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THE HUGH MACDIARMID MEMORIAL TRUST

Hugh MacDiarmid died last year, and a number of people in Scotland, anxious to provide a fitting memorial to the founder of the Modern Scottish Literary Renaissance, have formed the Hugh MacDiarmid Memorial Trust, one of whose principal objectives is to raise money to establish a Hugh MacDiarmid Chair of Scottish Literature at a Scottish University. The amount required will be at least $400,000.

Those already associated with the Trust include many prominent literary, academic and political figures, the Scottish Arts Council, the Saltire Society and the Scottish Trades Union Congress. The Trustees are: Professor Sir Kenneth Alexander, N. Buchan, M.P., Alex Clark, Professor David Daiches, Sir Alexander Gibson, Michael Grieve, Lord Kilbrandon, Michael McGahey, James Milne and Alex Scott.

Hugh MacDiarmid was a poet whose stature was international, and in North America his contribution to literary developments was widely recognized. The trustees of the appeal are most anxious that those in the United States who wish to be associated with the provision of a fitting memorial should have that opportunity. To this end a group to be called American Friends of the Hugh MacDiarmid Memorial Trust has been formed under the chairmanship of G. Ross Roy. The University of South Carolina is the sponsoring institution of this group. Its function is to collect and forward contributions to the Trust. Members of the Trust are confident that Hugh MacDiarmid's contribution to world letters will elicit a generous response.

Application has been made to register the American Friends of the Hugh MacDiarmid Memorial Trust as a non-profit tax-exempt body, thus making contributions tax-exempt. These should be sent to

Professor G. Ross Roy
English Department
University of South Carolina
Columbia SC 29208.
Studies in Scottish Literature
Hugh MacDiarmid (1892–1978)

"Back to Dunbar, not Burns" was the rallying call of Hugh MacDiarmid and as usual with this complex genius it was a statement which needs to be considered from several points of view. Unfortunately the statement has been misinterpreted by some as a denigration of Burns, but this is not the case at all. MacDiarmid has written and lectured on Burns many times, stressing the fact that he represents the end of a great poetic tradition, not the beginning of one. He particularly appreciated Burns's songs and wrote in the introduction to a collection of them which he edited, "These songs are immortal ... through them Burns has an international acceptance no other poet equals."

Dunbar represents a beginning, not an end, and MacDiarmid no doubt felt that if Scottish poetry was to have a revival it must make a clean break with the post-Burns poetic and Kailyard traditions which lingered well into the twentieth century. Dunbar was of a heroic age in Scottish history, a time when Scotland was an independent nation, and this surely appealed to a founder of the Scottish Nationalist Party. So the call went out for a new poetry no longer shackled to what was a dead tradition by the 1920s and the Scottish Renaissance was born. Northern Numbers, The Scottish Chapbook, The Voice of Scotland and other periodicals under MacDiarmid's editorship became the proving ground of the newly vitalized litera-
ture while at the same time with his own books, Sangachau, Penny Wheep and A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle he burst upon the front rank of poets of the English-speaking world, and for some years before his death he was undoubtedly the greatest living "English" poet.

In later years he would have smiled wryly at the use of the word, for his whole endeavor had been to make of the literature of Scotland something unmistakably Scottish, a goal which he felt was not inconsistent with its being international. He thus saw no contradiction in supporting both the Scottish Nationalist Party and the Communist Party. His use of the Scots language even was not tied to the dialect of any single region—he has said that his interest in the use of Scots came about through his reading of Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Tongue which reinforced what he called his own "lapsed vocabulary."

Fame and even recognition were slow in coming to MacDiarmid. Edinburgh University conferred an LL.D. on him in 1957, Dublin not long before his death; no collected edition of his poetry appeared until 1962. He was not given the Nobel Prize he richly deserved, but here he is in good company. He has become part of a great triumvirate: Dunbar-Burns-MacDiarmid.
There is no doubt that the prevailing social, historical and cultural circumstances have had a significant and positive effect on Burns's reception in Hungary. However, the prime causes for his great popularity here lie in the Hungarian readers' response to what they consider his emotional and artistic make-up.

The present paper will look at its topic from three viewpoints. First, I would like to give an account and evaluation of Hungarian translations of Burns. This will cover everything from the first sporadic attempts to the most recent representative editions. After this we shall survey the various essays, reviews and accounts which for the most part were published as additions to the editions of the poems. In these selections both the editions of the poems and the essays will be presented in chronological order. Finally, and on the basis of the above, an attempt will be made to trace the influence Burns exerted on the Hungarian literary scene.

English was one of the last major European literatures to be read in Hungary. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was read mostly in German and French translations. Soon after Hungarian poets began to read not only the classics, but a selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century British writers. It is not surprising, therefore, that the first mention of Burns reflects this indirect transmission.
In 1849 Heinrich Heine wrote to Kertbeny as follows:

"Petőfi ist ein Dichter, dem nur Burns und Béranger zu vergleichen sind." (Petőfi is a poet who can only be compared with Burns and Béranger.)

Petőfi was aware of Heine's opinion as was Mihály Tompa. Tompa wrote to János Arany on October 25, 1858:

I know Robert Burns from German translations, I read his poems at Szemere in an awfully small booklet; I heard him being mentioned by Petőfi in Beje in 1846 or 47; Sándor told me the anecdote when we were on the way to Murány [this was between the 3rd and 8th of July, 1847] between Beje and Otrokóc: "Some of my poems were read to Heine, who called out: 'Ah! this is a great poet, like Burns or Béranger.'"

Tompa's anecdote might be true since Heine could have known Petőfi from the translations of Adolf Dux which appeared in 1846. Moreover, through the same translator's work three poems of Petőfi were published in Vienna as early as July, 1845, in the Sonntagsblätter. Thus Heine's words could have reached Petőfi's ears.

It can therefore be presumed that the first statement on the similarity of Petőfi to Burns dates from 1847. This comparison continually reappears in different works on Burns in Hungary. Moreover, we know that even Thomas Carlyle, independently of Heine, spoke about Petőfi being the Burns of Hungary, though he didn't know much about the Hungarian poet.

Lajos Kossuth (1802-94) was leader of the 1848-49 Revolution and War of Independence; after the failure of the revolution he was interned in the town of Kütahia in Asia Minor. In 1851 he traveled to England where the crowds feted him, and his journey to America in 1851-52 was a triumphal march. In 1852 Kossuth settled in London. On May 26, 1856, he received a present from an admirer: The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers (London, 1853). In December 1856, he received two other collections of Burns's works while he was visiting Scotland and the Burns memorial places. One, The Works of Robert Burns, edited with a life by Allan Cunningham (London, 1854), was given to him with the following inscription, "Presented to his Excellency Louis Kossuth, Ex-Governor of Hungary, by a few of his admirers and well-wishers in the town of Ayr as a small souvenir of his visit to the Cottage in which the poet Burns was born. 18th December 1856," followed by fourteen signatures. Two days later, he received another edition, The Works of Robert Burns, with a life of the
Robert Burns in Hungary

poet and an essay by Prof. John Wilson (Glasgow, 1855). Both volumes of this edition have the same dedication: "To the Great Kossuth In Memory of the People's Bard. The reverential offering of Mary Ellison McCullock and her daughters, Mary, Agnes, & Harriet. Dumfries. 20th 1856 Decr."

Translations of Burns were continually published in the periodicals of the 1860’s, though some had already appeared in the 50’s. *Husband, Husband, Cease your Strife* has three translations dating from this period and *John Anderson my Jo* was translated both in 1852 and in 1854. Quite a good translation is, for example, that of *Husband, Husband, Cease your Strife* by Zsigmond Ács, published in *Koszorú* (Wreath) in 1865, edited by János Arany. These early attempts, including Ács’s work, are of no real literary value; they lack a definite style and are usually overwhelmed by pathos.

The translations of Szana, Tamásfi and Lehr (one of the most diligent translators of Burns) also appear in this period. Emil Ábrányi and Kornél Ábrányi, Jr., published four translations in an 1868 volume entitled, *Költémenyek. Európa költőibb* (Poems. From European Poets). E. Ábrányi translated *Wha is That at my Bower Door?* and *The Joyful Widower*, which was published in the *Scots Musical Museum* but not attributed to Burns. The poem was included in several nineteenth-century editions without any indication that it is not a poem by Burns. Meanwhile, K. Ábrányi worked on *Lord Gregory* and *Duncan Davison* ("There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg.") *Wha is That* is a very good translation: sparkling, amusing, reproducing the main values of the original. The style of *Duncan Davison* is also well rendered in Hungarian. These sporadic publications are the forerunners of the later flourishing Burns translation industry in Hungary.

Up to now, János Arany has been the most outstanding translator of Burns in Hungary. He dealt mostly with English material after the 1848-49 Revolution, which was when his own English improved considerably. He studied Thomas Moore and Ossianic poetry mainly, though his favourite was Robert Burns. He possessed the Tauchnitz edition of Burns, published in 1845, in the index of which some of the titles are red-pencilled. Among the marked poems are *Tam O'Shanter, The De'il's Awa wi' th'Exciseman*, and *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. This latter, as we shall see, was of outstanding importance in Arany's own poetry. He translated the first two between 1868 and 1873. The Scottish dialect is entirely reproduced by Arany's popular style, amusing and bold locutions, apt adjectives; and the Hungarian text is nearly as good as the original version,
besides having the effect of an original poem itself. In addition, there are translations of two song fragments. An outstanding merit of these translations is that Arany emphasizes the special phraseology used by Burns especially to portray the Scottish poet's wit. Besides conveying the same content, the Hungarian text reproduces the overtones and tunes of the original and its inner world is comparable to the original. As an example of Arany's virtuosity, it is worth noting that his lines can be read as iambic metre and are at the same time characteristically Hungarian in metre. It is no accident that not even after a century have these excellent works been surpassed. They stand out in even the latest Hungarian selected editions of Burns.

As a translator Tamás Szana was less successful than Arany, but he did a lot for Burns's popularity in Hungary. His collection of portraits was published in 1870, under the title, *Nagy szellemek* (Great Minds). In this volume, Szana wrote about Leopardi, Tegner, Poe, Heine, Lenau, and Burns. To illustrate his article, Szana published five poems, translated by Szász (about whom we shall speak later), by Tamási, and by the author himself. Here can also be found an early attempt of the excellent József Lévay, a quite successful translation of *John Anderson my Jo*. We shall have more to say on Szana's activity below when his essay on Burns is considered.

Minor poets of the popular school increased the number of Hungarian translations of Burns rapidly. Károly Szász's *Kisebb műfordításai* (Smaller translations) were published in 1872. This edition, in three bulky volumes, contains numerous Burns translations. The Scottish poet's pieces are placed among celebrated works of Heine and Moore in the first volume. Most of the translations are of Heine, and Moore is represented by more pieces than Burns; however, all three occupy a prominent place in the first volume. This volume is reprinted a year later entitled, *Szász Károly Műfordításai, Heine-Moore-Burns* (Károly Szász's Translations, Heine-Moore-Burns) in a new impression, presumably to meet popular demand.

The omnibus volumes of Szász also contain translations of Burns. His merit is that he is the first translator to give the Hungarian text for a long Burns poem, *The Brig of Ayr*. Besides *My Heart's in the Highlands*, there are several songs translated by Szász. It was he who wrote the often-cited paraphrase of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. In this case, it is hard to decide whether this text is an original poem or a translation. The title is, *Szombat este a kunyhóban* (Saturday Night in the Cottage), and it was first published in Gereben Vas's edition *Falusi esték* (Country Nights). His version left characteristically Scottish references out, and reworked the text to the circumstances of mid-nineteenth-century Hungary.
Szász, instead of interpreting the poem, changed and provincialised it, with no advantage to the poem or credit to the "translator." Later Szász translated the poem again, this time more closely and with greater success.

Szász translated mainly songs, but these Hungarian texts do not carry the original values. They lack the simplicity and naturalness of the language of Burns's work. Szász's attempts are without style, they are bombastic, lofty and involved, and due to their crabbed style, they are difficult to read. In spite of all this, we must emphasize that—though his translations are no longer found in today's anthologies—his twenty-one translations are important for the reception of Burns in Hungary.

Twenty years after Szász's collection, at the end of the nineteenth century appeared the first volume devoted exclusively to Burns's poetry. The title is Burns Róbert költészetéi (The Poems of Robert Burns), and the translator is József Lévay. In his own work, he produced mainly songs, the literary form which had been evolved from Hungarian folk poetry by Sándor Petőfi. His developed sense of form and the aims of the popular school attracted him to translating.

His edition contains 265 translations. His lengthy, though by no means comprehensive, volume gave a brilliant translation of The Cotter's Saturday Night; in fact, he translated this poem twice. Absolutely superfluously, perhaps driven by translator's ambition, he made an attempt at Tam O'Shanter after Arany. About this he writes the following: "Those can be found in my translations also, though done perhaps with less success, but these translations are mine." Some important poems are to be found in this volume, such as The Twa Dogs, To a Mouse, To a Mountain-Daisy, and John Barleycorn. The edition contains mostly songs, some of which are really successful. Three of these, The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddie, O Whistle, an I'll Come to Ye, my Lad, and For the Author's Father occur in the 1952 Selected Poems in his translation. He was not able to translate The Jolly Beggars for the 1892 volume, although he did so later.

In the same year, in Budapesti Szemle (Budapest Review), Jenő Péterfy reviewed Lévay's work. Péterfy objected to the absence of The Jolly Beggars and felt that without it the portrait of Burns was not complete. As Péterfy put it, Lévay translated only that part of Burns's poetry which he himself liked. He correctly stated that the songs preserved their freshness, Lévay does not ornament, he deliberately strives for simplicity. Péterfy considered The Twa Dogs an extremely successful attempt and he also mentioned that Tam O'Shanter had already been translated. Here and there Lévay's version is closer to the original than Arany's text is, but the
Burnsian humour disappeared totally in Lévay's translation. This version is much weaker than the earlier one and does not even reach the level of other translations by Lévay. Jenő Péterfy finishes his article with the statement, "In general Lévay's Burns is one of the most precious products of recent poetry."

Lévay wrote a long introduction to his translations, and what is even more important, he published a thorough commentary on every poem. His ample and detailed, though sometimes inaccurate, commentary explains the origins of the tunes, the role of the rewritten songs; in addition to biographical accounts and information, it includes several examples of Burns's prose.

Péterfy's words still ring true despite some insufficiencies in the volume. Though some pieces are well translated, other attempts are of no literary value. Inevitably in the last century it is Arany and Lévay who give the most successful and best translations; perhaps in significance Lévay even surpasses his forerunner, though his Hungarian versions rarely reach the level of the original. Apart from the dialect, he is the first to call attention to the usual difficulties of translating Burns: "In the case of a poet who represents popular features and original peculiarities so excellently the only possibility even for the luckiest translator is to try to get near the original and become a more or less accurate reverberation of it. In most cases the translation will lack the glaze and freshness of the original."

It is here also, in this introduction, that Lévay indicates why he disliked certain poems:

Not only the extreme difficulties of translating, but sometimes aesthetic considerations and, in other cases, special aspects of the poet's provincial and personal problems and conditions of the age withheld me. The religious and sectarian struggles into which Burns got involved with his muse and which were not worth singing about do not interest the Hungarian public, just as the poet's polemic and satirical poems written on these subjects wouldn't bear significant interest for the same reader. The situation is the same for the poems which refer to the literary and political polemics of that age.

On first sight this consideration might seem correct and acceptable. But it is also inevitable that these editorial principles are responsible for his portrait of Burns being incomplete and the selection therefore not comprehensive.
To conclude, Lévay could be summed up as a persistent and tenacious translator, who worked hard to produce work which was frequently good and occasionally outstanding. Taking into consideration his volume of translations and the essay to be examined below, he is to be considered as the greatest Burns expert of nineteenth-century Hungary, whose achievement has preserved its importance up to the present day.

Besides Lévay's enormous accomplishment, there is one other publication in the nineteenth century which should be mentioned. Although published one year before Lévay, it is convenient to deal with it now, since it can be discussed among the translator's later works. In 1891 Antal Radó published four translations in Idegen költők albuma (An Album of Foreign Poets). This representative and beautifully produced anthology includes only translations by Radó. Here John Anderson my Jo, Ae fond Kiss, Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, and O were my Love yon Lilack fair appear. It may be presumed that these early translations of Radó were finished between 1887 and 1891 since an earlier book of his, Versek (Poems) published in 1887, though containing both original poems and translations, does not include any Burns translations. Two centuries have been connected by Radó's imposing activity as a translator. He published his early translations in 1905 in the Szavalókönyvek (Recital-books) series edited by himself, issued fortnightly. In the first part of the two sections (Serious Poems; Funny Poems), John Anderson my Jo and Ae fond Kiss are printed.

In 1928 the next collection by Radó was published, entitled Angol és amerikai költők (English and American Poets). Among the ten poems of this volume, besides the four already published and some songs, we have The Blue-eyed Lassie and Scots, wha hae (entitled Bannockburn here). In 1930 in an anthology entitled, Angol költők (English Poets) these ten poems are found once again. Of the various English and American poets in the volume, only Longfellow is represented by more poems (twelve). Radó added a preface to this volume in which he informed the public on Burns (already known quite well mostly through Lévay) in the course of half a page of platitudes. He claimed that from Burns derived the populist romanticism which in Hungary began to blossom in Petőfi and Arany.

Radó's translations are very far from those of Lévay's in value. With some small strictures the translation of John Anderson my Jo can be considered good, and Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast and Bannockburn also have valuable Hungarian versions. (To this latter, Radó added a long but inaccurate commentary; according to him, Bruce also fought against Edward I.) The translator tried to recreate the tone and the tune of
Burns's precise stanzas. But his rhymes sound hollow and though his stanza forms show some similarities with Hungarian folk song (following its form, he divides eight-line stanzas into two, e.g. *John Anderson my Jo*) he could not find either equivalent expressions or genuine language. Judged either by the quality or the quantity of his work, Rádó is not among the best Hungarian translators of Burns. His importance is mainly his activity as an interpreter of literature in English.

At the beginning of the twentieth century we have very few new translations. Though there were important translators among the first generation of *Nyugat* (West)\(^{10}\) they might not have felt any challenge in Burns's poetry.

The subsequent period is represented by two important names—Lőrinc Szabó and Géza Képes. Szabó's absolutely successful translations made the Hungarian reading public attached to certain poems and *John Anderson my Jo* and *Who is that at my Bower Door?* are now the most well-known and most loved poems of Burns. Besides the songs, he did fine work on *A red red Rose, John Barleycorn, The Blue-eyed Lassie, Afton Water* (*"Flow gently, sweet Afton"*), and *My Heart's in the Highlands*. Géza Képes translated mainly Burns's patriotic and democratic poems such as *Lines Written on a Bank-Note*, the epigram which begins "That there was falsehood in his looks," and *Scots, wha hae*. Their translations, along with pieces from Arany and Lévay, are included in all the recent editions of Burns.

After World War II a comprehensive selection of Burns's poems was published in 1952. Edited by László Kéry and István Kormos, it was entitled *Válogatott versek* (Selected Poems). This volume of 131 poems was the first to divide the published poems into three sub-categories, a classification which has always been followed since: Miscellaneous Poems, Epigrams and Epitaphs, Songs. Kéry's excellent introductory essay adds to a biography and an evaluation of the poet an accurate picture of eighteenth-century England and Scotland, including their cultural scenes. The edition is completed with an accurate commentary which, with the introduction, assists a critical reading of the text and establishes a fuller portrait of the poet.

This edition is important for two reasons. First, unlike earlier editions, which were selected according to the taste of the translator or editor, and were influenced by other distorting factors, this volume set itself the aim of giving a comprehensive picture of Burns.

In an article published seven years later in *Nagy Világ* (World Literature), Kéry has this to say about the volume:
The editors of this [volume] endeavoured to eliminate the one-sidedness of Lévay's collection and show in Burns's oeuvre as complexly as possible the different motifs of love, bold sensuality, country fun, rebellion against worthless institutions, anticlericalism, patriotism entwined with democratism, impish playfulness and the awareness of the serious responsibility of the poet. The best translators were asked to contribute to this work in order to give the Hungarian public the best possible Burns in Hungary.

It cannot be said that this edition (and the smaller anthology based on it or its second enlarged edition which has just left the presses) was completely successful in overcoming the difficulties described by Lévay. Different poets and different translators used different tonality to reproduce Burns in the Hungarian language. Some mixed archaisms to the popular speech, most translated in a modern poetic idiom, and there was even one who thought city slang best to establish the modern Hungarian equivalent of Burns.

Despite all this, the second reason for this edition's importance is the generally high level of the translations. In addition to the "classic" names, there are some excellent translators, as a result of which the number of near-perfect Hungarian versions has increased. Our best poets (Gy. Illyés, L. Ápily, I. Vas, S. Weöres, and J. Pilinszky) and translators (D. Mészöly, L. Lator, L. Kálnoky) added fresh touches to the by now more and more colorful and complex Hungarian portrait of Burns. Characteristically, to illustrate his article, Kéry publishes seven different versions of A red, red Rose (the works of L. Szabó, Z. Nadányi, Gy. Illyés, S. Weöres, Z. Jékely, A. Fodor, L. Kálnoky). The 1952 edition as well as the latest (1973) include the Kálnoky version to which only Szabó's attempt can be compared.

The task of the editors of this volume was easier than Lévay's, who had to rely entirely on his own resources, but the result is also of a higher standard. For all Lévay's achievement, the higher level of the 1973 edition—together with this edition in 1952—did the most for Burns in Hungary.

From 1952 to the present day, editions of Burns follow thick and fast. These, to some extent, are all based on this 1952 edition. The next two are mentioned in Kéry's article.

In 1956 István Kormos selected 64 poems from the 1952 edition and published them under the title Válogatott versek.
(Selected Poems). This volume intended obviously for the younger reader contains mainly shorter poems and songs. The translations are on the same high level as before and the volume adds a short biography and commentary. The purpose of this edition must have been to present a light, simple Burns portrait for young people.

In 1959 a new enlarged reprinting of the 1952 edition was published. This contained 1,000 lines more than its predecessor. The title is Valogatott versek (Selected Poems) and the editors once again are László Kéry and István Kormos. Even in this volume there are translations by Lévay and for the first time among the poets contributing is the greatest figure in contemporary Hungarian poetry, László Nagy. The introduction to this edition of 148 poems is essentially that of the 1952 volume, but with omissions and changes in the sections on the cultural and historical climate and the actual aspects. The poems are grouped as before and the commentary retained its merits. Issued in 10,000 copies this is a fine, comprehensive edition.

Apart from the above-mentioned related three volumes a short booklet was also published in 1958. One of the eight volumes of Tibor Bartos's Az angol irodalom kincseháza (A Treasury of English Literature) covering the period between the eighteenth and twentieth centuries, prints fifteen of Burns's poems in one volume along with Blake. The intention was presumably to show some shorter poems but there is no sense of completeness. In a period of such importance for Burns editions this short volume has no real significance.

The sixties and seventies are as poor as regards Burns as the fifties were rich. In 1966 a volume of 124 poems was published. This is made up of the latest and best translations; though it is short, compared to its recent predecessors it does not distort the complexity and comprehensiveness of the poet. The title is Piros, piros rózsa (Red, Red Rose) and the editors changed the sequence of the groups of poems so that first come the Songs, then the Epigrams and Epitaphs and finally the Miscellaneus Poems.

In 1967 a deluxe edition of one poem, The Jolly Beggars, was accompanied by Piroska Szántó's fine illustrations. There is a commentary written also by Kéry in this volume.

The most recent Burns publication was printed in 1973. With 123 poems, it omits only one poem from the 1966 edition on which it is essentially based. Here it is worth listing all the translators which will provide a check-list of our best contemporary translators along with the legendary earlier ones: Lajos Áprily, János Arany, Gábor Devecseri, András Fodor, Anna Hajnal, Gyula Illyés, Zoltán Jékely, László Kálnoky,
Robert Burns in Hungary


The organization of the 1973 volume is based on that of 1966. The songs are under the subtitle Village Rendezvous (The Hungarian title of Wha is that at my bower-door) while the epigrams and epitaphs are subtitled Lines (I murder hate) and the miscellaneous poems The Jolly Beggars. This volume retains the merits of the 1966 edition but after 14 years it might have been worth publishing a volume at least as long as that of 1959. (This latter was printed in 15,000 copies and is thus instantly snapped up in the second-hand bookshops.)

We have now completed our account of Hungarian editions of Burns. Of course, several poems can be found in various anthologies, e.g. G. Halász's Az angol irodalom kincsebőlása (A Treasury of English Literature), and in collections of translations by poets, e.g. István Vas, Hét tenger éneke (Songs of Seven Seas), 1955; Sándor Weöres, A lélek idézése (Raising of the Soul), 1958; László Kálnoky, Szesszőlyes szüret (Capricious Vintage), 1958; Angol költők antológiája (An Anthology of English Poets) edited by M. Vajda in 1960; Cypsy Illyés, Nyitott ajtó (Open Door), 1963; András Fodor, Napraforgó (Sunflower), 1967; László Nagy, Versek és versefordítások (Poems and Translations), 1975, and again in Sándor Weöres's Egybégylíttet fordítások (Collected Translations).

It is generally accepted that editions of the last thirty years have given a realistic and accurate picture of the great Scottish poet.

Most of the essays on Burns published in Hungary have been connected with different editions of his poetry. In most cases their aim is no higher than to provide a short introduction for the Hungarian reader. There are, of course, exceptions. Among these figure treatises comparing various Hungarian poets to Burns; this would seem to be the most recurrent theme in Hungarian criticism and studies on Burns.

The first essay on Burns published in Hungary (1870) came from the pen of Tamás Szana, already mentioned, in his collection of essays entitled, Nagy szellemek (Great Minds). In the first part of the essay, the author sketches the contemporary cultural background to Burns's lifetime. Then follows an attempt at a critical biography. This is, of course, based mainly on anecdote and the portrait is subsequently distorted, sometimes exaggerated and romantically idealised. The faults of early English monographs are reflected clearly. Over Burns's weaknesses and love life, he draws the usual polite veil.

In its own way this composition is significant despite its
limitations. This is by no means to say that even within its limits we have a picture which is comprehensive or realistic. But despite its idealisation it gives a many-sided picture with more merits than insufficiencies, considering it is such an early attempt.

The translations selected to illustrate the article also support its light portrait of its subject. And it does try to introduce Burns with some degree of comprehension. Its significance is the greater when we consider that the next work on Burns was published more than two decades later.

In 1888 Carlyle's essay on Burns was published in Győr (town in north-west Hungary) by Dr. Virgil Koltai. Considering the state of Hungarian translation in those days, this is a good version; however, to a modern reader it seems a little long-winded. It is very important, however, that a translation appears among Hungarian-published essays on Burns as early as this and that the essay presented to the reading public is faithful to its original.

It is no accident that in surveying essays on Burns we meet the name József Lévay at an early date. He gave his inaugural lecture to the Academy on June 1, 1891, on Robert Burns. (His volume of translations had not yet been published.) The complete text of this lecture has never been published, but there is a detailed account of it in the 8th part of the 1891 volume of Akadémiai Ertesítő (Bulletin of the Academy).

After the usual courtesies and circumlocutions follows a slightly idealised romantic description, somewhat similar to Szana's work though far more detailed. Lévay gives us the banalities, tells us that Burns wrote his poems walking on the banks of the Nith and the Cluden, or while in the saddle, and speaks about the poet's emigration plans. (Here he confuses the West Indies with India.) But an important element in Lévay's lecture is that in contrast with Szana he breaks with the image of the "heaven-taught ploughman," emphasizing Burns's mastery of technique. He also refers to Heine's analogy saying, "In our country he resembles Petőfi the most, but Petőfi is more inflamed, more turbulent, more insistent." He finishes his lecture with quotation from Carlyle and some translations of songs, which figure in his 1892 collection.

This collection in 1892 contains Lévay's 66-page introduction, including a 50-page accurate, detailed biography and a description of the cultural climate; all of this is supported with quotations from the poems. He mentions Carlyle, Taine, and Cunningham as sources for the biography and the description of the period. Much of his data is accurate and his interest is obviously in precision of detail where possible. Compared to the biographical section, the critical assessment
is short, commonplace, and lacks comprehension. The whole introduction would have been improved if Lévay had tried to place Burns among the greatest figures of Scottish, British, and World writing. That he did not do so is surprising since Lévay knew his Burns well. He translated Carlyle's *Robert Burns* as well, and his version was published in 1892, four years after Koltai's Hungarian version of the same essay.

We have already mentioned Jenő Péterfy's review in volume 184 (1892) of *Budapesti Szemle* (Budapest Review). This article was also included in his *Osszegyűjtött munkái* (Collected Works) in 1903. Although appreciative of the collection's merits, he finds fault with the one-sidedness of Lévay's presentation. On the omission of *The Jolly Beggars* he comments, "It is true that it is fiery, but it is characteristic of Burns as well as of the circumstances." In his own short sketch of Burns he stresses the complexity of his subject. He emphasizes that Burns suffered the most from his weaknesses. He points out that critics enjoy the rich heritage and the privilege of being tactless to the dead. Péterfy too considers the "connection" between Burns and Petőfi and contrasts Petőfi's vehemence with Burns's more gentle side. He highlights the revolutionary quality in Burns's character and art. The only pity is that this excellent critic did not go on to a fuller consideration of Burns at a later date.

In the same periodical in October 1884, Sándor Imre opened the long series of comparative analyses with *Petőfi és Burns* (Petőfi and Burns), later republished in 1897 in *Irodalomtörténeti Tanulmányok* (Studies in Literary History). The motto taken from R. P. Shairp reflects the tone of the article: "In all but his poetry his was a defeated life, sad and heart-depressing to contemplate beyond the lives of most poets." A detailed biography and description of the age precedes a general survey. Imre is not over-enthusiastic on the poet's character. His comparison finds mostly insignificant and accidental similarities in the personalities of the two poets. The important and meaningful identities that can be discerned are the products of almost identical social and cultural backgrounds. That both poets worked in almost the same genres is not coincidental and gives grounds for further comparative analysis. Often not only the genre but the topic is identical. Imre compares Burns's poetics to that of Petőfi. The article's basic contrasts always reappear in Hungarian literature, which indicates its importance for Burns criticism.

The first book-length biography of Burns in Hungary was published in 1897 at Hódmezővásárhely (a town in southern Hungary) under the title of *Burns Róbert* and with the subtitle, "Written for the adolescent young by Aladár Ribiczey."
In his introduction the author claims that the eighteenth century produced not only military but spiritual fame also. He speaks of Béranger, Petőfi, and Burns jointly. Burns's upbringing is given in detail and a sketch is made of the age itself. Using quotations from the poems he attempts a psycho-biography and here he speaks about Burns's love affairs as flaming passions. Finally he can show some part of the heavens and hells the poet was familiar with during his lifetime, with the poet's alternation between the two.

The value of this work is in that it does not rely on anec-dote, thus making possible a realistic portrait. Even so, the portrait is somewhat romanticised and pathetic.

On January 27, 1909, the daily Alkotmány (Constitution) published an article by one V. S., Petőfi és Burns (Petőfi and Burns). Nothing is certain on the authorship of the three-galley article. In this period three authors used the initials "V.S.": from 1892 to 1911, Sándor Bőhm; from 1904 to 1905, Dr. Géza Kaczián; and between 1910 and 1912, Dr. Sándor Varjas. Earlier in 1897, Soma Visontai edited an article using the same initials. No one of these authors is more probable than any of the others, nor do these four exclude the possibility of a fifth person.

The article begins by referring to the 150th anniversary of Burns's birth; it then goes on to describe the different customs in the commemoration of Burns's birthday. The life of Burns is sketched again, drawing attention to the similarities with Petőfi. Certain dramatic effects are attempted (e.g. the conversation between William Burness and his son on the father's death-bed, and the meeting with Walter Scott). Burns's comment that he would be much better known in a hundred years is quoted. Ribiczey finds Petőfi the greater poet, though lacking the epic power of Burns; a judgement which could have been examined profitably by authors of later monographs. V.S. sees very clearly that Burns combines some of the qualities of both Arany and Petőfi. This article, though mentioning some interesting possible aspects of comparison, adds nothing new to the Hungarian view of Burns.

Vilmos Tolnai's article "Burns Róbert Szombatéje irodalmunkban" (Robert Burns's "Saturday Night" in Our Literature) was published in 1923, in Budapesti Szemle. Tolnai attempts to survey the influence of Burns on Hungarian writers and specifically the influence of The Cotter's Saturday Night on Hungarian poets. He considers four Hungarian poets at four different stages of the influence, which relationship he satisfactorily demonstrates. Lévay made an accurate translation of Burns's poem (and, later on, Szász did too) and Szász wrote the paraphrase. He finds a direct influence on János Arany
but something more casual in the case of Petőfi. Tolnai's article is the most scholarly and, therefore, the most valuable of these early comparative analyses.

Gizella Dedinszky's doctoral thesis *Petőfi és Burns* (Petőfi and Burns) dates from 1932. The author organizes her work from the following perspectives: biographical background; political, social, and literary background; common features in their poetry; songs: a) folk songs; b) drinking songs; c) love songs; religion; nationality; nature; language and prosody.

The author makes no attempt to pursue major differences in the two writers' work or background and contents herself with enumerating superficial resemblances. A great deal of space is occupied with describing irrelevancies without much attempt at further examination. Thus, for example, in her first section she reminds us at some length that both writers changed their names; but she fails to follow up this biographical tidbit. (As Burness became Burns, Petrovics became Petőfi, and the reasons for this are interesting and different, thus meaningful.) Her discussion of poetics is a simple parade of banalities on their use of folk poetry. The most interesting section is that on both writers' sense of nationality. Since both used the entire range of lyric forms, it is scarcely any great achievement on Dedinszky's part to find parallels; she hardly made any attempt to distinguish further. Nor is her discussion of religion, particularly in connection with Burns, anything more than naive. The examination of nature, a complex topic, is too simple to provide any insights into its role in their work.

Two outstanding literary histories of the following period must be mentioned. The first volume of Mihály Babits's *Az Európai irodalom története* (The History of European Literature) covering the period to the nineteenth century appeared in 1934. György Rába says of it, "This work is not a literary history in the common sense of the word, but while retaining in the background scientific viewpoints—historical, social motives, artistic life—it is the personal confession of the writer about the universal and unaltering values of literature." Babits wrote of Burns as "the first popular poet of freedom." He discerns in Burns's way of life, in his poems and techniques an attempt to break out of some kind of captivity. Babits describes the fascination Burns held for his generation. He concludes this theme by comparing Burns to two other figures, "These simple poems [Burns's] were flown around the world by the same mystic lust for freedom, which was blazing in the souls of the Blakes and Schillers." Antal Szerb's book, *A világirodalom története* (The History of World Literature, 1941) also deals with Burns. György Bod-
Nár points out that "Szerb's disillusionment strengthened in his book the influence of Spengler's philosophy of history." Interestingly, the part on Burns doesn't reflect this effect. Szerb deals with Burns under the subtitle *English Pre-Romantic Age*, which he sees as "the golden age of the Scots." Szerb emphasizes Burns's studies and his education to finally put to rest the "heaven-taught ploughman" view. Szerb, as was his practice, conveys biography in his footnotes, focusing on Burns as a rebel. He goes to some pains to discuss the advantage of using Scots rather than literary English. And he locates Burns in the wider context of European romanticism ("poetry is pure experience") by comparing him to Rousseau.

Both the above articles produced a full and accurate evaluation of Burns's work and significance.

The year 1952 saw the publication of *Válogatott versek* (Selected Poems) prefaced by László Kéry's essay. This was the best essay to date in Hungarian. The title is "Burns" and it opens with an excellent survey of life in eighteenth-century Britain, providing the information essential for the Hungarian reader of Burns. There then follows a biography which, despite its brevity, is the best available in Hungarian. Kéry then gives us a critical assessment of the poetry and finally a summary of Burns's posthumous reception. Kéry's work is marked by scholarly accuracy, delicacy of judgement, perceptiveness of the relationship between Burns's life and work and an awareness of the complexity of his subject. He produces a tour de force analysis of several individual pieces (*The Twa Dogs, Address of Beelzebub, The Cotter's Saturday Night, Holy Willie's Prayer, Tam O'Shanter, and The Jolly Beggars*) in order to demonstrate the unities he perceives in Burns's complex connections with his culture and within his own oeuvre. It is no exaggeration to say that this introduction has given the Hungarian reader a complete sense of Burns as a man and as a European poet.

The 1959 edition of Burns's poems, with minor changes, this same introduction. A condensed version was also included in Kéry's collected essays *Angol írók* (English Writers) published in 1975. The accurate and most informative commentaries of both the 1952 and 1959 editions are also the works of László Kéry.

*Nagy Világ* (World Literature) in 1959 published another Kéry essay, "Robert Burns--Petőfi hazájában" (Robert Burns in Petőfi's Country) accompanied by seven translations of *A Red Rose* mentioned earlier. After a preliminary discussion of the Scottish background and the Hungarian reception of Burns, Kéry proceeds to the difficulties facing a translator of Burns. His discussion is concretely related to the Hungarian tradition and the accompanying translations.
The same year saw the publication in *Philological Review* of an article by Zoltán Kenyeres entitled "Egy témá, két költő" (One topic, two poets). As the title suggests, it is a comparative analysis of Burns and János Arany. (The author dismisses the conceptional comparison with Petőfi.) Two poems are contrasted, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and *Családi Kör* (Family Circle) in order to bring up resemblances and differences which are then traced back fully. He finds that Arany's poem is virtually devoid of influence by Burns. Though, as we shall see below, Arany's opinion is different concerning this question, Kenyeres is right when stating that not only the deviations, but the similarities also show the difference between the two geniuses. Kenyeres's essay, though not entirely convincing in its conclusion, is a lively demonstration of comparative analysis. That same year (1959), Péter Pósa published an article entitled "Burns és az angol romantika költészetének néhány kérdése" (Burns and Some Questions of English Romantic Poetry) in *Acta Universitatis Szegediensis Sectio Litteraria* in which he examines English Romanticism and in which he mentions Burns as a forerunner of Wordsworth and Blake as a forerunner of Coleridge.

Another Burns comparative study appeared in 1975 in *Hungarian Studies in English: Popular Tendency in the Works of Csokonai and Burns*, written by Klára Bárczy. The similarity between the two has often been mentioned in Hungary: almost exact contemporaries, living in comparable circumstances and both influenced by popular and folk poetry. Bárczy finds a closer kinship between Burns and Csokonai than Burns and Petőfi, though not everyone might agree with her opinion on the closeness of the former.

The standard and authoritative reference work *Az angol irodalom története* (History of English Literature) of 1972 firmly places Burns in Pre-Romanticism and in his Scottish tradition, and gives an accurate evaluation of his poetry.

Finally, let us mention two other reference works, *Új Magyar Lexikon* (New Hungarian Encyclopaedia) of 1960, and *Világ-irodalmi Lexikon* (Encyclopaedia of World Literature) of 1970, both containing brief and accurate entries on Burns.

We have seen that the first mention of Burns in Hungary links him with Petőfi. This is a fine example of how a foreign author is received in a literature: he is "defined" in terms of a native writer, who in turn qualifies our perception of the foreign author in question. Consequently, a description of these Hungarian authors to whom Burns has been compared would give us a better idea of how Burns is viewed by the Hungarian reader.

While doing this, I shall try to speak about traces of
Burns's influence on Hungarian authors, though it is hard to find the small motives and effects, and we can speak about clearly recognizable and obvious influences only in few cases.

Burns's Scottishness is important since Scotland was felt by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Hungarians to have a great deal in common with Hungary. Burns's Scotland and Petőfi's Hungary were similar in that they still possessed much of the structure of feudalism, were both dominated by a more advanced neighbour, and in the years 1697-1745 both had made two attempts under arms to regain their freedom. Both reacted to the Enlightenment in similar ways.

In Hungary the first synthesis of the Enlightenment and popular tendency is to be found in the work of Mihály Csokonai Vitéz. He turned towards folk poetry almost at the same time as Burns, used and worked with folk poetry consciously, and his work also became well-known, though mostly in towns and colleges. Like Burns, he also collected folk songs and his aim was to preserve them, just like Burns. An essay of his, *Volkslied*, deals with folk art, and from the title it is probable that he knew of Herder. In various parts of the country he collected and recorded more than 2,000 popular expressions and consciously used them in his own work. He was the author of a well-known essay, *A magyar nyelv feléledése* (The Revival of Hungarian Language), and really did much for his mother tongue. He has frequently been compared to Burns. Several of his poems bear titles that are Burnsian: *Sad Misfortunes*, *Lamentation*, *Poor Suzy*, *Peasant-Song*, *Love Song to a Wine-Flask*. They are characteristic of a conscious re-working of popular poetry. Unlike Burns, he was not a peasant and so the viewpoint adopted in the poems is essentially different. In the case of *Peasant-Song*, the poem itself could have been written by Burns, but he would almost certainly have entitled it simply "Song." For Csokonai this kind of poetry is a separate genre. His writing of satire is another link with Burns, but this, along with his presentation of character, is to be found mostly in his plays. We know his English was poor (since he himself tells us that he read *The Rape of the Lock* in a French translation), so it is not likely that he knew Burns's poetry, nor even that he knew of Burns's existence. But the frequent contrasting identifies some of the features that have appealed to Burns's Hungarian audience.

The historical event which separates Burns from Petőfi is, of course, the French Revolution. They are both typical of their respective eras and Petőfi, in his own person, provides for Hungarian literature the model of poet as revolutionary man of action. A significant feature they share is an affirmation of their own language as a vehicle for poetry, though
Hungarian had to contend with German, another language, rather than another variety of the same language. Given the circumstances leading up to the 1848/9 Hungarian Revolution, it is not surprising that Petőfi's poetry is more overtly politically committed, nor, for that matter, that he died at the age of 26 on the battlefield. The differences in the circumstances of their period certainly determine their respective œuvres, but it is widely felt in Hungary that they were essentially similar in personal and artistic character.

We do know that Petőfi was familiar with Burns's poetry and, like Arany, possessed the 1845 Tauchnitz edition of Burns. His familiarity must date at least from his learning of Heine's comment. It is likely that Petőfi's poem *A téli esték* (The Winter Nights) had as one of its promptings *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. (Several critics are of this opinion, for example Ágost Greguss, Kerthény, and Tolnai.) Petőfi has another poem written in February 1845, *Téli Világ* (Winter World), depicting the hardships of winter, contrasted with the symbolic warmth of the hearth. At this point he didn't have his Tauchnitz edition of Burns. It is likely then that *A téli esték* is a synthesis of the earlier *Téli világ* and Burns's poem *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. However, the connection lies in similarity of the theme and motif rather than in close verbal echoing.

At the moment we lack a comparative analysis of both poets, based on close critical reading. But we can say that Petőfi's work shows at least "memories" of Burns.

János Arany has an interesting comment on the dangers of defining one writer in terms of another. As early as 1850, we find in one of his poems, *Vojtina levelei Soséehez* (Vojtina's Letters to His Brother):

Burns Róbert, a skótok Petőfije,
Költő mikép lán, paraszt létire,

(Robert Burns, Petőfi of the Scots,/How he became a poet, though being a peasant.)

This later caused Arany some annoyance. On September 29, 1858, he wrote to Mihály Tompa:

Emich is advertising Petőfi's latest poems, which the reading public have been awaiting with burning impatience—and in spite of this he thinks he must recommend them in my name. Recommend Petőfi in my name! Among the Vojtina-stupidities (do you still remember? you even answered it) there was a line...With this I didn't want to say that the two poets are equally great; only that just as in our
country Petőfi could, so Burns in Scotland could become a great poet without regular education; and further there is a similarity in their popular origin, genius, etc. Now these asses say that I called Petőfi the Hungarian Burns, and think that this is recommendation of Petőfi. As if the Hungarian reading public knows Burns better than Petőfi, or as if Petőfi would need to borrow fame from Burns's name.15

The Emich who is the object of Arany's annoyance is the one who produced one of the earliest Burns publications in the Arany-edited Kőszöndő (Wreath) of 1865.

Let us look at one of Arany's best-known poems, Családi kör (Family Circle) which has obvious affinities with The Cotter's Saturday Night. More than affinity, in fact, as Arany's son, László, wrote:

He mentioned once to me that his Családi kör was written under the influence of Burns's Saturday Night, so that when first publishing it he was really thinking [that he should] mention this, but he did not do so only because he did not want to spoil the effect he wished to exert with the "lame, Hungarian soldier."16

The similarities are clearly visible, but the differences are also significant. Arany's description is objective, visual, cinematic as a modern critic might say, and without authorial comment. (The poem utilizes the narrative form which is called "epic" by Hungarians.) The thoughts of the personae are assimilated by the narrative. Burns, however, always comments, steps forward and explains, cuts off the narrative flow to moralise. It is also interesting that the prayer which is so significant and important in Burns is completely absent from Arany's poem. This could be because religion in Scotland had a more important historical role than in the Hungary of the nineteenth century. Also lacking in Arany's poem is the patriotic hymn which follows the prayer in Burns's piece. In the spirit of 1851 such expressions of patriotism were not possible in Hungary. Originally there were some words commemorating the suppressed Revolution in the speech of the wounded soldier (whose figure is very important in Arany's poem—it refers to the Revolution) but at the request of Vahot, the publisher, he rewrote this passage.

The resemblances are there, but Arany's poem is hardly the simple imitation Frigyes Riedl (author of a monograph on Arany) claims it to be. Arany is a major figure in Hungarian literature and, translator though he was, he was not a simple mirror
Robert Burns in Hungary

There seem to be two peaks of Burns's existence in Hungary: the first is doubtless a result of the work of translators such as Károly Szász, József Lévay, and Antal Radó to the end of the last century; the second, because of the appearance of the significant collections published over the last thirty years. This second wave of Burns translation is especially valuable because it has involved a group of talented Hungarian poets, rather than literary amateurs.

Burns is no longer a writer available to and known only by Hungarian poets, but a widely-known favourite of the Hungarian reading public. The first peak coincides with the degeneracy of the tradition in which he stands centrally; the second with a juster appreciation of this tradition and his role in it.

Burns is immensely popular in Hungary: his work frequently figures in poetry broadcasts, is represented in the standard secondary school textbook, is often included in recitals and has even been set to music by the most respected Hungarian rock-group, "Fonograf," and sung by Zsuzsa Koncz.

Given this interest in Burns, it is surprising that there
still remains a considerable body of his work uncollected or even untranslated and the time is ripe for a major critical work on Burns.

Budapest

A Chronology of Burns in Hungary

1847 Petőfi mentions Heine's words
1849 Heine's letter to Kertbeny
1852 First translation of *John Anderson my Jo*
1854 *John Anderson my Jo* translated again
1865 *Husband, Husband, Cease your Strife* translated by Ács, published in *Wreath*
1868 Four translations published by E. Ábrányi and K. Ábrányi, Jr. in *Poems. From European Poets*

1868-73 Translations by Arany

1870 Szana's essay, *Great Minds*, and translations by Szász, Tamásfi and Lévay published
1872 Szász's *Smaller Translations* published
1873 Szász's *Translations, Heine-Moore-Burns* published
1884 Imre's comparative analysis *Petőfi and Burns* published
1888 Carlyle's essay on Burns translated and published in Győr
1891 Four translations by Radó in *An Album of Foreign Poets*; Lévay's inaugural lecture on Burns
1892 Lévay's *The Poems of Robert Burns* published; Péterfy's review in *Budapest Review*
1897 Ribiczey's biography *Robert Burns* published in Hódmezővásárhely; Imre's essay republished in *Studies in Literary History*
1903  Péterfy's article republished in his *Collected Works*
1905  Radó's earlier translations reprinted in *Recital-Books*
1909  Article by V.S. published in *Constitution*, entitled "Petőfi and Burns"
1923  Tolnai's "Robert Burns's 'Saturday Night' in Our Literature" published in *Budapest Review*
1928  Ten translations by Radó in *English and American Poets*
1930  The ten translations by Radó reprinted in *English Poets*
1932  Dedinszky's doctoral thesis on *Petőfi and Burns*
1934  Babits's *The History of European Literature* published
1941  Szerb's *The History of World Literature* published
1952  *Selected Poems* edited by László Kéry and István Kormos; Kéry's introductory essay in the volume
1956  *Selected Poems* edited by István Kormos
1958  Fifteen translations in Bartos's *A Treasury of English Literature*
1966  *A red, red Rose*, a new comprehensive edition of the poems published
1967  Deluxe edition of *The Jolly Beggars* published
1973  *The Poems of Robert Burns*, the most recent edition published
1975  Bárczy's "Popular Tendency in the Works of Csokonai and Burns" published in *Hungarian Studies in English*; Kéry's essay reprinted in his collection *English Writers*
1 The author wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Peter Francis Doherty and Mr. Kálmán Ruttkay, who with their critical remarks and valuable help greatly contributed to his work.

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All translations appearing in the article—including the titles of various essays—are by the author. In the case of the Arany couplet no claim is made for poetic virtue.

2 Sándor Petőfi (1823-1849) is considered one of the greatest poets of Hungarian literature. His poetry is closely connected to folk poetry and thus he became the leading figure of the Hungarian populist romanticism and popular tendency. He took part in the 1848-49 Revolution and War of Independence and died on the battlefield.

3 Friedrich Hirth (ed.), Heinrich Heines Briefwechsel (Heinrich Heine's Correspondence), (Berlin, 1920), III, 90.

4 Mihály Tompa (1817-1868) is a significant representative of the populist school. Wrote mainly epic poetry. Worked as a pastor and in the War of Independence served as army chaplain.

5 János Arany (1817-1882) is the greatest Hungarian epic poet, a friend and colleague of Petőfi. Worked mainly as a teacher. During the War of Independence he was an editor and worked for the government. He is among the best Hungarian translators.

6 Mór Ráth (ed.), Arany János Hátrahagyott iratai és levelezése (János Arany's Posthumous Writings and Correspondence), (Sudapest, 1887), III, 452.

7 Károly Szász (1828-1905) though prolific is hardly a major figure. He was a university lecturer and wrote some significant essays. More important as a translator than a poet.

8 József Lévay (1825-1918), a minor poet of the populist tendency, wrote mainly songs, a typical genre in Hungarian poetry since Petőfi. In hiding after the Revolution, he later became an editor and a member of the Academy.
Robert Burns in Hungary

9 Jenő Péterfy (1850-1899) was one of the best essayists and critics of nineteenth-century Hungary. His talent was not recognized until after his early death, but since then he has been more and more appreciated.

10 Nyugat was the most significant literary periodical between the two World Wars. It was edited by the most outstanding men of letters of this era.


12 Mihály Babits, Az európai irodalom története (The History of European Literature), (Budapest, 1957), p. 256.

13 op. cit., VI, 86.

14 Mihály Csokonai Vitéz (1773-1805) was the greatest poet of the Hungarian Age of Enlightenment. He wrote songs, epic poems, and plays, as well as important essays. He lived mainly in Debrecen, in eastern Hungary.

15 Mór Ráth (ed.), Arany János Hátrahagyott iratai és levelezése (János Arany's Posthumous Writings and Correspondence), (Budapest, 1887), III, 449-50.

An interest in poetics, in both its theoretical modes and the relationship between theory and practice, is, of course, one of the most characteristic features of contemporary critical fashion. Yet interest in Middle Scots poetics has been spasmodic and little developed, and we lack that comprehensive analysis of attitudes to poetry in late mediaeval Scotland which would help literary critics, by providing an environment for the individual works and authors they seek to understand, and historians, who are beginning to write a wider history of the period than the narrowly political and economic history to which we have been used. I offer the following as a modest beginning to that analysis, restricted, as far as we can be certain from rather insecure dating, to the last twenty or twenty-five years of the fifteenth century, and to non-alliterative and non-epic poetry.

We have no treatises of poetics from Scotland at this period to give a theoretical basis, so the evidence must come from the poetry itself. There seem to me to be at least four ways of obtaining such evidence. Firstly, we can discover something of what the poets have read, of what might have influenced their ways of thinking about the function and nature of poetry. We get some inkling of this reading, perhaps, from pursuing what records of contemporary libraries still exist;
but more obvious information comes from direct reference in the poetry itself, and from the study of sources both acknowledged and unacknowledged—I include genre material within the meaning of "source." Secondly, in several prologues there are direct explanations of the purpose of the poetry about to be read. Such material is interesting in itself, but I find equally interesting in each case the relationship between what the prologue claims the poetry will do and what the poem actually does. Thirdly, the role of the narrator, the persona, can tell us much: his relationship to the story he tells, his interest in and reaction to it, shows us something of possible, or expected—even if on occasion perhaps deliberately partial—reactions to poetry. Fourthly, there is a point which is closely related to the third but which it is worthwhile to distinguish: we have some evidence of our subject from those poems comprising several stories, for the relationship between these stories, and between the stories and the outer frame which holds them together, can suggest a view of the expected function of the stories and, indeed, of the complete poem.

The first of these four methods—what we can find the poets to have read—I do not want to touch on in this article: work has already been done on it; the others, quite apart from not having been studied in any detail, are very closely related, as I imagine will become obvious.

To begin, then, with direct statement on the function and nature of poetry. Henryson provides an obvious example, but I do not want to elaborate on what I said in an article published recently where I tried to show that Henryson's seemingly direct statements about the nature of poetry, in the Fables and in The Testament of Cresseid, are very limited compared to the full impact of the poetry itself, and that they are deliberately planned to be so as a part of the projection of the humble and limited narrator. There is a useful comparison with the statements about poetry made by the Chaucerian narrator in the Canterbury Tales, statements which form a part of the presentation of a particular and limited character whose attitude to poetry is meant to be counterpointed against, and in its limitations show up, a complex and uncertain attitude which is never, perhaps cannot be, defined but only practised and illustrated. I take as my example, then, not Henryson, but the prologue of Colkesby's Sow. The narrator describes, as he begins, the function of poetry in royal courts when kings, dukes, marquesses, earls, barons, knights, gentlemen and squires are assembled.

Quhen riallest most redowttit and he
Magnificat crownit kingis in maieste
Princis duces and marquis curious
Erlis barronis and knychtis chevelrous
And gentillmen of he genolegye
As scutiferais and squieris full courtlye
Ar assemblit and sett in a ryell se
With namit folkis of he nobilite
Thair talk pat tymne in table honorable
Befoir lordingis and ladeis amiable
Is oft singing and sawis of solace
Quhair melody is pe mirthfull maistrace
Ermy deidis in auld dayis done afoir
Croniculis gestis storeis and mich moir
Manestralis amang musicianis merely
To haif hartis in hevinly armony (1-16)

The scene is one compounded from literary tradition of course. It has elements one can recall from Sir Gawain, the Morte Arthure, the Squire's Tale for instance. But the most obvious parallel is to Sir Orfeo where the patterns of nobility and music, set out in the introduction in a manner rather similar to that here in Colkelby's Sow, become interwoven into the very texture of the poem which follows, creating its narrative and the shape of that narrative, suggesting its values: the music in Sir Orfeo does indeed bring hearts into heavenly harmony, and, if links the poem makes between the characters in the poem and the possible audience of the poem are to be taken at all seriously, the poetry of Sir Orfeo is to serve that purpose too. The parallel with our poem is instructive, but we must return to the immediate context. What does "to bring hearts into heavenly harmony" mean in Colkelby's Sow? The phrase suggests a social purpose for poetry, making its courtly audience at ease with one another in a context—surely of feasting—which is also designed for that purpose. Presumably poetry will bring such ease by creating a mood of pleasure: the sounds it makes, the patterns it forms will relax its hearers. Poetry will develop such a mood of confidence and relaxation by echoing the values of those who have gathered—for, to an audience of knights and ladies, what is more pleasant than tales which tell of the honour of their own pursuits, which have the support of generations for these are tales of deeds of arms done of old, they are chronicles, they are gestes where the values are seen at their highest significance, the work of heroes. A social purpose then. But more is suggested: the harmony hearts are to be lifted to is "heavenly harmony," a phrase which implies the music of the spheres, a music which is a testimony to the harmony of the created universe, a harmony which Boethius tells us is shattered in man only,7
and which Scipio's Dream tells us has been imitated by gifted men on stringed instruments and in singing, gifted men who have gained thus a return to the heavenly regions. A definition of poetry's function in a royal hall, then. The narrator proceeds to extend that function to other settings. Indeed, he says, it would be fitting if always there were such pleasure and play--otherwise the world is mere suffering. And he turns to his present audience, lords he calls them, though whether he does so in earnest or jocularly, or even with possible shades of ingratiation, is impossible to tell at this point; and he bids them with him make some sport and recreation to comfort the company.

So we begin Colkelby's Sow with a very elevated view of the function of poetry. And, though there is a difference of emphasis and perhaps a difference of tone, an elevated view is seen, too, at the end of the prologue. There the narrator claims a teaching function for his verse. He asks his audience to "pardoun the fulich face of this mad metir," for the matter to be reported is so foolish; he asks them to understand his jumping from event to event, tale to tale, for the world is constantly changing its appearance. Many of these events are indeed foolish, he admits, but sometimes the most foolish event presents wisdom: "Wisdom vmquhyle holdis pe nycest wys" (56); "The wyss nycest the wisesst quhile is provit" (60). George Fenwick Jones, in his translation and commentary published in 1956, has taken this comment as a license for a full scale moralization and allegorization of the stories which follow. And there is a great deal in the poem to support this: the general frame for the three stories--Colkelby and the differing ways he uses the three pennies--is used by the narrator to read a lesson similar to that of the parable of the talents. Besides, each of the stories, and on occasion separate incidents of each story, are moralized, and even allegorized during the poem, in particular in a long analysis by Gurgunnald, the narrator's grandmother, who has told him the stories in the first place. So, it would seem, the definition of the function of poetry given by the narrator has been worked out thoroughly: from the foolish events we have been taught a lesson, and that lesson, that wisdom surely leads to "heavenly harmony."

But I wonder. For the rather crude way I placed together "taught a lesson" and "heavenly harmony" in my last sentence is indicative surely of the way the poem works. To look at the prologue alone first of all. Though there may be some superficial resemblance of attitude, yet the discrepancy of tone in the definitions of poetry's function at the beginning and at the end of the prologue seems to me disconcerting to say the least: the stately world of romance and epic with its
suggestion of the hall of heaven, a transition confirmed by the poet's art, is scarcely the same as that world which makes eager moralization out of silly events. Besides, the whole of the prologue seems to me to be enveloped in a tone of insidious and, finally, gratuitous favour-seeking by the narrator. We must make "recreatioun" for the assembled company, he says.

Wold my lordis do se quho wold begin it  
Quho sall furthschaw or quho sall first fall in it  
Quho sall with discreit correctioun of  
Bot I quho hath begune this mater now  
For begynnyng without end quhat availis (21-5)

He proceeds to an extended comparison between a tree which blooms but does not produce fruit and his own situation were he not to produce "recreatioun" after such an introduction, concluding

All be my self is this symylitude  
Suld I begin to sport and nocht conclude  
Than wold 3e all belyve say lo him 3ondir  
That set to bourd and left it in a blondir  
Quhairfoir I will say of my fantasy  
Sum solasing to glaid this cumpany (43-8)

Such humility is a very traditional opening, of course, and the narrator is displaying a certain type of decorum in his use of it. But, to my mind, the topos here is greatly overdone, reducing the effect of the definitions of poetic function to part of itself, making them mere ploys in the narrator's argument to win attention, and thereby degrading their seriousness—so the description of the royal assembly gratifies listeners by making them feel similarly important; so the plug for the possible seriousness of silliness convinces the listener of his own worth as an allegorist. Now, why should the definition of poetic function be so degraded, and what does such a degrading tell us about the poet's view of the function of poetry?

I can provide some sort of answer to those questions only by turning first to the remainder of the poem in relation to the two functions of poetry we have seen described. First, poetry as the supporter of noble values. There is in the story of the three pennies a great deal which is traditionally associated with noble values. The first story for instance—the narrow escape from slaughter yet the ultimate reward of and honour of the piglet from Colkelby's sow—has much of the heroic romance about it: music; the dance; the battle, with the
appearance and description of contending forces; the hero who fights with Melliager and Hercules, with the King of Sidon, with Eglamoir of Arthurian fame, is pursued by Diana. And the second story provides us with the King of France and his diversions, with the new-found Duke of Flanders, a master of noble sports, and his wife, a long-lost woman of gentle birth. The third story provides a description of lords and their ladies which is full of fine amour manners and assumptions. But my description does an obvious injustice to the stories. Those dancers and fighters of the first story are peasants who prance in confusion and fight ridiculously; that hero is a pig. The new-made Duke of Flanders derives his name from a monstrous piece of etymology, and his story is so ineptly told that all our attention is dragged to the account of the narrator's grandmother who first told that story. And the fine amour lovers are the inhabitants of a fowl run producing scores of eggs to make Colkelby's godson rich. The noble is mocked. The second poetic world of the introduction, the moral world, is also mocked, surely. For its main mouthpiece in the poem is the narrator's grandmother, 140 years old, greedily supping gruel, toothless so no one can understand her but her grandson, whom she is quite unable to control.

So what of poetry? Its noble pretentions are mocked with worlds that are mocked by the stories. Claims about poetry which are as traditional as the worlds they suggest are seen to be overplayed, giving a false importance to their perpetuators. All that is left is poetry as laughter—though not the laughter described in the prologue. It is a detached laughter, I think, a superior laughter, the laughter of a clever poet who gains pleasure—perhaps to share it—from his own skill. That may be a moral function, though I doubt it; it is certainly a very aware poetic, of the sort we have learnt to associate with Chaucer.

I want to turn now to my next way of obtaining evidence for attitudes to poetry, that of examining the role of the narrator. We have already had to note that subject in dealing with Colkelby's Sow. I want to discuss it more directly here from the evidence of Henryson's fable The Lion and the Mouse. The story, of course, is the well-known one of a sleeping Lion disturbed by a Mouse which is threatened with death but released because it argues that it may be able to help the Lion some day. Later, when the Lion is caught in a net, the Mouse helps it escape by chewing through the ropes of the net. Henryson's source seems to have been the version of Gualterus Anglicus, but he expands upon the story there in ways which are characteristic. There is, for instance, a profusion of detail in which the story is set: the Lion is sleeping because
he is weary from the chase, and lies under a tree in a fair forest baking his breast and belly in the sun; there is a tribe of mice who play merrily all over the Lion, pulling his beard, clawing his face, "Myrry and glaid thus dansit thay a spais" (96); later, when the Mice release the Lion, we are given a typically Henrysonian description of busyness, witty, and syntactically energetic. Again, the given tale is built up by the bringing into it of traditional formal patterns: the dispute between Lion and Mouse, which in the original was merely a wondering in the Lion's own mind as to the dignity of killing an inferior creature, is here in Henryson a formal debate with, as is characteristic of the form, one creature representing Reason, the other Emotion; and the Lion, caught in the net, has a full scale lament form thrust upon him, using—the passage is really very funny—the same sorrowful devices as Cresseid when she discovers her leprosy or Orpheus when he loses Eurydice. Again, the moralitas becomes far more wide ranging, by becoming specific. The original reads, in translation, merely,

If you are raised up through power, help the oppressed gladly, so the story of the Lion tells you: to the lowly it is good to give help: for on many occasions a person who cannot prevent harm can get you out of it.\textsuperscript{12}

In our poem the Lion is allegorized as "prince, or empriour/ A potestat or \textit{sit a king with crown}" (254-5) who, instead of directing his people, lies in sloth and sleep in the fair forest of this world's vain delights, so causing rebellion in the commons. Those rebelling should be corrected but treated gently for they may even help their lords who, rolling in worldly lust and vain pleasure, are sure to fall through false fortune who is Mistress of all changes and leader of the dance to lustful men whom she blinds. Now I have spent some time discussing the changes Henryson has brought to this particular story, and suggesting that these changes are of a type typical of Henryson's own creativity, because there are at least two fictive devices by which Henryson pretends to disclaim all responsibility for the poem we hear—and it is necessary for us to sort these out if we are to make any progress with our enquiry, for each of these fictive devices suggests in itself a view of poetry. But these views are not necessarily Henryson's, and it is essential that we return in the end to the sense of Henryson's own creative imagination and its views on poetry.
The two fictive devices I mentioned are, in fact, two narrators: the first is the normal persona of the Fables who is with us, to a greater or lesser extent, throughout the collection; the second is Aesop, the fabulist himself who, appearing to the narrator in a dream when the narrator falls asleep under a tree in an idyllic and very traditional spring setting, tells him the tale of The Lion and the Mouse. I want to begin with Aesop and what he has to say about poetry. When he first speaks he relates poetry to both law and religion. He studied "mony a day" in civil law in Rome, he says, and now his reward is in heaven, while his writings are known to many a wise scholar. The narrator asks him to tell a story, but at first he refuses. What is the use, he says, of telling an invented story when straight preaching now cannot succeed, and he goes on, using the traditional form of the laudator temporis acti, to lament the state of society in the narrator's world:

Now in this world me think right few or none
Till godis word that hes devotioun
The eir is deiff The hait is hard as stane
Now oppin syn without correctioun
The E inclynand to be erd ay doun
Sua rowstt is be world with kanker blak
That my taillis may littill succour mak (71-7)

So poetry—"invented tales" he calls it—to him is a form of moral teaching, pointing out true values for individuals and for political and social systems. But poetry is, it seems, of less value than straight preaching, can only work in a society which is already open to what it is teaching.

There is another, less obvious, way in which Aesop represents his views on poetry. He is persuaded, despite what he has said, to tell to the narrator the tale of The Lion and the Mouse, which he directs against the worldly Lion, the ruler with no care for the state of his kingdom. But the imagery of the poem extends that criticism. In the fable the Lion sleeping under a tree in the fair forest is made to represent kings and other rulers who sleep in the false pleasures of this world. But the narrator too is asleep under a tree in such a setting. In fact, certain details of the moralitas refer not to the description of the Lion's surroundings but to those of the narrator: the moralitas describes the fair forest with its un-ruffled leaves, birds' song and flowers which are so sweet, as representing the world and its prosperity. The fair forest comes from the Lion's world, but the birds' song and the flowers come from the narrator's own world—and one he took obvi-
delight in—at the beginning of the prologue. So the narrator is being criticised, by inference, as one who should be awake to the passing pleasures of this world. Now so far I have referred to the "I" of the poem who reports what Aesop has said as the narrator but I have been tempted throughout to call him the poet. In some senses, I suppose, there is little reason to do so: he is merely a reporter here (though even his description of what happened to him has poetic form) and Aesop makes no mention of the fact that he is talking to a poet, nor does the "I" figure claim this sort of kinship. In this sense one could take the "I" figure as representative of Everyman, I imagine, trusting in the pleasure he sees about him. But the term poet is I think justified. This "I" figure is the same one we know as poet of the other fables of the collection, and that figure had claimed himself to be a poet in the Prologue to the collection—a hamfisted poet he called himself then, a mere translator he said twisting the truth outrageously, but nevertheless acknowledging his role as a maker of polished terms of sweet rhetoric. Now, if this fable is directed by Aesop at the narrator as a poet, what can this mean? For one thing it means that Aesop has an exalted view of the poet's role. He is, or should be, ruler of men as well as of words, who should guide, promote justice with compassion. This implied view is supported by Aesop's command at the end of the poem that the poet persuade monks to pray continuously that treason be exiled from the land, and justice reign, with lords keeping their faith constantly to their king. The poet is to concern himself with such questions which are also of course religious questions for they imply a view of the world in which this world is not paramount but transitory, subject to false fortune, under the judgment of another realm. The poet, too, must be aware of such priorities, must practise them himself for poetry has a religious function. And, according to the structure of this poem, the poet is failing in his duty in a society which is itself desperately failing. The poet is asleep in the fair forest: allegorical, he is deceived by this world's passing pleasures, does not understand their danger, so cannot condemn them in others as he should. Such is Aesop's view of poetry, and it is consistent with the portrait we are given of him. This is not the Aesop of the traditional portraits such as that given in Caxton's translation.

First begynneth the lyf of Esope with alle his fortune/how he was subtyll/wyse/ and born in Grece/not feere fro Troye the graunt in a Towne named Amoneo/whiche was amonge other dyfformed and euylle shapen/For he had a grete hede/large vysage/longe Iowes/sharp
eyen/a short necke/corbe backed/grete bely/grete legges/
and large feet/And yet that whiche was worse he was dombe/
and coude not speke/but not withstondyng al this he had
a grete wytte & was gretely Ingenyous/subtyll in cayyllacions/
And Ioyouse in wordes

By contrast, to the narrator of our poem appears the fairest
man that he has ever seen. He seems to be dressed in academic
robes current in fifteenth-century use with gown, chimere,
hood and bonnet, all of the finest material. He bears the
tools of his trade: he carries a roll of paper, he has a
quill "stickand vndir his eir" (37) and an inkhorn and writing
case at his belt. He has long white hair, is large of stature
"with feirfull face" (41), moves with purposeful decorum. When
the narrator asks who he is he claims to be of gentle blood
and goes on to say how he was born and educated in Rome. Ae­
op's appearance--very much that of a fifteenth-century aca­
demic or churchman--seems to echo his values, with a contempo­
rary relevance he would want to see anyhow, and his poetics.

What, then, of the poet/narrator's attitudes to poetry? If
we are to judge from Aesop's position, the narrator would be
not only failing in his duty as a poet, asleep when he should
be wakening others to correct values, but impervious himself
to the values of the poetry he has already read and written--
amused only by the superficial decorations of sweet rhetoric,
if I can allegorize him into being both asleep and awake at
the same time; in fact, the uncomprehending narrator of liter­
ary tradition, most obviously known from Chaucer. But there
is more to it than this, for Aesop's definition and accusations
take place within a dream vision, as we have seen. If I can
generalize grossly,14 dream vision in later mediaeval litera­
ture can be read in one, or both, of two ways, suggested by
Chauntecleer and Pertelote in Chaucer's Nun's Priest's Tale.
A dream can be a vision, a revelation from God as Chauntecleer
claims his own to be. It can also be the product of some ex­
ternal features of the dreamer's own environment or imagi­
ation: so Pertelote in The Nun's Priest's Tale ascribes Chaun­
teCLEER'S dreams to constipation and prescribes laxatives; so
in The Parliament of Birds the narrator, beginning to tell of
his dream, tells how one dreams of those affairs foremost in
one's imagination--the weary hunter goes to the wood again in
his dreams, the judge dreams of his cases, the carter of his
carts and so on. It is possible, too, for a dream to begin
from a merely personal reason, and become a revelation. What
is the reason for the dream in our poem? It can be seen to
come from personal circumstances. The poet figure we are to
assume, I think, has been at work translating Aesop's fables
from Latin. Those fables confront him with a situation which accuses him, for he is this worldly in devotion. His dream accuses him of this—if we are to use the form of modern psychology, puts to him those things that he has suppressed. And, as is common in dream vision poetry, the relevance of the dream to the poet's situation is made allusively, by inference.

But does the dream progress beyond these personal circumstances to a revelation of the truth? Or, to put the question in terms more directly relevant to this paper, does Henryson's own view of poetry echo that of Aesop, that which challenges the poet/narrator even though he has not lived by it? In one way I do not want to answer that question here—it seems part of a much wider question in relation to the Fables as a whole, or at least to that group of six of which this particular fable is a part. However, there is one matter I want to comment on, a matter which I hope has become obvious as I have discussed the poem. That is Henryson's impressive and satisfying control over a very complex scheme, a scheme he invented himself from a diversity of other, mainly literary, sources. There is a sense of a poet's mastery over his medium and, with it, an allusiveness which seems to place any view the poet may have always at several removes from any view being stated. Are these the characteristics of a poet whose concerns are exclusively, or even predominantly, moral and didactic? Perhaps we find some answer to this in the Aesop portrayed to us, who can also be allusive, as we have seen before. But Aesop does not escape from a personal statement of belief as Henryson, I think, often does. I find his understanding of poetry decidedly ambivalent—with moral interest, indeed, but with a sense of joy in the pleasure of poetic form and texture, and in his own ability to manipulate them, which at the very least begins to blur that moral focus.

The final means I have suggested by which we may discover attitudes to poetry in later fifteenth-century Scotland is to examine the ways in which frame stories relate to tales within the frame. The two poems I have already dealt with have, in some senses at least, frame stories, but here I want to look at two other collections, The Three Priests of Peebles and The Tales of the Five Beasts, from a somewhat different perspective. The Three Priests of Peebles tells the tale of three priests who decide to tell each other tales. One of the matters in the poem which interests me—and it is relevant to our theme—is the way in which, within the tales told by the three priests, characters are seen to react to moral words. For instance, within the first tale the king is seen to agree with the words of criticism directed at him by the three estates, and to act upon those words. Again, in the second tale, Pictus's
moralisation of the incident of the bloodsucking flies, and his reinterpretation of the king's understanding of his own judgment, lead the king to moral belief and right action. Fictus, in fact, provides an example of how the moral poet works, reading a lesson from a story he has learnt, and within this tale the method succeeds. Now all the tales are in fact moral tales and their significance is seen, eventually, to be universal. The first two tales are political tracts, suggesting how a king should behave, but the third is the well-known parallel to Everyman ending with the advice that we should mend our ways, keep ourselves from the seven deadly sins, so we may leave this world in peace and enjoy the bliss of heaven. It is the comment of the frame tale on these moral stories which will provide us with our view on poetry and its function. The setting of the frame story is relevant, as Robin Fulton pointed out briefly in his article on the poem: the three priests on St. Bride's Day, in a private and comfortable place, rejoice, feast and drink—there are three capons on a spit, at least a quart of ale or wine, a clean cloth on the table, a boy to wait on the priests. The passage is full of echoes of—or perhaps one should say parallels to—Henryson: the feasting mice in The Two Mice with grace said and a surfeit of food; the fire to sit by of The Testament of Cresseid. And the passage suggests to me the uncaring folly of the mice in Henryson's fable, from whom the narrator reads the lesson, quoting Philippians iii, 19, "O wanton man accustomed to feed your belly and make of it your god, beware of death." The priests' attitude to poetry is of a piece with their predominant interests. When they have drunk about a quart, Master John suggests they each tell a story, for it will be fitting entertainment for the occasion. Master Archibald agrees, for he needs to tell a tale to keep himself awake he says, for otherwise his foot will fall into the fire. Sir William, disclaiming knowledge or travel, proposes that the others begin. Master Archibald thinks it would be presumptuous for him to do so, for he has travelled only to Rome. Master John agrees to begin, so as not to offend. The scene is scarcely set for moral tales, yet, somewhat to our surprise, moral tales we are given. In this context we might expect to be provided in some detail with the reaction of the priests to each tale, but only the briefest reactions are given. The first two tales are greeted with the comment, "God and Sanct Martyne quyte sow of your tail" (446 and cf. 1006). The moral purpose of these tales is, it seems, oblique to the priests and any moral relevance can be sloughed off on to the king. But the purpose of the third cannot, for death comes to all men and all men will find earthly friends wanting. The central figure of that tale had
thought he had three friends; the poem suggests some sort of relationship between these three friends and the three priests, yet that relationship is not seen by the priests, it seems. And surely the priests' comforts are criticized by the tale itself, teller criticizing himself and his friends. But again the reaction we are shown is non-committal: the other two say to Sir William, "This gude tale, sir, I trow God will you quyte" (1344). All we know is that the tale is, wittingly or unwittingly on the priests' part, in direct contradiction to their situation. So, what then of poetry? It can be useful—at least, it points a moral lesson and one part of the poem shows a reaction to that lesson—but it need not be; its reception must depend to some extent anyhow on the quality of its hearers. Which places the responsibility on us, as audience, to react like kings or priests.

About The Tales of the Five Beasts I want to make one very brief point only, though the poem is of considerable interest and requires extended study. There are here two frames: the world of the animals who tell the tales and moralize them, and the world of the narrator who tells and moralizes the tale of the animals telling tales. It is with the first of these frames that I am concerned. The first four beasts, the horse, the hart, the unicorn and the boar, tell moral tales—some directed at the king (the tales are told in the presence of King Lion), some directed at the worldly. But the wretched wolf, the last of the animals to speak, refuses to tell a tale, and claims rather to tell the truth for the sake of common profit. His plain and unadorned truth turns out to be a lie, those feigned tales to provide a truth which the literal wolf cannot see but which, if he had seen, would have prevented his exile.

It would be possible to draw some sort of conclusions from the above. All the poets discussed here have an interest in the moral purpose of poetry. But all are aware that such a purpose is not easily achieved—it is dependent on the attitudes of its audience, for instance. And there is awareness, too, that there are other values in poetry, particularly perhaps those sophisticated pleasures of parody and sheer artistic skill, which at least divert attention from that moral purpose and may even question its one-dimensional and solemn understanding of human priorities. One must realise, too, that both these responses to poetry—the moral and the pleasurable—are variants, if interestingly alert variants, on very traditional defences of poetry. However, at this stage of enquiry it is all too easy, and too early, to draw conclusions. What I hope to have done is to begin discussion in an area I believe
important, and to illustrate some of the ways in which an in­quiry into this area might proceed.

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NOTES

1 This article is based upon a paper read at the First In­ternational Conference on Scottish Literature, Medieval and Renais­sance, held in Edinburgh in September, 1975. I am very grateful to Mrs. Priscilla Bawcutt for her comments on the first draft.

2 I would compare, for instance, Ranald Nicholson's Scot­land: the later Middle Ages (Edinburgh, 1974), where the polit­ical and economic history of the fifteenth century is dealt with in an admirably thorough, if arguable, manner, while the social and imaginative history is disappointingly skimpy, with the bold attempt to write a wider history in Scottish Society in the Fifteenth Century, ed. Jennifer M. Brown (London, 1977).

3 Cf. John Durkan and Anthony Ross, Early Scottish Li­braries (Glasgow, 1961).

4 Cf., for instance, John MacQueen, Robert Henryson (Ox­ford, 1967).

5 "'To preue thare preching be a poesye': some thoughts on Henryson's poetics," Parergon, 8 (April, 1974), 24-36.

6 Ed. David Laing, rev. W. Carew Hazlitt, Early Popular Poetry of Scotland and the Northern Border, (London, 1895), I, 179-211. In quotation I have expanded superscript "t" and at line 22 read "sali" for "fall" and "furthschaw" for "surth­schaw."

7 Consolation of Philosophy, Bk. II, m. viii.


I refer to the group of six fables placed together in Bannatyne. The order of the fables seems to me as yet open to discussion.


Henry James and Sir Walter Scott: A “Virtuous Attachment”? 

In a 1967 article on Henry James's *The Ambassadors*, L. Moffitt Cecil called attention to an interesting phrase, "virtuous attachment," which little Bilham used to describe the relationship between Chad Newsome and Madame de Vionnet.¹ As Cecil interprets the novel, the phrase is James's key to the revelation that all codified morality is ultimately inadequate. Strether becomes knowledgeable and wise in direct proportion to the degree to which he sees beyond and outgrows the prejudices of Woollett and the limitations of Paris. The phrase, however, may have even greater significance in the novel as well as unexpected importance to the study of James in the light of its possible origin in an essay by Sir Walter Scott.

In *The Ambassadors*, begun in 1900 and published in 1903, the phrase first occurs in the fourth book when Lambert Strether and little Bilham discuss their mutual friend, Chad Newsome. Strether is a newcomer to Paris and has been sent there by Chad's mother to rescue her son from a woman who is ostensibly keeping him from returning to the family, the family's business, and the family's strait moral code in Woollett, Mass. Little Bilham is an expatriate American who has found himself in Paris and intends never to return home. He answers Strether's questions about Chad, but more obscurely than Strether at first realizes. He says less and more than is immediately apparent.
When Strether asks if there is some woman who is doing with Chad what she likes, Bilham acknowledges that there is a woman, but adds that Chad is not happy and "wants to be free. He isn't used, you see...to being so good." When Strether asks, "Why isn't he free if he's good?", Bilham answers, "Because it's a virtuous attachment."2

It is a strikingly pregnant phrase, all of whose possible denotations and connotations—and their combinations—ultimately appear in the novel, and it is richly ironic. Not until the end of the novel does Strether realize that he has been told a technical lie,3 but by that time he has come to understand and accept the larger meaning and larger truth of the phrase. No longer, then, does he persist in his assignment to save a younger man from the designs of a supposedly mercenary and selfish older woman. Now he sees that Madame de Vionnet is much the finer person of the two, is being used by Chad, is aware of it but is helpless to prevent herself from being abandoned. Chad does not love her; there is only an "attachment." Chad does not love anybody, his family included; the young man is as yet incapable of giving love. In the continued attachment of the two, however, Strether sees a union of benefit to both. Madame de Vionnet does love Chad and, if not "good," she is at least good for him. For the sake of the virtue that will accrue to both from their attachment, Strether at the end takes the side of Madame de Vionnet and urges Chad to stay with her so that she can do more for him.4

The possible origin of the key phrase, "virtuous attachment," may be found in an 1815 review by Sir Walter Scott of Jane Austen's *Emma*. The review is favorable to *Emma* but also perceptively notes that it is indicative of a change in novelistic direction away from the sentimental and romantic towards the realistic, the accurate rendition of familiar experience. Scott, of course, was himself a romantic and the phrase in question occurs in a context of nostalgia for the rapidly fading belief in true love at first sight.

One word, however, we must say in behalf of that once powerful divinity, Cupid, king of gods and men, who in these times of revolution, has been assailed, even in his own kingdom of romance, by the authors who were formerly his devoted priests. We are quite aware that there are few instances of first attachment being brought to a happy conclusion, and that it seldom can be so in a state of society so highly advanced as to render early marriages among the better class, acts, generally speaking, of imprudence. But the youth of this realm need not at present be taught the doctrine of selfishness. It is by no means
their error to give the world or the good things of the world all for love; and before the authors of moral fiction couple Cupid indivisibly with calculating prudence, we would have them reflect, that they may sometimes lend their aid to substitute more mean, more sordid, and more selfish motives of conduct, for the romantic feelings which their predecessors perhaps fanned into too powerful a flame. Who is it, that in his youth has felt a virtuous attachment, however romantic or however unfortunate, but can trace back to its influence much that his character may possess of what is honourable, dignified, and disinterested?5

In addition to the phrase, "virtuous attachment," Scott's passage contains other salient features which, taken together, constitute a remarkable anticipation of *The Ambassadors*. Both texts describe upper class youths who are selfish and calculating. Both texts portray situations in which those youths find themselves romantically attached for the first time. Both texts contrast the young men to older men who see a virtue in those first attachments that the youths themselves do not; in both texts the older men at least think it possible, if not probable, that under certain conditions those attachments might be brought to a happy conclusion. And in both texts love is regarded as a good which brings happiness, though it takes away freedom. This latter point, moreover, is one which both Scott and James intimate is something that experience teaches; for this reason a selfish and calculating youth may bar himself from ever benefitting from it; for this reason the older men who wish the youths well counsel them not to be precipitous in terminating their virtuous attachments. Finally, Scott's comments are specially directed towards "authors of moral fiction," and if James in *The Ambassadors* follows Scott in the other details, he answers to him in this one, too.

These parallels between the Scott essay and *The Ambassadors* are, I believe, too numerous and too significant to be merely coincidental. Scott was a novelist with whose works James was very familiar. His first critical essay, in fact, was a defense of Scott against a critic who had, in James's opinion, underestimated him. It is interesting to note in that essay, written in 1864, a number of characteristics and attitudes which are classically Jamesian: the talent of making fine and subtle distinctions, the intense concentration upon aesthetic considerations in the evaluation of a novelist's art, and the belief that a novel be directed to the end of enabling readers not simply to sit in judgment upon actors in a moral drama but to understand lifelike characters. Although he never again
wrote a sustained evaluation of Scott, throughout his life he did praise him superlatively and he repeatedly classified Scott as one of the greatest novelists. As late as 1908 he included Scott in a list of "fine painters of life" along with Shakespeare, Cervantes, Balzac, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, George Meredith, George Eliot, and Jane Austen. Considering that James is not only a great novelist himself but also, by any standard, one of the foremost students of the novel, his lifelong admiration of Scott should not be dismissed lightly. Perhaps a better appreciation of what James saw in Scott can lead to a better understanding of James.

Certainly, in the great tradition of the novel, James was first of all interested in verisimilitude of character, the ability to portray a fictional figure so persuasively as to induce the reader to believe in his reality. This overriding consideration is present even in James's essay on Scott, in which he criticized the novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett for being too didactic, and their authors for being "emphatically preachers and moralists." All three, he charged, aimed "to instruct and to edify." He contrasted Scott's Waverley to their novels and praised it for undertaking "to prove nothing but facts," for being "the novel irresponsible." If at first, James, unlike Scott, seemed to exclude morality as a central interest of the novel, he soon clarified his purpose by distinguishing the author's obtrusive imposition of morality for didactic purposes from the novelist's focus upon morality as a means of disclosing the emotions, intelligence, and moral consciousness of his characters. James thus came to regard morality as a means of adding depth to important experiences, such as passion and love, and of enabling an artist to create portraits lifelike in fine character as well as in appearance. Consequently, in an 1877 essay on George Sand, James relinquished his early purely aesthetic position that a novel should only please and not also instruct.

The point is made delicately, in two stages. In the first, he arrives at an appreciation of the lengths to which verisimilitude can be carried.

The reproach brought against her by her critics is that she has for the most part portrayed vicious love, not virtuous love. By the reply to this, from her own side, would be that she has at all events portrayed something which those who disparage her activity have not portrayed. She may claim that although she has the criticism against her, the writers of her own class who represent virtuous love have not pushed her out of the field. She has the advantage that she has portrayed a passion, and those of
the other group have the disadvantage that they have not. In English literature, which I suppose is more especially the region of virtuous love, we do not "go into" the matter, as the phrase is (I speak of course of English prose). We have agreed among our own confines that there is a certain point at which all elucidation of it should stop short; that among the things which it is possible to say about it, the greater number had on the whole better not be said. It would be easy to make an ironical statement of the English attitude, and it would be, if not easy, at least very possible, to make a sound defense of it. The thing with us, however, is not a matter of theory; it is above all a matter of practice, and the practice has been that of the leading English novelists. Miss Austen and Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, Hawthorne and George Eliot have all represented young people in love with each other; but no one of them has, to the best of my recollection, described anything that can be called a passion—put it into motion before us, and shown us its various paces. To say this is to say at the same time that these writers have spared us much that we consider disagreeable, and that George Sand has not spared us; but it is to say furthermore that few persons would resort to English prose fiction for any information concerning the ardent forces of the heart—for any ideas upon them. It is George Sand's merit that she has given us ideas upon them—that she has enlarged the novel-reader's conception of them, and proved herself in all that relates to them an authority. This is a great deal. From this standpoint Miss Austen, Walter Scott, and Dickens will appear to have omitted the erotic sentiment altogether, and George Eliot will seem to have treated it with singular austerity.  

To give the reader "ideas" about the "ardent forces of the heart" is clearly an idea that James is interested in—because he understands this idea as an added dimension to the novelist's objective of creating lifelike renditions of human beings. In his admiration of George Sand's accomplishment of portraying a passion, James arrives at a highwater mark in his predilection for "the novel irresponsible," for novels which undertake "to prove nothing but facts." But having come this far, he has now apparently separated himself from the English novelists he most admires, including Sir Walter Scott, for the purely factual and "irresponsible" theory of novel writing has led directly to George Sand and her portrayal of passion, whereas Scott explicitly described novels as a species of moral fiction and defended the importance of a "virtuous attachment" in
the representation of a character. Also, in any case, the practice of James's favorite English novelists had been to remain within the region of virtuous love.

At this point, James faced a dilemma. He had held inconsistent ideas about Scott, and the novel. Either his original praise of Scott's factualness and "irresponsibility" had been incorrect or his admiration of Scott and other great English novelists was importantly misplaced. Unless he wished to persist in an inconsistency, James now had to decide which of the two directions led to the greatest future for the novel; pure realism, a faithful copying of nature, or an adherence to a moral tradition in the depiction of human life. James made his choice in the second stage of the essay, which begins in its next paragraph. Significantly, it opens with a recognition of one of George Sand's deficiencies:

The distinction between virtuous and vicious love is not particularly insisted upon by George Sand. In her view love is always love, and is always of divine essence and of ennobling effect. The largest life possible is to hold one's self open to an unlimited experience of it. 9

From here he moves to another charge:

The author illuminates and glorifies the divine passion, but she does something which may be best expressed by saying that she cheapens it. She handles it too much; she lets it too little alone. Above all she is too positive, too explicit, too business-like; she takes too technical a view of it. 10

Charge follows charge throughout the rest of the essay: she lacks discrimination "between what is agreeable and possible to people of delicacy"; she lacks moral taste; she mistakes the psychology-and-physiology-of love-making for the inner relations of the sexes. 11 The ironic conclusion of this string of charges is that, in failing to distinguish between virtuous and vicious love, George Sand failed to achieve realism.

In saying that George Sand lacks truth the critic more particularly means that she lacks exactitude—lacks the method of truth. Of a certain general truthfulness she is full to overflowing; we feel that to her mind nothing human is alien. I should say of her not that she knew human nature, but that she felt it. At all events she loved it and enjoyed it. She was contemplative; but she was not, in the deepest sense, observant. She was a very
high order of sentimentalist, but she was not a moralist. She perceived a thousand things, but she rarely in strictness judged; so that although her books have a great deal of wisdom, they have not what is called weight.\textsuperscript{12}

It must be noted, in this passage, that James has clearly and definitively rejected the goal of "undertaking to prove nothing but facts" and the notion of "the novel irresponsible." It must also be noted that James has at last ranged himself on the side of the moralists. How strongly he feels about his new position is made clear in the essay's concluding lines, in which he maintains that she is not an idealist, but only an optimist.

An optimist "lined," as the French say, with a romancer, is not the making of a moralist. George Sand's optimism, her idealism, are very beautiful, and the source of that impression of largeness, luminosity, and liberality which makes upon us. But I suspect that something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose color seem an act of violence.\textsuperscript{13}

James does not deny George Sand an ability to transform intense emotions into impressive artistic achievements, but he finds that her inability to perceive moral distinctions in the persons and acts of her characters ultimately renders these achievements over-simplifications or technical accomplishments.

With this insight, James moved closer to Scott rather than away from him, for he had found it possible to defend "the English attitude" of favoring virtuous love on the ground that it kept open the way to a deeper verisimilitude of character. An important clue to the reason for this is in the relationship between his claim that George Sand did not know human nature and his lifelong preference for Sir Walter Scott and other leading English novelists, because they did. What is at the center of the issue is the position that man is a moral being, that the moralists are closer to the truth than the descriptive realists in their recognition of this fact, and that literature cannot do justice to human life unless it regards the actions of human beings as consequences of their moral consciousness. In accepting this position, James at last brought himself into profound accord with the novelists he most deeply admired and was able to reconcile his aesthetic convictions about the craft of being a novelist with his newly realized values regarding the moral obligations of being a novelist.\textsuperscript{14}

Once he had come to understand that the novel was a species of
moral fiction because man was a moral being and that it was alike "wrong," artistically false and intellectually dishonest, to either add moral color to or withhold it from a subject whose precise moral color was exactly the fact the artist had to capture, he had discovered the way once and for all to marry his intellectual insistence that a novelist be a perceptive and accurate observer of human nature with the moral view he had now come to terms with, that it was a virtue not to violate the human heart. In that same review essay of *Emma*, Scott had prepared the way for James when he had praised *Emma*, in so many ways different from his own kind of writing, for having "a knowledge of the human heart, with the power and resolution to bring that knowledge to the service of honour and virtue."\(^{15}\) It is therefore significant in *The Ambassadors* that Strether not only sets out to persuade Chad to be virtuous and honorable, but actually, at the end, does in fact so counsel him. Strether's divergence from the standards of Woollett, his increased appreciation of the "virtuous attachment," and his increased knowledge of the human heart should not deflect us from the realization that all of this only deepened, and did not otherwise change, his own personal dedication and service to "honour and virtue."

It is now possible to see added significance in the phrase "virtuous attachment." At the very least, the phrase in the novel may have originated in the review by Scott. If so, it surely remained with James as the germ of an idea which continued to grow in his mind. Certainly, by the time he began to write his own novels he depicted moral attachments in his characters and moral dimensions in the issues they struggled with. The phrase also suggests that Scott and James shared a parallel concern within the context of the history of the English novel—how a novel (and a novelist) could at the same time be faithful to life and yet be moral. Ultimately, as suggested by his discussion of George Sand, it appears that James occupied a middle ground between the traditional "English attitude," the openly moralistic position taken by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, and the glorification of love he found in George Sand. By inclining Strether, however, "to the service of honour and virtue," he may have acknowledged a deeper debt to Sir Walter Scott than has been commonly realized. Is it possible that in Henry James's first attachment, to Sir Walter Scott, there was a "virtuous attachment"?

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NOTES


3 Ambassadors, p. 330.

4 Ambassadors, p. 337.


7 Henry James, "Fiction and Sir Walter Scott," Notes and Reviews by Henry James, ed. Pierre de Chaignon la Rose (Freeport, N.Y., 1968), pp. 10-11. The essay was first entitled "Review of Essays on Fiction" and was published in the October 1864 issue of The North American Review. Cornelia Pulsifer Kelley, in The Early Development of Henry James, rev. ed. (Urbana, 1965), pp. 27-28, recognizes a potential contradiction in the essay. On the one hand, she notes, James clearly praises Scott for his pre-eminent ability to please and amuse the reader. On the other, she finds that the essay has "hints" and "suggestions" of what was to become the "key-note of James's reviews"--the position that "the novelist must instruct and instruct truly." After this essay, she observes, James immediately began to modify his thought in the direction of the more characteristic position.

8 Henry James, "George Sand," The Galaxy, 24 (July 1977), 54-55. The essay also appears, in revised form, in James's French Poets and Novelists (London, 1878). It is significant to note in this essay the association of the names of Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen. The association recurs frequently in James's criticism, usually when James lists major English novelists, and it should be kept in mind that the phrase, "virtuous attachment," first occurs in Scott's review of Emma.

"George Sand," p. 56.


"George Sand," p. 61.

"George Sand," p. 61.

A statement to this effect occurs two years later, in 1879, in the concluding paragraph of James's *Hawthorne*.

He [Hawthorne] was not a moralist, and he was not simply a poet. The moralists are weightier, denser, richer, in a sense; the poets are more purely inconclusive and irresponsible. He combined in a singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for moral problems. Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added, out of its own substance, an interest, and, I may almost say, an importance.


Scott, p. 189.
Robert Burns's Danish Translator:  
Jeppe Aakjaer (1866–1930)

Jeppe Aakjær was one of a group of original writers from Jutland whose talents were directed to painting the depressed lives of peasants in their native countryside, as they laboured in village and field. He was born into an unsophisticated world, remote from other parts of Europe and severely limited in vision. There the Jutland labouring class represented what amounted to a race apart, apathetic, further separated from the rest of Danish society by seemingly insurmountable class differences, without prospect of change and lacking in interests that might enable them to enjoy what scant leisure might come their way after the day's work was done. Fictional accounts give even the farm animals superiority over the men of these isolated areas and other members of the same literary group, e.g., Johannes V. Jensen, Jakob Knudsen and Johan Skjoldborg, each in his distinct way, ranging from the brutal to the imaginative and fantastic, bring this hopeless existence alive with glaring intensity. The one common factor linking them all was their concentration on their Jutland background; for a parallel one may look to Gorki or, more appropriately in this context, to Lewis Grassic Gibbon, though the latter's Mearns is cheerful in comparison with Vestjylland.

The hamlet of Aakjær (lit. "river-marsh") from which the author took his surname lay in one of the poorest parts of a
Rob. Quins.

Das war zu Königs-

[Auftragen des Drucks]
There was a lad, was born in Kyle
but to affirm with wax and seal
but day and date, if right, if wrong
what day, what indeed, do not bestir yourself
was value [?] worth a button [?] [lit. with the back of your nail]
and use your wax and seal for other things
when the talk is of Robin
than to have such trouble for
grows up
For Robin was an active lad

O mighty active, strong and active,
grows up
Robin was an active lad,
mighty
a strong and active Robin

[This was further developed in the final version, "Burns om sig selv," Stanza 1 of which appears in the Collected Poems with lines 2-4 altered to:

Don't worry about day and date
Save your ink, your seal and wax
About Robin's baptismal certificate.]
poor country and he himself was brought up under primitive con-
ditions as one of a family of eight born to the plough on his
father's small holding 10 km south of Skive, a sparsely-popu-
lated environment. This harsh upbringing he held in common
with Robert Burns and, like Burns also, he stood out from his
fellows because of his natural intelligence. He was attracted
to folklore and poetry, became a keen reader of history, and
while still in his teens arrived at the conclusion that cer-
tain other areas of Northern Europe, particularly Lowland Scot-
land, shared many of the lamentable characteristics of the
stricken land which, as a real son of the soil, Aakjær knew in-
timately from his earliest days.

His biographers describe his young awakenings, education
and early success as a poet and writer of fiction, biography
and criticism. Born Jeppe Jensen on 10th September, 1866, he
was fortunate in his first teacher, Niels Jakobsen of Fly par-
ish, Viborg county, who perceived his potentialities and helped
him to gain the attention of local worthies. Their financial
aid gave him the opportunity to escape from the deadly pattern
which absorbed his less-talented fellows. The boy attended
Staby High School and then Blågård Seminarium (Seminary), a
teacher-training college in Copenhagen. He passed the Prelim-
inary examsen in 1886 but did not complete the course. After
working as a pupil-teacher in Jutland he returned to Copen-
hagen and passed his Studentereksamen (Baccalaureate) in 1895.
Although the capital was not to his liking he found nourish-
ment there for his growing political radicalism, at that time
an unpopular ideology. He gained a reputation for rebellious-
ness and as early as 1887 earned a short sentence of detention
for making fiery speeches denouncing the authorities—an inci-
dent which recalls Burns's public rebuke of 1786.

Aakjær continued to be a university student of history until
1897, when financial pressures forced him to give up his for-
mal candidature. In the meantime, he had found his future
wife, Marie Bregendahl (1867-1940), a Jutland crofter's daugh-
ter who became as well-known a novelist as Aakjær himself.
After his marriage in 1893 he worked at various jobs ranging
from proof-reading to teaching while his wife kept a pension.
The couple was always short of ready cash and he was glad to
pick up small fees from correspondence with provincial news-
papers, notably the Vestjyllands Socialdemokrat: it was in
these journals that several of his versions of Robert Burns's
poems and songs first appeared. After 1897 he devoted himself
entirely to writing, mainly poetry and biographical novels de-
scribing his youth in Jutland—Bondens Søn (Son of the Soil)
of 1897 was a success and reinforced his already-growing repu-
tation made as a lyrical poet, marking a new realistic awaken-
Robert Burns's Danish Translator Jeppe Aakjær

ing in Danish poetry which had previously been heavily influenced by French classical styles. His marriage broke down and was dissolved in 1900. Seven years later he remarried. His second wife was an artist, Nanna Krog, who survived him and died in 1962.

Aakjær's output was prolific and by the time of his remarriage he had achieved fame in Denmark not only as a novelist and poet but also as a biographer, essayist and editor of anthologies. His best-known collection of poems, *Ruggens Sange* (Songs of the Rye) which appeared in 1906, sold 56,000 copies. *Livstragedie*, (1903-4), a 3-volume biographical study of the author Steen Steensen Blicher, was followed by a series of socio-realistic novels published between 1904 and 1927 depicting the spiritless destiny of Jutland peasants as he remembered it from the days of his own youth, latterly a vanished type of existence. The first and the last of these works, *Vredens Børn* (Children of Wrath) of 1904 and *Under Aftenstjernen* (Beneath the Evening Star) of 1927 are considered to be his best. His *Collected Poems*, which appeared posthumously, run to three large volumes. Aakjær's prose still awaits translation into English and his name is unknown outside Denmark, where, apart from two long vacations spent in Scotland, he spent almost all his time. He travelled a great deal within his own country giving lectures on literature and history, including many talks on Burns and Scotland. In 1907 he himself built a farmhouse on the east coast of Salling by the Limfjord which he named "Jenle" (Hermitage); there he lived and worked, indoors and out, for well over twenty years and his summer literary gatherings became famous. It was in the garden of "Jenle" that he died, of a heart attack, on 22nd April, 1930. Both he and his wife lie buried on the property and the house itself, now occupied by Aakjær's daughter, remains as he left it, with his workroom and study intact and open during the summer months to the interested public. The library contains many Scottish items, including a copy of the 1787 Edinburgh edition of Burns's poems, presented to Aakjær in 1928, but the edition which he used for his translations is not in the "Jenle" collection and must be presumed lost following the domestic upheaval which preceded the break-up of his first marriage.

To explain Aakjær's value as a translator is undoubtedly easier if the reader has some knowledge of Danish, a language spoken as a native language by fewer than three million people in his time, and not widely understood in the world beyond Scandinavia, including the international academic world. The main interest for students of Burns will presumably be in the influence which he exercised on a Danish writer working more than a century after his death. Nevertheless, to estimate the
nature and value of Aakjær's versions, which aimed to carry over both the spirit and the letter of Burns's verses and to be poems themselves in their own right, some linguistic and philosophical comment is unavoidable, but the fact that Aakjær and others have discovered affinities between Scots and Danish should make such comparisons (brought in to enlighten rather than to embellish) less opaque to a non-reader of Danish. Translations of Danish ballads into Scots, e.g., by Sir Alexander Gray, and recent scholarly contributions on the subject of the medival associations of Danish and Scots is evidence of a continued interest in this area of comparative literature.

Before he was twenty, Aakjær had got to know Burns's poems. The effect of this initial encounter was galvanic. Many years later, he recounted the incident, which took place on a Sunday morning in May, 1886, when Aakjær was seated on a plough near his father's croft. While the distant church bells pealed their summons he was immersed in Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship* in a Danish translation and came across the essay on Burns (which at that time was highly regarded in literary circles). Having set the scene for his "live" audience, Aakjær went on to describe his emotions as he recollected them, so to speak, "in tranquillity."

The sublimity and force of the book together with the peace and beauty of the scenery came to me with the suddenness and ecstasy of a revelation. I felt the deep quiver that seizes the astronomer when he suddenly discovers a star of the first order, and I made the promise to myself that I would not rest until I had gathered the treasures that had been put into my view. And now there came years of intense study and the work of learning a foreign language—nay, even a foreign dialect, and foreign languages never have been easy for me to learn—but in ten years of my life Burns was the personage who mostly engaged my thoughts. His poetry fascinated me, his fortune moved me by its simplicity and tragedy—I thirsted to visit the country that had produced the poet who, more than any other, had stirred the flame of poetry in my heart."

This flashback is cast in what might be considered an excessively sentimental style, suggesting the prose of some of Burns's more impassioned letters, but in Danish it is less open to accusation of overdone rhetoric and conveys naturally and accurately the exaltation felt by a partly self-taught farmer's boy. But, whatever its received effect, there is no doubting the enthusiasm with which Aakjær worshipped his new-found deity.
He managed to teach himself, first English grammar, then enough of Lowland Scots to enable him to render Burns into Danish. He thought that he could detect a particular affinity between the Scots vernacular as adapted by Burns (skotsk) and the Jutlandic dialect of Danish (jysk) and like his older native contemporary Steen Blicher, (who translated James Macpherson's Ossian) Aakjær saw the inhabitants of West Jutland as being descendants from an original Folk of pure stock who possessed an original language. Indeed, the dialect with which Aakjær grew up seemed sufficiently unlike educated Danish to make such a romantic view plausible to him. Blicher's geographical investigations informed Aakjær that topographical and cultural similarities, combined with economic decline, had produced parallel results in both skotsk and jysk. The Scots dialect or "Doric," especially in one of its several literary forms, was disparaged by many Edinburgh writers and speakers who sought their models of "polite" English in London, just as jysk was scorned by the sophisticated litterati of Copenhagen whose spiritual home was to be discovered in Berlin.

Aakjær himself took a long time to master his own dialect inheritance, and his initial handling of it is clumsy. His mentor and friend, the Danish folklorist Evald Tang Kristensen, whom he assisted in the 1880s by submitting versions of West Jutland legends, criticised Aakjær's earlier attempts at writing dialect prose for being so stilted and pedantic as to be far removed from the realities of contemporary speech. In 1923 Aakjær published his original collection of stories under the title Po fir glowend Pål, (On four glowing Pillars), but with the dialect thoroughly revised and greatly improved, even to Tang Kristensen's satisfaction. Aakjær's selective use of jysk in serious writing made him a pioneer in Danish literature, though his Scots counterpart is not Burns but Allan Ramsay, whose poems Aakjær came to know in course of time. Many biographical accounts of Aakjær's work give the impression that he translated Burns into the Jutland dialect, but in fact only one song, "Auld Lang Syne," the Dane's last published attempt to recreate Burns's Scots, is rendered closely into jysk. All the others are rendered into standard Danish with an occasional dialect word, phrase or idiom interposed where the exact sense requires it, together with a handful of archaic or old-fashioned terms still current in Denmark around the turn of the century. Aakjær employed these when he wished to grasp Scots rustic terms for which no adequate equivalent could be found in the contemporary Danish lexicons. As a local patriot, Aakjær felt that jysk was as worthy of attention as any other minor language or diminishing dialect and opposed pressures from modern industrial society to obliterate traditional
culture characteristics. He was especially hostile to any tendency to reduce *jysk* speakers to what he thought was the dead linguistic level of the rest of the country, namely, the standard Danish rooted in the dialects of eastern Sjælland (Zeeland). In all his writings Aakjær laboured to find the word or expression not worn smooth by too much previous handling and it is this that imparts to his work a marked stamp of originality.

Aakjær's first attempts to turn Burns into Danish were printed in 1897, his last in 1922. The *Collected Poems* contains 21 such renderings, ranging from close translation to versions which "take off" into paraphrase; Aakjær was drawn to Burns's songs by hearing the airs played by local fiddlers, but the Burns who first attracted him was the radical young poet of the 1780's whose recalcitrant attitudes he shared and, on a more intimate level, the downtrodden figure depicted at the beginning of Carlyle's essay which was founded upon Burns's own account of himself as a man who knew that "he must live and die poor." However, most of the versions are taken from songs. The *Collected Poems* provides dates of composition and place of initial publication, commencing with "I det Fjærne" (Over the Seas and Far Away) in 1897. With the exception of "Skuld gammel venskab rejn forgo" (Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot) all those published were made by 1902, four years before he actually set foot in Scotland. Near the end of his life Aakjær noted in his *Recollections* how he had started translating from Burns in the late 1890s:

Between 1898-99 I translated fully half a hundred pieces; at that time I read mostly lyric poems, especially social lyrics which were so lacking in our own literature but of these "half a hundred" all that remain are the 21 printed in the *Collected Poems*, the separate version of "Auld Lang Syne" and a fragment of "Tam O'Shanter," discovered by the present writer among Aakjær's notes in his study at "Jenle."

Aakjær's three-month trip to Scotland, financed by an unexpected legacy, took him to Lochlea, the farm where Burns lived from 1777-84, and to the Scots poet's birthplace, Alloway, two miles from Ayr, as well as to Edinburgh and its environs. In his *Recollections* he explained why he had decided to make the journey.

I really went to Scotland principally on account of Robert Burns, and I wasn't disappointed. I found in Scotland a good deal of the old Jutland in great measure.
Of all European countries none has ever interested me as much. If Jutland were raised to God's Heaven, it would look as it does there and his account of this visit has been several times reprinted. Some of Aakjær's hints to future travellers are very lively, recalling the pungent wit of the Reverend Sidney Smith. Contrasting the Scottish Sabbath with the rest of the week, he wrote:

Do not go to Scotland on a Sunday. On that day, it is apparently a joy to every orthodox Scotsman to see you hungering and enduring all the pains of thirst for the sake of your sinfulness... but on a weekday... you will find a stirring mood whose equal you must seek in southern Europe, nay, as far away as in Naples.

and he observed local manners as closely as any 18th-century traveller north of the Border had done. The Dane's sympathies were much engaged with the neglected and harassed Burns of the early days, before the publication of the second (Edinburgh) edition, and above all with the manner in which, although a great poet, he had been allowed to die poor, honoured belatedly in stone. His reaction to Burns's birthplace and to the "shrine" much frequented by worshippers of the long-dead Bard, was one of grave disappointment, for he could not help but compare the conditions under which Burns had lived and died with the extravagance of later purchasers of relics.

Aakjær's deep-rooted sense of injustice, akin to Burns's own, was continually stirred by inequities such as these and by the miserable lot of poets like Fergusson, to whose memory Burns himself had a memorial erected. Three poems which Aakjær wrote in Scotland, "Robert Burns," "Lochlea," and "Burns's Birthplace" all contain a strong note of indignation originating in the Dane's recent pilgrimage, and he blames "Scotland's lairds" for condemning a Heaven-sent genius to thresh the barley and the people as a whole for letting their national poet die "as a poor customs man" heartbroken and alone. Only after he was dead did they commemorate his genius in stone, as is always the lot of the martyr. The sentiments are hardly novel, but Aakjær was not just striking an attitude and these verses record his contempt for the commercial exploitation of Burns's memory.

More illuminating is his reference to Alloway as the birthplace of Burns's inspiration to make song. Alloway, he said, was the source of the authentic sound of folk-music:
Here sprang Folkesangen klinger
frem af Skotlands Grund og Stene,
munter som Forellen springer
under Flodens Askegrene.

Here arose the folksong, ringing
Forth from Scotland's earth and rock,
Leaping joyous as the trout
Under the river's ashen branches

and he was fascinated because more than any other Danish poet Aakjær drew upon the national folk tradition, which was especially powerful in Jutland and stretches back to the late Middle Ages. Aakjær's folklorist friend Tang Kristensen discovered over five hundred folk-singers in Jutland and over a period of fifty years from 1870-1920 wrote down their songs. Moreover, the language of the most important ballad manuscript of the Danish Middle Ages, Karen Brahe's 1570 Folio, is Jutlandic. Aakjær always felt himself to be a part of this ancient heritage and later stated that he as a folklorist preferred to revive older styles rather than try to create anything novel, since he believed that this was what people really wanted. He compared his own methods with those of Burns and his countrymen Blicher and Drachmann and the Norwegian poet Bjørnson, who employed the forms of the Danish folkeviser or folksongs. These are often called "ballads" by literary historians though properly speaking the ballad is a mediæval genre and only one of numerous types of folksong.

The Danish folkeviser favoured repetition of theme or regular repetition of a refrain. Another characteristic typical of the vise is a regular return to a proper name, usually that of the personage at the centre of attention or to whom the song is addressed, but--and here is the significant point--although this form is well-known in Danish tradition Aakjær's immediate model is Burns, as he reveals in an early diary of the 1890's. "Thanks to Robert Burns, I am finding the authentic Jutland note" he wrote, adding that he spent ten years in developing a poetic consciousness. Burns provided Aakjær with the example he needed of plain style and musical form, which Burns himself discovered in the traditional Scots song, itself largely of 17th-century origin (at least in the form in which Burns and his predecessors knew it). Aakjær's pilgrimage to Ayrshire was made several years after his versions of Burns had been composed--and it would be easy to assume that the Dane had been lured by a surfeit of romantic enthusiasm in later years to exaggerate the extent of his lyrical debt to the Scot were it not for the numerous statements in unpublished notes and
Robert Burns's Danish Translator, Jeppe Aakjær

Robert Burns's Danish Translator, Jeppe Aakjær

Robert Burns's Danish Translators.

Aakjær's diaries dating from his earliest days as a poet. Burns was from the beginning of Aakjær's career as a writer his greatest idol and he planned to write a biography of the Scot as he had done of Blicher.

Of the versions which were published, the most ambitious is that of "The Jolly Beggars," done into 337 lines of Danish. Like its original, it is experimental, though Aakjær's use of tatere (gipsies)—in Denmark also a much-despised race of folk who were ready to take on jobs which nobody else would touch, such as the flaying of horses—is not a particularly happy equivalent of Burns's beggars in this context. Otherwise, Aakjær's version comes through as a spirited and quite varied presentation of a picturesque scene of which he had no direct experience—though some of its power must have touched his visual imagination by way of illustrations made to accompany the poem. As an interpreter of the old Scots comic tradition inherited by Burns through Ramsay and Fergusson from the anonymous poets of "Christ's Kirk on the Green" and "Pebris, to the Play" Aakjær stands up remarkably well, mainly because of his facility in finding onomatopoetic correspondences which make part of De Lustige Tøggere sound to the Scots-speaker not unlike the recited verses of "Christ's Kirk" and "Pebris." However, Aakjær's model here was almost certainly to be found nearer home, possibly in the verse of the late 18th-century Norwegian writer, Johan Wessel, and not in the mock archer-contest of mediæval Scots, which Aakjær did not know.

Men Drengen Amor slap en Pil
en "Dame" mærked Svien
Og søgte hos vor Spil'mand Hvil
i Lø af Hønsestien
Men hendes Husband dansed Ril
og tørned rundt som Bien
naar den er vred,--dog snart i Smil
han skifted Melodien
og lo den Nat

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie—
The fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the Chicken cavie;
Her lord, a wight o Homer's craft,
Tho' limpan wi'the Spavie,
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft,
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
0' boot that night
is standard Danish and catches the rollicking spirit, if not the exact literal meaning, of the stanza though "a wight o' Homer's craft" which is a reference to the tradition that Homer was a ballad-singer, is lost in the Danish which simply refers to "her husband" dancing a reel.

Aakjær's versions vary a great deal in technique and result. Some are word-for-word translations into standard Danish ("Findlay," "Nancy"); others emerge as stirring renderings of both the language and the character of their originals Trods alt det (A Man's a Man for A' That); Født til Graad is an accurate version of "Man Was Made To Mourn," while Skjøn Nelly (On a Bank of Flowers, in a Summer Day) is a severely literal exercise into standard Danish and is as unremarkable as the 18th-century English stereotype from which Burns derived it. I det Fjære conveys only the beginning and concluding spirit of Burns's Over the Seas and Far Away and Var Skylden min? is a compressed version of Had I the wyte? But Helvig Wolles Bøn seizes the irony of Holy Willie's Prayer and follows its development in detail. Aakjær especially hated the gloom-ridden pietistic movement within the Danish State Church known as the "Inner Mission." These were religious recluses who meditated on sin (either their own or their neighbour's). Aakjær attacked them in pamphlets and speeches about 1898, labelling them anti-social and enemies of progressive Danes, who ought to be permitted to see their past and present as it really was and thereby free themselves from enslaving traditions. Helvig Wolles Bøn, translated in that same year, speaks as if for Burns and, by the same token, for Aakjær himself, against the hypocrisy of the "unco guid" both in Scotland and in Denmark.

Comin Thro' the Rye, translated as Jenny i Rugen, is an approximation, but one which holds as much as Aakjær can inject into it of the precise quality of the original, for example, the "boy" from the "girl" body:

\[
\text{Hvis nu Gutten mødte Glutten} \\
\text{gaaende i Rug} \\
\text{skulde Glutten nægte Gutten} \\
\text{et par Kys i Smug?}
\]

\[
\text{Gin a body meet a body} \\
\text{Comin thro the Rye,} \\
\text{Gin a body kiss a body} \\
\text{Need a body cry?}
\]

and though in the first stanza he does not try to translate "petticoatie" directly, his use of "futten" (a nursery rather
than a dialect diminutive of standard Danish fød and still used in addressing children) catches the Scots tendency to use sentimental reductions (i.e., footie).

The well-known theme of May and January handled by Burns in "What can a young lassie do wi an auld man?" provides Aakjær with a suitable model for his own preference for the graphic— it is brisk and fully in the tradition of ironic verses composed on this subject:

Han klager, han klynker
han Ansigt har Rynker,
han hoster, han humper som Padde i Sand,
og Blodet er blaaset,
i Sengen forfrosset,
o, styg er en Nat hos en kold gammel Mand

He's always compleenin
Frae mornin to eenin
He hoasts and he hirples
The weary day lang
He's doylt and he's dozin;
His blude it is frozen—
O dreary's the night
Wi' a crazy auld man

Wolles Viv and En Skredder i Sengen (Willy Wastle åwelt on Tweed and The Tailor Fell Through the Bed) are both fairly literal versions of two other comic songs of which the second is only partly of Burns's composition. In the first, Aakjær uses a dialect form and a word for a coin of small value:

\[ \text{jeg gav sgi ej en Søsling for hind} \]

to convey

\[ \text{I wad na gie a button for her} \]

and plunges into a very realistic account of the heroine's physical appearance, only a little less pungent than that of his model.

She dights her grunzie wi a hushion

becomes

\[ \text{paa Muffedissen tørre Næsen} \]

for the article referred to (a woolly wristlet or mitten) was
as familiar to Aakjær as it had once been to Burns himself. "Tørrer"—wipes—is standard Danish and has nothing like the force of "dights." Aakjær is much more strictly controlled by his standard than Burns was by English, and it has to be remembered that whereas Burns had the examples of Ramsay and more especially Fergusson behind him, Aakjær had no precedent for employing his own dialect to render Burns. He certainly had no ancient model like Dunbar to inspire him to maintain a tradition—only a rather vague comprehension of what the folk-heritage meant or ought to mean to a national poet in Denmark.

_Der boed en Bonde_ is described by Aakjær as a "free translation" of "Kellyburn Braes" but though it cuts one stanza from the original it is not any more liberated than several others which he does not distinguish in this way. _Burns om sig selv_ (There was a lad was born in Kyle) is, on the other hand, very close and literal, preserving an equal number of lines and the same metre as its original. The MS. of this translation shows a number of corrections which allow some indication of Aakjær's craft (cf. illustration). One is always conscious that, in translating a song, he tries to retain the musical pattern so that it may be sung in Danish to the same tune. Burns made words fit an old tune; Aakjær makes his Danish fit Burns's Scots rhythms.

Of all the songs ascribed to him, Aakjær's "free" rendering of Burns's "Auld Lang Syne" is (understandably) the most regularly sung in Denmark today, not only at Hogmanay celebrations but at the frequent informal gatherings at which the older generations of Danes sing in unison, drawing on a repertoire of _folkelige sange_ (folk-songs) by various Scandinavian writers—Bjørnson, Drachmann, Jensen, Oehlenschläger, and Aakjær himself. In fact, it is as a composer of _folkelige sange_ that he is best-known in Denmark now and his present neglect by scholars can be to some extent explained by the fact that in the past Aakjær was made to seem too _folkelig_. Folkelighed, or "folkishness" is not a quality highly esteemed even by less conservative Danish scholars and students of Scottish poetry may best understand his current reputation in terms of the "Kailyaird" inheritance from Burns, a judgement which is full of bias.

"Auld Lang Syne" was re-titled as "For Læng, Læng Sind" or more familiarly in Jutland with the name "Skuld gammel venskab rejn forgo" in January, 1922. In the _Collected Poems_ it is described as "free after Robert Burns" but in fact Aakjær stays as close as he can to the 1788 text from _The Scots Musical Museum_. Unlike his earlier versions which are sparing in their use of _jysk_, "For Læng, Læng Sind" makes an extensive use of _jysk_ vocabulary and phonetic spelling. This "Jutlandisation" is maintained throughout the song's five verses. The
opening stanza, together with the repeated refrain, shows no fewer than twelve variants from the standard: 20

Skuld gammel Venskab rejn forgo
og stryges fra vor Mind?
Skuld gammel Venskab rejn forgo
med dem Daw saa læng, læng sind?

De skjønne Ungdomsdaw, aaja,
de Daw saa swær aa find!
Vi'el løvt wor Kop saa glaadle op
for dem Daw saa læng, læng sind!

The result is successful in the light of its avowed intention, though an idiom such as "a richt guid-willie waught" disappears completely nor is the full force of "we two hae paidl'd in the burn" conveyed by "Vi wøjed sammel i æ bæk." But at the close of the evening the final rousing verse sounds much the same in jysk as it does in skotsk:

Der er mi Haand, do gamle Swend!
Ræk ower og gi me dind.
Hwor er æ skjøn aa find en Ven
en haaj mist for læng læng sind!

Notwithstanding its defects no other translated version of "Auld Lang Syne" carries along the native sentimental conviviality with such power and the Danish song does not give the impression that it is struggling to fit into the ready-made melody. This comfortable absorption stands as the hallmark of Aakjær's technique when he made Danish lyric out of Scots originals. This was the last Burns-Aakjær poem to be published during the latter's lifetime, making a total of 21 in print, as follows:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>Composed</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sanlede Digte</td>
<td>[Copenhagen, 1919]</td>
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1. I det Fjærne
   (Over the Seas and Far Away) 1897 Collected Poems
2. Var Skylden min?
   (Had I the wyte?) 30 July, 1898 Collected Poems
3. Findlay
   (Wha is that at my bower door?) Summer, 1898 Verdensspejlet, 16 October, 1904
4. Nancy
   (My Spouse Nancy) 1898

5. Trods alt det
   (A Man's a Man for A That)

6. Født til Graad
   (Man Was Made to Mourn)

7. Hellig Wolles Bøn
   (Holy Willie's Prayer)

8. Jenny i Rugen
   (Comin Thro the Rye)

9. Skjøn Nellie
   (On a bank of flowers, in a summer day.)

10. Hvad kan en ung Kvinde
    (What can a young Lassie do wi an auld Man?)

11. Duncan Gray (Duncan Gray)
    1898

12. Jock Rab (Eppie M'Nab)
    1898

13. Tibbi Dunbar (Tibby Dunbar)
    1898

14. John Anderson
    (John Anderson)
    1898

15. O, luk mig ind.
    (O Lassie, are ye sleeping yet?)
    1898

First Published
Samlede Digte
(Collected Poems,
[Copenhagen, 1919])

Composed
Summer, 1898

Collected Poems

Vestjyllands Social Demokrat,
23 March, 1901

Vestjyllands Social Demokrat,
2 February, 1900

Det Ny Århundrede,
August 1908, p.799

Verdensspejlet,
7 December, 1902

Collected Poems

Collected Poems

Collected Poems

Collected Poems

Collected Poems

Collected Poems

Collected Poems

Vestjyllands Social Demokrat,
Christmas Number,
22 December, 1907

under the title
"De Gamle"
Of these most are songs and Aakjær's penchant for the lyrical is evident in his choice of subject—he was less attracted to the harshly satirical Burns of "Holy Willie's Prayer" than by the personal, musing Burns, recalling bygone loves, yet his range within the 21 is wide—sentimental lyric, humorous lyric, comic characterisation, duet, revolutionary song, cantata—Aakjær attempted to catch a variety of Burns's many moods, not always with outstanding success. His "Jolly Beggars," however, is a remarkable achievement in its way and if Aakjær had to be remembered by one "translation" alone, this would be the choice; it invites a close line-by-line comparison on linguistic and literary grounds as an example of the art of an ambitious translator at the peak of his enthusiasm.

In the summer of 1913 Aakjær made a second journey to Scotland, this time accompanied by his eldest son. When he returned to Jutland in November he carried a number of souvenirs...
in the form of popular editions of Burns's poems, albums of photographs of Selkirk and Ayr and numerous other relics of his holiday. One of these was a so-called "translation" of "Tam O'Shanter" into English by a certain Isabella K. Gough. On the flyleaf of his copy, Aakjær wrote,

Don't read the translation—it is only an infamous vandalising made by an English blue-stocking who has not shrunk from destroying Burns's rhythms

and it may have been about this time that he began his own version of "Tam O'Shanter," an exercise which friends and admirers had often encouraged him to attempt. He completed only the first 36 lines (35 lines in the original) and these were never published, nor indeed was their existence known until 1977.22

Aakjær's "Tam" is turned into standard Danish with only one obvious "Jutlandisation"23 and its accuracy may best be judged by the non-reader of Danish by laying a literal translation back into English alongside Burns's original Scots. It will be noted that Aakjær feels for the closest Danish equivalent which will at the same time preserve the various galloping rhythms which Burns maintains relentlessly throughout the poem, shifting from faster- to slower-paced and back again as the narrator's mood alters in sympathy with the rapid succession of events which force the mock-hero towards his inevitable doom. Aakjær has obviously grasped the ludicrous quality in the poem—the weird attraction and repulsion of contrasts with which "Tam," together with much Scots narrative, abounds.

Literally, Aakjær's draft of "Tam" runs as follows:

When the horse-caper with cracks of the whip
Has said at last his market-place farewell
And trading is over
And all footsteps have left the town
And peasants who hiccup out of pleasure
Knock back the final drink
While we ourselves at mug and barrel
Drink ourselves happily full and glad
We think only with a smile
On those long Scots miles
With marshes and swamps ringed around with reeds
Which separates us from our home
Where the wife sits sour and surly
And stormy weather builds up
And turns over the pages of her prayer-book
And keeps her spleen on the boil
This might Tam Shanter indeed understand
As he one night with brows sweating from drink
Rode home from Ayr, that splendid city
Which far excels in reputation
Every other town in these realms.

O Tam, why did you not take advice
From your own wise wife
Who saw in you a proper fillpot
Who never missed a single tavern
An over-soaked fellow-boozer
Who would tackle the bender with all zeal
Drunk and sloshed and never sober
Right from November till October
Even when you were just going to the mill
You drank fit to burst (lit: as if you would crack)
On each horse that needed a shoe
You tossed off a pot or two
Even on a Sunday—what a disgrace!
You swapped drinks with Jean Kirkton
And kept up your sinful boozing
Till Monday's sun peeped into your mug
And her song ended thus
They would be sure to find you drowned in the Doon
sometime
Deep among the reeds and rushes
If a hungry werewolf had not already swallowed you up
From head to foot
Behind Alloway's old church-gable

O I could dissolve in tears
At the thought of that wifely advice
That wise and soft warning whistle
For which nobody cares a doit.

Why did Aakjær not proceed further? He was certainly not afraid of a "long poem" of Burns's and finished "The Jolly Beggars," so that it was not a failure of endurance which set in, nor was he intimidated by a tour de force as such. Perhaps he rapidly came to perceive that "Tam O'Shanter" does not submit to translation and that not even Danish can carry more than a fraction of its rhythmic and "architectonic" subtleties. Aakjær's text loses a great deal owing to the fact that the complex cultural weight of the poem cannot be effectively transmuted out of Scots. Aakjær and Burns are here working in different literary traditions and the Danish lyricist clearly
found the frenzy conveyed by the mediæval comic pattern—the "spirit of Dunbar"—elusive even in the early part of the poem; in fact it is obvious that he did not realize exactly what it was that he ought to be seeking. The best advice that can be given to a would-be translator of "Tam" is not to meddle with the linguistically intractable; Aakjær seems to have understood the insurmountable difficulties in this case or, at the very least, he should be accorded the benefit of the doubt since he abandoned the task. A less-sensitive practitioner might have carried on to produce at best a travesty of the original.

Only one clear instance of Aakjær's deliberate use of a Jutlandic form occurs in his draft, though several words are archaic, provincial or appear to be coinages of the poet's own. In general his choices are conservative but it must be noted that this was no more than a draft—though probably not a first draft, judging from the scarcity of deletions and emendations in the text.²⁴ The Dane renders the English words and phrases skilfully but the emotional force of the Scots—"ae spark o Nature's fire"—is inaccessible to him.

Though the most successful Danish translator of Burns, Aakjær was not the first, nor even the second.²⁵ The pioneer was Emil Aarestrup (1800-56), a prominent love poet, by profession physician with a practice in Lolland (the southern part of Denmark). His Efterladte Digte (Copenhagen, 1863) contains versions of "O Thou Pale Orb" and "O my luve is like a red, red rose." His Samlede Digte (Copenhagen, 1877) adds "To Mary in Heaven." According to notes in his Samlede Digte (V, p. 1, Copenhagen, 1925) the MSS. of these translations are dated 1837 and 14th August, 1835, respectively. "To Mary in Heaven," known also under the title "Thou lingering star" with which the poem begins, is a song from The Scots Musical Museum (1790) and affords Aarestrup an opportunity to display his outstanding characteristic as a poet, namely, to convey the effects on the senses of sharp physical memories. This is a romantic quality which he shares with Burns. The lines

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore;
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;

become

Af Grønsvær blød, behængt med Krat,
Steg Kysten i den varme Luft
En Birkelund, den wilde Tjørn
Omsnoejet Stedet med sin Duft
Robert Burns's Danish Translator Jeppe Aakjær

which conveys the atmosphere, but not the same details, nor the Scottish locality. It is the emotional force which is carried but not specifically Burns's personal feelings which relate to a particular memory of a dead love on the Banks of Ayr.

The second translator was the shadowy C. Preetzmann, who wrote many poems under the pseudonym "Caralis" and contributed 21 versions from Burns to his *Hundrede Digte ved Caralis efter det Engelske* (Copenhagen, 1877). To these must be added four others published in the weekly journals *Nær og Fjern* (1878) and *Ude og Hjemme* (1880). His (or her) versions are freer than Aarestrup's, and more pedestrian. *John Anderson* by Caralis, runs:

```plaintext
John Anderson, Du Kjaere!
   Da vi blev først bekjendt
Din Lok var sort som Ravnen,
   Din Kind af Solen brendt
Nu er din Pande bar, John!
   Om Issen Sneen staaer,
Men Himlen være, gamle John!
   Med dine hvide Haar!
```

and Aakjær's rendering

```plaintext
John Anderson, min Fryd, John
   da først vi to blev kendt
dit Haar var mørkt som Ravnen
din Pande brun og brændt;
nu er din Isse bar, John,
og bleget Lokkens Pryd.
Velsign dog Gud din Tiding graa,
John Anderson, min Fryd
```

which is much more sensitive. He said that his re-creation represented

a soft whisper about two old folks' life-long love and fidelity that was only permitted to express itself in a handpress before Death separates them.26

Again, he has succeeded in conveying the intensely personal emotion of a relationship which he, like Burns, had actually observed and thought about. Caralis has simply dealt with the song as a problem in transliteration of meaning, disregarding its lyrical qualities or at least assuming that the music emerges incidentally.
Uffe Birkedal, whose translations of Burns appeared in 1908, also tried his hand at "John Anderson":

John Anderson, min Jo, John,
da først vi saa hinanden
da var dit haar helt ravnesort
og ganske glat var panden.
Nu er din isse skaldet, John
dit haar som sne, min tro.
Gud signe dine rynker dog,
John Anderson, min Jo!

and, unfortunately, at Tam O'Shanter. Aakjær despised Birkedal's efforts to convey the spirit of Burns and said that he was

a type who stamps and tramples with his dirty boots
in a heap of corn and comes back with a handful of chaff—he presents us with the stalk. This is Burns's poetry put through a mincing-machine. It is not enough that one should grapple with poetry by being a fine and upright man—it is also necessary to have some talent.

Harsh words, but not far from the truth. Aakjær's concern with Burns was personal from the start. He said of Burns's songs that they were about young love-longings, transient youthful joys, the struggle for the right of young people to love and embrace without persecution, full of yearning and sunshine but at the same time familiar with grief and disappointment. At the time when these song-translations were written, Aakjær's own marriage to Marie Bregendahl was collapsing and he felt strong emotional tensions in his domestic life.

Aakjær did not confine himself to Burns as a source for translation. His Collected Poems include examples taken from a number of English-writing poets, e.g., G. K. Chesterton, Goldsmith, Hood, Leigh Hunt, Kipling, Landor, Morris, Shelley, Stevenson and James Thomson, as well as Jean-Pierre de Béranger (whose "Les Gueux" was adversely compared by Taine with "The Jolly Beggars"), Goethe and Swedish poets including Gustav Fröding, Sweden's earliest translator of Burns. All are competent, ranging from the exercise to the characterization, but in general they lack the "grip" which Aakjær displays so frequently when he deals with Burns. For him, Burns's importance lay in his connection with the Scots peasantry, much as Aakjær himself tried to do, though, working in a minority language, spoken by only a few million people in what was then
considered a remote part of Northern Europe, he suffered from a far greater disadvantage than Burns himself had to overcome.

Aakjær's last recorded reference to Burns occurred in the course of a speech given in the Town Hall of Copenhagen on 10th September, 1926—"Min Hadersdag" (My Day of Honour). It reveals a consistency of interest which had endured for nearly forty years and touches upon the special linguistic and sociological relationship which he thought linked Jute and Scot, the "pith" in the two vocabularies and the exactitude with which one could be expressed in the other. This long-standing harmony was first detectable in the works of Thomas Kingo (1634-1763), whose father was a Scots-born weaver and who was renowned as a composer of hymns in the tradition of Knox.

Aakjær's academic bent was always toward historical rather than philological studies. His correspondence with Otto Jespersen and particularly with George Brandes is extensive but his championing of the romantic theory of "pure" origins and relations was evidently not in the least subverted by discussions with a professional philologist like Jespersen, who dismissed them. Certainly he never revealed any change of mind in any of his lectures on Scottish literature and society, which he always insisted was paralleled by conditions in his own beloved Jutland. His views on Burns and Scotland are dated, coloured as they were by the romantic tradition of Carlyle and the sentiment attached to Burns studies by authorities whose reputations were made when Aakjær was a young man.

These versions of Burns have encouraged Danes to note special affinities between Scots and standard Danish—particularly "old" or pre-1814 Danish vocabulary, which fascinated Aakjær and compelled him to pursue his search for origins, albeit in an amateurish way. Of all the translations of Burns, into both European and non-European languages, those of Jeppe Aakjær's into Danish with a Jutlandic thread approach their originals most closely in spirit and in word.

NOTES

The author would like to thank Dr. Svend Gissel and the staff of the Manuscript Department, Royal Library, Copenhagen, for their painstaking help with material from the Aakjær Arkiv and for granting permission to reproduce selected items in the Collection. Professor Knud Sørensen of the Engelsk Institut,
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Unless otherwise stated in footnotes, translations from primary and secondary sources are the author's and any consequent errors remain his responsibility.

2 He changed his name by deed poll in 1906 but all his published works bear the name "Åkjær" (or "Aakjær" as it was spelled before 1948).

3 A dialect term (jen corresponds to Scots ane).

4 From an address given in Ålborg on 21st February, 1913, and published in Artikler og Taler, 1887-1918 (Copenhagen, 1921), 263-80. The extract is taken from a translation by Tonny Daa in Burns Chronicle, XXIV, (January, 1915), 5-25.

5 See Kenneth Olwig, "Place, Society and the Individual in the Authorship of St. Blicher," in Omkring Blicher, (Copenhagen, 1974), 69-114. Aakjær's enthusiasm for jysk was not that of the målstrever or fanatic about words, as was true of the early practitioners of Norsk (later called Nynorsk). He simply felt that it was as deserving of attention by philologists as any other little-known language and his interest in it had no political or social motives. In this particular Aakjær differed from C. M. Grieve, Lewis Spence, and the "Lallans" revivalists of the 1920's.

6 The last "local fiddler," to stimulate Aakjær's creative powers in connection with Burns was Søren Poulsen (1898-) who still plays for folk-dances. At his suggestion, Aakjær translated "Auld Lang Syne" in 1922. On Whitsunday of that year, he sent Poulsen a note saying: "I have seen how fond you are of song, and song is intensely cultivated here" (holo­graph MS.). (Holograph MS. kindly provided by Mr. Søren Poulsen.)

7 Efterladte Erindringer, ed. Georg Saxild, (Copenhagen, 1934), 31. Later he refers to starting a version of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and to reading the original to his friend, the novelist Johan Skjoldborg, who used the motif down to the smallest detail in the introductory chapter of his novel Sara (1906).
Robert Burns's Danish Translator Jeppe Aakjær

8 Ibid., 98-9 (12 August 1927).

9 Ålborg address, cf., n. 4 supra. It is useful to compare this statement with H. C. Andersen's remarks on Scotland in *Mit Livs Eventyr* (The Fairy Tale of My Life) in which he recorded his own visit in 1855.

10 O, Skotland's Lorder videt kjendt, 
    lad Skammen skrive paa jer Ryg: 
    En Aand kom til jer himmelsendt, 
    Nationen lod den tørske Byg! 
    ("Paa Lochlea")

O Scotland's Lords, known world-wide,  
Let the shame be written on your back:  
A genius came to you, Heaven-sent,  
The Nation let him thresh the Barley!

11 Som fattig Tolder lod dit folk dig dø,  
    dets største Hjerte, sonderbrudt og ene;  
    længs slog dog Folkekulden om til Tø;  
    nu faar du Statuer paa høje Stene. 
    ("Robert Burns")

As a poor customs man 
    your people let you die,  
Its greatest heart broken and alone  
After a long time your people's coldness thawed  
And statues were now made from tall stones.

12 "I Burns Fødehjem" (Birthplace), stanza 2.


14 The term *ballad* or *ballade* in Nordist scholarly terminology now refers to a specifically mediæval form having two- or four-line stanzas and a refrain, but in the 19th century, following Svend Grundtvig's influence, the word *folkevise* was employed to describe this type of anonymous narrative lyric.
(e.g., Grundtvig's "ancient ['gamle'] folkeviser") and this usage is still encountered (cf. Iørn Piø, "On reading orally-performed ballads: the mediæval ballads of Denmark" in Oral Tradition: Literary Tradition, a Symposium, [Odense, 1977], 69).

15 "jeg finder den Jydske Tone takket være Robert Burns" (unpub. MS. dated "10/2/1929") in Jeppe Aakjær's Arkiv, Royal Library, Copenhagen, (Ny. kgl Saml., 40,III,8). This is the third of six autobiographical notes preceded in importance by a statement concerning the improvement of his finances and another saying that he "escaped from his marriage."

16 In the 1890's he estimated Burns as being of first importance in his own poetic development and his published Recollections explain how much he considered himself to be in debt to the Scots song-tradition, together with Burns's example of the use of plain style and singable form in the manner of the folk-poet (cf., Sven Møller Kristensen, op.cit., pp. 141-2; 145).


18 In Jutlandic, egí, a corruption of standard sgu or så gu: hind for standard hende.

19 Properly speaking Oehlenschläger, who belongs to the early 19th century, is not a "folkish" writer, though poems of his, set to music by Carl Nielsen, are occasionally rendered at such gatherings, which take their origin from Grundtvig and the "folk high-school" movement.

20 gammel, skuld, rejn, forgo, fra, wor, Mind, Daw, læng, sind, lowt, glædle are in standard gammelt, skulde, helt, forgaa, fra, vores, Minde, Dage, læng, siden, løfte, glad.

21 Aakjær's versions of Burns were first gathered together in Samlede Digte (Collected Poems), (Copenhagen, 1919). Text and references here are to the 3rd edition (3 vols., Copenhagen, 1934). The "Auld Lang Syne" translation was specially reprinted to mark the Danish poet's centenary (Ringkøbing, 1966). It had appeared in his last collection Under Aftenstjernen (1927) with the note: "Skotsk Folkemelodi. Moderato. Piano," and the well-known tune, and was again printed as a separate sheet, accompanied by drawings, by P. Thomson (Holstebro, 1928).
22 Discovered in that year among miscellaneous papers in Aakjær's study at "Jenle."

23 *Lig fra* November til Oktober (Right from November till October). *Lig*—standard Danish *lige*. Jutland dialect habitually drops final e.

24 In addition, the poet's holograph was written on yellow copy paper which suggests a second or subsequent draft. Aakjær was very frugal with paper and for the roughest drafts used pieces of old letters. The sheets of yellow paper, purchased from Chr. Petersen Papirhandel, Nikolajplads, Copenhagen, were each cut into six sections.

25 For information on and transcriptions of earlier translations of Burns into Danish the author is greatly indebted to Miss Kirsten Marie Espersen of Viby in Jutland. The mysterious "Caralis" could be Caspara Preetzmann (1792-1876), a minor woman painter. If so, the translation was published posthumously.

26 Ålborg address (cf. n. 4 supra) in *Artikler og Taler 1887-1918*, p. 279.

27 cf., *Af Robert Burns Digte ved Uffe Birkedal*, (Copenhagen, 1908). Birkedal (1852-1931) also translated Chaucer and wrote a book on William Morris. He is also known as a promoter of the Folk High School Movement.

28 MS. note in Aakjær's own copy of *Birkedal*, in his library at "Jenle." MS. note is reproduced with the permission of Fru Solvejg Bjerre.


30 *Jeppe Aakjær's Arkiv*, (Royal Library, Copenhagen).
Walter Scheps

A Climatological Reading of Henryson's Testament of Cresseid

When Chaucer's Parson says, with as much pride as pique, that he is "a Southren man" (I, 42), and when John of Trevisa inserts into his translation of Higden's Polychronicon a characterization of Northern speech as consisting of sounds which no undeformed human mouth can utter, they support one position in a construct of regional bias which is still very much with us. Although both refer to the north of England, the same sort of attitude is also pervasive in Scotland; thus, Dunbar, for example, has Hell filled with "Erschemen"—the devil, after all, supposedly had his habitation in the north—and the animosity between lowlanders and highlanders was consistently exploited by the English in battle after battle, culminating in the tragedy of Culloden. When they turned their attention south of the Tweed, lowland writers were even more severe, Barbour and Harry for example condemning all those of Saxon blood as treacherous and brutal, characteristics which the English chroniclers had independently agreed served perfectly to describe the Scots. The Scottish attitude is perhaps best summarized by James III who, in noting the reluctance of his magnates to support the truce with England, concluded that the Scots were "so made they could not agree with the English." For their part, the English parliament in 1491 banished all Scots in England who refused to become English citi-
zens because, they said, the Scots always broke their treaties and thus could not be trusted as long as they retained Scottish citizenship. Considering the relationship between the two countries, one does not find such enmity surprising. What is surprising, from the Scottish perspective, is that none of it is directed against Chaucer in spite of his service to Edward III, a king whose actions in and with regard to Scotland made him there a figure only slightly less odious than his grandfather, the notorious "Hammer of Scotland." Yet the most gifted of Middle Scots poets, James, Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas all pay homage to Chaucer and all acknowledge him as "maister." Although it is true that Douglas criticizes Chaucer's telling of the story of Dido and Aeneas, he nevertheless praises the English poet as "Hevyly trumpt, orlege and regular;" his opprobrium is largely reserved not for Chaucer but for Caxton. In fact only one of the Scottish Chaucerians attempts a sequel or specific response to a poem by Chaucer. That response, Henryson's Testament of Cresseid (hereafter TC), has not to my knowledge been systematically treated in terms of what it most obviously is, a Scottish extension of and reply to an English poem. Although Henryson's revisionist approach to his subject matter has been frequently remarked upon, no attempt has been made to explain his changes in terms of the overtly Caledonian setting in which the story of Cresseid's final days is told. These are the issues with which this essay will be concerned.

The TC begins with a climatological definition of decorum: "Ane doolie sessoun to ane cairfull dyte/Suld correspond and be equiualent" (1-2). But if such an equivalence is specifically stated, there are others no less obvious. Henryson's season is "Aries, in middis of the Lent" (5), a reference which recalls from the most famous passage in Middle English Chaucer's "Ram" which has "his halve cours yronne" (A, 8); however, instead of "shoures soote," Henryson describes "Schouris of haill" that "fra the north discend" (6). The reference to the north is significant. The arrival of Chaucer's April which kindles warmth and rebirth in England is replaced by a Caledonian spring of first extreme heat ("wedder richt feruent," 4) and then penetrating cold from which the narrator can scarcely protect himself (7). As the first sign of the Zodiac, Aries is an appropriate astrological reference for the beginning of a poem, but Henryson, with his conception of seasonal decorum, could hardly employ the reference as Chaucer had, in terms either of its meaning or the kind of poem in which it would be suitable.

Henryson's sense of decorum echoes, with the appropriate seasonal modification, Chaucer's attitude at the beginning of Troilus and Criseyde (hereafter T&C): "For wel sit it, the
sothe for to seyne, / A woful wight to han a drery feere,
And to a sorwful tale, a sory chere" (I 12-14). Furthermore, Chaucer's Troilus first sees Criseyde in a mild April whose weather corresponds to the sudden awakening of love which he is about to feel for her:

And so bifel, whan comen was the tyme
Of Aperil, whan clothid is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Veer the pryme,
And swote smellen floures white and rede,
In sondry wises shewed, as I rede,
The folk of Troie hir observaunces olde,
Palladiones feste for to holde (I 155-61).

It is not then that Chaucer and Henryson disagree about the nature or importance of seasonal decorum, but rather that the geographical displacement of Henryson and his poem forces him to view such decorum very differently from the way in which Chaucer perceived it. The difference is noted by, among others, Gabriel Harvey who lists without comment "Chaucer's" descriptions of spring but notes that the Testament presents what he calls "a winterlie springe." If Chaucer's April sun in the General Prologue is "yonge" (7), Henryson's is barely present at all as "Titan had his be-mis bricht/Withdrawin do un and sylit vnder cure" (9-10). The setting sun ushers in a bitterly cold night, and thus the natural warmth of Chaucer's April cannot be recaptured in the Testament except through artificial means: the fire to which the narrator is driven by the cold (27-28), contemplation of Venus ("Thocht lufe be hait, sit in ane man of age/It kendillis nocht sa sone as in youtheid," 29-30), the "drink," a kind of potable armor which protects him "weill fra the cauld thairout" (37-38), and finally the "quair" (40) "Writtin be worthie Chaucer glorious/Of fair Cresseid and worthy Troylus" (41-42). The cold, however, will prove to be inescapable. We are told that Venus is in astrological opposition to Phoebus (11-14), a situation which is astronomically impossible but aesthetically necessary since it not only anticipates the narrator's futile attempt to warm himself with thoughts of Venus after Phoebus has gone to rest but also explains the relative positions of the two planetary deities in Cresseid's vision of judgment. Finally, this opposition helps to account for Henryson's changing Calchas from a priest of Phoebus to a priest of Venus. Saturn, with the icicles hanging from his hair (160) will touch Cresseid with his "frostie wand" (311), and she will be stricken with leprosy, a disease which according to him and to medical theories of the time was caused by an excess of cold and dry-
ness (318). Although the spark of love will be briefly kindled in Troilus one last time (512-13), Cresseid's final resting place will be a cold "tomb of merbell gray" (603).

When we consider the changes Henryson makes in retelling the story of Cresseid, we can better understand his deliberate localization of it in what is for him a more suitable climate. The most significant of these changes are in the genre of the poem and in its focus. Chaucer, despite his reference to T&C as a "tragedye" (V 1786), is in fact writing a comedy in the manner of Dante, as the reference to "comedye" (1788) and the concluding stanza of the poem, taken from the Paradiso, make plain. Henryson too calls his poem a "tragedie" (4), but, unlike Chaucer, he provides us with neither a view from the eighth sphere nor a prolegomenon to a beatific vision. Instead, the TC ends with the same kind of explicit moralitas we find in his other major works. Henryson's poem is more down-to-earth than Chaucer's in the most literal sense, as well as in others; not only is Cresseid finally interred, but the deities who appear in her vision must descend from their respective spheres in order to judge her whereas Chaucer's Troilus has to travel in the opposite direction before Mercury can guide him to his final resting place. Ultimately, Chaucer's perspective is cosmic because his comedy is Troilus's; Henryson's tragedy, on the other hand, is Cresseid's, hence the mundane setting for the events in the Testament.

In his summary of T&C, a summary which deals only with Book V, Henryson regards the poem as other medieval readers did, i.e., as the "Book of Troilus." He tells us that he will not relate the "distres" of Troilus, "For worthie Chauceir in the samin buik,/In gudelie termis and in ioly veirs,/Compylit hes his cairis, quha will lui~" (58-60). He will instead report what he found in "ane vther quair" (61), namely "the fatall destenie/of fair Cresseid, that endit wretchi tlie" (62-63). Henryson next asks, "Ouha wait gif all that Chauceir wrait was trew?" (64), a question he poses about the "vther quair" as well (65-70). The issue of veracity is an important one, for Henryson clearly does not believe that "all that Chauceir wrait was trew." His suspicions concerning Chaucer's reliability will cause him to follow the "vther quair" instead, and since there is no evidence that this source ever existed--Henryson seems to have understood perfectly Chaucer's references to Lollius--his poem becomes that source. Henryson says disingenuously, "Nor I wait nocht gif this narratioun/Be authoreist, or fenzeit of the new/Be sum poeit, throw his inuentioun" (65-67); this "poeit" is of course Henryson himself, and, by questioning his own authority as well as Chaucer's, he leaves the reader to decide between them. Such a decision will be neces-
sary precisely because the two poems differ in many important particulars, some of which at least are attributable to the story's removal to a more northerly, and less hospitable, climate.

Basically, the TC is a love vision manqué. The time of year is appropriate for such a poem, but as Denton Fox points out (pp. 49-58), the weather is not, being more suitable to the kind of insomniæ which Chaucer in the House of Fame, Dunbar in the Dance of the Sevyn Deidly Sinnis and Skelton in the Booge of Court place in December, February, and "autumn" respectively. The first portion of the Testament (1-91) in which are described the narrator's discomfort, his age, and his reading as a means of making the night pass more swiftly, would be perfectly appropriate as the introduction to a dream or vision of love, and although a dream does indeed follow, it is Cresseid's, not the narrator's, and it deals with judgment rather than love.

Just as the action of T&C essentially begins with the scene in the temple of Athena (I 162 ff.), Henryson, after having Cresseid tell Calchas that Diomede has cast her aside (92-105), describes the coming of the people to the temple of Venus on a holy day consecrated to that goddess (112 ff.). At precisely the same moment that prayers are offered to Venus within the temple proper, Cresseid, in "ane secreit orature" (120), curses both Venus and Cupid for having abandoned her (126 ff.). That Cresseid's blasphemy takes place not only within Venus's temple but on a day specifically devoted to her worship makes the sin serious indeed, what Cupid will call "This greit iniure done to our hie estait" (290); from his point of view, Cresseid's blasphemy is so heinous as to be unprecedented: "Was neuer to goddes done sic violence" (292).

Yet Cresseid's behavior in the Testament is perfectly in keeping with Chaucer's depiction of her. In T&C she ruefully laments her lack of prudence (V 744-49), and, more particularly, calls upon the gods to curse her if she betrays Troilus (IV 1534 ff.). And in the invocation to Venus at the beginning of Book III, Chaucer says, "...whoso stryveth with yow hath the verse" (38). Furthermore, Cresseid's blasphemy in the Testament is anticipated in T&C where she accuses the gods (actually she says she will so accuse them to her father) of telling twenty lies for one truth (IV 1407). In the Testament, her accusations end, appropriately enough, with:

3e causit me alwayis vnderstand and trow
The seid of lufe was sawin in my face,
And ay grew grene throw 3ur supplie and grace.
Bot now, allace, that seid with froist is slane,
And I fra luifferis left, and all forlane (136-40).
She immediately falls into "ane extasie" (141) in which she will see her metaphor become reality.

In the dream itself, Saturn personifies the weather described at the poem's outset, whereas Jupiter who, as in the Knight's Tale, has no voice in the proceedings, is specifically contrasted with him: "Fra his father...[he was] far different" (172). Mercury, Troilus's guide in Chaucer's poem, is chosen to be "foirspeikar" (266); Henryson's description emphasizes Mercury's skill in medicine (246-52), an ironically appropriate emphasis given the decision which the parliament of gods will reach. That decision is rendered by Saturn and Cynthia, the first of whom will change Cresseid's "moisture and thy heit in cald and dry" (318) and the second "Fra heit of bodie [here] I the depryue" (334). The archetypal instability of the moon not only makes her a suitable judge for the fickle Cresseid but also recalls both Henryson's description of an extremely ambivalent Venus who is, *inter alia*, "Now hait, now cauld" (237) and the changeable Scottish weather at the beginning of the poem.

With regard to Cresseid's leprosy, a recent book on medicine in medieval England tells us that this disease was especially common during the winter months, perhaps because of the scarcity of fresh vegetables and the heavy reliance on "incorrectly or carelessly cured" meat. John of Gaddesden, a standard authority, says in his *Rosa Anglica*, "No one is to be adjudged a leper and isolated from all of his fellows until the appearance and shape of his face be destroyed" (Rubin, p. 155); thus, Cresseid's statement, cited earlier, that frost has slain the "seed of love" in her face becomes, if one may use the term, chillingly appropriate. Appropriate too is the gods' choice of this particular disease as a means of punishing Cresseid. Of the various beliefs concerning leprosy in the Middle Ages, two of the most prevalent viewed it as a punishment for heresy and unrepentant sinfulness (thus Gregory and Isadore as well, of course, as the numerous Biblical references) and attributed its spread to "illicit sexual intercourse" (thus Tertullian and Prudentius). In his preacher's manual, Pierre de Bersuire notes that "just as four kinds of physical leprosy are matched with the four humours, so spiritual leprosy is associated with four sins: simony, pride, avarice, and sexual impurity" (Brody, p. 136). Since Cresseid is guilty of both pride (in her cursing the gods) and sexual impurity, she is appropriately stricken with an excess of two humors, cold and dry. Ironically, when Cresseid becomes a beggar, she does so, Henryson says, because of the cold, but at this point in the poem the word refers paronomastically to both the weather and her condition.
As we have seen, Cresseid's leprosy is, given her behavior and her removal to Caledonia, an entirely suitable punishment. If Chaucer does not treat her with equal severity, the reason is not that he is kinder than Henryson but rather that Criseyde and her fate are not his primary concerns. Like the cock and the fox in the Nun's Priest's Tale, Troilus and Criseyde can be expected to learn very different lessons from the same situation, but Chaucer is concerned ultimately only with Troilus, Henryson initially and throughout only with Cresseid, as each poem essentially ends with the death of its central character. Because Troilus, to paraphrase Pandarus, "dies a martyr and goes to heaven," Chaucer takes leave "of payens corsed olde rites" (V 1849); because Cresseid's fate is entirely sublunary, Henryson eschews any cosmic, or Christian, perspective in his poem, another indication of the importance decorum had for him. Much of what we see of Cresseid is based on elements in T&C which Chaucer, for aesthetic reasons, chose not to elaborate. There are only two major substantive contradictions in the two poems; Henryson's Troilus is still alive and Calchas is now a priest of Venus. Otherwise, Henryson simply continues Cresseid's story to its conclusion, a conclusion made inevitable, at least in part, by the story's unequivocally Scottish setting.

Although no period of Scottish history is devoid of intense nationalistic fervor, the end of the fifteenth century saw it somewhat muted as the result of Tudor policy which substituted political intrigue for the armed invasions which had become customary in previous reigns. Patriotic effusions like the Bruce and the Wallace which looked back to the Wars of Independence, while still popular, were no longer relevant to a changed political situation. Paralleling this situation, whether deliberately or not, Henryson's Testament modifies and reinterprets Chaucer's Troilus and Criseyde in patently Scottish terms. Not only does Henryson question Chaucer's reliability and relocate the story northward, he specifically states his belief that a story should be consonant with its setting. Thus, he both establishes his independence of Chaucer and accounts for many of the most important features of his poem.

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NOTES

1 I have not been able to see Jane Adamson, "Henryson's Testament of Cresseid: 'Fyre' and 'Cauld,'" The Critical Review (Melbourne; Sidney), 18 (1976), 39-60, and regret any inadvertent duplication of material.


8 This is noted from Spurgeon in Alice S. Miskimin, The Renaissance Chaucer (New Haven & London, 1975), p. 250.


Neil Gunn's family originated in the Braemore district at the foot of the mountain called Morven on the borders of Caithness and Sutherland. The Gunns were of mixed Norse and Gaelic stock, a mixture that characterised this whole area, as Gunn points out in his *Highland River*, where he is describing Dunbeath, the fishing village where he was born and spent his most formative years:--"on one side of the harbour mouth the place name was Gaelic, on the other side it was Norse. Where the lower valley broadened out to flat fertile land, the name was Norse, but the braes behind were Gaelic." Later in the same paragraph he refers to a third racial influence that was to play an important part in his thinking about history and in his fiction, that of the Picts. The Pictish element is particularly prominent in *Sun Circle*, a novel set in the north-east Highlands in the ninth century A.D. There are three main groups in the story—the Picts, the Goidelic Celts, and the Norsemen, with, in the background, even older, mysterious dark peoples. Part of Gunn's theme is the conflict between Christianity and the pagan religion of the Celts, and, parallel with this, that between Celtic patrilinear and Pictish matrilinear forms of succession. The novel is concerned, too, with the growing power of the Celts over the Picts that was to culminate in the absorption of Pictland into Gaelic Alba and the
virtual elimination of the Pictish language. Gunn tends to
equate the Norse strain with masculinity and with the sea, and
the Gaelic, or rather Gallo-Pictish, strain with the land, with
the sheltered inland straths, and with the feminine principle.
Not that he ignored the heroic aspect of Gaelic legend, for
there are frequent references in the novels, especially in
Young Art and Old Hector and in The Green Isle of the Great
Deep to the exploits of Cuchulain and of Finn MacCoul.

Until comparatively recently Gaelic was spoken in the sou-
thern part of Caithness, where Dunbeath is situated. Gunn's
father and some of the members of the crew of his fishing-boat
were Gaelic speakers, but Gunn himself, as he admits in his
travel book, Off in a Boat (where he refers to his "sparse
Gaelic") had only a smattering of the language. Nevertheless,
his knowledge of Scottish Gaelic was superior to the command
of Irish of Yeats, whose early work is saturated in Celtic
legend. He had a certain familiarity both with the classics
of Scottish Gaelic poetry—in Off in a Boat he refers to the
Book of the Dean of Lismore and to the work of Mary Macleod—
and with traditional stories, rhymes, incantations and proverbs.
He draws on more than one occasion on Campbell's Tales of the
West Highlands and on Alexander Carmichael's great collection
of rhymes and incantations, Carmina Gadelica.

He was sensitively aware of the impact of Gaelic speech
patterns on the English spoken by some Highlanders. In But­
cher's Broom he remarks—"a man or woman might say in greeting
'It's the fine day that's in it,' as though he were setting the
day in the hollow of the world so that they might with cour­
teous detachment regard it." Throughout the novels both in
narrative and in his rendering of speech, both Gaelic and En­
GLISH, there are traces of the influence of Gaelic idiom, as
in "the edge of the dark," "the mouth of the evening," "the
size of the leaps a wildcat made in the snow and it after
grouse and hares," "if the cow had died on him it would have
been the price of him," "hunger is not on me," "there was no
sea in it at all," and "the four brown quarters of the world."

Kurt Wittig, in his essay, Neil Gunn's Animistic Vision, makes an interesting comment on Gunn's practice of flashing
images together, a characteristic he maintains of Gaelic speech
and writing. Gunn himself says of his Gaelic-speaking fore­
bears: "where in English we have only the one word, 'man,'
and a few adjectives to differentiate all the kinds of men,
they had scores of exact words in their language, each of
which evoked a different kind of man. In this matter they
were much more complex than we are." In Butcher's Broom he
says: "in truth it is an immensely old tongue, and a thousand
years before Mairit was richer in its knowledge, wider in its
range and was given to metaphysics and affairs of state."
Now, shut up in the glens, "it has developed its instinct for
human value." Even in a casual comment like this Gunn
is acutely conscious of the Celtic past, of a priceless civilisa­
tion that has been almost entirely eroded. Indeed the theme
of much of his fiction is the continual erosion of that civil­
isation, the destruction of its humane values. Hence perhaps
David Craig's sneer about Gunn's "backward-looking agrarian
provincialism."

In conversation with me shortly before his death, Gunn spoke
approvingly of the Gaelic-inflected English prose style of
Neil Munro and of the Pionn MacColla of The Albannach. At the
same time he realised the danger of mannerism, of the Celtic­
twilight style of writing of Fiona Macleod and others—a style
into which he seldom lapsed. C. M. Grievé ("Hugh MacDiarmid"),
in an essay on Neil Gunn, published as early as 1926, when
Gunn had produced only one novel, The Grey Coast, referred to
the danger the Celtic Twilight held for him. In his short­
story, "Half-Light" (from the collection Hidden Doors), Gunn
refers to a work of Fiona Macleod's and talks about "a virile
development that would be a most realistic counterblast to the
Fiona Macleod twilights." Iain Mackay, the schoolmaster in
"Half-Light," remarks—"Fiona Macleod. There will ever be a
grain of bitterness in my acknowledgement of him, or of Yeats,
or of any of the modern Celtic-Twilighters, an irritable im­
patience of their pale fancies, their posturing sonorities
and follies....Yet on a certain side they are 'getting' me,
and sometimes a phrase, a thought, has a positively uncanny
mesmeric power over my very flesh." That Gunn himself resis­
ted these temptations is manifest in such works as "The Drink­
ing Well," which is concerned among other things with the
harder and more realistic aspects of sheep-farming and in that
heroic epic of the fishing industry, The Silver Darlings.

Gunn shows a similar sensitive appreciation of Gaelic song
and pipe music. (Macrimmon's great pibroch The Lament for the
Children is introduced with striking effect into Butcher's
Broom.) The almost intolerable effect on its hearers of Ga­
elic song "that transcends purely musical or intellectual val­
ues," is described in several of the novels. In Butcher's
Broom he says: "the sheer unconditional nature of this music
has nothing to do with thought or Intelect but only with ab­
solutes like beauty or terror." In the same novel, in his
description of the pre-Clearance ceilidh he introduces not
only song but stories, verses, and riddles (derived for the
most part from Carmichael's Carmina Gadelica). Some of these,
particularly the verses about the canary, are rather obtru­
sive and contrived, as if he had brought them in simply to
illustrate the idyllic simplicity of the lives of the dwellers in the strath and to give authentic colouring to the story. In *The Silver Darlings*, when Finn is storm-stayed in North Uist, he attends a ceilidh where song, dancing, fiddling, story-telling--traditional Highland entertainment--are introduced much more naturally and unobtrusively. The first name of one of the story-tellers is the same as Finn's, "which was likewise Finn MacCoul's, the great hero of the noble Fians," about whose exploits he spoke at length. (Indeed such storytellers, capable of reciting a continuous heroic tale for three nights in succession, survived in the Uists well into the present century and were recorded by that great collector, Calum Maclean.) Gunn's giving the name "Finn" to his hero is deliberate. Fand, the wife of the professor in *The Well at the World's End* is another example of Gunn's subtle and indirect reference to Celtic legend. Fairy lore (similar to what I myself have heard in the islands of the Outer Hebrides) is introduced too. Again the powerful effect of traditional Gaelic song is emphasised. Gunn refers to "the awful inexorable simplicity of the singing."

Nearly all of Gunn's twenty novels are set in the Highlands (although part of the action of *The Drinking Well* takes place in Edinburgh, and of *The Serpent and Wild Geese Overhead* in Glasgow). They are incomparable evocations of Highland landscape and seascape and convey a sense of the mythical and historical past blending with and affecting the present, mainly through the consciousness of sensitive individuals like Kenn in *Highland River*, the archaeologist in *The Silver Bough*, and the professor of History in *The Well at the World's End*, that strange book where megalithic, Pictish and contemporary elements coalesce in an amazing way. Perhaps, however, the two novels that are most obviously and consciously influenced by Celtic mythology and lore are *Young Art and Old Hector* and *The Green Isle of the Great Deep*. *Young Art and Old Hector* is an idyllic picture of childhood in a Highland setting. *The Green Isle of the Great Deep*, its sequel, is a kind of dream allegory, incorporating Gunn's views on the mechanical dehumanised totalitarian state, to which he appears to set up as an alternative, the humane values of the old Gaelic way of life, personal dignity, hospitality, loyalty, kindness, and gentle humour.

In these two novels Gunn draws extensively on his knowledge of Celtic myth and heroic story, and on such works as Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* and various collections of proverbs and riddles. In the Author's Note to *Young Art and Old Hector* he states--"the two traditional stories told within 'Machinery' and 'What is Good Conduct' may be found
in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands* to which acknowledgements are gladly made." The story in the chapter, "Machinery," entitled "The Girl and the Dead Man," is told by old Martha. The attitude of the men to old Martha is typically Highland: they treat her with consideration and seek her company because she is the repository of traditional lore (Not unlike the attitude of the community in *Butcher's Broom* to Dark Mairi, who, belonging to the ancient family of Bethune--traditional healers--was also learned in herbs and simples. But she inspired a certain fear as well as respect.). Gunn's debt to Campbell is obvious in the riddle posed to Art by Old Hector:

I went to the wood and I sought it not;  
I sat on a hill and I found it not;  
And because I found it not I took it home with me.

(The answer is "a thorn").

There are many references both to Finn MacCoul and to Cuchulain in both books. At one point, Hector and Art argue about which was the greater hero. The story of the salmon of wisdom that ate the hazel-nuts of knowledge (a favourite symbol of Gunn's and one that recurs in many of his novels) and that in its turn was tasted by Finn MacCoul, who thereby attained wisdom, is referred to on more than one occasion. Indeed at the opening of *The Green Isle of the Great Deep* it was into the Hazel pool (symbolic of knowledge) that Art and Hector fell in pursuit of the salmon. For Gunn water was a mysterious element (as we see in *The Drinking Well* and *The Well at the World's End*--also the transformation it undergoes to become whisky [uisge beatha, the water of life]), on which Gunn was a recognised authority, and which also plays a significant part in his novels. With reference to the hazel-nuts, Nora Chadwick, in her book *The Celts*, remarks: "The source of all wisdom and knowledge is the well of Segais, at the source of the Boyne; those who ate of the hazel-nuts which grew beside it, or drank the 'imbas' (inspiration) from them became inspired with the seer's gift of poetry and prophecy." Again in the same book she points out that in the old Irish tale, *Echtrae Conli*, salmon are described as eating the hazel-nuts as they fall from the trees. Fairy lore and superstition also play their part, especially in *Young Art and Old Hector*, particularly in the chapter entitled "The First and the Second Childhood," with its account of the Hill of the Fairies. This chapter, with its linking of past and present generations through the influence of a place, has a certain amount in com-
mon with Sorley MacLean’s impressive and mysterious poem, “Hallaig.”

In *The Green Isle of the Great Deep* both Art and Hector seem to acquire a new dimension, to evolve, through trial and tribulation, to a greater depth, maturity and spiritual strength. In Hector are embodied the traditional qualities of the old Gaelic peasantry—courage, humour, endurance, and, above all, loyalty. The theme of loyalty, of keeping trust with the members of the family or community, plays an important part in Gunn’s work. It is central to *The Drinking Well* and to *Butcher’s Broom*. Indeed, the tragedy in *Butcher’s Broom* springs from the betrayal of loyalty by the clan chiefs, by their refusal, for sordid personal reasons, to abide by the terms of an age-old unwritten contract with the members of the clan. In *The Drinking Well* Iain Cattanach endures disgrace and misrepresentation in Edinburgh because he will not betray the interests of the community from which he has sprung. In *The Lost Glen* the hero, a student who has returned in ill-merited disgrace to his parents’ home in a Highland clachan, is eventually driven to murder because of his defence of the Gaelic way of life and his detestation of the forces that threaten to disrupt it. It is not surprising that this kind of loyalty should figure prominently in *The Green Isle of the Great Deep* which is, in a sense, an apologia for the Gaelic way of life. In the chapter, “The Third Disappearance,” a kind of psychoanalytical inquisitor, in the service of this strange, twisted parody of a Celtic paradise, is trying to break down Old Hector and to establish control of his mind. He is, however, baffled when he comes up against the stumbling-block of loyalty: “the exact degree of the primitive in this loyalty was difficult to assess, fascinating to disentangle, for in this old Highland stock it was almost instinctively active.”

Of Art, Andrew Noble in his essay “Fable of Freedom” on *The Green Isle of the Great Deep* says: “Part of Art’s legend is, of course, obviously derived from Celtic mythology. The book is developed from *Young Art* and *Old Hector*, and Art is both Cuchulain with his great hounds and Arthur, the king who will return when the land is most in need of him.” Indeed Gunn plays with the different meanings of Art’s name—“Arthur” or the “Art Man” or “artist,” whose very existence challenges the assumptions on which a dictatorial society is based, and who must, therefore, be suppressed. (We are reminded of Joyce’s Stephen Dedalus: Stephen, the first martyr, and Dedalus, the artificer or artist of ancient Crete.) Art’s several escapes from and ultimate triumph over the administrators of the Green Isle parallel Cuchulain’s struggles with the three sons of Nechta. Like Cuchulain, too, he appears to be physically
transformed in the heat of battle. Cuchulain’s hair stands on end, his mouth is distended and the warrior's light arises from the crown of his head. Similarly, Art's leaps from legendary and, though he is only eight, people think he is twelve or thirteen.

In the setting of his novels, in their themes, in the values they incorporate, in the manner in which they are expressed, Gunn's novels bear the imprint of the region that nursed him and in which he spent most of his working life. As he remarked, perhaps overgenerously, of Highland life in Off in a Boat, the main elements are "melody, poetry, instinctive good manners, and that gift for spontaneous gaiety in a natural communal life." He was able to link the life of this region, through observation of its people, through scrutiny of its landscapes, through personal intuition and through wide reading in archaeology, history, and folklore to its sources in the old Celtic world of Britain and Europe.

Inverness

NOTES


5 See J. F. Campbell, Popular Tales of the West Highlands (Paisley, 1890), Vol. II.


The Making and Un-Making of
Sir Walter Scott's
Count Robert of Paris

The beginning of December 1831 saw the publication of the last two novels of the famous "Author of Waverley." Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous were brought out in four volumes as the Tales of My Landlord, Fourth and Last Series, supposedly collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish-clerk of Ganderclough.

Exactly 15 years before this date, the first series of these Tales comprising the novels The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality had come out and had set the reading world wildly guessing as to who their anonymous author could be—a man who had, it seemed, at least in the latter novel, produced a masterpiece. Enthusiastic reviews had been written in the most influential periodicals; severe attacks against the historicity of the novels had been launched and answered; and the publishers, Blackwood and Murray, had deemed themselves fortunate to have captured such a big prize from their ever-expanding rival, Constable of Edinburgh.

Now, fifteen years later, the scene was largely changed. Hardly any of the big "Reviews" did more than mention or print extracts from the avowed last product of the respected and pitied author. An author who, as all the world knew, was labouring hard to make good his huge losses from the bankruptcy of Constable's firm in 1826 and who had just two months before
KURT GAMERSCHLAG

started on a voyage to the Mediterranean on account of his failing health. If there were people who found it necessary to criticize these last novels, they did it gently and with reverence for a willpower so great as to enable the author, despite everything, to produce works of a quality still well above average. Scott's son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, certainly uttered no great falsehood when he tried to cheer him up with the good news: "Your tales have been out for some days & all the literary gazettes [in] London & Edinburgh treat them with courteous words. What is better, they are selling capitally I am told." Underneath all this understanding and gentleness, however, lurked a severe and final judgement which came into the open seven years later in Lockhart's Memoirs in a bland statement concerning the publication of the last series of the Tales: "...Count Robert, and Castle Dangerous...--(for I need not return to the subject) came out at the close of November [1831] in four volumes, as the Fourth Series of Tales of My Landlord." Lockhart's great respect for Scott and his own gentlemanliness prevented him from saying more, but his condemnation of the novels is, nevertheless, clear. Howbeit, when, 140 years later, the same reluctance to probe into the merits of Count Robert and Castle Dangerous apparently continues to get the better of Scott critics, and when one finds scholars still, more or less unquestioningly, relying on what Lockhart thought advisable to say about the genesis of the novels, it is high time to remind oneself of the recent criticisms of Lockhart's Scott biography and to go back to the original sources.

The task set for the present essay is, on a much smaller scale, that which H. J. C. Grierson set out to do in 1938: i.e., to supplement and correct Lockhart's account. Although most of the data were competently and finally handled in Edgar Johnson's biography The Great Unknown of 1971, his section on Count Robert leaves much to be desired. This is presumably due, on the one hand, to the more limited number of MSS to which he had access and, on the other, to his failure to inspect the surviving pre-stages of the text of this novel. Had Johnson given closer attention to the several sets of proof-sheets of the novel in the National Library of Scotland, he could not have written so laconically:

Lockhart did the last revisions, making substantial cuts and corrections. Their usefulness is incontestable but is still merely editorial; all the essential achievement is Scott's own. In fact, nearly one-third of the novel Count Robert of Paris was rewritten by Lockhart against the express wishes of its
original author who, in the end, almost certainly never realized what had become of his novel. It has always been openly or silently assumed that Lockhart's revision of Count Robert was an amelioration of a text hardly worth printing. The first such statement can be seen in James Ballantyne's letter to Scott's publisher, Cadell, who had also taken a considerable part in the proceedings—James Ballantyne being the printer:

Dear Sir,
I will speak very honestly on this occasion. I think very much of the judgement and attention displayed by Mr. Lockhart in his alterations, and quite as much of your own. Without both, the thing would have been im producable.

Whether or not this really is the case can only be revealed by printing the original text in full—a text which was definitely not used as the basis for the few critical statements published on Count Robert.

However, to start at the beginning: the first reference to a further novel after Anne of Geierstein which came out on 20 May 1829, is to be found in Cadell's business "Memoranda" of 24 February 1830, in which he calculates £2,625 as being the author's share of sales from a "New Novel by Sir Walter Scott" to be published in 5000 copies. There were, at this time, probably no more grounds for the calculation than a mere hint from Scott that he would like to start another work, and that he was looking for a suitable subject. Roughly six months later Scott had decided on the time-setting for the novel. Cadell's "Notebook" of conversations with the famous author records on 5 September 1830: "he put into my hand the title of the Book which is fixed to be Robert of Paris a Romance of the Lower Empire." One month later, however, Scott decided to change the title of the book to Count Robert of Paris in order to avoid the rather farfetched, but possible, association with the mediaeval scholar John of Paris. Cadell readily complied.

During most of October and November, Scott was occupied with reading up on Byzantine history. Towards the end of November he put pen to paper and wrote three chapters of the new novel. These chapters were sent immediately to the printer and returned in proof to Scott after Ballantyne had corrected the sheets. Ballantyne's reading of Scott's proof-sheets had never been restricted to mechanical correction—indeed, he had always been encouraged by the author to read the sheets with a view to their literary merit and, if necessary, to propose changes in this area. Scott, for his part, had in most cases readily agreed, if not always without grumbling, and had tried to cor-
rect and change accordingly. Scott's rejoinders to Ballantyne's proposals were however, of late, becoming more impatient and querulous in direct proportion to the growing number of criticisms on the one hand, and Scott's increasing realization of his failing powers on the other. This had made Ballantyne's task far from easy, and he had decided that he would no longer express his opinions without the backing of at least one other authority, be it the publisher, Cadell, or J. G. Lockhart—preferably of both.

Ballantyne saw the first proof-sheet of the new novel at the end of November. The next two sheets, comprising chapters II and III, followed in the first days of December 1830. Though the speed with which the author supplied new copy seemed to reflect new vigour and determination, Ballantyne was not at all happy with these chapters. He thought them, on the whole, rather dull; particularly the nearly 24-page stretch of inflated dialogue at the end of the third chapter. Having now become too cautious to tell Scott this on the strength of his own opinion, the printer went to Cadell on Saturday, 4 December, and gave him the finished pages to read, not hesitating to mention his own criticisms. The publisher, however, did not think the beginning of the novel too bad but agreed with Ballantyne that the odd-sounding Greek and Latin names of the characters should be changed. After much thought on how to approach Sir Walter with Ballantyne's and his own objections, Cadell wrote a long letter to Scott on the following Monday, 6 December. The letter, a nice piece of diplomacy, presented James's argument (considerably toned down) that a vivid beginning such as that of The Talisman was a certain sign of a good novel, whereas a dull beginning such as that of The Betrothed was an omen of a bad one—as indeed he feared this new one tended to be—setting his own, more favourable, opinion against Ballantyne's. Cadell even went so far as to single out Scott's use of the decaying plant as "simile" for the state of the Byzantine Empire of the eleventh century for special praise. In the minor matter of the names, he cited Ballantyne's example of J. C. Lockhart's novel Valerius as an instance where a good novel had been damaged by Latin names associated with learnedness but not with "light amusing or pleasing reading." Despite his cautious phrasing and cheering assertions, Cadell found that his tactics had, this time, been detected and fully comprehended.

Scott's replies to Cadell and Ballantyne arrived two days later and were couched in such terms as made it quite clear that he had understood the degree of their fears, despite Cadell's euphemistic phrasing, and moreover, that he shared them:
My Dear Sir,—
Although we are come near to a point to which every man knows he must come yet I acknowledge [sic] I though[t] I might have put it off for two or three years for it is hard to lose ones power of working when you have perfect leisure for it. I do not view James Ballantynes objection...so much as an objection to the particular objects of his criticism which is merely fastidious as to my having failed to please him an anxious and favourable judge & certainly a very good one...

As to Cadell’s particular argument of Latin and Greek names, these only proved the point. Had he not made low-sounding and despised names such as those of MacGregor and MacGruther more than acceptable? But his imitators had learned the knack of it now, while he, Scott, had lost the "power of interesting the country by surprizes and ought in justice to all parties to retire" while he had some credit left. Scott did not want to give up Count Robert altogether, but, as he mentioned in his letter to James of the same date, he wished to lay it aside and go abroad for a few months’ diversion.

Cadell, thinking he fully understood Scott’s "excellent" answer, immediately sent it on to Ballantyne and plunged into the reading of the next set of proof-sheets of Count Robert. The printer’s main task now was to persuade Scott that nothing was as yet lost, and that any thoughts as to whether Scott’s powers were failing were out of the question. Ballantyne assured Scott that his criticisms were not in the least meant to point to flagging imagination, but rather to warn the author that the subject matter might prove unrewarding and the period too devoid of interest. Indeed, he stated that he was more than willing to bow to Scott’s superior knowledge and that since he, Ballantyne, did not even know what the subject was, it was surely much too early to make any far-reaching decisions such as stopping the experiment.

Next day, 10 December, Ballantyne called on Cadell. They "had a long crack" about these matters, the result of which was two letters from Cadell to Scott; the first being written the same day. Cadell urged strongly for the continuation of the work on the novel and against a longer journey to the Continent; he also suggested a personal talk between Scott, Ballantyne, and himself for the following weekend. The second letter followed three days later; the need to continue the novel in hand being once again brought forward. Cadell pointed out that, after all, the sheets Ballantyne had criticized formed "but a dawning of the work;" that Ballantyne might be
wrong in his criticisms, especially since Scott was the only person who knew how the further story was to unfold; and that it would be best, for the present, to plan on writing at least half a volume, have Ballantyne set it in type, and only then have Ballantyne pronounce his opinion. 18

Whatever the critics had hoped to effect with their letters, Scott this time proved more difficult than expected. Ballantyne's letter of the 9th had not had the desired soothing effect, but had rather affirmed Sir Walter's doubts about himself. In his answer to James of the 11th, the tone of resignation had grown even stronger than in his former letter. Scott had always regarded Ballantyne as "a fair & favourable specimen of the capricious public" and "a very good omen of their opinion." Now this opinion was, far more fundamentally than Ballantyne cared to admit, in opposition to Scott's latest efforts. Scott realized full well that to put the blame for the dull beginning of the novel on the subject was to put the saddle on the wrong horse. As for the consequences of his better judgement:

The only question seems to be whether to leave the plough in the furrow or finish the job and I incline for the first. It will be better than to convince all the world of our own truth which it is as wise to keep to ourselves. 19

Cadell received his answer two days later in the evening just after he had written his aforementioned second letter to Scott. The tone was that of Scott's letter to James, who again was brought forward as a competent and sincere judge against whose opinion Scott would not strive. There were strong hints at Sir Walter's awareness that his illness would not allow him to write as well as he used to. Above all, Scott makes mention of his imitators who, in his opinion, even if inferior had shown the public the true value of compositions such as the projected Count Robert "by showing at what a cheap rate an imitation...can be constructed." In short, Scott's self-confidence was so severely shattered that he wanted to give up Count Robert, and even went so far as to suggest it might be better to start on another novel with an altogether different subject. Nevertheless, Sir Walter agreed to see Cadell and Ballantyne at Abbotsford the following Saturday, 18 December, in the hope that a personal talk about these matters could help to clear up misunderstandings. 20 Cadell's reaction to this letter was one of shock and grief. He started on his reply the same night, repeating at length his views on the matter, now suggesting that the whole manuscript should be completed before any of
Ballantyne's criticisms be taken into consideration. To give up now, he warns Scott, would certainly damage the sales of the Magnum Opus. It needed a "noble finish":

I do most pointedly say that if Count Robert is not popular—if it is not received with more applause than any of its precursors up to the Tales of the Crusaders—it will injure the Magnum, and this injury will be done to 45 preceding volumes—... 21

The tone of this letter was that of business dealings, little suited to the ill author's mind. The writer sensed this and hesitated to post it. The following day, however, he met Ballantyne who had just received a very cheering note from Scott in which Sir Walter stated that he had overcome the fright into which he had been thrown by the adverse criticisms; that he would continue writing; and, in the event of Ballantyne being better pleased with the sheets to follow, that one could always "cut down the first proofs of County Paris [sic] or cancel them entirely & try a new departure."

There were, furthermore, hints of other works to be taken up and quite a number of things to be discussed. All this, Scott maintained, could most conveniently be settled in the meeting at Abbotsford the coming Saturday. 22 Cadell was delighted. Nevertheless, he thought that his anxious "lucubrations" of the previous night should not be lost, and he sent them off with a postscript manifesting his relief and hope that his considerations would be taken for what they were meant to be: expressions of his "confidential candour" in dealing with Scott. The publisher certainly was not going to miss this chance of putting himself in a good light and, at the same time, of reminding the author of the "dire" financial risks at stake should Scott flinch again from his proposals. 23

Cadell's "Notebook" serves as the source for information about the events of the first meeting since Scott's "fright." 24 As the publisher sat down on Saturday night to record the sayings and doings of the day, his first recollection was of the feeling of anxiety with which he and Ballantyne had come to Abbotsford in the early afternoon; a feeling caused by the correspondence on Count Robert and "the general gloom apparent in Sir Walters letters about himself." During a walk through the shrubbery Scott had broached the subject and had startled his visitors with yet another change of mind. He had decided to lay aside Count Robert after all and had been wondering how the money advanced for the new work could be disposed of. Ballantyne had argued strongly against this new
decision but Scott had countered with the various difficulties of the subject matter of the novel, not the least of them being that there was absolutely nothing new in it; nothing that had not already been taken up by others and that "in fact there was no place to put his foot upon." Cadell had himself then brought up various business reasons for the continuation of the work. Scott's response had been to plead his inability to read his own handwriting, but the proposal of an amanuensis promised to provide a solution to this problem. The outcome of the day's discussion had, in the end, been that Scott was willing to go on, with one of the main reasons for his doing so being Cadell's weighty argument that to close the series of the Magnum Opus edition of the Waverley Novels with Volume 47 (a leave-taking volume after Anne of Geierstein) "would sound ill," and that "the object would be to close with 48 or 50 volumes." Scott had liked the plan for 50 volumes and had proposed to write Count Robert in three volumes "and the fourth a dialogue or leave taking." As for the story of the novel, Scott had given his guests a rough outline of it after dinner. This day, then, had closed on a much happier note than could have been, or indeed had been, expected by any of the three men. Scott had been put in good spirits and his mind had been eased considerably.

Sunday saw Scott still more self-confident and cheerful. He boastfully stated "that he was not afraid of the public on any subject." However, when the cautious publisher asked him whether he had the story of the novel already blocked out in writing, which would have helped them get a better view of what Scott proposed, he was disappointed and had to be satisfied with the verbal outline of the previous evening. Scott maintained that he had it "all in memory" and that he, anyway, "always found a character to come out much more at length than he had originally sketched him in his mind."

The "Notebook" makes it clear that neither Cadell nor Ballantyne had any confidence in this boastful attitude of the author. The printer even went so far as to state openly that he did not think Scott would ever finish Count Robert. Scott's frequent allusions to his attacks of paralysis, his stammering, and his inability to write legibly seemed to point all too clearly to the probability of Ballantyne's assertion. Despite Sir Walter's contention that he would continue the novel the visitors left Abbotsford on Monday morning even less cheerful than on their arrival; the optimism of Saturday evening totally withered: "...we were both gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, & I fear the Great man is going to droop I trust [?] we may be both wrong."

Having at last come to a decision, though, Scott was not the man to hesitate putting it into practice. In his Journal entry
of 21 December he reminded himself of his new resolution and set to work. Only three days later the first letter of praise arrived from Ballantyne. Another three days and Cadell followed suit with the reassuring news that Ballantyne was confident and "Count Robert was looking as gay as possible." Scott, however, was not that easily hoodwinked, despite Ballantyne's protestations of sincerity, and noted: "J. B. send[s] me praises of the work I am busy with. But I suspect a little supercherie though he protests not." Nevertheless, Scott had started working on the novel again, if not without interruptions by other undertakings such as the notes to the Magnum edition. Cadell, for his part, had picked up the first proof-sheets of Count Robert again, revised sheet A for the third time and sheet B for the first on 28 December. Moreover, he did not forget that Scott needed further encouragement to be persuaded that his illness had done and was doing no damage to the work. In a long letter to Scott he proposed a second series of the Tales of a Grandfather which could be published for Christmas 1831. Sir Walter, never averse to new undertakings, readily consented. He would plan to start on the second series at the end of the holidays but would first see how well Count Robert went after 6 January.

On 11 January, we find Scott writing in his Journal that he had completed three pages of manuscript in the morning and found it difficult to proceed in the evening because of "drowsiness and pain in [his] ha[n]ds." His old friend and amanuensis, Laidlaw, had after dinner offered to take his dictation and they had made three or four pages progress, "worth perhaps double the number of print." (Laidlaw had first come to Sir Walter's aid when Scott had been unable to write during the composition of the Bride of Lammermoor in 1819.) Having his help eased Scott's mind considerably, the more so as he could dictate to him while sitting for the sculptor Macdonald. Working in this way for about five hours a day, things went "bobbishly enough." On the 20th the first volume was nearly finished; Ballantyne is reported to be in "extacies" about the resulting clear copy, and Scott began to pick up hope again that the "stammer" he had noticed in his own writing had not been due to his brain having been impaired by his last stroke in November, but more probably by his fantasy producing ideas faster than his hand could put them to paper. Dictation to Laidlaw went on until 29 January but by this time the previous burst of energy had dwindled to a crawl:

It does not work clear, I do [not] know why. The plot is nevertheless a good plot and full of expectation. But there is a cloud over me I think and interruptions are frequent.
In spite of the snowy weather, Scott went to Edinburgh on 31 January to consult his doctors and to settle his will. Snowstorms kept him in town for ten days and he sorely felt the need of Laidlaw's assistance as, once again, his pen stammered egregiously and he wrote "horridly incorrrect."35

Nevertheless, much work was done while Scott was held captive by the weather in Cadell's home in Atholl Crescent. Cadell invited the painter Will Allan who had recently been to Constantinople, to talk to Scott about his impressions of the town, the people, and their manners, and to show him the sketches he had done there. Although Cadell meant well and only wanted to help Scott with accurate descriptions, he found that he had overtaxed Sir Walter's patience: "...notwithstanding the subject Sir Walter gave many hearty yawns and Allan said to me next day that he was afraid he had bored him."36 Two days later Ballantyne sent for a motto to the fifth chapter of Count Robert which was instantly composed, put in proof, corrected, and supplied with its fictive source "Deluge a Poem."37

Even though everything seemed to proceed well enough from Cadell's viewpoint, with Scott being obviously in much better health than in December when the publisher had last visited him, the author must often, behind the scenes, have despaired over the way his hand had no control over his words. Scott was glad enough to be back in Abbotsford on the 9th and to start working with Laidlaw again the following morning.38

In little more than a week the novel moved on into a quarter of the second volume, and the last proof-pages of the first volume were corrected and sent back to Ballantyne. Scott seems now quite his usual self when we find him writing:

Is it good or not? I cannot say. I think it betterns as it goes on and so far so good.
I am certain I have written worse abomination,...39

Even his nonchalant attitude towards his way of composition has assumed some of the old tone:

The work is half done. If any asks what time I take to think on the composition I might say in one point of view it was seldom five minutes out of my head the whole day. In another light it was never the serious subject of consideration at all for it never occupied my thoughts entirely for five minutes together except when I was dictating to Mr. Laidlaw.40

Not even from his two critics was adverse opinion to be heard. On the contrary, Scott received praising letters from
Cadell complimenting him:

Count Robert seems to get on most gallantly it is full of the most gorgeous description and is most interesting—I am in great hopes from the present appearance of the story and the personages.\(^4\)

Scott kept up a steady pace of five to six hours' work daily with Laidlaw (except on weekends). By the middle of March the second volume was finished; about 20 pages of the third were written; and Sir Walter hoped to have done with the Count by the beginning of April.\(^4\) This, though, proved to be too optimistic. By 6 April little more than half of the last volume of *Count Robert* had been dictated to Laidlaw and, what was more, Scott felt that the story was flagging, and that it wanted more action. However, he feared that he should "want the stuff to fill it," and although there was always the possibility of eking it out with some ingenious padding, he would "not willingly bombast it with things inappropriate."Maybe a little rest was advisable.\(^4\) William Laidlaw had for some time felt this was necessary; noticing to his deep concern and pity as he took dictation hour for hour, how Scott's mind was daily losing more of its energy, how often he fell into a kind of semi-consciousness, how he sat bewildered and then only by tremendous willpower roused himself again.\(^4\)

New trouble, however, was afoot. For a fortnight Ballantyne and Cadell had been reading the proof-sheets with increasing anxiety. The story had by then advanced to the complicated intrigues through which the Caesar, Emperor Alexius' son-in-law, hopes with the aid of a traitorous section of the bodyguard to overthrow his father-in-law's followers. The Emperor has by this time revenged himself for the insults offered him by Count Robert and his wife Brenhilda by holding both separately captive. The Caesar has determined to make a public gathering in the arena the occasion for his attempt to seize power, and he has challenged Count Robert, who he knows cannot meet him, to fight with him in single combat. Brenhilda, to whom the Caesar has been making advances, has, for her part, challenged him in order to achieve liberty for herself and her husband. Count Robert, however, has in the meantime been freed by the Varangian Hereward in whose rooms he is hidden. In chapter XII of the second volume [proof-pages 283 ff.] the old dame Vexhalia appears in Hereward's rooms to inform the Count that his wife is apparently pregnant and consequently will not be able to fight. The Caesar has already, on learning this, had the Countess transferred to the palace and has ordered Vexhalia, a skilled midwife, to attend her.\(^4\) The following
plots and counterplots, in which this "condition" of the Countess is made one of the turning points of the action, bring Vexhalia and her husband, an old Anglo-Saxon officer, very much into the story.

Both Cadell and Ballantyne had, for some time already, considered this strand in the narrative to be highly offensive and against the usual delicacy and decorum of Scott's novels, and had decided to urge Sir Walter to a change. Neither of them had, however, had the courage to approach the author on this subject, especially since Scott's reaction to their criticisms of the previous December was still fresh in their memories. But time was working against them even though the fresh pages daily coming under their scrutiny till then had shown only few direct signs of the Countess's pregnancy, and all related matters had as yet been relegated to a less prominent position in the narrative. Eventually though, the discussion could no longer be postponed. Cadell and Ballantyne, on being invited to Abbotsford for the weekend of 9-10 April to talk over business matters, decided to take this opportunity to voice their opinions. Cadell reports the events of the Saturday afternoon:

About this time James Ballantyne asked if I had spoken about Count Robert and Brenhilda, Ballantyne looked surprised when I said No--and entered upon the point, adverting to Brenhilda being enceinte, and that he and I were afraid of the effect of the incident. Sir Walter did not appear to like this very well, and said he had thought well of it, and he did not see how it could be changed this threw Ballantyne and I somewhat aback I said little, having the wish now as heretofore to let Ballantyne bear the brunt of these critical discussions, the issue was that the conversation was postponed till the evening.46

The evening's discussion did not prove successful for the two sensitive critics, although Ballantyne had, for reference purposes, brought a particularly offending sheet with him in order to show the indecencies.47 Scott was adamant that he was not going to take out "the incident" and only repeated his purpose to put more action into the rest of the last volume which "he thought he would conclude with a battle where the celebrated Greek fire might be brought into play."48

Sir Walter obviously did not waste much thought on these new criticisms. Indeed, there is not mention at all of them in his Journal which only reports his concern that what he is writing may be too dull. Even Laidlaw seemed to think so, but there
Count Robert of Paris

was "too much space to fill and a want of the usual inspiration."\(^4^9\)

Only a few days before Scott had toyed with the idea of re-writing about a third of the last volume to make it more exciting, but after the weekend he could only see one way out: "...if it prove dull why dull it must be."\(^5^0\) So on he plodded, and he had only another 100 pages to write when, the following weekend, he had another stroke which nearly killed him.\(^5^1\) Nevertheless, he recovered surprisingly quickly. Within a few days he had taken up dictating again and a week later reported in his diary that Count Robert was progressing at the rate of half a dozen leaves per day.\(^5^2\) Cadell, however, was far from happy about Scott paying so little attention to his precarious state of health, and wrote solicitously: "Above all things, do not overdo, do not strain or exhaust yourself--take recreation--have amusement--but do not work hard." The narrative had by that time been brought up to the last few chapters and Scott was certain it would soon be completed if he again started to "pull the oars in earnest," but they agreed that there was no need to push on so hard since, with a general election coming on, the season for publishing the new novel was rather unfavourable.\(^5^3\) Thus Sir Walter worked on steadily but, "as the transatlantic say, at a very slow pace indeed."\(^5^4\)

New trouble, pertinent to their old criticisms of Countess Brenhilda's pregnancy, was brewing for the printer and publisher: Scott had mentioned in previous discussions that he would like to finish the novel with a stirring combat scene and no doubt his critics had agreed heartily to this, but little had they dreamed what was in store for them. Scott had resolved on a complex picture of contrast between the degenerate Byzantine society of the East and the ascending, rather barbarian, but robust society of the Franks of Western Europe. This contrast was to be worked out not only in terms of opposing the male but also the female characters since the latter were figures in which the peculiarities of the different systems of values and manners could be most strikingly shown:

One remarkable characteristic of the fair sex was equally contrasted with the manners of the Greek females, and those accounted decorous among the people of the East. The western ladies, in contradiction to the doctrines of Christianity, and of Nature herself, were remarkable for the slight occasion on which, transgressing the dictates of Homer, they proudly refused to leave the business of war to men, or, in other words, they mingled, without either fear or scruple in
combats, which were the chief and constant em­
ployment of their husbands and lovers; while in
other countries the female sex was contented
with awarding the prize of valour, if in any
respect they mixed in the field.\textsuperscript{55}

The climax in this thematic contrast was to be a contest
between Anna Comnena, the Greek Emperor's daughter, and Coun­
tess Brenhilda, followed by a combat between Count Robert and
Hereward. Scott had given much attention to working up the
narrative strand of the contrasted women, stressing the valour
of the one and the conceited refinement of the other as well
as hinting at the peculiar but "natural" condition of the for­
mer and the indomitable pride of the latter which would enable
her, in lieu of her cowardly husband the Caesar, to meet the
warlike Countess in combat.

Scott began chapter IX on page 166 of the third volume and
opened the female contest with a battle of wits in which Prin­
cess Comnena easily outdistances the Countess. In the second
stage of the contest, the battle takes on a physical form—
single combat with swords. The scene closes with the Princess,
though hard pressed and virtually overcome, once again appear­
ing as victrix—but this time due only to Brenhilda's sudden
collapse. Only after this, and Vexhalia's explanation of the
cause of this unexpected defeat, does Count Robert step for­
ward and demand the Caesar to appear in the lists against him.
Then, as the Caesar does not come forward, Hereward takes up
the challenge on his behalf and battles with the Count. This
combat, however, is between two Westerners and thus devoid of
the basic contrastive symbolism of the whole.\textsuperscript{56}

On Friday, 6 May, the proof-sheets of volume III, chapter
IX, came off the press. Ballantyne took them to Cadell imme­
diately. Both agreed that Brenhilda's part would have to be
deleted and they resolved, after a long conference, to write
Sir Walter separately.\textsuperscript{57} Only Cadell's letter seems to have
survived. Its sentiments are clear enough:

Dear Sir,—
Mr Ballantyne has made an appeal to me to-day
as to the incident near to the conclusion of
Count Robert and I cannot but say that I agree
with him in every particular. I beg and entreat
of you to reconsider what Mr Ballantyne points at;
when he and I were at Abbotsford last you did not
yield to the views we then and now entertain as
to Brenhilda when she first appears likely to
become a mother.
But I confess the combat and what follows have cast a gloom over me which I cannot get rid of. The composition appears to my poor wits to be excellent, better you never wrote but it is the incident that is damming. I would be the last person living to put you to any unnecessary trouble, but trouble is nothing compared to the pain of having committed a great fault, or I might call it a great blot, and not be told of it. But the book is so near a close that the trouble would be but slight, very slight. All, nearly, up to the Combat might do, but I look to certain shipwreck if it remains as it is now.

This was strong stuff; the more so as Cadell did not fail to bring his heaviest cannon to bear against the author who was working to clear himself from debts:

I do most earnestly place before you the consequences of a break down with Count Robert—that it will injure all your work to the extent of many thousand pounds cannot be for a moment doubted...

Scott's *Journal* shows how hard this hit him; especially as he could see that the changes called for were not just a matter of some slight amendment, but involved rewriting at least the whole of the last volume. He feared, however, that the opinion of these two "critical persons" might "coincide with that of the publick; at least it [was] not very different from [his] own." The only way he could see, at that moment, of following their advice was: "I will right and left on those unlucky proof sheets and alter at least what I cannot mend." But this was easier said than done. Scott, sick of heart, rallied himself and tried to think of possible solutions but none occurred to him: "Did I know how to begin I would begin this very day although I knew I should sink at the end." His answer to Cadell's letter reflects this despairing mood and shows the great author reduced to meek compliance with the publisher's wishes:

Dear Sir,—
I have thought very much on the conclusion of Robert of Paris and no mode of altering it has occurred yet. It is no doubt very possible to make different which I will see about doing but I have little hope of making it better.
Scott, however, gave vent to his far from meek indignation in a letter to Ballantyne; he being, as Cadell had not forgotten to point out, the originator of this latest trouble. The letter begins with a cold "Dear Sir" instead of the usual "Dear James." Sir Walter immediately states that he entirely disagrees with Ballantyne's criticism and considers it mere mawkishness since "our old friend Addison one of the most scrupulous of writers you would find" had settled "the debate between the sexes upon the same principle" as he had adopted. Scott also states, though, that since Cadell agrees with Ballantyne's opinion he cannot but try to rewrite the third volume. 52

Three days later Scott gave up trying, resolving to "lay by Robert of Paris" and to take it up when he felt he could work again. The permanent worrying about it was making his head swim. 53 The publisher readily agreed to his proposal to go on in the meantime with the French Tales of a Grandfather, especially since Count Robert would do better in October or November than during the summer, and light work would ease Scott's mind. 54

Scott, however, sensed that he was fighting against time and admitted to Lockhart and Laidlaw in private that he did not rate his chances of recovery as being very high. Nevertheless, he still wanted to finish Count Robert; write another "little story about the Castle Dangerous" which had long been in his head; and, of course, bring to a close the notes for the Magnum Opus. 55 Cadell was also of Scott's opinion, not even expecting him to be able to finish the novel on hand, and he agreed with Lockhart that Sir Walter should be persuaded not to take on any more work; that "it would be better if he were to write no more Novels."

Four weeks later, though, the "little story" alluded to had already grown, according to Scott's calculations, into a full volume with another planned for this "tale of arms love antiquities battle & so forth called Castle Dangerous." 56 When Cadell came to Abbotsford on 6 July, he found that the author could show him 113 pages of manuscript. Scott's estimation, however, proved to have been overoptimistic. On seeing Laidlaw's rather large handwriting Cadell judged that the sheets would just make up to about 120 pages in print. Despite this seeming drawback the publisher immediately started his business calculations and agreed that the new tale should be brought out before Count Robert. 58 Scott worked on the new book at full pressure and on 13 July was able to show Lockhart the first proof-sheets. Seven weeks later everything but the work on the final proofs was completed. 59

Although Count Robert had made no progress at all during these weeks, Scott had begun to hope that he could tackle it
Count Robert of Paris

shortly and was confident that the changes could be quickly ef­
fected and the novel ready for publication within a month of
the completion of Castle Dangerous. Sir Walter had reassured
Cadell that he had understood what the publisher wanted done
in the way of alterations, even if he had no confidence that
they would improve the book. Indeed, he suspected rather the
opposite: "I fear," he said, "it will always be like mended
china."70 The publisher, in the meantime, had sought and found
another ally in his criticism, one able to exert a stronger in­
fluence on Scott than Ballantyne and he. Cadell's choice had
fallen on John Gibson Lockhart with whom he had "had a long
confab about Sir Walters Count Robert" in early June and who,
he found, agreed with him "on every point."71

With Castle Dangerous as good as finished by the end of
August, Scott plucked up courage and went over the proof-sheets
of Count Robert again in an attempt to comply with Cadell's
wishes. On Friday, 2 September, the publisher received a pack­
et of proofs accompanied by the author's note saying that he
had altered the novel as best he could.72 As far as can be
judged from the extant proof-sheets these alterations had, in
fact, only consisted of the cancellation of a few allusions to
Brenhilda's pregnancy and to Vexhalia's profession in volume II
and the first chapters of volume III. The crucial chapter IX,
however, had remained virtually unchanged with the only sub­
stantial correction (in Laidlaw's handwriting) being an account
of Countess Brenhilda's speedy recovery from her swoon and the
assurance that nothing serious had happened to her.73 How
Scott could have thought these alterations would satisfy Ca­
dell's wishes is far from clear and must, probably, be attrib­
uted to his recurring moments of mental confusion. Laidlaw had
already one month previously warned the publisher of these at­
tacks.74 Indeed, Cadell was to be witness to one of them on a
visit to Abbotsford on 5 September: on being told by Cadell
that there were still a few pages to write in order to complete
Count Robert, Scott was quite willing to discuss the matter
with him. Unfortunately, as soon became clear, Sir Walter was
talking about Castle Dangerous and not Count Robert. Later
that day he showed Cadell a manuscript entitled "Continuation
of Count Robert of Paris" which, however, proved to be not the
completion or continuation of this novel but of Castle Danger­
ous. Thus it became all too obvious to the publisher that
Scott's "ideas were confused and that he was not sensible of
what he said..." and he left Abbotsford with little hope.75

What hope Cadell had was certainly further diminished when,
on Wednesday, 7 September, he sat down to read what Scott had
in fact done to better the novel. On seeing the disappointing
results, the only remedy which ocurred to him was to mark the
proof-pages of Count Robert at the places where he wanted allusions to Brenhilda's pregnancy and Vexhalia's profession removed. In addition, he drew up a list of the offending passages in the hope that this would make it easier for the author to find them. Cadell furthermore made the suggestion that if Sir Walter was not willing to cancel the fight between Brenhilda and Anna Comnena altogether, and remained insistent that Anna win, he might still be willing to consider the possible solution of "some other reason... for Brenhilda not being able to fight."77

Once again, Scott meekly attempted to comply with this critic's wishes. He began working on the corrections and the writing of the last few pages necessary to bring Count Robert to the required length.78 He had deleted nearly all the passages listed by Cadell when, on reaching the ninth chapter of the last volume, he must have been struck by the fact that the only way out of his difficulties there would be to cancel the combat between Brenhilda and the Princess altogether. This in turn, however, also brought difficulties with it, as it would necessitate a recasting of the earlier volumes in order to bring back even a semblance of the symbolic balance of the book as a whole. As Sir Walter was no longer able or willing to do this, he decided to let it stand as it was and disregard his pusillanimous critics. Consequently, he set about invalidating his former cancellations by the note "stet." Having done this Scott wrote two short concluding chapters, X and XI. The main feature of these chapters is the attempt to vindicate his narrative from charges of critics such as Ballantyne and Cadell by calling the facts of history to his aid. In a postscript following these chapters the author takes his farewell from his readers--Castle Dangerous had already been completed--excusing his production with his illness; his extravagance of going back to the Byzantine Empire, with his search for novelty; and his contrasting figures Brenhilda and Comnena, with the interests of historical accuracy and the need for strong symbolic contrast, referring those critics in doubt as to the morality or decency of the incidents to Addison as a precedent.79 Sir Walter sent all this to Edinburgh on 13 September, enclosing three notes to Cadell stating that he would not make cuts or corrections with which he was not in agreement and that the novel, such as it was, would have to take its chances.80

Cadell promptly acknowledged receipt of the papers but refrained from any open comment apart from the practical piece of advice not to add another sheet of 24 pages to the preceding volume at the cost of volume III, as Scott had proposed in his third note, but rather to lengthen the final volume with these pages. In his diary, however, he remarked drily that he
Count Robert of Paris had received the packet "with changes on Count Robert not at all to [his] mind."81 This seemingly ready compliance with his decision made Scott somewhat suspicious and, on 14 September, he sent Cadell a further note repeating his intention not to make any further changes; even though he did not think the story had "so good a chance as its neighbours," he found it impossible to make it any better.82 Sir Walter hoped by this note to forestall Cadell's calling new allies to his aid to further worry him. The additional material was put into proof without further comment on the part of Scott's critics and was, at least partly, proofread by Ballantyne.83

On 16 September Cadell had to go to Abbotsford to settle some financial matters before the author's departure for the Mediterranean. He decided to stop off on the way at Chiefswood to see his old ally Lockhart and to talk over the latest developments with him. No decision was reached as to their future tactics. Lockhart did, however, make the suggestion that if Sir Walter would write one of his Jedediah Cleishbotham introductions they could, since Castle Dangerous was rather short, put the two books together and publish them under the title of Tales of My Landlord. When Cadell mentioned this, Scott had no objections but did not, just then, feel "in the vein for such an Introduction."84 A week later Cadell was again at Abbotsford, this time to make final arrangements before Scott's departure for London on Friday, 23 September. Cadell once more brought up the suggestion of a Jedediah introduction as a means of bringing the joint publication of Count Robert and Castle Dangerous to the usual number of pages required for four volumes. On Cadell's insistence that this introduction could not successfully be replaced by anything else such as, for instance, the fictive Letters of the 17th Century, Sir Walter eventually gave in and promised to write the introduction while in London and before leaving for the Mediterranean.

Of much more moment to the future of the book than this agreement between author and publisher was "a short confab" between the publisher and Lockhart which took place the same morning. It was decided that once the author was safely out of the way they would go over his last two novels again and correct them according to their own lights. Lockhart was to start the rewriting as soon as Scott, to be his guest in London, had left for Portsmouth.85

Scott, awaiting word to board the Bartham for his long journey to the Mediterranean, wrote and revised the "Jedediah Introduction" as promised.86 In the meantime, Cadell kept up contact with Lockhart and, as previously arranged, prepared to have a parcel made up of Count Robert and Castle Dangerous to send to Lockhart the moment he had notice that Scott had left
London. The very day that Scott heard his ship would sail on 24 October, Lockhart sent a note with the news to the publisher. He received the parcel from Edinburgh a few days later.\textsuperscript{87}

The *Barham* was held up in Portsmouth for a while by adverse winds but when she finally left on 29 October, Lockhart had already done the major part of his "revisions," and on Friday, 4 November, Cadell received the proof-sheets of *Count Robert* "with...emendations."\textsuperscript{88} The publisher's diary for the following two weeks reveals the feverish activities necessary to have the novel ready for publication on 1 December. As Lockhart's copy was to be given to the printer as soon as possible, Cadell started revising the reworked proof-sheets the following evening.\textsuperscript{89} Two days later Lockhart's version of *Castle Dangerous* arrived. By 10 November Cadell had read it but professed to be "sorely troubled with the conclusion of it."\textsuperscript{90} Another two days passed and Cadell had "Lockharts Introduction to Count Robert & C. Dangerous," i.e., the re-written Jedediah introduction.\textsuperscript{91} Finally, on Saturday the 19th, the last proofs of the *Tales of My Landlord*, Fourth Series, consisting of *Count Robert of Paris* in 2 1/2 volumes and *Castle Dangerous* in 1 1/2 volumes, were "dispatched."\textsuperscript{92} On 1 December, exactly one year after Cadell had sent the first proof-sheets of the new novel *Count Robert* to Sir Walter for revisions, the last *Tales* came out as planned by his "critics."

The author had confessed in his *Journal* that he had written "two Waverly things but not well and what is worse past mending."\textsuperscript{93} The mending now had been done thoroughly; first by Lockhart and then by Cadell. The proof-sheets, when compared with the first edition, show three stages of revision of *Count Robert of Paris*. The supplementary texts, as well as the text of the novel itself, were eventually cut by nearly half a volume and substantially re-written in about another half volume. More than five pages are missing from Scott's "Jedediah Introduction," and the remaining text was so thoroughly revised that it cannot any more be called Scott's. Sir Walter's "Postscript of the Author of Waverley" was deleted in its entirety, as were two chapters in the third volume presenting Emperor Alexius's attempts to secure the support of the persecuted Manicheans without losing that of the Orthodox. Further substantial cuts were made in the last three chapters of volume II and the notorious chapter IX of volume III. Extensive revisions are moreover to be found in the first two chapters of the novel, chapters IX and X of volume II, and the concluding chapter of the novel.\textsuperscript{94} Thus, only fractions of the original text were suffered to survive into the first edition.

The author of the original version of the book, however much he may have suspected Cadell's plans to interfere while
he was away, was kept totally in ignorance of these doings. Cadell and Lockhart certainly sent him the anxiously awaited accounts of the novel's favourable reception, but there is no hint in their letters to Sir Walter of their "improvements" to Count Robert. Several weeks after the publication of the book Scott saw a copy of the pirated edition by the Paris publisher Calignani and he sent Lockhart a list of errata.\textsuperscript{95} It is, however, greatly to be doubted that this list was the product of rereading the complete novel; had Scott done so he could not have avoided, even in his cloudy state of mind, finding the considerable changes from his original in the second half of the novel. Neither his Journal (its last entry is for 15 April, 1832), nor his letters, nor the reports of his conversations make the slightest mention of it. It was, in any case, too late for him to do anything even if he had wanted to; his time was running out fast. In the middle of May, Scott decided it was high time for the trip home—"after all the best place to live in and certainly the best to die in."\textsuperscript{96} When he reached Abbotsford some two months later, it was indeed only to die there.

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NOTES

\textsuperscript{1} John Gibson Lockhart to Sir Walter Scott, 5 December 1831; National Library of Scotland [NLS] MS 5317, fol. 90. Lockhart is, of course, touching up the picture. Only nine "gazettes" printed more than mere announcements of the Tales. Lockhart could, at this time, have known only five of these, which were indeed favourable to the new novels. Cf. J. C. Corson, \textit{A Bibliography of Sir Walter Scott} (London, 1943), p. 275.

\textsuperscript{2} \textit{Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.} (Edinburgh, 1837-8), VII, 310. Lockhart softened the expression in parentheses in later editions to: "(for I may not return...)," which indeed he never did. The day of publication of the Tales of My Landlord, Fourth Series, as far as can be ascertained from the Edinburgh newspaper \textit{The Scotsman}, was 1 December 1831.


Scott saw the pirated edition by the Paris publisher, Calignani, in Italy (cf. *Sultana*, p. 81) but it is highly unlikely that he ever reread the novel *in toto*.

NLS MS 3777, fol. 1; [19 November 1831].

A critical edition of the novel is being prepared by D. Pohl and the author of this essay.

NLS MS Acc 6080.

In a letter of 31 August Cadell had pressed Scott "to fix on the title of the New Novel" so that he might insert it in his prospectus of forthcoming books (NLS MS 3919, fol. 316).

NLS MS 1752, fol. 130; Scott to Cadell, 7 October 1830.

NLS MS 5188, Cadell's "Diary," 1 December 1830; "First Sheet of Count Robert of Paris gone to Sir Walter in proof to day."

Cadell records this in his "Diary," 4 December 1830.

*Ibid.*, "I do not think it bad but the names are oddish & should be changed..."


Letters XI, 432, [8 December 1830]: Scott to Cadell. Cadell was at least insofar successful as the name Pleuxippus was changed.


Cadell's "Diary," 9 December 1830.

Letters XI, 435-6. Ballantyne here mentions his objections to 24 pages as "an enormous length for a single conversation, of no great interest perhaps, betwixt [NLS MS 869,
fol. 133 as against Letters "between" Achilles and Hereward in the third Chapter."

18 Cadell's "Diary," 10 December 1830; NLS MS 3915, fols. 158-9, 10 December 1830: Cadell to Scott; Ibid., fol. 168, 13 December 1830: Cadell to Scott.


20 Ibid., pp. 436-8, 12 December 1830: Scott to Cadell.

21 Cadell's "Diary," 13 and 14 December 1830; NLS MS 3915, fols. 168-174, 13 December 1830: Cadell to Scott.

22 Letters XI, 439-40, 14 December 1830: Scott to Ballantyne. The other works hinted at turned out to be an article on property tax. Publisher and printer devoted much time during this weekend to dissuade Scott from writing on this subject. They eventually succeeded.

23 Cadell's "Diary," 15 December 1830; "Postscript" on NLS MS 3915, fols. 174-5; 15 December 1830: Cadell to Scott. Scott endorsed this letter: "Mr. Cadell 13 December The Bishops fist is in it vide Gil Blas."

24 NLS MS Acc 5188, fols. 76r-81r, 18-20 December 1830; Cadell's "Diary," 18 December 1830.

25 W. E. K. Anderson (ed.), The Journal of Sir Walter Scott (Oxford, 1972), p. 616: "It was agreed after long pros and con; it was settled to trie the tale once more and only bring it forward or not as it would be found to succeed." For the weeks preceding this weekend there are no entries in the Journal.

26 Ibid., p. 618.

27 Letters XI, 448 fn., 27 December 1830: Cadell to Scott.

28 Journal, p. 618. Scott was quite right in his suspicion. Lockhart later records Cadell as commenting on Ballantyne's and his own positive attitude regarding the novel at this time: "'If we did wrong...we did it for the best: we felt that to have spoken out as fairly on this as we had done on the other subject [Scott's projected pamphlet on property tax], would have been to make ourselves the bearers of a death-warrant.'" (Memoirs VII, pp. 249-50).
29 Cadell's "Diary," 27 and 28 December 1830; Letters XI, 448 fn., 27 December 1830: Cadell to Scott.


31 Journal, 11 January 1831, p. 624.

32 Ibid., 19 January 1831, p. 627.

33 Ibid., 20 January 1831, p. 628. On Saturday, 22 January, Scott had proceeded to 46 pages in manuscript. Ibid., 22 January 1831.

34 Ibid., 28 January 1831, p. 630. Next day Scott reports: "Much in the same way as yesterday rather feeling than making way." Ibid., 29 January 1831.

35 Ibid., p. 631, [8 February 1831]. The entry is dated 31 January 1831 but the contents make it clear that Scott wrote this the day before he returned to Abbotsford.

36 Cadell's "Notebook," 5 February 1831, NLS MS Acc 5188, fol. 88r.

37 Ibid., fols. 88v-89r; Cadell attached Scott's MS and the corrected proof-sheets to the pages of the "Notebook" (fols. 88b/c).

38 Journal, p. 631, 10 February 1831.

39 Ibid., pp. 633-4, 19 February 1831. To Cadell he optimistically writes that he is working "like a tiger," and the publisher even thought it advisable to rein this zest for work: "...there is no call for your over-doing. Count Robert will do right well in April--then there is an occasional hour now and then to the Notes for the Magnum--or the next French Tales--but all with slaving in no way. We cannot have you long if you load yourself with work." Letters XI, 467 and fn.: Scott to Cadell, 12 February 1831; Cadell to Scott, 13 February 1831.

40 Ibid., p. 635, 23-25 February 1831.

41 NLS MS 3916, fol. 214, 28 February 1831: Cadell to Scott.

42 Journal, p. 640, 16 and 17 March 1831. Scott found, however, that he had miscalculated the number of pages for the
second volume. Ballantyne drew his attention to this on 18 March 1831 stating that Scott's copy would only amount to 265 pages in print, the usual number being about 330 per volume. Scott remarked in his Journal: "...so 45 more pages must be furnished to run it out to pages 329. This is an awful cast back. So the gap is to be made up." Journal, p. 640, 18 March 1831. In fact, the first two chapters of volume III were contracted into one chapter and this was put at the end of volume II (as Chapter XIII); cf. NLS MS 3777.

43 Journal, p. 645, 5 and 6 April 1831.
44 Memoirs VII, pp. 234-5.
45 Cf. NLS MS 3777, fols. 182 ff.
46 Cadell's "Notebook," NLS MS Acc 5188, fcl. 93v, 9 April 1831.
47 Ibid., fol. 94r. This was probably the proof-sheet containing vol. II, pp. 283-7 with Vexhála's explanations to the Count.
48 Ibid., fol. 95r-v, 10 April 1831.
49 Journal, pp. 647-8, 12 and 13 April 1831.
50 NLS MS 1752, fol. 261, 8 April 1831: Scott to Cadell; Journal, p. 648, 13 April 1831.
52 NLS MS 1752, fol. 272, 23 April 1831: Scott to Cadell; Journal, p. 650, 30 April 1831.
53 NLS MS 3917, fol. 272, 25 April 1831: Cadell to Scott; NLS MS 1752, fol. 277, 26 April 1831: Scott to Cadell. Ballantyne, of course, readily chimed in with the congratulations about Scott's recovery but angered Scott with an ill-timed joke about joining a Temperance Society. Cf. Johnson, Great Unknown, p. 1174.
54 Journal, p. 650, 2 May 1831. At this date Scott seems to have nearly finished Count Robert as he writes to Cadell: "Two or three days will finish Count Robert though not so well as I would wish." NLS MS 1752, fol. 283.
Unpublished "Postscript" to *Count Robert of Paris*, NLS MS 3780, fol. 14r. The MS, in Laidlaw's handwriting, is in NLS MS 876, fols. 44-54.

Cf. NLS MS 3777, fols. 309 ff.

Cadell's "Diary," 6 May 1831.


Journal, pp. 652 ff., 6 and 7 May 1831.

Ibid., p. 653, 8 May 1831.

NLS MS 1752, fol. 284, 8 May 1831: Scott to Cadell.

NLS MS 1752, fol. 286, 9 May 1831: Scott to Ballantyne. The letter was dictated, Scott only signed it. In the postscript to *Count Robert*, Scott justifies himself again with the same authority plus other precedents: "The author had not forgotten what the reader will probably remember, the ingenious allegory, namely, of the sexes, which exists in the Spectator [in fact the Guardian of September 4, 1713] and where the several nations, as they are pretended to be, of men and women, are finally reconciled, after several ingenious events, by the force of those passions to which both man and woman are naturally subject, and the contradiction of which must be, in a great measure, considered as a contradiction of the proper ends of their nature. This allegory itself, well known in its prose shape, exists also in poetry, and is, we believe, found in the earlier numbers of the Scottish Magazine. The version is extremely poetical, and must be familiar to many of my readers." NLS MS 3780, fol. 17r.


NLS MS 1752, fol. 288, 14 May 1831: Scott to Cadell; MS 3918, fol. 45, 16 May 1831: Cadell to Scott.

Memoirs VII, 283. The subject of *Castle Dangerous* had first been mentioned in Scott's letter to Cadell of 12 December 1830, Letters XI, 438.
66 Cadell's "Diary," 16 May 1831; "Notebook," fol. 98v, 2 June 1831.

67 NLS MS 1752, fol. 322, 3 July 1831: Scott to Cadell.

68 Cadell's "Notebook," fol. 99r-v, 6 July 1831. Scott at first wanted the book to be printed by Shortreed, not by Ballantyne with whom he had quarrelled again on political questions; but Cadell was anxious to keep Ballantyne as the sole printer for the novels and dissuaded Scott from this. Cf. Cadell's "Notebook," fol. 99r, 6 July 1831. Johnson, Great unknown, pp. 1184 and 1186, still reproduced the old "legend" as he did not have access to the "Notebook."

69 NLS MS 1752, fol. 370, 7 September 1831: Scott to Cadell.

70 NLS MS 1752, fol. 301, 26 May 1831: Scott to Cadell; Ibid., fol. 322, 3 July 1831: Scott to Cadell; Ibid., fol. 328, 15 July 1831: Scott to Cadell.

71 Cadell's "Notebook," fol. 98v, 2 June 1831.

72 NLS MS 1752, fol. 364, 2 September 1831: Scott to Cadell; Cadell's "Diary," 2 September 1831.

73 Cf. NLS MS 3777, fols. 182 ff., 225 ff., 310 ff., 326. There are quite a number of Scott's corrections on fols. 37-42 but these do not affect the Brenhilda-story but the combat between the Count and Hereward. None of these corrections were incorporated in the final text. The changes mentioned in the Brenhilda-story may perhaps be of a later date, i.e., after Cadell on his list of offending passages (NLS MS 900, fols. 42-3) had drawn Scott's attention to the fact that "so far as regards the enceinte state of Brenhilda, if this is changed she need not be left behind Count Robert [when he leaves for Palestine]."

74 Cadell's "Notebook," fol. 110r, 9 August 1831: "I had another short talk with Laidlaw, who told me that the morning after I came Sir Walter could not get on with Castle Dangerous his ideas get confused, & he has since then laid it aside..."

75 Cadell's "Notebook," fols. 112r-113r, 5 September 1831.

76 Cadell's "Diary," 7 and 9 September 1831; NLS MS 900, fols. 42-43. Cadell points especially to the proof-sheets of
volume III, pp. 217-22 which "contain the fight, and the ex­
posé which it would be most important to have the story denuded of as well as the prior allusions to it, as far as regards the enceinte state of Brenhilda..."

77 NLS MS 399, fol. 125, 9 September 1831: Cadell to Scott. Cadell moreover mentions another weak point in the conclusion of the novel: "It is a pity that Hereward & Count Robert fight at all. Hereward is almost lost in Vol III--I mention these points in consequence of their occurring on going over the book just now."

78 NLS MS 1752, fol. 376, 11 September 1831: Scott to Cadell.


80 NLS MS 1752, fol. 377, 12 September 1831 and 13 September 1831: Scott to Cadell. The third note seems to be lost.

81 NLS MS 3919, fol. 137, 13 September 1831: Cadell to Scott: "I have received all your notes, as well as Count Robert with additions..."; Cadell's "Diary," 13 September 1831.

82 NLS MS 1752, fol. 378, 14 September 1831: Scott to Cadell.

83 The "Postscript," NLS MS 3780, fol. 13-18, shows Ballantyne's marks.

84 Cadell's "Notebook," fol. 116r and 117r, 16 September 1831.

85 Ibid., fol. 122v-123r.

86 NLS MS 1752, fol. 399, 3 October 1831: Scott to Cadell; Journal, p. 665, 14 October 1831.

87 Cadell's "Diary," 17, 18, and 24 October 1831.

88 Ibid., 4 November 1831.

89 Ibid., 5 November 1831.

90 Ibid., 7 November 1831, 10 November 1831.
91 Ibid., 12 November 1831.

92 Ibid., 19 November 1831.

93 Journal, p. 659 "Interval."


95 Cf. Sultana, p. 70. The list referred to does not seem to be extant any more.

Henryson studies, which now and then have tended to isolate him as a social reformer, disciple of Chaucer, or precursor of Burns, have in recent years done much to restore him to his rightful place among the most literate of medieval British poets. And Denton Fox's edition of the Testament of Cresseid has demonstrated what the rest of Henryson deserves in the way of careful attention to the text and the literary background. The sources and other ancillary material gathered below, not previously noted, are intended as further proof of the poet's erudition and of the variety of genres he drew upon, particularly with regard to the Morall Fabillis. The fictive world he populated with evocative animals and troubled human lovers owes much of its richness to imaginative alterations of a heritage far larger than what has often been expected from a "Scottish Chaucerian."

Though an original poet, Henryson consulted his forerunners in Latin, French, and English for elements ranging from diction to plot. Most of the earlier fabulists have been explored for contributions to Henryson's collection, yet few of the scholarly forays through the painful labyrinth of Aesopic and Renardian tradition have been completely successful. For example, MacQueen has assembled evidence for Henryson's familiarity with the Isopet de Lyon (thirteenth century), a French
version of an undoubted Henryson source, Gualterus Anglicus; Jamieson, however, warned against hasty ascription to the extant version of this Isopet because only one manuscript remains. But I would add to equivalent material in MacQueen the following identical rhymes of phrases with identical sense in the fable of the Cock and the Jewel: "To get his dennar set was al his cure./Scraipand amang the as, be aventure/He fand ane Jolie Jasp" (ll. 67-69); "Une Jaspe, per aventure, Ai tro­vee, don n'avoi cure" (ll. 3-4). The quest for sources of The Confession of the Fox is much more difficult, and one element of Henryson's story is especially intriguing. Lowrence the fox, a descendant of the virtually immortal hero of the Roman de Renart, is slain. This event, for which no satisfactory Renardian parallel has been discovered, was doubtless inspired by a story found in Caxton's Aesop (1484). (Henryson's debt to Caxton has been claimed for a much longer time than that to the Isopet de Lyon, but it too has not gone unchallenged.) Having eaten a goat, Lowrence lies stroking his belly in the sun's heat and says recklessly, "Upon this wame set were ane bolt full melt" (l. 760). He is skewered at once by the goatherd's arrow, and he laments, "Me think na man may speik ane word in play,/Bot now on dayis in ernist it is tane" (ll. 770-71). Both the action and the theme of justice are similar in Caxton. There, a chastened wolf says, after much attempted wrongdoing and while lying under a tree:

"O Iupytar, I am worthy of gretter punyson whanne I haue offens in so many maners. Sende thow now to me from thyn hyghe throne a swerd or other wepen, wherwith I maye strongly punysshe and bete me by grete penaunce. For wel worthy I am to receyve a gretter disciplyne." And the good man whiche was vpon the tree herkened alle these wordes & deuyse and sayd no word. And whanne the wulf had fynysshed alle his syghes and complayntes, the good man toke his axe, wherwith he had kyttte awy the dede braunches fro the tree, and cast it vpon the wulf, and it felle vpon his neck in suche maner that the wulf torned vpsooun, the feet vpward, and laye as he had ben dede. And whan the wulf myght releeve and dresse hym self, he loket and byheld vpward to the heuen and began he thys to crye, "Ha! Iupiter, I see now wel that thou hast herd and enhanced my prayer." And thenne he perceyued the man....

Henryson worked with a variety of sources apart from the Aesopic and Renardian. He augmented the traditional associations of the animals in his fables by using scores of proverbs,
or else language meant to suggest well-known sententiae. The cock who preferred food to a jewel, "Richt cant and crous, albeit he was bot pure, /Flew furth upon ane dunghill sone be day" (ll. 65-66). The first line is unique with Henryson for this fable, and he was evidently thinking of the Scots proverb, "A cock is crouse in his own midding," analogous to the familiar "Every cock is proud on his own dunghill." The hero of The Preaching of the Swallow harangues upon the text, "Nam leu­ius la::dit quicquid pra::vidimus ante" (For whatever we have fore­seen ahead harms less grievously) (Z. 1754). The editors ob­serve that this line looks like one in Gualterus Anglicus: "Nam prouisa minus ledere tela solent." But Henryson's words are proverbial, and he has repeated them verbatim from a popu­lar schoolbook, "Cato's" Distichs. (The fable is an elabora­tion of this theme of "Cato." Henryson may have been giving his students an example of how they could perform this common pedagogical exercise.) In the moralitas of The Lion and the Mouse, Henryson says:

Thir rurall men, that stentit hes the Net  
In quhilk the Lyoun suddandlie wes tane,  
Waittit alway amendis for to get  
(For hurt men wrytis in the Marbill Stane).  
(ll. 1608-11)

The striking fourth line is apparently the earliest recorded in­stance of a proverb better known from Thomas More's History of King Richard III (ca. 1513): "For men vse if they haue an euil turne, to write it in marble: & whoso doth vs a good tourne, we write it in duste which is not worst proued by her." Finally, while Henryson's town mouse and country mouse are feasting in the larder they cry, "hail yule, hail!" (l. 289). R. M. Wilson supposes that they are singing a popular song now lost; more probably, Henryson had in mind the Scottish proverb, "It is eith to cry 3ule on ane vder manis coist." Henryson introduced a good deal of scientific lore into his Pabillia, often in unexpected places. The Frog and the Mouse features this unprecedented display of learning:

The Mous beheld unto hir fronsit face,  
Hir runkilit cheikis, and hir lippis syde,  
Hir hingand browis, and hir voce sa hace,  
Hir loggerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.  
Scho ran abak, and on the Paddok cryde:  
"Giff I can ony skill of Phisnomy,  
Thow hes sumpart off falset and Invy."
"For Clerkis sayis, the Inclinatioun
Of mannis thocht proceidis commounly
Efter the Corporall complexioun
To gude or evill, as Nature will apply:
Ane thrawart will, ane thrawin Phisnomy.
The auld Proverb is witnes off this Lorum—
Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum."
(ll. 2819-32)\textsuperscript{12}

Taking the mouse's argument together with the frog's reply that Nature is to blame, MacQueen lets matters drop with the statement, "This echoes the Platonism of Chartres," and a glance at Alan of Lille's Antiochianus (p. 120). The other commentators are virtually silent on the ultimate source. When Henryson uses a phrase like "For Clerkis sayis" he usually means that he is quoting or paraphrasing someone—he is more reliable on this score than Chaucer—and the core of the idea is in the philosophical tradition most likely for Henryson, that of Aristotle, whose \textit{Metaphysica} he cites to good purpose in The Preaching. Aristotle judges character by facial features in \textit{Historia Animalium} (I, 8-9 [491b]); and in \textit{Physiognomica} he says: "An ill-proportioned body indicates a rogue.... But, if bad proportions mean villainy, a well-proportioned frame must be characteristic of upright men and brave" (6 [814a]).\textsuperscript{13} He also says, "The Sly man is fat about the face, with wrinkles round his eyes, and he wears a drowsy expression" (3[808a]); and "...swollen inflated sides signify aimless loquacity, as in frogs" (6[810b]). Several other characteristics of Henryson's frog correspond to Aristotle's evidence of badness. John Metham, in a physiognomical work of around 1450, perpetuates Aristotle and lists many traits that reinforce the mouse's judgement.\textsuperscript{14} For example, the frog's brows mark her as "enuyus" and "froward;" her voice is a sign of "foltyschnes." The mouse, in the manner of the ignorant birds of The Preaching, reduces her argument to the proverb in line 2832, as if the currency of the thought gives it validity. That the notion was a commonplace by this time can be seen in Dunbar's assumption preceding a caricature of Walter Kennedy: "...thy fra­wartz phisnomy/Dois manifest thy malice to all men."\textsuperscript{15} The frog begins her own broadside of proverbs by making this qualification: "Na' (quod the Taid), 'that Proverb is not trew;/For fair thingis oftymis ar fundin faikin'" (ll. 2833-34). As support, she calls upon higher Authority: "Thairfoir I find this Scripture in all place:/Thow suld not Juge ane man efter his face" (ll. 2838-39). The Bannatyne reading, "Thairfoir I fynd in scriptor in a place," is verified by John 7:24:
"Judge not according to the appearance [faciem], but judge just judgment." But the Bible-quoting paddok goes on to say that even were she "als fair as Jolie Absolon" (ll. 2842) she could not be held accountable for her appearance. The mouse does not see behind this unfortunate reference, and, after the frog makes the allusion to Nature, she ends the quarrel: "'Let be thy preiching' (quod the hungrie Mous)" (ll. 2851).

The same kind of learning underlies Lowrence the fox's description of Friar Wolf Waitskaith, D.D., his confessor (The Confession of the Fox):

Your bair feit, and your Russet Coull off gray,
Your lene cheik, your paill pietious face,
Schawis to me your perfite halines.
(ll. 679-81)

The fox might well have learned from his own appearance that the wolf is not holy. He later says of himself, when refusing a just penance for his transgressions:

consider my Complexioun,
Selie and walk, and off my Nature tender;
Lo, will ye se, I am baith lene and sklender.
(ll. 716-18)

Lowrence means that he is hungry, but his "complexion" is that of the choleric, who "hath nature of fire, hot and dry, naturally is lean and slender, covetous, ireful, hasty, brainless, foolish, malicious, deceitful, and subtle where he applieth his vit...and commonly he loveth to be clad in black, as rus-set and grey." The lean and pale face of the wolf does not bode well for the fox, nor is it merely "a nice additional touch" (MacQueen, p. 147). Since Henryson uses human terms to describe animal features, I think that one might reasonably apply physiognomical lore, and thus recognize what the fox does not, that these features betray a character as deceitful as his own.

Another branch of science is represented by the astronomical configuration reported to Henryson by Lowrence (ll. 635-41). The planets' positions are unfavorable for the fox, leading him to seek out a confessor. MacQueen has shown how the arrangement ingeniously foreshadows Lowrence's fate at the hands of the goatherd (p. 146). And it reinforces this symbolic reading to know that the configuration is so extremely rare that Henryson must have constructed it with no intention of referring to an actual date—certainly no date in his presumed lifetime or in a considerable period before that. The stanza
might be a parody of the similarly elaborate dating machinery in Lydgate and others, but it is mainly a catalogue, a display of learning, chosen for its thematic appropriateness. 21

In other respects, Henryson the schoolmaster shows signs of the books he doubtless learned and taught from. The classics are echoed, 22 and Augustine is part of the long tradition behind the famous lines of Robene and Makyn: "The man that will nocht quhen he may/sall haif nocht quhen he wald" (ll. 91-92). Aside from its lengthy history as an English proverb, the thought is found in the appropriate context of how the first disobedience has led to all other disobedience (The City of God): "...ut, quoniam noluit quod potuit, quod non potest velit." 23  Some words from Boethius are uttered by the preaching swallow:

For Clerkis saysis it is nocht sufficient
To considder that is befoir thyne Ee;
Bot prudence is ane inwart Argument,
That garris ane man prouyde and foirse
Quhat gude, quhat evill is liklie ffor to be,
Off everilk thing behald the synall end,
And swa ffra perrell the better him defend.
(ll. 1755-61)

Neque enim quod ante oculos situm est suffecerit
intueri, rerum exitus prudentia metitur...[it is not enough to see what is present before our eyes; prudence demands that we look to the future.] 24

The poet's study of rhetoric accounts for a marvelous scene in The Lion and the Mouse. 25 Henryson goes far beyond the traditional story-elements. He emphasizes and makes more credible the offense of the mice by having them cavort upon the noble personage, instead of sending only one of them over him. The chief mouse is seized, and though terrified she, unlike her counterpart in Gaulterus, pleads her own case. And it is in good order. In fact, its vividness and authenticity stem from Henryson's attention to the rhetorical and dramatic possibilities of the situation. The act is admitted (ll. 1423-25), and the defense must draw upon extraneous matter to save its case; hence the mouse proceeds, in selective fashion, according to the rules for an "Assumptive Juridical Issue." 26 The Acknowledgement includes both Exculpation on the acceptable grounds of ignorance (ll. 1431-32) and several Pleas for Mercy, including: "Quhen Rigour sittis in the Tribunall,/The equitie off Law quha may sustene?" (ll. 1472-73). A second approach, Rejection of the Responsibility, is grounded on Circumstance:
"The swet sesoun provokit us to dance" (l. 1442). After some personal appeals to her judge, she concludes the way only a few Aesopic mice have done in this situation—by promising future aid to the lion if necessary—and this time the suppliant has capped the argument with an approved ground for pardon: an offender may be let off "if there is any hope that he will be of service in the event that he departs unpunished." Later, to no one's surprise but the lion's, she is true to her word.

Analogues sometimes clarify Henryson's intentions; sometimes they do no more than clarify the issues involved in a difficult passage. One such crux is his claim to have made the "translation" of his fables

Nocht of my self, for vane presumptioun,
Bot be requeist and precept of ane Lord,
Of quhame the Name it neidis not record.
(ll. 33-35)

Given the fundamental seriousness of purpose which characterizes medieval fables until Poggio Bracciolini, and given the fabulists' habit of justifying their art on the basis of Biblical precedent, it seems to me more likely that Henryson refers to the Lord of Parables, Douglas' "prynce of poetis," than to a contemporary ruler. To seek a Scottish lord is as fruitless as the long quest for a uniform reading of Spenser's political allegory, one of the darker chapters in scholarship. Elliott comments, "Such vague reference seems poor reward for patronage. Henryson is probably attempting to establish an initial attitude of objectivity rather than acknowledging a patron." I find more to the lines than the "affected modesty" topos, and a man so aware of tradition might even have thought to imitate the "Romulus" whose prose reworking of Phaedrus, in the tenth century or before, was the basis of most subsequent collections: he was often taken for an Emperor. I could also suggest Alfred the Great, on whom Marie de France fathered her fables (Epilogue, ll. 11-19); and who, in language like Henryson's, was credited as late as 1502 with translating Romulus into English: "Deinde rex anglie Afferus [sic]: in anglicam linguam eum transferri precepit." But as Crowne has shown, Henryson nowhere mentions Romulus (or Alfred, I will add), and his peculiar conception of Aesop himself as a Roman (ll. 1370-73) has more in common with the Lydgatian than with the usual Romulean prologues of earlier collections. In any event, that Henryson felt the touch of divine sanction in his sources is manifest from his canonization of Aesop. In the dream-vision prefacing The Lion and the Mouse, Aesop says,
"And now my winning is in Hevin ffor ay" (L. 1374).33

The analogues to be found in Rosemond Tuve's distinguished study of later medieval allegorists have far greater significance for Henryson scholarship. Her work has unfortunately not been brought to bear upon the Scottish poet, and she herself ignores him. But these writers observed a distinction important for the allegorical aspects of the Fabillis: it did not matter where the allegorical parallel was found, regardless how "far-fetched" the analogy; what mattered was "whether a metaphorically understood relation is used to take off into areas where a similitude can point to valuable human action, or to matters of spiritual import." The former is moral allegory (quid agas), the latter strict allegory (quid credas).34 In Henryson, the moralitas is nearly always concerned with quid agas, and often it is notorious for seeming far-fetched. But a more definitive term for Henryson's method might be what Tuve calls imposed allegory; she even speculates about "a little pocket of late fifteenth-century taste that enjoyed this peculiarly strenuous kind of allegorical reading..." (p. 237). However, it would appear that such handling of the text has its roots in Scriptural exegesis,35 and the fourteenth-century Gesta Romanorum will often similarly bend a story out of shape for a moral.

Among examples from the fifteenth century, Tuve cites Jean Molinet's Romant de la rose moralise cler et net (ca. 1482), with its many "dodges and shifts" to moralize a character like Faux Semblant, or to make Jupiter good on one page and bad on another (pp. 237-38). (One is reminded of the treatment of Alexander in the Gesta). In a similar manner and at the same time, Colard Mansion wove moralizations into Ovid, as opposed to the practice of earlier writers like Pierre Bersuire, who in his Ouide moralisé did not attempt to supplant Ovid but to comment on him--once more Tuve speculates that around 1500 there was a brief "little pocket of taste" which asked for "'profitable' ingenuities and equations" (pp. 311-13). It is a comment more upon us than upon the late Middle Ages that, as Kinsley says, Henryson's "moral applications...are often too ingenious for modern taste...."36

The problem that all of this poses for Henryson criticism is the extent to which he was guided by the various traditions of imposed allegory. The long-standing cultural commerce between France and Scotland makes it possible that he was acquainted with Tuve's "pocket of taste" (and with the Isopets and the Roman de Renart as well);37 yet the British tradition might just as likely account for his type of moralizing. Lydgate too makes odd one-to-one relationships between the animals of his fables and abstractions in his morals. But the analogy
stops there: the morals are not as elaborate as Henryson's; rather, Lydgate most often amplifies within the story to point out moral lessons—so much so, that the reader sometimes forgets where he is. Hence Lydgate, while still clinging to the tradition of tale and moral in tandem, has much in common with the allegorizers who overhauled Ovid and the Roman de la Rose. Henryson, to the contrary, only infrequently preaches within a tale. He prefers to tell the reader a good story salted with all manner of wisdom and then to extend its significance in the moralitas. The story is seldom devoid of some kind of explicit sentence, in addition to what is implied, but this message will usually be less hortatory than prefatory: it will often forge a tenuous link with the moral.38 No critical problem in Henryson is more important than the relationship of his tales to their moralitates, and Tuve's book is a necessary adjunct to the several fine essays on that problem in recent years.39 Perhaps it will not be completely solved until our knowledge of the sources and analogues, the proverbial folk-wisdom and ancient science, all the curriculum authors drawn upon with such facility, matches Henryson's own.

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NOTES


Gualterus XX, 10, in Hervieux, Fabulistes latins, II, 325.

Henryson translates the line from Gualterus in ll. 1738-40 (Whiting, Proverbs, D18). For l. 1754 see Hans Walther, ed., Proverbia Sententiaeque Latinitatis Medii Aevi, 6 vols. (Göttingen, 1963-69), item 15841c; and the Distichs, II, 24, 2. Cf. Whiting M11, W49. Even the one line quoted verbatim from Gualterus, in the general Prologue (l. 28)—"Dulcius arrident seria picta Ioci" (Prol. 2; Hervieux, Fabulistes latins, II, 316)—is not by itself conclusive evidence that Henryson knew Gualterus, for it may have become proverbial. See Walther 6400. However, Henryson does cite "Esope" as his source, and other evidence is abundant. (Subsequent to the submission of this article, I have found that the parallel in the Distichs has been noticed by J. A. Burrow, "Henryson: The Preaching of the Swallow," Essays in Criticism, 25 (1975), 34.)


On Jane Shore, in The Complete Works, II: The History of King Richard III, ed. Richard S. Sylvester (New Haven and Lon-

12 The Latin proverb is "A distortion of morals follows from a distorted face," see Walther, *Proverbia*, 6026. For l. 2830 see Whiting, *Proverbs*, W265.


18 *Kalendar*, p. 151 (italics mine). The color of the wolf's cowl is perhaps meant to signify that he is more than a Franciscan. Also, compare Chaucer's Reeve, "A sclendre colerik man." Other examples of these commonplaces may be seen in two complexion poems in Rosseill H. Robbins, ed., *Secular Lyrics of the XIVth and XVth Centuries*, 2nd edn. (Oxford, 1955), nos. 76, 77.
"A little short visage of yellow colour signifieth a person deceiving, untrue, malicious, and full of harm. A visage long and fair signifieth a man hot, disloyal, spiteful, and full of ire and cruelty" (Kalendar, p. 153). Compare Aristotle's Physiognomonica, 3 (807b) and 6 (812a), where paleness denotes cowardice. Lawrence's son is given similar treatment in ll. 971-77.

I have consulted William D. Stahlman and Owen Gingerich, Solar and Planetary Longitudes for Years -2500 to +2500 by 10-Day Intervals (Madison, Wisc., 1963). That Henryson was not above rearranging the heavens for symbolic purposes is shown by Fox's note to ll. 11-14 of The Testament of Cresseid.


Distantly, in most cases. In the Fabillis, ll. 707-11, there is possibly an ironic memory of Juvenal, Satire III, 41-44. A simile in Statius, Thebaid IV, 363-68, may account for the vivid detail in Fabillis, ll. 1084-86. Something like Ovid, Metamorphoses VII, 745-46, underlies Testament of Cresseid, ll. 586-88.


Philosophiae Consolatio II, pr. 1. 15, ed. L. Bieler, Corpus Christianorum Series Latina 94 (Turnhout, 1957); trans. Richard Green (Indianapolis, etc., 1962). Editors have not pointed out that a stanza from this fable (ll. 1860-66) also appears in the Bannatyne Manuscript, vol. II, STS, 2nd ser., 22 (Edinburgh and London, 1928), p. 190, separate from the Fabillis and as a complete poem, with some major variations.


33 Two passages in *The Fox, the Wolf, and the Husbandman* have analogues that deserve a note. The three principals engage in a peculiar ceremony when they agree to abide by Low­rence's decision on the question of an oath's validity: "The Wolfl braid furth his fute, the man his hand,/And on the Toddi's Taill sworne thay ar to stand" (ll. 2313-14). This is evidently a parody of the "body oath," for which see *The Thre Prestis of Peblis*, ed. T. D. Robb, STS, 2nd ser., 8 (Edinburgh and London, 1920), p. 83, n. 950. Later in Henryson's fable, as the gullible wolf descends a well in one bucket, the fox rises in the other and says to his harried companion, "thus faireis it off Fortoun:/As ane cummis up, scho quheillis anither doun!" (ll. 2418-19). This taunt occurs in Caxton's *The History of Reynard the Fox*, ed. N. P. Blake, EETS, O.S. 263 (Oxford, 1970), p. 91, and his *Aesop*, p. 207. Cf. Whit­ting, *Proverbs*, F506, W665. It also occurs as late as "Old Mr. Rabbit, He's a Good Fisherman," in *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*.


37 In 1498, Don Pedro de Ayala wrote to Ferdinand and Isa­bella, "There is a good deal of French education in Scotland, and many speak the French language": John Strong, *A History of Secondary Education in Scotland* (Oxford, 1909), p. 46. Mac­Queen observes that Henryson may have studied abroad (Henry­son, p. 17).

38 Some critics, like Stearns, would emphasize the gap be­tween story and moral by asserting that most of the "moral sentence is reserved for the moralitas" (Robert Henryson, p. 107). Richard Bauman agrees in substance with this position and con­trasts Lydgate's habit of interweaving the moral with Henry­son's saving it for the end: "The Folktales and Oral Tradition in the Fables of Robert Henryson," *Fabula*, 6 (1963), 116-17. But he goes too far, I think, in claiming that story and moral are separated so as not to "interfere with the entertainment" --an element cited as evidence for the "oral connections" of the *Fabillis*. Considering the literary fable tradition, the simple truth is that Lydgate was writing bad fables and that
Henryson, by properly holding off his most conspicuous flourishes until the *moralitas* and by allowing the story to do its own work, was writing good ones.

Early in the third chapter of Waverley (titled "Education"), the narrator pauses in his discussion of Edward Waverley's formal education to speak at length about the danger of excessively:

rendering instruction agreeable to youth... an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards,-- the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles,-- and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired, by spending a few hours a-week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose.... It may... be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study....
The passage has been called "simply irrelevant and distracting," and because of it Scott has been charged with indulging "himself with a long diatribe against modern education." However, the passage becomes more than relevant if we consider that education—in the broad sense of the education process, its components, and the effect varying proportions of those components have on individuals—is a central theme in *Waverley*. The passage deserves further attention because it curiously stresses the seriousness and importance of "practical" studies—history, mathematics—and warns against "amusement" as a sole means of instruction. Ironically, *Waverley* (itself a novel) instructs by amusing and asserts the importance of fiction in the formation of character. In effect, *Waverley* urges a balance in education between "useful" studies and "useless" ones (useful studies including not only the practical subjects one learns from books, but also the practical experiences one learns from "the book of life" itself [Ch. 5]).

In the tradition of the Bildungsroman (a relatively young tradition in 1814), *Waverley* deals with the development of its young hero as he grows up. But its concern with balanced education extends beyond the protagonist to include two narrators and several major and minor characters. The final 1829 edition of *Waverley* offers two complementary narrators whose educations can be inferred from their voices in the novel: one is the anonymous storyteller of the 1814 edition, himself a fictional character whose voice is mainly literary; the other is the historical Walter Scott of the 1829 edition who is separate in time from the fictional narrator and who speaks to his readers chiefly in the historian's voice from the footnotes of that later edition. The novel also develops several major and minor characters partly by examining their formal educations—the books they read or fail to read, their attitudes toward book knowledge generally—and by demonstrating how their studies or lack of them impinge on their response to real life experience.

The first narrator of *Waverley* is himself a definite fictional character whose education the reader becomes aware of in the course of reading the novel. The characters of the novel have sprung from the narrator's imagination—almost, it seems, simultaneously with our reading—yet he too is a creature of the imagination and places himself in their world. Speaking of Aunt Rachel's "common-place book" which contained "choice receipts for cookery and medicine, favourite texts, and portions from High-Church divines, and a few songs...with other authentic records of the Waverley family," the narrator informs the reader that these imaginary records were all "ex-
posed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this memorable history" (Ch. 5). Continuing the convention of the eighteenth-century storyteller, the fictional narrator presents himself, his characters, and the sources of his tale as "real."

Both the worldly experience and the literary background of the narrator characterize him as a gentleman who can draw upon a fund of various knowledge to enrich his story. For example, he can describe Waverley's growing military ability by comparing it to a type of social confidence he himself has met in real life:

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse's spirit within him—I mean of that sort of spirit which I have been obliged to when I happened, in a mailcoach or diligence, to meet some military man who was kindly taken upon him the disciplining of the waiters, and the taxing of reckonings. Some of this useful talent our hero had...acquired during his military service. (Ch. 29)

To complement his first-hand knowledge of the world, the narrator draws upon literary allusions and similes from a broad range of fictional works which enable him to present his scenes more vividly to his reader. When at one point the narrator catches himself displaying, like Baron Bradwardine, his learning for its own sake, he turns his comment into self-parody:

But without further tyranny over my readers, or display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr. Gunn's Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the paraphrastic and ambagitory, and the vulgar the circumvendibus, will permit me. (Ch. 24)

While evidence of the narrator's literary background is abundant, his borrowings from historical materials are minimal. The narrator refuses to choose the name of his novel from English history:

What could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer,
or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past?

(Ch. 1)

He admits using Lindsay of Pitscottie, however, as a source "ready at my elbow" for describing Scotch manners and even quotes a lengthy list of items of Highland hospitality from him. At best, such historical laundry-listing is boring and pales beside the fictional portrait of the feast at Glencaquoich which the narrator had earlier painted. The fictional accounts take such dry, historical bones and put flesh on them. Furthermore, the narrator explicitly states that "It is not our purpose to intrude upon the province of history" (Ch. 57), and most of the history in the novel's text is presented in the form of summary reminders to the reader which are, at most, one paragraph long.

Despite such subordination of fact to fiction, the real and the imaginary remain complementary. Consider the narrator's description of Flora MacIvor's close resemblance to her brother Fergus:

Flora MacIvor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus; so much so, that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother, Mr. William Murray, in these characters.

(Ch. 21)

Recognizing Shakespeare's fictional twins helps the reader to understand the likeness between the fictional MacIvors. However, when the narrator extends his description to a third look-alike pair, the real Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Murray in the roles of Viola and Sebastian, the fictional and the real merge. To have seen a flesh and blood portrayal enables one to better imagine both fictional pairs of brother-sister look-alikes. The real and the imaginative reciprocally elucidate each other. The narrator subordinates the real rather than eliminates it.

The narrator is primarily a story-teller, not an historian. He tells us that his topic is not "history," neither is it purely "fiction." Fiction that is wholly divorced from reality clearly is eliminated from the narrator's intent:

I beg pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for plaguing
them so long with old-fashioned politics, and Whig and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be intelligible, without it...I do not invite my fair readers...into a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his majesty's highway.

(Ch. 5)

Though the flying chariot is set aside in favor of the post-chaise, the post-chaise is fictional. The narrator continually reminds us that we are reading a work of fiction and repeatedly calls our attention to the writing process he is involved in. In the last chapter of the novel—a chapter which is also a preface, a conclusion, and a dedication—the narrator praises the historian, Lord Selkirk, who has traced the "political and economic effects" of the changes in Scotland since 1745 "with great precision and accuracy" (Ch. 72). But the narrator emphasizes that less noticeable changes have occurred as well, changes involving the emotions of individual men which are not included in Lord Selkirk's history. Waverley does give an account of those changes, and because the emotions of men are not confined to one time or one place, the narrator's fictional achievement appears the more significant and the more valuable of the two.

The reader of Waverley is kept conscious of the fact that he is reading a novel made up of chapters whose form and content are subject to the decisions of the narrator:

Shall this be a long or a short chapter?—This is a question in which you, gentle reader, have no vote, however much you may be interested in the consequences....[T]hough it lies within my arbitrary power to extend my materials as I think proper, I cannot call you into Exchequer if you do not think proper to read my narrative.

(Ch. 24)

The narrator asserts that he wishes to please both himself and the reader by the variety and economy of his composition. As long as his pen "can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narrative and character," he will be satisfied and the reader, his "worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent" (Ch. 19). He explains his economy in omitting Evan Dhu's Highland narratives which might be "more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than that of our readers" (Ch. 18). Likewise, he abruptly ceases tracing one of Waver-
ley's daydreams with: "but why pursue such a description?" (Ch. 4). Yet, like the capable storyteller that he is, he can insist that letters from Waverley's family "were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative" (Ch. 25) and then devote an entire chapter to those letters without diminishing our interest.

The narrator fills Waverley with internal allusions, references to its own parts and literary techniques. For example, the narrator takes the time to explain his use of suspense: "These circumstances will serve to explain such points of our narrative, as, according to the custom of story-tellers, we deemed to fit to leave unexplained, for the purpose of exciting the reader's curiosity" (Ch. 65). He refers to "hints we noticed at the end of the fourteenth chapter" (Ch. 25), or offers "a clue to all the intricacies and obscurities of the narrative previous to Waverley's leaving Glennaquoich" (Ch. 51). He intrudes so far as to insert parenthetical reminders to the reader into phrases of dialogue: "(Remember, Reader, it was Sixty years since)" (Ch. 28).

When the narrator is pleased with the originality of his writing, he tells the reader about it. Having compared Waverley's progressive sociability at a ball to a horse getting "warm in harness," he says:

This simile so much corresponds with the state of Waverley's feelings in the course of this memorable evening, that I prefer it (especially as being, I trust, wholly original) to any more splendid illustration, with which Byshe's Art of Poetry might supply me. (Ch. 43).

In general, the narrator's conception of the relation of fiction and history and their individual importance reveals an attractive broadmindedness that is related to his willingness to admit his limitations while we become more aware of his capacity to sympathize. He humbly admits that he cannot explain why Waverley should be upset at Fergus's interest in Rose Bradwardine: "This is one of the inexplicabilities of human nature, which we leave without comment" (Ch. 23). Nor does he presume "to describe his [Waverley's] sensations" (Ch. 69) after Fergus's execution. Finally, the narrator censures Colonel Talbot's refusal to acknowledge that even Fergus might deserve mercy, the Colonel's over-rational acquiescence in the belief that in the time immediately following the rebellion punishment will be greatest, and the lightness with which he expresses the manner of choosing those to be punished—"First come, first served!" (Ch. 62)—because Talbot's
lack of feeling is contrary to the narrator's own sympathetic outlook:

Such was the reasoning of those times, held even by brave and humane men towards a vanquished enemy. Let us devoutly hope, that, in this respect at least, we shall never see the scenes, or hold the sentiments, that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.

(Ch. 67)

The narrator of Waverley is the first of two speakers in the novel. The second speaker, the historical voice of Walter Scott, speaks from the footnotes of the 1829 edition.

The content of the footnotes characterizes the second speaker as someone very different from his fictional narrator-double. This second speaker is an historical narrator portrayed as a reader of history, and not a reader of literature as his fictional counterpart is. Instead of the copious fictional allusions we find in the narrative, the allusions of the historical Scott are taken from such works as the non-fictional biographical sketches in Lord Chesterfield’s Characters Reviewed (Ch. 6), the Memoirs of Chevalier Johnstone, P. Doddridge’s Some remarkable passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner (Ch. 47), and the Travels of Fynes Morrison (Ch. 20). Only a few references are made to authors of fictional literature, and then only to confirm some historical fact. For example, Ben Jonson’s verse is offered as evidence that the Scotch disliked pork (Ch. 20); some Highland customs are pointed out in the lyrics of a song (Ch. 44); and in two instances, lines of poetry that occur in the text are simply identified as being Burns’s (Ch. 28). The Scott in the footnotes, an older man than the narrator of the novel, has lived beyond the lifetime of the narrator and now stands outside the novel commenting as he looks back on it. The distance between him and the narrator resembles that between the narrator and his topic:

Alas! that attire, respectable and gentleman-like in 1805, or thereabouts, is now as antiquated as the Author of Waverley has himself become since that period.

(Ch. 1)

In three instances, the historical Scott resembles the narrator of Waverley in his discussion of the complex relationship of fiction to history. In the first he stresses the difference between them:
The author has been sometimes accused of confounding fiction with reality. He therefore thinks it necessary to state that the circumstances of the hunting described in the text as preparatory to the insurrection of 1745, is, so far as he knows, entirely imaginary. But it is well known such a great hunting was held in the Forest of Braemar, under the auspices of the Earl of Mar, as preparatory to the Rebellion of 1715; and most of the Highland Chieftains who afterwards engaged in that civil commotion were present on this occasion.

(Ch. 24)

In another instance, the nearness of fiction to fact is illustrated in a story he relates about an escape from Doune Castle, the "actual scene of a romantic escape" (Ch. 38). Finally, he uses historical evidence to support the fictional characterization of Prince Charles (Ch. 58).

Of the two speakers, the fictional narrator with his broad education and his capacity for feeling is more attractive than the historical Scott in the footnotes. Often the reader of Waverley feels he is reading two documents in the same book, one mainly fictional, one mainly historical. Part of the reading experience involved with a novel filled with notes includes the distracting but unavoidable urge to lower one's eyes from the asterisk to the footnote. Not only does the reader satisfy his curiosity, but he becomes more continually aware of the fact that there are two different speakers of different educational backgrounds addressing him and interweaving their voices into the single reading experience. The revelation, then, of the education of the two speakers in Waverley provides a frame for Scott's thematic development of education more generally in the novel and underscores a major concern of the novel mentioned earlier—the interpenetration of "useful" and "useless" knowledge. The important but secondary (perhaps "footnoted") role of the historical knowledge in Waverley as illustrated by the second speaker offers the reader an example of an observation by an avid appreciator if not an accurate critic of literature, Sigmund Freud: "The meagre satisfaction that man can extract from reality leaves him starv­ing." The human appetite for balanced education which Waverley illustrates extends beyond the novel's two narrators to its major and minor characters as well.

The story of Edward Waverley's wavering affection for Rose Bradwardine and Flora MacIvor contributes more to the novel than a love interest and still more than a symbolic rendering
of Waverley's struggle to choose between domesticity and heroism. The members of this triangle form a small but varied spectrum of examples illustrating some effects of book-education applied to real life. Waverley begins his education mainly among books and progresses to maturity through experience. Rose Bradwardine enjoys a mature capacity for human sympathy sooner because she experiences some of life's harsh realities earlier than Waverley, and therefore her formal education realizes a more timely complement. Unlike Waverley and Rose, Flora MacIvor allows the romance of her literary knowledge to pervade so thoroughly her dreams of social change that her education goes untempered.

Waverley devotes much of his isolated youth to reading fiction in his uncle's library. As a result, "he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society." When he finally approached real life, Waverley had a vast store of literary knowledge "which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility" (Ch. 3); but the long delay in the arrival of that moment and the lack of contact with a world other than that of books left Waverley a child, even as he began to grow into young manhood:

Edward loved to 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky.

(Ch. 4)

He had formed no friendships and grew more irritable at interruptions in his castle-building. Eventually, such excessive isolation fostered in Edward a dislike for the unknown society he had not yet entered.

Edward's commission in the army as an officer responsible for his men hurled him into the second part of his education, the world of experience. So "sudden [a] page being turned up to him in the book of life" (Ch. 5), the immediate effects of his predominantly literary education began to show. Just as he renounced study "as soon as curiosity...[was] gratified" and the "novelty of pursuit [was] at an end" (Ch. 3), he loses interest in the army "when his first ardour was past" (Ch. 7). Edward's inadequate reaction to this first encounter with reality is not surprising. As his experiences increase, the become progressively more serious, while his response to them becomes generally more mature.
The novice drinker who wakes up with a painful awareness that he may have to fight a duel scarcely resembles the Edward Waverley who is twice wounded, accused of treason and suffers the unjust loss of his commission and the public scorn that follows; who witnesses the death of Sgt. Houghton and feels the burden of responsibility for his death as well as those of Col. Gardiner and Col. Talbot's still-born child; and who suffers the indescribable agony which follows the execution of a friend. Throughout these experiences, Waverley's romantic education is more and more tempered into practical wisdom. It is not the rejection of his earlier education but rather its gradual incorporation into his real life experience that constitutes Waverley's slow but certain progress. Such progress in Waverley's development should temper our hastiness to label him a thorough romantic fool.

Frequently, Edward draws on his literary background to aid his understanding. He is better able to respond to a new person or situation because he has already encountered such a person or experience in the world of fiction. Even before he enters the army, Waverley possesses a raw wisdom evident in a poem he composes. The first stanza of the poem depicts the attractive world of imagination in a landscape reflected in a lake:

Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,  
So true, so soft, the mirror gave  
As if there lay beneath the wave,  
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,  
A world than earthly world more fair.

The stanzas that follow indicate Waverley's awareness of and willingness to leave such a reflected world for the real one. The "idle dreams of youth"—his excursions into imaginary worlds—give way to "the loud trumpet-call of truth"—the real world that awaits him. But the wisdom here remains "raw:" the last two lines of the poem reflect a half-laughable naiveté, only half laughable because they suggest romantic versions of what will become part of Waverley's real experience:

While dreams of love and lady's charms  
Give place to honour and to arms.  
(Ch. 5)

Waverley's dreams of love materialize into his real attractions to Rose and Flora, and his pride in appearing at church in military dress belies his later discovery of the seriousness of military conflict.
Edward's love-life as part of his entire educational development deserves special attention because of the important role of literature in it and because it expresses particularly well that final mature blending of a life of books and the book of life that constitutes a full education. Waverley's early romantic attraction for Miss Cecilia Stubbs, an attempt to "compare the creatures of his own imagination with the females of actual life," is ridiculed by the narrator who remarks that a romantic lover "cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration" (Ch. 5).10 Ironically, another pair of lovers, also named Cicely and Ned (Cicely Jopson and Ned Williams), eventually marry. During Waverley's lengthy stay at the Williamses, he contemplates his experiences with the Highland army and becomes aware that his "real history" has begun. Ned and Cicely subtly remind the reader of the earlier Waverley who apothesized Miss Stubbs and, by contrast, of the change he has undergone.

Waverley's relationship with Rose Bradwardine is far wiser than that with Miss Stubbs: "since mixing more freely with the world, [he] had learned to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legend of Saint Cecelia, and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to counterbalance the natural susceptibility of his disposition." Besides, we learn that Rose, "beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth." Not physical attraction, but a mutual love of literature accounts for a large part of Waverley's early interest in Rose. Edward readily poured out his knowledge while Rose "listened with eagerness to his remarks upon literature, and showed great justness of taste in her answers." Eventually, Edward sends for more of his books, which

...opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto had no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other words on belles lettres, made a part of this precious cargo.... These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of kindred taste. Edward's readiness to comment, to recite, to explain difficult passages, rendered his assistance invaluable....

(Ch. 14)

Rose's youth makes her susceptible to the wild romance of Waverley's spirit, though relative to him her education is more complete for it more fully combines life experience with book knowledge. Baron Bradwardine had taught Rose French and
Italian "and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves" (Ch. 13), but at the age of ten Rose had also witnessed the horror of a real military skirmish in which three Highlanders were killed. She relates the incident to Waverley with the same sympathy she had earlier felt for the fallen men and their mourning wives and daughters. Edward is fascinated by Rose's actually having experienced what for him was only imaginary: "Here was a girl scarce seventeen... who had witnessed with her own eyes such a scene as he had used to conjure up in his imagination" (Ch. 15). Waverley and Rose educate each other: whereas Waverley teaches Rose more about books, Rose sparks his enthusiasm for experience.

Flora MacIvor's beauty and accomplishments are obstacles to Waverley's education. What progress he has made in tempering his youthful zeal is seriously threatened by this new girl of his dreams. Because of Flora, Waverley lapses back into a dream world,

...that not unpleasing state of mind in which fancy takes the helm, and the soul rather drifts passively along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections, than exerts itself to encounter, systematize, or examine them. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora MacIvor.

(Ch. 23)

Waverley's misjudgment of Flora and his infatuation with her involves his blindness to the true nature of Flora's education, which, though highly literary, she has used only to foster her political fanaticism, her obsession with a dream which Flora fervently hopes will materialize. Flora's early education was highly political and her study of literature lacks the "feeling" that must accompany it if its true value is to be realized: "She was highly accomplished...yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling." The pleasure she feels in pursuing literature is basically practical, not literary:

Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the Chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stewart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to contribute to that restoration which the partizans of the Chevalier de St. George had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all...[I]n order
to fill up the vacant time, she bestowed a part of it upon the music and poetical traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel the pleasure in the pursuit....

(Ch. 21)

At Glennaquoich, the gardens and waterfalls providing a highly romantic setting, Flora sings to Waverley Celtic songs whose verses encourage the reunion of Highland warriors in the spirit of past revolutionary times: "For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!" (Ch. 22). Flora's practicality extends to her censure of Waverley's "uselessness." She cannot understand why he allows his "talents and genius" for social reform to go unused:

'All men of the highest education...why will he not stoop like them to be alive and useful?... He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eulogist and poet.'

(Ch. 52)

While Flora herself chases political rainbows, she condemns the poet who could have been a man of practical affairs as a failure. Basically Flora's dream of Stuart rule, like the eventually successful dream of her Irish counterpart, Constance Gore-Booth (Countess Markievicz), is not beyond realization if we view it from the perspective of the 1740's. However, the historical perspective from which Scott writes in 1814 recognizes the need to accept the demise of an old in the evolution of a new social order. This historical vantage point exposes Flora's specific dream as futile, for the Stuart cause in the Waverley Novels, however touched with attractiveness, is a hopeless one.\

Though Flora does not bring common sense to her political beliefs, she manages to use it in rejecting Waverley's advances as a lover. She is sensible enough to realize that the woman who marries Edward must resemble him in her "studies:" "The woman whom you marry ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to be your studies;—her wishes, her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours" (Ch. 27). Waverley's initial acceptance of the early hints of Flora's rejection is painful because at the time he misreads Flora's true character: "This, then, is an end of my daydream!" (Ch. 43), he says: "an" end but not "the" end. Before Waverley can fully accept the loss of his dream girl, he must be educated in Rose's real worth and Flora's real shortcomings. On a larger scale, between
Waverley's initial and final acceptance of Flora's rejection, he must witness Sgt. Houghton's death and, the night before the Battle of Preston Pans, experience the self-realization that begins his "real history."

Only after this initial moment in Waverley's development does his maturity in love become evident. He begins to notice in Rose "a certain dignity of feeling and expression, which he had not formerly observed; and that she omitted no opportunity within her reach to extend her knowledge and refine her taste" (Ch. 52). Waverley also better understands his own feelings toward Rose when he realizes that Fergus would not make a suitable husband for her. Edward blames his own blindness for not having seen this sooner:

"And such a catastrophe of the most gentle creature on earth might have been prevented, if Mr. Edward Waverley had had his eyes!—

Upon my word, I cannot understand how I thought Flora so much, that is, so very much, handsomer than Rose."

(Ch. 54)

Waverley regains his sight during the literary discussion at a tea attended by both Rose and Flora.

The critical moment of Waverley's full awakening occurs when he is asked to read some scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*. A lively discussion follows the reading during which Flora's critical analysis of the play leads to Edward's decision to abandon his hopes of being her lover. This is one of the rare moments when Flora's use of literature is non-political. Flora uses the literary triangle of Romeo, Juliet, and Rosalind to resolve the real-life triangle of Waverley, Rose, and Flora:

"Romeo is described," said she [Flora], "as a young man, peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford it no return; this he repeatedly tells you,—

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed;

and again,—

She hath foreworn to love.

...I can scarce conceive a situation more calculated to enhance the ardour of Romeo's affection for Juliet, than his being at once raised by her from the state of drooping melancholy...."
Flora's message has its effect in Edward's resolving his future course of action: "I will love my Rosalind no more" (Ch. 54).

Waverley's education in love is a miniature of his over-all education. His second visit to the once beautiful but now devastated estate of Tully-Veolan impresses him with a sense of the changes he himself has undergone:

Then, life was so new to him, that a dull or disagreeable day was one of the greatest misfortunes which his imagination anticipated, and it seemed to him that his time ought only to be consecrated to elegant or amusing study....Now, how changed! how saddened, yet how elevated was his character, within the course of a very few months! Danger and misfortune are rapid, though severe teachers.

(Ch. 63)

Francis R. Hart maintains that of all the characters in the novel, "Waverley's experience is the broadest, his humanity the most attractive and fruitful, in the book." Such high praise is due in large part to the high capacity for sympathy Waverley achieves, what Hart calls his "fuller humanity." Waverley's new humanity is the result of his matured education. Though none of the minor characters in Waverley measure up to Edward's new humanity, the relative degree of their success or failure is related to the nature of their "educations"—their ability to appreciate fiction and to incorporate that knowledge into their practical studies and life experience.

Very often when the narrator of Waverley describes a particular minor character, he takes the time to tell us what that character likes to read and what he has read in the past. Books and readers of books abound in Waverley. The minor characters who are "readers" are either pedants who have not progressed beyond the stage exemplified by Edward Waverley's youth and view books as life's agreeable but useless ornaments; or they are men of practical affairs who, in varying degrees, use books mainly to further their real-life purposes. Among the pedants are Sir Everard Waverley, Colonel Talbot, and, in a more qualified way than he is usually given credit for, Baron Bradwardine. The practical readers include Bailie Mac Wheeble (Baron Bradwardine's accountant), Mr. Pembroke (Edward Waverley's tutor), Richard Waverley (Edward's father), and Fergus MacIvor.

Sir Everard Waverley and Colonel Talbot are pedants educated in belles lettres, but literature to them is no more than
another trait of "the gentleman." Though Sir Everard owns the vast library where his nephew spends so much of his youth, he himself is merely a "skimmer."

...[He] had never been himself a student, and... held the common doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye, is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey.

(Ch. 3)

Books, to Sir Everard, are primarily a source of knowledge separate from real life experience:

Edward was a little bookish, he admitted; but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and, no doubt, when his rage for letters was abated, and his head fully stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to field-sports and country business.

(Ch. 5)

Like Sir Everard, Colonel Talbot is "a man of extended knowledge and cultivated taste." Talbot is a man of experience as well—an army officer who travels much abroad. His unselfish effort to rescue Waverley wins our sympathy. As a soldier, he outshines Bradwardine, Fergus, and Major Melville (the Laird of Cairnvreckan):

Colonel Talbot was in every point the English soldier. His whole soul was devoted to the service of his king and country, without feeling any pride in knowing the theory of his art, with the Baron, or its practical minutiae with the Major, or in applying his science to his own particular plans of ambition, like the Chieftain of Glennaquoich.

But Talbot falls short of Waverley's kind of humanity because of his lack of sympathy with the rebels. He feels the Baron is "the most intolerable formal pedant;" that Fergus is a "Frenchified Scotchman...with [a] proud, vindictive, and turbulent humour" who is followed by "a gang of such cut-throats as those whom you [Waverley] are pleased to admire so much." Talbot's insensitivity toward Scottish women rivals Fergus's indifference for the feelings of women in general, for Talbot
believes Flora puts on airs and that Rose is a "little uninformed thing, whose small portion of education was...ill adapted to her sex or youth." Talbot himself "jocularly allowed, that he could not have endured Venus herself, if she had been announced in a drawing-room by the name of Miss Mac-Jupiter" (Ch. 52). Fortunately, because the Colonel's prejudice against the Scots is not very deep-rooted, he can learn from Waverley. The cultured but intolerant man learns sympathy from Waverley's example and practices it by obtaining a royal pardon for Edward and Bradwardine and by helping in the surprise restoration of Tully-Veolan for the Baron. In Talbot's case, it is his life experience with Waverley, not literature, that catalyzes the change in his character; but Waverley, who acts as the catalyst, owes his sensitizing power to a great extent to literature.

Although Baron Bradwardine seems the most eccentric of the readers who are pedants, the evidence of his education tempers that judgment and proves him to be more practical than he appears at first glance. The narrator compares Bradwardine's reading with Waverley's, and the contrast reveals the Baron's practical and historical bent:

Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr. Bradwardine was the reverse of all this....As for literature, he read the classic poets, to be sure, and the Epithalamium of Georgius Buchanan and Arthur Johnstone's Psalms, of a Sunday; and the Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum, and Sir David Lindsay's Works, and Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry and the Slae. But though he thus far sacrificed his time to the Muses, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious or sapient apothegms, as well as the historical narratives, which these various works contained, been presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the "vain and unprofitable art of poem making."

The Baron whose education originally had been aimed at preparing him for a legal profession, "only cumbered his memory with matters of fact—the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates" (Ch. 13). Thus, the Baron may quote Virgil at times, but draws mostly upon authors such as Cicero, Tacit
tus, Livy, and Pliny. Among the practical writings he pre-
scribes for Rose's reading are "several heavy folios of his-
tory," and "certain gigantic tomes in High-Church polemics." In
fact, one effect of the Baron's common sense is that it
blinds him to Rose's passion for Waverley, for he could not
believe Rose was susceptible to "idle and fantastic affection"
(Ch. 14). Furthermore, his concern for literature is connec-
ted with the sense he has of his duty to preserve the tradi-
tional culture he has inherited and is analogous to his devo-
tion to the feudal order. Therefore, while the Baron's
speeches often mark him as an academician, his pragmatic bent
suggests his resemblance to the novel's practical readers as
well.

Of the practical readers among the minor characters, Bailie
MacWheeble and Mr. Pembroke gain our sympathy more readily
than Richard Waverley and Fergus MacIvor. Though all four use
books to practical ends, the former pair do so selflessly and
in a way helpful to Edward Waverley, whereas the latter pair
act out of self-interest and to the detriment of the protagon-
ist.

Only books of his trade fill Bailie MacWheeble's book-
shelves. He finds his happiest moments those in which he can
use his talent as an efficient financier stabilizing the fi-
nances of his clients. At times he outdoes himself, as when
he becomes involved with the rebel army in the hope that some
of the troops will commission him to write their wills. When
Waverley announces his intention to marry Rose, MacWheeble's
"ecstacy" almost deprives "the honest man of his senses:"

He mended his pen...marked half a dozen sheets
of paper with an ample marginal fold, whipped
down Dallas of St. Martin's Styles from a shelf,
where that venerable work roosted with Stair's
Institutions, Dirleton's Doubts, Balfour's Prac-
tiques, and a parcel of old account books—opened
the volume at the article Contract of Marriage,
and prepared to make what he called a "sma' minute,
to prevent parties frae resiling."

(Ch. 66)

MacWheeble's "poor understanding," imbalanced as it is, pre-
sents a thoroughly humorous version of an otherwise serious
problem. Likewise, Mr. Pembroke's religious zeal, though im-
moderate, contributes to the novel's humorous treatment of the
overpractical reader.

Pembroke not only reads religious pamphlets but also com-
poses them. His two unpublished religious tracts—"A Dissent
from Dissenters, or the Comprehension Confuted..." and "Right Hereditary Righted!"—are the products of "the labour of the worthy man's whole life; and never were labour and zeal more absurdly wasted." He bases his desire to "educate" Waverley in his religious tenets on the sincere conviction that Waverley will reproach him "for so long concealing the light which the perusal will flash upon his mind." The texts, however, never become part of Waverley's educational experience, for "seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, [he] quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk" (Ch. 6). Pembroke's books gain more serious practical import later when they are used against Waverley as evidence of his disaffection from the government.

Of Richard Waverley's reading we are only told that he "read and satisfied himself from history and sound argument that, in the worlds of the old song,"

Passive obedience was a jest,
And pshaw! was non-resistance.

Though born into a Jacobite family, Richard's self-centeredness leads him to adopt "a political creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in High Church and in the House of Stewart" (Ch. 2). We learn more of Richard's character from what he writes than from what he reads. His letters to Waverley, the narrator tells us, are masterpieces of jargon-filled arguments complaining of the injustices done to him by the government he uses for his own ends. The letters reflect the "pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family" (Ch. 25). Richard is careless about his son's education and so his selfishness is in part responsible for the early imbalance in Waverley's learning:

He [Richard]...prevailed upon his private secretary... to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brerewood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature.

(Ch. 3)

Richard Waverley's self-interest, his lack of sympathy, and his opportunism are mirrored in another practical reader: Fergus MacIvor.

Unlike his sister Flora whose attitude toward literature was practical but selfless, Fergus MacIvor uses his learning
solely to further his own schemes. Like Flora, Fergus had been "brought up at the French court" (Ch. 41). He has a more than ordinary knowledge of literature which he displays by quoting Cervantes and occasionally bursting into song: "You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you" (Ch. 25). Yet we are told that Fergus's "perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced" (Ch. 21) and that he liked "no poetry but what is humorous" (Ch. 22). His shallow understanding of the real merit of literature is consistent with his disproportionate ego. The prince's refusal of Fergus's petitions results in a tirade which reveals Fergus's selfishness by his repeated use of a favorite word—"I:"

"Why, what signifies what they were, man? I tell you it was I that made them; I, to whom he owes more than to any three who have joined the standard; for I negotiated the whole business....I am not likely, I think, to ask anything very unreasonable, and if I did, they might have stretched a point."

(Ch. 53)

Fergus's ultra-rational thinking is as foolish as Waverley's early romantic stop-and-start methods of study. In fact, the description of Fergus's inconstant thinking habits is very similar to that of Waverley's:

[He] would often unexpectedly, and without any apparent motive, abandon one plan, and go earnestly to work upon another, which was either fresh from the forge of his imagination, or had at some former period been flung aside half finished.

(Ch. 52)

What is more serious, Fergus's egocentricity disables him from feeling sympathetically with others:

[Waverley] had now been more than once shocked at the small degree of sympathy which Fergus exhibited for the feelings even of those whom he loved, if they did not correspond with his own mood at the time, and more especially if they thwarted him while earnest in a favourite pursuit.

(Ch. 50)
Though we sympathize with Fergus's heroism at his trial and execution, we see him to be an opportunist who uses his sister to further his own ambitions, who laughs at Baron Bradwardine's concern about the ritual of removing the king's boots after battle, and who neglects ever to consider Rose's feelings in his efforts to marry her. Finally, in a far more serious manner than Mr. Pembroke, Fergus uses literature to influence Waverley's decision to join him. He sends Edward a copy of Flora's verses about Captain Wogan, a gallant officer who lost his young life fighting for Charles II; he thereby knowingly takes advantage of Waverley's romantic disposition at a time when Edward's infatuation with Flora is at its height:

Whatever be the real merit of Flora MacIvor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it intimated was well calculated to make a corresponding impression upon her lover. The lines were read—read again—then deposited in Waverley's bosom—then again drawn out and read line by line, in a low and smothered voice, and with frequent pauses, which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure protracts, by sipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage.

(Ch. 29)

By feeding the fires of Waverley's infatuation, Fergus increases the obstacle which Waverley must overcome in his progress toward wisdom.

Two minor characters—Major Melville and Mr. Morton (the parish pastor at Cairnvreckan)—deserve consideration apart from the classes of pedants and practical readers discussed above because their educations and joint actions in the novel complement each other, each tempering the excesses of the other. After Waverley accidentally wounds the town blacksmith, Mr. Morton proposes that he be taken before Major Melville. Melville is a man of the world, a non-reader, who "had been versed in camps and cities; he was vigilant by profession, and cautious from experience, had met with much evil in the world, and therefore, though himself an upright magistrate and an honourable man, his opinions of others were always strict, and sometimes unjustly severe" (Ch. 32). Morton believes the Major has "too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature" (Ch. 33), a lack of "sympathy," and treats people too often with "cold and punctilious civility" (Ch. 34). In contrast, Morton "had passed from the literary pursuits of a college...to the ease and simplicity of his present charge, where his opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt
Neither character is wholly attractive; each has his flaw, but together Mr. Morton and Major Melville are capable of coming close to a true estimation of Waverley's guilt or innocence: Morton's sympathy tempers Melville's harshness. Whereas Morton worries about Gilfillan's lack of mercy, Melville's official position is: "you would hardly advise me to encounter the responsibility of setting him at liberty." Likewise Gilfillan's haughtiness embarrasses Melville but brings a smile to Morton's face. The townspeople of Cairnveekan perhaps best express the complementary nature of these two characters: "it was a common saying in the neighbourhood (though both were popular characters), that the laird knew only the ill in the parish, and the minister only the good" (Ch. 32).

Education in its broadest sense means the continuous and lifelong human struggle to reconcile factual reality with one's imaginative hopes and fears. With Waverley Scott invents a new literary genre whose blend of history and fiction directly confronts the problem of human education. Scott realistically refuses to guarantee that reading fiction necessarily results in a deeper sense of humanity, nor does he snobbishly condemn literary ignorance. Rather, by presenting a broad spectrum of characters of varying educations, his novel proclaims the advantages that fiction offers its students, advantages unattainable from useful studies alone, while it warns against the danger of neglecting the "medial" function of literature as a passage to understanding the real world. Waverley practices what it preaches: it educates the reader by revealing to him in his reading experience the coalescence of fact and fiction which cultivates a "fuller humanity."

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NOTES

1 Sir Walter Scott, Waverley, Ch. 3. Further references will be cited by chapter in the text.


3 In Scott's "Advertisement to the 1829 Edition" he defines the historical function of this second narrator:

The Author also proposes to publish on this occasion the various legends, family traditions,
or obscure historical facts, which have formed the groundwork of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether or in part real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious Glossary, and Notes explanatory of the ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in the Romances.

4 A watchful old grandam at Tully-Veolan is "like a sibyl in frenzy" (Ch. 8); the cavalry in Edward's regiment "almost realize the fable of the Centaur" (Ch. 7); the features of the young women at Tully-Veolan "resembled those of Minerva" (Ch. 8); Davie Gellatley is described as "idle as Diogenes at Sinope" (Ch. 15); the smith at Cairnveckan as "Vulcan," and his wife as "Venus," a "Bacchante" and an "Amazon" (Ch. 30). The stale effect of the Baron of Bradwardine's pedantry on his listeners is likened to "Sancho's jests while on the Sierra Morena" (Ch. 57). Flora is "like a fair enchantress of Boiardo and Ariosto" (Ch. 22), and the gardens at Tully-Veolan are "not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina" (Ch. 9). The narrator quotes from "Chevy Chase" (Ch. 24); uses verse from Spenser to describe Janet Gellatley's hut (Ch. 67); compares the Baron of Bradwardine to "Toby Belch" (Ch. 11); portrays Donald Bean Lean's cave as "hell," his men as "demons" (Ch. 17), Flora's garden as "Eden" (Ch. 22), and the hunters in Fergus's hunting party as "Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition" (Ch. 24).

5 "...[A]ll kinds of drink to be had in burgh and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadel, malvaise, hippocras, and aquavita; with wheat-bread, main-bread, ginge-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock, pawnsies, black-cock, muir-fowl, and caper calizies;" not forgetting the "costly bedding, vaiselle, and napry," and least of all the "excelling stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confections and drugs for the desserts." (Ch. 24)


7 David Daiches maintains that in the Waverley Novels generally "love affairs are of no significance whatsoever except to
indicate the nature of the observer's [protagonist's] final withdrawal from the seductive scenes of heroic, nationalistic passion. Waverley does not marry the passionate Jacobite Flora MacIvor but the douce and colourless Rose Bradwardine; Waverley's affair with these two girls is not presented as a serious love interest, but as a symbolic indication of the nature of his final withdrawal from the heroic emotions of the past" ("Scott's Achievement as a Novelist," Nineteenth Century Fiction, 6 (1951), 86.

8 Mark A. Weinstein discusses Waverley's progress from the dominant imagination of his early training to his growing awareness that "accurate sense impressions are the avenue to understanding" ("Imagination and Reality in Romantic Fiction," The Wordsworth Circle, 2 (1971), 126-130). The limitation of this argument lies in its too absolute definition of "imagination" in Waverley as a "perjorative term, interchangeable with 'fancy,' and in opposition to 'understanding' and 'judgment.' It suggests mental invention that is capricious, whimsical, or untruthful, characteristically well removed from reality." Professor Weinstein seems to suggest that Edward simply substitutes real experience for his earlier book knowledge. Unlike Weinstein, Robin Mayhead casually relates the "legacy" of Waverley's undisciplined education to its subsequent effect upon his life (Walter Scott, New York, 1968), pp. 35-40. Edgar Johnson, in his Sir Walter Scott: the Great Unknown, (New York, 1970), considers more fully the importance of Edward Waverley's education as the kernel of the plot's progress:

Waverley...is not a romantic novel at all but an ironic novel of a young man's education. Its hero, as E. M. W. Tillyard notes, begins as an "innocent let loose upon the world" and ultimately becomes "the young man who grows up. He is the young romantic, slightly ridiculous as well as generous, who gradually sheds his illusions through the discipline of crude and genuine experience."

Johnson defends the early chapters depicting Waverley's "long hours in the Gothic Library at Waverley Honour" and "his prone-ness, not to the absolute delusion of Don Quixote, but to colouring reality with his own imagination." The early chapters establish "the influences that render inevitable the young Edward Waverley's responses to all his later experiences." The "influences" of Waverley's book-learning are part of a larger scheme that forms his character, a "program" that ex-
proves Scott's depiction of protagonists in several Waverley novels. Scott "emphasizes the powerful ways in which men and women are shaped by the society of which they are a part, by the beliefs and attitudes of their milieu, in short, by the particular culture of their time... The characters in Scott's novels are the products both of their own and of the collective past" (pp. 521-24). Edward Waverley's education is a small part of that larger achievement.

Waverley can sympathize with the Baron's pride in his Bear-goblet for it reminds him of "Ben Jonson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog" (Ch. 11). The superstitious legend of St. Swithin's Chair "reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear" (Ch. 13). Fergus reminds him of a "sort of Highland Jonathan Wild" (Ch. 15); and his voice "reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius:

--whose voice was heard around,  
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."  
(Ch. 21)

Professor Johnson mentions Waverley's passion for Miss Stubbs as another example of Scott's giving us "an almost Restoration mockery of the conventions of romantic love" (op. cit., p. 524).

Robin Mayhead diminishes the charge of political fanaticism against Flora Maclvor because of her admission of responsibility for Fergus's death: "Scott is no lover of fanaticism... and Flora herself, after the death of the rebels, feels that her obsession with the Stuart cause has led to her brother's death" (op. cit., p. 42). Though Mayhead is correct in judging Flora to be without the "taint of interest and advancement," Flora's political zeal remains as strong after Fergus's execution. In her last interview with Waverley, she strongly distinguishes between sorrow for her brother's loss and devotion to the Jacobite cause: "I do not regret his attempt because it was wrong--oh no! on that point I am armed--but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus" (Waverley, Ch. 68). Flora mourns Fergus's death but not the political ideals he died for.


Few of Waverley's minor characters are "non-readers." Although characters like Callum Beg and Evan Dhu Maccombich
would enjoy an oral cultural tradition, as non-readers in Waverley they reveal an undesirable imbalance of character. Although there is a kind of dignity in the devotion Callum and Evan Dhu have toward Fergus MacIvor, there is something insane about it as well. Callum's devotion to Fergus distorts his judgment and causes him to respond impulsively and entirely out of proportion to the situation. The most obvious example of this is Callum's shooting at Waverley because he felt Waverley had insulted Flora. At Fergus's trial, the judge gives Evan Dhu a chance for grace since he realizes Evan had only followed "the ideas in which you have been educated." But Evan remains faithful to the only code he ever knew, that of the clan, and rejects the judge's offer (Ch. 68).

14 Daiches defends the Baron's pedantry on the grounds that he represents those people "less affected by changes of dynasty than those of higher rank" and therefore "should survive to indulge his love of the past harmlessly in antiquarian studies and pedantic conversation" (op. cit., p. 92).

15 On one occasion the Baron worries about applying his knowledge of regal decorum. He wishes to pay homage to Prince Charles Edward after the battle of Prestonpans according to an ancient feudal ritual. Mayhead reminds us that the Baron's conscientious hair-splitting over ceremony here is not wholly ridiculous, but points to his "connection with that world of the heroic past which we see, in this novel, fading into 'the light of common day'" (op. cit., pp. 24-25).

16 A more serious religious enthusiast, Habakkuk Gilfillan, a Cameronian who "has suffered persecution without learning mercy" (Ch. 32), reads, as we would expect, religious works such as "the Book of Sports and the Covenant" and "the Longer and the Shorter Catechism" (Ch. 36).
The Allegory of Robert Henryson's
"The Bludy Serk"

"The Bludy Serk" is a minor poem even within the canon of Robert Henryson's work, but although it lacks the imaginative detail and complex interaction of particular and general truth of his Morall Fabillis—for Henryson, after all, its general truth is absolute—"The Bludy Serk," in its concern with moralities and in the craftsmanship of its execution, typifies Henryson's art. Since it is, as A. M. Kinghorn notes, an early example of the literary ballad, since its lack of narrative complexity and precise detail follows from the simplicity and abstractness of ballad style, and since comparison with other versions of the story will show that Henryson did what he set out to do with considerable skill, it is hardly fair to characterize "The Bludy Serk" as merely "a poetical exercise written to illustrate a religious truth," especially now that the nature of that religious truth has been called into question.

George S. Peek has argued recently that Henryson's source for "The Bludy Serk" was the story of the emperor's daughter in the Middle English version of the Gesta Romanorum extant in British Museum MS. Harley 7333, in which the lady is seduced by an earl after her father's death and then exiled from her kingdom, whereas in "The Bludy Serk" the lady is abducted against her will by a giant and thrown into a dungeon. Peek
believes that both the *Gesta* story and Henryson's poem are allegories of original sin, and he concludes from the "change" in the story, removing "the guilt from the lady (in the allegory, the soul) and [placing] it on the evil giant," that Henryson suggests "men are not responsible for their sinful condition and do not bear the guilt (though they bear the condition) of that first sin." This is, Peek maintains, "a very significant theological comment." And indeed it would be, if it were in fact what the poem said or suggested, for the view that original sin is a condition but not a fault; *poena* but not *culpa*, is completely at odds with the traditional doctrine of the Church; though Abelard proposed it in the twelfth century, Abelard was immediately and decisively refuted, and it is very nearly incredible on its face that Robert Henryson, chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline, would have proposed it in the fifteenth. "The Bludy Serk" certainly gives us no reason to think he did.

The suggestion that the story of the emperor's daughter in Harley 7333 was Henryson's source for "The Bludy Serk" is itself unconvincing. The presentation of Christ as lover-knight is commonplace in the Middle Ages. In Harley 7333 the lady is not imprisoned but exiled, and the only evidence of direct connection between it and "The Bludy Serk" is the use of the word *serk* in both, an especially insignificant parallel since in most versions of the story the lady hangs the knight's shirt in her chamber. That a knight should give his lady the garment in which he has been wounded and that she should preserve it as a momento is not even peculiar to this story: in Wolfram's *Parzival*, for example, Gahmuret sends to Herzeloyde the bloody shirt ("hemde nach bluote var") in which he was mortally wounded while fighting for the Baruch. Even if Henryson knew only a form of the story in which the knight entrusted his arms to the lady, he could easily have changed those bloody arms to a bloody shirt, as at least one other author manifestly did. The only detail "The Bludy Serk" has in common with the version in Harley 7333 is not distinctive.

Although it is impossible to identify any specific source for "The Bludy Serk," the contrast between Henryson's poem and its analogues, rather than a particular set of changes, might nevertheless suggest an eccentric view of original sin. But comparison with the version in Harley 7333 and the other analogues demonstrates Henryson's theological orthodoxy as surely as it reveals his poetical craftsmanship. That the lady in "The Bludy Serk" is abducted against her will, as Peek claims (p. 202), is an inference only. It would seem a very reasonable inference, if we were to draw any such inference at all, but the poem makes no comment one way or the other. Several
of the analogues, on the other hand, tell us explicitly that the lady was deceived through ignorance,\(^1\) that she was deprived of her heritage through violence and injury,\(^2\) unjustly and through fraud,\(^3\) or that she could find no one who would defend her.\(^4\) All such comments do suggest that the lady is an innocent victim, and all heighten the sentimental sensationalism of the narrative while confusing the interconnection of letter and moral, sense and sentence.\(^5\) But "The Bludy Serk" contains none of them. Henryson, indeed, never recounts the actual abduction; when he first mentions it, it is an accomplished fact, and the action of the poem, if we can call it that, really begins with the lady's imprisonment:

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Thair dwelt alyt besyde the king
  A fowll gyane of ane;
  stollin he hes the lady ying,
  away with hir is gane,
  and kest hir in his dungering,
  Quhair licht scho micht se nane;
  hungir and cauld and grit thristing
  Scho fand in to hir wame.\(^6\)
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(29-32, emphasis added)

"The Bludy Serk" is unique in its striking emphasis on the lady's imprisonment, both initially in the details that the dungeon (21, 34)—of a giant with nails like a hell's crook (27)—is so deep (34) the lady can see no light (22) and suffers there hunger, cold, and thirst (23-24) and again, near the end of the poem, when the lady recalls the "bandoun" (84) in the dungeon, both deep and dark (85-86), from which she has been freed. Especially since such a constellation of details stands out against the general abstraction of the poem's narrative style, we are made to understand—though we are not told until we reach the concluding moralitas: "the pit [is like] to hell, with panis fell" (103)—that the lady has been damned to hell, carried there by some demon, and is suffering the total deprivation of one cut off from the sight of God and the light of grace.
The analogues, on the other hand, typically use the lady's poverty in exile to represent man's plight in a fallen world, and so in Harley 7333 the lady laments to the fair young knight who is about to take up her cause, "Whan [the Emperor, my father] was ded, per come a knyght, and spoiled me of my virgin-ite; and after be symne, he put me out of myne heritage, In so much that I aske nowe my brede fro dore to dore." But Henryson cuts through to essentials, not man's hardships in this world but his bondage to the devil in the next. He does not emphasize the lady's guilt, because "The Bludy Serk" is about the Redemption and the debt of gratitude man consequently owes God, not about the Fall, or indeed about the Incarnation, except as those are prerequisite to our redemption at the Passion. And accordingly Henryson does not describe directly either the lady's abduction (17-24) or the prince's agreement to fight for the lady (41-48), thus putting into relief the combat itself and the exchange between prince and lady which follows from it (49-80). But if Henryson does not emphasize the lady's guilt, neither does he in any way deny it, for if God is just, and the poem nowhere suggests he is not, she cannot be damned guiltless.

It is important here to distinguish between original sin and the first sin, for those are not the same. Adam and Eve, according to the Church, bear the guilt of an actual sin—the first sin. Their descendents are not equally guilty, but all men share in the guilt of Adam and Eve, per originem, because all men were present materially in them—or so at least the Church has explained since the time of Anselm. Original sin is not eating the apple; original sin is the innate tendency to concupiscence, the privation of the original rectitude of the will which followed from the first sinful act. The guilt of original sin is less than the guilt of the first sin, but it is nevertheless sufficient to damnation. There is thus no distinction between the conception of original sin in Harley 7333 and the other analogues and the conception of original sin in "The Bludy Serk." The doctrine of original sin is irrelevant to Harley 7333, where we have to do with an allegory of the Fall, the first sin. And the doctrine of original sin is simply presupposed in "The Bludy Serk," where we have to do much more narrowly with an allegory of the Redemption, since it explains, if explanation is necessary, why the lady, who has committed no sinful act within the poem, should, like an unbaptized infant, be damned to hell. There is no reason whatsoever to suppose that Henryson's conception of original sin was at all unusual.

The difference between Henryson's poem and the prose of its analogues is not a difference in allegorical meaning so much as
a difference in literary effectiveness. As Henryson turned the story of the emperor's daughter into poetry in a ballad meter, he also simplified it in good ballad fashion by reducing it to its essential element: the captivity of man to sin and the devil which made the Redemption necessary. While "The Bludy Serk" includes at least by implication all the central events of salvation history—Fall, damnation, Incarnation, and Redemption—Henryson gives his poem greater unity by focusing on the Redemption, as Harley 7333 notably does not, allowing it ten lines (49-58) as opposed to the terse, "He ȝafe Bataile aȝen the Erle, and hadde Þe victory" (p. 24), and making the exchange between prince and lady follow from it (65-80) rather than precede it in the awkward preliminary bargaining of Harley 7333 and those other versions where the knight finds the lady struggling in the world. Although Henryson's narrative of the combat itself, unlike the narratives of the Fabillis, is abstract, as ballad style demands, he emphasizes the allegorically significant detail that the knight took the giant prisoner,

And kest him In his awin dungeon,  
allane withoutin feir,  
With hungir, cauld, and confusioun,  
As full weill worthy wer.

(52-55)

Henryson's narrative thus reveals that this is no ordinary combat, not trivially by confirming only that it is a transparently disguised retelling of the Passion but by pointing to its underlying meaning as it shows captivity led captive in the detail of the giant cast into his own dungeon and made to suffer what the lady has suffered. And the general absence of detail throws into relief, too, the equally significant bludy serk (59-64, 75-78, 81-88), an emblem of Christ's sacrifice for man, which serves ever after to remind the lady both of the pain from which she has been set free and of the pain which her savior suffered in freeing her (81-88).

Gregory Smith, who found Henryson's moralizations tedious, was grateful that he kept them, "as the Latin fabulists did, at the end and at the will of the reader, not mingling them with the story as Lydgate and others did, to the dulling of the whole." It would, however, be more accurate to say, on the contrary, that in "The Bludy Serk" Henryson has taken pains to make the story and the moralitas inseparable, if less complexly so than in the Fabillis; inseparable not only in the trivial sense that the moralization—"Sa suld we do our god of micht,/That did al for us mak," and so on (91-96)—precedes
the formal *moralitas* in which the allegory is explained (97-120) but also in the fundamental sense that Henryson has shaped his narrative to make the *moralitas* implicit in it. And since it is really the sentence of a simple allegory that enriches the sense, not the other way around, we can never see the poem for what it is unless we can recapture, at least momentarily, the typically medieval excitement of watching the meaning unfold and the satisfaction of seeing the meaning we have perceived confirmed by the *moralitas* at the end. From this point of view, one important effect of Henryson's skipping over the actual abduction—and, to a lesser extent, the prince's undertaking the lady's cause—is to delay, briefly, the recognition that this story is the story of our redemption. For the significance of the story hardly begins to emerge much before the end of stanza three, and the first decisive clue is the giant's nails "lyk ane hellis cruk" in stanza four (27). That the king is "anceane and ald" (5) may suggest God the Father, but the "dukis, erlis, and barronis bald/He had at his bidding" and especially the sixty years he could reign suggest instead a conventional character in a medieval romance, as does the remark in the description of the king's daughter, "princis luvit hir paramour" (15). Even the giant, of course, might have come out of the pages of medieval romance, though a giant is obviously a more diabolical figure than a prince or an earl, and in the exegetical tradition giants are a common figure for the devil. When Henryson's giant is said to have nails "lyk ane hellis cruk," however, it begins to be clear, even without the concluding moralization, that the lady's bondage figures forth man's bondage to sin and Satan before the coming of Christ. The poem's account of how the king found a knight to win his daughter's release, however, preserves a certain ambiguity, telling us that the king sought "baith fer and neir" (41) without specifying where the knight was found—or, indeed, describing how the knight took up the challenge—and telling us that the knight is "a worthy prince that had no peir!" (45) without specifying any relationship between prince and king. Only in the literally unlikely detail that the giant is himself imprisoned, and the lady first freed and then brought home, by a knight who has been mortally wounded in the fight, is the underlying pattern laid bare which gives larger significance, in retrospect, to the age and power of the king, the beauty of his daughter, her "bigly bour," the ugliness and strength of the giant, and the peerlessness of the knight and which makes more precisely meaningful, again in retrospect, the sixty years the king could reign (6), suggesting the six days of creation, the qualification that there was none so fair as the lady "on fold" (14), here a limit as well as a superlative,
and the detail that the prince was "held ful trew cunnand" (48), for Christ is the wisdom of God (1 Cor. 1:24). This revealed pattern of significance then gives force to the exchange between knight and lady and to the lady's subsequent fidelity to the knight, where what compels our attention is the significance shining through events, rather than the events themselves. If a final proof of Henryson's intertwining of story and moralitas—and a final instance of his poetic success—is required, it is that the moralitas concludes with the imperative not to keep Christ's Passion always in mind but, returning to the poem's central metaphor, to "think on the bludy serk" (120). More than a moralized tale, "The Bludy Serk" is thus a poem deliberately simple but finely controlled, its Christian moral made to seem not so much imposed as discovered.

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NOTES

1 See the sensitive appreciation by Denton Fox, "Henryson's Fables," ELH, 29 (1962), 337-56.


3 Kinghorn, p. 32.

4 "Robert Henryson's View of Original Sin in 'The Bludy Serk,'" SSL, 10 (1972), 199-206.

5 The argument is made throughout; the quotations are from p. 202.

6 See Odon Lottin, Psychologie et morale aux XIIe et XIIIe siècles, IV (Louvain and Gembloux, 1954), 11-280; overview, pp. 271-80; on Abelard, pp. 27-29. For a brief account see any theological encyclopedia.

7 The most important Latin analogues for "The Bludy Serk" are printed in Wilbur Gaffney, "The Allegory of the Christ-Knight in Piers Plowman," PMLA, 46 (1931), 155-68; both the theme and its background are discussed more generally by Rosemary Woolf, "The Theme of Christ the Lover-Knight in Medieval English Literature," RES, N. S. 13 (1962), 1-16, largely re-

9 Gaffney, p. 164 and n. 21; the versions of Nicole Bozon and Albert of Metz--discussed by Gaffney, pp. 157-62--should be added to the list in n. 21. The "cote-amour" of the version in British Museum MS. Additional 9066--edited with that of Harley 7333 by S. J. H. Herrtage, *The Early English Versions of the Gesta Romanorum*, E.E.T.S., E.S., 33 (London, 1879), 23-26--also normally refers to a garment, one worn over a knight's armor and embroidered with his coat of arms (*OED*, *coat-armour*, 1; cf. Peek, p. 201).

9 Ed. Karl Lachmann, 6th ed. (Berlin and Leipzig, 1926), 111.15. In an emphatically uncourtly context, Hildigunn, in *Njal's Saga*, gathers Hoskuld's blood in the cloak he was wearing at the time of his murder (Ch. 112), saves it, and uses it to force Flósi to take vengeance on the Njáls sons (Ch. 116)--ed. Einar Ólafur Sveinsson, *Brennu-Njáls Saga*, Islenzk Forrit, 12 (Reykjavik, 1954), and trans. Magnus Magnusson and Hermann Palsson (Baltimore, 1960).

10 Nicole Bozon, in Gaffney, p. 158.


12 MS. Harley 219, in Gaffney, p. 163, translated in the Middle English version of the *Gesta Romanorum* in MS. Additional 9066, ed. Herrtage, p. 23: "and so prively he begiled here and with fraude overcome here, and vnrightfully caste hire oute of this kyngdome."

13 Albert of Metz, in Gaffney, p. 162, and Bibliothèque Nationale MS. Latin 16499, in Gaffney, p. 163.


16 Herrtage, p. 23; similarly the versions of Gui d'Evreux (Gaffney, p. 161) and Harley 219 (Gaffney, p. 163), translated
in Additional 9066 (Herrtage, p. 23): the lady "levid longe in pouerte and wrecchidnesse, wantyng vertue and richesse." In some versions--such as those of Albert of Metz (Gaffney, p. 162) and the Northern Homily Collection in the Vernon MS., ed. C. Horstmann, Archiv, 57 (1877), 274-75--she is not even overcome, though she is hard pressed.

Lottin, IV, 14, 275-76.

So the knight in Harley 7333 (Herrtage, p. 24) lays out his conditions: "'And þerfore, if þou wolt graunte to me oo thing, sothly I shall fiȝte for thynge heritage, and behote þe the victorie....3it I woll haue an opir certayne of þe, as þis; If it happe me to dye for in batyll...." The earliest version, in the Ancrene Wisse--Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, MS. 402, ed. J. R. R. Tolkien, E.E.T.S., 249 (London, 1960), 197-200--in its own way as unique as "The Bludy Serk," concentrates on just those preliminaries, but without the clumsy bargaining; its point is the constancy of God's love for man despite man's unworthiness, and there the besieged lady thinks nothing of the assistance repeatedly sent her and never yields to the great king's pleas when he comes in person to fight for her, but once he has fought, has been slain, and is miraculously resurrected, she loves him above all else.

Cf. the version of Albert of Metz (Gaffney, p. 162), where the knight is wounded with five wounds and with the fifth is dead.


E.B., Allegoriae in sacram Scripturam, Patrologia latina, 112, col. 946: "Gigas, diabolus, ut in Job: 'Irruit in me quasi gigas,' diabolus superbe se erexit contra me"; similarly Glossa ordinaria on Eccli. 47:4, Biblia sacra cum Glossa ordinaria...et Postilla Nicolai Lyrami (Venice, 1603), III, col. 2209; Hugh of St. Cher on Ps. 32:16 and Prov. 9:18, Opera omnia in universum Vetus et Novum Testamentum (Lyons, 1645), II, fol. 81vb, III, fol. 19vb.
23 So Augustine writes in the *De trinitate*, 7.3.5, "Cum de sapientia Scriptura loquitur, de filio loquitur quem sequimur uiuendo sapienter, quamuis et pater sit sapientia sicut lumen et deus," and so Ps. 103:24, "Omnia in sapientia fecisti," means, according to Augustine, *Enarrationes in Psalmos*, 103.s. 3.25, "omnia in Christo fecisti" (*Corpus Christianorum, Series Latina*, 50, 253-54; 40, 1520). The interpretation is universal in the Middle Ages and is not even regarded as allegorical; Hugh of St. Cher, III, fol. 8vb, paraphrases Prov. 3:19 ("Dominus sapientia fundavit terram"), "Ad literam, id est, in filio, Psalm. 103, 'Omnia in sapientia fecisti.'"

24 I am grateful to Professor Denton Fox of the University of Toronto for his comments on an earlier draft of this essay.
Smollett’s Apprenticeship in Glasgow, 1736–1739

The late Professor Knapp’s account of Smollett’s medical apprenticeship in Glasgow has never been challenged or revised, although it is certainly sketchy.¹ It was composed, like much of the biography, with almost no search or knowledge of the public records of Scotland; it reflects the traditional view that Smollett was an English writer who happened to be born a North Briton, so that any facts about his younger days in Scotland cannot be known except through secondary accounts. Details about Smollett’s life in Scotland are indeed quite scarce compared, say, to what Professor Pottle has found for Boswell. However, from some examination of public documents in Glasgow and certain other sources, it is possible to correct some of Professor Knapp’s assumptions about Smollett’s training in that city, in particular his legal obligations to his masters, the location of their business, the nature of his medical education, and add some additional material to the larger picture of Smollett’s early medical education.

According to the anonymous article in The Emment for April 5, 1823, reprinted in Knapp, Smollett was apprenticed first to William Stirling and John Gordon, but soon changed to one John Crawford. Much of Knapp’s account of the apprenticeship and Smollett’s disposition at this period in his life is based on the assumption that Smollett finished with this less known
person who is thought to have been the model for Crab in *Rod-erick Random*. We can be reasonably certain, however, that Smollett did not quit his bond with Stirling and Gordon and go with Crawford because no such arrangement is noted in the manuscript Minutes of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow, nor should we even expect it: Crawford was not licensed to practice until July 6, 1741, several years after Smollett had left.

Not much is known of William Stirling and John Gordon, although they were eminent and well respected in Glasgow in their day. Stirling came from a prominent family in western Scotland and was licensed to practice medicine in 1712. By 1718 he was a partner of John Gordon, and with Gordon and Robert Wallace took an early and active interest in the health and welfare of the city's poor. As early as 1740 he was investing in the city's growing overseas trade, and by 1750 he had retired from the practice to devote more time to his linen business. He died in 1765.

Gordon is better known. Scholars and general readers alike will recall Matthew Bramble's tribute to him in *Humphry Clinker*—"a patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense." It is not known where Gordon was born, but it was not likely Glasgow. He was licensed to practice before 1719; in 1734 he married Mary Bell, daughter of Patrick Bell of Cowcaddens. The standard history of the University of Glasgow cites him as the first to offer lectures in anatomy at the University, some time before a Chair in Anatomy was established—and then given to someone less competent. This was before 1720.

Frequent references to Gordon in the Glasgow Burgh Extracts cite his collaboration with Stirling in caring for the medical needs of the city's indigent, and tradition has it that he introduced the use of the blunt hook to William Smellie (1697-1763), the pioneer instructor in midwifery in the British Isles. In 1752 John Gordon, David Loudoun and Company petitioned the Town Council for a "piece of the Old Green next to the bottle work, for building house, office houses, and other conveniences for their clothier work, which they intend to erect and set up," although Gordon remained formally in medical practice as partner to Smollett's cousin John Moore (1729-1802), father of Sir John Moore of Coruna, and Smollett's first biographer. Having turned Physician in 1755, Gordon retired from surgery and continued only a consultant in this partnership, which by this time had added Thomas Hamilton (1728-1782),
brother of Robert Hamilton (1714-1756) Professor of Anatomy at the university. But in the *Glasgow Journal* for June 13, 1765 are printed some statistics for variolation against smallpox. Gordon and Moore inoculated 264 between them, Gordon the greater share. Although the death of one of the other participating surgeons dates these statistics no later than 1763, the list indicates not only that Gordon continued in some form of partnership but that he was still involved, as before, with problems of public health. He died July 10, 1772, three months before Smollett.

The novelist was apprenticed to Stirling and Gordon May 3, 1736. The official entry in the Minutes of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons booked him for five years, Professor Knapp and others have seemed uncertain why Smollett remained only three years with his masters, and several reasons have been put forth, including the suggestion first alluded to in this article that Smollett did not get on well with these older men. This is difficult to prove. However, while five years was the stated booking for a medical apprentice in Glasgow, the practice was more like three, especially if one left to pursue his medical studies elsewhere. John Moore, previously mentioned, is a helpful comparison. Moore left his apprenticeship with Stirling and Gordon after three years to become a surgeon's mate with the army in Flanders (1747), after which he studied successively under William Hunter in London (where he says he first met Smollett), Jean Astruc (1684-1766) in Paris, and the aforementioned William Smellie back in London. Likewise Smollett enlisted aboard the Chichester undoubtedly with a medical career in mind. As the opportunities for medical study in foreign locations began to improve at this time, it became standard for students in Scottish medicine to travel on to London and across to the continent. Few apprentices were held to five years under the same master. This is evident in the business of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow at this time. In August of 1743 the Faculty appointed a committee "to Consider and Report How Far the Facultys Laws now in being anent Booking of apprentices and Journeymen ought to be altered or amended." They reported early in October that "every person Should be deemed a Journeyman and Should accordingly be Booked as Such who Upon whatever occasion Should be received or Intertained unto any Surgeons Shop in Glasgow And with this Special Description of a Journeyman That Sd Committee also reported as their opinion That the former Acts of faculty made anent Booking apprentices and Journeyman Should in terms thereof be strictly observed and all Delinquents thereagainst punished." Subsequent transactions of the Faculty interpret this to mean three years,
making now the rule that had become the usual practice. Therefore, Smollett's "early" departure in 1739 was very likely encouraged by his masters, not merely begrudged.

As apprentice the young Smollett was subject to conditions and restraints both similar to apprentices in other trades and peculiar to his own. This may be illustrated by a bond of apprenticeship drawn up between the partnership of Stirling, Gordon, and Robert Wallace and some relations of the Mures of Caldwell in 1722, which can give us some notion of the contracted obligations between master and apprentice in Glasgow prior to the formation of the medical curriculum. The young man in this instrument binds and obliges himself "faithfully honestly & obediently [to] serve & obey his saids Masters in the forsaid airts & Calling [of Chyrugery and pharmacie]" for a period of three years.

And...he shall not absent himself furth [in the open air] of their service holy day or week day (sickness excepted) without his saids masters Leave asked & given, and shall not hear of his saids Masters Skaithe [defamation] Act any tyme by day or night but shall discover the same to them to his power, And that he shall not reveall his masters secrets in their airts, nor the secret diseases of their patients to any persone yrfor [therefore], Nor shall have any patients of his own Under Cure upon any pretext whatsomever And shall not play at games or goe to ale houses & taverns to tiple or drink with any companions, Nor disobey his saids masters orders, pretending he is elder or younger prent [sic] or upon any other pretense yrfor under the pain of ffourty shillings scots....

The masters in turn bind and oblige themselves to "Task learn [sic] & Instruct the Said Alexander Mure In their said airt & calling of Chirugery & pharmacie And they shall not hyde...any poynct or engyne yrof from him known to themselfs, But doe their utmost endeavoure to make him perfect thereuntill." The surgeons also pledge to "Intertain the sd apprentice in meat drink bedding lodging and washing his linnings in house & family with one of themselfs honestly as becoming & of his rank & degree." There was also some money to be paid by the surgeons for the young man's schooling.19

This contract cost forty pounds sterling. Such an amount—or a slightly higher one—was undoubtedly paid to Gordon and Stirling by Smollett's cousin James Smollett of Bonhill fourteen
years later.

Without additional evidence, one might infer from Knapp's account that Smollett was trained exclusively at Stirling's shop in the "Dispensary Close" off the High Street (the western side), "near the University." It is very difficult to determine exactly where this close was located, much less how near the University it was; by 1820 this close had disappeared through the urban "redevelopment" brought on by the industrialization of the city. Eyre-Todd believes that Gordon's shop stood at the north corner of the Saltmarket and Princess Street; there is some evidence to substantiate this. But it is possible to locate Gordon's shop more near Stirling's. In a deed registered in the Sheriff Court Books of Lanark for June 22, 1764 and cited in sasines registered after his death, Gordon resigned his city property to his eldest son James, merchant in Argyle Street. The total burgh property consisted of a fore shop and back house on the west side of the High Street; the first story of a tenement on the corner of Stockwell Street and the Trongate; a house on the south side of Bell's Wynd; and a fore shop on the north side of Trongate. This amount of property suggests that Gordon at least died comfortably, if not rich. The first item of this series should interest us most. The sasine describes it fully as

That large laigh for shop & back house named formerly the Dispensatory then possessed by Mrs. Wardrop [the current inhabitant] being the ground story of that Tenement of Land lying within the Burgh of Glasgow on the West side of that Street leading from the Mercat cross to the high church [High Street leading north to the Cathedral] Bounded betwixt the high street on the East & the Lands belonging to George Danziel on the south the Lands of...[deliberately undesignated] on the West and the Lands belonging to James Robeson [Robertson] on the north.

The building is therefore bounded by the High Street on the east, Danziel's building on the south, nothing designated on the west, and Robertson's property on the north. The accompanying map places this property along the High Street some distance north from the Mercat Cross but below Bell's Wynd. If Duncan is equally accurate, we can safely infer either that Gordon and Stirling had separate shops not far away, or that this was Stirling's old shop that Gordon moved into late in his career. Apprentices to both men likely worked out of either shop.
There survive several possible views of this building of Gordon's in drawings and photographs of nos. 21-27 and 40 of the High Street, west side. Gordon's shop was located on the ground floor of a basically wooden structure built in the late seventeenth century, four or five stories high (counting the ground level); it was one of eight buildings between the Cross and Bell's Wynd, separated in the eighteenth century by a close or alleyway running between each of them into the back yard. The upper stories were reached by a staircase from either this close or the yard behind. Gordon's "large laigh fore shop" opened directly onto the High Street while the "back house" opened to the close or yard. Apparently at the time of his death he owned only the ground floor of this building.

While much of Gordon's medical business and instruction took place in the coffee-house, tavern, or on house-calls, this building—and the partner's shop—were the centers of Smollett's apprenticeship, rather than the university across the street. Smollett contracted his obligations to Gordon and Stirling about a decade before the Scottish medical renaissance reached the otherwise progressive university of Glasgow. All charters of Scottish universities stipulated the establishment of a curriculum in medicine except Glasgow's, although the appropriate chairs in Medicine, Anatomy, and Botany were established before Smollett arrived. Yet until Cullen returned to the western metropolis in 1744 with the professed intent of founding a medical school with regularly offered courses, there is limited evidence of any academic instruction that Smollett might have profited from. A "Statute and Act regulating the University of Glasgow" for 1727 directed the professor of anatomy and botany to teach these subjects yearly from May to July if five students requested them, but Thomas Brisbane, who held this chair is a sinecure, apparently never did. It is uncertain whether John Johnstoun ("Crab") did who held the chair in medicine since 1714, yet he was thought to be learned and competent. This is simply an instance where the opportunity to provide a medical curriculum was staffed with men who lacked enterprise and drive and were not prodded in their younger years by higher authorities to exert themselves. Rather, medical instruction was irregularly supplied by outsiders like the surgeon John Gordon.

John Moore stated in 1797 that his cousin "attended the anatomical and medical lectures," but Moore probably did not remember precisely what these consisted of in Smollett's day. From little we know, they could only have been lectures in anatomy John Paisley had been offering sporadically since 1730. According to Coutts, Paisley is the only figure the University
records note as lecturing on any medical topic during Smollett's apprenticeship.\textsuperscript{29} 1742 definitely marks the beginning of formal medical instruction—at least extramurally—at the University with the aforementioned Robert Hamilton and John Crawford announcing lectures in anatomy and surgery, followed soon in similar courses by George Montgomerie (Physician to the Touns Infirmary) and Cullen;\textsuperscript{30} but Smollett's apprenticeship is previous to these opportunities and must have consisted almost entirely of assistance to his masters and frequent visitations.

One place Smollett certainly visited in his apprenticeship was the Touns Hospital, founded in 1733 to house and work the city's indigent. This building was located on the Old Green along the Clyde. From the beginning the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons "made a genuine Resolution...Agreeing to attend the sick People in the Hospital by Turns, each Physician for a Year, and each Surgeon for a Half-Year, during the first six years after the opening of the House; giving their Advice, Attendence, and Medicines, Grattis, all the Time." By 1739 the directors had seen the need to separate the sick from the merely poor, and erected an Infirmary that year. In this addition were treated "many Rhumatick Fevers, Pleuritick Disorders, inveterate Scurvies, scropulous Distempers, Jaundice, Dropsies, etc."\textsuperscript{31} We know that Gordon and Stirling were notably involved with the medical supervision of this residence before the Infirmary and its operating room were added, so we can be reasonably certain that the young novelist was frequently exposed to the ailments listed above. Indeed this medical education in the late 1730's can best be labeled an extended internship.

It is a pity that we do not know more for certain about Smollett's medical training, but any hypotheses about what he read or was taught by his masters will appear more tentative than the information of this article.\textsuperscript{32} Medical instruction throughout the British Isles in the early eighteenth century was provincial, somewhat unorganized by modern standards, and lacking any consensus in theory. Beyond what I have included here, there is little in Glasgow to find a document of—no published syllabus, much less any lectures to preserve notes from, or any records of attendance. But it is hoped that the foregoing material will lend some air of substance to a little-known period of Smollett's life.

Central Michigan University
NOTES


2 According to John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, John Johnstoun, Professor of Medicine at Glasgow, was thought to be the model for Crab, although he did not seem to fit the part. Johnstoun was "a free liver, and, what was in those days still more rare, a free thinker, at least in talk....Though regarded by good people as a short of heathen, they were glad to have recourse to him in dangerous cases, he being most sagacious and successful in his practice. And as he was a joyous, manly, honourable man, he was a most delightful companion over a bottle--he having a fund of wit and humour, and even of profanity, peculiar to himself" (Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century, 2 vols. [Edinburgh, 1888], I, 277-8). Whether The Emment or Ramsay is correct on "Crab" is impossible to say, but Ramsay's information might be closer to the source.

3 These are preserved at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow.

4 Andrew Duncan, Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, 1599-1850 (Glasgow, 1896), p. 250. The manuscript Minutes of the Faculty are missing for this period.


8 The only John Gordon baptized in Glasgow between 1690 and 1710 is a lawful son to John Gordon of Kirkconnel and Jane Hamilton, June 8, 1710 (Glasgow Parish Registers: Births. Typescript prepared by Dr. Arthur Jamieson for the Strathclyde Regional Archives and cited with his permission. Original in New Register House, Edinburgh).

9 Duncan, Memorials, p. 251.

11 The Minutes of Town Council cite him in 1732 as one of the founding directors of the poor's workhouse, and from 1736 Stirling and he are frequently appointed "touns surgeons...to take care of the poor and apply medicines [sic] and drugs to them, and their sallary for their drugs and medicaments and cures and service to be 10 sterling" (*Extracts*, V, 368-70; 468).

12 *Extracts*, VI, 351-2.


14 *Glasgow Journal*, July 16, 1772.

15 Cited in Duncan, p. 120; and Knapp, p. 12.


18 The next apprentice booked was James Pollock, May 7, 1744, for three years. The manuscripts of the Faculty are cited with permission.

19 National Library of Scotland Ch. 3434, the only such deed I have found of a medical partnership in Glasgow for that period. Cited with the permission of the Trustees of the National Library of Scotland.

20 Duncan, p. 250.

21 It is no longer listed among other city closes and streets in the Glasgow City Postal Directory for that date.

22 *From the Revolution to the Passing of the Reform Acts, 1832-1833* (vol. III of his
22 From the Revolution to the Passing of the Reform Acts, 1832-1833 (vol. III of his "History of Glasgow" [Glasgow, 1934], p. 381). He may be referring to the piece of property in the Saltmarket, near Princes Street, which Gordon acquired in 1726 (Glasgow Burgh Sasines, B10/2/12, f. 246, Strathclyde Regional Archives, Glasgow).

23 Glasgow Burgh Register of Sasines, October 6, 1772 (B10/2/39, ff. 330-3, Strathclyde Regional Archives; cited with permission).

24 A tenement was then, as now, simply "a domestic building of more than a single story, built for multiple occupants, access being by a common entrance and stair"; and such a building was the usual accommodation in Scottish cities in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (see Frank Wardsall, "Four Hundred Years of the Glasgow Tenement," *Scottish Art Review*, XIV [June, 1974], 4-7; and Roger Smith, "Multi-dwelling Building in Scotland, 1750-1970: A Study based on Housing in the Clyde Valley," in *Multi Story Living: The British Working Class Experience*, ed. Anthony Sutcliff [London, 1974], 207-13). A "land" is a well-known Scottish word for tenement, and is defined as "a piece of land on which a house stands, a building site; land applies to the building itself, and specifically to one of several stories divided into flats a tenement house" (*The Scottish National Directory*).

25 This map is an enlarged insert from John McArthur's "Plan of the City of Glasgow," 1778, reprinted in "Senex" [Robert Reid], *Glasgow, Past and Present* 3 vols. (Glasgow, 1884). An unrelated Minute of the Town Council helps to specify it further. Two merchants, William Gray and Robert Barrie, offered the city in 1751 a piece of improved property located "above the Cross, on the west side of the High Street, betwixt the lands of John Legat...on the south and the lands of George Danzieill and others on the north..." (Extracts, VI, 329-30). This description places Gordon's property two lands north of Gray's and Barrie's and above the Cross, below Bell's Wynd. Such descriptions imply that Gordon's "Dispensatory" and the adjacent properties lay between the Cross and Bell's Wynd, not further north, nearer the university.

26 The photographs can be found in *Old Closes and Streets of Glasgow*, intro. William Young (Glasgow, 1900)—and popularly known as "Annan" after the studio that took the pictures; the drawings of these tenements may be found in David Small, *By-Gone Glasgow: Sketches of Vanished Corners in the City and Suburbs* (Glasgow, 1896), [Robert Stuart,] *Views and Notices*
of Glasgow in Former Times (Glasgow, 1848), Hugh Cochrane, Glasgow--The First 600 Years, (Glasgow, 1975). With special thanks to J. Fisher and the staff of the Glasgow Room, the Mitchell Public Library, Glasgow for these and earlier references to tenements, closes, and street-plans of the city.


30 David Murray, Memories of the Old College of Glasgow (Glasgow, 1927), p. 175.

31 Anon., A Short Account of the Touns Hospital in Glasgow, with the Regulations and Abstracts of the Expenses for the First Eight Years (3rd ed., Glasgow, 1742), pp. 6, 22.

32 Gordon's early lectures in anatomy and his resourcefulness in midwifery suggest that surgery was his forte, in addition to a heightened consciousness of the problems of public health and epidemics. Nothing of Stirling's particular medical interests, beyond his involvement in the Touns Hospital, is known.
James Hogg's masterpiece, the Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner, is beginning to receive the critical attention it deserves. Since its anonymous publication in 1824 it has been frequently out of print, and still more frequently misunderstood or interpreted according to partial readings of the text. The purpose of this paper is to examine a crucial area of the plot towards the end of the book, and with a comparison of Conrad's handling of a similar theme in Heart of Darkness, to attempt to clear the ground for the eventual proper critical evaluation of the Confessions.

The form of the novel is brilliant; Hogg's reasonable, rational editor-figure introduces a story of religious fanaticism, family dissension and eventually of violence and murder. The story is told with little emotion or comment, little indeed being necessary as the audience becomes intimately familiar with a family of perverted Calvinist antinomians, professed Christians without clarity but with excessive pride and argumentation, without love for their fellows but with unshakeable conviction in their own righteousness and their own eventual salvation, regardless of their actions—being antinomians, they were regarded as being "beyond the law" which governed the moral actions of others. Protected by this belief they see little harm in arrogance and persecution of others, but the
main point of the story is the perversion of Robert, youngest and weakest of this family, into acts of violence, rape and murder by a mysterious stranger who easily overrules his will and twists his religious beliefs by the most plausible arguments. Clearly to the reader, but not to the characters trapped in the action, the mysterious stranger who thus channels and intensifies perverted enthusiasms is the devil, and so shaky is the Wringhims' theology that there is little difficulty in achieving the devil's purposes.

Hogg's brilliance lies not primarily here, but in his immediate re-telling of the same story through the eyes of the chief protagonist, Robert Wringhim. Robert's diary amplifies the action, and intensifies our appreciation of his twisted thought-processes. Moreover, in failing to tally in places with the objective narration of the first part, it helps undermine our confidence in Robert's basic honesty. A marvellous picture emerges, mostly vividly clear, in places deliberately obscured for artistic reasons. Hogg delights in allowing crucial scenes to pass unobserved, or observed by unreliable witnesses in poor lighting conditions. In this way the plot moves from the explicable to the inexplicable, to a use of imprecision whose results can be argued to be of a high order of artistic excellence.

The quality of narration is heightened by the remainder of Hogg's novel, following the sudden cessation of Robert's supposed diary. Interrupted in writing it by the devil figure (now only partly recognised) waiting to carry him off to Hell for a mounting tally of crimes, Robert succeeds in concealing the diary for posterity. An objective narration resumes (though not in the same tone as the first), recounting the digging-up of the mysteriously preserved body of the suicide, popular tradition having it that the earth would not accept, nor decompose, such a disgusting piece of mortality. The "editor" (like the reader) is at a loss to decide what is objective reality, so he asks friends for advice. They in their turn recommend a prominent Border figure, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd famous from John Wilson's satirical portraits in the Noctes Ambrosianae. In a final stroke of excellence, Hogg writes a portrait of himself into the novel, a satirical scene where as a country bumpkin he rudely answers to the queries of the "editor" that he has no interest in suicides' graves and other rubbish like that, having more important matters on hand -- the buying and selling of sheep. The baffled "editor" retires, and concludes the narrative with a shrug:

It was a bold theme for an allegory, and would have suited that age well had it been taken up by one fully qualified for the task, which this writer was not. (254)
Absolving himself in this way from the task of explaining the features of uncertainty which he built into his own novel, Hogg throws the burden of explanation on to the reader—and incidentally studiously avoids the necessity of public exposure of private beliefs.

In private life we know Hogg to have been a sincere and practising Christian, well acquainted with the Bible, and I have suggested elsewhere⁵ that a close knowledge of the King James Bible is a necessary aid to a full comprehension of this densely-textured novel. While in that case the use of Biblical quotation, echo and reference was argued to help understand the character of the protagonist, and the author's attitude towards the characters, the same use of outside material may now be argued to perform a still more important function—to elucidate the reasons for the suicide at the end of the novel, and in particular the reasons for the collapse of Robert's will to resist temptation to what he knew to be a damning sin. The crucial part of the book will be seen to be the concluding hours of Robert Wringhim's life, as he closes for the last time his journal which constitutes the second part of the novel.

There certainly is enough sin in this novel to justify Wringhim's damnation, and the arrival of the devil figure (assuming the reader accepts the presence of a real devil, and not, as has been suggested, a mere projection of the guilt-feelings of the sinner)⁵ is quite understandable to an audience familiar with Christian preaching in general, and with Marlowe's Dr Faustus in particular. Murder, rape, lying, perversions of various kinds are a formidable tally, though Hogg's recent and most acute critic reads the text more closely to see the prime cause of damnation as "that final unpardonable sin" of suicide.⁶ Suicide would come from an ultimate and unbearable awareness of sins, some remembered, some forgotten. Committed perhaps under "possession" (for Robert, as for us, there are blanks in the plot of this book), perhaps wittingly, the sins mount to an intolerable indictment which would force Robert to "embarrass God further" by the damning sin of suicide. The whole deplorable mess would induce a mood of "despair and guilt" making Christian forgiveness seem unattainable, and so cancelling out in the individual consciousness the promise of salvation at any time which is part of the Christian message. If Robert were to lose his belief in possible salvation, suicide would be the only remaining course of action.⁷

Undoubtedly, the uncertainty with which Hogg surrounds the motives for suicide tallies well with the uncertainty of the narrative texture. The motives, like the devil himself, are unsettlingly imprecise, yet personally credible: as André Gide aptly remarked in his 1947 preface to the novel, the devil's power is made to appear "always of a psychological nature;
in other words—always admissable, even by unbelievers." The
dualism of the characters (made much of by Kurt Wittig9) and
the deliberate ambiguities of the writing are now joined to a
theological scheme sufficiently denatured to be acceptable for
argument's sake to unbelievers. We begin to see why the novel
is still so powerful in a sceptical century.

Yet the reader has to proceed with extreme caution. The
novel is not Christian, any more than it is anti-Christian. It
is not really a novel of reconciliation either,10 any more than
it intends to show the disintegration of a whole society ex­
trapolated from the fate of a solitary individual as eccentric
as Wringhim. If its power can be felt by a wide cross-section
of readers, its precise significance is more localised. After
all, the Biblical passages which illuminate its text were self­
evidently important to an author whose scanty formal education
had been supplemented by much hard work, and access to very
few books.

I was often nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue.
All this while I neither read nor wrote; nor had I
access to any book save the Bible. I was greatly taken
with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the
most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for
them unto this day.11

The man who knew his Bible, and his metre Psalms, knew his
book of Job. This, we argue, is crucial, as we turn to the
text of the novel, immediately preceding the conclusion of the
journal.

After the main part of his life, after exhausting days of
flight across the moors of the Southern Uplands fleeing the
law by day, and truly horrifying daemonic visitations by night,
reduced to a wreck by physical exhaustion and sleeplessness,
Wringhim is tempted by his daemonic, but still unrecognised,
friend.

Ungrateful as you are, I cannot give you up to be de­
voured; but this is a life that it is impossible to brook
longer. Since our hopes are blasted in this world, and
all our schemes of grandeur overthrown; and since our
everlasting destiny is settled by a decree which no act
of ours can invalidate, let us fall by our own hands, or
by the hands of each other; die like heroes; and, throwing
off this frame of dross and corruption, mingle with the
pure ethereal essence of existence, from which we derived
our being. (234)
The clever devil knows how to touch the spring of Wringhim's reasoning, for the justified sinner is besotted with his unscriptural but at one time popular doctrine of "election" to eternal salvation by "justifying grace," assured of eternal life whatever his deeds on earth. This doctrine was uncritically and totally accepted by the Wringhims, and the devil cleverly twisted this belief, throughout the novel, to his advantage. If the devil can brush aside murder as a small thing, he can paint suicide in the same way since Wringhim has convinced himself—on dreadfully flimsy evidence—that no earthly act can affect his heavenly reception.

Even so, Wringhim hesitates, for suicide is a dreadful idea, and he points out "the sinfulness of the deed, and...its damning nature" (234) but as usual he is no match for the devil in argument. And in any case, continues Wringhim's friend, think of my plight.

Involuntarily did I turn round at the request, and caught a half glance of his features. May no eye destined to reflect the beauties of the New Jerusalem inward upon the beatific soul, behold such a sight as mine then beheld! My immortal spirit, blood, and bones, were all withered at the blasting sight; and I arose and withdrew, with groanings which the pangs of death shall never wring from me. (235)

This crucial passage, which has attracted surprisingly little comment, insinuates the all-important motivating discussion of suicide. A few days later, the nightly persecution of the devils becoming unbearable, Robert is very close to committing even the damning act. His "friend" offers help:

He then repeated the ejaculatory prayer, which I was to pronounce, if in great extremity. I objected to the words as equivocal, and susceptible of being rendered in a meaning perfectly dreadful; but he reasoned against this, and all reasoning with him is to no purpose. (238)

The awful moment arrives, and in an agony of torture, "hung by the locks over a yawning chasm, to which I could perceive no bottom," he repeats "the tremendous prayer," and "I was instantly at liberty; and what I now am, the Almighty knows! Amen!" (239)

The Wringhims had lived by endless talking and strained interpretations of Scripture. Their arguments grew warm, we are told, "always in proportion as they receded from nature, util-
ity, and common sense" (12). Mrs. Wringhim's doctrines are specifically described as being not those of the Reformed Church, but (in the words of the neutral editor-figure) "theirs mightily overstrained and deformed" (2). Such people are easy victims to a loquacious and subtle fiend. He plays with Robert: "It is not my Christian name; but it is a name which may serve your turn." Again, "I have no parents save one, whom I do not acknowledge" (129-30). We see one meaning, Robert quite another: "...it instantly struck me that this was no other than the Czar Peter of Russia" (130). No further comment on Robert's intelligence is necessary. Robert is deaf to daemonic equivocation. "'Ah, you little know with how much pleasure I will accompany you, and join with you in your elevated devotions!'," says the devil fervently on their first meeting (117). Curiously pre-echoing the devil-figure of Young Goodman Brown, Hogg's innocent monster describes his subjects as sincere Christians. "'All my European subjects are, or deem themselves so...and they are the most faithful and true subjects that I have'!!' (136). Robert, who sees no humour in this, is equally blind to the complexities and ironies in injunctions to murder and treachery couched in quasi-Biblical language. If he wants weapons, he is told "'The God whom thou servest will provide these...if thou provest worthy of the trust committed to thee''" (138). In the light of the persecutions of the fiends at the end of the novel, there is a terrible ironic double meaning to "'Doubt thou not, that he whom thou servest, will be ever at thy right and left hand, to direct and assist thee''" (138). The devil's use of double-entendre is masterly throughout, and it is perhaps significant that Robert's sensitivity to double-entendre develops only as he approaches Hell--and recognises the equivocal meaning of the "tremendous prayer."

Hogg's readership would have been more alert than the suffering sinner: they would have been alert to the Biblical allusion behind the "tremendous prayer," and they would have recognised the allusion to Job, chapter 2, as easily as would Hogg when he inserted it. In that chapter Job, tried by almost unbearable suffering, is tempted (by his wife) to curse God, to blaspheme, and so to die, for this is the ultimate sin.

7. So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.

9. Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die.

This is what Job refuses to do; in verse 10, it specifically makes clear that "in all this did not Job sin with his lips."
In chapter 42, after many anguished debates, he is restored to his former possessions and happiness, though it is stressed markedly that this happened only because in addition to his integrity, he retained his humility.

Humility is not the distinguishing characteristic of the book-learned, slow-witted but arrogant Wringhims. Yet fear is a perfectly natural characteristic in Wringhim, and as human in him as it was in Faustus; in referring to the proposed prayer as "perfectly dreadful" Wringhim is no doubt referring to the prospect of being released from the clutches of these present fiends, only to fall into the far greater evil of eternal damnation. Yet like Faustus he allows present, temporary pain to distract him from the fear of future damnation—and the knowledge of what he is doing—and uses the escape-prayer, "and what I now am, the Almighty knows! Amen!" No clearer indication could be needed that this is the moment of his damnation. "What I now am": already he talks in the equivocal language of the damned. We know what he means, presumably he does too, but he is allowed a few hours more of earthly life—a subtle psychological torture, in fact—to contemplate damnation before the fiends arrive to carry him off. Conveniently, he also has time to finish and conceal his journal.

The point of the devil's argument is not, we therefore argue, to convince Wringhim to suicide. Despite the detestation of the sin (one thinks of the arguments about burying Ophelia in Hamlet, V, i) and the well-known location of suicides' graves at lonely cross-roads, far from hallowed ground, this is not a sufficient explanation of the power of feeling involved in this scene, nor of the devil's lengthy attentions to Robert at this crucial moment. The emphasis Hogg lays here has been argued to be a different one. Hogg is not stressing the decision to commit suicide, but the decision to abandon a central, vital code of ethic (the belief in predestination and justifying grace) and knowingly to commit a fatal sin which the Bible clearly signals as irrevocable—to curse God, and die. The decision, and the sin, are fearfully personal: we do know very little about the mechanics of how Wringhim committed physical suicide, but the dreadful act of blasphemy is intimately understood.

L. L. Lee reminds us that "Gil-Martin is first a creature of the art work, of the novel..."; we return to the text of the novel, and to the ghastly moment when Robert looks at the devil, and experiences something so terrible that he is from that moment weakened to the extent of contemplating a fatal act of blasphemy. He has to escape immediately (235) to a poor cottage to rest and several days pass before he is even strong enough to be tortured again. When the climax comes, it is the easier to concede defeat because of this earlier shock.
We look in Wrinchim himself for some explanation of the crucial change in him: we find particular help in Coleman Parson's description of Hogg's use of the supernatural as "a corridor leading to the ultimate strangeness, that the individual is both tempter and tempted."\(^\text{15}\)

The devil, we note, is particularly able to assume the appearance of his victim. Gil-Martin betrays himself by a hungering resemblance to Drummond (81) and to the good preacher Blanchard (131) at the moment he thinks he has their souls. The stranger who meets Robert at their first encounter is "a young man of mysterious appearance" whose mystery is eventually cleared when Robert realises "that he was the same being as myself!" (116). Tempter and tempted here are not the same, but they look the same. The reader is reminded irresistibly of the sham adopted by the devil in Stevenson's *Thrawn Janet*, in the counterfeit revellers of Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale*. In Stevenson's *Markheim* the devil figure is eerily difficult to see,

...at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.\(^\text{16}\)

The devil changes his disguise often, of course: in *The Confidence Man*, the variety of disguises is at the heart of Melville's brilliant strategy, and Young Goodman's fate depends on the half-understood, unverifiable sighting of a number of potential devil-figures. In the same way Hogg's devil crops up throughout the *Confessions*, simply impersonating Robert, or arguably impersonating others in an attempt to precipitate parts of the action, or confuse reader and witnesses alike. The closer he comes to success, the more he assumes the disguise of his victim; we may ask ourselves what he would look like near the end of the plot, when he asks Robert to look at his face, and Robert has the terrible shock to his system.

Robert, we argue, sees something analogous to the experience of Kurtz in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, and a comparison between the two treatments has distinct value, despite the distance which separates the two novels. Kurtz, sailing upriver into savage Africa in search of some mysterious truth, sees the truth at the source of the river. He penetrates the mysteries of existence, at the cost of immense suffering and indomitable will, and when he finds the truth, in the heart of darkness, it is too much for him. "The horror! The horror!"; with these words, he quickly slides into physical dability, and death. This, we conclude, is akin to the experience of
Robert Wringhim seeing what he saw at the devil's prompting at the end of his will to resist. Hogg is careful to leave imprecise the details of what he saw, but clearly the suggestion is there that he must have seen something akin to himself. The devil, close to success, must have had an irresistible urge to assume the appearance of Wringhim. But this is not enough to drive Robert over the edge. Like Kurtz, he must have seen something more than his own image, for he saw that at the first meeting with the devil, and experienced only mild shock. He must have seen his own heart of darkness, and it is a reasonable deduction from the novel what he saw—unbearably—was the truth from which he had been hiding throughout the action so far. The truth is what breaks his resolve, and makes him prepared to abandon his Christianity, and commit the blasphemy which is far more effective than corporal suicide.

Useful as the comparison is, there is a major difference behind the two authors' use of the idea. Conrad's search is an expression of the exceptional character of Kurtz himself, reflecting Kurtz's willingness to struggle against the mysterious forces of a Universe where Christian certainties seem far away. "The heavy, mute spell of the wilderness" is the main protagonist, and life itself, that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose....It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable grayness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamour, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid scepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary. 17

This terrible summing up, reminiscent as it is of Sartre's grim later summing-up at the end of Huis Clos, "Eh bien, continuons," evokes the ambiguous nature of struggle in these circumstances. One could add the example of Markheim and Jekyll struggling against their fates in Stevenson's universe, trying to destroy themselves to destroy a negative alter ego whose existence they by no means acknowledge as their responsibility. Each meets his heart of darkness; each person gives up the struggle as futile.

Hogg's world, as has already been emphasised, is one where Christian values are existing and explicit; the satire of the perverted Christianity of the Wringhims makes clear that this is not a tract against Christianity as such, and the often-repeated conventional description of the Confessions as a sa-
tire of Calvinism is self-evidently absurd, if Calvin's works are studied at all in relation to Hogg's arguments. This novel is a satire of personal perversions of Christianity, and of doctrinal absurdities which can become dangerous as well as absurd. The function of the devil, a personal and terribly unsensational one, is to encourage and amplify existing possibilities of deviation, pride and absurdity, to provide arguments in a language already familiar to the Wringhims, to justify actions by pseudo-Christian and pseudo-Biblical speeches, in other words to behave like one of the Wringhims. Hogg goes out of his way to make the point early that the mysterious stranger of Robert's walks completely follows the teachings of Robert's father (121). The devil worms his way closer and closer to Robert's personality and citadel of belief, preserving the pathetic evasions and partial arguments of the sinner until he is so committed to sin that Gil-Martin can afford to expose to him their full horror, confident that the sinner will fall into despair rather than choose the redemption which, as a book-learned student of the Bible, he should know conventional Christian doctrine assured him was still available. The devil knows his victim terribly well, and Robert reacts to the terrible truth about himself as expected, by despair. This is the heart of darkness for him, this is truth.

Marlowe, who spectates and narrates the career of Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness*, is profoundly affected by the experience, and leads a lonely outsider's rôle in society afterwards, although unlike Kurtz he survived. He could not be the same man again, any more than could Young Goodman Brown after his experience in the forest, which drove him to a solitary and eccentric life although he survived the attacks of the devil-figure. The reader of the Hogg version survives, too, and the narrative is too complex for a single figure to be profoundly affected by the experience of following Wringhim's career. The editor figure on the last pages dismisses the book with a shrug; the reader finds it less easy. Interestingly, Hogg has made another character affected by the damnation of Robert, and that is the devil himself, for no more than Milton's Satan is Gil-Martin able to profit from his success. He approaches at the climactic moment "furiously--his stern face blackened with horrid despair!" (240), and it is clear that while he is allowed success, he suffers even at that moment.

We do not credit Hogg with extravagant claims of originality in putting this reading on the end of the *Confessions* for while he pre-echoes Stevenson and Conrad interestingly, he is also to be seen against the background of contemporary writing in the Gothic genre. Professor Carey has pointed out the possible influence of Hoffmann's *Die Elixiere des Teufels*, and we have
seen the Faustian theme treated from Marlowe's well-known version of the legend. There is a striking treatment of some similar themes in the most famous novel of Hogg's friend Lockhart, *Adam Blair*, published in 1822 by another friend, Blackwood. The dreadful fiends which crawl through Adam's nightmare after his single night of infidelity with Charlotte, the sight of the chasm into which he almost flings himself until melodramatically rescued by Charlotte herself, the strong self-condemnation willingly assumed as an act of self-damnation preferred to eternal salvation for short-term motives are strongly reminiscent of Hogg's treatment.20

More striking still is the conclusion to Charles Robert Maturin's highly successful *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820), possibly the finest example of its genre produced in Britain. Possessed by the devil and doomed to wander 150 years on earth, Melmoth at the end meets one of his descendants and relates his experiences to him before being released from the spell. His last night on earth in his life-in-death he dreams a terrible nightmare while next door the listeners are appalled spectators, helpless to intervene. He longs for repose, but "my existence is still human," and as he says this "a ghastly and derisive smile wandered over his features for the last time."21 He dreams he falls into a burning chasm as the hour of his damnation approaches, and his attempts at last-minute salvation are hopeless: the scene is written with great vividness. Perhaps the most memorable thing is the strong sense that the devil is suffering, even while successful in wreaking havoc on earth. This, and the chasm scene, are strongly reminiscent of Hogg's treatment.

Another example, from the same year as Hogg's *Confessions*, is Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale," incorporated into *Redgauntlet*. Steenie descends into Hell and finds the ghostly revellers living in Hell as they did on Earth in Redgauntlet castle, feasting, blaspheming and carousing—but even while he is tempting him, the devil-disguised-as-Sir-Robert "gnashed its teeth and laughed" and around him the revellers' smiles "were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue."22 Maturin's treatment of the theme has complex plot layers to baffle the reader; "Wandering Willie's Tale" ends neatly enough, though a thoughtful reader can make disturbing links between it and the text to which it sometimes seems a mere embellishment. Clearly Scott was out to show that the devils' state in Hell was one of suffering, whatever picturesque disguise they might adopt. Maturin's devil suffers most terribly at the end of the novel; his spectators are as disturbed, and permanently so, as Young Goodman Brown, and even
as Scott in a more comic way indicates Steenie was after the experiences narrated by Wandering Willie.

The Confessions is an enigma, and its handling of the themes we have explored here enigmatic. It lacks the delight in torture and suffering which Professor Praz rightly emphasises in accounting for the success of Melmoth the Wanderer, and though the tortures are real enough they are implied in Robert's account, and stimulate their own details from the imagination of the reader. In this way the Confessions gain inestimably in power of description over the more explicit examples included in our comparison. The confusion of the horses in the darkness while Robert hides in the loft overhead, the sickening sounds in the darkness outside the cottages which shelter Robert at nights, the questionable but criminal behaviour of Robert, or the devil impersonating Robert, during the "missing" months of his life for which he cannot account, these things are real and terrible enough. But they are implied, and personal to the reader. This paper has tried to add to this analysis an explanation of Robert's suicide as being not just the self-murder which concludes his life, but as being less obviously, and more importantly (certainly to an audience who shared the author's interests and knowledge) the sin of despair and blasphemy, openly and consciously committed as a means of suicide far more effective than hanging. To motivate this Hogg has the long-drawn-out experiences which wear Robert down, and then the moment of truth when he sees in the fearfully distorting mirror of the Devil's face the unbearable truth, after which there is no will left to struggle.

In this way, it can be strongly argued, the book escapes the limitations of its time, its presuppositions, and the more narrow intentions in its satire of religious issues which may seem unimportant today. Conrad's heart of darkness was found in a Universe so negative that Hogg would certainly have found it difficult to give it his personal intellectual assent, but Hogg's own Universe has come a long way since crude schematisations of Heaven, Earth and Hell such as dominated the staging of Dr Faustus. The reading of Hogg's novel proposed here is based on the received version of Christianity, augmented by a wholly credible erosion of personal faith, resulting in a personal crisis so intense, and so credible, as to be challenging to the reader in a century when the Christian framework which Hogg applied to the struggle, as distinct from the impalpable grayness of Conrad's nightmare, may seem less relevant. In this last analysis the Confessions is not about Calvinism, or the Church in Scotland, but about personal moral decisions in a narrative framework which is vividly described in terms which throw the burden of interpretation and decision
on each individual reader of any age. As such, the picture of
the heart of darkness of the individual is as relevant in
Hogg's more distant work to a modern reader as is the fate of
Kurtz in a much more recognisable modern Africa. This is the
final success of an author who can impudently dismiss his own
work in these terms:

With regard to the work itself, I dare not venture a
judgement, for I do not understand it. (253)

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NOTES

1 Discussions of the novel can be found in D. Craig, Scot-
188-96; L. Simpson, James Hogg, A Critical Study (Edinburgh &
London, 1962), pp. 170-99; M. Lindsay, History of Scottish
Literature (London, 1977), pp. 328-30; and best of all in D.
Gifford, James Hogg (Edinburgh, 1976), pp. 138-84.

2 Further discussions of the theology and narrative method
in the Confessions by the present author as "Hogg's 'Confes-
sions of a Justified Sinner''", Liturgical Review (November
1972), 28-33, "Author and Audience in Hogg's 'Confessions of a
Justified Sinner''", Scottish Literary News Vol. 2, No. 4, 66-
76, and "Burns, Hogg and the Dangerous Art", Liturgical Review
(May 1974), 33-45.

3 Page references in parentheses are to the Oxford English

4 See note 2. A further discussion is in D. S. Mack,
"Hogg's Religion and 'The Confessions of a Justified Sinner'",

5 Carey and Simpson discuss the question of the devil, and
also the supposed authorship of the Confessions by Lockhart on
the grounds that it is "too good" for Hogg!


7 Described in Campbell, "Author and Audience"; see note 2.


12 An area of ambiguity surrounds an individual reading of Scripture as to the damnable nature of the crime, but arguably it must be some version of a "sin against the Holy Spirit," which turned God in Isaiah 63:10 to fight against sinners as their enemy; this sin is categorically described in the New Testament: "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation" (Mark 3:29). The parallel passages at Matthew 12:31 and Luke 12:10 are equally categorical in their denial of forgiveness for such sin. Wringhim's despair, added to his blasphemy, constitute his sins.

13 Who lists his important and saintly friends on Earth.

14 L. L. Lee, "The Devil Figure: James Hogg's 'Justified Sinner'", *Studies in Scottish Literature* III (April 1966), 232.


18 In Sartre's play, Garcin the hero realises in the concluding minutes that there is no escape from his private and personal hell; he is trapped in it for eternity, with two insupportable companions, and they will torment one another simply by their presence. He realises this, and makes a conscious effort to face up to his knowledge: "Well, let's get on with it." The translation is Stuart Gilbert's, quoted from *Three Modern Plays*, ed. E. M. Browne (Harmondsworth, 1958), 191.
Hogg’s Confessions and the Heart of Darkness


Christopher Gould

Scottish Printers and Booksellers in Colonial Charleston, S.C.

Scottish merchants played an important role in the emergence of the publishing and bookselling trades in colonial South Carolina not only because, in a sense, they dominated both activities (a majority of Charleston's five printing houses in operation between 1734 and 1782 were owned by Scots, and one of these men, Robert Wells, held preeminence in the book trade), but also because each of the Scottish-owned firms—those of the Wells family, David Bruce, and James Robertson—introduced innovative, professional approaches to the two trades, which had stagnated in South Carolina during twenty-five years of control by the Timothy family. Specifically, these three merchants brought to Charleston the advantages of consolidation, European sources of materials, liberal terms of credit for the customer, and the development of markets in other parts of the South. All of these improvements helped to make a far wider variety of reading material available to a larger clientele at a lower price.

Robert Wells, whom Isaiah Thomas has called the principal bookseller in the colonial Carolinas, has been credited with revolutionizing the book trade in the southern American colonies. When he arrived from Dumfries in 1754, there were six or seven merchants involved to varying degrees in Charleston's book trade. Peter Timothy, who held a monopoly on printing in
Scottish Printers and Booksellers in Charleston, S.C.

South Carolina, was the chief participant. Timothy's father had been sent to Charleston in 1734 by Benjamin Franklin to operate the printing shop of his former protege, Thomas Whitmarsh, who had died two years after establishing himself as South Carolina's official printer. Though within a few years the Timothys managed to buy out Franklin's interest, they continued to rely on him for shipments of books, even though some titles (almanacs in particular) were perpetually in demand and conceivably could have been printed locally at a profit. Timothy himself, therefore, undertook relatively little publishing other than acts of the colonial assembly, a few works concerned with local religious controversy, and the kinds of works which today might be assigned to a job printer. Consequently, the variety of books for sale in South Carolina during the 1740's must have been quite paltry. In 1748, Hugh Anderson, headmaster of the Charleston free-school, complained in a letter appearing in Timothy's South-Carolina Gazette: "there is no bookseller in this province who can supply a necessary variety of books, or take in for sale such books as the owner may incline to sell." Anderson also objected to "the present method of disposing of libraries of deceased persons...in lots or parcels not sorted or entered in a catalogue." In other words, there was essentially no organized method of selling used books, and those which were sold were marketed in a most haphazard manner.

Within a few years of his arrival in South Carolina, Robert Wells had remedied each of Anderson's complaints and had also made other substantial contributions to Charleston's book trade. Advertisements for Wells's Great Stationery and Book Shop, originally located at the corner of Elliott Street and Bedon's Alley, began appearing in the South-Carolina Gazette in 1754. The first of them listed only a modest number of titles, but among these were popular novels imported from Britain. An advertisement in the 8 July 1754 Gazette announced "proposals for printing by subscription The Travels and Adventures of the Famous Tom Bell." Here Wells was carrying out a practice common among colonial printers and booksellers: soliciting a small advance from a given number of patrons in order to insure the profitability of a particular publishing venture. What is significant, though, about Wells's announcement is that the printing was to be done by a London firm. Apparently Wells had begun to recognize a demand for books in South Carolina which could not be fully exploited by conventional sales techniques. Apparently the printing of a new edition of a popular novel, even if undertaken abroad, could make copies available to Wells's customers at a reduced price, and not yet having his own press, he was still able to use his British contacts advantageously.
Plausibly, the success of this and similar ventures persuaded Wells that the time was right for introducing a second press to South Carolina. In 1755, Wells was able to offer his customers "any of the magazines or other periodical works published in Great Britain," and announced the arrival of copies of Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, which had first appeared in London that same year. By 1756, Wells's advertisements typically were listing nearly a hundred titles, and he had begun to be involved extensively in the sale of used books. In November, 1756, Wells auctioned "the library of the Rev. Mr. Alex. Garden, deceased, late rector of St. Philip's...a choice assortment of modern books." Thereafter, he was continually active as an auctioneer, securing in 1759 the title of vendue-master through the influence of Lord Westcote. Eliminating the chaos decried by Hugh Anderson, Wells regularly made catalogues of titles available in advance of his auctions.

Wells's contacts in the royal branch of the colonial government also helped him to secure in 1758 a commission as marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court, a position which he retained until his departure from America in 1775. In 1758 Wells imported a printing press and initiated the South-Carolina Weekly Gazette, the first newspaper to compete with Timothy's. Since Wells had been trained as a bookbinder and not a printer, he apparently summoned David Bruce from Scotland, and Bruce became the manager of the new print shop, which adjoined Wells's bookstore. Wells's contributions to printing and bookselling in Charleston have been detailed elsewhere; so it should suffice here to say that by the time political tensions had necessitated his exile, Wells had built an empire. His advertisements for books regularly occupied three entire columns of his newspaper (renamed in 1764 the South-Carolina and American General Gazette) and contained literally hundreds of titles. He extended liberal terms of credit to his customers, allowing "a handsome profit" to those "who buy to sell again" (presumably a network of booksellers in the South Carolina back country, in Georgia, and in North Carolina who bought wholesale). His press is known to have produced at least 130 imprints, verified by surviving copies or newspaper advertisements. Wells was also engaged in bookbinding, and he maintained contacts in his native country which allowed him to import quantities of leather, often in short supply in the colonies. Wells, then, was the first tradesman in South Carolina to consolidate bookselling, binding, and printing in a single operation; savings to his patrons were inevitable.

Wells's political difficulties were partly the inevitable result of circumstances outside his control and partly the effect of his displays of British loyalty. In an autobiographi-
cal sketch, Wells's younger son reports: "I was always my father's favourite, and he, fearing that I should become tainted with the disloyal principles which began immediately after the peace of 1763 to prevail throughout America, obliged me to wear a tartan coat, and a blue Scotch bonnet; hoping, by these means, to make me consider myself a Scotchman."12 While such gestures surely must have aggravated Whig sympathizers (in whose minds Tory politics, Scottishness, Catholicism, and the anachronistic Jacobite cause were all of a piece), the disastrous political position to which Wells found himself committed in 1775 was more the result of forces to which he did not contribute directly. First, there was the long-standing conflict between the Commons House of the Assembly, on the one hand, and the royally-appointed Council, the governor, and the military, on the other. Although Peter Timothy was not politically outspoken until after the Stamp Act controversy, he had served in the Commons from 1752 to 1754 and was a close friend of Christopher Gadsden, a militant Whig and a power in the lower chamber. Consequently, Timothy could depend on retaining his near monopoly on official printing, and, indeed, until 1770 he exclusively published the acts of the Assembly at the Commons's request. What official printing was assigned to Wells (and it amounted to very little) had to come directly from the governor or the military. Therefore, not only did Wells lack an incentive for appeasing the Whig-leaning Commons; he also had to avoid alienating the royal appointees from whom he had secured lucrative bureaucratic employments.13 Finally, there was a protracted journalistic feud between Wells and Timothy which dated back to disputes in 1761 over the conduct of the Cherokee Wars. Gadsden's Philopatrios Essays appeared in the South-Carolina Gazette, occasioning a debate between their author, critical of military policy, and the Tory William Simpson, whose letters appeared in Wells's Weekly Gazette.14 Also involved in the dispute was Governor Thomas Boone's arbitrary invalidation of the election of the Commons House membership. By 1763, Henry Laurens had been drawn into the controversy by a letter from Gadsden to Timothy which brushed aside Simpson as an antagonist in order to attack directly the conservative Laurens.15 Even by the early 1760's, therefore, a trend had developed, and Wells's paper had been established as the mouthpiece of conservative ideology.

The relations between Wells and Timothy were not improved by the satirical attacks on Wells which appeared occasionally in the South-Carolina Gazette. One such piece, printed in the 3 October 1761 issue, quotes Wells:

You may the simple truth proclaim,
Aloud with pen and press;
Such silly practices I disclaim, 'Twould make my pennyless.

A perpetual irritation to Timothy, which accounts for his gibes, was Wells's use of Scottish connections to obtain news concerning Indian affairs before it could reach Timothy. The editor of the *South-Carolina Gazette* had in fact long been at odds with the Indian superintendent of the Southern district, a Scot and a Tory named John Stuart; in 1755, for example, Timothy complained to Benjamin Franklin: "the wretched management of Indian affairs by that government has occasioned the imposing silence on my press." So when Wells established a paper in competition with the *South-Carolina Gazette*, Stuart further exasperated Timothy by brazenly showing favoritism in relaying news to his friend and countryman. Wells, on the other hand, was piqued by Timothy's outspoken admiration of John Wilkes, whose mockingly anti-Tory, anti-Scottish *North Briton* essays were reprinted in the *South-Carolina Gazette*. The response of Charleston's Scottish population to these essays was articulated by one A. L. E. in a letter appearing in the 30 July 1763 issue of Timothy's newspaper; the writer complained of the "excessive rancour" with which "Mr. Wilkes, as well as others of his countrymen, has vilified and persecuted the impartial motives of Scotland." Wells, for his part, took every occasion to denounce and ridicule Wilkes, who eventually lost favor even with South Carolina's Whigs. By the time that the really explosive issues like the Stamp Act, non-importation, and the Boston Massacre emerged, Wells's position had solidified and he was committed to a highly unpopular cause.

During the winter of 1775, the management of the Wells firm was assumed by the family's elder son, John, after his father was compelled to depart for London, where he remained in greatly reduced circumstances until his death in 1794. Though politically more flexible than his father, John Wells faced some serious handicaps as a businessman. First, there was widespread suspicion of Charleston's Scottish community, whom Gadsden labeled "a number of cunning, Jacobitical, Butean rascals...that leave nothing untried to counterwork the firmness and loyalty of the true sons of liberty among us." And indeed it seems that loyal sentiments probably were more prevalent among Scots than among other national groups—it has been estimated that nearly a third of the membership of Charleston's Saint Andrew's Society refused, in the face of direst retribution, to declare their allegiances to the rebellion. Though the younger Wells acquiesced in signing the "Association," an American oath of loyalty, and urged his brother to follow his example, Wells's shop was closed briefly in the summer of 1775.
by a mob of angry patriots. Apparently the connection between Scottishness and monarchy (created by resentment of George III's favorite, Lord Bute) had been firmly established by Whig propaganda.

Still, John Wells profited from certain fortuitous circumstances. First, Charles Crouch, the militant patriot printer, died in 1775, and his newspaper ceased publication. His death left Wells with only two competitors, one of whom, David Bruce, was also a Scot and therefore subject to the suspicions of the rebels. Charleston's only other printer, Peter Timothy, was preoccupied with political affairs, including membership in the Continental Congress, and had allowed his press to fall into disrepair. He too discontinued his newspaper in 1775. For two years, therefore, Wells's General Gazette was South Carolina's only newspaper. (Timothy's newspaper was revived briefly under a different name in 1777.) Second, Wells benefited from his friendship with the politically conservative Henry Laurens, President of the Council of Safety, who, though vastly more trusted than Wells, had also been late to embrace the cause of independence. Laurens used his influence to assign at least one piece of official printing to Wells's press. And even though Gadsden may have detested the Wellses, he was forced to concede that the urgency of publishing certain documents dictated the need to send them to a press in better repair than his friend Timothy's. Finally, John Wells not only complied with the expectations of the patriots by printing pro-rebel literature, but, according to Isaiah Thomas, he also served in the Continental Army, assisting in the abortive efforts to defend Savannah against the British. In 1780, though, Wells again shifted his loyalties during the British siege of Charleston. He must have been engaged, furthermore, in some fifth-column activities during the siege, for he was later accused by several petitioners to the State Legislature, attempting in 1783 to have their banishment rescinded, of having coerced some of Charleston's citizens into signing an address to Admiral Arbuthnot, the British victor, abjuring their allegiances to the Revolution. Because of his tactics, which guaranteed the survival of the family business in 1780, John Wells's remaining in South Carolina after 1782 was unthinkable; he waited nine years before appealing his banishment. After a brief hiatus, probably occasioned by a shortage of paper during the siege, the South-Carolina and American General Gazette resumed publication, as a Tory newspaper, immediately after the British victory. Curiously, though, the 27 September issue carried an advertisement for The Candid Retrospect: Or, the American War Examined by Whig Principles (Evans 16278). Wells, it appears, did not wish to surrender his options.
John Wells's political temporizing, no doubt, can be credited with rescuing the family business from the vengeance of the patriots in 1775 and from that of the British in 1780. (His continuing in the publishing trade during the British occupation was not a matter of course, since the army had brought to Charleston its own printer, James Robertson.) Still, the firm did not thrive under John Wells's management. Problems in collecting debts, resulting from the Wellses' liberal credit policies, were aggravated by shortages of reliable currency during the Revolution. Sometime between 1776 and 1780 Wells made a real estate investment (probably to curtail losses from fluctuations in the value of currency) which was subsequently confiscated by the State after the British evacuation. Also, a disastrous fire in January, 1778, damaged Wells's shop. Residing in London with the other members of his family, who had all fled South Carolina by 1778, Robert Wells dispatched his younger son, William, to Charleston after word of the British victory reached Britain. The father was dissatisfied with his older son's handling of business affairs and angered by his lack of political convictions; he therefore gave William Wells the authority to assume control of the family business.

Shortly after William Wells's arrival in Charleston, the February 21, 1781 General Gazette announced that "Robert Wells and Son" (since 1778 John Wells had been using his own imprint) had been appointed by His Majesty "Printers in South Carolina." Thereafter, publications of the firm bore this ambiguous imprint, though it appears that the brothers cooperated in issuing a Royal Gazette (so the General Gazette was renamed in February, 1781) until John Wells departed for Falmouth, on 4 May 1782, to be reconciled with his father; William Wells continued to publish the paper himself until August. Having been proscribed by the State government, William departed for Saint Augustine in 1782 and reassembled the press there, on a site now designated number 27 Cuna Street. John Wells returned to America in 1784 and managed the business in Florida briefly before relocating it again in the Bahamas. There he remained until his death, which occurred a few months after he had made an appeal to the South Carolina Senate in 1791 to have his banishment rescinded. William Wells, who later gained renown as a physician in London (his biography appears in the DNB), returned to Charleston in 1783 to attempt to recover some debts. A mob stormed the house at which he had planned to visit, and he was imprisoned until he agreed to pay a fine assessed for some ill-defined misdemeanor. After 1783, no member of the Wells family ever returned to South Carolina.

Upon his arrival from Scotland, David Bruce became the manager of Robert Wells's new printing shop. Under his super-
vision, the press was immediately successful. An advertisement in the 31 October 1759 South-Carolina Weekly Gazette testifies to the efficiency of Bruce's management; it announces the publication of The Mother's Catechism (Morgan 171), calling it "the cheapest book ever published in this province." Regrettably, there are only three issues extant from the six-year run of the Weekly Gazette, and naturally Wells had ceased advertising in Timothy's paper in 1758. So it is difficult to trace the development of Wells and Bruce's enterprise between 1758 and 1766, the year that Bruce severed his connections with Wells and, coincidentally, the year also that the run of Wells's newspaper (renamed in 1764) becomes fairly regular on the Library of Congress microfilms. Fifteen publications from this period, however, can be identified as products of the press, and all but one, along with the issues of the newspaper, bear only the name of Robert Wells. But the one exception, the 1765 edition of John Tobler's South-Carolina and Georgia Almanack (Evans 10187), is a noteworthy one, since the annual editions of that publication, compiled by Wells after 1765 (the year that its originator, a Swiss immigrant who settled in New Windsor, South Carolina, died), were probably the most popular items that the firm produced. Tobler's death occasioned a battle over publishing rights, and Wells complained of the existence of three "pirated editions" of the 1766 almanac. It has been assumed heretofore that Wells had only two competitors, Timothy and Crouch, in 1766 and that Bruce did not set himself up independently until the following year. But if one assumes the veracity of Wells's claim, there must have been a fourth printer in Charleston in 1766. The appearance of David Bruce's name alongside that of Wells on the title page of the 1765 almanac, furthermore, suggests that Bruce had begun to assume the role of a partner, and Robert Wells was never comfortable with less than complete control of his firm, as his strained relationship with his older son and the dissolution of an earlier, short-lived partnership with his in-laws suggest. A reasonable surmise is that Wells and Bruce parted company over the publication of Tobler's Almanack, a work which the late author, probably impressed by the more efficient operation of Bruce's print shop, reassigned to Wells's press in 1764 at the expense of Peter Timothy. Gaining the publishing rights from Tobler was a coup on Wells's part, and perhaps Bruce did not feel he was receiving adequate recompense for the inroads of the Wells firm on Timothy's stronghold. Finally, it is known that Wells hired another famous printer, Isaiah Thomas, as a journeyman in 1766. It seems likely then that Thomas, who remained with Wells until 1770, took Bruce's place, with, of course, reduced status and responsibility. Wells, apparently, had learned the fundamentals of the printing trade.
from Bruce, for Thomas reports that Wells supervised slave labor in operating his press during the period that Thomas was associated with him.

Bruce's activities between 1766 and 1769 are a matter of considerable uncertainty. Printing was certainly not his primary occupation, as an advertisement in the 7 December 1767 South-Carolina Gazette shows. In it, Bruce, alluding to the death of his wife Eleanor, who had been engaged as a milliner, and to his intention to leave South Carolina in the spring, listed a variety of items, chiefly fabrics, for sale; but the advertisement gave no indication that Bruce was then employed as a printer. Still in Charleston two years later, Bruce ran another advertisement in the 30 March 1769 South-Carolina Gazette, to which he appended: "N.B. He likewise undertakes all manner of printing work, and will be obliged to those who chuse to employ him in this way." Like his mentor, Wells, Bruce offered to sell his wares "at a very reasonable advance." This second advertisement also provides a clue to the location of Bruce's shop: "on Church Street." Presumably it occupied the same site that it did in 1782—number 85 Church Street—probably in the building which Bruce purchased from his landlord, Thomas Roche, in 1776. Since Bruce advertised very infrequently in Timothy's and Crouch's newspapers, the products of his press must be identified primarily by the location of extant copies. The earliest verifiable Bruce imprint was produced in 1769, the year that Bruce's firm must have begun to flourish. The success of this first known publishing venture is signaled by an advertisement which was carried by two Charleston newspapers:

The demands in this province, and from some of the neighboring colonies for 'The Extracts from the Proceedings of the High Court of Vice-Admiralty, in Charles-Town, South-Carolina, &c.' having far exceeded the number of books printed, a second impression, by desire of many respectable persons, with some additional remarks, &c. and a 'proper' appendix to the whole, will soon be made and published.36

Also, the printing of Acts of the General Assembly of South-Carolina (Evans 42173) in 1770 represented an encroachment upon Timothy's stronghold on official printing—an area in which Wells never managed to make much headway. A curious fact is that the publications of the Extracts, engineered by Henry Laurens in defiance of the royalty-appointed court of which Robert Wells was a member, was assigned to Bruce rather than to Peter Timothy or Charles Crouch, both outspoken Whigs in 1769. Laurens might be termed relatively conservative, but it
is likewise significant that Bruce, unlike Wells, had not so alienated the more defiantly anti-Royalist Commons House that it would resist assigning work to him. Bruce, it appears, was more palatable to both Loyalists and patriots than were their respective adversaries. He profited from ostensible neutrality, it seems, whenever demand exceeded supply in the printing market.

Though as a Scottish merchant he was evidently subject to the same suspicions as was John Wells, Bruce cooperated fully with the American cause after 1775. Like Wells, Bruce benefited from the disrepair of Timothy's press, as he was, according to later testimony, "the printer of a pamphlet called Common Sense and sundry other publications in favor of America," though he maintained that "many of them did not defray the expense of printing." Bruce also claimed to have printed "the Acts of the Assembly and many other necessary matters for the State" during the tenure of Governor Rutledge (26 March 1776 to 5 March 1778), "which was almost constant labour for two years...for which he never received the least emolument." Bruce's account here is a bit misleading in that Timothy, though doubtless hindered by the condition of his press, is known to have published at least some of South Carolina's statutes enacted during this period. Unfortunately, however, the greatest number of such documents lack the imprint of any firm. Logically, though, one must conclude that Bruce received the bulk of what official printing Timothy was unable to handle expeditiously, and very little of such work, by comparison, went to John Wells. Bruce's prosperity during this period is signaled by his acquisition of a dwelling, situated about a block west of Wells's Store on Tradd Street, in 1778.

After the fall of Charleston, Bruce was persecuted for his support of the rebel cause and was never employed as a printer by the British, though he had signed the petition to Admiral Arbuthnot, "prevailed upon," a committee of the State Legislature later concluded, "by his fears and the insinuations of artful persons." Distressed in circumstances after 1780, Bruce was offered "a handsome salary" by the Florida Assembly if he would agree to establish himself as a printer in Saint Augustine. Bruce demurred, though, having received, he later asserted:

two or three letters from a Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Childs printers, then at Ashley Ferry [apparently a mistaken reference to Parker's Ferry, near the temporary state capital of Jacksonboro], acquainting him that if he would remain with his types in Charlestown and choose either to be concerned or dispose of them, that they
had his Excellency Governor Matthews's promise that no advantage should be taken and a generous price given if he should dispose of them.41

The promise, however, proved unreliable, as the State Legislature, meeting in Jacksonboro, voted to banish all signatories of the address to Arbuthnot and to confiscate their property. In the meantime, the Wellses, recognizing that withdrawal of British forces from South Carolina had become inevitable, had accepted the offer of the Florida Assembly; so Bruce's only recourse was to risk remaining in Charleston and to appeal to the Legislature for relief. This he was granted in 1783, though his estate was amerced twelve percent of its value.42 Apparently Bruce was unable to raise the funds, and it has been assumed heretofore that Bruce was forced to return to Great Britain.43 However, a petition by Robert Bruce, the printer's brother, reports that Bruce "was put upon the List of Confiscation, and Five Negroes which was all he had, were Sold by the Commissioners and himself sent to Gaol where he Died."44 The petition is followed by an obituary showing that Bruce died on "Thursday Morning 13th March...The next Evening his remains were interr'd in St. Michael's Church Yard follow­ed by a number of respectable Inhabitants." Bruce, whose death at the age of fifty-two was described as sudden, was clearly the victim of a ruined reputation. (Peter Timothy, by contrast, having been imprisoned by the British with Christopher Gadsden in Saint Augustine, was a popular hero in South Carolina after the evacuation of British troops.45) Following Bruce's death his brother became a partner of Nathan Childs, a former associate of Robert Wells and the printer from Parker's Ferry, and together they issued a South Carolina Weekly Gazette from Bruce's old print shop at 85 Church Street.46

Bruce's contributions to the printing trade in South Carolina are more difficult to appraise than Wells's to booksell­ ing. Yet the fact that Wells's press, under Bruce's super­vision, was able immediately to produce South Carolina's cheapest book-length publication and to print at a profit almanacs of local interest is surely a tribute to Bruce's skills and to the quality of the equipment he brought from Scotland. By the time he had severed his connections with Wells, his employer's firm was a serious competitor to Timothy's. Bruce therefore must have felt justified in desiring a role of greater impor­tance in Wells's enterprise—one of near parity with its foun­der. Bruce's political difficulties resemble those of John Wells in that both men were fence-straddlers during a turbu­lent period. But while Bruce may have been less of a hypocrite than Wells, he continually suffered the consequences of luke-
warm commitments—according to his own testimony, his acquiescence to British authority in 1780 was a passive gesture inspired by fear. Thus he was neglected by the British in favor of John Wells and was offered only the dubious reward (dubious because British fortunes were never more promising than in 1781, and Florida was a desolate frontier) of a position in Saint Augustine; when it was clear that Charleston would be evacuated, the offer was extended to the Wellses. Probably the most auspicious moment for Bruce’s political ambivalence occurred between 1775 and 1779, when he was profiting from the dilapidated condition of Timothy’s press and the unpopularity of John Wells. This was the period most prolific in Bruce imprints. With the British siege and subsequent victory, Bruce’s trade came to an abrupt halt, at the moment when its future had appeared most promising.

The third Scottish printing firm to be established in South Carolina was owned by three men who were outsiders to the province. Their shop, located at number 20 Broad Street, was in effect a branch of a well-established New York printing and bookselling operation: that of James and Alexander Robertson. It operated in conjunction with a bookstore, located next door at number 12, owned by Nathaniel Mills and John Hicks, associates of the Robertson who managed the New York office in their absence. (The Robertson accompanied the British Army, establishing royalist newspapers in each major city which was captured.) During the first year of its operation in Charleston, the firm issued the *Royal South-Carolina Gazette* and a few other publications under the imprint of James Robertson, Daniel MacDonald, and Alexander Cameron. Cameron was the replacement for Robert Wells’s friend, John Stuart, who had surrendered his post as supervisor of Indian affairs and fled to Britain in 1775. There is no evidence that Cameron was involved other than financially in the printing firm, since he was residing in Savannah at the time of his death in 1781. Thereafter, imprints carry only the name of James Robertson. Daniel MacDonald is a mysterious figure who was not, evidently, living in Charleston during the siege (his name does not appear on the address to Arbuthnot), and who was not a resident of the city in 1782. Robertson, it seems, was the only active partner in the enterprise.

Born in Scotland, James Robertson emigrated to Boston in 1764 and was employed there as a journeyman printer. In 1768 he moved to New York with his younger brother and established the firm of James Robertson & Company. Before the Revolution, the Robertson published at various times newspapers in New York, Albany, and Norwich, Connecticut; during the war, they established the *Royal American Gazette* in New York and the
Royal Pennsylvania Gazette in Philadelphia. Though newspapers in other cities continued after 1780 to bear his imprint, it appears that James Robertson was a resident of Charleston during the British occupation. The first issue of his Royal South-Carolina Gazette appeared on 8 June 1780, a few days after Charleston's surrender, and carried a letter from "Scotus Americanus" which attempted to play upon regional prejudice in rallying support for the British cause: "The New England colonies have long borne an inveterate enmity to Great-Britain...But this spirit reaches not this country, where liberality of sentiment in politics and toleration in religion, mark the character of the inhabitants." There was a precedent, apparently, for drawing associations between Scottishness and loyalties to the Crown, on the one hand, and Southernness, on the other, for Gadsden in his complaints about Charleston's "jacobitical rascals" observed that the northern colonies were relatively free of the undermining influences of a Loyalist Scottish community.

By the end of July, the paper was appearing four times weekly--on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Like the Wellises' Royal Gazette, Robertson's newspaper carried news items discouraging to the American cause and purported to reprint "captured rebel correspondence." Until July, 1782, book sales were confined to Mills and Hicks' store, though Robertson sold a variety of other goods at the print shop; the 19 December 1780 Royal South-Carolina Gazette carried the following announcement: "Just imported and now opening for sale on the lowest terms at the Printing-Office...a compleat assortment of stationery and a variety of other articles." The advertisement takes up an entire column and lists an assortment of merchandise. Starting in July, 1782, Robertson advertised jointly with Mills and Hicks. The 9 July issue of Robertson's paper announced the arrival of a collection of books and listed more than fifty titles, including works by Shakespeare, Pope, Fielding, and Sterne. But books continued to be in short supply in Charleston, for the Wellises no longer enumerated titles in their advertisements. (The last such list appeared in February.) Charles Morgan, a stationer and bookbinder, felt compelled to require the patrons of his lending library to put down a deposit equaling the value of each book they wished to borrow; Morgan explained: "could books be procured with that facility as formerly, contingencies of the above nature might easily be substituted." Loyalist merchants, faced with the imminent prospect of exile and confiscation, were eager to liquidate their stocks, and, indeed, one likely possibility is that the stock of books acquired by Robertson in July came from the Wells firm, which discontinued
its Royal Gazette the following month. Clearly, the extensive supplies of books made available by two professionally organized operations—those of Wells and Mills and Hicks—were a thing of the past, not soon to be revived in South Carolina.

Upon the demise of the Wellses' paper in August, 1782, Robertson declared his determination to continue the Royal South Carolina Gazette for as long as he could "find it expedient," being "convinced that many articles of news of the first importance may arrive before the eventual withdrawing of the troops." However, the following month the last issue—that of 12 September—appeared. In it Robertson expressed the hope that "a ray of light" would penetrate the rebellious colonies and that the wishes of American Loyalists might "yet be happily terminated." Robertson departed for New York that fall and continued to publish his Royal American Gazette in that city until 1783, when he returned to Scotland and established himself as a bookseller.

Southwest-Missouri State University

NOTES

1 The history of printing in South Carolina began in 1731, when three men—Thomas Whitmarsh, Eleazar Phillips, and George Webb—came to Charleston attracted by a £1000 bonus offered by the provincial Assembly. Whitmarsh, the Timothys' predecessor, emerged as South Carolina's official printer. In 1732, Phillips died, and Webb disappeared. Until 1758, South Carolina had only one printing firm. See Douglas C. McMurtrie, "The First Decade of Printing in the Royal Province of South Carolina," The Library, 4th Series, XIII (1933), 425-52.


4 South-Carolina Gazette (hereafter SCG), 30 August 1748.

5 SCG, 19 June 1755.

6 SCG, 28 October 1756.


In a letter among the Murray of Murraythwaite MSS (GD 219/292), Register House, Edinburgh, Wells requested John Murray to remit a sum "to Mr. Alexander Donaldson Bookseller in Edinburgh and desire him to lay it out in purchasing for me Calf Leather for Bookbinding and send it to me immediately by the way of London if no opportunity offers at the time from the Firth of Forth."

William Charles Wells, pp. viii-ix.

In 1769, Governor Montagu appointed Wells marshal of the new Vice-Admiralty Court, which had extended jurisdiction. See *Miscellaneous Records in the South Carolina Archives*, 00, part 1 (1767-1771), 126.

For an account of the controversy, see *The Writings of Christopher Gadsden, 1746-1808*, ed. Richard Walsh (Columbia,
S.C., 1966), pp. 14-15. Gadsden's essays and letters to Timothy's paper are reprinted by Walsh; since only three issues of Wells's Weekly Gazette survive, Simpson's replies to Gadsden have not been discovered.

15 See The Writings of Christopher Gadsden, p. 51.


22 Timothy alluded to the incident in a letter to William Henry Drayton, dated 13 August 1775, which is reprinted in Robert Wilson Gibbes, Documentary History of the American Revolution (New York, 1853-1857), I, 139.

23 It was The Manual Exercise,...as Practiced by the Charleston Artillery Company (Morgan 404). Its publication is mentioned in a letter from John Wells to Laurens, dated 6 September
1778. Not yet included in The Papers of Henry Laurens, the letter is in the Kendall Collection of the South Caroliniana Library in Columbia.

24 See The Writings of Christopher Gadsden, pp. 130-131.

25 See Thomas, I, 351.

26 See Journal of the House of Representatives, 1783-1784, pp. 16, 46. One of the petitioners claimed to have been "severely threatened by John Wells, whose invidious disposition he well knew, and whose threats he had reason to fear would be carried into execution."

27 The petition of John Wells, recorded in the House Journal for 1783, is that of a Dr. John Wells, not the printer.

28 The property included a house situated at number 90 King Street. See Accounts of Sales of Confiscated Property, Negroes, and Land, 1782--MS records kept in the South Carolina Archives. The property was purchased in 1782 by the celebrated Charles C. Pinckney, Governor and United States Senator from South Carolina.

29 John Wells's departure was announced in the Royal South Carolina Gazette (hereafter RSCG), 7 May 1782.

30 His appeal to the State Senate, dated 12 November 1791, is in the unpublished journals of the General Assembly, kept in the South Carolina Archives.

31 See William Wells, p. xxiii.

32 See SCAGJ, 28 November 1766.

33 Wells's firm originally was a partnership with Archibald Rowand, his wife's kinsman; they severed their connections in 1756. See SCG, 22 May 1756.

34 See Thomas, I, 162.

35 See the Charleston Library Society's recent reprint of The Charleston Directory for 1782 and the Charleston Directory for 1785 (n.d.); also Charleston County Deeds, A-5, 426. The transaction between Bruce and Roche does not specify a street number.
Scottish Printers and Booksellers in Charleston, S.C. 219

36 *S.C.G.,* 25 May 1769; *South-Carolina Gazette and Country Journal,* 4 April 1769.

37 See *The Papers of Henry Laurens,* VI, passim.

38 From Bruce's appeal to the South Carolina House (see note 8, above).

39 On March 1778, Bruce acquired, through renunciation of dower, the house of Mrs. Susannah Hill, at number 92 Tradd Street. (After 1764, Wells's store was located at number 72.) See *Probate Court Records* at the South Carolina Archives, B1A8 017 1775 00145 00.

40 See *Journal of the House of Representatives,* 1783-1784, pp. 219-220.

41 From Bruce's appeal to the South Carolina House (see note 8, above).

42 See *Journal of the House of Representatives,* 1783-1784, pp. 219-220.


44 Loose Papers, pre-1800, South Carolina Archives, Confiscated Estates, Petitioner, 1783-1784, Case of Mr. David Bruce deceased by Robert Bruce, Feb. 18, 1784.

45 Timothy was released by the British in 1783 but perished the same year in a shipwreck off the coast of Delaware. His widow, Ann Timothy, however, continued to operate the printing shop profitably. See Cohen, p. 246.

46 The partnership was announced in the *South Carolina Weekly Gazette,* 29 March 1783; the location of the business is verified by the 1785 Charleston Directory.

47 His name does not appear in the 1782 Charleston Directory.


49 See 1782 Charleston Directory.
50 See The Writings of Christopher Gadsden, p. 40.

51 RSCG, 11 July 1782.

52 RSCG, 13 August 1782.
Hugh MacDiarmid's eighty-fifth birthday on 11th August 1977 was marked by the issue of two cassettes of his poetry, Scots and English, introduced—and largely read—by his critic-biographer, Kenneth Buthlay (Glasgow: Scotsoun, The Makars Series), and by a special MacDiarmid double number of the magazine Akros with seven of his previously-uncollected Scots poems and articles on various aspects of his wide-ranging work by critics from both north and south of the Border and of all ages from the seventies to the thirties. Earlier in the year, the publication of Edwin Morgan's acute pamphlet on MacDiarmid in the series "Writers and their Work," produced for the British Council by the Longman Group, represented a singular breakthrough, with MacDiarmid as the only living poet in Scots ever to be included in this "British" list. It may be true that everything comes to him who waits, but on this (and other) evidence it would seem that a contemporary Scots makar has to wait for a very, very long time.

Although MacDiarmid has been the greatest poet living and working in these islands since the death of Yeats in 1939, his Collected Poems were not published until 1962, when he was seventy. His successor, Robert Garioch (b. 1909), has been rather more fortunate, with the appearance of his Collected Poems (Loanhead, Midlothian: M. Macdonald) in 1977, when he
was only a mere sixty-eight. Such is Scottish progress!

While Garioch has been publishing work in Scots (and occa­sionally in English) ever since the early thirties, when he produced—in 1933—the first version of his dramatic verse­and-prose fantasia, *The Masque of Edinburgh*, written in the style of the Night-Town sequence in Joyce's *Ulysses*, little of his verse had been collected until the publication of his *Selected Poems* (Edinburgh: M. Macdonald) in 1966. Before

that date, indeed, his bibliography consists of only two ex­

tremely slim pamphlets of verse—one of which, in 1940, he

shared with the major Gaelic poet Sorley Maclean (b. 1912)—

another booklet containing an extended (and more farcical)

version of *The Masque of Edinburgh* in 1954, and a volume of

Scots translations of two of George Buchanan's sixteenth-cen­
tury Latin plays, *Jeptha* and *The Baptist*, in 1959. It would

probably be true to say that, during the first two post-war
decades, most readers of contemporary Scots verse were more

aware of Garioch as a contributor to the various periodicals
and anthologies of the period than as the author of collec­
tions of his own, and since most of his occasional publica­
tions were of a highly humorous kind it is not surprising that
he was generally regarded as a comic poet *par excellence.*

It is only since the appearance of the *Selected Poems* that criti­
cism has become aware of another strain in his work, a strain
of sadness, dissatisfaction, angst.

Yet if critics had earlier paid attention to the first,
rather than the second, version of *The Masque of Edinburgh*,
they might have recognised that the note of melancholy had
been sounding in Garioch's work from the start, for this other­
wise hilarious extravaganza ends—or almost ends—with a pa­
thetic picture of proletarian poverty in old age—

It's sair to be born, thit Eld sud come si sune
an sudden-like ti pash ye in the sture
to cheenge a lusty wumman ti a puir
bit doited cratur in saft bauchle-shoon....

The forty-three line passage from which the extract above is
drawn has been deleted from the 1954 version of *The Masque of
Edinburgh*, but its relevance to a distinctive element of Gari­
och's later work still remains. Equally relevant is his pre­
sentation of his own persona, "The Makar," as a kind of drop­
out, wearing "a Woolworth tie" and "seven-and-sixpenny flanne­

breecies," speaking dialect ("an ill-bred loon/sayin 'blaws'
instead o 'blows'"), writing in the language of the pub, in­
sisting that the University—-from which he graduated with
third-class honours in English—has rejected him because of his
proletarian origins and his artistic temperament, and pouring scorn on its alleged preference for receptivity rather than originality ("first-class honours gien to donnert stiirks/wha reproduce professors' fisks and firks"). This persona reappears in poem after poem throughout his whole career.

Unaccountably, however, The Masque of Edinburgh was omitted from the Selected Poems of 1966, and it again finds no place in the current collection, the earliest of Garioch's major poems included being the hilarious beast-fable, "The Canny Hen," which was first published in Hugh MacDiarmid's quarterly, The Voice of Scotland, in June 1949 (Vol. V., No. 3, pp. 4-7).

Written in a Scots tradition that goes back before Burns at least as far as Henryson, this sly satire on the modern world of mechanisation is written in tripping octosyllabic couplets whose comic concision is still capable of the sharp aside--

A! Freedom is a noble thing!
and kinna scarce, to tell the truth,
for naebody has muckle rowth
of fredome gin he warks for wages.

In this mode Garioch was also to write a number of later satires on contemporary society, including "The Percipient Swan" (the artist as tamed performer) and "Fable" (the destruction of the poor man's dream of wealth), but in these there is a deeper undertone of disillusion below the apparently genial surface wit.

Other comparatively early extended poems are also couched in established forms. "To Robert Fergusson," commissioned in 1950 for the bicentenary of the Edinburgh makar's birth, is written in the appropriate Standard Habbie stanza, and "Garioch escapes the fate of nearly all later users of the form, who sound like Burns. He sounds like himself." Yet this self is much more complex than the "drop-out" persona of The Masque and other well-known poems, for through his imaginative encounter with the earlier poet Garioch is able to express horror and sorrow as well as celebration, rebelliousness and rage as well as wit. For a much more "public" poem, "Embro to the Ploy," with its theme of communal enjoyment--in this case, the Edinburgh Festival--the form is again appropriate, a variant of the "Christ's Kirk on the Green" stanza. Over the years this has been one of Garioch's most popular works, but for the present reviewer it has always seemed too jerky in movement as it leaps from scene to scene and from episode to episode--a fault made all the more notable in the most recent reprints, where additional stanzas have been inserted with apparent disregard for their context. Again, the expression of low-
brow contempt, on the part of the author's assumed persona, for all artistic endeavour except the folksy and the familiar, appears to clash with the poem's assertion that "there's monie hertsome braw high-jinks/mixed up in this alloy."

By the time "Embro to the Ploy" was first published in 1952, Garioch was earning his living as a schoolmaster in the London area. There he had already met Mr. Donald Carne-Ross, "one of whose activities," he tells us in his introduction to the present volume, "was to supply Mr. Iain Fletcher and others with literal translations and notes of poems, mostly difficult, which they would coax into English verse. He asked me to try Guiseppe Belli's *romanesco* in Scots." This, as it eventuated, was an inspired suggestion, leading on from Garioch's "Sax Roman Sonnets"--which are not so much translated as naturalised into Scots from Belli's *romanesco* originals--to the "Saxteen Edinburgh Sonnets" which are among the finest poems of his own produced in the early sixties. In the nineteenth-century Roman sonneteer the Scottish poet found a writer whose persona--the underdog biting the ankles of the powerful and the pretentious--provided such a perfect match for his own role that it was an entirely natural step for him to move on from translating Belli to paying him a tribute in the first of his own sonnets on Edinburgh themes, "An Offering for Easter," and to playing variations on his themes, both religious and secular, in many of the others. The contemptuously dismissive attitude of High-Heid-Yins expressed in Garioch's "Glisk of the Great" and "Queer Ongauns" is paralleled by the Belli translation, "I Hae Witnesses"; the ironical apparent regard for religion found in "And They Were Richt" is similar to Belli's in "The Resurrection of the Flesh"; and the sudden savagery with which "Elegy" ends its seeming celebration of two headmasters--"Weill, gin they arena deid, it's time they were"--reflects the even more vicious conclusion of "A Suggested Ceremony" ("ilka year, at Easter tide, we'll nail Christ's Vicar on that halie day/forby twa Cardinals, ane on ilk side").

In Belli, Garioch found a foreign model who--like some other poets who were born closer to the Tay than to the Tiber--was a master of the so-called "reductive idiom," and he provides his own crushing examples in "Heard in the Cougait," where a reception for the King of Norway is reduced to absurdity by being discussed in gutter-Scots liberally interspersed by gobs of spit, and in "Did Ye See Me?", where Garioch gives a unique performance clad in complete academic regalia and, blowing up the bubble of professional pomposity by means of a ludicrously persistent employment of archaistic rhymes, finally pricks it with the pin of illiterate ribaldry ("the keelies of the toun
...mak sarcastic cracks and grin and stare"). This latter sonnet—where, as so often in Garioch's use of the measure, the free movement of the verse plays against the strictness of the form—is at once masterly and merciless; and, sure sign of the true humorist, that absence of mercy is exercised at the author's own expense. Yet he can, on occasion, be pitiful towards himself, too, as well as towards others. There is pathos, along with wry resolution and comedy, in his portrait of the poet on the dole, "Eftir thrifty year/of steady wark," in "Heard in the Gardens"; and in "At Robert Fergusson's Grave" there is measured lamentation for "a man that gaed back til the pool/twa-hunner year afore our time" alongside succinct celebration of the continuing tradition of Scots poetry—"here Robert Burns knelt and kissed the mool." In these latter sonnets, too, there is no slightest trace of Belli; all is Garioch.

However, his work as a translator also influenced, in a different way, another of Garioch's best-known and most admired poems of the sixties, the "Repone til George Buchanan," which was written as a riposte to his own Scots version of Buchanan's sixteenth-century Latin elegy, "The Humanists' Trau-chles in Paris." For Garioch, the trials and tribulations of a late medieval university teacher pale into insignificance beside the horrors endured by the modern schoolmaster, and there is nothing more savage, in the whole of contemporary Scots verse, than the "Repone's" picture of the awful fate of the Edinburgh arts graduate condemned to a life sentence of school teaching, without the option. At the end of his appalling illustration of treadmill tomfoolery, Garioch rubs in the moral ("THINK TWICE, OR IT'S OWRE LATE") not only once but--adding insult to injury--twice times over, as if forced by habit to employ the methods of the schoolmaster even when he functions as a poet. Perhaps it is here that the clue lies as to Garioch's "drop-out" persona, his identification with "the keelies of the toun." Regarding schoolmasters as underpaid and underprivileged, he has a fellow-feeling for the underpaid and underprivileged in general. (Not the least striking example of this occurs in his "Sisyphus," where he transforms that mythical sufferer of eternal torment into a Scottish wage-slave in a highly original comic modern variation on the ancient theme, a variation as notable for its onomatopoeic force as for its cunningly colloquial deployment of a classical rhythm.)

Some less humorous poems, whether short or extended, are less persuasive. In "The Bog," which appears to belong to the wartime world of the forties, the symbolic swamp of the title extends uneasily under realistic details of air raids, and there is a similar unsuccessful attempt to combine the alle-
gorical and the naturalistic in "The Wire," where Garioch draws on his experience as a prisoner of war in presenting a picture of life in terms of captivity in a concentration camp. The ballad stanzas in which the latter poem is written are leaden in movement and pedestrian in style, a far cry from the idiomatic liveliness and rhythmical dexterity of the comic verse. Another work which also attempts high seriousness, "The Big Music," although published later (in The Big Music, 1971), is equally dull in its determined emphasis on the importance of being earnest.

Also included in The Big Music was the longest, and most difficult, of Garioch's poems, "The Muir," a Scots exposition of atomic theory where "The atomic passages are the outcome of his attempt to understand the 1953 Reith lectures on 'Science and the Common Understanding' by J. Robert Oppenheimer." When the present reviewer first read and commented on this poem, he found its counterpointing of medieval religion against modern physics confusing in the extreme, even "mind-splitting," but longer acquaintance has largely lessened his puzzlement and greatly increased his admiration for a remarkable tour de force. The more often "The Muir" is read, in its present revised text, the more clearly it emerges as the most intellectually ambitious of all extended modern poems in Scots, for not even MacDiarmid at his most Cencrastianly abstruse has attempted to wrestle as closely and intimately as this with the logic-defying intricacies of scientific hypothesis. Yet, abstruse as the poem sometimes is, it seldom loses touch with common ground--the Badenoch moor of its title--or with common feeling, its pity for the eighteenth-century poet Fergusson driven "gyte in Darien" by religion as the twentieth-century poet may find himself driven half crazy by the near-impossible demands of contemporary science. Unlike "The Bog" and "The Wire," which attempt a measured dignity of style, "The Muir" retains the colloquial tone of Garioch's comic verse, and the writing has a fine idiomatic energy behind its intellectual rigour.

With this major exception, the present reviewer has retained the views on Garioch's more recently published work already expressed in these pages concerning The Big Music and Doktor Faust in Rose Street--his regret for some Edinburgh sonnets which tend to repeat, at a lower level of intensity, the attitudes of earlier examples; for the inclusion of a good deal of early work which might have been spared the embarrassment of belated printing; for translations from Greek and Anglo-Saxon into a medieval Scots which muffles their immediacy; for some merely jokey verses which are too close to music hall patter for more than a single reading; and his admiration for such
satirical/sinister studies of the skull-beneath-the-skin as "My Father Sees Me" and "Brither Worm"; for the new command of a free verse combining colloquial liberty with impeccable rhythmical control in "Perfect" and "Cooling-Aff"; for the cutting-edged economy of style in "Twa Festival Sketches" and "Calling all Hypocrites"; for the near-contemporary Scots versions of Apollinaire; and for the dazzling sensuousness of the Mediterranean scene evoked in "Proem and Inscription for a Hermes." Of the few even more recent poems first collected in the present volume, the most notable are "Nemo Canem Impune Lacessit," a sly beast-fable in sonnet form, and "A Fisher's Apology," a freely-flowing translation of an equally sly seventeenth-century Latin poem by Arthur Johnstone.

As Garioch has acknowledged, "His principal influences have been Fergusson and the Makars," Fergusson in many of the original poems, with their prevailing tone of genial humour that still possesses sting, the medieval makars principally in those translations written in the aureate style—although they have also influenced the grave formality of "On Seein an Aik-Tree Sprent wi' Galls" (1954). The command of Scots, in both its vernacular and its literary manifestations, is such an essential source of the strength of Garioch's work that it is scarcely surprising to find that most of his comparatively few poems in English are greatly inferior to the bulk of his verse, their laboured flatness in all too apparent contrast to the energetic undulations of the rest. Even here, however, there are exceptions, generally late—the ironic colloquial understatement of "For Translation into the Gaelic," on being exploited by Highlanders at a Highland Games meeting, and the blunter, more savage satire of "Boarding-House Birthday," on the overkill affected by innumerable repetitions of the radio news. Equally late, however, are three pieces written to be read on commercial radio, examples of mock-MacGonagall which are even more awesomely mediocre than their model.

If the recognition (and the reputation) which Garioch has won in Scotland is as a comic entertainer, this is the not unnatural result of his many successful humorous poems on communal concerns. But that recognition and reputation have also led to a grave underestimate of his achievement, resulting in such a comment as this by the young Glasgow-dialect poet, Stephen Mulrine (b. 1938), "The poetry is a performance... superbly executed, but a performance none the less, a triumph of craft over matter." For Mulrine, Garioch's persona is a "stumbling-block...an engaging mask, no doubt of it, but the reader...will hardly be content with the poet's own image of himself as the uninvited, and unimpressed, guest, the spectator with an uninterrupted view of the Emperor's backside, and the
frustrated urge to kick it." In this critical view, the makar is too reserved ("Garioch's lexicon of urgency and passion is opened but sparsely") and insufficiently individual ("the poet's characteristic stance, at street corner or pubingle, is a generic one, and not necessarily psychological evidence"), with the result that "the character of the man... has remained elusive." This is as much as to say that Garioch's verse is pre-romantic in attitude, that despite its contemporary subject matter it lacks the impelled and impelling expression of personal agony and ecstasy, bewilderment and wonder, which enabled MacDiarmid to project the Scots verse tradition into the twentieth century. But such a view mistakes the part—admittedly, a large part—for the whole, ignoring the unease of "My Father Sees Me" and "Brither Worm," the wry resolution of "Heard in the Gardens," the perplexities of "The Muir," where the first person singular, far from being a persona, is that solitary (and suffering) individual, Garioch himself.

Yet Mulrine is scarcely to be blamed if he has overlooked some significant aspects of this Collected Poems, for here is a book whose form is as empty of reason as its content is full of rhyme. Its division into seven sections, each of which—except Section IV, the "Roman Sonnets"—includes poems of all kinds and of every period of Garioch's production, is an unfathomable mystery, rendered all the more obscure by the almost total absence of chronological clues. As a poet, Garioch is highly professional, but as an editor of his own work he is an eccentric amateur.

A younger Scots makar, Duncan Glen (b. 1933), is equally well-known as the highly professional editor of the poetry magazine Akros and as the publisher of Akros Publications, Preston, from which imprint his own collection, Gaitherings, appeared in 1977. This brings together the contents of various pamphlets, and of one more substantial volume, issued in the early seventies, all of which were reviewed here on their first publication except the sequence Clydesdale (1971). Like another of Glen's historical-domestic-scenic sequences, A Journey Past (1972), which is also included in the present collection, Clydesdale is too elliptical in style to achieve the sensuous impact of poetry.

Written six years later, Traivellin Man (Preston: The Harris Press, 1977) is the most consistently successful of all Glen's various verse sequences, and its dedication to the present writer is a compliment which he would be happy to believe deserved. These ostensibly lighthearted, but occasionally profound, descriptive poems reveal acute powers of observation, while their throwaway style tempers the sharpness of their wit.
Other extended sequences, *In Place of Workː or, Man of Art* (Preston: Akros Publications, 1977), *Of Philosophers and Tinkers* (Preston: Akros Publications, 1977), and *The Inextinguishable* (Preston: The Harris Press, 1977), are intended as parts of an even longer sequence which is to be entitled *Realities*, and it seems proper that comment upon them should be delayed until they can be seen in the context of the whole work. However, the language of Glen's poems on overtly philosophical subjects is often so pedestrian, so woefully lacking in sensuous force and rhythmical subtlety, that one cannot but wonder whether Time will prove any more kind to his work in this mode than it has been to the two extended poems by Robert McLellan (b. 1907) which were belatedly published in 1977 in honour of his seventieth birthday.

Of *Sweet Largie Bay* and *Arran Burn* (Preston: Akros Publications), the first is a verse play commissioned and broadcast by the BBC as long ago as 1956, while the second was commissioned for BBC television nine years later. Since McLellan is the most distinguished of living dramatists writing in Scots, it is not surprising that *Sweet Largie Bay*--a study of three generations of a family whose roots in the rural life of the Isle of Arran are dragged out of the soil by the force of external circumstances--possesses considerable dramatic interest, the characterisation being deep as well as sharp, the plotting cunningly designed to enhance the sense of disintegration which provides the main theme. Without the presence of the speaking voices of actors, however, the language of the play--despite its richness and its idiomatic command--seldom achieves a movement more intense than that of rhythmical prose. Again, "Arran Burn," tracing a spring's course from the island's primitive interior to its commercialised coast, is scarcely evocative enough in its imagery to provide a vivid picture of the landscape when denied the camera's aid. McLellan's talent is shown to much more rewarding effect in his autobiographical short-story sequence, *Limmill* (also in Scots), which was issued by the same publisher on the same auspicious occasion.

Another septuagenarian, J. K. Annand (b. 1908), already known and admired as a translator into Scots, provides further illustration of his art in *Songs from Carmina Burana* (Loanhead, Midlothian: Macdonald Publishers, 1978), a collection divided into four parts, "Wine," "Women," "Song," and "Et Alia." Although the wine and the song seem rather flat, some of the poems on women, from medieval Latin and German originals, are notable for their shapely liveliness. That combination is, unfortunately, conspicuous by its absence from *Surge Aquilo* (Preston: Akros Publications, 1978) by Walter Perrie, whose Scots verses are as naive in feeling as they are unidiomatic.
in movement. Perrie, who published a first collection in Scots as long ago as 1971, is yet one more of the all too many Scots ducklings from the Akys pond who fail to develop into swans.

Where poetry in English is concerned, the most consistently attractive volumes of the period come—and it is difficult to refrain from adding "as usual"—from Norman MacCaig (b. 1910). His Old Maps and New: Selected Poems (London: The Hogarth Press, 1978) reprints his Selected Poems of 1971 with the addition of sixteen poems from The White Bird (1973) and thirteen from The World's Room (1974). Since all three of those collections have already been discussed and commended here, further comment might be otiose. However, such is the range and richness of MacCaig's talent that not even the most generous of selections can do it complete justice; and as has been noted by the younger poet James Aitchison (b. 1938), himself not uninfluenced by MacCaig, "A whole genre of poems is missing. The portraits—'Aunt Julia,' 'Mrs. Grant,' 'Uncle Roderick' and others—are too important a feature of Norman MacCaig's work to be omitted." The book is the poorer for their absence, yet still contains great wealth.

In the most recent of MacCaig's individual collections, Tree of Strings (London: Chatto and Windus, The Hogarth Press, 1977), the sensuous energy, the witty intelligence, the verbal grace, the dextrous elegance of the verse are all as notable as ever, while at least three poems represent a further widening of his scope. The elegy, "A. K. Macleod," written in homage to a dead friend, has a direct simplicity at the other extreme of style from this poet's more frequent conjuring with paradox, but no less effective in its evocation of the stark experience of death. Again, "See What You've Done" and "Lucifer Falling" demonstrate that the poet who not so long ago confessed, "I can't make myths, I can't make fables," has now added that missing string to his formidable bow, drawing on biblical mythologies both in the former poem's humorous rejection of religiosity and in the latter's baleful encapsulation of the whole history of human suffering.

While MacCaig's scope has grown ever wider over the years, W. S. Graham (b. 1917) has largely confined himself to writing variations on one single theme, the impossibility of truly expressing and communicating experience through the medium of words. The one major exception to the rule of his poetry, the great Nightfishing (1955), is sufficient in itself to have disproved the whole general tenor of the rest, yet in the quarter-century since that masterly extended work Graham has returned to writing poems on the impossibility of writing successful poems again and again and again. In the process,
the poems themselves have become less and less successful, most of those in his present collection, *Instruments in their Places* (London: Faber and Faber, 1977) being at once obvious and arch. However, his dream vision of his dead father, "To Alexander Graham," combines direct eloquence with understated passion in a manner at once highly original and deeply affecting. But this, of course, if one of the very few poems in the book which is concerned not with letters but with life (and death). Nearly all the others are "poems about poems about poems."17

Since "Poet" is the title of the first poem in *Walking Without an Overcoat* (London: Robert Hale, 1977) by Maurice Lindsay (b. 1918), it might seem that this book is to be another of the same, but that expectation is happily disappointed by the next poem on the same page, which begins, "I push a trolley through the supermarket," indicating Lindsay's involvement with the everyday existence of others as well as himself. This poet's work, as James Aitchison has commented, "is characteristically compassionate, but with a satirical astringency when commenting on follies and vices,"18 and in the present collection he shows a highly individual ability to be at once astringent and sympathetic, as in "Sightseeing, Philadelphia" and "Uprooted," poems which are both richly sensuous and deeply tragic as well as pointed with sub-acid wit, while in "Programme Note" the satire of pretentious modern pseudo-musicology is as sharp in its cutting control as it is hilarious in its roaring farce. The tension between love and pity vibrates throughout "Roots," while the epigrammatic "How Now, Prospero?" sums up the folly of optimistic religiosity in four brief lines of devastating clarity. Like MacCaig, Lindsay is a poet whose later career has been blessed by an ever-increasing ability to widen his range, heighten his technical command, and deepen his emotional control, and if his work is less glitteringly stylish than that of his older contemporary it is still admirably attractive in its unassertive assurance.

Reiterated assertion is a hallmark of the work of Tom Scott (b. 1918), whose current volume, *The Tree: An Animal Fable* (Dunfermline: Borderline Press, 1977), is an attempted epic, in eighty-four sections and more than eight thousand lines, tracing the development of animal life through all the millions of years, and all the myriad variations, between the first primitive one-celled organisms in the primal ocean and the emergence of man—or rather, of woman, who is presented as the peak (or, more precisely, the climax) of the whole process. In one of numerous epigraphs, Scott quotes from Charles Darwin, "The great tree of life which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with
with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications," but if his own writing recalls any of the Darwins, it is Erasmus rather than Charles. His English blank verse, like the Scots blank verse of his Brand the Builder (1975), "never rises above competence and too often relapses into unrelieved plod," while all too often his strivings to achieve the sublime collapse into an unconscious grotesquerie worthy of MacGonagall at his most blatantly banal.

Like all too much of the later MacDiarmid's so-called "poetry of fact," The Tree suffers from being an attempt at scientific poetry written by a non-scientist who comes to his subject, perforce, through other men's textbooks; and although Scott claims in his prefatory "Author's Note" that "this art is to our time what Polysemous Allegory was to Dante," one begs leave to doubt whether even the incomparable genius of the great Florentine could consistently have transmuted technical details into poetry. Too many of The Tree's individual sections, moreover, suffer from crudity of form, beginning arbitrarily, continuing by adding blocks of derivative information to one another, and ending abruptly when the author (or compiler) runs out of his borrowed materials. Sometimes, again, he interrupts his second-hand scholarship with passages of first-hand experience, but these are by no means always congruent with their context--while other passages of left-wing protest against man's inhumanity to man and beast and every living resource are both irrelevant and otiose. While occasional verse-paragraphs manage to avoid all those many and various faults, they are too few and far between to go any distance towards redeeming the lamentable whole. A writer whose meanness of execution is so disastrously at odds with the magnitude of his ambition is a sorry subject; but Tom Scott is not the first Scottish poet--and probably not the last--to be led astray by the misleading example of some of the less viable aspects of Hugh MacDiarmid's wayward genius.

Extended poems also occur in the latest collection by Edwin Morgan (b. 1920), The New Divan (Manchester: Carcanet New Press, 1977). The title poem, in fifty sections and some fifteen hundred lines, contains many highly sensuous phrases, lines and passages evoking various aspects of life in the Levant, some of them experienced by the author himself, others derived from literature, but the reader who has not shared the poet's adventures, and who has little or no familiarity with Middle-Eastern life and letters, is likely to find himself lost "in a haze of details blinding the sun." The critic Allan Massie is writing with the most studied moderation when he comments, "This is not a poetry which gives up all its secrets at once," for in fact those secrets are hugged far too
close to the poet's bosom for others to be able to grasp them. Fortunately, the volume's other extended work, "Memories of Earth," is much less hermetic, though no less individual. Like the earlier "In Sobieski's Shield" and "The Domain of Arnheim," this is a poem in the science-fiction mode, where members of a race of supermen who have considered themselves as having outgrown emotion find that images drawn from terrestrial history—on the one hand, mass-murder in a Nazi concentration camp, and on the other the heroic migration of the Maoris across the uncharted Pacific—reawaken in them an appreciation of horror and glory which they had believed themselves to have lost. Written in a blank verse which (unlike Tom Scott's) possesses both energy and subtlety, this highly dramatic verse-tale is vibrantly and evocatively alive from the first line to the last.

Some of the shorter poems in the collection are of the "try anything (or everything) once" variety which critics playing for safety customarily describe as "experimental"—by which they mean that the verses are of more interest intellectually than poetically. These current examples are characteristic of their kind, with more wit than feeling. Some sequences, again, like "Ten Theatre Poems" and "Five Film Directors," may depend too much on other artworks to appeal to the general reader, although the brilliance of their parodic technique is beyond question. "Vico's Song" also verges on parody, yet achieves unique success in expressing a philosophy in truly lyrical terms, while "School's Out" is a witty exposition—and exposé—of the differences between experience and theories of education, the latter being encapsulated in sensuous summaries which again draw upon parodic form. Touches of parody also occur in the book's finest lyric, "Resurrections," an elegy on Chou En-lai, but here they are cunningly woven into a moving celebration of liberty which culminates in the exhilarating image of birds ranging free across the earth. Morgan's own gifts are also free-ranging, and if they do not always issue in fully-achieved poems the reason resides in a delight in the difficult which refuses to recognise the impossible.

If Morgan is above all an experimentalist, George Mackay Brown (b. 1921) is a traditionalist to his roots. His Selected Poems (London: The Hogarth Press, 1977) reprints the contents of his Poems New and Selected (1971), together with eleven poems from his Fishermen with Ploughs, which also appeared on the latter date. Since both of these collections have already been discussed here, no more need be said than that the pieces from Fishermen with Ploughs make more individual impact in the present volume than they did on their first appearance, when they suffered from being surrounded by
a scaffolding of mythologised Orcadian "history" that posed problems of acceptance for readers unable to share this author's sectarian religious views.

In effect, another "Selected Poems" is offered by Alastair Reid (b. 1926) in *Weathering: Poems and Translations* (Edinburgh: Canongate Publishing, 1978), which adds some more recent poems to a selection from three earlier volumes issued over the years from 1953 to 1964. The original poems are not arranged chronologically but are presented in six sections, poems about illusion and reality, poems about love, poems about places, poems about animals, poems about time passing, and poems about art (particularly poetry). However, the absence of clues as to dates of composition appears to matter comparatively little in Reid's case, since his style is remarkably consistent throughout, fully formed when he published his first collection at the age of twenty-seven and thereafter employed for each of his various themes with the same craftsmanlike skill. Sensitive, rhythmically subtle, metaphorically vivid, cunning in their manipulation of witty paradox, the poems are almost always enjoyable, and if the collection as a whole finally fails to satisfy completely it may be because Reid is always so evidently in control of both content and form that the underlying passion which has brought the individual poems into being is kept on too tight a rein ever to achieve abandon. It may be, too, that Reid's own poems suffer--perhaps unjustly, but nevertheless inevitably--from comparison with his powerful translations of Neruda and Borges, poets of genius in Spanish whom he has made great poets in English, an achievement that deserves both gratitude and admiration. At the same time, however, one is not wholly surprised that the present volume is "something of a farewell...to formal poetry" on the part of an author who appears to possess more talent than impulse.

Impulse, on the contrary, overpowers art in the latest collection by Iain Crichton Smith (b. 1928), *In the Middle* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1977), where the poet "had wanted to write about simple things, the traffic of day to day, but found that overwhelming these was a cry or scream of mortality." The resultant verses are oddly unfocussed, as if the writer were so disoriented by his realisation of the horror at the heart of life that his usual skill in seizing upon significant detail had deserted him. A slimmer volume from the same pen, *River, River* (Loanhead, Midlothian: Macdonald Publishers, 1978), is intended for children, and may or may not succeed with them, but to an adult reader its contents appear uneasily simplistic.
Unease underlies many of the poems in *Under the Ice* (London: Hutchinson, 1978) by Stewart Conn (b. 1936), but their apparent simplicity of style often masks deep penetration of feeling. Much of Conn's work is a poetry tottering on the uttermost edge of nervous exhaustion—over the condition of society, filial responsibility, domestic difficulties, or the sheer intractability of experience—and any undue emphasis of style would tip it over into hysteria. However, his skilful handling of almost prosaic rhythms, cadences and phrases often attains an admirable balance. Such poems as "Visiting Hour," "Bonfire," "Balancing Act" and "To the Bear Park" suggest far more than they say, and yet—unlike Crichton Smith's recent work—they are sharply focussed on mundane detail. There are occasions, too, when the prevailing atmosphere of near-desperation is lightened by a wry humour, sometimes self-deprecatory (as in the ninth section of "North Uist"), sometimes appreciative of the ironic inconsistencies of both life and art (as in "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis"). If Conn's consciously "unpoetical" style does not always succeed in avoiding the banal, the infrequent failures are the perhaps inevitable price to be paid for venturing out on to that thinnest of ice which separates verse from prose. It is unfortunate, however, that the title poem, with its image—borrowed from Wordsworth—of the poet watching his own shadow in the water below the ice, mistakenly attributes that image to Coleridge.

Conn's formal clarity and conciseness are lamentably absent from the work of Walter Perrie (b. 1949), whose extended poem in English and Scots, *A Lamentation for the Children* (Edinburgh: Canongate Publishing, 1977), is even more confused in construction than in content. The famous "Pull down thy vanity" passage from Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos*, quoted as epigraph, reveals Perrie's model—although the Scottish author, unlike the American, is not writing autobiography but a kind of mythologised history about the trials and tribulations of late-medieval (and modern) coal miners, the hardships suffered by his own coal mining grandfather, the paradisal condition of Scotland in primitive times before the serpent of anglicisation was introduced into that Caledonian Eden by the wicked Saxon queen St. Margaret, and the new marxist heaven which is to replace the present capitalist hell. Not that those incongruous (and often incredible) themes are presented in the above order—or, indeed, in any order at all, since Perrie faithfully (or slavishly) follows Pound in his arbitrary leaps backwards and forwards, to and fro, between one subject and another, for no ascertainable reason (or rhyme). The naivete of Perrie's thought is matched by his lack of artistic tact—
exemplified in his introduction of totalitarian villains like Hitler and Mussolini by their "Christian" names—and his inability to prevent occasional passages of lyricism from slumping into prose with a series of the most sickening of thuds. A few lines scattered here and there across the work's tedious length indicate that a genuine minor talent may be all-too-deeply submerged beneath this grandiose attempt at epic, and one can only hope that the author may attain to sufficient consciousness of his apprentice limitations to be able to allow that talent to surface.

A coruscation of talent glitters throughout *Men on Ice* (Edinburgh: Canongate Publishing, 1977) by Andrew Greig (b. 1951). Dedicated to the celebrated Scottish mountaineer Dougal Haston—who was killed climbing while the book was in the press—this extended poem is set on the ice face of an un-named peak, where three trapped climbers experience the well-attested hallucination of being joined by a fourth. Already employed *en passant* in *The Waste Land*, this situation is exploited to its utmost by Greig, the fact that his characters are *in extremis* permitting the use of a progressive series of hallucinatory visions as a legitimate dramatic device. In the course of those visions, the peak is revealed as a mountain of the mind and the three climbers—Axe-Man, Grimpeur and Poet—as incarnations of body, intellect and feeling, all of them engaged, in their different ways, with the struggle to maintain their hold on the treacherous precipice of fact; while the fourth figure, the Zen Climber (also known as "The Bear"), represents that conviction—or illusion—of ultimate reality which has visited mystics of every religion, and of none, in glimpses, inklings, omens, and inexpressible revelations. Greig's own method of attempting to express the inexpressible is the high fantastic style, written in the ultra-modernist idioms of rock, zen and hophead, and both bound together and impelled onwards by a sequence of metaphysical puns which range from the outrageous to the absurd and from the provocative to the merely provoking. Although the verse is free, it seldom deliquesces into prose, for its rhythms are compelling, its cadences skilfully modulated, its images original and illuminating—and cunningly in keeping with the individual characters through whose monologues the action progresses: Axe-Man, the "hairy ape," his violence brutally embodied in the guttural speech of gutter-Scots; Grimpeur, whose intellectual explorations lead him far beyond rationality; Poet attempting the lyrical expression of occasional insights; and the Zen Climber uttering the elliptic in patterns of paradox. Considered as a whole, the poem may suffer from being too consciously erudite, too consistently high-pitched and insistent,
but those faults are only the obverse of its many brilliant virtues.

Three first collections by writers who have achieved poetical expression comparatively late, and in the intervals between other occupations (and preoccupations), are of varying interest. Janet Caird (b. 1913), a novelist and schoolteacher, in *Some Walk a Narrow Path* (Edinburgh: Ramsay Head Press, 1977) produces epigrammatic poems, the best of them on the subject of age, and the finest of these drawing upon everyday images (a hair dryer in "Perm," a quilt in the work of that name), but in other verses, where she relies on mythological subjects, her language is too flat and her insights too predictable. Stanley Roger Green, a professional architect who also paints, composes music and writes short stories, has divided his *A Suburb of Belsen* (Edinburgh: Paul Harris, 1977) into ten sections, according to subject matter ("Animals," "Love," "People," "Society," etc.), but despite this variety the majority of his poems suffer from the same faults, clumsy cadences, careless rhymes, and lapses into bathos. He surmounts those faults most consistently in his love-poems, which are highly individual in their blend of passion and wit, the latter as effective when exercised on himself ("Hippomenes and the Rat Race") as when directed against The Other ("Peevish Woman"). A scarring satire on religious bigotry is equally vivid in its images, powerful in its movement, and cunning in its control. G. F. Dutton, a Professor in the Science Faculty of the University of Dundee, is a stylist of the strictest economy, yet capable at his best of combining starkness with force. His *Camp One* (Loanhead, Midlothian: M. Macdonald, 1978) contains some deceptively simple poems ("Salmon," "Timber Line," "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," "Tryst") which nevertheless, because of their precision of imagery and rhythm, leave reverberations in the mind. If other poems fail because their simplicity is too apparent, Professor Dutton still deserves attention for his laudable endeavour.

The only anthology to appear during the period was *Modern Scots Verse 1922-1977* (Preston: Akros Publications, 1978), edited by the present writer (b. 1920). Of this, Professor Edwin Morgan has written that "it meets a need and does so with directness and a brisk aplomb....The book...gives a very fair representation of Scots-language poems from the last half-century. The choice is sound...no one would quarrel with the poems and extracts from MacDiarmid which are included; some would wish to add more of the political poetry; but on the whole the central meat of the matter is here. Few too would dispute the emphasis which the anthology places on eight of the many poets represented: MacDiarmid, Soutar, Garioch,
Sydney Goodsir Smith, Alexander Scott, Alastair Mackie, Duncan Glen and Donald Campbell... the editor's arrangement of his material in decades does make it clear that there is a continuity of achievement right into the 1970's, in spite of the fact that it was not until the 1940's that the MacDiarmid seed can be claimed to have borne really profitable fruit. The 1940's and the 1960's are the periods which come across most strongly.... Indeed... there would be a fair case for saying that it took until the 1960's for a fully confident and widely ranging use of Scots to establish itself... the facts seem to bear out something, if possibly not all, of the editor's optimism regarding the continued growth and potential of Scots.... This anthology will give much pleasure and stimulation, and will be an indispensable tool for those involved in teaching or studying modern Scottish writing. 23 On the other hand, Alan Bold (b. 1943), whose own attempts at Scots had failed to gain a place in the selection, described its topography in terms of a mountain (MacDiarmid) surrounded by molehills (everybody else). 24 Of our two poetry magazines, Akros (Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottingham), edited and published by the indefatigable Duncan Glen, has continued its catholic policy of encouraging verse in both English and Scots. A welcome return to this policy has also been evidenced in recent numbers of Lines Review (Loanhead, Midlothian: M. Macdonald), now edited—after a disastrous decade under a notorious Scotophobe—by William Montgomerie (b. 1904). As an occasional contributor to both publications, the present writer declares his interest before making a further declaration that their continuing existence is a necessity for the further emergence of growing points in contemporary Scottish poetry.

The fons et origo of that poetry, Hugh MacDiarmid, died on 9th September 1978 at the age of eighty-six. His Complete Poems were scheduled for publication on St. Andrew's Day (30th November) of that year, but the magnitude of those two volumes makes it impossible to attempt to assess them within the space available to this article, and consequently they will be given separate discussion in a later issue. "Yet ha'e I Silence left, the crum o' a'."

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NOTES


3 Maurice Lindsay, The Scottish Review, No. 7 (Summer 1977), p. 59.


8 Ibid., p. 39.

9 Ibid., p. 40.

10 Ibid., p. 39.


18 The Scottish Review, No. 7 (Summer 1977), p. 47.


21 The Scottish Review, No. 9 (Spring 1978), p. 44.


Douglas Gifford

Scottish Fiction 1978

In this year appeared seven novels worthy of serious critical attention as well as three volumes of short stories. Two modern Scottish novels of importance were reissued (one of which, J. F. Hendry's *Ferniebrae*, first published by William McEellan in 1947, seems to me to be a neglected masterpiece), and, though not strictly falling within the remit of this annual article, note should be taken here of Francis Hart's important and ambitious study of Scottish fiction from the beginning to the present in *The Scottish Novel*. There also appeared the usual crop of historical, romantic and thriller fiction.

Many Scottish writers seem to me to fail in receiving their due tribute from what must be admitted is a disinterested and lethargic Scottish public. Our schools and universities, BBC and Arts Council must take some blame in their lack of sustained attention and analysis of the work of twentieth-century fiction writers like Eric Linklater, Naomi Mitchison, Fred Urquhart—and especially, it seems to me, the novelist whose work, running as it does from 1950 to the present, spans the gulf between the novelists of the "Scottish Renaissance" and the new wave of sixties' novelists like Sharp, Crichton Smith, Mackay Brown, McIlvanney. In the relatively fruitless fifties the fiction of Robin Jenkins was outstanding, and it has
continued to be outstanding in its deep moral seriousness, traditional craftsmanship, and sustained quality. From *Gaily Sings the Lark* (1950) to his latest, *A Would-be Saint*, there have been twenty volumes of fiction. His name and work should be better known and taught in the country he describes and anatomises so fully and compassionately. *A Would-be Saint* takes a frequent Jenkins theme, that of idealistic innocence exposed to reductive cynicism, and carries it further than he's gone so far. Now, instead of qualifying fairly obviously the apparent goodness of his protagonist, as he did with the part-time idealists of say, *The Changeling* or *The Holy Tree*, Jenkins presents the possibility of complete goodness in Gavin Hamilton, who as a child of eight in 1918 "took for granted that all the people in the world existed for his delight." He's clever at school, a brilliant footballer—not just a swot—is attractive to women; he accepts the death of father and mother with dignity and maturity; he helps prostitutes, strangers, friends without distinction—and yet can join in the company of his mates after a football match, though he doesn't laugh as loudly at their dirty jokes. He is trying to be a genuine Christian and eventually the theme develops to the point that he is a latter-day Christ, and the novel shows what complex responses such an appearance would elicit from our society without ducking the difficulties involved. There is no climb-down of Jenkins's part from the suggestion that Gavin may indeed be a superior moral agent; and the effect on us of his virtuous life is akin to that worked by Crichton Smith in his short story "The Hermit." There is a difference of course, in that we never in Smith's story saw into the mind of the hermit, whereas we see fully into Gavin's. But our feeling for both protagonists as scapegoats, as sacrificial figures taking on the deficiencies of the Fallen about them is similar. But the study of Gavin goes further than Smith's study of his hermit. As Gavin goes deeper and deeper into his self-inflicted loneliness, finally staying on as a forester in a deserted cottage after his fellow conscientious objectors have gone home after the war, we are left with ambivalence at the end. Is he Christ, suffering the likely lot of Christ in a modern world, contempt and neglect and disinterest, or is he a prig, and a curious masochist? Has the war of 1914-18, the loss of parents, created a loneliness which has, like Hogg's Justified Sinner's, created its own consolation through spiritual pride and false logic? The end, Gavin's non-commitment of expected and symbolic suicide, is non-conclusive, but artistically successful. Jenkins has set out a stark moral parable; and if at times his style seems too inflexible, too like Hardy, it is still strangely in keeping with its too inflexible protagonist.
No other modern Scottish writer with the possible exception of Crichton Smith, has the necessary fundamentalism—so often confused with naiveté—to ask and explore such elemental topics. I look forward to Jenkins's announced next novel from Canongate Press—Fergus Lamont—and to the day he receives his rightful evaluation.

Ian Crichton Smith's new novel, An End to Autumn, left me slightly disappointed. Having described him as one of our most enquiring of moral novelists, this story of a barren marriage of two teachers in what seems to be Oban, trapped in their bourgeois land of colour supplement character and anti-septic cleanliness, seems too facile, too mechanical in its moral working out. Tom and Vera Mallow are finding their teaching less satisfactory than they used to, and Smith too heavily underweaves a symbolic message based on Eliot's Waste-land to tell us why. They so obviously are the hollow people needing regeneration, that Smith makes the mistake of Telling instead of Showing, even down to the Firedance return to primitive intuitions and feelings, when, in a heather fire towards the end Vera breaks through her artificial self-restriction to find herself and her needed pregnancy. The moral is too heavy; deep moral seriousness has for Smith here become a naive instruction to the effect that one's first obligations are to self and future self, while the ties of parents or connections with friends are finally peripheral. The recurrent Smith figure of Aged Bonding Parent takes herself off with dignity, and the intruding outsiders, lesbian teacher and Irish earth-mother stairlady, become redundant. It's all too histrionic and contrived, with that carelessness of expression involving intrusive, short qualifying clauses which characterised The Village in 1976.

Elspeth Davie's Climbers on a Stair has a certain similarity. Indeed it's true of Jenkins, Smith and Davie that there's a curious flatness in their handling of character which I've concluded is intentional. It's part of their way of seeing the world, a sort of reducing to elements, or simplification in order to make the end picture more stark and morally clear. Their landscapes or interiors are uncluttered, and be they a mining village in Lanarkshire or Oban, or, as here, Edinburgh, the place is not exploited for its own inner feel so much as used as a rather grey but necessary background. Davie's Edinburgh tenement (which provided the stair) isn't bursting with local patois or vivid contrasts of class life; all her characters speak polite Edinburgh English, are middleclass, New Town. But once one catches the quiet rhythm of the story her almost surreal hold on us is assured. Her vivacious Miss Winterfield, aging piano teacher who insists on excellence,
in living as well as playing; her town planner, who avoids talking about his job since he knows everyone hates what town planners are doing to Edinburgh; her Clara Kirk, obsessed with travel books but fearing to travel since her husband's death--these are gentle, slightly unreal drawings. But why should Elspeth Davie's reality be anyone else's but her own? The curious dissected tenement takes on the reality of, say, Muriel Spark's imagined worlds. There is no hint of Spark's grotesquerie or supernatural, but there is the sense of being not quite in this world that we know, so much as Davie's own. Where she does differ completely from Spark, however, is in that quality she shares with Jenkins and Smith, which I can best describe as a love of some kind of grace, some kind of redeeming unlooked-for moment of forgiveness or communion between otherwise separate people. Her tenement people do achieve this; Miss Winterfield--her name expressing her stage of life but not her function--gives standards and love of life to all about her. Dying Thomas Baird weaves a message of love into his sun-tapestry. The Jewish Caretaker who's lost his family in concentration camps helps release Clara Kirk from her prison. It's all done with love and quiet skill; the attitude may seem modest but the achievement, along with her other two novels and two books of short stories, is that of one of Scotland's best novelists.

In 1967 Angus Wolfe Murray wrote The End of Something Nice, a powerful, understated tale of brother-sister love and separation. It had a unique flavour in its evocation of Scottish aristocratic family and home; rhododendrons and rain, smells of hillsides, feelings of separation and loneliness when the children lost their small country world. Murray has now written his second novel, Resurrection Shuffle. It's a very different scene. His protagonist is a rock-musician on the road in the U.S.A., and his experiences are given to us in a stream of consciousness which moves from present love-affair, trouble with police and organisers and fellow-musicians to his childhood in Scotland, in a home obviously related to that of the first novel. It's not just a gimmicky choice of topic, but justified in the effect it achieves of juxtaposing the two worlds which couldn't be further apart, so that the contrasts arouse increased shock, anger, sympathy. As apology for the world of modern pop, the articulate thoughts of his central figure are almost too successful. He seems too gentle, caring, reflective, but his reflection of the harsh brutality of his music world, of groupies and noise and fragmented time and place are excellent, as is the constant opposite evocation of repressive family and hated/wished-for home. It's reminiscent of James Kennaway in Silence, as is the author, Murray's, sense
of pain and fear for humanity—a sense that comes over so strongly that one wonders if Murray can objectify the disillusionment he feels sufficiently to make it Art. But that is a fear for the future; this was an impressive novel, if sometimes too heavy in its existential musings.

Equally impressive, and with a finer control of tone and style, was Alan Massie's first novel, *Change and Decay in All Around I see*. This belongs outwith any Scottish tradition that I know, unless Massie's sense of the grotesque counts as such. He admits his debt to Waugh and Powell; his world is modern London, with its trendy vicars and homosexuals, would-be novelists, ineffectual and on-the-make lawyers, bright parties and noisy weddings where everyone has slept with everyone else. But far from being glib or superficial about this world, Massie brings what may be a Scottish sense of moral assessment to bear, and steadily implies, with subtlety and reticence, what's fickle, empty, doomed in modern Britain. Haunting the book is the recurrent, almost subliminally presented, image of a hopeless boy and girl standing beside the sea, who may drown themselves; and the similarly recurrent paranoid agent of destruction, like Conrad's Professor of *The Secret Agent*, the horrific, dark destroyer of crazy morality, Horridge. Seriousness is thus there, but never heavily stressed, always revealing itself obliquely, or through the speeches of wedding guests (the wedding scenes at the end are ridiculously funny and then horrifically explicit about the evils of modern English society). Behind all this there is a kind of a story, as aimless on-the-dole Atwater, lazy, amoral, slightly likeable, gingers his way through aimless events to an aimless marriage, aimlessly failing to understand what seem to be aimless K.G.B. and terrorist plots going on in the background. Aimlessness is Massie's point. He achieves his feeling well, setting a framework in which his hopeless children or his weeping figures stand out all the more clearly. If the book has faults they are faults of over-sophistication, over-contrivance. These are very much the faults of an interesting parody/pastiche of Hogg's *The Justified Sinner*, by John Herdman, called *Pagan's Pilgrimage*. This is really a long short story (eighty pages), and Herdman fails, I feel, because he tries too hard to be clever simultaneously at two opposing points. On one hand it's Hogg-based, and its protagonist is a selfish son of a minister who pursues his selfish ends sneering and cheating as he goes. At this level Herdman pulls off some fine comic effects, but his mastery of Hogg's tone is too often spoiled by a tendency towards almost Goon-show humour, such as the endless drawing out of the slightly funny image of the wrinkle-nosed laundryman who terrified the boy, or the tedious more...
than a page given to the endless explication of the joke about the toasted tongue sandwich. Neither joke—and there are many more—relates to the Hogg pastiche in any remote style or tone. And this is true of more than the jokes. The boy's father is at times held up as a laughable ranting Scots dialect-speaking minister; at other times he speaks with straightforward English. Sometimes, too, parody of other Scottish fiction comes in, as when the father torments the boy in the manner of Gourlay senior of *The House with The Green Shutters*. Herdman does not seem to know which style he wishes to follow, and the result is trivialisation of his theme on discordant themes. It transpires that it is eventually that of Herdman's previous short novel, *A Truth Lover*—and a very serious theme it is indeed, that of social redemption and the conquest of selfishness. The effect is as though Hogg's Sinner had made an eleventh-hour and totally unexpected repentance—cloying, confusing, and destructive of any unity the book might have aspired to. Herdman has tried to fuse his own vein of Clapperton—short-story humour with his *Truth Lover* seriousness, and the result is an interesting, sometimes very funny, failure.

Three volumes of short stories deserve appreciation. Fred Urquhart and Giles Gordon's selection of Modern Scottish Short Stories, the annual Scottish Arts Council/Collins collection, and Eona MacNicol's *The Jail Dancing*. The first is an outstanding collection, all the more creditable to the editors because they have gone out to look for their representative material in the small magazines, to the writers themselves where necessary. The result is a sample of the best of Scottish fiction of the last thirty years, accurately showing how the short story in Scotland is tied closely to the longer novel form, and how the practitioners tend to be the novelists "scaling down" their larger themes—indeed, three of the stories here, by J. F. Hendry, James Kennaway, and Edward Gaitens, were added to and developed into the novels *Ferniebrae*, *Tunes of Glory*, and *The Dance of the Apprentices*, respectively. Here are Neil Gunn, Muriel Spark, George Friel, Naomi Mitchison, Hendry, Linklater, Wolfe Murray, Eona MacNicol, Gaitens, Mackay Brown, Hamilton Finlay, Allan Ford, Fred Urquhart and Giles Gordon, Elspeth Davie, Robin Jenkins, Alan Spence, Iain Crichton Smith, Alan Massie, and many others—and anyone who has made a study of Scottish fiction will realise how comprehensive and illustrative a range that is, combining historical awareness with an eye for the most recent and experimental work as in Alan Jackson's prose-poem comic-sad two-page piece, "The Conspiracy of Arthur." The change of moods and types is frequent and richly contrasting, running from Gordon's, Spark's, and Douglas Dunn's surrealism and speculative fantasies to the
traditional supernatural of Gunn, Mitchison, and MacNicol. Social realism and Scottish comment are strongly represented, rightly so; Ford, Gaitens, Urquhart draw the Scottish scene with compassion and humour in their pictures of prisoners of war reuniting years later, a Glasgow working-class boy about to go to work, and an old buddy's disintegration, respectively. Spence, Crichton Smith and Mackay Brown capture some of the best of their deceptively simple magic in their stories.

This is the best volume of Scottish short stories for years, which unfortunately can't be said for the 1978 Scottish Short Stories volume. To be fair, it's an annual volume where the previous book draws on forty years; but even that being said, I repeat my frequent complaint--that this annual collection doesn't work hard enough at being representative. It is all very well to argue that the stories are entries to a competitive situation and that if writers don't send stories or come up to the mark, they don't get in--but a volume calling itself by this ambitious title should try to get material from writers who are producing the best of Scottish short fiction. Iain Crichton Smith has never been in the volume, which shocks me greatly considering that he has produced several fine books of short stories in the last few years, of which *The Black and the Red* must surely count as one of the finest volumes of short stories written anywhere recently. Mackay Brown isn't in; Fred Urquhart isn't; and writers who would surely respond to invitation include McIlvanney, MacNicol, Ian Niall, Ford, Davie, Jenkins, and many others. I know that some at least would respond, as they did when I edited the first volume in 1973. Let me, however, not be unfair to the new talent which is shown here: Graham Petrie, Campbell Black, Peter Chaloner are fairly recent voices (Black has written two excellent novels) using the bizarre or surreal mode to satirise modern life. Robert Crampsey and Una Flett and Lorn MacIntyre develop steadily in their art, especially MacIntyre, whose Invernevis stories get surer in their search for that elegiac and satiric tone with which to present the Faulknerian decay of the West Highlands. It is a fine, entertaining volume, but unrepresentative. (As footnote, I record my pleasure in reading a volume of short stories to be published in 1979 by one of the contributors here, James Shaw Grant; his "Mother and Daughter" is a strong, beautiful tale of deep Hebridean jealousy, and in the volume-to-come, *Their Children Will See*, he develops his study of his beloved Hebrides into a haunting series of tales from a way of life of dignity, passion, and roots which are soon to vanish.) And to finish my survey of short stories for the year, Eona MacNicol's *The Jail Dancing* tells old and new stories centered on Inverness, frequently with great charm and feeling for
period. Occasionally she nears the Kailyard, as in "Not the Righteous," where a minister of impossible goodness defends himself and a tinker girl against a charge of conceiving an illegitimate child. Sometimes the stories are just sketches of local worthies, but as a whole the volume is unpretentious and pleasing.

I come to the crop of historical romances, family sagas, and thrillers, with which I will be brief, since few of them to my mind aspire to serious creative heights. The best of the historical romances is *Macbeth*, by Nigel Tranter, and it is a thoroughly researched, solidly made and very worthwhile novel. Tranter's strength is in his ability to present true pictures of often misappreciated periods of history, recreating an authentic and convincing atmosphere of an older society. His weakness is characterisation, since rarely do his protagonists live outside the well-worn fictional stereotypes. The real achievement of *Macbeth*, apart from its reversal of the Shakespearian picture, is its sympathetic understanding of the vanished Celtic society which existed before Malcolm Canmore and his wife Margaret began to anglicise Celtic church and state. A massive achievement, unrivalled by any of the others, although Marie Muir takes on a task of comparable size in *The Mermaid Queen*, a vigorous, clear-cut picture of the dualism of place and values in the tragic life of Mary, Queen of Scots. But there's little of Tranter's historical fairness or sense of historical movement. Instead, the French dimension of her life is presented as magical, sympathetic, and liberal, and Scotland is all dour treachery and rough butchery. Knox and Bothwell are not interpreted, but used too obviously as scapegoats to Muir's desire to create the Europe she wants. And a different kind of historical irresponsibility underlies Agnes Short's sequel to her excellent *The Heritors* of 1977, *Clatter Vengeance*. In the first she gave a tough, convincing picture of Old Aberdeen in the days of the Bloodless Revolution. But this "sequel" (in the sense that it's the story of the same place continued into the period of the Hanoverian-Jacobite struggle) is softer, much more in Pamela Hill/Marion Lamont style, with her tomboy heroine Catherine having to learn that romance and handsome young followers of the Pretender are no substitute for the serious love and domestic sense of Hanoverian William. It's almost a novel for adolescents, with its simple morality and emphasis on Catherine's melodramatic excesses—though, to be fair, there is still Short's grip of historical time and place as background, and many of the lesser characters, masons, professors, merchants and wives, are excellently realised. This is the layer or subject matter for future exploration, not the romantic top-soil.
In *Doctors and Bodysnatchers*, Hector Bryson's evocation of the medical Edinburgh of infamous Dr. Knox's time is brisk and very funny indeed, well-researched and dry in tone as it avoids all temptations to medical sentimentality or melodrama. It has a serious theme, rather obscured in the picaresque adventures of young Hector Bryson, medical student, but there, nevertheless. The moral of the theme is that much fancy theorising is indulged in by too many pseudo-illustrious teachers and prominent physicians, and too little unpretentious practice of medicine. I liked this better than the same publishing house's other medical novels by Colin Douglas. Jan Webster's *Saturday City* is a straightforward, highly competent continuation of her story of the mining village Kilgour family, *Collier's Row*. *Saturday City* takes us into Glasgow in Keir Hardie days. Glasgow is seen at the height of its industrial and "cultural" achievement as well as in its dirt and poverty. Its strength is its period flavour; its weakness its typical stories of crossed lovers and well-worn emotional diagnosis. Similarly *Rhanna*, by Christine Marion Fraser, is occasionally delightful in its feel for its invented Hebridean Island, with indeed some real insight into the central characters of motherless child and introspective widower, but eventually the emotional situations are over-handled and dragged out to what is increasingly anticipated as melodramatic happy ending. Strictly this is family saga rather than historical, and takes us to the best of this group, *The Keelie*, by Hugh Munro, passing quickly on the way Pamela Hill's mainly non-Scottish love stories with potboiling historical surrounding action and setting, *Stranger's Forest* and *Daneclere*. Apart from a surprisingly acid and short account of Edinburgh posh schooling in the first, neither pretends to serious fiction or merits discussion here. Munro is a writer with serious intentions, going back about fifteen years to his *The Clydesiders*. He loves Glasgow, describes its people of the working classes well, but here, in his picture of Johnny Muir, often jobless, but of fierce independence and integrity, there seems to me to be too much idealised autobiography, as though Munro wished that it had all been like this—not, of course in terms of his description of the conditions of poverty, or the cynicism of councillors, but in Johnny's lonely progress to the point where he discovers that he's a natural writer. Too often Johnny's attitudes are cliches; towards the weaker sex he's rough but manly, he has a post-Burnsian instinctive love of "Poetry," his politics—which come over as Munro speaking propaganda—suspicious of "them" who have anything to do with social organisation, especially when they are Catholics. It's a brave attempt in the McIlvanney mould to explore a definite and valid kind of Glasgow
character, but it fails through wishful thinking.

My discussion of remaining general fiction can be very brief. The best of the rather shallow bunch remaining is Elisabeth Kyle's *The Stark Inheritance*. After twenty-odd novels her strengths and weaknesses are clear to see. Setting and atmosphere are invariably strong, here pictures of Edinburgh and Glasgow are as full as always of a convincing sense of period and elegiac flavour resembling Guy McCrone's. Her plot, of deranged heiress kept out of respectable sight in a home, but slipping out to embarrass and disturb, is well echoed in the twilights and shadows which surround her bourgeois villas, with a genuine symbolic implication that polite Edinburgh/Glasgow still draw discreet manners as cover over the unpleasant and unwanted. But for all this the weakness is the expected predictability of the love interest, with good heiress Thea having to learn that English Nigel, smooth, handsome and insincere, is not to be preferred to homely, good-natured, ugly Glasgow Johnnie Campbell. It's much more praiseworthy, however, than Cliff Hanley's new novel, *Prissy*, a bitter disappointment. To see one of his undoubted comic talent descend to present the ludicrous and sentimentally coy story of how the Prime Minister's daughter is kidnapped and then precociously turns tables toughly and ruthlessly against her captors is sad. Hanley's indulgence in admiration for precocious children has made him come a cropper here, as does Antonia Fraser's total lack of realism in grappling with the Highlands in *The Wild Island*. This, in its sheer aristocratic escapism, is an offense to those who love and try to understand the Highlands. In its story of love between beautiful female investigator and long-legged silver-browed aristocrats who are involved in keeping the Stewart line alive to the point of having a Red Rose underground army and a shadow Stewart monarch, we depart from this planet to one even more bizarre than Brigadoon or Thrums. Scottish stereotypes are obviously alive and kicking—yet another A. J. Cronin volume of Tannochbrae stories, *Dr. Finlay of Tannochbrae*, appeared, bearing the mark of being written by a slightly jaundiced team of Tannochbrae ghostwriters. In the welter of tear-jerking episodes about crippled children, lost loves, and dedicated doctor Finlay, the only pleasing and recurrent note is that of Janet's nastiness, which emerges midway in the book when she finally gets her come-uppance as an interfering and sanctimonious besom. Beside the saccharin of this, Lilian Beckwith's sketches of her life in the West Highlands appears raw and realistic—which of course it is not, really. *Bruach Blend* is a familiar mixture, reasonably harmless in its gentle, if condescending and anachronistic, fun about local yokels, moody cows, problems of
living in such a remote and strange country. Far more surpris­
ing and delightful is Frank Renwick's Shetland gallimaufry,
Noost. For pure fun this is my favourite fiction of this year.
It's a rambling, mad, yet realistic sort of a story in which
one-eyed seamen, troglodytes, women with no clothes, seal­
hunters who get adopted by the seals, and assorted lunatic
bird-watchers and bus drivers cavort in an oil-crazy island
which nevertheless is still recognisably Shetland. It has no
beginning, middle or end; it has a whiff--and more--of Tristram
Shandy and the God of Muddle; and it is aptly and humorously
illustrated by the versatile author.
Three of the remaining novels are either reissues of pre­
vious twentieth-century successes or much older books published
for the first time now. The oldest of these "modern" Scottish
novels is David Lindsay's The Violet Apple. Lindsay's most
famous novel, Voyage to Arcturus (1920) became in the '60s
something of a minor cult fantasy, with Colin Wilson, E. H.
Visiak and J. B. Pick publishing a study, The Strange Genius
of David Lindsay, in 1970. J. B. Pick soldiered on in Lind­
say's cause, and this edition of one of the unpublished novels
is the result. I'm not particularly keen on Lindsay's fantas­
tic imagination as evinced in Arcturus, finding it too insub­
stantial and misty in outline, with too little convincing local
detail. I was interested to find that this novel had a com­
pletely naturalistic setting, that of the South of England and
the fairly well-off levels of middle-class playwrights and
large houses in the country. In fact, this element proved
tediously prosaic, enlivened only by rather purple love ex­
changes, alarums and excursions. All the more surprising was
the rare beauty of the central symbol, the violet apple, sup­
posed to be a seed--kept in a green glass serpent--of the ori­
ginal apple of Eden, and brought by way of the Crusades to pre­
sent-day Britain. The book is an allegory based on the second
eating of the apple. But the beauty of the allegory which we
glimpse occasionally through the serpent and the apple is lost,
finally, in the weight of heavy wooden conversation and moral­
isng which drowns the poetry. An interesting piece for the
scholar of Lindsay, but compared to Cowper Powys or Lawrence
lacking in depth. Less ambitious, but for me much more suc­
cessful was Joan Lingard's 1964 success, which Paul Harris has
reissued--The Prevailing Wind. It's a deceptively simple ac­
count of a girl coming home to Edinburgh with her six-year-old
daughter, to her disapproving middle-class parents, her hous­
ing-estate married sister, and loneliness. Joan Lingard
doesn't sentimentalise. Her heroine and daughter find a base­
ment, a bookshop job, and a kind of love--and friends. But the
love doesn't last, the friends need her more than she needs
them, and crack up or go off. The parents try to understand, don't, and either die or fade away. Heroine ends up compromising by marrying someone she likes, ignoring chance to make dramatic exit to Italy with person she does love. The quality of the book lies in its humanity, humour and economy. The title, slightly chilling, austere, is the wind of Edinburgh, its moral code, its eventual prevalence over its rebels and misfits. There is love of the city—and beyond it, of Scotland—but that love does not stop Lingard from capturing the deep-seated snobbery, prejudice and hypocrisy of the middle-class Scot in a way Susan Ferrier would have respected.

And finally, of my "older" group of novels J. F. Hendry's story of a Glasgow childhood, Ferniebrae (reissued by William McLellan, first published 1947). This is the novel from which his short story, "Peep Show," was derived for Modern Scottish Short Stories. I confess I hadn't read it before, and I'm ashamed. It is one of the very few important Glasgow novels seeking out the feel of the place even more deeply than Lingard in The Prevailing Wind; managing to convey the place through the developing consciousness of the child, adolescent and grown-up David in the same way that Joyce showed us Dublin through the eyes of Stephen Daedalus. Perhaps there's a bit too much of Joyce, in the way scenes change without formal preamble and without much help being given to the reader to understand why David's father has moved his place of employment—or, more importantly, why indeed the novel opens with a rural glimpse of a village once outside Glasgow, moving suddenly to Springburn and the days of the great locomotive works there. But don't be misled, there is a theme which is very much the theme of the great fiction of the Scottish Renaissance and later descendants like Hind in The Dear Green Place and Sharp in A Green Tree in Geddes. Like the two later novels, Ferniebrae is an intensely lyrical and poetic book haunted by memories of green, cleaner, original places, of racial roots. That's why it begins with the Green Knowe and that's why that memory of an airier, lighter possibility follows David throughout the dark days of Springburn.

Finally, the thrillers; the best, and the most "Scottish," is Charles MacHardy's Blowdown. At last the possibilities for commercial success of Scottish Oil are being grasped; it's the story of Doug Holden, aging but reliable diver, under extreme stress because of deadlines on the North Sea rigs. Again, well—very well—researched, so that MacHardy manages to give us vast amounts of fascinating technical data on oil exploration very painlessly. It has no aims other than interesting the reader in immediate plot and, possibly the plight of the freelancers in the North Sea, and even though they can earn
more in three weeks than many of us earn in a year, MacHardy does manage to get across a feeling of strain and danger that elicits sympathy. If there's a fault, it is in the depiction of the top-level characters—but it's good. So is Douglas Scott's The Spoils of War. Indeed, in the presentation of utterly evil and ruthless American Sergeant Quilley, lurking on board the British transport ship like an evil genius, as he goes after his lost profits from his shore crime organisations, there's something a bit more than melodrama. Scott had a real insight into evil here, and the confrontation between Quilley and Mitchell is in its own way archetypal and symbolic. And Scott can write action better than either MacHardy or Brian Callison, whose The Judas Ship was the least satisfying of the three. There was in the foregoing pair of thrillers a complexity of plot, a satisfying thickness of texture, which is absent here. Merchantman "Maya Star" is trapped in a creek of the Amazon Basin, in turn trapping the German ship which, under false colours, had damaged her. The story tells simply of her revenge, without any subtlety of character drawing, with buckets of blood. It's a noisy book, and it has no moral or morals in it whatsoever. Nearly everybody dies pointlessly.

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NOTES

Below I list the fiction read for the preceding article. I cannot claim that the list is inclusive; it should be checked against the relevant annual bibliographies of Scottish Literature produced by James Kidd and Robert Carnie for The Bibliothek.

1978


BRYSON, Hector. Doctors and Bodysnatchers (Edinburgh, Canongate).


CROWIN, A. J. Doctor Finlay of Tarnochbrae (London, New English Library).


GAVIN, Catherine. *None Dare Call it Treason* (London, Hodder and Stoughton).


MASSIE, Alan. *Change and Decay in All Around I see* (London, Bodley Head).


Scottish Short Stories (London, Collins).


"Vertical Mosaic" is a phrase happily adopted by many critics and historians to explain the quality of Canadian life. "Mosaic" refers to the notion that the individual pieces, the ethnic groups and sub-groups, tend to hold their shape, keep their colour, rather than to melt and meld into "One Nation, Invisible." "Vertical" alludes to the fact that certain groups tend to move to high positions in every sort of scale—political, economic, artistic, social. Scottish "pieces" in the Canadian mosaic have always figured high in the vertical pattern.

The Scots came early to Canada, bound for the fur trade, exploring and exploiting the harsh northland: Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, MacTavish, Simpson and McGill. Then a second wave of Scots came in the early nineteenth century for less swashbuckling adventures, making land, setting up machine shops and printing presses, working as early journalists, clerks and salesmen. Even when the Scottish groups no longer predominated at immigration points, Scottish tastes and values seemed so to have permeated Canadian life that a Scottish colouring still tinges the Canadian mosaic.

I would like to pick up one rather gritty bit of Scottish-ness from that mosaic. This is Bogle Corbet, a novel published in 1831 by John Galt. Examining it, we may illuminate many
qualities both Scottish and Canadian.

In the early nineteenth century, John Galt appeared to rival Walter Scott. His *Annals of the Parish* represented one of the two worlds of Scotland: the Lowland community, Presbyterian, decent, rather sentimental, of necessity parsimonious, practical and rather opportunistic. It is a world respectably poised against the other Scottish realm, the world of the Highlanders. Galt's *Autobiography* refers specifically to his intentions. As against Sir Walter, he says, he writes "theoretic biographies," eschewing incident for verisimilitude. His main ideal, he says, is "to embody facts and observations collected and made on actual occurrences."¹

*Bogle Corbet* is one of those "theoretic biographies." It was written after Galt had been in Canada and it was designed "to show what a person of ordinary gentility has really to expect in emigrating to Canada."² In it a middle-aged emigrant leads a group of Paisley weavers to Nox on the river Slant. He founds a city, cuts roads, corrals a schoolteacher, builds a mill for the community, and quietly adjusts to the problems of isolation and monotony in the Canadian bush. In real life, John Galt had come from the Lowlands to London and thence to the Canadian colony in 1826. Canada in the 1820's offered a welcome homeliness to the thousands of Scots emigrating in post-Napoleonic years. These were colonists cleared from Scotland not by Highland feuds or landlords' selfishness, but by economic shifts from a hand-loom economy to an early industrialism. Many were lured by schemes such as that of Galt's Canada Company: schemes in which landless agricultural workers or unemployed craftsmen ("operatives") offered their labour as down payment for land. Galt got investors to put money for supplies into his scheme; talked the Government into ceding land from crown reserves, and then collected Scottish workers to put their brawn into the bargain, promising them an eventual chance to buy some of the land they improved, the rest to be sold for the company shareholders' profits.

In his novel, Galt shows his hero as leading a group of impoverished craftsmen up the river St. Lawrence, along Lake Ontario to York, then to the mouth of the "Debit" river, and hence sixty miles inland. These are not pilgrim fathers, actuated by religious or political ideals. "Money, the want of it, or to get it, is the actuating spring, whatever may be the pretext of intending emigrants of the middle ranks" (233); thus Bogle Corbet explains the motivations of his group. Bogle Corbet's followers are moderate—perhaps too moderate—in their dreams. One of Bogle Corbet's friends comments, "Their wants were few before they came to Canada, and if they get as good here as what they were used to among the hills and the heather—
and they get far better—ye should no be so unreasonable as to expec' the'll be over industrious anent improvement." (11)

How will such a group of Scottish bodies tackle the wilderness? Bogle Corbet believes in cooperative effort, in the strength of "a bundle of sticks." (33) The group threatens to disintegrate; some of the settlers rebel as soon as they reach Nox. Throwing down the tools with which Bogle Corbet has provided them, they attempt to strike out, every man for himself. But he pulls them together by suasion. They rebel again when, roads having been built, Bogle Corbet insists on selling the now improved land. They argue against his doctrine of communal effort again, over the question of building a mill. This time he makes partial concessions. In other words the plot shows us a bundle of sticks held together, though barely, by a determined leader. Not a heroic leader, but a pawky, hard-headed middle-class manager.

Bogle Corbet thus represents the continuing Scottish interest in cooperative effort, an interest growing perhaps from the clan, and reinforced by the enclosing geography of the glens. The quiet but widespread persistence of socialism and of cooperatives in Canada perhaps suggests that this notion remained acceptable (perforce, perhaps) to later dwellers in the Canadian provinces.

A second story thread concerns Bogle's friend Captain Campbell Dungowan. Dungowan is welcomed to Nox by Corbet and invited to remain as a magistrate; he agrees and further suggests that to have "a quieter order of society" a military discipline should be established. "You must not only have a Captain," he says, "but subalterns, sergeants and corporals." (73) This military note is another part of the Scottish strain. Scots' military history, including their involvement in mercenary wars, was a by-product of poverty as well as of loyalty to embattled causes. Pleasure in military precision and discipline remains a paradoxical part of Highland wildness, and respect for the military remains part of the Canadian mosaic, tied to a continuance of what Professor Frye calls the "garrison" quality in Canadian life.

Captain Dungowan, incidentally, appears in the sub-plot of the novel not only because of his military actions but because of his clannish Campbell pride. The rather creaking melodramatic story of old Mrs. Paddock and her bastard grandsons is unravelled when Captain Campbell recognizes and justifies the pride of his long-lost kinswoman. English observers have always been quick to comment that the Scots haven't all that much to be proud of, but the answer from Scots has been echoed in Canada: "Here's tae us! Wha's like us?"

In the main plot line concerning Bogle Corbet's family life,
the hero manifests another Scottish obsession. He wants to supply education for his children, and provide it he does after travelling to Niagara to find a schoolteacher. That insistence on education had characterized the poorest places in Scotland. The eighteenth-century Scottish ideal was "a school in every clachan, a college in every town," and Edinburgh and Glasgow, St. Andrews and Aberdeen Universities had all been open to any boy who could pack enough oatmeal to last him through the winter. Very soon after John Galt's stay in Canada, a fellow Scot, John Strachan, began the establishment of a school and university system in Ontario. Faith in schooling would remain a prominent characteristic of Canadian life, implemented by school systems long dominated by Scots. In the novel Corbet's rather hectic search for a schoolmaster leads him to consider the aristocratic Colonel Jocelyn, the feckless James Foddie, a Cambridge graduate who rhapsodizes at Niagara Falls, and finally a very nice young man called Pomfret who comes back to Nox and settles into the job of educating the settlers' children.

Next to the school comes the kirk. Bogle Corbet brings a succession of preachers to his village, according to all but the Methodist, Fagotter, a warm welcome. Fagotter's welcome is cold: he is dumped into the mill-race. (In real life, John Galt gave three prime town sites to the Roman Catholic, the Church of England, and the Presbyterian churches in the town of Guelph.) Perhaps the proliferation of seceding groups in Scotland had prepared Scots to live more or less happily with a variety of churches in each village. And perhaps the continued multiplicity of churches still visible in small towns in Canada, perpetuates that church-centered but tolerant vision.

The kirk, the school, the warm and bustling home life, the rollicking treatment of drunkenness, all these obvious and familiar staples of Scottish Lowland life appear in Bogle Corbet. A more subtle and more important element, also attributable to the Scottish heritage, is the acceptance of a hard life in the face of an obviously more attractive alternative. Scots have always known that the road to prosperity and ease led out of Scotland; but it has been a matter of pride to resist the highroad. Similarly, the emigrants in Nox are shown as carefully weighing the values of a land less prosperous, less smiling than its neighbour. When the group first arrives at Quebec, one of the families leaves Bogle Corbet to make for the United States. Eventually they return rather subdued; but throughout the story we hear of members of the association being attracted to that preferable place, New York State. Maybe it's Presbyterian fatalism or dogma of justified suffering
that keeps most of the emigrants in Nox, however. And of course not all Americans are properly receptive to the Scot's notion of his own superiority. One immigrant returned from the States mentions that he "Ay [made] adversaries by threeping that Glasgow was a brawer town than Rochester; which amang friends will no be denied...but the Yankies are a real upsetting folk."

(209) This reminds us of still another part of the Scots tradition—the pleasure of self-mockery. Galt's comic vein, like the vernacular irony of Burns, remains ingrained in the Canadian sense of humour, a humour which we are told serves us as a defence against the great grim powers—natural and political—that surround Canadians.

Bogle Corbet in his quiet self-mockery is the first of a long line of Canadian anti-heroes. Middle-class, middle-aged, given to mild elation and to equally mild melancholy, he is a very unromantic alternative to the American Adam. One has only to think of Galt's other great literary rival and contemporary, James Fenimore Cooper, to realize just how Scottish and Canadian Bogle Corbet is. Cooper's characters represent either the high-class gentry, or the new free wild frontiersman. Galt's hero is a middle-class townsman, moderate and unromantic.

Into Bogle Corbet, then, Galt wove many of the threads that would remain as a recognizable part of the Canadian fabric: cooperative effort, militarism, pride, moderation, humour, focus on education, sentimentality. The book is very Canadian; and it has been very much ignored. Why? Because it is autumnal, and dour, rather depressing in its story of bush realities. We may know that life is not romantic, but we do like to read romances even if we are too inhibited to live them. We miss in Bogle Corbet any trace of a love story. Urseline is a bad-tempered, good-hearted, middle-aged woman. Probably better to live with than Flora MacIvor or the Bride of Lammermoor or Cooper's genteel maidens; but not as much fun to read about. In general John Galt's honesty did not please his contemporary audience in Canada. Will it come to its own in the current wave of interest in early Canadiana? Such honesty rarely gets a hearty welcome in any period. John Kenneth Galbraith tells the story of returning to his home country, that part of south-western Ontario, not far from Guelph, which he had described in The Scotch. On his return he sensed hostility and asked "But isn't it all true?" The answer was "Who wants to hear the truth about a place like this?"

Certainly John Galt's contemporaries in Canada didn't want to hear the truth as he told it; they preferred to read the work of his Canadian contemporary John Richardson. They preferred to read in Wacousta of a really romantic Scot—who com-
bines the role of savage warrior and demon lover, as he swoops and whoops through the wilderness. But Bogle Corbet does tell the truth, based on Galt's actuality. The book remains the record of an important part of the Canadian Mosaic: the Scottish strain. To return to the point with which I began, we might turn that phrase "the Scottish strain" into an explanation of the upward mobility of the Scots. Being a Scot in Canada is indeed a strain, as Margaret Laurence will tell you, or Alice Munro, or Graeme Gibson, of Hugh McLennan. Or John Galt.

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NOTES


2 Bogle Corbet, or The Emigrants (London, 1831), I, 2. All subsequent references to Bogle Corbet refer to volume III. Page numbers are inserted in parenthesis following each reference. A new edition of the Canadian section of the novel has been issued in the New Canadian Library Series by McClelland and Stewart, edited and with introduction by Elizabeth Waters-Ton, 1975.


THE STRUCTURE OF A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS

The remarkable variety of disagreements among critics of David Lindsay's A Voyage to Arcturus invites comparison with the old story of the blind men and the elephant. One critic finds that "it is sex which interests the author"—another sees the book...
as "a stupendous ontological fable; a metaphysical 'Pilgrim's Progress'"\(^2\) while yet another asserts that it is not "an allegory in the sense that 'Pilgrim's Progress' is," that it is "vividly real but frighteningly incomprehensible."\(^3\) Kingsley Amis, who did not like the book,\(^4\) agrees with J. B. Pick, who did, that the novel "cannot be interpreted consistently in a necessary and coherent order."\(^5\) Even Eric Rabkin, who seems to regard the book as something of a favorite, finds in it a "mad rush from episode to episode..." and "utterly unjustified leaps from physiology to physiology, from sense to sense, and from mythology to mythology"\(^6\) while Jack Schofield, perhaps alone among the critics of this work, demonstrates any hint of understanding of the structure which provides Lindsay's novel with an internal logic quite in keeping with its final statement.\(^7\) If these critics had all been aware of this underlying structure, perhaps they might still have disagreed in their assessments, but at least their readers would not suffer the uncomfortable suspicion that each critic read a different novel.

Professor Schofield, in his article, "Cosmic Imagery in A Voyage to Arcturus," has done an admirable job of pointing out, among other things, the significance of several of the dichotomies in Lindsay's novel: the relationships between the tower on Earth and the tower on Muspel, between Crystalman and Surtur, and between Maskull and Nightspore. More importantly, he has shown the relationship between Branchspell, "the same kind of sun as our own, lighting man's road," and Alppain, which "lights God's road." However, a clear understanding of the intricate structure of Lindsay's novel requires a closer examination of this last dichotomy.

The primary colors produced by Branchspell are those produced by our sun, but Lindsay provides each color with an allegorical significance: "So here you have another illustration of the necessary trinity of nature. Blue is existence...Yellow is relation...Red is feeling."\(^8\) The term "existence" in this trinity can be read to cover a range of meanings from the purpose of an individual's existence in this life to a cosmic vision of the universe. The term "feeling" can be read to cover a range from the simple, passive reception of sensory impressions to actions based primarily on self-interest. The term "relation" then can cover the whole range of attempts at integration of feeling and existence, that is, the move from acting out of self-interest toward acting in the interests of the cosmic order. Viewed in this way, the trinity of feeling, relation, and existence forms the framework on which Lindsay constructed his novel.

First, Lindsay includes three worlds in the novel. Earth, where we have only one sun (corresponding to Branchspell), is
the world of feeling, where men act primarily out of self-interest. Lindsay gives enough information about the characters present at the seance to remind us of this characteristic of our world. Tormance, where we find two suns, is the world of relation, where men are tormented by their dual nature, where the realm of feeling is seen in relation to that of existence. Muspel is lit by no sun; all light, all existence, begins in this final world, the world of existence. The novel, then, is the story of Maskull/Nightspore's journey from the world of feeling through the world of relation to the world of existence.

During this journey, Maskull undergoes a corresponding series of three rebirths. The first rebirth, Maskull's arrival on Tormance, thrusts him, like a newborn infant, into a world where he is completely helpless, and where everything, even his sensory impressions, is entirely new to him. His task at the point of this rebirth is to deal with his sensory impressions, his feelings. The second rebirth, after the vision of his death in the Wombflash Forest, awakens him to a fuller understanding of his predicament and of what his role can be. He recognizes that his past concern with himself has been an error, as evidenced in his interview with Dreamsinter: "I ought not to have asked about myself, but about Surtur" (p. 154). His concern from this point is to be his relationship to Surtur. The third rebirth, following the actual death of Maskull, confronts Nightspore with the ultimate realities of existence. On descending from the tower on Muspel, Nightspore, however pessimistically, accepts his role as a part of that ultimate struggle which, in fact, is existence.

The most important and most complex trinity is composed of the lives to which each of the rebirths leads. In addition, each of the first two lives also comprises a trinity: the three days which make up each life. The concerns of Maskull's first life are revealed by his new organs: the breve, through which he receives the thoughts of others; the poigns, through which he can understand all living things; and the magn, by which love is increased. These organs fill Maskull with sympathy, understanding, and love for all life; and acting on these feelings, he accepts Joiwind and Panawe's simplistic view of life. He is told that Tormance, like Earth, has one god and one devil, and the god is called Shaping or Surtur, and that "the world is good and pure" (p. 56). All this, of course, is suggestive of Earth, the world of feeling.

On his second day, Maskull begins to deal with the relation between his feelings and his existence in this life of feeling. He awakens to find his organs transformed; he now has a sorb, which shows him his surroundings only as objects of his own needs, and a third arm, which is a further evolved magn. While
on the first day his will was passive and he was content with his sensory impressions of the world around him, on the second day his will asserts itself. He now begins to function on the basis of the relation between his feelings and the objects around him. In his interaction with Oceaxe, Crimthyphon, and Tydomin, Maskull begins to exercise his will over others and to experience others exercising their wills over him. When he meets Spadevil, Maskull's sorb is transformed into two probes, which intensify and alter his other senses. The effect of this transformation is that while Maskull is still concerned with the relationship between himself and the objects around him, he no longer sees objects according to how they can serve his ends, but according to how he can serve theirs. When Catice later destroys Maskull's left probe, he sees both these modes of perception as false. The second mode, that of sacrificing oneself for another, is "a cloak under which we share the pleasure of other people" (p. 145) and therefore it is still action in one's own self-interest. Despite the fact that he finds himself repulsed by everything in the world, he has made some progress; he is told that Surtur and Shaping are not the same entity. Maskull has spent his second day in the life of feeling exploring the relation between his feelings and the world around him.

Awakening on the morning of his third day, the existence segment of his life of feeling, Maskull finds his third arm nerveless and his probe replaced by a third eye. The use of this eye is not discovered until he is again reborn the following day. During this third day, however, the first mysteries of his own existence are revealed: he is given the vision of his death and told the purpose of his journey. After the vision, he falls "in a faint that resembled death" (p. 154).

When he wakes on his fourth day, Maskull is reborn into his second life on Tormance. This life corresponds to the relation component of the trinity, hence the function of his third eye: "By adding a third angle to his sight, every object he looked at stood out in greater relief. The world looked less flat--more realistic and significant...he seemed somehow to lose his egotism, and to become free and thoughtful" (p. 156). He also finds his third arm no longer of use so he discards it. Now for the first time he has some knowledge of his purpose as well as his feelings and he begins to try to integrate them. This first day of his second life, like the first day of his first life on Tormance, is spent discussing his new world with a couple who feeds him and sets him off on his way into the world. This time, however, Maskull does not passively accept his sensory impressions; he tries to relate them to his new knowledge, to decide what is real, that is, what really exists,
and what is false (pp. 164-167).

On the fifth day, the second day of his life of relation, Maskull visits Swaylone's Island and, as during the corresponding day in his first life, Maskull's will asserts itself. Here, however, his will acts on the lake, on the physical world of Shaping, by "trying to create physical shapes—and, above all, one shape, that of Surtur" (p. 184). So, while he is again concerned with acting in relation to the world around him, Maskull is no longer acting solely on the basis of his own desires, but rather on the basis of what he perceives his purpose to be.

On the sixth day, the third day of his second life on Tor-mance, Maskull reaches Matterplay and sees for a moment through the eyes of Digrung. The new organs which he produces in Matterplay, six new eyes, clearly demonstrate both the relation aspect of this second life and the existence aspect of this third day. The six eyes literally enable him to perceive "two worlds simultaneously" (p. 195). The added world, with its green sparks trying to escape from smothering clouds, corresponds to what is seen from the Muspel tower: existence.

In Threal, Maskull's perception of what is real and what is false is tested. Maskull loses the last of his new organs on entering this underground world where the trinity is reversed and men struggle away from their goals. "Existence is Faceny's world, relation is Amfuse's world, feeling is Thire's world" (p. 213). Here Shaping's world is existence, and reaching toward the creator is feeling, exactly the reverse of what Maskull has been learning through experience. As a result of this reversal, Corpang finds in his search for God that "the first stages are richer in fruit and more promising than the later ones. The longer a man seeks Thire, the more he seems to absent himself" (p. 215). On contemplating the three Colossi, Maskull begins to experience one by one the realms of feeling, relation and existence according to Thire, but with the coming of Muspel-light, the statues die; Maskull is not deceived.

Before he can leave the world and the life of relation, Maskull must assert the true nature of his existence by proving first his mastery of his own feelings, second, his mastery of his relation to the world around him, and finally, his recognition of the purpose of his own existence. The first is demonstrated by his confronting and triumphing over the "waking nightmare" (p. 240) of his own passion. The second is demonstrated by his kissing Sullenbode and transforming her, and Maskull demonstrates the last by his fascination with the display of Muspel-light to the exclusion of all else. He wants "to spring up and become incorporated with the sublime
universe which was beginning to unveil itself" (p. 259). Sul-lenbode understands, leaves, and perishes.

The loss of Sullenbode robs Maskull of all sense of purpose and he can no longer continue on the path to Adage. By aban-doning all feeling, he leaves the world of relation. He wan-ders down the Mornstab Pass to meet Krag, Gangnet, and, with the dawning of the seventh day, the inevitable death which re-leases Nightspore from Crystalman's world. Confronted with the healing spectacle of existence seen from Muspel, Night-spore accepts rebirth to enter into the struggle between Mus-pel and Crystalman: his third life.

This trinity may apply with equal success to other aspects of Lindsay's novel. For example, each of the seven days could be divided according to the trinity, and the three levels of allegory, personal, social, and archetypal, which Schofield suggests seem also to fit into the structure of the trinity. Certainly Lindsay applied it elsewhere: to length, breadth, and depth (pp. 180, 213), to music (pp. 180-81), and, of course, to the primary colors of Alppain: jale, blue, and ulfire (p. 238). But more importantly, the disturbing ending of the novel may be better understood through the use of this trinity.

Lindsay is not suggesting in this novel that we worship pain or that God is pain. He is suggesting, however, that pain has a certain important spiritual function. Pleasure seems to be a single phenomenon. We aim for it consistently in ways direct and indirect, physical and mental, emotional and spiritual. But, like Arcturus and the Arcturian god (which at first also seem each to be a single entity), pleasure is actually a duality; it contains its opposite. The Arcturian legend has it that Krag "dogs Shaping's footsteps everywhere, and whatever the latter does, he undoes. To love he joins death; to sex, shame; to intellect, madness; to virtue, cruelty; and to fair exteriors, bloody entrails" (p. 177). So pain (Krag) permits pleasure (Shaping) to be viewed in per-spective (relation). Thus, pain serves as a constant reminder that our feelings are not what matter in this world, and that furthermore, recognition of this fact "is only the first stage of the journey; though many good men imagine it to be the whole journey" (p. 166). While Krag sets Maskull on his journey, it is neither Krag nor pain which keeps him on the track; he fol-lows the drumming, which, unlike pleasure and pain, is not of this world but of another.

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NOTES

8 David Lindsay, *A Voyage to Arcturus* (New York, 1968), p. 238. Subsequent references to this edition appear in the text as page numbers only.

KING LEAR IN EDWIN MUIR'S PROSE WRITINGS

From his earliest prose writings to his last Edwin Muir used *King Lear* as a touchstone against which to judge other literary achievements.1 But for a period of more than twenty years
Muir's interest in *King Lear* seems more pressingly personal; and he draws upon Shakespeare's play in a variety of ways in his prose writings to enable him to apprehend and clarify his own overriding concerns: the nature of man, and his relationship with the animal world.

Muir's second novel, *Poor Tom* (1932), the title of which obviously suggests an indebtedness to *King Lear*, opens with the betrayal of a young man by his brother (cf. Edmund's betrayal of Edgar), and centres on the struggle between them: between Tom Manson who is in subjection to his animal needs and Mansie who refuses to acknowledge them. To articulate the conceptions of man embodied in the two brothers, Muir draws on the pattern of clothes imagery in *King Lear* which functions to describe and judge various definitions of man: for instance, Oswald, whose humanity extends no further than his fulfillment of his social role, is condemned by Kent: "a tailor made thee" (II.i.i, 55-6); Tom the naked beggar is addressed by Lear thus: "Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art" (III.iv, 108-10); and Lear himself, who momentarily identifies the outcast Tom with true humanity, cries: "Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here" (III.iv, 111). Two descriptions from *Poor Tom* should make clear Muir's debt to the clothes imagery of *King Lear*. The "clumsy brute" Tom, with his overpowering instinctual life, "his low passions" (*PT* 42), is bewildered and trapped by the conventional proprieties of city life, which are symbolised throughout the novel by clothes:

Certainly it seemed a queer arrangement that young fellows courting should go about for years with their senses aroused under their clothes and pay no more attention to it than to a slight physical inconvenience...But no doubt they got used to it; perhaps it was a normal drawback of love that had to be accepted with the rest...bow ties neatly in place, every button fastened, trousers creased. (*PT* 26)

In opposition to Tom the "disinfected" Mansie embraces propriety as the mark of humanity and cultivates a fantastic purity (*PT* 124):

A spot of dirt on his sleeve was enough to make him unhappy...Clumsiness in others annoyed him; so that whenever Tom returned at night with another wound, the sight of the bloody bandage smeared with oil and grit angered him...and somewhere in his mind the
words took shape: "Great clumsy brute!"...To live and dress quietly was simple enough....He liked his suits to be of a soft shade of fawn, his neckties to be quiet. (PT 33)³

Significant reference to *King Lear* can also be found in other of Muir's work of the period. Even in a context where one would not expect to find mention of a Shakespearian play, in a discussion of the unemployed in the travel book, *Scottish Journey* (1935), Muir uses a statement from *King Lear* on the relation between human and animal needs as a moral touchstone against which to judge those who quibble over the minimum financial help that might "reasonably" be given to the unemployed: "0, reason not the need: our meanest beggars/Are in the poorest things superfluous:/Allow not nature more than nature needs,/Man's life's as cheap as beast's....But for true need,/You heavens, give me patience, patience I need!" (SJ II.iv, 265-70). Allusion to *King Lear* also appears in Muir's poetry of the period: "The Fall," *Journeys and Places* (1937), invokes *King Lear* in the lines, "My fall was like the fall that burst/Old Lear's heart on the summer sward," and, in "The Wheel," *The Narrow Place* (1943), the line "Nothing can come of history but history" is an unnoticed echo of Lear's "Nothing will come of nothing" (1.i, 92).

In the context of Muir's preoccupation in the 1930s with *King Lear* it should not surprise us that even in Muir's autobiography, *The Story and the Fable* (1940), Shakespeare's play is not absent. Indeed it is in the autobiography, during a discussion in the opening chapter of man's relationship with nature, that Muir's concern with *King Lear* becomes wholly overt: he argues that Goneril, Regan and Cornwall are "merely animals" (the autobiography, according to Muir, was an "attempt to find out what a human being is"):⁴

But when man is swallowed up in nature nature is corrupted and man is corrupted. The sense of corruption in *King Lear* comes from the fact that Goneril, Regan, and Cornwall are merely animals furnished with human faculties as with weapons which...they have stolen, not inherited. Words are their teeth and claws, and thought the technique of the deadly spring. (SF 59-60)

Six years later the ideas and phrasing of this discussion of the play in the autobiography provide the kernel for what is Muir's most extended consideration of Shakespeare's play, his 1946 lecture, "The Politics of *King Lear*." Compare the fol-
Nature is not corrupt in itself, nor is man as Shakespeare normally sees him; but when man is swallowed up in nature a result is produced which seems to corrupt both. Goneril, Regan and Cornwall become mere animals furnished with human faculties which they have stolen, not inherited by right. Words are their teeth and claws, and action the technique of the deadly spring. (PKL 19)

"The Politics of King Lear" has always been read simply as a critical essay, but in our context it is best viewed, as much as The Story and the Fable and Poor Tom, as an "attempt to find out what a human being is." The lecture explores what is "needed to make human a creature in human shape" (PKL 13). Muir sets up an opposition between an old generation and a new one: Lear with "his traditional beliefs" has "some knowledge of the moral nature of men," but he is confounded by his daughters who, having "renounced morality as a useful factor in conduct," live "so close to the state of nature that they hardly need to reflect: what they have the power to do they claim the right to do" (PKL 19, 15, 13). Muir makes explicit the contemporary relevance for him of Shakespeare's play in his emphatic assertion of the relationship between "Fascism in Italy and Germany" in the 1930s and 1940s and "the theory and practice by which it was upheld" and the morality of Goneril, Regan and Cornwall (PKL 15-16). To confirm our suggestion that Muir's concern with King Lear is not purely academic, it is only necessary to note that the moral vocabulary evolved in the lecture to comprehend the savagery of Lear's daughters is employed by Muir, in the revised and extended version of his autobiography, An Autobiography (1954), to make sense of aspects of his own world: of the spurious freedom from tradition which the liberated people of the 1920s claimed to enjoy. Compare, for instance, these two statements:

Goneril and Regan...exist in this shallow present.... Having no memory, they have no responsibility.... This may simply be another way of saying that they are evil, for it may be that evil consists in a hiatus in the soul, a craving blank.... The hiatus in Lear's daughters is specifically a hiatus of memory, a breach in continuity; they seem to come from nowhere and to be on the road to nowhere. (PKL 17)
The convention of romantic love, the ideal of five centuries, had been discarded in Paris and Berlin and London, and to those who had got rid of it was no longer thinkable, or at best remained a blank area in their minds....They lived in an open landscape, without roads, or a stopping-place, or any point of the compass. (A 228-9)

After An Autobiography Shakespeare's King Lear returns to its role in Muir's work as a standard by which to judge other literary performances. Perhaps Muir's acceptance of the Christian faith which he records in An Autobiography settled for him the question of man's nature, a question which haunts Poor Tom, the two versions of the autobiography, and "The Politics of King Lear." But it is clear that for a period of twenty years Muir's apprehension of that question draws heavily and crucially, in previously unseen ways, on Shakespeare's King Lear.

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NOTES


2 For the most extended account of the clothes imagery in King Lear see Robert B. Heilman, This Great Stage: Image and Structure in "King Lear" (Baton Rouge, 1948). Line references to Shakespeare's King Lear are to the Signet edition edited by Russell Fraser (New York: New American Library, 1963). Page references to the following editions of Edwin Muir's works will be inserted parenthetically in the text using the abbreviated titles indicated below: (PT) Poor Tom (London, 1932); (SJ) Scottish Journey (London, 1935); Journeys and Places (London, 1937); The Narrow Place (London, 1943); (SF) The Story and the Pable (London, 1940); (PKL) "The Politics of King Lear" (Glasgow, 1947), reprinted in Essays on Literature and Society (Glasgow, 1949); (A) An Autobiography (London, 1954).

3 Other interesting examples of the clothes imagery in Poor Tom are: pp. 12, 14, 22, 40, 41, 80, 96, 147.


Anyone interested in the Scottish literary scene during the last few decades will have been at least vaguely aware that something interesting has been happening in Gaelic literature. But unless he has been unusually resourceful he will have had until now to rely largely on the claims of Gaels themselves as to its significance. The publication of this, the first anthology of modern Gaelic poetry, with its parallel English versions and introductory essay, gives the non-Gaelic-speaker as good an opportunity as translation ever can to judge for himself.

It also invites the Gaelic reader to reassess work which had been in danger of acquiring the status of unassailable classics too soon—and too easily.

The non-Gaelic reader will want to know at the outset how representative the anthology is of modern Gaelic poetry. Its main drawback, in this regard, is that MacAulay has restricted his selection to the work of five poets. Certainly these are the five best poets, by far, but, of course, a middling poet may, occasionally, produce a first-rate poem, just as a great
poet can have his off-days. And there have been trends, which, while they may not have produced any outstanding individual poem--or poet--are, nevertheless, significant, but which are not reflected here at all. For these reasons, *Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig* gives an impression of neatness and finiteness--and of evenness of quality--which is, to a degree, misleading.

In his selection of the work of individual poets, MacAulay's selection is, on the whole, impeccable. The fact that only one of the poets has been creatively active over a long period, passing through various phases of development, has, of course, made his task that much easier. In that one instance (Derick Thomson), MacAulay has sharply and perceptively outlined the development of his œuvre. In the case of one other poet, Sorley MacLean, the problems of selection were complicated by the fact that some of his best poems had originally formed part of a long poem-sequence, dismemberment of which inevitably results in a diminution of some of the poems. However, since this is also done in MacLean's recently published collected works, this must be an indication that the poet himself no longer regards the sequential arrangement as definitive.

Taking all of this into consideration, *Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig* may be said to give a reasonably accurate picture of the best of modern Gaelic poetry.

Two aspects in particular of the poetry stand out: namely, its wide range, especially as to style, and its distinctively Gaelic ethos.

There is, for example, the unusual blend of rich lyrical texture and hard-edged realism of attitude which we find in the work of MacLean and Thomson, a blend showing the influence of Gaelic song culture. There is, again, George Hay's precise and intricate prosody, which reflects the influence of another strain of the Gaelic tradition, the austere classicism of the bardic schools. Even the work of Iain Crichton Smith and Donald MacAulay, the least "traditional" of the five, has many distinctively "Gaelic"--and, as such, essentially untranslatable--features.

The overall arrangement of the book--the poets are placed in order of age, with Sorley MacLean, the oldest, getting the lion's share of space--is suggestive of a master surrounded by his disciples. Though *Nua-Bhàrdachd* also shows the extent to which the other poets have each his own recognisable voice, there is some truth in this first impression.

Sorley MacLean's *Dàin do Einhir agus Dàin Eile*, published in 1943, is the cornerstone of the contemporary revival in Gaelic literature. Distinctively Gaelic in form, European in sensibility and radiating an infectious joie-de-vivre, MacLean's work inspired and--though, perhaps to a diminishing ex-
tent—continues to inform the work of his younger contemporaries.

Probably the most remarkable aspect of MacLean's achievement is the way the rich and varied tradition of Gaelic song crossbred in him, in a quite unforced way, with the influence of the English (and other) literature—the work of Yeats, Eliot and the Metaphysicals especially—which he had been reading at Edinburgh University at the beginning of his most creative period. Another important influence—and one often underrated—was the intense, personally felt anger which the spread of Fascism in Europe produced in a native of a crofting community for which the Highland Clearances were still a living and a bitter memory.

Although some of MacLean's work superficially resembles that of the English-language poets of the Thirties—in particular his Communism and his specific commitment to the Spanish Republican cause—his poetry, on the whole, lacks their strident polemicism and has instead a lyric cry which they, usually, lack and which, in fact, many of them would have regarded as decadent. Some of the best poems in the "Dàin do Eimhir/Poems to Einhir" sequence, for example, deal with the classic conflict between private emotion and public duty, handled, however, not in an abstract, contemplative way—this would have been alien to the tradition he inherited—but as a highly subjective, personally experienced angst.

MacLean, in other words, does not use his poetry to expound or to further his political and other ideas, but simply chronicles how they impinge upon the sensibility of one individual, himself, and how they relate to other areas of his sensibility.

The non-Gaelic reader may find this relative thinness of abstract thinking perplexing; the Gaelic reader will not. That the methods of poetry are radically different, though not necessarily less trenchant, than those of metaphysics should not need reiterating; but the general reader may, nevertheless, have to consciously suspend his usual critical prejudices if he is to attune himself to poetry in which lyrical subjectivity is so profoundly intertwined with political and intellectual awareness as here.

MacAulay has selected three poems from the "Dàin Eile/Other Poems" section of MacLean's 1943 collection. These are: "The Heron," a memorable image of singleness of purpose; a breathtakingly virtuosic evocation of the creative subconscious, "The Woods of Raasay"; and the satirical, "Highland Woman." There are also four other poems, two with a wartime setting.

MacLean's richly grained language and his sinuously musical metrical effects—reminiscent of the old Gaelic songs in their
freedom of rhythm within strict overall limits—are qualities which do not translate well. But the non-Gaelic-speaking reader may find the Claddagh recordings of MacLean reading his own verse a useful corrective.

*Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig,* then, confirms once again Sorley MacLean's standing as, certainly, the best Gaelic poet of our time, and probably of all time, and as a force to be reckoned with in a much wider context.

Conversely, the reputation of some of the other poets suffers from the comparison which an anthology such as this invites.

George Hay's work, though he was not a native speaker of Gaelic, is noteworthy mostly for the classically "cool" but nevertheless often strikingly beautiful use he makes of language and metre. (Some of this the Gaelic reader not acquainted with Hay's Argyllshire dialect may miss.) His deceptive simples description of a solitary tree ("To a Bonny Birch Tree") is a fine example of this, as is his celebration of the beauty of Kintyre in another poem, not included here.

Some of Hay's more philosophical poems, on the other hand, now seem rather laboured and trite.

Hay's most important and lasting work, besides the descriptive pieces, are, without doubt, his war poems. For example: his image of the dust of battle bringing tears to the eyes of disinterested observers; his vision of a dismembered Europe as "a promontory of Asia, the Balkans of the world"; and, above all, his description of the bombing of Bizerte—highly wrought both emotionally and artistically; the awe-inspiring blaze on the horizon, its silence and eerie beauty contrasting with his imagined vision of the destruction and individual suffering it entailed. This must surely be one of the most memorable images to come out of that war.

Derick Thomson's earliest work also dates from the period of the Second World War and just before, but, unlike Hay and MacLean, Thomson has continued to write and to develop his repertoire since then, through from early romanticism to his recent abrasively realistic phase, through a long middle period in which these two polarities are in fine balance in his work.

Although the early simplistic romanticism soon evaporated, much of Thomson's best work is, in fact, pervaded by nostalgia: not the traditional Gaelic poetic nostalgia for the poet's native place, however—Thomson's attitude towards it is ambivalent—but, in his early work, nostalgia for a lost innocence ("Harvest Field") or a disappearing spirituality ("The Well") and, in his later work, regret—tempered by pragmatic acceptance—at his own growing alienation from the Island and
its people, which, paradoxically, continue to serve as the well-spring of his imagination.

Underlying these two phases is the true, if subconscious, motivation of much of Thomson's work from this period: namely regret at the gradual attenuation of his personal capacity for direct experience—the natural, and universal consequence of aging, education and worldly cares. On this interpretation, the rich lyric texture of Thomson's verse may be seen as a surrogate for or sublimation of those early sensual experiences which he lovingly recreates in his poetry, such as the mud of Lewis pressing through his toes as a boy, or his memories of Lewis characters such as "Cotriona Mhòr" or the "Herring Girls."

Thomson, like Hay, is a superb poetic craftsman, but the effects he creates—with the overlapping brush strokes and consequent textural richness of an Impressionist painter—are quite different.

Of the five poets in this collection, Thomson ranks second only to MacLean in depth and quality of work. But he also suffers from the comparison. Thomson expresses, often memorably, what many Gaels with a similar life-experience—in other words, most educated Gaels—feel, though they may not be aware of having so felt until his poetry reminds them. Squarely on the wavelength of his time—he is one of the "Gaelic Movement's" astutest politicians—Thomson is very much, and this is meant in no way disrespectfully, a poet of the ordinary, whereas Sorley MacLean, at his best, achieves an intensity and complexity—a "wholeness"—of experience which is out of the ordinary.

Iain Crichton Smith's Gaelic poetry in no way compares with his best English work—or even with his Gaelic fiction. An ideas-oriented poet, the relative lack of abstract terms in Gaelic—which was little used hitherto for philosophical discourse, apart from some theology—forced Smith, in his early work, into rather self-conscious statements of his intellectual and poetic credo—preaching the gospel of contemporary awareness and intellectual rigour—and, more recently, into a preoccupation, which may well prove more fruitful, with complex image-structures. These latter—sometimes complementary, sometimes contradictory—exhibit a tentativeness which contrasts sharply with the often homiletic tone of Smith's previous work, and, in this respect, reflect a general change in the Gaelic intellectual climate.

Though Donald MacAulay has published only one slim volume of verse (in 1967), he is, rightly, regarded as a very fine poet, and has been an important influence on younger writers. His selection of his own work here plays down some of the pre-
occupations which loomed large in his Sobhrach as a’ Chlatch—his own sense of alienation from his native society, for example, and the alienation of the artist in a wider context—and, thereby, highlights the impressive range of his work, with regard both to content and form. Intellectual subtlety and technical virtuosity—both, occasionally, in danger of being carried to excess—are the hallmarks of MacAulay's poetry. MacAulay has not published much in recent years. In fact, Gaelic literature generally has recently entered a distinct phase of reappraisal and reorientation. Of the older poets, MacLean and Hay’s best work was completed by the end of the War, of course; Iain Smith's recent work, as has been indicated, shows him to be unsure of which direction to proceed in; and most of Derick Thomson's recent output—significantly much of it written for public readings—has been overtly political—nationalist and rightist—and highly rhetorical, pointed by strong, occasionally violent imagery and well-honed wit. Thomson seems now to be using his rhetorical skills for ideological ends—in other words, the political commitment which, it was suggested above, had hitherto, indirectly, motivated much of his work, has now become the subject of it. (It is a pity that the anthology, because of its publication date, just missed this interesting development in Thomson's work.)

As early as the mid-sixties a strong satirical reaction had set in to the work of the "Famous Five"—as they have, inevitably, been dubbed. Recently, a number of young writers have been, more quietly, but with equal confidence, altering the direction of Gaelic literature.

Their poetry—and songs—are relatively more traditional, or, at least, less stridently "modern" in style. Though their preoccupations vary, a recurring one is the way-of-life of ordinary crofting folk in the Western Isles: dealt with not as a reference point for their own alienation but as a subject in its own right—and certainly not patronisingly.

Significantly also, the more "accessible" genres, drama and fiction, have featured at least as strongly as poetry. And, in fact, recently some of the best writers—the short story writer John Murray, for example, the playwright Finlay MacLeod and even Iain Smith—have been devoting much of their energy to writing for children.

All of this is, of course, merely a local, but independent example of a worldwide phenomenon—exemplified elsewhere in searches for "alternative" social and political systems, treaties such as "The Deschooling of Society" and disillusionment with the cult of progress for its own sake and with all modes of autocratic and elitist thinking.
How deeply these attitudes have affected the Gaelic literary revival remains to be seen. Whatever happens, however, it already seems clear that any anthology—and its introductory background essay—published twenty years hence will be quite different from this very commendable first one.

DONALD JOHN MACLEOD
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"To one who had been brought up in the wooded Pennsylvania valley and had never known a land without trees the contrast of Uist with nothing higher than the heather and the hay was to discover a new earth." This is only one of many differences between the Outer Hebrides and the rest of western civilisation, and this book reflects other, deeper, differences which Margaret Fay Shaw found during her residence in the south-eastern corner of the island from 1929 till 1935. South Uist, she tells us in the Introduction, written in 1955 for the first edition, "still retains in greater measure than any other part of the Highlands and Islands the great traditions of its Gaelic past." This Gaelic tradition is here mediated partly in translation, but mainly with the original text accompanied by translation. One important reason for the book's great value is that so much of it, both text and music, was noted down, accurately and sympathetically, long before South Uist became widely known as a rich source of folksong and folklore.

The book has been revised since its first edition. Some small additions have been made, and some of the notes on the songs have been lengthened a little. The excellent monochrome photographs (numbered 1-32), showing aspects of the everyday life and work of the people, have been collected at the end of the book, whereas in the first edition they were presented in groups in various parts of the work; the last photograph in the first edition has been replaced by a much more relevant one. But the most important change is the addition of an Appendix containing seventeen South Uist tunes contributed by the author in 1956 to Studia Memoriae Belae Bartók Sacra (Budapest, 1957): one of these (no. 7) is already in the main
Most of the remainder of the book is reproduced without change from the first edition; this has obvious dangers, but the only case I note of an error in the first edition being reproduced in the second is the date 1786 (recte 1768) on p. 260. The unchanged 1955 Introduction gives an account of the island, and of the Glendale community in which the author settled, the people and their work, and some of their traditions, beliefs and history. Then follows a section headed "Prayers and Saints' Days" and one headed "Duain—Ballads:" of the four duain given, only one is strictly a ballad in the sense of a narrative poem, for duan has a considerably wider meaning than this. There are proverbs, cures, recipes for food and for dyes, and six stories in English translation from one Glendale storyteller.

This takes us to p. 70, and the rest of the book is concerned with the songs, over a hundred of them, given with tunes and words. They are essentially the songs of one small district in the island, but they are not all of them, not even all of what Margaret Fay Shaw noted down. However, they are surely a good representative selection of the folksong of the area—the song which is genuinely of the people. The more learned tradition of the great 18th-century poets, which is also known in the oral tradition, is barely represented here (no. 13); nor is there anything of the ubiquitous Gaelic tradition of songs about local personalities and events, "village" poetry, which is often satirical and sometimes slanderous. The songs given are perhaps best read in conjunction with Chapter 2 of Derick S. Thomson's *Introduction to Gaelic Poetry*.

More than thirty of the songs belong to the "waulking song" category—choral (unison) songs used in the laborious process of fulling or waulking cloth in the traditional way (this process is attested on p. 72 as surviving in Glendale in 1955, by which time it had died out everywhere else). The tradition of these songs must be as old as the process itself, and some of the individual songs may date from the seventeenth or even the sixteenth century, though the effects of addition and subtraction in the oral tradition have undoubtedly changed them all. In theme, many are love songs and many are laments, both types often being related, not surprisingly, to sea-faring; they are thus very similar to songs in the sections headed "Songs of Love" and "Laments." One of these laments (no. 12) has the lines (inevitably diminished by translation): "It is a tragedy that your curly head is being torn in the seaweed, without
coffin, without shroud, but the sand of the bottom of the sea."
The emotional effect of this emphasis on the details of death becomes a little less startling when one realises that it is almost a commonplace in Gaelic songs lamenting death at sea.

No. 94, among the waulking songs, is of special interest in that the love expressed is, atypically, that of a man for a woman—or perhaps a boat, praised as a woman. It is likely that this song was in origin an *iorram* or rowing song (a type much beloved of Sir Walter Scott under the name *jorram*). This type of work song seems to have lost its practical function during the first half of the nineteenth century, but some of the songs were taken over into the waulking song tradition, which used similar metres and rhythms.

With most songs the author adds notes, usually identifying other versions—in many cases more complete versions. The second edition extends some of the notes, and some of them might be further added to. For no. 27 we could add a reference to the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. XLVIII, where a discussion of *Cholla, mo rùin* begins on p. 231. In *Scottish Studies*, vol. 7, p. 226, John MacInnes gives a Skye version of no. 42 and suggests that its date may be late 17th century. On p. 117 the note on a version in Menzies' collection was added for this second edition, and loses some of its significance when it is noted that Menzies' version is a practically *literatim* transcript of the Stewarts', which was named in the notes to the first edition.

A new "Addenda" page (298) is added, listing some relevant books and records published since 1955, and some still in the press. We can now add that vol. II of J. L. Campbell's *Hebridean Folksongs* appeared in 1977, as did Ethel Bassin's biography of Frances Tolmie, *The Old Songs of Skye*.

Since its first publication, *Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist* has been a valued and important work, a deep insight into the culture of Gaeldom in the 1930s: the second edition is an improvement.

**COLM Ó BAOILL**

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One unfortunate result of the enormous achievements and interest of early twentieth-century Scottish literature has been a relative critical disregard of the Scottish writers of the preceding fifty years. The position is worse with the poets, but even in prose, with the obvious exceptions of Stevenson, MacDonald, and possibly Lang, the later nineteenth-century seems to exist, at least in general Scottish critical discussion, only as a foil to the glory that was to come. The assumption seems quite ineradicable that the writers long lumped together as the Kailyard were feebly trying and wantonly failing to do in their writing what later generations would triumphantly perform. No amount of narrowly-based, specialist, academic study is likely to change the attitudes which most modern readers of Scottish literature bring to this period.

If Barrie has, over the years, attracted a fair amount of, largely non-Scottish, attention, it has been on account of his status as a children's fantalist in *Peter Pan*, and because of the gossip-worthiness of his psyche, and has hardly led to the general critical revaluation of his adult writings. The value of Allen Wright's *New Assessment of Barrie* is that it addresses itself to a reasonably non-specialist audience, and that, for all its overstatements and snap judgments (and, might one add, inherited embarrassments about its subject), it shows a genuine openness of response to this most difficult of periods in Scottish literary history.

Mr. Wright's is in some respects an infuriating little book. He rightly and interestingly invokes the widest range of contemporary parallels to set the context for Barrie's work (Carlyle, Chekov, Ibsen, Shaw, Stevenson, and even Sir Harry Lauder), but nearly always shies off with a disparaging phrase, leaving the comparison to Barrie's disadvantage. He allows himself the kind of frank overstatement that captivates in late-night conversation but sounds merely smug or knowing in print—as, for instance, when he dismisses a speech from one of the late plays as "sentimental twaddle" (p. 90), or when he interpolates that "of course, J. M. Barrie's mother fixation was of monumental proportions" (p. 35), or when he gives as the motive for Barrie's prose the realisation that "money was to be made from stories about humble Scottish life" (p. 90). Though Mr. Wright establishes the presence of significant social themes in Barrie's adult Edwardian dramas, the tone of his self-consciously revisionist praise for these plays—he refers to their "subversive quality" (p. 60)—seems wildly out of key with the Clubland Barrie we know from the
biographies. Can Barrie's social attitudes in *The Admirable Crichton*, for instance, really be parlayed into "the audacity, at the beginning of the Edwardian era, to suggest that the ruling classes were incompetent" (p. 92)? Surely there remains a distinction between ironic possibilities and political propaganda? Nor will all Barrie fans be happy with Mr. Wright's rather curt dismissal of *Peter Pan* as a "digression" from Barrie's real career (p. 91), though he handsomely admits its continuing appeal (pp. 47-50). The omission of any index is a serious flaw even in this comparatively short book, because of the rather unpredictable way, not quite chronological, not clearly thematic, in which Barrie's many works are taken. The (very incomplete) list of Barrie's own published works, and the (very) select bibliography of Barrie criticism (pp. 95-96) do not give place of publication, publisher, or even date, for the works they list, and the title is wrongly cited for the two of J. A. Hammerton's three books on Barrie here included.

Nonetheless, Mr. Wright has written a book with many good and thought-provoking things to say. He is a practising drama critic (for *The Scotsman*), and has weighted his book towards the adult plays. He fully concedes the unevenness of Barrie's stage-work, but he has particularly interesting praise for Barrie's social observation, in his discussions of *The Twelve Pound Look*, and of the one-acter *Shall We Join The Ladies* (pp. 63-66). It is from the stage-plays that he has developed his central idea about Barrie, that his genius rested on an "ability to strike a balance between comedy and pathos" (p. 91), and that he was betraying his gift when he "wanders off into realms of fantasy" (p. 93). The discussion of the Thrums books (Ch. 2) is used as a preparation for this central thesis, and Mr. Wright, while he praises Barrie for his "command of Scots vernacular speech," sees the stories' chief strength as coming from the very duality of attitude that George Blake long ago condemned: to Mr. Wright, Barrie's stories are "sympathetic satire," not so much patronising as penetrating in its observation (p. 33). It is in the brief but first-rate discussion of Barrie's late Scottish story *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan* (pp. 37-41) that Mr. Wright shows real critical quality, bringing out through careful quotation the strange power and rich texture of Barrie's writing. Indeed, in these pages, Mr. Wright seems to forget his rather simplistic central thesis, and to confront the much more difficult and complex Barrie suggested in his subtitle—it was, after all, not mere social observation that led R. L. S. to praise the "glamour of twilight" in Barrie's pen. Here, in fact, is a clue to the revaluation of Barrie's Thrums stories—until we recognise the careful construction of a central liter-
ary consciousness in these works, and the consequently tentative and half-known nature of the idyllic worlds that consciousness encounters, the Thrums stories will always be misread as sentimental or exploitative, rather than as exploratory of something in Barrie himself. Thrums is not so much a simplified, well-packaged version of a real Kirriemuir, as a region of the mind, expressing a typically late-Victorian ambivalence about all old lights whatsoever, while simultaneously coming to recognition of how inescapably both culture and psyche remain oriented by the old landmarks, lights or no.

The New Assessments series will, one hopes, gain wide distribution in schools, and public libraries, and general bookshops, as well as in academic circles. The lively enthusiasm of this book deserves a general audience, but its usefulness to non-specialists could have been much increased by firmer editorial control—ideally, it should combine Mr. Wright's freshness and verve, with that orderly exposition of basic biographical material which marked the old Famous Scots series, and with a bibliographical appendix on the lines of the British Council pamphlets. Yet, if he lacks the duller pedagogic virtues, Mr. Wright has written an intelligent essay that well lives up to the series title. He conveys a firm sense that such critical debate matters to the general national culture, and his critical openness, to a period much Scottish criticism treats both metaphorically and literally as a closed book, makes his work particularly welcome.

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In the introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate (1827), admitting his authorship of the Waverley novels, Scott compared himself to the unmasked Harlequin who could no longer perform with the verve and freedom which his disguise had favored. The analogy applies to the introductions written for the "Magnum" edition of the novels (1827-1831), in which Scott speaks in his own person. They are essentially blander and more reticent than many of the anonymous or pseudonymous utterances which accompany the earlier editions. Peter Pattieson in Tales
of my Landlord could discuss themes and moral purposes, and even suggest deeper personal feeling. The Author of Waverley and Captain Clutterbuck, separate personae of Scott, could argue about techniques, the purposes of the serious novel, and the demands of the popular audience in The Fortunes of Nigel. But Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, in these later introductions is more on his guard. Though his tone is frank, even personal at times, what he reveals is external: the circumstances of his writing, the stories, anecdotes, and historical facts on which his narratives are based, and bland confessions on his most obvious alterations of the source material. These introductions have their uses, to be sure, but they are likely to be closely linked to study of the texts of the individual novels. And, in fact, nearly all recent editions reprint them.

Professor Weinstein's selection, in a convenient, well-printed volume, includes nearly all the introductions from the Magnum edition, with the exception of those for The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, and parts of those for Waverley, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, and The Bride of Lammermoor. Of the earlier prefaces, introductory chapters, epistles and envoys, about one-third are included. Scott's review of Tales of My Landlord is reprinted (minus the long quotations) from the Quarterly Review of 1817, and so is the previously unpublished introduction to Count Robert of Paris.

This last item seems to demand a bit more explanation than the editor gives it. He states that it was intended to be printed, since Ballantyne's note on the corrected proofs asks that it be corrected [i.e., reset in type] immediately. The editor speculates that the revised proofs did not reach Scott in time for a final correction and were therefore not included in the Magnum edition of the novel. But the text of the introduction itself supplies the most important reason for its suppression. In it, Scott comments on a major episode in the narrative—an episode which was suppressed and did not appear in the published text of any edition. Originally the warlike Countess of Paris engages in a public hand-to-hand combat with the Princess Anna Comnena of Byzantium, and loses because pregnancy impairs her normal fighting skill. Cadell and Ballantyne protested vehemently at the "indecency," and Scott substituted a more conventional duel between Count Robert and Hereward, the English Varangian. Either this introduction was written before the revisions were made, or Scott, sick and sometimes confused in the days before his departure for the Mediterranean, forgot that he had changed the story.

Apart from the convenience of having so much of the preface material in a single volume rather than scattered through
two dozen or more, this collection does not offer much. It is not as useful, for example, as Joan Williams' *Sir Walter Scott on Novels and Novelists* (New York, Barnes & Noble, 1968) which includes a diversity of less accessible material from the miscellaneous prose as well as the novels. All eight of Williams' selections from the *Waverley* prefaces are also reprinted by Mr. Weinstein. Although the editor's preface is sound and enlightening as far as its compass of eight pages allows, it skirts the most interesting questions about the earlier prefaces: how far their personae voice Scott's own opinions and perceptions, to what extent they are burlesque or ironic in purpose, and whether they demonstrate any significant change or development.

If Scott removed his Harlequin mask in the Introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate* in 1827, it was only to assume the blander, less penetrable mask of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, in the Introductions to the Magnum edition. A complete reprint of all the prefatory material, or a fuller selection of the more revealing earlier material, might have helped to make the real countenance more perceptible. One can only regret that this was not done.

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Everard H. King views his study of James Beattie "as much an attempt to see the waning of the Age of Enlightenment in Scotland and England through a restatement and an analysis of his ideas and principles and of the preoccupations of his poetic life, as it is an assessment of Beattie's achievement, influence, and place as a writer" (p. 9). Students of the eighteenth century have needed a work which would provide such a comprehensive picture of Beattie. Although Professor King succeeds in achieving many of his aims, he has not completely realized all of them.

In the first two chapters, he offers a most sympathetic and informed discussion of Beattie's life and times: in particular, his troubled personal life; career and impact as a teacher; and association with others in the Scottish intellectual world. King uses unpublished manuscripts most helpfully:
Beattie's "Journal of Sessions" allows us to glimpse the man at work as a presence in the classroom; and his student James Rennie's description of the lectures reveals the humane character of the man. Beattie emerges vividly as a personality here and again in the next three chapters as we follow his activities as champion of common sense and defender of the Christian religion in the Essay on Truth and Evidences of the Christian Religion. King believes "The Castle of Scepticism," unpublished in Beattie's age, has received inadequate attention, and he makes it come alive again for us as he effectively relates the work to Beattie's interests, and to satire of the eighteenth century, in addition to the classical tradition.

The extended commentary on Beattie's poetry which follows these chapters does not match the usefulness of the first part of the book. King's discussion of the minor poetry includes numerous claims for Beattie's "new" practices and attitudes, indicative of Romanticism, and their unique qualities. But often the passages cited can be seen to be very similar to those found in other poets of the age. King's analysis of The Minstrel should include some reference to Beattie's own comment that the "hint" for it came from Bishop Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels; Percy is not mentioned in the book. It is helpful to observe, as King does, that the Hermit's advice to Edwin compares to those issues taught by Beattie in a philosophy course (p. 95). But it is misleading to argue that Beattie offers here "a new doctrine of nature's moral power" (p. 92), since various poets before Beattie have at least some claim for this as well. What of Joseph Warton's "The Enthusiast: or, The Lover of Nature" (1744), or Thomas Warton's "The Pleasures of Melancholy" (1747)? Joseph Warton is not mentioned in the book; the latter is cited once in another context, although not listed in the index. Thomas Warton is neglected in yet another way, for King suggests that "the popularity of... [The Minstrel] was probably the major cause of the great revival of interest in Spenser in the second half of the eighteenth century" (p. 104). But surely Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queene (1754) ought to be acknowledged. Here too the passages cited to indicate Beattie's unique and new contributions to poetry are not convincing. The following lines in no way suggest any advance on similar ones that can be found in Edward Young's Night Thoughts (1742) or Robert Blair's The Grave (1743): "Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore, Stretch their enormous gloom..." A claim for a "new kind of poetic vision" (p. 93) is unsupported when such lines as the following are offered by the author as proof: "While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join;" or "The wild brook babbling down the mountain side."
The chapter describing the influence of *The Minstrel* presents some convincing evidence to demonstrate Wordsworth's debt to Beattie, and expands on another scholar's suggestion that Keats was significantly influenced. But the material offered to prove Shelley's debt amounts to little more than slight verbal similarities. The section on Coleridge's indebtedness is particularly weak. A brief passage from his "Monody on the Death of Chatterton" occasions various unfounded assertions. King begs the question by claiming that the reason Coleridge and other Romantic poets remain silent on "their Edwinlike qualities" can be explained by believing "their silence indicates a deep-rooted preoccupation with Edwin as the personification of the largely unspoken fears and hopes of their own early poetic lives" (p. 129). Those readers who value Coleridge's poetry will be puzzled by King's gratuitous comment that "the nature of much of Coleridge's poetry leads one to claim that he knew considerably less about nature and poetic identity than any of the other Romantic poets" (p. 131).

In the ninth and tenth chapters, King speaks of Beattie's literary prose and of his reputation. It would be helpful to cite Hugh Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (1783) in connection with Beattie's "On Fable and Romance," since both are making significant contributions to discussions of the novel in the same year. The claim that the prose descriptions of the Scottish landscape and people in "Essay on Poetry" are the first of their kind "published for their own sake" (p. 136), might be revised in light of Dr. Johnson's achievement the previous year in his *Journey to the Western Isles* (1775). It is not clear why Beattie's essay "Illustrations on Sublimity" (1783) can be called "an attempt to present a clearer distinction between sublimity and beauty than any other critic had made" (p. 155), when one recalls Edmund Burke's comprehensive *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* (1759).

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Erik Frykman readily admits that, "anyone who has read MacCaig's scathing and perhaps somewhat condescending poem 'Academic' in A Man in My Position might think twice before undertaking a critical examination of his poetry. Still, the risk must be taken." He is right, of course; there is a "risk" but it is certainly worth taking. Norman MacCaig can surely now be regarded as one of Scotland's foremost living poets—if not the foremost—and his work deserves more attention than it has thus far been granted, particularly outside Scotland. The individuality and the sheer quality of MacCaig's poetry merits this fresh study, and Mr. Frykman is to be commended for taking the leap into criticism.

Mr. Frykman opens his brief monograph with a tantalizing Introduction, which raises a number of significant general points about MacCaig's poetry—some followed up, some not. He notes that the great majority of the poems are located specifically in Scotland; while he thus defines the geographical limits of the poetry, Mr. Frykman at the same time asserts that these are limitations of a "liberating" kind, the borders of a marvellously varied body of poetry, particularly poetry of the landscape. Mr. Frykman recognizes other limits also: he correctly marks the absence of political poetry or strident social comment; he acknowledges that, "MacCaig has dared to be Scottish without writing in Lallans"; he points out the "economy," the conciseness of the verse. These, too, act ultimately as "liberating" forces. One wishes that the author had elaborated on these powerful generalities. Other of his sweeping statements are less convincing, such as his attempt to place the vast majority of the poems in the immediate present; this can be taken only so far, as Mr. Frykman comes to realize as his critique unfolds and he discovers the importance of myth and history in the imagery, as well as the poet's "fondness" for wide-ranging time-space themes. Mr. Frykman's main purpose in the Introduction is to highlight MacCaig's "obvious gift for metaphor," his "lust for metaphor-making" which is the governing idea of this aptly-titled critical study (the title comes from MacCaig's "Learning," in Rings on a Tree.) As Mr. Frykman modestly states, "The present study does not claim to be more than a brief examination of, particularly, two aspects of MacCaig's verse: his major thematic preoccupations, and clearly discernible patterns in his imagery." His little book does more or less what he meant it to do; it examines, it explores, but happily, it in no way tries to say the final or definitive word on the subject.

Mr. Frykman sets out by trying to organize his study rather arbitrarily; one feels that the task of labelling or categorizing MacCaig's poems by "theme" or "image-pattern" is an
exercise with too many exceptions ever to prove any rules. Nonetheless, he is able to place the poems into rough categories: "The Poet and his Art"; "Landscape and Mindscape"; "People"; and miscellaneously, "Love, Myth, History, Space and Time, Death." Mr. Frykman helpfully gives numerous examples and short quotations from the poetry throughout the book, to illustrate in close analysis (sometimes myopically close) the points he wishes to make about theme and imagery. If these examples seem frequently to contradict one another, they still serve to point up the very complexity of the poet's vision; out of Mr. Frykman's attempt to impose a rigid order on the poetry, emerges all too clearly the truth that MacCaig stubbornly resists classification. Mr. Frykman ultimately concedes MacCaig, with Walt Whitman, the "right to contradict himself."

The first of the thematic categories, "The Poet and his Art," illuminates with genuine appreciation some vital aspects of MacCaig's poetic personality—his irony (often self-directed); his "playfulness;" his bursts of self-assertion; his profound awareness of his limits as man and poet; his modesty and restraint; his essential honesty. The section "Landscape and Mindscape" investigates a particularly important tendency of the poet to establish a relationship between the (Scottish) landscape and his own mind. Here, Mr. Frykman seems rather too eager to try to fit MacCaig into an inappropriate "Romantic" role, to the point where the poet appears to "lose" himself in the landscape, to become "one" with it: this is not quite fair. While the poet-landscape relationship is one of deep love, it is also one of respect, as MacCaig must fight to uphold the individuality, the integrity of the landscape or "other." His metaphysical mind transforms the landscape, perceives it uniquely, but never seeks to absorb it into pure ego. Similarly, the love-poetry seems not to be passionate enough for Mr. Frykman; again, MacCaig fails to fit his "Romantic" preconceptions. This is not to say that the love-poetry lacks feeling, however; as G. S. Fraser has pointed out, such reticence about the display of strong emotion may even be a Scottish trait. Depth of feeling is surely there; Mr. Frykman seems uneasy in allowing MacCaig to express it through the "Metaphysical manner" or conceit. MacCaig's admirable restraint in such love-poems indeed recalls the controlled passion of Donne. The important "Metaphysical" element of MacCaig's poetry is underplayed throughout the book.

Following this inevitably rather frustrating attempt to pin down predominant themes in MacCaig's poetry, Mr. Frykman goes on to deal (somewhat more confidently) with a number of recurring patterns of metaphor. The chief device is, of course, the
poet's relentless tendency to anthropomorphize. Mr. Frykman is right to emphasize this central, humanistic impulse. He might also have mentioned that such thoroughgoing personification is a feature of Scottish Gaelic poetry, as well. Mr. Frykman is honest in his criticism of MacCaig's occasional weakness in handling such abundant figurative language, some of which "misses the mark"; however, many of these "imprecise" metaphors might appear more convincing when seen, not in isolation as they are treated here, but as parts of whole poems. Like Robin Fulton, Mr. Frykman feels that MacCaig sometimes exhibits a disturbing "reductive" tendency, rendering potentially-significant themes merely "decorative" or "whimsical." This, too, could be argued—but are they not taking the poet more solemnly than perhaps he takes himself? Most readers of MacCaig will not need to be prompted to delight in the "Meta-physical" wit and sharp sense of humor which is such an important part of the poetry.

On the whole, Mr. Frykman's study succeeds in calling attention to most of the major thematic and stylistic characteristics of MacCaig's verse. These are most fully and beautifully illustrated in the longer poem "A Man in Assynt," as Mr. Frykman demonstrates in the final section, concluding the volume on a positive note. This book represents a fairly skillful New Critical approach to MacCaig's poetry, and thus, by definition, precludes any broader consideration of the poet in his cultural context. MacCaig's development within the Scottish literary milieu is an aspect still in need of discussion. Mr. Frykman's book does achieve its stated aims, and is a welcome tribute to MacCaig's work.

MARY JANE W. SCOTT
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NOTES

1 G. S. Fraser, Review of Erik Frykman's 'Unemphatic Marvels'—A Study of Norman MacCaig's Poetry, TLS (9 September, 1977), 1077.

2 Robin Fulton, Contemporary Scottish Poetry--Individuals and Contexts (Loanhead, Midlothian, 1974), p. 76.

Philip Flynn's quite slim volume makes a valuable contribution to Jeffrey studies, superseding as it does the book-length account by J. A. Grieg (1948) which was wholly biased in Jeffrey's favor. Flynn's book can be set beside Cockburn's life and collection of letters (1852) as a standard work. He wisely presents Jeffrey not as a mere literary critic, but in the context of his Scottish intellectual background. Thus a discussion of Jeffrey's "philosophical education" is followed by chapters on his inherited theory of knowledge, and then on his views of the moral sentiments and social progress, politics—the war and reform, aesthetics and literary history, poetry and the novel. Flynn here lays out a scheme which succeeding students of Jeffrey can take advantage of, exploring particular areas in greater depth than he himself has been able to do.

The rather fascinating personal side of Jeffrey is here hardly touched upon, though the author's reliance on Cockburn and Jeffrey's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* shows correctly how much the private was subordinated to the public man. Flynn does not relate Jeffrey to the larger than Scottish tradition to which Horner alluded in a hitherto unpublished letter here quoted (45) where he compares the position of the potential editor of the *Edinburgh* to that held in eighteenth-century France by Bayle and LeClerc, and to which Carlyle referred many years later when he compared Jeffrey to Voltaire and Goldoni. Nor does Flynn explore the great influence which Jeffrey exercised not only as a critic but also as originator of a certain kind of critical article and as editor of a review. He established the format of article and review which dominated Anglophone intellectual culture past the end of the nineteenth century. Against Flynn's assertion that since Arnold major critics have ignored the public to which Jeffrey catered (171) one can observe that in the twentieth century such giants as Eliot and Leavis have striven to fill the gap which the decline and death of the quarterlies caused.

However, these negative indications of limitations only point up the value of Flynn's book as an introductory study. In Chapter I he refers the reader back to the eighteenth-century Scottish Enlightenment with its ideal, to a high degree realized, of literature, broadly understood, appreciated by a large and central social group. As Cockburn wrote, quoted by Flynn, "learning was improved by society, and society by learning" (25). Jeffrey was indebted to this broad setting and to
its formalisation in the university, particularly Jardine's philosophical class at Glasgow. The latter's "almost daily requirement of written themes" (28) provided excellent training for the mind of the future reviewer. Flynn also shows how Jeffrey benefitted later from the intellectual clubbishness of Edinburgh society and from his apprenticeship and experience as a lawyer.

In the following carefully documented discussion of Jeffrey's epistemology, ethics, politics and aesthetics, Flynn convincingly shows Jeffrey to be in particular a follower of the sceptical Hume with his sage assertions: "a true sceptic will be diffident of his philosophical doubts, as well as of his philosophical conviction," and "Be a philosopher; but, amidst all your philosophy, be still a man" (54). It was again the percipient Horner who addressed Jeffrey as "my dear Pyrrhonist" (55). In his moral and social thinking Jeffrey shared Hume's reliance on generalisation; however, he distrusted too much theory, including the theory of progress. As philosophically and morally, so politically Jeffrey's mind, as he himself said, was "disposed to accommodation" (96), but he did come out against the Peninsular War and later for Reform. His aim was to thwart revolution at home with what was to become the typical Liberal policy of allowing greater play to public opinion and enlightening and restraining the democratically minded populace. He sided with Reform, though without ardour.

Flynn shows well Jeffrey's aesthetic debt (after Hume) to the associationism of Alison, and how he stressed the special social responsibility of the creative writer. Unfortunately Burns, Wordsworth and Byron, in their different ways, failed to live up to this ideal. As Flynn wittily puts it, "out of the nettle of subjectivism" Jeffrey plucked "the flower of a public standard" (144). He applied this standard not only to the poets, but also in his accounts of the history of English literature and in his literary reviews generally, as they are here presented.

In his conclusion Flynn suggests that Jeffrey saw the end of the Scottish Enlightenment. One looks forward to further studies tracing Jeffrey's role in the continuing influence of this Enlightenment not only in a rapidly changing Scotland, but also in England, the Empire, and the United States.

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Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., in an article in the *William and Mary Quarterly* in October 1964, argued that the emphasis in the phrase "pursuit of happiness" as used in the Declaration of Independence should be upon the word "happiness" and not on "pursuit." There was a natural right to happiness which the programs of the government should ensure. Garry Wills in his book *Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence* is working in the same direction.

All of the foremost Jefferson scholars—Carl Becker, Julian Boyd, Dumas Malone, Merrill Peterson—have misjudged what Jefferson had in mind when he wrote the Declaration. Becker is the chief culprit for it was he in 1922 who argued that the Declaration merely embodied the Lockean ideas that provided the climate of opinion for Revolutionary America. According to Wills, it was not Locke but Francis Hutcheson who influenced Jefferson. Locke may have been in the air, but Hutcheson was "in Jefferson's hand." (p. 201) The ideas of Hutcheson had been filtered through David Hume, Adam Smith, Thomas Reid, and Adam Ferguson—the Scottish school of common sense philosophy. It was this Scottish influence that was central to Jefferson's thinking while writing the great document. "America in general had gone to school to the Scots in its last colonial period." (p. 176) "Jefferson's thought touches at some places all the leading thinkers of the Scottish Enlightenment; but the most entire correspondence is with Hutcheson." (p. 205) Wills argues on very little evidence (the Jefferson papers are conveniently sparse for the early years) that William Small, Aberdeen educated and Glasgow trained, who taught Jefferson at William and Mary, was the channel between the Scottish Enlightenment and Jefferson.

Just as Palladio found his principles in the Villa Rotonda and Rittenhouse in his orrery, Jefferson found "Benevolence" the organizing principle in society. This is what Wills means by saying that Jefferson "invented" America. Jefferson found this principle and embodied it in his Declaration, the one he drafted, not the one adopted after changes by the Congress, for Wills argues that these changes were significant. As the reader must get back to what Jefferson wrote, Wills prints as an appendix "The Declarations of Jefferson and of the Congress."

More important than the right to property was the right to happiness. For Jefferson the right to property was an "adventitious" one, not a "natural" one. (p. 231) Jefferson was not
thinking of private happiness, but public happiness. "Benevolence is defined as the desire to promote happiness in others." (p. 150) Hutcheson had spoken in 1725 in his *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue* "of the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Public happiness was not something vague, but something measurable, the test and justification of any government.

Jefferson considered the pursuit of that happiness an unalienable right. Proof was in the science of morality. Hutcheson's problem had been to get the self into motion for itself, while performing acts that were not "predatorily selfish." (p. 195) Thus Hutcheson's "mechanics of virtue." Hutcheson "has made virtue a lovely form to excite our pursuit of it, and has given us strong affections to be springs of each virtuous action." (p. 205). The moral sense was directed to others. It was the principle of sociability, of benevolence, not of selfishness. Therefore self-interest could not be the foundation of the social contract as in Locke; it must be the moral sense found in everyone. As Jefferson wrote: "Because nature hath implanted in our breasts a love of others, a sense of duty to them, a moral instinct, in short, which prompts us irresistibly to feel and to succor their distresses." (p. 206)

Man is distinguished from the beasts by this highest faculty, "which, for the Scottish moral-sense philosopher, is not reason but benevolence, not the head but the heart." (p. 223) In this way, Wills argues, Jefferson could see the Blacks as equal to all men. Thus the right to the pursuit of happiness has a communitarian overtone, not an individualistic one. "Locke's system of government began with the individual's autonomy. Hutcheson's begins with social drives and interdependence." (p. 236)

At this point Adam Smith's concept of property is introduced—"the right of exchange" is the basic one, not the "right of retention." From this point it is easy to jump to Jefferson's views that land must be dispersed among great multitudes, and such distribution preserved by agrarian laws to undergird a broad-based democracy. Whereas James Harrington's agrarian law had emphasized stability, Jefferson's emphasized change. Hutcheson believed that property was "a form of 'language' meant to promote human intercourse and solidarity." (p. 237)

After having transformed the concepts of individual drive and of property, Wills proves to his satisfaction that this Jeffersonian view of human nature was necessary and inexorable. "Thus Jefferson talks of man as 'followed after' happiness by more than vague yearning—indeed, by a uniform necessity of his nature, something as regular as a magnetic needle's turn to the
This is a brilliant tour de force by the author, the transformation of the Declaration from an individualistic philosophy to an humanitarian, communitarian one. Whether Wills is correct or not is not important, for he has given us a new dimension in which to test Jefferson's thought. It is, however, an interpretation more in tune with the programmatic liberals of today than with the pure milk of nineteenth-century liberalism.

No matter how much we would like to believe in this mechanics of virtue, one wonders if men are strong enough today to follow such dictates of the heart. This theme was more true of the founding fathers (thus there must be reason to believe that Jefferson was in part moved by these thoughts) than of those who now guide us. The danger lies in the programs designed to achieve this public happiness. All noble dreams seem to have their darker linings.

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The immense contribution of Charles Richard Sanders will always be remembered in the world of Carlyle scholarship, and we are fortunate that seven of his best essays about Carlyle have now been collected, with a number of others, in the present volume. To some of us a few of them have already proved indispensable, difficult to get at though they have been. They are the result of a lifetime's devoted scholarship—or, perhaps, rather less than a single life if we take into account future expectations and past achievement in other fields. Several of them are based on letters to and from Carlyle from such friends as Tennyson, Thackeray and Leigh Hunt; and these are unobtrusively and wisely presented, so much in the spirit of the original authors that it would be easy to overlook the editor's sure control, graceful scholarship and perceptive incidental criticism. They are essays we are grateful to have.

Standing first in the collection is the study entitled "The Victorian Rembrandt: Carlyle's Portraits of His Contemporaries." It is an aspect of Carlyle's art compelling admir-
ation, not often questioned though adverse criticism is fairly
given here and convincingly answered. As Carlyle himself
wrote, there is no "secret for being 'graphic,'" except one
"clearly in every man's power: To have an open loving heart,
and what follows from the possession of such... This it is that
opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect
to do its fit work, that of knowing" ("Biography"). True in
general, true of Carlyle, and true of the author of the pre-
sent essays. It is among many aspects of Carlyle that tend to
be forgotten. We are reminded that he wrote to his brother
Alexander in Canada, in 1847: "And train the children each in
its own little garden, to respect fruit-trees, honorable pro-
fit, industry, beauty, and good order: it is the summary of
all the Gospels to man!" (It might be Yeats praying for his
daughter.) He was "austere" Jeffrey told Leigh Hunt: "'Au-
stere!!'" cried Hunt, "I said it was one of the last epithets
I should have given you, it was like the austere rind of fruit
round a heart of sweetness." Not that there was not another
side to Carlyle; but even the portraits etched with acid are
memorable because he never judges anyone just with regard to
office or reputation, but keenly scrutinizes him as a man. It
is what makes Carlyle, in part, a Boswell to the whole age.
Emerson, in 1846, saw it in "the organism" of his eye, "the
valid eye, in which I see the strong executive talent which has
made his thought available to nations, whilst others... are
pale and powerless."

Much of this would not come to mind but for these essays,
modestly introduced in the preface as about Carlyle's "social
side." They are, of course, much more than this, especially
perhaps the long study of Carlyle and Leigh Hunt. There is a
great deal in this skilfully-presented essay, which might call
for a lengthier examination were it not that Hunt and Carlyle
can largely be left to discuss their own relationship. It was
certainly a significant one, discerning, loving, critical, in
much fundamentally opposed, and coming to express the deepest
convictions of both men. One aspect it partly brought out was
the nature of Carlyle's Scottishness. According to Carlyle,
himself, as they got to know each other Hunt took alarm at his
convictions, "which he would call 'Scotch,' 'Presbyterian,'
who knows what." And, certainly, in his Autobiography Hunt
says of Carlyle's sense that much of the world was "devilish,"
that it was "after the old Covenanter fashion, in order that"
he might "find something angelical in giving it the proper
quality of vituperation and blows." More seriously, in Hunt's
first reviews of Carlyle's public lectures, he maintained a
critical independence, questioning his outlook, on which Car-
lyle wrote in his journal, "His whole way of life is at death-
variance with mine." One man was as extreme as the other, Hunt cheerfully seeking happiness and the abolition of Hell, and much more Mediterranean in culture than merely English: Carlyle showing an even more than Scottish dourness, durability, "Cameronian rigour," firm principle, and disdain for "paltering, poltroonery and crying for the want of taffy."

Their friendship survived because of their mutual recognition that each was a serious and dedicated writer. It is very true that, as David De Laura remarks, these collected essays also throw an interesting light on "the complex and sometimes surprising ways in which the English literary community conducted its personal and private business." They remind us how inevitable was Carlyle's decision to settle in London; how he could hardly have continued to exist as a writer without it; that it nourished a life which depended on expressing itself and even on the stimulus of contradiction; and that Carlyle's friends and fellow-writers saw him as a leader in the literary community from soon after his arrival in Cheyne Row. There is a remarkable observation in a letter from Thackeray to his mother in 1839: "Criticism has been a party matter with us till now, and literature a poor political lacquey--please God we shall begin ere long to love are for art's sake. It is Carlyle who has worked more than any other to give it its independence." There is truth in this perhaps surprising comment: some of the work was through his example of independence, some in direct participation in discussing the role of the author by profession, and even more in the great web of associations which came together in the friendships of the Carlyles. The deep respect in which the nineteenth-century community of letters felt for Carlyle was well-judged. One notes, too, another comment written by Thackeray to his mother that, by January 1840, he had visited Chelsea "to see Carlyle and Mrs. C.--pleasanter more high-minded people I don't know."

Readers will no doubt also be pleased to have available the thoughtful study of "The Carlyles and Byron," and also "The Background of Carlyle's Portrait of Coleridge in The Life of John Sterling." Both are satisfying and vigorous studies of permanent value. In all, I am sure that readers will not find that I recommend this volume myself only in the partiality of friendship. It was in friendship that Carlyle best expressed and perhaps best understood himself—as with Edward Irving through whom he said he first learned "what the communion of man with man means." It is with particular pleasure, therefore, that we understand that we may now look forward to a complete study of Irving and Carlyle by Professor Sanders.

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Adam Smith was not one of the world's great letter writers. "I can write as seldom and as short as you," David Hume remonstrated in a letter to his friend in January 1766 and a decade later Hume referred to Smith's laziness as a correspondent. So we do not get, in this volume of his letters edited by that veteran scholar of the Scottish Enlightenment Ernest Mossner and his erstwhile student and now colleague Ian Ross, any sustained picture of the man and his moods throughout his life. Nevertheless, this is both an instructive and a fascinating book, giving us sudden clear glimpses not only of the stages of Smith's career but also of that complexly patterned world of friendship, patronage, mutual introductions and socio-cultural exchanges that made the Scottish Enlightenment at the same time a series of personal indulgences and a European phenomenon. We see the place of influence and patronage in academic as well as political appointments and we note, with surprise sometimes, how it was taken as an absolute matter of course that friendship implied going out of one's way to do a service, to provide an introduction, to write a letter to an influential figure, to put oneself out for a friend (or his son). We note too how men of letters formed a European community who as a matter of course sought each other out and carried mutual introductions when they travelled.

Smith sometimes goes rather far. "Your Lordship, I hope, will have the thanks of the whole country in general, and of our society in particular for your generous patronage of a man whom we regard as undoubtedly the first Poet as well as one of the most eminent Philosophers of the Present age." So wrote Professor Adam Smith in Glasgow to Lord Milton, in support of William Wilkie, "the Scottish Homer," author of the egregious epic The Epigoniad. Did Smith really think that this St. Andrews professor was the first poet of the age (as David Hume professed to think) or was he just trying to be helpful? He helped young people as well as established figures. To David Hume, 22 February 1763: "This Letter will be presented to you by Mr Henry Herbert, a young Gentleman who is very well acquainted with your works, and upon that account extremely desirous of being introduced to the Author, As I am convinced that you will find him extremely agreeable, I shall make no apology in introducing him." Hume replies on 28 March: "I was obliged to you both for your kind Letter and for the Opportunity which you afforded me of making Acquaintance with Mr. Herbert, who appears to me a very promising young man." In 1764 Smith was in Toulouse as travelling tutor to Henry Scott, 3rd Duke
of Buccleuch (it is interesting how many distinguished Scott­
ish intellectuals, including Hume, took jobs as travelling
 tutors to young aristocrats) and while there he received a
 letter from the Glasgow "tobacco lord" John Glassford asking
 for Smith's good offices on behalf of one George Kippen, a
 Glaswegian about to go to the south of France for his health.
 "You no doubt are acquainted with Mr Kippens Character and
 usefulness in Society which makes it unnecessary for me to
 say much in Recommendation of Him to your Civilities if he
 fixes at Toulouse or its neighbourhood. I know that he can
 depend on your best advice and friendship in directing him to
 a proper House to lodge in That they may have as many of the
 conveniences as are to be afforded to Strangers in their Situ­
ation." There are numerous other similar examples in the cor­
respondence.

This volume contains 179 letters by Adam Smith, written be­
tween October 1740 and May 1790 (he died on 17 July 1790), of
which 48 have never before been published, and 125 letters
written to him, including all extant letters to him from David
Hume, a very important series indeed. There is an interesting
letter from Lord Shelburne in Dublin, dated 26 April 1759, in
which he compares Glasgow favourably with Oxford and Cambridge:
"The great fault I find with Oxford and Cambridge, is that
Boys sent thither instead of being the Governed, become the
Governors of the Colleges, and that Birth and Fortune are more
respected than Literary Merit; I flatter'd myself that it was
not so at Glasgow, and your commendation of my Son's confor­
mity to the Discipline of the place he is in, persuades me that
you think as I do...."

A letter from Smith to Lord Hailes, the distinguished judge,
antiquary and man of letters, dated 15 January 1759, talks in
some detail about the progress of his research for The Wealth
of Nations and illustrates that friendly mutual assistance in
research that was characteristic of the Scottish literati.
The postscript is typical: "If your Lordship wishes to see
any of the Books I have on the Prices of Provisions they are
all at your service, as are likewise any papers on the same
subject which I may hereafter be able to collect." This, like
similar letters to other correspondents, was not an empty ex­
pression of courtesy: Smith had, as he wrote to John Bruce in
1780, a "mortal aversion to letters of compliment and cere­
mony" and what he wrote to and for his friends was genuinely
meant. As he wrote to the bookseller and publisher Thomas
Cadell in 1782, he had an "aversion to writing," exacerbated
by his hypochondria. In January 1772 Hume wrote reproaching
Smith for his lack of communication and unsocial behaviour.
"I shall not take any Excuse from your own State of Health,
which I suppose only a Subterfuges invented by Indolence and Love of Solitude. Indeed, my Dear Smith, if you continue to hearken to Complaints of this Nature, you will cut Yourself out entirely from human Society, to the great Loss of both Parties."

Not all the mutual introduction and high exchange of courtesies were as real as some of them were. Smith wrote to Hume from Toulouse on 21 October 1764 asking him to thank Lord Hertford, British Ambassador in Paris where Hume served as secretary to the Embassy, for giving him a letter of recommendation to "the Duke of Richelieu." He added: "There was Indeed one small mistake in it. He called me Robinson instead of Smith."

This volume includes the famous letter from Smith to William Strachan (9 November 1776) giving a full account of Hume's death. Among the letters that passed between Smith and Hume the most interesting exchange is Hume's explanation of why he was thinking of settling permanently in France and Smith's reply dissuading him from this (September 1765).

Smith never forgot his years at Glasgow. On 16 November 1787 he wrote from Edinburgh to Dr. Archibald Davidson, Principal of Glasgow University: "No one can owe greater obligations to a Society than I do to the University of Glasgow. They educated me, they sent me to Oxford, soon after my return to Scotland they elected me one of their own members, and afterwards preferred me to another office, to which the abilities and Virtues of the never to be forgotten Dr Hutcheson had given a superior degree of illustration. The period of thirteen years which I spent as a member of that society I remember as by far the most useful, and, therefore, as by far the happiest and most honourable period of my life..."

The letters addressed to Smith printed in this volume were chosen on the grounds that their "contents provided significant information about Smith, or the lives of acquaintances in his career." Other letters to Smith are calendared but not printed. The volume itself is the sixth and last volume of the massive Glasgow edition of the works and correspondence of Adam Smith, commissioned by the University of Glasgow to celebrate the bicentenary of The Wealth of Nations in 1976. Edited with scrupulous scholarship and admirably produced and printed (I have found only one misprint, "me" for "be" on page 126), it is a worthy conclusion to a notable publishing enterprise. For the real specialist there are appendices giving Governor Thomas Pownall's 40-page letter to Smith containing his detailed critique of The Wealth of Nations, a document "on the State of the Contest with America, February 1778" (edited by David Stevens) which seems almost certainly to be by Smith,
and Jeremy Bentham's open letters to Smith criticising the latter's views on usury.

DAVID DAICHES
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Those who teach or lecture on the Scottish novel have a well-prepared but weary grimace with which to respond to specialists in English, French, American or whatever literature who will say quizzically and with assumed seriousness, "The Scottish novel? Is there one?" And it is not merely a facetious question: it was put with more intellectual rigour but with no less dismissive intent about the whole Scottish tradition by T. S. Eliot, in an essay of 1919 provocatively titled "Was there a Scottish Literature?:

> When we assume that a literature exists, we assume a great deal: we suppose that there is one of the five or six (at most) great formations of history. We do not suppose merely "a history," for there might be a history of Tamil literature; but a part of history, which for us is the history of Europe. We suppose not only a corpus of writings in one language, but writings and writers between whom there is a tradition; and writers who are not merely connected by a tradition in time, but who are related so as to be in the light of eternity contemporaneous, from a certain point of view cells in one body.

*Francis Russell Hart's The Scottish Novel is not just "a history": it certainly provides a survey of all the major Scottish writers who have used the novel form, and a fairly large number of minor ones, from Smollett and Mackenzie through to Muriel Spark and James Kennaway, but it also attempts to reveal the inner dynamic of a distinct tradition, a single body in which, from a certain point of view, all the writers are cells. We can confidently send all who ask if there is a Scottish novel to this book and expect them to return convinced that here is a significant formation contributing its share to European History. Given the lack of any such study
Book Reviews

of Scottish fiction Hart's book is to be welcomed: those of us familiar with the tradition will benefit by having our attention recalled to neglected masterpieces—like William Alexander's Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk—or to the reappraisal of a novelist like Eric Linklater, whose significance, when set within the context of the tradition, Hart argues to be much greater than generally acknowledged; and those unfamiliar with the Scottish novel will find its surveys lucid and its discrimination of various different themes and developments helpful in orientating themselves in unfamiliar territory.

Crucial to Hart's study is that it is not merely, however, a chronicle of dates and plots, no matter how much of it must, of necessity, be given over to exposition and summary. The book is built around the thesis that the Scottish novel has developed differently from the novel in England and that its modes and motifs cannot be understood as mere offshoots of the English tradition. It is closer, formally, to the American novel, in that it has consistently refused to settle within the norms of the social realism typical of mainstream English fiction. The Scottish novel, Hart argues, was formed initially by the historical impulse of Enlightenment thinking, but within the context of the counterenlightenment led by Blackwood's Magazine. The historical impulse might direct itself towards the past, as in Scott, or to more contemporary socioeconomic realities, as in Galt, but the social scientific impetus was, from the beginning, modified, redirected, sometimes confounded by a deeply entrenched anti-realist strain in the Scottish imagination, a drive towards the Gothic, towards romance or fantasy, that would turn history into myth. This refusal to accept that the meaning of human acts can be understood within the confines of ordinary social and material life Hart traces not only in Scott, reversing much of the trend of recent criticism and, indeed, of his own earlier writings on Scott, but argues to be the dominant force in the whole Scottish tradition down to Eric Linklater or Muriel Spark. Scott may, if Lukacs is right, have set in motion the whole European tradition of the historical novel and the problematic hero, but these are not the aspects of his work which are followed through in Scotland. What Hart makes clear is that the socioeconomic interest of the Scottish novel is essentially non-narrative, encouraging the episodic, fragmentary structure typical of much Scottish writing, and that when the novelist attempts to construct a narrative he moves, by a kind of compensatory leap to the opposite pole, to the fantastic, the melodramatic, the unmotivatedly violent. The purpose of the novel may be historical, but in the Scottish context the very construction of narrative draws into play almost immediately an entirely ahistor-
ical set of motifs. The Scottish novel wilted, therefore, during the dominance of the realistic tradition in the nineteenth century, and has had to wait for the reaction to that classic form, has had to wait, perhaps, for the advent of postmodernist experiment, before its modes can be seen for what they are and not merely as failed versions of social and psychological realism. We can perhaps speculate from Hart's thesis that Scotland did not produce a sufficiently large and dominant bourgeoisie to sustain the novel in its classic form in the nineteenth century, but that the strength of the Scottish novel in the twentieth century lies precisely in its having its roots in the working classes, industrial and agricultural, and having inherited literary forms appropriate to the consciousness of those classes.

Hart's argument is interesting and sustained, and makes the reading of the book more enjoyable than such literary histories, with all their cargo of information, generally are. For those not familiar with Scottish literature the brief discussion of Scott might be misleading and Hart's decision that enough has been written on Scott to make irrelevant substantial attention to him in a history such as this is probably to be regretted. It emphasises weaker elements in the Scottish novel at the expense of stronger, and Hart's attempted reorientation of our assumptions about the generic characteristics of the Scottish novel is made easier by the omission. That he can suggest Galt and Linklater as the novelists who have best coped with the difficulties, or best fulfilled the potentialities, of the tradition is a sufficient indicator of how radical a revaluation Hart's argument might justify. But it is precisely in his evaluations that Hart seems least convincing and the reason for it, it seems to me, is his self-imposed refusal to consider stylistic, linguistic, comparative or sociohistorical explanations and interpretations. There is only so much, of course, that one man can put into a single book, but concentration on theme and motif leads to a flattening out of the differences between novels, a reductionist emphasis in which a novel is only as valuable as the material from which it is constructed.

The clearest case of this is when Hart, in justifiably trying to understand the problem of the Kailyard in a non-partisan spirit, ends up doing away with the literary quarrel between Kailyard and anti-Kailyard writers altogether.

The anti-Kailyard revulsion, however, is much less a matter of literary mode than of theological vision. Anti-Kailyarders are offended by sentimental images of man's goodness because they find man grotesquely
fallen. They find more salvific force in the evil grandeur of a Calvinist megalomania than in glimpses of kindliness behind the dour facades of Thrums and Drumtochty. When George Douglas Brown claimed his House with the Green Shutters was "more complimentary to Scotland," I take it he meant that it is truer doctrine to have a powerful vision of evil than a poignant vision of redemptive innocence....This anti-Kailyard furor is manifestly theological...(p. 116)

This is well put and encompasses a real distinction in world view, but the difference between Douglas and, to take the best of the Kailyard writers, Barrie, is not merely a matter of point of view, but of style, and the complexity of character it allowed them to portray. Outlining theme, plot and location will not reveal the difference because it is a difference that exists only in the linguistic texture of the work. Barrie's thinness, the sentimentality of his early works, comes from a continual deflection of attention from his characters to the objects with which they live. In fact the objects are in some ways more alive than they are. The furnishings of their bare lives are made to stand token, in the mode David Lodge has recently analysed as a type of synecdoche, for human emotions, but they are emotions which are never fully realised in and through the characters themselves. The "I" of the schoolmaster narrator in the Thrums stories allows Barrie to escape confronting complex presentation of psychological states by claiming lack of adequate knowledge of anything except the perceptible exteriors of his people's lives:

I only once stayed during the whole of my holiday at the house on the brae, but I knew its inmates for many years, including Jamie, the son, who was a barber in London. Of their ancestry I never heard. With us it was only some of the articles of furniture, or perhaps a snuff-mull, that had a genealogical tree. In the house on the brae was a great kettle, called the boiler, that was said to be fifty years old in the days of Henry's grandfather, of whom nothing more is known...Jess's rarest possession was, perhaps, the christening robe that even people at a distance came to borrow. Her mother could count up a hundred persons who had been baptized in it. Every one of the hundred, I believe, is dead...(A Window in Thrums, Works (London, 1927), pp. 6-7.)
The object is introduced as a means of allowing us to see individual character, but it immediately neutralises the need for discrimination of the individual psychology by the generalised pathos it inspires in its ability to outlast its possessor. The object acts as a focus for emotion, but the emotion is tied to no specific situation—like Desdemona's handkerchief or Anna Karenina's handbag—but to a generalised sense of loss to which all and any object would be adequate; as the emotion is general any object will do, when the object is specific it must focus the most generalised emotion. To return to T. S. Eliot, it is a stylistic habit we might describe as a subjective correlative. Hart argues of A Window in Thrums that it is

as elegiac pastoral, close to "Michael" and "The Ruined Cottage." Where is the rose-covered cottage we are led to expect in the Kailyard?...It is sentimental only insofar as a quiet, somewhat grim domestic heroism might be named sentimental—only insofar as a resignation grounded in a sense of the pathos of human goodness might be considered sentimental from a theologically opposed point of view. (p. 130)

The genealogy may be accurate, but when Michael goes to the unbuilt sheepfold, or when Wordsworth asks us to notice the pile of stones that is left, only that object can focus for us the emotion of the whole human drama. The achievement of the poem is precisely the opposite of Barrie's, for it depends on how much can be read out of an object, a thing (both words, with their implication of the neutrality of the material world from which human life has to be saved, resound through Wordsworth's poem) so little regarded, so little individuated, whereas Barrie's story depends on every thing becoming charged with the same encompassing emotion. When the wayward son of Barrie's novel returns home to find his family all dead what he asks about is the furniture:

"Ye wouldna hae heard," he said, "wha got the muckle arm-chair 'at used to sit i' the kitchen i' the window 'at looks ower the brae?"
"I couldna be sure," I said...
"There was the chairs ben i' the room," he said, after a while.
I said I thocht Sanders Elshioner had got them at a bargain because twa o' them was mended wi' glue, an' gey silly.
"Ay, that's them," he said, "they were richt neat mended. It was my mother 'at glued them...There was the clock, too, an' the stool 'at Leeby carried when she gaed the errands." (Window in Thrums, p. 219)

The sentimentality of Barrie is not in his material as such but in the diffuse lack of differentiation in which every object, indiscriminately, becomes charged with emotion. There is much to be said for Barrie's work, and Hart's attempt at a fairer estimate is not misplaced, but concentration on event, location and plot at the expense of the linguistic matrix in which they find embodiment makes the revaluation too easy.

This weakness applies not only to the discussion of Barrie and the Kailyard but throughout the book, and I have spent so much time on it because it is surely the pervasive problem of Scottish prose writers that stylistic uncertainty undermines the very texture of their writing and that any evaluation of their achievement has to take this into account. In not undertaking any stylistic analysis Hart allows himself more generosity to a wide range of novelists than they might otherwise receive, but it does have the effect of undervaluing those who have managed a real command over their medium: the plaudits for Grassic Gibbon's style are perfunctory and style goes unnoticed in the discussions of Neil Gunn and Muriel Spark. Yet the success of Scottish writers in the limited Mid-Atlantic of popular fiction (Alistair Maclean, for instance, or Catherine Gavin at a more serious level) and the ease with which Scottish novelists of real talent move into films or TV (Gordon Williams's Straw Dogs, Alan Sharp's allegoric westerns and thrillers) suggest that the great temptation for the Scottish writer is to give up the struggle with language, to accept the formulaic style or the primacy of the image.

Hart mentions that problem of finding a suitable narrative language for the Scottish novel in his conclusion, "Notes for a Theory of Scottish Fiction," but it was here more than anywhere that the deliberate limitation of perspective was most disabling to his argument. The theory amounts to little more than a review of the themes already covered in the various chapters, and, given that it is intended to be no more than "notes" in any case, that would not matter if the lack of theoretical explanation did not feed back into the discussion of individual authors. For instance, in his section on Galt, Hart makes deliberate provincialism a keystone of the conception of his work:

The close interweaving of household memoir and national history is a central Scottish motif. For Scott, the
epic historian, small domesticities are caught up--given scope and dignity--by their entanglements with historic fatality. Galt's version is in the more familiar Scottish mode of diminution. Man's historic pretensions are seen in their true limits when reflected on the stage and sensibility of household and parish. Only through a provincial perspective can one see the real smallness of history. (p. 50)

The whole idea of the provincial needs more analysis, however, than Hart has time to give it. He justifies the idea of the provincial in fiction by quoting Ortega y Gasset to the effect that the classic novelist must make the reader accept a provincial horizon: "He must make a villager of him and interest him in the inhabitants of his realm...To turn each reader into a temporal 'provincial' is the great secret of the novelist."

Now a temporal provincial is a very different matter from a spatial provincial. The great tradition of the provincial novel in England in the nineteenth century is very different from the growing provincialism of the Scottish novel in the same period—even though the English novelists took their start from Scott. The difference is not in the geographical limits the novelist sets himself, but in intellectual temper and historical awareness. The great provincial novel takes its limited human scene and puts it under the microscope of the most advanced thinking about the relation of man and society of its day, or it finds in that scene the most important conflicts of the broader social world of its time. Scott and, to some extent, Galt, could still achieve this amalgam but they were working with the tools of the Enlightenment. As those became outdated or were superseded elsewhere they were not replaced in Scotland and the Scottish novelist becomes provincial not by his choice of setting, but because unlike George Eliot, or Hardy, or Lawrence, most of his thinking is dog-eared scraps that have blown about the world for a generation or more. It is still a major fact of the contemporary Scottish scene as far as the novel is concerned and the temptations of Catholicism for Muriel Spark or George MacKay Brown are, at least in part, literary rather than theological, since it allows them to establish an intellectual framework still in touch with the major movements of intellectual life in the world at large. As Joyce recognised, the actual matter of a peripheral culture can be only rarely of much interest to major cultures—only thought and technique as advanced or more advanced than that of cosmopolitan centres can redeem the provincial artist. Giving up such standards of comparison is almost bound to intro-
duce a falsifying partiality in evaluation.

In this context the achievement of Neil Gunn must come to seem more and more significant. Gunn is one of the few authors, and the only modern one, to whom Hart devotes a whole chapter, and though this is partly because he makes the Highland novel a separate development of the Scottish tradition it seems eminently justifiable. Despite my previous comments this chapter is one of those in which Hart's mode of approach pays off, for he is able to show the continual developing and deepening of Gunn's thought and technique in the course of his career so that our attention is drawn to late novels like Bloodhunt and The Other Landscape as culminations of Gunn's long dialogue with psychoanalysis and the meaning of violence. What Hart brings out is that Gunn's provincialism is not a provincialism of the mind, and the basically unchanging location of his novels masks an enormous range of novelistic modes, each one used in the exploration of a different facet of the human condition.

Precisely because it is engaged with fundamental intellectual issues that are not just a distant echo of already decided battles, Gunn can be seen to have much in common with other European novelists of the same period, with Hamsun, with Hesse, with Giono. Such comparison Hart, of course, denies himself, and if I insist on it it is because the great danger in Scotland, as in any small culture, is that in trying to develop and enlarge our own literature we will ignore the standards of the best, wherever it might be produced. It is perhaps the opposite danger, however, of undervaluing whatever we produce ourselves, that has most afflicted Scottish literature, and in that context Hart's book, with its insistence on working from within the tradition, can only be a substantial addition to our self-understanding. Whatever criticisms I have made do not detract from the book's essential achievement as a history of the novel in Scotland; they are rather, I hope, an index of the spur to critical analysis the book will provide by confronting us with the underlying themes, with a possible deep structure, to the whole tradition. Perhaps it is only rarely that a peripheral culture can offer its own imaginative vision to the rest of the world and have it accepted as an image of a universal condition, and perhaps the function of small cultures is to maintain their own responses, the integrity of their own art forms clear and precise, even if neglected and apparently unwanted, until the moment arrives when "history" can become History. If so books like this one have their part to play in keeping clear the channels by which we are connected to the hinterlands of our own imaginations and if the master novelist Hart hopes for, one around whom the
The whole tradition might gel, should arrive in the next twenty years or so. he may owe more to Hart's study, and the few like it that are rewriting our sense of the Scottish past, than he will be likely to know.

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"Herculaneum, or some old Roman field, which, when dug, fully rewards the labour employed": such was Boswell's striking image for the mind of Bennet Langton from which he recovered a "good store of Johnsoniana" (Life of Johnson, sub 1780). The volume reviewed in its turn might also be likened to a rich archeological site, yielding piecemeal the remains of the friendships, animosities, viewpoints, and exertions of the individuals in the Johnson circle, and cumulatively a sense of the era of English literary culture dominated by the sage fondly called "Idiot" by Topham Beauclerk, the "Modern Socrates" by Thomas Barnard, and a "magnificent Tree" by Boswell who said that he had "long been used to be sheltered" under its shade.

In all 268 letters are presented in the volume, of which 84 were written by Boswell, 131 to him (mostly by Club members), and 53 more to or from Club members. In addition, 46 letters from Boswell and 10 to him whose texts do not survive are noted under their dates, with as much information about their contents as is available. The following members of The Club are represented in the correspondence: Reynolds, Langton, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, Hawkins (all original members from the foundation in 1764), Percy (1768), Charles James Fox (1774), George Steevens (1774), Barnard (1775), Adam Smith (1775), Joseph Warton (1777), the 2nd Earl of Upper Ossory (1777), Richard Marlay (1777), William Windham (1778), William Scott (1778), 1st Baron Eliot of St Germans (1782), Thomas Warton (1782), Richard Burke (1782), Charles Burney (1784), Richard Warren (1784), John Courtney (1788), the 5th Duke of Leeds (1792), John Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, formerly Carlisle (1792), and Sir Charles Blagden (1794). Boswell was himself the eigh-
teenth member to be enrolled, in 1773, ahead of his former teacher Adam Smith, the great politician Fox, the Woritons, Gibbon, and Sheridan. Clearly, this was a matter of high personal satisfaction for Boswell, appreciating, for instance, that Burke had told Johnson he doubted Boswell was fit for membership (Life, sub 21 August 1773—a disclosure made in the dreary setting of a rainy day on a "wild moor" near the home of Lord Monboddo). Boswell also knew that, as a result of the interaction of The Club, Burke came to have different views. Thus, a letter from Reynolds to Boswell of 1 October 1782 runs: "Mr. Burke dined with me yesterday. He talked much of you and with great affection. He says you are the pleasantest man he ever saw and sincerely wishes you would come and live amongst us. All your friends here I believe will subscribe to that wish."

The letters between Boswell and Burke himself, Garrick, Malone, and Johnson have been reserved for other volumes in the Yale series, but there is enough in the present volume to reveal how intensely Boswell enjoyed the activities of The Club, and how he fashioned from these, parts of the biography which was the supreme achievement of his life. We can see also in the letters, as in the one by Reynolds quoted above, the nature of the seductive appeal his London friends and the city itself made to Boswell, calling him to move from Scotland where he felt so keenly his talents were "exerted in a narrow sphere" (to Barnard, 14 May 1784).

Preceding the texts of the letters there is a chapter offering a gallery of biographical sketches of the correspondents. It may be that the reader who is neither a Boswellian nor a Johnsonian will detect here some measure of parti pris. In the case of Adam Smith, for example, we are diverted with the stories of Johnson describing him, on one occasion, as "a most dissagreable fellow after he had drank some wine, which...'bubbled in his mouth'" and, on another, as being "as dull a dog as he had ever met with" (p. xci). We are not told, however, that three different traditions claim Johnson's roughness in giving Smith the lie over his praise of Hume provoked Smith to call Johnson "a son of a bitch" (Clyde E. Dankert, Adam Smith: Man of Letters and Economist, 1974, pp. 103-4). Elsewhere the accuracy of the information about Smith is a little less than might be expected. At p. 7, n. 3, the old story, for which there is not a scrap of evidence, is introduced to the effect that Smith's stay on the Continent was interrupted in 1766 by the murder of the Hon. Hew Campbell Scott, brother of his pupil, the 3rd Duke of Buccleuch. The "murder" story comes from The New Statistical Account of Scotland (1845), I, 490, but the facts are that the young man contracted a fever (his brother had been similarly ill in August) and died on 19 October...
(Correspondence of Adam Smith, 1977, pp. 119-21, citing Scottish Record Office MS, GD1/479/14). To be fair, it should be added that in general the biographies provided by the author usefully supplement the text and the notes, and four of them of an extensive nature are substantial contributions to biographical research on the Johnson circle: those of Barnard, Beauclerk, Langton, and Percy.

Students of Scottish poetry and controversies will be glad to have the details of Percy's involvement in the Ossian affair, seemingly arising from his presence at a meeting in 1765 organized by Hugh Blair and Adam Ferguson, at which an Edinburgh University student had recited and translated passages of Gaelic poetry bearing a distinct relationship to a section of Fingal. As a result of the experience Percy, who had at first been sceptical of Macpherson's productions, pronounced himself satisfied about their authenticity in the second edition of his Reliques (1767). He then dropped from the third edition (1775) the note endorsing authenticity, having been convinced by a friend of Macpherson's that the Ossianic epics were largely fabrications. This latter action did not escape the pamphleteers at war over Ossian and they dragged in Percy's name, whereupon Ferguson and Blair disclaimed any knowledge of the translation séance. Boswell was shown their correspondence with Percy on this subject and thought his "Countrymen made but a shabby figure," but he observed that Percy's notes about the episode were "very curt, and did not mention having heard Erse poetry repeated at Dr Ferguson's, but only fixed the date of his drinking tea there. [Percy] was very keen and violent upon the subject" (p. 139, n. 1). Boswell stated to Percy that his "opinion was long ago fixed, which is that some parts of what is given us as Ossian's Poetry has been repeated in Gaelick I know not from what area. But how much is genuine we shall never be able to ascertain" (letter of 25 December 1781). In some respects, modern scholarship has gone beyond Boswell's opinion and determined the basis for Macpherson's poetry: see Derick S. Thomson, The Gaelic Sources of Macpherson's 'Ossian' (Edinburgh, 1951).

The high-flying Tory, Thomas Barnard, who felt "Bold" when he thought "that the Constitution in Church and State [was] supported by all the Respectability in the Kingdom" and roundly condemned the "Motley Herd that threaten it, composed of Dissenters of all Kinds, atheists and Libertines Included, with that Dog Paine at the Bottom of the Conspiracy" (to Boswell, 9 December 1792), but who did not scruple to be present when a "Church and King" mob attacked Joseph Priestley's meeting-house in Birmingham, and tore off a brick from "its Smoaking Remains" which he sent as a "Prize" to Boswell (c. 14 July 1791), also
entered into controversy on Scottish matters, by writing on the "Irish Dynasties established in Scotland" at the dawn of that country's history. On becoming an Irish bishop, however, he decided that publication on such a topic did not "belong to [his] character and present station", but he later agreed to anonymous publication (pp. 130, 153, 158, 188). The editor of this volume of correspondence adds considerably to our knowledge of Barnard, and brings out well how he became Boswell's 'Father Confessor' and in some measure took Johnson's place in Boswell's life after Johnson died, though in the Life of Johnson Barnard remains a shadowy figure. Topham Beauclerk also emerges from this correspondence as a more understandable figure, and we are permitted to see behind the mask of the witty and fearless aristocrat—the only member of The Club who was not overborne by Johnson's roughness—and discern the pitiable man whose short life ended with an extremely painful illness. In some ways, however, the volume is most notable for its incorporation of newly-recovered material on Bennet Langton, that "tall, meagre, long-visaged man, much resembling...a stork standing on one leg," as a contemporary described him (Henry Beste, Personal and Literary Memorials, 1829, p. 62). Our editor with nice judgment characterizes him thus: "In the quick-paced, combative, enormously artful conversation of The Club or Mrs Thrale's drawing-room, Langton, who was absent-minded, slow in the uptake, rather pedantic, and always desirous of knowing why, must have been a sort of Elephant's Child" (p. lxxv). And yet it was from Langton's mind, a biographical "Herculaneum," that Boswell was able to extract the richest deposit of Johnsonian sayings and memorabilia outside of his own collections.

Finally, of course, this volume is remarkable for its multifaceted revelation of Boswell himself, in his own correspondence and that of others, as a largely endearing but often exasperating personality, playing with mingled shrewdness and naivety the roles of "hero-worshipper, pamphleteer, Scots lawyer ambitious for an English practice, paterfamilias, eminent biographer, frustrated politician, Steward of the Humane Society, Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy" (p. xxiii). Anent that role of biographer, how fascinating it is to follow the story in these letters of Boswell's exultation and anxieties at attracting Johnson to Scotland:

I am in very high spirits at present. Mr Johnson is actually come as far north as Newcastle; and I expect to have him under my roof this night. We shall set out on Wednesday next on our wild expedition to the highlands and some of the Hebrides. What an intellectual feast is
before me! I shall never murmur though he should at times treat me with more roughness than ever. His roughness is an indication of the vigour of his genius...

to Langton, 14 Aug. 1773

on to the preparation of the Tour to the Hebrides:

Our friend, Boswell proposes to write the Dr's. life, for which he is possessed of a variety of curious and important Materials: and he is speedily to publish his own account of their tour to the Hebrides, upon a plan totally different from that printed by Dr Johnson, as it relates less to descriptions of the Country than to accounts of conversations in which the Dr bore always a considerable share....

(Sir William Forbes to Langton, 21 Jan. 1785)

and the publication of the great Life itself:

I have printed twenty sheets of my Magnum Opus. It will be the most entertaining Book that ever appeared.

(to Langton, 9 Apr. 1790)

Professor Fifer deserves our sincere thanks for the entertainment he has provided for his readers, and for the unobtrusive scholarship with which he has dug his archeological site and illuminated its obscurities.

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