michael Balfour, "The First Biography" in Stevenson and Victorian Scotland edited by Jenni Calder.

3) Letters, Works, vol. XXV, p. 363.

4) Balfour, vol. I, p. 85.

5) Ibid., pp. 106-7.

6) Ibid., p. 158.

7) Chesterton, Robert Louis Stevenson, pp. 63-4.

8) Ibid., pp. 80-1.

9) Moray McLaren, Stevenson and Edinburgh, pp. 5, 6.

10) Ibid., p. 43, "There is a common idea that men of genius or of artistic talent have usually been unhappy in childhood. This unhappiness is supposed to have created a loneliness of spirit, to escape from which the youthful genius spins his tales or dreams his artistic dreams. However true this general supposition may or may not be, one thing is certain. It was not true of Stevenson. His infancy and childhood in Edinburgh were very happy. There is, it is true, a certain pathos in the ill-health and physical weakness of his extremely mentally active and imaginative child - a pathos made more poignant in the popular mind by the note of longing in the real charm of A Child's Garden of Verses.... There is no doubt about it - until adolescence or just after, Stevenson was very happy. He may not have made many friends amongst the children of his own age, but in his family circle he was never lonely, and, at first, his family was all in all to him."

11) Ibid., p. 132.

12) Ibid., pp. 44-6.

13) Ibid., chapters IV-VI.

14) Furnas, Voyage to Windward, pp. 24-5.

15) Ibid., p. 113.

16) This is the book which describes Stevenson's journey in Belgium. There are some not so flattering remarks about the English (Works, vol. I, p. 75) - but notice the "we": "We talk very much about our honesty in England. It is a good rule to be on your guard wherever you hear professions about a very little piece of virtue. If the English could only hear how they are spoken of abroad they might confine themselves for a while to remedying the fact; and perhaps even when that was done, give us fewer of their airs." However, Stevenson seems quite content to consider himself an English subject (ibid., p. 126).

17) Jenni Calder (ed.), The Robert Louis Stevenson Companion, pp. 94-104 and Stevenson and Victorian Scotland, pp. 126-140.

18) Jenni Calder, R L S A Life Study, London, Hamish Hamilton, 1980.

19) Ibid., p. 1.

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Demos (1886), London, Dent and Sons, [1915].

Thyrza. A Tale (1887), Hassocks, Harvester, 1974. (Reproduction of first one-volume edition.)

A Life's Morning (1888), London, Home and Van Thal, 1947.

The Nether World (1889), London, Dent and Sons, 1973. (Reproduction of first one-volume edition.)

The Emancipated (1890), Hassocks, Harvester, 1977. (Reproduction of first one-volume edition.)

New Grub Street (1891), London, Eveleigh, Nash and Grayson, 1927.

Denzil Quarrier (1892), New York, AMS Press, 1969. (Reproduction of 1892 edition.)

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Volume III: Familiar Studies of Men and Books, The Body-Snatcher.

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