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To the Grolier Club of New York, for permission to use the photograph of Robert H. Taylor, taken in 1975 on the occasion of his election as their president.

To Mrs. Eva Reichmann for permission to publish material belonging to the estate of Sir Max Beerbohm in the essay by Lawrence Danson, "Max and Mr. McCall."

—P.H.M.

Robert Hill Taylor
Class of 1930
1908-1985

Robert Hill Taylor died in Princeton on 5 May 1985. His life-long devotion to learning found expression in many ways, most notably in his distinguished collection of rare books, manuscripts, and drawings. For his years of service to Princeton University and to the Friends of the Library, this issue of the Princeton University Library Chronicle is dedicated to his memory, with gratitude and affection.
Robert H. Taylor of the Class of 1930—benefactor, advisor, guide, and friend to the Princeton University Library for more than 35 years—has bequeathed to the University his celebrated collection of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings, representing five centuries of English and American literature. The Times of London praised it as "the most distinguished collection of books and manuscripts of English literature made in this century." In the breadth and depth of its riches, the Robert H. Taylor Collection is a fitting memorial to a most generous member of the Princeton community. In accepting his bequest on behalf of Princeton University, I would like to pay tribute to a remarkable man and to some of the important values for which he stood.

*

As readers of the Library Chronicle well know, Robert Taylor had a very special relationship with Princeton University. He was in the first place a generous benefactor to the English Department and to the Library. But this was only one aspect of a many-faceted relationship that included extraordinary devotion to the University as a whole and to the cause of liberal education. He contributed significantly to the scholarly pursuit of knowledge in the fields of English and American literature at Princeton by providing direct contact with earlier times through rare books and manuscripts acquired with unusual skill and care. His enthusiasm for this route to the riches of the past, and his willingness to share his knowledge, were characteristic of him, and he achieved eminence in the literary world for his many contributions to the advancement of learning.

Mr. Taylor made his first gift to the Library in 1950, a copy of the
first edition of *The True-Born Englishman* (London, 1700) by Daniel Defoe. Thereafter he consistently made generous gifts to the Rare Book Department. For reasons all too obvious, I will not try to mention here all of the notable books and manuscripts Mr. Taylor gave to the Library, but his first gift serves as an indication of the superb quality of the Taylor Collection as a whole. On many occasions over the years, Mr. Taylor also enabled the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections to purchase numerous other items of particular merit. Mr. Taylor’s help, for example, was critical in making it possible for the University to acquire the Tollemache Chaucer, a 15th-century manuscript of *The Canterbury Tales.*

Princeton’s Rare Book Collection has gained in national prominence since 1950, and that is due in no small measure to friends such as Robert Taylor. For 26 years, he served as chairman of the Council of the Friends of the Library, giving selflessly of his time, energy, and expertise.

Since 1971, the Taylor Collection has been housed in its own room in Firestone Library and has been available to undergraduates as well as graduate students and visiting scholars. In a similar spirit, Mr. Taylor himself was always accessible to those who shared his passion for English and American literature. He also lectured frequently, wrote many scholarly articles (including some for the *Chronicle*), and served as president of several bibliographical and bibliophilic societies. For attaining national distinction in book collecting, as well as for exceptional service to the community of scholars, he was given the Donald F. Hyde Award by Princeton University in 1975. The Award cited, among other qualities, “his vibrant imagination, his admirable patience, his generosity of spirit, and the warmth of his concern for scholars as well as books.”

Through his unexcelled collection, through his devotion to scholarship and encouragement to scholars, and through his personal support of the Library and the English Department, Mr. Taylor has had a major impact on the humanities at Princeton. It is with genuine gratitude that I accept on behalf of the Board of Trustees of Princeton University the Robert H. Taylor Collection.

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Repton’s “Red Book” for Beaudesert

BY DAVID R. COFFIN

The winter of 1813-1814 in England was so severe that contributors to *The Gentleman’s Magazine* vied with one another to recall similar circumstances. Under such miserable conditions Humphry Repton, the landscape gardener, as he described himself on his trade card,

\* prepared “during a Month’s confinement by the severest winter & deepest Snow remembered” one of his famous Red Books, in this case for improving the grounds of the estate of Beaudesert in Staffordshire. On folio six of the manuscript, Repton comments on the foggy atmosphere that pervaded Beaudesert during the ten days early in December 1813 when he surveyed the lands in preparation for the Red Book, which, as he noted on the first folio, was completed at his home at Harestreet near Romford, Essex, on January 7, 1814. This Red Book is now preserved in the Robert H. Taylor Collection of manuscripts and rare books recently bequeathed to the Princeton University Library.

As Repton’s Red Book would not be considered a work of literature, Mr. Taylor’s excuse for its purchase as one of his last notable acquisitions was that Jane Austen had referred to Repton as an “estate improver” in her novel *Mansfield Park.* Probably because of his training as an architect, Mr. Taylor was always particularly sensitive to any

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Long selections from the Red Book of Beaudesert, but completely revised, are published by Repton in his last treatise, *Fragments on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening,* London, 1816, Fragment XI, and these in turn were later reproduced by J. C. Loudon, *The Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture of the Late Humphry Repton, Esq.,* new ed., London, 1840, pp. 445-458.

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tionship between literature and the visual arts, as demonstrated by his outstanding collection of the work of Max Beerbohm or his albums of Thackeray’s drawings. In Jane Austen’s *Mansfield Park*, first published in 1814, Mr. Rushworth, visiting the estate of Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram in Northamptonshire, has just left his friend Smith whose grounds at Compton had recently been “improved” by Humphry Repton. As a result Rushworth can only talk about the possibility of improving his nearby estate at Sotherton Court and his future wife, Miss Bertram, urges him also to employ Repton. Although Rushworth notes that Repton’s “terms are five guineas a day,” he later resolves to have Repton.4

Not only is the 1814 date of the Repton Red Book appropriate for *Mansfield Park*, but Repton’s commission was to improve the grounds of an Elizabethan house like Mr. Rushworth’s Sotherton Court. Even the scandal which closes the novel, when Mrs. Rushworth runs off with Henry Crawford, “intimate friend and associate of Mr. R.,” had its parallel in the notorious scandal that had arisen about Lord Uxbridge, owner of Beaudesert, and which may have inspired the incident in Jane Austen’s novel.

Throughout his career Humphry Repton normally prepared a book of his drawings accompanied by a handwritten explanatory text for any commission he was seeking or awarded. Attached to most of the drawings depicting actual topographical scenes were small flaps, called “slides” by Repton, which when lifted revealed the scene in the transformed condition Repton proposed. These oblong folios, usually about 8½ inches by 11¼ inches, were then bound in red morocco and presented to the owner, who often exhibited his Red Book in the library, or on the card table at the entrance of his house to ensure that visitors were aware of the “fashionable improvements” he had undertaken. The Red Book for Beaudesert, however, is physically very different from most of the others. The pages, larger than usual, are vertical in format, 15 inches by 10¼ inches, and are bound in brown leather tooled in gold.5

The estate of Beaudesert near Rugeley in Staffordshire had been an ecclesiastical holding seized during the Reformation and eventually owned by Sir William Paget, created Baron Paget de Beaudesert by Edward VI in 1549. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth his son, Thomas Paget, built the large mansion whose grounds Repton proposed to refashion in 1814. Henry William Paget (1768-1854), who, as second Earl of Uxbridge, called upon Repton’s advice, had a career touched with both heroics and scandal. Married in 1798 to Lady Caroline Elizabeth Villiers, Paget had already begun a military career which would bring him fame as probably the most skillful cavalry commander in Europe. In 1809, however, he eloped with Charlotte Wellesley, wife of the younger brother of the future Duke of Wellington. A year later, the couple married, having been divorced by their respective spouses, but for the next five years they had to withdraw from society because of the scandal they had occasioned. It is during this retirement that Paget succeeded his father as the second Earl of Uxbridge (1812), and soon after requested Repton’s ideas for improving his estate at Beaudesert.

Paget’s father had consulted Repton in 1798 about Plas Newydd, an estate in Wales standing on the Menai Straits.7 The Reverend Stebbing Shaw in his history of Staffordshire (1798) notes that the first Earl of Uxbridge had made extensive improvements at Beaudesert, including the stables and coach houses of white stone in the form of a crescent, and the kitchen garden beyond the stables “at a considerable distance,” but that other improvements were “in contemplation (after he has finished his new house in Anglesea).”8 This suggests that the second Earl, in calling in Repton later to survey Beaudesert, was following the example or even the plan of his father. Shaw praises the landscape of Beaudesert, noting that it “wants nothing but water to render it exquisitely grand and perfect.” Repton will later agree, and will suggest several projects to create lakes and cascades. Shaw also informs us that the

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5 The artist Joseph Farington records in his diary on June 8, 1794 that Repton “charges 5 guineas a day to those who employ him besides his expenses” and Farington repeats this on June 20, 1799 (J. Farington, *The Diary of Joseph Farington*, ed. K. Garlick and A. MacIntyre, New Haven and London, I, 1978, p. 198 and IV, 1979, p. 1442).

6 Regarding the physical size of Red Books, see G. Carter et al., op. cit., p. 21.

7 G. Carter et al., op. cit., p. 184. A letter dated Nov. 4, 1798, in the Staffordshire Public Record Office (D 609/K/165) addressed by Repton from his home in Essex to Paget at Plas Newydd reports that Repton and his son expect to be there by Nov. 13 or 14 after stopping at Lord Berwick’s estate of Arthington Park in Shropshire.

8 S. Shaw, op. cit., p. 221.
rather mysterious landscapist William Emes or Eames earlier laid out the walks and pleasure grounds of Beaudesert, inspired by the nearby Needwood Forest.

Before turning to landscape design in 1788, Repton had literary expectations which encouraged his correspondence from at least 1786 with the poetess Anna Seward, known as the Swan of Lichfield. She informed him as early as 1789 that “Emes laid out Beaudesert, which is on the edge of Needwood, very finely; and is thus complimented upon the subject by Mundy, in his beautiful poem which celebrates and bears the name of our forest.”\(^9\) Francis Mundy’s poem *Needwood Forest*, which honors Emes’s improvements of Beaudesert, was first made public in 1776, offering a date *ante quem* for this work.\(^10\) Very little is known about William Emes (1729–1803), who is usually described as a follower of the famous landscapist Capability Brown. It may be that Emes’s earlier work in Wales at Chirk Castle (from 1764) and Erddig (from 1767) and in Staffordshire itself at Oak Edge (1771) caused his employment at Beaudesert.

A series of letters written in 1773 by Lord Paget and his agents and preserved in the Staffordshire Public Record Office is concerned with the building and planting of the kitchen garden which the Reverend Shaw singled out for praise. It is probable, therefore, that Emes was commissioned about 1773 to oversee the landscaping at Beaudesert. On September 1, 1773 Paget’s agent, William Edlington, reported that “the Walls [of the kitchen garden] are built” and he hopes that a suitable gardener has been hired.\(^11\) Later letters indicate, however, that the search for a gardener was unsuccessful and would be quite protracted. In the meantime, John Beecroft, gardener of Warwick Castle, oversaw the purchase and did the actual planting of the fruit trees and vines. On September 20 the nurserymen William and John Perfect at Pontefract informed Beecroft that they had failed in a search in “the Country” to find suitable “pine plants,” but that if he would forward them a plan of the kitchen garden they would select appropriate fruit trees for “the different Situations.”\(^12\)

The Pontefract nursery of the Perfects was active at least from the beginning of the 18th century, having furnished trees for John Aislabie’s extravagant garden park at Studley Royal in 1717 and 1718; it survived under the family’s ownership until 1810.\(^13\) On October 4 the nursery acknowledged the receipt of a plan with a list of the trees, seeds, and tools necessary for the new garden, and at the end of the month Beecroft sent Lord Paget a plan of the garden and an account of what was undertaken.\(^14\) Finally on November 1 the nursery informed Beecroft that the planting material, comprising “thirteen matted bundles, three hampers and small sack” had been dispatched, and that they had returned the plan of the garden with notes regarding the planting.\(^15\) The Perfects also proposed as a possible gardener one Alexander Robinson, aged about fifty, who had once worked at Duncombe Park and after that at Wentworth House for five or six years, but was now unemployed. Some 40 years later, Humphry Repton’s plan of 1813–1814 was to suggest a complete relocation of the kitchen garden created in 1773 and to revise the park laid out by Emes, which may have suffered neglect because of the first Earl’s concern at the turn of the century for his Welsh estate of Plas Newydd.

Apparently very little was accomplished of Repton’s ideas for Beaudesert. The major activity advocated by Repton in the wooded park was the removal of trees, unlike most of his commissions. He will recommend planting Castle Hill at Beaudesert, but comments that he has “seldom seen a place where [planting] is less absolutely necessary” (fol. 5 recto). He notes in the Red Book that “many of these trees [have] been taken away during my first visit” (folio 4 recto) and, in his discussion of the view from the mansion to the west, that some tall trees are already removed (fol. 7 recto). Very soon the second Earl of Uxbridge will resume his military career, which may explain why Repton’s proposals were not pursued. In April 1815 Paget was appointed cavalry commander of the allied forces under Wellington, thus being the second in command at Waterloo on June 18 where Paget, while confronting with Wellington, was struck by grape shot, necessitating the amputation of his right leg. Elevated to be Marquess of Anglesey, Paget

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\(^10\) F.N.C. Mundy, *Needwood Forest*, and the Fall of Needwood, with Other Poems, Derby, 1830, pp. vi–vii.
\(^11\) Stafford, Staffordshire PRO, D 603/K9/5, fol. 70. Mr. Dudley Fowkes of the Public Record Office permitted me to see his manuscript inventory of estate maps and aided my search for material on Beaudesert. H. Colvin, op. cit., p. 116, records a letter by Emes of May 10, 1771, regarding the landscaping.
\(^12\) Stafford, Staffordshire PRO, D 603/K9/5, fol. 77.

\(^13\) J. Harvey, Early Nurserymen, London and Chichester, 1974, p. 66.
\(^14\) Staffordshire PRO, D 603/K9/5, fol. 85 and 91. Three late 18th-century plans of the garden and its planting preserved in the Staffordshire PRO (D 603/H1/17, 8, and 9) may be related to this work. In Lord Paget’s correspondence (D 603/K1/2/1) there are many other letters regarding gardening, gardeners’ salaries, etc.
\(^15\) Staffordshire PRO, D 603/K9/5, fol. 68.
was promoted to full general in 1819, but the active military career of
"One-leg" ended with Waterloo. Soon he would become involved in
political affairs with Wellington, and in 1828 was made Lord Lieuten-
ant of Ireland.

In 1935 the Tudor mansion at Beaudesert was largely destroyed,
and Plas Newydd in Wales remained the principal estate of the Mar-
quess of Anglesey. Beaudesert became a scout camp, and further ruin
ensued. The luxurious oak forest is logged by the Forestry Service. But
the Lichfield gatehouse and the crescent-shaped stable block still ex-
ist. Remains of the kitchen garden are preserved where the original
garden was built and planted in 1773 north of the location of the
house.

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Repton’s dedication of the Red Book to the second Earl of Uxbridge
remarks on his military career and hopes that his improved estate
“may furnish many future years of Enjoyment to you—when the fields
of battle shall be superceded by the Gardens of Peace, & when the ne-
necessity of defending the country may give place to the Satisfaction of
improving it” (fol. 1 recto). Thus, Repton evokes the old theme so pop-
ular in England of retirement to the country and the pleasures of gar-
dening, following the examples of General Fairfax at Nun Appleton,
Sir William Temple at Moor Park, and Lord Cobham at Stowe.

The first section of the Red Book entitled “Character and Situation,”
and section two, “The Situation,” are standard in Repton’s Red Books.
The remaining sections will then vary according to the particular prob-
lems involved, although there will almost always be sections devoted to
“The Approaches,” “Plantations,” and “Water.” 17 Repton in his first
treatise on landscaping in 1795 insisted that there must be “due at-tention
in the Character and Situation of the place to be improved; the
former teaches what is advisable, the latter what is possible to be done.” 18
Alexander Pope’s “Genius of the Place” has thus become prosaically a
basic principle of Repton’s landscaping. He notes at Beaudesert that
the mansion of Tudor style, Elizabethan in date, although Repton re-
fers it to Henry VIII, stands as a “massy pile” at the edge of the royal
forest, but that as its name indicates it was not to be in a desert or haunt
only of wild beasts. It was, of course, to be a beautified desert, a Beau-
desert, appropriate to man’s enjoyment. The courtyards and terraces
of the past are to be preserved and restored so that there will be a clear
demarkation between the gardens or pleasure grounds where man
dwells, and the “Forest or Desert which belong to the Denizens of the
Chace.” Constant throughout Repton’s career has been a concern for
the relationship between man’s habitation of regular forms, and the ir-
regularity of the natural setting. His famous predecessor, Capability
Brown, banished any formal features from his designs, whether ter-
races or parterres, allowing his naturalistic landscaping to run unhin-
dered up to the foundations of the mansion. Later in the Red Book
(fol. 8 recto) Repton speaks of creating a terrace and privy garden as a
transition between the worlds of man and of nature. He claims that he
“discovered thro’ old Labourers on the premises, that in the line of the
Terrace & other parts of the artificial Garden proposed, we are restor-
ing the place to what they remember it to have been in the beginning
of the last century.”

Because of his concern for the character of the old mansions whose
grounds he is improving, Repton’s ideas in his late work, such as at
Beaudesert, are dominated by historicism. He even acknowledges (fol.
2 verso) that John Shaw (1776-1852), architect and antiquarian, Fellow
of the Society of Antiquaries, has assisted on the architectural features
proposed for Beaudesert. In fact, in 1814 Shaw exhibited at the Royal
Academy a drawing for the Lichfield gatehouse at Beaudesert. 19

6 Mr. Mel Newman of nearby Rugeley, who may be the most knowledgeable scholar
of the topography and remains of the site of Beaudesert, very generously reviewed with
me the present site.
7 The sections in the Beaudesert Red Book are titled:
1. Character and Situation (fol. 2)
2. The Situation (fol. 3)
3. View to the North (fol. 4)
4. Of Plantations (fol. 5)
5. View towards the East (fol. 6)
6. View to the West (fol. 7)
7. View to the South (fol. 8)
8. The Approaches (fol. 9)
9. Of Water (fol. 10)
10. Fruit & Kitchen Garden (fol. 11)
11. Of the New Garden (fol. 12)
... 1768 to 1904, London, 1906. VII, p. 94.
Fig. 1a. "Scene in the Dell . . ."

Fig. 1b. "... and the Effect of opening it & shewing hidden treasures."
Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.
Under "The Situation," Repton asserts that all the beauties of the estate of Beaudesert are concealed. For him beauty in landscaping depends upon four features: Inequality of Ground, Rocks, Water, and Wood, all characteristic of the Picturesque attitude toward landscaping first enunciated by William Gilpin. At Beaudesert only the wood prevails because the abundance of trees hides the other features. In a brief sketch on folio three Repton illustrates how trees grow taller in the valleys than on the hills, thus levelling visually the inequalities of the ground which are so essential to Picturesque beauty.

The only solution is to remove some trees, allowing the other features of water, rocks, and irregular ground to be visible. In his water color entitled "Scene in the Dell" Repton illustrates how effective this thinning of the woods may be. The water color with its covering slide illustrating the scene as it was before improvement (Fig. 1a) presents only a rather dense forest of large trees with a few small figures hidden in it. Repton apparently suggests that the wild nature of that forest brings out in man his animal passions, for at the lower right two small figures seem to be in combat. The scene "improved" with the slide raised (Fig. 1b) reveals dramatically the Tudor mansion at the top of the hill framed by large trees. An irregular stream flows along the base of the valley broken by small cascades which will be created by stopping the current with large stone ledges wherever the natural stream is narrowest, thus making the water more visible. This water color illustrates the east façade of the house, with the stream plunging down the hillside into the water meadows below, which Repton intended to convert into a broad lake, on the bank of which was to be located a new kitchen garden.

The Red Book for Beaudesert is particularly concerned with the vistas from the old mansion, for there are four sections, each devoted to the view toward one of the four geographical points of orientation. In Repton’s water color of the "View towards the North from the Music Room," trees are again removed to reveal the main access road spanning a deep ravine on a bridge or viaduct. It is here that he indicates, as noted above, that "many of these trees [have] been taken away during my first visit." He is conscious of possible objections to the destruction of the old trees, the same accusations of wilful destruction that his predecessor Capability Brown often suffered, but Repton points out that one tree may hide forty others.

Perhaps because of Repton’s concern for the possible objections raised against his destruction of old trees, the next section of the Red Book, entitled "Of Plantations," does discuss a location at Beaudesert where some plantings are desirable, although he notes that he has seldom seen a site where it was less absolutely necessary. His water color following folio five depicts Castle Hill southwest of the mansion as "a naked hill" which is to be planted with trees. He carefully enumerates the types of trees that are suitable to the landscape, for ever since his first Red Books and their adaptation in his first treatise, *Sketches and Hints of Landscape Gardening* (1795), Repton has insisted on the appropriateness of certain trees, particularly in their shape, to certain modes of architecture or other plantations. Thus, "conic" trees, that is, firs, are unsuitable with the Gothic style of architecture where only "round-headed" trees should be planted. Here at Beaudesert, oak and Spanish chestnut should be the major types used, never "conic shaped trees which belong rather to the Scenery of Norway or of Scotland." Hornbeam and hazel may be blended in the copses, and the nurse trees should be birch to the East and sycamore to the West. "Thorns, Crabs and Holleys" should be planted in the proportion of five or six for every tree. Juniper may be added in dry locations, and alder in moist with some Scotch firs; "but as to Poplars, Larch & Spruce Procul oh procul! este prophanus" (Away, away, you who are common). Added, probably later, is a consideration of winter greens: "In winter, great advantage may be taken of native Evergreens, Holly, Yew, Box & Ivy." Certainly added later in a lighter ink: "Ivy is not the Enemy of trees—I hope I have proved it to be Decus et Tutamen [ornament and defence]—vide Linnean Transactions." This is a reference to a paper prepared by Repton and read on April 17, 1810 to the Linnean Society of London in which he claimed that ivy growing on trees was not necessarily injurious, but even beneficial to them, quoting examples at some eight sites, including Blickling, Wimpole, and Woburn Abbey.16

The section and its accompanying water color entitled the "View towards the East" is concerned with the vista away from the house, in contrast to that toward the house discussed above. Seen from the library (Figs. 2a and b) the Dell below the house is excavated and thinned out, permitting a glimpse of the expanse of water planned for the Water Meadows below, and beyond the latter a church, presum-

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ably that of St. James in the little village of Longdon. Repton claims that the woods in the valley not only hides the land in the bottom, but foreshortens the distance between the house and the village, noting that modern improvers mistakenly and selfishly limit views to the land belonging to the estate.

The view toward the west from the end window of the Great Hall of the mansion is also improved by thinning the woods to permit a glimpse of a cascading stream. Since the southern vista is diminished by painted glass in the lower panels of the windows, the lower panels of the great window in the Great Hall must be clear plate glass to permit the broad view. On the south side, however, will be several new features, particularly a “Lofty Terrace & secluded Privy Garden” as well as the more “modern Luxuries of hot house & Conservatory.” It is here, as noted before, that Repton was pleased to discover from some of the old laborers of the estate that his terrace and private garden would restore the layout as they claimed to recall it almost a century previous. As the gardens are to be private, he wishes to mask them by adding shutter-blinds or stained glass to the lower panels of the windows of the Billiard Room, thus admitting only the upper part of the landscape. This he depicts in a double-page water color with three superimposed slides (Fig. 3a).

After the turn of the century, formal gardens or parterres become an important element in Repton’s late mode of “improving.” Such formal gardening also accompanied the growing historicism apparent in Repton’s late designs. As early as 1804, when the Duke of Bedford commissioned Repton and his son, the architect John Adey, to build and landscape a lodge at Aspley Wood (Bedfordshire) in the “style and date of buildings prior to the reign of Henry VIII,” he designed an old-fashioned Tudor garden with topiary, labyrinths and a selection of flowers suggested by the Tudor portraits in the Duke’s great house at Woburn Abbey. At Ashridge Park (Hertfordshire) in 1813, just prior to his work at Beaudesert, he planned several rather formal flower gardens, including a very decorative Rosary and a Monk’s Garden around a Gothic style water fountain appropriate to that house, which had been fashioned out of the remains of a mediaeval abbey.

The two formal and private gardens Repton proposed to plant on the south side of Beaudesert have recently been labelled the “apothecosis of the Repton parterre,” and their prophetic spirit has been evoked by likening them to the gardens of the Victorian landscapist
Fig. 3a. "Under these lower Slides, is shewn the effect of restoring the original Style of Geometrical Gardens..."

Fig. 3b. "Under the upper Slide, is shewn the effect of taking away some trees to admit the light of a Southern Sun & an indefinite extent of lawn." Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.
William Nesfield (1793–1881). In the “improved” picture (Fig. 3b) a straight, terraced walkway at the left marches determinedly into the distance separating the formal gardens from the park. The left parterre is slightly sunken, with a tall jet of water rising from a central pool surrounded by floral compartments planted in the form of fleurs-de-lis. At the rear, curved stairs flanked by sweeping, curved, floral terraces, exit into the park. Separated from this parterre by a trellis is another formal garden of a rectangular shape with a semi-circular exedra at the rear. This garden on the right, which is at ground level, is fenced and has an arched trellis exit at the rear. These formal gardens are Repton's attempt to emphasize the Tudor quality of the site, although the left garden with its tall jet of water and curvilinear floral decoration seems more in the spirit of French 17th-century gardening. In his commentary Repton notes: “Under the upper Slide, is shewn the effect of taking away some trees to admit the light of a Southern Sun & an indefinite extent of Lawn. These lofty trees being on ground steeply sloping to the house, project such long Shadows that the whole surface is dark & the gardens would be too[o] much Shaded.”

In the section on “The Approaches” Repton condemns the idea of Capability Brown and his followers that “the Importance of [the mansion] is supposed to be increased by the length of the approach.” Therefore according to the best receipt for Modern gardening or Improvement (all Gardens being exploded as being unnatural) a Serpentine road is led twisting & with about till it reaches one corner of a house placed on a Naked Lawn, like a Cottage on a Common; but without the fence which protects the Latter from the Common Cattle; how different from the Antient Palace! surrounded and defended by Courts & Iron gates, which separated their gardens from the forest, & kept not the distinction betwixt Man & beast!” Appropriate to the Tudor mansion, he proposes to restore the “quadrangle or Basse Court in front” and to move the Porter’s Gate to the entrance of the park instead of the entrance to the court. Rather than the “modern practice of a pair of Lodges,” which is condemned elsewhere for its symmetry and for the lack of habitable space in each lodge, Repton wishes a large gatehouse to which the Countess’s School might be moved. The water color of the gatehouse (Fig. 4) illustrates this function with an idyllic scene of children flying a kite at the right, and in the center boys doffing their caps politely to a pair of adults, perhaps the Earl and his Countess.

A water color of the east façade of the house depicts the forecourt Repton plans to restore, enclosed with a low wall and decorated with obelisks at the corners (Fig. 5). At the left is the new terrace that protects the formal gardens behind it from cattle in the park, pictured in the foreground. The comment on the illustration points out that “a Turret” is to be added “to the Clock Tower.”

The Reverend Shaw in 1798, as noted previously, lamented the lack of water at Beaudesert. Throughout the 18th century, water in the form of lakes, streams and cascades was a prime feature for landscaping. So, early in the century, the site of Houghton Hall (Norfolk), residence of Sir Robert Walpole, the domineering Prime Minister, was regularly condemned for its lack of water for ornamental purposes, although the architect Sir Thomas Robinson considered the site otherwise so agreeable that he thought only envy could arouse criticism. Even the estate at Hagley (Worcestershire), praised by the poet Thomson in his Seasons, was nevertheless criticized by later more Picturesque-minded visitors for its want of water. Repton points out that water attracts the eye; it is the first feature perceived and the last to keep the spectator’s attention. On the east side where there were several small houses in the Water Meadows (Fig. 6a) he planned to dam up the small stream so as to flood the meadows. The water color of the “improved” site is a delightful scene (Fig. 6b). In the foreground a wide expanse of water is enlivened by fishermen and a sailing boat, while the mansion, now visible through the thinned woods, towers above the access bridge over the river.

Of all his proposals perhaps the most important change Repton planned was to remove the kitchen garden, created by the previous Earl in 1773 on the north beyond the stables, to the banks of the new lake at the east. The original walled-in garden is depicted set into the

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**Footnotes:**


Fig. 4. "Gatehouse at the entrance of the Park." Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.

Fig. 5. "The East Front, with the proposed additions, or restored parts..." Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.
Fig. 6a. "View from the Water Meadow..."

Fig. 6b. "... & also the Effect of the Lakes proposed." Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.

Fig. 7a. "Fruit and Kitchen Garden. In former times... the views from a house were little considered..."

Fig. 7b. "... but if ever the present garden were to be removed... a beautiful lake might be easily formed..." Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.
hillside with a long hothouse crossing it (Fig. 7a). Since the Shropshire Brook flowed through the garden, Repton took advantage of it to replace the garden with another lake (Fig. 7b). He warns in his commentary that this removal of the kitchen garden will require much time and cost and "will deserve very serious deliberation." This warning and the Earl's return to military activity undoubtedly prevented the realization of Repton's plans for the kitchen garden, which remained at its original location.

To move the kitchen garden from its distant and rather hidden site, to visual prominence on the north bank of the new lake in front of the mansion, reflects Repton's wish to improve and renew the setting in a mode appropriate to the "Style & Antiquity of Beaudesert." He points out that in the earlier days it was desirable and convenient to have the kitchen garden near the house, with little consideration given to the views from the building. During the Tudor period the orchard and the kitchen garden were at least of equal importance with the flower garden, and all three were situated somewhat haphazardly next to the residence as, for example, at the royal palace at Hampton Court. During the 18th century, with its interest in a broad landscape sweeping up to the mansion, the kitchen garden was often banished to a hidden corner, as here at Beaudesert when it was located beyond the stables to the north.

Repton includes on a fold-out page a water color plan of the new kitchen garden accompanied by a section of the garden on which are apsosed lines of sight and of sunshine. In his discussion of the new garden Repton points out that he wishes to feature it visually, and ends the Red Book with a water color view of the garden from "the opposite high bank [of the lake] near the Approach" (Fig. 8). The walled-in garden is terraced into the steep bank with "the corners to be marked with Turrets or Pavillons, which Mr Shaw will of course make to correspond with the date of the House." The upper wall was to have recessed arches which Repton notes are copied from those of Oxnead Hall in Norfolk, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Oxnead Hall had been the principal Tudor residence of the famous Paston family, whose archive of letters has been of inestimable value to the social and economic history of 15th-century England. With the death in 1732 of the last member of the family, the second Earl of Yarmouth, Oxnead Hall was abandoned. As reported in 1744 by the antiquarian Tom

Fig. 8. "Of the New Garden. Instead of endeavoring to conceal the Garden, I think it might be made a feature of the Place in character with the Style of Antiquity of Beaudesert...." Humphry Repton, "Red Book" for Beaudesert, Staffordshire. The Taylor Collection.

Martin: "The Hall, now in the utmost Ruins, is a deplorable sight."44 Repton, before becoming a landscape gardener, had lived for some eight years in Norfolk at Sustead, and his younger brother John was a farmer dwelling in a wing left from the ruins of Oxnead Hall. Therefore, Humphry Repton was personally cognizant of the remains of the Tudor hall. In 1809, his elder son, the architect and antiquarian John Adey Repton, drew a reconstruction of the mansion for John Britton's The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain. The reconstruction depicts a garden in front of the house rather similar to his father's project for the kitchen garden at Beaudesert (Fig. 9).

45 In 1844 John Adey Repton published a revised reconstruction with a partial inventory of the house in The Gentleman's Magazine, n.s., XXI, pt. 1, 1844, pp. 21-24 and 150-153. In the article he mentions his previous reconstruction of 1809 and notes that his uncle, John Repton, dwelt there until his death in 1809.
During Repton’s active years as a landscape designer, two major ideas dominated his thinking and differentiate his early style of landscaping from his later mode. In the late 18th century, Repton was involved in the “Picturesque controversy” with his friend Richard Payne Knight and with Uvedale Price, both of whom had published in 1794 accounts of the Picturesque which attacked the landscaping of Capability Brown and by implication of Repton, as he believed. He in turn added an Appendix to his treatise of 1795 condemning particularly their idea that landscape design should be modelled on landscape painting. Repton will repeat his opposition in several of his Red Books of the period, such as that of Attingham Park in Shropshire. 46 It was Repton’s credo that landscape design must adhere to principles derived from nature, its proper sphere of concern, and not from other arts. Much of this “tempest in a teapot” was occasioned by the fact that Knight and Price were primarily theorists, thinking somewhat abstractly, and generally limited in practice to their own estates, or to giving advice to friends, in contrast to the more pragmatic practitioner Repton, who had to appeal to a variety of patrons and work at diverse sites.

With the 19th century, Repton began to reject more of Capability Brown’s feigned naturalism and the consequent destruction of formal elements. He began reviving terraces, parterres, and formal gardens as a gradual transition from the regularity of man’s habitation to the irregularity of nature. So in his last treatise, Fragments (1816), a garden will be defined as “a piece of ground fenced off from cattle, and appropriated to the use and pleasure of man: it is, or ought to be, cultivated and enriched by art with such products as are not natural to this country, and, consequently it must be artificial in its treatment, and may, without impropriety, be so in its appearance; yet there is so much of littleness in Art, when compared with Nature, that they cannot well be blended: it were therefore to be wished, that the exterior of a garden should be made to assimilate with Park Scenery, or the Landscape of Nature; the interior may then be laid out with all the variety, contrast, and even whim, that can produce pleasing objects to the eye, however ill adapted as studies for a picture.” 47

This concern for the relationship between art and nature has haunted almost every generation, which has often allowed one of the two elements to dominate the other. Hence the reaction in the mid-18th century of the generation of Capability Brown to the formal gardening to which Henry Wise subjected England in the early 18th century. Today, as landscape architects and architects have parted company, the same problem arises. The Red Book of Beaudesert offers one of Repton’s more attractive presentations of how man’s world of habitation, the world of art, may be related to nature, and restores the formal garden to its traditional role of mediator between man and nature.

**Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour**

**A Literary Mystery**

Poor Relations, or,
The Case of M.L.

BY THOMAS P. ROCHE, JR.

The pieces that comprise this study of Robert Taylor’s unique copy of M.L.’s *Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour* are part of a detective story *manqué*: several detectives, some clues, but no solution. The story begins in 1982 with Taylor’s purchase of the poem from Bernard Quaritch, Ltd. Here was a unique copy of a late 16th-century poem not listed in the old edition of the STC, described in tantalizing detail in the catalogue: provenance *echt* but slight; it had been shelved in the ‘imperfect’ stock of the London dealers, Pickering and Chatto, since at least 1920. The title-page is missing, and therefore we do not know the author or the date of publication. Fortunately there was one witness in the person of “the Right Worshipfull Master Thomas Paget of the middel Temple, Esquier” to whom M.L. wrote a short dedicatory epistle, presenting “his Pamphlet,” as from “Your worships poore kinsman euer at commaund, M.L.” The catalogue suggests that this Sir Thomas Paget was probably the “son of Richard Paget of Craneford, Northants, and entered [the Middle Temple] 14 November 1562; he was Reader twice, Under-Treasurer perhaps in 1570, and Treasurer 1599-1600. In 1614 a law-book was dedicated to him (STC 841) as ‘Treasurer.’” M.L., his poor “kinsman” has not been so successfully traced, but in the absence of that information the catalogue reverts to that old standby of literary identification, publishers and booksellers, among whom the M.L.’s are Matthew Lawe, Matthew Lownes, Matthew Lee (Matthias Leigh), and Martin Le Mayre, none of whom seems to fit our M.L. This was the problem that Robert Taylor presented to me. Would I take the case?
I did, with the proviso that I bring in other literary detectives to help with Exoduct A: the poem itself. The poem is gathered in eights with the dedicatory epistle on sig Aij- [Aji]; the poem on sigs Aij- [Ciij], two stanzas to a page with decorative bars at top and bottom of each page and between the two stanzas which are not numbered. The poem consists of 68 stanzas of iambic pentameter verse, rhyming ababc. The title, Enquiries Scourge, and Vertues Honour is printed in full above the first stanza of the poem (sig Aiiij) and is repeated throughout the printing, with Enquiries Scourge, and on the verso and Vertues Honour on the recto. Beginning with stanza 42 there are marginal notations of the seven deadly sins, opposite the line of the appropriate stanza: Pride at stanza 42 [sig Bv], Avarice at 44 [sig Bvii], Gluttony at 46 [sig Bvii], Sloth at 48 [sig Bvii], Venerie at 50 [sig Bvii], Wrath at 52 [sig Bvii], and Envy at 54 [sig Bviii]. The catchwords are all orderly. Beyond this there are no printing anomalies to give any clue to solve the mysteries presented by this poem.

Expert technical advice was called for. Mr. Paul Needham of the Pierpont Morgan Library in a letter to Robert Taylor dated 6 January 1984 calls the paper “fairly typical of the cheap Norman papers common then” and through the use of beta-radiograph was able to reconstruct the watermark as a hand, which because of trimming in the first binding of the book is not entirely clear. Ms. Katherine F. Panzer of the Houghton Library has been able to trim the mystery even more by identifying the block initial ‘T’ in the dedicatory epistle with a similar ‘T’ in Henry Holland, Vicar of St. Bride’s, The Historie of Adam, a quarto printed by T. East for T. Man in 1606. The printing shop of T. East was taken over by T. Snodham in 1609, and Ms. Panzer concludes: “...I have not the least doubt that your unique [poem] came from the East-Snodham printing shop.” The difficulties of deciding whether the block had become worn or the paper of any individual copy had become rubbed aside, she assigns the dates 1605-1615.

Given the kind of paper and the probable printing shop from which the poem emerged, we are closer to a history of the unique object bought by Robert Taylor but no closer to the identity of the author, nor will internal evidence from the poem or dedicatory epistle help—except by setting limits. In stanza 9 the author refers to “Braggadochian swaines,” a clear reference to Spenser’s coward Braggadocio, a name he invented for the Duc D’Alençon in Book II of The Faerie Queene, which assures us that this poem could not have been written before 1590, the terminus a quo. The terminus ad quem is the dedicatee, Sir Thomas Paget, who could have received the dedication as early as 1590, but the probability is that it occurred between 1605 and 1615 as Ms. Panzer suggests on the basis of that block initial.

Three literary scholars have agreed to join in the detecting: Hallett Smith, who for most of us was our introduction to English poetry of the Renaissance; Alvin Kernan, who has taught us most of what we know about satire; and Richard Peterson, who has vowed to teach us what we should know about this poem by taking up the challenge of doing a critical edition of the poem. I have printed the comments of these writers as they were submitted. There is some overlapping, but so there is in most mystery stories; it is better to listen to the testimony of each witness than to hear the judge’s summation.

My own witness in this endeavor has been curtailed by the task I set myself, which was to study the possibility of numerological or other structural programs. Apart from correcting the catalogue’s error of crediting the poem with a mere 64 stanzas, I have been able to find no traditional Renaissance formualic patterns in the poem, and all that I can say about the order of the seven deadly sins is that they follow none of the patterns so skillfully shown in Morton Bloomfield’s book of the same name, although there is a family resemblance to Spenser’s order in Faerie Queene, 1.4.

In many ways we are total failures as detectives, but that is in the nature of literary research, for which there is no trial date nor sentencing. We have produced as much evidence as we could muster about the poem, and we are now declaring the field open for further examination of the evidence. We have brought the case to the attention of the public in order that those who might be interested will be aware of the existence of this poem and its problems. We would all be grateful for any further information or suggestions, which should be sent to Richard Peterson, who has elected to continue the good fight to find M.L.

My one regret in coming to this conclusion in which nothing is concluded is that Bob Taylor, the only begetter of this unique volume, will not be able to enjoy the little we actually accomplished for one of his latest and favorite children.
Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour
A Literary Mystery
Preliminary Evidence

BY HALLETT SMITH

The poem, Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour has 68 stanzas in the same meter Shakespeare used for Venus and Adonis, six iambic pentameter lines consisting of a quatrains and a couplet, rhyming ababcc. This verse form was very popular in the period 1590-1610. Many of John Weever's Epigrammes in the Oldest Cut, and Newest Fashion (1599) are in this form, and his Mirror of Martyrs (1601), a defence of Sir John Oldcastle, is entirely in Venus and Adonis stanzas. Moreover, the stanzas are separated by type ornaments, as they are in Envy's Scourge. John Marston's Metamorphosis of Pigmalions Image (1598) is likewise in that meter. Perhaps the vogue was started a year earlier. Joseph Hall, who published the first three of his Virgidiemiarum Six Books in 1597, prefaced his satires with a "Defiance to Envy," consisting of nineteen Venus and Adonis stanzas. Marston, following up his Pigmalions with satires called The Scourge of Villainie (1598) dedicated them "To Detraction" in four stanzas. The familiar form is used again by T.M. (sometimes identified as Thomas Middleton, the well-known playwright) for his "Defiance to Envy" prefixed to Microcynicon, Sixe Snarling Satires (1599).

Enuies Scourge lacks the title-page, so its authorship and date remain a mystery. It has a dedication, to the Right Worshipful Thomas Paget of the Inner Temple, and is signed "Your worship poore kinsman euer at command. M.L." One naturally wonders if the poor kinsman was also connected with the Middle Temple, since so many wits and poets (Marston, Walter Ralegh) were. He has not yet been traced, however. One looks for him in vain in the Diary of John Manningham, a student of law at the Middle Temple in 1602-1603. Manningham preserves for us an account of a production of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night and a racy story about how Shakespeare outwitted Burbage in an assignation, but there is nothing helpful about M.L.

Some references in the poem are tantalizing. The poet comments on how Alcides (Hercules) was a slave to lust when he served Omphale and wore women's clothes, but, the poet says:

Spight of thy spight his vertue doth suruiue
And by a learned pen is made aliuie.

This sounds like a reference to Spenser, who certainly celebrated Hercules in The Faerie Queene, but he was not the only "learned pen" of that period. Again, the stanza

Issue of hatefull Herebus and night
hard harted Acropos the knife of fate
Who so vntimely didst thou dim the light
of him that sweetest layes did chaunt of late
The dere bemoner of his honoured friend
Which got much honour when his life did end.

could possibly refer to Spenser, who died in 1599 and who had mourned the death of Sidney in his Astrophel (1595). In another stanza M. L. says that he has blamed a "reverend wit" who didn't deserve it, and he now repents abjectly.

My sorrowing sobes haue bloodlesse left my hart,
that giddy rage so cleare a spring did staine,
Let worthlesse lines be scattered heere and there,
But verses liue supported by a speare.

The most obvious candidate for the "reverend wit" is Joseph Hall, the satirist, embroiled in a squabbble with Marston of the Middle Temple. Hall took orders about 1600, gave up poetry, and became an antagonist of John Milton. But "verses liue supported by a speare" will make any reader familiar with the punning habits of the time wonder if there is a pun here.

The fact that the theme and the verse form of this poem can be found in many places in the period around 1600 makes it extremely difficult to identify the poet by either of these means. It is virtually impossible if Envy's Scourge is the only verse M. L. wrote or published. Pursuit of Thomas Paget and his relatives may offer more promise.
**Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour**  
**A Literary Mystery**  
**The Kindly Satyr**  
**BY ALVIN KERNAN**

In England in the late 16th and early 17th centuries, an odd fashion appeared for a type of poetic satire based on the hard attacking style of the increasingly popular Roman satirist of the first century A.D., Juvenal, reinforced by an etymological myth that mistakenly, located the origins of literary satire in the harsh, crude invective of woodland satyrs. “Satyr” or “Satyre” remained the spelling of satire until well along in the 18th century, when it was still used by both Pope and Swift; but the idea that satire was a violent denunciation in a strange garbled “fluttering style” thought to be the natural speech of bestial satyrs soon spent itself in a series of formal verse satires with such energetic titles as John Marston’s *Scourge of Villanie* (1598, 1599), Thomas Middleton’s *Microcynicon or Sixt Snarling Satyres* (1599) John Davies of Hereford *The Scourge of Folly* (1611) and *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1613) by George Wither, whom Pope styled “Wretched Withers.” This type of “sharp-fang’d poesie” eventually included some remarkable satires, such as those of John Hall, Donne and Ben Jonson, but its usual bombastic style and sensational subject matter led, fairly enough, to Shakespeare’s caustic portraits of the satyr-satirist as Jaques in *As You Like It*, Thersites in *Troilus*, and Timon of Athens; and to the vulgar remonstrance to John Marston, one of the most famous satyrs, in the play, the second *Return from Parnassus: “What, Monsieur Kinsayder, lifting up your legge and pissing against the world? Put up man, put up for shame.”* (I.2.267-8)

Master M.L., the anonymous author, or at least the dedicatior, of *Enuies Scourge* was no vicious whipper of the world’s enormities, and his satire gives both in its running title, *Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour,* and its verses as much attention to goodness as to the sins of the age. But in its organization and its style it is, despite a noticeable and attractive mildness, a typical formal verse satire of the satyr tradition. It proceeds through 68 six-line rhymed stanzas (ababcc) to lay out and attack a variety of moral failings by describing and denouncing them in sequence, sometimes offering dramatic examples, usually drawn from classical rather than contemporary materials. Not only envy but bragging, prodigality, slander, ignorance, hypocrisy, pretended friendship, and finally the Seven Deadly Sins are paraded before the reader one after the other, along with their counter virtues. Some unity is maintained in this variety by an emphasis on envy. Each sin is related to envy in some manner, and the poem concludes with a ringing denunciation of Envy personified as the master sin of the age.

Master M.L. is aware that the satyr tradition requires the use of strange grotesque words, crudity of subject, and a violent tearing style. But in his gentleness, the strangest words he musters up are “bragadochian,” “hitteroclyt,” “Cacodaemic,” and “facinerous.” And by way of a biting style, the following denunciation of Wrath in a string of epithets is about as high as he raises his leg:

Bitter untam’d, rude, drunken, cruel, sad,  
Littigious, restlesse, hurtful, heady, fierce,  
Impatient, horrid, bloody, raging mad,  
Bringing to care a birth, to joy a herce,  
No Epithets are bad enough to tell,  
Wraths Stigian fury leading quicke to hell.  
*(Stanza 53)*

The poem is as anxious to declare its connections to Juvenal and Roman satire as to woodland satyrs, and classical references of a conventional type — Erebus and Priam — abound. But for the modern reader M.L.’s most interesting materials are references to his own time, such as the descriptions in stanzas 29 and following of how usurers gained estates by undervaluing land pledged for sureties. Of particular interest in this regard are the stanzas 11 through 25 in which M.L. laments the failure of the world and the rich to recognize and reward the true poet, presumably like himself. This defense of learning in the face of the world’s indifference connects with the claims for support made in the dedication on Thomas Paget, treasurer of the Middle Temple,
1599-1600. The satirist as disappointed scholar — Macilente in Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, or Bosola in *The Duchess of Malfi*, for example — was another standard feature of satyr-satire, but *Enuies Scourge* includes two extremely interesting descriptions of the dangers besetting the scholar. The first both sounds like Spenser and may refer to him as a poet:

that sweetest layes did chaunt of late
The deere beemoner of his honoured friend
Which got much honour when his life did end.
(Stanza 21)

The second is more personal and more intriguing, since it may refer to Shakespeare. In Stanza 24 M.L. offers as an example of the slandering of worthy poets his own recent attacks on a blameless writer:

My selfe in sted a reverend wit have blamed
Without desert, whereof I am ashamed.

He then goes on in the next stanza to ask forgiveness in terms which remind us inevitably of Greene's attack on Shakespeare — “O tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide” — in his *Groatsworth of Wit* (1592), and the subsequent defense of the slandered poet by Henry Chettle and others:

Pardon sweet wit (which hast a liberall part
of pure infusion in thy happy braine)
My sorrowing sobs have bloodlesse left my hart,
that giddy rage so cleere a spring did staine,
Let worthlesse lines bee scattered heere and there,
But verses live supported by a speare.
(Stanza 25)

The “pure infusion” sounds much like Shakespeare's reputation for a free-flowing imagination, and the “speare” may refer to both his name and his coat of arms. All this in six lines which to my ear sound much like the sestet of a Shakespearean sonnet. This is, I believe, as much as we can say with certitude, but the lines give a special value to *Enuies Scourge* and its author, over and above its very real interest as a new and excellent example of one of the real curiosities of English Renaissance literature, the satyr-satire.

*Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour*  
A Literary Mystery  
Spenser Redivivus  
BY RICHARD S. PETERSON

The discovery of a unique copy of a satiric poem by a writer identified only as “M.L.” has yielded not only a singular document but an important addition to literary history. For students of the turn of the 16th century, the mystery of M.L.’s identity is doubled by the greater mystery of his literary antecedents. Where, we must ask, does this vigorous, ambitious, and curiously memorable poem spring from? How can we account for the seemingly anomalous appearance of a lengthy work of such indisputable—if sometimes indisputably awkward—power?

Contrary to what might be expected, it is comparatively rare to find a major English Renaissance writer influencing in a thorough-going and fruitfully invigorating way a minor writer of the same or the succeeding generation. Spenser's immediate known heirs, for example, may be said to have divided up the vast and varied territory of his work in order to avoid being conquered by it. Among the resulting minor fiefdoms are the elaborate rhetoric of Charles Fitzgeoffrey, the amorous conceits of Arthur Gorges, the blameless pastoral of William Browne, and the religious epics of Giles and Phineas Fletcher; while the greatest of this loosely connected, heterogeneous group of “Spenserians,” Drayton, owes only the most general of debts in his nostalgic and mellifluous numbers. If, moreover, we turn from Spenser to

1 Of these the closest to M.L. in style is Fitzgeoffrey (Sir Francis Drake, 1596). I have not seen another poem indebted to Spenser, Peter Pett's *Time's Journey to Seeke His Daughter Truth* (London, 1599), a unique copy of which is in the Huntington Library; see Soji Iwasaki, "Veritas Filia Temporis and Shakespeare," *ELR* 3 (1973), 253-255. For Spenser's influence on a major writer, see A. Kent Heatt, "The Genesis of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Spenser's Ruines of Rome: by Bellay," *PMLA* 98 (1983), 800-814, and 99 (1984), 244-245.
THE EPISTLE

is factious, and Vertue malign'd, & therefore had need to be sufficiently armed against the gnarl of murmurings of vicious aduersaries, pardon mee then if I desire your assistance, since I know many shadows, but few substantces, many false types but few true touches of Vertue. So loath to keepe your worship from your many more weightie busines, & from perusing the work it selfe, I humbly take my leave, desiring you to accept my hart, which I wish to enioy no longer then it shall willingly love you and your whole house.

Your worship's poore
knight ever at command, M. L.

Enuies scourge, and Vertues honour.

From th, my Rocks faire Rivers flow away,
the sweetest Rose is fenced round with thorns;
The roughest Ores is wrap'd in filthy clay,
Fair content Pearls in Offiers bowle are born.
So Envy would Castle hall Vertue hide;
Which is a gem worth all the world beside.

The Taylor Collection.
other major poets—Sidney, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Donne, or Jon-
son—the list of their minor followers whom we can commend for at-
tentive and liberating imitation (as opposed to the fitful or too slavish
sort) is very short indeed.

But there is now, with the appearance of M.L., one minor poet who
can be shown to have meditated upon, assimilated, and creatively
transformed a major predecessor in a surprisingly complete act of
homage and inventive good stewardship. That auctor is again Spenser,
this time in virtually all his aspects. Strains which in the older poet are
often given distinct expression in separate works or parts of works—
the complaints of The Teares of the Muses and The Ruines of Time, the epic
and satyric (and pastoral) components of The Faerie Queene, the reli-
gious devotion of the heavenly Hymnes, and the court satire of Mother
Hubberds Tale and Colin Clout—are here subsumed in a new design as
M.L. creates his own complex and persuasive persona, that of a volatile
champion of Virtue who is himself embattled with Envy, Wrath, and
Demogorgon. Within the 408 lines of M.L.’s poem there is evidence
not only of broad Spenserian themes interrelated in a new way but of
a witty pattern of distinctive Spenserian words and phrases. M.L.’s ver-
bal echoes and allusions, which can only be selectively described here, 
are ingeniously veiled, and he has followed the master’s use of recur-
ring rhyme pairs and techniques of correlative verse to arrive at an ef-
effect of copious intensity. Perhaps most impressively, he shows an ex-
emplary awareness of Spenser’s own habit of creative self-imitation, by
which the motifs of one part of the Faerie Queene, for instance, reap-
 pear in a revealing new configuration in another.

This Spenserian posture helps to explain the particular tone of the
poem and sets M.L. off from other participants in the vogue for formal
satire that began in the 1590s. His vocabulary, by contrast, is thor-
oughly Spenserian, as in his arcaising words for heroic effort (“guer-
don,” “impris”) or defeat (“ruinate,” “amate”) and the “spight,”
“drifts,” “shifts,” “sliht[s],” and “forgeries[s]” that recall the strategies
of Duessa, Archimago, and others. Even the “Scourge” of the title (as
we have it from the running heads) seems likewise related not to the
implement of relentless contemporary whippers and scourgers but to
the double-edged tool of the more vulnerable and plaintive Spenser,
whose heroes, like Hercules and Christ, are often at once scourgers

* A fuller account, with more also on biblical doublings of classical themes, will appear

Fig. 1. Invidia. Engraving by H. Aldegrever 1549. Reproduced by permission of the
Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.
and scourged. The phrase “Enuies Scourge” is thus richly ambiguous. On the one hand it suggests simply the whip or scourge sometimesbrandished by Envy (Fig. 1), who may be shown with a serpent’s tail—
motifs conflated by Spenser in the scourging tails of the dragon and of
Duessa’s vile mount (Faerie Queene I.xi.37; I.viii.17), and suggestively
linked with the Blatant Beast, that “plague and scourge of wretched
men” (VI.i.8). Read another way, the phrase promises us a vigorous
agent (perhaps the poet himself, although this is deliberately left un-
clear) who will attack Envy, in effect scouring the scourger, a turn-
about comparable in its satisfactions to the episode in which the Salvage
Man sets on Dideine with Dideine’s own whip (VI.viii.28).

All this opens out into more encompassing Spenserian themes pres-
ent, for example, in the device found on the 1595 title page of Colin
Clouds Come Home Againe (Fig. 2), and transformed by M.L. in his own
scheme. As the encircling motto Vires [c]jVulnere Veritas (“Truth flour-
rishes by a wound”) suggests, the scourging hand emerging from the
clouds represents the trials by which God or Time tests the good, that
virtue may be enhanced and truth revealed. Virtue “ Lets tymne make
trall both of good and bad,” in M.L.’s formulation of this idea (st. 3).
In this sense even Envy may be an improbable agent for good, as im-
plied by another widely circulated 16th-century device (Fig. 3) that
builds on the closely related classical idea that Time brings Truth to
light—a further favorite Spenserian motif invoked by M.L. in the
poem (st. 65). In this emblematic scene a serpent-tailed figure flogs un-
fortunate Truth or Virtue even as she is being raised from the tradi-
tional rocky cave by her father, Time. Thus the scourge of M.L.’s title

3 Engraving by H. Aldegger, 1549 (Bartsch VIII.397.111); see F.W.H. Hollstein,
German Engravings, Etchings, and Woodcuts ca. 1400-1700, 28 vols. (Amsterdam, 1954-
1968), I, 57.
3 The Faerie Queene is cited here in the edition of Thomas P. Roche, Jr. (New Haven,
1981); other poems are quoted from The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser, ed. J. C. Smith
5 The initials “T.C.” are those of the printer Thomas Creede. It is striking that hans
emerge from clouds to perform emblematic actions in no fewer than four of Spenser’s
other title pages (Daphnaya, 1591; Amoretti and Epithalamion, 1595; The Faerie Queene,
1596; Faerie Hymnes, 1596).
(Also in 1570 edn., 92 verso.) See Samuel C. Chew, The Pilgrimage of Life (New Haven,
1969), pp. 19, 306, n. 18. For contemporary examples of a similar scene used as a print-
ner’s device, see R. B. McKerrow, Printers’ and Publishers’ Devices. 1485-1649 (London,
1913), pp. 115-120, no. 306, and Fritz Saxl, “Veritas Filia Temporis,” in Philosophy and
in other depictions of the theme, such as Geoffrey Whitney, A Choice of Emblemes (Ley-

Fig. 2. Vires [c]jVulnere Veritas. Title page of Edmund Spenser Colin Clouds Come Home
Again, 1595. Reproduced by permission of the Princeton University Library.
may well incomber but not dim the Suns radiaunce... The
world I know is factious, and Vertue maligned, & therefore
had neede to be sufficiently armed against the gnatlike
murmuring of vicious adversaries.

The envious force represented by the obsuring and obscure figure of
Acomus is familiar enough from the Faerie Queene, where Redcrosse
eary bears the "glorious badge" of Christ into battle against Error and
her serpent brood, which "him encomred sore." The besieged knight
is like a shepherd surrounded by "a cloud of combrous gnattes," which
he brushes aside, "and oft doth mar their murmuring" (I.i.2, 22-23).
Working in a typical fashion, M.L. by the word "dim" brings to bear
other occasions in the Faerie Queene on which "enues cloud still dim-
meth vertues raye" (V.xii.27), and specifically another "combrous con-
ict" in which Arthur takes arms against the dark forces of Maleger,
which like "a swarme of Gnats at euentide... Their murmuring
small trompets sounden wide, / Whiles in the aire their clusting army
flies, / That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies" (II.ix.16-17).7
These are just such adversaries as M.L. warns we must be "sufficiently
armed" against, and "Vertues Honour" is thus no less than the shield
borne by a Spenserian champion into the field—"that which doth con-
taine / Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield," in the words of
Artegall, who rebukes Sir Burbon for laying aside his "badge" because
it aroused envy (V.xi.53, 55).

The source of M.L.'s inspiration, as well as the complicated texture of
the tapestry of Spenserian words and phrases he is weaving, is fur-
ther apparent in stanzas 18 and 19:

Yee sacred brood of godly Mnemosyne
whose temples are impaled with Laurell crowne
Vouchsafe one drop of your rare skill diuine
Upon my Meaneer Muse to cast adowne.
So shal my lines haue life, your power commended
And heauenly Vertue bee aight defended.

I know lines steep'd in dew of Castalie
haue power to bring to life a buried man,

7 M.L. plays again on this theme by presenting in the poem a "swarme of Braggado-
chian swaines" (vis. 9-10)—a witty multiplication of Spenser's single Braggadochio, who
is appropriately scourged out of court by Talus (P.Q. V.iii.58).
The mighty Leeches skill comes nothing nigh
which made Nouercas loue a Virbían,
Yet Enuy labours with continual slight
[T]o turne this cheerfull day to balefull night.

Stanza 18 is an artful invocation not only of the muses but of a whole cluster of Spenserian passages in which terms for the muses and their poets are varied and transposed. Spenser's muses, too, are "daughters of Dame memorie" (Ruines of Time 368), "the golden brood of great Apolloes wit . . . the God of goody Arts" (Teares of the Muses 2, 58). M.L.'s "sacred brood" of "goodyly" parentage moreover echoes Spenser's descriptions of poets as "the brood of blessed Sapience," "The goodyly off-spring of Inues progenie" (Teares of the Muses 72, 489), and especially his elegiac description of Sidney both as the son of a "goodyly" mother who brought forth "The sacred brood of learning" and as a swan of "the goodlie crieu / Of white Strimonian brood" (Ruines of Time 275-279, 592-599).

The spring from which M.L.'s "drop of . . . rare skill diuine" is drawn is similarly unmistakable in a number of Spenserian passages from varied settings. There is, for example, Spenser's invocation to Heavenly Love:

Yet O most blessed Spirit, pure lamp of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisdome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew . . .

(An Hymne of Heavenly Love, 43-47)

To this should be added the appeals to his lady ("Deigne to let fall one drop of dew relief"); "An Hymne in Honour of Beautie," 284) and to the Countess of Pembroke on the occasion of his lament for Sidney ("Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise, / With some few silver dropping tears t'adorne": Ruines of Time 682-683). And yet more precise parallel to M.L.'s thirst for an animating drop of inspiration (here wittily taken from a great predecessor even in the act of asking) is found in the shepherd Colin's wish to be anointed by Chaucer, so that "on me some little drops would flowe, / Of that the spring was in his learned hedde" (The Shepheardes Calender, June, 93-94).

M.L. goes on in stanza 19 to elide these Spenserian drops of inspiration with the refreshing, healing, or immortalizing dew or balm that Spenser scatters throughout the Faerie Queene and other works. The phrase "steep'd in dew of Castalie" is an open announcement of M.L.'s allegiance, directly echoing as it does the Ruines of Time, where Spenser describes how Homer made Achilles immortal:

For not to have been dipp'd in Léthie lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortal make
With verses, dipt in dew of Castalie . . .
(Constraints of Time 428-431)

Both the movement of stanza 19 as a whole, with its powerful concessive mood ("I know . . . Yet . . .") that places poetry in doubtful battle with Envy, and the analogy between the healing arts of the leech and the poet are at base Spenserian. But in comparing the saving power of poetry with that of the leech Aesculapius, who made Hippolytus whole again after a death precipitated by the advances of his stepmother, or "nouerca," M.L. begins his own variation on Spenserian themes. To be a "Virbian"—Hippolytus was renamed Virbius after his resurrection—is to be twice born (virbis), and M.L.'s poem is in part a meditation on examples of such rebirths, which are often associated with the cleansing medium of fire.

The most prominent resurrected figure in the poem is Hercules, that type of Christ whose ultimate triumph over Envy is celebrated in stanza 17: "Spight of [Envy's] spight his vertue doth suruive, / And by

9 Cf. Spenser's quite different use of Ovid's account (Met. XX.497-544) in the Faerie Queene, where he makes the wounded Sansoyn into a dark version of Hippolytus, with Aesculapius in his infernal cave serving as a demonic foil for other, Christian healers (I.96-98). The image of the scattered Hippolytus is further used to describe the dismemberment of the evil Souldan in Book V (viii.42-43).

10 This fanciful etymology, first explicit in Servius's commentary on the Virgilian version of the story (Aenid VII.761-777), is implied in Ovid's account (Met. II.645-648) of how Aesculapius was punished by Jove's thunderbolt for restoring Hippolytus: "You will twice renew your fate" ("his tua fata novabas"), the nymph Ocyroë prophesies.

a learned pen is made alue." Like Achilles in the passage from the Ru-
ines of Time, Hercules (in myth purged of mortality on the funeral pyre)
is saved by poetry, and specifically by a "learned pen" that ap-
ppears to be Spenser's and behind him, Ovid's. Like Hippolytus, Herc-
ules is persecuted by a noverca—his stepdame Juno, the very emblem
of envy, who dictated his arduous labors. She plays a part also in the
fate of "twice borne" Bacchus (st. 46), rescued from his mother
Se-'
melier's imolation to be reborn out of Jove's thigh. As will be sug-
gested briefly below, M.L. ultimately puts this ancient motif of envious
stepdame—a theme related to the idea of nature herself as a cruel step-
mother scourging her offspring—to novel use. Other parallels
abound: not only Hercules, whose one flaw was lust (st. 17), but the
avaricious Croesus (sts. 44-45) and the slothful Sardanapalus (sts.
48-49) are each redeemed in fire after conquering one of the seven deadly
sins. 

After the deft prelude of Spenserian verbal and thematic echoes it is
not surprising to find in stanzas 21 through 23 a central lament for a
figure that is almost certainly Spenser himself—a lament that more-
over modulates into a triumphant celebration of his continued life
after death:

13 The hint of this line of descent is intensified by M.L.'s use of the Ovidian word no-
verca and by his choice of motifs of special importance in Ovid's career. Like the unjustly
slandered Hippolytus, the exiled Ovid had "scarcely room for a new wound" ("vixque
habet in nobis iam nova plaga locum"); Ex Ponto II.711,42 and IV.352-58; cf. Hippolytus'
state, Met. 15.5-2-5; and Ovid's description of himself as beyond the skill of Aesculapius,
E.F. III.21-22; the empress to whom Ovid must appeal for mercy is moreover a
"Juno" (E.F. III.117, 145). M.L. may have had in mind some intriguing parallels: like
Ovid, Spenser was "exiled" to a savage land and experienced the displeasure of the
mighty because of his writings. Spenser himself may have sensed the parallel; see Rose-
mond Tuve's "Spenserius," in Thomas P. Roche, ed., Essays by Rosemond Tuve: Spenser,

14 Ovid, Met. III.308-312. Bacchus is thus "bis genitus" (s17) or "satum . . . iterum"
(IV.12). Cf. Aesculapius, also born in fire when he was snatched from the womb of
Corinna on the funeral pyre by his father Apollo, who repented of his jealousy (Met. II.612-
620).

15 See the emblem of Guillaume de la Perrière in which a Janus-like Nature nurses as
a mother on one side, scourges as a stepdame on the other (La Monasphore . . . [Lyon,
1555], no. 42). Cf. Spenser's description of nature as "No nurse, but steppelame cruel
Merciless" (Daphneida 342) and his reference to "bitter stepdame Nature" (Ruines of
Rome: by Bellay, 9.2).

16 On Croesus's reprieve by Cyrus from the funeral pyre as he rejects worldly riches,
see Herodotus 1.86-88 and Plutarch, Solon 27-48; on Sardanapalus's energetic con-
struct of his own funeral pyre to escape capture, see Diodorus Siculus II.25-27. In a var-
to eternal flames while Lazarus, the poor man he denied food and drink, enjoys resur-
rection (sts. 46-47).

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Issue of hatefull Herebus and night
hard harted A[tr]ose the knife of fate
Why so untimely didst thou dim the light
of him that sweetest layes did chaunt of late
The deere beemoner of his honoured friend
Which got much honour when his life did end.

Here gan to chace from out the vtmost parts
of fairest Albion that professord foe,
Placing ripe knowledge in their brutish harts,
which steps of hellish darkenesse vont to goe,
Though graue contain thy tronke (on earth desir'd)
Thy fame yet flues of all the earth admir'd.

Let the diuine perfection of thy mynd,
as it was chiefe so haue the chiepest place,
Let thy beames shine as far as farthest Inde
that it may vanquish every black disgrace.

Like Redcrosse escaping from the dungeon of the giant Orgoglio, this
poet has by implication thwarted the efforts of lump-backed "Igno-
so" to shut learned poets in "obscurest vaults below" (st. 20), and
has risen sunlike from the grave. The references to Spenser's own lament
in Ruines of Time and "Astrophel" for Sidney, who got much honor
through his noble death in battle, and to Spenser's years fighting dark-
ness in "brutish" Ireland confirm the veiled intention of the poem to
inventively praise Spenser as Spenser had praised Sidney. 

To this laudatory description of key events in Spenser's life is con-
trasted a "shamefull Calender" (an ironic echo of Shepheardes Calender),
apparently a poem or work in which M.L. has unjustly disparaged a
"reuerend wit." The three stanzas on Spenser are balanced by a three-
stanza apology (24-26) to this "sweet wit," possibly Shakespeare, for

17 In view of Spenser's own oblique satire on Lord Burghley (e.g., in R.T. 21-217,
450-455), the owner of the "stigmatick lumpce" could be Burghley's surviving son, the
deformed Robert Cecil.

18 Even M.L.'s use of the ababec stanza form seems to support this intention. Spenser
himself uses it in "Astrophel" as well as in the lamenting T.M. and the doleful "Decem-
ber" eclogue. Indeed, the numerous echoes of the Ruines of Time noted above and below
are joined here by resonances of "Astrophel," where Spenser had emphasized Sidney's
skill in the "chace" (84) and efforts to combat the "brutish" enemy (97-98). M.L.'s phrase
"deere beemoner" (21.1) is a witty allusion to Spenser's fondness for the words "moan"
(see, e.g., "Aen." 170, 205, 207; R.T. 157, 192) and "bemoan" (e.g., R.T. 160; Daph. 75,
392).
whose works M.L. now wishes not the fate of a dismembered Hippol- 
ythus unattended by Aesclapius, but immortality: "Let worthlesse lines 
bee scattered heere and there, / But verses liue supported by a speare" 
(st. 25). The apology, while convincingly wholehearted, serves an im-
portant strategic purpose in the poem, establishing M.L.'s credentials 
as one personally embattled with envy and guilty of a 'giddy rage' that 
has stained the clear spring of reason and inspiration. He himself has 
been scourged by envy—not only by his envy of another poet but per-
haps also (as the tone of the poem as a whole suggests) by the envy of 
others. Accordingly, he turns in the next stanza to address the business 
at hand, which has the ring of a Spenserian quest:

But barbarous deeds of Demogorgon calls 
mee hence, and bids me blame their foule abuse, 
Which vnder good pretence doe worke men fals 
a sinne new coyn'd which Cacodaemicks vse, 
False seeming semblance of praise worthie good. . . .

(st. 27)

It is appropriate that the "new coyn'd" sin18 is a form of usury, the 
vice that so enraged Christ when he scourged the money-changers 
from the temple—an episode that has a classical parallel in the motif of 
Hercules scourging Avarice from the temple of the muses (Figs. 4 
and 5).19 M.L.'s extended lashing of money-lenders who deceive their 
clients Duessa-like with "the shew of pitie's beautious face" (st. 28)20 
goers on for seven stanzas and conveys an affecting bitterness. This 
ritual cleansing offers a foretaste of what is to happen later in the poem, 
when the scourger is scourged in earnest. In his catalogue of the seven 
deadly sins (sts. 42-55), which varies the parade of sins in Book I of the 
Faerie Queene (I.iv.16-36), M.L. reserves some of the most biting strokes 
for the crowning sin of Envy.21

18 Cf. Spenser's Dissemblance, who despite her courteous appearance speaks "words 
false coined" (F.Q. III.xii.14). Aply, the word "Cacodaemicks" seems to be M.L.'s own 
coine (from "cacoedemon," or demon); the only example in the OED dates from 1611.
19 Christ: Anon. woodcut (early 16th c.) after Hans Schäuflein (Bartsch VII.253-
254.34). Hercules: Chiaroscuro woodcut (early 16th c.) by Ugo da Carpi after Baldassare 
Peruzzi (Bartsch XII.135-134.12).
20 M.L. underlines the Spenserian origins of his pervasive concern with false "sem-
blance" in st. 46, where he warns of devious patrons offering "Sardanian smyles . . .
tyed to Sirens feet." This is a direct echo of Spenser's description of the duplicitous Ma-
lengein, who uses a "Sardonian smile . . . his false intent to shade" (F.Q. V.ix.12).
21 It is significant that M.L.'s other besetting sin, wrath, comes in for similarly vigorous

Fig. 4. Expulsion of the Money-Changers. Anonymous woodcut after Hans 
Schauflein, early 16th c. Reproduced by permission of the Department of Prints 
and Drawings, British Museum.
When Lambe haue Lyons to their surest guides,
[And nightcrows search by princely Eagles sides.
(st. 36)

The "soueraigne balme"—and the stanza as a whole—represents a distillation of Spenserian lines, most notably (augmenting earlier references to inspirational drops and Castalian dew) those passages in which Redcrosse is restored as a result of being dipped in "holy water dew," that "streaume of Balme, most soueraine" issuing from the tree of life, which "deadly woundes could heale and reare againe / The senselesse corse appointed for the graue" (Faerie Queene, I.xi.36, 48; cf. III.iv.40). Both "zeale" and "perfect loue," the essence of M.L.39's imagined cascade of balm, are Spenserian ingredients—indeed, the second line echoes both the nostalgia for "Sweete Loue deuoyd of vil-
lanie in Teares of the Muses (987) and the "perfect loue, deuoyd of hatefull strife" that crowns Book IV of the Faerie Queene (IV.iii.52). The running balm is, moreover, conceived as an explicit antidote to the rampage of the Blaunt Beast, which "raungeth through the world againe, / And ragerth sore" at the end of Book VI (xii.40), and whose teeth, "Made all of rusty yron, ranckling sore," inflict "ranckling wounds" (VI.vi.9, 2).42

In short, M.L. is as Spenserian in his healing as in his scourging—perhaps most Spenserian, as we will finally see, in his emphasis on healing. The poignancy of Stanza 36 derives from his realization, with Spenser—whose vignette of the irrevocably lost antique age (Faerie Queene IV.viii.31) he reworks in the final lines of the stanza—that lions are unlikely ever again to keep faith with lambs. M.L. builds his closing picture of the virtuous life (sts. 63-67) on Spenser's tenuous alternative, an inner balm that flows from the fragile state of contemplative or pastoral withdrawal as prescribed by the hermit-leich43 and the shep-

39 See, e.g., Spenser's "erie zeale," "vnfaynec zeale," "meek zeal," "burning zeal" (F.Q. I.x.37, VI.I.26; Heavenly Love 254, 271), which M.L. crosses with such Spenserian formulations as Arthur's "hearty speech" and Una's "hearty words" (F.Q. I.x.49, xi.1). For other examples of "perfect loue" see Colin Clout 476, 835; F.Q. III.iv.54, VI.IX.45. For "mymnyck forgerie," cf. Spenser's "fained forgerie," "painted forgerie," "line forgerie" (Colin Clout 656; F.Q. II. Pr.1, Viii.30).

40 For the ubiquitous Spenserian formulation "through the world" see, e.g., F.Q. V.i.6, vii.16; VI.I.7, vii.2, 37, 38, viii.22, xii.12, 13. Combinations of "ranckling" and "sore" are frequent; see F.Q. I.x.25, II.iv.23, VI.i.5, x.31. "Rankling wound" recurs at VI.i.41; cf. also "ranckling pane" (I.xi.38).

41 In his healing postlude M.L. in effect applies the counsel of the leech, who cures by words the inwardly rankling wounds that envy has inflicted on Timias and Serena: "For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie, / To heal your selves" (F.Q. VI.vi.7).

42 Submerged in the last line of the stanza is the image of Virtue being raised by her father Time (see the discussion of Fig. 3, above), a resurrection which parallels that of the eagle.

43 See Vermale's lament for her fallen towers and temples: "All those (O pite) now are turned to dust, / And overgrown with blacke obliuions rust" (R.T. 97-98); cf. the fate of those who, not sung by poets, "die in obscure oblivion," doomed to "in rustic darknes ever lie" (946, 949).
and passages and poured into new verses. Bathed in the balm of his own words and phrases, Spenser lives again. The poem and its method imply that the true heir or imitator is not unlike an Aesculapius who unites the scattered lines of the poet's corpus into a new whole, through this interpretative act giving them fresh life. Read as the title of an elegy, "Enuies Scourge, and Vertues Honour" may refer in hidden fashion to Spenser himself, celebrating his power to lash envy and defend virtue from beyond the grave.

If the poem is about the healing power of poetry, and specifically of Spenser’s poetry, it is also about self-healing. In his earnest struggles with envy M.L. represents an interesting poetic personality in his own right, and the tranquil tone of the closing lines of the poem is itself a tribute to the curative force of Spenser’s words. The correlative strokes are no longer the downward strokes of the whip but the upward urgings of the spirit. M.L. is prepared to take “incessant paines” (st. 68)—a final Spenserian phrase of questing and serving 68—to follow in the footsteps of this most energetic scourger of envy:

What Archer would not shoote at such a marke? what Eagle would not gaze at such a sunne?
Who would not seeke such heauens with the Lark? what horseman would not for such honor runne?
Then shoote, gaze, seeke, run, with incessant paines, To hit, see, finde, and get, such matchlesse gainses.

68 M.L. here recalls not only the quest of Calidore (“The Blattant Beast . . . I doe purswe, / And through the world incessantly doe chase”; F.Q. VI.17) but the “incessant paines” with which Arthur follows Florimell “Through thick and thin, through mountains & through plains” (III.46) and the mission of the Squire of Dames “with incessant paine / To wander through the world” to do service (II.xii.54). In an elegiac vein, cf. the “incessant paine” of life bemoaned in Deiphnaio (275).

Max and Mr. McCall

BY LAWRENCE DANSON

Max Beerbohm was a marginal genius. I use the adjective not to depreciate but merely to suggest his place: at the edges, looking in, and by the same token staking out space shunned by authors more central to the canon. He positions himself to the side of whichever of the many forms he makes his own. Occupying the space between the genres he exposes the inadequacy of our language of discrimination; the labels don’t quite apply to him. As Shaw’s successor on The Saturday Review (1898-1910) he wrote satire and parody that masqueraded as dramatic criticism. A Beerbohm caricature will yield the plot of a short story: his short stories happily cross the line between fact and fiction; his fictions are essayistic. In his life as in his art he negotiated the boundaries where contradiction becomes natural: this perfect English gentleman married a Jewish actress from Memphis, Tennessee; Italy was his home from 1910 until his death in 1956. And in his tiny villa in Rapallo he literally practiced an art of marginalia, “improving” the volumes in his library with mock-frontispieces and other satiric adornments that turned each of them into a Beerbohm original.

There are in the Beerbohm canon whole books whose existence is marginal, by authors whose own hold on existence is precarious. Of H*nry J*m*s, author of “The Mote in the Middle Distance,” we would have some knowledge without the aid of Max Beerbohm; but of Enoch Soames, author of “Negations,” there exists not a trace except in the pages of Seven Men, which records his fate, “literally [to] die for want of recognition.” Ladbroke Brown, in defiance of the laws of tragic causality, was struck down by a motor-omnibus in Piccadilly Circus; four acts of his play “Savonarola” remain, with Beerbohm’s scenario for a fifth. Only part of a poem in Latin and the Oxfordshire dialect preserves the amateur genius of the Duke of Dorset, whose drowning was his greatest work of art.
One glimpse of a fragmentary Beerbohm book exists nowhere but in the collection of Robert H. Taylor. Though it was destined to be in size no more than a pamphlet it has the portentous title *The Conquest of the Devil.* Like "Savonarola' Brown" it is the product of Beerbohm and a co-author. His name is Charles Howe McCall. He is as surprising an authorial surrogate as any in Beerbohm's stories. Except Mr. McCall really existed—though if he hadn't, Beerbohm could have invented him.

What follows is the story of that shadowy pamphlet. It takes place during the publication of *Zuleika Dobson*; it is, in fact, a story about the production of the novel, "a tender shoot from the spreading Zuleika tree," as Beerbohm called it. One of its principle characters is Max Beerbohm himself. To understand what happened it is necessary to know that Beerbohm was extraordinarily exigent about the physical presentation of his work. At the top of his elegant manuscripts there is typically a note "To Printer. Please follow my punctuation exactly [triple underlined] throughout." To all the world a model of civility and restraint, he could nonetheless become a very angry man when those instructions were not obeyed. In 1916, five years after the incident to be recorded here, he wrote a letter "To the Editor of *The Century Magazine.*" This letter is also preserved in the Taylor Collection; it is worth quoting from, although it is not strictly part of the story I am going to tell. It is very much like a letter that should appear in *The Conquest of the Devil* but which (for reasons to be revealed) cannot in fact appear. It is also worth quoting because it is badly written: it is pompous, and it thereby gives reassurance to anyone who has made a fool of himself by writing an angry letter to an editor.

Beerbohm was returning to the Editor of *The Century* corrected proofs of two stories, "Enoch Soames" and "A.V. Laider."

Every page of these [he wrote] is scored all over with corrections. But I am not to blame: I am not giving any unnecessary trouble. On the contrary, I am to be pitied for the great amount of unnecessary trouble that has been imposed on me... The number of my corrections in these proofs is not due to any carelessness on the part of your printers and proof-readers. It is due to their crude and asinine interference with my punctuation, with my division of paragraphs, and with other details... Details? No, these are not details to me. My choice of stops is as important to me—as important for the purpose of conveying easily to my reader my exact shades of meaning—as my choice of words... Please don't think I am taking up a 'high-and-mighty' attitude. I am very well aware that I am not a great or heaven-inspired writer. But I am equally well aware that I am a very careful, conscientious, skilled craftsman in literature. And it is most annoying for me to find my well-planned effects repeatedly destroyed by the rough-and-ready, standardising methods of your proof-readers. These methods are, no doubt, very salutary, and necessary, in the case of gifted but illiterate or careless contributors to your magazine. But I, personally, will have none of them. And if, at any future date, you do me the honour to accept any other piece of my writing, please let it be understood that my MS. must be respected, not pulled about and put into shape in accordance to any schoolmasterly notion of how authors ought to write.

It was a letter such as this that Beerbohm had written in 1911 to his eventual co-author, C. H. McCall. It inspires sympathy for McCall.

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In late summer of 1911 Beerbohm was in Rapallo awaiting publication of *Zuleika Dobson.* He had been writing it, more off than on, since 1898. He had high hopes, and he was encouraged by the enthusiasm of his publisher, William Heinemann. To his friend Will Rothstein, Beerbohm wrote on August 28, 1911, "...the book will be out not later, I hope, than the first week of October. I am really very glad I found it impossible to go on writing the book in London many years ago. I have developed since then and the book wouldn't have had the quality it has now. It really is rather a beautiful piece of work—though it may be a dead failure in point of 'sales'—and on the other hand might sell quite well: just a toss up. Heinemann evidently believes in it from his point of view, for he pays me £400 in advance of royalties—and a good many copies have to be sold therefore before he can begin to profit." The first hint of danger, the complication out of which this story is made, comes in the next sentence: "If the binders and paper-
makers don't play me false, the book will look nice: not like a beastly novel, more like a book of essays, self-respecting and sober and ample."

Page-proofs arrived. They did not look nice. Beerbohm wrote to Heinemann to complain. His letter is missing; it marks the first of several lacunae in what is, from now on, a story in the epistolary mode. Heinemann's response was apparently satisfactory, as we know from Beerbohm's next letter, dated October 13, 1911. Like many of Beerbohm's letters, it was illustrated:

My dear Heinemann

Many thanks for your amusing and reassuring letter. I illustrate this herewith, and meanwhile await the printed book in placid confidence that Ballantyne's proof-readers will have taken care of the typography. You will have had my telegram expressing delight at the binding. Superficially, at any rate, the book is as distinguished as a book can be. And my first impulse at the sight of the cover was to wire to you "Stop publication, must write novel all over again, to make it worthy of the outside of it." But this might have tried your patience too far.

The illustration refers to the trouble inside the distinguished binding. Zuleika Dobson was printed by The Ballantyne Press. The caption is, "Mr. Heinemann reading the Riot Act to the Ballantyne Company—(The portrait of the latter is purely conjectural—the clothes and the chevelure being symbolic of unrevised Ballantynian typography)."

On October 21 Beerbohm wrote another note to Heinemann, clarifying arrangements for complimentary prepublication copies. He included a second illustration as sequel to the story implied by the first. The caption is "Ballantyne Reclaimed." But when the finished book arrived in Rapallo the sequel turned out to have been overly optimistic. Heinemann had not spruced up Ballantyne to Beerbohm's exacting standard. In a dummy copy of Zuleika—the binding with blank pages—Beerbohm had begun keeping a sparse diary; on October 30, 1911 is the entry, "Written furious letter to Ballantyne to send through Pawling."* Heinemann's editor S. S. Pawling thus becomes our all-too-fallible conduit for information. Pawling passed on Beerbohm's "fu-

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2. Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

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rious" (and now-missing) letter. And C. H. McCall, Managing Director, Ballantyne & Co. Ltd., stepped from between the lines of Zuleika Dobson to answer.

November 10th 1911

S.S. Pawling, Esq.,
Mr. Wm. Heinemann.
Dear Sir,

"Zuleika Dobson".

We have to report to you with reference to Mr. Max Beerbohm's letter and in doing so we wish only to say with reference to the general tone of it that if such letters give Mr. Max Beerbohm pleasure and amusement we on our part can have no objection, but we beg of you to emphasise to Mr. Max Beerbohm that in the process of his jesting it is necessary that he should not write letters so subtle in their humour that they shall be misunderstood by lesser minds and possibly taken as serious, with consequent damage to us. The letter to which we are now making answer should, of course, be placed in the hands of our Solicitors, but we read into it the sense of humour peculiar to Mr. Beerbohm which is not immediately apparent.

Our answer to his complaint is that having printed roughly 90,000 words of his we find that in the process we have made error in three. Taking the total 90,000 for the sake of argument we therefore have the following sum:-

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<tr>
<td>Printed incorrectly</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>89,997</td>
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We now proceed to give our detailed explanation of the errors. The first accusation made by the Author is the word "inexpellable" which the Author desires we should spell "inexpellible". We are extremely sorry that we cannot alter the general instructions upon which our readers work and have worked for 120 years which are, for instance, as regards press readers, that they shall alter in proof any word spelt incorrectly unless special instructions have been received from the publisher to spell in accordance with the peculiarities of any particular author. The word inexpellible was altered in this case in accordance with these instructions and since we have received your letter we have referred to the following dictionaries, Webster's, Nuttall's, Ogilvie's, Wallace & Bridgman and the Encyclopaedic Dictionary in all of which,

if you refer, you will find that the word is spelt as our reader has spelt it. We do not say of course that Mr. Max Beerbohm is incorrect, we have no doubt that he is a better authority than the whole of these dictionaries put together, but we must have some guide for our readers and failing better guide we must continue to follow these dictionaries unless otherwise instructed.

The word on page 23 "Quadrangle" spelt "quadangler." Apparently what exactly happened was that on the machine a small batter took place as will often occur on thick antique wove papers. A small piece of hard fluff or a tiny wood splinter will run through the machine with a sheet of paper and batter a word or a line. That is what happened in this case and in the process of putting it right on the machine the Compositor unfortunately blundered and inserted the letter "r" at the end instead of in the middle of the word. This is not an excuse it is purely an explanation of the simplicity with which these things happen. The "forme" went correctly to press.

Page 92 the Greek word. This is a pure blunder for which there is no explanation except the fact that the Compositor has erred in putting in his accented letter in the wrong place and the reader did not detect the error.

Page 264 the word nör spelt nør instead of with the diaeresis "ö." This was marked quite clearly by the Author but unfortunately this fount does not contain the diaeresis "ö" which is a letter as you know very rarely used in English. The Compositor having applied to the "Store" for a diaeresis "ö" and being informed that he could not get one took upon himself, as he had no right to do, to pass the thing as it was. This was an error of judgment on his part for which we hold him responsible and we have reprimanded him. We would rather have had an "ö" specially cut then have perpetrated such an error.

However, having stated the above you will see that it amounts to three errors out of 90,000 words and while we do not excuse these we simply say that at the modern speed of production of book work it is almost impossible to print any book without a proportion of errors and slight mistakes at least as great as the ratio of 3 to 90,000.

We do not say anything with reference to Mr. Max Beerbohm's complaint as to untidy typography because we think that after all you should answer this. The untidy type referred to is a slight inequality in

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9 McCall is right that the letter is very rarely used in English. In Zuleika Dobson it occurs in a sonnet by the Duke of Dorset written in Oxfordshire dialect "To An Undergraduate Needing Rooms in Oxford."
the alignment in this particular foundry which shows itself here and there. This is due to a slight defect in the alignment of the Type Founder’s machine when casting the particular letter. Such defects are incidental to machinery and it is almost impossible to prevent them absolutely, unless founds are made with a slow precision as were the founds for the Kelmscott Press, the Vale Press, Doves Press and similar special Presses producing their work under abnormal conditions and with an oversight and care which would, if exercised on such a book as “Zuleika Dobson” have increased the cost 200% or 300%. In this connection you will pardon us for noting to you that we were the printers of the Vale Press books which are now taken as one of the standards for modern printing. We know how these were produced and we tell you definitely that for every single sheet which is bound up and sold to the public two at least are destroyed for slight defects; showing how impossible it is, even with all the care given by these special Presses and the fact that they print 4pp and 8pp at a time instead of the 32pp at a time as printed by us, to avoid defects and errors. We can, as you are fully aware, always produce books comparable with the books produced by these special presses as we did the Vale Press, but we can only repeat that if you want them so produced the cost of production will be such that you will certainly not be able to sell a work similar to “Zuleika Dobson” at the price at which you are selling it; but that is a matter for you to decide. Most of the queries and instructions given by the Author on his proofs to us and most of the complaints made as regards such matters as spacing were concerning such infinitesimal defects as will be found in every commercially produced book and will be found in greater quantities in most books which are not produced by the Ballantyne Press.

We have to assure you of our continued best efforts in your service in the future, and we only ask of you that if we are in the future to have the exciting pleasure of printing one of Mr. Max Beerbohm’s books you will permit us to give you an estimate for producing it as he would wish it to be produced, and we have every confidence that we shall receive from him a complimentary letter with possibly a complimentary pen portrait of our Managing Director included.

Yours faithfully,
Ballantyne & Co. Ltd.
Chas. Howe McCall
Managing Director.

McCall’s letter would be a masterpiece if it had been written as parody by Max Beerbohm. Its epic sentences unroll in perfect indignation. Their loosely modifying clauses eloquently condemn “the sense of humour peculiar to Mr. Beerbohm which is not immediately apparent.” Its arithmetic overwhelmingly expresses the logic of middle class rectitude. It puts cleverness to shame. In his essay “How Shall I Word It?” Beerbohm supplied some letters not included in a handbook intended for use by “the mysterious great masses of helpless folk” who “are sound at heart, delicate in emotion, anxious to please, most loth to wound….” Face to face with all this perfection, the not perfect reader begins to crave some little outburst of wrath, of hatred and malice, from one of these imaginary ladies and gentlemen. He longs for—how shall I word it?—a glimpse of some bad motive, of some little lapse from dignity.”

Pawling forwarded the letter to Beerbohm, who replied from Rapallo on November 16. He was appreciative but not entirely mollified:

My dear Pawling

Messrs Ballantyne’s answer is of the kind that turneth away wrath; and it is altogether an ingenuous and very well-written document, which I am glad to possess. The main difference between them and me is that I appear to take the craft of printing rather more solemnly than they do!

That “balance” which they have drawn—

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—was a delightful inspiration and a capital debating point; and if I were the House of Commons I should be swept off my feet, cheering tumultuously. But, being a stolid person on the shores of the Mediterranean, I do but point out that a printer’s duty is to print a book without any misprints whatsoever (provided, of course, that the author is, as I was, very careful and perfectly legible in correction of proofs). If printers are going to rely, for justification, on balances of words

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printed correctly, to what pass may we not come? I foresee Messrs Ballantyne producing, on some future occasion, something to this effect:

"Total number of words 90,000
Printed incorrectly 44,999
Balance printed correctly 45,001"

and I foresee them throwing their hats into the air and shouting "Hurrah! Ballantynes have won! Hurrah!"

As to that word "inexpellable", and Messrs Ballantyne's impressive invocation of half-a-dozen dictionaries and the custom of 120 years against me: I know very well how the word is spelt in dictionaries, and I further assume that Messrs. Ballantyne's proof-readers have instructions (also 120 years old) to correct in proof any obvious misspelling and to query in proof any doubtful spelling. Of "Zuleika Dobson" I had two proofs, and in neither of them was "indispellible" queried. Had it been so, I should have written stet, and (as my nature is keen and communicative in such matters) have explained that for good reasons of Latinity "indispellable" is as vile a word as would be "ineligible" or "inaudable." The proof-reader, having been lax, had no possible right to suppose at the last minute that I had been so.

As to the general typography: I am quite ready and glad to believe that all those swaying lines, those letters bobbing up, those letters slipping down, and other defects over which I had to expend so much time in correcting the proofs, and which have not wholly been purged away from the published edition, were due merely to "a slight inequality in the alignment of this particular font." In all friendliness, then, I implore Messrs. Ballantyne to seal up this particular font (which is evidently our old friend the *fons et origo malorum*) for ever and ever, or to set it playing only on very special occasions—as when they are called on to print "The Confessions of a Dancing Dervish," for example, or "The Random Memories of a Palsied Hottentot." And then, if they will do that, I will do a drawing that shall represent them as not less beautiful than the figures on the Parthenon Frieze.

Yours very sincerely,
Max Beerbohm

Beerbohm writes of the generic "Messrs. Ballantyne": he had not yet taken the measure of this particular C. H. McCall. McCall's response, sent to Pawling on November 21, makes his character more distinct.

He becomes as nearly playful as natural pomposity will allow. He is ingratiating in the best shop-keeperly manner. He is a man who can take a joke—especially when, as now, he sees in it some advantage for himself. With this letter McCall makes his move from the margin to the text. He proposes for himself "the exciting pleasure" not only of printing but of publishing one of Mr. Max Beerbohm's books, with himself as co-author.

Dear Pawling,

I am very much obliged to you for sending on to me Mr. Max Beerbohm's letter. He is immensely clever there is no doubt about that, and I must say that I would rather he grumbled than that he did not write at all, because every paragraph he writes is full of real wit. I think the paragraph in which he mentions my little sum is simply delightful. Of course he does not see the printer's point of view, but then I never met an author who did. Seeing that his letters are so amusing I make a little suggestion to you and that is that as a little Christmas pamphlet you allow me to print his letters and reproduce the sketches of "Mr. Heinemann interviewing the unrepentant printer" and "The Printer reformed" together with the connecting letters, in very small type. I would set the whole beautifully and print on hand made paper and really make a tasteful document of it, and print say 50 copies, a few for Mr. Heinemann, a few for you, a few for Max Beerbohm and a few for myself. What do you say? I should be very happy to bear the expense.

I return you his letter after having taken a copy for myself.

Yours sincerely,
C. Howe McCall

Beerbohm wrote two letters in response. One, to Pawling, was not for publication; in it he agrees to McCall's suggestion.

November 25 1911

My dear Pawling

I think that pamphlet would be very great fun indeed, and am "all for" that tender shoot from the spreading Zuleika tree. I enclose a formal letter to you which you might post on to the surprising McCall and tell him he can round the pamphlet off with it, if he likes. I wish you would suggest to him also that I had better correct a proof of my letters
(four days there and back by return post), as I may have misplaced a comma here and there in the course of those not-intended-for-print epistles. Of course I wouldn't change any words: I should respect the first fine careless rapture of controversial style!

I greatly enjoyed your account of the binder's sensations in visiting Bedford Street.

Yours very sincerely
Max Beerbohm

The second letter is intended for inclusion in the proposed Christmas pamphlet.

My dear Pawling

I have had Mr. McCall's letter.

I never will hear another word against human nature.

It is beautiful enough when on Christmas Eve a man says to one whom he has recently injured "Come! In this season of good-will I am ready to forgive and forget. Your hand, lad!" But when a man desperately defending himself against an aggressor, and bleeding profusely, in November, suddenly throws away his sword and, turning to the bystanders, says "Gentlemen, my antagonist is immensely clever—there is no doubt of that," and I cannot bear that there should be no printed record of his skill. The festive season will be due in a month or so. I should like to issue 'a little Christmas pamphlet' printed 'beautifully' in my own heart's blood 'on hand-made paper,' and 'should be very happy to bear the expense' "—why then, I confess (I who pride myself on a full vocabulary), words fail me. I can but raise my sword to the salute, dashing away with my left hand a not unmanly tear, and prematurely and huskily wish everybody the compliments of the season.

Yours very sincerely
Max Beerbohm

Pawling forwarded the letters to McCall, who replied:

My dear Pawling,

_The Conquest of the Devil._

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note and I will prepare copy and come and see you with it before putting it in hand. You will see above the title I have already chosen for this great work. I of course am the Devil so you cannot complain. I have heard it said even at 21, Bedford Street [Heinemann's office] that I am the very devil so again you cannot complain.

Many thanks.

Yours very sincerely,
Charles Howe McCall

An unanticipated extra leaf for Beerbohm's _Christmas Garland_ of parodies seemed set to appear. Beerbohm sent one further contribution to McCall, via Pawling: a drawing with the caption "Zuleika being introduced to the public by William Heinemann." In the drawing, Heinemann is recognizably Heinemann, Zuleika is Zuleika, and the wary Public may or may not be an imaginary portrait of the real McCall.

But _The Conquest of the Devil_ was never printed. The sad anticlimax is all contained in one brief handwritten note. It appears at the bottom
of a letter from Pawling to McCall, 29th November 1911, in which Pawling tells “Dear McCall, I am glad to say that Mr. Max Beerbohm agrees to the limited edition of the correspondence in reference to Zuleira Dobson.” The appended note is signed by Chas. Howe McCall:

But Pawling could not find Beerbohm’s original letter of complaint & the project was dropped & these letters given to me by Pawling.

* *

What would have been a rare enough edition of 50 thus became rarer still. Only the letters themselves remain, in Robert H. Taylor’s superb collection—without, of course, Beerbohm’s original “furious” letter that the devil Pawling somehow lost. McCall fades back into the margin whence he came. And better for him perhaps. There is in the Taylor Collection a typed transcript along with the holograph of Beerbohm’s long reply to McCall’s first letter. It is not typed on the same machine as McCall’s letters, but it is hard to imagine who else would have made the transcript. And it is full, not only of errors, but of actual rewritings. The changes are not major, but they are sufficient to alarm any author, let alone the fastidious Max. McCall, it would appear, had intended to do unto Max in print what Max had done unto him in caricature: fix up his style and make him neater. McCall was going to rewrite Max Beerbohm: an amusing idea for an essay...
William Blackwood (1836-1912) was the nephew of John Blackwood, who had been Trollope's closest friend among the many publishers with whom he dealt. The firm of William Blackwood and Sons, under John Blackwood, had published first in Blackwood's Magazine and then in book form Trollope's two anonymous novels, Nina Balatka (1867) and Linda Tressel (1868). John Blackwood also arranged the publication of Trollope's Commentaries of Caesar (1870), and the serialization in Blackwood's Magazine of John Coldigate (1878-1879) and Dr. Wortle's School (1880). Trollope was also on good terms with William, who became head of the firm on his uncle's death in 1879. William published both in Blackwood's and in book form Trollope's The Fixed Period (1882).

Henry Merivale Trollope (1846-1926), Trollope's elder son—the younger, Frederic, had emigrated to Australia—had for about three years been a partner in the publishing house of Chapman & Hall, a position Trollope bought for him in 1869 at a cost of £10,000. But Henry had not liked the work and had instead embarked upon a life of writing. He had written about the French stage, done a translation of Letourneau, and another of d'Haussonville; and he contributed the volume Corneille and Racine (1881) to Blackwood's "Foreign Classics for English Readers" series. Thus he already knew William Blackwood when he entered into negotiations with him for bringing out Trollope's Autobiography. Henry eventually published a novel, My Own Love Story (1887), and after many years of work a lengthy Life of Molière (1905). In An Autobiography Trollope had said, apropos of Henry's leaving publishing for a life of writing, "Whether he will work at it so hard as his father, and write as many books, may be doubted."

Trollope began writing his autobiography in October 1875 on the sea crossing between New York and Liverpool, as he was returning home from visiting Frederic in Australia. Henry James was a fellow passenger, and in an appreciative essay written after Trollope's death, he spoke of the "magnificent example of plain persistence that it was in the power of the eminent novelist to give... The season was unpromising, the vessel overcrowded, the voyage detestable; but Trollope shut himself up in his cabin every morning for a purpose... which could only be communion with his muse. He drove his pen as steadily on the tumbling ocean as in Montague (sic) Square."3

Trollope completed two chapters of his autobiography aboard ship, resumed writing the book at Montagu Square on 2 January 1876, and completed it on 11 April. His resolve to write his own life may in part have been influenced by his dislike for what he considered the self-puffings of other autobiographies. William Macready's Reminiscences and similar books, Trollope told his Australian friend G. W. Rusden, "do not make one pleased with humanity. It is disgusting to see the self-consciousness and irritated craving for applause which such men as Macready & Dickens have exhibited,—& which dear old Thackeray did exhibit also. It astonishes me not that men should feel it, but that they shew it. I am sure of myself that whenever such a disease has been oppressing me I have been able to tread it out." In any case, Trollope felt a sense of satisfaction when he had finished the autobiography, telling Rusden in June 1876, "Since I saw you I have written a memoir of my own life... and now I feel as though every thing were finished and I was ready to go." (In fact he would live another seven years and write 16 more books.)

Trollope locked the manuscript of his autobiography in his desk, together with a letter to Henry by which he bequeathed it to him as a gift. The letter expressed a wish that the book be published by Frederic Chapman, who had been Trollope's principal publisher, but gave Henry permission to do "the best you can as to terms" with some other publisher if he chose. Trollope closed, "Now I say how dearly I have loved you."4

As Trollope had planned, the manuscript and letter came into Henry's hands only after Trollope's death, on 6 December 1882. Before the month was out Henry was writing about the autobiography to Thomas Adolphus Trollope, Anthony's elder brother, to whom An-

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4 "Anthony Trollope," Century Magazine [New York], n.s. 4 (July 1889) 385-395; later reprinted with slight changes in Partial Portraits (1888). Meeting Trollope for the first time during this transatlantic crossing, James's first impression of Trollope was not a good one. While marveling at his work habits, James said, in a letter to his family: "He has a gross and repulsive face and manner, but appears bon enfant when you talk with him. But he is the dullest Briton of them all." Shortly afterward, James dined with Edward Dicey's in Trollope and "found him a very good, genial, ordinary fellow—much better than he seemed on the steamer when I crossed with him." Henry James Letters, ed. by Leon Edel (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1974-1975) I, 486; II, 94.
5 The Letters of Anthony Trollope, ed. by N. John Hall (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1985), II, 671. Trollope complained to G. H. Lewes that Dickens, in his autobiographical fragment left unpublished until Forster printed it in his Life of Charles Dickens, should have disgraced himself by the "hard words he intended to have published of his own mother." Letters, II, 557.
6 Letters, II, 651.
thony had in fact mentioned the work. On 6 January 1883 Thomas Adolphus wrote, "I think very decidedly that you are in no wise bound by the terms of your father's letter to offer the work to Chapman. He is not now in business in the sense in which my brother wrote; being now only the paid manager of the business of others. I am moreover entirely persuaded that my brother would not offer the M.S. to Chapman now, had he to transact the affair himself." Thomas Adolphus urged Henry to publish the autobiography as soon as possible, as mandated in his father's letter, and not to fear that its publication would interfere with sales of two novels—Mr. Scarborough's Family and The Landladies—then coming out in serial and not yet published in volume form, and yet another—An Old Man's Love—discovered in Trollope's desk, for which Henry would have to arrange publication. Thomas Adolphus suggested that Henry place a notice in the Athenaeum or other such journal that the autobiography would in fact be published. On all these matters, Henry followed his uncle's advice.

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William Blackwood read Henry's notice in the Athenaeum and on 18 January 1883 opened the correspondence. The first letters are transcribed here in full so as to give the tone of the writers, Blackwood shrewd, cautious, rather close-mouthed, and Henry tentative, unsure, repetitious.

My dear Trollope

I see from last week's Athenaeum that your late father has left a memoir which it is your intention to publish and if you would like me to undertake its publication it will give me much pleasure to hear from you regarding it. When I talked to you about Mr. Collins writing a life of your excellent father I had no idea that he had left behind him materials so valuable and I shall be very glad if I can meet your wishes about the Memoir which should be most interesting & attractive to the general public. What did you settle about that novel [An Old Man's

7 In 1880 the firm of Chapman & Hall became a limited company, with Frederic Chapman as manager. Trollope was one of the directors. Chapman & Hall were never his exclusive publishers, and Trollope did not publish his last books with them.

Love] which you were good enough to offer & which I was very sorry owing to previous arrangements I could not see my way to entertaining for [Blackwood's] Magazine. And in the February number by the way you will see a brief sketch of your Father which came to me quite unexpectedly about a fortnight ago & with which I was so greatly taken as it brought him before me so vividly & naturally that I gladly accepted it feeling sure it will be much liked & appreciated. I shall send you an early copy of Maga containing it & I hope you & your Mother will be pleased with it. I hope she is keeping well & able to bear her heavy loss resignedly & with warm sympathy in your great sorrow believe me

Yours very sincerely
William Blackwood

William Lucas Collins (1817-1887), earlier Vicar of Kilsby and at this time Rector of Lowick, Northamptonshire, was the editor of Blackwood's "Ancient Classics for English Readers" series. Trollope and Collins met in 1870 in connection with this series, and the two men became intimate friends. Trollope sometimes hunted from Lowick Rectory, and he wrote Dr. Wortle's School while staying there in April 1879.

Even before receiving Blackwood's letter, Henry Trollope, who had evidently decided that Blackwood would be his first choice as publisher, wrote to him:

My dear Blackwood.

You may perhaps have seen the announcement in the Athenæum and in the Academy of Saturday last that my father had left an autobiographical memoir. I now write to you to ask if you would care to undertake its publication. I have not spoken about the publication to any other publisher, and only to a very few friends. Of these one was Langford. I said to him that I should like you to bring out the book.

I need not write at length now, as this is only a preliminary letter; but I shall tell you a few facts. The M.S. is of about 410 pages, and each page contains on an average perhaps 260-270 words. The book is in fact an autobiography; and, with the exception of two transcripts made

9 "Anthony Trollope," Blackwood's Magazine, 133 (February 1889) 316-320. The article was by Cecilia Mezzkerke, a distant relative and close friend of Trollope, who frequently assisted her in her efforts to publish poetry.
by my mother, is all in my father's own handwriting. I dare say that
three quarters of the book relates to his own literary work. I have read
it all, and am now making a copy of his M.S.

I have delayed a little in writing to you because I had not made up
my mind as to what terms I ought to ask. I think I may say I have now
determined. The book ought to be brought out in November next, and
early in the month; and my mother and I are probably going to leave
England in a month's time, and we do not expect to return until the
middle of April next. I want to get all the copying done before I go
away.

I suppose you would want to see the M.S. before concluding as to
terms. In this case I should have to ask that you consulted only one
other person besides yourself on the matter, and that you and that
other person should be bound to secrecy. For, of course, if the negoti-
atations between you and me should unhappily not come off I should go
elsewhere.

In the meantime, until you get the M.S. into your hands let me ask
that you speak to no one about it. I do not wish to be mysterious, but
you will probably understand my wish for silence.

If you entertain the project formally I will tell you all that passed be-
tween me and Langford. It was not of importance,—but simply that
you might know it.

It is of course my own copy of the M.S. that I would give you to read,
and that one also would go to the printers.

Very truly yours
Henry M. Trollope

Joseph Munt Langford (1809-1884) was a drama critic and for many
years head of the London Branch of Blackwoods. Langford and Trol-
lope had been Garrick Club friends, and it was through Langford that
Trollope submitted Nina Balakha to John Blackwood in 1866.

Later that same day Henry, having received Blackwood's letter, writes again:

You may remember when I saw you in London your say-
ing to me that Mr. Collins was thinking of writing a short life
of my father, if we did not dislike it and if we could give him
materials, and you may also remember my difficulty in giv-
ing you at once an answer. The fact is that in 1878—I be-
lieve it was about June of that year—my father told me that
he had himself written his own biography. I was to bring out
the book after his death if I so pleased; I might omit from it
any portions, or suppress the whole, but that I was to add
nothing to it. He also said that he had written to me a letter
giving full instructions, and that letter was not to be opened
until after his death. That letter further says that if I wish to
add anything, as from myself, it is to be done in a preface or
introductory chapter. In speaking to me he was apparently
unwilling to talk much about it. And I remember my father
adding, "Now we'll lock it up and say no more about it." He
then locked the M.S. up in one of the drawers of his writing
table in the library at Montagu Square. And as he put the
M.S. into the drawer he mentioned a sum of money which
he thought it ought to be worth. ... The sum my father
mentioned to me was £1,800. I would let you have the full
copyright of the M.S. for that Sum, in England and else-
where, for three years from the date of publication, your
undertaking not to bring out a cheaper edition than the first
before the expiration of that time. I should be unwilling to
part altogether with the copyright of the book, and any
cheaper edition should be subject to a new agreement. If
you choose to make the agreement terminate in two years
instead of three I would not say Nay; but I would still de-
mand £1,800.

I don't think I am far wrong if I say that in size the book
would make a single volume of 400-540 pp. demy, or dou-
ble post; or else two small crown 8vo volumes. . . .

My father's M.S. has had his own latest corrections; but in
his letter to me, of which I have spoken, he has enjoined
upon me to be careful in regard to quotations made and
other passages, and it is in that way work is still to be done
upon it. . . . though I have my father's authority to omit any
passage I please you may be quite certain that I will not in
any way alter the sense of anything he has said. I believe that
nothing of any importance need be omitted; and I know
that omission is often safer, because more accurate, than alteration. That however, you must leave to me.

As for the unpublished novel, Henry offered it without success to Charles Dickens, Jr. for All the Year Round; Blackwood can still have it for £300.

Blackwood replies on 22 January that he is pleased & gratified to hear that your wish was for my House to bring out your father's autobiographical Memoir and I hope we shall be able to arrange terms to our mutual satisfaction although the sum you mention for the copyright appalls me. You kindly offer to tell me what passed between you & Langford & I shall be glad to know what he thought.

If Blackwood might read the manuscript while Henry is abroad, it would expedite matters.

Henry answers in a short note of 26 January that he will "peg away at the copying as hard as I can." And on 29 January he writes again, asking Blackwood, "How long a time do you think you will take to decide as to the Autobiography? It is possible that we may be delayed as to our going away, ... Of course I should much like to have the thing settled—if it be possible—before we go." Henry recounts how he had hesitatingly asked Langford about what price he ought to ask, to which the old man replied that he "could not at all say." Henry then said his father had named a sum, and Langford suggested he keep to that, adding that Henry's father "had generally a tolerably good idea of what his things were worth." Langford gave Henry "no information at all...—except caution."

On 5 February Blackwood requests that Henry send him the first half as soon as copied; in the meantime he is having an estimate prepared of the costs so as to enable him to judge if he can pay the sum

Henry named. Henry's account of his interview with old Langford "tickled me immensely & it was just as I expected, caution all over as well as kind & judicious."

The following day, Henry writes that if Blackwood could have his decision ready by the 20th of the month he would send him the copy. Henry then goes on to make his first concession: he will reduce his figure from £1,800 to £1,500, adding a face-saving condition that the book be issued in one volume as he now thinks there is "hardly sufficient matter to make two volumes." As it happened there was easily enough matter for printing two volumes, which course was eventually followed. A weak point in Henry's bargaining must have been the slowly but clearly falling prices that his father's books commanded with publishers. At the peak of his prosperity as a novelist, Trollope, who like other Victorian novelists demanded payment in accordance with the lengths of his novels, was receiving £600 or more per "volume"—the word in this context indicating a length roughly equivalent to one volume of the standard 19th-century "three decker" novel. Thus, for example, by an agreement signed in 1866 with Smith, Elder, Trollope was paid £3,000 for the "five volume" Last Chronicle of Barset. And though he was still getting this rate in an agreement signed in 1873 with Chapman & Hall for the similar-in-length Way We Live Now, a falling off can be seen by 1878 when he agreed to £1,500 for the three-volume Duke's Children; by 1881 he accepted £1,000 for the three-volume Mr. Scarborough's Family. Trollope's suggested price of £1,800 for his autobiography—a work which clearly made two volumes, though not particularly long ones—was very high even in 1876, especially as he generally received less for his non-fiction.

On 7 February Henry, realizing that Blackwood would not have an answer so soon, asks whether he will have made up his mind by the middle of April. Henry is sending to Edinburgh the first half of his copy of the manuscript. He repeats his father's instructions about his freedom to suppress anything but to add nothing. The copy is complete, and Henry will probably omit very little: "I have doubtless made clerical errors in copying; and I did not read a second time, or compare with the original, my copy beyond Chapter III. But when the whole is in type I will very carefully compare the text with the original so as to have no mistakes." He apologizes for his calligraphy.

On 9 February Blackwood acknowledges receipt of the first half of the copy of the manuscript. It will be kept under lock, and Blackwood

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will certainly have his mind made up by mid April at which time he will be in London and the two could meet. Blackwood ignores the question of price or number of volumes. Henry's calligraphy “will not puzzle me much & it is much easier to read than many prettier & better looking hands to the eye.”

Henry mails the second half of the manuscript copy on 20 February, and at the same time puts questions and observations to Blackwood that must have suggested to the publisher that Henry so much wanted him to bring out the book as to give Blackwood the upper hand when it came to price. Henry asks Blackwood about possible publication time and whether 1 October would be soon enough for completion of his proofreading. He would prefer to correct the entire work before returning proof. He asks that foreign rights go to Tauchnitz, not to Asher: “You will probably wish the same thing, but I thought I would mention it. Tauchnitz has always been a good friend to my father” and was “personally kind” to Henry when he visited Leipzig. Henry would like to take advantage of Langford's offer to read through the proofs.

Henry estimates that at most he may omit two or three pages of his father's manuscript, including a passage at the end of an account of “Billy” Russell about his “going among princes & dukes and deserting his friends which would give him pain, and might displease others. I believe it to be absolutely true, but it would do more harm than good.” Henry in fact left out more than the line about Russell having fallen in with princes; he lopped off half a long paragraph saying that Russell was “hardly a staff to be trusted in literary enterprise” and detailing his dilatoriness and carelessness in writing an article for Trollope. Henry also writes that “too much is said about the wrong-headedness of Charles Reade.” Henry left in much about Charles Reade as plagiarist, but omitted a long paragraph about Reade's adapting Trollope's novel *Ralph the Heir* for the stage without Trollope's permission. Another significant omission, made by Henry either on his own or at the urging of Collins or Blackwood, consisted in dropping one word—“American”—from the passage in which Trollope, speaking of his warm but platonic love for Kate Field, says:

Omitting the word “American” widened the field considerably, and at least one woman, Mrs. Frances Elliot, a prolific writer on the social history of Italy and Spain, and a contributor to Trollope's *St. Paul's Magazine*, claimed the passage was an allusion to herself.13

Blackwood acknowledges receipt of the second half of the copied manuscript on 22 February. He hopes to be in London on or before 10 April and “if possible” will have made his decision before coming up to the capital. He adopts Henry's tone and speaks as if everything were already settled. He thinks the book ought to come out early in November; for 1 November publication he would require return of the last proof by 1 October. He agrees with Henry about Tauchnitz and the omissions.

On 11 April Henry writes from the home of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, at Rome, saying he will arrive in London on the 23rd and asking to see Blackwood at his Paternoster Row office on the next day; he is “of course anxious to know” Blackwood's decision. On the 23rd promptly, Henry writes from the Athenaeum Club, where he has just arrived for dinner, and agrees to meet with Blackwood shortly after 11 A.M. the next morning (Victorian posts were remarkably quick and reliable). Henry adds, “I think my mother and I are both better for our trip. . . . I am so far better for mine that at Rome I got myself engaged. The Lady, however, was not then a new acquaintance.”

The meeting came off successfully, and on 3 May Blackwood writes to Henry from Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, a formal letter of agreement:

13 Christian Bernhard von Tauchnitz (1814-1895) of Leipzig was publisher of the well-known "Collection of British Authors" series, which carried most of Trollope’s titles. Trollope was annoyed when a New York paper in 1872 mistakenly claimed he was at law with Tauchnitz, with whom he was on excellent terms. He was also displeased that a few of his books were published on the continent by the rival firm Asher of Berlin, *Letters*, 11, 571-573.

14 Ada Strickland, daughter of J. J. Strickland, of Jersey.
I agree to pay you the sum of one thousand pounds (£1,000) for the right to print an edition of four thousand copies in two volumes similar to the sheet of [George Eliot's] "Theophrastus Such." I showed you and to sell at £15s. The right to last for a period of two or three years and should that number of 4,000 copies be sold and there be prospect of a continued demand in that form & price I am to pay you a further sum equivalent to a royalty of two thirds of the profits on each copy sold. Any monies derived from the sale of advance sheets for America or anywhere out of England including the right of translation to be retained for our benefit. The payment to you to be made in two sums of £500 each, the first on date of publication and the second six months afterwards. It is to be understood on both sides that the agreement relates only to the most expensive edition of the Autobiography and the terms for any cheaper issue of it are to be mutually agreed upon when it is thought desirable to bring it out in a cheaper form.

Blackwood closes with a hope that "the book will be as successful as we both anticipate & that it will leave the impression on people's minds that your father had more genius than the world has yet recognized or than he himself takes credit for in the Autobiography."

Henry acknowledges receipt of the letter of agreement on 8 May, saying that its terms were "in every way very satisfactory, and I am delighted to feel that we have come to a comfortable agreement with so little preliminary discussion," a curious admission from one who had originally asked almost twice as much money of the publisher. On 22 May, Henry revives the question of the unpublished work (An Old Man's Love—Henry has yet to mention its name), a novel, he explains, the same length as Dr. Wrottes's School, which Blackwood had published in the magazine. Henry asks £500 for magazine and book publication, or £300 for the book publication alone. In either case the work should be published in two volumes for not more than 12s. As for Blackwood's earlier request to see the novel, "I did not like to say no, but I recollected that my father refused such a request some years ago when asked that one of his M.S.S. might be submitted to a reader." Henry should like to settle the matter so that he may allude to the novel in his preface to the autobiography.

On 28 May Blackwood writes, "I am obliged by your offering me that unpublished story by your father to run through the Magazine & publish afterwards but on further consideration I had rather not have it. Your father's novels have somehow never taken ahold in the Magazine & without reading the M.S. I would be afraid to venture upon it. However, I have no doubt you will without difficulty find another channel for it." The compositors commenced on the autobiography that morning and will soon "be pouring a broadside of proofs at you." Blackwood asks:

Have you seen that portrait of your Father in this weeks [New York] Harpers & is it not good for a wood cut. I fear it will take away from the freshness of our proposed [frontispiece] & they have evidently taken it from the photograph we liked best. There are so few good portrait engravers now that I fear we shall have to fall back on Rajon for an etching... Which style do you & Mrs. Trollope prefer?

On 30 May Henry asks if he is to understand that Blackwood is not interested in the novel at all, even the book publication alone. He had heard of the Harper's portrait and will get it: "Nothing ought to be nicer than a good etching, but not one man in forty can do them. The French beat us hollow in their etchings."

In a letter of 3 June Henry asks Blackwood about page headings; he is also waiting to hear from Blackwood "as to the other matter." On June 7 Blackwood suggests that for the left hand running page heads Henry retain Trollope's chapter titles, or shorter versions of them, and

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15 When Trollope in July 1879 offered John Blackwood either a short novel, Dr. Wor\-\te's School, or a longer one, Ayala's Angel, the latter "just the length of John Caldigate" which had recently completed its serialization in Blackwood's Magazine, Blackwood declined the long work and only eventually accepted the shorter one, saying "altho' I feel that John Caldigate was admirable I know it did not tell in the Magazine." Trollope wrote back that he was "grieved to hear what you say of J.C. I do not quite understand how the effect of a novel on a magazine is discovered,—not at least in one so established as the Maga. . . . But I am quite aware that you know your business, and that you understand what is good, or bad, for such a periodical as Well, I might probably say better than any man alive." Letters, II, 834, 839, 840.

16 Paul Adolphe Rajon (1843-1888), French painter and engraver.
that for the right-hand pages he devise running heads on what is most striking on that page. Then Blackwood turns to the unpublished novel:

From our experience of The Fixed Period which is the only one we have published with his name and for which we paid the same price as that you ask for this one £900 if published at once in 2 vols not be sell beyond 12/6. I am very reluctant to say that I cannot see my way to undertaking it. Of The Fixed Period we have only sold 877 copies & are £146- out of pocket & without reading the M.S. I am not disposed to run the risk of loss again.

On the other hand, hoping that the autobiography will revive interest in Trollope's writings, Blackwood would venture £200, and give Henry also whatever was obtained from “the American pirates” and Tauchnitz. Henry answers on 10 June, "I will say: 'done with you'" if Blackwood will pay a specific amount, £25, instead of giving him the American and Tauchnitz rights.

On 11 June Blackwood asks if Henry has any other photograph, reiterating his fear that the Harper's wood engraving from the one they had intended to use would detract from its appeal. Perhaps Henry had one of his father taken when he was younger? Rajon wants too much money, £75 to £85. Does Henry know of any other French etcher "who is not as fashionable & may yet be nearly as good for our purposes?"

Henry answers the following day that he has no better photograph. He does not think the fact that Harper's used it would make "any appreciable difference. The Mudie readers in England know nothing of Harper's Magazine." Henry agrees that £75 to £85 would be too much to pay for the etching, but had better leave the matter to Blackwood.

On 19 June Henry writes with some impatience in a short note, "I should like to have your answer" about the unpublished novel. And he could justifiably have been annoyed: he had, after all, foregone his price of £500 for magazine and book rights combined—which he could probably have arranged with another publisher—and had in effect accepted Blackwood's reduced offer of £200, as the £25 for American and Tauchnitz rights could be recovered by Blackwood. The publisher generally had his way with Henry, and he took his time about it into the bargain.

Blackwood replied on 22 June, perhaps disingenuously, "When you wrote me on the 10th 'done with you' I took for granted that you looked upon the negotiation for the story as concluded and I am sorry if I have kept you in suspense." In any case, at this point he agrees to pay Henry the additional £25. Blackwood has thought of another artist—Lowenstam—to do the etching, and his price, £25, is "more reasonable like."

On 6 August Henry returns some proof to Blackwood; two days later Henry writes requesting revises along with the early sheets of the autobiography. On 9 August he points to four obvious cases of "clerical errors" he had made in copying the manuscript. Evidence from these letters makes it clear that Frederick Page was correct when, in 1950, while preparing his critical edition of An Autobiography for Oxford University Press, he said it seemed likely that the book was set, not from Trollope's own manuscript but from a copy of it. Trollope's holograph manuscript, which had come into the possession of the British Museum, Page described as showing "none of the usual signs of having been in a compositor's hands."

Page, correcting the first edition against the manuscript, discovered 544 departures from the original—misreadings of Trollope's hand, omissions of single words and groups of words, compressions of words and phrases, transpositions of words and groups of words, insertions of words and phrases, changes of words, grammatical changes, factual errors. Some of the corruptions were relatively minor, such as changing "bring down on my head..." to "bring down upon my head..." Others were serious, such as the substitution of "French prig" for "fe-

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27 Blackwood refers to book publication only; author's names were not given in Blackwood's Magazine, but were generally known, except in the case of deliberate secrecy, as for Nina Balata and Linda Tressel.

28 Not precisely. William Blackwood first agreed to pay £200 for serialization in Blackwood's and later accepted Trollope's offer of £450 for both serial and book rights. See Letters, II, 408n.

29 In the absence of any international copyright law, U.S. publishers customarily printed English books without any payment beyond occasionally giving some nominal sum for early sheets. Trollope himself had sparred publicly with Harper on this score; see Letters, I, 193-202.

30 Charles Edward Mudie (1818-1890) was founder of Mudie's Lending Library, which was so influential in shaping Victorian tastes in reading. Trollope was one of his favorite choices.

31 Leopold Lowenstam (1842-1893), Dutch artist who came to England in 1873.

male prig” in Trollope’s characterization of Lily Dale in *The Small House at Allington*, or saying that Archdeacon Grantly in *The Last Chronicle of Barset* was very real “in his victory” instead of “at his rectory.” An *Autobiography* as first published had a markedly corrupt text: not only had a sloppily-copied manuscript been given to the printer, but proof-reading, which here entailed restoration of the original manuscript readings together with the more usual task of accepting or rejecting printer’s or editor’s changes, was in the hands not of the author but of the one who had himself made the inaccurate copy and introduced most of the changes.

On 12 August Henry returns the remaining proofs for Volume I and reports that he looks forward with “pleasurable anxiety” to proofs of the etching. He has had a bout of nettle rash: “Don’t you eat Melon after dinner,” he tells Blackwood. “Eat it at the beginning of your dinner and you may hope for a better world. Eat it after, and—”

Two days later Henry writes that he and his mother are “very much pleased with the etching. . . . The head is exceedingly well done; and I think on the whole that it is the best likeness of my father that I have ever seen. But is not the body a little too corpulent,—too fat? It seems as if his stomach came up a little too high. If it is possible to tone that down a little I think it would make a better picture, and be more true.” He requests ten or a dozen copies of the etching on India or China paper, as he should like to give copies to a few friends.

On 17 August Blackwood, sending a revised set of proofs for Volume I, tells Henry that his own proofreader has indicated on them such “literal” corrections “as struck him your Father would have made had he been revising the sheets for the press himself.” But Henry is to do as he thinks best. Blackwood adds, “I am not sure that your father’s remarks on Christianity will tell in his favour as it certainly does not inculcate the love of money in us.”

Henry’s head lines, Blackwood remarks, are “excellent” and his revision of the letter press most careful. Blackwood is happy Henry and his mother like the etching; Henry’s suggestions about it were precisely those Blackwood himself had in mind. The copies Henry wants printed will present no difficulty.

Henry returns the proofs for Volume II on 22 August, and promises to give close attention to the reader’s suggestions. As for Blackwood’s objection to the passage about money and Christianity:

I think my father meant that Christianity was made possible and furthered by the good effects that money—when not wrongly valued—will produce. Property [Prosperity] undoubtedly tends to progress, or to civilisation, far more than pulpit preaching or than missionary preaching. If you want to civilize a savage, give him his dinner and put him into the way of earning another dinner for himself, and then dinners for his family. The parson may come in afterwards. . . . But what is more to the purpose, I cannot alter what my father has here said.

And what does Blackwood think about the passage he has marked for possible omission, pages 198-199? Trollope wrote that when he sailed for Australia to visit his son in May 1871, *Ralph the Heir* was still appearing serially, *The Eustace Diamonds* was in the hands of an editor, and two other novels, *Phineas Redux* and *An Eye for an Eye* were in a strong box. Moreover, *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, which Trollope forgot to mention, was also in the hands of an editor. Thus, Trollope said, if his ship had gone to the bottom, he would have provided that new novels would come out under his name “for some years to come.” Then came the questionable passage:

I do not know how many posthumous novels the public would receive from an author’s pen . . . but I fear that numbers appearing month after month, and year after year, with persistent regularity—when the man who wrote them was all but forgotten—would weary the British public. From the shade of Dickens they would have been accepted, but not, I fear, from mine.

On 26 August Henry sends Blackwood his preface—“hardly more than a bare statement of facts.” Blackwood may show it to his reader, and Henry himself may send a copy in proof to Langford. It has only 525 words. He has decided to make no allusion to the incomplete Land-leaguers, still to be published in book form, or to the unpublished An *Old Man’s Love*, sold now to Blackwood himself.
The next day Blackwood sends Henry a revise of pages 1-192 of Volume II. The press reader had gotten only to page 49 before going on holiday and Henry will have all the burden. Blackwood encloses a memo of a few suggestions offered by Collins, and agrees that the passage about the appearance of posthumous novels had better be omitted as Henry suggested.

Blackwood has two requests of his own. He wants Henry to omit a line [Volume II, p. 14] from the passage where Trollope says he would probably succeed in building up a second (anonymous) reputation if he had persevered beyond Nina Balatka and Linda Tressel. After the remark "Mr. Blackwood, had I still further reduced my price, would probably have continued the experiment," Henry was asked to delete the words—"no doubt would have done so had I continued it without any price."

On 29 August Henry writes saying he will comply with Blackwood's request. Henry must have rightly suspected Blackwood of being overly sensitive about his uncle and the firm: "I read my father's words merely as a little joke, or satire against himself—but omit them if you like." On the other hand, he cannot print Trollope's letter giving the copyright of the Commentaries of Caesar to John Blackwood, and the publisher's reply, which Blackwood believed would "show the public the terms publisher and Author can be on." To do so, Henry feels, would be "out of place." Nor will Henry refer to the letters in his pref-

46 On 17 August Blackwood had sent Collins proof of Volume I, urging that he "not let the book be seen by anyone at present outside your own fireside & do not talk about it to outsiders either." On 21 August Blackwood wrote Collins how pleased he was to see in Collins's opinion of the book a confirmation of what he himself had felt, especially about his school days which are almost too sad. Its honesty is undoubted & you feel you have the man himself before you telling his own story in its nakedness... The work ought to be a great success I think & become a permanent selling book. To me it is far more interesting than many of his novels but one never knows how the public will take to it.

47 The passage was restored by Frederick Page, An Autobiography (1950) pp. 345-346. At least part of Henry's concern had to do with his father's mention of Bulwer Lytton's Kenelm Chillingly (1873) as an example of one such acceptable posthumous novel. Langford had told him the novel was in type before Lytton died, a situation quite different from having novels discovered in the deceased author's desk.

48 The letters in question are Trollope to John Blackwood, 7 May 1870 ["The Caesar"] is a dear little book to me... I think the 1st of June is your birthday. At any rate we'll make it so for this year, and you will accept it as a little present"; and Blackwood to Trollope, 9 May, "I am truly gratified and touched by the very handsome manner in which you have presented me with the copyright of the Caesar. It affects me as a great personal compliment & mark of regard never to be forgotten." Letters, II, 517.

ace, as he believes the text sufficiently explains the friendliness between the two men. And Trollope's footnote saying "This [book] was given by me as a present to my friend John Blackwood" is clear to anyone. Henry must have sensed that to elaborate on what his father had written would have appeared self-serving on the publisher's part. For Collins to say something about it in a review (Blackwood had mentioned this possibility), Henry notes, is a "different matter." Henry asks what Collins thinks about his adding to the preface the names of works Trollope wrote after 1879, as beyond that year Trollope had not added to his own list in the last chapter.

On 3 September Blackwood writes to Henry endorsing Collins's recommendation about "filling in the facts of your father's life from the period [at which] his Autobiography closes." Blackwood, with Collins, also prevailed upon Henry to mention The Landleaguers and An Old Man's Love in his preface, in addition to the names of other books Trollope wrote after 1879.

On 6 September Henry asks that copies of the corrected preface be sent to Collins, as any of his suggestions would be valuable. He will, as both Blackwood and Collins wish, insert in the preface a short résumé of his father's life from 1876. But it must be short. His instructions were to "add any word as from yourself," which Henry interprets as meaning that he should not attempt a "chapter of biography."

Blackwood, on 11 September, sends proof of Henry's preface with Collins's suggestions, and, as though to prop up Henry's somewhat hesitant resolve about providing a brief résumé of Trollope's life from 1876 to its close, again endorses that course. Langford, too, Blackwood points out, "was very strong & decided about that—so far as he could ever be very strong upon a course of action the dear old fellow." As for Volume II, Collins, Langford, and he himself are of the same opinion:

If your Father had told us more of his own life in it the in-
terest for the majority of readers would have been much greater & we should have expected a much larger demand for the autobiography. But Vol I is very charming & in both we have the man as he was & you can see & hear him in every page. I am fixing date of publication for the 15th October as I fear we cannot be ready sooner.

Blackwood has sent an amended proof of the etching, and though the fault Henry mentioned is not entirely removed, Blackwood does not think it can be further mended.

Henry replies on 15 September that the revised etching shows his father less fat:

It is very good. If you like to ask the artist to reduce it a little more do so, if not don’t. My father was not fat, but he was stout. And in the photograph from which the etching is taken the way in which his coat was buttoned across his chest—as though it were pulled and stretched—gives to him the appearance of greater bigness of body than he really had. The head is the most important, and that is perfect.

The next day Henry posts the corrected and expanded preface, which incorporates all Blackwood’s and Collins’s suggestions. “One cannot judge everything right at first,” Henry says of his earlier effort. He would be grateful for Collins’s further suggestions on the new matter, and he makes a few suggestions of his own for the title and half-title pages. Later the same day Henry sends Blackwood an autograph of Trollope’s signature, an envelope Mrs. Trollope had dug out from her papers. At least this signature is “free from other ink marks. But in signing his name my father’s practice usually was to put his initials: A. T., or when he wrote his name it was illegible.” On 15 September Henry returns to Blackwood Collins’s list of errata for Volume II, of which Henry approves all but two. On the next day he returns a brief bit of proof.

On 20 September Blackwood sends Henry another revise of the preface, which he feels “says all that is required.” A copy has also been sent to Collins for his opinion. Henry is to return the artist’s proof of the portrait for the printer; Blackwood will supply Henry with large-paper copies later. Blackwood is adding the autograph signature below
the etching, "as I think it will improve the etching & help to lessen in appearance the squareness of it." Blackwood, sending Henry's revised preface to Collins on the same day, remarks that Henry "has certainly not erred in the way of length," but has been, as Collins has said, "very good about our corrections & suggestions. He was at first inclined to kick a little but soon saw the error of his way when I pointed out one or two egregious slips."

On 22 September Henry returns two proofs of the etching. If not too late he would much like to see Collins's suggestions for the extended preface: "I have done my best with what I have written, but it is not as I should like to see it. It lacks a something which I cannot give to it. Such work is not easy and that is my first attempt." Henry is going to Paris for a few days.

On 28 September Blackwood sends still another and "last proof" of the preface along with Collins's latest suggestions. "Time of publication is drawing nigh & I am getting very anxious over the launch of the Autobiography & its probable reception."

On 2 October, Henry, just returned from Paris, sends back the preface incorporating, again, "all" of Collins's suggestions. Henry then thanks Blackwood "for the consideration you have shown in bringing out this book;—I mean the rapid issue of proofs and the careful way in which all printing has been done. My own copy of the M.S. I shall burn; but of course I will keep my father's own manuscript."

On 13 October Blackwood sends Henry £500, the first half of his payment on the book. Press of work prevented him from writing to Henry when the early copy of An Autobiography was posted to Henry two days previous.

In the Times of yesterday & today's Athenæum & in

other papers you will see some of the results of my efforts and I am happy to tell you that I have made such terms with Mudie as to induce him to start with one thousand copies, but I have not yet heard what the other houses have subscribed. I hope you are pleased with the appearance of the book and I ordered a dozen copies to be sent you last night for such of your friends on whom you may wish to bestow so charming a remembrance of your manly & kind-hearted Father. . . . I was gratified to receive your kind expression regarding the preparation of the proofs of the Autobiography and I trust you will find no errors have crept in since you returned them for the press. If you see any will you kindly let me know as we shall doubtless have to reprint soon. When I found the printers could keep the type standing I thought it more prudent to print at first only 3000 out of the 4000 I was entitled by our agreement so as to get éclat of a second edition early and I hope we shall not only soon be obliged to print that fourth thousand but several more thousands.

On 14 October Henry thanks Blackwood for the early copy of the book. Both he and his mother think it looks "very nice." And the autograph under the etching looks "better than I had expected." The notices in The Times are "capital" and ought to help the sale "very considerably." They are "good natured, and of a kind to make the book asked for at the libraries." He inquires if Blackwood could send him a list of important reviews as they come out. He has seen The Times, and shall see the Spectator, "but no other paper ever makes its way" to Harting. Henry adds:

... columns & returns the volumes to us." Trollope seems to have had Sand in mind when creating Ferdinand Alf, a newspaper editor in The Way We Live Now.

Athenæum, 13 October 1883, pp. 457-459; a sympathetic review, though it thought the book likely to appeal "rather to those in whom the recollection of Trollope's work and of the man himself is still fresh than to a possible posterity." The reviewer concluded that nobody would read it "without feeling that he knows the writer better, and, knowing him better, that he values him with increased regard."

The Spectator ran three reviews of An Autobiography: 20 October 1883, p. 1438-1444, by Meredith Townsend; 27 October, pp. 1573-1574, by R. H. Hutton; and 27 October, p. 1577-1579, also by Hutton. Townsend's notice was chiefly concerned with the extraordinary transformation of the unpopular "heavy lad" into an efficient public servant, sociable man, and fine novelist. Hutton devoted one article to Trollope as critic, using An
I read an article on my father in the [New York] Century by Henry James (I think the father of the novelist) and a more bumbling piece of criticism I never read in my life. It was like a man trying to wield a Hercules club instead of his walking-stick.

The article was of course by Henry James Jr., and later reprinted with slight revisions in Partial Portraits. Henry seems to have been very thin-skinned in regard to criticism of his father's works, for James's article, while voicing reservations about Trollope's fiction, said much in praise, and has become over the last hundred years a kind of cornerstone for Trollope studies, having raised most of the issues that have occupied subsequent critics of Trollope's fiction.38

On 15 October—the day of publication—Henry writes thanking Blackwood for his kind letter and for the £500, and saying it is "magnificent" of Blackwood to send him a dozen free copies. Henry is delighted that Mudie has subscribed 1000 copies,39 but he does not know "how far that can be taken as a test of what the other libraries will do. A few years ago, if Mudie took 1000 copies Smith might have taken perhaps 250-300. I fancy Smith has given up book-selling, and keeps now only to newspapers." He will let Blackwood know if he comes upon any errors: "I fancy my Mother had detected one—of no importance to any one—as to the date of the writing of The Warden. The mistake will probably have been my father's."36

Autobiography to demonstrate that a creative writer was rarely a fine critic, and the second to the paradox that Trollope had created characters who "if they had written down their ideals, would have painted something which seems to us infinitely higher" than what the book revealed as Trollope's own "somewhat mundane ideal of life;" but Trollope's statement of the liberal creed in politics Hutton found "one of the wisest and tersest summaries of political principle, which we have ever come across.

38 James, in the last paragraph of this lengthy article, concluded: "Trollope did not write for posterity... but these are just the writers whom posterity is apt to put into its pocket... Trollope will remain one of the most trustworthy, though not one of the most eloquent, of the writers who have helped the heart of man to know itself." New Century Magazine and Partial Portraits, cited above.

39 Subsequently, on 20 October, Blackwood wrote to Mudie, "As you really seem disposed to give Anthony Trollope's Autobiography a great run I do not mind making the allowance on the first thousand copies and letting you have 1500 at 12½ in the hopes that you will soon require another instalment."

40 W. H. Smith (1825-1891), wholesale booksagent, bookseller, and publisher, who had introduced railway bookstalls into England in 1848. His lending library was second in influence only to Mudie's.

41 Trollope's manuscript and the first edition both say that Trollope began The Warden on 17 October Henry writes thanking Blackwood for the two proofs of the etching of his father and for reviews in Scottish papers—"both good notices," not—and here he apparently contradicts his earlier estimate—like those in The Times, "complete hackwork, and paste or scissors." As Henry is writing, there has arrived a parcel from Blackwood with the 12 copies of An Autobiography and a "nicely framed" copy of the etching of his father. Henry has given the picture to his mother, who will put it in her room:

Looking again at the head, we all think that the artist has succeeded perfectly. The portrait is very fine, and the expression is pleasing, and the work admirably done. The body too is now less big, and hardly at all above the ordinary size. When he was being photographed my father could not look happy for he was in a purgatory of misery.42 But this likeness is the best I have seen.

When Henry wrote on the 17th he had not yet seen an ill-tempered piece, entitled "Gossip about a Newspaper," in the St. James's Gazette of 16 October by the editor, Frederick Greenwood.43 Greenwood was nettled by Trollope's failure in An Autobiography to credit him as the originator of the Pall Mall Gazette, and furious that he should have on the 29th of July 1853. This date Frederick Page (1950), p. 95, mistakenly "corrects" to 1852. The year 1853 is confirmed by Trollope's travel account books in the Parrish Collection, Princeton University. What should have been corrected, and what Rose Trollope doubtless spotted, was that two pages later Trollope, contradicting himself, says that after postal work interrupted his writing, "It was not till the end of 1852 that I recommenced [the book], and it was in the autumn of 1853 that I finished the work."

These dates should have been 1853 and 1854. Trollope himself half sensed that something was wrong, for he adds, a little puzzled; "On looking at the title-page, I find that it was not published till 1855"; see An Autobiography (1950) p. 97.

42 Posing for photographs involved holding an expression and position for an uncomfortably long time, and Trollope's letters bear ample testimony to his impatience with the process and dissatisfaction with the results: "I hate sitting for a photograph"; "I do not like photographs, and dislike my own worse than all others." Of one photograph of himself he said that it looked "uncommon feice [sic], as that of a dog about to bite; but I fear that is the nature of the animal portrayed." Letters, II, 682 and 786, and 1, 101.

43 Greenwood (1850-1909) had been editor of the Pall Mall Gazette from its founding in 1865 until 1880 when its owner/publisher George Smith gave the paper to Yates Thompson, his son-in-law, whereupon Greenwood resigned rather than serve under the proprietorship of a Liberal. Most of Greenwood's staff went with him, and he resurrected a conservative Pall Mall Gazette in the shape of the St. James's Gazette.
written of George Smith, the paper's proprietor and publisher, as "chief editor" in the paper's early days. Greenwood had been from the first issue, by his own account, the paper's sole and independent editor. He said:

[The Pall Mall Gazette] is a subject of which [Trollope] knew absolutely nothing of his own knowledge, except that he wrote for the paper some admirable sketches [on hunters, travellers, and clergymen], and some articles of a political turn so intolerably empty and wordy that the editor was compelled to put a stop to them, even at the risk of mortal offence—which ensued. About this time Mr. Trollope was greatly ambitious of a political career and he failed for the same reason that his political dispositions were rejected.30

By the 19th Henry, having read the article, writes to Blackwood: "What an egregious ass Greenwood must be to put such toad-spitting into the St. James' Gazette! Living here I know nothing of what is going on, but I fancy that there had been a bit of dagger and knife between the St. James' and the Pall Mall." Henry adds a postscript that he had just received Blackwood's telegram asking him to come to London to discuss what response should be made to Greenwood. Henry will do so tomorrow. He thinks there is nothing he or Blackwood can say publicly about Greenwood's article: "It was written by a snob; but he had better be left alone. There may be more behind the scenes that I do not know."

On the same day, Blackwood followed his telegram with a letter to Henry from his London office:

I felt [Greenwood] was piqued at something and made use of his own newspaper to gratify his vanity—a very foolish

Henry did get up to London and evidently the two decided in accordance with Henry's first instinct not to counter Greenwood publicly. On 21 October Henry writes from Harting telling Blackwood that he has posted to Greenwood a personal letter: "If he continues to write as he wrote before he will only be throwing mud on his own coat." Henry also wrote to George Smith. No change in the text or reply to Greenwood was made in the printing of the fourth thousand of An Autobiography.

Blackwood, on 23 November, thanking Henry for the gift of a copy of Trollope's privately printed How the "Mastiffs" Went to Iceland, observes: "The Autobiography has been sticking somewhat during last fortnight but sales will I hope revive again soon." He thanks Henry for journeying down to Winchester to visit Langford. In a postscript he asks when Henry's marriage is fixed for.

The next day Henry writes that he will send by Monday's post, registered, the manuscript of An Old Man's Love. He remarks, "I do not suppose the quick sale of the Autobiography can always continue. But a good start often means preparation for a fair after sale, if the book be found worth the first enthusiasm." As for his marriage, it will take place next Easter "If the whole island of Jersey is not swept away in these gales."

On the 27th, Henry thanks Blackwood for the additional reviews he has had sent to him:
The Academy was good, and there was a very good critical article in the Christian World. The next week in that same paper there was a preachy goody-goody article that was soap-suds. ... When a fellow talks about earning money as wanting in nobility or idealism, I think he either has not realised to himself what life is,—or else he is a Pharisee,—or may be a windbag who wants to fill so many lines of "copy" with any rot he can talk. Is a man wanting in ideal notions because he wants to give a horse and carriage to his wife? 40

Henry next writes Blackwood on 19 January 1884, saying the publisher would of course use his own discretion as to when to publish An Old Man's Love. Henry thinks an article in the Edinburgh Review is by the editor, Henry Reeve; it was in fact by Alexander Innes Shand. 41

On 22 January 1884 Blackwood tells Henry that a "rapid succession of proofs" of An Old Man's Love will soon flow to him. Publication is to be about the middle or the end of February. Blackwood is "curiously anxious" how it will sell. "The Autobiography has had but a slow dropping sale since I last wrote you & we have still 146 copies in stock which at present rate of sales will I fear last us for three or four months yet. However, the notices in this month's reviews may give the book a fresh start."

Henry replies, the same day:

We move along so fast nowadays that I dare say the sale for the dear edition of the Autobiography is nearly over. But I think the book has been popular, and has been liked by those who have read it. Somebody—Somebody—said to me long ago since that one reason why he liked my father's

40 The Academy, 27 October 1883, pp. 273-274, made the point, which later commentators thought to be so damaging and widespread, that Trollope's "theory of work had much to do with his [critical] failings ... because he held that literature, as a question of mere production, is subject to precisely the same laws as the production of shoes by a cobbler." The Christian World, 18 October 1883, pp. 720-791 and 25 October 1883, p. 790, concentrated both its articles on the early years. The disapproval of worldliness noted by Henry is not prominent.

41 Shand favorably compares Trollope's novels with the numerous and dull novels of the present day; his working methods could hardly be universally applicable, for Trollope's "power of crystallizing the characters in the brain, so that imagination shall do the work of knowledge and observation, is really one of the inexplicable developments of the higher genius." Shand's article, "The Literary Life of Anthony Trollope," appeared in Edinburgh Review, 159 (January 1884) pp. 186-212.

books was that he said what he meant to say. There are some of us who say sometimes what we don't mean to say. I fancy the Edinburgh article by Reeve because the writer alludes to a former article in the Review, written I think in the October issue for 1879, on my father's books; and speaking to me about that article my father said he thought it was by Henry Reeve, the Editor. 42—I thought it spoke very highly. Criticism, to be worth anything, is difficult to make palatable to a general reader, therefore most review writers avoid it.

On 26 March 1884 Blackwood sends Henry full payment of £225 for the copyright of An Old Man's Love:

In London we subscribed 487 copies and about 80 in Scotland but there has been a dropping sale since subscription, Mudie having had to order 50 more so that after some good & early reviews I hope the edition of 1500 copies we printed will gradually clear out of our shelves. Our stock of the Autobiography is now reduced to 80 copies but it would not we think be advisable to reprint in its present form & before interest is over in it we are disposed to venture on a new edition in one volume like the enclosed specimen page. In that form it would make 436 pages & with the portrait we propose its price to be 7/6. For the right to publish such an edition we are willing to pay you a royalty of nine pence on each copy sold less the 25th book. 43 ... Should you prefer some other arrangement I shall be happy to meet your wishes as far as I possibly can. Is your marriage date fixed yet?

Henry, on 28 March, thanks Blackwood for the £225 and wishes him success with the novel. Henry thinks it "unwise" to bring out An Autobiography in another form until the first edition is completely sold out:

But in considering the matter you propose an edition at 7/6. I should have thought that upon a book selling at 7/6—

42 This article (Henry has the year wrong) was also by A. I. Shand, "Mr. Anthony Trollope's Novels," Edinburgh Review, 146 (October 1877) pp. 455-468.
43 Free to booksellers on orders of two dozen copies.
even though there be the reprinting of an etching—that you could have afforded more than 9d as royalty. This seems to me very small. [It was 10%.] I had thought over the matter of a new Edition in a vague way,—not mentioning it to anyone; and I am inclined to think that 7/6 is too much to ask for such a book. A publisher may ask what he pleases, but I think that at 3/6 you would in process of time have a larger profit. At 5/- I feel literally sure you would gain more in two years than at 7/6. The page might be two m's wider than the specimen you have sent me, and with a type a size smaller—not more closely leaded. You would probably reduce the number of pages from 436 to 400. It would still be a good looking page, and quite handsome enough for any one who might wish to bind the book. I know of course that our agreement is not yet near to its close, but if it be well to terminate it there can be no sort of objection in bringing out a cheaper edition before the time named in that agreement.

As for his marriage, "I am to have my head cut off on the 29th of next month, wind and weather permitting; for it is not always easy to get over to Jersey punctually in the specified time. Coming home is worse."

On 14 April Blackwood sends the second and final payment of £500 for An Autobiography. He is having a specimen page prepared of an edition at 5/ and 3/6, "but I fear it will take a very large sale to make it remunerative at that price, but I am anxious to meet your wishes if I possibly can." Blackwood will be at the London office towards the end of the month, and if Henry might come up out of Jersey he would be happy to meet and make the acquaintance of the bride elect.

The next day Henry thanks Blackwood for sending the £500 "with such minute exactitude as to time." Henry will be out of England for a few months—on his wedding trip—and payment of any additional royalty can wait till October. (There was no additional royalty on An Autobiography.) Henry thinks too that the whole question of a new and cheaper edition of the autobiography had better stand over until the autumn. He thanks Blackwood for the copy of the Taunton edition of the autobiography and notices of An Old Man's Love. And on the following day Henry writes again, to thank Blackwood for a "charming” jug and stand, evidently a wedding gift. Henry will put his crest on it.

On 16 November Henry sends Blackwood his new address, 121 Finch- borough Road, Redcliffe Square, SW, "a long way from anywhere else—except from Brompton Cemetery," and a 50-minute walk to Piccadilly Circus. He reopens discussion of the cheap edition, rehearsing the earlier letters, still maintaining that 9d is too small a royalty and again advocating an edition selling at less than 7/6. Henry will of course come to see Blackwood at Paternoster Row when he is in London. He would like Blackwood to come to dinner; his mother would join them; she has also moved to London, to Cheyne Gardens, "near where the Chelsea lunatic used to live." But "lunatic or not" Henry has just put "old Carlyle" up in his library "partly indeed to go against Froude. Nature made [Carlyle] unhappy and he was further afflicted with the curse of never being able to rid himself of his own complaining. Hence he was a Philistine, and became at last intolerable."45

On 9 March 1885 Henry writes that he fears his letter of nearly 12 months past calling Blackwood’s proposed royalty for the cheaper edition of An Autobiography "very small" offended Blackwood. "If so, I am heartily sorry for it. . . . Let me retract it and apologize. . . . I did not mean anything in the least unpleasant. I have had only too much reason to thank my good fortune in my relations with you, for I am sure that no one could have been kinder or more generous to me than you have been." Blackwood answers on 12 March, saying he was sorry to think that his long silence made Henry suspect he was annoyed at Henry’s response on the cheaper edition. Though disappointed "from the business point of view that you did not favorably entertain the proposition," he did not in any way take the refusal to heart. There the mat-

--44 The reviews of An Old Man’s Love were generally favorable. The Academy, 55 (29 March 1884) p. 290, sensed that "the stream was getting dry," and both the Contemporary Review, 46 (July 1884) pp. 149-150, and the Westminster Review, 66 (July 1884) p. 305.

--45 Henry’s views sound as if they were derived from his father, who in the course of time had grown more and more dissatisfied with Carlyle’s pessimism. James Anthony Froude (1818-1894) was Carlyle’s literary executor and, in that capacity, his controversial editor and biographer.
been content to write a little less, he might have written a little better,”
drew back, saying “it is possible that Trollope’s system suited him best.”
The reviewer saw in An Autobiography interest equal to Trevely’s Macaulay.
Trollope’s literary judgments are marked by “common sense”
and in 25 years we may be astonished “to find how near the world’s
voice has gone to confirm the personal likes and dislikes of Anthony
Trollope.” The Westminster Review furthered the comparison with
Macaulay and found the critical chapters “full of instruction and enter-
ainment.” The Fortnightly Review called An Autobiography a “most
entertaining book,” which demonstrated the necessity of “ceaseless
devotion of mind and unintermitting labour of body.” The Morning
Post commended its “entire unreserve” and thought it would encour-
gage “despondent toilers” to persevere. The Daily Telegraph said the
book was a “flood of light” thrown on the “inner life of Anthony Tro-
lope . . . [which] will but serve to make his countrymen regard him with
increased admiration and respect.” To say that An Autobiography
killed or even lessened Trollope’s reputation is to disregard the rec-
ord.

Today, more than a century later, Trollope’s reputation as one of
the giants of the English novel is more sure than ever. Gordon N. Ray
put it eloquently when he wrote that Trollope was “a great, truthful,
varied artist, who wrote better than he or his contemporaries realized,
and who left behind him more novels of lasting value than any other
writer in English.” The publication of An Autobiography in 1883 nei-
ther hindered nor helped Trollope’s posthumous reputation appreci-
ably, but through the winnowing process of the years this work has
found itself a place among the great autobiographies of the 19th
century. William Blackwood, and Henry Trollope himself, jealous as he
was for his father’s reputation, would have been surprised.

46 When Blackwood printed the fourth thousand of the copies he was entitled to pub-
lish, he made no changes in the text but added the words “Second Edition” to the title
page. He also had some of the original sheets bound into a two-volumes-in-one edition.
Both of these editions are dated 1883. An Autobiography was not reprinted in Great
Britain until the Oxford University Press “World’s Classics” edition in 1923, reprinted
1924, 1928, 1936, 1941, revised 1947. In America the book was published by Harper,
1883, in cloth (in print until 1904) and paper (in print until 1894); by Lovell, 1883 (in
biography as the final volume of its uniform set of Trollope, 1905, reissued 1911, 1912,
1916, 1922, 1927, 1935 (in print until 1940). This information supplied by Dr. Chester
W. Topp.
1956) p. 185.
Early in June 1960, Colonel Reade and I went through the contents not of a "tin box," but a full-sized foot locker that had been kept at his home in Bushey Heath, London. There were, indeed, unpublished letters of Charles Reade and other members of his family.

Still more unpublished material soon surfaced. A few days later, near Ipsden, Oxfordshire, the present Squire of Ipsden, Michael Reade—Colonel Reade's cousin—opened the cabinets and closets at Scott's Cottage, where we found additional papers. They included letters from Wilkie Collins and Ellen Terry, and from Malcolm Elwin, author of the last full-scale biography of Reade. Elwin regretted that he had not known of the family papers when he was writing his book. Other letters indicated that Madame Léone Rives had seen some of the papers when she wrote Charles Reade, sa vie, ses romans, but some of them had vanished between 1940 and 1960.

The discovery of the papers made necessary a search through the publishing, theatrical, and public records in England and Scotland, and through libraries in England, Scotland, and the United States. From the India Office Library and the Bodleian at Oxford, to the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, new material appeared. Some of it seemed contradictory; some, fragmentary. There were times when it appeared that nothing that had been printed about Reade could be believed. Throughout the ten years it took to complete the search, the Princeton University Library was most generous in its aid.

In October 1982, Alexander Wainwright of Princeton advised me that "we were excited by the appearance out of the blue last month of the Charles Reade 'letter book.' " Simultaneously, Mrs. D. R. Coffin, Curator of the Robert H. Taylor Collection, informed me that Taylor had acquired the letter book for his private collection, housed in Firestone Library. When I visited Princeton during the Christmas recess, it was immediately apparent that the new acquisition was invaluable.

"Charles Reade's Letter Book" contains nearly 250 items, the great majority of them autograph letters from his wide circle of friends. Because so many of them are addressed to Reade, they can be dated, thus supplying a time and place for events which went undated in his own

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7 I remain deeply indebted to Alexander Wainwright, who made the resources of the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelist available to me.
8 Mrs. D. R. Coffin made it possible for me to secure both a microfilm copy of the "Letter Book," and a photocopy of an accompanying typescript. I stand in her debt.
letters. Reade himself probably gathered them together during the last years of his life, perhaps as late as the autumn of 1889 just before he departed for Cannes for the winter. Its special value lies in Reade’s annotations to many of the letters, some of them cryptic, some extended comments about his correspondents.

The “Letter Book” demonstrates conclusively that Charles Reade was the friend and frequent companion of some of the giants of Victorian literature, including Charles Dickens and Lord Bulwer Lytton. It provides dates for such events as James T. Fields’ acceptance of Griffith Gaunt on Reade’s terms for publication in the United States (5 April 1865), and for Ellen Terry’s contract (5 February 1874) to play the lead in Reade’s The Wandering Heir. A note from Mark Twain reveals that they corresponded as early as 1872. In August 1879, near the time when Drink was produced,\(^9\) Zola wrote to Reade accepting a payment of 600 francs. The “Letter Book” thus confirms the fact that a wide variety of people held him and his work in high esteem.

“Charles Reade’s Letter Book” also clarifies some aspects of Reade’s personal life, notably his affair with Mrs. Laura Seymour. It will be remembered that, when Reade accepted a Vinerian Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, in the spring of 1842, a position (and income) he retained throughout his life, he was thereafter forbidden to marry. He did not retire to a cloistered academic life, however. On the contrary, he retained his membership in the famed Garrick Club, and for almost a decade he collected and sold violins and other musical instruments, moving back and forth between London, France, and Edinburgh. He did not begin a literary career until 1851, adapting French plays for the English stage and for the actress, Mrs. Fanny Stirling, to whom he dedicated his first published work, Peregrine Pickle (Oxford, 1851).

Throughout his life, Reade declared that the stage was his first love. In 1874 he brought Ellen Terry back to the stage to star in his The Wandering Heir. In his “Letter Book,” he remarks of her that “her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular, complexion a delicate brick dust, her hair rather like tow—yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her.” To her, Charles Reade was “dear Papa.”

Reade constantly adapted his own novels for the stage, often taking them on tour in the provinces in a company which he financed under the directorship of Mrs. Seymour, with whom he lived from the late 1850s until her death in 1879. Much of Reade’s correspondence with Mrs. Seymour was apparently destroyed, and her personality and relationship to Reade have remained shadowy. “Charles Reade’s Letter Book” helps change Mrs. Seymour from shadow to substance. Quite unexpectedly, Laura comes alive in this collection. An undated letter from Julia Glover suggests that the two women were friends when Mrs. Seymour sought a place at the Haymarket. In a note dated 5 February 1845, William C. Macready regrets that he has not called on her “since my return from America.” In an undated note, after declaring that her husband is fortunate in having such a wife, Dion Boucicault asks Laura to tell him “what I can do to win your favor.” From Kirkhope Manse, Selkirk, Scotland, a letter from the Reverend Mr. John S. Gibson, Laura’s brother-in-law, indicates that she regularly visited the north in the company of Charles Reade.\(^11\) When Mrs. Seymour is no longer a shadowy figure, much is revealed about Charles Reade himself.

Most important to an adequate understanding of Reade is the annotation in his hand found on a letter from “Dr. Bandinel (Librarian Bodley)” to Reade’s mother praising It Is Never Too Late to Mend. In it, Reade writes: “It is among the blessings of my life and keen miseries avoided that after all the trouble I gave her she lived to be proud of me, and I lived to tell her I loved and valued her, though we Anglo-Saxon idiots often omit to tell our mothers even when we feel it there.”

Here we have a far better insight into the complex relationship between Reade and his mother than has been provided in the inferences drawn by critics from the Memoir.

John Howell, the San Francisco publisher and dealer in rare books, aptly described “this extraordinary collection” when he wrote:\(^8\)

\[\ldots\] Much of the wide range of Reade’s interests is here doc-

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\(^9\) Griffith Gaunt (1866) gained Reade notoriety—and an American lawsuit—because of its treatment of bigamy.

\(^10\) In 1879, Reade adapted Emile Zola’s L’Assommoir for the English stage, giving it the title Drink. Reade’s collection of notebooks—made up of newspaper clippings and government reports on social issues—are comparable to the notebooks of Zola.

\(^11\) From Mr. Howell’s description attached to his checklist of the contents of Charles Reade’s letter book.
umented... The contemporary theatre in all its facets is the subject of many letters... Through all of this, Reade emerges as a kind, although somewhat contentious, man, and one gains a good sense of the man behind the novelist... Further, this album casts a great deal of light on broader issues of 19th century history and literature; this work will serve as a fertile field for students of the 19th century to cultivate.

We must be grateful that "Charles Reade's Letter Book" has survived intact, and that Robert H. Taylor recognized its uniqueness and took steps to make it available to students of the 19th century. It is but another measure of his insight and knowledge. Contemporary scholarship remains forever in his debt.

The Collector and Scholar
Trollope's Girls

BY ROBERT H. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor was widely respected for his knowledge about Anthony Trollope, one of the most prolific Victorian novelists. It is not surprising, then, that he should have been chosen to deliver a lecture at the Trollope Centenary Conference, held at University College, London, in June 1982. "Trollope's Girls" reveals Mr. Taylor's astute literary sense as well as his engaging wit. The lecture was so well-received that Mr. Taylor was asked to repeat it on many occasions and for various audiences, which he did, including one in Princeton on 27 October 1982.

The Victorian age saw the novel reach its greatest popularity. Enormous amounts of fiction were produced, and all tastes were catered to: there was the elegant, or Silver Fork school, there was the political novel, the satiric novel, the evangelical novel, the sensation novel—and the list can be as long as you wish to make it. Whatever the underlying theme was, the novel depended for its success on plot and character. Nowadays, of course, these appear to flourish chiefly in the detective story; but in the novel's palmy days its author relied on them to please the reader and reviewer alike.

Plot and characterization were not mutually exclusive; but it frequently happened that an author who had devised a neat plot found that he must shape his characters to fit it, sometimes leaving them rather stiff and wooden. Or conversely, that by devoting attention to the people in his book the plot had grown slack and loose.

Of this latter sort was Anthony Trollope. His best work, indeed, was of this kind. He tells us that though he provided himself with the outline of a story to begin with, the characters often took matters into their own hands, sometimes altering the plot considerably. This in itself in-
dicates the vitality they had had for him, and the care with which he thought them out beforehand.

But other novelists possessed this vivifying ability, notably Dickens, who turned out memorable characters in a never-ending stream. Thackeray's satiric quality was of enormous value to him in just this way. And of course there were many others. But Trollope had, it seems to me, one distinction that sets him apart: he was able to make the jeune fille interesting. This distinction he shared with his feminine colleagues, who as a rule presented their heroines skillfully; but the male novelists usually had trouble with their good girls. The bad ones they could do very well—very well indeed; but the bad ones tended to steal the show. The classic example is Vanity Fair: how insipid Amelia Sedley seems beside Becky Sharp!

Let us look at some samples of the way these girls talk. To begin with we will go back to Scott, who was not a Victorian, but whose popularity continued throughout that age and who set an ideal for many of his successors.

Very well. The heroine of The Antiquary, Isabella, is walking with her father across the sands of a beach when they perceive they have been cut off by the swiftly rising tide. Their peril is real, they are unfamiliar with the countryside, no assistance is in sight. Isabella speaks.

"Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

What command of eloquence Isabella had! And here is Rose Maylie, from Oliver Twist, rejecting a suitor:

"I owe it to myself, that I, a friendless, portionless girl, with a blight upon my name, should not give your friends reason to suspect that I had sordidly yielded to your first passion, and fastened myself, a clog, on all your hopes and projects. I owe it to you and yours, to prevent you from opposing, in the warmth of your generous nature, this great obstacle to your progress in the world."

Surely, like the noble lord in Iolanthe Rose Maylie had grammar and spelling for two. And here is another of the same sort—but now we are listening to Thackeray's Laura refusing Pendennis:

"Do not mistake me, Arthur," she said, "it cannot be. You do not know what you ask, and do not be too angry with me for saying that I think you do not deserve it. What do you offer in exchange to a woman for her love, honor, and obedience? If ever I say these words, dear Pen, I hope to say them in earnest, and by the blessing of God to keep my vow. But you—what tie binds you? You do not care about many things which we poor women hold sacred. I do not like to think or ask how far your incredulity leads you. You offer to marry to please your mother, and own that you have no heart to give away? Oh, Arthur what is it you offer me? What a rash compact would you enter into so lightly? A month ago, and you would have given yourself to another. I pray you do not trifle with your own or others' hearts so recklessly. Go and work; go and mend, dear Arthur, for I see your faults, and dare speak of them now: go and get fame, as you say that you can, and I will pray for my brother, and watch our dearest mother at home."

These three excerpts, from the three most admired novelists of the 19th century, are enough to show the kind of thing I have referred to.

It must be said in passing that proposals in fiction tend to be rather purple patches, possibly because the novelist feels they mark a point of high romance, and possibly because he has never observed any. Trollope's own proposal scenes are a bit flowery ("Say it shall be so" cries the hero), but nevertheless he tells us:

The absolute words and acts of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebian, or below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding; they were a handsome pair, living among educated people, sufficiently given to mental pursuits, and in every way what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The
site of the passionate scene was the seashore, on which they were walking in autumn.

*Gentleman* “Well, Miss____, the long and short of it is this: here I am; you can take me or leave me.”

*Lady____* scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another—“Of course, I know that’s all nonsense.”

*Gentleman* “Nonsense! By Jove, it isn’t nonsense at all: come, Jane: here I am; come, at any rate you can say something.”

*Lady* “Yes, I suppose I can say something.”

*Gentleman* “Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?”

*Lady—very slowly,* and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on, at the same time, her engineering works on a wider scale “Well, I don’t exactly want to leave you.”

And so the matter was settled with much propriety and satisfaction, and both the lady and the gentleman would have thought, had they ever thought about the matter at all, that this, the sweetest moment of their lives, had been graced by all the poetry by which such moments ought to be hallowed.

We may guess from this what he thought of the stiff and elaborate language used for such episodes by his illustrious colleagues. Trollope rarely let his girls indulge in similar rhetorical flourishes. He also allowed them in general more spirit, which adds considerably to their verisimilitude. They are willing to stand up for themselves, for their friends, and for what they believe to be right. We might begin with our youngest example, Kate Masters, aged fifteen. Kate is passionately devoted to fox hunting, but as she has no horse of her own is dependent on the loan of one from a family friend; thus her hunting is very limited. On this occasion she has been able to borrow a pony, and while they are waiting for the hunt to begin, Lord Rufford, the local bigwig, tries to tease her.

“That’s a nice pony of yours, my dear,” said the lord. Kate, who didn’t quite like being called “my dear,” but who knew that a lord has privileges, said that it was a very good pony. “Suppose we change,” said his lordship. “Could you ride my horse?” “He’s very big,” said Kate. “You’d look like a tom-tit on a haystack,” said his lordship. “And if you got on my

pony, you’d look like a haystack on a tom-tit,” said Kate. Then it was felt Kate Masters had had the best of that little encounter.

Now to skip briefly to an elderly example: Mrs. Hurtle, of *The Way We Live Now,* is approaching thirty-five, by Victorian standards hardly to be called a girl any longer. But she is attractive, and American, and something of a mystery. I shall not quote any of her conversation—merely one casual sentence of description. There was little information to be had about her, Trollope tells us, and adds:

“The thing, however, best known of her was that she had shot a man through the head somewhere in Oregon.”

The casualness of it! You can’t ask for anything more spirited than that, even today.

A different—and milder—form of spirit is shown by Lucy Morris in *The Eustace Diamonds.* Lucy has no money of her own, and is a governess in the home of Lady Fawn. (I am sorry about these long explanations, but the background is necessary.) Lady Fawn has one son, who has succeeded to the title, and a large number of younger daughters. Lucy is engaged to Frank Greystock, who cannot yet afford to marry, but who is in Parliament, where he has had several clashes with Lord Fawn, who is a pompous ass. Lord Fawn has sought refuge in his mother’s house, where his wounded dignity will be soothed. And, as the family is sitting together, Lord Fawn says, “Mr. Greystock has been most insolent,” and follows that a minute later with

“... nothing on earth shall ever induce me to speak again to a man who is so little like a gentleman ... He has never forgiven me ... because he was so ridiculously wrong [in that debate]”

“I am sure that had nothing to do with it,” said Lucy.

“Miss Morris, I shall venture to hold my own opinion,” said Lord Fawn.

“And I shall hold mine” said Lucy.

Then the girls try to soothe her back into her usual mouse-like quietude, but unavailingly.
“How can I hear such things said and not notice them?” demanded Lucy. “Why does Lord Fawn say them when I am by?”

Lord Fawn had now condescended to be full of wrath against his mother’s governess. “I suppose I may express my own opinion, Miss Morris, in my mother’s house.”

“And I shall express mine,” said Lucy. “Mr. Greystock is a gentleman. If you say that he is not a gentleman, it is not true.”

Upon hearing these terrible words spoken, Lord Fawn rose from his seat and slowly left the room. . . . Then there was a great commotion at Fawn Court.

She had, in effect, called him a liar.

Lucy, in spite of all that is said to her by Lady Fawn and her daughters, still thinks that if there was an injury, it was done to her, not to the Lord Fawn. She will say only that she had better leave the house for good. It must be remembered that she has no place to go, and no means of support. Finally, she does make an effort to see Lord Fawn; she has been told he will accept an apology.

She walked straight up to Lord Fawn, and met him beneath the trees. He was still black and solemn, and was evidently brooding over his grievance; but he bowed to her, and stood still as she approached him. “My lord,” said she, “I am very sorry for what happened last night.”

“And so was I,—very sorry, Miss Morris.”

“I think you know that I am engaged to marry Mr. Greystock?”

“I cannot allow that that has anything to do with it.”

“When you think that he must be dearer to me than all the world, you will acknowledge that I couldn’t hear hard things said of him without speaking.” His face became blacker than ever, but he made no reply. He wanted an abject begging of unconditional pardon from the little girl who loved his enemy. If that were done, he would vouchsafe his forgiveness; but he was too small by nature to grant it on other terms. “Of course,” continued Lucy, “I am bound to treat you with special respect in Lady Fawn’s house.” She looked almost beseechingly into his face as she paused for a moment.

“But you treated me with special disrespect,” said Lord Fawn.

“And how did you treat me, Lord Fawn?”

“Miss Morris, I must be allowed, in discussing matters with my mother, to express my own opinion in such language as I may think fit to use. Mr. Greystock’s conduct to me was,—was,—was altogether ungentleman-like.”

“Mr. Greystock is a gentleman.”

“His conduct was most offensive, and most,—most ungentlemanlike. Mr. Greystock disgraced himself.”

“It isn’t true!” said Lucy. Lord Fawn gave one start, and walked off to the house as quick as his legs could carry him.

And so Lucy has to give up her home at Fawn Court and find another situation, all for the luxury of defending her fiancé.

This is a small episode, truly, but still, I think, instinct with life. It is with such touches as these that Trollope builds his characters.

Let us now go back to The American Senator and consider Arabella Trefoil. I am not sure that she belongs here; she comes very close to being a bad girl, and we have agreed that they are easier to make interesting than the good ones. However, Trollope lets her marry in the end, though not the wealthy nobleman she strove to catch, and if he so far condoned her faults, we may do it also.

Arabella is the niece of a duke; but her parents are separated, and her father has squandered what fortune he had, and most of her mother’s. He lives on an allowance from his brother, the duke, and sees little or nothing of his wife and daughter. Arabella ekes out a precarious existence with her mother, visiting friends and relatives whenever possible. She has had a long and weary time of it, but at last she is engaged to a reputable but not exciting man with an income of £7,000 a year. However, he says he cannot provide the large settlements that her mother’s lawyer thinks desirable, and Arabella takes advantage of this lull in the engagement. Finding that she and her mother are invited to a houseparty at the home of Lord Rufford, a peer whose income is £40,000 a year, she decides to risk everything—i.e., to try to capture Lord Rufford without breaking off the match with her fiancé until she can safely afford to do so.
Here is a little conversation between Arabella and her mother the night before they leave Rufford Hall. Lady Augustus has been trying to find out what Arabella has accomplished.

"And now, mamma, I'll tell you what we must do."
"You must tell me why, also?"
"I can do nothing of the kind. [Lord Rufford] knows the Duke."

This meant, of course, Arabella's uncle.

"Intimately?"
"Well enough to go there. There is to be a great shooting at Mistletoe,—Mistletoe was the Duke's place,—"in January, . . . and he can go if he likes. He won't go as it is; but if I tell him I'm to be there, I think he will."
"What did you tell him?"
"Well,—I told him a tarradiddle of course. I made him understand that I could be there if I pleased, and he thinks that I mean to be there if he goes."
"But I'm sure the Duchess won't have me again."
"She might let me come."
"And what am I to do?"
"You could go to Brighton with Miss de Groat;—or what does it matter for a fortnight? You'll get the advantage when it's done. It's as well to have the truth out at once, mamma,—I cannot carry on if I'm always to be stuck close to your apron-strings. There are so many people who won't have you."
"Arabella, I do think you are the most ungrateful, hard-hearted creature that ever lived."
"Very well; I don't know what I have to be grateful about, and I need to be hard-hearted. Of course I am hard-hearted. The thing will be to get papa to see his brother."
"Your papa?"
"Yes;—that's what I mean to try. The Duke of course would like me to marry Lord Rufford. Do you think that if I were at home here [at Rufford Hall] it wouldn't make Mistletoe a very different sort of place for you? The Duke does like papa in a sort of way, and he's civil enough to me when I'm there. He never did like you."
". . . "Your father wouldn't lift his little finger for you."
"I'll try, at any rate. Will you consent to my going there without you if I can manage it?"
"What did Lord Rufford say?" Arabella here made a grimace. "You can tell me something. What are the lawyers to say to Mr. Morton's people?"
"Whatever they like."
"If they come to arrangements do you mean to marry him?"
"Not for the next two months certainly. I shan't see him again now heaven knows when. He'll write, no doubt,—one of his awfully sensible letters, and I shall take my time about answering him. I can stretch it out for two months. If I'm to do any good with this man it will all be arranged before that time. If the Duke could really be made to believe that Lord Rufford was in earnest he'd have me there. As to her, she always does what he tells her."
"[Lord Rufford] is going to write to you?"
"I told you that before, mamma. What is the good of asking a lot of questions? You know now what my plan is, and if you won't help me, I must carry it out alone". . . Then without a kiss or wishing her mother goodnight she went off to her own room.

Not the usual conversation between mother and daughter as found in Victorian novels, certainly; and there follow the letters between her and Lord Rufford. He wrote, as she predicted, and here is the ending of his first note:

". . . I have been out with the hounds two or three times since you went. . . . I rode Jack one day, [Jack is the horse he lent her during her visit] but he didn't carry me as well as he did you. I think he's more of a lady's horse. If I go to Mistletoe I shall have some horses somewhere in the neighborhood and I'll make them take Jack, so that you may have a chance.
"I never know how to sign myself to young ladies. Suppose I say that I am yours,

"Anything you like best,
"R."

This gives Arabella her opening, and her reply of which I quote the essentials, is:

"... It is so kind of you to think of me about Jack. I am never very fond of Mistletoe. Don't you be mischievous now and tell the Duchess I said so. But with Jack in the neighbourhood I can stand even her Grace. I think I shall be there about the middle of January but it must depend on all those people mamma is going to. I shall have to make a great fight, for mamma thinks that ten days in the year at Mistletoe is all that duty requires. But I always stick up for my uncle, and mean in this instance to have a little of my own way. What are parental commands in opposition to Jack and all his glories? Besides, mamma does not mean to go herself.

"... Don't go and gamble away your money among a lot of men. Though I dare say you have got so much that it doesn't signify whether you lose some of it or not. I do think it is such a shame that a man like you should have such a quantity, and that a poor girl such as I am shouldn't have enough to pay for her hats and gloves. Why shouldn't I send a string of horses about just when I please? I believe I could make as good a use of them as you do, and then I could lend you Jack. I would be so good-natured. You should have Jack every day you wanted him.

"You must write and tell me what day you will be at Mistletoe. It is you that have tempted me, and I don't mean to be there without you,—or I suppose I ought to say, without the horse. But of course you will have understood that. No young lady ever is supposed to desire the presence of any young man. It would be very improper, of course. But a young man's Jack is quite another thing.

"... I have not had much experience signing myself to young gentlemen and am therefore quite in as great a diff-

ficulty as you were; but, though I can't swear I am everything that you like best, I will protest that I am pretty nearly what you ought to like,—as far as young ladies go.

"In the meantime I certainly am,

"Yours truly,
"A. T."

"P. S. Mind you write—about Jack..."

Then a blow falls: she receives this reply from Lord Rufford:

"My dear Miss Trefoil

Here I am still at Surbiton's and we have had such good sport that I'm half inclined to give the Duke the slip. What a pity that you can't come here instead...

"If I don't go to Mistletoe I'll send Jack and a groom if you think the Duke would take them in and let you ride the horse. If so I shall stay here pretty near all January... there is always a sort of sin in not sticking to hunting when it's good..."

"Yours always faithfully,
"R."

There was a great deal in this letter which was quite terrible to Miss Trefoil... she had managed the matter with her uncle... and the Duke had got the Duchess to assent... two handsome new dresses had been acquired... But what would Mistletoe be to her without Lord Rufford?... She had to think very much of her next letter..."

—with this result:

"Your last letter which I have just got has killed me. You must know that I have altered my plans and done it as immense trouble for the sake of meeting you at Mistletoe. It will be most unkind,—I might say worse,—if you put me off. I don't think you can do it as a gentleman. I'm sure you would not if you knew what I have gone through with mamma and the whole set of them to arrange it. Of course I shan't go if you don't come. Your talk of sending the horse..."
there is adding an insult to the injury. You must have meant to annoy me or you wouldn't have pretended to suppose that it was the horse I wanted to see. I didn't think I could have taken so violent a dislike to poor Jack as I did for a moment. Let me tell you that I think you are bound to go to Mistletoe though the hunting at Melton should be better than ever was known before . . .

"... Please, please come. It was to be the little cream of the year for me. It wasn't Jack. There! That ought to bring you. And yet, if you come, I will worship Jack. I have not said a word to mamma about altering my plans, nor shall I while there is a hope. But to Mistletoe I will not go, unless you are to be there . . . Pray come, Yours if you do come—what shall I say? Fill it as you please.

"A. T."

Lord Rufford, when he received ... [this] epistle was quite aware that he had better not go to Mistletoe. He understood the matter nearly as well as Arabella did herself. But there was a feeling with him that up to that stage of the affair he ought to do what he was asked by a young lady, even though there might be danger. Though there was danger there would still be amusement. He therefore wrote as follows:

"Dear Miss Trefoil,

"You shan't be disappointed whether it be Jack or any less useful animal that you wish to see. At any rate, Jack,—and the other animal,—will be at Mistletoe on the 15th. I have written to the Duke by this post. I can only hope you will be grateful ..."

Well! She succeeded—so far. Trollope himself said of her:

Will such a one as Arabella Trefoil be damned? Think of her virtues; how she works; how true she is to her vocation; how little there is of self-indulgence or idleness. I think she will go to a kind of third-class heaven in which she will always be getting third-class husbands.

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But I did not mean to give so much space to Arabella; she has shoudered aside some girls completely, and left little room for the others. All I can say is that it's just like her; she never cared much for them, anyway.

Let us consider a very different individual, Lady Glencora Palliser. She has inherited a vast fortune, she was vivacious, impetuous, charming. She was deeply in love with a worthless gambler, and only because of enormous pressure from influential relatives did she break it off and marry Mr. Palliser, who has a promising political career ahead of him, but who is otherwise somewhat a dry stick. Indeed, after her marriage she very nearly elopes with her former lover. When that crisis is surmounted, she settles down to married life, but not without a good deal of impatience with her husband's love of conventional behavior, and not without annoying him considerably by what he feels are ill-considered remarks.

Let us begin with a short scene. Almost as soon as they are married, Mr. Palliser introduces a Mrs. Marsham, an old friend of his mother's; he hopes that Glencora will accept her advice and guidance. Glencora naturally hates her on sight, and things do not go smoothly. Thus, on one occasion, Glencora has asked her cousin Alice to dinner; Mr. Palliser has asked a political friend and Mrs. Marsham. After a rather uncomfortable meal, the ladies retire, and Mrs. Marsham who has been snubbing Alice, begins again.

"Is Miss Vavasor going to walk home?" she asked.
"Walk home;—all along Oxford Street! Good gracious! no, why should she walk? The carriage will take her."
"Or a cab," said Alice. "I am quite used to go about London in a cab by myself."
"I don't think they are nice for young ladies after dark," said Mrs. Marsham. "I was going to offer my servant to walk with her. She is an elderly woman and would not mind it."
"I'm sure Alice is very much obliged," said Lady Glencora, "but she will have the carriage."
"You are very good-natured," said Mrs. Marsham; "but gentlemen do so dislike having their horses out at night."
"No gentleman's horses will be out," said Lady Glencora savagely; "and as for mine, it's what they are there for." It was not often that Lady Glencora made any allusion to her
own property, or allowed anyone near her to suppose that
she remembered the fact that her husband's great wealth
was, in truth, her wealth. . . . But now, when she was twitted
by her husband's special friend with ill-usage to her hus-
band's horses, . . . she did find it hard to bear.
"I dare say it's all right," said Mrs. Marsham.
"It is all right," said Lady Glencora. "Mr. Palliser has given
me my horses for my own use, to do as I like with them; and
if he thinks I take them out when they ought to be left at
home, he can tell me so. Nobody else has a right to do it."
Lady Glencora, by this time, was almost in a passion, and
showed that she was so.
"My dear Lady Glencora," said Mrs. Marsham. "I did not
mean anything of that kind."
"I am so sorry," said Alice, "And it is such a pity as I am quite
used to going about in cabs."
"Of course you are," said Lady Glencora. "Why shouldn't
you? I'd go home in a wheelbarrow if I couldn't walk, and
had no other conveyance. That's not the question, Mrs.
Marsham understands that."
"Upon my word I don't understand anything," said that
lady.
"I understand this," said Lady Glencora; "that in all such
matters as that, I intend to follow my own pleasure. Come,
Alice, let us have some coffee,"—and she rang the bell.
"What a fuss we have made about a stupid old carriage!"

She will tolerate no interference; when her husband insists on doing
so, even he does not come off quite unscathed.

After all the danger of the elopement was over, Mr. Palliser took her
and her cousin Alice on a leisurely trip to the Continent—a jaunt to cel-
brate their reconciliation, as it were. And it is while they are in Lu-
cerne that—and I quote:

Lady Glencora . . . whispered into her husband's ear that
she thought it probable—; she wasn't sure;—she didn't
know. And then she burst out into tears on his bosom . . .
He was beside himself when he left her, which he did with

the primary intention of telegraphing to London for half-a-
dozen leading physicians . . .

Lady Glencora tells the happy news to Alice, and they agree they will
have to start home.

"He says so: [said Lady Glencora]—but he seems to think I
oughtn't to travel above a mile and a half a day. When I
talked of going down the Rhine in one of the steamers, I
thought he would have gone into a fit . . . I know he'll make
a goose of himself;—and he'll make geese of us, too; which
is worse . . . ."

For some time after this Lady Glencora's conduct was frequently so
indiscreet as to drive her husband almost to frenzy. On the very day
after the news had been communicated to him, she proposed a picnic,
and made the communication not only in the presence of Alice, but in
that of Mr. Grey also! Mr. Palliser, on such an occasion, could not ex-
press all that he thought, but he looked it.

"What is the matter now, Plantagenet?" said his wife.
"Nothing," said he;—nothing. "Never mind."
"And shall we make up this party to the chapel?"
The chapel in question was Tell's chapel—ever so far up the
lake. A journey in a steamer would have been necessary.
"No!" said he, shouting out his refusal at her. "We will not.
"You needn't be angry about it," said she . . .
[Later she says] "Upon my word, Alice, I think this will kill
me . . . I am not to stir out of the house now, unless I go in
the carriage or he is with me."
"It won't last long."
"I don't know what you call long. As for walking with him,
it's out of the question. He goes about a mile an hour . . . I
had no idea that he would be such an old coddle."
"The coddling will all be given to someone else, very soon."
"No baby could possibly live through it, if you mean that . . .
But . . . I shall take that matter into my own hands . . . I
shan't let him or anybody else do what they please with my
baby. I know what I'm about in such matters a great deal better than he does. I've no doubt he's a very clever man in Parliament; but he doesn't seem to me to understand anything else..."

There was great trouble about the mode of their return.

“Oh, what nonsense,” said Glencora, “let us get into the express train, and go right through to London.” Mr. Palliser looked at her with a countenance full of rebuke and sorrow. He was always so looking at her now. “If you mean, Plantagenet, that we are to be dragged all across the continent in that horrible carriage, and be a thousand days on the road, I for one won't submit to it.” “I wish I had never told him a word about it,” she said afterwards to Alice. “He would never have found it out himself, till this thing was all over.”

She is still the same, some ten years later, when Mr. Palliser has succeeded to his uncle's title and become the Duke of Omnium. The dignity of a duchess sits very lightly on her shoulders. A member of Parliament, Phineas Finn, has been arrested and held on a charge of murder. She is convinced of Mr. Finn's innocence, and feels that he should be cleared and set free without more ado. She says as much to her husband and an old friend of his.

“My dear,” said the elder duke, “I do not think that in my time any innocent man has lost ever his life upon the scaffold.”

“Is that a reason why our friend should be the first instance?” said the Duchess.

“He must be tried according to the laws of his country,” said the younger duke.

“Plantagenet, you always speak as if everything were perfect, whereas you know very well that everything is imperfect. If that man is—is hung, I—”

“Glencora,” said her husband, “do not connect yourself with the fate of a stranger from any misdirected enthusiasm.”

“I do not connect myself. If that man is hung, I shall go into mourning for him. You had better look to it.”

And she would have, too. Later she has an interview with the lawyer for the defense.

“He must have the very best men,” said the Duchess.

“He must have good men, certainly.”

“And a great many. Couldn't we get Sir Gregory Grogram?”

Mr. Low shook his head. “I know very well that if you get men who are really,—really swells, for that is what it is, Mr. Low,—pay them well enough, and so make it really an important thing, they can browbeat any judge and hoodwink any jury. I daresays it is very dreadful to say so, Mr. Low; but nevertheless I believe it, and as this man is certainly innocent it ought to be done. I daresay it's very shocking, but I do think that twenty thousand pounds spent among the lawyers would get him off.”

“I hope we can get him off without expending twenty thousand pounds, Duchess...”

“I would fill the court with lawyers for him,” continued the Duchess. “I would cross-examine the witnesses off their legs... I would make witnesses speak. I would give a carriage and a pair of horses to everyone of the jurors' wives, if that would do any good. You may shake your head, Mr. Low; but I would...” Mr. Low did his best to explain to the Duchess that the desired object could hardly be effected after the fashion she proposed, and he endeavoured to persuade her that justice was sure to be done in an English court of law.

“Then why are people so anxious to get this or that lawyer to bamboozle the witnesses?” said the Duchess... “The more money you spend,” [she went on] “the more fuss you make. And the longer a trial is... and the greater the interest, the more chance a man has to escape... I'd have Mr. Finn's trial made so long that they never could convict him. I'd tire out all the judges and juries in London. If you get lawyers enough they may speak forever.” Mr. Low endeavoured to explain that this might prejudice the prisoner.

“And I'd examine every member of the House of Commons, and all the Cabinet, and all their wives... and I'd take care that they should know what was coming.”
"And if he were convicted afterwards?"
"I'd buy up the Home Secretary. It's very horrid to say so, of course, Mr. Low; and I dare say there is nothing wrong ever done in Chancery. But I know what Cabinet Ministers are. If they could get a majority by granting a pardon they'd do it quick enough."
"You are speaking of a liberal government, of course, Duchess."
"There isn't twopence to choose between them in that respect. Just at this moment I believe Mr. Finn is the most popular member of the House of Commons; and I'd bring all that to bear. You can't but know that if everything of that kind is done it will have an effect. I believe you could make him so popular that the people would pull down the prison rather than have him hung;—so that a jury would not dare to say he was guilty."
"Would that be justice...?" asked the just man.
"It would be success, Mr. Low,—which is a great deal the better thing of the two."

Well, we must leave her there. To members of the Bar she must be somewhat familiar—have they not encountered people like her? And to those of us who are not members of the Bar may be permitted a certain sneaking sympathy with some of her views. And now there is no time for Miss Dunstable, the only Trollopian character who was able to have fun teasing Mrs. Proudie, nor Madam Max Goesler, who proposed to Phineas Finn—and a hundred years ago that took spirit—nor Emily Trevelyan, whose marriage disintegrated. There is, by the way, just the faintest foreshadowing of that at the very beginning of her story. The wedding is about to take place, and Emily's parents are congratulating themselves on that paragon, their new son-in-law.

Only, as [Emily's mother] was the first to find out, he liked to have his own way.
"Well his way is such a good way," said [her father].
"But Emily likes her way too," said [her mother].

And so we perceive that Emily was not the meek dove that tradition has assigned to the place of heroine in Victorian fiction. And the voices we have been hearing are not to be found in Dickens or Wilkie Collins, Meredith or Thackeray. Trollope's ear for dialogue was too sharp, his observation too keen, to permit such vacuous stereotypes as those we began with. This is the more to his credit when one remembers that, like so many men of his day, he had no use whatever for any Women's Rights movement. He depicted human beings as he saw them, and rested his case on the result so successfully, I feel, that I will use his words to conclude with. He says of the Pallisers in his Autobiography, after noting some defects in Mr. Palliser's character:

But if he be not a gentleman then am I unable to describe a gentleman. She [—Lady Glencora—] is by no means a perfect lady; but if she be not all over a woman then am I unable to describe a woman.
Robert H. Taylor, right, at his favorite bookshop. With him are Jack Samuels, a fellow-collector, Michael Papantonio and John S. Van E. Kohn, partners in the bookshop, and Alexandra D. Schulze, bookkeeper. The photograph was probably taken by Al Perrin in 1960.

Robert H. Taylor served as chairman of the Council, Friends of the Princeton University Library, for 26 years. In one of the last photographs taken of him, he is seen with William H. Scheide, left, former chairman of the Friends, and the present chairman, Jamie Kamph.

Over the years, Robert H. Taylor gave generously of his time and knowledge to the many scholars working in his collection. Here he is shown with graduate student Susan Humphreys. (Photo by Cliff Moore)
Robert H. Taylor with his friend and colleague Elmer Adler, inspecting the progress on Adler's Casa del Libro in San Juan, Puerto Rico, ca. 1955.

Library Notes

THE TAYLOR LAMB COLLECTION

Some four decades ago it was announced in these pages that the Princeton University Library had been enriched by an extraordinary collection of manuscripts and early editions of Charles and Mary Lamb, the gift of Charles Scribner ’13 as a memorial to his father, Charles Scribner ’75. The first of two articles about the Scribner Collection presented hitherto unpublished letters to Maria Fryer, schoolgirl friend of Emma Isola, the Lambs’ adopted daughter. A second article described the printed books. The Chronicle then carried an account of Lamb’s copy of The History of Philip de Comines with autograph notes by Lamb and Coleridge. In 1976 William Couler reported a lively manuscript letter in the Taylor collection that contained the core of Lamb’s essay, “The Gentle Giantess.”

Since then, there have been several other Lamb acquisitions, and now Robert Taylor’s splendid collection comes to enhance the Library’s holdings in Eliana. Notable among the manuscripts are three letters to Southey, the letter mentioned above to Lamb’s cronies in the East India House that led to “The Gentle Giantess” essay, and a number of letters and notes written during the Elia years, including a revision of a passage in “Imperfect Sympathies”; also a manuscript poem, apparently unpublished, several other autograph poems, the manuscript of “My First Play,” and a Peacock notebook with passages from Lamb copied out in the hand of Mary Shelley. Among the printed books is a copy of Confessions of a Drunkard bound with Blake’s Descriptive Catalogue of 1809; and there are presentation copies of John Woodvil, 1802, Elia, 1823, and Lamb’s own copy of the Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, 1808.

The Taylor Lamb manuscripts, printed books, and two playbills will here be described briefly. Letters of the years 1796-1817 included in the Marrs edition will be so identified; similarly those of later years in the Lucas edition. Dates from postmarks appear in brackets.

MANUSCRIPTS


CHARLES LAMB. ALS 9 January 1821 to Miss Humphreys. 2 pp. With integral address leaf. A joint letter by Emma Isola and Lamb to Emma's aunt in Cambridge. Emma, then eleven, was later adopted by the Lambs. After Emma's dutiful report that she had been taken to a play, Lamb asks that she be permitted to stay another week. "Emma is a very naughty girl," he writes, "and has broken three cups, one plate and a slop-basin with mere giddiness." Lucas, Vol. III, pp. 290-291.

CHARLES LAMB. ALS 25 July 1821 to Taylor and Hessey. 1 p. In this letter Lamb suggests a revision of a passage in "Imperfect Sympathies," which appeared in the London Magazine of August 1821. In the 1823 edition of Elia the phrase "such a mighty antipathy" is replaced by "so deadly a disunion."

CHARLES LAMB. ALS 1 October 1821 to Accountants Office, India House (Henry Dodwell). 1 p. "I have been disappointed in not receiving my Lond. Mag. . . ."

CHARLES LAMB. AL n.d. (London Magazine years) to Taylor and Hessey. 1 p. "A scrap. Pray return me . . . ."

CHARLES LAMB. AL n.d. (London Magazine years) to Taylor and Hessey. 1 p. "If this morsel may find a place, it is all I have, or shall have. Indeed, I am tired to death and have nothing left to spin from . . . ."

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CHARLES LAMB. ALS n.d. (London Magazine years) to Taylor and Hessey. 1 p. "If I can think of anything . . . ." This letter contains a reference to the appearance of Elia, which was published in 1823.

CHARLES LAMB. ALS n.d. (London Magazine years) to J. A. Hessey. 1 p. "I fear I shall have nothing for you next month. I am quite exhausted. . . ."

CHARLES LAMB. AL n.d. (London Magazine years) to J. A. Hessey. 1 p. "Mr. Hessey—the Proof very erroneous. Pray look to the correct ms. On the back of the sheet are written pairs of authors such as Homer and Hesiod, Browne and Burton, followed by "or Leave it out."

CHARLES LAMB. ALS [1821] to Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd. 1 p. "Come this evening. . . ."


CHARLES LAMB. AL [18 December 1822] to Taylor and Hessey. 1 p. Suggests sending "an Elia" to the editor of The Examiner, and using "Elia's Ghost" as a signature to "Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age," which appeared in the London Magazine for January 1823. In the same number the editor announced Elia's death. The letter is apparently written on a sheet from Lamb's office, with columns of pounds, shillings, and pence in his hand on the back.


CHARLES LAMB. ANS n.d. to "R." 1 p. "Lest you should wander my way . . . . I am at Norris's. I owe you 3/6 which I want to take out of you at Picquet . . . ." Lamb addressed Henry Crabb Robinson as "Dear R" or "Dr. R."

CHARLES LAMB. ALS "Good Friday" to Mrs. Williams. 1 p. "I do assure
you that your verses....” Lucas, Vol. III, pp. 259-262, where it is dated 9 April 1830.

CHARLES LAMB. ALS n.d. to William Hone. 1 p. Written below Southey’s letter to Lamb of 20 May 1830 (see below). “I thought you would be pleased to see this letter....” Lucas, Vol. III, p. 278, where it is dated 21 May.

CHARLES LAMB. AL [13 September 1830] to Robert Southey. 3 pp. One of Lamb's colorful letters, with a quotation from Samuel Rogers and jokes mingled with serious comments. Lucas, Vol. III, pp. 293-296, where part of the letter is misplaced, and it is dated “Autumn 1830.”

CHARLES LAMB. ALS [18 June 1833] to Mrs. Norris. 2 pp. “I got home safe. Pray accept these little books....” (The Lamb's Poetry for Children.) Lucas, Vol. III, p. 376, where the postmark “18 Ju 1833” is mistaken to mean “July.” “JY” was the abbreviation for July, as pointed out by Mrs. D. R. Coffin, former curator of the Taylor Collection, for whose assistance in the preparation of this article the writer is grateful.

CHARLES LAMB. ALS n.d. to Mrs. Norris. 1 p. “I found Mary on my return not worse and she is now no better....” Lucas, Vol. III, pp. 374-377, where it is placed among letters written in July 1833.


CHARLES LAMB. Autograph MS signed. A three stanza, 33-line poem beginning “Sweet is thy sunny hair / O Nymph, divinely fair,....” The words “My Anna” in the third stanza suggest that the poem was written to Ann Simmons, “Anna” of the sonnets and “Alice” of the essays, with “bright yellow H—shire hair.” Probably written in the period of the sonnets, 1795-1796. See Lucas's Life, Vol. I, pp. 110-115.

CHARLES LAMB. Autograph poems (pp. 58-62, 66, torn from Lamb’s commonplace book). “Thoughts on Several Eminent Composers,” “Song to Miss S. A. Hunter,” and “Had I but gold to my desire....” Also transcriptions of Marvel’s “The Nymph Complaining” and of “Sir Patrick Spence.”

CHARLES LAMB. Autograph MS 1821. “My First Play.” With Lamb’s revisions and deletions, and signed “Elia.” 3 pp. This MS was sent through the post to Taylor and Hessey for the London Magazine. The verso of the second leaf has the address and postmark, and remains of the seal.

CHARLES LAMB. Autograph MS 30 May 1827. “On an infant dying as soon as born.” 3 pp. Addressed to Thomas Hood, whose firstborn child it was. The fourth line has the original words, “a liveless maid.... a nameless Hood,” and Hood’s name is on the back of the envelope. Lamb tactfully did not sign the poem, which seems to have been sent in lieu of a letter of sympathy. The MS varies in a number of places from the version as printed by Lucas (Works, Vol. V, pp. 49-51). Bound with sketches of Lamb and one of Hood.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. Notebook with notes and passages from Greek tragedy translated into English in Peacock's hand. 36 pp. On inverted beginning pages are extracts from Lamb copied out in the hand of Mary Shelley. 131 pp.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. ALS 20 May 1830 to Charles Lamb. 2 pp. “...I shall shake hands with Hone in the course of the present year.... Tell him that I received ... his little packet & thank him for the book.” (See Lamb's letter to Hone, above.)

JOSEPH JEKYLL. ALS 27 June 1833 to Charles Lamb. 1 p. Signature clipped. (See Lamb's letter to Mrs. Norris, above.)

PRINTED BOOKS


CHARLES LAMB. Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived About the
Charles Lamb. Playbill. Theatre Royal, English Opera House, Strand. Particularly Private. This present Friday April 26th, 1822 will be presented a Farce, called Mr. H——. (N.B. This piece was damaged at Drury Lane Theatre.) A prologue will be spoken by Mrs. Edwin . . . No money returned (because none will be taken) . . . (Lowndes, Printer; Marquis-Court, Drury Lane, London.) With added printed notice. Probably drawn up by Lamb himself.

—Jeremiah S. Finch

More Taylor Medieval Manuscripts

On a memorable day in 1979 Robert H. Taylor took me with him on the bus to New York to visit H. P. Kraus and examine some manuscripts he had for sale. Kraus had recently bought from the Robinson Trustees the balance of Sir Thomas Phillipps’ mammoth collection of manuscripts, those remaining after two decades of spectacular sales at Sotheby’s. The object of the visit was Phillipps MS 25970, an English early 14th-century text manuscript in French verse. We were ushered into the Kraus domain on 46th Street, and seated comfortably at a large table, surrounded by medieval manuscripts. We had unburied time to pore over our small book (although distracted by the nearby large illuminated volume of Chronicle de France); later we had lunch with Mr. Kraus in his beautiful paneled dining room upstairs. The result of this well-remembered day is the presence in the Taylor Collection of a small volume labelled “Petter of Langtoft.”

The volume opens with an appendix to Peter of Langtoft’s Chronicle, although the Chronicle itself is not present: letters of Pope Boniface VIII, of Edward I and of English Lords on the subject of Scotland, translated into French verse by “Sire Pieres de Langetoft,” Canon of Bridlington, Yorkshire. Apparently the only other text known is in a British Library manuscript (MS. Royal 30, A. XI) from which it was printed in 1868, the present copy being unknown. Other Anglo-Norman French verses follow including three fabliaux, all of them apparently unique sources for their texts. Perhaps the most important text is the sixth, on folios 29v.-34v.: la geste de Blanchefouvre e de Florence, described on f. 34v. as a translation into French by Brykhulle from the English poem written by Banastre. The Taylor manuscript appears to be the only source for this text, printed from it by P. Mayer in Romania.
XXXVII (1908). It is followed by *le Treise d'Orgoille*, also in verse, beginning “Ecotez seignours...” The manuscript contains 41 leaves of text, and judging from the quire markings it must once have included the *Chronicle* no longer present at the beginning. Although the book is unpretentious looking, Mr. Taylor realized that it contained much material for the literary historian to explore.

Another English manuscript in French verse acquired by Mr. Taylor is also from the Phillipps collection (Phillipps 2223). It is an early manuscript of William of Waddington's *Manuel des Pêchés*, written (according to E. J. Arnould) maybe about 1260-1270. This was a popular work for, despite its title, it contains tales illustrating vices and weaknesses of man. It was translated into English in 1303 by a fellow Lincolnshire cleric, Robert Mannyng of Brunne, as “Handlyng Synne.” It gives such a detailed picture of medieval life that Albert C. Baugh could say “there is not a dull page in its 12,630 lines.”

This manuscript is a particularly handsome one, with two historiated initials, two fine miniatures (illustrating transubstantiation, on ff. 77-78) and 26 marginal illustrations below the text, some in color, some drawn by pen, and a few with written instructions as to subject. According to Adelaide Bennett they are in a style suggestive of Oxford (or elsewhere in Lincoln diocese) in the third quarter of the 13th century. Other Anglo-Norman French texts follow: Le roman des romans on f. 151, with an illuminated initial and red or blue painted decoration every four lines. A devotional prose piece on f. 165-171 awaits identification. On f. 173 follows le Château d'Amour of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln (d. 1253), an influential allegorical poem, also in French. It too was later translated into English by Robert Mannyng of Brunne.

The book was clearly made for a woman, for she is shown standing in the first historiated initial, wearing a wimple, a pink cloak lined with vair, and a blue top over a skirt of gold, while a much smaller tonsured monk sits holding a scribe's pen and knife. The fine initial on f. 173 shows an armigerous lady heraldically dressed in chequy or and gules, in chief ormine, standing beside a mitred bishop holding his crozier and a scroll (? “ce Carmen”); this must be an author-portrait of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln 1235-1253. There is material here for the art historian in this virtually unknown manuscript, as well as for the current interest in women.

The *Travels of Sir John Mandeville* is one of the best-known books of the middle ages. It was written originally in French, in the second half of the 14th century, and was soon translated into Latin and every major European language including English; it incorporates much medieval knowledge about the world with a mixture of fact and fable. The author may or may not have been a knight born at St. Albans who left England in 1322 as he states, or an armchair traveller who was a lively writer.

Mr. Taylor purchased from the collection of Boies Penrose a manuscript of the English text, a large folio of c.1400. It has 42 leaves in double columns, and is an example of the text described by M. C. Seymour as “the Defective Version.” The text is close to the Bodleian manuscript Douce 109 and others of this subgroup, but has some unique readings. It has a handsome illuminated border on the first leaf, but no illustrations. It is written in the same textura hand as the earliest manuscript book in the Folger Library, V.b.236, Robert Mannyng of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, and it may be written by the same scribe. Both manuscripts were once part of the same folio volume, which also included a third manuscript now in London University Library containing the C-text of *Piers Plowman* and *La Estorie del Evangilette*, both written by the same scribe as the Folger manuscript. The three separated manuscripts formed one book in the Giffard family library of Chillington Park, Staffordshire, with the arms of Sir William Clopton (16th century) on the opening page (now in the Folger).

For his interest in the 15th century Mr. Taylor also acquired a small group of six Royal Household bills, 1432-1433, when William Phelip was King's Chamberlain for the young Henry VI. They are in English, on vellum rolls, and they give a vivid picture of everyday articles at court. There is listed miscellaneous clothing such as “VIII pier hosen,” and a black velvet collar for a black velvet doublet, and also furniture for the stable, chapel, barge and even the bed.

The last medieval item Robert Taylor added to his collection was a very small book: *Arma Christi*, acquired from Laurence Witten in 1923. It contains short devotions on the Passion in English verse, with pictures of the Symbols, starting with the vernicle (St. Veronica's handkerchief). These texts usually appear in roll form, easily portable, so they could be carried about on the person. This one is unusual, being in book form, with a few extra prayers to saints and pictures of them.
Although crudely done for popular use, these works (which must date from the mid-15th century) need to be explored in their relation to early woodcuts and to Dutch Passion illustrations in manuscripts.

All these manuscripts were purchased since John V. Fleming's description of ten Taylor medieval items in the 1977 issue of the Chronicle. But the first medieval volume Mr. Taylor bought was not described there. It is a Book of Hours, of French origin, datable to the early 16th century. It has 32 miniatures, large and small, including pictures on f.16v. of the book's first owner and his wife, their shields unfortunately blank. There are quarter borders on every page, and full borders on miniature pages, with columnar frames. The calendar has illustrations of the occupations of the month and of the signs of the zodiac. The last four leaves are unfinished, and Mr. Taylor particularly enjoyed seeing the book as if it were in course of completion: spaces are carefully left for six more miniatures of saints alongside the prayers to them, and there are no borders on these last leaves.

These six medieval manuscripts, each in its own way, add to the wonderful treasurehouse in the Taylor Collection, for scholars to research and to enjoy. We are delighted that they are now permanently a part of Princeton University Library.

—JEAN F. PRESTON
Curator of Manuscripts

Friends of the Library

The Friends of the Princeton University Library are sponsoring the publication in April of two important Sheridan manuscripts from the Robert H. Taylor Collection. The Origins of "The School for Scandal": "The Slanderers" and "Sir Peter Teazle" will present in facsimile the holograph playlets that were conflated and amplified to produce the play as we know it. Apart from the Frampton Court MS, a late draft of The School for Scandal, no other foul-papers of comparable significance have survived. To study them carefully is to enter Sheridan's dramatical workshop, to participate in the genesis and growth of a masterpiece.

In his "Authors at Work," Robert H. Taylor aptly describes the sensation these manuscripts give us, of reading over the playwright's shoulder as he dashes off first thoughts allegro con brio: "The characters come to life so rapidly that Sheridan has no time even to indicate which one is speaking; references to unwritten scenes are jotted down on blank pages; the whole thing expands under our eyes."

This edition, which includes a facing-page transcript and a critical introduction, has been prepared by Bruce Redford, assistant professor of English at the University of Chicago. It has been designed by Bruce Campbell, widely recognized as one of the foremost book designers working today.

The Friends' edition of Sheridan's notebooks is the first to make available the complete text of these remarkable sketches. Copies will be available at the annual meeting of the Friends in May.
Cover Note

Robert H. Taylor's classic and beautiful bookplate by Reynolds Stone adorns the cover of this memorial issue of the Princeton University Library Chronicle.

Robert Taylor, like most collectors, took particular pleasure in a book that had belonged to another collector, and that pleasure was magnified when the book represented an enthusiasm shared by them. This was especially true of the copy of Anthony Trollope's two-volume novel The Fixed Period (Edinburgh, 1882) in the Taylor Collection. It came originally from the library of the author's wife, Rose Trollope, and contains her bookplate, below. The copy was later owned by Michael Sadleir, Trollope's biographer and bibliographer; according to a pencilled note in the first volume, it had been given to him by the author's son, Henry Merivale Trollope.

The copy passed from Sadleir to Morris L. Parrish when Parrish purchased Sadleir's Trollope collection to improve on his own copies of Trollope's books. From Parrish, the copy went to another eminent Trollope collector, Carroll A. Wilson. After Wilson's death it was acquired from the Scribner Book Store in 1949 by Robert Taylor.

From a Trollopian point of view, no more appropriate descent for the copy could be imagined.

—Alexander D. Wainwright
FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The Friends of the Princeton University Library, founded in 1930, is an association of individuals interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has secured gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material which could not otherwise have been acquired by the Library.

Membership is open to those subscribing annually forty dollars or more. Checks payable to Princeton University Library should be addressed to the Treasurer.

Members receive the Princeton University Library Chronicle and are invited to participate in meetings and to attend special lectures and exhibitions.

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