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## Book Reviews

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## Book Reviews

William B. Todd and Ann Bowden. *Sir Walter Scott: A Bibliographical History, 1796-1832*. New Castle, DE: Oak Knoll Press. 1998. xx + 1071 pp.

This monumental feat of descriptive bibliography undertakes to cite and describe everything written and published by Walter Scott in his lifetime as well as reprints and works in other genres inspired by Scott during the same period. The compilers accomplish this daunting, truly mind-boggling task with extraordinary thoroughness and dedication, demonstrating the astonishing impact of Scott on the language and culture of his time, an impact even wider and deeper than scholars and literary historians have heretofore realized.

The sensible chronological organization divides Scott's writing career into five periods; two additional chapters cover collected editions and the *Magnum Opus* (to its completion in 1836), and an appendix surveys legal papers, anthologies, satires, parodies, imitations, tributes, and dedications. Entries for the major works include the authorized issues of the title followed by a subsection on reprints and one on derivatives (dramas, illustrations, sheet music, etc.) and anthologized extracts. The subsections are organized by country of origin. Thus the section on *Ivanhoe* includes detailed descriptions of each volume of the first edition, first and second issues, the second edition (initially the third issue of the first edition and then the true second edition), and the third edition. These are followed by accounts of foreign reprints and then of plays, operas, paintings and engravings inspired by the novel through 1828. What may sound like a confusing welter of data is presented with commendable

clarity and accompanied by a wealth of information on the publishing history of the main entries.

The compilers introduce each chapter with a commentary on the main focuses of Scott's published work during the various periods of his career. It began (1796-1809) as "several acts of fealty" and patriotic gestures presenting two distinguishing features: the "continuing endeavour to recover from oblivion old works" and "the entry into print of a vernacular vocabulary" hitherto confined to the oral tradition. The second period (1810-1813) indicates "increasing impetus and wider impact" in the advent of visual illustrations, dramatic adaptations, and the offer of the laureateship in 1813. By this time, Scott had become "a valuable commodity," inspiring a wealth of unauthorized sequels as well as a considerable amount of sheet music written for his lyrics.

The third period (1814-1817) and the advent of the Scottish novels reveal Scott's talent for writing at an extraordinary pace; it includes six novels and tales plus a total of 28 other publications, among them the multi-volume edition of Swift. Scott's continuing concern for the preservation of ancient texts shows itself in his many attributed as well as silent contributions to the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, in his instrumental role in founding the Bannatyne Club, and in those "ponderous and eventually unsalable productions" which threatened Constable's solvency. An example of the latter is item 93A, *Memorie of the Somervilles*, edited by Scott and issued in a limited edition, most of which was apparently reserved for Baron Somerville and his friends. The one hundred copies of Scott's edition of "An Essay of the Nature and Actions of Invisible People" (item 83A) by one Theophilus Infulanus were "privately distributed in March 1815." This is the sort of wonderfully hobby-horsical item which renders the Todd-Bowman compilation simultaneously delightful, startling, and humbling.

The fourth chapter (1818-1825) focuses on Scott's ever-widening influence and the proliferating foreign publications of his work, all of them unauthorized and, of course, unsupervised by either author or original publisher. In addition, it documents the odd business of printing lengthy extracts from advanced proofs sent to American periodicals even before the Edinburgh publication dates of the novels, a practice the compilers call a "performance...unparalleled in bibliographical history." Chapter five (1826-1832) scrutinizes the bibliographical implications of the bankruptcy on Scott, "now so reduced in circumstances as to accept...review payments as low as £10."

The section on collected editions convincingly demonstrates how they were niche-marketed by Constable and cunningly designed for "continual appeal to every purse." The final chapter meticulously describes the particulars of each volume of the *Magnum Opus* and generously describes itself as "bibliographical addenda" to the work of Jane Millgate and Iain Gordon Brown on this final authorized edition.

While this colossal volume provides Scott scholars, critics and editors with an invaluable resource, it transcends the category of reference book.

William B. Todd and Ann Bowden certainly command an enormous range of knowledge about publishing history, the book trade, and the intricacies of descriptive bibliography. They merge this valuable expertise with clear affection and affinity for Scott and his writing, qualities which shine through in innumerable comments and speculations, making this amazing achievement a pleasure indeed to consult.

JILL RUBENSTEIN  
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Andrew Hook. *From Goosecreek to Gandercleugh: Studies in Scottish-American Literary and Cultural History*. East Linton: Tuckwell Press. 1999. 248 pp.

Andrew Hook's mellow retrospective (seven of the twelve chapters—written between 1970 and 1998—have been published before) surveys Scottish/American intellectual and literary history during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He discusses Ben Franklin, John Witherspoon (in his career at Princeton), Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain, and William Faulkner among the Americans; and Hugh Blair, Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, Thomas Carlyle, and Thomas Babington Macauley (whose father was a Highlander) among the Scots. Study of these major players is interspersed with analysis of the projects of more obscure figures—e.g., Samuel Miller's *A Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century* (1803)—to create a broad and persuasive study. Usually Hook traces Scottish influences on U.S. culture, but Chapter Ten's discussion of the American Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* (1879) reconstructs the powerful influence of a now-neglected American social thinker on Scottish radical politics.

Graduate students seeking a solid introduction to Scottish/American cultural studies—particularly if their chief interest is in the novel—will find this book invaluable because of its sure command of the historical and literary dimensions of cultural studies. Scholars already active in the field, however, will probably wish it were less sketchy. When Professor Hook first began his studies of the intersections between Scotland and the U.S. during the later 1950s, he was a pioneer helping to shape a new interdisciplinary field. Today, the situation is very different; and scholars who focus on these matters usually incorporate cultural theory and statistics to document the extent and nature of cross-cultural influence. Hook, by contrast, builds his case through individual

books and authors. The friendship of Emerson and Carlyle frames Chapter Eight's discussion of Carlyle's U.S. readership, for instance: "Why should anyone in America in the early 1830s even have been interested in Carlyle?" asks Hook. Yet there is something odd about a philosopher of Emerson's stature being used to gauge the "typical" American response. Another example occurs in Chapter Nine: "Macaulay's *History of England* provided Twain—and, I believe, a host of other American readers—with a perspective on English history that they had often felt the need for." Likewise, Hook's excellent second chapter, on Philadelphia and Edinburgh, sees Ben Franklin as typifying Philadelphian intellectual life, when, as Hook himself notes in Chapter Five, Franklin was anything but average in his role as "America's most distinguished eighteenth-century intellectual." Chapter Three, on rhetoric and politeness in America, achieves its clarity by focusing mainly on the figure of John Witherspoon and his lectures at Princeton, citing little from the scholarship on this subject during the last twenty years. In addition, Hook's assumption that an emphasis on sociability—its importance in the improvement of society—originated during the Scottish Enlightenment slights the third Earl of Shaftesbury, the eighteenth-century Englishman from whom Francis Hutcheson took many of his ideas.

A small general drawback that accompanies the great advantage of Hook's breadth is that the essays have been too lightly retrofitted with references to current cultural theory and scholarship. He is stronger on primary than secondary documentation as a result: Glasgow's John Anderson is cited once, Robert Anderson (Scottish literary historian and [scurrilous] biographer of Fergusson) twice, but Benedict Anderson (and Homi Bhabha) not at all, despite such statements as these: "both cultural and literary history now...take a particular interest in the nature of the relationship between 'centres,' where political, economic and hence cultural power originates, and what are variously termed 'provinces,' 'regions,' 'margins,' or 'peripheries'." Important recent work in this field is acknowledged mainly through introductory comments to each chapter: readers hear about but do not see in full play such important recent works as Robert Crawford's *Devolving English Literature*, Susan Manning's *The Puritan-Provincial Vision* (1990), Linda Colley's *The Britons* (1992), Colin Kidd's *Subverting Scotland's Past* (1993), and Adam Potkay's *The Fate of Eloquence in the Age of Hume* (1994).

As three of Hook's chapters—all of them, incidentally, well worth reprinting for a wider audience—date back to the 1970s, these gaps may be inevitable. But even his new introductory chapter focuses on the critical reception of a book of 1978, Gary Wills's *Inventing America*. Hook's volume omits the theorizing that is behind much of his own discussion: the very phrase "Scottish invention of," used often here, recalls Robert Crawford's 1998 edited collection, *The Scottish Invention of English Literature*, from which Hook's concluding chapter is taken, but also Chapter One of Crawford's *Devolving English Literature*, which also has this title. Hook does justice to older histori-

cally based and significant scholarship in the field—including *William and Mary College Quarterly's* special issue on Scotland and America, published in 1954. But the only scholarship he cites by David Daiches, another pioneer in interdisciplinary Scottish studies, is Daiches' essay on Hugh Blair (1990).

Indeed, for all his rich background on Scottish and U.S. fiction and intellectual history, Hook is cursory in his treatment of Scottish poetry and song, a matter on which Daiches, Thomas Crawford, and others were conducting research from the 1950s on. To pursue my hobbyhorse just through one point: Sir Walter Scott, focus of the excellent chapter (6) that serves as a basis for a disturbing and fascinating later chapter (11) on Scotland and the South, is nowhere acknowledged to have begun his career as a collector of Scottish songs. In this project, Robert Burns inspired Scott, and Burns, as a poet and song-collector, far surpassed Scott in American influence, as the work of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson attests.

Hook's view of Scottish/American literary relations is essentially taken through the novel. He documents Scott's importance (as a rival) to James Fenimore Cooper and (as an unwitting precursor) to Thomas W. Dixon's racist novel *The Clansman* (1905), filmed by D. W. Griffith as *Birth of a Nation*. Hook also demonstrates the strange link between Dixon and William Faulkner as a boy: Annie J. Chandler, Faulkner's first-grade teacher, evidently presented him with a copy of Dixon's novel.

The strengths of the volume lie in its comprehensive overview of a still neglected topic, its engaging lucidity, and its striking cross-cultural information (such as links between *The Clansman* and the recent film *Braveheart*). Hook documents the electrifying effect of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* on U.S. intellectuals, including Emerson; the power of Macauley's Whig history of England over the imagination of Mark Twain. A wonderfully insightful chapter links Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* to Melville's *Benito Cereno*. That Hook draws distributive conclusions from single books and authors sometimes inspires a wish that he would go at more length into the reasons underlying his approach and conclusions. Yet as it stands, this is a perspicuous introduction to a topic that becomes ever more compelling as contemporary Scottish politics proceed to increase the resemblances (culturally and otherwise) between the United States and Scotland.

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H. Gustav Klaus. *Factory Girl: Ellen Johnston and Working-Class Poetry in Victorian Scotland*. Frankfurt am Main, Berlin, Bern, New York, Paris, Wien: Peter Lang. 1998. 117 pp. Scottish Studies International No. 23.

H. Gustav Klaus, Professor of the Literature of the British Isles at the University of Rostock, has already built up a formidable reputation for illuminating one of the darker corners of nineteenth century English literature, the writing of what used to be patronizingly termed "the laboring classes." When the more literary and better-educated classes of society deigned to notice working-class writing it was usually in the vein of Samuel Johnson's comment on a woman's preaching: "It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." What the good doctor thought of women writing poetry is mercifully not recorded. In his Introduction, Professor Klaus vividly demonstrates the condescension accorded to poetesses in general, as well as poets from the working class, but emphasizes that the poetess from the working class was doubly disadvantaged. The limited success of the thresher-poet Stephen Duck inspired numerous emulators, much to the alarm of the literary establishment which felt that the cobbler should stick to his last and leave the labor of writing poetry to those infinitely better educated.

Nor did working-class poetesses get much support or encouragement from their male counterparts. Klaus draws attention to the chauvinism of Duck in dismissing the girls who labored in the fields as "prattling Females, arm'd with Rake and Prong," but a more telling illustration of male attitudes to girl-workers who essayed poetry is provided by Robert Burns and his reaction to Janet Little, the "rhyming milkmaid" who was a protégée of Mrs. Dunlop. When compelled to read Jenny's poems, recently published in book form, Burns evidently made some dismissive comment which provoked Mrs. Dunlop to write to him ten weeks after the incident (when the matter had been festering in her mind):

"Methinks I hear you ask me with an air that made me feel as I had got a slap in the face, if you must read all the few lines I had pointed out to your notice in poor Jenny's book. How did I upbraid my own conceited folly at that instant that had ever subjected one of mine to so haughty an imperious critic!"

Jenny herself wrote a long "part poetic and part prosaic" letter to Burns, to which no answer has been preserved, and when she took the bull by the horns and visited him at Ellisland he used the excuse that he was abed nursing a broken arm to avoid meeting her. Her chagrin at this bootless errand comes across clearly in the dignified lines tinged with sarcasm which she penned soon afterwards.

Most working-class poetesses had to contend with the triple burden of being a wife, mother and factory worker. The wonder is that women in that

position ever found the time to write poetry, or, indeed, the peace and quiet in which to concentrate their thoughts on poetic composition. Moreover, very few working-class poetesses enjoyed the patronage of such an influential figure as Mrs. Dunlop to help them towards the eventual satisfaction of seeing their humble efforts in a collected volume. The vast majority, if they managed to get into print at all, had to be content with a scrapbook of cuttings culled from the poetry corner of one of the newspapers and periodicals that proliferated from the middle of the nineteenth century onwards.

That the subject of this study achieved this, almost entirely unaided, was a remarkable achievement; given her personal circumstances, it is well nigh miraculous that she wrote poetry at all, far less got into print. Klaus devotes a brief chapter to the critical stumbling-blocks placed in the path of the working-class poetess, discriminated against on grounds of class and sex alike. The response of the higher classes of society to the poetical outpourings of thresher-poets and rhyming milkmaids in the first half of the eighteenth century was "a peculiar mix of sympathy and unease, encouragement of the cultural advance of the lower orders," but also "doubts as to the literary worth and social desirability" of "uneducated poets." These attitudes were still very prevalent a century later and the critic of the *Glasgow Examiner* who commented on one of Ellen Johnston's early poems that "it is certainly creditable to a comparatively neglected factory girl" was merely echoing a prejudice that was generally held.

Ellen made a virtue of necessity when she adopted the pen-name of Factory Girl. It was an epithet that stuck to her and she obviously took pride in it. When she published her autobiography and collected poems she dedicated the volume to "all men and women, of every class, sect and party, who, by their skill, labour, science, art, and poetry, promote the moral and social elevation of humanity." And there was grim satisfaction in noting (in the Preface to her second edition) that in spite of literary put-downs by her betters, her poems had been "purchased by the Glasgow professional gentlemen, merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and employees of every denomination."

Successive chapters of this book examine the poems of Ellen Johnston thematically. Her martial songs, composed in the 1850s when Britain was swept by patriotic fervor at the beginning of the Crimean War, swiftly followed by disillusionment as the harsh realities of the war set in, reflect the popular attitudes of that period, and fluctuated again when war fever arose again in 1859 when the country feared an invasion from the France of Napoleon III. These jingoistic efforts contrast with the poems of 1857-9 when Ellen was in Belfast. Her reflections on Scotland betray a mixture of homesickness, pride in her nation and commiseration on the severely depressed state of the economy which had thrown thousands out of work and reduced them to starvation. These poems compare strangely with other Belfast poems which are almost euphoric in the description of the Kennedy textile mill where she was then working and, significantly, the humanity and compassion of the mill-

owner. Later poems, following her return to Scotland and move to Dundee, however, strike an increasingly bitter and strident note; descriptions of the physical effects of starvation are all the more chilling on account of the fact that they were obviously written from first-hand experience.

Very little is known of Ellen's personal life and background. Klaus states that she was born in Hamilton around 1835, although in the first edition of her autobiography she merely stated that she was born "in the year 183—" and omitted this entirely in the second edition. There are, in fact, good grounds for questioning the accuracy of this, admittedly vague, statement. She was the daughter of a stonemason who abandoned wife and bairn when Ellen was only seven months old. Her mother then returned to the home of her parents in Bridgeton, in the heart of Glasgow's industrial east end. Later, says Klaus, her mother remarried, or took up with a man, and it is abundantly clear that Ellen was physically (and probably sexually) abused by her step-father. Frequent attempts to run away from home were short-lived and the consequences brutally painful for the girl. When she eventually escaped into the arms of the first charmer to come along, she became pregnant and was abandoned by her lover. In September 1852 she gave birth to a daughter. To all her other troubles Ellen now had to add the stigma of the unmarried mother. There is some speculation that the move to Belfast was in company with another man, but there is nothing to substantiate this.

At any rate Ellen returned to Scotland with her "helpless bairn" and also had to shoulder the burden of an ailing mother whose death in May 1861 impelled Ellen to move across Scotland and settle in Dundee. The move was probably dictated by harsh economic conditions. While the cotton mills in the West of Scotland were hard hit by the American Civil War, the textile mills of Dundee, relying heavily on jute from India, flourished. Ellen obtained work at the Verdant Factory where she was at first so highly regarded that the cloth she wove was held up as an example to her fellow-workers; but in December 1863 she was summarily dismissed without any reason given. Ellen took the foreman to court and won her case, but was subsequently subjected to a vile campaign of calumny, the victim of hate mail and blacklisting. When she published her complete works, with a brief autobiography, in Glasgow at the end of 1867 she described this dreadful episode in some detail, but apparently this gave so much offense to her readers that she excised it when the second edition appeared.

Eventually she secured work at the Chapelshade Factory, a move which coincided with a switch from the Dundee *People's Journal* (in which many of her poems of the 1860s appeared) to the Glasgow *Penny Post*, a radical paper edited by Alexander Campbell who developed the poetry column into "a veritable forum of exchange for working-class writers." It was Campbell who supported and encouraged Ellen in her ambition to see her collection of verse in print. Like Burns's Kilmarnock *Poems*, *Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* eighty years earlier, publication depended on raising the cash by advance sub-

scription, although in Ellen's case it took almost two years to reach the target. Ironically, the volume bore a preface by the Rev. George Gilfillan, remembered nowadays (if at all) for his egregious *National Burns*. Not surprisingly, Gilfillan's contribution was "ludicrous, brief and lukewarm in its approval." Klaus castigates the reverend gentleman for performing "the extraordinary feat of being distrustful and dismissive without actually saying so." Nevertheless, it has to be said that the resourceful Ellen managed to extract sufficient words of praise from Gilfillan's grudging comment to quote them in the second edition.

On publication of her book, Ellen gave up her factory job and returned to Glasgow, hoping that she might be able to devote her time to poetry, secured by the money from sales. By early 1869 the 800 copies of the first edition were almost exhausted; with courage born of desperation, Ellen essayed a second edition which appeared in May 1869. If reviews of the first edition had been lukewarm, notices of the second edition were virtually non-existent. In the interim Ellen petitioned the prime minister, Benjamin Disraeli, for financial assistance, and was eventually awarded £50 from the Royal Bounty Fund, with an additional £5 subscribed personally by Queen Victoria. The "Last Lay of the Factory Girl," which appeared in the *Penny Post* of January 1868, was her last published effusion.

Thereafter, Ellen Johnston disappears from sight. At the Census of April 1871 she was no longer living at 54 Maitland Street, Glasgow (whence she had addressed Disraeli). After a five-year silence, the *Penny Post* briefly noted (12 April 1873) that she had been "very ill, and is in distressing circumstances." A few weeks later the paper announced that the second edition of her book had been reduced in price from 2s6d to a shilling. In his anthology, *The Poets and Poetry of Scotland* (Glasgow, 1877), James Grant Wilson records that she died in the Barony Poorhouse in 1873. In following up this lead Klaus could find no entry for an Ellen Johnston in the Scottish death registers of that or subsequent years, although he noted a death certificate for a Helen Johnston: "Profession: pauper; status: single; parents: unknown; age 46; died 20 April 1874; cause of death: anascara" (massive edema caused by kidney malfunction as a result of very poor nutrition). Klaus is understandably cautious about these details, although this death did occur in the Barony Poorhouse, and Helen and Ellen are used indiscriminately in Scotland. His main cause for caution is the apparent discrepancy about the age of the decedent, but it should be remembered that the details on the death certificate would have been provided by the staff of the poorhouse, far less supplied by the next of kin; and as this reviewer has frequently observed when studying death certificates, even the nearest and dearest frequently get such important details as dates of birth or names of parents wrong. The effects of her illness would certainly have made her appear much older than she really was.

Out of the 130-odd poems and songs which Ellen published in her own book, eight of the best pieces are appended to this study in full, while others

are quoted extensively in the text. Klaus adds a postscript summarizing the known facts of Ellen's tragic life and pointing the way to further research. Unfortunately, the concrete details are so meager that the usual tools, such as the decennial census returns and parish registers, have so far proved virtually useless. Professor Klaus must be commended for his pioneering work in righting a monumental wrong and he quite properly takes to task those feminist writers of our own time who have either ignored Ellen or misinterpreted her life and work to suit their own agenda. Fitting tribute as this is, to one of the unsung heroines of the working class struggle, it is hoped that it will stimulate further research into Ellen Johnston and assure her of her proper place in the annals of Scottish working-class literature.

JAMES MACKAY  
*Glasgow*

John Corbett. *Written in the Language of the Scottish Nation: A History of Literary Translation Into Scots*. Clevedon: Multilingual Matters. 1999. 199 pp.

By a felicitous coincidence, John Corbett's history of Scots literary translation arrived in the mail along with a copy of Alicia Jurado's Argentine translation of W. H. Hudson's childhood autobiography, *Far Away and Long Ago* (1918). By an even more outrageous coincidence, I was working on the writings of the expatriate Scot Walter Owen (1884-1953) who translated the classic epic poems of his adopted homeland (Argentina), especially the nineteenth-century gaucho masterpiece *Martin Fierro*, which Owen rendered with all the rhythm, pace and vigor of a Scottish border ballad. This happy confluence of circumstances augured well for the evaluation of Corbett's study, part of the multilingual Topics in Translation series.

*Written in the Language of the Scottish Nation* is a more or less chronological history of the evolution of literary translation into Scots, divided into eight chapters with eye-catching titles and sub-titles, chapter one, "Scotland in Translation," being something of an introduction. Herein Corbett discusses the function of translation into Scots, and the link between translation and Scottish literature, language planning, nationhood, and marking the territory. This summary chapter prepares the ground and offers a history of translation over the past five hundred years, reflecting the changes in the language, and thus in the literary translation of the Scots language. Chapter 2, "The Romanys now

Begynnys," treats multilingualism in early Scotland, and the evolution of Latin and French into "Inglis." Chapter 3, "Writtin in the Language of Scottis Natioun," is devoted to the life and work of Gavin Douglas, Scotland's first great literary translator, whose *Eneados* (1513) and theory of translation influenced significantly the evolution of the Scottish language. Chapter 4, "Of Translations and Chaunges," deals with translations as products of the Reformation, portrayed through the court poets of James VI, for example Murdoch Nisbet, and the king himself.

By 1603 and the Union of the Crowns, as Corbett demonstrates, English norms were beginning to govern the Scots language. In Chapter 5, "Wonders of the New Speech," post-1603 translation is dominated by two transitional figures, William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649) and Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty (1611-60). Drummond, by the time of his death, was regarded as an English writer with a few Scotticisms, whilst Urquhart, best known for his translation of Rabelais' *Gargantua et Pantagruel*, was also writing in English with some Scottish traces. In Chapter 6, "Nae Cotillion Brent New Frae France?" (borrowing the phrase from Burns' "Tam o'Shanter"), Corbett discusses the eighteenth-century period just before and after the 1707 Union of the Parliaments, a time of language standardization. The key figure is Allan Ramsay (c. 1685-1758) whose poems and translations of Horace contribute to the eighteenth-century Scots literary revival. Also, the translations of Horace, Juvenal and Virgil by Robert Fergusson (1750-74) in a sense prepared the ground for the synthetic Scots or Lallans of the twentieth century. But no eighteenth-century writer achieved the fame of James Macpherson (1736-96) whose *Ossian*, a product of the times, in particular, the Jacobite uprisings of 1715 and 1745, also helped the patriotic revival, further renewed by translations of Northern European songs and the Bible.

In Chapter 7, "Mongrels of Fire and Clay," Corbett leads us into the twentieth century and the treatment of the reconstructed synthetic Scots, a medium best represented by Hugh MacDiarmid and his successors. Corbett seems especially comfortable with the work of twentieth-century makars like Grieve, Soutar, Sidney Goodsir Smith and the like. His analysis of revisionist translations (of European writers) and stage translations is rounded out by an interesting discussion of biblical translations, especially Lorimer's well-known New Testament from the Greek. Chapter 8, "The Cult of the Real," which examines twentieth-century Scots vernacular translations, also acts as a kind of summary or afterword, in the want of a formal conclusion. In his evaluation of the synthetic Scots of the Lallans writers, Corbett identifies two areas, the North East (especially Aberdeen) and Orkney and Shetland, as active centers where writers work in a medium closer to the spoken language of specific communities. Contemporary translators/writers like Alexander Hutchison, Sheena Blackhall and William Tait capture the language of literary French and Italian in the tongue of their regions. There are also urban voices (Tom Leonard), mixed voices (Edwin Morgan), but the burning question, as always, is

what constitutes the real voice—a thorny problem, since there is no single widely accepted standard Scots available. One of the strong points of this final chapter is the author's attempt to come to grips with what is real, and what is the "language of the people." If Corbett seems particularly forceful in these two final chapters, that may well be a reflection of my own special interests and tastes rather than a critical commentary on the author's knowledge and scholarship (on earlier periods), which he wears lightly and displays convincingly.

Since I began this review with a catalogue of coincidences, it seems appropriate to conclude it in like fashion. In the final stages of this interesting study, whilst dealing with the question of polyphony, Corbett draws a parallel between the literature of Quebec and the use of Scots as a political act. This is exemplified by the Scots versions of the plays of the contemporary Quebec dramatist Michel Tremblay by Bill Findlay and Martin Bowman. Corbett quotes generously, for example, from *The House Among the Stars* (1992), which speaks to the shifting identities of many Scots today. As I wrestled with the task of encompassing in limited space the many and mixed voices of Scots translation, the Toronto *Globe and Mail's* Arts page devoted a full spread to this very phenomenon, characterized by the modern Scots version of Tremblay's plays. As Corbett shrewdly puts it, in translations into Scots we reinvent our own "imaginary geography" (Edward Said), and these translations validate not only the Scottish language, but the Scottish people. John Corbett is to be commended for producing an illuminating, entertaining and thought-provoking study that transcends multilingual matters and mere topics in translation.

JOHN WALKER  
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James Hogg. *Queen Hynde*. Ed. Suzanne Gilbert and Douglas S. Mack. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 1998. lxix + 285 pp. The Stirling/South Carolina Research Edition of The Collected Works of James Hogg. No. 6.

James Hogg. *Anecdotes of Scott: Anecdotes of Sir W. Scott and Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott*. Ed. Jill Rubenstein. With a note on the genesis of the texts by Douglas S. Mack. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 1999. lvi + 129 pp. The Stirling/South Carolina Research Edition of The Collected Works of James Hogg, No. 7.

Reviewing these two volumes together is a revealing experience, highlighting as it does both the range of Hogg's literary activity and also the enthusiasm of the communal effort, involving a dedicated team of scholars and critics, which lies behind the present edition. It embodies, too, a pleasing paradox: Hogg's rather lonely effort of self-expression and self-justification is now being embraced as a central, indeed prized, part of the canon of Scottish writing. I cannot have been the first to handle the volumes in this series noting the irony of the dust-jacket design. At the base of the spine is the single word "Edinburgh": Edinburgh University Press have reduced their full title to a simple name and, in so doing, have signalled (however inadvertently) the city's final acceptance of James Hogg. Part of the significance of these volumes, and of the series to which they belong, lies in its public enfolding of Hogg's wayward and extensive output in the embrace of Scottish academia. The case for Hogg, and especially for the great mass of Hogg's works beyond *The Justified Sinner* and a small handful of poems, is now being made with vigor. His writing is currently the focus of a scholarly effort, which few other Scottish writers of the last two centuries have received and the results are being published with full academic honors.

The issue of Hogg's relationship with literary and social establishments runs like a steady drumbeat through these two volumes. As Jill Rubenstein makes abundantly clear, Hogg's published recollections of Scott are conditioned by the strains existing between two writers of very different origins and pretensions. In Scott, Hogg was dealing not only with the leading writer of his day and a central luminary of Edinburgh society, but also with someone driven by his own yearnings for upward mobility. Hogg was perfectly aware of this. Practically the opening words to greet the reader of Hogg's recollections are the following: "The only blemish or perhaps I should say foible that I ever discerned in my illustrious friend's character was a too high devotion for titled rank." Hogg was fully alive to the emotional complexities within himself and Scott. This knowledge was combined with a determination not to allow himself to be browbeaten into becoming someone he wasn't (either as man or writer). He was also firm in insisting on the validity of the literary and cultural values, which he derived from his origins. It is a major part of Rubenstein's achievement in her edition of the *Anecdotes* that she not only makes all this clear, but discusses the matter with a penetration and a breadth of implication which makes the work far more central to our understanding of Hogg, and indeed of the Scottish nineteenth century, than it has been hitherto. Her Introduction is concise (nineteen pages) but dense and far-reaching, theoretically informed but readable. It is illuminating with regard to both Hogg and Scott, placing them both in their time and place as authors and as Romantic idealists. It also contributes to that large critical project, the re-imagining of Scott, which helps us to venerate him somewhat less and to see him truly somewhat more, a figure of flesh-and-blood complexity and contradiction. Hogg, too, emerges from her account more clearly and fairly than before.

The volume contains a "Note on the Genesis of the Texts" which is necessarily longer than the Introduction. It is by Douglas Mack, writing with his characteristic combination of relaxed accessibility and pains-taking scholarly rigor. The tale he has to tell, of the circumstances in which Hogg produced both the *Anecdotes of Sir W. Scott* and the closely related *Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott*, is fascinating both in its scholarly detail and in its lively sense of the lives and personalities of the various people involved. Poor Hogg had to encounter the extraordinary sensitivity of Lockhart on behalf of himself, his wife and his deceased father-in-law as well as the general suspicion and snobbery habitually adopted towards him by Lockhart's circle and class. He also faced the upsets in the financial and personal lives of his London publishing contacts. Mack's "Note" combining narrative with analysis, reveals his own extraordinary commitment to Hogg, a commitment that amounts to a central driving force in the edition as a whole.

Similar qualities are also to be found, of course, in the other volume, that devoted to *Queen Hynde*, which Mack himself has co-edited with Suzanne Gilbert. Here the Introduction covers not only the factual circumstances lying behind the poem's creation, but also a full discussion of the various literary and cultural contexts which are relevant to a long Romantic narrative poem dealing with the Highlands in the time of St Columba. Once again, the edition offers stimulating material of potential interest to many apart from those with a specific concern with this particular text—which is a compliment both to the editors and to Hogg himself, of course. Once gain, too, the relaxed editorial style makes for easy reading. Only occasionally did I feel that it became a little too relaxed as in the somewhat platitudinous sentence on p. xviii, "Scott's historical fictions often display a sense of the characteristic features of particular periods of Scottish history: *Waverley* is very much a novel about the 1740s, and *Redgauntlet* is very much a novel about Scotland a generation after the 'Forty-five." On the whole, though, I welcome the accessibility of the approach and one cannot read much of an introduction in which Douglas Mack is involved without realizing the impressive depth of his knowledge and skill. It is also clear, from an introductory note describing the broad division of responsibilities, that this volume is very much a joint effort. It is to the credit of both editors that the finished impression is such a unified one.

Of the poem itself, one has to say that it is extraordinary and for many of us it is likely to count as a major Hogg "discovery." Whatever may be the final critical judgment upon it, its new accessibility is an exciting and necessary contribution to our understanding of Hogg. It is a massive (indeed, a massive work, fully Hogg's in its combination of imaginative folk-based history, narrative zest, seriousness, comedy, formal inventiveness, reader-teasing, and authorial vanity. It might be seen as a poetic equivalent to *The Threikls of Man*. It is certainly just about as entertaining: I read great portions on a long and rather wearisome train journey. The tale is of the defeat of the Norwegian invasion of Scotland, after pitched battles and set-pieces

combats. It is set on the West Coast, mainly around Ardmucknish Bay, in the vicinity of Oban and Dunstaffnage. As yet another full and almost self-parodying note explains, here was the fabled location of Beregonium, the ancient capital of the Scots, a place more of legend than of history. Beregonium (Ossian's Selma) had become so entwined with the historical accounts of early Scotland from centuries past, however, that its status as historical legend makes it ideal for Hogg's approach to historical narrative. Just as in *The Three Perils of Man*, he delights in accumulating episode after episode, taking every comic opportunity but weaving the whole together with a seriousness incorporating individual moments of horror, cruelty or disaster and also a larger concern for Scotland and ordinary Scots. The poem is both genuinely comic and genuinely epic.

In writing his tale of combats both physical and verbal, Hogg seems also to have been fighting his own battles. Every so often, Hogg as narrator takes time off to address and tease a particular section of his intended readership, the "Maids of Dunedin" whom experience seems to have taught him are refined, fastidious and critical to a degree. His tale is of a rougher Scotland than theirs and his heroine made of sterner stuff than they are. The interplay between then and now, and between narrator and audience, which he introduces in this way enlivens and enriches the poem, framing it with exactly the appropriate note of conscious impudence Hogg's conception requires.

Furthermore, he is willing to take on potential critics in general: the fifth book closes with a denunciation of several types of critical reader, which is clearly based on bitter experience. Prominent among these are some prone "To name the word INDELICATE." Unfortunately for Hogg, this class included the publishers of the first edition, and substantial passages in the author's manuscript were omitted, against Hogg's wishes as far as we can tell. Faced with the choice of reproducing the MS or the first edition, the present editors have wisely chosen to follow Hogg's original intentions while clearly marking the omitted passages by means of angle brackets. The process begins in the very first line of the dedication: "To the <virgin> daughters of Caledonia/ This Poem is addressed..." That Hogg thought that he might get away with his country bluntness on this occasion, despite his clear awareness of what he was up against, speaks volumes for his resilience and optimism.

The hint of editorial self-parody, mentioned above, arises from a combination of scholarly detail and sprightly enthusiasm: there was clearly much pleasure to be had in finding out all that could be gleaned about Beregonium. The same could be said about all the other matters on which the editors touch in the notes which form, in both volumes here reviewed, a particularly creditable feature of the whole enterprise. The notes can be read themselves, for pleasure. Many are substantial essays in their own right. They confirm the impression given by the edition as a whole, that the editorial task has been undertaken with a peculiar degree of commitment and with a determination that a

long-postponed duty towards James Hogg will now be undertaken with a thoroughness which should stand the test of time.

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Jerome Mitchell. *More Scott Operas: Further Analyses of Operas Based on the Works of Sir Walter Scott*. Lanham, MD: University Press of America. 1996. 328 pp.

Jerome Mitchell here provides a sequel to his 1977 *The Walter Scott Operas*. He covers over forty operas, operettas, and musical dramas (some never performed) which he discovered after his research for the first volume. Mitchell visited libraries and publishing houses throughout Europe and the United States and corresponded with people as far away as Argentina in preparing this book. The layout is similar to that of *The Walter Scott Operas*, with the works being discussed chronologically in the order both of the Scott novels or poems on which they are based and of the operas themselves. The information for each musical work includes the dates of premier and later performances (if any); publication and/or location of the score and/or libretto; background of the composer; detailed plot summary, with many musical illustrations; running commentary on how the adaptation does or does not adhere to Scott's original; and Mitchell's opinion on the quality of the work and whether it deserves performance or revival. An introduction telling of Scott productions since the earlier book and a conclusion telling of Scott attending an opera performance shortly before his death provide a fitting framework. There are easy-to-follow notes and a helpful index.

Jerome Mitchell's style is lucid and engaging, detailed without being verbose or obscure. Since the book is something of an anthology, the reader can sample the works being analyzed in any order, skipping to the ones that are of most interest. The musical examples are numerous and detailed enough to give a clear idea of how each opera would sound and to allow the reader to form his/her own conclusions on its worth. There are many lively anecdotes about the productions, such as the description of water effects for the staging of William Reeve's *The Spectre Knight* or the negotiations that ended in George Macfarren's *Kenilworth* being rejected. Mitchell makes a convincing case for certain operas, such as Harvey Löhr's *Kenilworth* and Alfredo Schiuma's *Amy Robsart*, while pointing out the deficiencies of others.

Mitchell includes favorable comments on two of my own short Scott operas, a fact which I hope has not prejudiced my evaluation. Since I like both Scott and opera, I find Mitchell's book informative and enjoyable. Unfortunately, the scarcity of people interested in both these subjects will limit the book's market appeal, as will the fact that Mitchell already discussed the better-known composers and operas in his first volume, leaving only unfamiliar people and titles for his second. Nevertheless, so much enthusiasm, thoroughness, and hard work deserve a reward. Mitchell seems motivated by pure love for his subjects, unlike some contemporary critical theorists who, in seeking to expose the hidden political and social agendas of authors, often take a dry and negative tone. I hope that Dr. Mitchell will find an appreciative audience and even reach some of the opera producers and performers toward whom some of his suggestions appear to be directed. And if he is not tired of the subject of Scott adaptations, he might turn his apparently boundless energy to a study of film and television versions, a subject to which he could surely do full justice.

LIONEL LACKEY  
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Carol McGuirk, ed. *Critical Essays on Robert Burns*. New York & London: G. K. Hall. 1998. xi + 316 pp.

Carol McGuirk begins her collection with a clarion call to the world to attend to the increasing variety in scholarly Burns studies. One fears slightly, however, that the "cultists" still hugely outnumber the critics. That said, Professor McGuirk has assembled a good number of varied and substantial critics in this collection of essays. The first of "Four Modern Approaches" is Jeffrey Skoblow's "Resisting the Powers of Calculation: A Bard's Politics," which offers fascinating insight into the "textual Burns" where Burns's negotiations with the world (literary and otherwise) that he inhabits represent, both in his time and subsequently, a series of complex mediations. These mediations involve both Burns and the critical community—contemporaneously and subsequently—in a series of equally difficult "direct" representations and more diffusive presentations of the politics of Burns's poetics. This essay is perhaps the most difficult read in the book, but is also the cleverest one in its implicit iconoclasm toward certainty of literary estimation. In her essay, Carol McGuirk shows that she is surely the most imaginative critic of Burns in the world today. Yet again she finds a wide field to cross with Burns: on this oc-

casation the trenchant human sensations (particularly of the melancholic kind) which are conveyed throughout Burns's work. Illuminatingly, using what one might at first think are more than well-worn exemplars, she finds bleak beauty in Burns's poetry, where the implication is that feelings, sometimes, are all that are left to humanity in the face of a predatory world. Under the very witty title of "Wordsworth and Burns: The Anxiety of Being under the Influence," Andrew Noble does a characteristic demolition job on the willful distortions of Burns carried out by the great English Romantic poet. This essay is a useful reminder that Burns has not only been traduced by popular bardolators, but by the vested interests of a reactionary and Anglocentric literary establishment also. Leith Davis, in "Re-presenting Scotia: Robert Burns and the Imagined Community of Scotland," argues very well for Burns's awareness of the instability, uncertainty and construction of much of the national culture around him. She cleverly and concisely argues, as a result of such awareness on the part of Burns, that this makes the poet today a more urgent international figure than ever.

The "Foundations" section of McGuirk's book is a witty rubric for a series of essays which traverse and, very often, attempt to revise the wide network of contexts in which Burns can be seen. Raymond Bentman's thirty-five year old piece, "Robert Burns's Use of Scottish Diction," remains fresh and the best quick primer in Burns's energetic Scots usage. An extract from Thomas Crawford's fine study, *Society and the Lyric*, is typically excellent in pulling together the "real-life" and the eighteenth-century literary contexts which inform Burns's *Love and Liberty* sequence. John C. Weston usefully foregrounds just how trenchant and superbly-voiced Burns's satires are, as opposed to the still-too-prevalent emphasis upon their almost throwaway comic facility. Particularly welcome is a nice comparison highlighting MacDiarmid's much more spitefully animated satirical mode. The recurrent debate over what Burns lost and gained in concentrating more on song than poetry in his latter years is revisited by Leo Damrosch. His conclusion, "if the folk tradition liberated Burns into impersonal subjectivity, it is fair to add that it also limited him; his range is great but his development is not" is the reiteration of an old note. Damrosch has fresh tings to say on Burns's use of imagery, but the argument over "loss and gain" in relation to Burns's varying predilections which made him both Scotland's greatest ever poet and greatest ever song-writer is a rather needless one. We just have to rest content with Burns's superlative status in both spheres. Kenneth Simpson, in "Burns and the Legacy of Flying," deftly fingers the pulse of ironic raillery in Ramsay and Fergusson as well as in Burns. At the same time, his essay usefully reminds us that we are still very much wanting extensive comparative treatment of the triumvirate of eighteenth-century Scots poetic brilliance. Robert Crawford's "British Burns" is an extract from his much-lauded and much-reviewed *Devolving English Literature*. I would venture only two comments here: Crawford's insistence on Burns as "bicultural" is an apprehension that still needs broadcasting as widely as possi-

ble; however, the rather unproblematic description of Burns under the label "British" in the light of his wide literary inheritance, is one that is potentially misleading with regard to Burns's skepticism over the institutions of late eighteenth-century Britain. (To be fair, Crawford expresses awareness of this latter aspect—though he does not explore it.) Sweeney Turner discusses the critical reception of the songs of Burns and Robert Tannahill, particularly in their pastoral modes, and scrutinizes the assumptions which mark Tannahill out as the minor poet in the Scottish canon. Sweeney Turner's approach primed (though not obtrusively) by modern theoretical awareness is both entertaining and instructive, but I am made slightly uneasy about this kind of deconstructive criticism when we still urgently require a straightforward historicist construction of Tannahill's significance as poet and songwriter. Nicholas Roe's "Authenticating Robert Burns" is an excellent synthesis of various material from the Bible, to eighteenth-century aesthetic theory, to Burns's subsequent reputation for the likes of Keats, all of which can be seen inscribed within Burns's monumental iconicity. The mythographic Burns which so clearly emerges would be an excellent myth-detecting test to have by one's side whenever reading any biography of the bard. The construction of Burns's deep cultural "authenticity" (especially in his quasi-religious facet) has never been more succinctly filleted. G. Ross Roy continues to show his mastery of the vast textual hinterland of Burnsiana, writing here of "Poems and Songs Spuriously Attributed to Robert Burns." With huge facility, he demonstrates how a number of these poems show the ignorance in the credulous of Burns's working-methods. One of the most intriguing points of the essay which really deserves to be much better known and explored is the way in which James Mackay in his very widely selling edition of Burns has, in fairly large quantity, increased the dubious textual accretions around Burns. Patrick Scott Hogg, on the lost radical works of Burns 1793-6, writes much better than he does in his book, *Robert Burns: The Lost Poems* (1997). (Though the essay here purports to be an extract for this book, it is considerably improved.) He discusses in this essay only one piece, "The Dagger," which is one of the more credible poems Hogg claims to have re-discovered. Historically and textually, Hogg marshals some fairly persuasive evidence, though the problem for this reviewer remains the claim that the impediment of other possible authors is as easily removed as Hogg maintains. "The Dagger" may well be by Burns (and if it is, I sincerely hope that this can be proved), but it strikes me as very much the kind of production in spirit and in skill which a poet such as Alexander Wilson could as easily have penned. Publication time lag is also unfortunate in relation to the wider pronouncements of Hogg here when he claims that no other candidates have been proposed for the "other newly discovered poems." Prior to the appearance of the McGuirk book, the present reviewer found manuscript evidence in two cases to prove Hogg wrong (see *Studies in Scottish Literature* XXXI, 81-5, for details).

The final section of the book, "Inheritance and Legacy" (rather curiously a one-essay section) sees David Hill Radcliffe provide a nice account of the pivotal status of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," as he discusses a wide range of eighteenth-century British antecedents in the literary treatment of country life and the popular poets inspired by Burns to take up this subject. Burns's "classic" reputation for these later poets is excellently delineated in terms of educative and literary value, though Radcliffe is perhaps kinder on some unremittingly awful extracts from versifiers like William Knox and Robert Millhouse than others would be.

A very useful reference-aid appendix, "The Reading of Robert Burns" compiled by John Robotham according to references in Burns's writings, and a good, shrewdly annotated selected bibliography complete the book. My one quibble in regard to the latter would be the description of Carswell's life of Burns as "probably the biography in highest current repute." This may be so in popular terms, and Carswell's is certainly the most readable biography of Burns, but for practical, scholarly purposes Carswell's book is one that should not be relied upon.

With this collection of essays we see that variety in Burns scholarship continues to accrue and accelerate.

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*The Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Senior Eds. Clyde de L. Ryals and Kenneth J. Fielding. Vol. 27 (1852). Durham, N.C., and London: Duke University Press, 1999. The Duke-Edinburgh Edition.

Whew! Another volume of the splendidly edited *Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle* is before us. How the editors maintain this torrid pace, now set at one volume per year, continues to amaze mere mortals. Yet they do, and do so with a rigor that astonishes. Once again this reviewer has read the whole—this volume is particularly imposing at 425 pages—and once again this reviewer is willing to climb upon the wing of hyperbole and wittingly pronounce this volume another "stunner," to appropriate the Pre-Raphaelite language for beauty. A volume per annum does, indeed, seem a quite impossible goal, but the editors are determined, downright cheery in their efforts to leave us shaking our proverbial heads in disbelief. One might suspect that the indefatigable K. J. Fielding, *Emeritus* Saintsbury Professor of

English Literature, is behind this truly protean production, yet rumor from Edinburgh whispers his retirement and further alleges that he has left the newly refurbished archives of National Library of Scotland to lesser folk, who on occasion, we are told, do stop to draw their collective breaths. No matter! Volume 27 of *Collected Letters* is published, and we can once again express our wonderment.

In the Introduction, the apparently *unretired* Editor Fielding, the signature does read "K.J.F.," sets out for us the myriad reasons why we should appreciate this particular volume of 1852, which one might argue was an off-year for the Sage of Chelsea, who had been planked for his "shrill" (Mill's word) *Latter-Day Pamphlets* of 1850, and for his "unseemly assaults" (*The Times'* words) in *The Life of John Sterling* of 1851. One would think, nay even expect, that Carlyle, fronted with such criticism would have taken 1852 as a time to reflect, if not recollect, in tranquility. Yet as Editor Fielding recounts, 1852 was a particularly prolific epistolary year, "256 letters, of which Thomas Carlyle wrote 195 and Jane Carlyle 61... [of which] 49 percent, or 126, have not appeared before, and, of the rest, 73 have not been published in full" (p. xi). Such figures are staggering when one realizes that both Carlyles were still among the social lions of London, too active insofar as they were concerned. In their view Nero, the beloved dog, remained preferable to nearly all forked radishes of the homo-sapien variety. Add to this the fact that during part of this year Carlyle was preparing for and then sojourning about Germany and the figures become more astonishing. 256 letters, the true grist for the scholar's millstone.

Editor Fielding artfully charts our course, at one juncture spending more than two pages discussing the importance of Alexander Herzen to Carlyle, even through there are "no letters between them in 1852" (p. xii). Near Christmas, Herzen visited Cheyne Row to listen to the Sage pontificate on what our Editor characterizes as Carlyle's "absurdity" that the "world could be saved by despotism, thus averting socialism" (p. xii). Carlyle boldly defended Louis Napoleon as the despot "Opera King," a prospect he thought better than a "democracy of 900 talking lawyers" (p. xii). Carlyle, somewhat to his consternation, had increasingly become the secular presence and the verbal icon for all manner of disgruntled revolutionaries, who arrived at Cheyne Row by foot and carriage to sit at the feet of their Prophet-King. Herzen was but one.

Editor Fielding then takes us into even more dangerous territory, that of Carlyle's increasing fascination with Friedrich der Gross of Prussia. Carlyle was drawn inexorably, says our Editor, into the "maelstrom... [of] repulsion as well as attraction" (p. xiv). In 1852, Carlyle, against all reason, committed himself to a history of Frederick, a commitment that would occupy his life for the next fifteen years. We are informed at some length about Carlyle's research habits, all of which Editor Fielding has traced in visits to the Houghton Library, which houses the vast repository of books Carlyle used to frame his monumental, some argue monumentally thick, six-volume history, thankfully

published in doses between 1858 and 1865. And, in all this, our noble Editor cannot resist pointing out in mid-thought that Carlyle was not responsible for Hitler, in spite of the fact that Goebbels read to the “bunkered Fuehrer” from Carlyle’s description of the Prussian’s “miraculous deliverance” (p. ix). Our Editor then takes pains to defend Carlyle’s “persistent and almost perpetual skepticism” the “vital editorial tool” (p. xv) that marked his approach to history, all resulting from his “contempt for ‘metaphysics’” (p. xvii). If the point is that Carlyle sought out fact, then the point is well taken. If the point is that Carlyle stuck to the facts, then the point is in dispute. One might argue that Carlyle through his inciteful and insightful language took what facts were before him and transformed them into a larger apocalypse, a trick he learned while writing, partly re-writing from memory, *The French Revolution*. Annotated source books aside, Carlyle was not a recorder; he was not even in a true sense an historian. He was, rather, a linguistic prophet, adept at transforming the language of fact into the language of parable, witness for example the Goebbels-read miracle of deliverance. Mr. Dryasdust Mr. Carlyle was not. Dr. Pessimist Anticant Mr. Carlyle was. And to become this “anti-cant,” praise be to Trollope for this acuity, he raised interpretive discourse to a new zenith.

Of course, there was nothing dryasdust about either of the Carlyles. Yet, ironically, much of 1852 was actually given to dust, of the carpenter kind, as a host of mongers devoted themselves to transforming Cheyne Row even as Carlyle devoted himself to transforming his Hero-King, Frederick. The resulting chaos dominates the letters. Jane, as her self-inflicted fates would have it, eschewed a journey to Germany to minister these legion of dustmongers. As always Jane was brilliantly savage in her analyses, complaining to Helen Welsh on 9 July that her problem actually was “Mr. C,” whose “invincible disposition to stay *where he is*” to work led to a domestic hurly-burly akin to a “noise as of a battle of Waterloo” (p. 161). Jane could only opine that “I must ... superintend it—Mr C thinks it would be all botched up if nobody looked to it” (p. 161), the remodeling. Delightfully, Jane’s letters are spiced with unmannerly allusions to the noxious carpenters, whose dust was rivaled only by the wafting fumes from the painters’ brushes. In obvious distress she observes on more than one occasion that “Nero is very unhappy” (p. 161). One wonders if she is deliberately confusing Nero, the dog, and Thomas, the husband. What wonderful drama! Jane is left to be certain that the nail holes are patched and the paint applied, while Mr. C gleans nuggets from books about Frederick and plans for and attends to his August visit to Germany. Curiously, Editor Fielding does not pursue the possibilities of this arrangement, except to say that the “decision to stay behind was hers, feeling born to be the clerk of works overseeing the builders at Cheyne Row” and to conclude that in the “year of Mrs. Jellyby,” heralded for its “slights on women,” Jane was “probably indifferent to them” (p. xviii), the slights that is. One might feel somewhat slighted by this slight, even though one can feel secure in the thought that it is not the re-

sponsibility of our venerable Editor to say the obvious that “neither of the Carlyles was drawn to the active feminism of Margaret Fuller” (p. xviii), whose own entrusted editor, Mary Gillies, Carlyle describes to Emerson on 14 May as “a tall, serene, really beautiful old-maid of five-and-forty” (p. 117). Regarding the publication of the Fuller manuscripts, Carlyle was less charitable in a letter to his brother John on 19 June: “*Margt Fuller* will perhaps amuse you here and there, tho’ it is dreadfully longwinded and indistinct,—as if one were telling the story not in words, but in *symbolical* tunes on the bagpipe” (p. 145). “Heigho,” to borrow one of Carlyle’s favorite epithets. Curiously, in regard to this issue of feminism, 1852 is the year that the record of letters to Jane from her radical feminist friend and novelist ordinaire Geraldine Jewsbury ceases, a fact that Editor Fielding finds a “little puzzling” (p. xviii).

I have chosen to concentrate on the intrigues of Editor Fielding’s Introduction for in so many ways his words set the tone for the reading of the tome 27. We are most grateful both for his insights and his directions. Yet there is so much more in these letters that Editor Fielding, because of space, does not recount. The letters to Carlyle’s aged mother, Margaret, are especially poignant. He is coming to realize what every son comes to realize, her mortality weighs heavy. From Scotsbrig, he writes to Jane on 23 August:

My good old Mother is somewhat better than she was at first coming; she is still cheerful, even quizzical and has glimmerings of the old fun and genial Scotch laughter when her pressures are lightened; but it take[s] so little to overload her quite, and then the aged soul is bent down to the ground (p. 245).

What mother could ask for more from her son? Carlyle’s devotion to her is constant, unwavering, perhaps without equal. Mother Margaret will live for two more years, and as the future letters will chronicle her death will inflict a pain never soothed by the passage of years. The story of Margaret Carlyle tells us a great deal about the humanity and the humility of Carlyle, a story too often overlooked. His devotion to his family and above all to his mother is sadly neglected by those intent on exploiting his ascribed foibles. His stoic character paradoxically conflicts with his brave vulnerability, a circumstance best expressed by Carlyle himself when he fears that a Christmas letter of 19 December will not receive response: “We long much to hear from you dear Mother; and are continually sensible of our mercy in your respect. Oh take care of yourself” (p. 369). The crushing realization of the death that too soon will come haunts this devoted son.

And so we have another volume of the *Letters*, ending without the pomp and the circumstance that opened the year. Christmas seemed no longer a happy moment. On 23 December, Thomas complained to Charles Redwood, who for years had sent a “Christmas Box” of Welsh lamb to the Carlyles:

Alas, there is not to be a very “merry Christmas” here this year;...it has been settled, that I eat my Christmas dinner *alone*, on the present occasion; my Wife going

out that day, leaving me to my Books and reflexions.... I will eat a chop of that excellent Welsh mutton; and reflect, profitably I hope, on many things....

Carlyle blames this dismal circumstance upon his ill health and upon the six months of remodeling, and then concludes: "Hence comes my solitary Christmas. My poor Wife, too, has suffered a good deal; but it not nearly so low as I..." (p. 371). On the same day, in a letter to his sister Jean, Carlyle's lamentation moves toward moral injunction:

All people are getting ready their Christmas eatables.... Such walls of fat beef, such wildernesses of plucked turkeys, eyes never saw.... The poor people, who cannot buy, stand in crowds in speechless approval and generous admiration of those who can. I, for my part, am to dine alone on Christmas day: Jane is going with a Cousin of hers [John Welsh] to some gay party... (p. 374).

Before we collectively display tears of sorrow for the abandoned Carlyle, the record should be amended to include acknowledgment of the Christmas Eve dinner at Cheyne Row, attended by W. H. Brookfield, who records in his diary: "The repast ... was soup, followed by a haunch of wonderfully Lilliputian but good mutton with potatoes [served] with a sort of genial, homely hospitality which was touching..." (pp. 378-79n). Carlyle's remembrance differs slightly, as he writes to his brother John on 29 December: "That [was] the extent of our Christmas gaieties;—one indigestion, or partial indigestion, is enough, in honour of the 'sacred season'; and we have remained steadily at home and quiet otherwise" (pp. 378-79). For her part, Jane is left to observe to Helen Welsh on 30 December: "The only Xmas remembrance I received this year besides yours... was from dear old Betty [Braid]..." (p. 386). Little more need be said about the Scroogean Christmas spent by the Carlyles, except to observe that it apparently ended on a less cheerful note than that of Dickens's Carlyle-inspired "A Christmas Carol, nearly ten years anterior.

Such blessedness in strife should not end a review of the *Collected Letters*. Not all is doom and gloom; there is much "heigho." In fact, over the twelve-month period the Carlyles' senses of humor remain very much in evidence, especially that of Jane, who recounts the following discussion with Lady Sandwich to Helen Welsh on 8 February on the subject of the possible marriage of Emily Baring, Lord Ashburton's sister:

I wondered that she didn't get married, with sixty thousand pounds—"Married! said Lady Sandwich—what are you thinking of—who would marry anything so ugly?"—"But really" I said she is not after all so very ugly—she is Lady-like has a very nice figure, a good skin and hair—is not too old—is accomplished amicable; men dont need all that usually to help them to marry sixty thousand pounds!"—The old Countess sat staring at me till I had done and then exclaimed almost indignantly—"Great God Mrs Carlyle what nonsense you *are* talking! Just imagine

THAT *nose* on a pillow!" but unless you had seen the nose you cannot enjoy the fun of this speech (p. 34).

Jane then draws a devilish-looking head with an elongated nose to illustrate her point.



We need not comment on the ironic force of Jane's linguistic and artistic wit. We can only be grateful that Thomas did not compose the above passage, much less the *objet d'art*. The following from Jane to Kate Sterling is yet another *pièce de résistance*:

Last night I was at a great gathering at Bath House—five hundred people all beautifully dressed, and talking all at one time—no dancing—*no nothing* but looking splendid and chattering.... The poor Duke of Wellington got no *kiss* from me this time—I wishd rather to fling a blanket over him and carry him off to bed—so old! so spectral! surely it was an unseemly scene to parade his past Heroship in! (pp. 127-28).

Jane was unwittingly presageful. On 15 September she wrote to John Carlyle: "Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington is dead. I shall not meet him at Balls any more *nor kiss his shoulder* poor old man" (p. 289). Humor, particularly ironic humor, was never lost on Jane.

A review of the *Collected Letters* is never complete without a nod to the exceptional editorial skills of those in charge. The editors, a host that now fills an entire title page, approach each letter with an understanding to be envied. They are literary surgeons dissecting the bodily essence to save the heavenly soul. As I have asserted before, their work is without equal. The notes alone often exceed the letters. In the tradition of Edward Fitzgerald, the editors take their *Rubaiyat* and make it whole. Hyperbole fails to capture the extent of their accomplishment. Their aim is the elucidation of an often complicated text. We all know that the Carlyles knew what they meant, and likely the recipients of their letters knew what they meant. But do we latter-day post-moderns know what they meant? The editors take no chances with the ignorance of modernity. Through unparalleled annotation, they set out to restore for us the expressive context of the letters. There is hardly a note to be faulted, even by the most obdurate reader. Indeed, the explanatory notes are so full they become a text unto themselves. Consider the note on the Frank Jewsbury-Sara

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<sup>1</sup>Reproduced courtesy of Duke University Press

Norton-Jane Carlyle affair that extends on to two pages (pp. 157-58) in 10-point type. Not only do the editors report the scandal, they report it fully from MS: NLS 2883.208, followed by a host of cross-references. Goodness, until this note most of us had no hint of this scandal; now we are intimates to it. Such thoroughness makes the reader greedy for more. In fact, so thorough are the notes that it is entirely possible to read them without the letters and therein enjoy a first-rate Victorian history.

There are, of course, a few slips in editorial genius. And even on occasion the notes are rendered unintelligible to the common reader. For example, the descriptive notes on the nature of maladies might even jar John Carlyle, M.D., himself. Consider this note attached to the sufferings of Mrs. S. Sketchley: "Erysipelas, an acute febrile disease associated with intense local cutaneous and subcutaneous inflammation caused by a streptococcus virus" (p. 32n). A wonderful note! But what does it mean? And who is Mrs. S. Sketchley? The mother of Penelope Sketchley, we are told. We presume the wife of Mr. S. Sketchley, but alas the index does not help. Then there is a note attached to Carlyle's 26 May regards to "My Lady [Ashburton] and Sambo," the latter of whom (of which) is cited: "Possibly a dog" (p. 121n). To confound confusion, or perhaps to over-elucidate elucidation, we are faced with the incredible note attached to Thomas's 15 September letter to Jane, in which he writes, "very respect[able], on Sunday ev[en]ing." So thorough are the editors in their thoroughness that they have a note on the brackets: "Letters omitted here and letter omitted previously" (p. 285n). Such gems of redundancy stretch even the most rigorous editorial credulity, for the very purpose, or so we thought, of a bracket is to indicate editorial interpolation. Thus, one need only learn how to count. At the very least such unneeded thoroughness should be applied consistently, as for example in the Carlyle signature "T. Car[lyle]" (p. 326). Here there is no note to indicate that four letters have been omitted! One might gently argue that the *Collected Letters* needs an editor to edit the editors' editing. Enough! The plain truth is the notes are so magnificent, so stately, and so expressive that they easily survive such minor infelicities. And, in final praise, we are happy to say that the editors are slowly moving to the Index their "coterie speech" notes of previous volumes. We are most grateful for such concessions to commonsense. Thus, we send once again our hearty congratulations to each and all for their unparalleled editorial work and to the Duke University Press for its devoted execution.

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Donald W. Livingston. *Philosophical Melancholy and Delirium: Hume's Pathology of Philosophy*. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press. 1998. xviii + 433 pp.

This very ambitious and important book is an expansion and further application of the argument advanced in the author's earlier study, *Hume's Philosophy of Common Life* (1984)—namely that Hume ultimately rested judgment concerning philosophical questions on the primacy of “the pre-reflective order of the *sensus communis*.” Livingston himself explains that the first book argues

against the Descartes-Locke-Berkeley reading of Hume as a kind of phenomenologist. [Instead] common life is the governing idea of Hume's philosophy... [and that book mainly exhibits] Hume's reformed notion of reason. The question of what Hume considered philosophy to be was put aside; it is taken up now in this work (p. xvii).

The book's rather melodramatic title derives from the melodramatic passage at the end of the *Treatise of Human Nature*, Part I, where Hume describes the genesis of his own “mitigated scepticism,” in which the fumes of “philosophical melancholy and delirium” are dissolved through a process in which one passes from speculations begetting dark despair and nihilistic doubt to salvation through common life: games of backgammon, conversation, amusement. So true philosophy, which Livingston spends most of his book contrasting with the false, is born. The false continuously transmutes by a “Midas touch” some part of human experience into one rigid philosophy, whereas true philosophy proceeds more cautiously, skeptically, eschewing pronouncements and conclusions and never forgetting the age-old wisdom of custom and belief that precedes reflection.

The range of Livingston's study is wide. It consists of two parts, “Humean Reflections” (chapters 1-11), and “Humean Intimations” (chapters 12-15). The first concerns “Hume's self-understanding about philosophy and its meaning for his own age,” and the second “continues the idiom of a Humean philosophy in certain topics into the nineteenth century and into our own time” (pp. xi-xii). Just about every thinker in the pantheon of Western philosophy, from Plato and Aristotle to Derrida, Eco, and Rorty, appears somewhere in the book for comparison or contrast, and Hume emerges anointed. In short, this book makes a convincing case that Hume is preeminent among philosophers, and that bespeaks no small praise both for Hume and Livingston.

I suppose nothing human (or Humean) is without fault, and so it should not fault Livingston too much to belabor a few. There is a good bit of overlapping and repetition in two long books with quite similar arguments. And even minor points tend to be repeated again and again. For instance, I grew weary

of hearing Hume's silly and wrongheaded view of contemporary English barbarism—a country like Lapland, no writers of worth except Lawrence Sterne and Benjamin Franklin (who as an American doesn't count), and finally Gibbon (whom Hume is forced to include because he is writing to Gibbon). Livingston apparently believes that everything Hume ever said is oracular, but one might think of Samuel Johnson or easily a dozen other English writers of that age who could pass muster with Franklin and Sterne.

Livingston spends a good bit of time rehashing biographical information—concerning Hume's dealings with Rousseau and Wilkes, for instance—and quoting or paraphrasing Hume's lesser known writings: *A Natural History of Religion*, *The History of England*, plus his letters and occasional works. That others may have already treated this material is not always acknowledged. (Indeed, while Livingston's last five chapters have many, often long and discursive, endnotes, the first nine contain very few, with chapter five having none.) A reader relatively new to Hume studies might never realize from Livingston's various discussions of the *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion* that this complex text has received considerable attention and that not everyone accepts Philo as Hume's consistent spokesman.

Livingston's rather lengthy treatment of eloquence might have profited by more reference to studies by M. A. Box, Adam Potkay, and John Richetti; there is a brief acknowledgement of Potkay but none at all of Box or Richetti. Likewise, he spends twenty or thirty pages on Hume's analysis of superstition and enthusiasm without ever mentioning that this reviewer thoroughly covered that subject in 1985 and again in 1990, arguing for a shift in Hume's view that actually would have been of great use to Livingston's master thesis: to wit, that the immersion in the problems of common life, prompted by Hume's writing his lengthy *History of England*, caused him to modify his view of superstition and enthusiasm formulated much earlier in a theoretical essay.

Which prompts another, more general, observation. Like all philosophically trained students of Hume, Livingston is so enamored of the *Treatise*, so perfect as it is for philosophical exegesis, that he cannot believe that Hume ever really did repudiate it—or if he did, Hume meant only to disavow its style or manner: the medium is not the message. As far as I can tell, there is only one place in Livingston's study where he admits that Hume ever changed his mind about anything: Hume's views concerning the possible danger of a free press (pp. 281-2). Otherwise, everything Hume ever believed, even his opinion of the American Revolution, can apparently be traced back to the *Treatise* (see p. 258).

Last of all, if one will forgive a couple of tired equine tropes, common life makes Livingston a fine hobbyhorse, even though it sometimes can be ridden to the breaking point and beating it is to no avail. Common life dictates that Hume must not only be a theist, but even a Fideist, and a believer in a "general providence," and maybe even a closet, non-practicing Pyrrhonian Christian, whatever that might be. So when Hume says that "nothing surely can more

dignify mankind than to bear the image or impression of the universal Creator," or when Philo says, because he always must speak for Hume, that "to be a philosophical sceptic is... the first step towards being a sound believing Christian," there can be no possibility of ironical polysemy (see pp. 74, 78, 149-50).

Livingston seems unaware of John V. Price's study of Hume's irony, but like other philosophy professors, he tends either to ignore or give short shrift to literary scholars (e.g., Box, Potkay, Price, Richetti, Siebert, and even Mossner). Actually, that remark is not entirely just, for Livingston completely ignores the work of many scholars squarely within the field of philosophy or the history of ideas whose work impinges on his: Becker, Gaskin, Cassirer, Gay, Laird, Norton, Noxon, Pocock, Sekora, Kemp Smith, Stroud, and Yandell all come to mind. Gaskin actually wrote an important book devoted to Hume's *Philosophy of Religion*. Livingston writes as if he were almost the first scholar to consider the philosophy of David Hume.

And, returning to his hobbyhorse, what is most incredible is his judgment regarding the conclusion of section 10 ("Of Miracles") in the first *Enquiry*, a statement whose tone is so outrageously cheeky that it screams irony. For Livingston it is a straightforward endorsement of Christian miracles:

We may conclude, that the Christian Religion not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity: And whoever is moved by Faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience (quoted on p. 150).

Now here the hobbyhorse seems to have thrown Livingston completely, for his insistence that Hume must be a Fideist blinds him to the concluding words, in which the thesis of Fideism is contradicted by common life: the person who accepts the miracle of Christian faith does so "contrary to custom and experience"!

However, I must emphasize that the preceding faultfinding should not weigh too much in the balance with this book's considerable strengths. Livingston's is easily the most comprehensive and authoritative study available not only of Hume's philosophy but also in a broader sense of his thought, his influence, and indeed his greatness. Livingston's applications of Hume to more recent socio-political issues are everywhere interesting and provocative. And, despite its ambitious and difficult subject, the book is clearly and elegantly written. In that regard one does not bemoan its 407 (perhaps occasionally repetitious) pages.

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Walter Scott. *Guy Mannering*. Ed. P. D. Garside. Edinburgh: University Press. 1999. xvi + 599 pp.

Walter Scott. *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Ed. A. D. Hook and Donald Mackenzie. Edinburgh: University Press. 1999. xvi + 532 pp.

These two volumes are the latest additions to the monumental Edinburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels (EENW), whose Editor-in-Chief is David Hewitt and which is underwritten by the Bank of Scotland. Professor Garside is Reader in Literature at the University of Wales, Cardiff; Professor Hook was formerly Bradley Professor in English literature, while Professor Mackenzie is Lecturer in English Literature, at the University of Glasgow. All three editors maintain consistently high quality in preparing what will surely be the standard edition of Scott's complete novels.

The format is uniform for each volume. A Foreword by David Daiches and an Acknowledgements section is followed by a six-page General Introduction in which Hewitt explains the underlying principles followed in preparing the EENW. The first edition of each novel (not the well-known *Magnum Opus* of 1829 to 1833) is the base text, with emendations mostly from Scott's manuscripts and (less often) from later editions published during Scott's lifetime, if these provided corrections of mistakes not caught earlier. Hewitt cites textual critic Jerome J. McGann (1983) as saying that a printed work is a better base text than a manuscript since it probably incorporates corrections that the author endorsed. Hewitt goes on to say that although Scott helped in preparing the *Magnum Opus*, he probably overlooked or allowed to stand some changes from intermediate editions that were corruptions of his intentions, not improvements.

Next, after a facsimile of the first-edition title page and the text of the novel, each volume provides a detailed Essay on the Text; this includes "Genesis," "Composition," "Later Editions," and "The Present Text." In each case the "composition" section covers much information about Scott's original manuscript, which, until Scott acknowledged in 1827 that he was the author of the novels, had to be recopied to preserve his anonymity. After the Essay come an Emendation List, a Historical Note, Explanatory Notes, and a Glossary. For *Guy Mannering*, these materials comprise 242 pages, including 86 for the Essay; for *The Fair Maid of Perth*, the materials comprise 143 pages, including 31 for the Essay (the Essays have their own notes, as do the Historical Note sections). The Essay for *Mannering* is much longer than the one for *The Fair Maid* because the former, much earlier, novel went through many more editions in Scott's lifetime and because *The Fair Maid* was published after Scott acknowledged his authorship, eliminating the need for an intermediate handwritten copy. Readers will see that Scott's introductions and notes,

found in the Magnum Opus and almost all subsequent editions, are missing, but they will be published separately in the last two volumes of the EEWN.

As might be expected, the Essays on the Text are of central importance in the editions, because of the minutely detailed yet lucid accounts of the textual choices made. They cover more than just textual questions, for they tell how Scott chose his subjects and include some intriguing facts about his working methods (he worked very fast but planned his stories more carefully than has been supposed) and his relationships with his publishers (almost always friendly despite minor disagreements). The editors acknowledge instances in which they caught mistakes hitherto unnoticed. The texts of the novels themselves are sparer, more austere, than we have come to expect from Scott, because the present editors have eliminated some fussy punctuation and tautologies (not Scott's) that found their way into the printed editions. Especially surprising is the effect of *The Fair Maid* (here called *St. Valentine's Day*, the original main title): since Hook and Mackenzie have had few variants from which to choose other than Scott's incomplete, virtually unpunctuated manuscript (part of it is lost), they have opted for a version with few commas and many dashes, especially in the dialogue. The result suggests, if not Hemingway, at least the starkly naturalistic medieval novels of Sigrid Undset. The layout seems especially appropriate for this grim late novel.

Peter Garside's Essay provides some interesting speculation about possible prototypes for the characters of *Guy Mannering* and about places that might have inspired the settings; the text of the novel restores some brief, thus far unpublished, passages including the title character's impressions of Edinburgh intellectuals. Both Essays discuss the time frames for plot events, pointing out the occasions in which the sequences break down. In both volumes, the Emendation Lists and Historical Notes are long but quite clear and readable, with many references to each page of the two novels. No numbers for notes appear in the novels themselves, but the serious reader will not mind keeping a finger or marker in the Emendations of Notes sections as he reads. Most of the emendations are from Scott's manuscripts. The Explanatory Notes strongly impress the reader not only with the breadth of Scott's knowledge and reading but with the tireless, indefatigable industry of the editors in tracing and pinpointing these things.

Needless to say, both of these expertly prepared volumes and the Edinburgh Edition as a whole are of the greatest importance in the ongoing task of re-establishing Scott as a major Western author. As far as I can tell from amazon.com, neither *Guy Mannering* nor *The Fair Maid of Perth* is readily available today. I hope that relatively inexpensive paperback versions of the EEWN will in time appear, making these novels accessible beyond the big university libraries which will probably be the main purchasers of the hardback edition. This brings up the questions of who likes Scott today and who might learn to like him.

Professors Garside, Hook and Mackenzie do not for the most part discuss the merit of the novels, obviously feeling that this is beside the point for any who may consult the Edinburgh Edition. But since some who see this review might be undecided about reading or recommending Scott, a little commentary on these two novels, apart from textual questions, might be in order. *Guy Mannering* comes from very early in Scott's novel-writing career (1815, when Scott was forty-four), *The Fair Maid of Perth* from near the end of it (1828, four years before he died). Thus they represent the two periods (before and after *Ivanhoe*) into which Scott critics generally divide the novels, the earlier usually being ranked higher because those novels take place closer to Scott's own time and are therefore supposed to be more realistic and relevant.

Although *Mannering* is from the "preferred" period, Scott critics A. O. J. Cockshut and Robert C. Gordon rank it below *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and others written about that time because its theme of an old family being restored by the reappearance of its missing heir is said to be undemocratic, unrelated to larger historical or social concerns. The role of a gypsy (Meg Merrilies) in the heir's disappearance and reinstatement may seem like a cliché. But these flaws, if they are such, need not prevent a wider appreciation of *Mannering* if there is more focus on the universal elements underlying its structure and characterization. Meg, the anti-heroine, may be a gypsy, but her motivation in harming and later helping Henry Bertram/Brown, the heir, is soundly conceived psychologically. (It should be added that Scott, a man of the world, always gave an air of rationality to his plot machinery.) Meg is driven by ambivalent feelings toward the Bertrams: the hero's father has befriended, then betrayed, her people, driving them from a beloved home; she loves his innocent son whom she has nursed in childhood. This love/hate relationship makes her alternate bad and good deeds. As she says in her death scene, "he's owned!—I lived but for this.—I am a sinful woman—But if my curse brought it down, my blessing has ta'en it off!" (p. 339) One is convinced also by the cheerful enlightenment of the two middle-aged professionals, the military officer Mannering and the lawyer Pleydell, who, co-operating with Meg, use civilized rationalism in tracing and restoring Bertram. Like Meg, Mannering has complex motivation: he resents Bertram as the source of some distressing family misunderstandings but helps him anyway. With down-to-earth realism and humor in characterization, Scott persuades that in trying circumstances basic decency and honesty can overcome pride and narrow self-interest. And though the nominal hero Bertram and heroine Julia Mannering have been faulted as one-dimensional, those dimensions (his wholesomeness, her spunky sharpness) are engaging enough to make the reader interested in them and understand why Meg, Mannering, and Pleydell want to help them. *Mannering* is a seminal detective novel, better than many in that genre because the characterization (as in Wilkie Collins a generation later) has a life of its own apart from plot.

If *Mannering* foreshadows Collins, *The Fair Maid* anticipates Conrad, in whose works physical courage is a requirement, not a luxury. In its dark, anarchistic environment, every man must defend himself, and Scott sensitively depicts the plight of those unable to do so. There is little occasion for the moderation and tolerance he usually recommends. Treachery is afoot against the gentle and incompetent King Robert III, his irresponsible son David Rothsay, the pugnacious armorer Henry Smith who steps out of his plebeian place, the comic pseudo-hero Oliver Proudfoot whose fate turns shockingly tragic when a hit-man mistakes him for Henry, and the all-too-attractive title heroine Catherine Glover. The characterization is in the round, and Scott musters some understanding even for dark villains. One such is Sir John Ramorny, Prince David's devoted mentor in debauchery who has his hand cut off facilitating what he thinks are David's designs against Catherine, then turns into a revenge-driven monster when David fails to appreciate the motives or the sacrifice. Another is the physically weak surgeon Henbane Dwining, an accomplice of Ramorny who survives by his wits, finds time to save a sick child while helping murderers escape hanging, then dies fearlessly. Most remarkable of the losers is Conachar/Eachin, a seemingly truculent apprentice, in love with Catherine, who turns out to be a Highland chief, expects to run and does run during a politically arranged battle between troublesome clans, then plunges into a river and drowns, or perhaps he may have survived and become a recluse. David Rothsay is punished not for his intended molestation of Catherine but for his rebuff of Ramorny, who has him kidnapped and starved. Sometimes virtue achieves an isolated triumph, as in the case of Catherine and Henry. She, like Conachar a pupil of the pacifist Father Clement, at the beginning rejects Henry for his brawling but finally realizes how helpful he has been (it is she who severs Ramorny's hand while protecting her). Serving as a mouthpiece among all the mayhem is Catherine's father Simon, one of Scott's shrewd bourgeois types. A peaceful man by preference, Simon had to fight once in his youth, rose to the occasion, listens with qualified sympathy to Conachar's confession of fear, then utters what is probably the theme of the book about fighting: "Upon other terms a man cannot live or hold his head up in Scotland.... Catherine must wed a man to whom she may say—'Husband, spare your enemy'—not one in whose behalf she must cry—'Generous enemy, spare my husband'" (pp. 305, 309). Yet despite this strong-minded conclusion, Scott seems to like all his cowardly or peace-loving characters. Another fresh and appealing characterization is the street singer Louise, a girl with an evidently sullied past who becomes a heroine by summoning the troops to save Catherine from the execrable Ramorny.

Hook and Mackenzie, in their Essay, quote Scott as fearing a lack of plot unity in *The Fair Maid*: "There are three distinct strands of the rope and they are not well twisted together" (p. 398). I agree with the Editors in acquitting Scott of his self-imposed charge. The fourteenth-century chaos of the novel is a controlled chaos as far as theme and structure are concerned, making for an

unsettling picture of a brutal environment. *Mannering*, set four centuries later, is a sunnier, more optimistic story because civilization has evolved enough to allow the cultivation of quieter, more enlightened virtues. *Mannering* and *The Fair Maid* need to make their way beyond a distrustful post-Jamesian or historicist perspective to readers who like adventure mixed with credible characterization and a qualified faith in human goodness, and who are not put off by Augustan narration and Scottish or archaic dialogue. Then we might see the long-wished-for resurgence that has so far eluded this serious, wise, entertaining author.

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Walter Scott. *The Abbot*. Ed. Christopher Johnson. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 2000. xvi + 553 pp. Edinburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels, Vol. 10.

Walter Scott. *Anne of Geierstein*. Ed. J. H. Alexander. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 2000. xvi + 580 pp. Edinburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels, Vol. 22.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the appearance of two more volumes in the new critical Edinburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels (EENW). Upon completion the set will run to thirty volumes, the final two being devoted to Scott's introductions and notes to the so-called *Magnum Opus* edition, which he put together in the last years of his life.

Christopher Johnson is the editor of *The Abbot*, originally published in 1820, which was Scott's sequel to *The Monastery* but without the supernatural paraphernalia. The novel is more memorable for Mary Queen of Scots and its young hero Roland Græme than for the Abbot, Edward Glendinning, known as Father Ambrose. Roland enters the story as a child in the service of the Lady of Avenel, who spoils him rotten. Scott thus sets for himself the task of transforming an obnoxious youth into a worthy hero who distinguishes himself in the service of a captive queen.

In an Essay on the Text Johnson traces the steps between Scott's manuscript and the first edition. To begin with, his manuscript had to be copied in its entirety so that his anonymity would be protected. Then came compositors, proofreaders, and James Ballantyne (Scott's friend, critic, chief printer, pub-

lisher, and business associate). Corrections and changes were made all along the way before Scott saw the first proof, and then he himself made changes, which were copied onto a fresh set of proofs (again to preserve his anonymity). This was printed again and proofread again, with Ballantyne usually overseeing the corrections before final proof. With all these intermediate stages, it's no wonder that a first edition of a Waverley Novel differs from Scott's holograph. Yet the editors of EEWN use the first editions as copy-texts and restore lots of good readings that got lost along the way (*The Abbot* has 42 pages of emendations), because to use the later *Magnum* edition as base-text would present even greater problems.

Johnson gives a microscopic account of the financial transactions behind the novel and of the complex genesis of the first edition. The 62 pages of Explanatory Notes give much additional helpful information, but also information that anyone with a rudimentary education would presumably have. It is certainly helpful to have the intricacies of the historical setting glossed, but most readers will not need to be told that Abraham led his son Isaac up a mountain to be sacrificed (with book, chapter, and verse), or that Joseph had evil brothers who plotted to murder him, or that Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, or that the Queen of Heaven is the Virgin Mary, or that Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss, or that Cologne is a city on the Rhine in Northern Germany. Of course the problem here is in drawing a line between the familiar and unfamiliar. No two readers are likely to agree.

Johnson is excellent on spotting proverbs and proverbial phrases. He might have sharpened a little some of his broad references to medieval literature. The phrase "hall and bower" (note to page 34, lines 22-4) occurs with slight variation in the opening lines of Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale," which Scott knew well; and the proverbial expression "the murder is out" (note to 59.1) recalls Chauntecleer's "Mordre wol out." Swearing "by bell, book, and candle" (note to 108.31) not only has a parallel in Shakespeare's *King John* but also in Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*, when the Byssshop of Caunturbyry threatens to curse Mordred "with booke, belle and candyll" if he pursues in his plans to wed Queen Gwenyver. Johnson sees a parallel in *Roswall and Lillian* to the stolen keys used to help set Mary free. In a French prose version of the Tristan story which Scott knew, Tristan helps his brother-in-law Runalen *forge* a set of keys to enable him to get into a castle where his ladylove is confined. In the novel Roland forges a set of keys that Lady Lochleven will mistake for her own, and at an opportune moment he swaps the forged for the genuine. Johnson rightly points out several scattered echoes of *King Lear* in Scott's text. When in the final chapter the Abbot expresses concern that Queen Elizabeth's offer of asylum to Mary depends on Mary's "abridgment of [her] train," I am reminded of Goneril's ordering Lear "a little to disquantity [his] train."

J. H. Alexander remarks in his Essay on the Text that Scott had trouble with *Anne of Geierstein* (1829)—"this confounded novel," as he called it. He was busy at the time with *Tales of a Grandfather* and the *Magnum* and thus

could not devote his full energy to a new novel. Moreover, he had not actually seen the geographical settings: Switzerland, Burgundy, Provence, the Rhine Valley. On the other hand, he would naturally have been attracted to the Swiss, who lived in the mountains, led a Spartan existence, were clannish, and showed remarkable physical bravery; and he knew well the history of Burgundy. Although several novels came in between, *Anne of Geierstein* is a sequel to *Quentin Durward* in that it continues with the fortunes and misfortunes of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy. Two English noblemen of the Lancastrian party, father and son, enter the story disguised as merchants with the surname Philipson. They fall in with the Swiss family Biederman, and the younger Philipson, Arthur, becomes amorously interested in Arnold Biederman's niece, Anne of Geierstein, whose mysterious ways apparently stem from her long-deceased otherworldly maternal grandmother. Lancastrians and Yorkists are both vying for influence at the courts of France and Burgundy. While in German territory the elder Philipson has an unpleasant brush with the dreaded Vehme-gericht, or secret tribunal. Later both father and son encounter Margaret of Anjou, widow of the Lancastrian King Henry VI, in the Strasbourg Cathedral. Then, for a while, the story moves to Provence and the court of King René, Margaret's father. It ends with the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss and his death in 1477.

Alexander is superb with the novel's complicated background. His Historical Note and ensuing 47 pages of Explanatory Notes present a wealth of information, including much on the Vehme-gericht, a topic that had intrigued Scott already as a young man when he wrote *The House of Aspen*, a play translated loosely from the German of Veit Weber. As for the novel's text, Alexander explains:

the aim of the present editorial process is to produce a text as close as possible to what Scott and his intermediaries would have achieved had they been able to devote the requisite time to the task, and had the intermediaries been more completely respectful of Scott's intentions as evident in the manuscript (p. 431).

One step in the process was no longer necessary: by 1829 Scott's authorship of the Waverley Novels was known, and thus the compositors could work directly from Scott's holograph rather than from a copy of it. But this was a mixed blessing at best, because Scott's handwriting, never eminently legible, had become worse in his old age. Also his later holographs have a messier appearance than earlier ones because of his more numerous corrections. It is no surprise, then, that the first edition contains about 450 downright misreadings, which Alexander has corrected from the holograph. Sometimes too the compositors and proofreaders made wrong insertions or omissions and questionable substitutions of words, all of which Alexander has straightened out. He has also restored some 80 removals of word repetition where the intermediaries were insensitive to Scott's rhetorical patterns.

Alexander's restoring of readings that received alteration because of sexual innuendos will meet with no opposition today. In general he has restored Scott's text in places where the intermediaries were prone to "grammatical and stylistic prissiness" (p. 439) and to unnecessary elevation of diction. Again the result is a text more palatable to present-day readers. I suspect, however, that Scott's original readers may have preferred and expected a tidier, more refined, more dignified style from their favorite author. Moreover, Scott expected his holographs to be polished (at least to some extent) as well as corrected.

To conclude: both volumes are truly impressive jobs of scholarly editing, and they are handsomely designed and printed. I found very few printers' errors. While one may wince at David Daiches' assertion in the Foreword to each volume that Scott "invented" the historical novel (what about Jane Porter's *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810) and the two German novels cited by Alexander?), it's true that Scott developed the genre way beyond the conceptions of his predecessors, and this influence on later great historical novelists was immense and profound. The words of V. S. Pritchett quoted on both attractive dust covers concisely and most aptly sum up Scott's importance: he was "the single Shakespearean talent of the English novel."

Jerome Mitchell  
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*The Merry Muses of Caledonia*, ed. G. Ross Roy. Boxed together with Roy's *Robert Burns and The Merry Muses* as a pamphlet. University of South Carolina Press for the Thomas Cooper Library. Columbia, SC: 1999. Edition, 134 pp.; Essay, xx pp.

Herewith Professor Roy, distinguished bibliophile, bibliographer, and Burns scholar, unselfishly shares in facsimile as photographic reprint his copy of the first edition of *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*, one of only two copies known to be extant. Thus those individuals who receive one of the six hundred copies in gift and those about them can know something of the donor's pride and joy as they realize that this slight volume is the most significant contribution to this the bicentenary anniversary of its first edition.

To know Robert Burns, one must go, sooner or later, to *The Merry Muses*, where the poet is best seen as author, editor, and collector of bawdry. Like Caesar's Gaul, Roy's edition divides "in tres partes": the photographic reprint as facsimile (7¼" x 5¼"); the essay as stapled pamphlet (7" x 5"), and the

cardboard box to contain both (7 1/8" x 5 3/8" x 7/8"). Everywhere this reprint of the rarest of all books relating to Robert Burns is neat, attractive, pleasing, well-proportioned. In no way, however, does anything outside suggest what is inside. All is pure and chaste. The book itself is bound soundly with boards of hoddengray and spine of ivory. The modest headbands are pure white. Centered on the outside of the front cover is pasted a mottled tab upon which is printed between bar lines "*The Merry Muses of Caledonia*"; this tab is again centered on the first page [i]. The following title page [iii] informs the reader that *The Merry Muses* is "a collection of ancient and modern Scots songs...selected for use of the Crochallan Fencibles." Herein lies a clue as to what is to come which some will miss, but who could miss the giveaway of the quatrain below?

Say, Puritan, can it be wrong,  
To dress plain truth in witty song?  
What honest Nature says, we should do:  
What every lady does,...or would do.

Nowhere without or within does the name of Robert Burns or that of any other author appear. The watermark is sometimes 1799 and other times 1800. The text itself consists of eighty-six songs ending on page 122 to be followed by a five-page index of alphabetized titles and page references; this is followed by a page of notes on the reprint ending with, "Of this facsimile six-hundred numbered copies were printed, of which this is copy '11'."

Roy's introductory essay, protected by copyright, is a stapled pamphlet of twenty pages bound by sturdy paper of hoddengray its subjects are principally bibliographical like that of provenance. A considerably abridged bibliography lists three titles under "Text" and three others under "criticism." When all is said and done, one cannot help but admire how imaginatively, how knowingly those responsible for the format of this reprint remain true to eighteenth-century publishing.

Before examining the contents of *The Merry Muses*, one might ask, "Who was the Robert Burns who came to such an endeavor?" Answers tend to be blurred either with controversy, cover-up, or both.

Eighteenth-century Scotland presented Scotsmen with various opportunities to enjoy male companionship. Evenings after days of very hard work turned steps to the local tavern. Clubs, too, were an important part of social life; often membership convened at the tavern. As early as 1780, Burns's high spirits led him to join the Tarbolton Bachelors' Club at Lochlie. His poem "Libel Summons" presents fellow members as "Fornicators by profession" and he himself as chairman. In the Tarbolton rules, first published by Dr. Jams Currie, one reads:

Every man proper for this society, must have a frank, honest, open heart; above anything dirty or mean, and must be a professed lover of one or more of the female Sex.

The amativeness of Robert Burns is all too clear. His count would have to include Nellie Kilpatrick, Peggy Thomson, Alison Begbie, Elizabeth Paton, Jean Armour, Mary Campbell, Jennie Clow, and Anna Park. At least fourteen children, only five in wedlock, were born of this promiscuousness.

Drinking by the Tarbolton bachelors could become heavy and competitive; how well this drinking prepared Burns for the drinking in later clubs can be read in Burns's letters. The bachelors had met at John Dow's tavern; the Crochallan Fencibles, the Edinburgh club which Burns favored, sat at the Douglas Tavern. Convivially Burns matched members like Smellie and Cleg-horn, drink for drink. Up to the end of his life, the poet was fully aware that membership in a club and a night of drinking went together; thus, the revelry of the Caledonian Hunt Club of Dumfries can be described by DeLancey Ferguson as "a wet evening over the punchbowl." Burns sat down, also, with fellow masons. His first lodge was that at Tarbolton, entered in 1781; in Edinburgh, it was the Kilwinning Lodge. Such a popular person as Robert Burns, moreover, enjoyed accepting an invitation to join another at a tavern or an invitation to a social evening at such a home as Friar's Carse, the dwelling of the squire Robert Riddell. It was Burns's drunkenness that led to his misconduct during "The Rape of the Sabines" incident; an excess that cost his being welcome again at the Carse.

Why make a point of Burns's drinking here? Why bring up his amativeness? First, unless one accepts as fact such weaknesses, he will tend to lose track of those forces which moved Burns to bawdry. Second. Bardolatry from 1796 to the present day urges one to put on the mask of cover-up. Read in the 1996 *Burns Chronicle* John L. Clark's "Bi-Centennial Look at the Defamation of Robert Burns." Clark's answer to the charge of "Drunkard" is "Not Guilty." To the charge of "Womanising," "Not Proven." Clark's conclusion? "It therefore seems appropriate in this bicentennial year that we Scots should finally lay to rest some of the myths surrounding the man and concentrate on the genius."

Others who have written about Burns should have known better. Snyder plays the drinking way down. Low escapes through the back door of "drinking does not constitute alcoholism." Mackay will recognize "drunken indiscretions" and at the same time prepare an index of twenty-four pages, triple columned, with no citation for "Drink," "Drunkenness," "Drunkard," "Alcohol," etc.

Finally, discount the testimony of such as Rachel Kennedy, write off Hugh MacDiarmid as crank when he directs, "The Burns cult must be killed stone dead"; let Burns speak for himself. Begin wherever one will. If it is the poetry, we have, "Leeze me on Drink! It gies us mair / Than either School or Colledge." Therein, too, with regard to drink, we have the admission

When to wanting thee what  
Tuneless cranks  
Are my poor Verses!

If we take this as poetic license, we still have more than seven-hundred letters, where we will come across open admissions of nausea, hangover, drunkenness: “as I was drunk last night.” Drink and women are together the subject as well as the cause of such undue turbulence as can be found in the correspondence with those like Ainslie, Cleghorn, and M’Murdo.

Music just like talk of the fair sex is likely to be heard wherever males come together for a social drink. More often than not this music is a bawdy song sung with raised voices. Fifty-five years ago in the Pacific it was “The Princess Papooli has plenty of papaya, / And she loves to give it away”; in England it was songs like “Monday touched her on the ankle, / Tuesday touched her on the knee,” *etc.*

Robert Burns’s passionate love of Scottish folksong encompassed all kinds of Scottish folksong. Naturally, he had taken delight in bawdry before he started searching folksong for Johnson’s *The Scots Musical Museum* and Thomson’s *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice*. That this taste never grew stale is evident in that letter to Robert Ainslie which conveyed the ballad “Act Sederunt of the Session”:

Well! the Law is good for something, since we can make a B-dy song out of it— (N.B. I never made anything of it any other way—) There is, there must be, some truth in original sin.— My violent propensity to B-dy convinces me of it.— Lack a day if that species of Composition be the sin against “the Haly Ghaist,” I am the most offending soul alive.<sup>2</sup>

By 1781 Burns had begun composing his own high-kilted pieces; and by 1785-86 he had started his own collection of Scottish bawdry, all the while in full knowledge that editors like Johnson and Thomson would judge such songs as unpublishable. As a matter of fact, so did Robert Burns. Rarely would he let his collection out of his hands and even then only for a specified brief time.

True to his own judgment, Burns did not publish his collection during his lifetime. What appears most likely is that when John Syme sent all of the Burns papers to James Currie in Liverpool, he included the poet’s gathering of fescennine verse. Assuredly Currie was not the editor to make it public, partly because he held the poet in such high respect as genius. Currie knew that Burns had not published these songs; and he probably knew at some time while he was editing Burns that somebody else had published a volume based upon Burns’s collection without naming Burns. Currie did feel obliged to

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<sup>2</sup>*The Letters of Robert Burns*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn., ed. G. Ross Roy (Oxford, 1985), II, 255. Henceforth Roy.

publish a letter to John M'Murdo containing a reference to the collection. To show Robert Burns in the best light possible, Currie added words of his own to the letter: "A very few of them are my own." Not a scholarly practice, but understandable, perhaps, for one diligently laboring as benefactor of the widow and children for one who believed those words to be true. Ross Roy's pamphlet includes photographs of the holograph letter to M'Murdo, another prize in the G. Ross Roy Collection at the University of South Carolina.

If Robert Burns did not publish his collection during his lifetime and if his editor James Currie rejected all thought of including it in his 1800, four-volume edition of Burns's work how then did it see daylight? My opinion would be that one or more of the Crochallan Fencibles were behind the compilation, working, possibly, with a hastily contrived copy of Burns's collection as well as with holographs and various imperfect copies of others; this volume could have been filled out with more songs current among the Crochallan Fencibles as is suggested by the 1799 title-page. John M'Murdo, William Dunbar, and Robert Cleghorn, all Fencibles, are likely persons to have sent down some of the songs from memory, from holographs, and from hurried transcriptions in hands other than those of Burns. Peter Hill, another Fencible as well as an independent Edinburgh bookseller, is a good choice for the one who got the songs to the printer. Given such an inception, there can be no sweeping claim to accuracy or completeness for the Burns songs in the first edition of *The Merry Muses*. This will not be possible, as Ferguson points out, until Burns's original notebook is discovered. To complicate matters now, Burns not only wrote his own bawdry on subjects of his life, but also wrote bawdry suggested by earlier folksongs which he amended, improved, or, in part, cancelled. Listening to the singing about him, perusing publication after publication of Scottish folksong, Burns had an ear and an eye for a bawdy song.

For DeLancey Ferguson *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* represents "a garbled mass of Scottish, English, and Irish filth, little by Burns, some of which Burns never saw." The eighty-six songs in the 1799 edition cover an incredibly wide range with male and female pudenda as the dominant theme. The Presbyterian Church is made butt of as in "I'll tell you a tale of a wife" or in making the chaplain "Mess John," "a sanctified sot." Lawyers, too, are targets.

When one sings aloud the songs to the tune prescribed, after he has put three or four drinks down the hatch, he is giving any one of these songs the best break possible. It is easy to disregard, by the way, that the tune alone was enough to make Burns happy. Almost any preference of these songs would list first "Act Sederunt o' the Court o' Session" and the good, old "Andrew An' His Cuttie Gun." Not bad is "Nae Hair O't" when sung to its tune *Gillie-crankie*. Characteristic dirt of bad songs abounds. Just try singing "O ken ye na our lass, Bess" or the English song "Tweedmouth Town."

Professor Roy's 1799 *Merry Muses* represents the very first edition. Many others have followed. Some of these jettison as many as ten songs of the first edition to make room for sixteen newly discovered songs. Generally speaking

the later the edition, the less it pertains to bawdy folksong and the more it relies upon mere filth and obscenity.

By any measure, Robert Burns had to do with less than one-half of the eighty-six songs in the 1799 edition. Manuscript authority can be given for only twenty-nine songs, roughly the same one-third percentage as may be applied to Burns's contributions to the *Musical Museum*. A more complete breakdown would show that the nineteenth-century editor Scott-Douglas claims six more as Burns's, two more as "Revised by Burns," three more as by Burns without any evidence whatsoever, and two more by Burns which Kinsley declares "Doubtful." Other scholars have pointed out that twenty or more songs are traditional pieces which served Burns as models for more delicate compositions (for example, "John Anderson, My Jo"). What is more, few of those songs from a holograph agree with what is set down in the 1799 edition.

How does one know that a song is by Robert Burns when even a song in holograph can raise doubt sometimes? Johnson's *Museum* offers a clue or two, but not for any bawdry. Here a song may be designated "by Burns," "amended by Burns," or "old." Elsewhere in the *Museum* an "R," a "B," or an "X" indicates a Burns song, and a "Z" marks a song altered or enlarged by Burns.

Attributing verse to Robert Burns can introduce trouble on all sides. There is a tendency for any Burns editors to suffer from the "Burnsian" complex, no matter how slightly. Burnsians would have you believe that Robert Burns was incapable of composing a bad line. Thus Kinsley will reject "Elibanks and Elibraes" as a Burns song on the grounds that he considers it "a piece of bad conventional verse" and adds, "I should be reluctant even if confronted with Burns holograph to ascribe it to him."<sup>3</sup> This summary dismissal can stick because there is no known holograph of the song. Yet Kinsley has to swallow his pride in accepting without criticism "Let not woman e'er complain" another example of "bad conventional verse" having before him solid evidence that makes it incontrovertibly Burns. Try singing the two songs, one after the other. At least "Elibanks" is in Scots.

The fact that "Let not woman e'er complain" is in English may serve to introduce another trouble arising from attribution. Burns made very plain that he was not comfortable with English; so one must tread especially carefully before he ascribes any song in English to Robert Burns. The poet wrote Johnson with reference to Volume V of the *Museum*, "Tell Clarke [Stephen, Edinburgh organist] from me, on no account to insert an English song in this volume" (Roy, II, 353).

Two years earlier Burns had written Thomson making no bones about the condition he insisted upon if he was to aid with the Select Collection:

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<sup>3</sup>*The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns*, ed. James Kinsley (Oxford, 1968), II, 967. Henceforth Kinsley.

A propos, if you are for English verses there is, on my part an end of the matter.— Whether in the simplicity of *the Ballad*, or the pathos of *the Song*, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue (Roy, II, 149).

Elsewhere Burns took particular care in describing his feelings toward English:

These English songs gravel me to death.— I have not that command of the language [as (deleted)] that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think that my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish.— I have been at ‘Duncan Gray’ to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid.— For instance—

Song-Tune Duncan Gray—

Let not woman e'er complain (Roy, II, 318).

Such rejection of English for a song holds generally true for a poem. Infrequently in his poetry, Burns will turn to English for something like his elegiac sonnet on Robert Riddell recently deceased. Here a reader will find such pedantic, such Augustan lyrics as, “How can ye charm, ye Flow’rs with all the dyes? / Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend” (Kinsley, II, 730).

To judge whether or not a line or more of poetry is by Robert Burns is, first, to be able to admit that he like every other poet, before and after, had his good days and his bad. Again, before judging, to ask, the earlier the better, “Is the language English or Scots?” There are only three songs in *The Merry Muses* of 1799 composed in English. Not one belongs to Robert Burns.

The Burns songs in *The Merry Muses*, first edition, make that volume the treasure that it is. These songs are touched with genius. The range of these songs runs the gamut of eighteenth-century, Scottish cloaciniads. But the full range of more than 350 Burns songs of which the high-kilted pieces are but a minor category runs the gamut of all Scottish song. The wealth of Scotland, they are known in the world.

Songs in the first edition appeared without the music to which they were composed. Tune titles, however, are specified for sixty-five of the eighty-six songs. Of these songs without the tune title, that title is all but given away by the song title: for example, “Green Grow the Rashes,” “John Anderson, My Jo,” “Comin’ Thro’ the Rye.” Twenty-seven of the specified tunes are not in Kinsley. That Burns may not have used them, however, need not mean that he did not know them. *Clout the Cauldron* (5) is the most frequent tune, next *John Anderson, My Jo* (4), and then *Push about the Jorum* (3). Seven other tunes are named twice.

No Crochallan Fencible would have doubted that these songs were to be sung boisterously. To sing them, no Fencible would have doubted how important it was to have one more drink before trying to hit that occasional high note so typical of Scottish song. Familiar with the tunes, a Fencible had no need for the music. These tunes might well have become part of Professor Roy’s essay. Another contribution of that essay would have been a consistent

pattern for presenting tune titles wherever possible. Otherwise, to some future scholar belongs the assignment of developing our knowledge of these tunes, work which James Barke had started before his death.

Beyond omitting the music, Roy gives no glossary and no illustration beyond that of the singular M'Murdo letter. The "Index" of the first edition is everything an index should not be; its hit or miss carelessness remains to be dealt with.

All quibbling aside, I am intensely proud to be the sole owner of Copy 11. Perhaps, I, too, have something of the "Burnsian" about me.

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Hermann Völkel. *Das literarische Werk Neil Munros*. Frankfurt am Main, Berlin, Bern, New York, Paris, Wien: Peter Lang. 1996. 311 pp. Publications of the Scottish Studies Centre of the Johannes Gutenberg Universität Mainz in Germersheim. Vol. 22

Neil Munro's work has so far been somewhat uncharted territory on the literary map, so much so that two well-known literary guides—*Twentieth Century Authors* and *The Macmillan Companion to Scottish Literature*—do not even agree on his birth date, giving it as 3 June 1864 and 2 June 1864 respectively. In his book, *Das literarische Werk Neil Munros*, Hermann Völkel sets out to fill in the blanks in this author's life and work. He starts by following Munro's personal development, pointing out from the start that, sparse as the material on Neil Munro is, the biography will inevitably be incomplete. Having described Munro's geographical, cultural, and family background Völkel discusses how these are reflected in Munro's writing. He follows the traces that the Highland landscape and its people as well as events in Munro's own life have left in his work.

In doing this, Völkel concentrates on one half of Munro's work, i.e., the "literary work" referred to in the title of the book, excluding Munro's journalistic writing, published under the name Hugh Foulis. Völkel's justification is that Munro himself made this distinction. While working as a journalist for the *Glasgow Evening News*, Munro produced a series of sketches based on the characters of Erchie, Jimmy Swan, and the hugely popular Para Handy. However, when it came to publishing these sketches in book form, Munro followed the suggestion of his publisher William Blackwood: "If you thought [their

publication] might clash with your more dignified works of fiction, it would always be possible for you to make use of a non de plume or issue anonymously" (p. 221). It seems that these sketches suffered from neglect, not only by the author, but also by generations of critics who regarded them as rather trivial and not worthy of attention. This neglect was rectified by Brian D. Osborne and Ronald Armstrong who edited a volume of the complete Para Handy sketches and another of Erchie and Jimmy Swan sketches. However, the question is whether Völkel should use the author's judgment as a basis for his interpretation. The history of literature provides numerous examples of judgments such as this being revised by future generations and shows that authors hardly ever make good critics when it comes to their own writing. In fact, Munro states this himself in a letter to William Blackwood: "An author is very often the poorest judge of his own work" (p. 206). There also seems to be a danger of reducing the complexity of Munro's character as well as the variety of his writing. Neil Munro was an extremely versatile author, as a study of his journalistic sketches and dramatic output alongside his novels and short stories would no doubt have shown. It also might have been interesting to explore the dichotomy between the journalist and the novelist, leading to further insights into Munro's personality.

While the reader may speculate about the reasons for Völkel's self-imposed restriction, his decision does allow him to include a substantial number of letters, which he has collected from various sources, most of which appear in print for the first time. Thus, the second half of the book contains Munro's correspondence with his publishers, William and George W. Blackwood, as well as letters to and from friends and acquaintances, including other Scottish writers and artists. Völkel states in the introduction to the correspondence that the criterion for selecting the letters was to underline the points he made in the preceding chapters. To this end, he highlights passages in the letters that he considers particularly appropriate. There are problems with this approach, however. First, it affects the readability of the book. Secondly, the bold formatting in the second part, designed to direct the reader's attention back to Völkel's earlier statements, is largely unnecessary since the reader is perfectly capable—after the groundwork has been laid in the first part of the book—to make the connection. Perhaps Völkel should have withdrawn here and left the stage to Munro.

Despite one's reservation about the intrusion of the editorial voice, Völkel succeeds better as an editor than as a literary critic. Although he has done extensive research for the first part of the book and amassed an impressive number of details about Munro's life and work, he could have presented the material in a more coherent and readable way. He sometimes fills page after page with seemingly endless listings, such as when he discusses Munro's style and counts the occurrences of foreign language words in Munro's works. It has to be said, though, that while it does not increase the readability of the book, there is a reason for Völkel's obsession with detail. His aim is to avoid the sweeping

statements that have been made about Neil Munro in the past—either praising him unconditionally, or dismissing him altogether. Unfortunately, however, the information he presents seldom leads to greater insights, and his interpretations tend to remain on the surface. He often states the obvious, for instance, that Munro's work is rooted in Highland culture and that this is reflected in the language he uses. He also relies to a large extent on the authority of other critics and theorists. When discussing Munro's work in relation to that of Scott and Stevenson, for example, he quotes other people's (in this case Heinz Reinhold's) opinions on the earlier authors and discusses whether they apply to Munro's work. This leads him to the rather self-evident conclusion that there are parallels between Munro's work and that of Scott and Stevenson, but there are also differences.

Despite its flaws, however, Völkel's book does succeed in awakening the reader's curiosity and interest in this relatively unknown author's life and work. To a large extent, this is due to the fact that Völkel provides a medium for Neil Munro to speak for himself. Munro's letters make poignant reading. He is courteous, sometimes business-like, and quite often witty and amusing, such as when he playfully reproaches a friend for linking him to the Celtic Twilight writer 'Fiona Macleod' aka William Sharp. Yet an inner conflict is always apparent and becomes stronger towards the end of his life. On the one hand there is his "day job," his journalistic work, and the city life of Glasgow—on the other there is his fiction, and the more simple life of Inveraray where he was born. Writing novels and short stories almost seems like a form of escapism, such as when he writes to one correspondent: "Fiction writing is in truth the recreation of my brief leisure hours from the work" (p. 222). He feels increasingly depressed about not being able to pursue this "recreational" activity due to work commitments, and regards his job as a journalist with growing dislike, even contempt: "that way, too long pursued, lie disillusion, despair, intellectual and spiritual death" (p. 298). Despite his obvious desire to quit journalism and dedicate himself exclusively to writing fiction, and even though he receives constant requests and encouragement from his publishers as well as readers, Munro does not complete another novel. Towards the end of his life he looks back with bitterness: "all it means is that at 66 I am painfully conscious of having frittered away by far the greater part of my life from timidity and laziness" (p. 299).

It seems to be the contradictions between the imaginary world of fiction writing and the real world of journalism, between the complex society of Glasgow and the relatively simple society of Inveraray that lie at the heart of Neil Munro's life and work. Munro was not a Luddite; he certainly was not against progress and technology. In fact, he expressly states that his aim is to present the Highlands "in a modern way"—i.e., stripped of Kailyard sentimentality. Yet at the same time many of his stories are set in the past and even those that are not—such as *Children of Tempest*—describe a "primitive social life surviving in a complex age" (p. 220). This conflict in Munro's life and work be-

tween acceptance of the ever-changing force of history on the one hand and a desire to escape the economic pressures and complexities of industrialized society on the other is perhaps a reflection of the chasm in Scottish society at the time. One might ask oneself what relevance Neil Munro has for the contemporary reader. Does his vision of the Highlands challenge our preconceived notions? Does he offer insights into the human condition or does our interest in Munro's stories derive mainly from an exotic fascination with a society far removed in time and place? Is his writing a form of escapism and is there perhaps a parallel with other Scottish writers? Unfortunately, Völkel's book does not discuss any of these more complex questions. One can only hope that Völkel's book is part of a trend to restore Munro's literary reputation and rediscover him for future generations of readers. They will, perhaps, ask more engaging questions and provide more satisfying answers.

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Duncan Glen. *Scottish Literature: A New History from 1299 to 1999*. Kirkcaldy: Akros Publications. 1999. 128 pp.

I do not believe that anyone living has done more than Duncan Glen to make the literature of Scotland, particularly its poetry, known to a wide audience. His periodical *Akros* and the Akros Press were founded in 1965, and the Press is still very much to the fore. He was an early enthusiast of the poetry of Hugh MacDiarmid, and published *Hugh MacDiarmid (C. M. Grieve) and The Scottish Renaissance* (1964), *A Small Press and Hugh MacDiarmid* (1970), *Hugh MacDiarmid: A Critical Survey* (1972), as well as numerous articles about him. Glen also published, sometimes for the first time, several of MacDiarmid's poems. *Akros* and the Akros Press have also published a number of other poets for the first time in addition to publishing those who were already established.

However, Glen is not only an important critic and editor; he is a substantial poet in his own right, represented in all the modern Scottish anthologies as well as those with a wider horizon. Who better to evaluate the grand sweep of Scottish literature from Andrew of Wyntoun to modern times?

The author informs us why he felt that he should produce this "new history"; it is a book, he says, "rooted in enjoyment; in poetry and prose that has given me pleasure through some fifty years; in works that have moved me to

much laughter, some tears, occasional intrusions of not unenjoyable rage, and a range of complicated understandings and emotions that are the concern of creative literature.”

We are told at the outset that this volume does not consider Gaelic writing. Surely the most difficult task for Glen when writing this book was not what to include, but what to exclude. The Aberdeen University Press *History of Scottish Literature* (1987-1988) occupies four substantial volumes (over 1,400 pages) and yet many critics who reviewed the work regretted the omission of certain authors. Glen’s book opens with a short essay on the Scots language in which the author mentions how, after the Battle of Culloden, the English were at pains to eradicate Gaelic, an aim which has still not been achieved. The question of Scots is more difficult to assess because the dividing line between Scots and English is much more blurred. In the eighteenth century the use of Scots became unfashionable in writing prose, but, as Glen points out, poetry held firm. This was due in large measure to the poetry of Robert Burns, a man who, in the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, made “Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame.”

A substantial chapter of the early poets mentions a song composed by Andrew of Wyntoun after the accidental death of Scotland’s King Alexander III. Entitled *Orygnale Cronykil of Scotland* (composed after 1399), it is accepted as the earliest surviving Scottish verse. But Wyntoun suggests that in his time there were several folksongs that had already been lost. This statement prepares the reader for Glen’s later chapter which combines sixteenth and seventeenth-century literature, and the ballads.

The first chapter also includes comments on the two great Scottish national epics, John Barbour’s *The Bruce* and “Blind” Hary’s *The Actes and Deidis of the Illustre and Vallyeant Schir William Wallace*. We then proceed to the big three early poets who are, Glen reminds us, “great in a European context.” These authors, who wrote in Middle Scots, were Robert Henrysoun, William Dunbar and Gavin Douglas—I use Glen’s spelling throughout for names and titles. They flourished at a time when Scotland’s ties to Europe, particularly France and Scandinavia, were close, nudged in that direction by a common enemy, England.

The early prose period in Scottish writing is so overshadowed by John Knox, whose hatred of Roman Catholicism and the embodiment of that religion in the person of Mary, Queen of Scots, so dominated the prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that almost every other writer, even a giant such as George Buchanan, must be viewed with the great disciple of Calvin in mind. Despite Glen’s lively style, the chapter which he devotes to this period makes depressing reading. I found it a relief when the author moved on to the ballads at the conclusion of the chapter.

Although Glen works much of what he has to say about the ballads into the end of the chapter on Scottish prose, the subject matter belongs with the first of two chapters devoted to the eighteenth century, which make up about

40% of the book. Interest in Scottish ballads began early in the century with the publication by James Watson of his three-part *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems Both Ancient and Modern* (1706-1711). There followed a number of miscellanies which published for the first time ballads and other traditional poems and songs. Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (4 vols., 1723-1737) was the most important of these, and his collection served as a major source for Robert Burns when the latter turned to collecting, refurbishing and writing songs.

Glen perpetuates a long-standing mistake about "Hardyknute," which he calls a "fake," when he says that it was first published in 1719 by Watson of the *Choice Collection*. The first edition of this poem was published c. 1710, containing 26 stanzas; the edition of 1719 contained 29; in 1724 Allan Ramsay enlarged the poem, it is said, and published a 42-stanza version in his *Ever Green*. A debate erupted which stretched through the nineteenth century about the antiquity of this "Fragment of an Old Heroick Ballad" (to quote the subtitle as given in 1710), or whether it was the work, as many claimed, of Elizabeth Wardlaw, written at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The excitement over the poem arose because it chronicles the Battle of Largs (1263) which would have made it by far the oldest ballad, beating out "Sir Patrick Spens" (1383) by over a century. Given the uncertainty about its origin, one should not, I think, dismiss the possibility that Ramsay was the author of the entire ballad.

Ramsay certainly was the author of one of the most successful plays of the century, *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725), which he soon expanded into a ballad opera with the addition of a number of songs, following the success of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. Because of the lingering antipathy of the church to the theater, Ramsay's play was not frequently staged in Scotland, but there were an astonishing fifty-five (probably more) editions of the work printed by 1800. While not a great poet, Ramsay, through his work in collecting and popularizing older poetry and folksong, "did alter the course of Scottish literature," according to Glen.

The author following Ramsay in Glen's study, Robert Fergusson, certainly was a genius. Torn between writing his poetry in the acceptable English, or in Scots, Fergusson displayed a truer sense of rhythm and wrote better poetry in the latter, as today's reader can appreciate. It is ironic that in the only edition of his poetry (1773) printed during his lifetime, the publishers Walter and Thomas Ruddiman chose to situate the English poems in pride of place.

Robert Burns is the only writer to whom Duncan Glen devotes an entire chapter in *Scottish Literature*. Burns, poet and songwriter, was the third of the great eighteenth-century triumvirate of poets, and he owed a considerable and acknowledged debt to his two forerunners. He mined Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* for songs which he published in both James Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* and George Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish* [sic] *Airs*. Burns's debt to Fergusson is more subtle: from him he learned to perfect

the use of "Standard Habbie," the verse form of such masterpieces as "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," "To a Louse," and "Holy Willie's Prayer" to name but a few. With typical generosity Burns admitted his debt to the earlier poet—he paid to erect a headstone over Fergusson's grave, and he inscribed an edition of Fergusson with a poem which includes the following lines: "O thou, my elder brother in misfortune, / By far my elder brother in the Muse." Glen gives the reader a succinct but comprehensive account of the life and works of Burns, writing about and quoting from major poems and songs. On "The Tree of Liberty" the critic tells us: "Radical admirers of the poet...see it as a major poem by him...conservative critics deny him authorship." Glen thinks that it is not so good as to be indubitably Burns's, and opts for there being another author of the poem. He does not mention a recent brouhaha about a number of poems which were originally published in newspapers in Burns's lifetime. They are radical in nature, and the researcher who published them claims that they are definitely the work of the bard. Even more recent research has proven that at least some of them very definitely are not Burns's work.

Turning to the poet's other achievement, Glen opens his account with these words: "To many the finest achievement of Robert Burns is as a writer of songs." Burns wrote so many fine songs that Glen cannot even name all of them, let alone quote from them. We do get the whole text of "I Love my Jean," which Glen rightly calls "one of the finest love songs of Scottish literature"; of "A Red, Red Rose"; and, of course, "Auld Lang Syne," which is "sung around the world."

Glen is right when he says, "The nineteenth century was towered over by the personality and achievements of Walter Scott," who "created a new view" of Scotland. Glen is on the mark when he points also to the fact that under this influence Scotland escaped twice: once to a "never-never land" of "tartan and young heroes," and ultimately "to another fantasy land—that of Balmorality." (A wonderful phrase!) According to Glen, part of Scott's reason for issuing the *Waverley* novels anonymously was the novelist's feeling that it was not quite proper for a member of the landed gentry to write fiction, but there was certainly also the question of Scott the businessman and enormously successful poet not wishing to jeopardize his standing as poet in the event that *Waverley* was not successful. Once set in place, Scott thoroughly enjoyed the mystery he had created, and kept it going long after almost everyone knew who "The Author of *Waverley*" (as subsequent novels noted on their title-pages) was. Glen makes a convincing case for the continued influence which the Scottish ballads exerted on Scott's poetry and fiction.

James Hogg and Stevenson are the only other nineteenth-century authors to receive extended attention by Glen. It is good to see him praise *A Child's Garden of Verses*, although he is uncertain about how many children now read this wonderful collection. They did in Glen's and my day certainly. Stevenson had the rare gift of being able to write at a level which intrigued children without condescending to them.

The final chapter, devoted to the twentieth century, is limited to four pages, and accords little more than a mention to anyone other than Hugh MacDiarmid. Perhaps because he has been too centrally involved in that period himself, Duncan Glen doesn't wish to pass his final judgment on the writers of the time. In a final paragraph he speaks of Scottish literature's diversity "beyond classification," concluding with a quotation from Hugh MacDiarmid, followed by one from Robert Henryson and ending with one from Robert Burns. There is a useful Reading List for the major authors and well-chosen illustrations throughout the volume.

Like any history of Scottish literature, Glen's is a very personal work, and we are the richer because he has shared his enthusiasms with us.

GRR