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# Victorian Studies Association Newsletter



NUMBER 27, SPRING 1981

Ontario, Canada

THE VICTORIAN STUDIES ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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Edited for the Victorian Studies Association of Ontario

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#### FORTHCOMING

The 1981 Victorian Studies Association of Ontario Annual Conference will be held at Glendon College, Toronto, on Saturday, 11 April. Guest speakers will be J. F. C. Harrison (University of Sussex), who will give a paper entitled "From the Margins: Phrenology, Mesmerism, and Spiritualism in Victorian England," and Robertson Davies (Massey College, University of Toronto), who will speak on "Melodrama in Victorian Theatre and Fiction." There will also be an exhibition treating the theme of Victorian melodrama, and an entertainment, "Behind The Times," mounted by J. S. Mill Associates.

#### NEWS OF MEMBERS

W. J. Keith (Toronto) has recently published *The Poetry of Nature: Rural Perspectives in Poetry from Wordsworth to the Present* (University of Toronto Press, 1980). It contains chapters on John Clare, William Barnes, and Thomas Hardy as well as more recent writers.

D. M. Schreuder, formerly chairman of the Trent University History Department, has taken up a Chair of History at Sydney. His book, *The Scramble for Southern Africa, 1877-95: The Politics of Partition Reappraised*, has recently been published by Cambridge University Press.

#### REQUESTS

Vincent L. Tollers (SUNY) is compiling a collection of Matthew Arnold letters in Canada. He would like to know of any not listed in the national union list of manuscripts. He can be reached at the Department of English, SUNY College, Brockport, Brockport, N.Y. 14420.

John Unrau (York) is preparing a book on Ruskin's study of the Church of San Marco in Venice, and would be grateful for information about Ruskin manuscripts and drawings in Canada that might be relevant to his subject. Address: Atkinson College, York University, Downsview, Ontario.

#### TORONTO GROUP

Three well-attended evening meetings of the VSA Toronto group have been held since September. At the first Richard Rempel (McMaster) introduced a discussion of the first volume of Bertrand Russell's *Autobiography*. The second gathering, led off by David Shaw and Trevor Lloyd (both of Toronto), looked at Wilkie Collins and *The Moonstone*. A discussion of

Dickens and *Our Mutual Friend*, introduced by Jack Robson (Toronto), absorbed the third meeting. On behalf of the members of the Toronto group, I should like to thank those who generously hosted these evenings: Michael and Mabel Laine, Esther Fisher, and Jack and Ann Robson.

#### VICTORIA'S COMPOSER LAUREATE

Godfrey Ridout  
University of Toronto

"The production of [Hubert] Parry's *Scenes from Prometheus Unbound* at the Gloucester Festival of 1880 has been taken as the starting-point of the musical renaissance in England. . . ." <sup>1</sup> Similar statements appear in many British books on music history, and are echoed in non-British books down to the present day. Without denying for a moment the lofty aims of Parry and Stanford, some of whose music I greatly esteem, I cannot feel otherwise than that the claims made for them are simply not justified. The "renaissance" (so called) originated eighteen years earlier.

The music produced during the early part of Victoria's reign had been singularly lacking in distinction. The Germans sneeringly referred to England as "the land without music," and as for composers, "Ein englischer Komponist--kein Komponist." "That's not true, but let it pass," as Jack Point says in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, but what was composed should not be a point of pride. One composer who might have set things right was William Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875), but his genuine, albeit slender, talent was suffocated by its environment.

The climb into the open air started with an event that took place on 5 April 1862, at a Crystal Palace concert that included in its programme the first English performance of incidental music to Shakespeare's *The Tempest* by a nineteen-year-old Arthur Seymour Sullivan. <sup>2</sup> The piece created a sensation and it was repeated the following week, setting in train performances by other orchestras, including one at the Hallé concerts in Manchester on 2 January 1863. The *Guardian* critic wrote: "altogether original--no straining after effect but all the ease of a master sure of his power." <sup>3</sup> High praise indeed, prompted, perhaps, as much by a feeling of relief that something good had at last come from an English composer as by the music itself (a score, by the way, that still retains its charm and freshness today even though it could not be called "great" music). Thus started Sullivan's career, a career that was to let him and his music penetrate the hearts and minds of all classes of English people.

Sullivan was born on 13 May 1842, in Lambeth. His father was a professional musician who, at the time of the composer's birth, played in theatre orchestras and taught, but who later moved up in the world, first by becoming bandmaster at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst (which gave the boy Arthur the opportunity to learn to play all the wind instruments, and he did!), and later, in 1857, by becoming professor at the newly founded Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham. (Actually there were no professors at first, only visiting instructors

later to be titled professors.) Young Sullivan was extremely gifted. He sang well, had an unerring ear and a good memory (at the age of twelve he was able to write from memory in score a march from a manuscript oratorio he had heard that he thought would interest his father). Nothing for it but that this cockney Mozart be admitted to the Children of the Chapels Royal where general education was combined with a thorough musical training and the singing of regular services at St. James's. One can only hope that by the time Sullivan arrived (Tuesday of Holy Week, 1854), performance standards had improved since the Royal Wedding fourteen years before. The Queen had said that the choir of the Chapel Royal always sang shockingly.<sup>4</sup> Improvement there may have been, for after the wedding the Reverend Thomas Helmore, a pioneer in the revival of plainchant, had become Master. Helmore spotted Sullivan as a winner and soon made him Head Boy with all the considerable rights and privileges that went with the position (for example, if the Head Boy caught any officer entering the Chapel wearing spurs he could fine him a guinea). Sullivan had a good voice and was called upon frequently as soloist. On one occasion the Prince Consort tipped him half-a-sovereign when he sang at the christening of the Duke of Albany.<sup>5</sup> He also composed. Before he had turned thirteen he wrote an anthem, *Sing unto the Lord*, which, when it was performed, elicited yet another half-a-sovereign from the sub-dean. In November 1855 the august firm of Novello & Co. published his song "O Israel," obviously a piece inspired by Mendelssohn's "Hear ye, Israel."

Felix Mendelssohn, very much the favourite of the Queen, Prince Consort, and all musical England, had died in 1847. The following year his friends in England began to raise funds for a scholarship in his name. The biggest fund-raiser was a performance of *Elijah* with the great Jenny Lind singing the soprano part. The profit was invested, other amounts added, and in 1856 the first competition was held. The terms of the scholarship were 100 pounds per annum, renewable, the successful candidate having to be between the ages of fourteen and twenty. Sullivan, just fourteen by five weeks, entered--the youngest candidate. He won after a tie-breaking test with the oldest candidate, Joseph Barnby. His voice had not yet broken so he was still of the Children of the Chapels Royal, which he left by special permission, and proceeded to the Royal Academy of Music with the customary Queen's gift of 60 pounds, a Bible, and a prayerbook. In 1858, still holding the Mendelssohn Scholarship, he was sent to the Conservatorium in Leipzig. Because Mendelssohn had founded the Conservatorium and had been the conductor of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, the place was hallowed ground for the English. Still conservative musically when Sullivan was there, Leipzig was being fanned by breezes of modernity, and he discovered the joys of the music of Schumann and the early Wagner. One of his student friends, a year his junior, was Edvard Grieg. He met the great Liszt with whom he remained on friendly terms until Liszt's death. Although he later claimed that he did not do much work, and all evidence points to the fact that he was naturally lazy, he got a lot of work done and was an outstanding student in all departments, including conducting, a fact of some importance for the future of British music.

The enormous success of *The Tempest* music placed Sullivan in both an enviable and a difficult position. He became Britain's hope. His ease in society and his anxiety to please allowed him to be put upon by well-meaning

people, but the same qualities also allowed him to push his new enthusiasms, one being Schumann's music, painlessly down unwilling throats. His old teacher at the RAM, Cipriani Potter (1792-1871), whose sun and moon were Beethoven and Mendelssohn, said, "I'm very sorry about Sullivan, going to Germany has ruined him!"<sup>6</sup> Sullivan, who did not want anyone angry at him, promptly took up the challenge, approached Potter with the four-hand arrangements of Schumann's symphonies, and made the old man play them with him until he had him converted. Another enthusiasm was Schubert, whose popularity in Britain was achieved largely through Sullivan's efforts. Sullivan attracted people: Charles Dickens, who at one point spirited him off to Paris to meet the aged Rossini; George Grove, the engineer, who was secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, later the author of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, and the first Director of the Royal College of Music. All had high hopes for Sullivan.

These hopes were shared by Sullivan himself. "There are so many things I want to do for music," he had written. His problem was that he attempted to be all things to all men. He had technique to burn and a dangerous facility. To oblige he performed the expected duties: he wrote cantatas, often to dreadful texts that he probably found impolitic to turn down, to feed the choral societies; he wrote oratorios, the respectable thing for a composer to do; he wrote a rather attractive and skillful symphony, again because it was expected of him; "art" songs because he wanted to establish the *Lied à la* Schubert and Schumann in England; "revenue" or "royalty" ballads that found their way onto every piano in every drawing room in the kingdom because he needed the money; a ballet, *L'Ile enchantée*, for the Royal Italian Opera, to get his foot backstage; hymns and anthems because, again, it was *comme il faut*; and he appeared throughout the land as a conductor of his own and others' music. He was lionized, a condition he bore philosophically: he likened himself to a stuffed gorilla that was being shown about: ". . . I stood about the room in easy and graceful postures conscious of being gazed upon; walked languidly through the lancers & then talked a good deal to Mrs Gaskell the authoress, & at half-past 2 was in bed."<sup>7</sup> He was taken up by royalty and was on intimate terms with the musicianly Prince Alfred ("Affie"), Duke of Edinburgh, who played the violin.

Sullivan was also drawn to comedy opera, which at first he wrote for fun when he set, for a private entertainment, Burnand's operative adaptation of Madison Morton's *Box and Cox* into the "dramatic triumviretta" *Cox and Box*. What this led to is history and out of the range of this piece. Suffice it to say that by the end of Sullivan's life those parts of English-speaking society that had not been penetrated by his other works could not remain oblivious to his stage works, especially those in which he collaborated with Gilbert. Sullivan probably felt quite justified in combining the roles of the purveyor of "light" entertainment and the "serious" composer. After all he had seen it happen in Schubert, whose music he revered, and in Rossini, whom he admired. But in the life-is-real-life-is-earnest atmosphere of English musical circles he was frowned upon: "Some things that Mr Arthur Sullivan may do, Sir Arthur ought not to do" (*Musical Review*);<sup>8</sup> "The composer . . . must now give posterity the chance of enjoying the fruits of his genius, and stay his hand from works which, however refined and musicianly, must of their very

nature and surroundings be ephemeral, and pass away with the fashion which gave them birth" (Charles Villiers Stanford).<sup>9</sup> However Sullivan felt about such things as these, and there were times when he felt them acutely, he never was persuaded to abandon a practice which gave him an income of over 10,000 pounds annually. It was all very well for his great contemporaries Parry and Stanford to look askance--they had private incomes and could afford to be as arty as they liked. Perhaps it was because of his natural indolence and his fondness for the good life that, in overall quality, his comedy operas, or at least those composed between 1881 (*Patience*) and 1888 (*The Yeomen of the Guard*), are better than his "serious" works, even though there are splendid moments in the cantata, *The Golden Legend*, and the full opera, *Ivanhoe*. Gilbert seemed to be his artistic conscience and helped keep his sights high not only by the skillful librettos he supplied but also by his criticism, encouragement,--and bullying: "Another week's rehearsal with W.S.G. & I should have gone raving mad. I had already ordered straw for my hair."<sup>10</sup>

In whatever Sullivan did he was Britain's composer laureate. "The English public is curious. It can recognise one composer at a time. Once it was Sullivan. Now it is Elgar," wrote Hubert Parry.<sup>11</sup> Sullivan was the official composer for both national and royal events for much of his life. He edited the compositions of the Prince Consort for the Queen. He composed a *Te Deum Laudamus* and *Domine Salvam Fac Reginam* for the "Festival held at the Crystal Palace, May 1, 1872, in celebration of the Recovery of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales."

This *Te Deum &c.* deserves special mention--it is an astonishing work. There were 2000 performers: soprano solo, choir, orchestra, and military band! Sullivan knew exactly what to do. The massive simplicity of the choral writing, with its slow-moving counterpoint (rapid passages with a choir of such size would have been chaotic), must have pinned back the audience's ears. Much of this choral writing is warm and dignified without a trace of the sentimentality that mars some of the solo passages. For the opening and closing sections Sullivan uses Croft's hymn-tune "St. Anne" (we know it as "O God Our Help in Ages Past") and applies solidly English roast-beefy counterpoint--that is the English Sullivan. For the soprano solos, especially "To Thee Cherubim" and "When Thou Tookest upon Thee" we see another Sullivan, one whose mother was half Italian. On the whole it is a right royal work and, I think, could be performed unblushingly today. Sullivan obviously put his best foot forward. The audience of 30,000 included many of the Royal Family, and the Queen graciously accepted the dedication.<sup>12</sup>

There were other works served up for national occasions. For the London International Exhibition Sullivan composed a Dramatic Cantata, *On Shore and Sea* (words by Tom Taylor), which was played in the brand new Royal Albert Hall. It does not deserve close examination, but it is effective if heard just once, so long as the words remain inaudible, as was the case in the echo-filled hall! There is the "Dominion Hymn" which, I presume, is associated with Sullivan's visit to Ottawa where he stayed with the Marquis of Lorne in 1880. It is dedicated to "The People of Canada." Then, in 1886, when he was slaving away (indolent he was, but here he was working furiously) at the cantata, *The Golden Legend*, and *Ruddigore*, he was commanded by the Prince of Wales to compose an Exhibi-

tion Ode to words by Tennyson for the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition on 4 May 1886. The following spring he responded to another command to compose an ode, words by Lewis Morris this time, to be sung on the occasion of the Queen's laying of the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute on 4 July 1887 (in both these cases Sullivan seems to have had about a month's notice). Of course, when the Queen opened the Institute it was Sullivan's new *Imperial March* that graced the occasion.

At the other end of the scale was Sullivan's collaboration with Kipling in the production of a popular song, "The Absent-minded Beggar" in 1899. The *Daily Mail* printed 75,000 copies to be sold in aid of a soldiers' relief fund (the Boer War was in progress), and the song also came out in various other forms, even being printed on linen handkerchiefs along with portraits of the Queen and "Bobs." The manuscript was also sold for 500 pounds, which went to The Absent-minded Beggar Fund. As a piece of music it does Sullivan no credit, being a rum-te-tum music-hall tune, but the fund thrived.

Sullivan's last completed work was an official one. When he was dying he managed to compose another *Te Deum* (*A Thanksgiving for Victory*) for the thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral planned to mark the end of the South African War. By the time it was performed Sullivan had been dead nearly eighteen months. Unlike the other royal *Te Deum* this one is quite austere and straightforward. Today it would seem unintentionally comic because he uses (in the orchestra, but never in the choir, which continues its austere simplicity) for his hymn-tune "Saint Gertrude" --"Onward Christian Soldiers"! It is rather ingenious, but oddly inappropriate.

Sullivan left instructions for his funeral--simplicity itself. He wished to be buried in the same grave as his father, mother, and brothers. Then the Queen intervened. For her composer-laureate she commanded that the first part of the funeral be in the Chapel Royal (St. James's Palace), the burial in St. Paul's Cathedral. All the music was to be by Sullivan. Leaving St. James's the cortege was led by the band of H.M. Scots Guards, adding "an impressive contrast to the sombre mourning by their brilliant scarlet uniforms,"<sup>13</sup> playing the only music not by Sullivan, the Dead March from Handel's *Saul*. The procession went by the Victoria Embankment to St. Paul's. Sullivan's coffin contained the Queen's wreath (she gave special instructions that there were to be no others, much to the disappointment of Sullivan's mistress, Mrs. Ronalds). After the burial the entire Savoy company sang the unaccompanied chorus "Brother, thou art gone before us" from the oratorio *The Martyr of Antioch*.

This is the funeral of a statesman. No other British composer was accorded anything like it, although Handel's came close. It demonstrated the extraordinary affection in which Sullivan was held by the English people. He was the Victorian composer, his whole life lived within the span of Victoria's reign. The enormous advances made in British music in the nineteenth century were due largely to his efforts. Much of his music died with the age but it served its purpose well, which is as much as any composer can hope for. Yet he achieved immortality where he, and others too, least expected it. As I am writing--and you are reading--this, somewhere there is a performance of *The Mikado*.



## NOTES

<sup>1</sup>J. A. Fuller-Maitland, *The Music of Parry and Stanford* (Cambridge, 1934), 51.

<sup>2</sup>Sullivan had conducted some of the music in the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, during a public rehearsal of student works two years before, but prior to the Crystal Palace concert he added to the score and re-orchestrated it.

<sup>3</sup>Michael Kennedy, *The Hallé Tradition* (Manchester, 1960), 39.

<sup>4</sup>Elizabeth Longford, *Victoria R.I.* (New York, 1964), 83.

<sup>5</sup>Many years later the Queen commanded Sullivan to play the organ at the Duke of Albany's wedding.

<sup>6</sup>W. J. Wells, *Souvenir of Sir Arthur Sullivan* (London, 1901), 11.

<sup>7</sup>Leslie Baily, *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book* (London, 1952), 36, quoted from a letter from Sullivan to Mrs. R. C. Lehmann.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, 224.

<sup>9</sup>C. V. Stanford, *Studies and Memories* (London, 1908), 163; from a notice of the first performance of *The Golden Legend* (Leeds Festival, 1886) that Stanford wrote for the press (paper unspecified). There were dozens like it. No work had been so tumultuously received since Mendelssohn's *Elijah* in 1846.

<sup>10</sup>Reginald Allen, *The Life and Work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Composer for Victorian England* (New York, 1975), 173. Quoted from a letter from Sullivan to F. C. Burnand.

<sup>11</sup>Michael Kennedy, *Portrait of Elgar* (London, 1968), 21. Quoted from a letter from Parry to Thomas Dunhill.

<sup>12</sup>Allen, *Life and Work*, 68.

<sup>13</sup>Wells, *Souvenir*, 96.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Other Nation: The Poor in English Novels of the 1840s and 1850s.* By Sheila M. Smith. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1980. Pp. xvii + 282.

The scope of this learned, untidy book is rather narrower than its subtitle might suggest. Dr. Smith concentrates on five novels: Disraeli's *Sybil* (1845), Gaskell's *Mary Barton* (1848), Kingsley's *Yeast* (serialized 1848; 1st ed. 1851); Dickens' *Hard Times* (1854), Reade's *It Is Never Too Late to Mend* (1856). The most concise statement of her intentions appears at the beginning of her final chapter: "I have quoted at length from these novelists, compared their fiction with its sources to determine its insights, and discussed the efficacy of the literary tool afforded them by the novel in their attempts to re-create the Other Nation in the 1840s and 1850s . . . I have tried to provide a better understanding of their work by relating both its content and method to its artistic, intellectual, and social context" (263). This is an extensive program, and the execution of it is only a partial success.

The most valuable sections are the source-studies. This is Dr. Smith's special field, and she is at her best in tracing Disraeli's handling of material from reports of the Children's Employment Commission and Charles

Reade's rewriting of portions of a report on the mistreatment of prisoners in the Birmingham Gaol. Kingsley, though he had many opportunities to encounter rural poverty, nevertheless drew heavily on printed reports for his fiction, and these too receive illuminating treatment. Gaskell relied heavily on personal experience, and offers less of interest to this approach. *Hard Times* has been so extensively studied in recent years that there is little to be added here. The account of several unpublished Preston ballads, though only marginally relevant to Dickens, is interesting for its own sake. Also noteworthy are the accounts of half-a-dozen now forgotten minor novels of the period; of these, Fanny Mayne's *Jane Rutherford; or, The Miners' Strike* (1854--with two illustrations from the 1853 serialization) and Elizabeth Stone's *William Langshawe, the Cotton Lord* (1842) are especially well discussed.

The real purpose of the book, however, is to examine and assess the operations of the imagination in "re-creating" the poor in fiction. Here Dr. Smith is less successful, beset by problems of scope and method. To write convincingly of a decade in the history of "the novel" by studying a few works intensively is not impossible: Kathleen Tillotson's *Novels of the Eighteen-Forties* is a notable and relevant instance. But in that book the four chosen works are clearly focussed against a rich and continuously apposite background of other works; that sort of background is lacking here. While a number of novels of the 1840s and 1850s are mentioned in passing, Dr. Smith's bibliography lists only twenty-two novels, of which one belongs to the eighteenth century and eight are by Dickens (with the odd omission of *Barnaby Rudge*). Nothing by Scott is included, although *The Antiquary* at least contains scenes which deserve mention. It is thus difficult to relate the detailed studies of the chosen novels to the past history of the fiction or to contemporary practice. The backgrounds in social history, being different for each novel, contribute to the general impression of diffuseness. The five novels never really become a group, and are not satisfyingly related to "the novel" in the period.

If one is to assess how well these novelists imagined the poor, one needs a standard by which to judge their performance. This is clearly crucial, yet there is little to suggest that it has been given much consideration here. In a work that is at least one-third devoted to social history, one might expect that something of a contemporary standard would be set up. Not so. Dr. Smith adopts unhesitatingly a standard which she calls "Romantic" and refers to Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. It is not clear why this should be the standard, and one might object that while Coleridge's definition of imagination in the *Biographia* is familiar to any well-schooled undergraduate today, it was rather less familiar circa 1850. In any case, the Romantic standard becomes in practice a form of words used to validate perceptions which are essentially Late Twentieth-Century. For example, Dr. Smith notes that Disraeli's description of women and children working in the coalmines is less effective than the words of such women and children recorded in the Commission Reports: "the unconscious irony of their speech is startling and very moving--largely because it *is* unconscious and not aiming for effect--'I began to hurry when I was seven and I have been hurrying [i.e. dragging coal from the coal-face] ever since . . .'" (which is really a poem

epitomizing the Industrial Revolution from the labourer's point of view) . . . the complete lack of self-pity paradoxically gives a much greater sense of their sufferings than Disraeli's exclamations" (144). This judgement is no doubt true of readers in 1981. The problem, however, is that it is by no means certain that readers in 1845 would have made the same judgement, not only because the general public's perception of coal-mining has changed, but also because aesthetic perceptions have changed. We have been raised on *The Waste Land* and the plays of Beckett, and our responses to what we read are inevitably different. In transferring our responses back into the past we miss the opportunity to ask the most useful questions. Similarly, it is necessary to avoid the fallacy of thinking that we can know what coalmines or Seven Dials or the rural poor were "really like." We cannot. We have verbal descriptions and drawings and paintings and so on, but these are all partial and subjective. Even the new art of photography (interestingly handled by Dr. Smith) is much less objective than its practitioners are always willing to admit; the camera does not choose its subjects. Only a selection of mineworkers gave evidence to the Commissioners, and we have no real guarantee that their utterances were not "tidied up" a little before inclusion in the reports. It is fatally tempting to discern "the truth" when we come on something that can be made to conform to our own time-bound preconceptions (cf. 221-2).

*The Other Nation* contributes significantly to the study of its five chosen novels, and contains much of general interest for any lover of early Victorian novels. There are weaknesses which affect its larger aims, but these are in themselves instructive, and the book should be read by all who would essay the perilous interface of historical and literary studies. Dr. Smith's generous and untiring enthusiasm for her subject speaks for itself.

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*The Victorians and Ancient Greece.* By Richard Jenkyns. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1980. Pp. xii + 386.

"When I said Alcibiades, I meant Saint John." With these words, legend has it, W. A. Spooner (1844-1930), Warden of New College, Oxford, ended a sermon in the college chapel. This sort of confusion in the men of Spooner's generation (notably J. A. Symonds, 1840-1893, and Walter Pater, 1839-1894) is the most prominent theme in Richard Jenkyns's book, which is much more personal and idiosyncratic than its title and preface suggest. It is not concerned with the investigations of scholars, but with the literary formulations of an image of hellenic antiquity to serve as a foil to Victorian England, and with the impact of that image on Victorian theory and practice. To the formation of that image the uncreative English scholarship of the middle nineteenth century contributed nothing; it was derived from such pre-Victorian Germans as Winckelmann, Goethe, Schiller, and

A. W. Schlegel. The image was made up of southernness, brightness, sunshine, directness, clarity, simplicity, innocence, youth, health, athleticism, and pederasty in various combinations, sometimes aligned and sometimes contrasted with Rome and the Near East. Jenkyns traces the origin of this sentimental hellenism back to the publication of Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens* (first volume 1762), which by discovering Doric architecture and fifth-century sculpture first unveiled a Greece sharply differentiated from Rome; and he sees its effective demise in World War I.

Jenkyns presents his findings thematically rather than chronologically; his preface discerns two phases, before and after the seventies, but even this bipartition is not clearly observed. He has examined and variously employed a bewildering amount of material, and shows great ingenuity and some tact in the immensely hard task of sorting out the complex relationships among attitudes, themes, and doctrines. The reader is greatly instructed and vastly entertained, for Jenkyns writes well and wittily. His book is a notable achievement.

The reviewer's first duty is to recommend this book heartily. His second duty is to warn. The author's way of subdividing his subject, and his taste for incident and anecdote, leave one at the end wondering how much one has really learned about what Victorian England said and did about the Greeks. The effect is often of caricature. Much more is made of Pater's romantic mooning about Platonism than of Jowett's promotion of the *Republic* as Plato's chief work and as a tool of political education, which was surely more important. Symonds's belletristic essays are dwelt on at length, though eclectically; but Jane Harrison (b. 1850; *Prolegomena*, 1903) and James Frazer (b. 1854; *Golden Bough*, 1890) are barely mentioned, and Lewis Farnell (b. 1856; *Cults*, 1896) is not mentioned at all, though their work revolutionized classical studies within the period Jenkyns takes for his own. One feels that it is because he does not find them ridiculous that the author thinks of them as post-Victorian.

Jenkyns's line between Victorians and post-Victorians performs strange zigzags. Virginia Woolf (b. 1882) is a Victorian, E. M. Forster (b. 1879) is not. James Elroy Flecker (b. 1884) is an exemplary Victorian, but W. B. Yeats (b. 1865) is not, and is (weirdly) praised as denouncing the cult of faery. Gilbert Norwood's (b. 1880) lecture on Euripides and Shaw (1913), which has much to say about "the difference in spirit between the present time and the Victorian age," is typically late-Victorian. Everything discreditable in the author's eyes, it seems, is Victorian, everything he approves of is post-Victorian.

The author's animus appears in his attributions and quotations, the latter of which are disquietingly full of ellipses. It is instructive to trace these mutilated utterances to their contexts. For instance, Jenkyns says that Virginia Woolf "claimed that the nature of Attic tragedy was determined by its performance in the open on a hot day," and says of her and Symonds that "Even their notion of the climate was wrong: the greatest theatrical festival was held in late March or thereabouts." But the weather Woolf actually evoked was "one of those brilliant southern days when the sun is so hot and yet the air so exciting," which sounds like an Athenian March to me. In the same context, Symonds is derided for crudely associating the prevalence of open-air scenes in Greek tragedy

with the physical conditions of Greek theatre (172)--but the quotation that supports this derision contains three ellipses; complete and in context it is a nuanced and perceptive discussion of tendencies, incorporating the very points Jenkyns makes against him. Still on the same page, we read that "As the Greeks exercised in the clear sunlight their forms and features seemed to become as perfect as their climate. Hazlitt had already wondered, paraphrasing Schlegel, whether the Greeks, 'born of a beautiful . . . race . . . and placed under a mild heaven,' might not have had 'a natural organization . . . more perfect . . . than ours, who have not had the same advantages of climate and constitution.'" Twelve dots is rather many for so brief a quotation to bear, and Hazlitt proves on inspection to be saying little about the forms and features of the Greeks and a lot about their lack of introspection. Here and in the few other dot-spotted quotations I checked, the ellipses serve not to save space but to falsify the tone of the passages quoted. It is not that Jenkyns invents tendencies that are not present; it is rather than he constantly misrepresents the way those tendencies are manifested.

A book like this one sets its author a serious problem of tone. A historian whose task it is to put his subjects judiciously in their places risks appearing to condescend. Jenkyns's success in solving this problem varies greatly from one part of his book to another. The first four chapters preserve an even and judicious tone, and Chapter VI on George Eliot is inoffensive, but Chapter V on tragedy carps and sneers, and from Chapter VII to the end the author gives an impression of gratuitous sneering, interrupted by perfunctory acknowledgements that such men as Matthew Arnold were not merely feeble and ridiculous. The effect is as puzzling as it is deplorable: is not derision and denigration of the Victorians a trifle outmoded? Does anyone still need to be protected from Walter Pater?

If one is to sneer at nineteenth-century attitudes in the name of twentieth-century enlightenment, one needs to be secure in one's own position. For a lecturer in classics, Jenkyns is rash in his judgements. For instance, he derides Pater for ignorantly turning Heracleitus "from a physicist into an Old Testament prophet," but surely he must know that many contemporary scholars hold that it was Aristotle who turned the prophet Heracleitus into a physicist. He denounces Pater for using "complex and obscure" language in making an unintelligible distinction between the "bodily soul" and the "reasonable soul" (219); but the distinction is a commonplace of post-Platonic philosophies, and it probably never occurred to Pater that his readers would need it explained to them. Again, Jenkyns is under the spell of Popper's reading of the *Republic*, and assumes that everyone else is too; a glance at recent work on Plato would suggest otherwise. In general, he is apt to scorn the Victorians for failure to share this or that recent fad and fashion in literary studies, but there is little consensus in these matters and such contempt may injure the contemner more than his victim.

Some readers may feel that Jenkyns is too zealous in chasing around his own belfry the bats he claims to have found lurking in the belfries of others. But, if he is, it should not be held against him. His book may irritate, but it is never dull, and its wealth of information and

insight amply compensates for unfairnesses and oddities. Even from the ranks of Tuscany, the reviewer cannot forbear to cheer.

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This issue will conclude with a preview of the delights in store for those who will be present at the Annual Conference on 11 April to witness the entertainment produced by J. S. Mill Associates. From advertisements in *The Times* for June 1837:

Bouquet de la Princesse Victoria. This delightful perfume, invented in commemoration of Her Royal Highness's majority will be found to possess the grand desideratum, hitherto unachieved, of resembling a natural bouquet of flowers, which if smelt at different parts presents a variety of odours. . . . As this essence is likely to supersede all others this season, the trade in general, and particularly country perfumers will do well to supply themselves with a stock of it immediately. Observe, none can be genuine without the signature of the inventors, Ross and Sons, and their address 119 Bishopsgate Street, with a likeness of the Princess attached to each bottle. (Tuesday, 12 June 1837.)

Teeth. Twenty guineas and time saved. Mr. Moggridge still continues to supply the loss of teeth, from one to a complete set, and only requiring one visit. The above discovery in modelling not only saves trouble to the patient, but ensures immediate comfort, exact fitting, and increased beauty of appearance without showing a wire or spring of any description, and warranted for mastication and articulation. To convince those wearing them specimens will be shown. A complete set in fine gold or bone, natural or mineral teeth, ten guineas usually charged. (Thursday, 15 June 1837.)

Yachts. The utility of culinary preserves in sea voyages being generally acknowledged, there remained but to apply to the discovery a more varied and French style of cookery. This object has been attained, and a number of Entrees and Soups have been preserved in tin boxes, which are recommended to the notice of the members of the Yacht Club. Morel's, 210 and 211 Piccadilly. (Monday, 19 June 1837.)