

Appendix 1

The Revenge of the Dead

Introduction to the Text.

This manuscript was easily placed within the context of Braddon's theatrical career. This career lasted from at least 1852-60¹ and was a brave and significant move, which dominated her youth and young adulthood. Braddon took the stage name Mary Seyton (sometimes pronounced 'Satan') for her appearances before provincial and London audiences. She travelled widely; Scotland, Yorkshire, Brighton and Bath, for a range of bookings and was a player with the Henry Nye Chart Company from 1857 until 1860, based at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, with tours to Hull, Beverley, Coventry and Scotland.

It was whilst staying at theatrical digs in Aberdeen in the early 1850s that she wrote all or some of this drama *The Revenge of the Dead* (circa. 1854-55). Braddon was resident, probably with her mother Fanny Braddon who was happy to be known as 'Mrs. Seyton', at 'Mrs. Robinson's 13 Marischal Street, Aberdeen'. She lived respectably as a single working-woman, carefully chaperoned. She was busy, constantly in demand as a performer. There is hardly a break in her calendar for those eight years and, as has become obvious from the evidence in the BFC, she was writing and gaining a reputation in that quarter also. *Revenge of the Dead* was kept amongst the Cobbett papers in the BFC, passed down to Braddon's descendents through the family of Henry Maxwell's cousin, George Cobbett. Wolff briefly refers to it in *Sensational Victorian*² but does not offer an extensive critique.

The manuscript of *Revenge of the Dead* is labelled with the Marischal Street address. Braddon dispatched a range of written work to publishers and theatre managers on a regular basis as she was establishing her reputation and this piece was returned to her as one of those sample experimental scenarios. As a consistent feature of her career Braddon sought the recognition of influential patrons for her craft, notably Edward Bulwer Lytton and, in the case of her scripts, Charles Wyndham.³



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Revenge of the Dead, as the second act here shows, is a romantic historical melodrama set in pre-Revolutionary France. It is probable that Braddon never wrote more than this short segment. This single act contains the formula needed to sell this drama. The key characters' situations are explored, the plot is progressed, the parody and comedy are played out and the descent of a ghost at the climax provides the hook. What emerges is something that could be considered quite experimental in theatrical terms, with particular Gothic and satiric elements.

Act 2 opens with the following directions and notes:

Drawing room in the house of General de Villemont, Paris – Window C. – opening into gardens – moonlight – stage lighted by lamps – General de Villemont and Flora playing chess at small tables – Guests in the background (& watching the Game –

Worth noting here is the name of the leading juvenile female ingénue – Flora. This is a characteristic nomenclature for the youthful theatrical characters in Braddon's career, perhaps inspired by her professional partnership for some time at the Nye Chart company with Florence (Flo) Haydn⁴ in the late 1850s. The name Flora/Flo appears again in Braddon's later career as that of one of the Sandford sisters in *A Lost Eden* (1904). Flora Sandford survives her parents' social degradation and disgrace by entering the theatrical profession, a reflection of Braddon's own life.⁵

With Flora, the youngest daughter of the General, Braddon created what was to become a familiar depiction of youth in her plays and novels. Flora is an outspoken and determined young character, not easily dissuaded from her ideas and, like her namesake in *A Lost Eden*, intensely loyal and supportive of her family, in particular of her older sister, Marie de Villemont. The 'role' of elder sister fell to Marion Sandford in *A Lost Eden* and Maggie Braddon in life. The age difference of the sisters in *A Lost Eden* and *The Revenge of the Dead* seems to match that of the

Braddon sisters. The dynamic offers the opportunity for a younger sister to be full of adolescent impertinence and observations, but tolerated, and to support her older sister in her first forays into love and loss, before embarking on her own adventures. It is also useful to be reminded of the beginnings of Braddon's attempts at fiction when she wrote stories comprised of the fairytale construct of wicked elder sisters and long-suffering, beautiful younger sisters.

I wrote my first story before I was eight, story of a wicked dark sister and a virtuous fair sister suggested I have no doubt by the bad and good sisters of fairylore, with which I was familiar from my infancy . . .⁶

Revenge of the Dead, like so much of Braddon's work, established autobiographical influences and the motifs of known theatrical convention in its composition. She persisted in expressing and organizing her life in her work through theatrical conventions as a conduit for her experiences. Flora, for example, is competing with her father in a game of chess as this Act opens. As his title suggests he is a disciplinarian and a man of status in eighteenth-century France. His opening lines insinuate, however, that his younger daughter is taking issue with the state of play,

General I tell you Flora you are check mated. There's no use dissecting – look at your unfortunate King, he has not a move left.

Braddon's autobiographical influence from her own father, Henry, is discernible throughout her writing. She referred to him as 'his own enemy'⁷ in her childhood memoirs and commented on the fact that 'his self-enmity [had] become developed in fatal ways . . .'⁸

The tension in this scene stems from the disapprobation that the General expresses towards his daughters, his disdain for them and their youthful and romantic proclivities. One gets the feeling that he would far rather have had sons. The tone of Braddon's autobiographical reminiscences when she regarded her own father reflects the tension that she established in this scene between parent and children.

The General disapproves of Marie's choice of future husband. He takes issue with and reacts impatiently to Flora's sympathy with her sister and her childish, theatrical inclinations. Braddon's memory of visiting her father in his legal chambers in Verulam Buildings suggests a possible source of this type of strained relationship in her own life:

Maggie and I used to make friendly calls upon Papa and ask him for largesse. Maggie was an inveterate asker . . . She would go on asking for anything she could think of, for foolscap, for blotting paper, for quill pens, for sealing-wax; till Papa would ask her in return if she wanted the teeth out of his head! He was never really cross.⁹

Henry Braddon was an inconsistent figure in his children's lives. Braddon wondered for years why this had been so, until after her mother's death she discovered the betrayal and pain Fanny was subjected to by his persistent infidelity. Braddon, as young child, had known about the debts and his disillusionment with the legal profession and remembered his absence after her parents separated when she was four years old. The truth behind her parents' relationship, when professional instability and debt of the jovial Micawber variety could have been forgiven, eluded her until she was an adult and better understood her mother. After Fanny Braddon died her daughter discovered the letters, '*les preces de conviction*', which told the 'sordid' and 'humiliating' story of her father's adultery.¹⁰

The examination of the chess moves by the guests and the General leads quickly to an exchange about the political atmosphere of the country and the impending defeat of France by her enemies. The General is, naturally, a patriotic and bellicose man unafraid of voicing his opinion about the situation and in support of a new, more militaristic regime. He is blatantly uninterested in his elder daughter's situation, derogatory of it in fact.

General . . . go Flora – it is growing late. Bid those moonlight idlers return from the garden

—

Flora But you forget my dear Father – Marie and Gaston are betrothed – this is the eve of their wedding day, and love and moonlight you know –

General Love and moonlight Bah! Rheumatism and Quinsey – tell them to come in Flora -

The action at this point takes an interesting and more daring turn. A scene that seemed to commence as a conventional romantic melodrama, with its overtones of politics and a family in dispute ruled by a martinet father, pursues a different route with the introduction of the supertime entertainment. The General is keen for his daughters to gather round him and for the guests to take heed as he announces the entertainment for the evening:

1st Guest Yes! Satisfy our curiosity General – what is it?

General Why, I have no doubt you have all heard of a possessor of natural magic, astrology and half a dozen other sciences, now making so great a sensation in Paris. The Theatres absolutely are deserted; and all the learned men are consulting the Magician, and holding counsel with the shade of D'Alembert.

This announcement causes quite a stir and is met with excitement and scepticism on the part of the guests. This Magician, who can consult with the ghosts of prominent men, is described as more of a 'valet de chamber than a necromancer'. It seems an unlikely form of entertainment for an evening party in the household of such a man as General de Villemont. The Magician is supposed to be Italian and his reputation amongst French high society precedes him.

1st Guest . . . I have heard that when Mole requested him to summon the Spirit of the greatest English playwright your Magician conjured up Cervantes!

1st Guest [*sic*] Yes! And when Mole remonstrated the Signior [*sic*] said – Why, I thought you would like to see the Spirit of the author of Shakespeare.

Now introduced into the scenario is the social and topical wit of the guests as to the state of the drama and the relative merits of professional and amateur efforts, pursuing Flora's expressed desire to see royal patronage for Parisian theatre. Braddon portrayed her characters as thoroughly well-versed in critical speculations

about the question of greatness and authorship in the theatre. Flora is a resounding supporter of the romantic and sublime in life and art, preferring to witness a romantic melodrama and see her sister enjoy the moonlight as a stage heroine should, rather than submit to their father's idea of 'scientific' entertainment. There is a pervading sense of tension in the scene thus far. Flora's aside bears witness to her preferences and her father's disapprobation of his daughters' sensibilities. The guests' opinions are unpopular with their host and his motives in inviting the Magician to his house are still open to question.

Braddon succeeded in creating a diverse mix of satirical views from the mouths of her eighteenth-century characters as to the state of nineteenth-century classical European theatre versus the popular tradition of melodrama, romance and the novelty of the 'scientific' form of entertainment – spiritualism. As a member of the acting profession at the time of writing these scenes it is not surprising to find her contemplating the relative quality of different theatrical material and even inserting the occasional quip as regards the Shakespeare authorship debate. She also added the admission of amateurism on the part of one of the guests. In a sense, she was pre-empting criticism of her own written drama with the inclusion of such a debate – including the question: what is worthy material for performance? Perhaps, she suggests, it is not the output of the modest popular playwright that should be judged but their honesty and an open admission of not attempting to match the masterpieces of their predecessors. She aimed at appealing to her own model audience – the youthful Flora. She embarked upon a self-referential exercise, faithful to her own taste and experience, with a dash of romance, novelty, the sublime, and the occasional reference and homage paid to Shakespeare and Browning.

The role of Flora can be deciphered as an autobiographical type and it is clear in this fragment that she is part of the action but also employed as a commentator upon it. She is established as an observer as well as a rebellious, but benign, combatant to her father. Marie is a dutiful type, eager to avoid any clash between her father and

her fiancé, who has earned his disapproval by the very fact, it seems, of his betrothal to the daughter of the house.

General So! Gaston I am glad you have returned and if the moonlight is not too attractive, perhaps you will honour us with your society for half an hour.

Marie (*going to the General*) What my dear Father is the game finished? You all were so absorbed in the chess board that I did not think you would miss us.

General Oh! Of course – it is the privilege of Lovers to forget the existence of anyone in the world but themselves – but try and recollect Mademoiselle, that you have a Father who, as he must resign you tomorrow, would be glad of your society this evening. Now, Gaston, prepare to be astonished, you are going to see something wonderful.

Enter servant

It is revealed more and more that the source of the anxiety and tension in the family is set down as the General's disapproval at his daughter's choice of husband. The intention of the General is to, explicitly, astonish his guests with the entertainment but an underlying ulterior motive cannot to be discounted. Gaston has, in a way that is difficult to discern due to the fragmentary nature of the manuscript, incurred his future father-in-law's resentment in some way and the turn the scene now takes seeks to address this issue in the plot.

Signior [*sic*] Damino Bascalio and Signora Lorenzanina are announced by the Servant. The celebrated Magician, previously so scathingly described, enters and is revealed to be Rodolphe in disguise, accompanied by Jeannette disguised as the Signora, '*draped in black with black veil*'. From this stage direction it can be deduced that Rodolphe and his companion have sought celebrity as spiritualists in order to thief from the homes of the wealthy.

General These then are the eighth and ninth wonders of the world. Signior [*sic*] Damino, Signora, you are welcome!

Rodolphe In the name of the seven masters of the great Copt, I salute you.

General If the fellow is a footman, he has masters enough, parbleu! (*taking snuff*)

Rodolphe Monsieur, will you honour me with your box. I *take* a good deal in this way.

Rodolphe and Jeannette are quickly established in this scene. This is by far the most complete and convincing character sketch of the entire act. Whilst the other characters are typical and effective for what they are, Rodolphe and Jeannette are exceptional in the conviction with which Braddon portrayed them. She used amusing asides and created the ensuing conflict between them, the Guests and the General. Rodolphe and Jeanette are unusual and skilfully drawn characters in that, within the framework of a conventional form, they offer a debunking of the stage psychic performance from an insider's view whilst maintaining a convincing comic dynamic.

After bungling their first attempt at a psychic reading, during which it is clear they have not yet refined their technique, Rodolphe has to pretend that Jeanette is possessed and performs a rapid sham exorcism. After this, the General is the first to interrupt with his interrogation of the medium. This development of Jeannette's less than competent performance showed a sense of subtle theatre craft on Braddon's part in that she could include consequences for the under-rehearsed performer. Jeannette cannot appreciate the significance of the asides addressed to her and shows up her fellow performer due to her lack of craft and guile. These exchanges form a confident, humorous fragment. Braddon was clearly aware of the results in performance of the inexperienced actor who cannot extemporize or think quickly on stage. The ritual of psychic and spiritualist display was included here as a performance within the action, thereby enabling Braddon to make this form of commentary.

The other characters are baffled by this jarring and ridiculous incompetent display, accustomed as they already are to the conventions of such entertainment. The General steps in:

General Very well then – I'll ask you a few questions my friend, as you seem on such intimate terms with these foreign devils, one ought to get foreign intelligence correct from

you at any rate. No false reports I should say through your brimstone medium – or, stay Gaston, will you question Signior Damrascal Rascalio, - Come, Gaston de Lostelle.

At this point he draws out the previously silent Gaston. He makes the invitation to Gaston, as part of his orchestrated ploy to trap the young man, in order to manoeuvre him into a corner and extract information through fear and deception. This twist in the plot is borne out by Rodolphe's astonished response and the ensuing revelation of his connection with Gaston:

Rodolphe Gaston, the Devil!

General What, is a namesake of my young friend one of your allies?

Rodolphe No, Monsieur! I merely made a remark (*Aside.*) Here's a *rencontre* – never mind! I am safe in this wig – I'll tell my old master a little truth – mend my reputation, and then get away before that cursed wife of mine gets me into the Bastille.

The General is urgently interested in revealing the past of the man about to marry his daughter. He is correct in his suspicions that Gaston has something to hide and Braddon established Rodolphe in a position of intimate knowledge of his former master. Rodolphe and his wife are struggling, disgraced servants who exploit the gullibility of the upper classes and their hunger for the fashion of the supernatural to eke out a living and have an opportunity to steal from noble houses. Now Rodolphe sees his opportunity to redeem himself, by 'reading' the past of the man with the terrible secret. This can be seen within the framework of the play as an incident that will bring about suffering and tragedy for the innocent Marie, who is eager to try and seize happiness with Gaston. Gaston himself tries to retain his composure in the situation – a tense one that, in spite of the fraudulence of Rodolphe and Jeannette, might as well be a real supernatural event for him. Rodolphe is able to accurately account for the past of this man that he has supposedly never met.

Rodolphe (*solemnly*) Gaston de Lostelle! you had once a brother!

Gaston Merciful heaven!

General Why? What agitates you? Go on Signior.

Rodolphe Do you recollect the tenth evening of November last – can you remember the clock of Notre Dame striking the hour of seven? Do you remember, through the mists of the evening, the pale face of your brother Claude?

Gaston Oh Fiend! Devil! Whatever thou art pity me! be silent. You are pouring molten lead into my soul – Have mercy!

Rodolphe There! You hear Gentlemen – Monsieur Gaston declares that I am a Devil – After *this* do you doubt my truth? (*Aside*) Here's a lucky hit. My fortune's made.

General This very extraordinary Gaston de Lostelle. What does it mean?

Marie (*Aside to Gaston*) Gaston! dear Gaston do not gaze on that man so wildly – see Gaston – everyone is looking at you.

Marie and Gaston retire up the stage

Flora Oh! You horrible demon of the Hartz how dare you torment my Brother in Law – Signior Curious, Spurious, Furious?

Arising from this is the background action of the relationship between Claude and Gaston, perhaps in a 'lost' first act, from which Gaston has emerged to become betrothed to Marie, but haunted by what he has done. He is in real torment, in contrast to the humorous action that has taken place in this scene.

The melodramatic high is building with the realization of pain and loss that will be Marie's when the final denouement of the act occurs. There are similarities between Rodolphe's description of the misty November night in Paris and those scenes Braddon depicted by Sigismund Smith as part of his stock-in-trade approach to writing sensation serial stories in *The Doctor's Wife* (1864). Smith, the solicitor turned serial novelist, describes his technique to George Gilbert, the doctor and husband of Isabel Sleaford the heroine. George requests clarification of the plot of Smith's latest tale:

... George grew to take an interest in his friend's labour, and asked him questions about the story that poured so rapidly from his hurrying pen.

'What's it all about, Sigismund?' he demanded. 'Is it funny?'

‘Funny!’ cried Mr Smith, with a look of horror; ‘I should think not, indeed. Who ever heard of penny numbers being funny? What the penny public want is plot, and plenty of it; surprises, and plenty of ‘em; mystery, thick as a November fog. Don’t you know the sort of thing? “The clock of St Paul’s had just sounded eleven hours;” – it’s generally a translation, you know, and St Paul’s stands for Notre Dame; – “a man came to appear upon the quay which extends itself all the length between the bridges of Waterloo and London.” There isn’t any quay, you know; but you’re obliged to have it so, on account of the plot. “This man – who had a true head of vulture, the nose pointed, sharp, terrible; all that there is of most ferocious; the eyes cavernous, and full of a somber fire – carried a bag upon his back. Presently he stops himself. He regards with all his eyes the quay, nearly desert; the water, black and slimy, which stretches itself at his feet. He listens, but there is nothing. He bends himself upon the border of the quay. He puts aside the bag from his shoulders, and something of dull, heavy, slides slowly downwards and falls into the water. At the instant that the heavy burden sinks with a dull noise to the bottom of the river, there is a voice, loud and piercing, which seems to elevate itself out of darkness: ‘Philip Launay, what dost thou do there with the corpse of thy victim?’” – That’s the sort of thing for the penny public,’ said Mr Smith . . . ¹¹

This offers an interesting transposition from Braddon’s early career to her later as a novelist. Smith is translating the passage from *The Revenge of the Dead*; changing the hour from seven to eleven and the Parisian setting to that of London and embellishing for the penny public the detail of the scene with the disposal of the murder victim’s corpse. It is a speculative point, but this passage from 1864 could offer the plot detail absent in the earlier script fragment and provide an explanation of the fate of Gaston de Lostelle’s brother in the guilty actions of Philip Launay. Braddon worked and re-worked existing plots from her own output, and incorporated those of other sensation writers and melodrama authors from France and England. Smith can be established as her fictional alter ego, as suggested by Wolff.¹²

The image of the misty November night with the cathedral clock chiming the hour and the swirling waters of the river sucking the pale corpse down to the icy depths evidently stayed with Braddon to be utilised later on. The supernatural voice sounding the guilt of the murderer is also prefigured by this drama; it is an

underlying aspect of the fabric of this act represented by the haunted nerviness of Gaston. Temporarily the tension is broken after Gaston's outburst at Rodolphe's revelation by, inevitably, the General:

General Signior Damrascal – may I trouble you for my snuff box –

Rodolphe It is indeed General, very warm for this evening as you say – not that I feel it myself – I was brought up in a warm climate.

General My snuff box Signior – it was a present from Louis Quatorze to my father.

Rodolphe Ah! I was present at the coronation of Louis Quatorze.

All Present at the coronation of Louis Quatorze.

Rodolphe Yes it was a superb sight, but I think we had a finer fete when Henri Quatre came to the throne.

All Henri Quatre?!

Rod. We did things in very good style though when Charlemagne was crowned – but I remember

All You remember?

Rodolphe continues in this vein, becoming more confident and extravagant in his descriptions and historical name-dropping, until the company can take it no more. The scene reaches a farcical climax with Rodolphe and Jeanette exiting through the window, still in possession of the General's snuff-box. This farcical insert, a result of how a badly 'acted' psychic performance can outrage the customers and audience, is in contrast to the anguish of the young lovers. There is a similar representation of the reception of a fraudulent séance in Braddon's late novel *Sons of Fire* (1895).¹³

The lovers are present on stage throughout this exchange and at the moment the fraudsters finally escape, but they are distracted and do not participate in the confusion that Rodolphe's escapades prompt. Flora tries to console her father after this insulting episode, but it is evident that the General's ulterior motive, of causing Gaston grief and discomfiture, has been successful. The suspicious father recovers admirably from the theft and leaves the young couple to consider their own thoughts. Gaston gets to the point of almost making a confession to his fiancée, when he is stopped short by the 'real' manifestation of his brother's ghost.

Gaston You will be my wife!

Marie Yes! And there we are heart and soul to each other.

Gaston The world to each other –

Marie Nothing can estrange us. Death cannot divide us.

Gaston My Betrothed! My beloved! I am indeed happy. Tomorrow we shall be united.
Who then can part us, who can part man and wife?

Ghost slowly rises

Ghost I can dear brother!!

The lamps pale – Stage darkens. Music

Curtain falls –

End of Act 2nd ¹⁴

This fatal climax is resoundingly Gothic and melodramatic and includes stage directions for lighting effects and music to enhance the scene and provide the second act hook. This hook, established with the appearance of the ghost,¹⁵ was included to guarantee the audience's return after the interval and consolidated the prevailing Gothic atmosphere of the scene. With it Braddon established a resolution of the structure and content.

Where, at first, she explored the techniques, successful and otherwise, of a stage psychic act, revealing the secrets of cold reading and misdirection, she finally withdrew from this revelation of stage methods for what initially had been comic purposes. At the climax came the reintroduction and reinforcement of the supernatural in the plotting. There is an 'actual' terrible secret in the form of the murdered brother, in contrast to Rodolphe's fraudulent, pseudo-scientific incantations and psychic readings. Claude de Lostelle re-enters as a phantom to wreak revenge and destroy his brother's happiness. The exposure of stage secrets that the audience could enjoy in a knowing way is followed by a strengthening of

Gothic, melodramatic conventions to bring back into focus the familiar expectations of the formula after a parody of the form.

From Braddon's career there were the impact of famous works of Gothic and social melodrama which provide the precedent for her satirical treatment and reinforcement of this form. She appeared in George Dibden Pitt's *Susan Hopley; or the Trials and Vicissitudes of a Servant Girl* in 1857 as Fanny Wentworth the 'ill-fated' wife of Walter Gaveston.¹⁶ The climactic scene within this three-act melodrama is the appearance of the ghost of a murdered brother: 'Mystic Warning & Supernatural Appearance of the Shade of the Murdered!' This 1857 production was contemporary with the development of her plays and it represents the classic reiteration of social ills, this time for a working class woman, culminating in the 'acting out' of the evils that result from crime with the manifestation of the ghost.

¹ Jennifer Carnell, *The Literary Lives of Mary Braddon*, Hastings: Sensation Press, 2000, Appendix One, 287-375, for a definitive chronological account of Braddon's career told through playbills and role.

² Wolff, *Sensational Victorian: The life and fiction of Mary Elizabeth Braddon*, New York & London: Garland Publishing, 1979, 422-23.

³ As late as 1895 Braddon was seeking an outlet and reception for her scriptwriting for the theatre. A letter from Charles Wyndham in the BFC shows the correspondence he had with her:

Charles Wyndham, Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly. February, 4th, 1895.

Dear Mrs Maxwell,

I read your first act yesterday and found it very promising – Later I should like to consult you about certain suggestions relative to it – but in the meantime I should start on the scenario of the rest.

With kind regards to your family,

Sincerely,

Chas Wyndham.

⁴ Carnell, *Literary Lives* 58-60. Florence Haydn's career with the H Nye Chart company comprised a period of time playing opposite Braddon, unfortunately not always to very favourable reviews: 'Miss Haydon and Miss M. Seyton, as Goneril and Regan, were anything but imposing,' n.139, 59.

⁵ Carnell 22-3: 'Further clues can be found in one of Braddon's most autobiographical novels, *A Lost Eden* (1904). Set in the 1850s, the two sisters, Flora and Marion, live in Camberwell just as Braddon did with her mother and sister. Flora's ambitions turn to the stage and she gains her first work in non

speaking roles in London. If Braddon was indeed like her young heroine Flora at fifteen years old she was already reluctant to accept the passive role that society has allotted her . . . Flora has many autobiographical elements in common with the young Mary Braddon, and certainly much of the background details suggest similarities. Probably, like Flora, Braddon had appeared successfully in Camberwell amateur dramatics at private houses; Flora has played Mrs. Bounce in *Box and Cox* (Buckstone) at a local housewarming where she was told by her admiring audience, “I was a born actress, and that it would be a sin to deprive me of a great career” (p.136).’

⁶ Braddon, *M.E.M. Beginning of autobiography or an article of her youth*, BFC (MS), Appendix 10, 11.

⁷ Braddon, *Before the Knowledge of Evil*, BFC (MS), 24.

⁸ Ibid 26.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid 29.

¹¹ Braddon, *The Doctor's Wife* (1st pub. London: Maxwell, 1864) Oxford: Oxford UP, 1998, 45.

¹² Wolff 126.

¹³ Braddon, *Sons of Fire*, 1895, 158-169.

¹⁴ Ibid.

¹⁵ The Ghost effect could have been achieved in a number of ways, with which Braddon would have been familiar, although this script pre-dates the Pepper's Ghost device by some six or seven years. Gauzes for ghost effects were used extensively in Victorian theatre, as early as 1800 at Drury Lane, and so something akin to that might have been what Braddon was considering.

¹⁶ Playbill for Brighton Theatre Royal, 28th September 1857, Theatre Collection, Templeman Library, University of Kent.

Notes on the text:

This manuscript follows conventional scripting style: underlined and italicised text denotes stage directions, character names, scene changes and emphases. Square brackets [...] are used when I have had to suggest a word or phrase where Braddon's text is unclear. Round brackets (...) are Braddon's own original format for spoken asides and stage directions.

The Revenge of the Dead.

Act 2nd.

(Miss Seyton

at Mrs. Robinson's

13 Marischal Street

Aberdeen).

Act 2. Sc. 1.

Drawing room in the house of General de Villemonte, Paris – Window C. – opening into gardens – moonlight – stage lighted by lamps – General de Villemonte and Flora playing chess at small tables – Guests in the background (& watching the Game –

General: I tell you Flora you are check mated. There's no use dissecting – look at your unfortunate King, he has no move left.

First Guest: Yes Mademoiselle! I think your ivory potentate is very much in the position of Louis on his last legs!

General: Come then Flora – arrange your men – we will have a new, and spirited dynasty. The White is beaten.

First Guest: And the Lilies of France will be beaten down ere long.

General: Lilies spring from the ground. France should have a standard that should [fly] as high as Heaven!

1st Guest: And force should be united to forces, an eagle and a lion together could conquer the world and make Tyrants tremble!

General: May the day come when such a flag shall float over Paris.

1st Guest: It will be a glorious time whenever it comes.

General: We will drink to its speedy arrival at supper. But go Flora – it is growing late. Bid those moonlight idlers return from the garden –

Flora: But you forget my dear Father – Marie and Gaston are betrothed – this is the eve of their wedding day, and love and moonlight you know –

General: Love and moonlight Bah! Rheumatism and Quinsey – tell them to come in Flora – you must know my friend that I have a grand entertainment in store for you.

Flora: What papa? Anything like a Tragedy at Trianon, or a comedy, with a Dauphiness for a soubrette? That's no great heat – amateur theatricals are very well, but I like the real thing – and if Marie Antoinette were wise, she would have a Parisian Company to act at her palace. That would be patronizing the drama, and worthy of a great Queen!

General: Heaven save us! How the girl chatters. What do you know about Queens? Go, and fetch your sister –

Flora: Very well Papa, if you are [inexorable], but what is this Entertainment you talk of?

1st Guest: Yes! Satisfy our curiosity General – what is it?

General: Why, I have no doubt you have all heard of a possessor of natural magic, astrology and half a dozen other sciences, now making so great a sensation in Paris – The Theatres absolutely are deserted; and all the learned men are consulting the Magician, and holding counsel with the shade of D'Alembert.

1st Guest: Oh! I suppose you mean that Italian fellow.

2nd Guest: Well! For an Italian I must say the gentleman has a sufficiently broad [French] patios at his tongue's end.

3.Guest: - and to my mind more the air of a [ciderant] valet de chamber than a necromancer.

1st Guest: - and I have heard that when Mole requested him to summon the spirit of the greatest English playwright, your Magician conjured up Cervantes!

1.Guest: Yes! And when Mole remonstrated, the Signior [*sic*] said – Why, I thought you would like to see the spirit of the author of Shakespeare.

General: Well, well I see you are all sceptics, but perhaps when our astrologer arrives, he may frighten you into conviction.

1.Guest: I am sure if he calls up the spirit of Moliere I shall be frightened, for I am told I murdered him at the last amateur play at Monsieur's –

General: Who then shall say courtiers do not sometimes speak the truth? But go, Flora, and summon your sister and Gaston –

Flora: I am going Papa, but I am sure they would rather wander amongst the flowers and fountains, beneath this lovely moon, than see your Magician – Poor Marie! (*Aside*) obliged to leave a tete a` tete with her betrothed to come and look at spirits. I pity her – ah! Here they come.

Enter Gaston and Marie through window C.

General: So ! Gaston I am glad you have returned and if the moonlight is not too attractive, perhaps you will honour us with your society for half an hour.

Marie: (*going to the General*) What my dear Father is the Game finished? You all were so absorbed in the chess board that I did not think you would miss us.

General: Oh! Of course – it is the privilege of Lovers to forget the existence of anyone in the world but themselves – but try and recollect Mademoiselle, that you have a Father who, as he must resign you tomorrow, would be glad of your society this evening. Now, Gaston prepare to be astonished, you are going to see something wonderful.

Enter servant

Servant: (*announces*) Signior Damino Bascalio and Signora Lorenzanina.

Enter Rodolphe disguised with black wig and beard as a magician – Jeannette, draped in black with black veil.

General: These then are the eighth and ninth wonders of the world. Signior Damino, Signora, you are welcome!

Rodolphe: In the name of the seven masters of the great Copt, I salute you.

General: If the fellow is a footman, he has master enough, parbleu! (*taking snuff*)

Rodolphe: Monsieur, will you honour me with your box. I take a good deal in this way. This, Ladies & Gentlemen, is the Signora Lorenzanina. She is gifted with the wonderful power of second sight. Through her eyes you may see into the future, retrace the past and travel from Versailles to Asia Minor in twenty minutes. You will perceive that she is at present wide awake, (I hope she is! (*aside*)) but you will perceive that when I pass my hand in this direction, so – she is immediately locked

in a magnetic trance. (*aside to Jeannette*) Be quiet will you – repeat everything I say to you – that’s all you have to do. Now is there any lady or gentleman who would like to question her –

1.Guest: I should be happy to interrogate Mademoiselle but if there is any [imposture] here, I would warn these two persons they had better beware. Really General you are too credulous.

General: (*aside*) By the thunder of Turenne I don’t think I am as credulous as yourself Monsieur Fleur de Lis, for you believe that you are handsome and agreeable.

1.Guest: In the first place Mademoiselle – can you tell me who you are?

Jeannette: Dairy maid at –

Rodolphe: (*aside to Jeannette*) say that you are an Italian nun, and I your master.

Jeannette: You’re an Italian nun, and I am your master.

Rodolphe: (*aside to Jeannette*) You’re a fool.

Jeannette: You’re a fool.

Rod.: (*aside*) Your stupidity will ruin all.

Jeannette: Your stupidity will ruin all.

Rod.: (*to Jeannette*) I wish you were at the bottom of the Seine with a weight round your neck.

Jean.: I wish you were at the bottom of the –

Guests: What is the meaning of this impertinent jargon?

Rodolphe: Gentlemen, you will perceive that evil spirits have got possession of the Signora (*aside to Jeannette*) the Devil’s in you in sober truth.

Jean: The Devil’s in you!

Rodolphe: Gentlemen, I will exorcise them, I will call on them by name, and they will avaunt. I know you, vile fiends. You are Von Blitz de Teufel of the Hartz Mountain. How dare you show your nose in Paris without a passport? And you, Diavolo di Inferno, you Florentine Devil, how do you presume to cross the frontier – avaunt – avaunt – Shurius Turius! Turius! (*Aside*) that’s an old chant for cattle – (*Aloud*) at that awful incantation they will shake in their hoofs – now Gentlemen ask any questions you please.

General: Very well then – I'll ask you a few questions my friend, as you seem on such intimate terms with these foreign devils, one ought to get foreign intelligence correct from you at any rate. No false reports I should say through your brimstone medium – or, stay Gaston – will you question Signior Damrascal Rascalio, - Come, Gaston de Lostelle.

Rodolphe: Gaston, the Devil!

General: What, is a namesake of my young friend one of your allies?

Rodolphe: No, Monsieur! I merely made a remark (*Aside*) Here's a rencontre – never mind! I am safe in this wig – I'll tell my old master a little truth – mend my reputation, and then get away before that cursed wife of mine gets me into the Bastille.

Marie: Go Gaston! and hear your fate.

Gaston: Dearest! It is in your hands (*advances to Rod. – starts*) I have seen that face before.

General: Why do you start?

Gaston: 'Tis nothing – Come, learned astrologer, let us hear a little of your divination –

Rodolphe: Shall I reveal the future, or describe the past?

Gaston: (*aside*) The past! Alas! the terrible Past, is locked in my own soul. (*Aloud*) No! let us hear the future –

General: No, no! Gaston. Prophets can invent a future, let us hear your past history – Proceed my honoured Enchanter – How pale you are Gaston.

Rodolphe: (*solemnly*) Gaston de Lostelle! you had a brother!

Gaston: Merciful heavens!

General: Why? What agitates you? Go on Signior.

Rodolphe: Do you recollect the tenth evening of November last – can you remember the clock of Notre Dame striking the hour of seven? Do you remember, through the mists of that evening, the pale face of your brother Claude?

Gaston: Oh Fiend! Devil! Whatever thou art pity me! be silent. You are pouring molten lead into my soul – Have mercy!

Rodolphe: There! You hear Gentlemen – Monsieur Gaston declares that I am a Devil – After this do you doubt my truth? (*Aside*) Here's a lucky hit. My fortune's made.

General: This is very extraordinary Gaston de Lostelle. What does it mean?

Marie: (*Aside to Gaston*) Gaston! dear Gaston do not gaze on that man so wildly – See Gaston – everyone is looking at you.

Marie and Gaston retire up the stage

Flora: Oh! You horrible demon of the Hartz how dare torment my brother in law. Signior [curious spurious furious]?

General: Signior Damrascal – May I trouble you for my snuff box?

Rodolphe: It is indeed General, very warm this evening as you say – not that I feel it myself – I was brought up in a warm climate.

General: My snuff box Signior – It was a present from Louis Quatorze to my father.

Rodolphe: Ah! I was present at the coronation of Louis Quatorze.

All: Present at the coronation of Louis Quatorze.

Rodolphe: Yes it was a superb sight, but I think we had a finer fete when Henri Quatre came to the throne.

All: Henri Quatre?!

Rod.: We did things in very good style though when Charlemagne was crowned – but I remember

All: You remember?

Rodolphe: Yes! I remember nothing to equal the splendour of the dinners Vitellius used to give. I went over to England to spend a summer with Alfred the Great, but tho' the old fellow was very hospitable everything was in deuced rough style – and he was rather a bore too – for he treated me to the same stories every day after dinner. I heard that affair of the cakes he burnt till it quite set me against hot rolls.

General: Then Signior you mean to tell us that you are that wandering Jew?

Rodolphe: Oh! No! General. A mere boy in comparison. I am not very old – not arrived at my grand [climacteric] yet. I was born some years before Rome was built. I never knew my parents, but I have heard it whispered that Rhea Silva had a larger family than historians give her. I can perfectly remember making mud pies with Master Romulus, and I have an idea that I called him Brother. Remus had red hair and squinted, the story of the wolf is all a hoax and

General: and your story resembles it from beginning to end Signior so that when convenient we wish –

Rodolphe: Me to depart? With pleasure! Come Lorenzanina! My engagements this evening are numerous. I have to prophesy Husbands to three rich widows and two old maids – to foretell success to six poets, and three painters, and inform the Minister of Police whether the King sups tonight at Luciennes, therefore, General I will not apologize for leaving you, I have the honour to be –

General: Excuse me, but I will trouble you for my gold snuff box.

Rodolphe: Your most obedient – (*Going*)

General: Sir ! My snuff box!

Rod.: and very humble –

General: I say Damrascal, my snuff box!

Rodolphe: Servant.

General: My box, set with diamonds.

Rodolphe: Adieu General! Now Jeannette our heels must save us – (*Exit Rod. & Jean. through window*).

Guest: Oh General! The fellow has cheated you.

Flora: No! my dear sir – the fellow has not cheated my father. He has taken your snuff box Papa – but he has given you its full value in that useful [article] experience – You mustn't believe in any more insects of the Hartz Mountains I think –

General: If I catch the imposter, I prophesy a good sound horsewhipping for him and will fulfill my prophesy to the letter. But come Flora – you may take your revenge. See if you can beat me this time.

(General, Flora and the guests retire up the stage, and seat themselves at Chess and Card tables.)

Marie and Gaston advance to center.

Marie: What is it makes you so silent this evening dear Gaston? You are as melancholy as you were when we first knew you, some months ago, when everyone used to notice the gloom on your face. Tell me dear Gaston! You should have no secrets from me now – what was it made you so unhappy?

Gaston: I had suffered much dear girl from a sorrowful event which occurred six months ago in my family but when I saw and loved you dear Marie, grief ceased to trouble me, and when your Father consented to our union I was indeed happy –

Marie: But why does the mention of your brother's name always make you sad? Is he dead Gaston?

Gaston: It is supposed so.

Marie: Supposed? What! Know you not his fate?

Gaston: Marie! You love me, do you not? By that love I pray you never question me on this subject. Enough for you to know that that Brother's name is death to me – sweet girl – the story is a terrible one and you are happy. Ah! How happy in your ignorance of it.

Marie: But you will forget this terrible day will you not?

Gaston: Yes Marie! I will forget – in the grave.

Marie: You must forget it now. What! On the eve of our wedding day to think of sorrow, tomorrow –

Gaston: You will be my wife!

Marie: Yes! And there we are heart and soul to each other.

Gaston: The world to each other –

Marie: Nothing can estrange us. Death cannot divide us.

Gaston: My Betrothed! My beloved! I am indeed happy. Tomorrow we shall be united. Who then can part us [?] Who can part man and wife?

Ghost slowly rises.

Ghost: I can dear brother!!

The lamps pale – stage darkens. Music curtain falls. –

End of Act 2nd.

Appendix 2

News From Alma; or, The Watchers at Home and the Field of Battle

Introduction to the Text

Amongst the play fragments from the Cobbett papers in the BFC is this attempt by Braddon at a Crimean War drama *News from Alma; or The Watchers at Home and the Field of Battle*. The format of this manuscript, its condition and the manner in which it was preserved suggests that it dates from approximately the same time in Braddon's career as *Revenge of the Dead*, written in the 1850s, during her career on stage perhaps whilst she was resident in theatrical digs on tour.

News from Alma, like *Revenge of the Dead*, reflects Braddon's dynamic, inventive approach to script writing and adopts the contemporary influence from her stage career of Crimean War drama. *News from Alma* probably dates from around 1855, after the first spate of Crimean War dramas appeared on the London stage. Braddon's whereabouts in 1854-55 are important in gauging whether or not she was in the vicinity to see any of these productions.

In 1854 she was in Southampton until mid-April. Then she moved to the Theatre Royal, Reading from May until the end of the season in June. This tour, before the close for the summer, coincided with the outbreak of the War in the East. At the beginning of the new season she was in Aberdeen, lodging in Marischal Street, where she wrote most if not all of *Revenge of the Dead* and sent it out to prospective managers. In Scotland, in October, she would have heard the first reports from the Crimea about the Battle of the Alma. She remained there until moving to the Theatre Royal, Stamford in March 1855. Unfortunately there are no surviving records of the plays she appeared in at Aberdeen, or whether they had a 'flavour' of the events taking place on the battlefields. She was back in Scotland for the remainder of 1855, at Glasgow, and then went on to Southampton again and finally appeared in London in 1856 at the Royal Surrey Theatre.¹

It was Braddon's habit, certainly later in life, to keep abreast of current events and retain newspaper clippings of stories and articles that caught her imagination.² The information on the outbreak of the conflict was widely reported in the press, famously by Russell in *The Times*. It was compiled by the *Era*, from *The Times* and *The Gazette*, and given away in a supplement detailing the Alma on the 15th October 1854.³ Braddon might have kept that as a potential source, and whilst in Reading or Southampton and finally at The Surrey, seen one or more of the many adaptations and new compositions about the war on the London stage.

Braddon's *News from Alma* foregrounds in the title the reportage associated with the war. It has an embarkation scene as a finale or spectacular 'hook' at the end of the first act, the only surviving fragment. Astley's hugely successful *The Battle of the Alma*, which opened in October 1854, began with an embarkation scene. Braddon might have seen this production but embarkations 'had appeared in several plays already, embarkations having been a regular feature of the war so far'.⁴ As part of her familiar working practice Braddon was not lifting others' material, she was responding to the demands of potential audiences and the public, shared experience of the war so far as seen from British shores.

Braddon's types and stock characters in her version of *Alma* respond to the existing types current in war dramas, including the honest lower-class cockney soldier, amongst the most sincere and moral of the characters. She also incorporated the class conflict issues, with Emily Pennystrop, the barber's daughter, married to Rupert Vincent the officer who naively anticipates she will be safe in the hands of another stock type, his villainous 'friend' Harold Courtenay. Matilda, the maid, engaged to the honest cockney soldier, James, finds herself in service to the Pennystrops and Emily, even though they are of the same class. She feels the injustice of having to serve a family that she does not see as above her station and is not allowed to be as heartbroken as her mistress at the departure of her sweetheart.

Mat: Oh I can't help crying – tho' I haven't so much as a handkerchief, nor an apron nor nothing to dry my eyes on, and you're going away James – you're a going away – I can't bear it.

James: Bear it Matty, and think kindly of her who has had maybe worse to bear, think of your mistress.

Mat: Poor thing. She do fret, I know.

James: She's not been long married you know to master, and now he's going to leave her, so when you think of me Matty and are sorry to lose me, think of her grief, & if you try to lighten her sorrows, yours will all the sooner fly away. Come! We'll take a parting stroll down by the quiet water side, and then I must go back to the Dolphin, and see if Master wants me.

As well as these class conscious issues, which were a way of humanizing and linking the conflict with audiences' every day lives, Braddon foregrounded the villain and his unpatriotic intentions of seducing Emily whilst her husband is away fighting for Queen and country. At the melodramatic high of the final embarkation scene Emily swoons into Harold's arms and he says: 'Mine, mine, in my power mine sweet Emily for ever', as the band strikes up with 'God Save the Queen' changing to 'British Grenadiers'.

The wisdom of the child might prevail, however, in the form of Emily's little brother. Frederick William is on hand to foil Harold's vicious plans. He, of all the characters, suspects Courtenay: 'I don't like that chap. He's a peacock in patent leather boots, and a [Taglioni] he is – He don't think diminutive Barclay and [Perkins] of himself – he don't . . . ' In between plaguing his mother, an honest comical type, and having his trousers sewn up by Matilda he fits the role of observer and commentator of the action and displays suitable patriotic ambitions of his own: 'Who am I then Brother-in-law [?] Oh I'm to be insulted, and [ignored], and put upon & I shall enlist & go to . . . ' Rupert has piqued his pride. He does not think it is fair that, at fourteen, he is not considered old enough to be his sister's protector or to fight for his country.

The notes that Braddon offered for this act make room for speculation on the possible outcome of the action. She indicated that the embarkation scene at the climax of Act 1 marks the point of dislocation and that '*The soldier and his wife will meet in Heaven*'. This might be a generic comment or motto, but alternatively it could indicate the tragic resolution for Emily and Rupert, following Harold's destructive actions and the carnage of the battle. As the title shows, this play is concerned with the dual locations of '... *the watchers at Home and the Field of Battle*.' The precedent for this action existed in the contemporary Crimean war dramas. Emily, accompanied by Frederick, might make her way to the battlefield to find her husband, and minister to his wounds as he dies. She might succumb to Harold's advances, incorporating a fallen woman scenario, and venture out to the Crimea to atone and perhaps to die by way of a redeeming sacrifice.

These possibilities were extant, for example, in the Strand play of November 1854 *The Soldier's Wife* which specifically foregrounds the female role, part of the already existing formulaic approach in melodrama. As Jacky Bratton comments, the 'central issue was often the fate of the heroine, between a Russian villain and an officer hero; the comic members of the company took on the roles of cheerfully invincible sailors and various other existing types, however improbable in the context'.⁵ It did not concern playwrights too much that there might be an anachronistic content to the dramas. This practice left the field wide open for Braddon to experiment with the form for herself and incorporate what was to become a trademark feature, borrowed from the melodrama, of the heroine in turmoil, amidst extreme events.

Braddon's *News from Alma* seems to lie, potentially, at the junction of the early adaptations and the later developed examples of the sub-genre of Crimean War drama. She allowed for the existing stock roles and retained the general trend for heroines in difficulty. The heroic young officer and the rank and file voices of James and Matilda express the topical import of the situation. The villain Harold and the young Frederick make for an effective counterpoint to the emotional scenes of the

young couples. Braddon is also effective in her address to the exchange between 'popular art' and the press in her title that sets up this exchange and might establish participatory roles in the 'action' of war for the civilians who find themselves on the 'Field of Battle' itself.

The terrible background of the events of the Crimean War were to stay with Braddon for the rest of her life, clearly she was affected by the close scrutiny and reportage that contemporary newspapers had offered. In her Notebooks in the BFC she charted the framework of the story arc for *A Lost Eden* (1904), which is set at the time of the Crimean War, but written in the late Victorian period and published at the turn of the century. The melodramatic resonance of the events experienced by the Sandford sisters is reinforced in the pattern of the war. The novel begins in 1853 when Marion and Flora are still innocent and safe in their suburban garden setting. As the social and romantic lives of the sisters develop the war forms an atmospheric backdrop to the plot, as Braddon intended. As what Braddon terms the 'phoney' war of the summer of 1854 turned into a 'real' conflict later that year, with the Alma, the story around the Sandford girls heats up and they are beset by grief, loss and antagonism, which they have to resist.

Story opens Feb. 53 Crimean begins March 54

June 53

Sebastopol Oct. 55

Peace 56

Vernham away –

Returns spring – Marion sits

for picture – Father dead –

A summer of lovers –

Scene with M. studio – say – a June evening?

F. engaged to Jim Rodney –

Donaldson's offer – October

December – abduction.⁶

This novel, beginning with the funeral of the iconic nineteenth-century war hero and Prime Minister the Duke of Wellington, traverses the period until peace in October 1856. The sisters' lives are dramatically and irreversibly altered during this time. Flora embarks on her stage career, and engagement to Jim Rodney, a young actor/playwright. Marion Sandford lives out a melodramatic and complex relationship with the aristocratic artist, Edward Vernham, during which she almost succumbs to his sexual advances. After his attraction for her has grown into an obsession, leading him to abduct her in order to force her to marry him, she narrowly avoids complete disgrace and has to endure the traumatic struggle back to social conformity and domestic stability.

News from Alma is an example of Braddon's rapid response to what she saw taking place on the popular stage. The topical sub-genre of Crimean War drama tapped into the market of small and large-scale battlefield and nautical spectacles that already existed and had made use of the Napoleonic Wars. Some examples of this sub-genre simply replaced the enemy French with the Russians. Others were scripted originals that established the French as a loyal ally to the British and employed the Turks as exotic, noble sidekicks to the British military and, anachronistically, the navy.

The rehabilitation of the French as allies to the British had an effect on the popular cult of Napoleon Bonaparte. The enemy of Nelson and Wellington became an icon in his own right in the mid-nineteenth century when he was often portrayed as a noble and heroic figure. Braddon acknowledged this interesting phenomenon in her novel set in the 1850s *The Doctor's Wife* (1864) and inspired by Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. Braddon's heroine, Isabel Sleaford, engages in an active fantasy life drawn from her love of fiction and historical biography in which she contemplates how she would conduct herself as Napoleon's mistress during his exile on St. Helena, worshipping at the feet of the deposed emperor.⁷

It is interesting to think of Braddon writing this play, in her modest accommodation whilst on tour. She attempted to capitalize on the popular market with what would

have had to be a very ambitious staging project. Such a production would require generous backing, something her reputation in the 1850s could not elicit. For such a play to be fully realised with, potentially, its multiple settings (the *Watchers at Home* and *The Field of Battle*) and the need for the dual experiences of the characters in these settings, considerable investment was needed. Already, in the fragment available, Braddon contemplated an embarkation scene. She had a spectacle in mind, quite probably, with full musical accompaniment of patriotic songs and the National Anthem. Astley's version of *The Battle of the Alma* was just such a large scale spectacle and employed effects and resources far beyond Braddon's means or those of the touring companies in the provinces for which she worked. Yet, nonetheless, she experimented with the form and genre in this draft version, which owes so much to her considerable experience of melodrama in performance. It helps to establish her as a confident and skilled author of melodrama, fearlessly tackling even the most expensive and daunting of subject matter and genre.

¹ Carnell, *Literary Lives* 297-309.

² See: Clive Holland, 'Fifty Years of Novel Writing: Miss Braddon at Home', *Pall Mall Magazine*, November. 1911.

³ J.S. Bratton, 'Theatre of War: the Crimea on the London stage 1854-5', *Performance and Politics in Popular Drama*, (eds.) Bradby, James & Sharratt, Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1980, 24.

⁴ Bratton 130.

⁵ Bratton 121.

⁶ Braddon, Notebook A 'The Black Book', BFC, Appendix 11, 42.

⁷ Braddon, *The Doctor's Wife* 157.

Notes on the Text:

This transcript follows the same format as for *Revenge of the Dead*.

News from Alma

or:

The Watchers at Home and the Field of Battle**Act 1.**

Rupert Vincent, a captain in the Army
 Harold Courtenay
 James, A private
 Frederick William

Mrs. Pennystrop
 Emily – the captain's wife
 Matilda Tyler, A ladies' maid.

Act 1 Sc. 1

Southampton. The Platform. Views of the 'Himalaya' in the distance.
The soldier and the civilian. The trooper and his sweetheart.

Sc.2

Drawing Room in the Dolphin Hotel. A sad parting and a False Friend

Sc.3

Views of Southampton Dock. The 'Himalaya' ready for the start.
Farewell!
They go to fight in freedom's cause. The soldier and his wife will meet in Heaven.
Three cheers for the British flag and off she goes.

Act 1 Sc. 1

The Platform. Southampton. To the Right The Docks – Shipping – the ‘Himalaya’ lying at Anchor.

Enter Rupert Vincent and Harold Courtenay.

Harold: So she sails today?

Rupert: At 3 o’clock this afternoon ... I am very grateful to you my dear Harold for coming down to see me before I start. You know my old companion I may never come back.

Harold: Pshaw Vincent! A run down here by rail is no great sacrifice to friendship – I received your letter announcing your speedy departure yesterday and came off this morning by the express to shake hands with my old school fellow before he sets sail for Glory and the Baltic.

Rup: Ah my boy. Glory! there’s something in that.

Har: Something in it! I should think so. Sabre thrusts and hardships in it (*Aside*) and a deuced deal more than I should care about. But hows [*sic*] this Rupert [?] I thought your greatest wish was for active service.

Rup: And so it was three months ago.

Har: And what has changed you?

Rup: Fate, and a woman.

Har: Oh you’re going to tell me a love story – if it’s a long one I should like to sit down.

Rup: Since I last saw you Courtenay I’ve been married.

Har: Been married! Then it’s all over you’re a widower, and I congratulate you.

Rup: Not so fast. I am married.

Har: Then from my heart I’m sorry for you. Go on. “Bad goes before but worse remains behind.”

Rup: I’ve married a Barber’s daughter.

Har: What Rosina, the young lady in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* [?]

Rup: No, a flesh and blood Barber’s daughter. The story’s not romantic – She didn’t defend me from nineteen Brigands – carry me back from a burning city – or dig me out of a fallen avalanche. I lodged at her father’s, and she (my wife that is) used to wait upon me.

Har: Oh I see, the old story – single lodgers taken in and done for.

Rup: Well, I was a fool perhaps – or may be a very wise man – at any rate I fell in love with Emily Pennystrop, married her – began her education – and I’m as proud of my darling Milley – that’s short for Emily – and a pretty name isn’t it – as if I’d married a duchess in her own right – for I don’t believe I could have won a truer or a

nobler heart if I'd chosen from all the Peerage, with the Baronetage, and Bucker County families to boot.

Har: And so you married her? My dear Rupert couldn't you get your darling Milley on easier terms?

Rup: Mr. Courtenay!

Har: That you know is exactly the question a heartless man of fashion would have asked you.

Rup: I am glad you do not ask it. For our friendship's sake.

Harold: My dear fellow. (*Aside*) moral automaton!

Rup: My wife is staying down here, to see me off. Her mother is with her and her brother, a little boy of not very aristocratic manners. But you'll put up with this for my sake.

Har: I shall be charmed with the unsophisticated little cherub.

Rup: Come then – we're staying at the Dolphin. Come and have an early lunch and I'll introduce you to my wife. Your journey has given you an appetite.

Har: Such an one as renders me ready to attack anything, from a pate de foie gras to a roasted buffalo.

(*Exeunt Harold & Rupert*)

Enter Matilda Tyler, from opposite side

Matilda: I never have no time to clean myself, leastways never no time to do it decent. Two misuses is more nor I can bear. And its more nor I will bear. (*Looking at the 'Himalaya'*) Oh there you are, are you? A hissin' and a snortin' you big beast, that's a going to take away my James. I wish you'd blow up before you start – I wish you would – You won't bust your biler, oh no! but to oblige me – I dare say not – oh no ! of course not.

(*Enter James*)

James: What Mat, Matty come down so early – Missus has spared you early – Well I take that kind of her.

Matil.: Oh real kind I daresay – but I don't see the kindness in it – what! I be beholden for kindness to Milley Pennystrop as used to hang out the clothes in the back garding, next to ourn, which we lived [in] next door to [the] Pennystrops – the little brick house, with a brass plate on the door. Mrs. Tyler's ring Bell. Oh I daresay I'd be mean myself with taking kindness from the like on her. Oh yes, I daresay – oh dear yes of course. Oh yes!

James: Why what do you mean Matty?

Matil.: Mean, why that I shewed a spirit, and come away without leave.

James: Oh Matty Matty.

Matil.: Matilda if you please Mr. James. My godfather's [*sic*] & godmother in my baptism gave me a name of three syllables – leastways I've been led to believe so – not remembering the event myself, bein' in longclothes at the time, and I don't see why I should be cut off with two.

James: My dear girl you remember what I said what I said the other day?

Mat: Can't say I do in partic'lar.

James: Why I said my dear wife that is to be, that we'd have no envy and jealousy of the poor little mistress tho' she has married an officer and a gentleman, long life or a glorious death to him! for one's as a great a blessing as the other in my thinking.

Mat: Envy – me envious of Emily Pennystrop – me! Me envious of Emily – Em – Emily Pennystrop as wos and as is Emily Wincent now? Oh dear, now that do amuse – oh I like that – that do quite please me now. Oh likely! very, Oh yes I daresay!

James: Well then my dear girl – if your old companion is now your mistress she mustn't grow proud nor you ill natured. She havn't [*sic*] very long to live in this world, and its very topsy turvey in somethings as it is – Lets keep things as straight and as [*even*] as we can, and be as happy we can while we are in it.

Mat: I'd like Emily Pennystrop as was, as is Emily Wincent, very well – if –

James: If what?

Mat: If she'd let me have time to clean myself and if –

James: What next?

Mat: If she'd never had no mother, nor no brother – I can't abide old mother Pennystrop nor I can't abide young Frederick William P - . But oh James I ain't got no time to day to think of them Pennystrops, there I blow 'em away, I cast 'em off – I shake 'em off – the whole bilin' on 'em. You're a goin' away James.

James: But I may live to come back, and make you my dear wife.

Mat: Ah but you may come back with no legs nor no arms and nothing of you left worth speaking of –

James: And I think Matty there's not one British hearted girl in the United Kingdom, who wouldn't like me all the better, if I came back to claim my bride after losing an arm in the defence of my country.

Mat: Lor! How beautiful you do talk. You've had a hedication [*sic*], blessings on the ragged schools, and Lord Ashley.

(*James salutes in military style*)

Why do you salute James [?]

James: Why Matty we salute and present arms to Royalty, and the like of that, and so I think its real hard if a fellow can't lift his cap at the mention of a good man's name. But look there Matty – Look at the good ship 'Himalaya'.

Mat: The good ship 'Himalaya'. Oh she calls herself a good ship do she? Oh yes a real good ship. She ought to be ashamed [*of*] herself she ought. You're a going to take away my James are you? You nasty big beast. You good for nothing. Good ship. Oh James, James, desert – do – that's a dear. (*sobbing*).

James: My poor girl. Don't cry so. I never knew before that duty was a painful thing. Keep up your spirits Matty, & pray for me – but don't dry for me. Matty, old girl, shall I tell you what soldiers' wives should have?

Mat: What? What?

James: Brave hearts, and grim spirits – and trust in Heaven!

Mat: Oh I can't help crying – tho' I haven't so much as a handkerchief, nor an apron nor nothing to dry my eyes on, and you're going away James – you're a going away – I can't bear it.

James: Bear it Matty, and think kindly of her who has bad maybe worse to bear, think of your mistress.

Mat: Poor thing. She do fret, I know.

James: She's not been long married you know to master, and now he's going to leave her, so when you think of me Matty and are sorry to lose me, think of her grief, & if you try to lighten her sorrows, yours will all the sooner fly away. Come! We'll take a parting stroll down by the quiet water side, and then I must go back to the Dolphin, and see if Master wants me.

Mat: Very well, come along. But I'm not fit to be seen with a [British soldier], I ought to be walkin' with a Russian or a Prussian, for I never has time to clean myself – never have no time to clean myself – never no time – Oh no.

(Exeunt James and Matilda)

Scene 2. *Drawing Room at the Dolphin. Mrs. Pennystrop, Emily, and Frederick William discovered. Mrs. P. mending Frederick Wm.'s trousers.*

Mrs.P.: Stand still Frederick William will you – If you will go climbing and setting on nails, and walls as is covered with broken glass, you must pay the penalty of such Unchristian conduct.

F.W.: Well can't you take 'em off to mend 'em then? It ain't pleasant being made a portable pin cushion or a perambulating needlecase. It's a amusement to you, to sew and to fix, and to cut, and to pin me, but it ain't to me – you like it perhaps, I don't. There, there goes the needle, stick it in a little farther can't you – and make a cripple of me – and 'em stitches is too pensive – Go it, do, and see me lying in my coffin, a hinnocent [*sic*] victim to lockjaw, commencing with my legs and extending up'ards.

Mrs. P.: There go and play do – and if you tear 'em again –

F.W.: You shan't mend 'em (*Goes to window*)

Mrs. P.: There there he goes, up to something in that balcony. That boy'll break my neck and his heart, no his heart and my neck, my heart and his neck before he's done climbin' and spoiling his trousers – which cost 14 & 9' and has only two patches where he sits down upon. But lor' Emily it's no use talking to you – You're always a whining and a worriting because Captin Wincent's going to Inja.

Emily: Not India mama, the Baltic.

Mrs.P.: Well I make no doubt the Baltic is in Inja – officers are always ordered out to Inja, they always wos, they goes there and catches [malaria], and yeller fevers and comes back and has pensions and eats curries and is heroes, tho' I don't see that they does great things there for I've heerd say the English [fight] the 'Six' – and I don't think much of a harmy that makes such a fuss about whacking 'Six'. Why I could whack six – if they wos little sixes, as soon as look at 'em.

Emily: But Rupert is going to the Baltic. Mama that has nothing to do with the war in India.

Mrs.P.: Oh of course, Contradict me like a dutiful daughter. Shall I lay down and beg you to trample on me, I make no doubt you'd like to do it Emily. But I'm not going to give you the opportunity. Thank providence and easy shaving at a penny – hair cut for threepence, children's half price – I've got a comfortable house at 23 Peterses Place – a maid of all work as wos a charity girl – and –

Emily: Indeed dear mama, I didn't mean to offend you. But you know I'm so unhappy for Rupert will be gone.

Mrs.P.: To Inja –

Emily: The Baltic, Mama.

Mrs.P.: Oh I'd better lay down and be trampled on at once. It's what you're driving at –

Emily: Mama!

Mrs.P.: Oh! Milly, Milly, when I was first your blessed mother, and almost give over, as ask Peterses Place which remembers the oath if I wasn't. I never thought I should live to be your Ma. I should like all the Hearth to hear and shake with a [great] Hearthquake. Mrs. Pennystrop of Peterses Place is Ma to a Captin's Lady (calling) Frederick William you'll burst 'em again. They're too tight for settin' down like a Xtian, and you're a climbin' like a 'Eathen or a Hourang Outang.

F.W. If you come any o' your chivying games here, I'll run away and enlist, and go to –

Mrs.P.: Inja! Oh Frederick William you was born for the special providential purpose of breaking your mother's heart. We've all got a mission and that's you'rn.

Emily: Oh Mama, I'm sure I hear Rupert's step downstairs, but this is such a grand place, I daren't run to meet him. The waiters all look like clergymen or prime ministers.

F.W.: And the Cook's like the Hemporor of Russia.

Emily: There, I was right Mama, it is his step. The sound of his footfall always make my heart beat faster. It is his step and I shan't hear it tomorrow!

Rupert without): This way Courtenay.

Emily: Ah there's his voice. There is no other like it in the whole wide world. It will not speak to me tomorrow. A stranger with him, how provoking!

Mrs.P.: A very nice looking young man I declare. Now Frederick William show your manners, but don't show the patches on your trousers. The honour of the Pennystrops is in your hands, and they're chockfull of marbles I do declare.

(Enter Rupert and Harold)

Rup: Well dear Emily. Have I been long away –

Emily: A very, very long time.

Rup: And yet by my watch only an hour dear girl

F.W.: Hever since the Bath Buns was hup at the pastry cooks hopposite – and the milk was took in at the library, and the butcher's dog 'as bit the orse's 'eel, was run over and had his leg broke and flew at the baker's boy as was a carryin' a toad in the hole, to no. 19 hover the way.

Har.: Your brother-in-law my dear Rupert seems to be a close observer of human nature.

Mrs.P.: Yes sir, in a manner of speaking, our Frederick William always has his heyes hopen.

Har: My dear Madam they appear so at the present time (Aside) rather of the stare and goggle order at all times I should think.

Mrs.P.: Our Frederick William always was a precarious child.

Har. aside) Our Frederick William. Oh then I suppose Frederick William is a family [concern], a jointstock affair; the idea of holding a share in such a piece of vulgarity and turn down collars as that!

Rup: My dear Emily let me introduce to you Harold Courtenay – my old friend and school-fellow. Harold this is my dear wife. When I am gone Milly, as you have no brother –

F.W.: Who am I then Brother-in-law [?] Oh I'm to be insulted, and [ignored], and put upon & I shall enlist & go to –

Mrs.P.: Inja, & break his parent's tender heart.

Rup: I was going to say Milly that as you have no brother old enough to be a protector and a friend.

F.W. *Aside*: Oh I'm sure 14 and a half & a month over and three days come half past ten tonight ain't hold enough to protect. Do she want a Methuselah?

Rup: My old friend will stand in that light to you in my absence..., for yourself England & Victory, I trust dear girl 'twill be a short one.

Har: It will be my pride with all my power of doing so – to leave your wife Rupert. (*Aside*. And she shall have as much of my heart as Mademoiselle Pas de quatre of the Royal Italian can spare.

Rup: Harold you know what we have been talking about. I leave my wife in your charge – and you know my dear fellow there is not one other man in England with whom I'd leave so precious a trust. And not another in the whole world in whom I would confide as now I do in you – (*Rupert & Emily go up*).

Harold C.) *Aside*: Do not be too sure, my dear friend. For as we know by the example of our respected friend Sir Giles Overreach people who are 'ever sure' often are taken in. Now Vincent being an innocent young fellow, and leaning towards that trust we commonly call rather verdant – or decidedly green would I daresay feel it quite a disappointment if he were to come home and find his Sweet Milly, my Sweet Milly, and changes as well as accidents come about in well-regulated families – Pas de quatre Rouges three inches thick, and swears like one of her Majestie's troopers, in fact, a new conquest would while away the dull season charmingly - & -

Mrs.P. *at the back*: I said you'd burst 'em.

F.W.: Well can't you sew 'em up for us without chivying us about it for half an hour [?]

Har: I suppose I must do the civil to that [particular] specimen of the species old woman – and Our Frederick William. If the sister was like the brother what a heavy load of villainy it would spare your soul, Harold Courtenay, you damned iniquitous, handsome, insinuating, elegant young dog!

(*Rupert & Emily come down C.*)

Rup: Downhearted, Milley? What ! downhearted, this parting is worse than the battlefield – my heart never failed there and now –

Emily: Oh my husband, my kind husband, the words will come to my lips and tho' they are useless, idle and childish, they will come – don't go – don't go – I can't help saying it, to get out of my heart that's near breaking with the sorrow, don't go – don't go – there's nothing in my heart but those two words, don't go, don't go.

Rup: They are idle words darling, but it's the love in your heart that prompts them. I must go dear girl. I must go today – soon – almost now. But cheer up – or you'll have your husband a coward and a pothouse. Milley, Milley I can't stand it. I must

get into a passion, or swear, or something, or I shall act like a fool. Milley be brave for my sake.

Milly: Yes, Yes, I will be brave for your sake. I'll say farewell and I'll say clear that I can part with you and keep a bold heart, and trust and hope and - (*bursting into tears*) Oh Rupert I can't bear it - I can't. I daresay its because I haven't had much education, but I think I shall die of sorrow. I cannot lose you.

Rup: Milly, when I was in London the other night I saw a regiment leave the Waterloo station. A regiment of fine fellows and brave fellows, as ever faced the enemy, but their old fathers and mothers and young wives and little toddling children were clinging to them - and Milly dear I don't think there was one of those fine fellows that wasn't downhearted and sorrowful at that parting - think of this my wife - and think that for this sorrowful heart of yours, there are hundreds of thousands of others as sorrowful, and while we are away fighting for freedom and our country, let the soldiers' wives of England have one heart and one soul at home.

Emily: But we have been so short a time married dear Rupert, and the days of my life for these few months past have been so happy, for every hour I have found in you, my dear brave husband, some new and noble quality to admire, to revere, nay almost worship. A cleverer or a richer wife might have been more fitted to mate with you Rupert, but I do not think, had you chosen from the whole world, you would have found a wife who could have loved you better.

Rup: I do believe it Milly and you will keep that love in your heart.

Emily: It is the life of my heart Rupert and while I live it must live also.

Rup: The hour of my departure is growing near Milly - I must be on board in half an hour. She'll sail by that time.

Mrs.P.: Then she must wait till I've packed your last box, there's a shirt with a button off.

Rup: The 'Himalaya' won't wait for me I fear.

Mrs.P.: The 'Himalaya' must wait till I've sewed this button on. I should like to see her a sailing without Capting Wincent. It would be like her impatience I should like to see a regiment going off to Inja without its Capting.

Rup: Come Milly will you put on your bonnet dear [?] My watch will point to the hour dear, the ship will start. So we'd better hasten down to the Docks at once.

Harold: Yes, I'm decidedly for going down there at once Mrs. Vincent. It'll be very amusing seeing a lot of fellows snivelling over their old parents, and going off to be made Russian mincemeat.

Rup: A strange amusement.

Har: Yet it would be an amusement no doubt to a vitiated and depraved heart. Tho' indeed I vow, childish as it may be, I think such a sight must be deeply affecting.

(*Aside* I'm a deuced bad actor for I keep forgetting my part.

Emily: I'll put on my bonnet dear Rupert and then we'll walk down to the Docks and I'll see you stand upon the vessel's deck and fade away till you're quite gone for ever, your kind voice heard no more. My heart will break, my heart will break! Oh let me cry, let me cry and pray to Heaven that I may die, for oh! I cannot live to part with you.

Rup: Come, come brave girl keep a bold heart. Soldier's wife, never give way - see Milley, you know I love you but I don't cry, do I, I don't - Come Harold we must be

off. (*half crying*) Damn it, its going to rain. The Devil take the weather (*taking his hat*) Damn the hat. I'm in a dreadful passion, a furious passion with my hat – and (*crying*) I can't stand it (*falls into a chair*).

Harold (*looking at them*) *Aside*): How would anyone imagine that those two individuals were reasonable beings brought up in London, and educated within the sound of Bow bells? Pshaw! It makes me ill. Play acting nonsense, fit for the stage, not practical life like airs.

Emily (*ringing a bell*): I'll put on my bonnet (*Looking out at the window*) Rupert its going to rain – the wind will change – and then the ship can't go today – it cannot go today if the wind changes. I know ships often stop because of the wind, for a day or two, or a week or a fortnight, I've heard of contrary winds lasting a month at a time. Rupert, I think the wind has changed – I'm sure it has.

Har: The wind is precisely in the same quarter as it was in this morning, the Little man on the little house on the little weathercock over the way is as fixed as fate. You're a long time putting on your bonnet Mrs. Vincent (*looking at his watch*) Time nearly expired by me.

(*Enter Matilda*)

Mat: Did you want me ma'am? I was just a cleanin' of myself, but Lor' I never have no time to clean myself – what right has a servant (with 12 pounds a year tea sugar & washin' as followers allowed, ...) to be clean, Captin's Ladies may clean themselves not Captin's Ladies' Ladies maids (*Aside*)

Emily: Give me my bonnet and shawl Matilda, there that'll do, that'll do.

Mat. (*Putting on Emily's shawl*) Lor' you do tremble so ma'am there's no doing it anyways tidy.

Emily: Never mind, it'll do, it'll do Matty – I must put my veil down, I'm afraid my eyes are red.

Rup: Send James up for the luggage Matilda, come Milly come my sweet wife, be a man – Be lion hearted, My darling and keep up your spirits as I do, Come, come (*Exeunt. Rupert whistling and Emily on his arm*).

Har. C): So in the general sorrow I'm forgotten. So, so madam not a civil word for your humble servant. We shall be compelled to teach you another style, to bring you to our feet. I've flown at higher game than Mrs. Captain Vincent before this. And while my amiable, but green young friend Rupert pokes Sabres and pops guns at the Emporer of all the Russias I can make war upon the charming Emily's heart, and I wouldn't mind staking a pony that I can take my prize before he takes it. St. Petersburg. But our Frederick William approaches and as I'd rather encounter the Imperial Russian guard than that charming youth, I'll follow my friend to the Docks. Oh I've got a handkerchief to turn on the tears with. A little whimpering will be necessary no doubt. (*Exit H.*)

Mrs. P.: Now he's gone. Oh of course no one thinks of me. I'll lay down and be trampled [*sic*] on at once I think, for it must come to that soon.

F.W.: I don't like that chap. He's a peacock in patent leather boots, and a [Taglioni] he is – He don't think diminutive Barclay and [Perkins] of himself – he don't – So they're gone mother?

Mrs.P.: Yes to Inja.

F.W.: No they ain't they're gone to whack the Hemporer – wouldn't I like to go too, and hold on while they pitched into him. There that's the way I'd go at him, so, one for his nob, and a little one in, and up again looking cheerful, and tap his claret and – (*Boxing Mrs.P.*)

Mrs.P.: Frederick William, do you wish to be a parricide?

F.W.: I thought you was the Hemporer. I say Matilda, I wish you'd finish sewin' my trousers – mother's so full of them Boxes, she's been and left the needle stickin' in em and it ain't agreeable.

Mat: Come along then Fred.

Mrs. P.: Perhaps Matilda Tyler you could find it convenient to lay your tongue to such words as Master Frederick William. My son's name has got a handle to it, and I'll trouble you Matilda Tyler, no to lay hold on his name without making use of that handle.

Mat. Aside: Oh indeed the Tylers of 22 Peterses Place is sunk very low to be ordered about by the Pennystrops of 23 Peterses Place.

James: The Boxes are all taken down ma'am – we'd best follow them for the times going.

Mrs. P.: Come then Frederick William, and don't take long strides or you'll burst 'em again.

F.W.: Then you go first. For I wants to slide along the pavement, or break any windows as I go along, I'm not going to be chivied 'till my spirit's broke and my appetite's spoilt!

(*Exeunt*)

James: Come Matilda – come along –

Mat: I ain't a fit object for no Xtian city, not never having time to clean myself.

(*Exeunt James and Matilda*).

Scene 3.

The Docks. The Himalaya – soldiers on the Dock – in the C. at back of stage. Rupert and Emily in front).

Rup: Look Milly dear there she stands as brave a piece of timber as ever hoisted colours and may the company that's going to sail in her be a glory and a pride to her, and bring credit to her name in days to come.

Emily: In days to come. In days when you return, when will that be Rupert, when will that be [?]

Rup: The God that gives us victory by land and sea alone knows that, my darling – Love! Let us hope.

Emily: But its such weary work to hope and hope till home grows sick, and wait and watch, till waiting seems but watching for despair to come.

Rup: Keep a bold heart.

Emily: My heart must be a bold one or it would have broken long 'ere now. When we have parted – parting is so hopeless, we who have so loved to part and you to go by land or sea wherever fate –

Rup: Heaven – dear love. Fate, Heaven guided.

Emily: Wherever Heaven's will may take you, and when you are gone I must remain behind to count the hours of your absence, and watch, how wearily, for your return. Oh I shall visit our favourite walk, you know, the deserted Park and gardens down by the seashore yonder, 'till memory will make your image dearest, and still, still you will walk beside me, as once you did, but never may again.

Rup: Come why this is quite despairing – nerve my arm for battle Milly by being bright and hopeful.

Emily: I will I will – Oh give your sword and soul, and all your thoughts to duty and the service of your country and let me weep unseen.

Rup: My wife, my wife. No Battle can be half so hard as this sad parting. Hark do you not hear the guns (*guns in the distance*) There's quite a crowd upon the beach to see the vessel start. Cheer up, cheer up – there's not a heart in this wide land that will not feel for you, the soldier's wife.

Emily *Aside*: It sounds so like the soldier's widow.

(*Enter Harold*)

Rup: See dear, here comes Harold Courtenay. Harold old friend once more I give into your hands my darling. You'll befriend her when I'm far away and she will have no guardian but High Heaven. It is a precious charge I leave with you Harold, but there is one above who will watch over her – and heap upon the head of him who would injure her shame and confusion ten-fold for the lightest shame he brings on her.

Harold: You'll find I can be faithful – *Aside* To my own ends (*Aloud*) And I trust Rupert that you will return as soon as I, your oldest friend, can hope.

Enter James, Mrs. Pennystrop and Frederick William and Matilda

Rup: James old fellow, she's off.

James: Directly Master, we'd best go on board.

Rup: Then say goodbye to all James and we're off.

Mrs.P.: Going off to Inja as cool as cucumbas [*sic*].

James: It's a hard word to say sir, that Farewell, and it must choke me, but Lord I thoughts I was a man – a soldier & not a baby. Good bye, good bye Ma'am. Do not fear for master – he'll return or meet a glorious fate.

Emily: James be a faithful friend to him, a humble but a faithful one. Do not let him perish for a helping hand as I have heard some do upon a victory told.

James: Lady, he has my duty, heart and soul, and shall have to my latest breath. I'll die to serve him.

Emily: I can believe that James with all my heart. Good bye, Good bye & Heaven bless you and the cause you fight in.

James: And Heaven will bless its Lady for it is the cause of freedom. Matty good-bye – God bless you. I'll come back old girl.

Mat: With a Russian wife and six Russian babbies.

James: What Matty do you think I'd marry into the enemy's ranks [?] No bless you not if the Empress herself took a fancy to me.

Mat: And you'll come back constant then [?]

James: Constant as the needle to the pole. Don't doubt me Matty, cheer up cheer up for the mistress's sake.

Mat: Poor thing! I begins to pity Emily Pennystrop as wos and as is Emily Wincent.

Rup. *standing on the plank*: Milly Milly. Farewell my darling. Farewell be hopeful. We shall meet, my life, we shall meet.

Emily: Oh if we never do. Never do see each other more on Earth –

Rup: The soldier and his wife shall meet in Heaven. The Head quarters of every regiment and every company, where trooper and general are side by side, as where there's no such word as parting. Farewell, farewell my love. Whether I live or die I will be worthy of you my sweet wife – farewell and do not stain the glory flag with tears. Bold hearts, bold hearts. Brave men and women.

Standing on the Deck. C.) Three cheers before we go to meet the enemy. Shout for us Boys. Shout one and all for our Brave British flag. Three cheers for Death or victory.

F.W.: And give my love to the Hemporer of Russia.

Emily: Gone, gone – He is gone – I cannot like to see him go away. (*faints in the arms of [Harold]*).

[Harold]: Mine, mine, in my power mine sweet Emily for ever.

*Music – God Save the Queen – or Rule
Britannia changing to British Grenadiers.
Curtain.*

Appendix 3

Boulevard of the Temple – 1720.

Introduction to the Text.

This manuscript is an early one from Braddon's time acting and touring with companies around the provinces. It has a unique theatrical flavour of the Parisian Boulevard du Temple and contains a series of types and characters, which Braddon perceived as fitting the eighteenth-century style. She depicted them commenting on the prevailing reputation of the Boulevard at that time in a play about players and performers. *Boulevard of the Temple* was found amongst the Cobbett papers (alongside the Introduction to *Little Dorrit*, *the Revenge of the Dead*, and *News from Alma*) and probably matches the dates of the other play manuscripts uncovered alongside it. Therefore, a tentative date of around 1854 onwards is possible but the manuscript has other characteristics in common with an earlier manuscript found in the Cobbett papers, *The Old Armchair*. This can be positively dated as a juvenile work of 1845, written when Braddon was only ten years of age.¹

The style of handwriting in *Boulevard of the Temple* matches the script of that early story, an example of the penmanship that Braddon was so proud to have mastered at a young age. More evidence is also apparent on the pages of *Boulevard of the Temple*. With this script there appears the draft dialogue and plot of another story or play. It is a very rough outline occupying the reverse side of the manuscript and written in a hand that more closely matches that of *Revenge of the Dead* and *News From Alma*, which can be accurately dated to post 1854. Braddon might have used the pages of an early, juvenile attempt at scriptwriting, kept amongst her papers as she toured as an actress on limited means, to rough out the ideas for another sensational plot.

If, then, this pastiche of eighteenth-century players and characters drawn from the controversial theatre of the French boulevards was a juvenile work it offers evidence

of Braddon's very earliest influences in theatre and literature. These influences were derived from a period and a culture about which she could have no first-hand knowledge and so she had to work with historical and literary evidence and a certain amount of romantic ambiguity. Her possible sources were the works of Eugène Sue, whose *Mysteries of Paris* inspired the work of G.W.M. Reynolds. Reynolds wrote the serial *Mysteries of the Court of London* between 1849 and 1856. The works of Reynolds, including *Wagner the Wehr-Wolf*, were definitely amongst Braddon's favourite reading from childhood. She remembered how accustomed she was to lurid Gothic tales by the age of ten. According to her autobiographical notes in the BFC she 'gloated' over Reynolds's tale of Wagner's supernatural transformations, murders and villainous women.² The illustrations for *Wagner* show the story's episodes in gory and lurid tableaux. One depicts novice nuns stripped to the waist and engaged in penitent self-flagellation. Others show the murderous rampages of Wagner transformed. This was strong reading material for a child. Braddon absorbed this and more, claiming it helped her overcome her childish fears of wolves.

She contented herself with dramatic accounts of the Boulevard theatres of Paris and Parisian 'low-life'. In her letters to Bulwer Lytton of 1863-64³ she regularly returned to referencing her favoured reading of Frédéric Soulié, Balzac and Flaubert, contemporary with her composition of *The Doctor's Wife* (1864), founded on Flaubert, and *Eleanor's Victory* (1863) with its theatrical background and 'low-life' settings in Paris and London. She admitted to 'helping myself freely' from Soulié, 'He is certainly magnificent for continuous flow of invention – incident arising out of incident'.⁴ She also drew on Voltaire and in a very deliberate move took Octave Feuillet's play *Dalila* (1857) as the source for her short story *Circe* (1867).

Unashamedly derivative Braddon was steeped in the melodrama of French fiction and its British counterparts from her childhood. The Bohemian, commercial, morally ambivalent Boulevard du Temple entertainments were a source of great inspiration for the middle-class solicitor's daughter from London, who was too young to have any direct experience of the productions in the heyday of the 1820s and 30s when the plays were at their most biting satirical and revolutionary.

Guilbert de Pixérécourt developed popular ‘mélodrame’ in the years following the French Revolution of 1789 and set up his theatre in the Boulevard du Temple. Crowds flocked there to be informed, entertained, shocked, or to riot. Outside the theatres the public would gather to be entertained before and after performances by the artistes in the booths who offered satirical and acrobatic tasters of the featured acts or plays inside. The whole area was a spectacularly lively place with a blend of high and low entertainment for all. There were adaptations of English work; the exchange across the channel was reciprocal with *Nicholas Nickleby* performed at the Ambigu-Comique in the 1840s.⁵ Along with the Boulevard Saint-Martin, the Temple was the hub of French melodrama and developed a variety of work of its own. It was nicknamed by audiences in the first part of the nineteenth century the ‘Boulevard du Crime’ on account of the nature of entertainment provided by its theatres, notably the Gaité and the Ambigu-Comique (until 1827).⁶

Braddon’s appropriation of an eighteenth-century setting on the Boulevard directly relates to the importance she laid upon the careers of Pixérécourt and other influential writers of melodrama and also to the popular, widely available forms of entertainment that were acceptable to all classes of French society. She did, however, offer an interesting anachronistic detail in that she dated the action to 1720, before the founding of the Boulevard theatres. This date might be a youthful error or misreading of her source material, or a deliberate choice to distance herself from the more notorious phases of the Boulevard’s history.

She did, on the other hand, depict the characters as a cross-section of French society, just the sorts of artisans, soubrettes, chevaliers, and ambassadors who frequented the Boulevard theatres. Unlike the lower class associations of melodrama in England, in France the form had a definite cross-class appeal,

... the classic examples of French melodrama were written for a public that extended from the lower classes, especially artisans and embraced members of the aristocracy – including the Empress Josephine herself at one moment. Whereas in England, melodrama seems

quickly to have become exclusively entertainment for the lower orders, indeed, in the Surreyside houses, for the mob.⁷

Braddon, despite the anachronistic date of her title, reflected the cross-class cultural feel of the theatrical neighbourhood of Paris in *Boulevard of the Temple*. She referenced the artisans and performers that frequented the Boulevard in their stalls and booths, including Candide the ‘public writer’. The audience members who come to the location are young aristocrats and chevaliers and even the Spanish ambassador who visits Candide to have his secret correspondence written. She involved the characters in politicized squabbles and duelling, reflecting what she perceived as the historical romance of French courtly affairs in the eighteenth century. They form a hierarchy of social types, the sort that Peter Brooks mentions forming the audiences of the Boulevard theatres in their time. The opening sets the scene and offers detailed notes as to the atmosphere to be evoked, with the calls of the showmen to attract the crowds to their colourful booths.

Act 1 Sc. 1

- *L. A house with a green arbour - In the arbour a little table and chairs. This house has a balcony & a principal entrance at the side - & has the sign “Baucelin – Cook” – facing this house a writer’s stall with the inscription “Candide – Public Writer. The window of the stall faces the audience & in the interior is seen a table covered with papers. Shops at the back. Foreign Theatre with pictures. Charlatans with quack medicines & etc.. The Scene planted with trees & of a smiling aspect. At the rise of the curtain the boulevard is occupied by a crowd of itinerant merchants. The jugglers, showmen, etc..have decked their booths - they call the multitude & the itinerant cries are heard on all sides. Candide is in his stall, he is seen seated at his desk & shows his impatience at being interrupted. Tableau, lively & animated.*

Candide demonstrates his ‘impatience’ with his neighbours, which arises from the fact that he is a lovelorn soul, his heart belongs to Mlle Fauchonette the ‘singing fairy as [they] call the ravishing creature who has turned the heads of all Paris’. He feels rather out of place in this setting with his ‘modest’ career as a public writer. He

disapproves of the 'gay young men of Paris' and the 'shocking man' Baucelin the 'fashionable cook of the Boulevard du Temple'. Gaston de Listenay and the Chevalier de Loyecourt along with their fashionable friends enter and Gaston reveals that he is to depart for the colonies, 'Havannah! The end of the world perhaps', on the following day. He has been disinherited by his uncle, despite being of the blood-royal, and his beautiful twenty-year-old step-aunt Ariadne has been left the family fortune. She was able to bewitch the seventy-year-old Prince de Listenay shortly before his death thus 'disinheriting his most deserving nephew'. Gaston, unlike another step-nephew Robert Audley, is not bitter and has actually refused Ariadne's offer to annul the will and let him have the money. Instead, he relishes the prospect of setting out into the world and only sent his step-aunt a short reply, 'Mdlle, you have gained your fortune too well/Not to enjoy it, - When spring gives/her flowers to winter, Winter cannot pay/too dearly for the flowers of spring'. The aristocratic characters pride themselves on their witty retorts and accounts of daring exploits.

Braddon carefully preserved this fragmentary manuscript in her various batches of papers. Its influences pervaded the different phases of her career. The economy of her composition from the time she was a young actress makes this manuscript an intriguing artefact to handle and assess. In setting down her ideas for a new work she carefully inserted it into the available space on this manuscript for *Boulevard of the Temple*, writing around the pages of existing script and inserting paragraphs where she could. She was energetic with her compositions and put together a batch of elaborately constructed and detailed material in her preserve of papers. The ideas that resonate from this play include prototypical devices of female desire and social manipulation: the intriguing young woman who enchants an older wealthy man and the bewitching ballet-girl who captures the hearts of the upper-class chevaliers. These types can be transposed and understood as the beautiful Lady Audley, who starts out as the ambitious governess bigamously married to the older Sir Michael, and the innocent Eliza Prodder from a 'second-rate theatre in Lancashire' who captures the heart of the banker Archibald Floyd, and becomes mother to Aurora.

Boulevard of the Temple, influenced by eighteenth-century melodramatic works and nineteenth-century French novels of intrigue and social satire, can be seen as directly impacting on Braddon's foremost early 'bigamy' novels of sensation. She discovered the social, professional and contemporary equivalents to the eighteenth-century types. The chevaliers of the blood royal became the upper-middle class George Talboys and Robert Audley for whom women can be dangerous and untrustworthy and adventures across the globe can make their fortune. The elderly prince is the comfortably domestic Sir Michael of Audley Court, or the loyal Archibald Floyd merchant banker on his way to becoming respectable, accepted by Kentish country gentry. The appropriation of models from the eighteenth century in theatre and history enabled Braddon to comment upon the social mobility of nineteenth-century Britain and formulate her policy of appealing to the broadest possible market, which she articulated strongly during her editorship of the *Belgravia* magazine.

In what she saw as fashionable behaviour for the young blades of the eighteenth century, Braddon depicted Gaston, her hero, recounting his dangerous escapades of duelling and the subsequent 'most touching adventure' with the 'charming Fauchonette'. She appeared as his angel of mercy to nurse him back to health. Don José, the Spanish ambassador, is impressed: 'Fauchonette! What the songstress of the Boulevard, of the public gardens the favourite of all Paris at this very moment!' Overheard by Candide the men discuss her virtue and Gaston vouches for the fact that 'she is a good girl, who sells nothing but her songs . . . ' This figure of the young woman, the virtuous and talented soubrette, is introduced in this opening scene possibly to become the heroine of the action with her undying love for Gaston, who must leave for 'Havannah' the next day. Braddon emphatically described the young woman as both beautiful and good, despite the reputation that might accompany those of her professional calling.

There are numerous possibilities that arise for this scenario. Don José is poised, after his duel with Gaston and wounding of him, to be the villain. He is deeply embroiled

in the courtly politics of the Duc de Maine but instrumental in bringing Fauchonette together with her beloved. Gaston is a heroic young man, perhaps to be involved in a scandal with his step-aunt in conflict with Fauchonette's feelings for him. Candide is the lovesick character of the lower orders for whom the singer is out of reach. He must 'aspire . . . sigh . . . wish . . . and that's all'. He has the potential to become a truly moving, self-sacrificing character, which might mean he has to perform the ultimate sacrifice to protect the woman he loves because he is already involved with the dangerous politics of Don José. Gaston is her 'champion & defender', but whether things will transpire happily is unknown.

Braddon experimented with her use of melodramatic iteration of characters' motives and emotional lives. In this play she employed the rhetoric of the popular stage. The characters 'sigh' and swoon, swear loyalty and love and even appear in disguise – Gaston in the existing first act. This sample of script sets the scene skilfully for future developments, which might be terrible or tragic, to compound the characters' melodramatic scenarios. In remaining constant to the rules of melodrama Braddon introduced ambivalence and mystery at the heart of her compositions. In this play fragment she experimented with the conflict surrounding the lives of the characters on the Boulevard. Fauchonette is good, despite the prevailing reputation of women in her profession. The disruption of the aristocratic bloodline has already happened when the play opens with the marriage of Gaston's uncle to a bewitching younger woman and his disinheritance. Mystery, conflict and violence have afflicted them when we first encounter them, and Candide already suffers the pain of unrequited love. Braddon's experiments in composition answered the desire in audiences of the time for 'mysteries or ambiguities hovering over the world, enigmas unresolved'.⁸

In these pages and those of her other play fragments Braddon engaged in the process of melodrama composition thoroughly and consistently. The essential ingredient of innocence lost or betrayed is incorporated throughout. Predictably and reliably she included the 'threat to virtue, a situation – and most often a person – to cast its very survival into question, obscure its identity, and elicit the process of its fight for

recognition'.⁹ The 'threat' took the form of duels, war, courtly intrigue, domestic conflict, seduction and supernatural visitation. It can be reasonably surmised that her reading and her stage career influenced these devices, which resulted in melodramatic resonance throughout her fiction. For example, she appeared in George Dibden Pitt's *Susan Hopley; or, the Trials and Vicissitudes of a Servant Girl*, first performed at the Victoria Theatre in 1841. The wronged, innocent servant girl is preyed upon by villainy in this class-conscious social melodrama.

Adaptations from French melodrama, 'domestic drama', such as *Susan Hopley* or *Martha Willis*, Gothic melodrama and serial French and English novels all influenced Braddon's dramatic instincts. The fast plotting and dramatic devices of melodrama involved the type of intrigue and tension that appealed to her. The innocence under threat scenario was a device that she returned to with consistent regularity during her career. The sinister machinations of Don José in *Boulevard of the Temple* or Harold Courtenay in *News from Alma* are the classic tactics of disruption and corruption of innocence reiterated in melodrama. Their scant regard for the feelings of other characters, their malicious delight in others' ruin, is their inheritance from Pixérécourt's Truguelin in *Coelina; ou l'Enfant du mystère* (1800).

¹ M.E. Braddon 'My First Novel: *The Trail of the Serpent*', *The Idler*, 1893, III: 19-30.

² Braddon, *M.E.M. Beginning of an autobiography or an article of her youth*, BFC (MS) Appendix 10, 12.

³ Wolff, 'Devoted disciple: the letters of Mary Elizabeth Braddon to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, 1862-1873', *Harvard Library Bulletin*, 1974, 12: 5-35.

⁴ Ibid 30.

⁵ John McCormick, *Melodrama Theatres of the French Boulevard*, London: Chadwyck-Healey, 1982, III.10.

⁶ Ibid 10.

⁷ Peter Brooks, *The Melodramatic Imagination: Balzac, Henry James, melodrama and the mode of excess*, New Haven & London: Yale UP (new preface edition) 1995, introduction xvi.

⁸ Ibid 29.

⁹ Ibid.

Notes on the text:

Along with this manuscript, occupying the same pages, in fact written on the reverse, is a fragment of another melodrama possibly scripted after this one. When this play came to nothing it seems Braddon used the paper to rapidly map out another piece. *Boulevard of the Temple* is scripted in a fine clear hand. The opposite pages are covered in a less legible, rapid scrawl; and the main thrust of this possibly later play fragment appears to be a plot involving a faithless woman who has betrayed her lover and married a wealthy man instead. The lover has sought her out and confronts her with her betrayal. Two pages of this script are included below, most of them being too illegible to decipher. It is written in reverse order to the *Boulevard* script – so the first page transcribed below actually comes after the second chronologically. I have left the sequence of the piece intact – treating the *Boulevard* script chronologically in order to offer an accurate feel of how the manuscript appears: confusing, but illuminating.

This text follows the same format as *Revenge of the Dead* and *News from Alma*, with the exception that where Braddon has crossed out text I have included it in square brackets in bold [...], and the text of the other play and any other sketch notes are included in square brackets in bold also.

Boulevard of the Temple – 1720.

Act I Sc. 1

- *L. A house with a green arbour - In the arbour a little table and chairs. This house has a balcony & a principal entrance & the side - & has the sign "Baucelin – Cook" – facing this house a writer's stall with the inscription "Candide – Public Writer. The window of the stall faces the audience & in the interior is seen a table covered with papers. Shops at the back. Foreign Theatre with pictures. Charlatans with quack medicines & etc.. The Scene planted with trees & of a smiling aspect.*
- *At the rise of the curtain the boulevard is occupied by a crowd of itinerant merchants. The jugglers, showmen, etc..have decked their booths - they call the multitude & the itinerant cries are heard on all sides. Candide is in his stall, he is seen seated at his desk & shows his impatience at being interrupted. Tableau, lively & animated.*

1st Showman: Walk up Ladies & Gentlemen – the only original Italian Fantucini – the real dancing skeleton – which falls to pieces & puts itself together again 72 times in three seconds

2nd Do.: Come & behold the wonderful Chinese magician who engages to eat any gentleman's sword & spin sixteen basons [*sic*] on his chin all at once.

Quack Doctor: Who'll buy my cure for every disease under the sun – the Elixir of life only one sous.

Cocoa Merchant: Who'll buy fresh cocoa – fresh cocoa!

2nd Do.: Cakes – cakes all hot!

3rd Do.: Buy my fine peaches!

4th Do.: Bouquets fresh from the hot house!

The cries all mix together.

Candide stops his ears. The crowd disperses on all sides. The showmen re-enter their Theatres.

Candide: Ah, at last, they're all gone & the Boulevard's a little quieter till the evening – when the row will begin again – I must make good use of the calm to look to my writings. The ink's clear, my pens are cut & my customers can come when they please. And what customers I get. What a capital practice a public writer's is. Residents, Opera dancers. First a love letter to a cousin in the musketeers. Then a rendez-vous with an officer in the light cavalry. It's really astonishing how many rendez-vous I've given to the light cavalry, how many declarations I've made to the musketeers. Talking of declarations I mustn't forget my own – I've got to fair copy it. This will be the third this month (*Sighing*) but always the same to the same. To the singing fairy as [they] call the ravishing creature who has turned the heads of all Paris – (*Taking a paper from his pocket & reading*) "To Mdlle. Fauchonette." A [verse]

"Phoebus himself awakes my lyre

A cord I strike in praise of thee."

(*Noise heard*) Ah somebody coming. Can it be already that grand Lord, who ordered yesterday three copies of a writing in a strange language I don't know a word of. Oh no – it's only M. Baucelin's ordinary customers. The fashionable cook of the Boulevard du Temple – (*Pointing to the house L.*) That shocking man who entertains all the gay young men of Paris. What a neighbourhood for such a modest description as mine. (*Re-enters his stall & re-commences writing*)

Enter Gaston de Listenay. Le Chevalier de Loyecourt. Young noblemen & officers.

Gaston: Yes my friends. Yes my dear comrades I shall share with you today our farewell breakfast, our last game of Lansquenet. And tomorrow Louis Theodore Gaston de Listenay

Cheval.: Prince de Listenay.

Gast. (*indifferently*): Prince de Listenay, if you will. Lieutenant of the Royal Champagne Regiment will quit the good town of Paris and embark in eight days for the colonies – Havannah [*sic*]! The end of the world perhaps.

Cheval.: Expatriate yourself. With such a fine name.

Gast.: Pardieu! That's what it is. If I were called plain M. Thomassin or M. Lerdian I'd be clerk to some notary, & I'd live in magnificent independence on 24 sous a day – but a Listenay – A Prince de Listenay as the chevalier says – with a hundred pistoles a month, couldn't even pay for the lace of his ruffles, so I have not bourn my grand name, I've concealed it – called myself simply Lieutenant Gaston & have devoured in one day a quarter of my income, by way of persuading myself that I'd a hundred thousand a year –

Cheval.: But your Uncle – the old prince de Listenay so rich – I thought you were his only heir.

Gaston: So I thought, my dear fellow, & so my creditors thought – but my dear Uncle at seventy took it into his head to fall desperately in love with some woman – nobody knows who – whom he carried off [conveyed] to his chateau, and who had the supreme art to make him believe that a heart of twenty summers could beat for his rheumatisms & believing in this ... love he died one fine day, leaving the whole of his fortune to his tearful Ariadne & disinheriting his most deserving nephew.

Cheval.: So you are despoiled of all?

Gaston: Completely, but what is rather amusing is that it's my own fault I am so.

Cheval.: How so?

Gaston: Fancy then that the [lady who inherited] inheritor of the defunct – touched by grace – on fearing the interference of the law had the audacity to offer to annul my uncle's will & to restore to me his wealth.

Cheval.: And you refused?

Gaston: I should think so. That gold would have tarnished the gold on my shield. I merely wrote these words in reply to her generous offer.
“Mdlle, you have gained your fortune too well

Not to enjoy it, - When spring gives [it's]
her flowers to winter, Winter cannot pay
too dearly for the flowers of spring."

Cheval.: Bravo! A madrigal.

Gaston: A madrigal that cost me two hundred thousand pistoles – those of M.
Bouserade were never more expensive.

All: Ah who's this coming.

Enter Don José

(Gaston recognizing him) A friend, gentlemen. His excellency Don José, duc
[d'Apantador]. A noble stranger- the confidant of

[Opposite this page in the MS are a character sketch by Braddon – possibly of
Gaston; and the following note:

'But he – here – here in this place he will murder Gaston – he may fall himself –
Oh Heaven - I ask not thy pity since I am unworthy even tofor me – but for
him the ...& the wronged I implore thy mercy -]

Prince de Cellemare the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of the Regent.

Don J. *(bowing gravely)* Gentlemen! *(Aside)* How unlucky I had hoped to find
the boulevard deserted at this hour *(with a gay air)* Delighted to see you
Monsieur de Listenay.

Gaston: Well Don Jose` what news from the court of Monsieur le duc de Maine
– from the little Louvre of Choisy le Roi?

Don J.: Excellent news M. de Listenay. The Duke is in wonderful health – the
Duchess is every day fairer – the courtiers are every day more courtiers [*sic*] than
ever –

Le Cheval: They say that the Prince de Cellemare is too great a friend of the Duc
de Maine to be much of a one to the Rgent.

Don J. : I know nothing Gentlemen – besides I never talk politics – *(Looking
round him)* Above all in the open air.

Gaston: You are right. It isn't good for their health they so soon catch cold.
(Pointing to Don José) Gentlemen I present to you the best swordsman in France
& Spain. Some months ago I had the honour

[Opposite page to this text reads:

betrayed him. This is how he met her – she wore a [golden] robesuch [as] you wear now – she wore aaround her head like ...roundbeneath the diadem of [jewels] on her brow...Care remorse & shame & misery had a mark that no time will ever wash away – No hand but death's ever erase.

L. Oh ...pity. ..here no more (*falls at his feet*)

V..She has fainted.

H. I am to blame. I did not think the story of my humble friend could touch the heart of a Duchess.

V (*A*) If he knew how near it is to her own...She will revive presently. Louise this is folly, madness, you forget.

L. I am better now. Pardon me Ladies and Gentlemen. I cannot bear sad stories – (*[Gets] up*)

H. I see they [are] playing Rouge et Noir yonder – shall we join them – I long to be seated at your card tables – It is the most distinguished in Rome –

L. (*A*) Unfortunately so very distinguished that the police have heard of it –

V. I am entirely at your service M.

H. Lead the way then M. those who prefer the charm of bright eyes to those of Ecarte' &can remain behind – the card table for me (*[exit]*)

L. Can I be mad or was thattold his own story – I could not mistake – I could not be deceived - all the world may forget him – but the wife who wronged him never]

of serving as his scabbard.

1st Officer: Monsieur le Duc wounded you?

Gaston: In my side - three inches from the heart. It was in this agreeable manner that I made his acquaintance.

Don J.: When one has had the most illustrious warriors of Europe for one's ancestors-

Cheval.: And the reason of this duel was - ?

Don J.: Most childish. A quarrell [*sic*] in the orchestra at the opera – about the legs of some dancer. M. de Listenay found them too long. I thought them too short – he would not retract his opinion. I backed my assertion with my sword.

Gaston: And I received a thrust from that weapon, the same evening under an archway

Don J.: I regretted it.

Gaston: (*laughing*) So did I. Confined for a month to my bed. It is true that to that circumstance I owe a most touching adventure.

All: An Adventure!

[Opposite text to this page reads:

& nearer to the object of his life – Every day – every night – every Every moment-

Ver.: Your story interests me M.

L (A) We must fool him to the top of his bent.

H. While he was in Lyons prison his wife fled. Fled with the young nobleman. Another blow for this wretched man's heart. But he had suffered the worst – She he loved had been false to him. What could affect him now..

L. Pity M. Pity

Ve. M. your story affects my wife, let us change the subject.

H. Madame is foolish to weep at such a commonplace story – Well he escaped from prison – hemany....a weary traveller he sought the man who had so wronged him – He sought and found him.

V. He found him.

H. Yes – his wife too – He met her. A bitter pang to see her once again. Lady shall I tell you how he met her –

L. No No No

H. But I will tell you Madame. Not in the retirement of a solitary penitent – not in the exercise of charity & mercy. Not lonely – retiring – [unloved]. No Madame in a gawdy saloon – as gay as this – surrounded bysuch as there tonight. In the midst of a fete – courted, admired, caressed, calling herself the wife of the man who had]

Gast.: Just as I had fallen wounded by yonder compatriot of the Cid, the City Watch was hard approaching – the friends of the Duke drew him away – and when I came to myself I was in a strange apartment with a beautiful young girl watching at my pillow.

All: How delicious.

Cheval.: Quite a romance.

[Gast.: She watched and tended me during my tedious recovery.]

Don J.: And who was the young girl?

Gast.: No less a person than the charming Fauchonette.

Don J.: Fauchonette! What the songstress of the Boulevard, of the public gardens the favourite of all Paris at this very moment?

Gast.: Herself. Who finding me wounded – dying at her door, had me carried in by the neighbours, nursed me as a sister would have done, and in fact gentlemen saved my life.

Don.J: They say that this beautiful Syren has a charming hotel – livery servants – flatterers –and a distinguished cook.

Candide: (*who has stolen out of his stall listening*) What are they saying? (*Aside*)

Cheval.: Fauchonette's eyes are worth all that.

Candide: (*aside*) Ah if I dared, but I dare not!

Gaston: Well then Chevalier. You are wrong – Fauchonette is a good girl, who sells nothing but her songs, and whom our great Lords & conceited young sparks cover with gold, because it's the fashion to go and hear her pretty voice & poignant songs of an evening at the Palais Royal or on the Boulevard du Temple – But I will answer for her virtue –

Cheval.: (*laughing*) As for your own?

Gaston: We can't answer for what we don't possess. Besides I am her champion & defender.

Candide: (*advancing*) You're right in what you're saying M. de Listenay, and henceforth I promise you my esteem.

All: (*laughing*) What the deuce is this?

Candide: This! (*Proudly*) This is Candide Babilot, patented public writer, well know [*sic*] for his discretion & his spelling.

Gast.: I perceive, M. Candide, a friend of the beautiful Fauchonette – an aspirant for her hand.

Don J.: (*aside*) My love sick copyist!

Candide: (*sadly to Gaston*) Yes, Monsieur, I aspire, I sigh, I wish, and that's all.

Cheval: Pardieu. My good fellow. You are not the only one – the prettiest girl & the prettiest voice in Paris, and then a songstress withlike a- this is news this is piquant.

Appendix 4

Book the First: Told by the Poet

Introduction to the Text

This manuscript belongs to a group that matches a date in the late 1850's. *Told by the Poet* fits the style and type of other manuscripts in the BFC: *About the Childhood of Tommy and Harry* and *The Kingdom of Boredom* which can be dated to around 1859.¹ Along with matching these stories in the form of handwritten script and quality of paper, *Told by the Poet* also offers a further autobiographical element. The narrator, a poet, is twenty-five as he writes in the first person about the development of his craft. Braddon was considering her approach to composition and her career in 1860 at twenty-five years of age, and so penned this first person narrative about what it was to be a young writer searching for inspiration and recognition. It would, therefore, suitably fit this phase, as its other features indicate, and offers a useful point of departure when considering this period of her career.

Book the First: Told by the Poet represents an exploration of what it was to be a young author in 1860 and coincides with the establishment of Braddon's significant first phase as a writer of sensation fiction, with 'radical'² overtones to her work. These manuscripts, as a trio of attempts at composition, demonstrate Braddon's pursuit for a voice in fiction. It is clearly intended as the first volume of a novel to be narrated from the perspective of a young writer with possibly the ensuing two volumes to be told from alternative perspectives, in what might have become an experiment in multiple voice narration. It is therefore might be indebted to *Bleak House* and *The Moonstone*, amongst those novels by writers whom Braddon professed a huge admiration for. With Collins she had a close and enduring friendship. This manuscript and its contemporaries from around the same time are a cross section of experiments from her career in which she considered a range of stylistic approaches and authorial identities. What these works also show is the significant influence of melodrama making its way into her fiction from her acting career and her early playwriting. This is manifest in various subtle ways, which

emerge as the plots unfold. She translated and transposed the imprint of theatre and melodrama into these stories and, in turn, these prove to be important in the formulation of her published work in her early writing career.

From 1860 onwards Braddon entered a time of her life when the social tension attached to her status as a former actress was further compounded by her relationship with the married John Maxwell. As far as her moral identity went she relinquished all remaining status as a respectable woman when she decided to live with him as mistress and lover, whilst he remained married to another woman. Whatever the truth was on the domestic front, as to the total estrangement between Maxwell and his first wife and the commitment that he and Braddon made to one another, she was beyond the pale in social terms when she moved in with him. John Gilby, the Yorkshire squire, had been her suitor and patron during the latter part of the 1850s. According to an anecdote from Charles Reade,³ in his notebooks from the 1870s, Gilby was poised to make Braddon his wife after supporting her whilst she wrote *Three Times Dead* (1860, later published as *Trail of the Serpent*). Gilby was, Wolff speculates, too much of a 'delicate' restrained suitor, 'who waited too long' to propose, and was eclipsed in Braddon's affections by the determined and 'restless' Irishman, Maxwell. Carnell asserts that it was Gilby who enabled Braddon to leave the stage by paying her a wage so that she could concentrate on writing.⁴ That he was her patron is in no doubt.

Told by the Poet was written at a cusp in Braddon's life and career, when Gilby was still an influence and a significant factor, even potential husband, and when she encountered Maxwell for the first time. Carnell marks the rift between Braddon and Gilby as a consequence of her 'burgeoning relationship' with Maxwell. Both Carnell and Wolff distinguish the Braddon/Gilby relationship as one of unrequited love on his part and, on Braddon's, one of empathy and convenience with no cynicism or exploitation attached to it by her. He enabled her to become a published poet and successful playwright with the production of *The Loves of Arcadia* in 1860 and supported the publication of *Three Times Dead*. However, when it came to passion

in her life and taking the risk of reliance upon a man, Gilby was unable to compete with the 'masterful' John Maxwell, as Carnell terms him. She first met him in April 1860.⁵ He was editing *The Welcome Guest* at the time and she attended an introductory meeting at his Fleet Street offices. 'Whatever happened at her first interview nothing she wrote appeared in the *Welcome Guest* for some time, which suggests initial rejection.'⁶ She had to return to Yorkshire, where Gilby awaited her, in order to complete the collection of poems he had commissioned her to write. Never happy as a poet, the publications of her poems nevertheless marked the transition of her identity from Mary Seyton, actress and playwright, to M.E. Braddon author.⁷

During this phase, then, Braddon was involved in a doubt-ridden and difficult relationship with a demanding 'taskmaster' Gilby. The passionate Maxwell replaced him in her life, in dramatic fashion, and was the man she would eventually marry. She broke off contact with Gilby after her relationship with Maxwell took hold of her life. Gilby committed suicide in 1882. Maxwell required the ultimate social sacrifice from Braddon if she was to have a life with him, but it was one she was willing to make. Her mother, Fanny, supported her in this and she became Maxwell's mistress in 1861. Fanny lived with her daughter and Maxwell at Mecklenburg Square in London and managed the house whilst Braddon was working. Braddon had her first of six children with Maxwell in March 1862.

The manuscripts in the BFC from this time of dramatic and life changing events (1859 – 1862) reflect a pursuit for authorial identity and style and a keen awareness of social and professional acceptance and rejection. This period culminated in the serialization of *Lady Audley's Secret* in the *Sixpenny Magazine* and *Aurora Floyd* in *Temple Bar*. Braddon consolidated her reputation as a writer with these novels as well as her profitable and exciting relationships with her lover and publisher Maxwell and her editor George Augustus Sala.

The young hero Cyril in *Told by the Poet* remembers how at twenty-five he struggled for artistic inspiration and identity whilst his father expected to train for the bar. He is torn between his urge to produce creative work and his awareness of duty. He is also subject to the uncertainties of creative inspiration and composition, languishing for periods of time with writer's block. The search for the ultimate subject for his great poetic work occupies the first portion of this manuscript. This is something that Braddon was feeling whilst trying to meet the publishing demands imposed on her by Gilby. In 1860, he had insisted she base her poem upon the contemporary reports of Guiseppe Garibaldi from the *Times*. This creative endeavour disagreed with her profoundly; she loathed writing poetry in Spenserian stanzas to meet this publishing agreement.

Next to Guiseppe Garibaldi I hated Edmund Spenser, and it may be from a vengeful remembrance of those early struggles with a difficult form of versification, that, although throughout my literary life I have been a lover of England's earlier poets . . . I have refrained from reading more than a casual stanza or two of the 'Faery Queen'.⁸

This makes the composition of *Told by the Poet* even more likely for 1859-60. Braddon was enduring the difficulties of this composition and she put her character of the Poet through a similar ambivalent experience. He seeks inspiration, finally achieves it and then receives overwhelming acclaim for his work. This success results in the fame he had craved, but he felt 'the reactionary coldness that succeeds a sustained effort'. The world is a disappointment for one who has been 'drunken with the loveliness of my Cleopatra', the subject of his poem. The ambiguous benefits of fame and recognition were within Braddon's grasp in 1860, just as she met Maxwell and cut ties with Gilby and Yorkshire. She evolved from one phase of her career to another, marked by drastic changes in her personal life and a fulfilment of her professional ambitions; her style of writing at the time was 'so exactly in tune with the public mood . . .'⁹

She began this novel as a story about the process of writing, with all its associated anxieties, disappointments and demands from editors and public. Her preface to the

finished volume of poems for Gilby, finally published in February 1861, reads: 'In submitting a volume of Poems to the critical Public, the inexperienced author can only appeal to the generous indulgence of that ever-generous tribunal'.¹⁰ Her self-effacement and modesty here, familiar from her letters to Bulwer Lytton throughout the 1860s to early 70s, belies the hectic scale of composition that she took on at the start of her career. She recalled the writing of *Lady Audley's Secret*:

It was written from hand to mouth, as a serial, wherever I happened to be when the time of publication drew near: in Essex, in Brighton, in Rouen, in Paris, at Windsor, and in London – the closing chapters were finished in the small hours when the first and second volume were in the press, and the publisher was getting clamorous for copy for the third – written anywhere and everywhere, in fact.¹¹

In *Told by the Poet* she gave Cyril a visionary eye, which renders the world a drab place for him because he can create more loveliness and true 'Beauty' than can actually exist. In this story she portrayed the determination possessed by a young writer and the threat this can pose for them, and their publishers. Hungry for success, they can be the scourges of editors' offices and, once achieved, success can be destructive. We can perceive of Braddon, urgently desirous of recognition, assaulting the offices of publishers, including Maxwell. With her decent education and 'moderate income' from Gilby she proved to be the kind of many headed 'monster' she described in *Told by the Poet*. Braddon was skilled in the stylistic variations adopted by writers in the pursuit of success, able to transpose ideas into many forms and persistently reinvent different approaches in order to accomplish the 'break through' work that might guarantee fame. Braddon put Cyril through the torture of sustained composition as he struggles to create, confronted with the regular disappointment of rejections from publishers. When he finally does achieve something of his visionary goal with 'Cleopatra' he shies away from the publicity.

The momentum behind her creation of this character is akin to the torture of melodramatic struggle on stage undergone by heroes and heroines. Peter Brooks

states, in reference to Balzac's writing, that the momentum of melodrama behind the novel was intended to transport the audience beyond the 'banal stuff of reality'.

States of being beyond the immediate context of the narrative, and in excess of it, have been brought to bear on it, to charge it with intenser significances. The narrative voice, with its grandiose questions and hypotheses, leads us in a movement through and beyond the surface of things to what lies behind, to the spiritual reality which is the true scene of the highly colored drama to be played out in the novel.¹²

Cyril asks these 'grandiose questions': 'What if Beauty passed me by [?] Had I not been drunken with the loveliness of my Cleopatra? What were rank & wealth to me, who had [dwelt] in Egypt with my Queen & her Roman warrior[?]' on Braddon's behalf. He acts out for her the trials of the young author, alone in his rooms, looking for inspiration from Shakespeare and Byron and asking questions as to the purpose of it. In her writing Braddon encouraged the movement towards the 'spirit' beyond what the surface reality offered in order to get to the drama and conflict (the intensity of emotion) that she knew from acting could be transposed for the novel readers. The intensity of seeing and feeling and the drama of the Poet's lone struggle for inspiration in this story actually results in other-worldly visions, in which he sees displayed before him the subject of his poem inspired by Shakespeare: the dull world of grey, muddy London, the river oozing past his window, is transformed in his eyes and he witnesses the stately progress of Cleopatra.

The anxiety that Braddon felt over her own composition of 'Garibaldi' for Gilby is partly reflected by Cyril's experiences, but also partly dispelled. He can manage the verse, with pleasure and energy, once inspiration has flooded in. It is not so much that Braddon was hoping to be a better poet. This story reflected her anxiety over creative power and autonomy, without the dictates of her 'patron' Gilby, with whom she had a complicated professional and personal relationship. She shared all of Cyril's desires to succeed as a writer on her own merits and constructed an expression of emotion and articulation of feeling in her writing that she had achieved on stage as a successful actress for eight years. Braddon's poet learns to see Beauty

in the dullest surroundings. He initially remains immune to the array of artificiality that is the evidence of society's sanctioned forms of consumption and decoration, as seen at the fashionable party he attends. This artificiality, Michael Sadleir mentions, was something she was wary of: ' . . . she was unimpressed by much of the pomposity and many of the solemn affectations of her day, because she knew from personal experience that they were largely shams and often cloaked meanness and extortion.'¹³

Cyril, in *Told by the Poet*, steeps himself in reading after his success with 'Cleopatra' in order to remain faithful to his artistic ideals, 'The prosaic society of my friends was unspeakably wearisome to me. I suppose I was beginning to pay the penalty exacted sooner or later from every man who lives by the cultivation of his imagination. I read Bulwer & Balzac, 'L'assommoir' & 'Le Peau de Chagrin'. Braddon acknowledged her admiration for Bulwer, alongside Balzac, as an influence for the improvement and sustenance of the mind of her young poet, her fictional alter ego. She was most contented when left alone to become rapt by her 'cultivation of . . . imagination' away from the judgments of society and critics who would only draw attention to her ambivalent status as actress or mistress.

It is at this point that Braddon's story takes on more of a socially satirical tone as Cyril is assaulted on all sides with the attention that his fame has inspired. After an initially cool reception of his work, he is drawn into the social whirl of his friend Augustus Bannister on the strength of his newfound fame and accepts an invitation to Vyvyan Langton's riverside villa. Whilst the two friends, Cyril and Augustus, sit and puff cigars in Cyril's chambers Braddon entertained the reader with their chat about society and art. Gus Bannister is a young solicitor also and this image of the young men whiling away their time, talking about everything except their professional responsibilities, offers a preview of Robert Audley and George Talboys, or Sigismund Smith and George Gilbert in *The Doctor's Wife* (1863). Braddon was always able to show with conviction such raffish young men, who might be idealistic and romantic or feckless and spendthrift. They are composite portraits of

the men in her life. Gilby provided the model for George Gilbert and Mellish, the young squire, in *Aurora Floyd*. Braddon's father provided the very close model for Robert Audley and, in this tale, Gus Bannister. As a solicitor who preferred smoking and reading French novels to working for his clients, her father was the 'prodigal' of his family. Years later, not long before her death, she recollected the impression he left on her when she was a child:

I liked Papa, he was always kind, and gave me sixpence when I showed him my new frock with my first pocket. It was in the empty offices on a Sunday morning that I drew Papa for that sixpence. I do not think he was often to be found there on a lawful day. Papa was nobody's enemy but his own. That was what I heard about Papa when I was old enough to be told things, a good many years after . . . 'Mr. Braddon was his own enemy'.¹⁴

He would sit and trim his 'superior' nails, never seeming to do any work, and ask his daughters politely 'How's your mother?' – a vulgarism in the 1840s. 'People said he was clever,' she recalled 'and if he had not been his own enemy he might have done well for himself and his wife and children'. That was not to be and he remained a shadowy sort of figure in Braddon's life, but offered ample material for her when she wanted to depict any feckless young professional gentleman who was too readily distracted by society or the lure of money and fame to pursue a modest, reliable route for his family. In this, Gus and Cyril are versions of her father.

Gus is particularly inclined towards what society can offer him, to further his fortunes, and he decides to patronize Cyril and bring him out at the Langton's artistic soirée. Gus has developed his affectations from the 'silver fork' novels of society: 'Besides the habit of employing superlatives my friend had a way of breaking out into French & using French words indifferently in the middle of English sentences & with utter disregard of grammatical propriety which was eminently bewildering to simple minded people'. Gus also likes to offer his opinion of poetry, art and literature, summed up in the vulgarism 'jolly', and thus he describes his friend's endeavours over 'Cleopatra'.

Braddon's portrayal of Gus and Cyril also showed her inclination towards the duality of roles in her writing. The characters share much in common as old school friends, but are opposites in their outlook and pursuit of distractions and pleasure. She typically offers an idealistic, romantic figure (Cyril) and a pragmatic materialistic figure (Gus). Again Audley and George Talboys spring to mind, as well as Sigismund Smith and George Gilbert. These young middle-class men offer a blend of romanticism, materialism, pragmatism, idealism, and of bitter lessons learnt in the struggle between these characteristics. Cyril's romantic, visionary side gives him an exaggerated sense of foreboding as he draws near the inevitable confrontation with fashionable society at the Langton's villa, described by Gus as 'a sort of brick and mortar incarnation of the "Last Days of Pompeii".' Cyril wonders, 'Is there anything *uncanny* in the place to which you have brought me [?] I feel as we had been driving through shadow land for the last half hour, and that we [are] on the threshold of a phantom palace'. Gus is just 'ferociously hungry' after the drive. The poet's trepidation and foreboding are justified once he encounters Mrs. Vyvyan Langton, the society figurehead whom others seek out and who wishes bestow her influential social patronage on celebrating the young author of 'Cleopatra'. He is immediately struck by her beauty, as the 'incarnation' of his heroine and the embodiment of his poetic vision.

Meeting the manifestation of all that he had imagined of feminine beauty is an epiphany for the young author. The living character matches the ideal of his poetic creation. Her setting, alike to that of Lady Audley, is a careful construction of art and décor that enhances her appearance and demonstrates her taste and wealth. As the wife of another man his feelings for her can only be unrequited or illicit. Mrs. Langton offers all the sinister and dangerous potential of Braddon's other deviant and unconventional heroines. The whiteness of her silk dress and the purity of her youth and beauty are offset by the listless pose, the voluptuousness and luxury of her surroundings in which she is 'half-buried'. She is a sister to Lady Audley, or the heroines of G.W.M Reynolds, in her combination of beauty, coldness and mystery. She, like they, offer the promise of the 'unutterably beautiful' façade, only to reveal

later, in a melodramatic turn, the other side of their nature. A dainty, ungloved white hand can easily wield a whip or a dagger and the carefully coiffed hair can uncoil and freely cascade in a frenzy of passion or insanity. Mrs. Langton has the tremulous aura of one of Braddon's dangerous females and we are left with this alluring potential.

Cyril is self-consciously aware of her 'siren'-like quality and her similarity to his Cleopatra causes his cynicism and disdain of society to unravel, and he iterates a melodramatic 'Flee . . . ' in conclusion. This is a carefully composed and economical portrayal of a character. Braddon had found a tone of mystery and dramatic insinuation that worked in her fiction. It is intriguing to think of this story composed at the point in her life when her feelings for Maxwell were developing and she was about to enter into her most significant relationship, with the husband of another woman. Her association with him would lead to social ostracism and sacrifice on her part.

Told by the Poet offers an atmospheric depiction of the young writer's experiences in the world. Braddon was to revisit this theme, later in her career, in *Circe* (1867), which she published under the pseudonym of Babington White. *Circe* was heavily reliant upon Octave Feuillet's romantic melodramatic story *Dalila* (1857).¹⁵ At the time of writing *Told by the Poet* she might have just become aware of this French original. Both *Circe* and *Dalila* deal with the corruption and ruin of a young artist by the society that at first lauds them. The force for destruction takes the form of a fashionable beauty. The bewitching 'Circe' in Braddon's version is the Princess Giulia d'Aspramonte. She is the object of obsession for the young painter, Laurence Bell:

Her costume to-night affected the gorgeous eccentricity of Tuileries rather than the chaster elegance of English fashion. It was a cloudlike mass of white tulle, over which there appeared to be flying tiny tropical birds whose eyes were jewels. Upon her head she wore a coronet of tropical plumage, amidst which blazed a tremulous diamond star; and in her hand she held an Indian fan of the same many-coloured plumage. Such a ball-dress might Dido or

Semiramis have ordered from the milliners of Carthage or Babylon; but this barbaric splendour came only from a masculine manteau-maker in the Rue de la Paix, to whom the Princess paid four or five thousand a year for a perennial supply of costumes *à la Lionne*.¹⁶

Braddon embraced the possibilities offered by an exotic character that constructs an island of art and culture in cold, drab London. Giulia affects artistic pretensions and represents a sensuality and ‘barbaric splendour’ with which the modest fiancée of Laurence Bell cannot possibly compete. Bell does not heed the warning he receives from his sagacious tutor, Graystone, dismissing it: ‘I know the dear old governor has a prejudice against fashionable people, and considers a young painter who goes into society on the road to ruin’.

In *Told by the Poet* Cyril’s path follows the same trajectory as that of Bell in the early stages of his ‘road to ruin’. We cannot hold out much hope for the young poet on these terms. In both stories, Braddon began with the idealistic ambitions of the young men, and then moved to an account of the visionary composition of the work, followed by its publication and the response it elicits. From there she led Cyril into a society which, despite his derogatory opinion of it, intrigues him and is on the brink of seducing him, perhaps to destroy him and his gift. In this fragment of a novel, as in her later version of Feuillet’s story, she showed her opinion of a society that on the one hand compelled her toward a satiric view, but on the other had the capacity to fascinate and intrigue the writer and drawn them in.

¹ Both Jennifer Carnell and Robert Lee Wolff are agreed on 1859 for a likely date for *The Kingdom of Boredom*. See: Wolff *Sensational* 82; Carnell, *Literary Lives* 136.

² Nicholas Rance, *Wilkie Collins and other Sensation Novelists: Walking the moral hospital*, Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 1991, 1.

³ Wolff 79-80.

⁴ Carnell 106.

⁵ Ibid 115.

⁶ Ibid 117.

⁷ Ibid 119.

⁸ M.E. Braddon ‘My First Book,’ *My First Book* (ed.) J.K. Jerome, London: Chatto & Windus, 1894, 120. See also M.E. Braddon ‘My First Novel: *The Trail of the Serpent*’, *The Idler*, 1893, III: 5.

⁹ Carnell 143.

¹⁰ Ibid 126.

¹¹ Clive Holland, 'Fifty Years of Novel Writing: Miss Braddon at Home', *Pall Mall Magazine*, November 1911, 707.

¹² Brooks, *The Melodramatic Imagination: Balzac, Henry James, Melodrama, and the Mode of Excess*, New Haven and London: Yale UP, new preface ed. 1995, 2.

¹³ Michael Sadlier, *Things Past*, London: Constable, 1944, 71.

¹⁴ Braddon, *Before the Knowledge of Evil*, BFC (MS) 1914, 24.

¹⁵ There were accompanying accusations of plagiarism on the publication of *Circe* in 1867, which Braddon attempted to evade with the use of a pseudonym. See the debate surrounding this reproduced in: Braddon, *Circe*, Gabrielle Malcolm (ed.), Hastings: Sensation Press, 2001, 179-200.

¹⁶ Braddon, *Circe*, Hastings: Sensation Press, 2001, 38-9.

Notes on the Text:

This plan follows a prose format with chapter breaks as indicated in Braddon's manuscript. Underlining and text in bold indicates this. Text in square brackets [...] is offered where Braddon's original is unclear and hard to decipher. Text in square brackets in bold [...] indicates where Braddon has crossed out passages.

Book the First : Told by the Poet.

Chapter 1.

I was five and twenty & I called myself a Poet. For the last few years of my existence I had lived in that atmosphere of alternative hope and despair which I imagine to be the normal condition of the youthful poet: for the last 2 months of my life I had walked upon air.

[Need I say that my earlier effusions appeared in the columns of a local newspaper]

I am a native of a provincial town. After having stated this fact need I say that my earlier effusions appeared in the columns of a local newspaper. I can faintly remember a young person aged fifteen who expressed himself in a violently abusive manner with [anger] to the whole human race & who signed himself [].

I think of the young person compassionately now, as an inoffensive who made himself eminently ridiculous; but, oh, how fondly I believed in him & in the bright promise of his future ten year ago, I visioned the [image] of the poet of five & twenty. I saw him on the proudest pinnacle of fame. Not happy – what should *he* do with happiness? Is the eagle in his eerie *happy*? No, - being [possessed of] imagination was great - & miserable I beheld his gloomy brow – the smile that withered the thing on which it fell. The fiery glance that scorched the inmost hearts of the [audience], the haughty lip that seldom uncurled itself from the icy sneer of the scorned I saw him admired & hated – a lovely & desolate creature amid the applauding throng. A Byron with more than Byron's satanic pride: a Shelley with less than Shelley's belief; for even Shelley believed in something, & my poet's words of fire should make a scorn & mockery of the universe.

I saw him when the walls of my humble chamber in the provincial town melted away & revealed the starry vision of the future. I employ the word starry solely in its undefended poetical sense for I do not remember that the celestial luminaries had any part in the vision.

I saw him the one grand & silent image amid the gilded saloons of the fashionable world. The press rang with his name. Torrents of abuse poured down upon his haughty head, which held itself aloft amid the storm, serenely grand, unconsciously sublime. As well might the critic cower to see the icy peak of the Mattehorm [*sic*], bend before the pelting of the winter snow, as to behold *that* god like forehead bend

itself beneath the envenomed arrows of an envious herd. I saw Rank bow the knee before the majesty of song. I saw Beauty offer her gentle *hommage*; only to be rejected: for to the poet's [vision of] life the hollowness of all things revealed itself even beneath Beauty's lovely mask. I saw a creature who loathed and despised the human race. Whose heart never – was never stirred with one thrill of happiness, whose haughty nature never softened to earthly affection, whose [proud] will never [succumbed] to human weakness. I saw this enviable being, & I cried aloud with clasped hands as the vision melted away.

“Oh, to be thus at five & twenty! What can ten years of feverish unrest, of sleepless nights & midnight awakenings, of opposition to the will of the worldly minded parents, weigh in balance against the glory of such a Future.”

I regret to say that, impressed by the sublimity of my Future, I caused my parents considerable vexation in the present. My father was a solicitor & as I was his only son, he would fain have made me his successor in a very excellent practice. But to describe the profound disgust with which the legal profession inspired me would require a command of language which I do not possess. I was an only son, my father was not a poor man, and my mother believed in me as the Poet of the Future, though she has ventured to hint a wish that I could bring myself to look upon the universe with a milder eye. So I had my way. It was decided that I should become a student of the Temple, since while studying for the bar I could employ my leisure hours in the pursuit of literature. My father was not gifted with the poetic temperament, & expected a sonnet after Wordsworth or a wild [ode] of harmony after Shelley to be as straightforward as a writ, & as pragmatical [*sic*] as an affidavit. He did not admire my compositions, & my poor mother & myself vainly sought to impress him with the idea of my Future.

But he was a kind indulgent creature and after some discussion he promised me an annual allowance which ought to have been more than sufficient for a young man who never mentioned anything in the way of money, except in abuse & ravings about hollow dross, & sordid wealth, I went to [London], free to toast myself & my Future. [But] I did not come to the great metropolis in the position of the ideal aspirant for poetic fame. I was neither penniless nor friendless. Amongst the comfortable households of the middle classes I had many friends, in my native town I had a pleasant home and a tender welcome always waiting for me. But I was lonely nevertheless, for the kind commonplace middle class friends seemed to be so many tempters for ever lying in wait to lure me from the path of glory, and I avoided their houses as I might have avoided the darksome caverns where bleach the bones of betrayed mariners beguiled to their ruin by the Syren's [*sic*] fatal smile.

I will not dwell on my early struggles, my foolish hopes, & heart rending disappointments, the verses which I wrote at midnight with the flush of triumph upon my face & a feverish delight in my heart; & which I delivered the next morning at the office of some popular periodical with the aspect & the sensations of a detected thief. I think I became familiar with [the] handwriting of every editor in

the metropolis, & I really blush when I reflect what unnecessary expense I have occasioned [with local] proprietors in the matter of stationary. I shudder when I think of myself in the character of a scourge. Given a young man with literary aspirations, a decent education, & a small competency, & let the editors of London look to it. The man who has to earn his bread cannot go on pouring out verses forever, to find them declined with thanks. He must live, and after a certain number of disappointments he will abandon the Muses as an unprofitable company and will turn his attention to some other trade. The ignorant poet may be annihilated by the ruthless castigation of his original ideas about grammar & orthography & though apt to prove an ugly customer, will in due time retire from the field. But the decently educated young [man] with a moderate income is the real Hydra headed monster. No sooner have you cut off one of his heads than there arises another. Refuse his Ode, altered from Catullus on Monday, as promising but too classical, and on Wednesday you will have his snowstorm on the Caucasus, or hint that the Caucasus is geographically remote from the popular intellect & that the snowstorm is apt to wanting in domestic interest, & you will find his 'Lilian a Dale' waiting for you on your desk on Friday. He writes on nice paper, his orthography & grammar are unexceptionable, his sentiments those of a gentleman but to the editorial mind he is as the ensanguined visage of Banquo to the conscience stricken Macbeth, as the ghastly form of the avenging monster to the miserable Frankenstein.

I survived the dreary period of my probation. I trust that no one of my editorial victims sank into an untimely grave by reason of my pertinacity. Just there came faint glimmers of sunlight athwart the darksome sky that veiled my future. A little poem inserted in the corner of a magazine, a further contribution requested. The star of hope arose on my horizon.

For a short time I was content to be a magazine writer – the purveyor of airy verses about Fanny & Anny, Clara & Sara. But the time came when I yearned for something better. With manhood the boy's egotism perished. I ceased to think of myself or of my own chances of success or failure. I saw in my daydreams now the mystical goddess of perfect art, smiling upon me serene & unattainable, & I knew that of all who had ever worshipped her in the past, of all who were to adore her in the future, none had ever reached & none could ever reach her own perfection.

I think my mind ripened as I grew more earnestly devoted to my art, for its own sake. I derived a keener relish from my books, and became a closer observer of the world outside my quiet chambers. For some time I gave myself up to reading & dreaming. I was waiting for the subject of my great poem. I was still so weak & vain as to think of it as my great poem, though I had grown wise enough to laugh heartily at my boyish vision of the dark scornor with the gloomy brow & withering smile.

I had spoiled a ream of paper with the beginnings of compositions in which I break down after the first few pages. I had spent a week in the British Museum searching in obscure old Latin manuscripts for New details of the history of Joan of Arc, I had

read legends of chivalry in old French until I was nearly blind, till all at once, in a moment my subject flashed upon me.

It was moonlight & I had turned down the lamp. I stood at the window of my sitting room resting my tired eyes in the soft luminous atmosphere & smoking the dreamer's cigar. I [counted] it no small privilege to [dwell] within the precincts of the Temple. The cloistered walks, the quaint old quadrangles, have an old world aspect soothing as a mother's lullaby to the senses of the tired citizen. And the river! Who can overrate the harmonious influence which the river exercises over the souls of tired students or jaded revellers. To my fancy the ripple of the waters [was an] unchanging augur of peace & consolation. For me the soft murmurings of the unresting stream are as a promise of eternity. Surely the magistrates of the past, the Cecils & Buckinghams & Salisburys & Arundels, did wisely when they built their palaces on the shores of that tranquil Thames, & we who boil our soap, & burn our bones, & manufacture our vitriol on the banks of our kingly river are a little behind our ancestors in the purity of our taste. My Temple chambers possessed a charm that no other habitation ever had for me. To lean with folded arms upon my window sill, puffing the thin smoke slowly from my lips & watching the aerial vapour float riverward in the moonlight was the keenest delight I knew in these days. That silent hour was the time for visions. Not the old distorted image of self which arose gloomy & magnificent from the brain of the school boy, but such radiant pictures as art unveils for her ardent worshippers. I had never been in love. No earthly face shone upon my dreams. The artist's sensuous idolatry of form & colour were too strongly implanted in my nature to allow of my subjection by the common place charms of the common place young ladies I met in that limited circle which the young ladies themselves called 'society.' They all belonged to that amiable species whose members are generally known as 'nice girls.' They all dressed their hair in the same manner, & sang the same ballads & played the same fantasias, & expressed the same opinions, & called one another 'dear.' To know one of them was to know all of them. And I was a poet, & yearned to behold the radiant & perfect creature of my dreams, a being not to be found among the category of 'nice girls.'

I had spent an idle day over my books, now trifling with the pages of a classical poet, anon deep in a volume of Shakespeare or Shelley, opened at hazard, but not easily laid down let the leaves open where they would. The fancies of the nightly spirits mixed themselves in the mists of my brain, indistinct as the aerial forms of the angels that float in one of Turner's luminous atmospheres. I was in no mood for thinking, and abandoned myself freely to that idle reverie which is so much sweeter than thought.

All at once the moonlight took a yellower hue & changed to the hot radiance of southern day. The silvery water deepened into gold, and on my ear there came faintly at first, the musical chime of the oars striking the water with a bell-like sound in time to the music of a hundred flutes. Then with a slow and solemn motion a golden barge with sails of purple silk moved slowly down the stream, & under a canopy of golden [billows] I beheld a woman in whose perfect loveliness I

recognized the impossible divinity of my dreams. I remembered the page at which I had opened my Shakespeare & I knew that the Thames had transformed itself into the [Nile], & that the divinity was Cleopatra.

With the first puff of smoke from my cigar I blew the vision away, but not before I had determined that my poem should be 'Cleopatra.' The southern sunshine faded into solemn moonlight and on the placid heart of the river I saw only the dark forms of the coal barges & the black reflection of the tall chimneys that disfigure the opposite shore. But before I extinguished my lamp that night I had written a chorus & a semi chorus of Egyptian [priestesses], & when I fell asleep my dreams carried me to Alexandria in the time of the Ptolemies. For a year I worked at my poem, how earnestly slow I can scarcely tell without running some danger of being set down as a madman. During that laborious year the ground I trod was not the common pavement of the London streets.....

At last my work was finished; and something of Gibbon's feeling came over me as I slowly paced Fountain Court in the summer dusk. My work was finished. My Cleopatra was complete in her glory and her shame. I knew how far I had fallen short of my ideal, but I had done my uttermost and could do no more. I had sounded the furthest depths of my soul & whatever the treasure of thoughts or fancy I possessed had been expended on my Goddess. Success or failure awaited me. Awaited me, do I say? I had lived out of myself during the labours that had been so sweet to me. It was for *her* that I prayed for success: it was for *her* that I dreaded failure.

I thought of Pygmalion as I walked to & fro in the summer stillness. Was there not some touch of madness in the intensity of my delight in the work of my own hands?

After I had looked my last at the fairly written manuscript [t]here were all the familiar [trials] to be encountered & overcome. I tried my fortunes with obscure publishers who shrugged their shoulders when I showed them my work. It was only when I had grown desperate that I ventured with the old air of a convicted felon across the threshold of that solemn temple [wherefrom] the inspired verses of the mighty are sent forth for the delight of the civilized universe. I was politely heard, was told that my manuscript would be read and that I should receive an answer.

"Ah yes," I thought sadly, "I have received that answer so often." After a fortnight's feverish unrest I found *the* letter lying on my breakfast table. It scarcely needed the monogram of the house to distinguish that missive from all other documents upon earth. I think if by some strange combination of circumstances the publisher had written to me from Gibraltar some instinct would have revealed to me the nature of his letter.

My hand shook more violently than is compatible with moral courage while I tore open the envelope. My poem was approved and would be published. If it proved successful I was to receive a half share of the profits. The profits! What did I care for

profit [?] The world would know my Cleopatra. The universe would worship her for her beauty & her grace as I had worshipped her. And they talked to me of sharing the profit of my divinity. It will be seen that I was still very young.

My “Cleopatra” was a success. Critics praised me & critics abused me: but my poem was read & talked about & Icarus flying onwards forgetful of the frail attachment of his pinions, was not more intoxicated with the sense of a new power than I was. I was a poet. The world had accepted me, & my own dream was in some part realized.

I smiled when I remembered that early vision of the gloomy poet lonely amid admiring crowds. No admiring crowds circled my loneliness. Rank & fashion & wealth & beauty went their way while I dreamed & read in my quiet Temple chambers unnoticed and unknown. The modest little green cloth volume from Bond Street lay on many drawing room tables, & was read in many boudoirs, as I had reason to believe, but very few troubled themselves about the poet, or paused to enquire whether his brow was dark or his smile the withering sneer of the scorner. A gushing epistle from an unknown young lady who claimed a kindred spirit in sight of her own poetic aspirations reached me through my publishers. But it was signed ‘Voilet’, and was not grammatical. If the world had treated me thus at the age of fifteen I should have felt unspeakable indignation & should have recorded some portion of my bitter feeling in vituperative verse. But time had tempered the fiery blade which had been so eager to make war upon the universe. I loved my art & was happy in the practice of it. What if Beauty passed me by [?] Had I not been drunken with the loveliness of my Cleopatra? What were rank & wealth to me, who had [dwelt] in Egypt with my Queen & her Roman warrior[?] The mansions of the aristocracy whose honoured guest I had once pictured myself could contain no [beauty] no splendour to surpass that amidst which I had lived for the last twelve months of my life. No one but the man whose dreams have been little broken by distracting influences from the outer world can tell how near akin the dreamer’s vision is to reality.

My book had been before the world upwards of a month, & I had abandoned myself to the reactionary coldness that succeeds a sustained effort. I smoked my mildest tobacco in my biggest meerschaum & dipped here and there into my favourite books, biting the sunny side out of my intellectual peaches. My publishers – I called them my publishers now, those mighty ones – had asked me to begin a new work, and again I waited for a theme. Sometimes I went out into the streets & looked for inspiration in the faces of the women who passed me by – but looked in vain. I saw many beautiful faces, but not such faces as inspire a poet or a dreamer. I was looking for a mystery. I went among my friends; & received stereotyped congratulations upon my success. Oh, how dull & commonplace they all seemed. Was there upon Earth no brighter world than this? Was this slow round of little dinners, & little evening parties the sole business of the universe? Had passion & romance perished with Antony & Cleopatra [?]

The prosaic society of my friends was unspeakably wearisome to me. I suppose I was beginning to pay the penalty exacted sooner or later from every man who lives by the cultivation of his imagination. I read Bulwer & Balzac, 'L'assommoir' & 'Le Peau de Chagrin.' While working at my 'Cleopatra' I had devoted two hours of every day to the study of Oriental languages. The [ancient] past had a magical fascination for me, and every day the beaten pathways of the present grew duller & drearier. I hunted up old manuscripts in which the mysticism of the Gnostics & Rosicrucians had lain hidden amid the dust of centuries. I feasted upon the legends of Brahma, the mysterious love of my beloved Egypt. If I had been a rich man I should have taken up my abode in that romantic East. As it was I contented myself with spending my days in the Reading Room of the British Museum, where I hear I must have rendered the lives of the librarians a burden to them. The thirst for that recondite knowledge which is so closely allied to poetry had taken possession of me, and with that feverish craving there came an utter distaste for the common pleasures & common temptations of this workaday world. I had read longer than usual one day & was more than usual tired. It was such another moonlight night as that on which I had first heard the harmonious plash of my Cleopatra's silver oars, & the mystic melodies of my Cleopatra's flutes. A cloud of thin blue smoke surrounded me through which my shaded lamp looked dim & pale as I lay upon my sofa dreamily meditating over the books I had been reading in the day – I was roused from a pleasant reverie by a knock at the outer door of my chambers. I put down my pipe & admitted a fellow townsman, who was like myself a student of the Inner Temple, but, unlike myself devoted to the profession of which he was a member. We had been school fellows, & had come to London around the same time, & we had been occasional companions ever since. I was as well pleased to see him as I could be to see...any creature belonging to the world in which I lived. He was an exuberant young man, & was gifted with those overpowering animal spirits which seem to constitute a kind of Open Sesame to every class of society. He could sing sentimental ballads & comic [verses] à la John Percy. He could take a part in 'Blow Gentle Gales' or *La Ci Darem la Mano*. He sang mock Spanish songs & mock German songs & little French songs with the airiest accompaniments. He could petrify the souls of an assemblage with uncanny experiments in spirit rapping, & then send people into convulsions of laughter by showing them how his effects were produced. He could act the low comedy characters in little Palais Royal vaudevilles & give an imitation of Rachel in a scene of 'Les Horaces', or Charles Kean in 'Louis the Eleventh' with equal ease and aplomb. He was very much admired, & it was rumoured that he would marry an heiress.

We saluted each other with brotherly cordiality.

"My dear Gus," said I, "it is an age since I have seen you."

His name was Augustus Bannister & he was one of those people with whom the name of Augustus is inevitably corrupted into Gus.

"My dear Cyril," he exclaimed, "it is an age since I have seen you."

And then he burst out laughing.

"And here we are discussing the fact as solemnly as if it were a social phenomenon," he cried, "when we live about a hundred yards apart and might have seen each other

every day if we had chosen...you are one of the dearest fellows in the universe, & je t'adore."

Besides the habit of employing superlatives my friend had a way of breaking out into French & using French words indifferently in the middle of English sentences & with utter disregard of grammatical propriety which was eminently bewildering to simple minded people.

"And my Cyril has become a great creature since last I looked upon his thoughtful brow. Upon my word dear boy, you look as if you had been doing too much of the thinking business. You look ill, & worn, & nervous. Remember the old fable. The sword may be the brightest blade that ever flashed fire, but its very little use without the scabbard, you know, and in your case the scabbard looks considerably the worse for wear. You have been living too much with your books old friend, & you want change of air & scene. The Rhine, the Pyrenees, Mont Blanc, Ramsgate Sands & the Ethiopian serenaders & the immortal dealer in brandy....Balls..Scarborough, Harrogate,...any direction in which the scenes are fresh & the pastures new. However that is not the immediate question. First let me tell you that I have read 'Cleopatra' & that I congratulate you."

He held out both his hands & shook mine with enthusiasm.

"Let me give you a cigar, Gus. And some of my father's sherry. The dear kind souls at home insist on sending me wine, though I am as confirmed a tea drinker as Hazlitt."

"So much the worse for the scabbard," groaned my friend.

I gave him my cigar case & uncorked a bottle of sherry. Having done this I settled myself in the easy chair opposite to the sofa upon which my old comrade had flung himself, & we sat smoking meditatively & staring at each other in friendly contemplation.

Bannister was the first to break the dreamy spell of our silence.

"Yes, I have read 'Cleopatra.' It isn't often that I get through a poetical work of two hundred pages, but I read every line of your *magnum opus*. Forgive me if I venture to [state] that in parts it reminded me of Keats & that as a whole it seemed to recall the spirit, purified & refined by the classic polish of Tennyson – and believe me when I assure that I consider it eminently jolly."

This was high praise from my friend Augustus who was apt to include all the agreeable sensations to which humanity is subject under the vulgar objective which he used in connexion with my poem.

"And I have not only read the 'Cleopatra', dear boy," he continued cheerily, "I have set your little drinking song to music, 'With Liquid Pearls Mix My Wine,' and have sung it in society. Society positively raves about your 'Cleopatra', my dear Cyril. And that brings me to the object of my visit. I have brought you an invitation to dinner."

"My dear fellow I so seldom dine out. I hate dinners."

I remembered the dreary banquets of my hospitable friends. The two hours torture between soup & coffee. The people who expected me to know everything about Theatres & concerts & the last political gossip, & cattle shows & races.

"You [won't] hate such a dinner as that to which I have come to bid you. I was dining last night with Mr. Vyvyan Langton – unless you live entirely out of the world you must have heard of Vyvyan Langton a man who is preposterously rich and unutterably learned, and who has built himself a villa on the banks of the Thames, which is a sort of brick and mortar incarnation of the 'Last Days of Pompeii.' When I say brick and mortar I mean [Caens] stone & marble, for I don't suppose that anything so vulgar as a brick enters into the composition of Mr. Langton's mansion. I don't know whether you like enormously rich people but I do. Of course as a poet you will despise my meanness, & talk about sordid dross, & base grovelling of the [society] slave, and so forth. But to my mind there is no poetry (but) of wealth. Why do you select Cleopatra for your heroine? Is it the dark faced Egyptian Queen who has taken possession of your fancy[?] No, my friend, you are caught by your surroundings. Take away the pomp of her palace, & the splendour of her chariots, transform her golden galley into a coal barge. Strip off her jewels & purple draperies & let the woman stand alone with the passionate history of her life for her only glory & you the poet will have nothing to do with her. I can find you all the elements of Cleopatra's story in records of the divorce court. But I cannot find you the golden galley or the palace where Antony wasted the days that might have been so glorious. And you tell me that gold is sordid dross loathed by the poet's soul. I answer you that poets and painters are the slaves of their senses. And that all the splendours of form and colour which the painter transfers to his canvas & which the poet translates into verse have their common source in vulgar pounds, shillings & pence. However, to return to the question. Will you dine with Vyvyan Langton on Tuesday [?] There is Mr. Langton's card. Quite 'en regle' you see."

"But I don't know these people."

"But these people know you. Mrs. Langton has read your 'Cleopatra' and is pleased to express herself pleased with it. Mrs. Langton is an invalid. Suffers from a *maladie de l'ageur* or something of that sort. I call it a 'maladie de too much money', for I'll wager that if Mrs. Vyvyan Langton had to earn her living by artificial flower or [slip] shirt making, she'd find herself well enough. However it's the fashion to be immensely interested in Mrs. Langton, and to receive her opinions as if they were inspired. Chiefly so far as I can understand because she secludes herself from the world in the solitude of a boudoir whose decorations & furniture have cost a small fortune, and only makes her appearance in society at stated intervals. I have never seen her, though I have dined at the Villa more than once. However on Tuesday I am to have that privilege – for her health has been better lately – and she is strong enough to see people, it seems. 'Whereby,' as Thomas Carlyle observes, you & I are invited to dine with her on Tuesday."

"But why am I invited?" I asked.

"Have I not already told you on account of your 'Cleopatra.' I dined with Vyvyan Langton at the Oriental Club last night. He is a great Orientalist. Ah, I think I have you there, dear boy, [he] will talk to you for the hour about the

[BREAK IN THE TEXT]

& so on. I found him waiting dinner with your ‘Cleopatra’ in his hand. ‘I have just picked this up on the reading room table,’ said he, ‘and I am really very much interested in it. My wife has talked to me about it and I always find her taste correct. I should like to know the writer.’ Of course upon this I made some capital out of our [friendship &] told my host that you were my schoolfellow, townsman, the oldest friend I have & so on. Upon which Mr. Langton gave me an extraordinarily civil message which I have forgotten but the gist of which was an invitation for Tuesday, & this morning I received the envelope containing the cards I have had the honour of handing to you.”

I looked at the lady’s card.

“Mrs. Vyvyan Langton. A pretty name,” I said meditatively.

“And as I am told an unutterably pretty woman,” replied my friend. “You poets are capricious creatures and of course you can refuse the invitation if you like, but I am a common person & I consider it a great privilege to behold the invisible Mrs. Langton.”

The habit of solitude had grown upon me. I had broken through the rule of my studious life now and then of late, but to be so grievously disappointed every time. Why should I visit these people, who wanted to stare at me because I had written a book, & who would annihilate me with their vulgar riches [?] And then again I was still a young man and I may have felt some unconfessed aversion to the idea of being patronized, through Augustus Bannister.

“I suppose your Langtons are parvenus,” I said, “a man who builds himself an enormously expensive house generally is a parvenu.”

“Parvenus,” cried the indignant Augustus, “A Vyvyan who writes his name with two [‘Y’s] a parvenu. My dear Cyril, I thought you were better acquainted with your Burke. But I suppose you are more familiar with the Ptolemies than with the county families. I should be sorry to be obliged to pass a competitive examination in the historical associations attached to the names of Langton & Vyvyan. Vyvyan Langton is a swell – toutre qu’il ya de plus swell. And to know him is to possess a passport to some of the best houses in London.”

There was a little more discussion, for we were both very young, and while my friend wanted to make the most of the advantage he had secured for me, I wanted to make the most of my re-entrance to avail myself of that advantage. But the discussion ended in my giving way – Augustus departed after promising to call for me at a quarter to seven on Tuesday and I went back to my books & finished the evening in Egypt.

Chapter 2.

I was dressed and waiting for Augustus Bannister when he called for me on the appointed evening. My toilet had been no easy task for I was feverishly nervous about trifles, and I began to feel that I had overworked my brain within the last few

years of my life, more especially within the last few months a kind of despair came over me as I thought that the lonely and studious life I had been leading was a life I could lead no longer. I had hoped that such talent as I might possess would ripen into genius in this solitude, for is not solitude the fostering nurse of all intellectual greatness [?] Out of Paganini's prison emerged the weird genius that thrilled the dullest senses & stirred the coldest breasts. And Bunyan and Cervantes, and the painter...who dropped down dead when Rubens looked at his work and told him that the man who had done it was the greatest painter of his age. I remembered the long list of the lonely students whose radiant companions had been poetry & art but looming in the distance I saw the dark shadow of the madhouse.

"I have no right to reckon my strength by the strength of those master spirits," I thought. "Let me remember Cowper at...I am not strong enough to live an exceptional life."

I found a decent Brougham with the livery stable keeper's inevitable white horse – why are every stable keepers so fond of white horses – waiting for us at the Temple gates.

"I wouldn't take a cab into the Pinewood Grounds if a wager of a thousand pounds depended on my audacity," said Augustus as he stepped into the vehicle.

The drive to Fulham seemed almost interminable at the livery stable pace, but I had taken off my hat and ensconced myself in a corner of the carriage and the drive had a soothing effect on my overstrained nerves. It was late in autumn & the cool night air blew in upon me through the open window. My head ached, my eyes felt dull and heavy and my pulses were more rapid & fitful in their motion than a medical man would have approved. I was just in that frame of mind, & in that state of physical health in which men see ghosts. We turned out of the gaslit high road into dark lanes, which led riverwards. We saw the blue mists creeping stealthily over flat fields, & heard the withered leaves dropping from the moist branches of trees that looked black & grim in the darkness, every object seemed pervaded by a watery fog, [within] which common things took weird shapes, & common men tramping homeward from their work swelled into giants/phantoms. I have never become familiar with that river district between Chelsea & Fulham and on this dark autumn evening the region through which the livery stable Brougham carried us seemed as delightfully mysterious as if a ghostly chariot had been conveying us into the wildest depths of the Black Forest. We came so suddenly upon a pair of great iron gates surrounded by flaming lamps that it seemed to me as if they had arisen out of the misty darkness. I laid my hand suddenly upon my companion's.

"Augustus," I said, "Is there anything *uncanny* in the place to which you have brought me [?] I feel as we had been driving through shadow land for the last half hour, and that we [are] on the threshold of a phantom palace."

"Do you [?]" answered my friend promptly, "That's what it is to be a poet. I only feel ferociously hungry."

The phantom gates opened and we were driven into the grounds. There we were still amongst shadows, but the perfume of peonies floated in upon us, & in the distance I heard the faint sound of rippling water. A turn in the carriage drive revealed a brief glimpse of the river – another turn brought us to the Italian portico of a mansion. A long range of lighted windows shone upon us through the river mist and in the next moment we had alighted and were standing on the tessellated pavement of a great square hall, in the center of which there was a staircase of veinless white marble.

In a moment I felt that Bannister was right. A poet is the slave of his senses. I forgot that a servant was waiting to announce me, and stood transfixed amidst the treasures of art, the splendour of architecture that surrounded me. A tall screen of ruby coloured velvet surrounded the hall & upon every separate panel, divided by a slender column of carved ebony, I beheld a picture which my instinct told me was a treasure of art. Against a background of voluminous velvet drapery I saw a statue that had been one of the triumphs of modern sculpture, the bronze lamps that burned dimly at the foot of the shallow marble stairs might have lighted the palace of a [queen]....

Everything around me was the perfection of art & beauty – and the mass of splendour which I had no power to grasp in detail confused my senses, and heightened the fever that had been upon me when I left the Temple.

I followed my friend and the servant, & found myself presently in a drawing room, where the light seemed concentrated around one spot, where a woman on a low sofa amongst downy cushions of purple silk that intensified the whiteness of her dress & the dark pallor of her complexion.

She was a woman of about five & twenty years of age & she was simply dressed in white silk. A narrow band of lustreless yellow gold, encircling her black hair was the only ornament she wore; but a large Indian shawl of scarlet and gold hung loosely upon her shoulders and trailed over the cold whiteness of her silken dress, & the warm purple of the sofa in which she seemed half buried. Seated thus with a fan of white [marabou] held listlessly in her ungloved hand she made one of the loveliest pictures I had ever looked upon. She was indeed unutterably beautiful – and she was the incarnation of my Cleopatra. Critics had told me that the willowy wasted siren of my poem was not historically correct. The daughter of the Ptolemies was short and stout said one. The enslaver of Antony was by no means good looking said another. But I laughed them to scorn. Flee....

Appendix 5

About the Childhood of Tommy & Harry

Introduction to the Text.

The date for this manuscript fragment can be reliably put at 1861. This is because within the chronological references to Braddon's career that Wolff provides he selects the published story *Mystery at Fernwood* for comment, and adds remarks about the fragments and draft works that were contemporary with it. *About the Childhood of Tommy & Harry* has a distinct history within Braddon's career, written as it was for George Augustus Sala at *Temple Bar*.¹ She hoped that it would grab his attention, but he rejected it as '... the same confounded old pigtail and squared toe business ... in which all one's reading and research go for nothing, and for which the public do not care one damn.' This 'pigtail and squared toe' story remained undeveloped. Instead Braddon completed *Aurora Floyd* for publication in *Temple Bar*, much to Sala's enduring delight, and it earned for her the nickname of 'Miss Aurora' with him. He published *Mystery at Fernwood* also, whilst *Lady Audley's Secret* was still running. He consistently encouraged her, in his correspondence with Maxwell, to produce and reproduce the successful sensation formula at this time.

Tommy & Harry is not of this formula. It departs from the style that Braddon is most associated with in the 1860s. It appears neither Sala, nor Wolff in the twentieth century, approved of or appreciated this trial story. Nevertheless, it demonstrates that Braddon was looking to experiment with the existing formulae and sought to work round and through fictional forms to discover a variety of voices. She began this manuscript with an explanation of her 'Romance'. She cited the origins which probably were partly derived from the story of Tommy and Harry in *Sandford and Merton* (1783-89) by Thomas Day, which had remained a popular childhood classic well into the nineteenth century. Braddon seemed to have mixed up her stories, however, confusing the fate of the naughty boy Tommy with that of other cautionary tales of children devoured by lions. She admitted in her introduction that the memories of it might be vague: 'The old moral, which clever as we may be, we cannot mend, and which often as we have heard it, we do not always remember'. This sense of the reminiscence of

childhood reading is a key consistent feature of her work and remained prominent later on in life when she came to commit her memoirs down on paper. The flood of styles and half-recollected plot lines jostled for recognition in her work and she drew upon them regularly. Day, Reynolds and Mrs. S.C. Hall have a specific place in the material in the BFC, much of it characterized by this reminiscent quality, perhaps the reason behind her preservation of selected fragments.

Braddon felt very strongly that the type and quality of literature given to children would formulate their perceptions of the world later on and give them a good or bad memory of childhood. In this context, the original 'Tommy and Harry' stood out in her memory for its 'moral' lesson, although much of the detail eluded her. 'The old, old, hacknied [*sic*] & familiar moral, which you will find set forth more or less plainly in every novel in Mr. Mudie's catalogue.' The moral outlook – of good rewarded and bad punished – sat well with the contemporary readership and performance of melodrama and she saw this as a good basis for new composition, but with her own twist. She decided in her version of *Tommy and Harry* to subvert the formula and reverse the fortunes of the characters by rewarding the bad boy and punishing the good. A better example of Braddon's blatant desire to challenge convention probably cannot be found in her work and this is a deceptively simple rendering of a subverted 'hacknied' [*sic*] plot.

This story also emphasizes her convictions that plot and character could be fluid and flexible, as she showed in her methods of composition in her Notebooks. She took what she could remember of the raw material of childhood reading and replayed it in this tale with historical embellishments and sinister, potentially Gothic, undertones. She chose the Jacobite rebellion as her backdrop, emphasizing the rebelliousness of Tommy with the Catholic-Protestant conflict, his singing of rebel songs and his Irish parentage. Tommy is handsome, spoilt, favoured and popular and she intended to reward him for that. Perhaps this new twist to the traditional moral outcome had something to do with a certain 'masterful' Irishman that had so recently come into her life – Maxwell.

The Squire Disney, Tommy's stepfather, is a kind-hearted gentleman of good English stock, perhaps modeled on Gilby. Disney cannot compete with the memory of the Ensign MacMahon, Tommy's dead father, and even concedes that the son (Harry) born to him and Lucy, the ensign's widow, ' . . . isn't as handsome as Tommy, [and was] . . . vexed to see that his son at two hours old was not as fine a child as the ensign's orphan boy was at four years of age'. Lucy is powerfully protective of her son by her first husband and melodramatically declares her allegiance to him and her first husband when the Squire tries to punish Tommy's misdemeanours, 'I will never love your son as I love this fatherless boy'. Braddon certainly favoured the passionate inclinations of the battling Irish characters above the decorum of the English gentry in this story. This is interesting conjecture: her changes to the moral outlook of an innocent childhood tale might have come about because of her decision to establish a life with Maxwell.

Whether or not this is the case this story offers more that indicates her developing tactics towards her working methods. There is a sinister, predatory side to some of the characterization. Tommy's father might not be dead after all; he might be the mysterious 'Pedlar [*sic*]' whom Tommy meets in the woods. He persuades Tommy to go on an errand for the Jacobite cause, recruiting him into the rebels' espionage network. The Pedlar has an enigmatic face, which 'when grave or even frowning it was almost handsome while on the other hand it became distorted and ugly to repulsiveness the moment he smiled. The long straight nose, which was singularly broad in the bridge, contracted itself, & the large well-shaped mouth widened until there was something in the stranger's smile terribly akin to the grin of a wild beast. Perhaps he was aware of this for he very rarely smiled.' This leonine quality was Braddon's incorporation of the childhood spelling book images and the air of mystery she added was a gesture towards the possible Gothic overtones of hidden, non-human capacities. Tommy has the potential to be a thorough rake and wayward hero. At the age of eleven he has already entered bad company and developed a gambling habit. He remains the more attractive of the two brothers and destined to be rewarded for his recklessness. Braddon, in this treatment, was reiterating the sympathetic

portrayal of the hero/villain from melodrama, such as the ruthless Robert Macaire - a huge influence upon her.

Introduced midway into this manuscript is the romantic interest and probable point of contention between the brothers: their orphaned cousin Leonora ('Lora'). Braddon at first considered introducing an orphan cousin from the Disney family, adopted by the Squire, the daughter of his 'scapegrace' younger brother and 'an actress from one of the lowest of the London playhouses'. Instead, she rewrote this aspect of the plot to introduce Lora as the daughter of Lucy's sister, Sophia, who has eloped with a young Irishman from the household of her patron Lady Olivia Marden. This is scandalous because the man was training to be a Catholic priest, which makes poor Sophia a wanton seductress. They are married, but he soon leaves her and his name is never revealed, 'Serve her right,' exclaimed Mr. Disney when he had read the letter, "what business had she to marry a papist?"

Of course, the bluff squire soon relents and allows the disgraced, abandoned sister and her daughter to come and live with them, 'But Sophia did not live long to enjoy the Squire's hospitality'. Leonora is a little lioness, fox or deer with cascading reddish-auburn hair and dark hazel eyes. She too possesses the non-human qualities of a child of nature. In this way she prefigures Braddon's use of these qualities in Violet Tempest, the heroine of *Vixen* (1879). Lora bewitches the household and she is good, like her successor 'Vixen', but finds herself drawn, inevitably, to Tommy. Her desire to marry him lays the foundations for future discord between the brothers, ' . . . the whole fabric of Harry's future life shattered by a few words'.

The changes to the plot that Braddon decided upon (to bring in Lora's background) indicate that the mysterious leonine Pedlar might be her father, the missing former priest. Lora develops a passionate, intense nature and imagines herself and Tommy as a couple 'loving & happy, constant & united'. Tommy wants to marry an heiress, but cannot deny the blossoming appeal of his young cousin, still innocently expressed: 'Oh indeed if ever I should marry I must look out for a fortune,' he added, grandly, "not but you are a very pretty little girl,

Lora, though your eyes are so big & brown that they always remind me of the stag we ran down last Christmas – You’re looking at me this moment just as that poor beast looked when the dogs closed round him - & though your hair is red & crinkled like the mane of a young lion & always hangs about your shoulders rough & tangled instead of being brushed smooth over a cushion the way mother taught you to dress it.’

The animal imagery is repeated with the introduction of the predatory Pedlar who recruits Tommy into the exciting, dangerous world of rebel intrigue. Braddon also included a reference to Defoe’s story of Mrs. Veal’s ghost, which Harry and Lora are reading before Tommy meets the Pedlar. Braddon had not ruled out that there might be this Gothic supernatural development to the story.

This manuscript ends on the return of Tommy to the household after he has played ‘truant’ to deliver the letter entrusted to him by the Pedlar. The Squire is scandalized by Tommy going on such an errand and would give him a sound ‘thrashing’ if he were his son. He has promised his wife that he will never punish Tommy after her outburst the last and only time he attempted it. The Squire and his like are backed into a corner as Lucy and Lora make a fuss of Tommy, for whom they were desperately anxious. Tommy, the ‘bad boy’, is due for his reward in this version of events by Braddon. ‘She made him a Jacobite agent and intended him to win the girl and the fortune in the end’ as Wolff states, working from the evidence in the letters between Sala and Maxwell.² This indicates that Harry will die, perhaps after going to war. Tommy will inherit everything, leaving the Irish contingent happy and wealthy at the expense of the honest English stock.

Braddon’s concerns with testing plots and experimenting with different voices at this time in her career underpinned her approach in her published sensation work. She was beginning to make a name for herself and had received recognition from Sala, amongst others, who justifiably saw her as a valuable prospect for publication. He suggested that instead of this Jacobite story of rebellion and intrigue from spelling-book origins she should collaborate with him on a Faustian inspired work. This never came to fruition, but both she³ and Sala used

such inspiration in later works. His suggestion via letters to Maxwell, who was acknowledged as her representative, was perhaps too near to the practice Gilby had tried of imposing creative initiatives upon her. She did not take kindly to such a high-handed approach from patrons and publicly acknowledged this fact in the *Idler* article of 1893.⁴

In this article she described her aversion, politely, to the suggestion and imposition of plots from well-meaning friends and patrons. In her transitional phase from theatre to domesticity with Maxwell and full time writing she had to shed herself of the influence that such friends and, largely, male ‘patrons’ had attempted to have over her. She knew that a controlling influence would stifle her voice, which she constantly sought to define and invent through such experiments as the BFC manuscripts represent. Perhaps Maxwell offered her a choice for independence. Most assumed at the time that he controlled her,⁵ because he had managed to compel her to relinquish her respectability. But it transpired that he was a fair and faithful partner with whom she found the kind of creative autonomy that had not been available to her in her relationship with Gilby. Her career is evidence of that. She thrived and won acclaim when she was with him and her prolific output testifies to the support he gave her.

The story fragments from the BFC, as possible openings for novels never completed, demonstrate her concerns with sensation plots and working around the formula that they encouraged. She experimented throughout with the duality of character and the fateful twists and turns of families with a secret. These versions of plots were not worked through for publication but the parallel, contemporary plots of *Fernwood*, *Lady Audley’s Secret* and *Aurora Floyd* were. Bigamy, marital separation and attempted murder offered more potential for discord under the respectable roofs of the gentry and aristocracy. However, these novels would not have been possible without the experiments she carried out with narrative and authorial identity offered by *Told by the Poet*, *The Kingdom of Boredom* and *Tommy and Harry*.

Braddon revealed her influences from childhood reading in this story, which she recounted extensively in her autobiographical writing later in life. She included

the predatory quality of her villainous characters, such as the lion, and the bewitching, mythic quality of her heroines. Based upon innocuous childhood reading material these images also respond to the psychic fears and ‘primal’ emotions inherent in melodrama. When the psychological approach to novel writing took over in the decades of the late nineteenth century, Braddon returned to this basic resonance of childhood perceptions, with their enduring quality, in novels such as *A Lost Eden* (1904) and stories such as *The Christmas Hirelings* (1894) and *Dead Love Has Chains* (1907). Some of her most ‘thoughtful’ and admired novels, such as *The Doctor’s Wife* (1864), *The Fatal Three* (1888), *A Lost Eden* and *The Lady’s Mile* (1866) had their origins in the perceptions of reading from childhood, the psychic touches of fear and predation upon the innocent and the resolution of the tension between surface and spirit.

Many of the manuscripts in the BFC represent a time in her life when Braddon was seeking to assert her own identity as a novelist and transforming herself from actress to author, whilst assuming a new role as Maxwell’s mistress. She was identifying her stylistic options through the means of these trial versions of chapters for novels. Typically, then, she occupied different roles at this time: writer, performer, mistress and lover. Because of her status she was keenly aware of what each role represented. Simultaneously she attempted to transform herself, a challenge familiar from the exploits of her sensation heroines.

In describing her characters, critics fluctuate between the terms ‘disguise’ and ‘masquerade’ – carrying with them varying indications of the sinister and duplicitous. Nicholas Rance cites Jenny Bourne Taylor’s *In the Secret Theatre of Home*, her work on Collins, and applies it to Braddon concerning ‘... the manner in which the simple opposition between appearance and reality is habitually deconstructed in the sensation novel’. In particular, Braddon sought to distinguish what constituted performance, in a social context, and what constituted deception. She explored this with her descriptions of Mrs. Langton in her riverside villa in *Told by the Poet*, the visions of her ‘poet’ in the same story and the leonine characters in her tale of Jacobite rebellion. ‘What is true Beauty?’ the poet asks. And are the characters with leonine qualities representative of

noble beast or predator? Rance pursues Taylor's view and applies it to the 'masks' in *Lady Audley's Secret*:

'In sensation fiction masks are rarely stripped off to reveal inner truth, for the mask is both the transformed expression of the 'true' self and the means of disclosing its incoherence.' This is telling in relation to Braddon's *Lady Audley's Secret*, for example, where the heroine acts the lady so consummately that her imposture becomes less the issue than whether there can still be said to be lines of demarcation between the nature of bigamous ex-governesses and ladies.⁶

In these trial chapters in manuscript form Braddon imposed masks and personae on her characters from the point of view of her own authorial voice and the perceptions of other characters. In *Lady Audley's Secret* she allowed Lucy/Helen to configure her own masks and explore the possibilities of blurring the 'lines of demarcation'. There is a self-conscious contrivance in these manuscripts to methodically direct the reader towards the indicators of deception and masquerade. In *Lady Audley's Secret* Braddon enabled the heroine to 'act' the roles. This made for a more successful characterization, which is perhaps why these manuscript chapters were consigned to storage in her desk instead of completed for publication. Nonetheless, the triggers and gestures, which rehearse the sensation formula, are there to be discerned.

¹ Wolff, *Sensational* 116.

² Ibid.

³ For example, Braddon, *The Fatal Three* (1st pub. 1888) Stroud: Sutton, 1997.

⁴ See the full transcript of this article in Appendix 10.

⁵ See the satirical cartoon of Braddon leaping through hoops for Maxwell from *The Mask*, June 1868, Wolff ill. 25

⁶ Nicholas Rance, *Wilkie Collins and Other Sensation Novelists: Walking the Moral Hospital*, FDUP, 1991, 155.

Notes on the text:

This transcript follows the same format as that of *Told by the Poet*.

About the Childhood of Tommy & Harry

Sample chapters sent to George Augustus Sala, 14 Clement Inn, London, E.C.

From M. E. Braddon, July, 1861.

To the Reader:

There is a certain spelling book romance, entitled 'Tommy & Harry' which I loved and believed in many years ago. I fear that it is vanished from modern spelling books & that the rising generation have perhaps never read it, neither have they read of ["Brown, ..."] nor of the cunning tradesmen who gave such disinterested advice upon the subject of national defences. I cannot help being sorry that the quaint old story is tabooed, & that little boys no longer receive solemn warning from the awful fate of Tommy, nor are led into the paths of virtue by the shining example of Harry. Very simple are the elements of the little old-fashioned romance. There are no intricate under plots, nor grand surprises; no dramatic situations, nor brilliant descriptions; neither character writing, nor touching sentiment, nor metaphysical reflection; it is by no means a "sensation" novel. The *deus ex machina* is a lion, which devours Master Tommy, who has strayed, I cannot remember how or wherefore, into the pathway of the monster. But homely as the story may be in design and construction, old fashioned as it is in its wording, although it is printed badly, in wretched type upon more wretched paper, & illustrated by villainous engravings; for all this I say, there is one point in which the tale has never been surpassed by the work of any modern writer, how great so ever. That one point is the moral at the end of the last chapter. The old, old, hacknied & familiar moral, which you will find set forth more or less plainly in every novel in Mr. Mudie's catalogue. The old moral, which tells us how the good boy was rewarded, while the bad boy was punished; how there is always wealth and prosperity & troops of friends for virtue, if virtue will only wait long enough - & a lion prowling somewhere in the forest on the look out for vice - if vice will only fall into the animal's way- The old moral, which clever as we may be, we cannot mend, and which often as we have heard it, we do not always remember. It is therefore on account of its irreproachable moral, & perhaps a little for the love had for it many years ago, that I have chosen this spelling book legend for the foundation of my Romance.

Chapter 1st About the Childhood of Tommy & Harry.

When Squire Disney of the Grange in the village of Merton, Warwickshire married at the age of forty the penniless widow of an Irish Ensign, there were many people ready to say that the worthy gentleman had done a very foolish thing. But as Anthony Disney, though the most generous, honest, frank & loyal

of gentlemen, happened at the same time to be as obstinate as any man in Warwickshire, he did not wait to ask advice from either friend or neighbour, before taking the handsome widow from her humble lodging in the village of Islington to the church of that parish, where in the presence of his old servant and confidant; Benjamin Williams & of the lady's nursemaid, an honest Irish girl, he was solemnly united to the woman of his choice.

Now when Ensign Thomas MacMahon, of his Majesty's foot, left his native country on that expedition to the low countries from which it was his fate never to return, he left behind him a little son of about a year old; christened after his father, Thomas, & bearing a very striking resemblance to the dark-eyed ensign. The boy, who was little more than three years of age, when Squire Disney fell in love with Mrs. MacMahon, proved a slight impediment to the course of that man's courtship. When first he pressed his suit the widow burst into a torrent of tears, telling him that nothing on earth should ever induce her to be false to the memory of her dead husband, that life held nothing henceforth for her but her duty to the son of the man she had loved, & that no entreaties, nor offers of worldly advantage would ever lead her to forsake the child. Master Tommy who was playing on the ground at the widow's feet set up a terrible squall at seeing his mother cry, & it was as much as the Squire could do to pacify the child & to restore quiet. But Anthony Disney like most men who take the fever of love late in life had taken it very badly, & was not to be deterred from the prosecution of his suit by any tears & lamentations. He took the boy Tommy upon his knee & letting the child play with the glittering steel ornaments which adorned the hilt of his sword he set to work to reassure the lady. He told her that so far from wishing her to forsake the child it was his desire that the boy should be taught to look upon him as a father. He swore to her that if she married him & it pleased Providence, as he prayed that it might, that they should have children of their own, Tommy should always be as dear to him as those children & as well cared for. He pleaded so hard & showed such honest & manly feeling that Mrs. Lucy MacMahon who had dried her tears to listen to him, was moved by the tenderness of his words to weep again. But she would make him no promise that day, & it was only after many such conversations & above all after Master Tommy, who at the age of three years had already obtained complete mastery over his mother & Biddy the Irish nursemaid, condescended himself to evince a liking for Mr. Disney, it was only then that Lucy MacMahon consented to the banns being put up at the parish church of Islington.

So Mrs. MacMahon bade farewell to the poor lodgings & it seemed to the Squire, who loved his Lucy so fondly as to be jealous of every look and word, that the lady gazed with a sorrowful expression at the little sitting room which she was leaving forever. Heaven knows what undefined regrets & vague yearnings were in the widow's heart as she looked round the poorly furnished apartment. It was in that room she had received the despatch which told her so pitilessly & briefly of her husband's death. How well she remembered the July afternoon on which the tidings came to her. How well she remembered it all! The fluttering of a rose bush outside the open window, the birds singing in the pear tree against the porch, the scent of some carnations in a bowl upon the harpsichord, the footstep of the Irish girl hurrying to bring her the letter from 'the heathen,' the great seals, with something strange and ominous in their aspect, the deadly sickness that

came over her even before she had opened the packet & then the room, the window, the rose bush, the pear tree, the blue sky & the blazing whirling round & round in one mass of light & colour. The hideous noise of some horrible iron engine revolving in her own brain, a heavy fall in which her head struck against the wainscoat & a long & merciful darkness. As she remembered these things it seemed to her as if the room had had a part in her grief & anguish & that to leave it was to leave a friend who bore some dim remote affinity to her dead husband. But Master Tommy who was by no means troubled with such sentimental reflections cried to be taken into the fine coach which was waiting at the door to carry them to the parish church, so the whole party was expedited to suit the convenience of that young gentleman, & the solemn words were said which made Anthony Disney & Lucy MacMahon man & wife. Master Thomas very much misconducted himself during the marriage ceremony by asking questions in a loud voice of his nursemaid, Biddy, who replied to his enquiries in a kind of stage whisper so distinct as to have been worthy of Mr. David Garrick himself. The young gentleman finished by crying so loud to be taken back to the coach that his wishes had to be complied with & he was carried, struggling in Biddy's arms, & escorted by the Beadle, out of the holy edifice. He very much approved however of the post chaise & four which carried the Squire, his wife, the nurse & the boy into Warwickshire, & he did ample justice to the good dinners provided at the Inns where they stopped in the course of the journey which lasted two days. Mr. Disney had to content himself with riding bodkin between his wife & Biddy & he had enough to do in telling Master Thomas the names of the villages through which they passed & in answering the boy's questions about highwaymen, of whom the child had heard a great deal from his nurse.

Mrs. Disney expressed herself to be very much delighted with her new home. She admired the stone flagged hall, with its two fireplaces, the broad staircase, the long corridors lined with the portraits of the Disney family, the oak paneled rooms, the antique furniture & Indian china, the broad terrace walk in the front of the house, the fir trees, cut & trimmed into quaint & hideous shapes, the smooth gravel mall, the long aviary. But Master Tommy showed himself after a while comparatively indifferent to all these, & devoted his attentions chiefly to the orchard, the stables & the poultry yard. In these places he was in his glory. The grooms liked him for his brave spirit & his frank honest temper & handsome dark eyes. If he had already only too strong an inclination for mischief that tendency was fostered in the stable yard & the servants' hall. Biddy, whose business it was to look after the little boy found it as much as she could do to keep him out of harm. Sometimes he fell into the fishpond & had to be got out of the water by John the gardener. Sometimes he found his way into a loose box the door of which had been left incautiously open & had to be dragged from under the heels of a vicious tempered horse. Sometimes he climbed an apple tree & was precipitated to the ground by the unlooked breaking of a branch. Sometimes he contrived to elude his nurse & wandering onto the high road, incontinently lost himself & had half the village employed in searching for him, while his distracted mother watched at the garden gate for the return of her boy. But as after each misdemeanour he would throw his arms round his nurse's neck and cry passionately until kissed & forgiven the honest Irish girl only seemed to love him the more for the trouble he gave her. So with a nurse who indulged him in every whim & forgave him every offence, with a mother who looked upon him

as a perfect & lovely creature who could do no wrong & whom she could never sufficiently adore, with a step father who shrank from uttering one reproachful word to the boy he had sworn to protect & cherish with servants who laughed at & admired all his little naughtinesses & who encouraged him in revolt against every semblance of authority Master Tommy was in no little hazard of being spoiled. Sometimes when he had been more than especially troublesome the Squire would take his pipe from his mouth to say "Never mind my little man, by & bye you'll not be the only one & then if you don't look out you'll get the rod."

The day was not long coming on which Master Tommy ceased to be the only one. And one year after the Squire's marriage the bells of Merton Church rang out a merry peal in honour of the birth of an heir to the Grange. Anthony Disney was like a man distracted in his mingled joy at the birth of his son and his anxiety at the health of his wife. He implored the doctor with tears in his eyes, to let him see his Lucy, if only for a moment. He would tread softly, he would not speak a word or betray an emotion which could agitate the invalid, only let him see her! He kept his word most religiously when he was at last admitted into Mrs. Disney's darkened chamber & sat for five minutes by the bedside holding his wife's hand but not speaking a word. It was only when the doctor beckoned him from the room that he forgot himself & cried out –
 "If I could have loved you better, Lucy, I should love you better now."

They showed him the baby, with which, in spite of himself, the worthy man was rather disappointed. It seemed a frail atom, this child, upon whose coming he had built such hopes.
 "He isn't as handsome as Tommy," he said, wistfully, as he looked at the tiny burden in the nurse's arms & I verily believe the honest Squire was vexed to see that his son at two hours old was not as fine a child as the ensign's orphan boy was at four years of age.

Master Tommy had been banished to the gardens & the orchard during this critical time in order that he might not disturb the hushed silence of the house. He could not be made to understand why it was that he must not go to his mother as usual & he cried bitterly at the separation.

The Squire, who was a great deal too restless to remain in any place long, walked out at the hall door & sat at the end of one of the espaliered alleys met Master Tommy & his nurse. The boy raced to him and clung about his knees.
 "I want to see Mama. I want to go to Mama!" he cried. "Why can't I go to Mama?"
 "Because she's ill, Tommy & we must be very quiet & not disturb her."
 "Then why do the bells ring if Mama is ill?" asked Tommy.
 "The bells ring because you've got a little brother, Tommy."
 "I don't want a little brother," said the boy, candidly, "I want to go to Mama. Do the bells always ring when little boys are born? Did the bells ring when I was born?"
 "No, Tommy. I don't think they did," answered the Squire.
 "But why didn't they ring?"
 "Because you were not a rich little boy, Tommy. The bells only ring when rich boys are born."

"And is my little brother rich?"

"Very rich."

"How rich?" pursued the inquisitive young gentleman.

"Why Tommy," said the Squire, "when your little brother grows up he will be the master of this place & when I am dead all that now belongs to will be his."

"The orchard & stables & the paddocks & the chestnut mare & Grey Dobbin & Bess the pointer & Nell & Lion & Bob & Dash?" asked Tommy speaking very quick.

"Every one of them, Thomas," answered his stepfather, "unless indeed you took a fancy to either of the horses or the dogs. If you did your brother would make you a present of it, I'll be bound. For you shall be treated handsomely I promise you, my boy."

Tommy who had a dark brown complexion like his dead father, blushed crimson at the Squire's splendid patronage.

"I shall be a soldier like my Papa," the boy said, proudly, "and I shall have a sword & a red coat & big boots, & I shall buy myself as many horses as I like."

Mr. Disney stared aghast at the child. "Egad, Tommy," he muttered, "you'll find pride and poverty a sorry couple to go through life together. What a spirit the lad has," he thought, as he walked away back to the house, "but I shall remember my promise to Lucy & I shall take care & provide for him."

There were grand doings at the christening of Mr. Disney's first born son. An ox was roasted in one of the paddocks & a tent erected in which the tenantry dined. Another ox was cooked on the village green & was cut up for distribution to the poor. There had not been such rejoicings since the birth of the Squire upwards of forty years before. The servants & the tenantry had a ball in the evening in the great stone-flagged hall & the Squire & his wife led off the first country dance. Master Tommy made himself a distinguished personage in the course of this entertainment insisting on dancing with the maid servants & drinking a great deal more strong ale & other powerful liquors than was good for him. He roared so lustily when Biddy attempted to carry him off to bed that the Squire for the first time & the last time in his life attempted to strike the child. There were many people in Merton who remembered the scene that ensued until their dying day. Mrs. Disney had left the hall and retired to her own apartments, but at the sound of Tommy's voice, uplifted, as if in [invitation], she returned to the ball room. At the very moment of her entering the Squire held his gold headed cane raised over the shrieking boy. I don't suppose Anthony Disney would have found it in his honest heart to hit his little stepson very hard, but Master Tommy, who had never been corrected, screamed as if the Squire's weapon had been a cat o' nine tails. Mrs. Disney rushed to her husband & snatching the cane from his hand flung it into the furthest corner of the hall. She was a very beautiful woman, fair & delicate with soft blue eyes & flaxen hair, nobody ever remembered having seen her angry, but on this occasion she seemed transfigured by rage.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you strike my son? Is it because he is a helpless orphan whose father died far away in a strange land for the defence of his King & country? Is it because of that you ill use my son? Is it because your own child will be rich & powerful while my poor darling will be friendless &

penniless Anthony Disney,” she said, solemnly, looking at him with her blue eyes dilated by passion & her whole frame trembling with stormy emotion, “I will never forget this night - & I will never love your son as I love this fatherless boy.”

It was the first time that an angry [word] had ever passed between the husband & wife. The broad, honest face of the Squire grew as white as the face of a corpse. “Lucy,” he said, very gravely, “I am no more likely to forget this night than you are. Whatever you son may do or say I will never lift my hand against him again. What I was going to do to him tonight I should have done to my own child as well as to him. Do not fear, Lucy, that I will ever interfere with the boy again.”

The Squire kept his word, and never from that night did he attempt by so much as a word or a look to correct Master Thomas. The boy went his own way, & a very headstrong & willful young gentleman he became. Some people excused him because he had a handsome face, others on account of his warm & generous heart, & the open hand with which he would distribute any good things that fell to his share. In spite of the difference between the fortunes of the two brothers which Tommy had seemed to understand from the hour of his conversation with the Squire in the garden, Thomas MacMahon showed a very strong affection to Henry Disney. The younger boy resembled his mother & had the delicate fair complexion & melting blue eyes which had so captivated the Squire when chance first threw him into the way of the ensign’s widow. Nothing could be stronger than the contrast between the half brothers. Henry resembled his mother as much in disposition as in person; like her he was gentle & unimpulsive, tractable & affectionate, & not easily roused to anger. Time alone would show whether he like her was capable of one of those sudden outbursts of passion which are so terrible in people of a naturally gentle temper. He was very fond of his elder brother & once or twice permitted Tommy to lead him into mischief, but at a very early age he learned to discriminate between right & wrong & instead of consenting to join Master MacMahon in revolt against his elders he would take him seriously to task for his bad conduct.

So the current of life flowed smoothly along in the simple household at the Grange. Lucy Disney learned to love her generous husband though she could never learn to forget the handsome dark eyes of the Ensign, the dead father of her elder boy. Tommy went his way, growing every day handsomer & more self-willed. Harry grew up into a slender fair haired lad of ten years old & throughout the decade which had passed away since the christening of the Squire’s son, only one event had happened to interrupt the quiet course of time.

[Anthony Disney had once had a younger brother, who going, as the Squire said, wild ran away to France after having been disinherited by his father on account of a clandestine marriage with an actress from one of the lowest of the London playhouses. All this had happened when Anthony was only twenty & his younger brother Philip two years younger. For twenty years nothing had been heard of the scapegrace but two or three years after the birth of the Squire’s son Harry a letter with a foreign post mark came to Mr. Disney from the orphan daughter of his brother Philip.]

Mrs. Disney had a younger sister who on the death of her father which happened a year after Lucy's marriage with Ensign Thomas MacMahon, had gone to live as companion to a wealthy Roman Catholic lady in the west of England. The sisters had very rarely corresponded during the lifetime of the Irish Ensign for Lucy's wandering life & the poverty of her husband had separated her from her family, but in the first year of her widowhood Mrs. MacMahon had received a cruel shock in a letter from her sister's patroness Lady Olivia Marden. The lady wrote to day that her companion had fled from Marden Court in company with a young man who had been preparing himself for holy orders under the roof of her ladyship, to whom he acted as occasional chaplain. The young people had been traced to the city of Bristol where they had been married by a protestant clergyman but beyond that city it was impossible to trace them. Lady Olivia's letter contained much bitter reflection upon the conduct of Miss Sophia Hinton, her companion, who in return for the toleration shown to her as a heretic had seduced one of the true faith from the holy vocation for which he had been designed. Her ladyship concluded by expressing considerable indignation at Mistress Sophia's insolence in having presumed to fall in love at all, but throughout the missive no mention was made of the name of the male offender against the propriety of the Lady's household. Lucy therefore wrote by the next post requesting to be told who her sister's husband was that she might have some clue to discovering the whereabouts of the delinquent. To this letter she received no answer & trusting from day to day to hear from Sophia herself she did not write again to Lady Olivia Marden but three years passed away without her obtaining any tidings of her runaway sister & it was not until a year & a half after Harry's birth that she received a letter, from Dijon in Normandy, telling her that Sophia had been deserted by her husband & left with her child, a little girl of two years old, in a state of utter destitution. She had evidently heard nothing of Lucy's elevation to fortune for she addressed her letter to Mrs. Thomas MacMahon at the old lodging of Islington & she only implored of her sister a few pounds to carry her to Paris in pursuit of her runaway husband who she had reason to think was in that city. Lucy showed her sister's letter to the Squire, who was much moved to find his wife in tears over poor Sophia's misfortunes.

"Serve her right," exclaimed Mr. Disney when he had read the letter, "what business had she to marry a papist? As to seeking the knave in the city of Paris which as I've heard is near as big as London, she'd better give up that for a bad job, & leave him to his own devices. Let her come to the Grange; there's room enough here & to spare for her & her child too. Egad, the little girl will be a nice companion for Harry! His brother Tommy is but a rough playfellow for him." Mrs. Disney fell on her knees at the good man's feet & kissed his honest big hand.

"How good you are to me," she said, moved to tears as she spoke, "and to all that are dear to me."

"They have but to be dear to you, Lucy, to make them dear to me. Write to this poor woman & send her enough for her journey & for any debts she may have in France. Goodness knows how they may use debtors over there. Write to her & tell her that as long as she lives she's free to share our home for herself & her children after her."

But Sophia did not live long to enjoy the Squire's hospitality. The stamp of death was upon her when she came to the Grange. Lucy wept to see the change in her sister. The poor creature was in the last stages of consumption. Her eyes bright with an ominous & glassy luster. A burning red fever spot upon each of her cheeks, & her chest racked by a perpetual dry cough. To Lucy's questions about her husband & his desertion of her, she could scarcely be induced to reply except by entreaties that they would ask nothing, not even his name, which in spite of her sister's supplications she dies without having revealed. So the little toddling child left in Mrs. Disney's charge was as nameless as she was motherless & fatherless. She had been christened in France where she was born & had been called Leonie. The Squire cried out lustily against this foreign & outlandish name, so it was Anglicised into Leonora, which was for brevity's sake contracted into Lora. The little girl was strong & healthy. She did not in any respect resemble her mother who had flaxen hair & blue eyes like her sister, Mrs. Disney, while Leonora's hair was of a reddish auburn & the colour of her eyes were of that peculiar hazel brown, which is oftenest seen in the eyes of a beautiful wild animal. She grew very rapidly, thriving wonderfully in Mrs. Disney's care & when Harry & she were respectively ten years old, she being the older by about six months she was the taller of the two & as straight as an arrow. She & Harry were excellent friends, & shared a white pony between them, the little girl riding pillion behind her cousin, but Tommy who had a pony of his own, the Squire's gift to him upon his thirteenth birthday, would have very little to say to Leonora & was wont to call his half brother a milk sop for riding about with his cousin Lora, for Master Thomas had on two or three occasions sported a pretty scarlet coat made for him by his doting mother, out of an old one of the Squire's, & had ridden to cover with Mr. Disney & had kept neck & neck with the best riders in Warwickshire – which is no bad county for hunting.

The two boys went to school to a very excellent man; the curate of a neighbouring village, but they slept & took their supper at home, setting out early in the morning on their ponies, riding three miles before breakfast, which they eat with the curate & returning to the Grange at sunset. Mrs. Disney had given particular orders to the schoolmaster, who was a needy man, that he should on no account attempt corporal punishment upon either of the boys. This rule for some time observed most strictly, never indeed finding occasion to correct Master Harry, who was fond of his studies & courteous & respectful towards his teacher, but once on Master Tommy's playing truant & having on being remonstrated with the following morning openly set his master at [defiance] the good curate had taken up a cane with the intention of laying it about the shoulders of his rebellious pupil, where upon Tommy had without more ado knocked the schoolmaster down & marched straight out of the room triumphant amidst the tittering of the other scholars, who perhaps were not altogether ill-pleased to have the dull monotony of the [...] Latin Grammar broken by this little skirmish.

From this moment the curate never attempted to contradict his pupil, although Tommy made a contrite apology the next day & showed considerable generosity of temper, bringing a brace of partridges of his own shooting as a peace offering to the offended schoolmaster, & administering a sound drubbing to the boy who had laughed the loudest at the good man's defeat. So, still the two boys grew up side by side, & still there was no one found to thwart Master Thomas MacMahon

& still that young gentleman went his own way & took his own pleasure defiant of pastors & masters & all who were set in authority over him & already when Thomas was but fourteen & Harry only ten years of age the half brothers had stamped their characters upon the minds of the simple people amongst whom they lived, as the bad & the good boy.

Chap. 2nd How the children took a holiday & how Tommy lost himself in a wood where he fell in with a stranger.

Harry Disney's birthday fell upon the last day of May, & on that day the weather being especially lovely Mrs. Disney proposed to the two boys & their cousin Leonora that they should take a holiday & ride their ponies to Wynward Park, a beautiful place, about three miles out of Merton, belonging to Sir Gerald Wynward. The boys were only too glad to assent to this proposition & their cousin Lora was delighted at the prospect of accompanying them. Biddy, Master Tommy's old nurse, who was now still room maid, packed a basket of good things, including a gooseberry pie & a bottle of cowslip wine, & this being slung across Master Tommy's pony, & Lora being seated behind her cousin Harry, the little party set out. Mrs. Disney went with them to the gate & watched them as they rode away upon the high road.

"How handsome they looked, Biddy," she said to her faithful old servant, "Did you see such beautiful dark eyes as my Tommy has?"

"Sure, I remember the master's," replied Biddy, "& they was as black as sloes & as big as damsons. Master Thomas is his father from top to toe."

"There never was such a likeness, Biddy," said the mother, "Sometimes do you know I'm almost frightened of the boy with his proud passionate ways & his noble, generous, loving heart, so like his blessed father. Sometimes I am frightened, Biddy, for I think that it [is] such as he who die upon foreign battle fields far away from those who stay & weep for them. Sometimes I think that there will be sorrow for me in my old age, sorrow as bitter as that which...." the lady did not finish her speech. The blinding tears that rose to her eyes blotted out the white high road & the receding figures of the children & their ponies & the loving mother returned to the house to find it but a dull place lacking the presence of her own sons, & Master Tommy's loud laughter & boisterous ways.

Master MacMahon very soon grew tired of riding at a footpace to suit Harry & his cousin, so he galloped away from them telling them to look for him by the waterfall in Wynward Park. Here, upon reaching their destination, they found him lying on the grass fast asleep with a [...] birdsnest by his side & the basket of provisions opened & the bottle of cowslip wine uncorked. His pony was browsing amongst the fern & had wandered very nearly out of sight. Harry awoke his brother & having tied his own pony to a tree, ran after Tommy's steed which he secured in the same manner. "You might have lost him, Tommy," he remonstrated, "and then what would you have done?"

"Why walked home, of course," cried Thomas, with supreme indifference, "there are more ponies in Warwickshire than that, I suppose, brother Harry, I could buy one of Farmer Morrison for five pounds ten. A splendid colt, plenty of blood, & very little bone."

"But you haven't got five pounds ten," said Master Harry.

"No, bit I could get it, couldn't I?" replied Thomas, "haven't I the silver watch, the Squire gave me last Christmas, & my gold shoe buckles? And the snuff box mother keeps in the drawer with her silk dresses is mine, & the sword is mine & the seals are mine, for they were all my father's."

"But you wouldn't sell those for all the horses in Warwickshire? Could you Tommy?"

"Not unless I choose," answered Master MacMahon, "& I don't choose; but if I did, nobody could stop me from doing what I liked with them." The primroses were gone but the wild hyacinths grew so thickly in the woody plantations of Wynward Park that the ground seemed one sheet of waving purple blossoms. Long arcades of elms & beeches stretched away in every direction from the spot at which the children were gathered. On one side the ground was broken & irregular & a waterfall ran down to join a lake that lay in a valley below. Sir Gerald's house was upwards of a mile from this part of the park, which was very wild & uncultivated. Harry & Lora busied themselves in gathering great bunches of hyacinths which the little girl carried for her cousin in her petticoat. Tommy threw himself on the grass with an air of listlessness which was perhaps something affected; his four years of seniority inspired him with some contempt for the two children.

"How happy you children seem," he said, "gathering those silly flowers. I should have preferred spending the day in the village. There is to be a cockfight in the stableyard at the Golden Lion at three o'clock this afternoon. I am sorry to lose it," and Master Thomas began to whistle the tune of a Jacobite Ballad which he had learned in the village & flinging up from the ground swaggered about with the air of a very wild young gentleman indeed. He had learned to copy the manners of the young Squires with whom he had hunted.

"How can you whistle that wicked song, Tommy?" cried his brother, as Master MacMahon swaggered past him with his rosy little mouth pursed up & his hat cocked rakishly over his eyes.

"Wicked song!" roared Tommy, turning round upon the little boy, with his handsome face all aflame, "who says it's a wicked song? Is it wicked to wish to have our rightful king to rule over us, instead of a race of foreign upstarts who can't speak our native language? I shall whistle that song & I shall sing that song as much & as often as I please, brother Harry," he added resolutely, for without knowing much of the matter Master MacMahon had been pleased, influenced by the loose talk of some of the villagers, to declare himself a staunch Jacobite. His cousin Leonora looked at him reproachfully. "Oh, Tommy, Tommy, how can you be so naughty?" she said.

"Don't open your big brown eyes like that miss," cried Tommy, "how can I be naughty? Isn't it my nature to be so? As much as it's the nature of Harry there to be good, & to know his lesson, & to go punctual into school & not to tear his coats or his ruffles, & to say 'Sir' when he speaks to his schoolmaster & to cry God Save King George upon public holidays. Isn't everybody always saying to me 'What a bad boy you are Master Tommy,' haven't I had that saying dinned into my ears ever since I can remember? Even my poor mother cries sometimes & tells me that I shall never be anything but a bad boy. The Squire shrugs his shoulders & lets me have my own way, but he tells other people that I am growing [up] a bad boy. I suppose it's in me [...] & that I'm scarcely answerable

for it for it. I don't tell lies & if I had only a shilling in the world, anybody might have sixpence of me for the asking, but I'm bad by nature & I don't suppose I shall ever be better."

Little Leonora who was very fond of her dark eyed cousin ran up to him & put her arms round his neck. "You could be good if you tried, Tommy," she whispered.

"But I can't try," cried Tommy, "I did try once. I was good for a whole day. Oh, what a horrid, long day it was," said the boy with a shudder, "and when it was all over what did they say to me. Why, that I had been nearly as good as my brother Harry. I don't want to be nearly as good as Harry. Whatever I am I want to be first. And, Egad, if I can't be the best I'd as lief be the worst."

"Tommy, Tommy!" the little girl cried, scandalized at his wild talk.

"It's all very well for Harry to be good," continued Master MacMahon, "goodness is as natural to him as the colour of his hair or the shape of his nose – not but what I love you Harry, very dearly & think you the noblest lad in all Warwickshire – but I say again its all very well for you to be good. You'll be a rich man by & bye & life will be as smooth for you as that grass yonder where the deer are browsing, while I'm but a poor devil, who have nothing to look to but a commission bought for me out of charity by your father & giving me the privilege of going to a foreign country to be shot in the defence of a King I don't acknowledge. That's all I've got to look to!" he cried bitterly, though in sober truth it must be confessed that Master Tommy in his secret heart was never tired of counting the years which must elapse before he could wear a scarlet coat and carry His Majesty's commission.

The little girl burst out crying when her cousin talked of being shot in a foreign land. "Don't cry, Lora," Tommy said, kissing & soothing her, with an air of affectionate patronage, "what does it matter what becomes of me? You will grow up & be a very handsome woman & marry my brother Henry, who will make you a great lady."

"I don't want to marry cousin Harry," exclaimed Leonora, with considerable candour, "I want to marry you, Tommy & I'll never marry anybody else."

Harry blushed crimson at his little cousin's declaration. The half brothers had often talked together of their future lives, always arranging that Tommy should be a soldier & ultimately of course a general, not second to the Duke of Marlborough, while Harry was to remain at the Grange & marry his penniless cousin. Here was the whole fabric of Harry's future life shattered by a few words. The little boy, who had none of his half brother's impetuosity, walked away, biting his lip to stop himself from crying. Leonora followed him & taking his hand as she walked by his side, said with childlike gravity, "Of course I love you very much cousin Harry, because you are so good that everybody loves you, but I want you always to be my cousin, please, & I want Tommy to be my husband, and when he is a soldier I will go all over the world with him in a big ship," and the little girl opened her shining hazel eyes to their widest extent & looked far away to a belt of purple woods that masked the bright horizon, as if in her childish fancies & in that childish hopefulness & simple faith which never remains with us after childhood, she saw a vision of herself & her cousin

wandering far away into some unknown worlds, loving & happy, constant & united.

“Oh, as to that,” said Tommy, switching off the heads of the bluebells with a little cane which he carried. “I shall never marry. A soldier has no right to a wife...

[Leonora looked at him with a strangely mournful face. The little girl had grown very beautiful under the roof of her kind benefactors. She had a clear & milk white skin & small delicate features & reddish auburn hair...waves which almost reminded one of the mane of a young lion. It was beautiful hair notwithstanding even that shade of red which is rarely associated with beauty. Luxuriant & waving it fell about her pale face in tawny masses & hung in reckless disorder over her hazel eyes -----]

Oh indeed if ever I should marry I must look out for a fortune,” he added, grandly, “not but you are a very pretty little girl, Lora, though your eyes are so big & brown that they always remind me of the stag we ran down last Christmas – You’re looking at me this moment just as that poor beast looked when the dogs closed round him - & though your hair is red & crinkled like the mane of a young lion & always hangs about your shoulders rough & tangled instead of being brushed smooth over a cushion the way mother taught you to dress it.”

“Her hair isn’t red,” said Harry, looking so fiercely at his half brother that Master MacMahon burst out laughing.

“Isn’t it?” he said, “then it’s orange tawny. It’s the same colour as Queen Elizabeth’s hair. Look at it now in the sunshine. She looks as if she had a flame of glory round her head like that in the picture we saw at Wynward House which Sir Gerald told us was painted by some Italian fellow.”

“It was painted by Raphael,” said Harry, who had a much better memory than Master Thomas for anything connected with the fine arts, “and Sir Gerald told us that when King Charles the First lodged for a night at Wynward he told Sir Gerald’s great grandfather that he would cover the picture with golden guineas three times over if he would let him have it for the royal collection. But the baronet told his Majesty that all he possessed was at his command & he proved very soon afterwards that he had not spoken at random for in a week’s time from this he sent the Wynward plate to the Royalist party at Coventry to be melted down for the use of the King.”

“And he could not well have done less as a loyal & brave gentleman, Master Harry. Egad, there’s little enough of such loyalty left nowadays,” said Tommy as if he felt that what little of that virtue remained to the degenerate age was chiefly centred in his own person.

After this talk the children attacked the contents of the basket & spreading a damask napkin upon the sward did ample justice to a fine piece of cold chine & Mrs. Biddy’s gooseberry pie. Tommy held up the long diamond cut glass out of which they drank their cowslip wine & winked his black eyes at the innocent liquor with the air of a connoisseur. “It is but poor stuff,” he said,

contemptuously, “a man might drink a bottle of it and not be drunk. The Squire might as well have given us some of his some of his prime claret,” added the little hypocrite who loved cowslip wine & who could not drink the Squire’s claret without writhing in suppressed agonies.

Harry, who was always of a studious turn, had brought with him a book that he picked up from the little cabinet in his mother’s rooms. It was no less a volume that ‘Drelincourt on Death’, & Harry & Leonora seated themselves side by side to read it together, the little girl looking over her cousin’s shoulder. They did not trouble themselves at all about either Drelincourt or Death but proceeded to spell their way through the very correct & truthful history of Mrs. Veal’s ghost which had in the first instance attracted Master Harry. Tommy flung himself upon a perfect bed of purple hyacinths & fell fast asleep. He did not sleep long, however, the buzzing of the flies, the rustling of the leaves, fluttered every now & then by a warm summer breeze, the singing of the birds & the low plashing of the waterfall could not lull this restless nature for above half an hour & tired of repose he raised himself upon his elbow & looked about him. His two companions were so absorbed in Mrs. Veal that they did not notice his movement. “I’ve a good mind to steal away,” he thought, “how frightened they’ll be when they look up & find me missing.” He walked softly through the long grass to the tree under which his pony was feeding & untying the bridle mounted the animal & rode slowly away through a long avenue which led into a wood skirting the park.

The boundary which separated the park from this wood was but a low wooden fence which Master Tommy’s pony cleared with ease. The boy rode on giving the reins to the animal & letting him wander where he chose; the wood was of considerable extent & Tommy had been riding about it for upwards of an hour when he began to feel so drowsy that he almost fell asleep in the saddle. “I’d best have a nap,” he said to himself, looking at his big silver watch, “it is but three o’clock. I can take half an hour’s sleep & get back to Harry & Lora before five.” He jumped off his pony, fastened the bridle to the lowest branch of a spreading beech & lay down at the foot of the tree. He fell into a sound & dreamless slumber from which he woke with a start at hearing a great rustling amongst the leaves of the tree under which he had been sleeping.

He sprang to his feet & found himself face to face with a strange man; a pedlar[sic] as it seemed, for he carried a small box strapped round him & wore coarse country made clothes disfigured by the dust of the road.

“So you’ve woke at last, boy,” he said, “I thought you were going to sleep till the day of judgement.” Though he did not speak by any means courteously there was something in his tone which in no way agreed with the make & quality of his clothes or with his humble occupation.

“Who do you call boy, Pedlar?” asked Tommy, scowling at the intruder.

“And who do you call Pedlar, Boy?” repeated the stranger, seating himself upon the grass with his back leaning against the trunk of the tree & flinging off the strap from his shoulders. He threw off his hat a moment afterwards & wiped his hot & dusty face with his handkerchief. Though he was in a fever from walking under the heat of the early summer day, he was not flushed but was on the

contrary very pale. He wore an illmade black wig, which was in such marked contrast with his thick & rather shaggy eyebrows that it gave a sinister look to a face which could otherwise have been handsome. Tommy remarked that his ungloved hands although much discoloured by the sun, were singularly small but by no means prettily shaped. The fingers were short & squared at the ends, the palms broad & thick & the hand altogether something reminded one of an animal. Tommy, disapproving of the stranger's free & easy manner flung himself down in imitation of the intruder with his back to the tree, scowling fiercely in reply to the other's delicate stare.

"And pray who are you, my proud young master?" asked the pedlar, with his piercing eyes fixed upon the lad's face. Something in that look, some shade of expression, so transitory that before he could tell what it was, it was gone altogether, reminded the boy of some other face & seemed so familiar to him that he began to think he must have seen the dusty wayfarer before. He paused for one brief moment thinking this, & then answered haughtily.

"I am stepson of Squire Disney, of Merton Grange. And now pray who are you?"

"I am a poor devil, who has been sent on a fool's errand & who has a pretty strong mind to throw up his service & turn his coat. For the stuff it is made of wears but badly, my lad," he said, musingly, more to himself than to Tommy, "& I've a good mind to change it for a piece of honest Saxony cloth."

Tommy opened his black eyes & stared at the pedlar as if he thought the man demented.

"Why look you here, Boy," said the stranger, turning upon Tommy with a sudden passion in his voice, that almost startled the lad, "I have that in this box, here," & he slapped his hand violently down upon the little wooden case at his side, "which would sell in London for a thousand pounds! And yet look at me, dusty & weary, hot & tired, ill & worn out, &, in all this danger & all this fatigue, not advancing my own interests by so much as that," he snapped his fingers contemptuously, & flung his head, which he had held erect in his sudden energy, back against the trunk of the beech, with an impatient sigh.

Tommy looked at him with a state of wonder. "You're the queerest Pedlar I ever met," he said, "and I don't believe you are a Pedlar at all."

"Look you here," said the stranger, without taking the least notice of Tommy's last remarks, "Look you here, Master Disney--"

"My name is not Disney," said Tommy, interrupting him.

"Then why did you say just now that it was?" asked the stranger.

"I never said anything of the kind. I told you that Squire Disney was my stepfather, & you might have known by that that my name wasn't Disney. My name is MacMahon, Thomas MacMahon."

"Thomas MacMahon!" repeated the traveler, looking at him very hard, "was your father's name Thomas?"

"It was. Ensign Thomas MacMahon of his Majesty's foot," replied Tommy. The stranger looked at him more intently than before.

"MacMahon is but a common Irish name," he said, "& there are plenty of MacMahons in the army. What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Lucy Hinton."

"I'm but an inquisitive fool," said the pedlar carelessly after a few moments pause, "to be questioning a lad like you about your family affairs, but after such a walk as I've had today a man may be forgiven if he has a mind to be idle." After saying which the man was silent for some time, sitting looking lazily at the long vistas made by the gnarled trunks of the trees & the tangled masses of the undergrowth.

"Pray," said Tommy presently, "let me have a look at some of that jewellery which you have in your box there."

"Jewellery!" exclaimed the stranger, "what jewellery?"

"Why you said you had something in that box which would fetch a thousand pounds up in London, & I thought of course it must be jeweller's work to be worth so much."

"Did you, Master Thomas? Faith if 'tis jeweller's work 'tis the work of some jewellers who clever as they are will never be clever enough to make a King's Crown. Jeweller's work! Ay, my little gentleman, there's many a noble lord at the Court of St. James's who would be better pleased to have the contents of this little box than his lady would be with a necklace of diamonds."

"Then why don't you go to London and sell your wares?" asked Thomas.

"Because....because... There's a game of cards which they play in France my little man, in which the player puts his stake upon the black or the red just as his fancy prompts him. Now there's another game being played in this present year of grace in which I have something of a stake & if I take this box to London I lose my chance of winning upon my own colour."

Tommy looked at the stranger with such undisguised contempt that the other burst out laughing.

"Egad, Master Thomas, you think me a fool & you don't take much pains to conceal your opinion. Never mind, my lad, you're not a child now, or I shouldn't talk to you as freely as I do, but the day may come when it will suit me to make friends with you, for I think you're a clever boy & I don't think you're a coward."

"A coward!" roared Tommy, "Get up & take your stand upon that grass & we'll see," & master MacMahon squared his fists after the most scientific fashion.

The Pedlar laughed heartily at the lad's spirit, "I am a little too tired for any such diversion, Master Thomas," he said, "besides gentlemen do not fight with their fists."

"That's no reason you shouldn't," replied Tommy, with charming candour.

"But it is a reason why you should not," replied the pedlar, in no wise affronted at the boy's speech, "you must learn the use of the small sword, Master Thomas, & then you will be able to hold your own by & bye. Now, look here, my friend, I want you to do me a service. But first tell me how far it is from here to Wynward House?"

"Four miles, if it's a yard," answered Tommy.

"And from here to Coventry is seven miles in another direction. Now I must be at Coventry before dark tonight & I've a letter in my box which must be delivered to Sir Gerald Wynward. What do you say now, Master Thomas, would you like to earn a guinea?"

"If I hadn't too much trouble for the money," said Tommy, with wonderful indifference, his eyes sparkling a little never the less, "but I shouldn't think you had many guineas to give away."

"I haven't one to give away, my lad," answered the traveler, "but I can pay for a service when I ask one." He took out a dirty leathern purse as he spoke & when he opened it Tommy saw that it was full of guineas & bank notes. "Now I want you to take a letter for me to Wynward House & to put it into Sir Gerald's hands yourself. You may as well say it comes from your stepfather the Squire."

"That's a lie," exclaimed Thomas.

"And if it is," said the traveler, "I suppose you can tell a lie in a good cause."

"In neither a good nor a bad cause," answered the boy, resolutely, "and as to taking your letter I can't do anything of the kind, for I've left my brother Harry & a little girl in the park yonder & they'll be fine & frightened if I don't go back to them directly, and over & above that I promised my mother to be home by six o'clock."

"There's not much chance of that, Master Thomas, for it's half past five already & you're more than six miles from Merton. You'd best take the letter," and the stranger, as if counting much on the weakness of human nature, jingled the guineas in the leathern bag & taking out one, brighter than the rest, held it at a little distance in the palm of his hand, looking at it contemplatively.

Now it happened that Tommy amongst those other youthful errors which had made him only too distinguished had fallen so early as his eleventh year, into the very bad habit of gambling; & it also happened that at this very time he was over head & ears in debt to a groom of the squire's, a red haired, pale eyed man, with a complexion disfigured by freckles, & with one shoulder rather higher than the other. To this groom, Tommy had lost several bets, the total of which nearly amounted to that very guinea glistening in the stranger's open palm. Master MacMahon, therefore, decided on incurring his stepfather's displeasure & torturing his mother's loving heart with the agonies of unnecessary alarm for his safety, as by this he would be enable [*sic*] to settle all scores with his importunate creditor.

"I'll take the letter," he said desperately.

"To be sure you will, my man," replied the stranger, rising & unfastening the strap upon his shoulder. "Jump upon your pony. You may be home before dark if you ride at a good pace."

While Tommy got into the saddle the pedlar opened the box which had so much moved the boy's curiosity. But all that Master MacMahon could contrive to see of its contents was a small packet of letters, one of which the pedlar [...] from amongst the rest & delivered to Tommy. It had no address upon the cover, but there was some mark in cipher at one corner & it was carefully sealed.

"Deliver this into Sir Gerald Wynward's own hand, & mind that no one is present when you do so. Slip it into the breast of your shirt," said the stranger, opening the boy's waistcoat with his own hands & arranging the shirt frill so as to conceal the letter, "and remember you had better keep the packet for a week than deliver it in any other manner than that I have directed. Here is your guinea, & bear in mind that I trust to your honour for your doing my errand."

"You need not be afraid," answered Tommy, pocketing the guinea & giving his whip a preliminary flourish. "Good day to you."

The boy was riding off but the strange traveler caught the bridle of the pony & the animal stopped with a jerk that almost threw Master Tommy out of the saddle.

"What did you do that for?" he cried out angrily, "it's a chance you didn't get hand half bitten off. Keep clear of her head, will you?" he added, as the stranger amused himself with stroking the nose of the animal, which did her best to bite his small brown hand.

"I'm not afraid, Master Thomas," he said, smiling. There was this one peculiarity about this man's face when grave or even frowning it was almost handsome while on the other hand it became distorted and ugly to repulsiveness the moment he smiled. The long straight nose, which was singularly broad in the bridge, contracted itself, & the large well-shaped mouth widened until there was something in the stranger's smile terribly akin to the grin of a wild beast. Perhaps he was aware of this for he very rarely smiled.

"Before you go, Master Thomas," he said, holding out his hand, "I've a fancy to shake hands with you. You're a fine, high spirited lad, & five or six years hence – for I judge by your looks you are about fifteen years of age – you & I may be of use to each other. Do you think you shall remember me if ever we meet again?"

"Anywhere," answered Tommy, very quickly, "your face puts me in mind of two other faces, & Egad," he cried, as if struck with a sudden idea, "I think one of them is the face of the lion in one of the plates in mother's book of natural history."

The stranger laughed aloud. "That's a strange fancy, Master Tommy," he said, "but go home & read the description of the lion in your mother's book & take notice what a noble animal he is, & how truly he is called the king of the beasts."

"As to that," cried Tommy, "I've heard my brother Harry read about him & I thought him by no means so noble a beast. Sure, doesn't he attack a lonely traveller & steal away coward-like from those who go in companies, & isn't he afraid to spring upon those who face him boldly, loving always to come upon his prey unawares?"

"You're learned in his habits, Master Thomas," announced the stranger, "I'll not dispute with so shrewd a young gentleman. So good bye to you." He stood watching Tommy as the boy galloped away, & then he turned into a pathway which led through the wood, into the high road & Coventry.

There was sad distress & consternation at the Grange when six, seven, & eight o'clock having struck, without bringing the return of the children, Harry & his little cousin at last came back first as it was growing dark, to tell Mrs. Disney, with pitiful faces, & much grief how they had been wandering for hours in the park & the wood looking for Tommy whom they had lost. The poor mother began to think directly of those quiet ponds hidden away in deep recesses of the wood, & in one of which for all she knew her darling boy might be lying. She thought of the dark water, over spread with the leaves of the water lilies, & painted red & golden by the last rays of the setting sun; she remembered the treacherously sloping banks fringed with feathery ferns, & she thought how

perhaps while she was shedding useless tears & running wildly about the house & gardens, the tangled roots of the lilies might be twisting themselves in Tommy's dark curls & dragging him down to his death. The Squire had need have been [*sic*] calm & collected as he was in this crisis, for his wife was powerless to do anything but lament over the loss of her son. Mr. Disney called to his servants & bade them go in different directions seeking Master Tommy. Amongst others the red haired groom to whom Tommy owed money, was disturbed from his supper, & sent into the stable to saddle a horse for the Squire himself, who was bent upon assisting in the search. This man, whose name was Simon, went far more willingly than any of the other servants, who to tell the truth were rather tired of Master Tommy's pranks, though they loved the boy notwithstanding.

"Simon is the willingest lad in the stables," said the Squire, "and sets a good example to the other men, who are but a noisy, riotous set; by his excellent conduct."

But just as the expedition was setting forth through the gates of the Grange, & just as the clock of Merton church struck nine, who should gallop furiously up the high road, but Master Thomas himself, with his garments all over dust & his hair disordered, but in amazing high spirits.

"I have been to Wynward House, Squire," he cried out, "and Sir Gerald would have me go into the library where he was at supper with a foreign gentleman, & he gave me a glass of claret & couple of guineas, & he said I was the handsomest lad in these parts, & bade me go & see him whenever I pleased."

"If you was my own son, Master Thomas," said the Squire, getting off his horse, "I'd give you so sound a thrashing for this night's work that you'd be likely to remember it. As to Sir Gerald, he's a Jacobite & a plotter of mischief & no fit company for such a lad as you. Go into your mother, Sir, & if anything can make you sorry for your misbehaviour it will surely be the sight of that poor lady's distress."

So Tommy went into the house & Mrs. Disney shrieked aloud for joy at the sight of her elder son, & fell sobbing into the lad's arms, kissing him & tenderly stroking his crumpled hair, & crying out again & again how he was the noblest & handsomest of boys & how her heart would be broken by the loss of him; & their little Lora clung about her cousin & laid her shining golden head upon his breast & flattered & made much of him, & I really don't know but Master Tommy thought at last that he had done rather a fine thing in playing truant in this fashion & causing so much unnecessary anguish to the simple people who loved him.

Appendix 6

The Kingdom of Boredom

Introduction to the Text.

The Kingdom of Boredom can be dated to 1859, reasonably accurately, from the postmarks on the envelope in which it is contained in the BFC. Both Wolff and Carnell consider this an accurate date for this manuscript.¹ Carnell is in agreement with Wolff on this date as Braddon's whereabouts for 1859 are substantiated by her research into the touring schedule for that season which took in Yorkshire and Brighton. Amidst Braddon's early career and development *The Kingdom of Boredom* once again exercised her critical and satiric point of view on society, culture and fashion. She offered the opening prologue and the beginning of a first chapter that she later preserved in similar fashion to her other story and novel fragments now in the BFC. This descriptive title aided publishers and editors in their comprehension of the story's structure and intent in draft form. The presence of the envelope, with addresses for Beverley and Brighton, demonstrates that she did dispatch this to publishers whilst on tour. This fragment outlines the potential development of the plot and characters. It is clear that Braddon had a quarter century timeline in mind, with events unfolding across a whole generation and more.

This story fragment does not entirely follow or resort to the typical 'sensation' trademarks. It is better understood as a satirical allegory, with sensational and melodramatic characteristics, that pursues an unfolding of character, relationships and society. The 'Kingdom' is modern aristocratic society that Braddon showed as a soporific 'dystopian' state of 'Indifference' and 'Ennui'. The opening of this fragment is a direct attack on upper class sophisticated society and its empty fashions and what she saw as an anti-intellectualism, or opposition to 'think, or to feel, or to act'. In the opening, Braddon also described an uncharitable, secular ethos embedded in the attitudes of this society with its indifference to any form of spirituality and notions of mortality or suffering undergone by others. It is an effective, downbeat portrayal that evokes the numbness and 'ennui' for the reader.

There is also a chilling, sinister quality found in these first few paragraphs, with the citizens chained like ‘convicts’ to their indifference and wandering in a hazy state of ‘flatness’ and ‘staleness’ as though in a perpetual twilight of hangovers and ‘dissipation’. It is a terrifying, threatening world with similarities to eighteenth-century satire.

The backdrop to the events in the fragment is, in contrast to the inhabitants of Boredom, a pastoral idyll of a garden party to celebrate the coming of age of Douglas Astrandel. The quaint local characters and the servants of the nobility, with their slipshod speech reminiscent of Sam Weller and their pantomimic entertainments and dances, are the colour and life in the story. The conversation between Mr. Louther and Mr. Burlinton, the gentlemen’s gentlemen, allows the plot to unfold with their knowledge of the Astrandel family. We discover that Sir Douglas has a twin brother, Philip, blind from birth. He can, although blind, ‘see a precious deal farther’ than his brother. Philip is the centre of feeling and true sentiments amidst this kingdom. His brother, ‘melancholy’ and indifferent to his status and situation, agrees to make a proposal of marriage to the colourless Lady Olivia. Douglas attributes his lack of feeling to the influence of his mother, Lady Astrandel: ‘Thanks to your teaching, tenderest of mothers, my heart is not capable of a throb that could give the lie if I were told I was fifty’.

Philip, on the other hand, has not allowed himself to become old before his time or lose the ability to think and feel. Out of favour and unloved since birth, Philip knows that his brother has always been the preferred son of their cruel parent, as far as she can have feelings at all: ‘. . . the wicked prejudice of a fashionable mother, (bred & educated in the ways of Boredom) who did not care for the child that could not see her face . . .’ Philip decides, on the day they come of age, to leave Astrandel and go out into the world assisted by his valet. The demonstration of vicious disdain this decision elicits from his mother reinforces his choice:

Sir Douglas betrayed into animation, sprung up to his feet –

‘Philip! Brother! - ’

Lady Astrandel laid her hand upon his arm, ‘Not a word, if you would avoid my curse,’ and so completely was the chief maxim of Boredom, (which was *non quita morere*) engraven on the young man’s heart, that he sank back in his chair, without another effort to pursue his brother.

This plot has elements of doubling and mystery that Braddon used in her sensation writing. The twin brothers are contrasting figures: one the outsider capable of feeling and the other the favoured heir to the family fortune. She relished the discord that such a structure could offer. Just as Philip embarks on his adventures the family doctor, Blake, who perhaps knows the ‘secret’, waylays him and, tantalizingly, appeals to him: ‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘tell me as you hope to be saved . . . ’

This intriguing finale to the story fragment is similar to the sense of foreboding Braddon introduced into her climax of *Told by the Poet*. Just as the young hero, in both stories, is about confront his first challenge Braddon broke off her composition. This suggests that these story fragments in the BFC functioned as a draft ‘taster’ for prospective publishers – with all the possibilities outlined in initial experimental chapters.

Wolff saw some further sample pages of this manuscript that are not in the BFC. The contents of the envelope contained in the BFC do not continue with the elements that he cites in *Sensational Victorian*.² He offers evidence for the rounding off of some of the elements of the plot over a twenty-five year time span. Douglas, as heir, descends further into his ennui over the decades and becomes an invalid widower, living at a German Spa. His son is a true successor to the Kingdom, augmenting the characteristics of Boredom. ‘Philip has died, leaving a son and daughter, who as the fragment ends are invited to visit their ancestral home’. Wolff speculates on the concluding elements – ‘Presumably Philip’s son is returning to wreak his overdue vengeance upon his uncle and cousin’. His conjecture that Philip was the true heir, deprived of his inheritance thanks to his mother’s conspiracy with the doctor, is probably correct – carrying with it the sensational aspect for the plot. However,

Wolff is scathing of this early fragment, considering it ‘crude’ and that it was ‘sensible of [Braddon] never to finish it’.

It is incautious to be too dismissive of an author’s early, unfinished attempts at composition in this way. This is an ‘early’ story fragment as Wolff mentions, but it is not a juvenile composition. It is contemporary with *Three Times Dead* and predates *Lady Audley’s Secret* by only a year or so. It shares similarities with *The Mystery at Fernwood*, published by George Sala in *Temple Bar* in 1861. *Fernwood* is about identical twin brothers, one good one evil. The evil twin escapes incarceration and murders his brother – a sensational device of doubling and mystery that echoes melodramatic stage plots and prefigures detective fiction. This story and *The Kingdom of Boredom* are equally important in establishing the full picture of Braddon’s development as an author and perceiving her variety of experimental efforts. As opposed to ‘crude’ and undeveloped the story fragments in the BFC are positive, persuasive tools in discerning her trajectory. Contemporary professional accolades and recognition of published texts are important – but equally important are the stories that did not see the light of day and can trace for the critic Braddon’s authorial styles and processes.

¹ Wolff, *Sensational* 82; Carnell, *Literary Lives* 136.

² Wolff 112-13.

Notes on the text:

This transcript follows the same format as the transcript of *Told by the Poet*.

The Kingdom of Boredom Prologue – or 25 years before & opening chapter

[Very early story: Beverley, Yorks., & Brighton postmarks, probably 1859]

The Prologue or five & twenty years before.

***The Kingdom of Boredom.
Sir Douglas Astrandel comes of age, & like the rest
of his race is very old for his age.***

The land of Boredom! It was a kingdom of which of Ennui was the king & Indifference; the Queen; in which fashions were prime ministers that went out and came in with an eternal succession of scarcely palpable change, which [like the figures in a kaleidoscope *[sic]*] was the weariest of monotonies. It was a kingdom in which the highest of high treasons was to think, or to feel, or to act; & the worst of traitors were men of genius, agitators, philanthropists, & poets, who were generally cast forth for their disloyalty.

It was a bore to be born, & a worse bore to have to die; but the worst of all bores was to live – if it could be called life, that death in life which was the life of Boredom. A life which was terribly long to endure, though so fearfully short to contemplate, that the inhabitants of Boredom stoutly refused to contemplate it; and for the beyond! Oh what a far off, doubtful and shadowy country, was that land, beyond earth's horizon, to the children of the Kingdom of Boredom.

If there was good in the world, they didn't want to run after it, & if there was bad in the world they didn't want to hear of it; that which was their trouble, was neither good nor evil; but only the flatness, the staleness, the unprofitableness of a life, which had neither action nor aim, nor end, nor hope. It was champagne with the effervescence gone [down]; it was soda water half an hour after the cork had been drawn; it was morning after a carouse, a race course after the races, the Parisian Opera House after a carnival ball, with the lights out and the flowers faded – it was a fire with the gas burned out; it was London in September, it was dull, dreary & tiresome; & there was nothing better to do with such a life, but to drag it out like a chain, or, endure it as a penance; or burn it out in an untimely end of listless dissipation. But the chain & the penance were the favourite fashions for wearing life, & the denizens of Boredom wandered about, like convicts in some settlement beyond seas, with logs chained to their feet, & their mirth was as the mirth of such convicts would be trying to be merry in spite of the restraining log.

Outside this Kingdom of Boredom, there were no doubt such feelings as love & hate, hope & despair, anger, jealousy & remorse; but within the charmed circle - ?

Oh! There, these passions were but empty names; abstract entities, which were good in pictures, & poems & plays, always subservient to the rules of art: but in Boredom they had no real existence. The women never loved, the men never hated; as there was no love, there was no jealousy; neither, being strangers to hope, were they acquainted with despair; as there was no hate, there was consequently no crime; & being no crime, there was no need of remorse. As nobody ever cared for anybody - & so, a dull & waveless ocean of life, bore succeeding generations of the citizens of Boredom to the Ocean of Death, & to that strange land on the other side of that strange ocean, unknown to them, undreamed of by them, & the geography of which, was an accomplishment they had ever preferred to shun.

Poor unskilled navigators for so wild a sea! Poor ignorant travellers for so strange a land! But so little impression was made by the passing away of generations, or the changing of dynasties, that the cry of the land was still –
 “The King is dead! Long live the King!”

Now the bells jangled in the three villages of Hilton cum Hilton, Long Ledborough, & South Pensington; & the great house of Astrandel, Astrandel Park, which lay between the three villages, was filled to overflowing with the inhabitants of Boredom, for one of its most distinguished citizens had come of age –

When I say distinguished, of course I mean distinguished according to the value of that word in the language of Boredom. Not distinguished for doing anything good or great, or for saying anything clever; but, distinguished, as being one of the richest men in his native country; & because, in some remote ages, some noble gentlemen who bore his name had lived and died in the enjoyment of the same estate, which he had at this day handed down to him in an unbroken line of succession from those ages. Distinguished furthermore, as being (at an age when few have attained such an advancement) a senior wrangler in that great science of the land of Boredom, the art which I suppose was the fashion when Horace wrote & [] translated, & Pope quoted & Byron repeated the [art/act] of ‘Not to a divine’ which of course comprises those minor arts, such as, not to pity anybody, or to amuse one’s self, or to fall in love, or to do a good action, or to go out of one’s way in any way of for any purpose. And for his lands, his thousands, his ancient blood, & his perfection in this great science, was Sir Douglas Fitz-Margrave Astrandel Pierce Astrandel distinguished.

So the bells rang out from the three steeples of the three villages; [healths] were toasted on the lower lawn; hogsheads of beer, good to drink, but bad to wallow in, were freely tapped; & the tenantry were feasted, & the steward was in the chair, & the head game-keeper was [attending], & there was a regiment of [Gunner’s] men, with a little camp of marquees on the upper lawn; & bands & Tyrolese singers, & Hungarian glee ditto, & a fancy fair, & grottos, & temporary fountains, & an old man, with a face in which yellow ochre & Indian red did duty for time & care, who was stationed in a cave as a hermit, versed in unholy lore – the fidelity of whose prophecies was only surpassed by the persistent way in which he dropped his ‘h’s’ & misplaced his ‘v’s’ & ‘w’s’.

Moreover, every body great in the Kingdom of Boredom, was present, except some few parliamentary notabilities, inimical to the house of Astrandel; & in short everything was done which it was the right thing to do when a distinguished member of the order was so fortunate as to attain his majority.

But it was yet early in the afternoon, & the five o'clock 'dejeuner' had not yet emerged perfect and lovely as Venus ['Anadyomene'] from the depths of the 'cuisine'.

Two gentlemen (pardon me, I have no wish to mystify) two gentlemen's gentlemen buoyed in a temporary harbour constructed of evergreens & cut hot-house flowers, smoking their cigars, the amber & silver mouthpieces of which glittered in the sunlight.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Burlinton, we have done the thing today, as the thing has always been done, since the first Astrandel kep'" (the gentleman's gentleman talks an elephant slip-slop more blasé than grammatical, & waives the final letters of many of his words). "We spare no expense, as we has little call to think of money; & we get the best people that the thing may be done in the best way; & if they can't do it, hang it Sir we must get better than the best, for we must keep up our reputation Sir."

"It must be wearin' – Mr. Louther."

"Yes it is wearin' to the best of stammerers," (it is imagined he meant stamina). "We has our cares Mr. Burlinton though we may hide 'em under a gay *interior*, especially if we happens to have a master, which don't take no interest in anythin', & won't take no interest in nothin', a master as says 'Dress me Louther,' & if one asks what he's like to wear, replies, 'What does it matter, Louther? Put something on me, & let me be for pity's sake. I wish Louther you'd accept of a handsome annuity instead of your wages, & go abroad & enjoy yerslef for if I fatigue you as much as you do me, you must be a miserable wretch.' Why would you believe it, Sir, he takes that little pride in himself that if it wasn't for me, his moustache would be a cross between the colour of brown Holland & weak green tea."

"Well it is strange that he should be so melancholy like; now if it had been his brother Mr. Philip, I shouldn't so much have wondered, poor young gentleman!"

"Do you allude to his want of fortune, or his want of sight Mr. Burlinton? For if you allude to the latter, I can inform you, that though Mr. Phil was born stone blind, he can see a precious deal farther than my master, & that if I wanted to put a slight upon either of the gentlemen, it wouldn't be Mr. Philip I'd try it on with."

"But to lose such a property as this here, all from coming into the world two hours later than his brother! That seems hard Mr. Louther."

"It may be hard Sir, but it's the law notwithstanding & there's no need to quarrel with the Law."

Even the servants learned the way of thinking of the citizens of the Kingdom, & whatever existed was right, or at any rate was best let alone.

It was rather a melancholy story that of the house of Astrandel. Its heir (Sir Douglas) had a twin brother born blind; & born but a few hours after himself; a few short hours that made the difference of wealth, rank, lands & honours, between those baby brothers. It made a wider difference between them too from the wicked prejudice of a fashionable mother, (bred & educated in the ways of Boredom) who did not care for the child that could not see her face, but who, in the deep hazel eyes of the eldest of the twins found something which engendered in her own the light of natural love; such a poor flicker at least, as that light was in Boredom.

While the gentlemen's gentlemen smoked their cigars in the arbour of jessamine & magnolia, imparting to those sweet blossoms the full flavour of their fragrant weeds, there was a little stir & fluttering of silk dresses on the upper lawn, & a hoarse forty lung power shout on the lower – Sir Douglas Astrandel has just appeared, we will go & see him.

He is standing in the full glare of the sunlight, surrounded by beauty & fashion while beauty & fashion with its little stock of [life] & animation, which it keeps only for such as he, is as it were at his feet. He is very handsome & elegant, having graduated in the highest schools of elegance & refinement. His face & his figure are as perfect as his coat or his boots. He is the very type of aristocratic beauty with slightly aquiline nose, thin flexible lips, very determined sometimes, very expressive at others, deep & dark hazel eyes & eyebrows, with a peculiar curve which gives a particular power of expression to his face, when he chooses to let that face be expressive, which is not often; his dark chestnut hair falls over a brow, broad, white & intellectual. You have only one thought as you look at him – What a glorious fellow he might have been if he had not been born heir to high honours in the Kingdom of Boredom. Where was his brother? It was a question easily answered. He was standing a little behind him; so like, he seemed a less highly coloured copy of a brilliant picture, a dull reflection of a magnificent original. His face varied from his brother's in this alone, that the brow was more thoughtful, the lip more cynical, & the eyes wanted that dreaming look that was the glory of the Baronet's deep hazel orbs. You would not know in looking at them that they did not see; but you would rather wonder what they saw which gave them such an unutterable look of sadness. Alas, alas, it was a melancholy philosophy which bade him rejoice that he had never seen that fair & far stretching domain which priority of birth had given to his brother.

The Dowager Lady Astrandel was leaning on the arm of her elder son, proud (as far as it was consistent in Boredom to be proud) of the handsome young Baronet & the adulation he received. Such love as she had ever known had been his, such devotion as she had ever been capable of she had given to him, & she was about to claim from him an act of obedience in return. After he had in his own listless but gentlemanly manner done the honours of the fete, she led him into a side walk, the orangery[sic] it was called, & the air was heavy with the exotic perfume of that flower. He walked by her side, she, leaning on his arm, he, looking down at her with respectful

attention. For affection – Oh how could any sentiment so rude & rough & common to common people, survive the refining process of a Boredom education?

“My dear Douglas, you really ought to marry.”

“So soon? Is that last & worst of resources, for killing the dull weeks between the closing of Parliament & the first of September, to be had recourse to already?”

“Spare me your dull badinage, Douglas, I am serious. You are as old now as many men are at five & thirty.”

“Thanks to your teaching, tenderest of mothers, my heart is not capable of a throb that could give the lie if I were told I was fifty.”

“That’s a very unpleasant way of saying, that you are not a stupid young man, likely to fall in love with your steward’s daughter, or to sit in Parliament for the liberal interest. What I have to say to you my dear Douglas is this. Your coming of age had made an impression on our set, & while this impression lasts, you can make a brilliant match – the Duke of Annesley’s daughter will have money. Do you admire Lady Olivia?”

“As much as I admire anybody.”

“Very good, but this frigidity (though I admire your style extremely, it is quite the right thing) will not win an ardent girl...”

“An *ardent girl*.....Lady Astrandel,But say no more my dear mother, Lady Olivia, I think you said?”

“Lady Olivia.”

“I will see to it.”

“Dear boy, always so obedient. You will join us presently & take her Ladyship into breakfast.”

“Yes mother.”

The Lady leaves him, & being alone, he throws himself upon an elegant garden chair; the voices of the peasantry arise in shout & cheer in the distance, nearer, sounds a subdued hum from the guests of his own world; the birds seem to sing a special chorus in honour of his majority; & nature not being rich enough to pleasure him, art has been employed everywhere to embellish nature; & the glorious sunlight seems to frame him with the brightest of its golden beams.

He is thinking of his mother’s request.

“Marry this Lady Olivia! Pale girl, with blue eyes, light hair & hook nose! Well, well! I’ve been in love with so many pale & hook-nosed girls, I must fancy it one of the *amours passages de ma jeunesse*, & take the fearful leap. I suppose a wife is a sort of institution that one must have like other goods & chattels.”

He rose as he spoke & strode with the listless step which was the right thing in Boredom, towards the Marquee in which his mother was seated with the pale hook-nosed lady by her side. Very elegant, very placid, very aristocratic, was this lady’s manner, & when the handsome Sir Douglas leaned over her chair & devoted himself exclusively to her, she had an air of being pleased, or rather, say of being less bored than usual. So that day the foundation was laid of a future marriage in high life – the

Reporters dining in the steward's room scribbled out the paragraph in embryo, & that week's papers had a line on the subject which was read with satisfaction throughout the country; while the young baronet, one & twenty in years, & one & fifty in weariness of spirit, cared so little, as to whom he married, or when he married, or why he married, that he only distinguished the lady of his love, by the straw-coloured line of her ringlets & the aquiline curve of her nose, from one hundred & thirteen other ladies present at the fete – each of whom he would have been equally happy to have made Lady Astrandel Pierce Astrandel.

The guests had arisen from the debris of the *chef d'oeuvres* of Gunter; the sun was sinking behind the groves at the bottom of the lower lawn; the tenantry at the steward's table began to evince a preference for the locality under that table; & the Steward had for the hundredth time cried from his post of honour –

“S'l'nce gen'l'min, 'wish'er pipose t'st!”

The Hermit in the grotto, adorned with cabalistics, had impaired the sanctity of his appearance by too frequent libations of treble X, & his prophecies were becoming as vague as those of Delphi of old. He still persisted that every handsome young man of Boredom had a “vanton hi & a vicked ‘art.” He still promised ‘markisses’ to the ladies of that land; twelve children & three husbands to the more practical wives of the tenantry; & a long journey by water to everybody – a prophecy at which some gentlemen of Boredom, (they were bankers) turned rather pale. But for all this there was a vacant aspect about the sage & a drowsy stare in his misty optics, which devoted his running the risk of (if not perishing) certainly, going to sleep upon his tripod.

The tenor Tyrolese Quartettist [*sic*] had had a misunderstanding with the second basso of the Hungarian Troupe, & it was as much as the under butler could do, to keep these distinguished foreigners from a combat with carving knives instead of small swords in one of the shady walks. The Tyrolese evinced a wish to tell some person alluded to as the *great pig*, to his nose, that he mocked himself of him; while the Hungarian seemed to experience some frightful convulsion of the (inner) man, between sneezing & apoplexy, popularly considered amongst his countrymen, to be the use of bad language.

As to the reporters, dining in the Steward's room, the ‘Mercury’ had taken wine so often with the ‘Herald’, while the ‘Country Advertiser’, had bobbed & nobbed with both, till all three were uncertain as to whether it was today or yesterday or the day after tomorrow. An harmonious succession of such wines, as old Madeira, still champagne, sparkling hock, ditto moselle, crusty port thirty years or so in the bottle, claret (freely used as a mild drink during the throes of reporting) & pale brandy, applied as a settler to the preceding licquors, had given to the language with which they embellished the event of the day, a glowing & Oriental tinge of hyperbole, compared to which, Lord McCauley's or Thomas Carlyle's greatest paragraphs sink into tameness. It is a melancholy fact however that these productions were lost to society, owing to the shorthand in which they were written, being found next morning by the penitent members of the press, to resemble successions of skeleton

kittens afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, rather than the clear & systematic stenography wont to line their note books.

Every pretty girl on the lower lawn, ay, & every buxom matron too, (whose waist it would have been such a trouble to span, if the trouble had not been such a pleasure) had been saluted in kiss in the ring, & caught in that sport known as the peculiar Buff of Blindmen – though why blind men should be represented by tradition at passing their lives in one long game of Buff, heaven knows, not I.

Yes! They had been happy, & drunk & disorderly, & enjoyed themselves in their own good English way on the lower lawn; & in the steward's room, & even in the cave of the hermit, alone with his beer; while Boredom on the upper lawn, wished the time away, & began to be weary of the Sun, after its wont. The carriages had been driving off for an hour & more, Lady Astrandel had thanked Boredom for coming to be bored. Boredom had thanked Lady Astrandel for helping to bore it; & the lady, tired out, watched departing brocades & waving feathers fluttering & gleaming amongst the trees of the Avenue.

Presently a footman made his way to her & gave a message – a message which seems to surprise her –

“Mr. Astrandel wishes to see me in the library?”

“Yes Madam, immediately.”

She rose & followed the man with a puzzled & gloomy expression in her face. This landless son, this titleless young man, with the deep eyes that seemed to see something unutterably sad, was no favourite with my lady. Shall I tell you why? Because he had, heaven knows whence, something which was not of Boredom; an energetic nature susceptible to injury, capable of deep affection; & on that affection being repulsed, capable too of hatred & revenge; and my lady knew this; not by experience, but by instinct – instinct, which is the soul's own power of prophecy. She sent for her elder son, & leaning on his arm entered the library, a long room with eight windows & two fire places, the gallery for the family portraits, & at the extreme end of the room hung the portrait of the last of the house, the father of these young men. Under this portrait Philip Astrandel was standing. If there was one peculiarity stronger than another in this family it was the wonderful resemblance handed down from father to son: a resemblance to be found generations back in the cavalier fighting under Prince Rupert, in the captain of one of Queen Elizabeth's men of war, in the lawyer of the Bloody Circuit, & in the mailed knight doing battle at Crecy & Poitiers, & these two young men bore so strong a likeness to each other & to the portraits, that the vast chamber seemed, filled with diverse shadows of one face. Philip Astrandel speaks first –

“Madam, I have presumed to intrude on your leisure for a few moments to bid you – Farewell!”

“Farewell!” my lady echoes the word with a tone of surprise.

“Farewell!” Sir Douglas murmurs in Boredom's last & pet drawl.

“I am of age today. Two hours after my brother there, in honour of whose majority half a county gets drunk, & a thousand pounds is thrown into the gutter; while

perhaps not half a dozen people trouble themselves to say ‘on this day Philip Astrandel too comes of age & has a right to act for himself.’ Madam, I do not envy my brother these honours; nor, believe me, do I less rejoice in my own freedom, because he has wealth to squander on a world he despises, & I, by my father’s will have only two hundred a year to keep me from beggary. But I am free, I am free, God in heaven sees & knows the joy of my heart as I utter those words! No more Madam, no more Sir Douglas Astrandel, shall I eat your bread or darken your threshold, or be a dull shadow on the brightness of your sphere. No! I am free, free to seek a home of my own, friends of my own, ties of my own. Free, with my small income, to wander over earth’s face till I meet a people who live, & think, & act. Before heaven swear, I will search the Sahara & the Indian forest, the prairie & the banks of the Amazon, ‘till I find amongst the tribes of the Red Man, the Arab, or the Spanish American, men, with souls & energies & purposes such as here are never dreamed of. For you Madam, & for you Sir, you are from this day quit of me forever. I have chosen my path & I do not envy you yours. I take with me, the faithful fellow who has been my companion from childhood as servant, guide & companion, & I bid you an eternal farewell.”

The Lady stood with an impassive face & made no effort to detain him. Sir Douglas betrayed into animation, sprung up to his feet –
 “Philip! Brother! - ”

Lady Astrandel laid her hand upon his arm, “Not a word, if you would avoid my curse,” and so completely was the chief maxim of Boredom, (which was non quita morere) engraven on the young man’s heart, that he sank back in his chair, without another effort to pursue his brother.

As Philip Astrandel walked down the avenue towards the carriage waiting to convey him to the London mail coach, a gentleman met him; a man of some fifty years of age, the family surgeon, & the parochial Doctor of South Pensington. He was an old friend of Philip’s & to him the young man told his purpose. Dr. Blake looked at him with a gaze of eager scrutiny – “Tell me,” he said, “tell me as you hope to be saved...”

Appendix 7

Robert Macaire, Equ.

Introduction to the Text.

While part of the interest in investigating Braddon's early manuscripts is to explore the theatrical roots and draw the connections between these influences and her writing, she occasionally used overt theatrical structure and influences for her fiction.¹ In these cases the evidence to be uncovered is as various and the function of the stories takes on further autobiographical and performative resonance. Two of the manuscript short stories in the BFC have such characteristics: *Some passages in the life of Robert Macaire Equ.[sic] Jnr.* and *Circumambulatory*.

Robert Macaire Jnr. is incomplete; it trails off with the contemplations of the title character as he comes of age. It is not an accomplished finished work. Instead it exhibits a hesitancy and lack of conviction in its composition. The provenance of the *Macaire* manuscript matches the type and style of the manuscript for *Circumambulatory*. Both of them also share a characteristic detailed title and a short opening explanatory prologue, introducing the story. This is also a characteristic of the manuscript for *About the Childhood of Tommy & Harry*, which can be firmly dated to 1861. Braddon's writing format at this time included these explanatory introductions. These aimed at indicating her characterization and influences for publishers and editors such as George Sala. At the beginning of her writing career she had to clearly represent her work to publishers and justify her use of new material in order to consolidate the direction in which she hoped to move.

One of these directions, with *Macaire*, was towards satirical, historical storytelling based upon clear theatrical sources. Robert Macaire was the character from French melodrama that arose as a versatile figurehead for satire. Braddon clearly enjoyed the depiction of these sorts of roguish male characters and decided with her version of the story to move events on by one generation, writing about 'Robert Macaire Jnr'.

If someone was described as a 'Robert Macaire' at the end of the nineteenth century it would distinguish them as a '... bluff, free-living, unblushing libertine, who commits the most horrible crimes without stint or compunction ... His accomplice is Bertrand, a simpleton and villain'.² Robert Macaire, the father, first appeared in the comedy *L'Auberge des Adret* by Antier, Lacoste and Chapponier. Braddon made reference to this play in the opening to her story. Frédérick Lemaître, who created the role when the play was first performed at the Ambigu-Comique in 1823, a theatre of the Boulevard du Temple, made Macaire famous.³ Braddon's authorship of this story showed the double influence of anti-heroes from melodrama and fiction and the historical inspiration of French Boulevard theatrical forms, as also demonstrated by her early play fragment *Boulevard of the Temple*. Macaire was also the subject of a series of satirical engravings by Daumier, created in collaboration with Philipon who supplied the ideas and the text.⁴ From these drawings, Macaire caught the attention of Thackeray who considered the background of the notorious villain:

M. Robert Macaire is a compound of Fielding's 'Blueskin' and Goldsmith's 'Beau Tibbs'. He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, with the ferocity of the other: sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will murder without scruple; he performs one and the other act (or any scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character ... Robert Macaire and his companion Bertrand ... go through the world ... robbing all ... and Robert robbing his friend ... There is, in the two characters, ... a kind of 'Beggars' Opera' moral.⁵

Thackeray identified these characters' origins in eighteenth-century drama and the novel, with near neighbours in the British tradition from Fielding, Goldsmith and Gay's depictions of thieves, rogues, murderers and libertines. The casual violence and lack of scruples on the part of Macaire did not appeal to Thackeray. Braddon, however, was inspired by their representation.

In this short story of *Macaire Jnr*. Braddon identified the origins of the Macaire Senior character in Lemaître's performance on the Boulevard du Temple as

though there was something biographical about the material. 'There is a popular drama entitled *L'Auberge des Adrets* or 'Robert Macaire' which has been performed with immense success both in France and in England. This drama purports to be a true representation of an episode in the life of my respected Father'. She tackled the characterization from the first person; the voice she used was that of the son of the notorious villain, the neglected child of an influential anti-hero, in an autobiographical rendition of his exploits. In attempting to provide her own clever, satirical edge to a new version of the material she represented the exploits of the father as a true history remembered by his son. This offers immediacy to the plot, with a sense of authenticity to the material presented in memoir form. Macaire Jnr. claims that his father has been cruelly misrepresented, in the hope of answering the critics and detractors of his father's memory, 'It is a difficult task for the sieve of historical research to separate the corn of truth from the chaff of fiction & I consider that the popular drama above alluded to, is calculated to throw a stumbling block in the way of the future spirited, painstaking, enthusiastic & conscientious biographer of my beloved parent'. Braddon gave the son the right of reply on behalf of his father's memory.

Braddon began her version of the family history of the house of Macaire in a 'spirited' enough fashion. After the son has offered his justification for telling his life story, to mend the bruised reputation of his father and glorify his own exploits, he proceeds with a 'corrected' version of his father's 'execution'. He describes his father's 'execution' as a theatrical endeavour gone horribly wrong. He was meant to be making a public appearance before a 'distinguished audience' at the request of the Maire of Lyons. According to the son, his enemies maliciously sabotaged this performance and the rope and trap set up on the 'scaffold' were triggered, either by accident or intention '(in either case their conduct was culpable)'. This 'misadventure' resulted in the 'accidental' strangulation of Robert Macaire. It is at this point that Braddon allowed a second narrative voice to enter, that of Bertrand, Macaire's foolish sidekick and the 'pantaloon' figure Thackeray referred to.

Through a series of 'asides' in the form of footnotes Bertrand offers the 'accurate' version of events. Of course, Macaire Snr. was executed by the

citizens of Lyons, ‘He was hung at Lyons for stealing a horse, riding him to death, & selling the carcass to the proprietor of a Restaurant’. Bertrand’s voice, inserted here and there, introduces a cynical tone to the account of Macaire Snr. and shows how the son is imitating his father in his fabrications and attempts at justifying his duplicity. Macaire Jnr., through Braddon’s narrative method, attempts to distance himself from the sordid aspects of his father and his own criminal career and origins. He uses a mock-heroic tone, turning his adventures into a parody of virtuous exploits:

My first painful awakening to the falsehood of the world in which my lot was cast, was on the occasion of my taking in the playful innocence of childhood, three teaspoons from the bar of an Inn at which I was stopping with my preceptor, and on my carrying them to the nearest Mont de Pietre, their being refused with contumely by the proprietor of that establishment. He bit the bowl of one of the spoons nearly in half and then bent it double, telling me to go about my business, for a pig & an imbecile.

Bertrand’s footnote to this incident places it in perspective: ‘The little beggar had given me the slip, & wanted to do a bit of business on his own account’.

For young Macaire, the world is at fault and he is the unwitting victim like his father before him of ‘falsehood’ and envy on the part of those less skilled and lowly. He ennobles his origins, on the strength of not knowing his mother’s identity, ‘About my mother I shall say nothing; because in the first place it is a theme too sacred too touching [in] nature for one to dwell on in these pages & because in the second, I feel by no means sure I ever had one’. Bertrand is quick to correct this fantasy: ‘His mother was a washerwoman at Havre, fourth wife to Macaire *pere*. I believe the other three were alive, but the lady was not informed of the fact’.

Macaire Jnr.’s act of distancing from the real events of his life and ancestry becomes touching at times. He begins as a lost child brought up by the cruel and unsympathetic Bertrand. There are associations with the little Oliver Twist once Braddon moved the characters to London. This device is indebted to G.W.M. Reynolds’s *Robert Macaire in England*, illustrated by ‘Phiz’ (1840). Braddon’s

Macaire Jnr. finds himself a member of the criminal underclass in New Cut, Lambeth.

Once there, he becomes expert in the methods of fencing stolen goods and bribing the police. His links with the society develop as he is gradually anglicized and imbibes the atmosphere of the local cheap theatre, the Victoria 'the Temple of the sublime & the aesthetic in the art of Thespis'. Bertrand, who loves sentimental literature when drunk, encourages him to read aloud, and so Macaire Jnr. is introduced to *Roderick Random*, Pope and Swift and, amusingly, the 'Newgate Calendar'. His taste for literature grows and he begins to entertain ambitions to be an author in order to take up a place in high society. In this Braddon was projecting her own ambitions, beginning at a disadvantage, yet rising in the ranks thanks to her talent for popular fiction.

Using the voice of the young Macaire she gradually warmed to the role and offered an entertaining, ironic parody of and commentary in her character's descriptions of his exploits. In her use of footnotes to incorporate Bertrand's asides on the action this story was an attempt at a form of multiple narrative strands. Perhaps, Macaire Jnr.'s disappointment with his father had a personal resonance for Braddon's life. In any case, the story recounting his exploits takes on a buoyant energy when he denies his criminality and the descriptions, of the little boy caught among thieves, have wit and charm.

Braddon demonstrated her familiarity with 'low-life' criminal fiction in this story. She offered a close study of criminal activity gleaned from the play and Reynolds's stories. There is an entertaining energy to this strand as Macaire Jnr. becomes accustomed to his life in London. She took on the first person characterization of the child, growing up neglected amongst thieves and fences, with gusto and interest. The opening of the tale, as Macaire Jnr. comes of age in this environment, has great potential and humour. However, once the action moves on to Macaire's adult experiences, his questioning of his identity in the world and creation of future prospects the story loses some of its momentum and descends into sentimentality. He develops romantic notions, and the historical setting remains undeveloped; the satire begins to go flat.

The distancing of history and the development of theatrical source material does not result in a publishable piece. Her Macaire character begins to self-consciously anticipate his slide into obscurity, he feels he is ‘ . . . an anachronism’ and ‘that both my personal attractions & my principals belonged to the Regency & here was I thrown into an utilitarian century, utterly incapable of appreciating my particular genius’. As he learns more of the world from literature his villainy is diluted and he becomes too sympathetic. His character is reformed before he has done anything suitably villainous to justify the need for redemption, aside from some petty theft and the fate of being born into poverty. Perhaps, if Braddon had completed this manuscript, she might have constructed a fuller narrative of redemption, spiced up with some additional crime and deviance that would necessitate this dramatic character reformation. As it stands, the tale begins promisingly enough but Macaire recognizes he is anachronistic, an eighteenth-century character stuck in a nineteenth-century world. He is inanimate and merely illustrative of a bygone age, a character of the type one meets in ‘French prints, always represented as in a square cut coat, a white wig tied with blue ribbons & shining boots’.

This dwindling of the plot and characterization reflected Braddon’s similar unfinished attempts at eighteenth-century satire and romance in the manuscripts of *About the Childhood of Tommy & Harry* and *Boulevard of the Temple*. Sala recommended she dispense with *Tommy & Harry* in favour of her growing success with sensation novels.⁶ Perhaps she took this advice in reference to her plans for this Macaire story also. The story, in its many versions, and the stage history of the play clearly fascinated her and this attempt at her own version signifies the affinity she must have felt for the characters. There are echoes of the Macaire story in the villains she portrayed throughout her writing career and her taste for wide reading in literature and serials included the French tradition. Balzac’s Vautrin resembled Macaire⁷ and Braddon sought to emulate Balzac in her writing. For instance her six-decker novel series *The Birds of Prey* and *Charlotte’s Inheritance* (1867-68) owes much in its depictions of betrayal, injustice and fraud to Balzac’s human comedy. She acknowledged her debt to the ‘Balzac-morbid-anatomy school’ in a letter to Edmund Yates.⁸ She had direct

experience of Macaire on stage in her theatre career. Braddon definitely appeared in productions that were billed alongside performances of *Robert Macaire*, although her role in that play is not recorded.⁹ She had a long relationship with it in repertoire.

Her relationship with the characters derived from *L'Auberge* did not produce the most successful of draft stories. However, by steeping herself in the traditions of French criminal stories and melodramas, and their English equivalents, she was able to set later novels and stories in the twilit world of Parisian 'low life' and French nineteenth-century revolutionary politics. Successful examples of these are *Eleanor's Victory* (1863) begun very soon after this Macaire story and her French historical novel set in the first half of the nineteenth century *Ishmael* (1884), written as a mature author. *Ishmael* is amongst Braddon's most admired novels, by Wolff and others. She 'made the characters in *Ishmael* more than mere actors in the drama of their own lives: they are personages of the Second Empire'. The influence of Zola, Wolff notes, was crucial in this evolution of her work, from the cutout anachronistic figures of French history, to characters 'presented naturalistically'.¹⁰ Her research into actual locations and Parisian haunts made her later work resonant of this authentic, human quality. As a younger novelist, penning work inspired by theatrical performances and serial novels, she dealt with characters in a derivative, second-hand fashion. Her later absorption of political events, urban geography, psychological motivation – touring Paris with notebook in hand - coupled with her earlier influences from drama and sensation, made for a highly effective synthesis in her mature writing.

¹ One such story is the final text of *The Christmas Hirelings* (1894), written partially as a script.

² Cobham Brewer, *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, 1898, www.bartleby.com: 'Great Books Online'.

³ John McCormick, *Popular Theatres of Nineteenth-Century France*, London: Routledge, 1993, 106.

⁴ Patrice Boussel (ed. & pref.) *Les Maitres du Dessin Satirique: Les 100 Robert Macaire*, 1979.

⁵ Bartlett Maurice & Tabor Cooper, *History of the Nineteenth Century in Political Cartoons* (ed.) Jim Zwick, BoondocksNet edition, www.boondocksnet.com/cartoons, 2000, Ch. X.

⁶ Wolff, *Sensational* 116.

⁷ McCormick 107.

⁸ Wolff n.57,137-8.

⁹ Carnell, *Literary Lives* 287-375: *Robert Macaire* is on the bill for the Theatre Royal, Southampton, 24 October, 1853; Theatre Royal, Stamford, 23 April, 1855; Southampton, 1 October, 1855; Theatre Royal, Coventry, 8 March, 1858; Theatre Royal, Brighton, 17 February, 1860. Braddon appeared, as Mary Seyton, in performance on almost all of these dates.

¹⁰ Wolff 311.

Notes on the text:

This transcript follows the same format as for *Told by the Poet*.

Robert Macaire Equ. [*sic*]

Some passages in the life of Robert Macaire Esq. Junior of Mont St. Macaire in the South of France narrated by himself, with occasional marginal notes by his friend and guardian Guillaume Bertrand. {Chapter 1st How I saw my father -----

There is a popular drama entitled *L'Auberge des Adrets* or 'Robert Macaire' which has been performed with immense success both in France and in England. This drama purports to be a true representation of an episode in the life of my respected Father. Now there is also a popular poem by one Homer, entitled the *Iliad*, which pretends to be an account of the Siege of Troy. Now some persons of a sceptical turn of mind, have gone so far as to doubt there ever was such a place as Troy, & in natural sequence have doubted whether that place ever was besieged. Some other persons have gone still farther, & have doubted whether there ever was such an individual as Homer & in another natural sequence whether he wrote the *Iliad*. Some two thousand years hence therefore (supposing Dr Cumming to be out in his reckoning) there may be persons so profane as to discredit the existence of such a man as Robert Macaire, & posterity may place my respected parent side by side with Agamemnon & Achilles, Castor & Pollux, King Arthur & the Cock Lane ghost.

It is a difficult task for the siege of historical research to separate the corn of truth from the chaff of fiction & I consider that the popular drama above alluded to, is calculated to throw a stumbling block in the way of the future spirited, painstaking, enthusiastic & conscientious biographer of my beloved parent. Now, as regards my father's death as represented on the stage, he is there shot in an endeavour to escape from the gens d'armes, he had, I believe taken the life of some elderly and useless member of society, from a feeling of philanthropy very likely, & these minions of the law wish to drag him to justice. I saw M. Frédéric Lemaître & Mr James Wallack, both in the part, & very nicely they both did it, though my father when he picked the old gentleman's pocket would rather have let the audience see him do it. An oversight on the part of these gentlemen. Now this representation of my father's death, (although affecting, all the women cried at the performance) is not correct. He was not shot. His death was peculiar.

He had been requested by the Maire, & indeed by the entire municipality of the town of Lyons, to appear before a crowded though distinguished audience; on a small stage erected purposely for his performance there upon. It was, I may state, his first appearance on that or any stage (of the kind) & had been looked forward to with considerable interest for some years, by his friends & the public. Now, whether through malice aforethought or carelessness (in either case their conduct was culpable) the artisans engaged to erect the scaf-platform, had left a trapdoor so badly secured that scarcely had my father stepped upon the stage amongst the

loud expressions of sympathy¹ & aromatic & floral offerings² of the spectators, than a practical joker perhaps, or some other individual below withdrew a bolt & my father was precipitated some feet. Now happening by a most unfortunate chance to have at this moment a rope round his neck knotted carelessly under his left ear the consequences of the fall were fatal & caused the death of my distinguished & admired progenitor³, who was cut down amongst the repeated expressions of loud and heartfelt sympathy⁴.

Thus at an early age behold me an orphan. About my mother I shall say nothing; because in the first place it is a theme too sacred too touching [in] nature for one to dwell on in these pages & because in the second, I feel by no means sure I ever had one. Unless indeed, Bertrand should happen to be my mother, he takes snuff by hands full, & has a stiff red beard, but I do not know, he may have been once a young & lovely female, following my father as the page followed Lara, in the poem. A sweet incident in a poem, but in real life, I should be inclined to think, a mistake⁵. Behold me then an orphan, thrown, by an accident which had deprived me of the tenderest of parents,⁶ upon a world of whose [nature] I was utterly ignorant, in whose delusive & glowing colours I was only too ready to believe⁷. My first painful awakening to the falsehood of the world in which my lot was cast, was on the occasion of my taking in the playful innocence of childhood, three teaspoons from the bar of an Inn at which I was stopping with my preceptor⁸, and on my carrying them to the nearest Mont de Pi  tre, their being refused with contumely by the proprietor of that establishment. He bit the bowl of one of the spoons nearly in half and then bent it double, telling me to go about my business, for a pig & an imbecile. I was but six years old, but I was of a reflective disposition, & I sat down on a doorstep & looked at that bent spoon with the eye of a metaphysician & a philosopher, & by the light of reason & a tallow candle in the window of an adjacent pie shop. "Yes, I said, this is life! A bit of base metal with a shining outside that fools take for silver. A plated spoon that looks so pretty that one's fingers itch to lay hold of it, & we hanker after it, till we get it into our grasp, & then, then so poor and pitiful is the cheat, that our Aunts & Uncles the benefactors of our race will have nothing to do with it. They know what things are worth at the Mont de [Pi  tre]." I could not restore the spoons to their rightful owner through my honest principles, now I knew them to be worth nothing, would have prompted me to do so. "But" I said, "I will keep that bent and bitten spoon, I will wear it as an amulet, & whenever the friendship of men, the love of women, the truth of wives, the gratitude of children, the sincerity of cabinet ministers, the integrity of free & independent voters, or any other of the base metals of the world, shall for a moment delude me with their

¹ Hisses and groans (*Bertrand*).

² Rotten eggs and cabbage stalks. *Ibid*.

³ He was hung at Lyons for stealing a horse, riding him to death, & selling the carcass to the proprietor of a Restaurant. *Ibid*.

⁴ Hurrahs. *Ibid*.

⁵ His mother was a washerwoman at Havre, fourth wife to Macaire *pere*. I believe the other three were alive, but the lady was not informed of the fact.

⁶ He had leathered the boy ever since he could run alone. *Bertrand*

⁷ He could pick a pocket with the best of us, & never took a cotton handkerchief when he could get a silk one. *Ibid*.

⁸ The little beggar had given me the slip, & wanted to do a bit of business on his own account. *Ibid*.

shining outsides I will say ‘Go to, I will have none of you, you are only plated spoons, & you wouldn’t fetch a halfpenny at the Mont de [Piétre]’⁹.

Behold me then, I say once more, an orphan. On the morning of the exe.- the performance in which my father took so prominent a part, I was residing with my preceptor, Bertrand, in an apartment in a retired locality in the city of Lyons¹⁰. My friend & instructor rose on this occasion earlier than usual (he was in the habit of reading novels in bed to an advanced hour of the day & then having sausages & cabbage soup on the pillow) & after a hurried breakfast of apples, brandy, bread & snuff he departed with his oriental friend of Mosaic opinions, informing me most particularly on no account to quit our domicile. Now, though I had an intense respect my preceptor, I was not in the habit of doing what he told me. He would at times enforce his command by throwing a three-legged stool, a two pronged fork, or a jug of hot water at me; these were of course his stronger arguments, his milder remonstrances consisted of his boots, the tea pot, & a leather strap laid in horizontal lines across my shoulders. When he had recourse to these modes of persuasion, I generally obeyed him, but when his back was turned, I held myself the master of my own actions, & mentally snapped my fingers at him. No sooner therefore had he & his elderly companion turned the corner of the popular resort in which we lived, than I bolted out after him. He would no doubt have locked me in, but our apartment communicated with the staircase by a square hole & a ladder. So having no door it wasn’t likely we should go to the expense of a lock for it. In less than five minutes I was in one of the principal streets, which was very much crowded, the people were all going one way. I of course went the same way, & found myself presently in an open space, filled with a great heaving singing multitude wave over wave, like a sea of pale expectant faces & anxious eyes. Some man, out of kindness, no doubt, held me up in his arms over the heads of the people, to see the show. That performance which I have here described above, & in which my father played so prominent a part, had just come to a close. I saw him -----

Well, it was very right and proper no doubt & the beam & the rope & the trap door & the bolt, are I daresay so many parts of a noble and beautiful institution, whose wisdom is exemplified by its beneficial results. But never to this day have I forgotten one feature, or the minutest detail of that hideous picture, & never have I called that picture up into my mind without feeling fifty times worse a man and fifty times more at war with the law, the nation, society, the world I live in, ay, & even the Heaven that stretches above it, than I felt before. My preceptor found me crying on a door step, and taking me home with him, administered the leathern strap, as a gentle restorative, after which he gave me some of his favourite soupe aux choux, & a couple of sausages, but there was the flavour of the bolt and the beam in everything I saw, or heard, or eat that day & the viands only choked me.

“He died game – didn’t he?” said the Jew pedlar.

Bertrand said he did, Bertrand said he was a fine fellow, & he emphasized the adjective fine with another adjective, which gave weight to his opinion.

⁹ My friend has copied all this out of a popular magazine. I saw him doing it. *Ibid*.

¹⁰ We had half a garret which we shared with an old Jew pedlar, over a rag shop in a blind alley.



I was a very little fellow, not six years old, but I was glad he died that --- ‘game.’

I felt there was something in that after all, that seemed to take some of the sting even out of the rope & the beam. I think I swore to avenge him. Perhaps I have avenged him. Perhaps the child of every man who so dies avenges its father, & pays back, not once or twice, but a hundredfold, in outrage on the law, the murder which that law has done. I wasn’t very sorry after this when we left Lyons. Nor was I sorry either when my preceptor informed me that we were going to leave France altogether, & that the White Cliffs of Old Albion, or rather the neighbourhood of the New Cut, Lambeth, was to be our destination.

I shall say very little about the journey. Bertrand was after his manner very kind to me, he almost suffocated me in a cast off coat of his own, with the tails cut off in consideration of my tender years and short legs; & further endangered my life, by half strangling me with a woolen comforter, which had belonged to the Jew pedlar [*sic*]. My first acquaintance with Father Neptune did not impress me greatly in that potentate’s favour, & I believe that with the precocious brilliancy which distinguished me, I remarked to my preceptor that the father Father N. was, the better I should like him. We appeared to me to make the entire passage from Calais to Dover alternately standing on our heads and suspended in mid air holding on to nothing particular with the heels of our boots. My worthy friend eat [*sic*] sausages of rather a high flavour & stale garlic & drank rum & took snuff all the way. The digestion of these refreshments seemed to require to be assisted by occasional inspection of the scenery over the side of the vessel, whither he retired constantly & whence he always appeared to return with a fresh appetite. My motion during the whole of the journey & especially on beholding the white cliffs of that island which was henceforth to be my country so overcame [me] that I was very glad when we got on shore.

The custom house officers did not detain us long in inspecting our luggage. It consisted of three of the aforementioned cold sausages, a night cap & a pocket comb, done up in a handkerchief of Bertrand’s & carried in that gentleman’s hat. I shall not enter into detail as to my impressions of English scenery, manners, & customs, between Dover & London as observed from the outside of a coach for I was too young at the time, for my observations to possess any practical value, & I was furthermore asleep all the way.

Our destination as I have said, was the neighbourhood of the New Cut. My preceptor I found had purchased from a gentleman about to travel, the good will & fixtures of a business in the Rag & Bottle line. An unassuming trade enough, which surely should have secured that excellent creature from the malevolence of the envious & narrow-minded, & the illiberable [*sic*] scrutiny of the police. Yet such is the malignity of the world, that all sorts of disagreeable remarks were made by the neighbours because we were in the habit for the convenience of some of our clients, of keeping the shop open after twelve o’clock at night & perhaps doing a better & sharper business during the small hours after midnight, than throughout the whole day. For some time the policeman, A 26 & his very respectable colleague L1 would make themselves most obnoxious both to ourselves & our customers, by continually parading about the pavement before

our door, or suddenly plunging into the shop as we were concluding our important bargain, to ask, how many halfpenny nails went to a penny, or what o'clock it was by our Dutch. One evening however my preceptor invited these two gentlemen into our back parlour where they had some minutes conversation. I was told not to come into the room, but I was not told not to listen at the keyhole. I could not hear very distinctly but caught the words 'silver forks,' 'snacks,' 'well then.....,' 'ten per cent upon the profits,' & other expressions of the kind. By & bye L & A emerged serene & affable. L patted me on the head & asked me if I'd like to go to the Victoria Theatre, A gave me a penny. I liked A best & strange to say never after that evening did either L or A appear to possess the faculty of sight as to our establishment. For all the ordinary business of life they were quick sighted enough no doubt, but our gas might flare from midnight till daylight & our customers might come in and out at their pleasure & for the gas and the customers alike L & A might have been a couple of blind beggars of Bethnal Green, - for any effect those objects seemed to have upon their visual organs - Thus, surrounded with the rags & the bottles, & under the shadow of the black doll I grew from childhood to boyhood & from boyhood to youth. My experiences & my dreams were alike bounded by the neighbourhood in which I lived. White feather Alley, the thoroughfare in which our fen.. --- our shop was situated was to me a fashionable & agreeable lounge. The New Cut, was a street whose grandeur I never hoped to see surpassed even in dreams after eating heavy suppers. The Victoria Theatre was the Temple of the sublime & the aesthetic in the art of Thespis. The black doll gave me my first notion of sculpture & I may add, of female beauty, for I preferred the features of this dark divinity to any I have observed amongst the ladies of White Feather alley. All of whom suffered from black eyes and red noses as from a chronic disorder. My ideas of the aesthetics in the art of painting were derived from highly coloured cartoons of elegantly dressed ladies selling to a respectably attired elderly gentleman an unlimited quantity of rags and bottles, and receiving in payment thereof, large bundles of bank notes. My organ of order was no doubt precociously developed by the task imposed on me by my guardian, of sorting the best whites from the coloured, and the woollens from the cottons. The higher branches of my education I obtained from a small box of second hand books, all at twopence, which formed a part of our stock in trade. We never sold one, so my studies were not interrupted, but Bertrand said they looked respectable. He taught me to read on slack evenings, from the Newgate Calendar, and a volume of the life and adventures of Jonathan Wild and I subsequently read from the box with great instinct [sic], amongst others, the following works - Johnson's Dictionary, I thought that if the plot had been better carried out, that romance would have been interesting. An odd volume of Roderick Random, two [volumes] of Sir Charles Grandison, a volume of Pope's & Swift's miscellanies (which I used to read to my guardian on Sunday Evenings by way of [entertainment], he wasn't much acquainted with the English language and said they sounded soothing) the Church Catechism, The Brighton Guide, & a volume of Secret Memoirs of the Regency. My guardian was possessed of excellent common sense, knew the weight of the silver spoon, without so much as laying a finger upon it, but he had little or none of that brilliancy of intellect which had made my lamented father the glory of his native land. My father was the light, Bertrand was the shadow. My was the glittering & [trenchant] blade, Bertrand was the opaque but substantial handle, he was the butt end of the pistol & could administer a sound

blow on occasion. My father was the bullet and whisked home to the center of the Bull's eye. In short my father was a genius, his colleague was not, he never had but one *inspiration* in his life, and that was when attending at a Charity sermon, he upset the plate and picked the Church warden's pockets while they scrambled for the money. My father was all inspiration. He had the Divine [Afflatus], I may say at his fingers' ends, but like all genius, he was erratic, & his sober follower survived him, & lived to educate his orphan son. "Bobe," this excellent creature would say, he retained the pure accent of his native Gascony, "Bobe, in all the world, you have but me, for all protector, have you mon enfant?"

I had a good deal of the haughty pride of the ancient house of Macaire, in my nature, so I didn't care about this sentimental patronage.

"No," I said, "and you've only got me to sort the rags. Eh? my elderly Chanticleere, & fetch your errands, and mind the shop, & keep the pot boiling while you're crying drunk, or reading novels." I had as the reader will perceive perfected myself in the art of speaking elegant English, during my sojourn in White Feather Alley.

"Keep the pot boiling. Ah ha, that is good that, but look you, mon petit, not a word about the *pose*?"

I assured the old gentleman that the register of my birth was of an earlier date than the preceding day and that he need not agitate his delicate organization on my account.

"You think the old man has done nothing for you, then, little one. To pick you up, when you had not a friend in the world, to bring you over to England, the land of Freedom, and of the Fog, to clothe and to feed you, it is many years, and to place you in a respectable business & an agreeable way of life. It is nothing eh?" Where upon he allowed two little streams to trickle down his cheeks, making furrows in his complexion, until arrested by his red beard, the worst of my friend was that he could cry at any given moment, & indeed there were very few subjects on which it was safe to speak to him, if you wished him not to shed tears. He was as sentimental as a schoolgirl, & devoted his leisure hours to the perusal of novels & the consumption of divers [quarterns] of rum, which it was my task to procure for him at that noted hostelry 'The Ticket of Leave,' at the corner of White Feather Alley.

"But, Bobe," continued the old gentleman, whose broken Gascon French English I shall take the liberty of translating into my own pure vernacular. "Bobe, you are no longer a child, you begin to be a young man, it is time we think of a profession for you."

I pricked up my ears at this, I was rather tired of the rags and the ['Pose'].

'Now, my dear Bobe, the choice of professions for a young gentleman in your position is perhaps limited. To begin with what I may venture to call the liberal professions namely those for which a bad character is no disqualification. You

might be a [bonnet], a begging letter writer, a member of Parliament, a racing tout, or a Methodist parson. You see the choice is limited. Then my dear boy, there is literature, for which you have evinced some considerable taste and discrimination. But I am sorry to say that in this age of Charlatanism a foolish theory has become prevalent, that to write well about anything you ought to know what you are writing about, so perhaps literature is not the thing, but my dear Bobe, you are young, enterprising, & you have a handsome face, for such as you there is always a career. You shall marry a fortune, an heiress. Rags & empty soda water bottles, are not I allow any great qualifications for the marriage state but some of your personal attractions have married upon less. Yes, Bobe, we will consider the thing settled, you shall marry an heiress, & keep your poor old preceptor. We will bury the '*pose*' in the back garden, & I will sit in Parliament as representative of the Old Bailey." On which he flung his arms round my neck & burst into tears. I shook him off & he slid under the table, whence he [rose] up every now and then with a tremendous snore, like a ground swell that had taken to drinking. And I pondered in my heart & was still. Yes the old man was right there. I had a handsome face. I contemplated it by the light of a tallow candle in a small cracked looking glass that hung over the mantelpiece, that mirror was rather vague in its reflections & didn't quite seem to know which were my moustachios & which my eyebrows. But for all that it couldn't help reflecting a handsome face take me which way it would, upside down, crossways, or in a horizontal streak, as it was inclined to do. I recognized in myself a young man I had been in the habit of meeting in French prints, always represented as in a square cut coat, a white wig tied with blue ribbons & shining boots, making love to another white wig more blue ribbon and a hoop. I felt that I ought to have lived in those glorious days of square cut coats & shining boots, when nobody ever did anything but make love, drink champagne & get into debt. I felt in fact that I was an anachronism, that both my personal attractions & my principles belonged to the Regency & here was I thrown into an utilitarian century, utterly incapable of appreciating my peculiar genius. Marry an heiress. Yes indeed that was the only career left for me. I thought of [...] & the Grande Mademoiselle, & how pleasant it must have been to have had Henry the Fourth's grand daughter to pull off one's boots, especially if bootjacks were not then invented. I thought of [...] & the Duchesse de Beri – but at this period the Princess Royal was not of a marriageable age, & again these English have such prejudices.

Appendix 8

Circumambulatory; or the adventures of three gentlemen and a lady in search of a British public.

Introduction to the Text.

Circumambulatory was recognized by Wolff as an early, probably pre-1860, attempt at a direct rendition of the ‘pleasant camaraderie between the congenial men and women of a theatrical company’. He considered this manuscript as one of the signposts in Braddon’s career that marked the change from theatre to novel writing.¹ He saw the copy that now resides in the BFC, loaned to him by Henry Maxwell, during the writing of *Sensational Victorian*. Braddon’s direct theatre experience, combined with her reading habits and enthusiasm for French literature and theatre, resulted in attempts at satire with her *Macaire* and *Tommy & Harry*. It was misplaced, however, and she acknowledged that she could not sustain the historical and satirical edge with conviction in those stories, resulting in a ‘cut out’ character for her villain in the former and a desire to subvert conventional morality in the latter that her editor, Sala, advised her to dispense with. She forsook this type of satire for a while.

In the manuscript for *Circumambulatory* we witness her in very different territory. In this story, unique amongst the BFC material as a complete manuscript, she developed a direct and witty narrative style in which her recollections of actors, probably from the transitional point of leaving the stage, helped her develop a set of engaging and convincing characters.

Circumambulatory takes a form perhaps indebted to the ‘conversation novels’ of Thomas Love Peacock, interlaced with Braddon’s own professional experiences, comic references, commentary and a covert reflection on the status of female actors: their artistic, economic and moral representation. It has the natural authenticity of characterization that has elicited critical praise and recognition from Wolff and others when seen in some of her later novels such as *The Doctor’s Wife*, *Ishmael* and *Joshua Haggard’s Daughter*.

This story marked the change in Braddon’s prose fiction, which is probably why Wolff recognized it as dating from around 1860 – its style also typifies her

successful works in her early career. She continued to experiment with such story writing and found to her delight that she could successfully use characters based upon her own experiences, alongside the sensational and hack writing of serials for penny journals. *Circumambulatory* thus offers an insight into Braddon's professional background and a different perspective on her writing and publishing efforts.

The company in *Circumambulatory* never gets to actually mount a production within the narrative. Braddon was entirely taken up with how they pursue their audience in the provinces, in vain. It was the portrayals of the characters as they chase the commercial imperative that occupied her writing and now offer such insight. For a writer who wrote sensation stories of incident, often at the expense of character, this was another departure for it is a story in which nothing actually happens and yet so much is revealed. Wolff, in his short critique of the story, comments on the features that it possesses: 'Light hearted, Bohemian, innocent: this and similar memories she excluded from her novels: Victorian convention would have condemned them.'²

This story is all these things and, as Wolff asserts, her revelations would have offended 'Victorian convention' if published. Nonetheless, Braddon did reveal features of her past experience covertly, drawing in a subtle autobiographical strand. In *Eleanor's Victory* (1863), *John Marchmont's Legacy* (1863), *Aurora Floyd* (1863), *A Strange World* (1875) and *A Lost Eden* (1904) amongst her novels the theatrical world takes a role; sometimes providing the parent of a wayward heroine, such as Aurora, sometimes as the subplot, or even a foreground device. Always, theatre people are shown to be light hearted or even noble, innocent and, if wise, dispensing advice to the struggling hero or heroine in their times of trial. The Rodney family in *A Lost Eden* is such a collection of characters, or the poignant characterizations of Thornton in *Eleanor's Victory*, Alicia mother of Aurora Floyd and John Marchmont himself. She did not entirely 'exclude' such memories from her work.

These memories are at the forefront of *Circumambulatory* and never more so than in the character of Hypatia, the young actress and leading lady of the

company. She is named after the heroine of Charles Kingsley's romance: a 'high sounding nickname' for such a modest young woman. She is of a romantic nature and, as Wolff notes, married to another member of the company, Volage, for 'literary convenience' and respectability. Volage, as his name suggests, is inconsistent, fickle and neglectful as a husband. He is caught up with the masquerade of his profession - preferring to drink and play dominoes - than concern himself with a young wife. For him, her purpose is to play heroines and appear in short petticoats on stage as an attractive and decorative draw for audiences. It is he that has named her Hypatia, shaping her theatrical identity. Volage, along with the other company members the Zoophyte and the Dougal Creature, encourages her to represent characters that appeal to the public and the male gaze in particular. This aspect of the story reveals the underlying tension in Hypatia's marriage and the issues that confronted female actors in their daily working lives. The latter is an autobiographical element from Braddon. Tracy C. Davis examines this factor and other socio-economic perspectives of female performers' lives, offering this summary comment:

I do not see how actresses' professional and personal lives can be separated; they are integrated components and must be recognized as such in the writing of history. Only then can women be accurately assessed as artistic producers and social entities.³

Braddon's experiences on stage altered and directed her professional writing career and must be accounted for in any assessment of her career as sensation novelist. This 'component' as Carnell has noted at great length is central to Braddon's achievement. *Circumambulatory* offers an opportunity to explore this. Braddon's account of Hypatia, and her own career, explored aspects of actresses' lives analysed by Davis:

... economic circumstances had social consequences for women, particularly with respect to judgments about actresses' sexual morality and conduct. This is integrally related to the dichotomy of public and private spaces and beings. Women performers defied ideas of passive middle-class femininity and personified active self-sufficiency. Their visibility and notoriety in the public realm led to persistent and empirically unfounded prejudices and very real sexual dangers in their work places. All of this contradicted public relations' attempts to depict actresses as home-centered, modest,

self-respecting females redolent of Victorian middle-class virtues. Their public existence seemed to preclude private respectability.⁴

Braddon was one of the members of the band of middle-class educated performers who began to enter the profession in the 1850s. She was a moral young woman, as far as modern evaluations can discern, accompanied by her mother on all her tours. She depicted Hypatia as a moral young woman also; married off to Volage, pre-empting any suggestions of immorality. Braddon emphasized the middle class respectability of Hypatia, her moral outlook via her reading of Tennyson and her domestic sensibilities. But she included the 'public' imperative of exhibiting her sexuality via the signifier of the short petticoat. Both Hypatia and Braddon reflect the tension between 'private respectability' versus 'public existence'. The two 'beings' were, as Davis demonstrates, an irreconcilable 'dichotomy'. Braddon's negotiation of this aspect of her past resulted in her refusal to admit to it and the covert admission of the existence of her theatrical career in her fiction. Her knowing tone within fictional depictions of theatrical life revealed her enduring affection and respect for performers. Within her own private and fictional world she could deal with the knowledge she had been privileged to from her life on the stage. It was in society at large, as Davis notes, where female actors were confronted with the irreconcilable fact of their conflicting position.

Michael Baker examines the definitions of what constituted the identity of the professional male and female actors. The profession was saturated with vague representations of the performer in the guise of dancer, singer, etc.:

It is not always easy to know who are actors and who are singers and dancers, since the versatility of the Victorian theatre was such that distinctions between the performing arts were invariably hazy; indeed, the legal definition of a 'stage-play' was never satisfactorily resolved in the course of this period [1830-1890].⁵

Braddon had to be versatile; appearing in pantomime, melodrama and Shakespeare plays. The companies she performed with offered a varied bill with some 'high brow' quality work and other pieces with a more general appeal; but all of it popular, including ballet interludes and novelty musical acts. Victorian

performers, Davis reiterates, as a mixed class and socio-economic group ‘ . . . were everywhere and nowhere in Victorian culture, only nominally classifiable as a group, and as diverse as possible in their rank in the social pecking order’.⁶ Some performers, in particular male actors, whose rise through the social scale Baker traces, were highly paid, influential and independent individuals. From the 1860s onwards female actors began to, gradually, outnumber male actors and, whilst some performers achieved great prominence, there were countless members of the profession who made up the ‘majority (including performers who were lower paid, non-legitimate, provincial, or female)’ who ‘are almost entirely left out of the equation’ because of their status, and usually, gender.⁷ Hypatia is one of the ‘legitimate’ performers of the popular stage, similar to Braddon’s status as performer.

What Wolff describes as disarming attributes, the ‘light hearted,’ ‘bohemian’ qualities of Braddon’s actors, worked against them for their place in society and the moral acceptance of their profession. Edmund Yates, who was later a great friend of Braddon and a colleague at *Temple Bar*, commented upon this in the 1850s when Braddon was still acting:

. . . artists laid themselves open to the charge of ‘idleness’ and ‘bohemianism.’ The author and journalist Edmund Yates, himself the son of an actor, characterized English bohemians of the 1850s as young, gifted, and reckless, working by fits and starts, ‘never except under the pressure of necessity’; above all, they had ‘a thorough contempt for the dress, usages and manners of ordinary middle-class civilization’.⁸

Yates could confidently write this without fear of contradiction. Actors were accepted only as compromised individuals. Davis shows the sensitivity surrounding the choice of an acting career when she gives examples of young women who embarked upon a life in the profession and found themselves shunned by their families,⁹ sometimes literally cast out on the street. J.S. Mill and Harriet Taylor’s daughter, Helen Taylor, went on the stage in 1856, leading to the horror of her parents who dreaded the idea that members of their ‘set’ might see her performing in London. They provided for her, including lessons and financial protection and support. However, ‘(t)hus equipped, Helen Taylor

travelled to the nether regions of England and adopted a stage name (*Mrs. Trevor*). Helen's class values instilled in her a fear and loathing of contact with her colleagues (the under classes) and in treating them like untouchables she behaved like a counterspy in buskins'¹⁰. She finally returned home and assisted Mill in his work, feeling disillusioned because of the isolation and lack of fulfilment engendered by her approach to the profession – buffered as she was by money and privilege.

Taylor was one of the new breed of middle-class, educated members of the profession, which did not defend her from the anxiety of mixing with 'the under classes' and led to her early departure. Braddon was different. Her mother, Fanny, travelled with her on tour and she supported them both. The evidence of her fiction suggested that she did not share Taylor's negativity at mixing with other classes of uneducated or under-privileged members of the profession. Neither did Braddon see the necessity of adopting a 'married' stage name – known simply as Miss Mary Seyton (pronounced 'Satan'). This tactic can be read as both protective of her reputation and containing a tinge of 'devilish' humour. She remained decidedly un-star struck with it all and was a useful contributor to the companies in which she performed. She was of the group of recruits, unlike Taylor, who needed employment in the absence of a male provider. She also mixed with those who entered the profession for Taylor's 'artistic' reasons, and those who had dynastic connections with the stage (in Braddon's case the Wigan family), and some who had experienced the 'fall from sexual grace'.¹¹

All this gave Braddon a broad range of characters to draw upon. In *A Lost Eden* we find a cross-section from the profession in the acting dynasty of the Rodney family, young Flora Sandford the ingénue who needs to earn a living yet is also romantically inclined to the actor's life and Miss Mandlebert the worldly and experienced performer who dresses well for her income. She enables Flora to get the all-important entrée to the profession. Mandlebert was probably, as both Wolff and Carnell mention, based upon a real actress whom Braddon worked with.¹² Women who contemplated a career on the stage and hoped for intellectual and artistic fulfilment often found it did not live up to their expectations. Once

they retired from the profession those who had become actresses for money, like Braddon, often kept the past a secret. Braddon fits Davis's account of such experiences in Chapter 3 of *Actresses as Working Women*: 'The social dynamic and respectability'.

Hypatia in *Circumambulatory* was, Wolff suggests, largely autobiographical. 'Our heroine' is a hard-working and versatile performer, both acting and performing musical interludes and a mainstay of the domestic life of the company:

She is, as heroines should be, charming – she is only moderately given to crinoline, & has been seen with a bonnet *on* her head.¹³ She has not long been married to the bewitching Volage, & she entertains the belief {quite orthodox in his eyes} that there never has been, & never will be, any man in the world so great, so good, or so delightful. She entertains a ladylike indifference for her husband's bosom friends, the Dougal & the Zoophyte. She doesn't mind cigars in the drawing room. She never has headache or hysterics. She can make an omelete [*sic*], a dish of macaroni, an Irish stew, & rum punch. There is a shade of azure in her composition; she can correct a proof, & play the piano; & she has a soul not above buttons {*id est*} the sewing of them on. She is a charming travelling companion, a good sailor, & doesn't mind being chaffed.

She is partly domestic but she also fits the criteria of 'bohemian' with her tolerance of cigar smoke and her ability to 'correct a proof'. She does affect the manner and fashions of a middle-class wife with her fondness for Punch her rather smelly poodle, her canary bird and her fastidious ways over her luggage, as well as her objections to the ready impulse the men have for her to perform in short petticoats. She must emphasize her modesty in this way to detract from her stage identity. She is also preoccupied with her various stage costumes and concerns over her luggage. The more outfits a female actor could afford the greater the likelihood she could be cast in a variety of roles. Hypatia is mediating her position along the fine dividing lines of public and private existence: the cooking, the lapdog and the 'sewing on of buttons' mark out the middle-class domestic values; the correcting of proofs, the tolerance of tobacco and the roles she plays are the deviant unconventional qualities of the actress.

Actresses enjoyed freedoms unknown to women of other socially sanctioned occupations, but in order to convince society that they were distinct from the demi-monde and to counteract negative judgments about their public existence, they endeavoured to make the propriety of their private lives visible and accepted.¹⁴

A certain proportion of Hyaptia's activities from her private life are those that she 'endeavoured' to make 'visible and accepted' such as her behaviour at the railway station and on the train where she conducts herself with the expected propriety of a middle-class married woman. Hyaptia guards against the taint of being a 'fallen' woman because her husband always accompanies her. Her proximity to all-male company is risky but she is protected. Nevertheless, married or single, high or low brow performances: the 'bourgeoisie disapproved'.

Actresses were symbols of women's self-sufficiency and independence, but as such they were doubly threatening: like the middle classes generally, they advocated and embodied hard work, education, culture, and family ties, yet unlike prostitutes they were regarded as 'proper' vessels of physical and sexual beauty and legitimately moved in society as attractive and desirable beings.¹⁵

Hyaptia's 'double' identity, as wife and stage performer, is in contrast to the fictional heroines Braddon would create. At this time Braddon was gravitating towards her sensational leading ladies who were threatening but appear in innocent form. Such work as *Lady Audley's Secret* and *The Mystery of the Black Band* witness this. Hyaptia, in contrast, is a guileless character whose role model is Elaine from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Hyaptia is a 'real' professional. Lady Audley and her ilk use the possibilities of theatrical role as deception, such as 'Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it', for devious ends in 'genuine' domestic situations. Hyaptia is able to distance herself from her public performance roles, perhaps those of sexualized characters, when she leaves the stage. She lives with the knowledge that she is a 'vessel' of desire and finds a comfortable and comforting escape in her reading – just as many of Braddon's middle-class characters do – to help her reconcile her status and ambitions.

Such distancing was essential to the survival and sustenance of the acting profession from the 1840s onwards.

Without middle-class actresses, acting was unquestionably an art of imitation; with middle-class actresses, the stage could be populated by women who not only looked and sounded like gentlefolk, but who walked and performed life's little ceremonies like them too, because they were, indeed, gentle and everyone could clearly see and hear that they were.¹⁶

Here it is relevant to look at Braddon's portrayal of theatrical life in her serial novel for *Temple Bar*, *Aurora Floyd* (1862-3). This novel from the beginning of Braddon's career and almost contemporary with *Circumambulatory*, although a 'bigamy' novel, introduced the influence of the acting profession in understated fashion via the person of Aurora's mother. Chapter 1, 'How a rich banker married an actress', describes Archibald Floyd's sudden and socially embarrassing union with a mysterious and beautiful woman:

. . . at the sober age of seven-and-forty, the banker not only made a fool of himself by marrying, but, if indeed such things are foolish, sank still further from the proud elevation of worldly wisdom, by falling desperately in love with a beautiful but pennyless [*sic*] young woman, whom he brought home with him after a business tour through the manufacturing districts, and with but little ceremony introduced to his relations and the county families round his Kentish estate as his newly-wedded wife.¹⁷

She is not just an actress but a provincial and actually from the lower end of the status scale; not one of the 'legitimate' types of performer but one of those that constituted the majority of the profession around the country. Floyd has succumbed to the seduction of the footlights. As the object of his gaze her performance caught her a rich husband.

She was an actress, and he had seen her on the Manchester stage; nay, lower still, she was some poor itinerant performer, decked in dirty white muslin, red-cotton velvet, and spangles, who acted in a canvas booth, with a pitiful set of wandering vagabonds and a learned pig. Sometimes they said she was an equestrian, and it was at Astley's, and not in the manufacturing districts, that the banker had first seen her; nay, some there were, ready to swear that they themselves had beheld her leaping through gilded hoops, and

dancing the cachuca upon six bare-backed steeds, in that saw-dust-strewn arena . . . I wonder whether Eliza Floyd knew all or half the cruel things that were said of her! I shrewdly suspect that she contrived somehow or other to hear them all, and that she rather enjoyed the fun. She had been used to a life of excitement, and Felden Woods might have seemed dull to her but for these ever-fresh scandals. She took malicious delight in the discomfiture of her enemies.¹⁸

Eliza Floyd does not live to see her daughter grow up into a beautiful and wayward young woman. She has, however, relished the scandal that her presence can cause and weathered the jealousy of women who might have been rivals for her wealthy husband's hand. Braddon often portrayed the excitement of acting that drew young women like Helen Taylor to pursue the profession.

In *Aurora Floyd*, however, Eliza is a member of the lowest class of the profession, 'a poor itinerant performer'. She worked with a 'pitiful set of wandering vagabonds' and shared the billing with a 'learned pig'. Once married into bourgeois society, however, the rumours of her lowly past are transformed, turning her into an 'equestrian' performer at Astley's Amphitheatre. She is somehow gentrified, at least within the scope of her profession and how outsiders see it, and some were 'ready to swear that they themselves had beheld her leaping through gilded hoops' at the famous London venue. She 'took malicious delight' in the way her 'enemies' had to make her more respectable. Braddon showed here the bourgeois systems of class distinction crossing over into the profession. Instead of slandering Eliza Floyd and denigrating her because of her past, as might be expected, her neighbours take pains to raise her status, an effort she finds amusing.

There were 'erroneous' associations made between lower class actresses and prostitution and Davis dispels these common myths.

Open prostitution for any type of female performer was out of the question, as theatrical and prostitution districts were one and the same and recognition by a manager meant instant dismissal without a recommendation.¹⁹

Braddon departed the profession before female performers reached public acceptance. Ellen Terry, the leading actress of the Victorian age, had to wait until well after retirement for her final accolade of Dame; it came a full forty-two years after Henry Irving was first offered his knighthood and well into the twentieth century. Julie Holledge in *Innocent Flowers*²⁰ traces the rise of the female performer up to and beyond the turn of the century as they struggled for financial and professional recognition of their work; and steadily politicized aspects of their profession.

Braddon, looking back on her career from the dawn of the twentieth century, reiterated her experiences in *A Lost Eden* and would have seen the profession much altered since her day. It was a profession in which women were often paid more than men and outnumbered their male colleagues, but still saw them struggle for independent social and artistic recognition. Working conditions were only a little better but the audiences celebrated the contribution and skills of the female actors. In Braddon's time:

The early Victorian theatre was shunned by the bourgeoisie. They saw it as a place of decadent popular entertainment which promoted riots and social disturbance . . .

Performers were equated with rogues and vagabonds, especially actresses, who were seen as scarlet women soliciting from the stage rather than the streets . . . In an age when the paragon of womanhood was the humble, obedient wife, mother or sister of some man, a woman who flagrantly displayed herself in the theatre was anathema.²¹

Holledge, like Davis, traces the popular misconceptions held of performers. Braddon had to be a versatile and intelligent performer and in the context of her career in the 1850s the idea of 'soliciting' simultaneous to acting was ridiculous. The careers of many female actors, managers and playwrights were influential upon the gradual rise in the conditions and status of the acting profession. Marie Wilton, a performer since childhood, was one such figure whose management of the Prince of Wales Theatre from 1865 persuaded the middle classes to frequent the theatre again. However, this gradual change saw a decline in the popularity of melodrama.

Melodrama, the staple diet of the early Victorian stage, was ousted by naturalistic domestic comedies, commonly known as ‘cup and saucer’ dramas.²²

This transition meant that middle-class actresses could effectively play themselves.

Braddon, however, persevered with the writing of melodrama, as the BFC shows. It can be seen consistently informing her work throughout her career, but she chose in *Circumambulatory* not to make the lives of her actors melodramatic. In this story she offered not only the characterization of the sensitive young actress, Hypatia, but also those of the male actors, the Scottish Dougal ‘Creature’, Volage and the lackadaisical, self-indulgent ‘talking jelly fish’ the Zoophyte. The range of assumed names in the company reflect their humour and intellectual affectations. The Zoophyte, in particular, has a natural history nickname because of his lethargic, slow, process through life and his penchant for long slow dinners, leading to his obesity: ‘a literary and dramatic sea anemone’. He is, on his own admission, too fat to play Claude Melnotte in Bulwer Lytton’s *Lady of Lyons* in which Braddon herself was accustomed to perform as the Widow Melnotte.

One of the features of this story, that Wolff notes,²³ is the innocence of the characters. They have a happy-go-lucky attitude as they explore the possibility of finding an audience for a week’s short tour whilst their London theatre is closed. They are not managers; they do write and transcribe plays and short articles, but they are not actor-managers or lessees of venues. Their experience in that field is considerably lacking. They are of a ‘hybrid class, half actor, half author, half dramatic artist, half threepence a liner’. All of these ‘halves’ make up more than one whole. Their choice of ‘Rofant [*sic*]’ in Sussex as the first stop on their tour is purely by chance. When they eventually discover that all it constitutes is a tiny station on the railway, with a butcher’s tray on trestles, a sentry box and a timetable watched over by a ‘nebulous boy’, a setting-down point for gentry on their way to shooting parties, they give up and go home. The adventure that they have undergone, Volage resolves, will have its benefits: ‘It would make a farce, or a comic article for ‘All the Year Round’, or a ‘buffo’ song for a Sam Cowell,

or a series of caricatures by Leech. As a theatrical speculation it was no doubt a failure but as an adventure it was an unprecedented success’.

They have not the financial ability to make management and production a commercial reality; that takes a particular acumen which none of them possesses. From the outset Braddon interjected her authorial comment because she knew the inner workings of the theatrical profession. She offered a ‘slight sketch’ of the group but only concerned herself with what pertained to their current adventures: ‘We shall only touch on the past as it relates to the present.’ What matter that their past might contain more questionable elements or behaviour? She was defending her fellow professionals in this story. Their naivety might lead them into difficulties but they make a comic tale of it. Their foresight and planning might not result in the discovery of their ‘public’ but we would not have it any other way. They are talented and creative, her ‘bohemian’ heroes and heroine, living outside the mainstream and all the better for it. They ‘are not ordinary people or of course they wouldn’t be heroes & heroine’.

She wrote about her actors as a different species and described the Zoophyte in pseudo-scientific terms. Others, she wrote, will inevitably ‘look down on the personages I depict’. As heroes and heroine, however, they could not be ordinary. Would the public have its heroes and heroines of the common herd? She also commented, through this, on the changing state of Victorian theatre. She reflected upon whether ‘. . . you would have Claude Melnotte back among his cabbages, & Mademoiselle Deschappelles in her father’s counting house learning book keeping by double entry. You would have Sir Lancelot married & settled, & Queen Guinevere running the heels of King Arthur’s stockings that they might not come to want premature darning.’ This could be a reference to the onset of the more toned down domestic drama of the 1860s, represented with the juxtaposition of historical melodramatic characters engaged in ordinary tasks.

The reference to Lancelot, Guinevere and Arthur foreshadowed the shift in the story when Hypatia discusses poetry with the Zoophyte. They talk about archetypal heroes, heroines and gentlemen throughout literature including Tennyson, Dickens and Bulwer Lytton. They are well read, of popular fiction

and poetry, cultured people it might be said. Clearly these are amongst the educated, literate performers whose versatility would ensure that they were in demand. They are unlike the itinerant members of the profession who were hard to categorize and, according to Baker, had no vestige of professional expertise or training, such as vocal coaching or dance and sometimes were not even literate.

The patent theatres themselves were no longer presenting 'legitimate' fare alone, and actors moved easily from Shakespeare to pantomime; indeed, the most successful performers in the early Victorian theatre were not the great tragedians whose names have survived to posterity, but rather their lesser colleagues whose versatility in many different forms of theatre made them an invaluable commercial proposition.²⁴

The uneducated actor was a satirical figure in Victorian writing. Baker cites Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray* (1890) and *The Position of Peggy Harper* (1911) from the Edwardian period.²⁵ The stigma attached to a life on the stage, for women and men, was all-pervasive and tied up with this prejudice was the, often erroneous, assumption that because of lack of formal training actors were somehow inferior in creative terms to playwrights and producers. This might account for the sense of inferiority that permeates Braddon's letters to Bulwer Lytton, possessed as she was with the hierarchical inheritance of her stage career when corresponding with the great author and playwright.

Baker points out that there was no national school or systematic approach to training until the end of the nineteenth century and thus the profession suffered from an all too easily assumed derisive attitude from its detractors. There were enough illiterate and unsophisticated actors to allow the reputation of non-intellectualism to spread.

It was a distinction based upon the belief that the actor or musician was not himself [or herself] capable of artistic originality; he [or she] was simply the paid instrument of the artist's intentions.²⁶

Braddon's actors in *Circumambulatory* are literate and literary. She was inspired to integrate her reading and love of language and poetry into their vocabulary and interspersed it with their theatrical jargon and slang, for names and

conversation. They run through the possible work for their performance pieces with the confidence and assuredness familiar to someone who frequented the green room. They have a non-reverential attitude to work for the stage; it is the fodder of their profession, their means to make a living and get by, as long as it draws the audience in. They do not see themselves as the 'paid instrument of the artist's intentions' by any means. The scripts they know so well are under their control. Hypatia is far more reverent when it comes to poetry and she is awed by the greatness of Tennyson which she discusses with religious and melodramatic fervour.

'Ah how much can be said in ten syllables when a great poet strings them together,' says Hypatia, 'Is not Elaine's whole life shut up in those little words, 'I have gone mad, I love you, let me die'? Poor little broken hearted hopeless thing, she knew as well as possible that the answer would be death, but she was compelled, she was compelled, her soul & her love got the better of her reason, & cried out despite her in the bitterness of their agony. Madness, the cruel effect, love, the womanly cause, & the bitter remedy, death! Exquisite, exquisite poetry that can compress a life into a line!'

The Zoophyte is worried for her because he begins to see that she is in love with Volage but like Elaine is not beloved in return. This insertion of a terrible, poignant strand in the story adds texture to the characters who at first seemed to be summarized by Wolff's appraisal of them. Hypatia and the Zoophyte in particular are candidates for a more thorough appraisal and recognition of Braddon's ability, even at this early stage in her career, to portray character above incident. The contemplative, desperate nature of Hypatia's love of her husband and the desire she has to be a better woman and wife make her a prime example of the type of heroine that Braddon was to pursue shortly afterwards in such works as *The Lady's Mile* (1866) and *The Doctor's Wife* (1864).

Hypatia confides in the Zoophyte, who might be a little in love with her himself despite his gibes and lacklustre, pessimistic attitude. He too has experienced an unrequited love that he refuses to speak about. He compares his ladylove to a gazelle, a suitably zoological reference. His reverie leads him into contemplating life and love, and loss. As an actor he knows the experience of masquerade and duplicity but finds the lack of feeling and the deceptions of everyday life

unbearable, much better to be an honest actor than a deceitful man. At least, in the way Braddon described his philosophy, the actor engages in a self-conscious masquerade which ends when the curtain falls.

‘I think the worst of all human sorrows is to have to put a cheerful face upon your sorrows. Oh how I envy those jolly old Israelitish kings who used to turn their faces to the wall & neither eat nor drink for days. They fought out that terrible & silent battle of the breaking heart at least in solitude . . .’

That these common theatrical types discuss poetry and the bible on their return home demonstrates Braddon’s desire to address the respectability issues around actors’ status and the derogatory opinion of them as immoral and unintelligent. The heroine is a dutiful, inspired and inspiring young wife who aspires to follow fashion, socially acceptable accomplishments and reach for something more of passion and poetry.

Why then was this story never completed or circulated for publication? Perhaps it is because of this championing of the acting profession, the features that gives it the texture and quality it possesses, which led to its suppression by the author herself. Such familiarity and sympathy with the profession is tantamount to an admission, confession even, that she had once been an actress. Her reputation, already damaged by her association with Maxwell, would have been ruined and even just to defend him in the publishing world, his children and her own precarious fortunes at the beginning of her writing career she could not add to the already substantial target she had become. Her familiarity with an actor’s life was betrayed not just in the characterization she developed in *Circumambulatory* but in the first-hand reportage of life on the road, which she delivered from a male perspective. This association showed that she had spent prolonged periods of time in close domestic proximity with men and it would have been too much for her readership to accept if they were made aware of a woman as author of the following story. Her attempt at praising her former colleagues and defending their profession would have decidedly backfired.

¹ Wolff, *Sensational Victorian* 74-5.

² Ibid 75.

³ Tracy C. Davis, *Actresses as Working Women: their social identity in Victorian culture*, London: Routledge, 1991, Introduction xi.

⁴ Ibid xiv.

⁵ Michael Baker, *The Rise of the Victorian Actor*, London: Croon Helm, 1978, 16.

⁶ Davis 3.

⁷ Ibid 4.

⁸ Edmund Yates, *His Recollections and Experiences*, Vol. I, 1884, 299-300 in Baker 20 n.10

⁹ Davis 72-3.

¹⁰ Ibid 73.

¹¹ Ibid 13.

¹² Carnell, *Literary Lives* n.42, 24: Flora has an actress friend called Miss Mandlebert and, as Wolff points out, there was a Miss Mandlebert in Hull when Braddon was acting there, and he suggests the character was based on the real actress. Miss Mandlebert is to use her influence with stage manager Mr. Burley to get Flora the job as an extra, a service, she says, for which an agent might have charged her a guinea: 'And Miss Mandlebert says she will keep on the look-out for me, and the first opening she sees of a small part in a farce, she'll get round the author, and make him give it to me.' (p.137) Marion [her sister] is reassured by the looks of Miss Mandlebert, as she does not look as she had imagined an actress: 'She looked the pink of respectability (...) She wore neither paint nor powder, and had a commonplace manner which seemed reassuring.'

¹³ See: Gabrielle Malcolm, 'Circumambulatory', *Leeds Working Papers in Victorian Studies*, 2001, 4: n. 13, 105: '(M)oderately given to crinoline" means that she has only moderately adopted the fashion for wearing a crinoline cage under her skirts. Before the 1850s women wore copious amounts of petticoats to try and give the full, dome-shaped, silhouette that was in fashion. In about 1854, after various experiments and trials, the crinoline cage was invented, made of concentric circles of watchspring steel, either suspended on fabric or covered with cotton to give the correct shape. These crinoline cages liberated women from the layers of heavy petticoats they had had to wear before. They were very flexible and relatively light. They did, however, cause accidents as it was easy to knock things over or worse, catch your skirts alight if you were too close to a fire.' (Lucy Pratt, Assistant Curator, Textiles and Dress Department, the Victoria & Albert Museum, London; email correspondence, November 2000).

This explanation for Braddon's phrase reinforces the date of the MS, and also describes the concerns about fire safety in the theatre. Retaining petticoats meant there was less chance of the wayward crinoline catching alight in the cramped backstage conditions. Also, Hyaptia must retain a collection of petticoats for costume purposes – the investment in them could not be lightly put aside for fashion, plus they were integral to old-fashioned heroines' roles and the shortness of them signified the more provocative characters.

¹⁴ Davis 69.

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid 77.

¹⁷ Braddon, *Aurora Floyd* (1st pub.1863), London: Virago Press, 1984, 7.

¹⁸ Ibid 8-9.

¹⁹ Davis 78.

²⁰ Julie Holledge, *Innocent Flowers: women in the Edwardian theatre*, London: Virago Press, 1981

²¹ Holledge 7.

²² Ibid 8.

²³ Wolff 75.

²⁴ Baker 27.

²⁵ Ibid n.50, 178.

²⁶ Ibid 32.

Notes on the text:

This transcript follows the same format as for the short stories and novel openings, *Told by the Poet* etc., in the BFC.

Circumambulatory; or the adventures of three gentlemen and a lady in search of a British Public.

PROLOGUE

“We must do something,” said Volage.

“It’s a dreadful alternative; but something ought to be done,” said the Zoophyte in the intervals of a protracted yawn.

“If ‘twere done, when ‘twas done, then ‘twere well it were done quickly,” said the Dougal Creature.

“Will you let that wearisome Scotchman alone?” said the Zoophyte. “If you can’t keep Inverness-shire out of your conversation I wish you’d hold your tongue.”

“Shakespear [*sic*] wasn’t a Scotchman,” said the maligned Creature.

“But Macbeth was,” said Volage, “nobody but a Scotchman ever made such a speech as that. By my beard it is metaphysics, the great William talked prophetic Dugald [*sic*] Stewart.”

“Dugald Stewart is an enormous man,” said the Creature. “Has he not written -?”

“A great deal more than you ever read,” answered his friend, “you never read anything but those ‘[...]’ of ready made opinions, the Reviews.”

“The Reviews are glorious institutions the *vade mecanus* of men of genius,” murmured the Zoophyte.

“And *mecanus* isn’t a Latin plural,” said the Creature meekly.

“And you’re a nice authority in the Classics, *you are*,” said Volage, with an intensely cutting repetition of the second person plural of the present tense, indicative mood of the verb ‘to be’. “You with your broad Scotch Italian A’s.”

“I thought,” said the Zoophyte, with that peculiar amalgamation of a groan and a yawn for which he is celebrated, “I thought we were going to arrange something to keep us afloat through the ensuing week.”

It is due to those of our readers, who are not acquainted with our three heroes & our heroine, that we should give some slight sketch of their antecedents, a dreadful word, which sometimes means expulsion from College, drumming out of a regiment, Queen’s Bench & Whitecross Street, & a Doctor’s Commons divorce case. A polite term for the mind at the bottom of the ditch of life, which malicious people love to dabble in. But the untarnished escutcheons of our

heroes & our heroine. Is there one page in their history we should fear to reveal?
 ---- Well! We shall only touch on the past as far as it relates to the present.

Our heroes are of a hybrid class, half actor, half author, half dramatic artist, half threepence a liner, (we scorn the vulgar fiction of the Penny press [...] who [...] dabbled with the stage, actors who dabbled with the press. We need not say that Scotland gave birth to the creature, or that his *soubriquet* had been given him in heartless derision of his native land of the 'mountain & the flood.'

Volage was so named from that ethereal gaiety which made him alike indifferent to an empty purse, a bad dinner, a crying wife or an angry creditor.

The Zoophyte it would take longer to describe, & to use one of the favourite texts of his own Koran – "What is the good?" He is sleepy, you say at first, dreamy; but he never in his life took trouble to dream. You might, if you didn't know him take him from his speculative eyes & turn down collar, for a poet. Not a bit of it. He hates poetry, as he hates strong tea & Dr. Cumming & everything of an awakening nature. In fact I think the only thing he does like is 'St.' Thomas Carlyle; & he likes that prophet best for his Jeremiah like lamentations over the degeneracy of the world we live in. Next to his indifference to all things in heaven & earth, is his extreme care of his own comfort & constitution. This gives him a *penchant* for good dinners & antidispeptic specifics & though perfectly resigned to the world's ending tomorrow morning, he takes a two grain calomel pill tonight, & is equal to either fortune. You might take him for a lotus eater, & you would say that such an extreme carrying out of the 'Let us alone' system, could only result from the consumption of that respectable production; but us; it is as natural to him as his moustache or his eyebrows. His companions imagine him therefore to be a human specimen of that link between the vegetable & animal kingdoms; in which the principle of his life is so feebly developed, as to be imperceptible to the superficial observer. A talking jelly fish, a literary & dramatic sea anemone. But for all this they regard him with affection; are indulgent to his idiosyncrasies, & have christened him in loving contumely, the Zoophyte.

Our heroine is the wife of Volage, & has been honoured by her husband with the high sounding nickname, of Hypatia, out of admiration for the romance of that name by Mr. Kingsley, renowned author of 'Alton Locke' and renowned preacher of sermons that do not send me to sleep. She is, as heroines should be, charming – she is only moderately given to crinoline, & has been seen with a bonnet *on* her head. She has not long been married to the bewitching Volage, & she entertains the belief (quite orthodox in his eyes) that there never has been, & never will be, any man in the world so great, so good, or so delightful. She entertains a ladylike indifference for her husband's bosom friends, the Dougal & the Zoophyte. She doesn't mind cigars in the drawing room. She never has headache or hysterics. She can make an omelete [*sic*], a dish of macaroni, an Irish stew, & rum punch. There is a shade of azure in her composition; she can correct a proof, & play the piano; & she has a soul not above buttons (*id est*) the sewing of them on. She is a charming travelling companion, a good sailor, & doesn't mind being chaffed.

That London Theatre to which our friends appertain being shut for a week's vacation, the question that is mooted in the opening of this work, is, as to how the four compatriots are to employ themselves, or vulgarly speaking, get their living.

"What can we do? We can't act Shakespear, with four people."

"And I hate Shakespear," said the Zoophyte, "I believe he devoted himself to literature with a special view towards my torment. I can see him writing in a prophetic fury, & saying, 'Aha! this will tie him up I think, I flatter myself this will twist his eyebrows!'"

"Bah! Shakespear never thought of such small beer as you. He saw a line of Brethertons, Garricks, Macreadys, Keans (*pere et fils*), stretching into futurity, & helping to fill the measure of his greatness, as telescopes glorify the stars bringing them nearer to the common folk."

"Shall we read Shakespear then?" said Volage. "I will take the comic scenes, the Creature is good in tragedy, & that Zoophyte could come in when we were tired, and send the audience to sleep."

"If there were any audience, & if I weren't asleep myself," interjected that person.

"But readings are stale," said Volage. "I've a better idea. Let's form ourselves into a Vaudeville company. We can get up two or three light pieces, we shan't want any orchestra; Hypatia can play the piano behind a green curtain, & the Zoophyte can take the money at the doors."

"Ah, my genius is adapted to a sinecure."

"But where shall we go?" said Hyaptia. "Shall we go to Edinburgh, Dublin, Birmingham & Plymouth?" asked that young lady, who in her refreshing innocence of Goldsmith & the Atlas, thought the aforesaid places might very probably be found on one line of railroad.

"Well I don't think we could do it in a week," said Volage, "& then they have great Theatres at those sort of places, & might just not happen to care for a feast of Thespiis, with three performers & a piano behind a green curtain."

"Ye ken!" said the practical son of Scotia, "our plan will be to take two or three small towns near London in which the inhabitants have never seen a Dramatic performance."

"Well, yes, if we want to make a good impression," said the Zoophyte.

"Now I happen to know Sussex, that's to say I once spent a Sunday in Brighton, & I think there are two or three towns in that country which might suit our purpose." Whereupon he produced that Rhadamantine volume commonly known as Bradshaw, at the sight of which the Zoophyte lapsed into a nebulous & semi idiotic state, pitiful to behold.

"Here, here's a braw town for the speculation, Rofant. I never heard of the Theatre Royal Rofant, ergo there has never been a Theatre."

"The place of all others," said Volage. "Let's make our debut Rofant, then there's number two, Piddinghoo. I don't think the inhabitants of Piddinghoo are likely to have seen Mr. Charles Kean, Madame Celeste or the talking fish, ergo they'll appreciate us."

"Carried unanimously!" said the Creature, the Zoophyte being still extinguished by Bradshaw & unable to raise an objection.

"Then for a wind up, here's a large town, a country town, Slewes [*sic*] the capital of Brighton, town hall, corn exchange, jail, all that sort of thing."

"But," demanded the lively Hypatia, "what pieces are we to play & where are we to play them?"

"Ah to be sure," said the Zoophyte, the Bradshaw spell being removed, "Are we to play in the streets & squares of the city, & am I to go round with the hat? I'm quite agreeable as long as it isn't my hat."

"Absurd idiot," said the Dougal, "of course we shall have fit-ups, no, I mean, fits-up."

"Is he trying to sneeze, or does he mean anything?" enquired the Zoophyte.

"I mean, that we shall go to the Corn Exchange, or the Town Hall, or the head Hotel of the town in which we perform, we must hire a large room, we must knock up a temporary stage, we must get a piano, send out a few hundred bills which we will have printed before we start, open our doors, array ourselves in appropriate costume & begin to act."

"And the pieces?"

"Why of course we must play one act farces."

"Ah, 'The Lady of Lyons', we couldn't do that in one act or with three people, could we?" said the Zoophyte. "I should like to play Claude Melnotte, if I were not so obese; then there's 'Richelieu' or [...], 'Louis the 11th---'"

"We can play 'The Swiss Cottage'."

"Yes, Hypatia in short petticoats."

"For shame, Sir!" said the young lady.

"Then why do you wear them?" remonstrated the Zoophyte.

"Hypatia, with a black velvet necklace & a gold cross, with a dreadful Swiss song, in which she will make insane remarks ending in 'tra la la i ou!' I suppose it's the Switzers milk below. The first piece then is to be 'The Swiss Cottage', it's a pleasing story of an infantine caliber; what a pity it isn't written in words of one syllable for the better comprehension of youth."

"Then for No. 2 we can play 'Box & Cox', the immortal & ever blooming *chef d'oeuvre* of Maddison Morton."

"The we shall want a mutton chop & a rasher of bacon for properties," said the Zoophyte, "that will rather take the gilt off the gingerbread, only we can eat them for supper when the performance is over."

"And for No. [3], ye ken, we can play 'Love in Humble Life; or Rouslans the Soldier'."

"Yes it's rather like the 'Swiss Cottage' over again, but then of course the audience will have forgotten the plot of that work of art. Hypatia in another short petticoat, another gold cross & another 'ya i ou?' Oh it will be refreshingly delicious & can't offend the Lord Chamberlain, as that naughty Jack Sheppard has done."

Thus though in many more words the scheme was arranged. Now, my gentle reader, you (who of course standing on the high ground of common sense, are rather apt to look down on the personages I depict, all of whom though immensely talented after their divers manners were perhaps rather deficient in that one qualification) you dear reader will perhaps say, 'This is not the way the business should have been done, ordinary people would have first visited the town they meant to perform in, they would have advertised their performance in local papers, they would have consulted the most enlightened inhabitants of the

aforesaid towns, they would have behaved in short like rational & business like creatures.' But then my heroes & heroine are not ordinary people or of course they wouldn't be heroes & heroine. Good gracious me Mr. & Mrs. Reader, if you mean to stand to your ground of common sense you would have Claude Melnotte back among his cabbages, & Mademoiselle Deschappelles in her father's counting house learning book keeping by double entry. You would have Sir Lancelot married & settled, & Queen Guinevere running the heels of King Arthur's stockings that they might not come to want premature darning.

The train for Rofant which they selected from a pleasing but confusing variety of 12, 50, 3, 49, 4, 38, 6, 22, & so forth, started at the early & uncompromising hour of six in the morning.

"We must get up at five or half past four," said the Dougal. "The London Bridge station is a good way off, & it is very bitter that we should all live at Camberwell; I will never live at Camberwell again, it is a long way from everything and everybody, except Spurgeon, & one can't live upon Spurgeon."

"He's so dreadfully awakening," said the Zoophyte.

"I hate those men of genius, they never send one to sleep. If 'Jean' Swift were alive today I wouldn't go to hear him preach; I should be interested, and I don't like to be interested. I should like his sermon, and I don't want to like anything. I only want to be left alone."

"To gang up [away]," said the Dougal.

"No, to stop where I am, I hate going anywhere. I hate doing anything. I hate and detest and utterly abhor getting up at half past four in the morning to go on a speculation. I hate all speculations."

"Let the dreary wretch alone," said Volage, "remember gentlemen we breakfast at a quarter to five tomorrow morning & if he isn't up, we'll eat all the devilled kidneys. He'd sell himself to Dr. Faustus's proprietor for devilled kidneys. And now for a little supper, an oyster or two, a squeeze of lemon, and a glass of punch to drink success to the scheme."

The Zoophyte gave a deep sigh expressive of extreme content, and settled himself on Hypatia's most comfortable sofa.

"Don't sit upon my dog!" cried that young lady, somewhat sharply.

"I never sit upon dogs, it would not add to my repose so to do, and I nourish a deep & intense affection for the brutes, they don't talk and they never crack my tympanium as some young ladies do."

Hypatia gave her head a little toss, & the Zoophyte a light for his cigar. He has been in early life crossed in love and nourishes some indistinct and semi-vital recollection of a young lady whose 'eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,' unless you had been to Regents Park Zoological or the Jardin des Plantes to inspect 'that of the gazelle.'

"She was lovely!" he would say to his friends.

"Describe her," they would respond.

"I can't, I never described anything in any life except in business, & I don't suppose you'd be tempted to pay me three halfpence a line, even if I were equal to the execution."

"Did she jilt you?" they would ask.

"I don't know. I lost sight of her somehow or other, I think I in a manner of speaking cut her. I'm sorry for it, I'm getting old and I want somebody to cook

and sew on buttons. Volage seems to find a wife a useful institution, and you're not exactly a disagreeable object Hypatia."

The oysters & the punch discussed, the party separated in high spirits (including the Zoophyte whose notion of high spirits was limited to the indulgence in a smaller number of than usual) to meet again in two or three hours. Oh that cruel, heartless early train! The housemaid's knock is as a knell that summons you to be hanged. Getting up is pain and grief, and shaving is vexation and weariness of spirit. You put your legs into your coat sleeves, your arms into your trousers, the wrong boot on each foot, & you fall asleep while you are doing your hair and put the pomade in your mouth, & even Atkinson's pomade isn't nice before breakfast.

Then the fear of being late one moment, the haughty security of being too soon the next. The last things which the last carpet bag won't hold, the triumph of locking it with a *coup de main* & the horror of finding that the lock has burst from the Brussels [*sic*] and the bag glares at you wide open. The tooth brushes you forget, and the roseate hard tooth powder you spill over your clean shirts, the packet of sandwiches which your wife or landlady forces on you at the last, which greases everything from the morning's 'Times' to your pet necktie, and turns up, untouched, a little heap of pertrifactions [*sic*] on your return to London. Then the loose umbrellas and canes, your overcoat and Scotch plaid which they pile upon your helpless arms in the hall.

"Have you everything safely?" they ask.

"Oh yes!" you say with confidence, & so you think till three paces from the door, your heap of possessions slides away from you, & falls a chaotic mass on the pavement, & you've only to thank your blessed stars that it isn't muddy & that it is too early in the morning for any little malicious boy to cry out "Now then butter fingers!"

Such were the feelings of the Zoophyte, who would have liked to have been a man whom the verb to be, to do & to suffer was unknown. But he survived his miseries & arrived in time for the devilled kidneys at the breakfast table of Volage & his pretty wife. Who shall describe the cab that carried the Vaudeville Company & its fortunes? Picture the strugglings of coachman & assistants with the luggage, the pyramid like appearance of the roof, the hideous discovery that Hyaptia meant to take her canary bird, & that if that didn't go she would not go, but would incontinently take her luggage back into the house and establish therein till their return; also that she will not go without her dog Punch, that canine quadruped of pleasingly varied appearance, rough & curly in front & smoothly bare behind, & always either disagreeably dazzling in cleanliness, or as in deep mourning for canine relations. A dog who can beg and crack nuts & stand in a corner & take snuff, do in short everything but make himself agreeable or stand still, or refrain from licking everybody's face with an unpleasantly slimey tongue.

"The instinct of that brute is wonderful," said the Zoophyte who was tenderly attached to the canine species, "he thinks that in getting up so early it isn't unlikely I waived the washing of my face. And thou oh Punch thinkest it no trial to get up early in the morning, & thou dost not shave but art shaved, life with

thee is a passive verb & thou hast more to suffer than to do. Oh to be a French poodle in hot weather, & to belong to Hyaptia, who would give me kidneys & Scotch ale for lunch! Mais tu es Francais, pauvre ami, et je te parle une longue etrangere. Perhaps Heloise minded one of your ancestors & Minon de L'enclos may have petted such a shaveling as thyself. There is poetry and romance in thy woolly curls & the red rims round thine eyes recall to me the Louise of the La Vallieres and Madame Rolands, the Dubarrys & Charlotte Cordays, the fairest, the noblest, the best & the wittiest of womankind. I beg your pardon Hypatia, but I think the French have had more great women than we."

"No doubt, if you omit the Dubarrys," said the partner of the cares & joys of Volage with intense severity.

"Pshaw! Counting the Jean D'Arcs, Rolands, Rochejaquelins, Marie Antoinettes, Cordays & Rosa Bonheurs. You couldn't permit so much as Punch, and if Cromwell were alive tomorrow I wouldn't mind wagering half a dozen of gloves you wouldn't stab him."

"No more would you," said the lady pertly, "for you think him a great man as all Carlylists do, though he didn't wear such pretty boots as Cavaliers, & didn't affect Vandyke collars."

"Ah what a hero he was, not to follow the fashion."

"I daresay the fashion didn't become him. He showed his genius by striking out a style; & that reminds me that I want a Rosa Bonheur tie."

"Did you ever talk five minutes to a woman without her telling you that she required wearing apparel? I believe their notion of happiness is bounded by a linen draper's shop, & they would understand the history of the Fall better if Eve had been turned out of Swan & Edgar's instead of Eden. And here we are at London Bridge. Of course the railway fare is something & twopence halfpenny; I think the penny a mile system must have been invented as an underhand method of teaching the nation arithmetic."

"The Dougal Creature had better take the tickets then, for he's great at his tables," said Volage.

"Where's that unwieldy Zoophyte meandering I want him to help me with the luggage." And suiting the action to the word, he buried that individual under a sort of round tower of bandboxes, crowned with the canary bird which set up a doleful twitter.

"It isn't pleasant," said the inanimate one, "to have the Happy Family or the Zoological Gardens amongst one's luggage. If Volage doesn't treat me well on the Tour, I'll give you a box of dormice & a squirrel when we get back, Hyaptia, wherewith to wreak my vengeance upon him." With which direful threat the Zoophyte shunted the whole of the parcels onto the truck of a remorseless porter, & betook himself to the stall of a bookseller to purchase his favourite morning paper.

The Creature, being always a practical person, had selected an empty carriage which the party almost filled. Of course it was a long time before Hypatia was convinced that her best bonnet was safe, that her parasol hadn't been left in the cab, or her purse dropped in the straw at the bottom of that vehicle. As to the canary, he was not to be put under the seat because he would be suffocated, or on the seat, because the oscillation of the carriage kept him in a perpetual wobble. Would the Zoophyte take him in his knee? Of course he would! Whereon Punch evinced a disposition to walk round the cage, snuffing alarmingly at the wires

thereof, as if transformed into a sporting dog & under the delusion that the canary was game. It was not till they reached the first station that the party hit upon a brilliant method of suspending the cage by the aid of a penknife stuck in the partition of the carriage. This answered splendidly, not withstanding a gentle shower of seed and water which fell refreshingly upon the hair & into the eyes of the Zoophyte, who held like the poet, that it was man's mission to 'suffer & be strong'.

"What a glorious goddess Mother Nature is," said Volage. "Look at the poppies amongst the corn, gorgeous splashes of colour such as never came out of the Emporium of Windsor & Newton. Look at the bulrushes in the water, swaying into new curves with every breeze, lines of beauty such as no mortal Hogarth ever conceived. If a political economist had made the world, there would have been corn but no corn flowers, water, but no water lilies. Utility, but not beauty. Utility is human, beauty is divine."

"Ah, no doubt," said the Zoophyte, "but if you happen to have such a thing as an anchovy sandwich or a pocket pistol about you, I'd thank you to hand it round before you go on with your lecture. Hypatia, that basket looks by the way it oscillates, as if it had strong drinks in it. Why don't they have the broad gauge on this line? That part of my anatomy, popularly known as 'in'ards' has been shaken to that degree, that I shall expect to find my heart in my boots when I take them off tonight."

"I wonder whether there is any Town Hall at Rofant?" said the more practical Caledonian.

"Why of course there is," said Volage. "Isn't there always a Town Hall in a town? Where would they hang the Mayor's picture, where would they give the Tradesman's Ball, where would we play tonight? Don't swallow the bottle, the wicker covering mightn't agree with you, even if you digested the glass," continued the light hearted one, rather anxiously, as he watched the angle formed by the uplifted arm of the Zoophyte and traced the gurgling progress of the liquid down his manly throat.

"It was a whole quart of the best Ben Nevis, when we started, " remonstrated the creature as the Zoophyte returned the empty bottle.

"Cayenne pepper & smokey chimneys," said the lazy one, whose wont was to abuse the goods the Gods provided after freely using those goods. "I believe the man who invented whiskey was a Scotch chimney sweep who washed his hands in gin & drank it afterwards. I don't much care for anchovy sandwiches," he continued as he threw the last piscatorial backbone out of the window and into the first class carriage of a passing express. "They remind one of one's origin, it isn't nice to be an improvement on a tadpole; read the Vestiges of Creation my dear Hypatia, the universal court guide to humanity if you want to know your draggings up. You'll find then what a privilege it is to have a backbone & be able to masticate your dinner. I daresay there was a good deal of invertebrate snobbism in the Diluvian system, & that my lord duke Trilobite looked down upon my lady Orthoceratite, while [one] of them would leave a card with your Mrs. Polysoon."

"What does the guard mean by 'Fant!?' & what a beautiful word for a murder!" said Volage, as the train stopped in the middle of a wood at a miniature station, consisting of a species of butcher's tray, elevated upon tressles [*sic*], and decorated with a pair of steps, a sentry box & a timetable.

"Good heavens!" cried the Creature, craning his neck out of the window, "This *is* Rofant! Yes there it is, printed in oyster shells in the mud, R-O-F-A-N-T!" The Zoophyte gave a long lazy whistle.

"Well I thought Rofant would be a failure," said he.

"Stuff & nonsense!" said Volage, almost fiercely. "It's a small station certainly, but does that argue it's a small town?"

"I daresay not," replied the Zoophyte, "Only there's a slight difference between this and the Birmingham Station."

"Birmingham be ----!" (Well never mind! It was a bad word, but I daresay it didn't hurt Birmingham) "Get out & look after the luggage, you great lazy porpoise while I call a cab."

"I've heard of a gentleman who had a knack of calling spirits from the vasty deep; but I never heard that they came," murmured the inanimate one, as he rolled off in the direction of the luggage van. His mode of looking after the luggage was a rather original one, as it consisted of standing with his hands in his pockets, & calmly looking on while the guards distributed his carpet bags & boxes amongst other people; here however there were no other people to claim luggage; so the guard shovelled out all the packets labelled Rofant, & built them up into a species of rampart round the Zoophyte, & the train gave a shriek of triumph, (it sounded like the war whoop of a demon rejoicing at having brought passengers to Rofant) & winged its iron way to gayer scenes.

"And now," said the Zoophyte, clambering over a wall of trunks & boxes & parcels, "now I wash my hands of your goods & chattels, I wash my hands of your eccentric canine quadruped of foreign principles, & perhaps revolutionary politics. I shake the dust of your winged fowl from the tropical islands in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane, off my feet, & I go to find a hostelry at which they sell beer & strong drinks."

There was, when the train had departed rather an air of desolation about the Rofant Railway Station, the only denizen of which wild abode appeared to be a small boy who was evidently teaching himself a foggy system of combined reading & arithmetic from the timetable which was pasted up inside the sentry box. This stupifying [*sic*] species of literature had evidently had its wanted effect upon the juvenile brain, for on Volage asking the boy to call a cab, he burst into an insane laugh which so much alarmed the Zoophyte, as to cause him to retreat to the furthest end of the butcher's tray, and to implore the Dougal to see if the lad had a knife concealed about him.

"He might assassinate us! I don't say such things ever occur, but you read of them in History & the Police Reports. He might make a massacre of Glenco [*sic*] of us, & run away with the luggage. The dog Punch would lead to the discovery of the murder, & they'd dramatise us at the Victoria. I feel I shall be a posthumous walking gentleman in the modern 'Forest of Bondy' & people will be paid thirty shillings a week to represent me in white tights & Hessian boots."

"Keep your wit for the miscellaneous column of the penny serial to which you appertain," said Volage sternly. "The best thing that can be done, as to leave the luggage here, with Hypatia to take care of it, while you, & the creature & I, go & see if we can get the Mayor's Bespeak."

"Ah! Mrs. Glass says, 'first catch your Mayor, I mean your hare--'"

"I wish we'd brought a pail of cold water instead of that Zoophyte," said Volage, "it would have answered just the same purpose & been less horrible to convey."

"We didn't come down to Rofant to pat the dogs either," said the Creature, as he looked contemptuously at the Zoophyte, who was engaged in a *tête à tête* with a vagabond cur, a cross between a bundle of rags & a doormat.

"When you can prove to me the existence of such a place as Rofant, I shall be happy to hear our purpose in coming to it," replied the Zoophyte.

And indeed the prospect wasn't a lively one. A woody copse is a pleasing object in nature. It is charming in a picture if you wake it up with a splash of water, a dash of sunset, & an indistinct girl in a red cloak. But you can't create a Theatre, & collect an audience in a copse; or if you could what a charming opening there would be for used up London Managers, whose 'bird in the hand' is rather a featherless fowl to try a couple in the Bush.

"We'd better get to the town at once, hadn't we?" suggested the Dougal.

It's rather like 'Pilgrim's Progress'," said the Zoophyte, "I wonder whether that risng ground to the right will take us out of the Slough of Despond, up the Hill of Difficulty? I wish we could get to the Delectable Mountains, for I have 'the hunger of a dog,' as our French friends say; and my soul yearneth for the Caravansari at which beer is to hand--"

"The town must be a very long way off," remarked the Dougal, "it's rather odd we don't see any church steeples over the tops of the trees."

Oh! Who shall tell the bitterness of their hearts, when inquiring of a passing labourer, (they only met one) they were informed that there was *no* Rofant, and that all the Rofant there was, consisted of the villas & grounds of two or three gentlemen for whose convenience a station had been made – that there was not even so much as a public house; and that there was no refreshment for either man or beast to be had for love or money.

"It is too dreadful! It must be a horrid dream?" said the Zoophyte, "Have the goodness to pinch me hard, someone, I am lying on my back I daresay; or I have eaten cold pork, or taken a little too much Punch. It *cannot* be real!"

But alas it was only too real; and the disconsolate trio returned to the butcher's tray on which Hypatia was seated.

"There is no Rofant," they said, "there is nothing for us to do but to go back to London & start fresh tomorrow. We are not Orpheuses; we couldn't charm the sticks & stones with the 'Swiss Cottage', & even if we could, I don't see the good, unless the sticks & stones had the wherewithal to pay admission to our entertainment."

The next best thing to do was to consult the nebulous boy, who after retiring into the timetable, & emerging therefrom foggier than ever, informed them, that there

would be a train for London at 4.35. It was now half past one, three mortal hours & five minutes to wait; & not a scrap of food, or a drain of beer to be had.

“Oh I must be lying on my back,” muttered the Zoophyte, “for pity’s sake wake me up.”

Talk of Patience on a Monument; (by the bye from the extreme rarity of that Christian Charity in private life, I should think the lady seldom came off her monument). What was Patience compared to the Zoophyte sitting on his trunk with his hands in his pockets & his features rigid in the awful calmness of despair?

He expostulated with his fate after the manner of a philosopher. “I may have failed in some of my duties,” he murmured, “I may not have always loved my neighbour as myself. I don’t see how one can when one lives next door to a tax gatherer. I may not have done unto others as I would they should do unto me but I always let ‘em alone; I’ve been negatively a very excellent man, & I never in my life neglected my solemn duty to myself by going without a good dinner, and it does seem hard, yes; very hard, at my time of life when the whatshisname of my days is falling into the sear & yellow thingemabob, it does seem hard that I should be placed in such a situation as this.”

The Dougal, an inveterate smoker, consoled himself with a short pipe, which from constant usage would have afforded essential oil enough to have served upon a round of toast, if the wretched party had had any toast. Volage, who like Oliver Goldsmith had a ‘knack of hoping,’ comforted himself with the anticipation of a glorious dinner when they got back to London, but the Zoophyte took the matter more seriously.

“I have heard of dreadful things occurring in cases like this,” he said, “if you have any respect for yourself Hypatia you’d better keep a wide berth of me, for you’re temptingly plump & I feel my mouth beginning to water as I contemplate that charming cut which might come off your shoulder; there’s a dried salmonish look about the Dougal too that has a dangerous effect upon me. That nebulous boy would cut into chops if we could only cook him. We could say that he died of the measles & that we buried him for fear of infection. If we had only brought the property rasher & chop for ‘Box & Cox’ we could have cooked them by the aid of fusees.”

“How does that young raven, the nebulous boy, get his nourishment?” said the hopeful Volage. “He may have inexhaustible dinner stored away in that sentry box though I don’t see or smell anything comestible. We can but ask him the question.”

And in fact that’s all they could do, for the boy informed them that he was in the habit of bringing his dinner in a ‘han’kercher’ & eating it at eleven o’clock in the morning, also that he left his sentry box at eleven o’clock at night & returned to his native village some seven miles distant for supper – as for such frivolities as intermediate meals or promiscuous drains, they were evidently ‘too deep’ for the ‘fathom lines’ of his ‘thoughts or sense.’

Time and the hour however in pity to the sufferings of the hapless Vaudeville Company, wore out the day & brought four 35, & the London train. The luggage

was shovelled back, the Zoophyte settled himself in a corner of the second class carriage in moody silence, Volage, the Creature & Hypatia in renewed good spirits, & they looked their last on the butcher's tray & the nebulous boy who had relapsed into the timetable.

"Come cheer up old boy," said Volage to the despondent Zoophyte who covered his head with his Bandanna & in a manner turned his face to the wall.

"I can't cheer up," he replied, "I have received a blow today which it takes a man of my temperament some time to recover. I have gone without a dinner."

"But we shall dine when we get home ye ken," said the Dougal.

"No we shall not," said the Zoophyte. "You may call it dinner, but it will be an illegitimate & hobgoblin sort of a meal that won't be dinner but that will spoil my appetite for supper. Do not try to console me," he continued. "You cannot restore two o'clock, you cannot give me back the departed dinner time buried in the tomb of the irrevocable past."

Notwithstanding which he plied a very active knife & fork when the party, snugly seated at a round table in the Camberwell lodgings of Volage, attacked a rump steak, oyster sauce, & bottled stout, at, anything but, discretion. And it was marvellous what a cheerful face the Rofant escapade assumed when discussed over cigars & rum punch. They had lost a day, spent a good deal of money in wasted expenses but then what a glorious adventure. It would make a farce, or a comic article for 'All the Year Round', or a buffo song for a Sam Cowell, or a series of caricatures by Leech. As a theatrical speculation it was no doubt a failure, but as an adventure it was an unprecedented success.

Volage & the Dougal presently sat down to dominoes a game they held in intense affection, & the Zoophyte settled himself in Hypatia's pet easy chair, after according gracious permission to that young lady to read him to sleep with Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'. Whether it was the power of the poet, or that the rump steak & oysters were difficult of digestion who shall say, but certain it is that the Zoophyte did not go to sleep but expressed himself after his manner to be gratified & interested.

"I like Enid & Elaine best," said he, "Vivien is a Becky Sharp of Saxondom, & Guinevere of course it is scarcely proper for a simple man to mention, though I am ashamed to say I am rather interested in her. Arthur is a glorious fellow. Do you know what strikes me most in his character?"

"No."

"His high breeding. He is one of the purest types ever created of an English gentleman. I don't think we have a dozen such creations in our language. Sir Roger de Coverley is one, Dr. Primrose another, then there is Augustine Caxton of modern days, Sir Leicester Dedlock (but for a shade of the leaven of ultra exclusiveness) nearly perfect. Colonel Newcourt quite perfect, & Arthur, one entire & perfect Chrysolise [*sic*]; the Saxon gentleman of that day when chivalry was not accounted [nothing] & high deeds & fair manner went hand in hand. How tenderly respectful he is to that fallen golden head, how sternly gentle, how gently stern, & not one touch of the swivelling puerility of the gentlemen in the Hessian boots. How deeply every word he says strikes home to your heart & how much you feel & know that he does not say. The great poet creates, & leaves his

creation to speak better than he can speak for him. How much more we know of Macbeth than was ever set up by mortal composition. I can follow Arthur to those bowers of Camelot & ask where one shadow *will* come, & one footfall *will* echo, & I account no man a great poet whose words do not suggest a world more of words that might have been written. Poetry for me should be suggestive & for unsuggestive poetry I would not give the opening line in the child's spelling book which tells us that 'A was an Archer & shot at a frog,' a compendium of the life & adventures of A, in ten syllables."

"Ah how much can be said in ten syllables when a great poet strings them together," says Hypatia, "Is not Elaine's whole life shut up in those little words, 'I have gone mad, I love you, let me die'? Poor little broken hearted hopeless thing, she knew as well as possible that the answer would be death, but she was compelled, she was compelled, her soul & her love got the better of her reason, & cried out despite her in the bitterness of their agony. Madness, the cruel effect, love, the womanly cause, & the bitter remedy, death! Exquisite, exquisite poetry that can compress a life into a line!"

The Zoophyte elevated his eyebrows. "Did you propose to Volage after that manner? Did you march straight up to him telling him that you were a subject for a lunatic asylum, inasmuch as you were so smitten by his attractions as to wish to be allowed to die?"

"You know that he proposed," said the young lady indignantly, "And if he hadn't---"

"Well if he had not? Is the poet true to nature? Should you have done as Elaine did?"

"I was not brought up like Elaine, with no more worldly teacher than my own simple heart. I never nursed Volage through a long illness & watched him day after day through the troubled phases of danger & convalescence. I think the situation & the words are truth itself, & that in spite of crinoline, French governesses, Rotten Row & Almacks, women feel pretty much the same today as they did in that old Saxon time. Tennyson does not go to Utopia in search of his heroines, you might meet them every day if you had the eye of the poet to discover beauty of Virtue."

"Poor little Elaine," murmured the Zoophyte, in a somnambulistic reverie, "I'm really sorry for her, it can't be pleasant to be in love with a person who doesn't care twopence for you. It must be something like beating one's life out against a stone wall. You may dash out your brains against the soulless fabric, you may spatter it with your life's best blood, but you cannot move it from its pitiless serenity, because you see it *is* a stone wall.

Poor little Elaine, & so she died & cold Sir Lancelot was sorry. Oh did she ever know of that sorrow? Does she know it now? If I took laudanum tomorrow & the woman I loved came & wept & howled over me, should I know of her anguish & take comfort from her tears? Oh mysteries of life and death when, when shall our souls be pure enough to fathom you? Poor little Elaine! I think the worst of all human sorrows is to have to put a cheerful face upon your sorrows. Oh how I envy those jolly old Israelitish kings who used to turn their faces to the wall & neither eat nor drink for days. They fought out that terrible & silent battle of the breaking heart at least in solitude. They didn't go out with gaudy waistcoats over

their wounds & choke their sobs with rhodomontade & tobacco smoke as we moderns do. Sackcloth is bad wearing no doubt, & ashes scarcely an agreeable cosmetic, but better those than that miserable comedy of grins & smirks with which we act the great lie of everyday life.”

Appendix 9

Little Dorrit; Introduction written for costly American edition.

Introduction to the Text

This work by Braddon was composed for F.G. Kitton's 'autograph' series of editions of great novels for the American market, probably finished in January 1903 and intended for publication by the American publisher George D. Sproul in 1904. Kitton died in 1904 and the edition left incomplete. Carnell uncovered these background details, unmentioned by Wolff. This typewritten manuscript with some of Braddon's handwritten amendments was probably composed on the same machine as *Before the Knowledge of Evil*, her childhood memoir, and was kept with the Cobbett papers. Prior to this examination of the material it has never before been assessed and represents Braddon's role as a literary critic and editor, amongst her many professional identities.

Dickens was, as an interview in the *Pall Mall Magazine* (1911) to commemorate Braddon's 'Fifty Years of Novel Writing' stated, one of 'the gods of [her] idolatry'.¹ She spoke of him in glowing terms and revealed a consistent affinity with him: 'I think I have no hesitation in saying that all round Dickens has given me more pleasure than any other writer.'² Her enthusiasm for Dickens played a significant part in her later career as she developed her nostalgic perspective on the Victorian age. For her, he represented the writer who had combated the difficulties of his childhood to become the successful, admired artist who weathered the storms of public disapprobation when his domestic life was troubled. Braddon and Dickens moved in some of the same social circles and in the network of Victorian publishing and theatre but never met. She performed in Brighton in the 1850s when Dickens lectured there. She appeared as Fanny Squeers in a production of *Nicholas Nickleby*; or *Dotheboys Hall* and acted with Walter Baynham. Braddon and Maxwell were close friends of Wilkie Collins. They were on the margins of one another's social and professional circle during Braddon's first decade of fame before Dickens's death in 1870.

This *Little Dorrit* Introduction was carefully preserved, like so many of Braddon's favoured projects, and uncovered with the Cobbett papers. She kept it together with some of her script fragments and autobiographical notes, including *Revenge of the Dead*, *News from Alma* and *Boulevard of the Temple*. It was in an envelope labelled in Braddon's handwriting: 'Little Dorrit Introduction written for costly American edition' with the address 'Mrs. Maxwell Lichfield House Richmond'.

¹ Clive Holland, 'Fifty Years of Novel Writing: Miss Braddon at Home', *Pall Mall Magazine*, November, 1911.

² Joseph Hatton, 'Miss Braddon at Home', *London Society Magazine*, 1888, 28.

Notes on the Text

The typed manuscript, running to thirteen pages, includes Braddon’s handwritten amendments and editing. She began the manuscript with biographical references, which she gleaned from Forster’s 1874 biography. The underlined words and phrases represent those passages crossed out by Braddon, their replacements (in her handwriting in the original manuscript) appear in italics.

This transcript attempts to replicate the typewritten manuscript as closely as possible found with the Cobbett papers in the BFC. The pagination is given according to her manuscript in bold (1).

(1)

LITTLE DORRIT

The Marshalsea – so called as pertaining to the Marshals of England – was a prison for the committal *detention* of persons accused of offences committed within the verge of Court, that is to say within a circuit of twelve miles from the roof that sheltered Majesty; and in the reign of Elizabeth the Marshalsea was second in importance only to the Tower of London *as a state prison*. The prison had fallen very far from that historic dignity when *the father of England’s famous novelist was in captivity there; and when those all-observant eyes of the eight-year-old Charles Dickens surveyed scrutinized his father’s obliging neighbours*, the Porter family, in their squalor and dirt, being sent by his captive father to borrow Captain Porter’s knife and fork, as a preliminary to his first prison dinner, that dinner with a something gipseey like and pleasant to the child’s eager fancy, which pleasantness in misery, with many other details of prison life, is familiar to the readers of David Copperfield. It was many years after, and the old Marshalsea as an institution had been incorporated by Act of Parliament with the Queen’s Bench Prison, and the old walls and chimneys and roofs had been converted into a terrace of squalid shabby houses for the free denizens of South East London, when Charles Dickens conjured the old debtor’s jail from the cloudland of a child’s memory, and chose it as the background of his story of Little Dorrit, the jail-born, jail-bred child.

(2)

There is a strong personal interest, a melancholy interest, attaching to this story of the long-vanished Marshalsea prison. As “Woodstock” was written in the tragic hours of Walter Scott’s life, that bitter time of unremitting toil and heroic effort, the

daily, nightly “task” which the Wizard of the North imposed upon himself, not to rebuild his own shattered fortunes, but to satisfy his creditors, so Little Dorrit was written in a period of domestic bankruptcy, when the cruel question of temperament and incompatibility had arisen between husband and wife, and the “dearest Catherine” of so many tender letters, the object of so much loving solicitude in the cloudless early years, had become “impossible”, as mate and companion for that fiery spirit, that creature of invincible energies and restless soul, who, amidst the loveliness of Swiss mountain and lake, among admiring friends, cherished and beloved, sickened for the press and traffic of city streets, for the throbbing pulses of metropolitan life, and could only be appeased by a rapid rush from Geneva to London, and a plunge into that old sordid, busy, various world, familiar to the shorthand reporter in his younger years, where when all the tragedy and comedy of existence was new and changed strange to those eager eyes. The time had come when husband and wife distressed each other, and when an amicable parting seemed the only remedy. The time had come when the happy husband and father of Devonshire Place, in whose confidential letters every domestic allusion breathes of domestic

(3)

felicity, could write to his friend as follows – “Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too – and much more so. She is exactly what you know; in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever fell in her way; and if I were sick or disabled tomorrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other.”³

In the midst of chagrin and agitation Little Dorrit was conceived and written. and if there are knots and loose threads roughnesses here and there in the web, amidst its glory splendour of colour and variety of design, what artisan of the pen can wonder?

The work was carried on in his Dickens’s usual strenuous manner. Periods of enthusiasm, periods of depression alternated, alike intense, times when “the story was breaking out all round” him, and when he rushed up and down the hills near Folkestone, as if impelled by the rush of his thoughts and fancies, when the new story was everywhere, heaving in the sea, flying with clouds, blowing in the wind.” But in spite of those enthusiastic hours, I think there is a strain of exceeding bitterness in his treatment of public questions national governmental incapacity & private snobbishness throughout this

(4)

book, a something splenetic and pessimistic, which may not be entirely traceable to his disgust at certain hideous failures in governmental departments during the Crimean War, but which may have come from a mind embittered of all that had once been so happy.

It seems to have been agreed by the Author's chosen friends that the book was not equal to the stories of his middle period – that with “David Copperfield” he had climbed to a mountain top which he was never to reach again. Yet it is only when the Marshalsea story is measured against his very finest work – David's childhood – the story of little Emily's fall and redemption – that the book must take a lower place. The Circumlocution Office, touched with irony as scathing as Swift's, with laughter as mordant; Merdle, the thief and forger, a creature so base and yet so basely worshipped by his superiors in mind and breeding; the Hampton Court Dowager, so subtle a blend of meanness and arrogance; *Henry Gowan*, the pretender in Art, selfish, vain, trivial; *Casey Casby*, the long-haired imposter and sham patriarch, who grinds the faces of the poor by deputy, are salient figures in the human comedy. And then the simple and worthy souls! It is pleasanter to think of them, and they are many. The delightful Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, and their lovable Minnie; *Panells Pancks*, and the Plornishes; Flora, voluble and warm-hearted,

(5)

with her breathless tangle of talk, of whom *the Author's admiring friend*, the Duke of Devonshire, writes to her creator, praying for more of Flora; Maggie, of the large empty head, and large full heart; Bob the Turnkey; and *poor maudlin weak-kneed sentimental* John Chivery – Little Dorrit's feeble adorer. There is no lack of the better side of human nature in the story; and it is only the *somewhat theatrical* villains, Rigaud *and alias* Blaudois [*sic*], and Jeremiah Flintwinch, who are not quite convincing.

The genesis of the book is curious. It was to be called “Nobody's Fault”, and the central character was to be a man who should bring about all the mischief in the story, lay it all on Providence, and say at every fresh calamity, “Well, it's a mercy however nobody was to blame, you know!” The title was abandoned, but Dickens wrote four numbers with this idea still in his mind. It never materialized, and was discarded after the fourth installment. The notion seems indeed too trivial for the leading motive in a romantic novel, and fitter for airy development in a stage play. The story is too full of serious matter, too earnest and pathetic, to allow of a leading personage with a humourous catch word. The character of the Marshalsea prisoner, always real, always consistent, is of a higher order, and this, I think, is the strong thread of humanity that holds the book together.

And what a colossal creation, what a master-piece that character is! When the book and I were young I had a vague idea that there were redeeming points in the Father of the

(6)

Marshalsea, that, low as he had sunk during those twenty three years of enforced idleness and degrading associations, the man had not altogether degenerated, that there was some touch of the angel still; but reading the story very seriously, very earnestly, with the deliberate thought due to the most earnest and intense of imaginative writers, it has been borne in upon me that whatever of goodness and fine feeling there might have been in the newly caught prisoner whose nervous hand went up to his lips, whose every mannerism indicated weak humanity, there was no remnant of nobility left in the Father of the Marshalsea. The man is of a piece, from his first appearance on the scene, when he tells Clennam the story of the testimonial wrapped round the sprig of geranium, to the scene of his whimpering complaints of *the elder* Chivery's incivility, and his suggestion that his daughter should pretend to *smile upon* favour the addresses of the Turnkey's son, rather than that the Turnkey should cease to favour the gentlemanly prisoner, and to encourage the gentle stream of tribute from admiring visitors.

William Dorrit is a study in mean humanity, uncompromising and relentless as any creation of that other great anatomiser of the human heart, Honore de Balzac – Seldom is Charles Dickens so reckruthless, so unflinching, in his treatment of human baseness. Martin Chuzzlewit the opressor[sic] *younger* is a very bad case; but young Martin emerges purified from the crucible of adversity. Scrooge is an unpromising subject; but a dream of the

(7)

long ago works a revolution in the sordid soul, and the miser's heart melts and the miser's heart *purse* opens to the tune *music* of Christmas Bells. But with the hand that depicted the Father of the Marshalsea, there is no faltering. He is perhaps a little more despicable in his Venetian Palace than in the shadow of the Prison Wall. For the exquisite girl who had toiled and starved for him through all her young life, who had given him the *a* devotion rare even in the history of wedded lovers, he has neither love nor gratitude, neither understanding nor sympathy. Coldly, cruelly as a patrician of the old regime might sign the lettre de cachet that was to lock a troublesome family sprig in the Bastille, does Mr. Dorrit hand over his gentle Amy to the withering dominion of a Mrs. General, to be provided with the "surface" and "demeanour" necessary to swell his importance as a gentleman of fortune. Not once in that Indian summer of unexpected splendour does the old man show any desire to reward the faithful slave of his long adversity; not once is there a thought of what she would like, or a desire to make much of her. The conceited Fanny, the intolerable cad Edward, are actually more sympathetic to him, in their readiness to boast and swagger, and to parade *expatiate* in the display of *their* wealth. In his pompous departure from the prison *Marshalsea* he goes near to forgetting her *his younger daughter's* existence: and when fired with *he begins to entertain* matrimonial views on his own account his desire is to marry her off and have done

with her. From first to last there is no softening touch. Such is William Dorrit, as complete an incarnation of self-love as if

(8)

he were one of the allegorical figures in Spenser's Faery Queen; yet a living man for all that, vivid, convincing, from his miserable 'bed-sitting room' in the Marshalsea to his stately death chamber in a Roman Palace, a perfect creation, a distinct and tangible personality. And it is in the subtle development of this character that the central interest of the book lies. Amidst that moving panorama of life, those various figures, some so human, so kindly, some so tender and pathetic, some a trifle strained and artificial, - as Miss Wade, FTattycoram, Blandois, Mrs. Clennam, and the Flintwinches, to wit *William* Dorrit stands supreme.

And if Dorrit the father is Dickens's master piece of selfishness Amy Dorrit is one of the loveliest emanations of that romantic mind. In her all is generous, all is noble. She has a simplicity without silliness, modesty with a noble courage, sweetness with strength. No foolish word ever passes those delicate lips. Her love for her first friend and benefactor is as pure as it is deep, a love springing so naturally from that first experience of sympathy and solicitude in from a man of refined and gentle nature. The story of her affection for Clennam is no less delicately touched than the story of his love for Minnie Gowan, that hopeless worship of the beautiful gentle-mannered girl, which finds its pathetic close on the night at the Twickenham Villa, when Gowan *the artist, masterful and young*, has appeared on the scene and Clennam abandons hope.

(9)

"The rain fell heavily on the roof, and pattered on the ground, and dripped among the evergreens, and leafless branches of the trees. The rain fell heavily, drearily. It was a night of tears."

It is a common cant of reviewers to declare that Charles Dickens was incapable of depicting a gentleman. To what genus then does Arthur Clennam belong? Granted that he is not a landed proprietor, nor a master of hounds, nor a famous politician. *But* in conduct, speech, bearing, aspirations and tastes, likings, dislikings, is he ever anything that the finest gentleman should not be?

The highly superior critic might be own brother to Mrs. General when he complains of Dickens's gentlemen. He finds them lacking in the proper "surface," in the correct "demeanour." They require a good deal of varnishing to give them the right tone. In a word - "they are not quite - quite, don't you know?"

Is it because in all Dickens's gentlemen - in Clennam, in John Westlock, in Jarndyce, kindness and unselfishness and a tender regard for the feelings of other people are leading characteristics? For my own part I think any woman would rather

have such a guardian as Jarndyce, such a friend as Arthur Clennam, such a lover as John Westlock, than have to rely on the love or the friendship of a typical gentleman of the most accomplished depicor of good society *the privileged classes*.

If “Little Dorrit” falls indeed below the Masters ‘hochste

(10)

Spitz,’ few of his admirers would deny that the love interest that runs through it like a golden thread is as pure and sweet as in the very best of his books, and that Clennam and Amy are a more interesting pair of lovers than Pip and Estella, and even than David and Dora; for the feeling is deeper and graver, more intense in the childlike woman, touched with a tender melancholy in the thoughtful man. One detail which *that* the reader may perhaps regret is the heroine’s diminutive figure, which, insisted upon too much in the earlier chapters, tho’ perhaps almost forgotten later, brings little Dorrit too near being a “freak.” What could Du Maurier, the adorer of the “divinely tall”, think of a heroine who was mistaken by the casual observer for a little child, and who had to stand on tip-toe to knock at a street door? But Dickens and Du Maurier are opposite as the poles in their ideal of womanhood; for, whereas the author of Trilby can appreciate no beauty in a woman without height, all Charles Dickens’s sweetest heroines are small; from pretty Kate Nickleby to Rosa Bud. That charm of miniature daintiness is always insisted on, in Ruth Pinch, in Little Emily, in Dora, in Bella; so that it may not *never* have occurred to the Author of Little Dorrit that he was not dealing quite fairly with Clennam in giving him a bride below the normal stature of womankind. That tiny figure is dear little Dorrit’s only short-coming, the only shadow on that sunlit marriage scene in the old church by the Borough, the only shadow on that “modest life of usefulness and happiness”

(11)

which she was to lead with her beloved husband.

The plot has been called “confused”, and by that faithful friend, but not too ardent admirer, John Forster: yet it is somewhat hard measure to suggest confusion when not a single thread is left with a loose end, when every point is made good, every detail and every motive is carefully accounted for. The only flaw in the tragedy of the grim old house where that sternest of Puritans and most disagreeable of women, Mrs. Clennam, works out the expiation of her sin, lies in a certain artificiality which pervades this part of the story, from beginning to end, so that the reader when he crosses that fatal threshold seems to leave the world of warm life and movement, and to enter a frozen region where spectral forms move vaguely in the uncertain light.

Mrs. Clennam is too hard, too all of a piece to seem human. Offery [*sic*] is too foolish, too imbecile for flesh and blood, Flintwinch too invariably brutal, the twin brother, seen only once, a lurid patch of melodrama upon the gloomy background.

Rigaud, alias Blandois, in his sudden appearance as a black-mailer of the darkest dye, is too violently coloured to be credible.

The old house, the grim woman, reappearing fitfully and at long intervals, seem hardly to belong to the story. The secret of Clennam's birth reduces tragedy to melodrama, and adds no interest to a character which is deeply interesting in itself, by reason of its moral beauty. Yet the house and the

(12)

woman are depicted with all the force of the genius that sees the thing it describes; and the maimed *crippled* fanatic in her prison house of long years, making up her account with her Creator, might have been more effective as the supreme and single interest of a story, than as a shifting figure in so wide a panorama as "Little Dorrit".

The book in its twenty shilling numbers enjoyed an immense circulation, selling even more than Bleak House, and was warmly appreciated by the Master's admiring public; but there were adverse reviews in Blackwood and the Edinburgh, the latter so particularly bitter *savage* in its onslaught upon the "Circumlocution" chapter that one is inclined to suspect the envenomed pen of a member of the Government, or a civil servant in high place. Who else would take up the cudgels so savagely in defence of the Barnacle clan? Who else, even though a Scotchman, could be so impervious to the Swiftian humour that qualifies the Swistian [*sic*] satire, the frank *broad* caricature that modifies the lines of the picture.

A flagrant instance of perfunctory criticism seems *appears* in this "Edinburgh" article, where the reviewer asserts that "the catastrophe in 'Little Dorrit' is evidently borrowed from the recent fall of Houses in Tottenham Court Road, which happens to have appeared in the newspapers at a convenient moment." This, when the most casual reader must remember the detailed description of the old house, leaning sideways, and propped up

(13)

by some "half dozen gigantic crutches," the doors that refused to shut or to open, the sloping floors, Mrs. Clennam's fireplace "in a dell," the light fall of crumbling mortar every now and then, the mysterious noises, and *the* trembling of the fabric that scared the half-witted Affery, all particularized *from the beginning of the story*, with strenuous insistence.

But it was a smart turn in malignant *adverse* criticism to suggest that the most imaginative writer of the age took his inspiration from the daily papers: and it was the kind of criticism to *critical perversity malignant fervour misrepresentation to* which Charles Dickens was subject in the zenith of his fame.

³ John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, (1st pub, 1874) London: Chapman and Hall & Frowde, 704.

Appendix 10

M.E.M Beginning of autobiography or an article of her youth

Introduction to the Text

These preliminary passages towards an autobiography are a record of Braddon's initial attempts to record her lifetime's reminiscences. These efforts culminated in the autobiographical memoir of her childhood *Before the Knowledge of Evil*, completed in 1914, a year before her death. This 'article of her youth' reminds us that she was contemplating such a work for some time. Braddon included her initials 'M.E.M.' to indicate her married status on these draft autobiographical notes: 'Mary Elizabeth Maxwell'. This manuscript dates to the period between her marriage in 1875 until approximately 1892-3, because it shares many similarities with an article published in *The Idler* in 1893: 'My First Novel' by Miss M.E. Braddon (the transcript of which is reproduced in this appendix below). 'M.E.M.' could, conceivably, be read as a first transcript of that published article, or at least 'My First Novel' was an adapted version of 'M.E.M.' with the emphasis placed on her first published novel, *The Trail of the Serpent*, also published as *Three Times Dead*. 'M.E.M' was contained amongst the Cobbett papers, with her play fragments and her introduction to *Little Dorrit*. The BFC copy of *Before the Knowledge of Evil* was contained in the Maxwell papers with the Braddon Notebooks, the short story fragments and draft openings for novels.

It is useful to consider *The Idler* article alongside this manuscript and bring into the equation of autobiographical writing the fuller memoir *Before the Knowledge of Evil*. This is in the BFC in typed manuscript form and is probably a carbon copy of the version known to Wolff and referred to in *Sensational Victorian*. The aspects of Braddon's life highlighted in these published and unpublished works are best summarised as: reading habits (the influence of the Gothic), marriage and domesticity, family and professional relationships. She introduced her short reminiscence 'M.E.M' with:

The history of my life is for the most part the history of the books I have written and the books I have read. I read my first three volume novel, *Marian*, by Mrs. S.C.Hall, when I was seven – at which age I remember acquiring the difficult art of reading without articulating every syllable in an audible whisper which made me a nuisance to any other occupant of the family sitting room. I remember feeling very triumphant when I achieved this art of silent absorption, & it was over the pages of *Marian* that I did it.

Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall's *Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes* (1840) is a highly moral tale, glorifying the purity of the heroine oppressed by moral villainy. Once Braddon had made Maxwell's acquaintance at the start of her writing career he organised some work for her on the *St. James's Magazine*, under the editorship of Mrs. Hall. Maxwell approached Hall and her husband on Braddon's behalf, in early 1861, and there appears to have been an idea on Hall's part to support and encourage Braddon as a young writer. Maxwell wrote to Braddon: 'She [Hall] is well inclined to act matronly towards you and I have encouraged the idea that you are most anxious to profit by her experience and counsel.'¹ Hall, an Irishwoman, had known Maxwell's wife, however, and from those who frequented the offices of the *St. James's Magazine* there exist reports that suggest her relationship with Braddon's patron, mentor and lover 'soon became strained'.² It was while working on Hall's magazine that Braddon began her serious relationship with Maxwell and became pregnant with their first child.

Aged seven, Braddon had read Hall's moral novel as part of her self-education in literature. As a young woman she became an unmarried mother by the husband of a woman known to Hall, whilst working for the admired author and editor. Braddon in her memoirs and notes so far uncovered does not refer to the situation surrounding her relationship with Maxwell, or her professional dealings with Mrs. Hall. She glossed over the moral context in her reminiscences when recollecting her own private behaviour and concentrated mainly on her childhood. It is possible that in the early months of her relationship with Maxwell she had not known about his wife but soon they were irrevocably linked by the fact of her pregnancy. They formed their own domestic and professional clique in July 1861 with Braddon's mother when

Maxwell founded *The Halfpenny Journal*, edited by Fanny Braddon, and *The Sixpenny Magazine* in which *Lady Audley's Secret* began its run.

The 'matronly' intent of Mrs. Hall in her working relationship with Braddon, as reported by Maxwell, did not have the effect that the respected novelist and editor had probably hoped for. Braddon's own mother had no inclination to dissuade her daughter from a relationship with a married man; she set up home with them and worked for Maxwell. Mrs. Hall's literature had an impact upon Braddon in her childhood but any typical, conventional, middle-class moral attitudes were not applied in her personal relationship with her lover when she reached adulthood. Braddon had not read, or at least not taken the lessons from, Hall's novels as moral tracts or warnings against impurity. Her choice to flout convention and follow her heart appears even more blatantly rebellious when understood in the context of her employment with Mrs. Hall. Her inclusion of Hall's *Marion* amongst the reading matter of her childhood was perhaps intended as a belated tribute in her autobiographical notes, reproduced here, to her former employer. These notes were not published, however. She did stay on at Hall's magazine as an assistant editor for some four years.³

Braddon's admission of her other reading matter in childhood offers a radical opposition to Hall's three-volume novels. She described herself as graduating from moral, social novels to books of a far more lurid variety by the age of nine: 'I don't think it could have been more than two years later that I gloated over G.W.M. Reynolds's story of 'Wagner the WehrWolf.' *Wagner the Wehr-Wolf* (1846-47) is a long, haunting and elaborate Gothic melodramatic tale in which female characters are portrayed as sensual, dangerous, murderous beings.⁴ Braddon claimed to have read, at nine years of age, this story that contains disturbing, violent and gory images with episodes depicting murder, supernatural transformation and the sadomasochistic punishment of imprisoned novice nuns. The original illustrations to *Wagner the Wehr-Wolf* include Wagner tearing at his victims, voluptuous heroines committing acts of murder or struggling with monstrous serpents and a tableau of

half-naked nuns flagellating themselves. Braddon's later position as a writer mediated between these two extremes of literature encountered in childhood. Her position between domesticity and horror could hardly be more dramatically shown.

Braddon wished to portray herself as a young reader able to cope with the difficulty of three-volume novels at age seven. She described herself as thoughtful about and dedicated to literature from an early age, engaged in the 'art of silent absorption' in the family sitting room, 'triumphant' in her achievement. That she also 'gloated' over Reynolds's lurid tale shows her delight in Gothic fiction of a particularly graphic nature. Her exposure to this form of reading matter at age nine is an experience that remained with her. Early twenty-first century cultural commentators and critics might find this reading experience of a child in the Victorian period somewhat disturbing. Contemporary nineteenth-century critics were condemnatory of the sensual content of serial Gothic novels. Braddon wanted others to discern the pleasure that she experienced from her reading habits throughout her life. However, she chose to omit these references to Hall and Reynolds in her final draft of the unpublished *Before the Knowledge of Evil*. She mentioned the 'plot-weaving' of Reynolds in her article for *The Idler* but concentrated instead upon the influence of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Dickens and Byron and the composition of her own juvenile story *The Old Arm Chair* and earliest novel *Three Times Dead*. Nowhere, in published form, is there the same admission of such delight, as she expressed in these unpublished autobiographical notes, of dangerous Gothic tales enjoyed in childhood.

In *Before the Knowledge of Evil* Braddon did admit to her fears inspired by the generic character of the wolf in fairy tales, haunting her childhood dreams: '... the wolf which walked out of the story book to haunt my dreams or keep me awake o'nights – the grim grey ghost of innumerable nurseries, whom the wiser weaver of children's books have laid by giving the story a happy ending'.⁵ She elaborated on these experiences in this lengthy manuscript, first introduced in 'M.E.M.' 'with the horror of a wolf in the shadowy corner between the wardrobe and the washstand'.

Her mother had to soothe her through these troubled nights and was the saviour of 'little Mary' when she suffered from fitful dreams and sleeplessness.

Braddon strove in *Before the Knowledge of Evil* to depict her childhood of 'vanished Victorian days' in a conservative fashion, partly idyllic and partly tinged with sadness and loneliness. She resorted to using Dickens's *David Copperfield* as her template for early experiences, domestic relationships and devotion to her mother. In many ways this autobiographical memoir is as much an invention and reinvention of facts as any of her fiction. She wanted to claim for herself the identity of an 'early Victorian' to such an extent that she changed the year of her birth from 1835 to 1837 to coincide with the year of Victoria's accession. As she looked back from old age over the past century she constructed a series of impressions of her childhood, populated by her family, their servants and reminiscences of 'shabby' and 'beguiling' London. In this she drew inspiration again from Dickens and referred to herself as the lonely 'cockney' child, an observer of life who frequented the capital's bustling streets, 'I think I must have loved that old London in those days of awakening intelligence, that poor old London that has vanished as completely as the London of the Plantagenets'.⁶

The preoccupation with nostalgic, innocent reminiscence shown in the title she chose for her autobiography can be seen in her story of 1907, *Dead Love Has Chains*. In this 'novelette' of the fallen woman, Irene, Braddon described her heroine's time of adolescent innocence as the period 'before the knowledge of evil'.⁷ She was, clearly, taken with the moral implications of this phrase and as it seemed to summarize the sensibilities she felt towards childhood nostalgia, changing times and choices that had faced her in her life she used it on more than one occasion. It contained her meditations on family life, female desire and the passage of time.

She remembered the 'sensations of those first years were so acute' to show how accurately she could conjure them up in her memory. Her mother, her nurse Mrs. Allen and the cook general Sarah Hobbs dominate her memoirs and form the

collective cast of characters that surrounded her in infancy. These female figures, in common with her role model David Copperfield, helped to formulate her interest in fiction. She recalled the time spent below stairs with Sarah Hobbs who introduced her to famous popular fiction from magazines. In this form she encountered Bulwer Lytton, later her mentor and friend, in 'condensed' form in her early days. She created the kind of portrait of the early years of her life that would explain the development of the novelist, carefully constructing the flavour of a literate and literary influenced childhood, reflecting her sensibilities and those of the people who raised her and her own precocious talent.

As an actress in the 1850s she effected a means of supporting herself and her mother but her memoirs describe her relationship with Fanny as mutually supportive from a very early age. She was her mother's friend and confidante from the early days of her parents' separation, which happened when she was just four years old. They moved several times in these early, troubled years and Braddon remembered her efforts at developing her bravery in conflicts with her brother Edward who once shut her in a cupboard: 'The closet was dark, but I was not afraid of darkness'. It is interesting to read her accounts in *Before the Knowledge of Evil* and 'M.E.M' of her conquests of 'juvenile terrors' and fear of dark rooms, of swallowing a live eel and of wolves in story books as though it were her duty to become old before her time, dispensing with innocence, in order to be more reliable and supportive to her mother.

She unreservedly praised her mother's strength and dedication in parenting amidst the most difficult circumstances. Fanny Braddon is the figure of an ideal mother, well bred and tolerant, creative and talented. She was always happy in the company of her mother and resolved to prove in her Victorian childhood memoirs that she was like the faithful young David Copperfield, worshipper of her mother, a 'little' adult upon whom her lone parent could count. Braddon's son, the writer W.B. Maxwell, remembered his mother's response to the death of Fanny: 'She told me once that in her overwhelming grief on the death of her mother she turned to me – not for

consolation, because nothing could console her – but for some slight solace – a respite from sad thought.’⁸

Braddon was determined that with her own children she would reinforce the lessons learnt from the indomitable Fanny. W.B. Maxwell remembered his response to his mother’s love; reciprocating the passionate and loyal devotion that Braddon had for her children and had felt for her mother. This intensity resulted in a disturbing resolve that he recollected in his autobiography: ‘. . . my love of my mother was the whole world. I not only worshipped her, she was a necessity to me. I could not have lived then without her, and I had firmly determined to commit suicide when she died.’⁹ Perhaps the difficulties experienced by Braddon and her mother and later by Braddon and Maxwell had its expression in this level of intense mutual devotion. Having known the pain of separation, social disapprobation and insecurity the domestic situation was the arena for exercising control over fears and anxieties and creating inseparable bonds of devotion.

Braddon entered into reminiscences of her parents’ troubled marriage in *Before the Knowledge of Evil*. She had endeavoured to deal with such marital discord throughout her fiction but for the first time she recounted her own family’s experience of such a breakdown in this late autobiographical work. Her father, Henry Braddon, was a failed solicitor and sometime writer. His departure, before her recollections of him in infancy, meant that meetings with him in childhood were landmark events in her memoirs. ‘Papa’ was ‘his own enemy’. This was the consensus of those who knew him, including Fanny Braddon. He was handsome and well groomed and Braddon and her older sister, Maggie, used to vie for his attention. Fanny said his ‘brown eyes were like the eyes of oxen’. He was both a reviled and fascinating figure in Braddon’s childhood.

She learnt later of the pain that her mother was forced to undergo during the marriage. Braddon’s parents collaborated on pieces written for a ‘sporting magazine’ but her father alone received credit for them, ‘Mama remained unhonoured and

unknown, the ghost who supplied the flowing paragraphs and lavish quotations from Byron and Moore.’¹⁰ Braddon, as her mother’s ‘constant companion and confidant’ in childhood, heard stories of her father’s wayward nature, but it was not until she was older that she understood the ‘sordid . . . and humiliating’ side of her parents’ relationship. After her mother’s death in 1868 she discovered in the letters Fanny had never burnt the full extent of the ‘humiliating story of a husband’s infidelity’.

Because ‘there was no divorce court open to people of small means in those days; and the best thing man and wife could do when the marriage vow had been broken, and circumstances financial and otherwise had made home life impossible, was to part company without fuss or unkindness.’¹¹ Fanny had to endure the disapprobation of society and the unsolicited advice of well-meaning but moralizing friends.

Braddon’s tone in her descriptions of her parents’ mutually beneficial split showed sympathy for her mother and an understanding towards her father, perhaps borne out of her long years of trial and difficulty endured during her relationship with Maxwell. She could hardly do other than express, in later years, a forgiving attitude towards her father’s infidelity. He was the ‘poor prodigal’ who had left the family home in Cornwall and failed as a professional solicitor and a father and husband. ‘People said he was clever – and if he had not been his own enemy he might have done well for himself, his wife and children.’¹² Ever the faithful daughter, Braddon emphasized her mother’s bravery and graciousness in the face of such odds, ‘I know Mamma went through the rest of her years without an evil feeling about the husband she had never loved – and that in their occasional meetings they met without any spurt of anger – met one might say as friends.’¹³

Despite Braddon’s lack of anger or resentment portrayed in her late memoirs towards her father, there is embedded in her descriptions of her parents’ relationship a sense of the pain and isolation that he caused in her life. It was a legacy not of her making but one she had to combat and perhaps caused her to adopt the resilient and determined attitude that comes out of these intimate reminiscences. She resorted to the depiction of ‘ideal’ portraits of Victorian marriage in her novels, with love

conquering barriers and discrimination, contrasted with the loveless variety of incompatible partnerships entered into for the sake of bourgeois conventions or mercenary reasons. Braddon's brother, Edward, was a figure in her life that represented bourgeois conventions and disapprobation towards her for her chosen lifestyle. A 'rift of many years standing took place' which caused pain and distress to Fanny shortly before her death.¹⁴ Edward was knighted as the first prime minister of Tasmania.

Braddon existed within her domestic circle and outside that designated by bourgeois convention. The artefacts and manuscripts in the BFC show her striving and succeeding in the creation of her professional and domestic circle, an endeavour fraught with difficulties and anxieties that she expressed throughout her writing. Her later manuscripts, autobiographical and critical, represented a conciliatory and nostalgic frame of mind towards the end of her life. Her father and brother had inflicted a mood of isolation and pain upon the domestic circle at various times in her life, but she wrote of them with kindness and affection in her autobiography, restoring what she could of domestic affection before she died. The ambiguity and difficulties of the relationships imposed by the Braddon men upon her and Fanny might have inclined her towards bitterness and retribution in her private autobiographical writing.

Before the Knowledge of Evil is written in a format for publication and shows Braddon concentrating upon the time of innocence before the 'fall'. She diffused the troubles of childhood, and toned down the isolating Gothic images from her dreams. She could not altogether dissipate the pain and loneliness and instead used that, through the template of David Copperfield's childhood, to depict how the spirited child had been formed into the Victorian novelist.

¹ John Maxwell to Braddon, 21 February 1861, Wolff Collection, in Carnell, *Literary Lives* n. 149, 130.

² Carnell, 131.

³ Solveig C. Robinson, 'Editing *Belgravia*: M. E. Braddon's defense of "Light literature"', *Victorian Periodicals Review*, 1995, 28 (2): 110.

⁴ G.W.M. Reynolds, *Wagner the Wehr-wolf*, (1st pub. *Reynolds Miscellany*, London: Reynolds & Dicks, 1846-7); E.F. Bleiler (ed.), New York: Dover, 1975.

⁵ Braddon, *Before the Knowledge of Evil* BFC (MS), 3.

⁶ Ibid 12.

⁷ Braddon, *Dead Love Has Chains* (1st pub. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1907) Jennifer Carnell (ed.) Hastings: Sensation Press, 2001, 76.

⁸ W.B. Maxwell, *Time Gathered*, London: Hutchinson & Co., 1937, 22.

⁹ Ibid 38.

¹⁰ Ibid 29.

¹¹ Ibid 33.

¹² Ibid 26.

¹³ Ibid 33.

¹⁴ Carnell 172.

M.E.M *Beginning of autobiography or an article of her youth*

The history of my life is for the most part the history of the books I have written and the books I have read. I read my first three volume novel, *Marian*, by Mrs. S.C. Hall, when I was seven – at which age I remember acquiring the difficult art of reading without articulating every syllable in an audible whisper which made me a nuisance to any other occupant of the family sitting room. I remember feeling very triumphant when I achieved this art of silent absorption, & it was over the pages of *Marian* that I did it. It was at the same period that I suffered much mental torment from the perusal of certain odd numbers of *Ainsworth Magazine*, in one of which my mother had written a sprightly descriptive paper, and in which I followed the disguised adventures of Mr. Ainsworth's Harry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn – with one Surrey, and another Wyatt, who were continually disappearing in dark corridors and as it were slamming postern doors in my face. I knew what a door was, but the adjective postern was full of picturesque obscurity, and I am not sure that I know what it means now.

I wrote my first story before I was eight, story of a wicked dark sister and a virtuous fair sister suggested I have no doubt by the bad and good sisters of fairylore, with which I was familiar from my infancy; and I would here solemnly entreat all young mothers to refrain from telling the story of Red Riding Hood to their young children, or in any way developing the morbid strain latent in all childish minds by the relation of ghastly stories of any kind. Children love such stories, hang enraptured upon the details of the wolf's supper and of Fatima's blood stained key – ask perhaps again and again for the same murderous recital; and wake in a cold perspiration a few hours later with the horror of a wolf in the shadowy corner between the wardrobe and the washstand, and of Bluebeard's headless wives in the nursery cupboard. When I recall my nightmare terrors of the midnight wolves of Great Russell Street, I am ashamed of my own irony in having told the same deadly legend to my own children and peopled the staircase and landings of Lichfield House, Richmond, with the same prowling phantoms. Only the cheerfullest [*sic*] stories should ever [be] told in the nursery. Cinderella, Rumpelstiltskin, and those delicious nonsense stories of the Brothers Grimm, such as the [Proud] Darning Needle, Clever Elsie, Hans in Luck, and the like, and the [smiling] element should be developed and encouraged on every occasion. The child who has a keen eye on the humorous aspect of all things has a sixth sense.

Not long did these night terrors assail me. I parted company with the wolf as a shadowy horror when I left certain furnished lodgings in Great Russell Street. I remember enjoying the privilege of a dear little girl visitor whom I secretly hated, I

imagine because she was more advanced in learning, and better mannered than myself. She had a little tortoise shell box, value under half a crown, which I beheld with the eyes of envy, and she had a prim little way of folding up her morsel of needlework – a doll's stocking – and putting it away in this box which was especially aggravating to me, on account of the superior and grown-up air which went with it. On one occasion of my being discovered in the night in floods of tears – [scared] by a particularly appalling wolf dream my mother jumped at the conclusion that this blameless little girl who shared my bed had been unkind to me, and I had quite a difficulty in dispossessing her of that idea in after years. I have still the zoological book I used to pore over at this period, long before I could read, and in which the portrait of my enemy is so insignificant and characterless that I used to experience some difficulty in distinguishing him from the weasel; but the mere knowledge that he was lurking somewhere between the covers of that fat little square volume thrilled me with the thrill of fear.

I don't think it could have been more than two years later that I gloated over G.W.M. Reynolds's story of *Wagner the WehrWolf*; and I bade adieu to all juvenile terrors after my fifth year and I remember winning the guerdon of sixpence by going into every upstairs room in the late summer darkness, after an elder member of the family had declined that ordeal. That sixpence I got, *argent comptant*, but the same elder member who refused the ordeal by darkness once offered me sixpence if I would swallow a live eel – a very small one – which I did, *instanta*, I did not get the sixpence. I suffered no inconvenience from the feast, and all I can say is I hope the eel is dead now: and that I shall not suffer anything like the awful fate of the [woman who had] a vicious habit of biting off & swallowing the ends of her sewing cotton, and who dying in mysterious agonies was found on post mortem examination to have a heart choked and encased in cotton, like a cocoa nut, as recorded by my nurse.

My mother had a passion for house hunting, and I think there was no period of her life or of mine which was happier than the interregnum in lodgings which preceded the joyous and hopeful entry upon a new habitation, whose faults were only discovered long after experience. She had also a passion for Chippendale furniture, old china, and all manner of pretty picturesque things of the past, at a period when very few people cared about them or knew anything about them, as witness a little old Dresden jug on my mantelpiece which she bought for eighteenpence at a favourite broker's near Soho Square.

Whether the work I have done in literature is worth anything or nothing to the world at large it has been certainly worth a great deal to me for it has made at once the happiness and prosperity of my life, and it is to my mother's teaching and my mother's influence, my mother's faith in me when no one else believed, my mother's admiration for stories, which editors rejected and plays which managers declined, that I owe all I have ever done and almost all that I ever thought. My only education was that which she gave me – with indefatigable patience, tenderness, and warm interest in my progress, varied with an occasional box on the ear, which never

did me any harm, and which I have no doubt did me good. I think it was only at the piano that my mother's patience ever failed – but there is a dotted bar in *Non Piu Mesta*, which my eight year old fingers persistently stumbled at, and which was so irritating to her quick ear, that she sometimes retaliated upon mine; and the little arrangement was finally achieved. Her own love of music made her somewhat exacting in this branch of study. I was made to practice two hours and a half a day, which seemed to me a kind of bondage, as of galley slave at the oar or prisoner at the crank; so much so that I remember being guilty of pushing on the hands of a watch which was lent me to practice by, and urging that time-keeper, oblivious of the fact that there were other clocks in the house.

My mother was born in London of Irish parents, hailing from the city of Limerick, and it seems rather an odd thing that I should have married a man who was also born in London of Limerick parents. (My maternal grandmother's maiden name was Babington). She married young, and left Limerick for ever, with her husband, Patrick White, who died before I was born and of whose profession and personal characteristics I have no distinct idea. My great-uncle Colonel Babington, of the 14th Light Dragoons, was a Peninsular Veteran, and according to family tradition a remarkably handsome man, but he died of age and gray hairs. Nor can I recall the face of my maternal grandmother, tho' I perfectly remember being taken to [visit]; and also the smell of a mourning pelisse with a shiny glazed gray lining, which I wore in her honour, at a time when I had to stand upon a chair to be dressed.

My maternal grandmother impressed upon her children that her grandmother was a Macauley, and this conjunction of the two names Babington and Macauley filled my mother with the idea that there was some link between her lineage and that of the famous historian. It was a disappointment to me long after my dear mother's death to discover from Sir George [Trevillian's] biography of his uncle that the union of the names of Babington and Macauley occurred at a much later period than the conjunction of the same two names in the case of my ancestors, and this conjunction may be but a simple coincidence. In any case it was the delight of my brother and sister and myself to believe ourselves descended from Anthony Babington – if he did not expire childless – or if he did from some lateral branch of the same [inspiring] house.

It was also a source of pride to us that one Laurence Braddon was tried by Jeffreys, and fined two thousand pounds – escaping the block by the skin of his teeth – for having basely insinuated that Lord Essex had had his throat cut for him, instead of cutting it himself. He was a younger son, and I have heard my father [inveigh] against the injustice which confiscated land near Camelford belonging to his elder brother, in payment of this fine: but in the days of my...

My First Novel: 'The Trail of the Serpent'

By Miss M. E. Braddon

(The Idler Magazine, Chatto & Windus, Feb. – June 1893) pp. 19-30

My first novel! Far back in the distinctness of childish memories I see a little girl who has lately been given a beautiful brand new mahogany desk, with a red velvet slope, and a glass ink bottle, such a desk as might now be bought for three and sixpence, but which in the forties cost at least half a guinea. Very proud is the little girl, with the Kenwigs frills, of that mahogany desk, and its infinite capacities for literary labour, above all, gem of gems, its stick of variegated sealing-wax, brown, speckled with gold, and its little glass seal with an intaglio representing two doves – Pliny's doves perhaps, or his Laurentine villa.

Armed with that desk and its supply of stationery, Mary Elizabeth Braddon – very fond of writing her name at full-length, and her address also at full-length, though the word “Middlesex” offered difficulties – began a pilgrimage on the broad high road of fiction, which was destined to be a longish one. So much for the little girl of eight years old, in the third person, and now to become strictly autobiographical.

My first story was based on those fairy tales which first opened to me the world of imaginative literature. My first attempt in fiction, and in round-hand, on carefully pencilled double lines, was a story of two sisters, a good sister and a wicked, and I fear adhered more faithfully to the lines of the archetypal story than the writer's pen kept to the double fence which should have ensured neatness.

The interval between the ages of eight and twelve was a prolific period, fertile in unfinished MSS., among which I can now trace a historical novel on the Siege of Calais – an Eastern story, suggested by a passionate love of Miss Pardoe's Turkish tales, and Byron's “Bride of Abydos,” which my mother, a devoted Byron worshipper, allowed me to read aloud to her – and doubtless murder in the reading – a story of the Hartz Mountains, with audacious flights in German diablerie; and lastly, very seriously undertaken, and very perseveringly worked upon, a domestic story, the outline of which was suggested by the same dear and sympathetic mother.

Now, it is a curious fact, which may or may not be common to other story-spinners, that I have never been able to take kindly to a plot – or the suggestion of a plot – offered me by anybody else. The moment a friend tells me that he or she is desirous of imparting a series of facts – strictly true – as if truth in fiction mattered one jot! –

which in his or her opinion would make the ground plan of an admirable, startling, and altogether original three-volume novel, I know in advance that my imagination will never grapple with those startling circumstances – that my thoughts will begin to wander before my friend has got half through the remarkable chain of events, and that if the obliging purveyor of romantic incidents were to examine me at the end of the story, I should be spun ignominiously. For the most part, such subjects as have been proposed to me by friends have been hopelessly unfit for the circulating library; or, where not immoral, have been utterly dull; but it is, I believe, a fixed idea in the novel-reader's mind that any combination of events out of the beaten way of life will make an admirable subject for the novelist's art.

My dear mother, taking into consideration my tender years, and perhaps influenced in some wise by her own love of picking up odd bits of Sheraton or Chippendale furniture in the storehouses of the less ambitious second-hand dealers of those simpler days, offered me the following *scenario* for a domestic story. It was an incident which, I doubt not, she had often read at the tail of a newspaper column, and which certainly savours of gigantic gooseberry, the sea-serpent, and the agricultural labourer who unexpectedly inherits half-a-million. It was eminently a Simple Story, and far more worthy of that title than Mrs. Inchbald's long and involved romance.

An honest couple, in humble circumstances, possess among their small household gear a good easy chair, which has been the pride of a former generation, and is the choicest of their household gods. A comfortable cushioned chair, snug and restful, albeit the chintz covering, though clean and tidy, as virtuous people's furniture always is in fiction, is worn thin by long service, while the dear chair itself is no longer the chair it once was as to legs and framework.

Evil days come upon the praiseworthy couple and their dependent brood, among whom I faintly remember the love interest of the story to have lain; and that direful day arrives when the average landlord of juvenile fiction, whose heart is of adamant and brain of brass, distrains [*sic*] for the rent. The rude broker swoops upon the humble dovecot; a cart or hand-barrow waits on the carefully hearth-stoned doorstep for the household gods; the family gather round the cherished chair, on which the rude broker has already laid his grimy fingers; they hang over the back and fondle the padded arms; and the old grandmother, with clasped hands, entreats that, if able to raise the money in a few days, they may be allowed to buy back that loved heirloom.

The broker laughs the plea to scorn; they might have their chair, and cheap enough, he had no doubt. The cover was darned and patched – as only the virtuous poor of fiction do darn and do patch – and he made no doubt the stuffing was nothing better than brown wool; and with that coarse taunt the coarser broker dug his clasp-knife into the cushion against which grandfatherly backs had leaned in happier days, and lo! an avalanche of banknotes fell out of the much-maligned horse-hair, and the family was lifted from penury to wealth. Nothing more simple – or more natural. A

prudent but eccentric ancestor had chosen this mode of putting by his savings, assured that, whenever discovered, the money would be useful – to somebody.

So ran the *scenario*: but I fancy my juvenile pen hardly held on to the climax. My brief experience of boarding school occurred at this time, and I well remember writing “The Old Arm Chair” in a penny account book, in the schoolroom of Cresswell Lodge, and that I was both surprised and offended at the laughter of the kindly music-teacher who, coming into the room to summon a pupil, and seeing me gravely occupied, enquired what I was doing, and was intensely amused at my stolid method of composition, plodding on undisturbed by the voices and occupations of the older girls around me. “The Old Arm Chair” was certainly my first serious, painstaking effort in fiction; but as it was abandoned unfinished before my eleventh birthday, and as no line thereof achieved the distinction of type, it can hardly rank as my first novel.

There came a very few years later the sentimental period, in which my unfinished novels assumed a more ambitious form, and were modelled chiefly upon Jane Eyre, with occasional tentative imitations of Thackeray. Stories of gentle hearts that loved in vain, always ending in renunciation. One romance there was, I well remember, begun with resolute purpose, after the first reading of Esmond, and in the endeavour to give life and local colour to a story of the Restoration period, a brilliantly wicked interval in the social history of England, which, after the lapse of thirty years I am still as bent upon taking for the background of a love story as I was when I began “Master Anthony’s Record” in Esmondese, and made my girlish acquaintance with the Reading-room of the British Museum, where I went in quest of local colour, and where much kindness was shown to my youth and inexperience of the book world. Poring over a folio edition of the State Trials at my uncle’s quiet rectory in sleepy Sandwich, I had discovered the passionate romantic story of Lord Grey’s elopement with his sister-in-law, next in sequence to the trial of Lawrence Braddon and Hugh Speke for conspiracy. At the risk of seeming disloyal to my own race, I must add that it seemed to me a very tinpot order of plot to which these two learned gentlemen bent their legal minds, and which cost the Braddon family a heavy fine in land near Camelford – confiscation which I have heard my father complain of as especially unfair – Lawrence being a younger son. The romantic story of Lord Grey was to be the subject of “Master Anthony’s Record,” but Master Anthony’s sentimental autobiography went the way of all my earlier efforts. It was but a year or so after the collapse of Master Anthony, that a blindly-enterprising printer of Beverley, who had seen my poor little verses in the *Beverley Recorder*, made me the spirited offer of ten pounds for a serial story, to be set up and printed at Beverley, and published on commission by a London firm in Warwick Lane. I cannot picture to myself, in my after-knowledge of the bookselling trade, any enterprise more futile in its inception or more feeble in its execution; but to my youthful ambition the actual commission to write a novel, with an advance payment of fifty shillings to show good faith on the part of my Yorkshire speculator, seemed like the opening of that pen-and-ink paradise which I had sighed for ever since I could hold a pen. I had, previously to this date, found a Maecenas in Beverley, in the person of a learned gentleman who

volunteered to foster my love of the Muses by buying the copyright of a volume of poems and publishing the same at his own expense – which he did, poor man, without stint, and by which noble patronage of Poet's Corner verse, he must have lost money. He had, however, the privilege of dictating the subject of the principal poem, which was to sing – however feebly – Garibaldi's Sicilian campaign.

The Beverley printer suggested that my Warwick Lane serial should combine, as far as my powers allowed, the human interest and genial humour of Dickens with the plot-weaving of G.W.R [*sic*] Reynolds; and, furnished with these broad instructions, I filled my ink bottle, spread out my foolscap, and, on a hopelessly wet afternoon, began my first novel – now known as “The Trail of the Serpent” – but published in Warwick Lane, and later in the stirring High Street of Beverley as “Three Times Dead.” In “Three Times Dead” I gave loose to all my leanings to the violent in melodrama. Death stalked in ghastliest form across my pages; and villainy reigned triumphant till the Nemesis of the last chapter. I wrote with all the freedom of one who feared not the face of a critic; and, indeed, thanks to the obscurity of its original production, and its re-issue as the ordinary two-shilling railway novel, this first novel of mine has almost entirely escaped the critical lash, and has pursued its way as a chartered libertine. People buy it and read it, and its faults and follies are forgiven as the exuberances of a pen unchastened by experience; but faster and more facile at that initial stage than it ever became after long practice.

I dashed headlong at my work, conjured up my images of horror or of mirth, and boldly built the framework of my story, and set my puppets moving. To me, at least, they were living creatures, who seemed to follow impulses of their own, to be impelled by their own passions, to love and hate, and plot and scheme of their own accord. There was unalloyed pleasure in the composition of that first story, and the knowledge that it was to be actually printed and published, and not to be declined with thanks by adamant magazine editors, like a certain short story which I had lately written, and which contained the germ of “Lady Audley's Secret.” Indeed, at this period of my life, the postman's knock had become associated in my mind with the sharp sound of a rejected MS, dropping though the open letter-box on to the floor of the hall, while my heart seemed to drop in sympathy with that book-post packet.

Short of never being printed at all, my Beverley-born novel could have hardly entered upon the world of books in a more profound obscurity. That one living creature ever bought a number of “Three Times Dead” I greatly doubt. I can recall the thrill of emotion with which I tore open the envelope that contained my complimentary copy of the first number, folded across, and in aspect inferior to a gratis pamphlet about a patent medicine. The miserable little wood block which illustrated that first number would have been unworthy to illustrate a penny bun. My spirits were certainly dashed at the technical shortcomings of that first serial, and I was hardly surprised when I was informed a few weeks later, that although my admirers at Beverley were deeply interested in the story, it was not a financial success, and that it would be only obliging on my part, and in accordance with my known kindness of heart, if I were to restrict the development of the romance to half

its intended length, and to accept five pounds in lieu of ten as my reward. Having no desire that the rash Beverley printer should squander his own or his children's fortune in the obscurity of Warwick Lane, I immediately acceded to his request, shortened my sail, and went on with my story, perhaps with a shade less enthusiasm, having seen the shabby figure it was to make in the book world. I may add that the Beverley publisher's payments began and ended with his noble advance of fifty shillings. The balance was never paid; and it was rather hard lines that, on his becoming bankrupt in his poor little way a few years later, a judge in the Bankruptcy Court remarked that, as Miss Braddon was now making a good deal of money by her pen, she ought to "come to the relief" of her first publisher.

And now my volume of verses being well under weigh, I went with my mother to the farm-house lodgings in the neighbourhood of that very Beverley, where I spent, perhaps, the happiest half-year of my life – half a year of tranquil, studious days, far from the madding crowd, with the mother whose society was always all sufficient for me – half a year among level pastures, with unlimited books from the library in Hull, an old farm-house to ride about the green lanes, the breath of summer, with all its sweet odours of flower and herb, around and about us: half a year of unalloyed bliss, had it not been for one dark shadow, the heroic figure of Garibaldi, the sailor-soldier, looming large upon the foreground of my literary labours, as the hero of a lengthy narrative poem in the Spenserian metre.

My chief business at Beverley was to complete the volume of verse commissioned by my Yorkshire Maecenas, at that time a very rich man, who paid me a much better price for my literary work than his townsman, the enterprising printer, and who had the first claim on my thought and time.

With the business-like punctuality of a salaried clerk, I went every morning to my file of the *Times*, and pored and puzzled over Neapolitan revolution and Sicilian campaign, and I can only say that if Emile Zola has suffered as much over Sedan as I suffered in the freshness of my youth, when flowery meadows and the old chestnut mare invited to summer idlesse, over the fighting in Sicily, his dogged perseverance in uncongenial labour should place him among the Immortal Forty. How I hated the great Joseph G. and the Spenserian metre, with its exacting demands upon the rhyming faculty. How I hated my own ignorance of modern Italian history, and my own eyes for never having looked upon Italian landscape, where-by historical allusion and local colour were both wanting to that dry-as-dust record of heroic endeavour. I had only the *Times* correspondent; where he was picturesque – allowing always for the Spenserian straining – where he was rich in local colour I did my utmost to reproduce his colouring, stretched always on the Spenserian rack, and lengthened out by the bitter necessity of finding triple rhymes. Next to Guiseppe Garibaldi I hated Edmund Spenser, and it may be from a vengeful remembrance of those early struggles with a difficult form of versification, that, although throughout my literary life I have been a lover of England's earlier poet, and have delighted in the quaintness and *naivete* of Chaucer, I have refrained from reading more than a casual stanza or two of the "Faery Queen." When I lived at Beverley, Spenser was to

me but a name, and Byron's "Childe Harold" was my only model for that exacting verse. I should add that the Beverley Maecenas, when commissioning this volume of verse, was less superb in his ideas than the literary patron of the past. He looked at the matter from a purely commercial standpoint, and believed that a volume of verse, such as I could produce, would pay – a delusion on his part which I honestly strove to combat before accepting his handsome offer of remuneration for my time and labour. It was with this idea in his mind that he chose and insisted upon the Sicilian Campaign as a subject for my muse, and thus started me heavily handicapped on the racecourse of Parnassus.

The weekly number of "Three Times Dead" was "thrown off" in brief intervals of the rest from my *magnum opus*, and it was an infinite relief to turn from Garibaldi and his brothers in arms to the angels and the monsters which my own brain had engendered, and which to me seemed more alive than the good great man whose arms I so laboriously sang. My rustic pipe far better loved to sing of melodramatic poisoners and ubiquitous detectives; of fine houses in the West of London, and dark dens in the East. So the weekly chapter of my first novel ran merrily off my pen while the printer's boy waited in the farm-house kitchen.

Happy, happy days, so near to memory, and yet so far. In that peaceful summer I finished my first novel, knocked Garibaldi on the head with a closing rhapsody, saw the York spring and summer races in hopelessly wet weather, learnt to love the Yorkshire people, and left Yorkshire almost broken-heartedly on a dull, gray October morning, to travel Londonwards through a landscape that was mostly under water.

And, behold, since that October morning I have written fifty-three novels; I have lost dear old friends and found new friends, who are also dear, but I have never looked on Yorkshire landscape since I turned my reluctant eyes from those level meadows and green lanes where the old chestnut mare used to carry me ploddingly to and fro between tall, tangled hedges of eglantine and honeysuckle.

Appendix 11

The Braddon Family Collection Notebooks

Notebook A ‘The Black Book’ (circa. 1890-1900) is a small hardback copy book with black covers, contained in the BFC amongst the material preserved by Henry Maxwell’s family after Braddon’s death, the ‘Maxwell Collection’ referred to by Wolff and Carnell. Wolff mentions one of the surviving Notebooks from this collection¹ but does not specify which one. He mentions his work on Braddon’s notebooks, contained in the Wolff Collection, and estimates the total surviving number, including these two in the BFC, as seventeen.

This transcript offers as complete an example of the material in the Notebooks A and B as could be deciphered during the period I spent transcribing the entire collection. Where I have had to offer a suggested transcription the material is contained within square brackets: []. Where Braddon’s text is indecipherable I have left round brackets: (...). Where she has used brackets I have contained the text within { }. Where Braddon has crossed out material in the original it is underlined here; and where she emphasizes with underlining I have *italicized*.

Apart from these editorial considerations for clarity I have attempted to preserve the layout of the material, all handwritten, to demonstrate how she effected her ideas on the page during the planning stage of her stories, plays and novels. I have also kept the pagination structure, which Braddon used, as she had painstakingly numbered each of the pages in the Notebooks by hand. The method I have used to indicate her pagination is to show the page number in brackets, in bold **(1)** followed by the transcript for that page. This pagination is consistently used whenever the notebook material is referred to. Sometimes Braddon labelled a page with a numbered reference, but left it blank.

Notebooks A and B represent Braddon's working methods towards the end of her life at yet another transitional phase, the final decade of the nineteenth century and the start of the new, with the death of the old queen. She had become nostalgic in her writing, as seen in her autobiographically inspired compositions at this time. She was still as energetic, however, in her composition. The Notebooks show that she sustained two or three narrative strands at once as she worked and introduced other ideas as she progressed, which themselves took on the embryonic form of plots, some of them sustained for a few pages, or left off for future development. She kept these two Notebooks together in her personal archive, because one continues from the other and she wanted to sustain continuity of plot for *The Suburbans*. This was eventually published in 1904 under the title *A Lost Eden*, a novel full of autobiographical reference.

The first of the two Notebooks I deciphered from the BFC was Notebook B, which is a hardback book with marbled decoration on the cover. On the first page is the tantalizing note: '*The Suburbans* – continued from black book'. On closer investigation of the items in Braddon's trunk I uncovered a small pocket book with black covers. This Notebook, A, was the 'black book' referred to. It contained the start of the plan for *The Suburbans*, and taking both Notebooks together they offer a display of Braddon's working methods, from initial ideas and planning, through experimentation, until she was ready to commence publication. Notebook A is interesting in that it is a pocket book, portable, and indicates that Braddon recorded ideas and plans whilst on the move, and transposed these ideas 'from life' to her fiction. I have examined the characteristic features of her working plans, together with the subject matter of the plots, and finally the plans for specific works that appear in the Notebooks especially those that resulted in published works.

Although not all of these plans can be examined it is useful to consider those that resulted in identifiable published and unpublished works. A date is offered in brackets after the published title of the work. Those that can be identified from the

current Braddon bibliography but remained unpublished also have tentative dates gathered from Carnell and Wolff. Titles are given with alternatives.

Plans, chronologically ordered in Notebook A are:

The World The Flesh & The Devil

Doubles or Sons of Fire (1895)

All in Honour/This Wicked World or The Venetians (1892)

Commercial Honour – a play

Two Girls/Suburbans/In Those Days published as *A Lost Eden* (1904)

The Day of Doom

The Doll's Tragedy – a 'novelette'

The Little Auntie

The Christmas Hirelings (1894)

The Club/The Compact/One & All or The Garreteers – a play (1894), which remained unpublished, its location is unknown²

Pomps & Vanities/ The Awakened Conscience

Only Half Alive

No Cards – a 'novelette in 3 Nos'

Herman

The Cynic/Worldlings/Free Lances – a play (1893)³

The Island of Old Faces – 'short story' (1892)⁴

Chronologically, plans, in Notebook B are:

Suburbans – 'continued from Black book', published as *A Lost Eden* (1904)

Dead Leaves/Middle Class

Sigismund – a play (1904) 'location unknown'⁵

Dead Love Has Chains (1907)

Her Convict (1907)

A Hard Woman

The Honeymoon Wife/Miss Raynor's Millions/God or Mammon

The Babes in the Wood/Old Iniquity or Our Adversary (1909)

Eugene Swann

Us

La Vie Mystique

The Lifting of the Veil

The Bearleader

These plans showed Braddon working on short stories, novels, novelettes, and plays. Throughout the period that these two Notebooks cover, almost two decades, she worked on plans that resulted in publications, besides abortive projects. In this section there are short examinations of her style of working in the plans and her methods of scripting and dialogue with details that assist in establishing dates for the composition and revision of works. The page numbers given in bold at the head of each extract follow Braddon's handwritten pagination of the notebooks.

The plans

Braddon often began composition with possible titles, written at the head of the pages, sometimes multiple titles, in Notebook A we find:

(33)

The Venitians [sic] – All in Honour – This Wicked World

And:

(48)

Two girls Suburbans - In Those Days

She added suggestions for composition, such as:

(41)

Commercial Honour

Sc. Liverpool

John Falconer, ship owner, reputed rich – is really on the brink of failure – his wife adores him, believes herself equally beloved by him. She is ardently pursued by Sylvester Courthope, a rich man, a retired banker, who has withdrawn himself from commerce in order that he may enjoy life. He sees the state of things, offers to give Falconer 50,000 – enough to save the situation – half his own fortune – if she will go away with him.

They had been lovers before
her marriage – but Falconer's superior character has won her love.

This plan for the play, *Commercial Honour*, in Notebook A, offered a 'scene' for 'Liverpool' to set the location of Falconer's life as the 'ship owner'. Braddon went so far as to include the characters' professions and lifestyle in this way, but she did not enter into details of trades or professions, only described the means by which her characters accumulated, or lost, their wealth. Similarly Courthope, has been a 'banker' so that he has the means to offer Falconer '50,000' to release him from embarrassment and 'buy' his wife in a risqué plot. The details of characters' lives were a method of locating them in order to further the plot.

The Notebooks show a complex mapping of ideas in her working methods. Plans show a range of characteristics. Sometimes she experimented with the title, as with '*The Venitians* [sic], *All in Honour*, *This Wicked World*' which was published as *The Venetians* (1892). She also tested out '*Two Girls – Suburbans – In Those Days*' for what became *A Lost Eden* (1904). This way of creating a variety of 'working' titles represents the emergent ideas based on a formula or theme.

The Venetians considered 'honour' and worldly wickedness. *A Lost Eden* was concerned with the two leading female characters, the Sandford sisters, their 'suburban' background and a nostalgic touch 'in those days' because the setting for the novel is Braddon's own youth in the 1850s. This consideration of title themes and formulae contained a great deal in a few choice words. Victorian 'Suburbans' had their values and morality, for example, and they were located in a certain part of the urban landscape. As representatives of bourgeois respectability they could experience conflict with other ideals. This is eventually borne out in the published plot of *A Lost Eden*.

Another type of compositional method Braddon used was the location and situation of her characters - a 'scene' setting. *Commercial Honour*, for a play, is one such and begins with the 'scene' established, followed by the situation for the characters, the 'big idea' for the plot and the dilemma central to the action. The wife will emerge at the centre because it will be she who must choose between 'honour' or the 'commercial' route, to save her husband and turn herself into a commodity.

Braddon on one occasion, in Notebook A, wrote a '*Suggestion*' for another such composition fraught with difficulties for her characters, providing herself with an aide-memoir:

(59)

Suggestion

X. a rough ignorant man has been in prison –

T.of leave –

A girl is kind to him – he adores her.

She is murdered – he vows vengeance against her murderer – a gentleman.

Another man kills him.

X.is suspected.

Girl may survive a week – mind gone

This ‘suggestion’ is one of the examples of more tentative plots. She continued to insert ‘big ideas’ for stories, with tempting possibilities for moral dilemmas, murder, low life intrigue and social disgrace. This suggestion for a story appeared amidst the plans for *A Lost Eden*, *Commercial Honour*, *The Little Auntie*, and *The Doll’s Tragedy* (an idea for a ‘novelette’).

Braddon sustained at this time a series of parallel compositions, which deal with ideals of ‘honour’ and family ‘duty’, tested against such conflict as the ‘big ideas’ suggested. These ideals, characteristic of her plans, represented the domestic conflict inherent in bourgeois family society. *The Little Auntie*, for example, dealt with a young widow who must subdue her own feelings for the sake of her three nephews, whilst their ‘dashing’ mother neglects them. The boys consider the Auntie their servant and expect her to perform her duty as a surrogate parent and forego her own happiness for their sake, to the extent that they torment her suitor.

(65)

The Little Auntie

Auntie a young widow, very small, delicate, pretty. She tells them about her first husband – shows them his picture –

Three boys – with dashing rather neglectful mother adoring the L.A.

They go with the A. to the sea-side, sit on the beach with her, live with her, adore her. She is more like a mother to them than their own mother.

A lover – an old lover – appears on the scene.

He is very kind to the boys & they very fond of him till they find he wants to marry the L.A. & take her to India.

Then they hate him – attack him – thump him – set booby traps for him etc...

Are finally reconciled –

the story ends with her wedding & start for India.

She promises to come back in two or three years. She will have a nice house in the country, they shall stay with her.

Jackie – with dignity – We shall be grown up, & we shan't care for a woman then.

See Petit Bob, etc. for childish dialogue.

'The Little Auntie' finally managed to extricate herself from this domestic obligation. *The Doll's Tragedy* was not intended to end quite so satisfactorily for the title character. This tentative idea echoed the 'doll' wife ideal in *Lady Audley's Secret* and depicted the terrible consequences, explored in a few short lines, for the mismatched couple: the 'doll' wife and an aged professor.

(60)

The Doll's Tragedy

Novelette

Pretty fair-haired frivolous girl – married to old professor.

She flirts, breaks his heart – in an agony of jealousy he drowns himself –
his friends go to her, hem her round furiously, storm at her, tell her that her infamy has killed
a good man.

She hears them dignified – then her brain gives way – the doll was broken.

The characters' insecurity and instability lead to the friends' accusations of 'infamy' towards the childlike woman, so that 'her brain gives way – the doll was broken'. This poignant, brief plan appeared on the top half of the page, Braddon underlined it and on the other half of the page is a continuation of the plan for *The Suburbans*.

As well as the proposals for a 'big idea', that occasionally reflected plots from her earlier career, Braddon experimented with dialogue in her notebook plans. Her plan for *The Little Auntie* referred to 'Petit Bob etc. for childish dialogue'. She continued this plan with a framework of speech and conversation for the boys in the story, as the Aunt attempts to resolve the situation in order to marry. The boys use slang and come across, in this brief sketch, as miniature domestic tyrants, in particular Jack, who wants to order the life of the grown woman. Within a brief scripting of the exchanges that take place the main underpinning of the story unfolds.

(65)

One asks

Why are aunts fonder of boys than mothers?

But *you* are, ain't you.

(66)

J. Isn't it a good thing we're all boys. It wd. be such a pity if we were mixed.

J. Mother's very nice, you know, & very pretty only I don't think she cares.

T. Yes, she does, Jackie – Remember our measles.

When brought to consent – with dignity – to A's engagement the 3 take it under their protection – order the A. about, allow her so much time with her sweetheart – then J. marches into the drawing room.

I'm sorry to tell you young people, time's up - & A. has got to come to the nursery tea.

J. to Vivian, with yr. moustache – you can't be really fond of bread & jam – we know that's bosh! You like that horrid black stuff that goes round with the cheese - & olives - & all the nasty things.

J. when I'm grown up I mean to like all those

The precocious actions of the boys are emphasized, as well as their disillusionment with their mother, 'Why are aunts fonder of boys than mothers?' They have had to

grow up with the knowledge of parental rejection and Jackie wants to be like the Aunt's fiancé, Vivian, and eventually enjoy the caviar, 'that horrid black stuff'.

The searching, curious language of children seemed to interest Braddon at this time and she wanted to find references to recreate it in her fiction and find the right tone of speech for such characters. In *The Christmas Hirelings* plan, a story that was published in 1894, she repeated this exercise for what she called 'a story about children, which should be interesting to childish readers, and yet not without interest for grown-up people.'⁶

Dialogue

In *The Christmas Hirelings* Braddon's experiments with dialogue finally appeared as an actual scripted prologue to the published story. Her frequent use of dialogue in her plans showed her familiarity with scripting and the use to which she put this form in her prose publications. She was, without doubt, comfortable with this method, and still desired to produce scripts for the theatre. The plans for plays in the Notebooks show this consistency with scripting right to the end of her career.

Some sample scripts, such as for *The Christmas Hirelings*, produced what Katharine Mattacks terms her 'hybrid' style in final publications, blending prose and dramatic dialogue. Some of the examples of dialogue in the Notebooks resulted in theatre scripts, albeit unpublished and never performed. Some experiments emerged in straightforward published prose form. Braddon sought out forms of dialogue for the children in her plans, giving them a type of 'slang' in contrast to the polite, mannered speech of the adults and gentry in her stories. Her own autobiographical reminiscences at the end of her life reflected what might have been her use of slang as a child. She had been the 'cockney' child amongst the genteel Braddon relations at St. Kew in Cornwall.

The forms of dialogue Braddon used showed her familiarity with theatrical melodrama. The best examples of this in the Notebooks appeared in her planned scripts. There are numerous examples, some of which Carnell and Wolff have traced to references in Braddon's diaries, such as *Free Lances* and *The Garreteers*. The Notebooks in the BFC offer proof of their composition.

The most extensive, detailed example is for *Sigismund*, one of these 'lost' plays. A tentative date for completion is 1904, offered by Carnell, making it contemporary with *A Lost Eden*. Wolff also refers to it,⁷ only managing to place it in March 1904 from a diary reference found by W.B. Maxwell after Braddon's death. Its place in Notebook B, amongst the final stages of planning for *A Lost Eden*, confirms the period of composition and completion date. It was on her mind as she formulated the framework for the novel. The central character is Sigismund Fatillo, a Genoese banker living in London. He has a beautiful wife, Marina, who is pursued by the rake Harley Benedict. Amongst the character portraits Braddon created, she included:

(20)

Harley goes everywhere, welcome everywhere – nobody knows any good of him –
accomplished – useful –
birth dubious – sole estate a couple of portmanteaus [*sic*] and a dressing case, servants in
country houses bow down to Harley's dressing case.

The 'dubious' 'accomplished' man of fashion threatens Sigismund's bourgeois respectability by coming into his home and attempting to seduce Marina and run away with her. What exacerbates the situation is Sigismund's reaction to this. His heated Italian temperament, compounded by his Catholic sense of morality, means that he does not stand by whilst his wife's affair with Harley unfolds:

(19)

F. Have you considered what you are doing? I am not afraid to fight you – even under the maddest conditions. Life is sweet but perhaps I have had the best years. I can shut my eyes, and drop into the black pit, the gulf where I know there is nothing, not even a memory. But there is someone else to think of, the woman I love. What is to become of her when I am gone –

Her fate has been decided – by her own wish. She will have the world for a safe haven, where she may win back peace and where the quiet years may bring her happiness. If I were willing to divorce her she could never be happy as your wife. She has a conscience. We are losing time. You have to find your second.

The result of this action is a duel between the two men; Harley finds he has to rise to the unexpected, un-English challenge of facing his enemy, with rapiers drawn, at dawn.

(19)

End of Act 3 footman walks round room slowly – yawning – turns off lights – leaving only a reading lamp.

Act 4 The Smoking Room – dawn.

Duel with rapiers. Fatillo stabs Harley – and then falls dead.

Marina rushes to her husband. Harley dying clutches at her gown as she passes him.

Anna goes to him, but he repulses her – not you – not you! Judas

Braddon's plan for the Acts offered this brief framework, she concentrated on the detail with examples of dialogue. Earlier in the plan she drafted a possible exchange between the two men.

(16)

Fat. That would mean delay – the chance of interference. There are no quiet spots in Belgium now. The tourist is everywhere. The smoking room in my house – the

room where you have been so often a guest – is safer than any stretch of sand upon the Belgian coast. Meet me there this morning at five o'clock, when the light will be perfect.

Har. A duel in your house. If you kill me it will be murder.

Fat. I will take my chance of that.

Har. Where is your second.

Fat. In this house. My secretary, Rendi. He is not without experience, as principal and as second.

Har. And do you suppose I can get a second, for so mad a duel in two hours.

Fat. I suppose you will try very hard, rather than let me think you are afraid to meet me. You have the choice of weapons remember.

Har. I choose swords. Tho' I have been told you are deadly.

Fat. I am not a bad shot either. When I was young and a soldier these things were my amusement.

Har. You are a naturalized Englishman I believe.

Fat. I am.

Har. Then take an Englishman's remedy. Give your wife her liberty.

Fat. And let you go scot free! I would rather creep behind you in a dark street and stab you in the back – as you have stabbed me. A life for a life. Don't think you can escape me. I struck you with my open hand, here, where we are alone, and you think the insult did not matter, but if you trifle with me tonight I will put such an insult upon you, in the open day, before the men and women whose regard you value, that your life will be one burning shame till you have let the world know you are not the cur you seem!

(17)

Harley. So be it. I will meet you anywhere you like – in Holland or Belgium. You can send your second to me tomorrow afternoon. I will find someone before then.

F. to H. A life for a life. You have taken all that was best in my life – the priceless the immeasurable.

You have your millions still – the God you worship has not forsaken you. Let Marina go with me – paupers – and divorce her. We can be happy in spite of the world.

In this Sigismund ('F') Fatillo debates the morality of duelling against the question of adultery with his rival. Harley is confounded by the man's determination to protect his 'priceless' property; he is unaccustomed to this form of dramatic, passionate response from husbands. Marina has brought about a form of redemption in him and he will gladly live with her as 'paupers'.

Braddon's initial plan (19) sees Sigismund stab Harley, at the climax, and then drop dead from a lingering heart problem at the same time. Marina is reunited with her husband at his death and Harley rejects her sister, Anna or Anita - the 'Judas', with his dying breath. Braddon changed this approach and reworked it as a shooting later in the plan. She included in the plan some love scenes between Marina and Harley, incorporating the wife's anguish at betraying her husband. Sigismund has a scene in which he discovers the two lovers, who must concoct an excuse for their tryst, and so Anita comes to their rescue and enters into a sham engagement with Harley.

Harley also converses with Dr. Beaumont, the drunken untrustworthy physician, and discovers Sigismund's heart condition, which means the banker has nothing to lose when he challenges his rival to a duel. Harley is revealed as a cad, who hoped to prey upon the wealthy widow that Marina would become once her husband dies of natural causes; thus leaving the field open to him.

(32)

Beaumont. Do you know why I am standing by F. in this crisis.

Harley. I cannot conceive any reason for yr. conduct.

Beau. You cannot have forgotten one night in this room – when I was weak enough to pass sentence upon my patient. You were on the point of leaving England on a long voyage. I had heard you accept Van Leyden's invitation, but you changed yr. plans on the instant & from that time I saw you relentless in yr. pursuit of Fatillo's wife – building upon the knowledge that she must soon become his widow. Perhaps you played yr. game a little too boldly. You might have done better to stand aloof - & wait.

Harley Stand aloof! When I loved her. Man, do you allow nothing for a passionate love? I loved her. I admit that I counted upon her wealth, & (...) the day when she & her fortune might be mine. The prospect was dazzling. But I loved her with all my soul. Let him give her to me now – (...) penniless, disgraced, his cast off wife, & she shall be my (...)

Harley has experienced an epiphany, in truly redemptive melodramatic style, and loves Marina. He has reformed and is unable to leave her with a man she does not love. He has not counted upon her 'noble' nature, however, and her anguish at the prospect of adultery. She is distraught at betraying her husband, something he is aware of.

(31)

Fat. I shall leave her with a colossal fortune & the aching memory of an unpardonable sin, that will keep her pure for the rest of her life. Oh, I know her, I know her! She has been tempted, betrayed. She has fallen. But she has a noble nature.

Braddon, in Notebook B, offered the melodramatic rhetoric in some detail. The elements of anguished wife, vengeful husband and redeemed rake in this scenario of doomed characters were exacerbated by the pervading Catholic morality and Latin temperament of the wronged husband. The atmosphere of the stage was evoked with references to direction, lighting, the transition of the Acts and encounters between characters, as well as the *dramatis personae* of the principals and peripheral roles.

(18)

Sigismund Fatillo

Fatillo. A Genoese banker, living in London

Marina His wife

Anita Her twin{?} sister

Lady Calverley. A woman of the world, nouveau jeu, dans le train

Jemima Her niece and souffre douleur, early Victorian.

Fatillo Dr Beaumont {To ask Miss Boulger – severe order convent
priest's name}

Harley Benedict

Vanseyden

Antonio

The culmination of the action takes the form of a speech by Harley, who ultimately survives the duel. He offers an account of the fateful event in hindsight, which has a more novelistic quality of detailed narration.

(33)

After F's death C. goes to Hammond.

I killed him.

I know –

But it was not a deliberate murder. Had I killed him in self defence I suppose I might call it manslaughter, but as it was another dearer life that I was defending you may call it murder. Whatever the crime was it changed my whole existence, it has given a different colour to every hour I have lived since that moment of horror – nine minutes perhaps from the moment he entered the room till he was lying dead at my feet.

The morning sunshine was filtering through the curtains when I heard a man's step upon the stairs – I know it was his step. I never doubted for a moment & I rushed to meet him. He was on the threshold of the dressing room, looking at me, the door between the rooms was wide open - & her room was full of the golden dawn – he looked that way for an instant – then looked at me with eyes that seemed full of blood & fire – he caught me by the neck - & before I cd grapple with him, he had flung me aside, as a dog wd have thrown a rat. I was lying on the floor for a moment while he ran to his desk, opened the pistol case & took out a revolver, then without another glance at me went towards the open door with the pistol in his hand. I sprang to my feet before he crossed the room – reached the door. I had time to snatch the other pistol from the open case, & as his foot was on the threshold of the room I fired – I

knew he meant to kill her. I had seen death in his face. It was his life or hers. Now you know all!

The plan for the duel was abandoned in favour of a tragic climax in which Harley must kill Sigismund to prevent him killing Marina. Braddon resorted to an episode of the wronged husband reacting to his wife's infidelity in which her lover has to seize the moment to save her, only to lose her by his very act of salvation because he becomes a murderer. Instead of an active theatrical climax, in which the fatally wounded lover clutches at Marina's dress as she rushes to be reunited with her dying husband, Braddon decided upon a more contemplative novelistic conclusion. Harley is left to meditate upon the awful events, with melodramatic insertions, 'I had seen death in his face. It was his life or hers. Now you know all!' The bitter conclusion, with the redemption of the rake, is written in a lengthy prose style, lingering upon the ideas of sacrifice and regret. This is an interesting combination of theatre and the use of melodramatic rhetoric in prose form, a feature of Braddon's plans at this point in her career with the composition of *A Lost Eden*. The unfinished, unpublished plays in the Notebooks are indicative of this working method in which Braddon fused theatrical form with autobiographical elements and social commentary to complete the plan for *A Lost Eden*. This novel, from plan to publication, epitomized her 'hybrid' style.

¹ Wolff, *Sensational* 410.

² Carnell, *Literary Lives* 400.

³ Carnell 400: Carnell lists *Free Lances* and *Worldlings* as two separate plays, 'location unknown'. The indication from the plan in Notebook A is that these are alternate titles for the same play, finally named 'Free Lances'.

⁴ Braddon includes a reference with this title to 'M.B. 1892' Notebook A, (118). This stands for *Mistletoe Bough*, 1892 in which the story was published.

⁵ Carnell 400-01.

⁶ Mary Braddon, *The Christmas Hirelings* Katherine Mattacks (ed. & intro) Hastings: Sensation Press, 2001, 1.

⁷ Wolff 502.

Notebook A ‘The Black Book.’

(1)

Second Mrs. J. 35 lines page. Act 1 24 pp.

“ “ 2 26 “ “

“ “ 3 25 “ “

““ 4 18 ““

Clubs. The Sensorium

Heptachord

Small Hours

Petunia

father Yorkshire squire, wasted fortune
on the turf – living with his
three handsome daughters at
a moated grange in the
West Riding

1st sister marries a baronet

2nd " " " " " marquis

Mr Champion's place among the heathy hills
Where Surrey overlooks Sussex

Matt Muller – painter. H. boat. Pegotty

Basil Gilston

Tabitha “ “ }

Lady Isabel Glendower

Cara “ “

Miss Maledon

Mrs Donovan

(2)

The World, the Flesh & the Devil

Gerard Hillersdon Edward Hillersdon - Rector of Helmsleigh
between Exeter & Exmouth

Lilian his sister

Barbera Vere – stylish girl – Lilian's friend.

John Cumberland – curate, tall, athletic, fine eyes, dark overhanging brows, thick wavy hair – large strong hands –

baritone voice – fine
musician.

Edith Champion One of three sisters, daughter
of Yorkshire squire, tall,
Juno-like, dark eyed.

Frederick – her husband

Rosa Gresham – Parson's wife – cousin to E.
{vicarage –

Flora Bellinger – EC's niece Sandyholme,
Suffolk, a place
from wh. the sea

Lady Fridoline – Fridoline House, has receded}.
Parson's Green

Reuben Gambier – young novelist – a`la Zola

Roger Larose – Fashionable & poetic architect –
a` la [Roumayne] Walker.

Ebenezer Milford – Testator

Crafton & Cranberry – Lincoln's Inn Fields – clerk Coxfield

Gilbert Watson – friend who was with G. at Nice Station

Nicholas Davenport – seconded by Lord Raynfield

Hester “ “ - educated at Hanover
alias Hester Dale.

Lady Jane Twyford {14 Feb. 79 date of scene at Nice
Station}

Story begins on a Friday

Gerard Mrs. C's devoted admirer for three years – from 25 to 28.

H. makes his rooms like those of J.J reproducing every detail as nearly as he can,
takes house & garden, at Knightsbridge – pictures –

Titian's Judas – Guido's Nymph – Black bust of [Jermyn] alone [wanting].

Scene in the hall – the w.g's choirs – Mass of faces – coloured sashes – faces &c.,
beautiful by numbers and uniformity. G. is touched by the thought that the earning
of these masses are less than his income. He sees one face among the mass – shining
out like a star – pale but exquisitely lovely –

Allegra Leland

Schools. Falmouth Kensington

Art School – St. John's Wood

living in Cavendish Rd. with Mrs. Meynell – clergyman's widow

Mother dies when she was 14.

(3)

{*Heptachord* = *Lyric*}

Jermyn tells Hillersdon – you have a passionate, exacting personality – you are created to suffer. I have will & insight – will to suppress passion, insight to read mankind – I am created to enjoy.

Submerged identity – our inner nature -
= unconscious cerebration = reflex action of the brain

May evening – moonlight – when G & Hester walk to Eaton Sq. together.

(4)

Gerard goes to a meeting of club choirs – sees Hester – follows her –

finds her living at Kensington, supporting drunken old father – tottering – feeble – bottle nosed yet with some touch of dignity – mumbling quotations from the classics – allusions to Greek plays.

You remember what Ismene says to Antigone – think of yr. father's disgrace – yr. mother's shame – it behoves you to stand fair before the world – to provoke no new scandal.

The Rosary – on Thames – Lowcombe

Muschalt – old squire
Rector
Mrs. Donovan
Miss Malcolm
Lady Isabel

(5)

Gerard goes to Kn. one evening – finds Hester more depressed than usual – anxious about her father who has disappeared for longer than usual – declares his love – entreats her to share his life – promises eternal fidelity – everything – except marriage. She resists him – with tears – but still firmly. Impassioned scene – she [entreats] him to leave her – dusk – stormy clouds over London – air palpitating with electricity. He goes away – touched by her firmness – walks some distance – meets Jermyn - walks with him on Westminster Brg. by moonlight – he makes light of women's virtue – laughs at their resistance –
“If not today, tomorrow,” he says lightly. Gerard leaves him hurriedly – walks back to Kn., runs up lodging house stair to Hester's room – knocks at the door, finds it locked.

She goes to answer – is it news of my father? Yes a telegram!

She opens the door.

(6)

Gerard & Hester are utterly happy in cottage at (...), on the banks of the 7.
G. has arranged that a little pension shall be paid to Davenport, but that he shall be kept in ignorance of their retreat. Hester is reconciled to her position – loving too intensely to regret her sacrifice – or resent her betrayal. Her only remorse is about her father.

One night he appears – having tracked her to her retreat – mad with D.T. He denounces her – accuses G. as her betrayer - & flies at him like a tiger. There is a struggle – G. knocks him down he falls heavily - & is picked up stupid and helpless – Paralysis supervenes – he lives, but is a complete wreck. Long night during wh. G & H. watch beside his bed, conscience stricken. Their sin has found them out. They keep him at the cottage – under care of a keeper – wheeled about in a bath chair, speechless, imbecile, smiling.

(7)

Their simple way of life – taken for a young couple of modest means {?}
Hester's child is born – Fever – she is mad, & escapes from her watchers in the dead of night wanders down by the willows & sedges – with her baby in her arms – drowns the child in trying to drown herself.

Old vicar sees her sitting in churchyard & asks her – why don't you come to Ch. my dear young lady.

Gerard gradually abandons cottage, oppressed by the burden of the father's presence – entreats H. to let him be removed to a place where he will be taken care of. She refuses – her only atonement is to stay with him & nurse him.

He always knows me!

You prefer that wreck of humanity to me!

Gerard comes to the cottage & finds the old man alone – the child drowned – Hester in prison – Rector stands by H.

(8)

G. cannot endure N.'s presence – “You prefer this &c. and leaves, & goes to Florence – Justin goes with him.

Gerard in Florence by night – meets funerals – torches – cowed monks – in the narrow streets – hears the bells tolling - &c.

Sees a horror of his appearance in everyone who looks at him.

[S.c.] at Monte Carlo –

Renews his engagement with Edith – but sees change in her – {& gradually comes to understand that her love has turned to loathing - ?}

Day fixed for wedding – she faithful, against her inclinations.

Telegram on wedding eve – {or morning} telling of Hester's trouble.
 After his return to Berkshire – Jermyn who accompanies him, tells him that his will is made void by his marriage – recommends him to make a new will. It is night, in [H. don] House, he may not live till morning. He makes will under Jermyn's influence – witnessed by valet & housekeeper –
 Will wh. leaves everything - except certain legacies to Jermyn.

(9)

August 25. N. Forest
 purple heather dying away – roseate heather in full bloom, isolated banks covered with it.
 harebells
 acorns fully formed
 young black pigs about.

Dahlias, Sunflowers, “red hot pokers” in gardens, purple clematis in full bloom – passion flower.

The whole history of disease and death seemed horrible to him – creatures created only to decay – to imagine a personal God ruling such a world was to imagine Injustice embodied.

April.

(10)

May 24.
 a hedge of white hawthorn, dancing down the hill, like a bridal procession.
 Laburnum, (...) roses, crimson rhododendrons [*sic*] in bloom. May white & red in perfection.
 buttercups, marsh marigolds –
 peonies, iris.

We should not say that a monomaniac labouring under the delusion that he was the rightful heir to the throne, but in all other respects rational, was suffering from delirium, yet this name wd. have been given to his malady by the writers of the last century.

Delirium sine febre was our “delirium,”

delirium cum febre was our “delirium.”

“Phrenitis,” says Hoffman, “est insania cum febre, a stasi sanguinis inflammatoria in vasis cerebri osta.”

Melancholy by the older writers, as far back as the time of Burton, is used to signify monomania or partial insanity in contradistinction to *mania*, wh. meant general insanity, fury, or phrensy [*sic*].

(11)

Epilepsy

The two main conditions are coma & convulsions (...) wh. the older writer used to explain by saying that there was a torpor of the brain & an excitement of the spiral marrow.

We often find that long before the patient has severe convulsions he merely ‘loses himself’ – that is, his consciousness. This state, therefore, must be styled one of epilepsy, & it is to this that the French give the name “*petit mal*,” in distinction to the “*grand mal*.”

Characteristics – convulsive attacks, in general of short duration, with sudden & complete loss of consciousness, turgescence of face, distortion of mouth & eyes, immobility of pupil, bloody froth issuing from mouth.

This is the usual attack, or the *grand mal*. Many of these symptoms however, may be absent leaving only that wh. I consider as essential the loss of consciousness.

(12)

By the side of individuals who are seized suddenly, without any premonitory symptoms, you will observe others in whom appreciable changes of temper foretell, like clouds, forerunners of a storm, that a fit will occur more or less shortly. Thus certain epileptics become sad, peevish, quarrelsome, irritable, often for several hours before a fit; others complain of slowness of conception, of failure of memory, of obtuseness of ideas, of a kind of (...), or physical & moral prostration & others are unusually gay, have an exaggerated sense of physical & moral well-being, an excessive confidence in their own strength, & sometimes even get into a state of loquacious restlessness wh. may be pushed on to maniacal excitement or to violent bursts of passion.

There are – apart from these premonitory symptoms – a sort of intellectual *aura* wh. precedes the convulsion by a few minutes only, & institutes its final symptoms – These (...) consist in hallucinations, illusive sensations – different in different individuals, but recurring with singular uniformity – voices – sometimes harmonious & melodious ringing of bells – or a voice uttering the same word in a determined tone.

(13)

Epilepsy

Striking physical disturbances sometimes occur before the attack – Sometimes a confusion & obscuring of the consciousness resembling drunkenness; sometimes profound sadness – an extremely painful, arguing disposition; sometimes violent hallucinations of all the senses – immediately preceded the attack. During the attack, in fully developed cases, the psychical faculties are completely suspended; at least, the patient cannot remember any psychical act that happened during this time, altho' the expression of fixed terrified astonishment wh. he so frequently manifests might awaken the idea that he is suffering extreme mental pain. There are, however, many epileptic conditions in which we may recognize, during the attack, the existence of a psychical disorder. Thus we may frequently observe attacks sometimes preceding & sometimes alternating with intermittent convulsions, wh. consist chiefly in a psychical anomaly, either entirely without or with very limited, disorder of movement, of wh. occasionally the patient has some degree of recollection.

(14)

Epilepsy

In many of these patients there is a sudden obscuring or suspension of consciousness as to external objects; the eyes became fixed; the patient, if he had been speaking, sometimes repeatedly murmurs (...) last spoken; when he recovers, he perceives his mental absence, & sometimes attempts to conceal it, or continues his conversation, commencing at the word at wh. he stopped. Such patients have subsequently described their state as one of profound mental pain, with great incoherence & depression, as though they were in a painful dream; they had a sensation of anxiety, or as of some terrible misfortune, without knowing any reason for it. Others, after partial or complete loss of consciousness, execute combined movements – series of actions wh. correspond to a state of dreaming, of varied, but, in general, of a painful & depressive character. Most frequently the patients have no recollection of these.

(15)

Trousseau's Clinical Medicine

In the great majority of cases, altho' at the beginning, & when the attacks are infrequent, the patients are in full possession of all their faculties, altho' a marvelous aptitude for conceiving things quickly, or viewing them under their most brilliant & poetical aspects, may distinguish some of them, "as Dr. Morel has remarked, yet in proportion as the fits recur & increase in frequency, in proportion as the disease progresses, the faculties fail, are impaired become gradually extinct, & insanity follows.

[Esquirol]

aucun epileptique ne conserve le souvenir de ce qu'il vient d'[eprouver], aucun n'en a eu sans doute le sentiment. Tous, après l'accès, sont [tristes], comme honteux et d'une très grande susceptibilité.

(16)

Epilepsy cont.

A peasant in Silvalia, aged 27, unmarried, subject from his eighth year to epileptic attacks – at 25 his disease changed its character without anyone being able to account for it; & in place of epileptic attacks, the man found himself seized by an irresistible disposition to commit murder. He feels the approach of the fit several hours, & sometimes a day, before it comes on.

Immediately when he has the presentiment, he earnestly asks to be tied up and bound in chains, lest he commit some crime.

"When it takes me," he says, "I must kill & I must strangle, were it only an infant."

His mother & father, whom he loves dearly, were the first victims of these fits;

"Mother," cried he in a loud tone, "save yourself, or I must strangle you."

Before the fit, he complains of being overpowered by sleep, & yet without being able to sleep. He feels himself greatly exhausted, & experiences slight convulsive movements in the limbs. During the fit he retains the consciousness of

(17)

his own existence, & knows perfectly that in committing murder he is guilty of a crime. When he has been placed beyond the reach of doing harm, he makes contortions & frightful grimaces, sometimes singing & sometimes speaking in verse. The fit lasts from one to two days. When it is over he cries, "Unloose me, Alas! I have suffered greatly; but I have got out of it well, since I have killed no one."

Esquirol, translated by Bernhardt,

11. p. 371

No one can form an accurate notion of the sort of rage wh. suddenly possesses the epileptic, & drives him to strike on to break anything wh. he can lay hold of. During these transient attacks of furor, he is so dangerous to those around him, as well as to himself, that the attention of medical men cannot be too earnestly drawn to these conditions of instinctive & blind violence wh. all authors have pointed out as frequent results of epileptic fits. They may lead to the

(18)

Epilepsy contd.

Trousseau

infliction of grave wounds, to the commission of suicide, homicide, arson, yet the individual cannot be held responsible in any degree for the acts of violence perpetuated by him during this perfectly automatic though short lived delirium.

Cette douleur qui te [rouait] le crane, derriere les ouilles, et les coups de fièvre brusques, et ces acces de tristesse qui te faoaient te cacher comme une bete, au fond d'un [troiu]

Zola

(19)

G.P.

General paralysis does not make its appearance in the very young or the very old, but chiefly attacks those in middle life. At the age of 20 we shld. not look for g.p.; at 25 it is rare, at 60 rare, at 70 unknown; chiefly at 35 or 40 it commences, & the patients are not only in their greatest vigour, but often fine handsome powerful men – men who have enjoyed life & have lived hard. We do not find it amongst weak, nervous valetudinarians, the subject of hypochondria & melancholia. The paralytic patient has rarely had to seek aid from doctors, & in the exuberant feeling of health & gaiety he derides the notion of there being anything the matter with him, & refuses to have anything to do with medicine.

(20)

B.J

The Squire's Wife

The Intelligent child

The useful friend

The Patroniser

The Engaged Girl

Essays

The Original Cloth

Pennerly Bay St.Jude's Vicarage
 Vicar, Ebenezer [Cardew]

(21)

Doubles - Sons of Fire

Allan Carew – inherits a small estate [Beechurst] nr. Matcham, from his bachelor uncle Col. Darnleigh.

Jeffrey Warnock, his double, captn. in Lancer regiment, rich, lord of the manor of Melbury, Discombe, absent in India when story begins.

His mother lives as a recluse at the manor, no one knows who she was before her marriage. At her request Allan calls on her, sees Jeof's portrait & photos at every turn, hears his mother talk of him. She is interested in him on account of the likeness to her son, & he goes often to her, a mysterious woman, still beautiful, & exercising a curious influence upon Allan.

She was a professional medium, an orphan of mixed race. Italian & German, Richard Warnock fell in love with her at a séance in London, & married her.

At the hunt ball Allan falls in love with Col. Thistleton's daughter – young, bright, gay – “Do you know G. Warnock?” “No, we are only just come, we hardly know anyone.”

How delightful to meet someone who doesn't

(22)

Old Squire Carew of Fendyke Hall – Millfield
 Suffolk

know G.W. & with whom I stand some chance of being considered as a separate entity - & not as a remarkable likeness. I have really begun to think of myself as if I were no more than a peripatetic photograph.

They are engaged. G – returns & Rosamund {Helena/Nova} falls in love with him. She struggles against the fascination – he behaves honourably – both are miserable. A. has hated him in advance – he sees that he has lost Rosamund – yet holds on – will not renounce her.

Yachting adventure on the Mediterranean – Allan lets
 go the boom –

G is knocked on the head & swept overboard.
A believes him killed – returns to England –
impersonates G.

G off his head for a long time – recovers, goes back & finds A. in his place – while A's house is

(23)

Mrs. Warnock's (*sic*) accepts the imposter

shut up ^ Rosamund/Suzette suspects, & finally discovers the trick.

Taxes him with the cheat –

What did I say to you in such an hour, at such a spot - & what was yr. answer –

You cannot tell me no, because you are not G.W.

Allan's mother, Lady Emily Carew – Allan at
Rugby & Cambs.

“ “ older brother, George

“ “ uncle Admiral Darnleigh

“ “ Place, Beckhurst, Nr. Matcham

meet at Melbury

{Duke's Head, Matcham}

Wiltshire

South Sarum hounds. Master. Lord Hambury.

Esperanza Campbell. daughter of Organist at
[Besbermere] nr. Lowestoft

Mr. & Mrs. Ravenshaw. Shooters Hill

Gerald {midsummer Allan 25 last May – }
{*first year story* Geoffrey 26 next August}

George Beresford – changes his name to Carew

Gerald Standish – his friend

Herr [Kaltadern]

(24)

George Beresford, when an under-grad attended a séance in a street near Russell Squ. The givers of the performance are imposters, except a girl who acts as medium. G.B. & the friend who is with him see that this girl is honest – hysterical perhaps, mediumistic, (...)

She is pretty and interesting.

There is a row, she is frightened – a man in the audience threatens to bring in the police, Beresford takes the girl away with him, puts her in the charge of an old servant, carries her off to Scotland meaning to marry her.

They are followed to Edinbro' by his mother, who arrives to break off the match – sends the girl to school.

Beresford marries an Earl's daughter.

The girl makes the acquaintance of Warnock an elderly man, who finally...

(25)

Bessie Edgefield – Vicar, Matcham's – daughter

Scene – Village between Andover and Salisbury downs –
hawking

Mrs. Mornington – *the Grove*

[Wornwell] son – dies before G. is 5 yrs old –

old Dr. Podmore – attends Mrs. W before she

goes to Switzerland.

Mrs. Beresford – proud, domineering – spends the winter in town, to be near her
doctor –

{Geoff born at (...), mid-winter}.

this gives George opportunity for seeing much of Esperanza. He takes her to
concerts, oratorios her love of sacred music.

Martha Blake attaches herself to her.

G. arranges to marry her – the banns are put up – Martha – a chapel goer – discovers
by accident, tells Mrs. Beresford, who appears on morning of wedding - G. goes to
the Ch – waits in porch full of anxiety – instead of bride his mother –

Why isn't Miss Margorium with you – No doubt she is at the bottom of this – "Miss
M. is better employed.

{Geof – 3 years old when brought home – with French (...)}
Mrs. B. sends Esperanza to Germany to be educated in music – sends her a prisoner,

with her own old governess – Miss Margorium –

G. sees her no more – receives a heart-broken little note of farewell. He finally
submits to his fate, out of regard for his mother whose life he has been told hangs on
a thread – She lives to old age.

(26)

Geoffrey comes back – falls in love with Suzette. She still true to Allan,

G. deeply fascinated, willful, sensitive, with curious womanish traits –

Leaves the Army to be near S.

Has two or three love scenes with her – finally sickens of his disappointment – buys
a yacht, asks Allan to go with him. General Vincent, Mrs. M's brother, Suzette
Vincent is Mrs. Mornington's niece – Mrs. M. gives ball – summer – to introduce
her to the neighbourhood

or garden - play followed by dance –

G Vincent's place – *Marsh House* { *Ferndyke*

Mrs. Mornington's – *the Grove* { *Millfield*

Accident to Allan on yacht. He is laid up with fever abroad – off his head –

G. leaves him in a maison de sante, nameless, say Corsica, goes back with the news of his death.

Suzette educated Sacre Coeur, Paris.

Allan in Corsica – without money – clothes – escapes from Maison de S. helped by young girl –

(27)

Geof. & Allan both on yacht, G. has sunstroke & is strange and flighty – the sensible friend & A. discuss the situation & agree that he must be put under restraint – They get a doctor to come on board & see him. A happens to be ill with head ache & touch of fever – G. gets wind of the intention & contrives that the doctor shall see A - & A is taken on shore to a Maison de Sante – G goes home, & makes love to Suzette.

When doctor comes on board to see patient – twilight, the stars shining in clear evening sky, they can see the hills above San Remo in the far distance –

Beresford Carew visits his son – summertime, moonlight –

They, Allan, Mother & Father, are sitting in smoking room, at night – windows open, when A. sees a face looking in – runs out – recognizes Mrs. W. but she has disappeared before he can approach her – She has come to look at the man she loved.

(28)

Allan & Suzette walking near Discombe – meet

Geoffrey riding homeward,

A. sees likeness of himself – refined, idealized, Geoffrey declares himself – last day but one of year.

Mrs. Warnock sees G. in love with S. sees his jealousy of it, sees him unhappy – but is loyal to A. thro' all – G accuses her of caring more for A than for himself.

Mrs. Mornington & sons, Luke soldier – Burmah

no daughter died

Am I to do this thing, Suzette. Think what it means for you & me – separation for a year – at least.

Yes, yes – for my sake. That poor woman – she is so fond of you – she leans upon you – as if you were her elder son – his elder brother –
 If he goes with you he will be safe - & he has more of his [mind] to go - & he is so unhappy – but he *is* unhappy – he ought to go away - & he ought not to go alone.
 Why unhappy –
 Who can tell – It is a question of temperament perhaps.

(29)

Meadowbank – Squire at whose house Allan meets [Partington]

An adv. of Suzette's marriage with G.W. appears in Times – supposed to be a practical joke – really a (...) of G's – who gets the paper sent to A. ?

He returns on the eve of S.'s marriage with G.

{Seated by campfire someone tells story of voice calling outside tent – calling a man by name – he goes out & finds no one there – prophetic of death.

Later Geoffrey plans that Allan
 shall be called -

Mr. & Mrs Roebuck

He goes out – there is no
 one" etc...}

A.stricken with fever. G. leaves him.
 goes back with wild story of having been left by A.
 while *he* G. was ill – Has heard since of A's
 death.

Suzette consents to marry him –
 A.returns on the Eve of wedding

(30)

Cecil Patrington – Allan's friend
What Mr. Fiddler [did] with his fortune.

The stock exchange spine – a case where anxiety, excitement & brain worry causes a disease of the spine – A man so affected is sent away to rest – where he can get no letters – no business occupations.

Mrs. W surprises Geoffrey with pistol –
 I am hopelessly, utterly miserable –
 You must go away – travel - &c...
 What, & leave him with her –
 It must come to that, G – she will marry him –
 She shall not marry him – I will not stop at a crime

African Sc. opens Lake Tanganika, a year after
they left Matcham –

Before leaving Geof. tells himself that both are *not* likely to return. In the story of
African adventure there is always one taken & the other left – cites
Cameron & Dillon – Stanley & Frank Pocock &

Trivier & Emile Weissenburger

She tells him she does not care for him – not eno' to marry him.

Well, he will wait, as Jb. waited 7 more years –

it seems to him he has waited 7 already.

(31)

A corn dealer's daughter in country town – Winton – in advance of her surroundings
is loved by an officer – he wd. marry her, but is penniless, dependent on the caprice
of a rich uncle – landowner in the District –

She – seeing it wd. ruin him to marry her, gives him up, & marries her father's
foreman,

a clever masterful woman – prospers – has one child, daughter – lonely –

This daughter is courted by Lordling –

dishonourably – the mother discovers his aim –

& avenges her – another lover, good & honourable.

Mother finds him in her daughter's boudoir – at night – shoots him. A steward,
devoted to her, carries the body to the avenue, where it is found next morning –
suspicion falls on the true lover.

(32)

Little cloudlets floating, like winged living creatures, in the rosy glow.

Sunset

Oct. 16

Sons of Fire contd. _____

Allan & Geoffrey on Lake Tanganika –

Geoff – wild in the sport, delights in the life – yet has fits of profoundest melancholy
– a favourite with the niggers – yet quarrelling with them.

Fever at Ujiji –

A moonlight by the Lake –

G. Why shd. a moonlight sky make me miserable – why shd. I long for her & mourn
for her because the stars are shining – why shd. the murmur of the lake talk to me of
her - & all that is lovely & peaceful in nature recall her – to my unutterable woe.

Was man meant to be always at war –

never happy but in strife of some kind –
 A. gravely sad – carrying always the memory of his sweetheart.
 One passionately laments her – in paroxysms – the other remembers always.
 Grinning imbecility, craft, sullenness [*sic*] – the lying lips, the greedy hand –
 G. decides to go westward – they are diversified [*sic*] from the right (...) – difficulties
 – Allan down with fever – G. seized with inexorable impatience – divides his men &
 leaves Allan in the wilderness. Allan & Geoffrey quarrel – one wild with fever –
 they fight – the niggers looking – Allan delirious – G. leaves him.

(33)

The Venitians [*sic*] – *All in Honour* – *This Wicked World*

Venice – Carnaval [*sic*] – Caffè on Piazza –
 Vansittart, with two masked women. D. insults one – crowd look on & laugh – row.
 V. strikes D. row & he runs out of Café, along Piazzalta, jumps into the water, &
 swims out to P & O – just about to sail – P & O takes him to Cairo.
 D. is an aristocratic stamp, a discarded son – years after V. visits at a house in the
 shires, falls deeply in love with daughter, & after their engagement discovers she is
 the sister of the man he killed.

Reads of the murder in the Italian papers while at Cairo – the man is on his
 own – staying at a mean hotel, leading a profligate life.

V. is sure the man was of good blood – he is tormented with a desire to know who
 he was.

Goes back to Venice a year after to try & find out – meets one of the women
 whom he took to the café, who owns to having known D. but cannot tell him
 anything about him – except that he was an Englishman, & of good birth.

(34)

Helen tells him, My brother was a scamp. H was a tomboy – He & I were the black
 sheep.

{He was at Trinity, Cam., with her half brother, Harold, & uses his knowledge of her
 brother's character}

Sefton, landowner, endless love to ^ bad motives –

She snubs and slights him Eve

He is vindictive the Col.

One afternoon in Charles S. in the London season while Jack & Eve's love is at
 zenith of bliss, she on a visit to Mrs. V. he escorting her about with his sister as
 chaperon [*sic*], Jack is solemnly invited to the drawing [room] to a conference with
 his mother & Sefton.

Lord E. – makes his agent get some trifle out of them by way of rent - & this once done can claim of them in future.

B.h. mostly common land.

Verdley copse – about 500 acres fir trees & woodland.

Henley village – Henley hill –

an out of the world village – perhaps 30 cottages – all matched and tiled –
the Roman pavement still in the road thro' the village – main road from London to
Chichester.

(37)

Saltero's Mansions

Sefton & Harold at Cam. Trin –

Benson – traveling maid –

afterwards with Eve –

Mervyn Hawbert – composer

Watling – libretto

Emmeline Darlby soprano

(38)

The Maestro's lessons, Tuesdays & Saturday's – 3 to 4

Tomaso Zinco – Apollo Theatre – Opera to come out in

November, *Haroun Alraschid*

Lisa in chorus recognizes V.

She lives with Aunt, & little boy, in a paved court off Bow St. Boy Paolo

V. takes flat on Chelsea embankment – pays year's rent in advance & furnishes it for her. She in love with him – he unconscious – till sudden revelation comes – he tells her how he loves an English girl, & hopes to marry her. Lisa throws herself at his feet in an agony of grief – He reasons with her – urges that she may marry respectably – lead a good life.

The Venitians

Is this true –

Yes I killed him

And you let me marry the man who murdered
my brother –

It is the intention that makes the crime.

Eve taxes him with infidelity – tells him she has seen the woman he loved & still loves or still visits – He denies - & finally goes with her to Lisa – where he asks her –
Was I ever yr. lover – have I ever been more to you than a faithful friend – then

carried away with passion he tells Eve the whole story – in the presence of Lisa & her aunt – Yes I killed this man – Yes, this hand is stained with

Cont.39

(39)

Sefton's father & V's father old friends

V & Eve are married – ideally happy till her jealousy is aroused about Lisa – {perhaps by Sefton} She sees the boy – thinly the likeness to her brother – She goes to Lisa - & discovers the past – or Lisa breaks in upon their domestic life, tells the story of Harold's death – Eve resolves to leave him. You let me marry you – let me love you – knowing that you were my brother's murderer It was not a murder! etc... She leaves him – is very ill – doctor tells her she has not long to live. She goes back to Vansittart – follows him to Venice, where – they meet two (...) out of the past.

Why did you return to me,' he asks after their reunion. Because I have so [short] a time to live. What can it matter – such a poor remnant of life – He shows her the café – etc.

Cont.

pg.38 My fellow man's blood. He was unarmed, drunk – ought to have spared him, I

suppose – but he set upon me like a tiger. It was brute force against brute force,

we should have mauled each other & no harm wd. have come out of it – only I

happened to have a knife ready to my hand.

(40)

Eve's mother buried at Cannes.

Peggy consumptive –

Eve [wants to take] her [sister] to Italy. Van refuses they go to Cornwall – or I of W.

Emmeline Danby – soprano at Apollo,

Fair, thin, rather worn,

Florian's Venice – never closes – day or night.

Carnival: A great game of Lord in the Piazza

King Carnival is supposed to come in a boat from
Chioggia – lands – dressed in red Chioggian costume.

Piazza covered in as one great ball room.

Benson – same (...) maid that nursed Peggy.

Col. Marchant hoping to get one appt. as Lucius (...)

Hartley & Vansittart at Eton & Oxford

V. Balliol

(41)

Commercial Honour

Sc. Liverpool

John Falconer, ship owner, reputed rich – is really on the brink of failure – his wife adores him, believes herself equally beloved by him. She is ardently pursued by Sylvester Courthope, a rich man, a retired banker, who has withdrawn himself from commerce in order that he may enjoy life. He sees the state of things, offers to give Falconer 50,000 – enough to save the situation – half his own fortune – if she will go away with him.

They had been lovers before
her marriage – but Falconer's superior character has won her love.

You once loved me, Edith. *

Yes, once.

Is there no fire in the red ashes?

She refuses, indignantly –

The crisis is very near. In the (...) of the evening, among the guests, he finds our opportunity of repealing his offer – he tells her to look at her husband's fate – there is despair in it, death perhaps –

* In scene 1 she talks of the slavery of money – making her longing to travel, wh. has never been gratified – because her husband is tied to his office – The more successful he is the more he has to work.

(43)

nothing but a large sum can save him.

“You are a wife & have the right to know his troubles – question him tonight – in this office after these people are gone. I shall be walking on the quay till after midnight. If you mean to accept my offer you have only to pull back the window

curtain. The shutters are never closed. I shall see the light within, & I shall know that you have changed yr. mind.

And what then?

Half an hour later the money will be in yr. husband's hands. I have it ready – in securities that pass from hand to hand, & in hard cash.

And you think he wd. take that money from you –

Not from me – not from anyone – if he knew the price. But the money will come to him anonymously – labelled Restitution. In a trade so large as his there must have [sic]

(44)

had debts to a large amount – he will take the money to be from one of his old debtors – he will know nothing – suspect nothing – till you & I are far away –

And then he will know that the money is the price of his honour –

-As a husband. But his honour & repute as a man of business will be saved. The House will stand firm & fast. Don't think that is more to a man of Falconer's temperament than any consideration of wife & husband.

(45)

Scene in Falconer's office – Edith surprises him deliberating suicide. She sees the revolver hidden among his papers - & wrings from him the admission that he means to kill himself.

This decides her. After a struggle she pulls back curtain & places lamp on table by window.

Two minutes after a heavy packet falls in letter box in Vestibule. They hear the click of the box, & the fall of the packet thro' the half open door.

Falconer tears open packet & finds convertible securities & B.notes for 50,000
Saved!

Lost – *Edith falls at his feet*

Scene at Courthope's lodgings. Edith comes there –

All arrangements are made for their start for Italy on a Cunard steamer. It is early morning. She is in travelling dress.

Passionate scene in wh. she tells him that

(46)

she has sold herself to him to save the husband she loves. She can never love him. As he advances to her with words of love she shows her intense abhorrence. He fumes, rages – There comes a loud knocking at the outer door, he rushes from the room to lock this door & keep out intrusion – The door of outer room wrenched, there is the sound of a scuffle, she rushes to folding door, & as she swings it back, Courthope is seen lying across a chair, his face on the table- Falconer standing by him.

After a pause –

“Your Southern Paradise will never be more than a dream. This is death.”

“You have killed him!”

“No, he fell at a touch. Heart disease of long standing. The doom has been hanging over him since he & I rowed in the Trinity eight, fifteen years ago. Hard that the stroke shd. fall in the hour of his triumph – harder still for you

(47)

In closing scene –

Think what my life has been in all the long slow years since that morning, & ask yrself if I ever could have been the guilty wretch you thought me.

Falconer rejects the money with indignation – struggles thro’ his difficulties – is again rich –

Five years after –

F. has become blind, the daughter has grown from 15 to 20 – is in love – about to be married – {(...) Odette}

Edith returns – has interview with daughter – is introduced as Auntie – {a sister of E’s who married and went to India}.

(48)

Two girls Suburbans - In Those Days

Vernham – Wentworth – son of Ld Littledale –

Richard Dewhurst Henry Sandford Safeguard Insurance Office

Magdalen – {Lina} – Cora

the Shacklefords

Bardwells

Jim Richardson Rodney

Joe – Bill – Julia - Honoria Waterloo Terrace

Molly – the Flower of the flock

The Phoenix T. It was called the P. because it was always rising from the ashes that seemed hopeless.

It spent two thirds of every year in the ashy state – then blazed for a few months & anon faded into ruin.

Jim's farce – Have you written nothing else – No & I won't till they have taken that. They shall take it. I mean to rub their noses in it before I have done.

I have schemes – (...) – that's what the French call it – for dozens of plays – but they shall have nothing till they take 'Go to Putney.'

(49)

Spring at Tangley –

Rayson receives telegram – goes off to Scotland hurriedly –

While he is away, (...) call – brings pen copied from (...) takes over the case with Mrs. D.

Love scene between R & Cyril – she accepts.

Middle Class people

The Suburbans

Destiny is the sport of trivial events.

The scene Sloane Square, a girl has just stepped lightly up the steps of an omnibus & seated herself on the roof. A man has signalled a prowling hansom. The omnibus bound to the extreme north – waits for passengers. The man waves away the cabman & mounts the steps the girl has mounted & seats himself on the bench in a line with her seat.

(50)

Between Camberwell Grove & Dulwich

a house in a lane –

Haydon Heath – the ultima (...) of northern suburbia – a place that had been rural – a picturesque old Inn.

faced by a showy gin palace on what had once been a country road.

Here Mr A. & family live in a shabby detached house.

A. once comfortably off – manager of an Insurance Office – private Bank – respected – handsomely salaried.

Bank Office fails – A. too old to get employment except of the shabbiest kind.

The family are reduced to great poverty –

A. morose, miserable, a domestic tyrant – standing on his dignity – querulous – exacting – unhappy. A massive man – fine head – an angry blue-gray eye -

Wife querulous,

tormenting,

always regretting the life in Egypt.

(51)

Edward Arden, A man of 38, married to Lady Delamere, a very rich narrow-minded woman of 48 – she has two daughters & a son – the younger daughter delightful – fond of Arden in all honour.

The son a bad lot –

The elder daughter peculiar.

Story opens at a keepers lodge in the chase –

where Arden takes a cup of tea with the family – having gone to visit the invalid keeper. Nesta finds him there – coming on the same errand.

The struggle for bread. Whatever it was called – rates – taxes – boots – it meant bread – the daily need that the day brought.

Isobel devoted to her father, pitying him, soothing him. He proud of her beauty, but resenting the cruelty of fate, wh. obliges her to (...) le cachet.

She is morning governess in a draper's family near Sloane Square. Goes to & fro on the omnibus.

(52)

In a moment the man became the wild beast, the woman the prey –
the beast of prey – the quarry –

Ma – Once a beauty – limp – rather lackadaisical – but aggravating.

While we were in R.S. Ma said the house & the servants were killing her – but she fretted dreadfully when we left - & when we came down from cook & housemaid to a general Ma said we might as well go to the workhouse at once.

Story opens Feb.53 Crimean begins March 54

June 53

Sebastopol	Oct 55
Peace	56

(53)

In an evil hour Mrs. S made up her mind to
give a party. Tea & coffee & cake

- handed – a little music –

perhaps a game or two – consequences,

proverbs - & a high supper in the dining room

Wentworth visits them - & is entertained with
High Tea. The vulgar neighbours asked to meet him.
 was there any occult reason for Mrs. G
 sitting in her opera cloak.

A. is angry – asks who W. is Why he is there –
 Mrs. A says “he is an honourable,” as if it were a profession.

A storm. They offer him a bed – give him Isobel's Marion's room – she is going to a
 disused garret – empty since they had to do without a second servant.

W. is excited and wakeful – He hears voices below –
 always voices – two – one deep – one shrill –
 rising & falling like the wind or the sea.

He falls asleep – soundly –
 & awakened by a shriek –
 He goes downstairs –
 Isobel & A. are there – She on her knees,

(54)

beside her mother – he holding a basin of water with trembling hands –
 Mrs. A has been flung down violently – her head striking against angle of marble
 mantelpiece – she lies breathing stertorously – unconscious – never speaks again –

ground outside window trampled with heavy footmarks – window burst open –
 The silver kettle broken bits of silver on the ground.

(55)

The Day of Doom

Sir Harding Claremont – fashionable physician –	
	Piazizi d'Ispagna tall, slim
	{ long
Mervyn Crawford	slender hands
	very delicate
	small grey eyes
	sunk deep under
	projecting brows
	silvery hair & }

Jim tall, broadshouldered, dark brown hair
 & tawny beard, rugged features, frank
 gray eye.

Mrs. Vanbrugh – Palazzo Paventine – the corso

Niece, Sallie – bold & outspoken – smokes – altogether audacious – but good *au fond*

(56)

Mervyn's aunt & cousin left poor & helpless in a city rectory – He fetches them – sets them up in Rome to keep house for him.

Georges – a Fleming – an animal painter with no genius, but with indomitable industry, lives on the floor above – or same floor – in an obscure apartment. He nurses Mervyn through an attack of [congested] lungs – feeds him – spends his hard earned money on M.'s debts – worships his genius – his facility.

Dora, the cousin, looks up to him – secretly adores him.

Mrs. Hillinger – D's mother, good managing woman.

{*"Suburbans"*}

On the eve of her marriage W. carries her off – puts her in a cab & carries her to Barnes – to the lodging he has prepared for her, with the woman who is to take care of her. He has described her as his wife – not quite right in her mind, or resolutely denying that she is his wife.

Painful scenes –

 she makes her escape & goes to her fiancé –
afraid to go back to Chelsea –
or to Mrs. Richardson..

(57)

Suburbans

The eyes of Palmerston & of Europe
were on a small man with a big nose who held France in the hollow of his hand, &
whom Nicholas refused to call cousin.

I hate children's parts –

But what else could you act –

Grown-up characters – like the little Packmans.

The little Packmans were two child actresses for whom dialogues had been written,
& who acted powder & patch lovers, with a wonderful brio.

Why can't I have a play written for me like the little Packmans! asked Baby R.

Vernham expected to see a weakling, a shrunken threadbare man, like the shabbiest of the clerks in the Camberwell O. when there rose before him a magnificent wreck, a massive figure considerably above six feet, a grand iron gray head, & eyes that scrutinized him severely with a something of anger and distrust.

(58)

Suburbans

A prudent hardworking man – not a squanderer – personal expenses nil – Even when he had his house in R.S. he wd. walk thro' the rain to save the price of a cab, & was chary of omnibus fares in fine weather. He had married late, so that his married life shd. be comfortable. He had planned, & laboured & waited for a respectable well-found middle-age.

He liked a good wine cellar, & to entertain his friends profusely, without sham butlers. On such a man the blow came heavily – ruin was a moral earthquake, & shattered the whole man. His character deteriorated horribly.

Isobel's employer – a widower with three girls – house in Mansfield St. Portland Place – house kept by spinster sister.

A shy grave man – passes her with a stiff bow – she thinks him proud – purse proud perhaps.

(59)

Suggestion

X. a rough ignorant man has been in prison –

T.of leave –

A girl is kind to him – he adores her.

She is murdered – he vows vengeance against her murderer – a gentleman.

Another man kills him.

X.is suspected.

Girl may survive a week – mind gone.

House in a lane off lower R. Rd – between the road & the river – near Cromwell's old house –

He takes I. there with nurse – as his young wife – The landlady is told she is subject to delusions – tries to run away from her house – doctors have recommended that she shd. be kept in seclusion, but not worried medical attendance.

He offers to marry her – she refuses.

“It is too late I have given my word to a good man.”

He stays in the house, but leaves her with attendant – sees her in the garden – promises to leave her untroubled while she thinks...

(60)

The Doll's Tragedy

Novelette

Pretty fair-haired frivolous girl – married to old professor.

She flirts, breaks his heart – in an agony of jealousy he drowns himself – his friends go to her, hem her round furiously, storm at her, tell her that her infamy has killed a good man.

She hears them dignified – then her brain gives way – the doll was broken.

...out her fate – He thinks she loves him & will yield

At last after love scenes, she pretends to assent - &

throws him off his guard –

& escapes in the dead of the night – letting herself down from her window by the ivy – old & strong as the trunk of a tree.

She must be wise as a serpent – any lie is justified by her situation.

When she consents he takes her in his arms –

She lets him kiss her – carried away by his passion – by her own love for him.
continued 96.

(61)

Susan Rodney

Grace – Lady Partington -

Col. Rannock,

Mrs. Wilfred & daughters, Flora & Nora

Mordaunt – {Bill} Capt. Marduke – Tommy –

People who met her – {Willoughby Parkers – Brander
Jack Dane}

F. goes to Algiers – finds Hotel where

Rannock Mrs. B. stopped

only trace left a faded photo of a young man – long-haired – Bohemian –
a music hall houri – (...) – dead –

A duchess calls – asks her to her Ball – the event of the season –
 She is deeply touched – but refuses –
 She will live it down – but not that way.
 She most feels Clifford Wayland's avoidance.
 He is a man of letters – living in the Temple – a barrister –
 He had not loved the law or the law him-
 A man of few books – a student –
 he reads few modern books – but

(62)

is steeped in the old masters – something of a radical – member of Reform &
 Athenaeum, goes into society occasionally –
 the best –
 In love with Lady P. – but believes the scandal.

Gr. consults old family solicitor, who lives a Tulse Hill, & has never heard the
 slander. He is helpless.
 My dear Lady, the position is full of difficulty, you can't bring an action against yr.
 friends for not asking you to their parties.
 Finally – after dull arguments – he recommends her to consult F.
 F. tells her her only weapon wd. be an action for libel – against a newspaper – wd.
 be the best – if – if she can produce the proof she was not –
 You wd. have your household to prove that you

(63)

were in Italy that winter –
 But on hearing she had only her butler & maid & Italian servants.
 He recommends her to subscribe to Messrs [Romeike's] newspaper agency –
 They send her several (...) paragraphs but no libel.

Never mind, Madam, says F, when we are ready for it the libel will be forthcoming
 & then he tells her he can get the proprietor of a small paper to insert libel, & justify,
 she guaranteeing all costs & expenses of the suit.
 Camberwell Society & Oval Times, is the paper.
 G. tells F. that she has neither father nor mother to defend her – nothing but money.

(64)

Meredith

They don't talk about books, or people, or things, they only talk fine. Their talk is in
 the air. They are always on stilts – straining after stray thoughts floating in the
 philosophic atmosphere like gnats in an evening sky - & as thoughts not much
 bigger than the insects.

Lovers, walking late at night on Xmas Eve, in San Remo or Italian town, see lighted church, where there are few worshippers. He takes her – reluctant – to altar in side chapel, & before the Master Dolorosa makes her swear eternal fidelity –
 suggested by scene between Lucia &
 Catherina Fantasia.

(65)

The Little Auntie

Auntie a young widow, very small, delicate, pretty. She tells them about her first husband – shows them his picture –
 Three boys – with dashing rather neglectful mother adoring the L.A.
 They go with the A. to the sea-side, sit on the beach with her, live with her, adore her. She is more like a mother to them than their own mother.
 A lover – an old lover – appears on the scene.
 He is very kind to the boys & they very fond of him till they find he wants to marry the L.A. & take her to India.
 Then they hate him – attack him – thump him – set booby traps for him etc...
 Are finally reconciled –
 the story ends with her wedding & start for India.
 She promises to come back in two or three years. She will have a nice house in the country, they shall stay with her.
 Jackie – with dignity – We shall be grown up, & we shan't care for a woman then.
 See Petit Bob, etc. for childish dialogue

One asks

Why are aunts fonder of boys than mothers?
 But *you* are, ain't you.

(66)

J. Isn't it a good thing we're all boys. It wd. be such a pity if we were mixed.

J. Mother's very nice, you know, & very pretty only I don't think she cares.

T. Yes, she does, Jackie – Remember our measles.

When brought to consent – with dignity – to A's engagement the 3 take it under their protection – order the A. about, allow her so much time with her sweetheart – then J. marches into the drawing room.

I'm sorry to tell you young people, time's up - & A. has got to come to the nursery tea.

J. to Vivian, with yr. moustache – you can't be really fond of bread & jam – we know that's bosh! You like that horrid black stuff that goes round with the cheese - & olives - & all the nasty things.

J. when I'm grown up I mean to like all those.

(67)

Lady P.

F. finds blotting book –

Letter from Julia to R.R. appointing rendezvous

“ “ “

Bob Dowden

telling him R.R.'s movements.

Words Adelphi next Tuesday

Going New York.

Mordanto – She was here a month ago – a wreck –

I'd do anything for her.

F. finds her in shabby lodging – poor –

scared – living in dread of something unknown.

Libel – South London Society –

Trial – then gradual working out –

Clara – in witness box – asked *where* R. is –

pushed hard – breaks out in hysterical sobbing –

F's suspicious how strongly aroused.

(68)

Klondike –

Summer in Alaska often intolerably hot –

mosquitoes

The town of Silka in Alaska

Dawson City – streets of wooden sheds –

miners (...) a jewelers & opticians

streets sometimes flooded, people going about in boats.

Chilcoat [Pass] – a wilderness of rocks – a shipyard on the shores of Lake Bennet –

After getting his outfit over the dreaded Chilcoat or White Pass – the miner is

obliged, on reaching the shores of the first of the chain of Lakes to build or line a

boat of some kind to take him on the next stage of his journey –

Dawson City – A few months ago the red Indian stalked alone in these wildernesses. Suddenly as if by magic, thousands of white men struggled their weary way across the mountains, & spread themselves out over

(69)

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(70)

Elderly man rich, misanthropic, something of a humourist, discusses Xmas pleasures in circle of friends.

Children are the only creatures who really enjoy Xmas, says Lady Viola, if one has no children of one's own ought to hire some.

Z. laughs, & says he'll think of it – sportive niece amused at the idea – urges him to carry it out – hire some children, nice ones, to make a noise in the gloomy corridors & great hall of the old mansion in Bucks. Suggests different children in neighbourhood – all rejected.

Elderly bachelor friend chips in –

I think I know of some children who wd. just do –

Orphans –

Yes, orphans – father dead –

& the mother – not an intrusive person – I hope – who wd. trade upon our little jest afterwards.

(71)

By no means an intrusive person – you might know her for ten years & she wd. not attempt to cross yr. threshold.

The children are brought on Xmas Eve – by bachelor, behave charmingly – win old man's heart –

revelation – they are the fatherless children of the daughter he cast off for marrying his enemy's son –

They are so little – I had no idea they wd. be infants –

I am afraid I shall tread upon them –

Oh no you won't – because of their individuality.

The thin end of the wedge – children reticent – confess that they were told not to talk about their home – Sir J. reproaches danby –

Oh, you wanted the thing to begin & end with Xmas –
you were afraid of the F.e W.

Children struck with luxury of food – frankly greedy –

T.D. proposes a toast after Xmas dinner. T smirk. M. breaks into slang –

And serve them jolly well right!

(72)

Sir John Penlyon – Penlyon Place
nr. Boscastle.

Tom

“ Danby

niece Adela Hawberk

governesses – Peterson – Gambert

Curates – Morland

Lord Lilgrave – son of Ld. Holmsey

Libian [*sic*] Sibyl

Children – Laddie – Lassie – Moppet

children not – surprised at sea or cliffs but surprised at Mountains –
Oh, what a big, big, big hill!

I don't like yr. sands as much as ours.

Oh what a lot of servants! Mother has only one.

(73)

Chap.3 The thin end of the wedge.

4, You pay them their fee & you have
done with them.

A green Xmas, Sir J, & the children walk about

‘Why do they call it a G.X. when it ain't green – asked M.

A green Xmas makes a fat churchyard,’ said Laddie, with a sententious air.

My mother is a –

The thing that has a dead husband. She doesn't mind being a widow –
awfully sorry – she was very, very ill etc.

but & he was very sorry at first – I don't remember because that was when I was
dead.

Moppet –

I mean when I wasn't born. Isn't it the same thing?

I was born afterwards, so I never had no father at all. Isn't that funny.

Danby, you shdn't have done this – It was cruel very cruel - ?

To let me love her – if I am to lose her –

You won't lose her – We'll make a good fight for it anyhow.

(74)

names – novelette

Humphrey Marlow – playwright
 Dick Thornton – hack writer
 Job Cranberry - “ “ “ “
 Michael Liverside – actor

John Company

The Club

The Compact Reginald & Co.

One & All Garreteers

A great heiress – five or six young men make – half-jestingly – yet in earnest – a compact – the successful suitor is to help all the others – We want a rich friend – a house where we are sure of entertainment – a hunting box at Melton – a shelter at Newmarket – a friend who can cash an i.o.u. or give us a good mount – We can't all be millionaires – better one of us rich – than all of us paupers.

(75)

Act 1 – A Garret

The friends discovered at supper – Bella, Taunton's wife, waiting upon them – cooking for them etc.

We call her everybody's wife –

Only because she is kind to us all –

A kind termagant – a good-natured shrew.

They discuss their circumstances – wh. are desperate – talk of the great heiress – a brewers orphan daughter –

Impossible to address her from a garret off St. Martin's lane – They agree to set up Jack Lestrangle – get him a lodging in St. James's – clothe him – etc.

And if you marry her we all go shares –

What –

In the fortune – Live in yr. house – ride your horses –

You mean sit upon them –

Shout yr. covers – Or each other –

Borrow yr money – why borrow – you mean take –

In short enjoy yr. friendship – that word

(76)

A true friend refuses his comrade nothing –

That's why there are no true friends. Friendship of that ideal order wd. undermine the fabric of society – says the foundation upon wh. civilized life is built – the sacred laws of mine & thine.

Have we not been kind to each other –

Are we not social outcasts – No doubt we shall go on being good natured – so long as we are outside the pale – Respectability consists upon taking care of oneself.

Come, Jack, if we marry you to the heiress you must play fair.

J. And so I will – I can afford to promise anything – for the heiress will never have me. Yr. sinews of war will never last out such a siege.

W. Who knows – You are atrociously handsome - & have a devil of fascination wh is worse than good looks. You have done more harm in the world than men of twice yr age.

(77)

J. And you think those experiences of mine – the gambling hell - & unmentionable places - & that reputation of mine wh is notorious in a certain set – will help me to win a good woman.

W. A rich woman. We have no warranty for her goodness.

Bella. Ah, every woman who has a sedan chair & six running footmen is a good woman.

W. Till she is found out.

B. She will never be found out. Society has no eyes for the failings of the rich. It has only a mouth to be fed.

Col. Barry – John Bulstrode – grandson to Ld. Hanworth.

William Taunton – medical student –

Sam Ruggles –

Joseph Cranberry – hack writer.

Fred Pennant – actor

Lady Louisa Barry –

Cynthia Dunalten –

Bella – Taunton's wife –

(78)

Act 2

Ranelagh – Jack in his glory –

the comrades keeping him at a distance –

Bella, has been in love with him – loves him still – with the anger of a slighted love

–

Courting the heiress – Cynthia Dunallen

Act 2 might end quietly with a dance.

(79)

Act 3.

J. has brought C. to his rooms –

wh are divided only by a garden from her own house in Mayfair –

There has been a row as they leave (...) got up purposely, by Bully Rogers – he has put her in her carriage half fainting –

The comrades appear on the scene –

W. disguised as Lord Hanworth

- J's grandfather –

Bella is there as a chambermaid –

J. furious at W's disguise –

J. Is this to be a farce – or a tragedy –

Sc. between C. & Bella –

C. Do you know what this man is – do you know that you are caught in a trap –
End of Act 3. Jack arrested for Debt. C. believes that it is for forgery – {or killing a man in a duel}.

They quarrel – W. tries to kiss the girl –

J. draws his sword – wounds him – C's brother burst in at the window – disguise revealed – etc. etc. –

(80)

Act 4. The Fleet – Jack in prison – Cynthia & Bella both visit him –

Act 1 – Laura Vernon's house – after lunch – Cousin, Ralph Vernon, who has been away in India, & butterfly friend = Bolsover –

Enter ushered in by footman – Her ladyship is at luncheon etc.

Vernon, We will wait.

Bolsover tells him what has happened during his absence. The particulars of Old Vernon's will wh makes Laura forfeit her fortune by a second marriage are discussed.

V. He must have had some reason for making such a will – he cd. not have been such a churl unless –

B. No doubt he had a reason – or thought he had – there was a flirtation, rather marked, with Lord Fernhurst –

V. What the immaculate Fernhurst – the man of talent & power – the orator – the statesman – ineffable wisdom in a frock coat?

B. Let us hope it was only a

Flirtation – An old man who

marries a young wife looks at all her former admirers with a jaundiced eye.

(81)

Act 1 shows Ralph on the rack

Curtain – a telegram delivered to Laura –

‘The Child is dangerously ill. Come.’

She must start at once for Yorkshire – they remind her of her engagements – a dinner & a ball to meet royalty –

B – Lady Morland has always been – what Caesar’s wife was not – above suspicions – she is impressionable like all women who have a life of excitement & unrest – some years ago the fever of her being took a religious turn –

She went night after night – to hear a popular preacher in the South of London – an Anglican revivalist – a man who had been a missionary - & who having escaped being eaten in New Zealand tried to make everybody miserable in London.

R.V. The mood passed, no doubt.

B. Not so quickly as one wd. have supposed from the character of the lady. For a

(82)

whole season the fashionable galaxy was bereft of that bright particular star – Lady Laura withdrew from the world – found herself a living grave in one of the dreariest manor houses in the East Riding – M. Yes, Barton Dene – the house in which I spent my holidays, & where I had my first experience in fur & feather. I am going to the neighbourhood tomorrow – Lord Marchwood has been good enough to ask me to his first big shoot – Very good of him, wasn’t it – after half an hour’s acquaintance.

B. So like Marchwood

M. How do you mean?

B. Marchwood is one of those men whose indiscriminate – whose injudicious hospitality makes a house not worth visiting. There are always too many people for the bedrooms – too much smoke in the smoke room, & not enough dinner in the servants hall –

M. How did Lord W. endure the caprice –

B. Oh, Lord W. is the faithful friend, who looks on & smiles at every whim, & will hear no hint of disparagement. He calls Sir Andrew’s will a glaring injustice –

(83)

Act 2. The Manor House.

Child ill – in charge of Lady L’s devoted maid.

John Hanford, Vicar of Parish, & L’s husband.

R.V. appears on the scene – claims hospitality – accidentally in the neighbourhood –

Laura has arranged for child’s journey to the (...) –

he asked her to go with him – calls her the beautiful lady – Jane Martin his mother –
R. sneers at Hanford, his piety, his position, commonness & low birth – etc –

What do your servants think of the arrangement & was not brought up to consider
what servants think –

No doubt their masters & mistresses make a more indifferent

(84)

Act 3

Sc 1

Dorimont proposes a friendly adjustment –

Mortland declines – Why?

Because I have a shrewd suspicion
the lady is married already -

Dor. What nonsense –

Mor. If she is not married – well

I'm afraid we must say she ought to be.

Dor. flies at him –

Sc 2

Sylvester tells Madge that he is going to Africa – Nyassaland – the life was
impossible the chain was too (...) –

She is free to accept the invitation –

Sc 3

London physician arrives – gives his opinion – the child is doomed

End of Act

Sc 4

Dorimont tells her the marriage is invalid.

(85)

Pomps & Vanities

Mrs. Hollister – about 30

Rev. Edgar Selbourne – St. Thomas's Ch.

Ledbury Rd.

Neighbourhood between O. Kent Rd & Peckham Rye.

Sir Angus Northwood – 50

ambassador. S. America. then inherits

baronetcy & fortune –

Mrs. Daintree – 2 daughters, Ida

live Lorrimer Road, Fulham

Mrs. Maddison – rich cousin – Cromwell Rd.

(86)

For Poms & Vanities

story – same

'The Awakened Conscience'

Lenten evening services in large church low neighbourhood.

Laura sitting in pew with cynical admirer.

Church very full – (...) corners – large Gothic church – too grand for neighbourhood – wh. has deteriorated since it was built.

Laura deeply impressed – goes again & again all through Lent – withdraws from society and attends all the evening services – finally calls upon preacher – opens her heart to him.

He is a missionary – a zealot – young, handsome – has been in India –

She is the widow of a rich old man to whom she was sold by selfish parents.

Loses her fortune if she marries again.

The husband has surprised her in a flirtation with Valentine Northwood, senator, leading light in liberal party – cynic – a la H. Lre.

rich – powerful

Jealous of V. the old husband.

(87)

makes cruel will wh. binds her to him in the grave.

She has a brother – or sister – with young family {household after Daudet} dependent on her for everything.

If she marries she not only gives up wealth & luxury, but also the power to aid these who are very dear to her –

Harpy next of kin wait & watch her proceedings.

She has a small living in her gift in a remote corner of Cornwall – {or Devon {say Chagford} moorland surroundings} – Morwenstow – remote – lonely –

She gives this living to Stephen –

Her manor house adjoins Ch. Here she spends a good deal of her life with Stephen to whom she is secretly married. A child is born whom she loves but dare not acknowledge.

He passes as the son of Stephen's housekeeper & kinswoman – plays in the old manor house gardens – loves & admires his mother.

He submits – with greatest reluctance – but goes at intervals to London – where he preaches – with the old effect.

(88)

Finally after many struggles - & conflicts with the husband, against whose asceticism her worldliness revolts, she throws everything up, & acknowledges her marriage – prepared to go to India with the Missionary husband – when a later will is found, more generously framed – leaving her half the fortune under any circumstances.

She recalls how her husband softened towards her during his long last illness – when she waited on him with devotion.

The will was made near the end – but lost or suppressed – servants remembered witnessing it, but thought it a lease.

It was made in Italy – faithful courier chief witness, village lawyer from Menaggio – a travelling lawyer in Hotel – died soon afterwards – or still living –

Will hidden accidentally in old dispatch box.

Laura finds it while looking for other things –

{as Author found missing bill}

(89)

Northwood – cynical always – but faithful to her thro' all - & chivalrous – showing the warm & generous heart under the pessimists opinions –

Thro' his support she maintains a brilliant position in society – gives dinners – is a leading light in the liberal party – A Lady Molesworth.

Angus reluctantly avows his love – during an interview in wh. he urges her to give up this world's good things for her heritage in the skies –

She – after a time – suggests a second marriage so that she may retain the fortune with wh. she can do so much good – etc.

He indignantly refuses –

She tries to bring herself to the sacrifice, but cannot – he seeing her worldliness breaks with her – He is in Scotland – an Episcopalian in Edinbro' –

She goes to his house – announces herself as his wife – puts herself in an equivocal position – now – can you refuse to marry me –

End of Part 1.

(90)

Part 2 opens with a {dinner or - } luncheon

L's house – important people present –

Before she leaves the table a telegram is given her – she starts up distractedly –

'I must catch the next train for the North – Sir Philip, what is the next train –

You have heard bad news –
 Alarming news – there is someone ill –
 One of the uncles –
 No – No, a friend – someone, I must go to – At least I am asked to go -
 And you are so good natured, says the cousin, you wd. fly about the world for
 almost a stranger.

(91)

She is on the point of leaving England with Angus, the renunciation to be made as
 soon as she gets to India, when she finds the will –

Only Half Alive

Philip Arden – a disappointed man – son of poor parents – has done wonders for
 himself in his education –
 is at Cambridge hoping to take the highest honours – believing that he has a splendid
 career before him – when – on the eve of exams –
 his brain gives way –
 the doctors tell him that his only chance of [exacting] any future break down – is to
 lead a quiet life – to shun all severe mental work –
 He takes a curacy in Cornwall – a sleepy village – with fine church - & tower –
 much too large for the Parish.
 Here he leads a monotonous life – only half alive – is kind to the poor, etc –

(92)

George Hunt, his protégé – a young builder – with a homestead, & a small freehold
 –
 widowed mother – who takes lodgers & - a fine fellow but had taken to drink & was
 going to the bad when Arden took him in hand.

Chap 1 Conversation between Arden & Hunt –
 Yes sir – I owe everything to you – you've made a new man of me –
 and I think she's coming round –

Muriel – his sweetheart – a lovely girl –
 daughter of village shopkeeper – plays organ
 {labouring man organist}
 a girl with aspirations = over educated.

P. pleads George's cause with Muriel –
 G & M have been sweethearts as children.

Muriel's father busy in the shop – mother about housework – M – practically alone
 all day – she does no work – father & mother have

(93)

made a lady of her –

It seemed to be always washing day – or

jam-making “

-a pretty old-fashioned garden behind the cottage where P & M talk.

Muriel's mysterious death – She is found lying at the foot of the churchtower, killed by the fall –

has she thrown herself over – or been thrown over.

Great estate in the market – bought by a young widow – beautiful – accomplished – liberal –

She finds one interesting man in the neighbourhood – Philip –

she makes him tell her all about the people – act for her – advise her –

almoner – friend – Her respectful suitor – Frank Underwood – son of a man of large fortune – whose wife, a sprig of nobility ran away {with one opera singer?}

Reverses fell on him at the same period – he found himself reduced to poverty - & obliged to begin again –

Does - & builds a splendid fortune – the child – a boy of five – his only consolation

See to Barbera

(...) de Bonheur.

(94)

Josiah Berridge – Wesleyan minister – ugly square red brick chapel, standing back from the street, with an iron railing, & iron gate opening on narrow brick wall.

Berridge's house, opposite – a cottage – with roomy stone porch, where he sits of an evening; & people come & talk to him –

His sister Ruth is a widow – George Hunt's mother –

(95)

John Penrose –

Edward Penrose,

John, banker & merchant – rich –

Married to a beautiful woman, his superior in rank.

She runs away with a lover who has been hanging about her for years – unknown to J.P. leaving a child of 4 –

son & father are on the happiest terms – comrades, friends – the son's intelligence of the highest use in the business –

At the time of elopement things were at a low ebb – a crisis – ruin staring J.P. in the face – the child is his consolation – He takes heroic measures – conquers fortune.

(96)

Suburbans – continued from page 60

The night walk – by the river – arrives Battersea in the early morning – flings herself on Mrs. R's protection.

Mrs. R. believes her guilty – she has had 'an escapade' but is intensely kind – Everything shall be hushed up.

Stephen is brought to her – He doubts – She tells him her story –

Opening Chapter Introduced by his friend V. sees that Sandford is not the kind of man to allow his daughter to act as model – 'There was much dignity in this ruin' – {S is also angry at his daughter's room being given to V.}

He calls again, & gets Mrs. S. to consent – playing upon her snobbism – she having found out that he is a Peer's younger son.

She goes with I. to the studio – several times – then allows her to be chaperoned by Flo –

Sandford knows nothing – till the party – when he makes the discovery - & is furious.

His daughter has been degraded – he has been degraded. Did he pay the usual price, Madam, I believe it is eighteen pence an hour! In his room upstairs V. hears the rising voices.

(97)

He knew that she was a good woman, & that nothing but an overmastering love wd. win her for him on the terms he had to offer.

He adored her & he meant to sacrifice her. It never occurred to him to sacrifice himself to his passion: to forego wealth, & ease, the world's approval.

I wd. do anything to win her –

Then why not marry her?

Anything but that – How cd. I break with Mabel –

And – if Dick goes – as the doctors say he must poor chap – ours is a beggarly estate – if I don't marry an heiress I shall be that incongruous mortal – a pauper {penniless – out-at-elbow} peer {Noblesse oblige}.

& You are going to marry this man?

'Yes,' without loving him –

How dare you say that?

'I daresay what I know for truth. You want to marry him in order to punish me.

{You say here is a rich man who will} Remember our kiss {Yr head was on my breast. I felt yr. heart beating} We were clasped heart to heart, Isobel, in that mad hour, you were almost mine. And you want me to believe that you can love another man.'

(98)

I shd. be an ungrateful woman if
 I cd. not love a good man who loves me. His (...) affection has been my only
 comfort (...) of devils. Gratitude masquerading as love! Oh what a hollow mockery.
 Do you think you will be a better woman married to a rich man whom you don't
 love, than you wd. be with a lover who adores you.

V. has a friend & confidant – aime damnee better than himself – with whom he
 discusses 'how' is my day – I live in the present. Who cares for the future. We may
 never get there – A man sets up a mark, hundreds of miles away – on the edge of his
 horizon - & makes sure he will hit it – I don't – I want to be happy – now – in
 exactly my own way –
 Carpe Deum has always been my motto. Let the seas war & the tempest rage
 tomorrow. We may not live to cross the stormy deeps.

V. meets waylays her after her engagement to Donaldson. Asks her to marry him.
 "Too late" she tells him.
 "Never too late to recoil from a lie perjury. You don't love this man.

(99)

In the foggy evenings – about dusk – J & F notice a closed landau & pair moving
 slowly on Cheyney Walk, & along Cheyney –
 They call it the phantom carriage. I shouldn't wonder if it were the Hastings crack,"
 said J.
 They see it several evenings – the fog persisting.
 Isobel also sees it.
 Vernham watches for her – talks to her for a few minutes – the landau stops & the
 door is opened by a woman inside – then suddenly he puts a large silk handkerchief
 over her face, & lifts her into the carriage –

Before this he has urged her to marry him – he is ready to sacrifice everything –
 fortune – his honour – as engaged to a good pure-minded girl.

(100)

No Cards Novelette in 3 Nos.

Lady Valeria Sprott, widow of a rich commercial man, left rich & free to marry.
 Captain Kenwyn of the guards, Cornishman – the polished villain – son of Lord
 Kenwyn & Mary Latimer – thoroughly sensible middle aged spinster – daughter of
 {V's land steward} – small country gentleman – very popular in upper middle class
 society.

Julia Lamper, lady help living with Lady V.S.

Manville Parting - St. J calls on Rachel – tells her he is going to St.M for his health – subdued – both deeply moved.

At Maloja [*sic*] – Septem. St. J. locks Arden in distant room – chloroform – takes R. to Soglio on pretence that A. is ahead of them – having been summoned to Italy by sister's illness.

A scene at S. St. J. breaks blood vessel – fatally. The machine patched up & set going - had broken down - & this time the break was final.

(101)

Chap.1

Valeria arrives from Riviera – Miss Lamper receives her rather dolefully –

It is the end of April – the season beginning – V's third season as a widow.

Now I am going to be rushed & dragged for the next four months – till Goodwood & Cowes are over I am society's slave.

Where are my letters –

Miss L. brings a very few letters – as compared with the usual thing –

Only these – Mrs. So & so's afternoon – Mrs. Smith at the Marlborough Rooms –

Where are the others?

Those are all

What has happened? Is no one giving parties?

Have all the hostesses perished in the winter epidemic.

Chap. 2 *What was the reason?*

V. sends for Mary Latimer – The story of the Past (...) in exhaustive dialogue. Have you any enemies?

I have done nothing to deserve enmity. That isn't the question. Have you disappointed

(102)

{anybody's avarice – have you wounded anybody's self-esteem?}

Suburbans

The Rodneys were an old theatrical family – so old that their dramatic pedigree was lost in the mist of the ages before Edmund Kean.

They talked freely of Bannister & Lister –

Some people said they had acted in the Mysteries.

You will provide for her – Provide – A cottage in the country – where she may vegetate – till another lover pursues – another tempter – a second – (...) fall – (...)

She is not that kind of woman –

Oh, she is to be yr victim – nobody

(103)

{Chap – The Jack at the Clubs.

Lady V. has been seen on the continent – first at Ostend – later on a P&O between
Marseilles & Naples – keeping very dark – but obviously under Capt Kenwyn's
protection}

Flo had been waiting for her ideal – she elected Rodney, & worshipped him –
Six months ago she had worshipped V
 worship of this kind was a necessity to her.

She must have her ideal of whom she cd. think with moistened eyes standing
at her window in the moonlight after the family had gone to bed.
A girl's worship seems such a pure & lovely thing – but the modern novelist calls it
'sex.'

Vernham away –

 Returns spring – Marion sits for picture – Father dead.

A summer of lovers –

Scene with M. studio – say – a June evening?

F. engaged to Jim Rodney –

Donaldson's offer – October –

December – abduction.

(104)

A shopkeeper's daughter –
[Hermann] with a difference

A girl who has run away from her home & become a great actress –
or painter –
returns – she has outgrown the rest –

Beatrix Linley –

Mary

{Mrs. Linley – step-mother}

{Miss MacPriest – her sister}

John Linley – draper & grocer

Vernon Dale – curate in charge

 in love with Mary –

{Randal Burton, studious, eccentric, rich –

 in love with Beatrix}

Lord Halsingham –

Herman – the man who taught B.

 her art {Bowes}.

Stays for a short time brings sunshine – but finds everything too narrow –

Village opinions – village slanders –

Mary is engaged to a young Oxonian whose mother objects to the engagement on account of her humble birth, etc. – but bases her objection chiefly on the fact that she has a runaway elder sister – whose history no one knows –

Act 1.

Love scene – Mary & {Oxonian} Basil

Joshua Daintree stern – unyielding –

Mrs. Trevannion, Basil's mother comes down from town unexpectedly – She has heard Laura's story – Objects on every ground – most of all on that.

She has to hurry back to town – as she has a great party coming on next night.

Signra. Renda – the last famous prima donna is to sing for her.

I must go back tonight – I must have a few quiet hours before my party.

Laura appears at the end of the Act, & Mrs. J recognizes the great singer.

(108)

Suburbans Tea party at Staymakers –
jumbles – perrywinkles

This is the age at wh. love is all sweetness. This is the love that does not look before & after.

To Marion love came with fierce beak & talons, like a bird of prey. For Flo love was a young lamb frolicking in the meadows, under April skies, among April flowers. They were engaged – There was magic in the word. Engaged! He belonged to her. It was a one-sided bargain, for she exacted much & gave little – hardly a kiss on the doorstep at parting. She was full of pretty insolences. She laughed at his cloths. She objected to his hair, admiring it immensely all the time. She told him that the thick curling hair, in crisp masses upon the high forehead, was ridiculous. One day taken off her guard she told him that his forehead & hair reminded her of Byron. ‘I thought you were Byron’s ghost, the first time I saw you in the green room,’ she said, ‘but yrs is redder.’

They were engaged. He cd. not give her a ring, so he gave her a thick little volume containing all Shelley's poems, in a gaudy red & gold binding & murderous print. He wrote her name & the date of their betrothal on the flyleaf. This

(109)

{They go by steamer to Hammersmith & Barnes Common – skylark – gorse,
streams & boggy bits - }

was all he cd. afford, from the skrimped pocket money he reserved for himself out of his salary.

They read the Revolt of Islam together & hated it. Flora knew it was the mark of the superior mind to prefer Shelley to Byron, & she laboured hard to bring herself to that

perfection, but the Old Adam, the love of the Giaour & the Corsair was too strong in her.

No doubt he is better than Byron – more – more – more – spiritual,’ she said, ‘but his characters don’t stand.

Keats was as yet only admired by the erudite. It is doubtful if Jim had heard of Endymion.

What do you mean by virtue in a woman? Is it to put an iron fence of conventionality between her & the man she loves, who offers her his heart, his youth, the glory & the beauty of life at its best. When hope is high & the blood races in the veins, (...) virtuous is woman to forswear him & fly from him because he cannot tie himself to her to the end of his days, The thing you call virtue in women is only self-esteem, caring for the world’s opinion.

Virtue, another synonyme [*sic*] for selfishness, & the craven spirit that dares not face the hazards of

(110)

What do you mean about that woman?

What do I mean? To glorify her beauty. To make her famous – like Raffaello’s Fornarnia [*sic*] – like Guido’s Beatrix. I mean that a hundred years hence men & women may hang upon her loveliness – admire & adore – when she & I are lying cold & dumb in our forgotten graves.

[*Cont. from 109*]

fate:

‘There is another kind of spirit – the pride of womanhood that cannot be subjugated: and I believe yr. Lady of the Land is of such a spirit?’

‘Oh but she loves me, she loves me’ he cried wildly, ‘she will not deny herself forever to the man she loves. She is proud, she is stubborn, but love is stronger than pride, & I shall win her;

‘On yr. own terms.’

‘Perhaps – If she drives me to desperation I may take her on her Terms.’

(111)

Who was Chevenix?

General Chevenix – a man of good family

Whom everybody cut.

What did he do?

It was for what he didn’t do that people cut him. He didn’t provide for his children – tho’ he had always money to back a horse or

I see – worse than a heathen –

End of Act 1

Sc. trio – in wh. Mrs. C. egged on by her daughter – who affects innocence – withdrawing every now & then – going up stage & returning – slanders Lady D. Horrified afterwards to find that her own son admires & hopes to marry her –

(114)

Act 3. Lady Dalborough's villa
at Wargrave –

Harfield makes a dishonourable declaration to Lady D. between the lines – as it were – they bandy words – she is crushing –

at yr. age some people might consider you a little too old to think of marrying – Don't you think you must be a great deal too old for any other views. H. believing Mrs. Chevenix's viperish insinuation – stung by Lady D's contempt – makes light of Sylvia's virtue – "an adopted daughter – we all know what that means – the light daughter of a light mother - " counsels dishonourable views –

You can't ask a girl of that age to run away with you – but you can runaway with her.

An elopement vanishes.

(115)

Gratitude – yes, gratitude is a delightful thing - & such a rarity – Pretty fable – the lion & the mouse – but one knows that Leo wd. have eaten mus [*sic*].

H. You are much too young to marry –

but you are just the right age to

amuse yr.self – gather yr. roses – here in England while yr. orange blossoms are growing in America.

H. You must make a rich marriage – a great marriage – You are just rich enough yrself not to be thought an adventurer.

H. You have one of those (...) fortunes

wh. may prove the stepping-stone to wealth or the inclined plane by wh. a man slides into indigence. I'll wager now that you spend every penny of yr. income.

J. No – I don't spend it. It goes.

H. Naturally, and you'll find that the cost of living will increase every year.

J. Why.

H. Nobody knows the reason but the fact is inevitable.

But she is so young – so fresh – so innocent –

H. My dear Julian, they must all begin – (...) was just as fresh - & just as young - & I daresay quite as innocent – when she was cutting her second teeth.

Here too everything is made so easy – the scene set for the drama – There are the boats – there is the river - & all along the shore from here to Oxford there are retreats that seem planned for lovers – bowers so rustic, & arcadian, that one wd. hesitate to call any of them an hotel – if it were not for the bill –

(116)

J. And if I were to blight her future –

H. Blight! Why the women who make the finest mamas – are the women who have had adventures – blight! You will not blight – but you may launch her.

A scene on the lawn between Julian & Sylvia – she all innocence – he imprisoned hesitating between two opinions.

Moon rises while they talk –

He asks her to go for a row –

She hesitates – wd. it be right? & then says yes.

Her compliance, her perfect frankness – disarms him –

No, this is no light daughter of a l.m. – this girl is good, & true, & pure - & she shall be nothing – or my wife.

Only as far as the eyot –

Round the eyot & home – not an inch further –

You promise?

I promise –

I know you will keep yr. word.

(117)

Scene between Harfield & Lady D.

He returns to the attack.

She. If you love me why don't you adopt the
one possible measure –

H. You mean marriage – Unhappily for me that is impossible – I made up my mind – on the threshold of life that I wd. not marry a woman in whom I cd. not believe – implicitly [*sic*]

in whose nature I cd. not find a higher nature than my own – a woman who wd. make me a better man. In you I recognize a soul loftier than my own –

but it is not enough – I must be sure – there are clouds. I cannot marry a woman with a history – which I do not know.

She. And if you knew her history - & it were not without a flaw –

H. Oh I cd. forgive much – reconcile myself to much in the past – what am I that I shld be the severe judge of youth that has fallen – of footsteps that have stumbled on the stony path of life – I could.

(118)

Short Story *M.B* 1892

The Island of Old Faces

Island where the spirits of the dead live happily – where the living may visit, but cannot remain - & wh. to have seen once spoils all the rest of life.
 Man lands there from his yacht in a lovely sunrise – sees the girl he adored – lives happily with her for a golden day –
 & then is told they must part – he must go back –

He argues against the parting –
 night falls – he drops asleep on the sward of a lovely garden –
 When he wakes next morning – the scene is changed – a subtle change of colour & beauty rather than of actual things – He finds the island empty.

forgive the past, if I were sure I shld have nothing to forgive in the future – sure of love that is really love - & not a string of words – a blush practiced before a looking glass.

(119)

Yr. adopted daughter – that means a lie – whose daughter is she?

She . *Yrs.*

He remembers his interview with J. rushes to the spot where the brat was moved – it is missing - & Sylvia's book & shawl thrown down near – tells the rest – They have gone.

He is nearly mad – Calls the other men – Stanley - etc.

Help me, you fellows. The skiff – as quick as lightning – Julian doesn't know the river.

There's no danger.

Yes – there is danger – the weir.

Lady D. The weir! Oh, God, there was a man drowned there last Sunday – but Sylvia knows she cd. steer – You are frightening us without any reason.

H. There is a reason.

The boat is lowered, & they are starting

L – when Julian's boat comes in R. & he & Sylvia appear on the lawn.

Mrs. D. Oh, they have come back – they are safe – they didn't go as far as the wier
 [*sic*]

(120)

S. Where have you been children?

Round the eyot – I made him promise not to take me further. J. and I have kept my
 (...)”

Yet once more oh ye laurels & once more

Ye myrtles brown with ivy never sear

I come to pluck yr. berries harsh & crude

(...) & with (...) fingers rude

Shatter yr. leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint & sad occasion dear

Compels me to disturb yr. season due

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime.
 Young Lycidas, & hath not left his peer,
 Who wd. not sing for Lycidas, he knew
 To sing himself, & build the lofty rhyme [*sic*]
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unsung, nor welter to the parching wind
 Without the mede of some melodious tear
 Begin then sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring
 Begin, & somewhat loudly sweep the sting
 Hence with denial rain & cry excuse
 So may some gentle muse
 With lucky words favour my destined one
 And as he passes turn
 And bid fair peace to be my sable shroud

(121)

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, (...) & rill
 Together both ere the high (...) appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn
 We (...) afield, & both together heard
 What time the gray fly winds her sultry hour
 Battering our flocks in the fresh dews of night
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering way.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough satyrs danced & fawns with cloven heel
 From that glad sound wd. not be absent long,
 While old Demoeter [*sic*] loved to hear our song –
 But, oh, the heavy change now then art gone.
 Now thou art gone & never must return.
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods & desert caves
 With wild thyme & the gadding vine regrown
 And all their echoes (...),
 The willows & the hazel copses green
 May now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
 As harmful as the canker to the rose
 A blind worm to the yearling herds that graze
 A frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
 Before the white thorn grows
 Such Lycidas thy loss to shepherd's ear.

(122)

Milton

Moloch

His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength; & rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost,
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse
He recked not.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.

Havoc & spoil & ruin, are my gain.

Pope

And snatch a grace beyond the realms of art.

[Notebook B] 'Continued from Black Book' (circa. late 1890s-1905)

(1)

Middle Class Suburbans – continued from Black Book

March early storm scene

April Sandford's death

Donaldson attends Sandford's funeral, tells Flo
that he shall always be her sister's friend

May scene with Donaldson

June July Flo and Jim

Marion goes on a visit – a house near Sandwich for
Summer holiday with the twins. Miss Donaldson –
quiet life Richborough Castle. oc.
Canterbury Cathedral

Aug. Donaldson proposes

(2)

Vernham writes to O'Donnell

Vous ni avez demande ce que (...) faire de cette femme. Je la deux
(...) a moi – comment je ne suis pas – mais a moi.

Vernham exasperated by the return of his letter –

Was ever man in my position treated so

M. passes him in the street - eyes fixed. Heart beating

At last he stops her – lays his hand upon her arm in the autumn dusk – makes her
talk to him

They pace up and down Cheyney Walk – he in a white heat of rage –

he asks her to marry him – on the impulse of a moment – she refuses. Tells
O'Donnell – like Lovelace – he had not intended it

Think what it means – To forfeit /6,000 a year – to grub on – in direst poverty – I was hers, mark, her husband, if she would have me, bound hand & foot by our (...) marriage law I would have applied for the Licence tomorrow morning – we live in the same parish – common (...) have seen me (...) – I should have sacrificed social position, ease, luxury a world of flatterers, sycophants – but I should have had her, my angel, my (...), my all the world. And she would not – she would not! She has a devil of obstinacy. But I will be even with her yet. *He shall not have her.*

(3)

The Phoenix

other theatres had burnt down periodically – but nothing had ever happened to the P.

The woman I remember

If of decent status – a kind of state prisoner to her parents

How can she get over the traces, only one way. She can go on the stage – a proceeding that convulses her family to the most distant cousin.

Consider the situation in all its aspects – reckon every for and every against – and ask yourself what has she to lose –

O'D begins his letter

I ask myself what has she to lose and the answer peals like a thunder clap Character! that is what this lovely girl has to lose

=

her capital, her revenue, her all in the world that makes life endurable to a high souled woman I have looked into her eyes, I have listened to her voice, eyes and voice grave and earnest, the spirit of truth dwelling and speaking in them.

When you estimate her loss, and reckon it at a pin's fee, do you consider what other women are to a fallen beauty, to the creature whom they know their superior in every attribute mental as well as physical, save for that slip which gives them the right to scorn her. Do you know how implacable prosperous ugliness can be to unfortunate beauty.

Be sure when Emma Hamilton had England's hero at her feet, her lover and her slave there were plenty of ugly women in England who hugged themselves because they were not as that publican. And you will give bakers' and butchers' wives..

(4)

Flo says life wouldn't be bad, if people didn't make fusses

Matilda – we had a good many stand furthers – but I was always sorry for your poor Ma – they had words

She shall give herself to me with a lovely self-surrender. She shall creep into my arms shy & fond as the girl-bride whom the priest has blest. There shall be no prating of sacrifice – no puritanical reluctance – no cold calculation of consequences.

She shall give herself to me – the divine, the ineffable gift – with all her adorable beauty, eyes shining, lips smiling, a gift as willing and almost as unconscious as the sweetness that the flower gives the bee.

You have compared me to that inexorable villain – worst of all that motiveless villain. For my selfishness there is every excuse for to marry my beloved girl means the (...) of my life. To play with his victim, to trifle with feelings so sacred, to (...) her blushes, her sweet confusions.

When he offered marriage – then to withdraw the plea, and leave her modesty no

(5)

alternative but delay. The master fiend Iago had a more valid excuse for his devilry. What could be the mind of that man who could imagine such a monster – so impossible and so real – a devil of flesh and blood. Made alive by that mastery of detail which is R. He invents a tragedy as inexorable as the fate of Hamlet or Lear – as cruel – and paints the scene with minute touches of a Cosway – every infinitesimal dot has its value, the plodding, the labourious, the inspired match! I picture him sitting down to his daily task – cold & pragmatic, his quills neatly cut, not a sheet of Bath Post askew on his green baize desk. And now his Lovelace, and now his Clarissa who describes in each minutest particular the scene of yesterday, every syllable, every glance, every gesture, every pulsation of all-impassioned heart, every flutter of alarmed chastity. The scrubby late printer to invent so perfect a figure of a fine gentleman as the herd sees fine gentlemen! Was it not a marvel of art? Yet how the commonness creeps out. There are things L does that no nephew of Lord M, no man with good blood in his veins, not the wickedest man Satan ever spawned, could have committed. To take his future wife to a den of infamy, to hand over that meek and spotless dove to the ministers of vice, trust his future wife to a Mrs Sinclair, look on while lost women fawn upon and caress her, his future wife!

Milton's devils are such gentlemen

Dostoyevski

53

December 20 Flo at Phoenix

54

March. Scene in studio

Spring	54 Flora's courtship
Summer	Sandford's death

September. Donaldson's proposal

October. Vernham in the country

marriage to take place in December – a winter wedding

Late in November the Abduction.

(6)

Jan & March 54

A sad dull life

Donaldson comes into the schoolroom sometimes – stands by a window – grave, reserved, hearing the children play Leider Ohne Worbe
One day asks M. to play, insists upon her going into the drawing room, the Broadwood grand only is good enough for her playing. Sister slightly piqued

She had known the love that destroys. She now knew the love that saves.

The Rodneys – Honoria 17, tall, lanky. Julia the eldest, sharp, soubrette, retrousse nose.

Joe {juvenile lead} Bill, 2nd low comedy.

To call Miss M's acting wooden were to suggest nothing. Willows are flexible, the brick has suppleness and grace. To find a fitting companion one must have recourse to the hardest of the hard woods of South America, which are described as much harder {more tensile} than teak.

(7)

V paints her as Clarissa –

The imminent elopment

C. in the sponging house?

And the motive – the motive for this dallying with his own fierce passion – this long drawn out prelude to legitimate joy – the motive! The wretch cannot himself give a clear account of his reasons. To test her, he urges sometimes, to discover if in a vile world there lives one absolutely virtuous woman – and when the test comes – the

core of the tragedy – it is a (...) – a deed of basest craft & hour unspeakable, and no “test”. Because he hates shackles – and has always shirked marriage vows. Yet again and again he tells his confidant that she is to be his wife – his wife when he has needlessly degraded, needlessly distressed her. His hatred of shackles is made the excuse for prolonging the agony through volumes of detail. You see here the taint of the tradesman. The town is hanging upon his story as if it were a revelation of actual life. Women of rank are pleading for Clarissa. Let her be happy, oh, for God’s sake, good Mr. Richardson, take pity upon that admirable creature, the goddess, the angel. And the Mr. R can spin out her tortures and the deeper he can sink her lover’s baseness the more of those little volumes will be bought by eager readers in the town.

F. calls Miss M. her guardian angel. A deal of notice you took of the g.a. when you were flirting with J.R. said Miss M.

The Royal at Manchester, which ranked above the {London} Haymarket. You may learn a lot by standing at the wing and watching me act!

‘So you can,’ Jim told F, ‘but it will be negative knowledge – how *not* to act.’

(8)

It was worth risking hell to escape from the grinding poverty of the dull country town. Perhaps she went halfway to meet her fate, and the philanthropist, the good young man of the storybook was not much to blame. At any rate he was sorry, and did what he could for her. It was not much. He was a younger son then and poor. He helped her to live decently in a village by the sea, where she passed as a widow, and where my morning of life would have been bliss, if she had been kind. But she hated me as the outward and visible sign of disgrace, the burden that was to hang upon her and humble her and get in her way for the rest of her life. Something was not got rid of. But other people were kind, homely fishermen’s

(9)

wives whose faces I thought beautiful. The only unkindness I knew was from my mother. Her gorge rose against the dull life in the west country village as it had risen against the dull life in the north country town.

She shook the dust off her feet and went to London, where I was shut up in a lodging house garret like a forgotten dog. She went into the world where beautiful women are the snare of weak men – and before she had been a year in London she found a man who was infatuated enough to marry her. He was very rich – rich with the new gold. He couldn’t give her rank or prestige. But he could give her the position that new gold can buy

She was not like (...) wife. She was not the kind of woman to long for a bauble and chuck it away. She was circumspect, and what the world calls a good wife. She hid me away at a cheap school – where by a chain of accidents and her husband came to know of my existence. He was kinder to me than she had ever been, and he provided handsomely for my education and up-bringing on the understanding that I would never cross my

Phoenix Light comedian. Willoughby Racy
stage manager Burley

Rodney

Lessee Mrs. Roctrever

soubrette

Jenny Robinson

Nurse Miss Somers

Landlady Chelsea Miss Bennett

Mrs. Lester. Anna Maria L. house The Walls, adjoining Cromwell House

V. had been painting ten years. Paris, Antwerp and Rome

When story begins twins 11

Vernham's servant Gustav

Sandford. James

(10)

mother's path, or call myself her son. And so I became the waif you know. My mother died when I was at the Varsity, and her husband only survived her half a dozen years. He left me two hundred a year, an annuity which I had no power to anticipate. I have spent more than that. The world has

The house at Mortlake, in a lane near river.

My dearest life, can you deny your husband – the grave tenderness of his tone touched the good woman's heart, and the bewilderment in Marion's countenance, the widely opened eyes staring at the strange room distractedly, the brain still clouded with fumes of the chloroform, went far to confirm her belief in the poor lady's madness.

Oh, my poor dear, it is so sad to hear you utter such falsehoods, and your husband so kind and so anxious, with not a thought except to make you happy –

'He is not my husband – he is my enemy – my remorseless enemy – he would destroy me – body and soul.

Mark tells V. he has a devil of locomotion – V. looking for suitable house –
Landlady gives Marion (...) receipt, received from E.V. balance of rent.

He thought no more of the warfare in the east than of a campaign of tin soldiers on a
nursery table –

(11)

you love me – don't lie to me, Marion – don't try to hoodwink me. I know you love
me. Could any man with brains so mislead a woman as I mislead you, no, no. If you
have ceased to love me then you must hate me. There is nothing possible for us but
love or hate. By the God who made us creatures of fire and flame there is no middle
state for you and me. It must be love or bitter hate.

then it is hate. {You were the cause of my mother's death} You brought misery into
our house. It was not your fault that my mother died – but it was your fault that you
came there, despising us, holding us so cheap that you thought you need but ask and
I would sell my soul to please you.

Your soul. Does a wedding ring make al that difference – do good women go to hell
for having loved without the ring?
They walk in the garden – an ideal autumn – balmy –

In an instant she falters – I loved you once
He snatches her in his arms – the face looking down at her – not the terrible face that
had seemed a revelation of a spirit from hell – she (...) as the captured nymph, but
once love shining behind a mist of tears. It was her one moment of hesitation, of
fondness, of deep regret. Ah, if he had been as honest half a year ago, when her heart
had heat with the expectancy of bliss – when she loved him and him only, and had
set all her hope on being his forever

Too late, too late

Not for all this life can give of happiness would she break faith with William
Donaldson.

(12)

I tell you that love such as ours is the only unalloyed bliss this earth can give. If I
were to paint the picture of the year tomorrow, to have my name trumpeted all over
the art world – on the pinnacle of fame, giddy with the raptures of success. I should
know that my rival was waiting for me – the new man who was to push me aside.
Reynolds had the man in Cavendish square and there is always the man waiting.
Only love is perfect and complete, only love is all in all.

Then why not sacrifice all for that completeness. Break your bonds,
the bonds of self interest.

It will come to that perhaps, he answered moodily, if there is no other
way.

Lord Wharfdale

Anna Maria goes to M. while the nurse is at supper –

I'm a light sleeper – you've only to come up the stairs and give a little cough – I shall hear you – and I'll steal down with you and open both doors – the hall and the garden.

(13)

He spent the shooting months in his father's house

He had painted a replica of his Lady of Shalott. This picture hung in the place of honour in a long gallery, shining out of the faded monotony of old family portraits.

You had a fine woman for your model, said his father, who had never called any woman more than fine.

A fine woman the loveliest woman in the world, I think, said Vernham, gazing at his picture.

Oh you artist fellows are deuced vain. You look at your painting as if it were Raffaele. I'll wager you fancied you were inspired when you painted that There was inspiration, but it was not the kind you think.

makes him go about with her, in stuffy cottages, to the Sunday school. He loathes the Sundays, and they seem always coming round.

I believe you have only three days in your Yorkshire weeks, he said

Why

Because Sunday comes so often.

(14)

Who would not be glad to exchange cheap lodgings and (...) for the Buddhist's solitary dream and the contemplation of the eternal and the unchangeable?

Dead Leaves

Middle Class

A girl very poor, a governess, tired to death of drudgery, marries a man just able to maintain her in middle class comfort

Two years after her marriage she is left a big fortune – but by this time has begun to hate the husband – more on account of his surroundings than for himself?

One day she shows the cloven foot, talks of her money –

He breaks out in a passion of indignant feeling, surprises her by the depth of feeling under the commonplace calm – he leaves her –

She knows of his drudgery as head clerk, then junior partner in a factory. He is an inventor. After some years, while she has been enjoying her life, pursued by a lover, but keeping straight, he writes to her and tells her he is earning money with one of his patents – he is a rich man – he would like to return to her if she will have him, not as a husband, but as a friend and companion. It will not be for long. He is marked for death. It is perhaps like asking you to be a nurse, he says, but I so long for you, and I think – if we were never reunited – you might feel sorry by & bye – when I am gone.

(16)

- Fat. That would mean delay – the chance of interference. There are no quiet spots in Belgium now. The tourist is everywhere. The smoking room in my house – the room where you have been so often a guest – is safer than any stretch of sand upon the Belgian coast. Meet me there this morning at five o'clock, when the light will be perfect.
- Har. A duel in your house. If you kill me it will be murder.
- Fat. I will take my chance of that.
- Har. Where is your second.
- Fat. In this house. My secretary, Rendi. He is not without experience, as principal and as second.
- Har. And do you suppose I can get a second, for so mad a duel in two hours.
- Fat. I suppose you will try very hard, rather than let me think you are afraid to meet me. You have the choice of weapons remember.
- Har. I choose swords. Tho' I have been told you are deadly.
- Fat. I am not a bad shot either. When I was young and a soldier these things were my amusement.
- Har. You are a naturalized Englishman I believe.
- Fat. I am.
- Har. Then take an Englishman's remedy. Give your wife her liberty.
- Fat. And let you go scot free! I would rather creep behind you in a dark street and stab you in the back – as you have stabbed me. A life for a life. Don't think you can escape me. I struck you with my open hand, here, where we are alone, and you think the insult did not matter, but if you trifle with me tonight I will put such an insult upon you, in the open day, before the men and women whose regard you value, that your life will be one burning shame till you have let the world know you are not the cur you seem!

(17)

Harley. So be it. I will meet you anywhere you like – in Holland or Belgium. You can send your second to me tomorrow afternoon. I will find someone before then.

F. to H. A life for a life. You have taken all that was best in my life – the priceless the immeasurable.

H. You have your millions still – the God you worship has not forsaken you. Let Marina go with me – paupers – and divorce her. We can be happy in spite of the world.

Essays Girls Hen parties The marriage market.

Sigismund

Act 3. Fatillo and M. {Marina}

M. You are tired after your journey from P.

F. I have been farther than P.

M. Indeed!

F. You do not ask me where.

M. One of your long business journeys.

F. On business that meant life or death.

M. You frighten me.

F. I have been to Fontainebleau – and to St. Gervais.

M. Sigismund!

F. Yes, I have. All is known – all! Wretched, wretched woman, My God, how I trusted you! I saw you fringed around with admirers. I was proud of the worship men gave you. I had no shadow of suspicion even when one man more than all the rest hung on your footsteps, your satellite, your slave. What was it to me – while I believed that your love for me was like my love for you, that steadfast inextinguishable light of your soul. You loved me once, Marina, there was a time when you were true.

Fat. calls Jemima – My wife is ill, will you find her sister for me

(18)

Sigismund Fatillo

Fatillo. A Genoese banker, living in London

Marina His wife

Anita Her twin{?} sister

Lady Calverley. A woman of the world, nouveau jeu, dans le train

Jemima Her niece and souffre douleur, early Victorian.

Fatillo	Dr Beaumont	{To ask Miss Boulger – severe order convent priest's name}
---------	-------------	--

Harley Benedict

Vanseyden

Antonio

Act 1 The smoking room in Fatillo's house {Portland Place}

Act 2 {The Drawing Room at Fatillo's} *Stage half dark at the end of Act*

Harley going off sees Ben on threshold – starts

—
laughs hysterically Upon my soul, Benny, I took you for a ghost!

B. laughs. That's what I'm meant for, old chap.

Hums CB melody, and slides obliquely down stage L. as H exits.

Act 3 lady Calverley's boudoir, in Lennox Gardens, during a fancy ball.

The open doors show landing and staircase, dancers ascending & descending

'like Jacob's ladder but not all angels.'

(19)

End of Act 3 footman walks round room slowly – yawning – turns off lights – leaving only a reading lamp.

Act 4 The Smoking Room – dawn.

Duel with rapiers. Fatillo stabs Harley – and then falls dead.

Marina rushes to her husband. Harley dying clutches at her gown as she passes him.

Anna goes to him, but he repulses her – not you – not you! Judas.

The Priest murmuring Latin prayer as the curtain falls.

G. Have you considered what you are doing? I am not afraid to fight you – even under the maddest conditions. Life is sweet but perhaps I have had the best years. I can shut my eyes, and drop into the black pit, the gulf where I know there is nothing, not even a memory. But there is someone else to think of, the woman I love. What is to become of her when I am gone – Her fate has been decided – by her own wish. She will have the world for a safe haven, where she may win back peace and where the quiet years may bring her happiness. If I were willing to divorce her she could never be happy as your wife. She has a conscience. We are losing time. You have to find your second.

(20)

Characters Randal Livingstone. Poor Curate. Thinks nothing worthwhile – never refused any man anything – never did any good to his fellow creatures – gives to the wrong people – fatal good nature, can't say no, (...), what does it matter.

There's nothing in nothing, and it doesn't matter.

Harley goes everywhere, welcome everywhere – nobody knows any good of him – accomplished – useful –

birth dubious – sole estate a couple of portmanteaus [*sic*] and a dressing case, servants in country houses bow down to Harley's dressing case.

Dr. Beaumont

Mr. Vanseyden

Har. There is an assistant at Montano's – a Neapolitan – who would stick at nothing. If

I can unearth him –

Fat. Bring him.

(21)

Parlour at Wandsworth summer afternoon.

Wilmot – in arm chair – helpless

Landlady waiting on him. She talks of his niece Margaret

Clement comes, and discusses the possibility of W. going to Sou'ton

Margaret enters – first round of lessons

Clement leaves cash, wh. W wants to return.

No, no you may be well enough to take the (...) before the steamer is due

- Exit -

J.W. vaults over the railing and appears at window. Picturesque enhanced (...) helps his brother out of the room with Margaret, then returns – meets doctor, hears there is no chance for brother.

Takes money

Re-enter Margaret

I shall meet him. M remonstrates.

No fear my girl I mean to make myself pleasant to him. If he wants to make amends – if he is prepared to treat me liberally bygones shall be bygones.

A snug little income – a cosy cottage in Devonshire, by the sea – my daughter to take care of me – a place where no one will recognize the jailbird.

A haven after the storms of life –

that's what I want, Margaret – to die with my head upon my daughter's breast.

W. talks of leaving his niece alone and friendless – Clem declares his love – speaks of her father – living – but rarely seen even by his daughter. She does not know how he lives – that is a struggle.

(23)

In St. Bodolph's Lane

H. Isn't there a door behind that bookcase – a door leading ---?

After he has left the two men look at each other.

That door was made ten years after H.D. went to India.

(24)

Unlucky that boy being here, wasn't it

Oh, he is so naïve – so innocent.

Ah, but he studies you. Yes. He has been telling me how you were in love with your husband – before you married him.

Yes I loved him.

Act 1

Antonio – talks of Harley's accomplishments.

Marina remonstrates with Livingstone. I know you are good, yet you lead such a useless life.

L. At least I do no harm. It is useful men who are mischievous

B.

The clock case is magnificent – but what about the wheels inside the clock.

H. Anything wrong with them

B. Wrong! Worn out! Never good for much – and worn out! Wheels rusty – pendulum out of beat. Valvular disease of the heart. Professional secret. Strictly Masonic.

H. Do you mean that he might die suddenly –

B. Like an oak struck by lightning.

H. Soon?

B. I give him six months. Professional secret. Pity with such a cellar of claret.

The wine will outlive the man.

(25)

M.as he tries to kiss her No, no, remember our compact.

H. Must it always be remembered so severely.

M. Always, always. Since that night when you told me that friendship was impossible between a man and a woman.

H. The woman passionately loved – young & lovely –

M. Since that dreadful night when I parted from you heart broken, thinking you so cold, so cruel, feeling that the world, my world, had come to an end, you have come to think differently –

H. I came to know that I could not live without you – that at any price of self-restraint, of a young man's passion kept in cheque [*sic*], I must see you, talk to you, breathe the air you breathed – very often –

M. And you have been breathing the air – I only hope your visits have not been observed and wondered at.

H. By Fatillo? He sees a cloud of butterflies hovering about his exquisite nose. I am only one in the cloud.

M. But you come so much earlier and stay so much later than the other butterflies.

H. Oh, there are always some of them about. How seldom we are alone. There is Tommy who devotes his languid hours to worshipping your sister.

M. Dear Tommy. He brings the atmosphere of the Lotus Island wherever he comes, such repose, such a

(26)

Act 2

Marina & Anita –

Harley & Marina – remorse

She asks him if his love is worth the sacrifice she has made – is he true – is there no [*arriere pensee*]

Anita has been plunging daggers into my heart – she says you are a worldling – with whom self interest must be paramount.

Fatillo has made his will – leaves everything to M trustee – adviser in the future.

Forsyth solicitor – yr.

M. deeply moved.

Harley returns – Lady C. talks of her ball –

masked till supper, on the stroke of midnight they are to unmask

Fatillo's suspicions have been aroused – surprises H&M she is agitated – crying.

Harley saves the situation, proposes for Anita. F. takes him at his word, calls Anita & joins their hands.

Anita hesitates – looks at Fatillo & then suddenly – I accept!

F. Do not let it be a long engagement. I am a man of business, & like to wind up my affairs.

(27)

Act 3

Take me away. I can't go on with this life – this daily – hourly falsehood. Caught in a web of lies. You masquerading as Anita's lover. I pretending to be a faithful wife.

H. reasons with her

Think of all that might happen to save your good name. Fate has such strange turns. What if you were free to become my wife – my honoured wife – before the face of the world. If your husband were to die.

Mar. How you say that! You look like a murderer! Harley!

It is the money you are thinking of –

Fatillo desperate. Has written to M's aunt in Paris & finds that M. was only two days with her – but away from London for a week.

You see she did not suspect for she accepted me

Did you see her face when she said the words

{if he were to die, & I
were left, his wealth mine – millions –
to fling at your feet. Is that what you
are thinking of.

H. Marina

M. My God! That is your secret.
You are waiting for him to die.}

Yes you are waiting. That's why you stayed in London. You think that he will die –
And that it was for that reason he made

(28)

Antonio & Fatillo – A. lets out Marina's absence – ten days

Ben. They always tell their husbands, it is all that is left to them – after the comedy of
the intrigue comes the tragedy of the confession, excitement, fever, éclat –
that's
what they live for – glory or disgrace.

Ben. If you wanted to save yr. skin you shd. have fallen in love with an Egyptian.

Ben. You think you are in London – that this is Lennox Gardens – I tell you are in Italy
 - in the land of fiery passions & swift revenges, the husband, wife, sister, secretary – all of that southern race.

There is one infallible sign of the accepted lover. He is always there.
 He may be plain, insignificant, elderly – but if he is always there – well – one draws one's inference –

I suppose we are friends. We have known each other a long time. Eton. Trin. Coll. the A.P.C.

(29)

Harley & Ben. You go to Angelo's every day –
 “ “ & Beaumont.

I give him a month.

Marina returns – impassioned scene.
 If not with you – to a convent.

Fatillo surprises them	H. M you are driving me mad. Confession – a convent – ruin for us both – & we are both young – we have a long life before us – a long life – an elysium of wedded bliss – if you will be patient.
B. And then there is the confession That is sure to come. After the fever of the intrigue, the excitement of telling the husband – Women live upon emotions - & go from strength to strength.	M. Wedded! What do you mean by that?

Fat. Come Marina – let us leave these happy lovers. *Exit.*

Har. Anita, I –

An. Don't touch me! Don't speak to me! I did it for his sake. I want to spare him.

I hate you – You've brought sin, shame, deceit into this house where we were so happy – an adoring husband, a virtuous wife. He is so good – so noble. I wd. tell any lie to save him. And so we are engaged. We must act our parts for two or three days - & then – we must (...) - & part & you must leave this house never to return.

Har. I have no choice but to

(30)

He worships money – in its highest most impersonal form – the money that builds war ships & upholds nations. And he adores his wife. This are the two things he cares for.

H.

Fat. I could kill you! I could kill you!

Act 3

Lady C. & the Benedicks discuss Anita's engagement – have just heard it has been broken off – such a temper! Wheels within wheels. I never quite believed –

Mar. tells Har. that S. has gone to Paris – he left home the night of his return –

a machine – a machine

Mar. explains husband's

grinding in a mill of

(...)!

Absence. He had gone to Paris.

Har. At Blenchenburgh – as soon as you like.

Fat. Why B. – there are safer places than Belgium. There is my house you have made loathsome. In the smoking room at 4 o'clock this morning – if you can get a second of her time.

Har. Is (...) be (...) work.

Har. Second. There is one of Angelo's men – I know where he lives.

F. A chance word from Antonio startled me & I questioned Florentino. You had gone alone to F. you who have never in yr. life traveled five miles unattended – you – with yr. delicate habits – yr. nerves! You to cross in the night boat alone – to (...) Calais – alone to F. My suspicions once aroused there was but one thing to be done. I went to yr. aunt – heard the particulars of yr. visit – two days - & you were gone again alone, but her carnage & servants took you to the station. There it was easy to get information. The station master remembered how Madam left by the (...) for [Pontarlier].

[TEXT FOLLOWS THE MARGINS FOR THE REST OF THE PAGE]

The rest was easy – too easy! Thank God that yr. arts had nagged me. Yr beauty betrayed you. People remembered you – from (...) I [pursued] you & yr seducer to the lonely Inn where you were too well remembered – on yr. honeymoon tour – I was shown the stream by which you & yr. companion loved to walk – the garden where you dined, in the sweet June nights.

(31)

Act 4

Fatillo & Beaumont enter as curtain rises

Beau. What cd. you want with me, that made you dig me out in the dead of night.

B. remonstrates. My dear friend. I have never told you the absolute truth. You force it from me now, Yr. life hangs by a thread. Any moment may be yr. last.

Fat. I have known as much for a month. I had a sharp attack in Vienna & consulted one of their big men. He was less sparing of my feelings than you were. He told me the truth.

B. And yet you will fight this man – when any violent negotiation.

Fat. Don't preach! I know what I am doing! I shall live to punish that man. God is not mocked!

B. But meeting in yr. own house. It will be murder.

Fat. A duel – with level headed seconds, & a doctor – everything en regle.

B. Murder - or suicide.

Fat. I shall kill him! And she will be alone in the world. B. an hour before I began to suspect her – when my only grief was the thought that we must soon part, I (...) a will in which I left her all I possess – knowing that she wd use wealth nobly – knowing her charity, her tenderness, her infinite love for all creatures that suffer. I have not revoked that will. I shall not (...) it fudge – if I am not sure of killing him.

Fat. I shall leave her with a colossal fortune & the aching memory of an unpardonable sin, that will keep her pure for the rest of her life. Oh, I know her, I know her! She has been tempted, betrayed. She has fallen. But she has a noble nature.

(32)

Beaumont. Do you know why I am standing by F. in this crisis.

Harley. I cannot conceive any reason for yr. conduct.

Beau. You cannot have forgotten one night in this room – when I was weak enough to pass sentence upon my patient. You were on the point of leaving England on a long voyage. I had heard you accept Van Leyden's invitation, but you changed yr. plans on the instant & from that time I saw you relentless in yr. pursuit of Fatillo's wife – building upon the knowledge that she must soon become his widow. Perhaps you played yr. game a little too boldly. You might have done better to stand aloof - & wait.

Harley Stand aloof! When I loved her. Man, do you allow nothing for a passionate love? I loved her. I admit that I counted upon her wealth, & (...) the day when she & her fortune might be mine. The prospect was dazzling. But I loved her with all my soul. Let him give her to me now – (...) penniless, disgraced, his cast off wife, & she shall be my (...)

(33)

After F's death C. goes to Hammond.

I killed him.

I know –

But it was not a deliberate murder. Had I killed him in self defence I suppose I might call

it manslaughter, but as it was another dearer life that I was defending you may call it murder. Whatever the crime was it changed my whole existence, it has given a different colour to every hour I have lived since that moment of horror – nine minutes perhaps from the moment he entered the room till he was lying dead at my feet.

The morning sunshine was filtering through the curtains when I heard a man's step upon the stairs – I know it was his step. I never doubted for a moment & I rushed to meet him. He was on the threshold of the dressing room, looking at me, the door between the rooms was wide open - & her room was full of the golden dawn – he looked that way for an instant – then looked at me with eyes that seemed full of blood & fire – he caught me by the neck - & before I cd grapple with him, he had flung me aside, as a dog wd have thrown a rat. I was lying on the floor for a moment while he ran to his desk, opened the pistol case & took out a revolver, then without another glance at me went towards the open door with the pistol in his hand. I sprang to my feet before he crossed the room – reached the door. I had time to snatch the other pistol from the open case, & as his foot was on the threshold of the room I fired – I knew he meant to kill her. I had seen death in his face. It was his life or hers. Now you know all!

I knew all from the first. I knew that you had killed him, knew that you were no deliberate murderer, knew that the unpardonable sin had been sinned, & that you had to deal with a man of fierce passions, capable of a terrible revenge. The story was not difficult to read, by the light of his character & yours.

(34)

Dead Love Has Chains

Lady Mary, widow of rich commercial man, after a cold weather in India, returning to England.

Girl in cabin next her own, hysterical, moans in her sleep, seldom leaves cabin, traveling with a middle-aged maid, grim, puritanical.

Lady M. goes to her one night, tries to comfort her, the girl is almost mad. I must tell someone. I'll tell you. Y're a lady, you won't betray me. I must.

She tells her story, went back to India, where she was born with her mother, a year before, adored her mother, didn't like her father, (...) – keeping her at arms length.

Mother died. She grieved desperately, and in the midst of her grief came the lover. Tells her story to a culminating point, and then puts her arms around M's neck & whispers in her ear.

You'll never tell, you won't tell, swear it, swear on the crucifix, snatches silver crucifix beside her berth, makes M. kiss it and swear – (...) by that sacred image never, never, never, to tell what she has heard.

(35)

M's only son has been ten years in a private asylum,
Daisy Mentith – 27

She was not an impure woman –
 compared with the great sinners, she was passionless, pure as a child – but she loved
 me with a love that had been growing in the constant intimacy of our lives, for the
 last nine years – she had given me her promise – our first kiss had made us one
 forever. – All our

plans
 {It was a mind new born. The life of the mind was new, science,
 were
 poetry, facts, fancies, art, music – worlds to explore - & the made &
 man still in the flower of his youth – strong as a lion.} fixed
 finally

at that fatal ball – we were to leave England for ever next morning. She was to walk
 out of her house quietly at nine o'clock, & I was to be in a side street

{He remembered her. Her face comes back to me. Her beauty shines like a star}.
 waiting for her –as her father had waited for her mother thirty years before.
 {Conrad goes back to Cranford after 7 to 8 years. He will be 27 in Aug.}

M. urges her to give him up, to break with him before it is too late – she reminds M
 of her words. If he is a good man he will forgive – M tells her the story of C's first
 love – the risk of a shock to his feelings –
 Will that induce you –

No I mean to marry him. I mean to make him happy.

Does yr. stepmother know.

No – no one knows but my father. That's why we hate each other.

(36)

Capt. & Mrs. Selkirk – young couple
 Sir Michael Thelliston
 Irene
 Daisy Mentith
 Capt. Mansfield – Lady M's nephew. Scots Greys
 Professor Wiltner literary.

p.37 – {Hugh Craddock
 Mrs. Warden
 friend in Rhodesia}

Irene's letter There is only one man in the world I have the right to marry & he has claimed me. I go to him with a broken heart. I know that all my life must be unhappy – but I have no choice.

After the shock he roams out into the Park, wanders about all night, finds himself at Farm in Bayswater, holding onto the railings of K. Garden.
I am going mad again – seven more years – I have served for [Leah] & I am to serve for Rachel & not get her. He laughed wildly.
No I won't go mad! No man need go mad unless he likes. It's the will power that's wanting. I must get out of this infernal world – this world of false lovely women.
This time it shall not be Roehampton. I'll try Africa.

(37)

Her Convict Emanuel Penroyal---- {marries at 43.44 at Vera's birth
Vera Penroyal { 63 when story begins
Leonard Penroyal {paleontologist, naturalist,
botanist.}
{assumed names Captain Hammond
John Clarkson Muriel " " Muriel's governess Miss Baxter
Edward " " Randolph " " escapes October
William " " Mrs Warden Matthew Warden
Mannington=Farrowgate}
Mark Lister – painter – Eton,Balliol – Fitzroy Sqr.
Framber – Hertforshire George Desmond – James Farrowgate D's partner
Between [Hatcher] & Hatfield Henry " " his father
Lockingford Place Peacock – boatman
Bailey – Head of Stables Miss Dodd – Colgray house
Cobb Head Gardner Miss Hawker – Lock-keepers wife

George at the Lock house
Hammond's house in Daneborough Gardens
Randolph jealous of George's influence – grandmother a good life – may be a very long life – gradually the idea of poison grows in his mind.

Geo. suspects –
is afterwards suspected – by Vera who loves him & is agonized at the struggle between duty to Mrs W. and love for the man she (...)
guilty – a scene between her & G. in which she accuses him –
He sees for the first time that there has been foul play – finally – after a long investigation fixes on the guilty man - & saves his benefactress.

Sir Emanuel happy at Windsor with specimens - & r.
Mrs. Tranmore gives party after play – at Windsor.
Romeo, Sir Harry Bennington (...) wife – Mrs Lavington
Nurse Dakin – Mr Peterson.

(38)

1. Mrs. W [startles] them all – in the [presence] of nurses by declaring she is being poisoned. The illness has lasted too long. I got a little better, then again I am worse, the suffering comes back. Nature is fighting against my enemy – but the enemy is strongest. Somebody is killing me. {Telegram from P, come at once – something dreadful has happened.
 “He is in there?” What. Dead. Has he poisoned himself. No I took care to prevent that.
 I
 (...) he had a revolver. Tells how R. followed Belle home, saw her [NB. TEXT FOLLOWS RIGHT MARGIN] marriage – upbraided her – made a scene & then came to P. – told him the story – mad – P. left him to take a sleep – heard report &....}

2. Desmond suspects Randolph. He tells M. that she is mistress of the house. She must send her brother away.
 Why? For grandmother’s sake. Finally pressed hard, he admits his suspicions. She is indignant – won’t believe.

3. Accident to Skeddles – Dangerously ill. D. goes to see him, sees empty box – in a corner of the room – accuses him of having stolen it.

4. He hears later from M. that [Skeddles] had sent for Randh.

Ran. goes to London – Mrs. W. gradually recovers from the time he leaves.

Interview with Sir Julius Muriel’s alarm at R. absence

Visit to Capt. Hammond Medical student friend

(39)

I have gone thro’ the papers carefully - & I must agree with the judge – that – there was reasonable doubt.
 For my own part I cannot conceive that a young man educated at E. & B. (...) fall at once into a criminal
 (...) – you know Mr. D said this book of your speaks to a lofty mind – no, I cannot think it the book of a common thief - & so, as Vera has made up her mind –
 D’s essays ‘Life & Time’ Daneborough (...) Hammond

Dartmoor, foxgloves in regiments – heather – blaze of furze relieving neutral colour – Granite – bearded with lichens – (...) fern & bent grass. White fluttering cotton seed –

(...) so near the haunts of men –

the deep solitude of brisk mountain breeze – music of the hill streams –

Dartmoor contains the highest land in England south of Ingleborough

High Willhays nr. Okehampton – the loftiest summit is 2052ft above the sea & the mean elevation of the whole district is 1700ft.

lowlying bogs & morasses – broad marshy plains - a rolling country, rising into ridges & long rounded hills. Tors marked by masses of weatherworn granite on their summits, huge blocks & towers of rock – fantastic shapes – the sides of the tors strewn with granite blocks, lying in grey ruin among beds of fern & heather.

Valleys & deep gorges thro' wh the rivers find their way – strewn with granite.

2. Review July 73 p.143

(40)

1. The Sofa. The domestic modern human in poetry begins with Cowper.

Wordsworth Tennyson Browning Patmore

2. The Life Beautiful – must be an expensive life – no shabby tips – no disappointed waiters – or cabmen – alms – helps to friends.

The compromise a country cottage – no entertaining a garden – happy, chubby (...) servants.

The Life Ugly – pretentious – income (...) on show parsimoniousness in every detail –

L'Abbe de Bernis. Of good family – young – poor – in Paris

“amusant de ses jolis vers les joyeuse (...) de Paris” – (...)

a tout jeune homme qui entre dans la carrière, il ya une première chose à demander – “(...) sont tes Deux.”

3. Smart Sets

Lady Castlemaine runs down to pick up hurt child

Dorset etc.. & (...) must be eccentric – original

King or Prince the central point.

Duchess Kingston – Summings. Lady M.W.

Jersey Cunningham – Sheridan – Brummel

“St. Berne Vol. 8 pp.6.”

(41)

For Sir E. the making of man had very little [interest]. It was what man had made of himself that he cared for.

Old Professor – bland – courteous – like Sir R [O]

The Dart.

The water of the river turns blue before a coming death; & the cry – as that louder sound is called wh. rises from all mountain streams towards nightfall, is held to be of ill omen when heard at any distance.

2. R (...) 74

Pre-glacial man 2.R vol. 114 p. 406.

Farrowgate escapes – Dying makes declaration of D’s innocence –

-Il est difficile d’être jeune de vivre à Paris sans avoir envie de faire des vers.
Bernis.

Louis 14 – his grandeur - authority – his consciousness of dignity – calm self assertion.

The fall from his splendour to L. in the Temple [Intoye] by the rabble (...)

Antony Hamilton – un bon coin de singularité

(42)

Problem novel. A woman of high rank – about 38 – with a son & daughter who adored her.

She has had a son before her marriage, under painful circumstances – her lover a soldier – ordered away suddenly & killed.

Their son is a scoundrel – haunts & tortures her.

(43)

Middle-aged man – rich – noble – goes to the East end with philanthropic friend – a young man – sees a girl of surpassing beauty – very young, & innocent.

Places her in a superior boarding school – ultimately marries her.

[NB: THERE FOLLOWS A PAGE OF INDECIPHERABLE TEXT IN FRENCH]

(44)

Blanch & Patricia – the poor dears. Irish missionary – jovial, rollicking – keeps the poor dears in fits of laughter – then rates them & threatens them with hell.
Savonarola – B & P burn their (...)

Sylvester Treswick (...) a new magazine – 2 (...) - monthly – expensive – a record of every great thing in the month – a mag for the rich & the refined –

She flings him a cheque for £1000. Then when he is gone burst into angry sobs – beats her head against the marble table.

Blackmail – blackmail

Interview with Frankland.

She cables for W.M.

(45)

Lady Olivia enters hurriedly –

My mother has been simply horrid – wants me to marry a creature with twelve millions & a head like a billiard ball. Sixty if he's a day - & oh, so common! I've refused the animal six times, with a crescendo of rudeness, but the ruder I am the more he wants to marry me.

Mrs. R. He puts it down to your high birth –

Oliv. I wish I'd been born in a back kitchen.

Wd. you allow us to call you Lady Olivia –

Oliv. – I've never been called anything else.

Hy. The will make yr salary a hundred & you'd like to live in.

Oliv. Live in.

Hy. To have yr. sleeping apartment & all yr. meals under this roof.

Oliv. Yes, yes, that's what I want - a home.

Hy. And I want a daughter.

Oliv. You dear old thing – *hugs her* – And if you can give me any little cubby house for my morning room.

Hy. I'll unfurnish the spare bed room tomorrow.

Oliv. Oh that's too much.

Hy. Nothing can be too much for my daughter – in Law.

(46)

A Hard Woman

Ralph Rayner
Michael

Helena – 26. when story begins

Helena's dogs – Chieftan & Rag

Lady Magdalen – Ld. Altrincham's daughter

Lady Louisa Sufford her younger sister

Ralph. Have I not given bread to thousands – bread & comfortable homes – library – clubs – Park etc. What more cd. a man do for mankind? What more? Only do as Christ bade him – sell all that he has.

(48)

she sees swimming matches – amateur theatricals – the Spitalfields Weaver – The Rendezvous.

(...) from Matlock B. writing first – H answers very coldly – Irene (...) nothing left her – complains that R.R. forgot her.

There wd. have been little chance of my father forgetting you if you had made his son happy.

Irene protests – poses as a victim.

And you have all yr. mother's diamonds. Yes, I have all my mother's jewels. I suppose if Michael had lived & there had been children yr. father wd. have made some of them heirlooms.

Very likely.

Ralph Rayner's inventive faculty the compound strength of the factory – he considered every workman's suggestion – encouraged then to think about the machines they worked – developed their intelligence to the utmost.

Their savings banks – co-operation – all the big shops in Skepton worked on co-operative principles – no fortunes made by shop-keepers, but a livelihood for all. Bonuses when trade was good – double pay in times of strenuous work to compete (...) against time.

(49)

Ralph Rayner

-triple, quadruple millionaire – has started from middle-class respectability – made an enormous fortune by happy inventions – screw, balls – things wh. Irene understands vaguely.

He talks of standardization – His idea of heaven wd. be a place where every bolt & screw was standardized.

Has married a very beautiful woman, an earl's daughter – with Spanish-American blood.

Irene tall, very dark, splendidly handsome – a woman of whom men are afraid – Impetuous – unconventional - & reputed to have a temper.

Rayner a big man – sandy haired. The red Rayners.

He has one daughter – a disappointment at her birth - & a son four years younger.

All his pride, ambition, affection, concentrated on the son. He desires no honours for himself – but hopes for a peerage for his son.

The son has an early disappointment of the heart - & at Cambridge becomes fired with the passion of philanthropy – works in a College Mission.

(50)

wants to enter an Anglican Brotherhood, to take vows of celibacy –

The father overrules him, & he marries a girl of good birth. They are unhappy, & he commits suicide.

Michael – the brown monk.

Give us this day our daily bread, a mockery on the lips of those who wallow in luxury while millions of their fellow men are starving.

If these ignorant brutes are cruel to the lower brutes have they not our example of cruel indifference to their sufferings.

The life-long agony of semi-starvation – food bought by farthing's worth.

To him wealth was sin, a sin that cried to heaven for vengeance – he was a socialist to the marrow of his bones –

All the splendours that envisioned him had been hateful from the day he knew the sufferings of the submerged

R.R. says I have given bread to thousands.

(51)

Lady Cynthia – Irene's mother – a woman of the world – frivolous, self-indulgent – married Rayner for his wealth & spends it royally.

She has been dead two years when story begins – Michael less than a year.

Ralph Rayner knows there is a streak of madness, a terrible story of long ago – in his wife's family - & to that he ascribes his son's death.

He leaves his daughter an immense fortune on condition that remains unmarried – if she marry – a pittance only.

Her vast wealth wd. in that case go to Matthew Rayner & his numerous family of red Rayners, people Irene hates.

Matthew is his brother's manager, with a profit sharing income of five or six thousand a year. Rayner counts his money in millions – his unit is a thousand.

(52)

Old Mary tells her of the south London preacher – he makes people cry.

Helena thinks of her father – wishes he had loved her – she is so utterly alone.

Offers to go to him in America.

When the letter has been posted – news comes of his death.

She goes to Skepton, & is struck by the magnitude of her father's work.

A smokeless city – healthy happy people – industry in its best form.

She drives about – sees other towns – canopied with smoke, cottages, all things inferior.

This is her kingdom – her heart thrills with pride – What does she want with the love of individuals – to have two or three people – a husband, children – foolish about her. She can have the love of thousands who will look to her as a giver of all good things, appeal to her for all they want in life.

She finds out how her father was admired, even beloved & she begins to think that he was a great man & more deeply regrets that she was cold & unsympathetic, that she treated him as a negligible quantity in her life.

(53)

The Edinboro escapade

She goes to his lodgings tells the landlady she is his wife – stays all night in a little room next his bedroom – wh he has used as a study. Bursts in upon him in the morning – as he sits at breakfast – a book beside his cup –

I am yr. wife – by Scotch law.

He summons the landlady – This lady is not my wife, but we are going to be married almost immediately - & she has been playing a practical joke – a wager perhaps – with one of her girl [friends] amusing herself at my expense. She told you

They are married in Edinboro – go to a cottage at Grasmere for their honeymoon – small rooms, humble fare, no maid.

She is utterly happy – (...)

A child is born - at (...) – abroad – Old Mary only in the secret – vague slanders are heard – Lord Frankland hears & is grieved – repeats his offer of marriage, urgently – She refuses – tears – agitation – that confirm him in the idea that there is something wrong.

‘You see how little our happiness depends on money,’ he says.

‘Not ours perhaps – but other people – all those poor things that we can feed & shelter. Remember what our money (...)

- I. insists that the marriage must be acknowledged. She refuses definitely & he goes back to Africa. She goes to Sou'ton with him. Thinking that he will give way at the last moment, brings every spell to bear upon him. He is rock!

(54)

The red Rayners – Matthew's sons & daughters	{Rayners had
Beryl Theodore	been hands at
Pearl Algernon	Skepton in the days when
Ruby	iron goods had to be carried by wagon
	to Hull & thence by water to London & the continent.}

If anything shd happen to make her need him he will return to her. She has but to cable for him. He will keep her informed of his movements – but he will never be to her as a husband till she has acknowledged her marriage & surrendered her wealth.

Lady M. invites them to her big parties.

Irene throws the photos on the fire – That is the only thing to be done with them.

Nonsense! Don't you subscribe to all the things –
 Subscribe – money – half of which is spent on P. stamps & stationary, an office, a paid secretary, paid collectors. It is himself that a man must give if he wants to be like Christ – his thoughts, his labour – his pity for the suffering he sees & understands. Subscribe! Yes, I give them my money – but I have shut the door of my heart against them.

He is angry – then in a sudden impulse takes her in his arms & kisses her passionately.

Killing himself to die upon a kiss. I have killed myself for you Irene. Killed my hopes my endeavours my fight against evil, my labour for good.
 Please let me go. You can't make amends for rudeness by demonstrations of this kind. You have absolutely ruined my lovely lace ruff. If you talk & act so wildly, Michael, I shall [have] to think you are – not quite – sane!
 Mr [Stressington] – one of her mother's tame cats – musical – artistic – has heard of her in Italy – (...) her traveling with Mary, & an Italian (...) & shortly before the child's birth.

(55)

There shall be no more of our race.

I wanted a peerage for him – it wd have been easy.
I want nothing for myself. My life is done. I have lived hard – loved every moment, worked at business – worked at pleasure – the strain has never relaxed. I am fifty seven - & my life is done. The remnant that remains isn't worth thinking about. It will be Brighton – or Nice - & a bath chair. I have had most things that the world can give – but I wanted better things for my son – a purer atmosphere - out of the stink of trade – the fight for gold.

People see a difference in him

He wounds himself. Irene sees the plastered hands.

She was not false to him, she had no flirtations. She was self-centred. The person she loved was Irene. The one damning fact was that he has given up all for her & she had given him nothing.

[Stressington] a board school boy. Talks of himself as a waif. Tells Helena his story one day – in a burst of bitter feeling. His mother a lady's maid, seduced by her mistresses noble husband, flung out of doors by the housekeeper.

She complains that the rooms are impossibly small. The rents big enough (...) anyhow, missy. Papa don't be vulgar. Its so easy to be vulgar. I was talking of the size of the rooms. What has the rent to do with that? Something. You cd. have a wilderness in Australia.

(56)

Donald Campbell

John Halford his grandfather a weaver, his father non-conformist minister at Aberdeen, a good man & a [narrow]

D wins scholarship at Marischal college
Oxford ?

His favourite book as a child Livingstone's life – Africa calls him.

Spends ten years in Africa, part of the time with a mission – then working independently.

A great bare church between New Cross and Deptford – a severely plain service.

All former lights in these dark places had relied on colour & light – an ornate service – music – vestments, here was puritan plainness – no adventitious charm – the man – the man alone dominated the masses.

Frankland tells her that her uncle wd have acted generously. She need not have feared to trust him.

No – no – he is a commercial man – he wd. have used his right – he wd have taken all – He wd. leave me a pauper – my son penniless after my death. Why shd he have taken less than his right.

(57)

Donald Campbell John Halford athlete – Cambridge blue – missionary.

He wanted, like the apostle Paul, to preach the gospel where Christ had not been named.

“The homes in many of our English parishes are simply appalling; but this fact does not relieve me of my responsibilities with regard to the field of labour to wh. I believe God is calling me. It is because of this belief in a personal call to me to go abroad & in the light of Matthew X. 37.38 that I do persistently & prayerfully look forward to a time when I shall be at work in Africa not from a spirit of waywardness, of from any want of tender affection for my home – not yet from a spirit of adventure and restlessness.

He has left his mother whom her adored. Helena fears that he may leave her.

The Moravian church, the Pioneer among missionary societies & the missions of individual churches.

A book appears – a monograph – picturesque – eloquent. “Paul the Missionary” It has a tremendous success – everybody reads – everybody criticizes – praises. It is a prose poem.

Claudia recognizes her husband’s hand. There are sentences that bring back those elysian nights in the cottage. There are phrases that were burnt into her brain. She goes to the publishers to make enquiries but they will not tell her the writer’s name.

(58)

When he has been away some months he writes to her. I hoped you wd. tell me to come to you. I thought that before now you might need me, that you might have special need of me. Well it is only one more disappointment – all has been disappointed since those happy days at Grasmere – those unforgotten, unforgettable days –

Ld Frankland tells her of slander – urges her to marry him.
You refused me before. You thought I wanted yr fortune – Will you come to me now, H a portionless bride – my love & my Queen. {I think the time has come when you want me

- You cannot stand alone any longer.
The world is a cruel world – cruel to
poverty. She still (...) the gold to (...)}

She goes to Italy with old Mary – takes no other servant – stays at Alassio & from there engaged English nurse – Nurse not to wear uniform.

She travels from Alassio to Lenii at Genoa.

At G the station – she meets [Francis] – Trewick – inquisitive – troublesome – tells him she has been ill – She is pale – haggard – nervous.

He is a man she detests – has met him everywhere in London – an inevitable man – “Everybody’s tame cat.” He sees her with the two maids – finds out where she is going – sees the name on her luggage. Madame [Rayne]

Her son is born at Lenii. She stays there till he is three months old – then establishes him with his nurse at a small house in Hampstead – where she can visit him wh she does secretly – rarely – Mary goes often.

One day Trewick tells her that there is only one place near London in wh. an artist can live. Hampstead! The look in his eyes tells her that he has seen the boy.

(59)

She immediately removes the boy to a villa at Shepperton.

Nach Golde draugt

Am Golde haugt

Doch Alles. Ach (...)!

She is extraordinarily popular at Skepton. At their entertainments she plays – or recites – with piano. A beautiful picturesque figure in a white satin gown. She plays dreamily – looking at them with her great dark eyes & then leaving across the piano – she recites Wordsworth ode. Perhaps that is over their heads she thinks, tho' they listen spellbound & she breaks suddenly into military music – The Girl I left. B.G.S. Dead March - & recites the Burial of St. John Moore. Wild applause. The Lorelei in English – playing melody while she speaks – slowly, wistfully.

Then she stands up and tells them a story – the Ugly Duck – brightly, briefly, something to make them gay & hopeful. Perhaps there may be two or three ugly ducks here tonight! She says, smiling down at the crowded faces, all alert and eager. Don't let them be down-hearted. Who knows that they may not grow into swans? But they must do most of the growing for themselves – they must [spread] their wings & lengthen their necks – they must remember that there is always one way in wh every man or woman can be great & good. They have to find out what the way is. That's all!

Then with a gay laugh, she dropped them her lowest curtsy, & left the platform.

(60)

Your old age pensions – yr orphan villages alas I cannot praise you for them. It is yr. Uncle's money you are spending. You are benevolent with another's wealth. When will you see the dishonesty of yr. life?

You tell me I want to make you a pauper. A pauper with seven hundred a year in the three percents. When you tell me to come to you I shall have no difficulty in getting a living. The Bishop of (...) is my friend, & in his disease there are many delightful places. For yr. sake I would choose a country parish. Where our home wd. be attractive, our surroundings picturesque. For yr. sake I wd fold my hands & say the chief work of my life is done. I wd preach to tenant farmers, & work among agricultural labourers, & teach rustic children, & train clodhoppers. I wd narrow my mission to half a dozen villages & a market town, you shd spend every shilling of yr income on things you love, on yr rose garden, on horses to ride or drive, on pretty clothes – and a clever maid. You shd be as charming, as dazzling on seven hundred a year as on seventy thousand.

Her impression of Deptford – squalor – dirt – hunger – pinched faces – innumerable drink shops.

Their labour – not safe and regular – with provision for sickness & old age – casual – uncertain – sweated labour.

Women bent double with bending over sewing machines – girls who worked in slaughter houses & dabbled elbow deep in blood – children who cleaned doorsteps in the grisly morning before going to school – a life of pain (...) by gin.

(61)

Treswick worries her – tries everyway at getting at her money –

Do you not yearn to do something with yr wealth – something great, something noble – something for art – or something for letters – The stage calls you – with yr dramatic genius you must be interested in the redemption of the drama. Tragedy is lying on the dust – but believe me there are plays – grand plays unacted – great actors panting for opportunity – starving morally - & perhaps even physically – for want of opportunity –

Or a newspaper – why not a newspaper – on a higher plane than the common journalistic level – leveling down to the mob. You cd. afford to teach – the speculator the common or garden man of business only tries to attract. He never considers what the people ought to like. He only thinks of what they do like – and so the standard gets lower instead of higher.

R.R. indifferent to class distinctions – he recognized the difference between his fellow men – some cleverer – more honest – richer – but saw [no] importance in blue blood. With his servants he has only two aspects – the slave driver & the familiar friend - & they forgave the s.d. for the sake of the f.f.

One after another the family infants had been presented to her – all looking exactly alike –

C.knows that all the servants are devoted to her – the housekeeper – Daventry – D.an old servant – who had admired & loved his master – not afraid of the rough side of his tongue.

(62)

Do you know the horrors of uncivilized (...) cruelty to animals – Elephants trapped – poisoned – by savages for their ivory –

They go to Aberdeen – marriage by declaration in small Presbyterian ch. in the old town – then to Grasmere. In this surrender – can you doubt it. Am I not yr slave?

Her partners are full of plans – they foresee a perspective of infinite improvement – infinite development from the wonders of electricity. Their dream is of smokeless factories – a smokeless town – electric energies worked by waterfalls fifty miles off. The fortune of Skepton may show progress as great as the thirty years of Ralph Rayner's power – when one after another the old methods gave place to the new. We shall look back at the Works as they are today & laugh at our old-fashioned system – our (...) machinery – The 20th century is a fast goer. Themotor is

typical of the age. They were bubbling over with prosperity. What more cd. fortune give them?

She does not go much to Skepton after her marriage – not to V. Hall (...) the (...) cousins.

T. says – I believe she has got tired of the works & the people. She made too much fuss at first.

Now cd. you suppose she wd. go on caring for them. She is much too fine.

Murray writes. I shall not sail till the first week in December.

If you want me to stay write to me before that date. You know our fate is in yr. hands. One word to your Uncle – one to me & the aspect of our life changes.

& oh, my dearest, do not believe that happiness depends upon material things.

They meet at Marseilles – he a wreck – There's life in the old dog yet – they go to Alassio – where the child joins them.

(63)

Donald

The dark deep set eyes that seem to hold something she can never know – the mystery of a mind beyond her reach. Nothing shy or crafty or underhand, only a depth below her plummet line.

That expression in his eyes begins to haunt her – just as his voice has haunted her – the something grave, (...), remote from common clay, a strength held in check, power of mind, will, nerve, muscle & physical power equal to mental power – a double force. When he takes her hand with the firm yet gentle grip she knows that his hand cd. crush it.

'You remind me of a (...) hammer,' she says.

You are so strong but you can be gentle.

I hope strength need not imply brutality. In my experience the brutal men were the weak men.

Oh, my love, my love,' she cried, with her arms round his neck, 'how blessed it is to be loved.'

'Do you know what love means.....

The six old dears. 6 fashionable girls have set up a home for 6 old women. Helena meets Lady Clementina coming out of E. end church. C. tells her about the old dears – asks her to (...) there – W.M. comes. One thing we insisted upon. We will have them clean & there's only one of six that likes soap & water - & she has a (...) first.

She had thought of their union as spirit with spirit – mind with mind –

Never before has she felt the disgust of life as she feels it now – for now it is physical as well as mental.

The scent of the [Safrano] roses is overpowering. One day she cries out, Oh the stench of the roses.

(64)

A long interview with Ld Frankland – tells her of the things that have been said – asks her to marry him. We are strong enough to set our foot upon the snake – together. Finally – when urged – tells her that the report of her visits to (...) H. her walks upon the Heath with the boy – have been discussed. There are people malignant eno' to say that yr long absence from England – yr seclusion can be accounted for by the existence of that child – that he is yr child – He was deadly pale. It hurt him even to speak of these things. He had shown her that he did not believe the slander – that he held her dishonour as a thing impossible – yet for the moment – facing her & being forced to tell her what the world had been thinking – he suffered an agony. She too was pale – but self-possessed. 'I know I can trust you, she said 'Yes you can trust me.' 'The child I have been seen with – the child I see everyday – is my own son. He was silent – with lowered eyelids, looking at the ground, in unspeakable grief. 'I was married a year ago – last October – in Scotland. My son was born at Lenii in July - His father is a missionary, in Central Africa – may never come back to England. Practically my son is fatherless.

He writes [Proctor] – You will not be surprised at my resignation of St. Cuthberts – but you may be surprised to know that yesterday's sermon will be my last address to any congregation in the Church of England.

A small chapel in a large sea side town.

[Chief Proctor] writes that he has (...) been troubled by a doubt of Martin's orthodoxy – now he feels compelled to act.

M. resigns –

Questions himself – Do I believe in the supernatural – in (...) My God – do I believe – with anything like a steadfast faith in the Resurrection. What is my belief but a refusal to shrink – a thrusting aside of every difficult question.

(65)

Our Adversary

The Babes in the Wood

Old Iniquity

Martin [Danyell] – 35 – younger son of rich father – has two wards – cousins – the boy a weakling – the girl strong, enterprising, bold, eager to ride, swim – do all things perilous climbs trees in the grounds –

Boy Leonard 11 fond of drawing – with a gift – but mind poor – dreams – reads fairy tales – almost believes them.

Girl Jenny 15.

Strange story of the children's mother – a mystery of the neighbours said to have been an opera singer whose first husband dies under mysterious circumstances – a

suspicion of poison – after Hugh had fallen in love with her. The house has been avoided till Martin comes into possession as guardian of children.

His cousin Hugh sends for M. on his deathbed – they having been estranged – confides the children to him.

You may be as bad a guardian as the man who murdered the babes in the wood – but I can't help myself – there's no one else.

Prologue

Martin [Danyell] preaching in smart sea side chapel. Proprietary. The temptation of Christ – throws doubt on the personal Devil – Chief Patron of Chapel – takes up his hat & walks out.

Writes to M. next day calling upon him to resign – You are free thinker – M. throws up clerical profession – lives in London – a life of (...) - & some time after is summoned to his cousin's death bed.

(66)

Book 1

Martin meets charming young man – takes him home – fresh from Oxford – about 20 – beautiful. Every one is fascinated by him. He claims to be Lord (...) youngest son. Stays some time – then casually strolls out one afternoon & never comes back.

Martin goes to Lord H in London – to enquire - & hears there is no such son. The man was a cheat. He has not borrowed money – has taken nothing – he seemed rich. He takes great notice of the children – talks to Martin about them. The boy can't live.

[D] G – hears this – is very angry – fierce debate with V. in Martin's presence.

If you cd. rear him – what then? A weakling – an epileptic – foredoomed to mischief – perhaps to crime.

Do you think with such an imagination & such a frame he can ever see twenty. {I don't care about his imagination. Give me the rearing of him & by G he shall live' – said the doctor. We'll have him cub-hunting on a sheltie next month, eh Danyell}. "They are marked for death. You can't doubt that. The great enemy has set his seal upon their foreheads."

The girl has the gift of painting – the boy is a poet – hyper imaginative. They are both delicate, fragile, nervous – the girl fifteen – no remarkable feature except her dark gray eyes with long black lashes – eyes of wh. the pupil dilates in all emotional moments.

They look in an old Peerage – find Eugene's name – or rather he shows them the name in Peerage three years back. When Ld H is asked he is shocked. My son died in Australia last year – it hurts me to talk of him.

(67)

Book 2

Martin riding home alone in the twilight – comes to Roxborough – Roxendale. Finds queer old woman – caretaker – where the house has been empty for years –

Talks to her – interested in her strange talk –
Goes back – several times.

She asks him to bring the children. They go & are fascinated. They love playing in the strange half ruined buildings – chapel – maze – great stables – old terraces. The children delight in the old woman. They hang upon her steps. One day she tells Martin the boy can't live. He is marked for death.

One day she talks of her master. It is on the edge of night – Martin sees strange figure among the ruins. When he goes back to the house – after interval she is gone.

He meets Roxendale, owner - & talks of strange caretaker. There is – to his knowledge – no such person.

(68)

Book 3

Counter Influence Pauline {Julian's sisters – Flora – Lucy}

The good angel is to be well-born – a lady

The bad angel – a waif out of the gutter – beautiful. He thinks that he can re-create her – put a soul into her. She has gipsy blood.

She loves him passionately – a creature of impulse – is false to him – disappears - & comes back mysteriously – he forgives her – is going to marry her.

Driving through the East End in a hansom, almost runs over her – alights & carries her fainting into chemist's shop – chemist looks at her –

(...) get up you hussey,' she is no more fainting than I am.

Pauline the good angel loves the niece and nephew.

Detected she laughs – it was a lark to let the swell carry me.

He gives her a handful of gold – then suddenly magnitised [*sic*] by the lovely wild face – asks where she lives – 'I shall be in your part of the country before long perhaps.'

They meet a year after on the high road – she with a cart with brooms, etc., & a man, her slave, humpbacked, terrible –

They meet again. She is on the stage – in a physical comedy – Later she is married to an elderly nobleman – old baronet, very rich – a masculine Skewton.

The hunchback is still – factotum {H. talks to him – tempts him – tells him how lovely she is – what a fine creation – how she deserves a better fate – etc.

(69)

Summoned by his friend – he arrives in the golden evening light – small Cornish station – Penworthy Haven. Old Tudor House – large – neglected – old servants – an abiding silence & gloom in long corridors – sunset light – crimson or gold.

Is taken to the dying man’s room – Jenny sitting huddled up in an armchair close to her father’s pillow.

B. tells him to take care of the children –

Don’t follow the wicked Uncle in the Babes in the Wood. I looked over the list of kindred & friends - & they seemed all the stuff that makes wicked Uncles – all but you – You have a conscience – You believe in God – the God who said Vengeance is mine.

I want to tell you about her – my wife – my wife. I have no wife – tries to tell – but dies leaving the story untold. Of his daughter – she knows nothing – She does not remember her –

Jenny – sent to a distance out of earshot – moves back to the bed & is in her father’s arms when he dies.

Jenny at the lodge – She is Jenny’s Godmother – Girl & Boy christened hastily when H brings them to Penworthy. He is a dying man when he arrives from Italy with his two children.

Contrast the hills & woods of Cornwall, the splendour of gold & green – deep blue sea - - after the long streets & terraces of a huge watering place {Brighton}.

(70)

Jenny – highly gifted as an artist – draws everything she sees – an impressionist – painting out of doors, untaught.

Pre-Raphaelite by instinct – or becoming enamoured of style when Martin shows her old prints, illuminated missals etc. wh he finds in the library.

He examines books & portfolios with Jenny. They call it treasure hunting. Now let us go treasure hunting.

Marie born 1886	1905 Marie 19
F “ “ 1892	F 14
1900	
Marie 14	
F 10	

Martin’s friend – a Bohemian – writes for the Reviews – calls himself a [smatterer]

Doctors, father & son, one at Tredargan {....

Son at St. Awdry – both clever – father hunting man – son surgeon.

Scientist – father widower – neither have any use for women – father’s house administered by old groom & stable lad – one woman servant whom everybody bullies – numerous dogs.

Son’s home rather smart, books, flowers, etc..

(71)

Louis very frail – thin – large forehead – large grey eyes –
He is of imagination all compact. King Arthur is his delight.
He careers about the gardens thinking himself King Arthur.
The book is never out of his mind.

Let me [hurtle] with you – he cries – Calls the servants [Chorles] ‘I made the [Chorles] to flee.’

He is never happier than when Martin takes him to Tintagel.

They are at Tintagel together when the stranger appears – talks to them – so young – fascinating – face like an angel.

(72)

Martin takes Jenny to the play – she sees Flora – dislikes the play – revolts instinctively against the style of the women.

Two years go by, after scene with K. they are all in London.
They see K at the theatre.

(73)

William Frederick – the great preacher
Butler & housekeeper – Hamley at (...)

And then he knew that it was the God like man & not the incarnate God that he had worshipped.

At the time of his ordination careless – ready to believe anything – the son of a hard riding squire.

Kate Loagan

He takes K. home in his cab – sees the room in wh she lives with another woman – drunk & snoring on the bed – heads & tails – filth indescribable. K standing in the midst of it, shining like a goddess {Virgil}

He gives her money – goes away. She haunted him. He struggles against the obsession – recognizes embodied evil in this creature.

Finally he goes back to her – takes her to a music hall – gives her supper.

Later she is in lodgings – in a ready made silk gown from the Newington Causeway & a Gainsborough hat – ‘a lydy.’

The rest of his adventure – is told in retrospect – visions of the past including upon his pure life in Cornwall - coming upon him in flashes of splendour – fraught with disgust – while Jenny is hanging on his arm. He looks down compares the splendid sensual beauty

(74)

with J’s ethereal prettiness – the delicate freshness of a flower against the red fire of a star.

He remembers her manner of eating – the sensual gourmandise – of drinking – the glass tilted and drained with a smack of the lips - & then after his involuntary movement of disgust – how she wd. brush her hand across her mouth - & turn & smile at him – a goddess.

He sees K at a London theatre – where he has taken Jenny & Jim.

She is the rage – sings an inane song – ‘wouldn’t you like to be there?’ – makes no pretence of acting.

She marries Lord Falconbridge – an (...) – who is proud of the alliance. He has grandmother, aunts, sisters – a herd of womankind – has been brought up among women – plays the piano – does needlework –

(75)

The Prince pursues them to Italy – where he & Austin fight – the P killed.

The threshold of the new life is stained with blood.

Austin Danyell has eloped with a German Princess ^ . All kind of stories were current about elopement – but no one knew that the Princess had run away from a brutal husband with an English gentleman. The elopement - the duel happen in eight and forty hours – like flashes of lightning. The Princess is known in her home as the most long suffering of wives – proud – inaccessible – the victim of a profligate husband. He adored & cherished her. They lived in Algiers – Corfu - & Italy. She was a wreck where he took her away – given over by the court physicians – but by his tenderness she is kept alive for fifteen years. {She dies} When her son is ten years old. [S’s] health has given way – worn by care & suspense – all his happiness staked upon his wife’s existence. Her husband dies soon after her flight. A. D. marries her in Italy. He does not go near England for sixteen years. The after his wife’s death, a broken man, he brings his children to Cornwall.

Jenny Iseult remembers lovely places – an island in a purple sea – not like this sea – oh, no, no – this sea is beautiful sometimes – that was always beautiful – there were no gray days – never a gray sea.

The moors, that was later. She remembered the Moors. The Cornish servants in their white clothes, the dear brown faces that smiled at her.

She makes rapid sketches of the places she knew - & shows them to A. I want you to understand them. I shd like to be there with you. Will you take me there? 'I shall have

(76)

to take you if you go on coughing -

Coughing does not matter - Maman always had a cough -

You must marry no man
that he cannot approve -
You must love no man
he cannot trust.

Julian's sisters are indignant at
his not inviting them. They
expected to make themselves
at home at Penlyon - to ride
his horses etc. etc.

He considers them trivial common-
place young women - will not have
Marie vulgarized by their worldly -
mindedness. She is to grow up
in sweet simplicity - a Wordsworthian
maiden - a child till she is a woman.

She shd be reared upon Wordsworthian
principles. Nature shd train her.
upon

Nature shd make her a lady of her
own N.had already begun the
training.

Let us follow fortune - a phrase
of Julian's - for their rambles

Three thousand a year for the Minority
wh is to last till the children are 25 - then
in equal shares. If they die unmarried
all to Julian - except large bequests to
charities.

He lives at Penlyon with the children -
according to request in will -
He buys a sailing yacht. The Tub -
Marie christens it. They are much on
the sea - almost amphibious - the boy
fishes -

{Pet seals in a cavern?}

A happy innocent life -

Marie grace personified - a mild kind
of beauty - vague, spiritual.

Julian wonders at the restrictions of his
life -

to sit in the little church on the hill
& listen meekly to the Preacher - he

whose words our eager congregation had
- intent faces looking up
at him - tears.

He thought of his young ambition - to
the minds of men - to stalk the
world as the friend of sinners, the redeemer
of lost souls - to bring in the

(77)

The boy fancies himself King Arthur - fights with imaginary knights - There is little
wood of young oaks near the house. Julian sees him & hears him talking to the trees.
He has a toy sword - Excalibur - only to be drawn in dire need.

Mallory And he therewith commanded his trumpets blow the bloody
 sounds, in suchwise that the ground [rambled & dindled].
 Great valiances, prowess, & feats of war were that day showed.

‘Nay’ said Sir Lancelot, ‘for once shamed may never be recovered.’
 The prowess & manhood of Sir Lancelot were more than wonder to tell.
 Anon he apparaled him & came to the battle
 ‘Ye be worthy to weld all yr honour & worship; there was never
 No king that had so noble knights as I have.’

King A. fared like a wood {mad} hori
 they made them ready & dressed their shields & harnesses

When (...) is delirious his mind goes back to Arthur – or – raves – as above – ‘they
 came together like thunder’
 ‘They rushed together with such a might that they lay back groveling on the ground.’

(78)

Arthur's foes

King Lot, & the K with the 200 knights
 & K. Mogarose
 the eleven Kings

friends [Ruy Ban] – came into the
 field as a fierce lion – with
 hands of grene/green &
 there upon gold.
 King Bois his brother
 Ha, ha, said King Lot, now shall
 we be discomfited, for yonder I
 see the most valiant knights of the
 world –
 Two such brethren as K. Ban & K.
 Bois are not living, therefore we
 must needs void or die; & but we
 avoid manly & wisely there is but
 death.

& there Sir Tristram (...) his speare,
 & smote his Uncle King Marke such
 a stroke that he rushed him to the
 earth & bruised him sore, that he lay
 still in a sound, & it was long
 or he might weld himself –

Temptation S. after Penrose has left expatiates upon the power of riches. Pities J
 ambition dead
 all that he might be.

J. feels the alluring influence. Here is evil in concrete form – the tempter – evil
 outside himself.

(79)

She comes upon him singing & swinging along by the side of the cart – a hunchback driving – her slave whom she treats like a dog.
Julian is icy lord – tries to keep her at a distance – but she brings to bear all her wiles – reminds him that he once adored. She is greatly changed from the creature she was – has been extraordinary quick to profit by the school mistress. She has cast off the slough of her ludicrous vulgarity. She has required a love of nature – the sea, the sky.
“Isn’t it all beautiful,” she cries, standing on a peak of the cliffs, her arms spread wide as if she wd. embrace sky & ocean. ‘and I am a part of it, a part of that colour & light.’
He gazes at her enthralled and wondering. More than he wondered at her vulgarity. The change is more wonderful than the original fact.
- scene of his temptation –
She haunts his footsteps – will not be driven away – but he resists her - finally turns away – goes to London by an early train –
She finds Marie – talks to her about him, questions her, makes her vaguely uncomfortable.

(80)

Eugene Swann	
[Fritz] to fall in love with K.	
[Fritz] to Eton	Ld F. familiar friend – Eugene
	Eugene replaces & displaces
Wilfred	
<i>14 to 19</i>	
Fraulein, J & Marie in Italy. They (...) Lord Falconbridge’s marriage	
meet Mrs Vincent J’s maternal	
aunt – a perfect woman. She	
has a villa on the Lake – Como	The Ladies Bartram
a flat overlooking Hyde Park	Alexandra
Here is the chaperone	Clotilda
	Lavinia
Five years pass (...) Marie 14 Julian 32	Harry Hildrake Earl of
Ennerdale	
They are all in London	Hildrake Castle
They see K. act hear of	
her engagement	Marie’s master Edouard
Delorme	
The scandal of her marriage	Aunt Margaret = Mrs Vincent
Her re (...) niece – a child of 7	
J sees this child – must rescue her	Fraulein Elsa
[Fritz] infatuated. Killing himself	

not to be reasoned with.
 [Fritz] goes to Lord F's house
 shoots himself – not fatally
 Harry
 dies sometime later – after
 a long struggle for life.

Cello. Sig. Bononi. Lodging
 Milton Street
 Julian's brothers – George &

(81)

Lord (...) – A spacious saloon richly furnished – an embroidery frame with a wonderful piece of work – the copy of an old Venetian[cape].

a table [filled] with post card albums. A cockatoo on a perch a table with painting materials – at wh C paints satin doyleys – sachets etc.

Clement, five ft. eleven, very slender, long thin hands – with quaint rings – an intaglio, an old ruby hoop, a (...) heart with hair in it – clothes effeminate – narrow feet in red morocco slippers with red paste buckles, red silk stockings – a long line of soldiers & sailors – crusaders – freebooters under the Florentine knight – seadogs with Drake & Frobisher – law-givers & statesmen, hard-riding masters of hounds had crystallised in this epicure dandy – the last entry in an illustrious genealogy. 3 aunts – the weird sisters – aristocratic, narrow-minded – worshipping the inane nephew – assured he will never do anything wrong – nothing unworthy of his race. To these three old women it seemed an unalloyed blessing that their pet & idol was neither sailor, soldier nor sportsman, that he had no hankerings for Central Africa no Arctic or Antartic dreams – no wild desire to navigate the skies. These simple feminine tastes of his were somewhat strange in a (...) – but they were refined & artistic – exquisite embroidery – the rarest post cards – innocent pleasures that kept him in his country house with his adoring aunts – no yacht – no racing stud – nothing to cause alarm.

He was six & twenty & had never given them

{To receive a painted sachet from Clement was accounted an honour by the local gentry. For a wedding present he gave a dozen doyleys. They were as inevitable as Queen V's Indian shawl. {Not to be able to show a doyley or sachet indicated a lower caste.}}

(82)

Fritz visits K. & meets
 Eugene, the Cello – etc.
 After Ennerdale's marriage – Fritz is
 encouraged by Kate. She takes him
 Conduct.
 about with her – cultivates him. Her nice
 boy.
 Eugene looks on – watches his
 ruin – break down – nerves etc.

James Marchant –leading tradesman
 who brings J. to Marina
 J's lectures at Great Halls in
 outer London. The Religion of

His book has 'caught on.'

Old squire
 Godfrey D. Austin Geo.

a neurotic. Tells J. the boy must die	Godfrey	Austin D.	Geo.D 2 nd cousins
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Julian 35 when Marie is not quite 15
Hohenburg Waldstein
born Princess Altendorf or
Grafin von Schoneg x.

Julian goes to Lady Ennerdale – appeals to her to spare Fritz –
Princess Altendorf She laughs at him – yet shows that she still cares, Eugene
established in Belgrave Square. ‘He runs Ennerdale.’

Eugene gets away with M.	Danyell’s will attacked by next of kin. Marriage irregular.
The pursuit J.pursues – K. helps him ? x. van der Englborg von Reichenberg	{George Danyell comes to Penlyon – to try chance – Marie tells him she is wedded to her art – she likes him as a friend – etc. etc. He asks her if she cd ever come to care for him. He wd. be content with so little – May he try to win her? A ray of hope – She is yielding – too kind to deny hope -unconscious of her love for Julian – Julian to whom she tells what has been said & promised goes to Yorkshire to see G’s father. Father asks him about M’s mother – Julian troubled M’s fortune.}

(83)

Maries has to propose to J. ‘If its my fortune that frightens you don’t think about it.
We can give it all away.’

J. upbraids E. with his [fraudulent] description of himself	George to sail for India. September Julian Mrs V. M & F to Italy “ “
E. (...) - 19	Cambridge. Mich. Term Oct 1 to Dec
‘Yes, I took a liberty	<hr/>

with my old friend – for once in a way.

{Will make sacrifices – asks many questions
expresses wonder that the girls

Ennerdale's

guardian shd be ignorant of her history.

J. says he knows all he wants to know.

Her father was his kinsman – he has
lived for years in the parish where her
father & her father's father were
known.

lead

That is only half her history -

a

I shd. like to know the other half

frankly

before my son marries her.

husband

You need not be in a hurry – Yr. son}

not

Chap. With the aunt

Chap. Fritz reads about

marriage

Chap. Julian's address at
Marina –

he declares himself to M.
you bear such a life as 2 (...)

If you wanted the society life –

west end house – display –

I cd. not bear it. To be the

of a rich wife – the hanger on –
The tame-cat husband wd. be
impossible.

Can you forget yr. five (...) &
Lead my life – be content to be

the beautiful Mrs. Danyell – but
Julian Danyell's wife.

I had rather be Julian.

(84)

The violin was exquisite, the cello was magnificent, there were organ tones that thrilled the listener. But the mandoline was alive, the little nipping notes sparkled, like water drops in a fountain that flash with joyous life. It was so shrill and yet so sweet. The three musicians looked at Bononi as if he were a creature of another species. For them he was no better than an itinerant rapping out a tune upon glass in front of a public house.

But when she sang everybody was...

She was conscientious – sent the Ennerdale diamonds & all her jewels to the Bank.
E.asks why. They're unlucky.

She appears resplendent in a high tiara. P. diamonds – copied
from one of Queen Margherita's.

Her love of B. I know when he is in the house by her footsteps on the stairs – to say
nothing of her voice – that is like a blackbird's carolling. She is a thing of joy.

Stop her! Prevent her (...) – Prevent the inevitable.

My dear child, a woman like that is the strongest force in nature. As easy to stop (...), or an avalanche, or a landslip in the Swiss mountains that sweeps down a village as if it were a box of toys.

Besides it is just the best thing that can happen. She has her face & her voice wh. will be a fortune till age spoils them.

(85)

[NB: LARGE INKSTAIN ACROSS BOTTOM HALF OF PAGE]

B. has trained her – made her the singer she is – He is S. to her Trilby & she will be utterly happy with him. She cd never be happy with E. It was the marriage of a lioness & a sheep. She has eaten the sheep – or at least his money! & she must break away and range the wilderness in her own savage way.

D. will go back to Westmorland & marry a parson's daughter, & paint sachets for the rest of his life. He is not ruined. He has only spent his liquid capital.

8 January – Lola's [marriage] – Julian goes to the North of England – till March – April – Fritz in King St. Julian goes to Marina – April 12th.

F. has wandered about London in his despair – sitting on the (...) staring at the river – the tide that flows down – down – down to death –

A policeman tells him to move on – then sees his status – apologises etc.

He is out in frightful weather – wanders to Richmond Pk – thinks of a girl who died there in an enclosure –

Goes down to the Mill House –

Eugene delighted – goes to Mrs Vincent – takes Marie & Fraulein –

Lola has encountered Fritz – follows – finds Marie – tells her she must not stay in that house – not even if her brother is dying –

But who will take care of him if I go?

I will -

scene in wh E in a

L. telegraphs to Julian – come at once -

white heat of rage –

Eugene is furious – She has come between him & his prey.

- baffled – tells them who he is –

Fritz revives at the sound of her voice – her preserve is like strong wine – She nurses him, he lies with his head on her arm. Bambino. She soothes him; [woos] him back to life –

They patch him up – take him down to Cornwall. He lives long enough to see his sister married.

(86)

Us

We are a company of friends in the world of sense & the world of spirit. The great majority have crossed the river, as corporeal substance they have ceased to be, their

dwelling is that dim world beyond the gulf. For the common herd they are as vividly alive as they ever were when they walked among the vulgar living, & wore life's vulgar livery. They are nearer, dearer to us, we understand them as we never cd. while they were here in that common garb of normal humanity. They are our close companions, the veil that parted us on earth is rent & we see them face to face.

We have our meetings – they discuss the great problems, we press forward to the higher life, we are not afraid of being foolish, romantic, illogical.

Esoteric Buddhism p.32.

She showed her cousin the room in wh her solitary hours were passed - & in this fine lady's life there was a large place for solitude.

It was not the typical smart boudoir. There was nothing original or captivating in its arrangement – (...) white walls hung round with portraits in black & white – Byron, Keats, Browning, Swinburne & Henry Irving, John Ruskin – on a pedestal in the sweep of a large bow window there was a bust of Shakespeare, calm, godlike, - white marble on a white marble table, broad enough to carry the facsimile edition of the first folio volumes, bound in vellum & gold. The table with the bust was like an altar. The circular room & its domed ceiling looked a temple.

Adriana (...) – what a dreadful room! She cried. 'Freddo, Freddo – You told me it was like a temple. I call it a tomb!

(87)

Mario *The Bond of Death*
a palace in Rome

The Vanished Hand

1. One of the largest houses in Portland Place. Mario an Italian financier, but speaking English, & having adopted English ways – his wife Theodora – he calls her Theo – sometimes sarcastically, my gift of God – lovely! A woman to die for! The poet says – high born.

Society ambassadors, attachés, literary people, musical artists play & sing for Mrs.(...) & want no money –
There is wealth, but no great show – a tremendous solidity.

Randolph – has been attaché at Rome.

We were friends in Rome – something in the words, in the tone, conveyed an idea. The Old Marchioness understood what other people may have missed.

My dear,' she told her grand daughter, Mrs. M (...) must have had an affair with young (...) = but as Mrs (...) said Grannie could see a woman under fifty & a young man without imagining an affair. Her idea of society was made up of the women who had affairs & the women who hadn't, & the latter class was so select as to be almost undiscoverable.

That is not only because you are not one of us.

She stooped to lay her lips upon the broad calm brow of the master, & then she went across the room & leant her head against Browning's portrait. The brow commanding, calm, serene as Shakespeare's, the smile very frank & human.

'Do you know that I used to meet Robert Browning at..

(88)

She was not jealous – She knew by this absence of jealousy that love was dead. She was angry. She resented the intrigue with Mrs. R as an insult to herself – otherwise it hardly touched her. She cd. not have been more aloof from her husband than she had been since that last year in Rome.

{at San Marco}

P.(...) tells her of his unloved childhood – a stepmother whose only son had all the graces – 'I had my English stepmother's coarse features, & her blunt truthful character. He was to be a Greek god. Well, he died in the glory of his youth, as beautiful creatures do. I had a hard & bitter youth – tho' I had not to carve my way to fortune thro' difficulty, as many men have – Wealth came to me unearned. Perhaps that is why I have never valued it – with those other men their money represents all that is finest in their character – years of patient toil – disappointment patiently endured, courage in the face of disaster, & that dogged perseverance wh is the noblest kind of courage.

Mrs. Rivington was like strong drink – like opium or haschich [*sic*]. She killed thought. She killed the dismal vacant spaces in his life – the Stygian swamps where bleak thoughts wandered their partings & reunions, the agitations & turmoil of her existence filled his life. When he banged the door of the bijou house in St. James's behind him after one of their stormy farewells he knew that he would go back to her in a week. He paced the adjacent Park across & across along & along, in a fury, & told himself that he had odne with 'that harpy', but he knew that he wd have to go back to the harpy, to be reconciled again, to quarrel again, to obey her orders & go here or there as she made him.

(89)

{The three rooms communicate – beyond the study a landing & the back staircase, [communing] with a door opening to the stables, or back street.}

Mario starts an important journey to Petersburg – returns the third night - & is found murdered – shot stabbed shot in his study next his wife's dressing room, at day break next morning.

She hears the shot nothing – knows nothing till she finds him lying on across a chair – The stabbed with a dagger on the landing shot through the heart from a collection that hung over the mantelpiece jewel case. The lion safe in his study has been opened – evidently with a false key - & rifled securities – bonds to bearer – have been taken. His den adjoins his wife's dressing room. It is a room in wh he writes at

night – letters of importance – sometimes getting up in the middle of the night to write – a small room – intimate – private – where no one is privileged to enter. On the ground floor there are spacious rooms where he receives people – his library – offices – secretary's witness – calm, collected. Too calm, says the poet. 'Great God how she must have studied her part. 'What does he mean? Oh, nothing – a woman likes to appear to advantage even before a dirty coroner

X Mario is very proud of his horses – describes himself as old-fashioned – hates motors.

I was determined that my daughter shd never feel one chilling breath. It was the memory of my unloved childhood – that made me determined that my daughter shd have love in its fullest measure & what began as duty, soon became the one master passion of my life. There had been a time, after her mother's death when my heart seemed frozen, & the sweet child's presence was something that called for fortitude rather than affection, but that lovely nature soon conquered & the

(90)

Two months after the murder society is suprised by the conduct of Claude Mountain – a young man – popular – smart – diplomatic corps – becomes Benedictine monk – in his novitiate.

His family are horrified – after a prolonged struggle.

Scene – Rome – they succeed with Theo's help, in persuading him to return to the world – but he remains a R.C.

Sometime after – perhaps years – Theo marries him.

They live in P.P. in Rome – in a country house in England –

The dead man comes between them.

P.P. is haunted.

One night Theo cannot stop in the house – it is July & London atmosphere stifling – she orders motor & goes to Bournemouth thro' the night. Cyril is away – she is alone.

They wd. give the world for a child – young life – young life in the great empty house. It is always empty. If she has people to stay with her in the London season they are out & about. The upstairs rooms in the long passages are still empty.

She begins to lose her beauty. People say she has a driven look. It is known that they quarrel.

She walks about the streets in Rome – the fountains – churches – hills – looking for rest.

(91)

He is not dead. He is more alive than he ever was – a stronger influence than in life. He is there – always there. His voice, all his looks, his little tricks and ways – his eccentricities – his step on the stairs. How strong he was – how strong – what a tower of strength – and this man is weak as water.

Rome – the place where she was happy – the honeymoon city, where she first knew what it was to have wealth without limits –

Rome – a place of light & life – the city of fountains – full of the sound of rushing water.

The Roman villa becomes horrible – he is there – everything bears the stamp of his personality – all these treasures are his – he collected pictures, statues – curios. He was a connoisseur – learned in art as in everything – an all pervading personality. She cannot stay in the house – wanders out through the gardens – walks about the city – on the Palatine hill – the ruins of the Palace of [Severns] – places where only the tourists come. She does not mind them – strangers – once in a way she meets an English acquaintance – then she professes a passion for archaeology – Roman history is alive for her.

She drives to the suburbs – to the Campagna & wanders about in dry & barren places. {Rome 3}.

She thinks of a conventual [*sic*] life – but shrinks from the ordeal. He wd be there – within convent walls – she wd meet him in the corridors at night in the church – she wd be shut in with him – a prisoner.

(92)

Rome - a city of fountains & flowers – a place alive in the sunlight.

London – labyrinthine – illimitable – colossal – a city that has spread like a pestilence – a city of fine buildings and costly monuments – prosperous – rich – but dead.

Rome is alive – a place of running waters – palaces – churches innumerable, everyone as grand as St.Paul's cathedral.

(93)

She remembers the evenings at Cadenabria – a Franquesa – the noisy music recalls – the man in red - the comic man with the long nose – the twanging guitars – the clash of a tambourine.

The scent of the (...) blown across the lake.

Twinkling lights along the shore at Belaggio – paler lights in the villa on the heights.

Gradually very slowly – she finds the emptiness of this man's mind – barren – barren – self-centred.

She remembers the strong man – the plain face glorified by power –
the arm that was like the monument to lean against – the love that encompasses her.

She recalls her thrill of triumph when she was told that Mario loved her.
This man – a power in her adorable Italy – This man to stoop so low.

(94)

Aunt Marjorie

Lady Susan 35

An irresponsible being of forty – to forty five = afraid of getting old –

talks about age – her bug bear –

and years that bring the philosophic mind. Does that mean when one is eighty? at
eighty one might easily be philosophic. Everything wd be over & done with - one
wd be (...)

Lord (...), dead, tho' people might not know it – one wd not mind wearing a wig, &
having one's teeth made by an American dentist – one wd mind nothing at 80,
except east wind & an impertinent maid. Am I to be left stranded with the
philosophic mind – nothing else.

She says nothing matters – nothing is of any consequence – except to be pretty - &
to have good servants.

Nothing matters – What not murder?

There had been a terrible murder in Paris – a man murdered by his wife - & people
had talked about it. Theodora had talked. It had been almost an obsession. 'Theo,
don't be grisly. You wallow in horrors. Is it always the same. I believe you only read
the papers to find murders.

She has had an ex-detective – Crim. Inves. Dept. in Portland Place - & has made him
tell her of murders he has been engaged to discover. They sit in the winter twilight –
in the big double room – in the red light of the wood fires. When the servants come
to switch on lamps she waves them away.

The great financier, negotiates foreign loans, is intimate with ambassadors – the
diplomatic circle. {when the (...) were opened V. found that there were great people
who came to see M.P. & had no need of the Dishowe's bidding, men of rank in the
world of foreign politics, men whom the Dishowes were proud to meet – P. has his
office in New York – goes there sometimes –

(95)

Theo's friends

Her poet

{This was a transfigured Vera. What had
wrought the change? There were two factors,
love & wealth.
The trivial round wearied her after a single
season. There must be something better than

Her music man this. She began to complain of the
 emptiness of life – the something wanting.
 Her philosopher, Mr Symeon, showed her
 that the something wanting the (...)
 was to be found beyond the world – in
 communion with the great souls who had
 passed the river. Mr Symeon (...) her
 (...). He made her one of us.}

Lady Susan Amphlett – brother Claude Dishowe – over thirty – say 32.
 Father Cyprian Hammond his church in Monk Street. Dr. Selwyn Tower. Cavendish
 Square.
 {Mr. Symeon – tall – thin – iron gray hair.
 Editor & proprietor of The Unseen – a monthly magazine for the elect. S. is a
 personage, much thought of by a certain superior set.}
 {Butler at P. Place Sedgewick Frenchmaid Louison Dec. Jan. alias Johnson Mrs
 Manby housekeeper.}
Lady Felicia Lord Okehampton Lady O. Aunt Mildred

Lady Mary – Lady Olivia
 Lady Helston – Lady Balgownie – Countesses

Lord Heronmoor
 Lady Susan Amphlett – Claude Rutherford – Dishowes on the
 Roger “ “ Distaff side
 Lancelot Davis
 Dogs – 2 Blenheims – 2 K.C.
 Cordelia, Ophelia, Miranda, Imogen.

(96)

For a long time her feelings are only horror – the scene – the terror of it.

 Then comes keen regret – love – longing for the dead man – wanting the old days
 back – the days of her youth.

 The days when life was new in the triumph of being loved – of boundless wealth – a
 future stretching before her – smiling in the sun – everything she ever thought of or
 wanted to be hers.

she was no more to hear that terrible wailing for money.

Lady Felicia never forgave her beauty daughter for marrying Davis the poet – Davis
 was refined – cultured to the highest point & was the rage – his poems selling by
 thousands – he was young – handsome or rather beautiful – too beautiful for a man –
 Paris – Leander – the Sun God – anything you like – & at the time of his wooing her
 had plenty of cash. Finding he cd. not have his beloved, (...) long days & infinite
 (...) – he ran away into (...) – like Browning – They went to Italy & lived there –

four years of exquisite bliss – at the end of wh sweet summertime of love & life – for it seemed never winter – the girl wife died leaving her young husband heart broken, with an only child a girl of three years – an incarnation of love & beauty. Davis – passionate, exalted, transcendental, more Swinburne, more Swinburne – steeped in Dante – stuffed almost to choking with Verlaine, (...), Baudelaire & Victor Hugo.

When he carried off Lady Felicia's daughter he was at the top of his vogue, & his vogue lasted for just those four years of wedded bliss. Nothing that he wrote after his wife's death had the old passion – the old music – His muse died with his wife. Heartbroken & disappointed he became a consumptive & died of an open air cure, leaving piteous letters top Lady F. & his wife's other relations – imploring them to take care of his daughter – She wd have the copyright of all his poems, & of two successful plays for her portion, & those right to be worth much.

(97)

Mrs Rivington Bellenden

Looking at this radiant smiling creature people did not always remember & some people did not know the tragedy of her youth. She had been a good woman once – quite good - a model wife – She had married young, a husband she adored, a creature of intense vitality made of light & fire, sense & not mind, love with her had been a flame, unwise, unreasoning exacting, love without thought, wildly adoring, wildly jealous, a look, a word, given to another woman, set her raging; & it was after one of the fierce quarrels that her jealous temper made only too frequent, that her husband, handsome, gay, rich, in the flower of his youth, left her without the goodbye kiss for his last ride. He was brought back to her in the winter twilight, without a word of warning, killed at the last ditch in a point to point race – a race that was always remembered as the finest of many seasons perhaps because of that tragedy just before the finish, when Jim Rivington was killed.

For some time after that bitter night Mrs. Bellenden was under restraint, mad with grief, & then after nearly a year in wh. none but near relations had seen her, or even known where she was, she came back to the world, almost sane & desperately wicked. That small brain of hers had not been large enough to hold a great grief. Satan had taken possession of a mind that had never been rightly balanced.

'I have done with love,' she told her ame damnee. She had always her shadow & confidante, upon she lavished gifts & indulgences, 'I can never love anybody after him – but I like to be loved, & I make it nice & hard for my lovers!'

And then in still wickeder moods she wd say,

'I like to steal a woman's husband or to cut in between an engaged girl & the man she is to marry – I like to make another woman as miserable & lonely as I was; but I can't make her quite as miserable. I am not Death; but,' with a little exulting laugh – I am always as bad. There were people – sufferers – a mother, a sister, or a wife here

& there, in the crowd we call society – who thought Mrs. Bellenden worse than death – people who knew the fortunes she had wasted, the homes she had ruined, the

(98)

souls the hearts that she had broken, & the souls that had been lost for her

The family name was dotted over the pages of history. The S's had fought and bled in the First Crusade while the clarion call of Peter the hermit still reverberated over Europe. They had led the archers of the Angevin Rings fighting for the fair fields & vineyards of young France. They had been beheaded under the Tudors, & had melted their plate for Charles Stuart – thro' all the vicissitudes of lives that had not been stainless & they had been faithful to the Roman Ch.

The English gentleman has race & character tho' seldom learning. He is the outcome of favourable variations inherited during nine hundred or a thousand years.

And yr substitutes for the church.

Iron (...), how futile! Yr (...) science, yr fellowship with the Great Departed – yr letters from the dead – yr philanthropy – oranges & buns for poor children – kindness to animals – societies for this, that & the other, charities that overlap each other & pauperise more than they achieve. In the history of God's chosen people the one unpardonable sin was the worship of strange Gods, their God knew that a religion is the basis of conduct - & this is the age of strange Gods. You have all yr groves & high places, yr Ashtaroth or Astarte, yr Siva or yr Kali, yr Nietche [*sic*], yr Spinoza, yr (...). You worship on mountain tops & under green trees, anywhere & anything but yr churches & the faith of yr fathers.

Where did you go to confession last night, Claude?

I have a bad memory, Father – don't tax it too severely – Father C. presses the point.

What I have to confess – an empty dissatisfied soul – a useless life – no concrete wickedness – only an abstract worthlessness.

(99)

The Crisis

The party was not over till two o'clock. The last reveler – if a Mayfair (...) can be called revelry, strolled into the pale gray night, as Big Ben tolled the second hour of the morning. C. followed his wife up the broad bright staircase, where the heated atmosphere was heavy with the scent of gardenias the (...) hanging their white bells in all the corners, followed to the door of her room – but she stopped upon the threshold, turned & faced him, deadly pale in her white gown, like a ghost. 'Goodbye,' she said, with a face of stone, (...) – for God's sake. 'What's the matter!

'Goodbye,' she repeated, & as he moved towards her, she drew back suddenly, so quickly that he was unprepared for the moment, & shut the door in his face.

He heard the key turn in the lock, shrugged his shoulders, & walked slowly along the gallery to his own room, the sickly flower scented atmosphere, the ding dong of the band that had long been dumb, going with him. 'Some ass has been telling her things,' he said to himself.

And then he thought of Mrs. Bellenden's appearance that night. She had been too splendid in her overweening beauty, too tremendous, too suggestive of Cleopatra at Actium. What wife, who cherished her husband, cd help being jealous if she saw him near such a creature. And he had been near her all the night. He had done all those things that he should not have done – whispered with her in corners, instead of moving about among his guests, he had taken her down to the supper room, neglecting duchesses for her sake.

What does it matter!" he said to himself, 'My life was growing unbearable, The gloom was closing round me like a funeral pall. Kate was my only refuge. I have never been in love with her – but she stops me from thinking.

(100)

At last it came; the thing she had been waiting for. It was no surprise when the dream she had been dreaming night after night became a reality. It thrilled her – a shiver ran thro' her as if the warm blood in her veins had turned to ice; but it was awe, not horror that thrilled her. Night after night she had awakened from the vision of her husband, from the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand – the strong glad sense that all that was past was a dream & that she had him still, hers & hers only, as before the coming of trouble. She had awakened night after night in the flicker of the shrouded lamp, when the room was full of shadows – she had awakened to disappointment & desolation. That had been the surprise – not this. There was neither wonder nor astonishment now, as she stood on the threshold of the great dim room, & saw Fatillo sitting by the hearth in the chair that he had always chosen – calm, motionless, like a statue of domestic peace, the creator & defender of the home, the Master sitting silent by the hearth fire that wedded love had made sacred. The flicker of that dying fire, & the pale gray of evening outside the lofty uncurtained windows, made the only light in the room – but there was light enough for her to see every line in the face, the face of power, where every line told of force – indomitable resolution; indomitable courage. The gray eyes looked at her, steel bright under the projecting brow – kind eyes, that told her of his love, a love that nothing cd alter, or diminish – not death, not sin. In those first moments she believed he had come back to her. That he had escaped from the bonds of death – She did not stop to

(101)

[NB: PAGE CUT AWAY THREE QUARTERS DOWN]

Memory wh had been (...) by hurrying pleasures was alive again & it seemed as if she lived only to remember.

She looked at the dull garden – the prison gate – the gloomy cypresses. It wd have been better for us both if he had stayed there. If we had been true to ourselves. We shd have parted at once & for ever. It wd have been better – happier. The cloister for him & for me. A few years of silence & solitude. A few years of punishment: & then the open gate & the Good Shepherd's welcome to the lost sheep.

She wandered about the great city with her faithful companion – her face hidden by a mushroom hat & a thick grey gauze veil – her loose seal skin coat & short black skirt – neither face nor figure in evidence.

(102)

[NB: PAGE CUT AWAY THREE QUARTERS DOWN]

(...) been (...) in America for the last six months.

Time goes on – the bonds have not been melted. Japp begins to think that the breaking open of the safe & (...) of the securities was a blind.

There is such a thing as revenge,' he says, 'What novel writers call a Vendetta - & its commoner in Italy than in England. I shouldn't be surprised if an Italian was at the bottom of the murder – one of Mr. Provana's countrymen & a woman deeper down – at the bottom of the [Ralonsci] that prompted the murder.

(103)

She heard the gospel of Free Love – but it was the love of soul for soul, of spirit for spirit. All the grossness of earth was banished from the atmosphere in wh Mr. Symeon's disciples had their being – their first & (...) qualification was to have liberated thought & feeling from the dominion of the senses. To (...) the husk of the flesh. They were to be spirits & not till they had become spirits were they capable of communion with those more blessed beings whose earthly vesture had been destroyed by death.

Once when he sat opposite to her with his eyes fixed & brow bent the business man's look – the man for whom thought meant calculation – she asked him (...)

Do you never think of anything but money?

Yes, I think much of other things – too much
for my peace.

The winter in Rome – he hunts – campagna – Mrs. B is there – a fine Rider. V. meets them riding home in the twilight.

They are drifting apart. Susie talks to V. of the flirtation. She is indifferent. Don't you care? I don't think I care about anything - I'm afraid you have turned religious since Father Hammond has taken you in hand. Its very (...) of you – but it's the way to lose yr husband. Religion is the one thing a husband won't put up with. He hates it worse than a bad cook.

She looked back at those three years of rushing pleasures & the life seemed odious.

{NB: PAGE CUT OFF ONE THIRD DOWN}

(104)

Lord Lady Okehampton did not ask her niece's permission, she brought the doctor, & the doctor pronounced promptly for – a rest cure. V was tractable & three days later she found herself a prisoner on a windy hill in (...) under the absolute dominion of a race of muses.

After 6 weeks cure she goes to Rome – she is to winter there in the Palace where half her honeymoon year was spent

{(...) he, Provana, loved
Guerazzi
Nicolini {Giovan Battista}
Massimo d'Azeglio}

Father C. reminds Claude that he may now – without sin – hope for union with V. C. (...) with darkening face. You are very good, but you were mistaken. I shall never marry V. It is the last thing possible.

Symeon (...) our religion is our faith in the Afterlife.

We have the faith that looks thro' death.

The orthodox man talks of the afterlife & we must give him credit for sometimes thinking of it – but does he realize it.

Is it near him? Does he look thro death to the spirit world beyond? Does he realize it, as Christ realized it when he talked with his disciples.

[NB: PAGE CUT OFF ONE THIRD DOWN]

(105)

Mrs. Rutherford follows C. to Rome & finally pleads with V. V. goes with her to the Retreat. He is sitting in an arm chair by the fire, huddled up, shoulders contracted, head bent. At sight of V. he springs to his feet, goes to her – takes both her hands - & then, tremulous, violently agitated – turns to his mother –

Why have you done this?

My influence cd do nothing with you. I thought she might succeed.

It was a cruel thing to do. I knew she was in Rome that we were breathing the same air – the thought of her was with me day & night. Yet I was rock. I made myself adamant. I clung to the cross like the saints of old time who had all been sinners. Vera, why did you come between me & my God?

Yr mother brought me, Oh Claude, forgot that I came here. Forget that we have ever clasped hands since – since your resolution to separate yourself from the world. I will not come between you & yr

Interview with Symeon who reproaches her for her worldliness – ‘You have broken faith with the pure & the exalted. You have given yourself over to the vulgar & the unclean!’

Father Cyprian reproaches her. It was her influence that drew him back, on the threshold of a holy life.

Lady S. tells her C. is carrying on with Mrs. B. She says it doesn’t matter –

All she had ever known of passion had been given to Claude – but she was a creature in whom affection was stronger than passion - & she had loved Mario Provana with affection – the humble love of a girl who thinks herself honoured by the wise strong man who stoops from an isolated height to woo her.

Claude takes pity upon her. He seizes her by the shoulders, looks in her face. Vera, you are killing yourself by (...)

What can I do – what can I do for you – Shall we go away – ever so far away – to new worlds – to places where stupendous phenomena of nature will take us out of ourselves. There are things so tremendous that they can kill thought – to the Zambesi – the Arctic - cities of Mexico – the Great Wall of China.

(106)

[Selure] *La Vie Mystique*

His soul is centred in the All, but the All is the existing Cosmos. (...) the passive way of light & love – the central depths. Mme Guyon Quarterly Review Vol 190 – Article on Mysticism.

By the world forgot

Esther, daughter of a Wesleyan minister in a small provincial town. (Beverley or Stamford) weary of the dull routine – the insistence on chapel going, & religious thought – the everlasting reference to religion – the Bible etc. She has three friends. Raymond {Proprietor of the local paper - & poet – philosophical, psychologist} his wife & sister – musical, intellectual, utterly different from their surroundings} In their home – tho’ they are poor E. finds refinement & prettiness. Raymond is an enthusiastic gardener – makes his two acre garden a dream of beauty.

They suggest that Esther, who has shown considerable literary talent, shd go to London, where she cd. write for a magazine – just started.

She goes, against her father’s wish. They part in anger - & he is angry with Raymond.

You were starrng that poor child’s mind. If she had stopped here you wd have been a murderer.

In London the life is dull. She is companion & amanuensis to the invalid wife of an ambitious young doctor. He has a friend – a man of science – ugly – eccentric – but with a certain attraction – magnetism.

His domestic story is sad. Married to an actress, whose beauty inspired a maddening passion – she has deserted him for a starveling poet - & he – the husband – maintains them both - & is impoverished by his burden.

He falls in love with Esther. She has no beauty compared with Anna Bond – his wife – but she has intellect & sympathy – she attracts him – she pities & likes him – wd marry him if he were a free man. She wd face poverty with him – help him in his literary & scientific work.

He has been to Treford – as a visitor to the Raymonds - & has seen & talked much with Esther – has told her the story of his life – as they walk in the Treford woods – one summer evening. He dwells long on Anna's beauty, the charm, the power of it. Esther never forgets.

(107)

Years afterwards the memory comes back to her. Can he really love her – she who has no physical charm. She recalls the fire in his face – the flame & the light, when he talked of Anna. That was love – nothing else cd count beside that passion, that consuming fire. His heart was burnt out of him.

At last she consents to love all for love – or rather for her affection for this man. He had seen in her almost at once the woman he wanted – a woman capable of great affection, but not of a great love – not reckless, not daring – passionate – but capable of self-sacrifice for the man she cared for.

‘I think you care for me, he said.

When she had agreed to the sacrifice she goes on quietly, makes her poor little preparations & on the morning when they are to start on their honeymoon holiday – she waits with her trunk packed, ready for the journey.

She is in a lodging – near the doctor's house – goes to & fro morning & evening.

a form as perfect as The Venus of the Capital – a face of commanding beauty – Mrs. B. Susie says of herself ‘in the dernier train – even in the train de supplement – Susie at the Villa – for half the winter – Ld & Lady Okehampton – he lunches – with Claude.

A city of fountains – a city of old sequestered gardens – where cypress & umbrella pine rose up unexpectedly, dark against the white marble of once splendid forgotten palace –

All that was best in C's nature came out in this phase – shallow – but sweet – Her Venetian honeymoon – Browning's in a (...), Julian & (...) – They sit with the book open in their laps - & look up at the window – that was where she stood – etc.

–
She compares the Venetian & Roman honeymoon – a month of Romantic passion – against a year of steadfast friendship & growing love –

[PAGES 108-109 BLANK]

(110)

The Scrooge Club

Five rich men – from 30 to 70 – all apparently niggards – all with their hidden mystery of generosity or kindness.

The Scrooge Xmas.

(111)

The Lifting of the Veil

A reformed rake

The feet of clay

A man of middle age who had led an evil life – says Somewhere in the world beauty & innocence are waiting for me. The cup of joy still remains for me to drink - & all that I have ever known of woman's love will be but as a memory of wasted days & flavourless feasts.

He liked to talk of that unknown beauty, that untasted joy. He was a man who loved the night, & wd sit among a little cluster of admiring friends talking of himself till the stars grew pale.

He was the prince of egoists – but as his egotism required a gallery & as he was rich enough to do all things on a princely scale, his friends, that particular set whom he had chosen for his favourite (...), admired & even loved him. He was their Provider of Pleasure.

He marries a girl who adores him, & who withers slowly at the revelation of his past life – dies (...) by inches of disillusionment.

Somewhere – twenty years ago – a flower began to grow for John (...). Some men have an insatiable appetite for youth. They want the bud not the flower – but my dear love must be twenty – the flower in its morning bloom – unscorched by the sun – the petals just unfolded – the dew upon the leaves.

(112)

Bullocks

There are large pieces of furniture – too large for the average house – that furniture sellers talk of as bullocks - & wh. are not without their charm for furniture buyers – chiefly because the bullock is almost always a bargain.

There is the Chippendale bookcase – a great price, but not so much as it wd be if it were smaller.

It is less because it is more.

(113)

Da [fueg] Kai Jans an, sich und die Welt und das Leben als schwere Ratsel zuff fühlen –

(114)

The Bearleader

Hotel Favorite – Lucerne

Bob & boy – boy to read with Bob for his little (...). Boy has fallen in love with Sophie of the Varieties on the way thro' Paris. Bob has an entanglement with Sophie – has asked her to marry him – she hesitates – hints at an impediment. He is really in love with the Squire's daughter in his native village.

Farewell performances of Sophie advertised in N.Y. Herald. Boy pleads – at last insists on going to Paris – for one night only.

No sooner is he gone than the two guardians – Bishop & Banker arrive.

Bob says boy has gone up Pilatus. B& B follow.

Scarcely are they gone when Sophie appears – has quarreled with manager – or theatre has been burnt down. Bob is distracted. She offers to help him. You want a boy – an oaf of a boy – yr. Eton boy – with a short jacket & a gigantic collar. Moi j'ai (...) ce garçon – Donnez moi ses habits & je serai là.

Act 2

B& B come back furious – no boy on Pilatus.

Did I say Pilatus – Why of course it was the S (...) –

They are gone to start for the S. when Sophie appears as boy.

Boy comes back – there are now two boys – finds his room ransacked –

(115)

most of his clothes gone – is furious till he sees Sophie – who coaxes him to pass as her school fellow – another Eton boy – She has heard of fagging & insists on treating him as her fag.

Bob always complaining of cooking, & sending insulting messages to the chef – thru' the waitress.

Denouement when Chef appears, raging, to have it out with the English snob, & recognizes Sophie as his wife – who has discarded him in the zenith of her fame.

(116)

Names by wh the Reformer – Buddha – has been called.

Religious & secular –

The name the young prince received at his birth – Siddhartha Sakyamuni
Sramana Gantama

The name of Buddha means the Learned – the Enlightened, or the Intelligent One – from *Budh* – to know – it must never be used to designate Sakyamuni within the article – the Buddha.

It is merely a title added to or substituted for the name under which the Prince of Kapilavastu was known to the world.

Tatuagata, one of the highest titles given to the Buddha signifies – ‘he who walks in the footsteps of his predecessors.

Sugata – or the happy one – implies that Sakya-muni came to save the world & bring happiness to all beings.

Bhagarat – the blessed or the fortunate one is the Buddha’s most usual name in the Nepalese Sthas.

Budhisatwa is more complicated & contains more shades of meaning. Grammatically it means: He who has the essence of the Bodhi, or the supreme wisdom of a Buddha.

(117)

“Whereas I was blind.” St. John G.

A generation of Vipers

More than Me

The Dark Horse.

(118)

Memo: Very bad form to call a lady Madame la Baronne in conversation – only done on the stage.

O.Feuillet

The evening sun was on the room.

And the leaves of the wisteria against the window that had been green & opaque became transparent & golden in the afternoon sun – where the sun shone through them.

