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ENGLISH AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Metaphysics insisted . . . that the universe could be known only as motion of mind, and therefore as unity. One could know it only as oneself; it was psychology.

HENRY ADAMS

ENGLISH AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Its Emergence, Materials, and Form

By Wayne Shumaker

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PREFACE

THE END I have set for myself in the present volume is the somewhat unusual one suggested by the title, explained briefly in the early pages of chapter i, and broken down in the way indicated by the Contents. It differs radically from those of the scholars whose researches in autobiography have made possible my exploitation of a special interest: notably Georg Misch, Friedrich von Bezold, Alois Brandl, and Dorothea Hendrichs, who in German monographs published between 1907 and 1925 traced literary self-revelation from antiquity to the Renaissance in Europe and from *Deor's Lament* to *Samson Agonistes* in England; Anna Robeson Burr and Ernest Stuart Bates, who used autobiographies as sources of information about the human psyche; and Waldo Dunn, Wilbur Cross, Harold Nicolson, and Donald Stauffer, who in critical histories of English biography made many interesting and significant statements about the history of autobiography. If I were required to cite a precedent I should have to plead the authority of Aristotle, whose *Poetics* also has to do with the emergence, content, and formal characteristics of a literary type.

The effective closing date of the study is about 1946. Sir Osbert Sitwell's many-volumed autobiography was still appearing in parts while I wrote, hence is not mentioned in the following pages. In any event, it will be apparent that my conclusions are based on an acquaintance not with all the extant English autobiographies but with what I hope is an adequate number of representative samples.

The study has occupied me for several years and cost me many pains, partly because of a problem finally resolved in the way described at the beginning of chapter i. The actual writing began more than a decade ago and has continued intermittently through a period during which not only my literary style but

also my habits of critical reflection have changed. Although I have tried to bring all the parts of the study into harmony, I cannot flatter myself that the effort has been wholly successful. I ask some indulgence from readers who know from personal experience how difficult it is to revise in full maturity a book written at an earlier stage of intellectual development.

My thanks are due to many of my colleagues at the University of California who read parts or all of the manuscript. I am especially grateful to Professor B. H. Lehman for initial stimulation and much good advice and to Professor Ernst Kantorowicz, now at the Princeton Institute of Advanced Studies, for help with the medieval period, upon which I do not dwell but through which it was necessary to work my way. Miss Helen Travis, of the editorial staff of the University of California Press, has done invaluable work on the notes and bibliography. I am grateful also to a number of persons and publishers for permission to quote copyrighted materials, as follows: to the Anthoensen Press, successor to the Southworth Press, publisher of *The Development of American Biography,* by Dana Kinsman Merrill (Portland, Me., 1932); to Jonathan Cape, Ltd., publisher of H. E. Butler's translation of *The Autobiography of Giraldus Cambrensis* (London, 1937); to the Columbia University Press, publisher of *Carlyle and Mill: An Introduction to Victorian Thought,* by Emery Neff (second edition, New York, 1926); to J. M. Dent and Sons, original publishers, in the Temple Classics Edition (1902), of W. V. Cooper's translation of *The Consolation of Philosophy,* by Boethius; to Harcourt, Brace and Company, publisher of *Selected Essays, 1917–1932,* by T. S. Eliot (New York, copyright 1932); to *Harper's Magazine,* publisher of an essay entitled "One Day in History," by Frederick Lewis Allen (November, 1937); to the Harvard University Press, publisher of *English Biography Before 1700,* by Donald A. Stauffer (Cambridge, Mass., 1930); to the Macmillan Company,

publisher of *The Life of George Moore,* by Joseph Hone (New York, 1936), *A History of English Literature,* by Émile Legouis and Louis Cazamian (New York, 1935), *Epitaph on George Moore,* by Charles Morgan (New York, 1935), *An Irishman's Story,* by Justin McCarthy (New York, 1905), and *The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats: Consisting of Reveries over Childhood and Youth, The Trembling of the Veil and Dramatis Personae* (New York, 1938); to C. D. Medley, owner of the copyright on *Avowals* (Ebury Edition, London, 1936) and *Hail and Farewell* (Ebury Edition, London, 1937), by George Moore; to the Oxford University Press, publisher of *Father and Son,* by Edmund Gosse (World's Classics Edition, New York, 1934); to the *Saturday Review,* publisher of an essay entitled "How I Write Biography," by Harold Nicolson (May 26, 1934); to the Warburg Institute, publisher of an essay entitled "An 'Autobiography' by Guido Faba," by Ernst Kantorowicz (*Mediaeval and Renaissance Studies,* Vol. I, London, 1943); and to Marjorie Wells, executrix of H. G. Wells, deceased, holder of the copyright on *Experiment in Autobiography: Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain (since 1866),* by H. G. Wells (New York, 1934).

WAYNE SHUMAKER

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
March 14, 1954

CONTENTS

Part One

EMERGENCE: THE DISCOVERY OF INDIVIDUALITY

CHAPTER I

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL CONVENTION

CRITICISM of autobiography is beset by many difficulties, of which two are so serious as almost to inhibit discussion from the outset. First, there is no general agreement about formal and material limits—that is to say, about how autobiographies are to be recognized. Secondly, the huge mass of potentially relevant documents has not yet been reduced to tractability by literary historians. The difficulties, unfortunately, are interconnected. On the one hand, the writing of a comprehensive history of autobiography is virtually impossible until the acceptance of limitations permits the steering of a reasonably straight course through superabundant materials; on the other, in the absence of a trustworthy history the defining of limits requires the making of arbitrary decisions, which almost certainly will arouse the displeasure of the few scholars who have done pioneer work in the subject. Accordingly, the critic and the historian are like men who stand outside a doorway inviting each other, by gestures and smiles of encouragement, to go first to the buffet supper within, while the bread and ham and cheese lie undisturbed on the table.

Take, for example, the matter of definition; for it is only by definition that the difference between autobiographies and non-autobiographies can be settled. The student of literary self-portraiture in antiquity will wish a formulation broad enough to include, for instance, a speech of legal self-defense (Socrates' *Apology*), a general's report of a military campaign (Caesar's *Commentaries*), and an imaginary conversation with Philosophy (Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiae*); otherwise his subject matter will vanish, and he will be left with a disem-

bodied topic. The medievalist is partial to "autobiographical passages," like one at the end of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica,* and to allegories, like Dante's *Vita Nuova* and Chaucer's *House of Fame.* He may even go so far as to insist on a "strong personal element" in such a poem as the anonymous Middle English *Pearl.* The seventeenth-century specialist is likely to be attracted to diaries, which not only abound in his period but are often highly revealing. The student of the eighteenth century may be drawn in two ways—toward broad constructionism by what his period shares with the seventeenth century, toward narrow constructionism by what it shares with the nineteenth. The specialist in a still later period will almost certainly wish the definition to be restrictive. He can find plenty of "real" autobiographies, he may be tempted to say, hence is not forced by indigence to be grateful for trifles. Among these differing views no easy or generally acceptable choice can be made. A definition loose enough to satisfy the classical or medieval scholar will cause the modern scholar to be buried beneath documents, whereas a phrasing tight enough to allow the modern scholar to fight his way into the air will deprive the classicist or medievalist of his subject.

It is useless to propose a solution on the basis of a discovery by literary historians of what autobiography "actually" is, for autobiography is not an immediately recognizable object, like water or English walnuts, unmistakably *there* as a thing-in-itself before it is named, but a word invented by the human intelligence for convenience in the exchange of ideas. If English walnuts were mixed in a basket with lemons and pine cones, an inhabitant of some barren part of the world lacking in all these objects could readily separate the walnuts into a pile. In the same way a savage who stood for the first time on a seashore would at once perceive that the ocean was qualitatively different from the beach. The distinguishing of autobiographies from nonautobiog-

raphies, however, resembles rather the attempt of a state legislature to draw lines between Congressional districts or the effort of a painstaking lexicographer to distinguish between pebbles and stones on the basis of circumference. If parts of a state are set off by natural boundaries, as, in literature, the spoken drama is set apart from the novel, other parts are geographically continuous, as the impersonal military chronicle is continuous with the slightly more personal military chronicle, and that, in turn, with the notably personal and egotistically self-centered chronicles. Again, the alignment of pebbles and stones in the order of size would not, presumably, reveal a break at any point to mark the division between small and large. And so with the writings that scholars have called autobiographical. No amount of historical research will solve the critic's problem of definition, just as no critical speculation about what autobiography "ought to be" in form and content will answer the question about what it actually is.

In this dilemma only two courses of action are feasible and intelligent for the critic. On the one hand, he may renounce his interest in autobiography and select for study some other kind of writing which is less difficult to isolate. If he chooses to do so, the propriety of his decision must be granted, although one may gently urge upon him, lest he try to make his renunciation binding on others, the admission that in a universe of both ideas and objects the clarification of thoughts may sometimes be as useful as the identification of things. On the other hand, if his desire to analyze persists, he can limit his subject in whatever way seems to him most likely to further the achievement of a particular aim. He will freely confess that other men may prefer other aims, and he may well feel uncertain that the means he has adopted is the best for the attainment of his own. Yet he can find comfort in the reflection that if he states his purpose plainly and makes no pretense that in pursuing it he is work-

ing toward the satisfaction of a uniquely legitimate interest, his readers will be able at once to decide whether they wish to follow him, and, if they do, ultimately to determine whether the view from his arbitrarily chosen observation point is rewarding.

The purpose of the present study is to discover what autobiographies *in the modern mode* are like; specifically, what typical autobiographies contain and how they are put together as structural wholes. By autobiographies in the modern mode I mean, so far as I need explain myself at present, works like those that modern readers instinctively expect to find when they see *Autobiography, My Life,* or *Memoirs* printed across the back of a volume. Of course we do not suppose that the autobiography of a philosopher like Herbert Spencer will be formally or materially identical with the autobiography of an explorer-journalist like Sir Henry Morton Stanley, or the autobiography of either more than roughly similar to the autobiography of a scientist like Francis Galton or Charles Darwin. The expectations are flexible, have a certain stretch and give. Nevertheless we should be a trifle jarred if the tone, instead of being descriptive, or explanatory, or narrative, or all these by turns, proved to be steadily lyrical, or if the contents did not include remarks on several of the aspects of experience normally exploited—ancestry, early life, schooling, young manhood, and an adult career. The typical plan is of course often varied. In volumes called not autobiography, but, for example, *My Life and Balloon Experiences* or *Fifty Years of Newspaper Work,* we are prepared to find less than the ordinary scope; in a volume entitled *The Story of My Heart* we may anticipate a few lyrical passages, a slightly poetical structure. Yet there remains such a thing as a modern concept of autobiography, a concept which, in its essentials, I should imagine ordinary literate persons of the mid-twentieth century to share. It is this concept, in its whole extent and with all its chief modifications and permutations, that I hope in the following pages to clarify.

It follows, inevitably, that the present study is largely nonhistorical. For the most part I shall observe chronology only within categories that exist more or less independently of time. It is necessary, however, in order to isolate our subject matter, that we first determine as accurately as possible how far back into history the modern autobiographical mode extends. Any autobiography that resembles modern autobiographies in structure and content is the modern kind of autobiography, regardless of when it was written. We shall begin, therefore, by seeing to what extent, and with what exceptions, the convention that is our subject can be set apart in time from other conventions that are not our subject. If the labor proves tedious—as it well may, for we have a long way to go—the reader can jump ahead to the chapters on materials and structure; but he must then take on faith the conclusions to which the introductory survey will lead.

A general conclusion may be stated at once. Before 1600, autobiographies of the modern type are nearly impossible to find; after 1600, they follow one another at decreasing intervals, until at last, about 1800, their authors seem to be writing in a tradition instead of feeling their way into a new literary genre. In the remainder of the present chapter I shall document this generalization, at the same time undertaking to separate from all the "autobiographical" writings which antedate 1800 the titles of representative works of the modern type to be submitted to analysis, along with other representative works of the last hundred and fifty years, in the other seven chapters. In the early period, however, the materials are so scanty that we must look beyond England, to the literature of western Europe generally, in an effort to understand the expressive modes of a culture which from this distance of centuries appears to have been in many ways fundamentally the same over much of Catholic Christendom.

We can begin by rejecting as qualitatively different from modern autobiography such pre-Renaissance writings as *itineraria,* letters, wills, official proclamations, and the like which contain bits of personal information that might be useful to a modern biographer. Such documents are clearly not meant to be read as systematic accounts of a whole existence, or even as histories of one phase or aspect of living. They have other purposes, to which the *étalage du moi* is incidental and which prevent it from being more than fragmentary and desultory. The *itineraria* are usually so laconic and externalized as to enable the reader merely to follow the traveler through space. The letters, like those of later times, no doubt sometimes contained intimate gossip or reported changes of personal situation, but among those that have been preserved I am acquainted with only two—Abélard's *Historia Calamitatum* and Petrarch's *Epistola ad Posteros* (hardly real letters in any ordinary sense of the word) —that explain in an orderly fashion the turning points of a career. The wills of St. Caesarus, St. Bertichramnus, St. Hadoindus, St. Desiderius, and other persons of note afford fascinating glimpses of the properties among which lives were passed in remote times. Their aim, however, was that of assuring heirs of testators' bequests, not at all that of propagating or evaluating experience. Among state pronouncements the Manifestoes of the Emperor Frederick II are unusually rich in defensive explanations and recapitulations of state policy. Yet here, again, self-revelation is instrumental to another end—in this instance a political one—and it is improbable that the Emperor thought of himself as writing his life.[1]

A little more nearly akin to modern autobiographies, though still distant from them, are fleeting views of medieval biographers and historians in their own narratives. Bede steps once before the reader at the end of his *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum* and Asser three times in his *Annales Rerum Ges-*

tarum Ælfredi Magni.[2] Such personal irruptions, as brief as, to the twentieth-century student, they are welcome, are, however, clearly not motivated by an assumption of public interest in the authors' lives, or even by the authors' interest in the experiences themselves as proper subject matter for literary exploitation. There is always a purpose beyond the autobiographical one. Thus Bede seems to have listed his writings in order to avoid the ascription to him of works for which he was not responsible, and Asser gave firsthand evidence that Alfred had possessed certain admirable traits of character. In poems, too, like Laweman's *Brut* and the earliest version of Gower's *Confessio Amantis,*[3] remarks are sometimes made in the author's person. At most, these lead one to qualify very slightly Professor Raleigh's assertion that little is known of most medieval authors but their names.[4] But, in fact, the few biographical details are almost without exception trivial. One's knowledge of Laweman's life is not much advanced by the realization that he based his *Brut* on French, English, and Latin sources, or one's knowledge of Gower's by learning that he was once invited into the king's boat on the river. In such a poem as Chaucer's *House of Fame*[5] self-revelation goes a little further. It is perilous, however, not to remember that the ruling convention in this and similar poems is that of the dream-vision and not that of modern autobiography. One may be skeptical that contemporary readers of *The House of Fame* said to themselves at the reading of certain passages, "Ah, here Chaucer tells us something about his life!"

In moral and philosophical treatises the veil of objective detachment is sometimes lifted for a longer stretch of continuous reading. Thus St. Hilary of Poitiers introduced his treatise *De Trinitate* by a description of his conversion from paganism. The passage is rather pleasant in tone; it does not, however, have anything to say about Hilary's visible actions, and, like most medieval summaries of intellectual change, offers an orderly

logical metaphor of the psychic experience rather than describing the experience itself. The interest is in dialectic and not in individual history. C. C. J. Webb has called the tenth chapter of the second book of the *Metalogicon,* by John of Salisbury, a "precious autobiographical chapter," but the picture it gives of John's schooling in France is noteworthy only because of the general biographical barrenness of the age. The passage would have provoked no such enthusiasm if it had been written after 1650. At the beginning and end of *De Spirituali Amicitia,* by Aelred of Rievaulx, there are again a few personalia: in the prologue the author explains a diminution in his admiration for Cicero's *De Amicitia* after his entry into the cloister, where he learned that the highest wisdom is Scriptural, and at the end of the third book he makes a rather affecting confession of friendship for a fellow monk. Both passages, however, are carefully subordinated to the proper subject of the treatise. Although divagations of this kind into personal history and anecdote light up the pages on which they appear, they remain, when all is said, divagations, without close relation to autobiographies in which the record of private living is central.[6]

In eyewitness histories of the Crusades, which stirred the imagination of all Europe, the author's involvement in stirring or exasperating actions sometimes led him to speak for several pages very much in the tone of a modern general reporting a campaign in which he has taken part. Yet in the main the descriptions are objective and the chronicler's effort to keep the focus on something broader than his own fortunes is apparent.[7] In Villehardouin's *Conquest of Constantinople,* for example, the subject is the Fourth Crusade, not the adventures of a single soldier, though the soldier's vision necessarily limits the point of view. There was as yet no such thing as journalism; there were not even regular military communiqués; but there was, of course, public curiosity about battles and diplomacy. The result

of these conditions was sometimes personalized history but never a real "life" of the chronicler. The typical military memoir of more recent times differs fundamentally in being intended as a complement or pendant to official history rather than as history itself. Even when the author happened to be old and unusually garrulous, as Joinville was when he composed his *Histoire de Saint Louis*[8] (another valuable source of information about the Crusades), what comes through is not so much autobiography, a life of the writer, as scenes of court happenings and military actions described by a participant. An explicitly avowed purpose is never autobiographical: for instance, Joinville intended to write a book "containing the holy words and good deeds of our King St. Lewis."[9]

Eyewitness histories are diverse in subject matter but fairly consistent in tone. The *Historia Pontificalis,* another work by John of Salisbury, was planned as a continuation from the year 1148 of Sigebert's *Chronicle,* and since the whole period lay well within John's memory and he had himself for a time been resident in the papal court he found occasion to introduce recollections of several noteworthy incidents. Thus he tells from firsthand knowledge how Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, interceded for his enemy King Stephen at the moment excommunication was impending; he describes the ominous spilling of consecrated wine at a papal mass; and he relates vividly how Pope Eugenius IV prostrated himself before a count who was seeking a divorce and promised to take all the count's past sins on his own head if only the married pair would reunite and live faithfully together. Yet here once more, as in Villehardouin and Joinville, the anecdotes are more often of firsthand observations than of the author's own being or doing, and "autobiography" is wholly incidental to history.[10]

At the opposite extreme from passages of journalistic history are allegorized dramas of the soul's anguish. In *The Consolation*

of Philosophy, by Boethius, a passionately reasoned and long-admired work, we feel the author's psychological as well as physical involvement in situations. "Would you learn," cried Boethius from prison,

> the sum of the charges against me? It was said that "I had desired the safety of the Senate." You would learn in what way. I was charged with "having hindered an informer from producing papers by which the Senate could be accused of treason." What think you, my mistress? Shall I deny it lest it shame you? Nay, I did desire the safety of the Senate, nor shall ever cease to desire it.[11]

This sounds straightforward and exact, and if the excerpt were representative one could say with confidence that the *Consolation* is a "life." But the mistress addressed in the foregoing passage is Philosophy, who had appeared to Boethius in his cell; her face is majestic, her robe rich but dulled by neglect, her stature fluctuating. The author has chosen to describe his situation metaphorically, in the form of a dialogue between Misery and Wisdom, with the result that instead of a history the reader is offered a set of rational solutions to emotional problems posed by life.

A much later work, Petrarch's *My Secret,*[12] is nearer than the *Consolation* to modern autobiography in proposing to explore rather the sins of an individual than the attitudes ideally appropriate to anyone in a particular spiritual situation. Yet here too the framework is allegorical: a fair virgin, in a moment to be recognized as Truth, appears to Petrarch as he ruminates on human fate and announces that he will be instructed by St. Augustine, to whose words she knows he will listen with respect. If the dialogue is considered as internal, St. Augustine representing the more philosophical and devout part of Petrarch's nature, the similarity of *My Secret* to later forms of confession will be evident. The persistence of metaphor is none the less noteworthy and, from the present point of view, crucial, since our purpose

is to trace the emergence of a willingness to confront the data of experience directly, as they have been confronted by all the capital autobiographers in the great period of English self-portraiture.

Allegories more consistently dramatic, or at any rate more strikingly visual, than those of Boethius and Petrarch, like *Piers Plowman* and the poignantly mournful *Pearl,* select a more elaborate metaphor to develop. The dream convention so popular in the later Middle Ages allowed a mingling of fact and fancy analogous to that in the kind of modern fiction which swoops and flutters most irresponsibly about actual historical events. Even when a dream-vision is as deeply rooted in intimately personal experience as Dante's *Vita Nuova* the reader must be cautious in accepting any part of it as validly biographical. As T. S. Eliot has said, in a passage that bears upon the whole question with which we are here concerned:

> It is difficult to conceive of an age (of many ages) when human beings cared somewhat about the salvation of the "soul," but not about each other as "personalities." Now Dante, I believe, had experiences which seemed to him of some importance; not of importance because they had happened to him and because he, Dante Alighieri, was an important person who kept press-cutting bureaux busy; but important in themselves; and therefore they seemed to him to have some philosophical and impersonal value. I find in it an account of a particular kind of experience: that is, of something which had actual experience (the experience of the "confession" in the modern sense) *and* intellectual and imaginative experience (the experience of thought and the experience of dream) as its materials.[13]

In *The Pearl, Piers Plowman,* and, necessarily, all other "autobiographies" in an allegorical framework, there are imagined as well as actual experiences.

Still another variation of the popular allegorical periphrasis can be seen in the *Rota Nova* of Guido Faba, to which Ernst Kantorowicz has recently called attention in *Mediaeval and Ren-*

aissance Studies. Here the allegorical framework is more earthy; the Bologna Law School is referred to as a "smithy," and Guido's pain at the necessity of studying uncongenial subjects is described as an injury inflicted on his eye by a splinter from a red-hot piece of iron on the forge. These and other evasions can now be interpreted; nevertheless, as Professor Kantorowicz has himself remarked, the author's pleasure in representing his sufferings under so heavy a disguise puts a tax on the scholar's ingenuity.[14] As so often, the bare truth as the writer knew it was thought not to be enough. The rules of *dictamen* offered no encouragement to a plain recapitulation of the adventures of ordinary living.

To be sure, visions need not be feigned, and symbolical transformations can be made in the subconscious. Some medieval confessions deal largely with mystical ecstasies.[15] Since the intention of these works was the "truthful" relation of holy sights and conversations, they resemble modern autobiographies when the actual author was the mystic and not an awed cleric who reported interviews or solicited information from persons likely to possess it. *The Book of Margery Kempe,*[16] written in England in the fifteenth century, is fairly representative both in the nature of its ecstasies and the manner of its composition. Margery believed herself to have talked frequently and intimately with the Lord, to have made prophecies, to have performed miracles, and to have seen her name inscribed in the Book of Life immediately after those of the persons of the Holy Trinity. The reader is also offered images which are not subjective; he watches Margery being ejected from church because of her "roaring," hears her protest against the appropriation of her bedding by a fellow pilgrim to Jerusalem, feels the strain of her efforts to keep pace with younger travelers by running and leaping. The narrative as we have it was set down, however, by a priest, and perhaps also partly arranged by him. Whether such

a work belongs more properly in the tradition of autobiography (*self*-lives) or in that of biography is a question that is not easily answered.

So far we have been considering documents that are clearly to one side of the basic convention described at the beginning of this chapter. St. Augustine's *Confessions*[17] is the earliest of several works which are much more directly ancestral to the modern mode. The *Confessions* is so well known that not much needs to be said about it here. The purpose, obviously, was hortatory; St. Augustine offered himself as an *exemplum*. Yet there is no allegorical fiction, as in the second group of works noticed above, and the real subject (as distinct from the moral theme) is not something extrapersonal to be illustrated from personal experience when convenient, as in the first group. Moreover, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the modern autobiographical tradition was being formed, religious confessions similar to Augustine's in intention and method were to help stimulate introspection and thus play a part in the development of the genre.

Significantly—unless the *Dialogus Confessionalis* of Ratherius, Bishop of Verona, is derivative[18]—the *Confessions* appears not to have been imitated for fully six and a half centuries. Possibly the book was understood as an attack on a defeated heresy and not as the story of a lost and tormented soul winning its way to Christ. If so, the interpretation is eloquent witness of the failure of men in the Middle Ages to think of history as the essence of innumerable biographies. At all events, a treatise called *Othloni Libellus de Suis Tentationibus, Varia Fortuna et Scriptis,* ascribed to the eleventh-century German monk Othloh,[19] is the first later work to show convincing signs of a direct literary influence from the *Confessions*. A second, Guibert de Nogent's *De Vita Sua* (translated into English as *The Autobiography of Guibert*[20]), shows an even stronger influence from Augustine in

the early parts but later gives itself over almost completely to marvelous stories about devils and miracles. There is in general in this period a tendency for the boundaries between the life of sober waking reality and the life of vision to be thinly drawn. As Friedrich von Bezold remarked in speaking of Peter the Venerable, "Truth and poetry are inextricably mingled not only in literature, but also in life, which for many who dwelt in cloisters transformed itself half into dream."[21] In both Othloh and Guibert the purpose is again expostulatory. Guibert wrote "for the help, it may be, of others," Othloh to warn against monastic sloth and incautious reading of the Scriptures.[22]

Still nearer to modern autobiography in fidelity to the variety of real-life experience, if more remote from it in conscious objective, is the *Cronica Fratris Salimbene de Adam Ordinis Minorum,*[23] written only a century before the first flush of the Renaissance was to color the intellectual horizons of Italy. Earlier "chronicles" usually prove on examination to consist chiefly of dates and succinct lists of impersonal happenings—wars, floods, deaths of kings, papal edicts, and so on—but Salimbene's is so crammed with personal detail that G. G. Coulton, in the book that first brought it to the attention of an educated English-speaking public, called it "the most remarkable autobiography of the Middle Ages."[24] Certainly Salimbene wrote with engaging freedom on any topic that happened to attract his interest, with the result that by the time a reader lays aside the cumbersome volume he feels on intimate terms with the lively and keen-eyed friar. Yet the work is so disorderly, overcomes an initial reticence so slowly, proceeds with such utter disregard of expository plan,[25] that self-revelation seems to come about chiefly as a consequence of the author's lax control over his materials. Associations lead everywhere—into the most diverse kinds of current gossip as well as into personal reminiscence.

We come at last to the four documents which of all the autobiographies and proto-autobiographies of the Middle Ages have the most unmistakable resemblance to the modern genre. Two of the four are apologies, and the other two, life sketches.

The apologies, by Abélard and the Welshman Giraldus Cambrensis, considerably antedate the sketches. Both Abélard and Giraldus felt that their actions had been misinterpreted and therefore wished their lives to be known accurately as lives, not merely as instructive *exempla.* In religious confessions like those of Augustine and Othloh the writer's energy is often directed so intently to argument and exhortation that the external circumstances in which actions were performed are left obscure. In apology (that is to say, in defense), circumstances must often be adduced so that the reader may be led to recognize the unfairness of current judgments. In Abélard's *Historia Calamitatum* and Giraldus' *De Rebus a Se Gestis*[26] there is both visible and psychological history. In both, the life itself, not something outside it—military or dynastic history, or sin, or the resigned spirit in which misfortune should be accepted—is central, and in neither is there conscious fiction or metaphor.

In the sketches too there is a feeling of modernity. The post-Renaissance reader is comfortably at home in them, and does not have to adjust himself carefully to attitudes and preconceptions alien to his ordinary modes of thinking. The earlier of the two, by Petrarch, who has sometimes been called the first modern man, begins without circumlocution or a disclaimer of individual importance.

> Petrarch to posterity, greeting. It is possible that some word of me may have come to you, though even this is doubtful . . . If, however, you should have heard of me, you may desire to know what manner of man I was, or what was the outcome of my labours, especially those of which some description or, at any rate, the bare titles may have reached you.[27]

Four centuries were to pass before autobiographers began at all regularly to make this calm assumption of public interest in a private life; what is more important still, it had not, so far as I am aware, ever before been made so unequivocally. The *Vita Karoli Quarti Imperatoris,* actually composed by the Emperor himself, is addressed more modestly to the Emperor's successors on the thrones of Bohemia and the Holy Roman Empire, but in spite of a pious beginning is nonetheless also sufficiently remarkable. Like Petrarch's *Epistola* and the two apologies, it is real autobiography by any conceivable standard. Though the Emperor places a natural emphasis on military campaigns and statecraft, his point of view is that of a man rather than an institution and he includes anecdotes that have little connection with his official acts.[28]

In these four documents, then, more certainly even than in Augustine's *Confessions,* can be found anticipations of the autobiographical mode which was ultimately to flourish in England. I do not wish to underestimate the part played by religious confessions in the seventeenth century, when autobiography had its vigorous seedtime; nevertheless the confessional tendency soon became moribund and left the primacy to narratives which, if they were intended to instruct at all, did so less overtly, like the sketches and apologies.

So much in preparation for a summary of the modern period, in which the dominant English tradition has developed. Before 1500 self-revelation tended everywhere in Europe to be fragmentary, more or less accidental, and, more often than not, in some degree allegorized or fictionized. The rule admits exceptions—the apologies of Abélard and Giraldus, the life sketches of Petrarch and the Emperor Charles IV—but the impulse to subsume discrete facts under general principles and individual human beings under types seems to have been almost universal. Nor, Chaucer's *Troilus* and *Canterbury Tales* to one

side, does there appear to have been any special readiness in England to value individual differences. Of the four exceptional writers just named, only Giraldus was born in Britain, and his education was largely French. If Hoccleve's *Mal Regle* (*ca.* 1406) had something of the tone of modern confession, it had a parallel of sorts in Villon's two *Testaments* (1456 and 1461); and Lydgate's *Testament* (*ca.* 1450), nearly contemporary with those of Villon, was hardly more than a formal cry of *mea culpa.*[29]

From this point we shall confine our attention to British literature. Rather unexpectedly, the sixteenth century proves to have been little richer than earlier ones. John Skelton, in *A Goodly Garland or Chaplet of Laurel* (1523), listed the poems which had won him the laureateship under Henry VIII; the poem is peopled, however, with allegorical figures. In the *Examinations of Anne Askew* (edited by John Bale in 1547) a report of a trial for heresy is focused on Catholic cruelty rather than on the personality or deeds of the accused woman. Bale's own *Vocacyon of John Bale to the Bishoprick of Ossorie in Ireland* (1553) is a narrative of real-life experiences, but has a temporal scope of only a year and can be called a "life" only by an irresponsible stretching of terms.[30] Not until the last quarter of the century were there signs of an impending change.

The signs are to be found in two poems, Thomas Churchyard's *A Tragicall Discourse of the Unhappy Man's Life* (1575–1580)[31] and Thomas Tusser's *The Authors Life* (first printed as part of *Fiue Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie* in 1577).[32] Both are almost or quite unprecedented in England, as Petrarch's *Letter to Posterity* had been in Europe, in assuming public curiosity about the lives of private men simply as lives. They are brief, therefore necessarily sketchy; moreover, the former may have been conceived as morally and practically useful. The poetic form, while adding little to the emotional content, prob-

ably to some extent hampered the authors' control of their factual materials. Nevertheless, in these verses, as in Montaigne's *Essais* and Jerome Cardan's *De Vita Propria Liber,*[33] written at about the same time in France and Italy, one senses an interest in experience as intrinsically significant. The contrast with Hoccleve's *Mal Regle* and Lydgate's *Testament* is striking: Hoccleve wished to remind the Lord Treasurer of a neglected annuity, Lydgate to prepare his soul for death by public confession.

In two short prose works by Robert Greene, *A Groats-Worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance,* and *The Repentance of Robert Greene* (both first printed in 1592),[34] there is less recognition of experience as valuable in itself than in Tusser's and Churchyard's verse. The former pamphlet reads like an ordinary *novella* until one comes suddenly upon the sentence, "Heerafter suppose me the saide *Roberto,*" whereupon the emphasis shifts to the eschatology that hitherto has been merely implicit; the latter recurs to Lydgate's fifteenth-century mood of unenlightening piety. On the whole, one's discoveries in the century are slight. There is only the ambiguous promise of Tusser and Churchyard.

Yet throughout the sixteenth century traditional attitudes must have been gradually weakening, for in 1609, when Sir Thomas Bodley wrote his short but competent *Life,*[35] an efflorescence began in earnest. In method, in tone, in underlying assumptions, the *Life* is in no essential respect different from the sketches written much later by Hume, Darwin, Huxley, and a host of others. It is life-and-career, cool, unflurried, dextrously composed, simply phrased—a work so like other more recent ones that only a background of preliminary study enables the student to realize that Bodley pioneered in a new mode. Furthermore, after 1609 there was a steady succession of other autobiographies, any one of which would have been exceptional in

(*Memoirs of His Own Life, ante* 1617), of Robert Cary (*Memoirs of the Life of Robert Cary, ca.* 1626), and of Sir James Turner (*Memoirs of His Own Life and Times, ca.* 1670) differ from the military chronicles of the Middle Ages in observing rather consistently the limitations of an individual point of view.[36] The intention seems to have been rather to describe sieges and campaigns as they appeared to participants than to give an inclusive history of the events. The *Life* of Lord Herbert of Cherbury (*ca.* 1643)[37] also has a background of national affairs but is less persistently externalized. The Earl of Clarendon's *Life* (*ca.* 1670)[38] is richly documented apology by a man who for seven years held the highest appointive office in the state. Thomas Dempster concluded his *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum, sive De Scriptoribus Scotis* (1627)[39] with a personal chapter in which he gave startling information about the violence of enmities within his family. Sir Kenelm Digby, in *Loose Fantasies* (*ca.* 1628),[40] mixed some fiction with a good deal of transparent truth. Thomas Raymond's *Autobiography* (*ante* 1681; so called by the modern editor)[41] is a mixture of intimate revelations and miscellaneous gossip, full of brilliantly realized experiences. Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666)[42] is one of the most moving religious confessions in English. Thomas Ellwood's *Life* (written *ca.* 1683),[43] also in part a religious confession, is at the same time an ingratiating story of the calm way in which an early Quaker accepted persecution. Richard Baxter's *Reliquiae* (1696)[44] includes in its autobiographical parts two scarcely separable layers, one confessional, the other meant to describe contemporary conditions of living. Abraham Cowley published a tasteful little sketch entitled "Of My self" (1669)[45] in which he spoke of his early bent for poetry.

Even women, ill-educated as they were, felt the stirrings of a new mood. Ann Lady Fanshawe prepared a long family

Margaret Cavendish, the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle, revealed more of her character, probably, than she was aware in a "True Relation" of her birth, breeding, and life (1655–1656). Anne Lady Halkett wrote, and made utterly convincing, a charming narrative of her involved romantic adventures (1678).[46]

Since there were many more autobiographies than these,[47] there is small doubt that the orientation of the consciousness to experience was rapidly undergoing a fundamental transformation. It was in the next century, however, that the transformation went far enough to produce an autobiographical convention in all essentials like that which obtains today; hence it is that century, not the seventeenth, which must claim special attention. The greater intensity of the eighteenth-century interest in private lives appears not only in the writing of more autobiographies, but also in the greater willingness of authors to publish. Many of the works just cited lay in manuscript for a hundred years or longer, whereas most of those written in the eighteenth century were published either immediately or after comparatively short delays.

Adventurous and observant autobiography, begun by Cary and Melville, continued after 1700 in a variety of titillating shapes. *The Pleasant and Surprising Adventures of Robert Drury, during his Fifteen Years' Captivity on the Island of Madagascar* (first printed in 1729; subsequent printings in 1731, 1743, 1750, 1807, and 1826),[48] differs from other seventeenth- and eighteenth-century travel books (which helped accustom the reading public to first-person narratives) chiefly by reason of its temporal span. *The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton* (1731; edited by Swift)[49] is military, having to do with skirmishes on the Scottish border similar to those about which Cary had written. The *Memoirs* of Peter Henry Bruce, "A Military Officer in the Services of Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain" (translated by the

author from his own German in 1755; printed in 1782),[50] straddles the boundary between travels and campaigning, as do many later works by soldiers whose careers have taken them much abroad. From Melville and Cary onward, military service and foreign travel, together or separately, have been among the most frequently tapped sources of reminiscence. But special domestic milieux were also beginning to be worked: for instance, the celebrated *Apology* of Colley Cibber (1740)[51] utilized for the first time the rich stores of theatrical history and anecdote which were later to be drawn upon by dozens of actors and actresses. As time went on, more and more occupational settings were exploited, until eventually all the professions and many of the trades had been described autobiographically.

In the four works just mentioned the autobiographical portrait is dim and unfocused. The subject proper is not the author but something external to him—aborigines, travels, military experiences, the theater. Although there seems by this time to have been a realization that there are values as well as handicaps in a personal point of view, a formal, and to some extent a material, resemblance to the memoirs of Villehardouin[52] is perceptible. Yet it is noteworthy that the audience for such narratives has broadened and has begun in some way to put a pressure on publishers. Of six comparable documents written in the preceding century (by Cary, Melville, Herbert, Turner, Clarendon, and Raymond), none was immediately printed; of the later group (by Drury, Creichton, Bruce, and Cibber), all but Bruce's were intended for a general public. The audience of a family or group of friends is being replaced by an audience of curious citizens. Society is becoming less patriarchal, less clannish, less feudal; readers are becoming more numerous and their interests more catholic.

The reminiscent or memorial impulse can be traced back at least into the seventeenth century and therefore was not new.

The tradition of religious confession, which had a still longer ancestry, continued into the age of the fox-hunting rector. Like other forms of evangelical Christianity, Methodism produced literary reports of conversion, always with an emphasis on the spiritual facts of immediate experience. These, say the writers almost without exception, were my sins, this was my repentance, thus was I assured of the saving efficacy of Christ's blood for me. On the fringes of the Established Church also men underwent conversions and reported the joys of grace. John Newton, a friend of the poet Cowper, enjoyed the advantage of better-than-average sins to regret and a colorful background of maritime disasters against which to set them. (Here the tradition of first-person travels merges with that of confession). Cowper himself wrote a spiritual *Memoir,* first published in 1816, which describes a depression almost maniacally deep.[53] The most outrageous, and at the same time ludicrous, sins were, however, those confessed by George Psalmanazar (1765), who as a boy and young man was one of the most prodigious mountebanks on record but in middle age became deeply pious.[54]

Most important of all was the emergence in the eighteenth century of autobiographies which are neither religious confessions nor focused on something presumed to be more interesting than a private life. It was necessary, if autobiography was not to remain an adjunct of history and ethics or to evolve into a literature of trivia, that the life experiences of individuals be recognized as having, potentially, the same kind of cognitive significance as any other body of empirical data. The data might eventually suggest generalizations; but first of all they had to be carefully accumulated, and accumulation was possible only after interest had begun to attach to them. The attainment by autobiography of sufficient popularity to invite technical discovery and lead at last to the development of a literary convention required, therefore, the development of an assumption that

the lives of individual persons were important *in themselves,* whether or not they could be regarded as exemplary.

Swift's unfinished sketch (probably written in 1728)[55] is coldly reticent and centers on genealogy. Yet it was intended for publication, if Curll or some other abusive biographer should attack the author's memory, and tells, with whatever disappointing omissions and faults of emphasis, something of the life of a man, not of Christ's grace or the public affairs with which the man was associated.

The scandalous apologies of Laetitia Pilkington (1748) and Constantia Phillips (1748–1749) and the "Memoirs" of the Lady Vane (printed as part of Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751) do not suffer from coldness.[56] Not only is the tone sometimes highly emotional, but the narrative method shows unmistakably the influence of the psychological novel, which after 1740 was accustoming readers to the exploration of consciousness. Since the newly awakened interest in the palpitations of feminine bosoms permitted full confidence in the attractions of True Romance or its opposite, Male Violation, the three apologists, who were writing on Richardson's very subjects, felt no temptation to substitute for their own deeds and emotions some other object of attention.

The effect of these autobiographical romances, coming on the heels of *Pamela* and *Clarissa,* may have been important to the development of a subjective emphasis. Among the documents mentioned thus far, the only "true" histories of the mind and emotions with a nonreligious emphasis were those of the Duchess of Newcastle and Lady Halkett.[57] The former must long since have ceased to be read, if it ever had been, and the latter still lay in manuscript. If autobiography was to conquer areas of more subtle meaning, the reading public had to be shown that writers could do with their own real lives what Richardson had done with his fictive ones. Even sordid and overdrawn autobiog-

raphies could suggest a new emphasis and new technical and material resources. Since before the publication of these three amorous confessions secular lives regularly ignored the feelings, whereas afterward they often did not, there is at least a possibility that three dishonest and libertine women did autobiography a lasting service.

A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Charlotte Charke, (Youngest Daughter of Colley Cibber, Esq;) Written by Herself (1755),[58] continued the tradition of adventurous writing and is not subjective. Mrs. Charke's exploits, however, which had no connection with national history and comparatively little to do even with the history of such a cultural institution as the theater, were meant to stand on their own values. Moreover, the volume contains what may be the earliest explicit justification in English for the writing of obscure lives. Mrs. Charke believed she had succeeded in making her memoirs "so interesting, that every Person who reads my Volume may bear a Part in some Circumstance or other in the Perusal, as there is nothing inserted but what may daily happen to every Mortal breathing."[59] Behind the awkward verbal formulation there is evident a sense that, within a fascinating variety, human experience has a unity which makes the illumination of one life in some degree the illumination of all.

Though the official literary theory of the period was conservative, a new leaven was stirring within neoclassicism itself. Dr. Johnson, the literary dictator of the mid-century, not only had a special predilection for the "biographical part" of literature, but wrote his own life, unfortunately destroyed later in the presence of his Negro servant. To judge from the few preserved pages,[60] he was among the earliest of the "scientific" self-students about whom Anna Robeson Burr had many laudatory things to say in her study, *The Autobiography* (1909).[61] He wrote of his infancy, at least, with complete dispassion, having apparently no

intention except that of examining the history of a human being. There remains no trace of any effort to blend the autobiographical portrait into events of broad social significance or to use the adventures of an individual life to illustrate a religious or moral theme.

A comparable assumption of the legitimacy of an autobiographical purpose is made by "A Short Account of the Life of James Ferguson, F.R.S." (1773): "As this is probably the last book I shall ever publish, I beg leave to prefix to it a short account of myself, and of the manner I first began, and have since prosecuted my studies."[62] Again there is no allusion to religion, war, diplomacy, or family records. The subject is the attaining of an education under crushing difficulties, and Ferguson expects it to elicit interest because his publications on mathematics and mechanics have been read. The medieval indifference toward the secular experiences of writers is gone or going. The products of personality are seen to have relation to personality, and personality to have a relation to the conditions of living.

The "Life" of David Hume (1777)[63] is of interest not only because its author was at once a distinguished historian and a philosopher who pressed a whole intellectual system to its limits, but also because it was the first of the "literary" lives which during the next century were to be written in large numbers. It is brief, like Ferguson's sketch, and also appeared as a preface, but its principle of coherence was the series of literary projects to which Hume had addressed himself. Vast reversals of convention are suggested by the realization that Hume was the first English author of note to feel the propriety of describing his writing career. With the exception of Cowley, who had found a subject in his precocious liking for poetry (not, however, in his history as a mature poet), the few authors who had written autobiographies before 1777—Giraldus, Bale, Greene, Swift,

Cowper, and Cibber—had made something other than literature central. From the late eighteenth century onward it came gradually to be thought that a literary career might naturally be concluded by the publication, often posthumous, of a volume or sketch describing the origin of the author's ideas and the genesis of each of his works.

A few more documents, although of no great individual importance, may be mentioned to indicate the increasing popularity of the genre. George Anne Bellamy's five-volume *Apology* (third edition 1785)[64] recalls one to the world of fainting innocence and male profligacy. The impression made by the earlier *vies scandaleuses* must have been fairly deep; *Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Robinson* is also a sentimental history, complete with extramarital intrigue, dating from the beginning of the new century (first published 1801.)[65] The *Memoirs* of a bookseller, James Lackington (1791), and the *Autobiography* of William Stout of Lancaster, "Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger" (last entry 1743; first published 1851) reflect the growing literary activity of the mercantile classes.[66] Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, which appeared in imperfect versions from 1793 and was much read in England, was an American success story roughly analagous to Lackington's.[67] In the future more and more businessmen were to describe their energy and astuteness. Thomas Pennant, an eccentric naturalist, published, also in 1793, a chaotic miscellany of personal notes[68] by which, fortunately, no later autobiographer seems to have been influenced. To Gibbon's *Memoirs,* however, published in 1796 in Lord Sheffield's redaction,[69] a special significance attaches.

The significance is by no means wholly to be found in the glittering surface and organizational skill,[70] admirable as these are. The combination of dignified tone, frank matter, and tight structure was excellently suited to remove whatever stigma may still have clung to self-portraiture; but this alone would not have

enabled one to say that 1796 marked a turning point. Neither should too much stress be laid on the evidence, in certain of Lord Sheffield's notes, that public inquisitiveness about private lives had reached the pitch of morbidity.[71] The really significant fact about the *Memoirs* is that for the first time the extended autobiography of a celebrated Englishman, intimate but not bearing upon religious experience, was printed and widely disseminated within a few years of his death. Herbert's *Life* was not printed until 1764; Clarendon was a historical figure before the publication of his apology; Cibber was only an actor who wrote plays; Swift's fragment was reticent and broke off too early to have satisfied curiosity; Hume's "Life" ran to no more than a few pages.[72] Gibbon, however, had been bitterly attacked and enthusiastically defended. His name was known to every person who had intellectual or literary pretensions; and his *Memoirs* therefore began to create what had hitherto been lacking, a definite, competent, and imitable literary tradition. There were now paths to be followed, techniques to be utilized, precedents to give confidence. Autobiography was at last fairly launched, and required only time and the development of acuter psychological insights to achieve literary stature.

The foregoing survey of eighteenth-century developments has by no means been exhaustive.[73] I have not spoken, for instance, of the numerous rogue confessions, since there is evidence that many of them were ghostwritten, and I have perhaps somewhat played down the role of religious confessions—purposely, since of the "great" English autobiographies of the nineteenth century and later, only one, Newman's, focuses on religion. Enough has been said, however, to make adequately clear, first, that the development begun in the seventeenth century after nearly a thousand virtually blank years not only continued, but gained enormously in momentum, in the eighteenth. It is apparent, further, that at least until 1770 the prestige of autobiography was

not great enough to make the writing of a personal life seem, as it seems today, quite natural and normal. For the most part the documents that have been cited were written by persons who have no other claim to interest. The chief exceptions were the religious confessants—Bunyan, Baxter, Cowper—and a few public servants, among whom Herbert and Clarendon are noteworthy. It is probably accurate to say that until the publication of Hume's sketch and Gibbon's full-length *Memoirs* in the last quarter of the eighteenth century autobiography was thought well-bred only when it had admonitory or historical value or explained conduct which, through public misunderstanding, had brought the moral character of the writer into doubt. In the nineteenth century obscure autobiography was to continue—indeed, to increase rapidly—in popularity; but the really important development in the eighteenth century was the fixing of an assumption, emergent in the seventeenth century, that interest must attach itself automatically to the private reflections and activities of everyone whose name had some public currency. In other words, self-portraiture ceased to be considered an extraordinary activity, explicable only on the grounds of some unusual circumstance, and came to be accepted as conventional. The seedtime of the new genre was thus the seventeenth century, its period of gradual but steady growth the eighteenth, and its time of full and luxuriant flowering the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

An illustration will exemplify the development. Among eighteenth-century authors the autobiographical lacunae are striking. We have no autobiography by Defoe, Pope, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Hartley, Gay, Chesterfield, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Macpherson, Burke, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Mackenzie, Priestley, or Paine (to cite only a few of many possible names). In the nineteenth century the convention had changed. Coleridge (in the letters to Poole), Byron,

Scott, Hogg, Moore, Hunt, De Quincey, Newman, Mill, Ruskin, Martineau, Huxley, Darwin, and Trollope—persons of comparable literary reputation—all wrote autobiographies, though Byron's was subsequently destroyed.

This, then, briefly, is the background of the modern autobiographical tradition. If a single cause were to be specified for the emergence of an interest in "truthful" life histories, I would suggest, tentatively and without insistence, that it might be found in the substitution of inductive thought habits for deductive. Of course there were other causes also. The invention of printing, by stimulating book production, invited the discovery of new literary modes. The growth of the reading public made printers aware of a hitherto unsuspected variety in human interests. An introspective Puritanism motivated the examination of psychic states. Primitivism diverted attention from dogmatic theories of experience to natural impulses. A secularization of thought, especially rapid after 1660, drew minds to the consideration of social living. There were also specifically literary influences, like the vogue of first-person travels and the development of the novel, though I should think the latter rather to parallel autobiography than to stand in causal relation to it. Behind all these forces, however, and ultimately more important than any of them except possibly the invention of printing, lay the view that Truth, instead of being already known in its essentials, could be discovered only by the slow accumulation of particulars. Discrete facts did not have for men of the Middle Ages the instrumental value they have for us. There was no fully developed inductive method, hence no great object to be served by the observation of details. Details illustrated instead of revealing and therefore were regularly pointed toward the principles under which they were subsumed. Not until the Baconian method of working from parts toward the whole was firmly established were men's eyes finally brought down from concepts shining in

Heaven to the data of earthly experience; and the adventures of individual living, like everything else that could be observed, then became materials for a new synthesis.

About the adequacy of this explanation there will very likely be disagreement. The broad lines of autobiographical development, however, are clear. The conventions that today are taken for granted were emergent in the seventeenth century, gradually took form in the eighteenth, and after the publication of Gibbon's *Memoirs* were virtually shaped. From the late eighteenth century to the present the most important changes have been consequent on the deepening of psychological insights and the borrowing of techniques that had proved useful in feigned accounts of life experiences (novels). The whole body of English autobiography from 1796 to the present is thus recognizably one genre. But the genre includes more than this. The plan of the foregoing survey has been to notice both autobiographies and proto-autobiographies written before 1600, but only autobiographies written after that date. The genre accordingly includes all the works mentioned in the second half of the present chapter, except Digby's *Loose Fantasies*,[74] which seemed to require mention because of a certain notoriety among students of biography. It includes, however, of all the "autobiographies" written in England before 1600, only the *De Rebus a Se Gestis* of Giraldus,[75] which anticipates in a remarkable way the focus of many later works. (Verse lives are a thing apart; hence we have done with Tusser and Churchyard.)

It is this body of documents that is to be examined in the remainder of the volume, first from the point of view of content, later from the point of view of form and technique.

Part Two

MATERIALS: THE REDUCTION OF HETEROGENEITY

CHAPTER II

THE SHRINKING OF HISTORY

AN EXAMINATION of autobiographical content is logically prior to an examination of autobiographical form. Shape must of course be the shape of something; and the thing that is shaped carries within itself qualities and tendencies largely determinant of the forms within which it can grow. Moreover, it must be remembered that in autobiography structural needs cannot, as in poetry and fiction, freely generate appropriate materials. There is a *donnée* which preëxists the form, a body of subject matter that can be hewed down like a block of marble but not filled in at will like a blank piece of canvas. If there are principles which elucidate the process of hewing—which explain, or even in some degree illuminate, the ways in which autobiographers select and reject among enormous bodies of potential materials—we owe them extended consideration.

Almost at once it becomes evident that there are important qualitative distinctions between the experiences described in biographies and those described in autobiographies. Although in both genres an attempt is made to re-create verbally some part of an individual human existence, differences of viewpoint force on the authors widely differing choices among the minutiae of the realities which are to be reported. Broadly speaking, the tendency is for autobiographers to show their subjects more passive to their environments than biographers, readier to react to stimuli, less prone to initiate deeds of their own volition. The situation which provokes a response is necessarily more richly present to the consciousness of the actor than to that of another person who stands and observes or—more frequently—tries in a distant place and time to learn about the action from fragmentary bits of preserved information. Even if the biographer

was physically present on the occasion, he is sure to have felt the situation differently. His psychological organization is not identical with that of his subject; yet for the subject a definite mental state was part of the total experience. The matter can be summed up by saying, rather paradoxically, that an autobiographer's focus is often less sharply on his ostensible human subject than is a biographer's.

An example will suggest the effect of a chief-character point of view on historical narration. To the spectator of a bank robbery the robber is an object of excited attention; to the robber, the absorbing aspects of the situation are the teller behind the window, the bystanders, the conjectured policeman outside the door, and the accessibility or inaccessibility of the money he means to steal. If the spectator describes the scene as he believes it to have appeared to the robber, or the robber as he believes it to have appeared to the spectator, the result is imaginative re-creation—storytelling—not reporting. In the robber's account of the incident, if he is truthful and not boastfully dramatic, his own movements and whispered demands will inevitably be subordinated to a description of circumstances favoring and impeding his attempt. He can hardly keep his auditor's attention on his visual and auditory personality. His eyes are not placed to view himself at work; his tone and certain of his involuntary movements, which to the cashier are essential elements of the situation, are probably not objects of his consciousness at all.[2] It follows that an autobiographer's self-portrait, which draws upon a fund of similar (though, we may hope, less sinister) recollections, differs from a biographer's portrait of him precisely as a man's view of himself differs from the view of him held by acquaintances. Johnson's lost autobiography, whatever it contained, certainly did not describe those personal traits which Boswell has made so vividly memorable—the gluttonous table manners, the sputterings and roarings, the jigglings at

doorways. Whatever the similarity of their purposes, biography and autobiography are, materially speaking, often nearly as widely separated as history and the novel. The one draws facts from reading, observations, and interviews; the other raises memories into consciousness.

The perceptive or reflective autobiographer, therefore, often expends much of his own and his reader's attention on objects other than his own personality and deeds. When he saw, he saw *things;* when he thought, he thought *thoughts;* and these things and thoughts may appear less intimately personal to his reader than to himself, since he is more keenly aware than the reader that what has filled his consciousness at a given moment has been indistinguishable from himself. No such difficulty confronts the biographer, who can keep his subject sharply in focus by making the human eddies circle round him, by conceiving all the circumstances with relation to him. In the same way as in autobiography, the character whose point of view is adopted in a novel is often physically the most shadowy of all those that move across the pages. Although we are admitted to his mind, which of all the aspects of his individuality is psychologically most significant, we may feel the lack of a clear visual image. Micawbers and Betsy Trotwoods, not David Copperfields, dwell in our minds and attract our notice in the streets, though David is a "round" character and the other two are as flat as sheets of cardboard. Thus, what an autobiography gains in one direction it loses in another. Both the gain and the loss grow inevitably out of the conditions of writing.

The difference which has been pointed out is independent of the use by the autobiographer of such written materials as diaries and his own letters. In them, as in his memory, a position at the invisible center of the visual arc determines selections from the data of experience other than those which could have been made by an observer. Often, however, autobiographies are

written with a minimum of documentary assistance. Dates may be checked; letters from friends may be referred to; and a professional author's recollection of his published works can be refreshed. Nevertheless, it is unusual for autobiographical materials to be drawn mainly from documents.[2] An ordinarily retentive mind contains enough potentially autobiographical lumber to fill not one but many volumes; preserves, in fact, materials in such abundance that the first act of preparation for writing must be the conscious or unconscious choice of one or more aspects of experience for emphasis. The memory is therefore the chief source of autobiographical subject matter.

Unfortunately the memory is a fallible instrument. It has its own preferences and dislikes, drops veils over humiliations too racking to be tolerable, rearranges confused recollections in more probable forms, reinterprets embarrassments in ways which soothe and support the ego. If by sanity is meant a full acceptance of the world on its own terms, we are all partly insane; we adjust and reject constantly. Even if we assume the complete and objective accuracy of every fragmentary recollection in the mind, it remains obvious that no autobiographer is in possession of the full truth about his past.

An example will again be useful. Let a mature person spend a half hour attempting to relive in his imagination the events of a distant week—a week which was important for the nation as well as for him, which affected his private circumstances and almost certainly provoked both intellectual and emotional reactions—the week following President Roosevelt's declaration of a bank holiday in March, 1933. A momentous time, surely, when the whole economic structure of what was soon to be called "The American Way" seemed to hang in the balance. No doubt persons over forty can raise in their minds certain pictures, can recollect certain social and business incidents, which demonstrate that not all the events of the week are permanently

and hopelessly effaced. Yet how much is gone! One can recall, possibly, half a dozen events of the week—a spirited dispute over the President's action, the necessity of borrowing carfare from a barely known neighbor, a friend's having chosen that astonishing moment to make a successful proposal of marriage, the witnessing of a memorable play, news of a distant relative's death, the difficulty also of finding cash for gasoline. Only men whose businesses suffered acutely are likely to recall substantially more than this. Yet, at the most generous estimate, only six or eight hours of the one hundred sixty-eight of the week are accounted for, and many of the details of those hours are irretrievably lost. What remains of more ordinary weeks is even less detailed, especially if the time is more remote—and it must be remembered that autobiographies are usually written at an advanced age, when the mind must be turned back over many decades.

The illustration is perhaps hardly fair, since it is not in this way that the reminiscent mind normally works. Autobiographers remember in terms rather of continuing phases of experience than of merely temporal blocks. The recollection of having completed grammar schooling in June of 1906 is more likely to result from an attempt to summarize education than from the sudden necessity of remembering something which occurred in that month. Nevertheless, much that is past is forever irrecoverable except under circumstances not likely to arise during writing—the sudden stimulus of an unusual sense impression, shock, hypnosis, psychiatric analysis, and so on. To be sure, some memories are extraordinarily tenacious: William Hutton, a Birmingham stationer, after a lapse of sixty-seven years was able to assert that on December 27, 1731, when he was eight years old, he slipped nine times on the ice in going a distance of two hundred yards but succeeded in making the return trip with only two falls.[3] But such details, however piquant,

rather distort or diffuse the autobiographical image than sharpen it; moreover, it is doubtful that a memory phenomenally retentive of figures can be assumed to be equally retentive of other data. The conclusion is inescapable: much of the past is beyond recall even for the autobiographer most fortunately equipped with memoranda, and most of it for the writer who must rely chiefly on his unaided memory. In George Moore's phrase, "One reads one's past life like a book out of which some pages have been torn and many mutilated."[4]

But this is not all. The memory is irrationally selective. There can be no assurance that it will retain more firmly what is important than what is petty. Attention (as every teacher knows) has its own rhythms, and the memory, which depends heavily upon it, is subject to its limitations and works with only sporadic efficiency. The retrospective mind throws up vividly to the consciousness trivial happenings which occurred at instants of accidental attention and conceals or defaces truly significant experiences which caught us in moments of preoccupation. The beginning of a physical collapse brought on by overwork, a critical exposure to tuberculosis, the real origin of a trait of personality or some characteristic mental attitude, may not be an object of memory at all; in contrast, everyone must have observed the marvelous clarity of instants which had no apparent preparation or issue. Moments of keen awareness may come when least expected and least needed—as one may recall with startling distinctness the gesture with which an unknown woman paid the bus driver and yet be unable to remember the dying look on a father's face. As W. H. Hudson said at the beginning of *Far Away and Long Ago:*

When a person endeavours to recall his early life in its entirety he finds it is not possible: he is like one who ascends a hill to survey the prospect before him on a day of heavy cloud and shadow, who sees at a distance, now here, now there, some feature in the landscape—

hill or wood or tower or spire—touched and made conspicuous by a transitory sunbeam while all else remains in obscurity . . .

It is easy to fall into the delusion that the few things thus distinctly remembered and visualized are precisely those which were most important in our life, and on that account were saved by memory while all the rest has been permanently blotted out. That is indeed how our memory serves and fools us.[5]

Only by an act of arbitrary faith could we persuade ourselves that although much of the past is irrecoverable, what remains has special autobiographical significance.

Of the experiences which persist in the memory—and the residue is still vast—large areas are rejected because of evident triviality. Standards of importance are of course personal, and, in autobiography, relative to a specific literary intention, but if interests indicate value judgments, it is noteworthy that some writers confine themselves chiefly to the events and observations of the working day and others to those which have little to do with purposive action. The life-and-career, in this respect, is at the opposite pole from the volume of social anecdotes. To nearly all autobiographers the recollection of having slept during a third of their lives is meaningless; dressing, washing, shaving, and even eating, which together may require as much as a sixth or seventh of their waking time, are likewise ignored, though a part of the conversation at a dinner or in a drawing room after the dinner may be reported. Still further excisions result from the incomprehensibility or pointlessness of much experience. If the autobiographer has succeeded in finding a subject within the materials of his life (the life as a whole is much too huge and shapeless to be tractable), the probability is strong that a train of thought leading only to a question mark, or an intensely absorbing experience without apparent sequel, will yield place to reflections or activities which had consequences. The principle admits exceptions: *The Education of Henry Adams*[6]

has its point in pointlessness. Nevertheless it is probably because of a suspected inconsequentiality (which is almost a definition of triviality) that so much of the furniture of the autobiographer's life is absent from his reimagined existence. The house in which childhood has been passed is often described at some length: George Moore was fond of his Aubusson carpet and a few impressionist pictures; Trollope was distressed by the mud which soiled his trousers on the daily walk to school; Newman once mentions some snapdragons which he had taken as a symbol of his perpetual residence at Oxford. But such particularity is unusual.[7] Most autobiographers live in no houses, work in no rooms, sleep in no beds, see nothing of the streets through which they pass daily, are blind to the succession of seasons, never suffer from minor illnesses or irritations: live, in short, in a quite inhuman and impossible way. Herbert Spencer recognized the misleading egregiousness of autobiographical lives:

> A biographer, or autobiographer, is obliged to omit from his narrative the common-places of daily life, and to limit himself almost exclusively to salient events, actions, and traits. The writing and reading of the bulky volumes otherwise required, would be alike impossible. But by leaving out the humdrum part of the life, forming that immensely larger part which it had in common with other lives, and by setting forth only the striking things, he produces the impression that it differed from other lives more than it really did.[8]

Homo Autobiographicus, like the Homo Biographicus of whom André Maurois has spoken,[9] is quite a different creature from Homo Sapiens. He is a literary simplification of an extremely complex reality. "The true picture of a whole life—at least an English life," said A. J. C. Hare at the beginning of his six-volume *Story of My Life,* "has never yet been painted";[10] and he himself did not succeed in painting it.

As yet, however, we are far from finished. There are reticences arising from modesty or a sense of the responsibilities inherent

in social relationships. There are others which have their seat near the lower level of consciousness.

> Every man has reminiscences which he would not tell to every one, but only to his friends. He has other matters in his mind which he would not reveal even to his friends, but only to himself, and that in secret. But there are other things which a man is afraid to tell even to himself, and every man has a number of such things stored away in his mind. The more decent he is the greater the number of such things in his mind.[11]

Deepest of all are the wholly subconscious reticences: memories which have been mercifully veiled by a curtain of forgetfulness, or which have been sufficiently transformed to offer no further threat to psychic health. These, however, are not deliberate, and just now we are concerned with voluntary secretiveness.

One of the most readily apparent—and unfortunate, though amiable—kinds of reserve has to do with the outer or social man. A description of those parts of the autobiographer's physical appearance and manners which are known is thought to imply vanity, hence is regularly omitted. Only autobiographers whose activities have been restricted by serious and prolonged illness—Cardan in Italy, Richard Baxter, Herbert Spencer, and H. G. Wells in England—are likely to speak in detail of the bodies they have carried through life, and then in terms rather of organic qualities than of visual.[12] Characteristic modes of behavior which find physical expression—social bearing, voice, idiosyncratic gestures, odd mannerisms of which the writer is aware as well as those of which he is ignorant—usually come through indirectly or not at all. The feeling seems to be that others are the best judges of what they are most favorably situated to observe; the autobiographer's task is to explain what others, without his help, would know only partly or inaccurately.

Again, certain types of human associations are regularly ob-

scured. Marriage is usually brushed off with a gesture. Anthony Trollope says merely, "My marriage was like the marriage of other people, and of no special interest to any one except my wife and me."[13] Francis Galton's tone is the same: "I shall say little about my purely domestic life, which, however full of interest to myself, would be uninteresting to strangers."[14] The tendency could be illustrated at wearisome length, although there are, to be sure, exceptions: Lady Fanshawe thinks of her husband and herself as a single soul, Philip Gilbert Hamerton devotes a short chapter to his married life, Mill sings his wife's praises worshipfully, Laetitia Pilkington and a few other vituperative women do their malicious best to bring their husbands into disrepute.[15] Digby, Hazlitt, Moore,[16] and female apologists to one side, romantic love is also usually treated as none of the world's business. Children, however cherished, may not be mentioned at all unless the increasing size of the family requires a larger house or the autobiographer's existence is thrown out of its normal routine by some such incident as Trollope's voyage to Australia to visit his "shepherd son."[17] Although friendships are candidly acknowledged, less is usually said about them than their intrinsic importance deserves; the privacy of living persons is violated in proportion to the writer's spiritual distance from them. Clarendon's incisive pen portraits of the men whose company he kept as a young lawyer have set no precedent.[18] The fear of causing embarrassment or giving offense has created an understandable inhibition.

If wives and children are kept in shadow, parents have sometimes been painted with a frankness that to reviewers has seemed appalling. Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son,*[19] which turned on a conflict of religious opinions, was attacked as an unpardonable breach of filial respect. Trollope, whose reserve about his wife has been noticed, speaks straightforwardly about his father: "He was . . . plagued with so bad a temper, that he drove the at-

torneys from him."[20] And of his mother's book on *The Domestic Manners of the Americans* Trollope is able to say: "No observer was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects or even of the happiness of a young people. No one could have been worse adapted by nature for the task of learning whether a nation was in a way to thrive. Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing-point."[21] Thomas Ellwood's long dispute with his father was not much softened in the telling. Admiration for parents may also be freely expressed, as Mill's for his father.[22] Since the history of childhood is largely a record of home environment, an attempt to trace intellectual development often requires that parents be mentioned repeatedly; moreover, since autobiographies are usually written late in life, the parents are usually dead and beyond the reach of embarrassment. This, however, is an exception to the general rule; in the main, casual associations are likely to be spoken of at greater length than habitual ones, much as the typical family album contains chiefly photographs taken on vacations.

Another kind of foreshortening results from the postponement of writing to an advanced age, when the life can be viewed as finished. Death may come before the narrative is completed, or debilitation may cut off the capacity for further work. Lady Isabel Burton, Henry Morton Stanley, Sir Walter Besant, Darwin, Holcroft, Thomas Moore, and Sir Walter Scott are only a few of many writers whose autobiographies are fragmentary.[23] (Sometimes, to be sure, the task has merely palled on the autobiographer and the pages have been thrust into a drawer, where they are found many years later.) Frequently only childhood and youth have been described, or a part of the career preceding that about which information would be most welcome to readers. No autobiography, of course, can describe that part of the life that follows the laying down of the pen, any more than it can describe the author's death.

A final exclusive force is the autobiographical purpose. It is impossible to write utterly at hazard; an author of any rank but the lowest decides, before setting pen to paper, what he will attempt to do and then directs all his efforts toward the accomplishment of his aim. (By this standard many autobiographers must be harshly judged.) If his intention is to describe his career as a diplomat, he is likely to skim rapidly over his childhood, omit comments about his home life in maturity, and scarcely mention other members of his family; his recreations, hobbies, and nonprofessional activities may not even be hinted. The image that rises from the page is that of a perpetual balancing on diplomatic fence tops, varied now and then by the making of epochal decisions. Again, if he is absorbed by the state of his soul, he will seem to do little but read folios of the Fathers, suffer agonies of remorse, or meditate ecstatically on the brows of hills.[24] Or his sex life may be "thumped," as in George Moore's *Confessions,* in which event the reader will infer a continuing series of romantic adventures.[25] Each kind of autobiographical purpose carries its own inherent limitations, demands its own selections and rejections. And there are, of course, many possible purposes. Those listed by D. K. Merrill in his study of American biography by no means exhaust the possibilities.[26] It is not easy to conceive of a manageable purpose which would be broad enough to permit the inclusion even of all *types* of experience in proportions resembling those which obtain in real life. Try as he may to be inclusive, the autobiographer will be forced in the end to choose. Much of what he remembers will be made irrelevant by the choice; and the memories themselves, as we have seen, comprise only a small part of the historic past.

In consequence of all these pressures, it is to be expected that autobiographies will contain distortions. Odd things happen to perspective in the writing of history also, and for some of the same reasons. One cause of unintentional misrepresentation ac-

tive in both history and autobiography has been remarked upon by Frederick Lewis Allen in an essay entitled "One Day in History":

> Historians can hardly help distorting. Even the most conscientious of them unwittingly present the past in an over-logical pattern.
>
> Knowing what was to happen after the events which they are chronicling, they nearly always make it seem too inevitable. They make us feel that anybody with any sense ought to have been able to foresee it. They lead us to forget how heavily the path ahead is obscured by fog, how infinite are the number of directions which the course of events may take.[27]

There is a similar clarity, a similar orderliness, in autobiography. The chief exceptions are works with religious themes—Newman's, Bunyan's—or a few, like John Beattie Crozier's,[28] which trace the development of an intellectual system. Yet even in these, only one kind of perplexity is central, and peripheral worries must either be mentioned glancingly as contributing to it or be ignored. Not only the minor decisions which are made daily, but major ones requiring an anxious balancing of alternatives, consultations with wife and friends, and ultimately a leap into the dark may be passed over with the mere assertion that "after long hesitation, I decided" to do this or that. The path down which the autobiographer has walked, often with uncertainty as to the next turning, straightens itself out into a well-marked highway. Knowledge of the next step in the life pattern, like the historian's awareness of the development next to be described, results in the implying of a factitious clarity of atmosphere.

A second cause of distortion is the stretching of certain temporal areas and the compressing or elimination of others. The reason is only partly that years are no measure of importance; a real or imagined position at one moment of time (for some writers take a stand, as it were, at a vantage point in earlier

life), inevitably results in the illusory swelling of near experience and the delusory contraction of more remote. Carlyle has stated the principle in its bearings upon history:

> Look back from end to beginning, over any History; over our own *England:* how, in rapidest law of perspective, it dwindles from the canvas! An unhappy Sybarite, if we stand within two centuries of him and name him Charles Second, shall have twelve times the space of a heroic Alfred; two or three thousand times, if we name him George the Fourth . . . Does not the Destruction of a Brunswick Theatre take about a million times as much telling as the Creation of a World?[29]

In autobiography the tendency may be reversed: an elderly mind may transport itself in spirit to a different world from that known by a later generation and view the mature scene from a distance; the plastic years then loom large while the mature career shrinks. More often, however, the narrative grows more discursive as it approaches the present. The lives-and-careers of politicians, soldiers, actors, publishers, and businessmen often soar easily over childhood and youth in order to come quickly to grips with the period of adult awareness. Even works which propose to analyze intellectual development usually suffer from delusive perspective. Newman's *Apologia* in one section of thirty-one pages summarizes a period of thirty-two years, and in another of fifty pages discusses a period of only two—a disproportion, in the relation of temporal scope to pages, of one to twenty-five. In Mill's *Autobiography* one chapter discusses a period of three years and another a period of thirty.[30] Rarely, if ever outside such colorless annals as those of Hutton and Stout,[31] do autobiographers refrain from taking sudden leaps and making protracted pauses. The close approximation of narrative tempo to the even flow of years is virtually impossible, perhaps undesirable.

The worst wrenching, however, is caused by wholesale omissions. This, too, has been discussed by Mr. Allen at some length:

> [Historians] also over-simplify. They can hardly help doing so . . . If one is telling what happened to the tariff, for instance, one cannot stop at every other sentence to remind the reader that even while the tariff struggle was taking place, statesmen had other problems to worry about, and citizens went right on being excited about the World's Series and the heat wave and the latest crime. The reader might thus be led to imagine that for a time nothing but the tariff interested anybody . . . From some versions of . . . recent history one might gather the idea that Franklin Roosevelt, campaigning for the Presidency in 1932, must have foreseen the complete collapse of the banking system in 1933 and ought, therefore, to have explained that on the arrival of this disaster he would feel the need to do things which had not been included in the 1932 platform. And from other versions of recent history one might suppose that on the third of September, 1929 [the date of highest stock values before the crash, hence the highest tide of Coolidge-Hoover prosperity], Herbert Hoover must have anticipated a panic which would lead to a prolonged depression, and that he had nothing much to do but decide how he would meet this emergency. One might forget how varied and pressing were the responsibilities of the Presidency [and] how complex was the scene.[32]

The flavor of real living, the feeling of immediacy, of the confrontation of pressing problems in the here-and-now, successfully evoked by two novelized autobiographies, Gosse's *Father and Son* and Moore's *Hail and Farewell,* is rare. The effective pointing of a typical autobiographical subject requires the rejection of many details which in combination provide the physical and emotional setting of real experience. Nowhere in the whole range of autobiographical literature, so far as I know, is there a description (for instance) of such evening routines as having an after-dinner romp with a small son, or, pipe in mouth, skimming the evening paper before picking up a book from which choice passages will be read to a wife who is sitting near by with

her sewing. Social gatherings may be reported—anecdotes, bons mots, meetings with this-or-that celebrated personage—but not the quiet dinners at home. Whist, hunting, chess, or other casual recreations may be mentioned, but usually only once, in a summary passage. The reader must therefore try to carry through the remainder of the narrative the suggested interruptions of more serious activities. Hurried or leisurely breakfasts, small business errands, travel to and from work, all the dozens of ways in which time is passed unproductively, without noticeable advance toward or retrogression from a major goal, are certain to be scamped. Nearly every autobiographical life leaves the impression Herbert Spencer noticed, "that it differed from other lives more than it really did."

In view, then, of all these shortcomings, to what degree are autobiographies likely to be "true"? The question leads to a balancing of opportunities and obstacles. The case against truthfulness seems at first very strong, since much must be omitted and inaccuracies are unavoidable. Many autobiographers have arrived at this conclusion; Goethe was thinking of the inevitability of falsification when he entitled his self-portrait *Dichtung und Wahrheit,*[83] and Yeats when he said in the preface to his *Autobiography,* "I have changed nothing to my knowledge; and yet it must be that I have changed many things without my knowledge."[84] The point need not be pressed. Absolute trustworthiness, even in matters of fact, cannot be hoped for, and "truthful" re-creation of the whole life, precisely as it was lived, is impossible.

Despite all these considerations it remains probable that of all kinds of historical literature autobiography, at its best, may come nearest to the reality it tries to represent. The complicated tangle of causes and events which the historian of a nation must try to unravel may inspire brilliant speculative interpretations and yield, in part, to statistical studies and piercing insights, but

the complete story of even a day in history radiates outward to infinity. The historian of another man's life has the advantage of specialization, but he lacks the most intimate possible view of the circumstances and nervous equipment of his subject. Transitory states of consciousness are seldom fully communicated, and only the successful communication of thousands of such states could make the biographer as well-informed as the self-student. The most persuasive judgment of the comparative advantages of external and internal observation, however, is that of biographers, who have regularly deferred to an autobiography or autobiographical fragment whenever one has existed.[35] Lockhart, whose *Life of Scott* has been much admired, "informs us," says Professor Dunn, "that he had made substantial progress in composing the biography of Scott, before an autobiographical fragment, composed by Scott in 1808, was discovered in an old cabinet at Abbotsford. 'This fortunate accident,' wrote Lockhart, 'rendered it necessary that I should altogether remodel the work which I had commenced.' "[36] No biographer has attempted the refutation of an autobiography on the grounds of fuller knowledge. For their part, autobiographers, however modest, assume at least a thorough acquaintance with their materials. Philip Gilbert Hamerton attacked directly the view that autobiographers are their own worst judges. One of his sentences I take the liberty of italicizing:

> It has frequently been said that an autobiography must of necessity be an untrue representation of its subject, as no man can judge himself correctly. If it is intended to imply that somebody else, having a much slighter acquaintance with the man whose life is to be narrated, would produce a more truthful book, one may be permitted to doubt the validity of the inference. Thousands of facts are known to a man himself with reference to his career, and a multitude of determinant motives, which are not known even to his most intimate friends, still less to the stranger who so often undertakes the biog-

raphy. The reader of an autobiography has this additional advantage, that *the writer must be unconsciously revealing himself all along, merely by his way of telling things.*[87]

The illusory *probability* of a biography is due to the biographer's freedom to speculate—but his suppositions are mostly untrue, or, at the best, ignore important circumstances vividly present to the autobiographer's mind. Vanity, egotism, or bad faith—the autobiographer's chief faults—are often sufficiently obvious to permit the reader to make allowances. On the whole, the more autobiographies one reads the more respect one is likely to acquire for their reliability. As for the omissions and mistakes of emphasis, they are inseparable from any work which attempts, not "creation," but the reproduction of past actuality, and to some extent they can be rectified by coöperation with the author's mental and emotional processes. In any art form, limitation is the condition of achievement. A reader's empathetic identification of himself with the subject will make possible the presuming of the unmentioned baths, the supplying of the omitted sleep, even (less accurately) the conjecturing of the suppressed whist. Beyond the printed words is *life*—the life in which all human beings share.

Life, then, thus truncated, simplified, compressed, and cleaned of distracting excrescences (which mark much of the significant difference between the historical reality and the autobiographical imitation), provides the autobiographical subject. If further general conclusions about autobiographical content are possible, we shall be helped both to throw into some orderly form the remarks that must be made in subsequent chapters about the material characteristics of specific documents and, later, to approach with less diffidence the problem of form. Are there perceptible, to the eye of an observer who has removed himself, for the sake of perspective, to a considerable distance, any drifts or trends which suggest material classifications? If we can cate-

gorize, it will be possible to reduce confusion and maintain a more secure orientation in handling a bewildering mass of data.

One tendency in the choice of materials is immediately obvious: the instinct of some writers to use their individuality less as subject than as standing point; to remark with interest not their own situations and actions, but something external, which they view as a series of separate pictures or as a process of development. If the extrapersonal materials have historical value, the narrative is often called a *memoir;* if the interest meant to be served is social—arises, that is to say, out of the gregariousness which delights in conversation about acquaintances and prominent persons—the work may be described as *reminiscence.* In either event, so far as the focus is kept steadily on an impersonal subject, the personality of the autobiographer (if we are willing to grant him the title) relinquishes centrality to something other than itself. The number of such works is legion, and many volumes which belong, in the gross, to another material type contain long sections which are reminiscent or memorial.

The crucial problem here is whether volumes of personalized history or anecdotes of "interesting" or "amusing" or "singular" occurrences can in any proper sense be regarded as autobiographical. One's word sense may suggest that "autobiography" should be held fairly close to its etymological meaning and not extended to cover works which rely for their effect upon public curiosity about something other than the author. But the issue is too complex to be resolved by so offhand a principle. The "life" of a military man like Sir John Adye or Viscount Wolseley[38] is not always sharply distinguishable from the campaigns in which he has participated, though the campaigns are a part of British history; a work which in its early chapters is penetratingly self-analytic may become impersonal once the author's character has become relatively fixed; Cibber's *Apology*[39] and other reminiscences are often referred to as representative auto-

biographies. It is unwise to insist on a critical terminology which conflicts with established usage. Moreover, although it is permissible to comment on the aesthetic effects of various compositional approaches, one has not the right to suggest that some ways of reliving bygone experience are more legitimate than others. If to a certain type of mind reminiscence or memoir seems the natural medium for a literary projection of the self, it is probable that the self has found highest significance in the materials which are placed in focus. All emanations of character express character, if not directly, then indirectly; and the veiling of the psyche, whether because of timidity, or pride, or simple lack of interest, has its own meaning. At any rate, a study which is meant to be inclusive must accept its materials as they are found and not succumb to the temptation to sweep confidently aside half or more of its subject matter.

Autobiographers who do not create in their narratives centers of interest external to their own personalities or careers of course accept the alternative of keeping themselves more or less steadily at the focal point. But again a distinction can be drawn, this time between those who write chiefly of psychic states and those who write chiefly of deeds. The material differences between works at opposite ends of a scale of decreasing subjectivity—for example, Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* and Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs*[40]—are vast and striking. In the former, as in most religious confessions, what occurred is of less importance than what was felt and thought; in the latter the impression is given that a life is the sum of actions performed. Although a contemplative mind will sometimes be overwhelmed by an event, or an unreflective and insensitive mind now and then be oppressed by grief or maddened by obstacles, a disposition to conceive habitually of experience in one of these two ways rather than in the other is probably inherent in most people and is intensified by the necessity of literary simplification.

Anna Robeson Burr, in her enthusiastic pioneer study of autobiography, made much of this point; and because only she, of all the writers on autobiography and biography, has made a serious effort to discover material categories, a glance at her conclusions will be instructive. Mrs. Burr found useful the assumption that there were certain archetypal or "primary" lives to one or another of which, in purpose and subject matter, all the rest approximated: Caesar's *Commentaries,* St. Augustine's *Confessions,* and Jerome Cardan's *De Vita Propria Liber* (written in Italy in the sixteenth century). The first she thought of as a purely objective record of actions and military observations, the second and third as subjective, but differing in emphasis in that the former insisted warmly upon spiritual values, while the latter examined personality in a spirit of calm detachment suggesting scientific curiosity.[41]

Now it is unquestionably true that every reader is conscious of disparate qualities of mood and tone—resting, in the last analysis, on different selections from the data of experience—in the *De Vita Propria Liber* and the *Confessions.*[42] The contrast between Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* and Herbert Spencer's "natural history"[43] of himself is precisely analogous; and a half dozen other illustrations could easily be adduced. Nonetheless, the distinction, although in one of its aspects material, is formal and purposive too. Whereas a scientific purpose may require that the intercalary materials—which provide, as it were, the structural cement—be different from those appropriate to a religious purpose, our present concern is rather with the broad classes of subject matter than with the minute fragments of experience and the rationalizing interpretations that serve as links between large elements. Furthermore, there are numerous autobiographies which, though unmistakably subjective, are neither religious nor scientific—the sentimental histories, for instance, in which indiscreet women have narrated their erotic adventures.

Waldo Dunn, in his slightly later book on *English Biography* (1916), drew, less insistently, a simpler distinction. He recognized the existence of two main varieties of modern autobiography: "the one type, the record chiefly of outward events, the writer considering himself merely a part of the historical current; the other, the record of inner events, of the soul's struggles on the journey through life, the writer considering himself as individual, well-nigh isolated."[44] With this distinction, as far as it goes, there can be no disagreement; we have already noted the difference between personal and impersonal focus. Yet memoirs and reminiscences are again merged in a single category, and no account is taken of works in which the autobiographer, while keeping himself consistently central, relates rather his acts than "inner events" or "the soul's struggles on the journey through life."

On the whole, the most practically helpful solution will be to divide autobiographies first into groups of "subjective" and "nonsubjective" works and then to subdivide the latter group into "reminiscences" and "chronicles of *res gestae*." The subjective group will include all works which take much account of psychic states, no matter what kind of pointing is attempted; reminiscences are works of social anecdote; *res gestae* include not only most memoirs, but also narratives of adventure, business success, and the like. Of course we shall find some overlapping; no life—hardly even any autobiographical life—can be totally devoid of the two kinds of experience not selected for special emphasis. Nonetheless, in mimetic lives the choice of a subject usually necessitates the stressing of cognitive or affective states, or observations, or deeds, heavily enough, and consistently enough, to make possible assignment to one or another of the three classes.

The system is no doubt more convenient than philosophically sound. Actions affect thoughts and feelings, and thoughts and

feelings induce—perhaps *are*—physiological changes which might be called actions. Observations are simply perceptive but relatively undisturbing states of mind. Still, the classes, like the concepts of infinity and absolute zero, are speculatively useful; they have a solid basis in fact; and they are all we need.

Chapter III

RES GESTAE AND REMINISCENCE

Since an interest in psychic individuality is more modern than an awareness that human lives differ widely in outward circumstances, it is not surprising that most early autobiographies are *res gestae*. The exceptions are chiefly works with religious themes—St. Augustine's *Confessions,* Bunyan's *Grace Abounding,* and the like. In the main, as Stauffer has pointed out in *English Biography Before 1700,* the eye was turned outward, the mind satisfied with a chronological summary of what, if the world could have been present, might have been observed by the world.

> [P. 175:] During the period here studied, biographers based their works upon the seldom-questioned assumption that the life of an individual might be expressed as the sum of his separate acts. With such models in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century life-writing before them, the autobiographers themselves also produced objective accounts—impersonal annals and chronicles of *res gestae* ... [P. 282:] Each individual is considered as a representative of a common humanity, and in consequence, distinctions between one man and all his neighbors may be explained quite simply by narrating the external actions of his life in sequence.[1]

Nor have *res gestae* ceased to be written since 1700; from Melville to the latest military or diplomatic memoir the chain is unbroken. As an anonymous writer pointed out early in the present century, "In general, public men have left memoirs of their historical acts and not of their private selves."[2] And many public men have felt impelled to write.

It would be possible, if one were disposed to accept the view that twenty lines of personal information at the end of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*[3] are "autobiography,"

to trace the history of chronicle lives in England back to the eighth century. It is better, however, to begin with Giraldus' *De Rebus a Se Gestis,* an independent work in which the point of view is that of a fictitious third person.

> For he reasoned in civil and canon law in such lively fashion and so enhanced his exposition with all the persuasions of rhetoric and adorned it with figures and flowers of speech as well as with profound argument, and made such apt use of the sayings of the philosophers and other authors by the wondrous art with which he applied them to appropriate topics, that the more learned and expert his audience, the more eagerly and attentively they applied their ears and minds to drink in his words and fix them in their memory. For they were so charmed by the sweetness of his words, that they hung upon his lips as he spoke.[4]

But words and oratorical mannerisms, like deeds, are external facts of existence, perceptible to everybody and on a level quite different from that of intimate self-portraiture. Even the inclusion of letters and actual sermons, together with whatever psychic states they imply, deepens the perspective without altering the formal character of the work. Bale's *Vocacyon . . . to the Bishoprick of Ossorie,*[5] after a long Scriptural preface, settles down to a tale of Irish plotting and intransigence in which the English bishop can make his point only by directing attention to the evil deeds of his persecutors and the actions to which he was driven in consequence. Bodley's *Life* is mostly factual; Melville's *Memoirs* is military, diplomatic, and historical, so completely impersonal that the author's character must be inferred entirely from his description of external events and personalities; and Cary's *Memoirs* is similarly objective.[6] In spite of exceptions, to be noticed later, throughout the seventeenth century it continued to be generally assumed that actions and adventures were what counted. Thomas Dempster, at the end of his *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum,* summarized his own

life in the same dry tone in which he had just finished discussing the lives of twelve hundred and nine other men.[7] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, like Cary, wrote chiefly life-and-adventures, with the focus on diplomacy and Continental adventure.[8] Sir James Turner's *Memoirs* is mainly military.[9] The Earl of Clarendon's *Life,* both in the form in which it was written and in that in which it has been published,[10] is archetypal political memoir; that is, it shows the reader a public man in his public character, acting and observing, but maintaining, except where the purpose of self-justification demanded private intellectual history, all the reticences of ordinary social intercourse. Lady Ann Fanshawe's family history,[11] in effect a revised journal, is, again, consistently objective. In all these works the question the author seems to have proposed to himself is "What did you do?" and not (perhaps partly because society, especially in the tortured seventeenth century, was less standardized and outwardly uniform than it later became) the psychologically more meaningful "What did you think and feel?" or, in Carlyle's phrase, "In God's name, what *art* thou?"[12]

Military memoirs, beginning with Melville and reaching a higher degree of specialization in Turner, continued in the eighteenth century in such works as Captain John Creichton's retrospective narrative of religious warfare on the Scottish border and Peter Henry Bruce's account of service in the armies of Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain.[13] Although the nineteenth century, after the end of the Napoleonic Wars, was on the whole peaceful, the Crimean War and minor conflicts on the fringes of Empire provided some outlet for the extroverted military temperament. General Sir John Adye's *Recollections of a Military Life* (1895) and Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley's *Story of a Soldier's Life* (1903) will serve as examples.[14] Wolseley's announced purpose, although not accurately descriptive of his practice, suggests a tendency in the longer memoirs to include reminiscent materials

along with a record of personal actions: "In the following pages I have tried to record the noble actions I have witnessed, and to describe the men I have been associated with."[15] Casual remarks show a lack of interest in whatever drama does not attain outward expression: "I will pass rapidly over the story of my boyhood, for I know by the memoirs of others how uninteresting are the tales of early youth."[16] He "always loathed the ancient gods of Greece, and all the absurd myths and stories about them,"[17] and of all the classic authors found only Caesar and Xenophon thoroughly enjoyable. The special god of his own idolatry was of course military: "Impartial men will forever put Napoleon by himself and in front of all human beings."[18] Materially all such stories of camps and campaigning are cut from the same goods; only the setting and techniques of warfare vary. These were some of the hardships before Sevastopol; this was the way a Christmas pudding, as hard as a cannon ball, was laboriously cooked during a pause in the action; this used to be the routine at Sandhurst. Since the military mind tends to care more for means than ends, the reader searches in vain for sudden flashes of insight into significance. In compensation, he may find pleasant gossip, the analysis of military situations, now and then an externalized character sketch, and frequently an amusing story. Most such memoirs, except those by nonprofessional (and perhaps not overly enthusiastic) soldiers, are steadily and ploddingly *res gestae,* except where they dip passingly into reminiscence. A properly literary interest can be taken only in an atypical work like Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer.*[19]

Other kinds of memoirs appeared intermittently after 1700: particularly political memoir, bearing always a strong material resemblance to the Earl of Clarendon's *Life,* and diplomatic memoir, which adopted patterns very like Melville's.[20] Richard Glover's *Memoirs by a Celebrated Literary and Political Character* (written soon after 1757 but apparently not published until

1814)[21] and *The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham* (1871)[22] are representative of the first type; the former adopts a resolutely impersonal tone which results in the forfeiture of real autobiographical value, while the latter, in its looser way, admits letters, descriptions of travel, anecdotes, and other miscellaneous materials to the prejudice of a consistent centrality. The *Memoirs* of Sir Ronald Storrs (1937)[23] is one of many recent diplomatic records which could be cited as illustrative of the second type. Although the term "memoir" does not lend itself readily to definition, its use seems often to imply that the writer has moved among actions of national, rather than merely personal, interest, has observed them from a fortunate angle of vision, and now wishes to share his information with the public. The implication that life may consist of the preparation of treaties, the support of parliamentary acts, the command of military sallies, and other historical hackwork puts most works of this nature into the class of *res gestae.* But the *res* may be predominantly those of persons other than the writer himself, and the material approach to reminiscence becomes closer in proportion as the reported actions are less consequential.

In the eighteenth century, when for the first time biography gave promise of becoming financially profitable, adventurous lives appeared in profusion. Not only were criminals' biographies fashionable,[24] but the picaresque novel, under the influence of Defoe and Le Sage, had created a new audience for tales of exciting incident. In the preceding century Lord Herbert's *Life* and several other absorbing works—not least, perhaps, Lady Halkett's story of frustrated courtship—had contained an element of suspense;[25] by 1709 the translation of large numbers of sensational French memoirs provoked a protest by Steele.[26] Robert Drury's *Pleasant and Surprising Adventures, during His Fifteen Years' Captivity on the Island of Madagascar,* first published in 1729, was exactly suited to the new taste and was re-

printed in 1731; Charlotte Charke's *Narrative* (1755) of her adventures as a traveling actress and puppeteer provided agreeable titillation for stay-at-home readers; and John Newton's *Life* (1764), although intended as religious confession, was so full of marine accidents and African scenery that it ministered to the same psychological need.[27] And there were many others. In the next century it was still possible for a restless or ingenious man to subject himself to danger. The African setting appears again in two works by Henry Morton Stanley, *How I Found Livingstone* (1872) and *Through the Dark Continent* (1878);[28] but such temporally limited narratives are perhaps rather travelogues than autobiographies. Colonel Meadows Taylor, after a long career in the service of Indian princes, left a two-volume *Story of My Life*[29] which enabled safely cloistered Victorians to enjoy the thrills of guerrilla warfare and bandit hunting. Other frontiers opened up as earlier ones disappeared; Henry Coxwell's *My Life and Balloon Experiences* (1887) and the *Autobiography and Letters* (1903) of Sir Henry Layard, who excavated Nineveh and traveled in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, demonstrated that the tameness of Belgrave and the Sussex downs could be escaped by an enterprising man.[30] Thirty years ago it seemed probable that the life-and-adventures was on the wane; in 1953 one knows better. No doubt adventure, in spite of shrinking geographical distances, is with us to stay, and as long as it persists we may expect books to be printed about it. Of all autobiographies of incident Stauffer's generalization about travelogues holds true: "The travellers who write their own memoirs rarely philosophize about their lives; action for them is reality."[31]

Another kind of personal narrative which is likely to be objective and externalized is business or mercantile autobiography. The earliest discovered example is the *Autobiography of William Stout of Lancaster, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger* (last entry 1743; first printed 1851),[32] but Stout's

annalistic method lends itself to village chronicle, and, apart from a yearly computation of financial standing, business details claim the author's attention less steadily than the nineteenth-century editor's title would suggest. A better, though still not "pure," example (the intrusive matter this time being religious and anecdotal) is *Memoirs of the Forty-Five First Years of the Life of James Lackington, The present Bookseller in Chiswell-street, Moorfields, London* (1791; revised edition 1793).[33] In spite of much rambling and the dissipation of attention on extraneities, the reader closes the book at last with a fair understanding of Lackington's slow and painful economic rise from desperate beginnings. *The Life of William Hutton, Stationer, of Birmingham* (written about 1798; first printed 1841),[34] is hard-headed to a fault and yet, in an unsentimental way, often strangely pathetic. Hutton reverts to Stout's annalistic method, perhaps suggested by the businessman's practice of auditing his financial status yearly (though Hutton had no documentary records). His life, he feels, is "a life of insignificance," but it shows "the history of an individual, struggling, unsupported, up a mountain of difficulties,"[35] and therefore may awaken some interest. One sees again a growing realization that society does not consist wholly of wealthy and influential persons and senses the irrelevance of Sir Sidney Lee's dictum that "the life of a nonentity or a mediocrity, however skilfully contrived, conflicts with primary biographic principles."[36] Like Stout, Hutton rose from a miserable childhood to prosperity, only to see most of his property destroyed in the Birmingham Riots of 1791. Our present purpose, however, is rather to notice the *res* of *res gestae* than to insist on particular subgroupings, and therefore it is in order to remark on Hutton's phenomenal memory for dates and figures. Writing about 1798, he recalled that on New Year's Day, 1740, there was a three-inch snowfall; that on July 12, 1741, he jumped his apprenticeship with two shillings in his pocket; that

on September 10, 1746, his uncle was taken ill in the garden; that on Monday morning at three o'clock, April 8, 1749, he set out for London to buy bookbinding materials; that on May 13, 1750, he started to Stamford from Nottingham with a dissenting minister named Rudsdall.[37] He can remember the price of almost anything he has ever bought or sold and the exact figure, in miles, of any distance he has ever traveled. He foresees the reader's incredulity, since he is writing from memory at the age of seventy-five, and forestalls criticism in a preface: "Those who know me are not surprised. There is not a statement either false or coloured."[38] The lack of coloring is in fact striking. The second paragraph is illustrative of the coldly factual tone: "I was born September 30, 1723 ... on Wednesday, at a quarter before five in the evening, at the bottom of Full Street, in Derby; upon premises on the banks of the Derwent, now occupied by Mr. Upton, an attorney." Although a sympathetic reader comes gradually to share the author's satisfaction in the hard exactness of the surface, such severe objectivity is likely to weaken the dramatic impact of the situations. In Hutton's narrative, as in tales of adventure and certain types of memoir, the situations themselves are perhaps enough; but in John Galt's *Autobiography* (1833),[39] which is also characterized by a laconic style (Galt himself thought it "decisive"), very little drama comes through, and in most later business lives the student of literature can find little to repay study.

Another natural group is composed of autobiographical sketches, which in the eighteenth century began to become popular and in the nineteenth often served as introductions to collected works. Nearly all these, because of the conciseness forced upon them by brevity, are records of *res gestae*. Swift, James Ferguson, Hume, Burns, Gifford, Hogg, Sir Walter Scott, Huxley, and Darwin all wrote sketches, differing, as was inevitable, in kinds of subject matter, but similar in merely

hinting at or ignoring, rather than pertinaciously investigating, the data of consciousness. Swift's fragment (if it was meant to be continued) centers, as has already been remarked, upon ancestry; Ferguson's is a story of the surmounting of obstacles to education.[40] The other seven authors wrote in terms of what an Elizabethan would have called their "humours" or a later age their "master faculties"; that is to say, Hume, Burns, Gifford, Hogg, and Scott discuss literary accomplishments, Huxley and Darwin the influences which awakened their interest in science.[41] Although the term *res gestae* must be stretched to the limit of its signification if it is to include every detail in all nine sketches, the trend is indisputable: a concise autobiography of the kind which used sometimes to be prefixed to a volume of creative or historical prose, or perhaps to a collection of letters, is almost certain to summarize intellectual or spiritual history, if at all, in terms of actual achievements. Almost, not quite, certain; Cowley's "Of My self" shows how airily indifferent to concrete and datable happenings may be the life sketch of a writer to whom the inner realities are paramount.[42] It must be remarked, further, that a sketch is by no means the same thing as a fragment. Dr. Johnson's "Annals" may have been vigorously subjective in the lost portions; and Thomas Moore's "Memoirs of Myself, begun many years since, but never, I fear, to be completed" (1853), contains enough of the keenly sensed to hint that had it proceeded further it might have become more deeply introspective—though no doubt Moore was not the man to write a really penetrating self-study.[43] In the main, however, it is clear that the psychic history of only an unusually serene life can be written in twenty to fifty pages. Most sketches have scope only to touch briefly upon ancestry, birth, schooling, and mature career in terms of what was attempted and what accomplished. Anything beyond this is to the good; and indeed, in the section on schooling it has often

proved feasible to define or imply certain forces which either pressed toward the discovery of a hitherto latent interest or, by favoring a repressive conformity, impeded the development of an idiosyncratic talent. Yet the general rule is that brief autobiographical sketches can admit psychic history only at the expense of the solid factual data which it is usually their purpose to provide.

Remaining varieties can be passed over briefly. Contrary to expectation, confessions, in which a careful analysis of motives and a meticulous description of cognitive and affective states would seem indispensable, sometimes tend towards factual résumé. Practical persons may be more easily swayed to wrongdoing than imaginative ones, who by a more vivid projection of social consequences can appreciate better the reasons for moral standards. At any rate, Lady Vane's "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality,"[44] notwithstanding the interlarded sentiment, is mainly *res gestae;* and in *The Confessions of William Ireland* (probably first published in 1805), the confessant attempts, by the wearisome narration of circumstances, to demonstrate that in forging "Shakespearean" documents he "did not act upon any premeditated plan of deception, but was as it were unwittingly led into the error."[45] Again, autobiographies which, like Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs,*[46] are intended only for family circulation, often confine themselves to a compact summary of employments, actions, visits, and social engagements.

These examples will illustrate the first kind of material tendency. Absolute "purity" is not to be sought for; neither natural nor literary character is quite so simple as to cause every remark in a full volume, or more than one volume, of memoirs to fall tidily into the same rational category. In the main, a concentration on the factual aspects of living is a mark of psychological simplicity or of recognition that a particular subject is best suited for externalized presentation. Travel; adventurous hap-

penings at home; warfare; diplomacy; concise records, for public consumption or family archives, of the salient incidents of a life; the summary of a business career, especially when it began in poverty and progressed triumphantly to affluence; some kinds of unreflective confessions—these are kinds of autobiographical materials which have most often been treated, successfully or not, in narratives of *res gestae.*

Materials of a second type have nothing to do with the autobiographer's private life and almost as little to do with his public actions. The focus here is not, as in chronicles, upon deeds, whether the writer's or those of other people, which have historical significance; neither is it upon reflections and emotional states, but rather upon society as it has presented itself to an observer placed in a particular position. We see social groupings, hear anecdotes of famous personages, are offered "impressions" of statesmen, writers, and places. The author, in another of Carlyle's trenchant phrases, "clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food."[47] No clearer statement of a reminiscent purpose has been made than Justin McCarthy's:

> It has been one of the happiest fortunes of my life to meet with a great many distinguished men and women about whom readers in general would be glad to hear anything that can be said in addition to what they know or have learned already. These volumes, therefore, are strictly reminiscences, recollections of the eminent persons with whom I have been brought into association, and not a record of my own otherwise unimportant doings.[48]

The disclaimer of personal importance is typical—or would be if all writers of reminiscence were articulate about their intentions. The interest in eminent persons is also typical, and often leads reviewers to remark on "those who figure prominently in the narrative." The reader is given the advantage of the autobiographer's opportunities for observation, but is not admitted to the secret places of his consciousness. In such works one may

expect, at most, a personalized view of society, with some criticism, more or less shrewd, of the people with whom the writer has associated. A book of this sort is at the opposite pole from confession or spiritual history; it is gossip, and must disappoint readers who approach it as anything else. The reticences of polite conversation are maintained, the tone is well-bred and chatty, the gaze moves contentedly about the drawing room in search of postures and attitudes, the ear is alert for epigrams. There is no agonized introspection, no deliberate submission of the self to laboratory tables for dissection, no admission, no indignant or apologetic self-justification—not even an orderly account of how this was done and then that. There is only—reminiscence. The word must be accepted as descriptive.

Reminiscence, then, is less "autobiographical" even than memoir, since it subordinates the deeds and personality of the author more consistently to the physical appearance, character, conversation, exploits, and predicaments of others. Nonetheless, examples of the type exist in profusion. In Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences* so little of the author's private life is described that six years later, having amassed new stores of anecdotes, McCarthy published another volume, *An Irishman's Story*. As before, the writer is uninterested in his own psychic individuality. "My object in writing this volume," says McCarthy, "is to tell rather of what I heard and saw than what I felt as I worked my way through life." He has had "opportunities of meeting many men and women about whom the world will always be glad to read . . ."[49] And so on. William Michael Rossetti in his *Reminiscences* (1906) has a similar aim: "I do not exactly propose to write my life, and I even take little or no notice here of some of the matters which most closely affected myself. But I have some reminiscences of personages and incidents not unknown to fame, and these I partly set down."[50] The *Autobiographical Notes* of William Bell Scott (1892), poet and artist,

friend of Swinburne and Rossetti, although full of strange insights, is intended "to describe with some degree of accuracy some of the scenery of my life, and of the lives of my dear and intimate friends."[51] Similar declarations could be cited interminably. As Herbert Spencer, who had a habit of standing far enough back from an object to develop theories about it, observed:

> That part of a biography which consists of printed gossip, having little or no significance, bears a variable ratio to that part which has significance more or less considerable. Commonly, the trivialities of incident and action, which might have been this way or that way without appreciably affecting the general result, occupy the larger space, and to many readers prove the most attractive.[52]

William Dean Howells, the American author and critic, also recognized the public interest in gossip and protested, with all the force of his tepid character, against a mixture of it with autobiography "proper": "We are quite serious, or as serious as we ever like to be, in maintaining that autobiography, as a species shall keep itself as unmixed as possible. Let there be reminiscence proper, and autobiography proper, and let the mixture of the two be regarded as measurably improper."[53] The mixture continues to be made, and continues also, because of the weakness inseparable from a divided effort, to be formally improper.

The earliest well-known reminiscent autobiography is Colley Cibber's (1740), although Thomas Raymond's less celebrated life (written before 1681; first published 1917), which is largely reminiscent, far surpasses it in narrative skill.[54] Since Cibber's subject is the theater as he has known it during a long and intimate association, he deals freely in the personalia so fascinating to actors: Betterton's gestures upon seeing the ghost in *Hamlet,* the slowness of Mrs. Oldfield's rise into public esteem, the rivalry of Italian opera in the new Haymarket Theatre with the legitimate drama at Drury Lane, and so on. The actor's character is apparently constant from age to age: Macready and Mrs.

Gilbert in the nineteenth century and Noel Coward and Otis Skinner in the twentieth show a similar absorption in the stage and a similar lack of interest in nontheatrical activities.[55] Mrs. Gilbert, who like Otis Skinner was an American, perhaps revealed the psychological block to fuller self-revelation when she attempted to put off a suggestion that she write an autobiography by saying, "I am not at all interesting, just by myself."[56] Or if modesty—not a quality for which actors are noted—does not recommend itself as an explanation, one can fall back on a possibility that the actor is at a loss to know which of his many personalities is basic. Whatever the reason, there are few exceptions to the generalization that theatrical autobiography is less autobiographical than theatrical.

Reminiscences have been written about most of the other arts and many, perhaps all, of the literate occupations. Painting is well represented; besides W. B. Scott there are, for instance, Holman Hunt and William Michael Rossetti.[57] James Milne's *Memoirs of a Bookman* (1934)[58] is one of several reminiscent volumes about the publishing business. William Hunt's *Then and Now; or, Fifty Years of Newspaper Work* (1887), is, obviously, about journalism. Hunt's purpose—"to record some recollections of my business or newspaper life, and of newspapers and newspaper men that I have been connected with or known"[59]—is comparable to the others that have been quoted, and his first sentence, "My earliest newspaper work was done as an amateur about 1830 or 1832," illustrates the way in which influences formative of the adult mind and character are often neglected or minimized. There are reminiscences by lawyers, doctors, teachers, and too many other kinds of men to enumerate. Even family histories have been told reminiscently, as by Frederick Locker-Lampson in *My Confidences: An Autobiographical Sketch Addressed to My Descendants* (1896).[60] Since writing is done most readily, however, by professional authors,

it is natural that literary reminiscences should exist in special profusion. Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography* (1850) is well known; Justin McCarthy's two works have been mentioned; Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, W. B. Yeats, Frank Swinnerton, Maurice Baring, G. K. Chesterton, and Mary Colum are only a few of the many authors whose autobiographies are chiefly or partly reminiscent.[61] Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1881) is more highly specialized than most works of that order in that it consists of separate chapters on his father, Edward Irving, Lord Jeffrey, Jane Welsh Carlyle, and, in the appendix, Southey and Wordsworth.[62] Ordinarily the reminiscent glance rests less steadily on a few objects, moves more freely in whatever social medium is selected; but the sketches grew out of personal observations and cannot be discounted as biography.

In a word, all sorts and varieties of milieux are conceivable, and many of them have been exploited. Instead of adding further titles to the list, we may profitably pause to digress. It must already have been evident that some autobiographies resist easy classification. They vacillate between two modes, never really settling into either; and it is at this point in the discussion that the problem they offer comes most sharply into focus. The drawing of a literary self-portrait evidently sometimes forces upon the author significant changes in viewpoint and almost in literary mode. Few persons are so admirably balanced as to be able to judge all periods of their lives with equal dispassion; youthful actions and aspirations, in particular, seem to require a tone different from that appropriate to mature experience. Early life is often a time of fumblings and false starts; it may have been embittered by environmental antagonisms; and to the mature autobiographer it seems usually to have had a psychological quality different from that of adult experience. In consequence there is difficulty in making the whole life emotionally coherent. At the moment at which the writer's personality

and character, emerging from adolescence into maturity, become relatively stable, relatively fixed, the continuity may be broken. What follows will be treated differently from what has preceded. In Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography*,[63] for example, the break occurs at the moment of the novelist's arrival in Ireland, when, if his account is to be trusted, in the twinkling of an eye he ceased to be inert and receptive and became aggressively active. Such a shift in both mood and mode can be, and sometimes is, avoided, but the attempt to smooth the transition is not always successful. When continuity is violated, the work itself may pass from one of the broad material types into another.

An excellent illustration of shifting centrality can be found in A. J. C. Hare's *Story of My Life* (1896–1900).[64] Throughout the first of the six volumes the reader is impressed by the depth and roundness of the autobiographical likeness. Hare was fortunate in possessing not only many of his youthful writings, which he reproduces with all their grotesque errors of grammar and spelling, but also his foster mother's journal, in which were detailed descriptions of his infancy, and a large collection of family letters. He was accordingly able to begin not with his ancestry or earliest recollections, as is customary in serious self-portraiture, but with an account of his appearance and behavior while still in the cradle; and the entire story of his boyhood gains credibility, and sharp irony, by the alternation of his own recollections with the impressions of relatives. It is doubtful that there is in all biographical literature a more fully documented and "scientific" study of childhood. As the boy gradually matured, however, he gained perceptiveness and lost self-consciousness, with the result that five of the six volumes contain chiefly anecdotes about other persons than himself. The skill with which the stories are told is admirable; Hare yields to no one as a raconteur. Nevertheless the author is now merely an ob-

serving and recording intelligence on the edge of the social group and is no longer himself the subject. *The Story of My Life,* notwithstanding three or four hundred pages of penetrating self-study, must therefore be classed, in the gross, as reminiscence.

A similar judgment must be passed on the *Autobiographical Notes* (1892) of William Bell Scott, to which reference has already been made.[65] Scott was superlatively endowed for the reflective self-analysis proper to subjective autobiography. His earliest memories, like those of Lord Herbert, were of "difficulties of consciousness."[66] He asked his nurse, he writes, "if she saw me as I saw her, was I living, and how was it I came to live, and if I did not wish to live what should I do?"[67] He recalls that as a child he thought he could come downstairs without traversing the intervening space; furthermore, as a man he believes he did it. When we become aware of the possibility of conscious volition (he speciously explains), the power of acting directly, through the mechanical action of the will, ceases; we walk because we see others walk.[68] In childhood, also, he struggled with epistemological problems: he describes his sudden realization that the world was separate from himself.[69] Nor did his painful subjectivity harden early to insensitivity; in early middle age he was still "an absentee, a somnambule."[70] Gradually, however, happily for his serenity, but unhappily for autobiography, he underwent such a transformation of character that in reviewing his earlier autobiographical attempts he seemed to be reading about a double. In the work as we have it his purpose is chiefly reminiscent. "To write one's mental history," he declares, "is too difficult as well as too dreadful"; it is "like walking into the street naked, and is only likely to frighten our neighbors."[71] Consequently there will be in his book "little of the subjective, little introspection, not much allusion to the pains and penalties of over-sensibility and other constitutional weaknesses."[72] He will

write only "of the scenery of my life, and of the lives of my dear and intimate friends."[73] The work is therefore exactly what the title proclaims it to be, a combination of autobiography and "notes"; but the notes predominate, and the volume as a whole is more nearly reminiscence than anything else.

Are such narratives, bounded by private reserve on the one hand, and widening out into aimless divagation on the other, really "lives" at all? The question recurs to the mind, creates a vague unrest that is not quieted by plausible ratiocination, leaves the critical conscience disturbed. With the possible exception of memoirs in some of their more coldly externalized forms, reminiscences are certainly the least autobiographical of autobiographies. So far as their form is "pure"—and we have seen how mixed it may become—they explain nothing, assert nothing of personal significance, reveal nothing except by indirection and inadvertence. An author may of course write as he wishes provided he is indifferent to consistency, heedless of artistic unity, intent chiefly upon the gratification of his own or his readers' tastes, unconcerned with the strengthening of effect by the discovery of a form coincident with his subject; and certainly even gossip may have a lively interest for the historian. But as autobiography . . . ? It is necessary finally to reiterate the principle that if social observations stimulated writing, there must have been within the author's character some psychic twist that made this, rather than some other, subject the natural expression of his character. Moreover, reminiscence, as one kind of material, is omnipresent in autobiographies, though its proportion to deeds and reflections may vary almost from zero to one hundred. No solution except the one already arrived at is possible. If anecdotes are what we are offered, we must try to accept them graciously.

We pass on now to the third and fourth material types, in which the values are quite different.

CHAPTER IV

SUBJECTIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LIFE-AND-TIMES

ASIDE FROM RELIGIOUS confession, to which we shall recur later, subjective autobiography seems to have arisen in western Europe during the Renaissance and in England to have attained a vogue almost simultaneously with the novel, as distinct from the "story." Now the difference between the novel and the story resembles closely that between subjective autobiography and *res gestae:* the story is more consistently externalized, evidences less concern for the understanding of how experiences feel to the persons who live them. The development of a subjective emphasis in autobiography has, therefore, the same kind of literary significance as the rise of the novel; and the two phenomena are clearly related.

The exact nature of the relationship is uncertain. Very probably the religious introspection encouraged by Calvinist theology had something to do with an increase of interest in mental states of all kinds. Again, it seems likely that although the English language had in some ways become less flexible since the death of Shakespeare, in other ways it had acquired a new precision. The development of British empiricism, which looked rather to sensory impressions than to abstract reasoning as a source of knowledge, would have been impossible without the sharpening of a linguistic instrument for the exploration of psychological states. Even the accidental discovery by Samuel Richardson of certain fictive techniques used for the first time in *Pamela* (1740) may have had something to do with the deepening of psychological awareness; for certainly consciousness is limited by the number and variety of symbols available to it for the defining of meaning, and symbols are generated by stylistic conventions.

At any rate, as the eighteenth century progressed self-analysis became steadily subtler. The truth about character, men began to realize, could not always be observed in outward behavior.[1] By the end of the century one could read in the preface to the Reverend J. C. Lavater's *Secret Journal of a Self-Observer,* "Thus much, at least, is certain, that a faithful and circumstantial moral history of the most common and unromantic character is infinitely more important, and fitter for improving the human heart, than the most extraordinary and interesting novel."[2] If the first word of the term "moral history" is given the French meaning of *psychological,* the phrase becomes beautifully apt in the present context. Autobiographical materials were henceforth to include more psychological data and fewer external "happenings."

A parallel, less fanciful than it may at first appear, may be drawn with the plastic arts. James Maubert's painting of Dryden shows the poet in an elaborate setting: his elbow is brushing a pile of books, a landscape hangs against the wall, a dog thrusts forward a wistful muzzle, two birds perch or float in the background. Compare with this, or with Van Dyck's earlier portrait of Suckling, a typical eighteenth-century portrait—Reynolds' of Johnson, Jervas' of Swift, Hoare's of Pope—and it will be observed at once that the external appurtenances of selfhood have dropped away to permit a more unimpeded view of the self. Similarly, in the eighteenth century autobiographers began to shift their attention, timidly at first, later more boldly, from the public aspects of individuality to the private.

The opening wedge, no doubt, was the *chronique scandaleuse* in biography and its autobiographical equivalent, the life-and-amours, which erupted suddenly in several piquant works about the time that *Clarissa* was appearing in successive volumes and *Roderick Random* was amusing its less soulful audience. The life-and-amours, because of surface resemblances to Richardson's

novels and a deeper spiritual affinity with Smollett's, was excellently suited to appeal to the public taste. Although by modern standards the analysis of sentiment in these tales of deteriorating virtue is inconsiderable in amount and thin in quality, sensational disclosures of this kind must have hastened in some degree the conquest of traditional reticences. The decay of a moral imperative against frankness continued throughout the romantic period and by the middle of the nineteenth century was profound.

The Victorians were acutely aware of a transformation in the nature of consciousness: for it was in nothing less that romanticism, and a complex of other forces affecting the assumptions that underlay all cognitive and emotive experience, eventuated. Many of the autobiographers whose works reflect the new temper had a half-envious cognizance of what seemed to them the psychological simplicity of their ancestors. John Stuart Mill contrasted his own mental habits with those of his teacher, Jeremy Bentham, who had been born a long generation earlier; Bentham "was a boy to the last. Self-consciousness, that demon of the men of genius of our time from Wordsworth to Byron, from Goethe to Chateaubriand, and to which this age owes so much both of its cheerful and its mournful wisdom, never was awakened in him."[3] De Quincey, himself painfully afflicted by the "demon," recognized the emergence of a new analytical subtlety.

> We do injustice daily to our own age; which, by many a sign, palpable and secret, I feel to be, more emphatically than any since the period of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I., an intellectual, a moving, and a self-conflicting age; and inevitably, where the intellect has been preternaturally awakened, the moral sensibility must soon be commensurately stirred. The very distinctions, psychologic or metaphysical, by which, as its hinges and articulations, our modern thinking moves, proclaim the subtler character of the questions which now occupy our thoughts. Not as pedantic only, but as suspiciously unintelligible, such distinctions [as one drawn earlier in the paragraph

between the attitude of churchmen toward pluralism in 1856 and thirty years earlier] would, one hundred and thirty years ago, have been viewed as indictable.[4]

Harriet Martineau, who wrote fictionized illustrations of economic theory, felt herself the victim of a peculiarly nineteenth-century unbalance: "I had now plunged fairly into the spirit of my time,—that of self-analysis, pathetic self-pity, typical interpretation of objective matters, and scheme-making, in the name of God and Man."[5] Carlyle, the whole tenor of whose teaching was introspective, had an almost fanatical contempt for outward appearances:

Readers and men generally are getting into strange habits of asking all persons and things, from poor Editors' Books up to Church Bishops and State Potentates, not, By what designation art thou called; in what wig and black triangle dost thou walk abroad? Heavens, I know thy designation and black triangle well enough! But, in God's name, what *art* thou?[6]

Frances Power Cobbe, philanthropist and religious writer, who published a book on intuitive morality, recognized an increasing analytic perceptiveness in persons about her.

No doubt there were, at the time of which I write [the 1840's], many fine and subtle minds at work among the poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the day; but ordinary ladies and gentlemen, even clever and well-educated ones, would, I think, if they could revive now, seem to us rather like our boys and girls than our grandparents . . . I remember once (for a trivial example of what I mean) walking with my father in his later days in the old garden one exquisite spring day when the apple-trees were covered with blossoms and the birds were singing all round us. As he leaned on my arm, having just recovered from an illness which had threatened to be fatal and was in a mood unusually tender, I was tempted to say, "Don't you feel, Father, that a day like this is almost too beautiful and delicious, that it softens one's feelings to the verge of pain?" In these times [the 1890's] assuredly such a remark would have seemed to most people

too obvious to deserve discussion, but it only brought from my father the reply: "God bless my soul, what nonsense you talk, my dear! I never heard the like. Of course a fine day makes everybody cheerful, and a rainy day makes us dull and dismal." Everyone I knew then, was, more or less, similarly simple . . . Conversation, as a natural consequence, was more downright and matter-of-fact, and rarely if ever was concerned with critical analysis of impressions.[7]

Although something must be conceded to the change in social milieu which usually follows the gaining of a literary reputation, the observation is repeated so often in the century in so many variant forms that it must have rested on fact. As late as 1905, comment about middle and late nineteenth-century self-consciousness continued. F. G. Bettany, writing on Trollope in the *Fortnightly Review,* pointed out that "Such scruples as beset the Warden, resulting as they do in a super-subtle delicacy of motivisation, were impossible, unthinkable, in Jane Austen's days."[8] But the development of supersubtle delicacy was a slow process which began earlier than these writers realized.

There is also negative evidence of increasing introspection, in the form of protests by writers who were not temperamentally disposed—or, possibly, fitted—to attempt psychological analysis. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, a brave nineteenth-century woman who was forced into authorship by economic pressure, felt her "prosaic little [autobiographical] narrative" feeble beside the "elaborate self-discussions" of J. A. Symonds. She made a valiant effort to force herself into the new vein, but found her own manner "such a different thing" that she was forced to desist. The subjective approach, she decided, "to many people . . . will be the more interesting way, just as the movements of the mind are more interesting than those of the body."[9] Nevertheless she disliked character analysis and permitted herself a spiteful dig at it: to be a "student of human nature," she announced defiantly, is "an odious thing."[10] There could be no clearer indi-

cation of the rising prestige of the new manner than the uneasiness of simply organized natures who felt called upon to accommodate themselves to it.

The nineteenth century, then, felt analytic introspection not motivated by religious piety to be a product of comparatively recent conditions. In autobiography—by no means the only, or even the chief, literary form in which the subjective tendency manifested itself—the new interest was signalized by different choices from the lumber stored in the memory. Not that reflections and feelings only were to be seized upon; observations, particularly, were found relevant to the purpose if, instead of being treated as interesting in themselves, they were thought of —and analyzed—as forces which modified character. Actions, on the other hand, were seen to express character, to show to what point, at a given instant, it had progressed—as Cowper's abortive attempts at suicide attest the completeness of his derangement under the strain of threatened public exposure. But though subjective autobiography, like *res gestae* and reminiscences, was not always to be "pure," it was to differ from them in raising into consciousness, and freely utilizing, psychic data which had immediate relevance neither to a career nor to other personalities than the autobiographer's own.

Having come so far, we must observe early stages in the history of subjective autobiography. Before the emergence of a more psychologically perceptive consciousness, a concern for eternal values had sometimes forced the mind downward from one level of cognition to another in search of an elusive spiritual serenity. Religious philosophers in particular, if they feel that the divine laws which govern the universe lie innate within the mind, have the strongest possible motives for introspection; their hope is either to discover truths more profound than have come down to them through tradition or to find in their own souls evidences of a theological system accepted on faith. Soc-

rates, who did not submit tamely to the romantic polytheism of his contemporaries, spoke in his *Apology* of an inner voice which sometimes warned him against actions quite in harmony with public ideals. God spoke more authoritatively within his heart than judges, priests, or any other mouthpieces of public opinion could speak to his ears. Gautama Buddha arrived at his religious system by prolonged meditation. St. Paul, who also helped establish an orthodoxy, must have worked out many of the details by what he might have called inspiration but what we may regard, perhaps not irreverently, as a sudden half-conscious appreciation, after long brooding, of logical relationships inhering in his Old Testament and oral sources. These men were in differing degrees originators; but an abnormally religious mind is almost by definition one given to contemplating unseen realities, which may or may not be fitted into a current dogmatic pattern; and the lower (or, as in this connection we may consent to call them, the deeper) levels of consciousness are the natural place in which to look either for new spiritual truths or for the verification of old truths. St. Augustine, whose *Confessions*[11] records the conquest of error by illumination, may be taken as typical of religious leaders who in the end have found peace in surrender to an existing institution.

In English literature an early foreshadowing of religious confession appears in *The Testament of Dan John Lydgate,* written about the middle of the fifteenth century.[12] Here are already the piety, the acknowledgment of error, and the remorse which in later centuries were to form the staple of the type; there is lacking, however, enough concreteness to make the sins individual. Greene's *Repentance,* again, suffers from brevity and generality. In the next century Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* added to Greene's description of spiritual agony an astonishingly firm matrix of situation and influence.[13] Thomas Ellwood's *Life* (first printed 1714),[14] more placid than either, transferred

the struggle from the soul itself to an opposition between the Christian and society; and as foreign warfare is less heart-rending than civil strife, and the foe, moreover, in this instance was half inclined to doubt the justice of his own cause, the emotional pull of the drama weakened without changing in basic character. In Richard Baxter's *Reliquiae* (1696)[15] the spirit is still central, but the issues are less sharp, the antagonistic forces less implacable; a keener and broader intelligence, at the sacrifice of passion, has attained wider horizons and more tolerant insights. The sea adventures of John Newton (1764)[16] are at least half *res gestae,* but the eye is constantly directed toward ultimate rebirth in Christ. In Cowper's *Memoir* (not published until 1816),[17] where there is just enough outward fact to keep the reader physically and temporally oriented, the revelations are terrifying. The appallingly lucid pages leave an unforgettable impression. James Lackington's *Memoirs,* published late in the eighteenth century, is anticonfessional, as are Gosse's *Father and Son* and Sir Walter Besant's *Autobiography* in the early 1900's, and illustrates a not uncommon reaction from a youthful piety condemned by the mature mind as either false or excessive.[18] Although in the nineteenth century a recrudescence of evangelical Christianity produced a rich pamphlet literature, on higher aesthetic levels religious confession is now comparatively rare. Its nearest recent equivalent, aside from clerical reminiscences entitled *Fifty Years in a Country Parsonage* or subliterary confessions called (shall we say) *From Pugilism to Preaching,* is to be found in several works which focus, like G. K. Chesterton's *Autobiography* and Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Three Ways Home,* upon conversion to Roman Catholicism.[19] In these, however, there has been little admission of deliberate sin; the intention has been rather to show the growth of a conviction that the religious communion into which the writer was born was schismatic. The mood, accordingly, has been less emotional than

ratiocinative, and the word "confession" is not accurately descriptive of the contents. Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* is defense rather than confession and also belongs to a slightly different material type.[20]

Not all confessions, however, are religious; the humiliating avowal may be motivated by a wish to recapture a forfeited public respect rather than to win reinstatement—or an improved position—in divine favor, and will then, of course, have a social, not a theistic, frame of reference. The constant material element is what W. A. Gill has called the "nude." Now the nude—"those facts of . . . life which people generally hide through interest or shame"—has a way of throwing the reader off his intellectual and emotional balance, of causing him to conclude that the life in which it has found a place is extraordinarily and abnormally indecorous.

> The nude has a peculiar and perhaps incalculable faculty of destroying proportion. Because it is usually concealed, it leaps forward very boldly when for once it is let out. It "thumps," as painters say of a too glaring light. Even when it is not intrinsically shocking, the revelation of it is shocking. Few readers distinguish one shock from the other, and when the two are conjoined, the effect may be stunning.[21]

Harold Nicolson, a practicing biographer of distinguished attainments as well as the author of an illuminating short history of English biography, has perceived the danger of admitting the nude to works not addressed to a sensation-loving public. "In principle, it is a mistake to suppress any weaknesses in one's subject. But in practice the honest biographer will find that the cause of truth is better served by the suppression of details which are disconcerting to the reader and which would falsify the ultimate impression left upon his mind."[22] The candid student, in spite of a willing admiration for modern honesty, cannot help agreeing that the nude should ordinarily be limited to works in

which it is meant to be central—that is to say, to confessions. At the edge of a picture it has an unruly tendency to destroy proportion, to distract attention from what has greater mass and is more important but less highly colored. It belongs in the middle, where the eye is intended to rest.

Except for a few comparatively unimportant poems and prose pamphlets, nonreligious confession seems to have begun in the eighteenth century with the lives-and-amours of Mrs. Pilkington, Connie Phillips, and the Lady Vane,[23] all published within eleven years of the first edition of *Pamela.* These rather frigidly sentimental chronicles of erotic adventure are not, however, prevailingly subjective; the emotional analysis in them is rather imposed than organic, particularly in Lady Vane's "Memoirs," and the interest is less in character than in incident. An early secular confession which is steadily and honestly subjective is the *Memoirs* of George Psalmanazar, the pretended Formosan (first edition 1764; second edition 1765). Psalmanazar's purpose is to "undeceive the world" and "to make all the amends" in his power for his astonishing impositions upon public faith; this he believes he can do best by emphasizing what brought him to a sense of abhorrence for his misdeeds.[24] Although spiritual regeneration is often in the foreground, his offenses were aimed rather at society than at God, and it is social forgiveness that he is now concerned to obtain. In seeking it he speaks with appealing sincerity of mental states which in old age he could not view without horror.

Many other confessions are partly or wholly subjective. In spite of its title, George Anne Bellamy's five-volume *Apology* (third edition 1785)[25] is in the confessional tradition of Mrs. Pilkington and Connie Phillips, and like its precursors fails to offer consistently a defense of actions which outraged the accepted moral code. Nearly all female apologists assume, in the early chapters of their narratives, a pose of immaculate spir-

itual innocence, but the preservation of the imaginary personality is impossible, and later chapters call for sympathy merely on the grounds of distress. Mary Darby Robinson's *Memoirs* (first printed 1801)[26] is sentimental history also, and in part confessional (Mrs. Robinson became the mistress of the Prince of Wales), but will be looked at again in another context. William Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris* (1823)[27] has a frantic emotionalism to thank for an almost unanimous critical condemnation. Whether Hazlitt's infatuation for Sarah Walker was merely sordid and disgusting, as general opinion seems to hold, or pitiable, as it may appear to more sympathetic readers, the drama in the book is clearly drama of the mind, and in its own way the portrait is as mercilessly revealing as Cowper's tale of schizophrenic dejection.[28] De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* (earliest version 1821) carries subjectivity so far that a doubt is raised about factual reliability. As Professor Cazamian remarks, "All sense of objective truth is lost in the continually recurring fits of ecstatic dizziness."[29] Finally, George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888),[30] although completely brazen and rather flaunting than remorseful, belongs with confessions because of the nature of its avowals—or, rather, proclamations. Here again it is the mind and attitudes that count, not the events. Even the Parisian background is no more than background, as the python, milk, and honey are merely stage properties to help induce a mood.

The total number of confessional autobiographies is not large, for the English mind, when impelled to confess, has usually preferred the safer medium of the novel. Neither are all secular confessions subjective; but the tendency toward exploration of the consciousness in them is so natural as not to require explanation. Religious confessions have always been subjective, and since 1800 other varieties of the type have shown an increasing propensity to become so.

Apology need be dwelt on only for a moment, since it differs from confession chiefly in making a serious and sustained effort to deny or justify the shameful acts. Giraldus' *De Rebus* (*ca.* 1200) and Clarendon's *Life* (written about 1670) turn less on psychic states than on deeds; the eighteenth-century *vies amoureuses* often begin on an apologetic note but gradually become either sensational or vindictive; Cibber's *Apology* (1740) is actually reminiscence.[81] The only "classical" English apology, Newman's *Apologia* (1864),[82] is unremittingly subjective, as it had to be to refute public accusations of bad faith. The dialectic approach is significant: not until Newman has shown his conviction that his character can be cleared only by an orderly recountal of his spiritual life from boyhood does he adopt the chronological method of conventional autobiography. Throughout the whole narrative, which is heavily documented from correspondence and published writings, he pursues his aim relentlessly, never for an instant forgetting why he took up his pen, never lapsing into reminiscence or including a detail tangential to the spiritual history.

The ground has at last been cleared for a discussion of the group of subjective autobiographies toward which the introductory remarks were pointed: the group which is not only the most impressive in mass, but also the most interesting as literature. In this final group, as in religious confessions, the author's psychological individuality, his states of intellectual and emotional being, are central. The assumption is constant, however, that personal character qua character—not "soul" in its Christian sense—is important enough for serious literary treatment. There is sometimes, again as in religious confessions, a theme: Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son* is "the diagnosis of a dying Puritanism";[83] Mill's *Autobiography*[84] is a study of the practical results of an educational theory; Moore's *Hail and Farewell*[85] concerns itself, through the author's experiences, with Ireland and Irish-

men; and so on. What is revolutionary is that there is no attempt, in what will hereafter be referred to as "developmental" autobiography, to make the writer's life typical by knocking off the edges of his individuality. If Dante's *Vita Nuova* is partly allegorical, so, in a more subtle sense, are Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* and St. Augustine's *Confessions,* in that they are focused, through the detailed examination of a specific soul, upon the ways in which God can work in any soul to produce Christian conviction.[36] Augustine and Bunyan hope that sins similar to their own will be acknowledged by the reader in his conscience and that he will be vicariously purified by their sufferings. They write, that is, with what used to be called by teachers of elocution the "oratorical purpose"—to induce a change of heart and action appropriate to the change. None of the "new" autobiographies is thus expressly moral in intention. Although Gosse has a low opinion of fundamentalist theology, he rather dissects than attacks it. Mill does not eagerly urge his father's educational system upon the country; he explains its advantages and disadvantages in terms of personal experience. Moore does not expect to reform Ireland by analyzing it, though he may hope to provoke some irritation. The aim has shifted from exhortation to exploration: the goal is not so much action as new knowledge. In pursuance of this goal the attempt is never, as it had formerly often been, to make the life under investigation seem as universal in character as it may have been exceptional in accomplishment. Rather, the contrary is true; even lives which are outwardly ordinary are made, by intensive scrutiny, to yield evidence of individuality.

The designation "developmental" has been chosen for such works because almost without exception they adopt as their subject some aspect of psychic development, some process of intellectual or affective becoming. That this is so must be illustrated freely by quotation, since few more important statements

can be made about recent autobiography than that in one of its most common—and both aesthetically and philosophically most interesting—forms it describes in terms of hereditary and environmental causality the gradual evolution of a set of attitudes or of some other aspect or aspects of personality.

Thus Mark Pattison expressly states that in his *Memoirs* he will focus on intellectual development: "I have really no history but a mental history . . . All my energy was directed upon one end—to improve myself, to form my own mind, to sound things thoroughly . . . If there is anything of interest in my story, it is as a story of mental development."[37] John Stuart Mill's statement of his purpose deserves quotation in full:

> I do not for a moment imagine that any part of what I have to relate, can be interesting to the public as a narrative, or as being connected with myself. But I have thought that in an age in which education, and its improvement, are the subject of more, if not of profounder study than at any former period of English history, it may be useful that there should be some record of an education which was unusual and remarkable, and which, whatever else it may have done, has proved how much more than is commonly supposed may be taught, and well taught, in those early years which, in the common modes of what is called instruction, are little better than wasted. It has also seemed to me that in an age of transition in opinions, there may be somewhat both of interest and of benefit in noting the successive phases of any mind which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn.[38]

John Beattie Crozier, a minor Canadian philosopher who took up residence in London, had as his aim "to indicate as succinctly and conscientiously as possible the successive stages through which I traveled in my mental evolution, with just sufficient illustration to make its course intelligible to the general reader."[39] Edmund Gosse explains that, "in a subsidiary sense," his analysis of fundamentalist psychology is "a study of the development of moral and intellectual ideas during the progress

of infancy"[40]—and the study is brilliant and penetrating. Even third- or fourth-rate writers like Sir Henry Morton Stanley, the African explorer and discoverer of Livingstone, remote as they were from the more daring speculation of the age, felt the demand for the minutiae of consciousness and an explanation of why things happened.

I may tell how I came into existence, and how that existence was moulded by contact with others; how my nature developed under varying influences, and what, after life's severe test, is the final outcome of it. I may tell how, from the soft, tender atom in the cradle, I became a football to chance, till I grew in hardihood, and learned how to repel kicks; how I was taught to observe the moods and humors of that large mass of human beings who flitted by me.[41]

Herbert Spencer, who was at the very core of the century's thought, acknowledges explicitly the scientific purpose inherent in studies of development; he will write a "natural history": "It has seemed to me that a natural history of myself would be a useful accompaniment to the books which it has been the chief occupation of my life to write. In the following chapters I have attempted to give such a natural history."[42] Alfred Russel Wallace, a scientist of distinguished attainments, undertook to trace the influence of environment upon his character:

As several of my friends have assured me that a true record of a life, especially if sufficiently full as to illustrate development of character so far as that is due to environment, would be extremely interesting, I have kept this in mind, perhaps unduly, though I am not at all sure that my own conclusions on this point are correct.[43]

H. G. Wells asserts that "an autobiography is the story of the contacts of a mind and a world"[44] and then proceeds, after a long analysis of his hereditary physique and nervous organization, to explain that his subject is the interaction of the human monad and the universe in which it found itself:

And now, having conveyed to you some idea of the quality and defects of the grey matter of that organized mass of phosphorized fat

and connective tissue which is, so to speak, the hero of the piece, and having displayed the *persona* or, if you will, the vanity which now dominates its imaginations, I will try to tell how in this particular receiving apparatus the picture of its universe was built up, what it did and failed to do with the body it controlled and what the thronging impressions and reactions that constituted its life amount to.[45]

As can be seen from the excerpts, the emphasis in developmental studies is upon successive states of being and the progression from one to the next. Carlyle, though not himself a philosophical determinist, phrased succinctly the requirements for both biography and autobiography as they were then coming to be understood.

How did the world and man's life, from his [i.e., the subject's] particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; and how produced was his effect on society? . . . He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography.[46]

As has already been suggested, development implies orderly, and not accidental, change. One state contains within itself the seeds of the next; the second contains the seeds of the third, which were therefore also implicit in the first; and so on. In other words, development implies causality. And this fact requires special emphasis. Until a mechanistic or naturalistic universe came to be posited, it was impossible that autobiography should attempt to *account for* the personal uniqueness of its subject. So long as the will maintained a princely rank in the hierarchy of the "faculties," life inevitably appeared self-directed, unpredictable, arbitrary. People willed honesty, perseverance, industry, or other qualities of character, and throve or suffered in

accordance with their deserts. As a natural consequence, in earlier centuries life was viewed as actions performed and decisions arrived at; and written lives, in the form of *res gestae,* followed the philosophical assumption. But when determinism began increasingly, and, among authors, almost regularly, to be postulated of human life, as well as of nonhuman nature, autobiographers—many of whom, like Darwin, Huxley, Galton, Bray, Mill, Spencer, and Wallace, were either scientists or scitific philosophers—began to feel it their duty not only to describe how the individual life was lived, but also to explain why it was necessarily lived so and not otherwise. Hereditary and environmental influences now assumed the centrality which had formerly been accorded to actions and observations; and the materials, as well as the methods and purpose, of autobiography changed radically.

Whether the increasingly naturalistic drift of fiction affected the course of autobiography directly it would be difficult to say. It is certain, however, that the "scientific" element in autobiography and the novel developed, if not quite simultaneously, at no great interval of time. Nor is this fact astonishing; the human mind, in ways often beyond its own comprehension, is usually (one surmises) fairly consistent.

Besides the works which are steadily and competently developmental there are others which show a new awareness of causality but lapse frequently into one of the older modes: reminiscence most often, chronicle, apology, and confession sometimes. The transition from scientific to other purpose may occur repeatedly and fleetingly, or it may come definitely and finally at the moment at which the autobiographer's character becomes relatively stable. Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography,*[47] for example, is consistently developmental until, in the narrative, her acquisition of a literary reputation gives her a new self-confidence and even vindictiveness of character; from that point

on the work is partly apology and partly *res gestae,* while continuing to give some attention to development. Trollope's *Autobiography,*[48] as we have seen, changes in nature completely at the moment of the author's arrival in Ireland; previously it was naturalistic, afterward it is a mixture of reminiscence and life-and-career. Yet even works which suffer from uncertainty of aim can be better understood if the parts are measured against intangible absolutes. Criticism is in part the effort to find useful descriptive terms; and all description implies measurement against concepts which are more nearly pure in the mind than in their empirical referenda.

A word may be added about methods of approach to the writing of naturalistic autobiography. In the nineteenth century, at least, the author usually raised a large part of his materials into memory by introspection and then simply thought about them. No other way of re-creating a vanished past was widely known or practiced. First the bringing of memories into consciousness, then reflection and shaping: as late as the end of the century William James was convinced that even in systematic psychology "introspective observation is what we have to rely on, first and foremost. The word introspective need hardly be defined; it means, of course, the looking into our own minds and reporting what we there discover. Every one agrees that we there discover states of consciousness."[49] When possible, available documents were used to refresh the memory: diaries, letters, published writings, and so on. Only two nineteenth-century autobiographers—Herbert Spencer, who might have been expected to blaze a new trail, and Newman, who was fighting a hostile and incredulous public opinion—appear, however, to have relied consistently on documentary evidence.[50] Spencer tried to examine himself as if he were a complete stranger, drawing deductions from his own books and letters as though no recourse to memory were possible; and in the attempt, of course, he

forfeited much of the advantage of his intimate knowledge and became, so far as he was faithful to his method, his own biographer. With the exception of these men, the scientific autobiographer used, and probably will continue to use, introspection as his principal method of recovering the past.

Mrs. Burr, the first and most ardent American student of autobiography, showed great interest in the scientific purpose and succeeded in tracing it back as far as Jerome Cardan's *De Vita Propria Liber* (written *ca.* 1576). In a recapitulatory paragraph she declares:

> Unquestionably the scientific self-examination is as modern in thought as it is rare in practice . . . A certain temperament only is moved to it, and only under certain conditions. Yet the names of the followers of Cardan are among the great leaders of thought. He who writes "a natural history of himself," in Herbert Spencer's phrase, is he who knows that self to be worth observation. The entire group of modern English scientists of the nineteenth century write their lives in the scientific or Cardan manner.[51]

In England an early autobiography which adumbrates, if it does not achieve, a scientific emphasis is "A True Relation of [my] Birth, Breeding, and Life" (1656), by Margaret Cavendish, later Duchess of Newcastle.[52] The account of the eccentric Duchess' breeding is full of psychological significance—more so, perhaps, for the modern than for the seventeenth-century reader—and, whatever the motivating purpose, can properly be regarded as a study of character in a broadly sketched environmental setting. Cowley's "Of My self" (1669) turns rather on manifestations of a natural predisposition than on external forces affecting development, but congenital characteristics are themselves formative, and the focus is consistently subjective.[53] Johnson's fragmentary "Annals" and the early pages of Hutton's *Life* anticipate in a remarkable way Spencer's "natural history" in recording with scrupulous honesty all the happenings and observa-

tions of early childhood that remained accessible to the memory.[54] Mary Darby Robinson's *Memoirs* (first published in 1801; later editions in 1803, 1826, and 1894), although really a sentimental history, attempts to show that her "romantic and singular characteristics" were due to her early surroundings. She was born in a "chamber" which was "dark, gothic, and opening on the minster sanctuary, not only by casement windows that shed a dim mid-day gloom, but by a narrow winding staircase, at the foot of which an iron spiked door led to the long gloomy path of cloistered solitude."[55] In this "awe-inspiring habitation" Mary Darby was born on a tempestuous night when "the wind whistled round the dark pinnacles of the Minster tower, and the rain beat in torrents against the casements."[56] Her first reading was epitaphs, her favorite stories those "of melancholy import," and her early singing so pathetic that her mother could scarcely bear to hear it.[57] Much of this may be fraudulent—the truth was not in Mary Darby—but the method, in its overdrawn Gothic way, is scientific so long as her character, as distinguished from the specific sentiments she wishes to justify, is the subject, and the materials are those required by the method.

With the self-portraits of Johnson, Hume, and Gibbon, more properly "scientific" studies had already begun to appear, and throughout the nineteenth century they came off the presses in steadily increasing numbers. At first the impulse hardly understood itself; Thomas Holcroft's fragmentary *Memoirs* (1816) hovers between types, Sir Egerton Brydges' *Autobiography, Times, Opinions and Contemporaries* (1834) wanders and complains;[58] but by the last quarter of the century the hesitant trickle had become a confident flood. Between 1870 and 1900 John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Charles Bray, Anthony Trollope, Mark Pattison, John Ruskin, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and John Beattie Crozier wrote autobiographies which in spite of temporary lapses into other modes are for the most part studies

of psychic development. By the beginning of the present century it had become all but impossible for serious autobiographers, as opposed to memoirists and writers of reminiscence, to write of their own characters except in terms of forces and influences. Sir Walter Besant, Herbert Spencer, Alfred Russel Wallace, Edmund Gosse, Annie Besant, Francis Galton, Sir Henry Morton Stanley, Maurice Baring, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rudyard Kipling, Somerset Maugham, and many others have chosen their materials, if sometimes with an eye to intrinsic interest, in the main with the intention of explaining the shaping of a mind and character, which in turn decided the career. And this trend, aside from the continued popularity of reminiscences and the growing number of autobiographical novels, seems at present to be dominant. If literature is not to resign itself to escapism or social history, the emphasis is probably salutary.

There remain to be noticed only three or four works representative of a mixed type which appears to derive from an opinion, shared equally by ancients and medievals, and not yet entirely dead, that the lives of ordinary citizens possess less interest and significance than the lives of the great—kings, noblemen, generals, religious and political leaders, and others whose public careers have had an effect upon national destiny. As recently as 1911 Sir Sidney Lee, chief editor, after Sir Leslie Stephen, of the *Dictionary of National Biography,* felt, as has already been remarked, that "the life of a nonentity or a mediocrity . . . conflicts with primary biographic principles." Actions, he says further, "however beneficent or honorable, which are accomplished or are capable of accomplishment by many thousands of persons are actions of mediocrity, and lack the dimension which justifies the biographer's notice."[59]

The feeling underlying such an assertion can readily be appreciated. The military exploits of Alexander, the internal poli-

cies of King Alfred, the spiritual authority of Boniface, had an immediate and powerful effect upon the lives of thousands, whereas the existence of an ordinary citizen had little effect on the prosperity of the state and was thought to be significant only to his friends and relatives. It remained for more recent centuries to discover that the state consisted of individuals, most of them quite ordinary. On the English stage (to draw a suggestive parallel) the domestic drama was the exception rather than the rule until at least the beginning of the eighteenth century. Most of the serious Elizabethan and Restoration dramas carry in the list of dramatis personae the names of kings, queens, dukes, cardinals, and generals, to whom, in the action, lesser characters are carefully subordinated. Even today the proportion of tail coats and opera wraps is greater in fictive life than in real. The instinct of writers to seize upon the most "important" subjects they can find has not yet been destroyed by convictions of the equality of men before God or the law.

The result of this instinct in life writing was that early biographies were concerned as much with national events as with the lives of particular persons. It was long before the habit of confusing biography with history began to yield to the perception of limitations inherent in the genres. At present it is widely recognized that biography becomes entangled with group history to the prejudice of its art.[60] Even Sir Sidney Lee speaks disapprovingly of the mingling of the two.[61] Nevertheless, from time to time a biography or autobiography has appeared in which the history of a life blends into history of a broader kind—the story of war, politics, or social changes. When this occurs, the narrative ceases to be wholly a "life" and may be described most accurately as life-and-times.

It is necessary, before proceeding, to distinguish between life-and-times and memoir, which may also treat largely of public affairs. Clarendon's *Life* is richer in historical incident than Rich-

ard Baxter's *Reliquiae,*[62] yet is materially quite distinct from the works now being considered. The life-and-times is not characterized, as the memoir is, by the inclusion of "inside" information in the possession of someone intimately concerned in deciding the historical event itself; its author does not enjoy—or suffer from—a privileged point of view, like that of an observant soldier. It offers rather an explanation of social conditions as they affected large numbers of private citizens. How, for instance, did the religious and political tensions of the seventeenth century appear to a dissenting clergyman and the more or less passive members of his parish? Baxter will tell us. He ceases repeatedly to write of his private life, broadens his view, and discusses opinions and attitudes common to a social group. Or what, in the same century, were the effects upon business and trade of coin clipping, which led to the virtual disappearance of unmutilated currency? William Stout's *Autobiography*[63] is full of valuable information on the subject. The life-and-times, in brief, is an autobiographical subtype in which the author lays down alternate strata of individual and group history.

The *Life of Frances Power Cobbe*[64] offers a convenient illustration. Miss Cobbe begins in a genealogical and anecdotal vein, but gradually becomes more deeply serious and analytical, until the reader begins to anticipate a penetrating self-study. The promise is unfulfilled. At the end of the first hundred and twenty-three pages come two chapters on conditions in Ireland in the 1830's and 1840's. Since Miss Cobbe relates incidents and observations of which she had heard at second or third hand, her subject seems now to be social history. A fifty-two-page section entitled "Long Journey" adds still further complication. In the second volume are chapters on "London in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies," "The Claims of Women," and "The Claims of Brutes" (she was a formidable antivivisectionist). The work is thus materially complex; it includes autobiography, social his-

tory, travelogue, and argumentation; but on the whole a description of it as life-and-times is not misleading. A similar judgment must be passed on the *Autobiography* of Samuel Smiles (1905), the "authorized and pious chronicler of the men who founded the industrial greatness of England."[65] Smiles succumbs to the biographical method to which he has been accustomed; he undertakes research on Corn Law agitation, the development of railroads, and the movement for state-supervised education.

Thus far the way is reasonably clear. At present it would be difficult to carry a study of autobiographical content further without becoming involved in a welter of details which would illuminate particular works without adding much to the comprehension of general principles. Other smaller categories could be discovered, or wholly different ones based on some other principle of subdivision; but no apology is necessary for an assertion that some autobiographies make much of psychic states whereas others do not; that among those which do not, an emphasis is sometimes placed on actions and sometimes on observations; that among those which do, religious and secular confessions and histories of intellectual development, often sufficiently attentive to hereditary and environmental influences to justify description as "scientific," occupy recognizable subdivisions; and that a mixed type, partly personal in focus and partly social, can conveniently be called life-and-times. We turn next to an examination of structure in the hope of discovering how, within the limitations imposed by the necessity of absolute fidelity to what is known of the past, autobiographies can attain the integration of parts and fusion of the whole which result in the achievement of form.

Part Three

FORM: THE VEHICLE OF MEANING

CHAPTER V

SHAPE AND TEXTURE

A LITERARY WORK consists not only of materials, but also of proportions and relationships. The proportions partly determine *shape;* the relationships—direct, referential, allusive, reverberatory, and other—by their mutual attractions and repulsions strengthen, and in part create, a structure, which, if the organizing mind of the author has worked happily, may achieve the relative tautness of *form.*

Something is known about the formal principles operative in poems, plays, and novels. Formal analysis of plays and epics goes back at least to Aristotle, formal analysis of other kinds of poetry at least to Horace. The novel is a comparatively new genre but has had keen formal critics at least since the time of Henry James. Factual literary types like history, biography, and autobiography have not, however, attracted much critical attention, and the attention granted them has seldom been focused on problems of form. Discussions of history tend to become entangled in questions about truthfulness, and discussions of biography and autobiography to become involved in reflections about human personality. Moreover, biography has been studied as a genre by only a few writers, and autobiography has been separated critically from biography only rarely and has never been made the subject of a published volume of specifically literary studies.[1] We cannot, therefore, hope in the following chapters to do more than make tentative approaches to a theory of autobiographical form; but beginnings can have values, and the shortcomings of a first effort can be remedied by persons who find them provocative. Indeed, one function of a pioneer study is to irritate readers into disagreement; for the efforts of interested groups lead to more knowledge than the labor of an individual.

The first step must be to define "autobiography," a task which has purposely been deferred to this point. Even here new ground must be broken. The emphasis of Mrs. Burr's *The Autobiography* (1909) was not "literary," and not until 1911, when Sir Sidney Lee's Cambridge lecture on "The Principles of Biography" was published as a small book, did there exist a full volume of either biographical or autobiographical criticism in English.[2] To the present day no serious attempt has been made either by lexicographers or by critics to demarcate autobiography precisely. The very word "autobiography" does not long antedate 1809, when Robert Southey, in a *Quarterly Review* article, made the first recorded use of it. Todd's dictionary, in 1818, did not contain it, nor did any other dictionary until 1845;[3] and the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* which treats literary topics more fully than later editions, followed the French *Grande Encyclopédie* and preceded the fifteenth edition of the German *Der Grosse Brockhaus* in merely listing a few sample autobiographies under the heading "Biography." As recently as 1936 W. F. Thrall and Addison Hibbard, in *A Handbook to Literature,* felt it necessary to point out that "as a division of literature, the field [of autobiography] is usually so loosely defined as to include memoirs, diaries, and even letters."[4] Yet it has already been observed that in some respects biography and autobiography are as widely separated as history and the novel, and the distinction between autobiography and other less formal kinds of self-portraiture has become a commonplace among students.

Stauffer recognizes that however valuable a diary may be as a source of biographical information, journals are not autobiographies:

> The diary makes no attempt to see life steadily and see it whole. It is focussed on the immediate present, and finds that the happenings of twenty-four hours are sufficient unto the day. It becomes, there-

fore, not the record of a life but the journal of an existence, made up of a monotonous series of short and similar entries. Furthermore, in a study of biography as a literary form, the diary has scant claim to consideration, for it makes no pretence to artistic structure.[5]

Mrs. Burr, who studied the subjective tendency in literature without showing much interest in compositional techniques, nevertheless recognized the same difference: ". . . we come to feel that the main difference between diary and autobiography lies in the increased sense of proportion in the latter, whose first object is to clear away everything which may come between you and the subject."[6] The contrast is unmistakable: an autobiography is one work, a series of entries in a diary several; in an autobiography the whole life, or at least a considerable segment, is seen in long perspective, in the diary the temporal depth is shallow. Moreover, the motivating impulses are quite distinct. The inner compulsion which leads to journal keeping differs from that which leads to the writing of an autobiography precisely as the desire to comment on the incidents of successive days differs from the urge to find unity or drift in a considerable span of years. Diaries are usually the result of a wish to preserve experience, as a married woman may preserve the letters of her rejected suitors; and when they are not—when they consist rather of thoughts or reflections than reports on the happenings of particular days—they are likely to become commonplace books divorced more or less completely from time instead of embedded in it, as is the typical autobiography. The typical autobiography is a summing up, a review of the whole life or an important segment of it—the stepping back of a painter to have a look at the finished canvas. The fact that diaries also make interesting revelations about individual lives may be significant to the psychologist, but to the student of literary genres is irrelevant. It is not even certain that autobiographies characteristically rely heavily on materials drawn from diaries. The tone

of large numbers of autobiographies makes impossible the assumption that behind them lie elaborate journals of which they are redactions.

If journals are not autobiography, letters, which by their nature are also fragmentary and unconnected, are still less so. As J. S. Mill wrote long ago to his friend Sterling, letters reveal

> the life of man, and above all the chief part of his life, his inner life, not gradually unfolded without break or sudden transition, those changes which *take place* insensibly being also *manifested* insensibly; but exhibited in a series of detached scenes, taken at considerable intervals from one another, showing the completed change of position or feeling, without the process by which it was effected.[7]

Stauffer draws a similar distinction, remarking that the biographical value of correspondence is accidental, not deliberate.[8] Furthermore, like diaries, a volume of letters can possess no unity; and each letter is conditioned by its recipient, with the result that any sizable group shows wide variations in degrees and kinds of reticence.

So far the way is clear. Still another sort of highly personal document must be rejected, however, before it will become possible to offer a tentative definition. There are certain novels, character sketches, and reflective writings that reveal, and perhaps interpret, intimate thoughts and experiences (they may, indeed, be more "spiritually" truthful than professed lives) which yet cannot, despite their autobiographical value, be called autobiography. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus,* Dickens' *David Copperfield,* and George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss* are examples. It cannot be questioned that the second book of *Sartor Resartus* is of importance to an understanding of Carlyle's intellectual development. But the hero of *Sartor* has adventures which Carlyle did not have: he sees the Great Wall of China, serves the Emperor Napoleon, is nearly shot as a spy. More important still, *Sartor* was not given to the public as "truth," but as something

else—what, we need not now determine. *David Copperfield* and *The Mill on the Floss* were meant to be read as novels and not as personal histories of their authors. The relation between the man Dickens and the "created" personage Copperfield is probably similar to that between Harriet Martineau and a girl in one of her stories:

> I have one more little anecdote to tell about the heroine of "The Hamlets." I was closely questioned by Miss Berry one day when dining there, about the sources of my draughts of character,—especially of children,—and, above all, of Harriet and Ben in "The Hamlets." I acknowledged that these last were more like myself and my brother than anybody else. Whereupon the lively old lady exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole party, "My God! did you go out shrimping?" "No," I replied, "nor were we workhouse children. What you asked me about was the characters."[9]

A portrait of character only is not what is expected in autobiography. Moreover, disclosures of this kind, coming as they do in the midst of narratives which are accepted by the reader as imaginative and not "true," lack the aesthetic effect, whatever it may be, of a professed delineation of the author; and this effect, whether for good or ill, is an essential part of the intellectual and emotional response proper to autobiography.

It does not, of course, follow that all autobiography is true and all fiction false. Nevertheless, the failure of some autobiographers to be minutely "truthful" and the readiness of some novelists and reflective writers to be so does not affect the formal distinction. A determining consideration is what Mrs. Burr has called the "autobiographical intention."[10] If the author wishes to be understood as writing of himself and as setting down (so far as is humanly possible) nothing that is not literally and factually true, his work is autobiography, provided only that it has a considerable time span and is single and continuous. If he wishes to be understood as writing imaginatively, it is something else.

The definition already hinted by selections among possible materials can now be stated explicitly. Autobiography is the professedly "truthful" record of an individual, written by himself, and composed as a single work. "Professedly truthful" excludes metaphorical and fictive analogues; "composed as a single work" excludes letters, journals, and diaries. There remains only autobiography "proper," and with that, and that only, we shall hereafter concern ourselves.*

Thus far one need have no misgivings. From here on one must strike out for oneself, helped only by the few conjectures that have been made about autobiographical form as distinct from biographical. Dunn asserted dryly that autobiographers follow biographical practice in speaking first of their birth, but, for the rest, determine their own procedure.[11] Mrs. Burr, who found certain formal archetypes in Caesar's *Commentaries,* St. Augustine's *Confessions,* and Cardan's *De Vita Propria Liber,* nevertheless quoted Anatole France to the effect that memoirs escape literary fashions: "On ne doit rien à la mode—on ne cherche que la vérité humaine."[12] D. K. Merrill believed that in autobiography "manner supersedes method."[13] Stauffer found that before 1700 at least, the school of autobiography was "much looser" than the school of biography, and that influences and derivations were harder to trace because fewer autobiographies were published.[14] The only hint of a deeper insight is in Dunn, who laid himself open to a charge of inconsistency by remarking in his introduction:

> Of recent years—notably since the beginning of the nineteenth century—autobiography has come to be regarded as a distinct literary form with characteristics and requirements peculiar to itself. It is indeed closely related to what in general we call biography, yet it is definitely separated from it. Its independence within its own realm is secure and permanent.[15]

*I avoid entering here into the problem of temporal scope. How many years constitute a "life"? In the case of autobiographers, fewer, usually, than the total number lived before the time of writing; but what proportion must the years described bear to the years lived? I know no satisfactory answer to the question.

Although this is not, perhaps, very much to go on, it is all one can find besides what can be learned from the autobiographies themselves. If we fix them with a patient enough gaze, something may at last stand out, some formal contours become visible, some pattern show itself in the arrangements of blocks of materials.

We may begin by observing that the problem for which the autobiographer must find an intellectually and aesthetically adequate solution is that of giving form to historical experiences of a four-dimensional quality in a medium of linear prose. All sorts of perplexities are present from the outset, for the autobiographer, unlike the novelist or dramatist, is not imagining, but remembering, and hence has many of the creative artist's difficulties plus others peculiar to the literature of fact. His memories may arise as sensations, as emotional states which reflect with more or less distortion other prior states, or as verbal configurations. Or they may arise in more than one of these ways at once—as, for instance, when a picture carries emotional associations. Now for only one of these kinds of recollection, the verbal configuration, are words a wholly suitable medium of communication. The other two kinds must be described, if possible, in words; what is pictorial or affective must either be spoken of in abstract terms ("What a *beautiful* valley!" "a *mournful* tune") or broken down into bits which are arranged in some orderly fashion and then offered the reader in successive fragments, like a message pounded out by a teletypewriter. Since the abstract summary, unless accompanied by corroborative details, requires a more complete submission of the reader's perceptive intelligence to guidance than can normally be expected, it is usual for a complex instantaneous experience to be held static for a whole series of instants. Conversely, years must often be compressed into moments. An autobiography that summarizes the events of half a century can hardly require a half

century for reading; months and even years must be brushed aside with a phrase. Yet the historical life on which the book is based has been lived in a steadily progressive time within which some change or development, also reasonably progressive, has occurred. This change, which ordinarily provides the unifying principle, must somehow be rhythmically retarded and accelerated without misleading the reader about the historical actuality.

Stated thus, the autobiographer's predicament may seem hopeless; but in fact most human communication is verbal, and both the writer and his readers have learned, by a process of acculturation, enough conventions to make some transfer of impressions possible. The special obstacle confronting the autobiographer is his want of a literary tradition created specifically for his purpose. Although there are signs of the slow evolution of such a tradition, the absence, in a highly critical age, of criticism calling attention to its elements suggests that as yet it has been sensed only confusedly and is by no means a sufficiently common possession of the literate public to have acquired much serviceability. Its emergence, one may note in passing, has been seriously hindered by the curious uniqueness of autobiography as the only kind of literary project which is normally undertaken only once in a lifetime. Accordingly, most of the conventions useful to autobiographers, so far as the conventions are literary and not those of common speech, have been borrowed from other modes to which they were native. At first the borrowings were chiefly from history; more recently they have been from both history and the novel. These, however, helpful as they are, have not been enough, and if empirical thought patterns continue to stimulate an interest in individual lives, special techniques will no doubt be invented.

In the meantime, the virtually unanimous adoption of one aspect of treatment has discouraged experimentation and imposed a kind of tyranny upon what is otherwise a rather too

carelessly flexible mode. Since the situations and happenings which are to be reported arose successively in time, the problem of arrangement has been solved—or evaded—by the adoption of chronological order. The utmost concession to logic, except in a handful of atypical works, has been the division of the life into slightly overlapping phases. This is tantamount to saying that few autobiographies are skillfully *composed.* The organization has been, as Moore said even of *Hail and Farewell,* a gift of Nature.[16] More strictly, arrangement has been determined by the operation of mind on a mass of raw lumber already indisputably *there* in a certain temporal order. It is probably because so much is gratuitously given in historical literature that literary critics have been wary of coming closely to grips with it. The mediation between bodies of irreducible fact and belletristic theories deduced from assumptions about imaginative art is not easy.

Nevertheless, something can be said of the principles in accordance with which form has been imposed upon a welter of temporally aligned recollections. It is apparent, first of all, that the varieties of factual literature have been tending toward more complete separation. Thus the concept of history implied fidelity to precedent fact, and that of biography the centrality of a single historic personage; and when factual biography became popular, history necessarily found other objects than individual lives to investigate. The preciser delimitation of aims, the sharper disjunction of methods and techniques—in a word, the movement of each variety away from the others—were products of the working of an aesthetic intelligence which has often seemed to desire the dissociation of adjacent purposes. Accordingly, without in the least avowing an acceptance of Platonic archetypes or proclaiming anything so absurd as that autobiographical form has lain for centuries quietly awaiting discovery, one can assert that since its beginnings in the seventeenth century English autobiography has felt steady pressure from a partly subconscious

drive to separate it from other adjacent literary types so that it might become more fully and effectively itself.

The three most closely related forms from which differentiation was necessary were history, biography, and the novel. Biography and autobiography arose at about the same time and drifted together toward a more consistently individual focus, biography perhaps a little in advance. Some confusion with history persists; either the memoir or the biography of a prime minister is likely to be, in parts, rather national history than "life"; but considerable progress has been made. Differentiation from biography was consequent upon a chief-character point of view, although autobiographers could hardly avoid accepting from biographers assumptions concerning the comparative importance of experiences. Differentiation from the novel was more difficult and is still far from accomplished. Indeed, there are evidences that the novel and autobiography are moving, in some respects, toward closer similarity: the novel in becoming more highly personal, autobiography in adopting more of the techniques and tone of fiction. Yet the insistence of the autobiographer on the "truthfulness" of what he has written and the customary denial by the novelist that he is the principal character of his story provide helpful means of discrimination.

The intimate relationship of autobiography to prior states of historical actuality is crucial, and must be examined further. Something was, something happened, something became; it is the autobiographer's duty to ascertain the exact nature of the becoming, happening, or being and to make this clear to his reader. The novelist, on the other hand, may start with a theme, which he may embody in any set of imaginary occurrences; with a situation, which he may approach from any of numerous starting points; with a feeling, which can be made concrete in a variety of ways; or with one or more characters, who can be made to reveal their individuality by the most ideally appropriate

conduct. Undoubtedly there are best methods of treating fictive materials, whether largely "imaginary" or largely "real" (though the determination of what is *absolutely* best is scarcely possible to finite minds); but whereas the novelist, within limits, may "create" persons and situations, the autobiographer can only re-create.

It has already been admitted that the history written by autobiographers, like all history, is far from being a flawless transcript of reality. Errors and inaccuracies of many kinds, deliberate as well as unintentional, prevent the achievement of ideal truthfulness. It was observed earlier that there are lapses of memory, which are filled in by suppositions of what must have been. There is a rationalizing habit of the mind, which, like Aristotle, prefers probable impossibilities to improbabilities and is subconsciously eager to arrange experience in such a way as to make sense. There is the natural desire to appear to advantage, to display oneself in a favorable light. There are semantic failures arising from the inability to communicate successfully what is accurately remembered and correctly interpreted. Yet, since all historical writing is subject to at least as great limitations, when every qualification has been made it remains evident that the autobiographer, unlike the dramatist or novelist, must find the great mass of his primary materials in what he believes to have been past actuality.

This is not to say that no creation enters into retrospective narration. Unless the autobiography is to find unity simply in the identity of the remembering mind, the writer's fragmentary, incoherent, and occasionally contradictory memories must be given drift and purport. The reduction of chaos to order is creation, unless creation is to be given an illiberally narrow meaning; interpretation as well as origination (which, in the strict sense, the principle of the conservation of energy declares to be impossible) brings into explicit being qualities and essences

which before have been only potential—that is to say, compossible with the universe as it is. Moreover, the obstacles to a complete and flawless recapturing of the past render inevitable, in autobiography as in history, the creation of a new past—a past recognizably similar to the actual past in obvious ways, but different, in spite of every straining for truthfulness, in shading, in inclusiveness, and even in coherence and comprehensibility.

The most easily perceptible bits of creation appear in the annotative remarks—the "comments," as autobiographers usually think of them—which accompany the description of almost every segment of experience. Even if direct expository interpretation is avoided, the arrangement of the details, the distribution of emphasis in the word order and rhythms, and the highlighting or shadowing of the objects perform an interpretative function. It would be hard to find a barer, more consistently narrative passage than the following one from Newman's *Apologia:*

> I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my House at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me; Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends . . . On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.[17]

But examination shows even this passage to be full of interpretation. Two temporal planes are placed side by side, that of the period being described and that of the moment of writing; or more than two, if one wishes to take into consideration the fact that the latter includes awareness drawn from the whole of the

preceding life. "For good" looks into the future; "as I had been for the first day or two" and "one of my very oldest friends" glance at the past; and the last sentence is again anticipatory. "Simply," "my dear friend," and "too" in this context are not coldly limiting or colorlessly descriptive expressions, but have strong emotional overtones. On the whole, however, in this passage interpretation is achieved by selection and arrangement. We are not to believe that we have been told everything Newman remembered about the moment at which he deliberately renounced values which formerly had seemed to him infinitely precious. There must have been packing to be supervised, tickets to be bought, rooms to be dismantled, decisions to be made concerning the servants, and other minutiae of preparation which were not wholly irrecoverable but were inappropriate to the narrative as it took shape in the writer's aesthetic intelligence. The arrangement is evident, as it is always evident in good literature, in the difficulty of obtaining an equally desirable effect by some other ordering of the details. And the effect of the organization, obviously, is interpretation; for organization implies unity, and unity implies an attitude, a point of view, even a critical evaluation.

Although now and then an autobiographer may succeed, momentarily, in re-creating a historical incident more "purely" than in the quoted paragraph, in most autobiographies the interpretative matrix has greater spatial importance. In Philip Gilbert Hamerton's incomplete but fairly representative developmental autobiography occurs this far cruder parallel on two temporal levels:

> In June, 1850, my first catamaran was launched on a fishpond. I built it myself, with an outlay of one pound for the materials. It was composed of two floats or tubes, consisting of a light framework of deal covered with water-proofed canvas. These were kept apart in the water, but joined above by a light open framework that served as a deck, and on which the passengers sat . . .

It is astonishing how very far-reaching in their effects are the tastes and habits that we acquire in early life! The sort of existence that I am leading here at Pré Charmoy, near Autun, in this year 1886, bears a wonderfully close resemblance to my existence at Hollins in 1850. I am living, as I was then, on a pretty estate with woods, meadows, pastures, and a beautiful stream, with hills visible from it in all directions. There is a fish-pond too, about a mile from the house, and I am even now trying catamaran experiments on this pond, as I did on the other in Lancashire. My occupations are exactly the same, and to complete the resemblance it so happens that just now I am reading Latin.[18]

The alternation from past to present, from the remembered act to the hour of writing, is explicit here. In the same way, although sometimes with more artistry, all autobiographies hold *what was* up to view in light reflected from *what is*.

The juxtaposition of two temporal planes, that of the moment of writing and that of the act or psychic state being reported, can be seen most clearly in developmental autobiographies, since in them all parts of the work find justification in a bearing upon ultimate character. In every autobiography, however, no matter how apparently unreflective its surface, scrutiny will reveal the author's mind working at one time over what is recalled from other times. The same alternation of planes occurs in biographies, in which P. G. Hamerton found the scantier primary materials often to invite excessive rationalization: "When the materials are not supplied in abundance a writer will eke them out with conjectural expressions which he only intends as an amplification, yet which may contain germs of error."[19] But if it is true that interpretation opens the door to error, it is also true that without interpretation there can be no definition of meaning. The alternative is a calendar of unassimilated facts. If we wish something more than the calendar, we must be grateful that the mind can play over a remembered experience: can first of all re-feel it, so far as modifications of nerve tissues permit

after the passage of years, and can then re-think it, looking forwards, backwards, and around the edges, relating it to the life as a whole, and fitting the experience, in the end, to its proper structural function.

The existence of the two planes is clearly significant for our purpose, since it is the juxtaposition of the later with the earlier that makes autobiographical form possible. The raw materials of the memory are put into a reflective matrix from which they can be dissociated only by an act of analysis. The matrix, moreover, is of greater importance both materially and technically than the uncritical reader is aware. It is the result of the long backward glance, without which there could be neither autobiographical form nor autobiographies. There would be only diaries and letters.

The matrix, then, by its plasticity and the pressures it can exert on what it receives, makes possible the achievement of form. Since the condition of form is unity, the next step is to examine the kinds of wholes to which the primary and secondary materials are reducible. These wholes must be considered in two aspects: that of shape and that of texture; that of the structural outlines which appear after the materials have been selected and arranged and that of the aesthetic surface. The method will require that we redivide what has just been brought together; but analysis is necessarily disruptive, and what is separated now will be reunited later.

We are brought back at once to the material types isolated earlier—now, however, diminished to three, since life-and-times was defined as irreducibly double. It may be presumed without argument that unity is attainable only through the focusing of every part of the work on a subject. Subject, technically speaking, is the author's purpose seen in terms of his materials. The materials are those of an individual human life; and life includes not only events, but also thoughts, feelings, kinesthetic sensa-

tions, and all the many states of the mind-body that constitute living. The purpose, moving selectively among the materials, rejects some and retains some, until ultimately there is left mainly *res gestae,* reminiscence, or subjective autobiography.

In *res gestae,* unity is (or is not) secured very much as in the picaresque story. A central figure acts, and is acted upon, without appearing to undergo essential modification of character; hence, whatever unity the work possesses must be found outside personality, in something other than thought or emotion. Yet since the events in a man's life are infinitely various, as Aristotle knew, and rarely reducible to a single plot, it is precisely upon personality that the writer is inclined to depend for his unifying principle. A difficulty accordingly arises.

One or the other of two plans has usually been adopted in an attempt to resolve the dilemma. The author may try, in whatever way he thinks most likely to succeed, to create an interest in himself as an acting, if not a reflecting and feeling, individual. For instance, he may suggest, like Wolseley, that he is a typical soldier, or, like Lackington and Ferguson, that his career typifies the industry by which men can rise above humble origins.[20] Or he may imply the significance of his actions as having been directed, with more than ordinary perseverance, toward the achievement of some socially approved ideal. Politicians, diplomats, and generals are especially prone to assume the importance of their deeds to their fellow citizens. The other plan is to minimize individual importance and discover independent values in the happenings themselves. The history then becomes that of a social event or process in which the autobiographer has been intimately concerned. Whether the author dominates the event or is partly subject to it (he can hardly be swept helplessly along by it without feeling the impulse to write rather reminiscence than *res gestae*), his actions are seen not as an end in themselves, but as subordinate to something external.

Theoretically, then, unification is possible in autobiographies of action, and in fact has more than once been achieved. Yet the achievement of unity is not easy. The attempt to awaken interest in the author as an individual may fail, or the historical event with which he has been associated may so usurp centrality that the autobiographer's separateness from it is lost sight of. If structure is attained at the expense of personal reference, the result is the forfeiture of autobiographical value. Or the historical subject—a war, shall we say—may have such narrow temporal limits that the narrative ceases to be a "life." Moreover, both the suggested techniques may be ignored. Many *res gestae,* like many picaresque novels, cannot truthfully be summarized as anything more than someone's more or less adventurous actions. If the writer's real interest in the events is consequent upon their having happened to *him,* it is essential that he cause the reader to make an empathetic identification with the author. This a reluctance to explore psychic states makes difficult or impossible. Accordingly the center of gravity shifts, and what was written as autobiography is read as an exciting (or tedious) story. In Cary's *Life* and dozens of other English *res gestae,* as in Casanova's more familiar *Memoirs,* the real subject is incident for the sake of incident.[21] Such works, being episodic, like *Gil Blas* or *Peregrine Pickle,* possess coherence only as the pseudoscientific "biographies" of a corpuscle, a drop of water, or a shilling do, in that the events all act upon the same object. Other works, without pretending to a historical purpose, limit themselves to the actions performed in a specific professional setting. These depend heavily upon a milieu for their unity.

In reminiscence, which, it will be recalled, concerns itself chiefly with observed social situations and overheard gossip, the basis of unity can be found, if at all, only in the continuity of the observing personality or—again—in a social or institu-

tional milieu. In Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences,*[22] for example, the setting is not constant, and it is therefore to the identity of the reporter that we must look for whatever unity the work possesses. Many—one might fairly say most—reminiscences are structurally similar to McCarthy's; properly speaking, they have no subject, are composed of a mass of heterogeneous and incoherent gossip, and can only be said to represent certain aspects of the world's appearance as presented to the author's eyes. If it is urged that McCarthy was writing of what he thought interesting or amusing in society, the reply must be that a unity which rests upon no firmer principle must be loose at best. A somewhat tighter structure can be effected by limiting the materials to the conversation and behavior of members of a particular social group. Thus Holman Hunt's *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*[23] concerns itself with the work and social behavior of a group of nineteenth-century English painters. Limitation has gone far here; of all Hunt's recollections only those which pertained to the painting, observed actions, and overheard small talk of a few men whom he saw for short times on certain days of his life were admissible without injury to the subject. Books written by actors usually confine themselves to the theater, and by virtue of localization achieve a stronger unity than those written by members of less clannish groups. Colley Cibber's *Apology* and William Macready's *Reminiscences*[24] are cases in point. The actor's absorption in his art has a salutary, though perhaps accidental, effect upon his literary method. Frequently a hint of the organizing principle of a reminiscent volume is afforded by the title: *Memoirs of a Bookman,* by James Milne (1934),[25] promises—and demonstrates—a more successful working of the formative intelligence than the typical work styled simply *Reminiscences.* The latter is apt to subordinate structure to piquancy, to consist of a series of unrelated anecdotes which the autobiographer

wishes, for various reasons, to pass on to his readers. Such a work is no more single than a joke book is single, and, lacking subject, cannot be said to have form.

The varieties of unity most frequently discernible in *res gestae* and reminiscence are not, obviously, of a very complex kind. Unity of the acting or observing personality was condemned by Aristotle as insufficient for drama—"Infinitely various are the incidents in one man's life, which cannot be reduced to unity" —and there is no sound reason for accepting it as adequate in autobiography in the absence of some meaningful pattern. Unity of milieu is analogous to unity of place; and although a play like *Grand Hotel* may successfully suggest the extension of incidents backward and forward in time and thus achieve a valid concrete universal—"Life is like that in a large international hotel"—a volume of reminiscent sketches or a book of incidents with no common denominator except that of having had something to do with diplomacy or military life almost never implies an extensional generalization. Is it possible, then, to say honestly that such works are unified?

In one frame of mind the critic is strongly tempted to say yes. He has, to be sure, a predilection for fused unity, for organic, not homogeneous, wholes. Nonetheless, there are times when he mistrusts the rigidity of his principles. Is not a finite homogeneous mass, like a bowl of gelatine or that restless protozoan creature, the amoeba, in its own way one? He thinks, perhaps, of an unpromising title like one visible a few years ago on movie marquees, *The Affairs of Geraldine,* and wonders whether the fact that a series of adventures is episodic is sufficient utterly to condemn it. He hopes that the affairs succeed one another as parts of some larger enveloping action; that they are progressive and not repetitious; that the climax resolves all the tensions, and not only the last. He goes on tightening his imaginary plot. Still, granted that the treatment is episodic, is it never legitimate

for a writer to say, "Let me tell you about my romantic (or exciting, or embarrassing, or African, or youthful) adventures"? For there are other kinds of unity than the unity of plot and the expository unity of a defined and explicated topic: there is unity of tone, for example, as in superlatively good dinner conversation.

So one may feel in a mood of temporary rebellion against the cognitive effort necessary to comprehend the significance of experience. And indeed, since the mind requires refreshment as well as exertion, a case can be made out for any writing which exploits an enduring human interest. Interest is itself a value, as modern aesthetics is aware. Nevertheless, it can hardly be questioned that artistic interest has degrees of intensity and that the higher intensities are resultant upon the artist's complete and interpretative domination of his materials. The handling of materials in *res gestae* and reminiscence is often mere submission. If autobiography is to become typically, and not merely in triumphant single documents, a meaningful art form, it must aspire to something more than the cogency of amusing or informative talk. It must accept the responsibility not only of reimagining a life, but of discovering within the life something greater than the sum total of incidents and observations. After all, the amoeba is spineless, and the gelatine cannot long sustain life. As a tragic poet, by keeping aesthetic control of his emotions without relaxing their tension, can show his superiority to misfortunes he has sympathetically felt, so the autobiographer, by finding a significant wholeness within the welter of jumbled memories, can perceive for each of his meaningful experiences a suitable organic function. It is something, no doubt, for him to succeed in arranging his paragraphs and chapters in an orderly series. It is infinitely more for him to take the further step of supporting meaning by form; and this the writers of *res gestae* and reminiscence, by reason of their passive acceptance

of what has impinged on their nerve endings, have rarely been able to do.

The most frequent approaches to organic unity have been in subjective autobiography, which may contain both actions and observations but explores psychic reactions more fully than *res gestae* or reminiscence. The most exciting structural successes require a more detailed examination than can be attempted at present, but we may look quickly, in the order of increasing complexity, at some recurrent patterns of unification.

In confession there may be some coherent section of experience, or some train of activity or reflection, which has troubled the autobiographer and at last impelled him to cathartic expression. In St. Augustine's *Confessions,* for instance, the motive for writing and the subject are alike religious. Only what bears upon the author's ultimate spiritual posture is admitted; we are told of doubts, of advances toward the acceptance of orthodox doctrine, of backslidings, and, finally, of a happy serenity in Christ. Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* has a similar focus and emotionally is perhaps even more intense. Psalmanazar's *Memoirs* attempts to make amends by confession for fraudulent pretenses. Other confessions lend themselves less readily to analysis. George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* has either no unity or a unity so concealed beneath frequent shifts of plane and almost of mode that the best-disposed reader searches in vain for it. Rousseau's *Confessions,* which is too notorious to pass over in silence, differs from developmental autobiography only in containing enough of the "nude" to startle queasy readers. In sum, confessions preserve unity most successfully when there is some attitude or series of closely linked actions which the author has long concealed and of which he has at last determined to relieve his conscience. The actions or attitudes may have been criminal, like Ireland's forgeries of Shakespearean manuscripts (though the criminal mind is likely

to express itself in *res gestae*), or sinful, as Bunyan and Augustine believed theirs to have been, but they are most suitable for autobiography if they are sufficiently complex to fill a volume without padding or digressions.[26]

Apology may be dismissed briefly, since there are few emotionally honest examples of the type in English. Of these few, Newman's *Apologia,* Clarendon's *Life,* and Giraldus' *De Rebus a Se Gestis* are representative.[27] In all three a determined effort is made to clear the character of unsavory imputations. In the *Apologia,* as Newman takes pains to show, the subject is a history of religious opinions:

> I recognized what I had to do, though I shrank from both the task and the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the true key to my whole life; I must show what I am, that it may be seen what I am not . . . I will draw out, as far as may be, the history of my mind; I will state the point at which I began, in what external suggestion or accident each opinion had its rise, how far and how they were developed from within, how they grew, were modified, were combined, were in collision with each other, and were changed . . . I must show,—what is the very truth,—that the doctrines which I held, and have held for so many years, have been taught me (speaking humanly) partly by the suggestions of Protestant friends, partly by the teaching of books, and partly by the action of my own mind: and thus I shall account for that phenomenon which to so many seems so wonderful, that I should have left "my kindred and my father's house" for a Church from which once I turned away with dread.[28]

Giraldus is less explicit; one is left wondering finally what kind of accusation he is defending himself against. No doubt the more powerful emotional impact of the *Apologia* is partly a result of the sharper focus and is not wholly dependent upon the vibrant stylistic overtones. Clarendon's *Life* finds point in a denial of the political crimes for which he was exiled.

The last kind of subjective autobiography, the type I have chosen to call developmental, is more complicated. One of

the least intricate and most effective means of unifying an autobiography that focuses upon character is to limit the materials to one phase or aspect of development and ignore all others, except so far as they bear upon the one which is central. John Stuart Mill's celebrated *Autobiography* is a study of intellectual development—of the increasing trenchancy, that is, of the philosopher's reasoning powers and his gradual attainment of more and profounder speculative truths as the result of his father's educational system.[29] Benjamin Robert Haydon's *Autobiography,* which is really a diary but has won enough celebrity to deserve notice in these pages, has to do with progress in painting, or, more accurately, the achievement of the deeper aesthetic insights which were to issue in better painting.[30] Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography,* after the poignant recountal of miseries suffered in childhood, settles down to a relation of the struggles and successes of a literary career.[31] Another means, which brings us still nearer to organic structure, is the discovery of theme within part or all of the life. Edmund Gosse, whose *Father and Son* has the form of a brilliant novel, decided in manhood that his most significant experiences up to late adolescence had been made somber by the shadow of a pernicious theology; hence he "diagnosed" the religious system in terms of his own contacts with it.[32] Mark Pattison, in reflecting about his long connection with Oxford, came to the rather bitter conclusion that English universities had been almost entirely bad a few decades earlier and were only gradually remedying their faults.[33] George Moore, during ten years' residence in Ireland at the beginning of the present century, believed himself to have discovered that Roman Catholic narrowness made art impossible in Ireland, and to prove the thesis wrote *Hail and Farewell,* tracing his contacts with Ireland from boyhood to his final removal to England. This three-volume work,[34] which is perhaps the most complex structural achievement in English autobiography, can be ade-

quately discussed only in a separate chapter. Unification by theme differs from unification by emphasis upon a single aspect of development in suggesting an extrapersonal frame of reference. The writer is still central, in that it is he who observes, reflects, and feels; but he thinks and feels less about his own states of being than about some external problem or institution with which his subjective existence has become involved. The result, as in Gosse and Moore, may be the approximation of novel form; and religious confessions also, by virtue of their possession of theme, may attain the structural tension of a novel. Another type of complex unity can be attained by accepting the autobiographer's character as it stands at the moment of writing—in a form, probably, which the author feels to be reasonably stable—and subjecting it to analysis in the hope of exposing the hereditary and environmental influences which have directed its evolution. Such works, to achieve their purpose, must, and do, assume more frankly and consistently than other developmental works the principle of absolute causality. Herbert Spencer's "natural history" of himself is a distinguished example; Darwin's autobiographical fragment (not the sketch) has a similar aim; Francis Galton's *Memories of My Life,* Alfred Russel Wallace's *Life,* Frances Power Cobbe's *Life,* John Beattie Crozier's *My Inner Life,* and, less consistently, Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Autobiography* are deterministic.[35] Other ways of unifying subjective autobiographies are conceivable; some, perhaps, have been tried. On the whole, however, it is not misleading to say that the most frequently recurrent methods are concentration on one phase or aspect of development, thematic analysis, and analysis of character in terms of universal causality.

The aesthetic quality of the achieved or defective unity is of course partly dependent upon the nature of the subject. But more is involved than this: the temper of the author's mind inevitably makes itself felt. Because of mental differences, a ge-

ologist and a lover of muscular sensation enjoy a trip across the Tibetan plateau for quite different reasons. Mr. Attlee was once reported by *The Economist* to touch nothing which he did not dehydrate;[36] in the same way Mill touched nothing that he did not analyze and Moore nothing that he did not dramatize. If, then, the autobiographer's character may cause him to subject stirring adventures to cool analysis or to find the excitement of drama in everyday living, it is clear that we must next look at the modes in which past experience is most frequently reconceived.

There is, first of all, the inert way, the way of mere acceptance. The mind may hardly react at all—at least may hardly acknowledge reacting, though it holds tenaciously to the objective facts. Everyone knows persons who are less aroused by a poem or symphony than by an announcement that a new hydroelectric dam has been built in Brazil or that the ovaries of sea urchins are edible. Accordingly, many autobiographies have something of the tone of the *World Almanac*. Frederick Locker-Lampson's *My Confidences*,[37] in spite of a futile effort to avoid triviality by raising and inflating the tone, is in the main merely assertive. There is neither drama nor analysis—only statement. Works with a genealogical purpose; chronicles of *res gestae* written for personal gratification and later published, like Cary's *Life*,[38] for their historical interest; village annals like those of William Stout;[39] the life story of a man who prides himself on the accuracy of his memory—William Hutton;[40] some volumes of reminiscence: all these, whether issuing actually from a dry mind or adopting a dry tone for a special purpose, assume that the bare fact, without explication or the creation of dramatic tension, is enough. The event is its own excuse for being. Such works may be said to be *declarative*.

Other minds, of which Mill's is typical, feel strongly the desire to comprehend, and, having comprehended, to explain. The

emphasis shifts from *what* to *why*. The fact is no longer passively registered, but is accepted as a point of departure for rational analysis. The tone is no longer simply assertive, though because of the nature of verbal discourse the sentences must make predications; the eye probes, the brain works over its data and arrives at conclusions. The philosophical temper is certain to express itself in this mood, in autobiography as in technical treatises; so also is the scientific temper, which differs only in being accustomed to make a more highly specialized search after causes and explanations. The autobiographies of Spencer, Wallace, Bray, Chesterton, Pattison, Crozier, and many others may accordingly be called *expository*.

A third kind of temperament longs to sense experience as action. For such a mind the merely cognitive apprehension of how an act is caused or what consequences follow it is incomplete or unsatisfying. If comprehension and vivid sensing are impossible together, the preference is for vivid sensing; or a series of events may attract interest simply as drama. The impulse to write *narrative* autobiography may result in the fusion of cognitive and emotional states, as in Moore and Gosse, or in a comparatively bare series of statements about temporally successive acts, as in many tales of *res gestae*. The emphasis may fall, therefore, either on *how* incidents occurred or on *what came next*. The distinction between *what* (simple declaration) and *what next* (the less complex variety of narration) turns on the degree of concatenation between acts aligned as a series. If many are incomplete without a sequel the mood is that of narration; if each stands comfortably alone the tone is declarative.

Without shading, the terms are perhaps too absolute—though no more so than the conventional division of prose "forms of discourse" into exposition, description, narration, and argumentation. Since an autobiography which is prevailingly narrative may pause now and then for the tracing of causality, or an ex-

pository work may contain passages which have the interest of story, there exists between the expository and narrative modes another more complex mode which alternates between narration and exposition; and in a later chapter Trollope's *Autobiography* will be studied as illustrative of the mixture.[41] Description, of which nothing has been said, in autobiography is instrumental to narration or exposition: in the one it aids in evoking a sensory response, in the other it sets before the reader the object to be analyzed. A declarative record could perhaps be considered expository and an apologetic one argumentative; argumentation, however, is only exposition intended to induce a reversal of judgment, and the distinction between declaration and exposition is useful for our purpose. We shall not go far astray if we say that the recurrent autobiographical modes are declaration, exposition, narration, and a mixture of narration and exposition. These, together with the unifying subjects which decide the selection of materials, determine the broad aspects of form.

We may now look at form somewhat more narrowly in search of parts within the whole. Since the discussion must remain abstract, we can safely go no further than to break up the totality into what Aristotle, in speaking of the drama, called the beginning, middle, and end. As the terms will be used here, they are equally applicable to any of the prose modes; for autobiographical exposition, whether analytic or declarative, is unlike philosophical exposition in dealing with a subject that is not static but temporally progressive. A life does not remain motionless while one talks about it—not even a life which has already receded into the past. It is too large and too complex to hold before the mind in an instant. In this respect it resembles not a painting but a book. One cannot stand and look at it; one must walk through it. From what point do autobiographers start? How do they proceed, and where do they come out?

The beginning presents no difficulty. A beginning, said Aristotle, is followed by something but preceded by nothing; the autobiographical interpretation of this notion, except in specialized memoirs and reminiscences, is that one may speak of his ancestors if he wishes but is equally within his rights if he begins with his birth or childhood. Of any ten autobiographies a casual reader may dip into in a library, at least eight will begin in one of these three ways. A notable departure from type is Moore's *Hail and Farewell,* which begins in middle life and recurs to early life in retrospective scenes and panorama; but few authors have had the technical assurance (or, probably, the ingenuity) to violate the usual pattern.

The end (which can most conveniently be discussed before the middle), while more variable, follows a fairly consistent pattern. Sometimes it comes at the conclusion of a specialized activity which has provided the subject: Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*[42] ends when the author ceases to hunt foxes; a politician's memoirs may be expected to end with a valediction to politics. Or the conclusion may come at the rounding off of youth or some other natural period of life. Gosse's *Father and Son*[43] ends with the son's attainment of moral independence at the age of twenty-one; W. H. Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago*[44] is a story of childhood and adolescence. Again, the autobiography may be coterminous with a long residence in one area—my life in India, Ireland, Australia, and so on. As a rule, however, autobiographical composition is undertaken at some moment of apparently permanent elevation above passion and ambition, usually in the long twilight before death, and the action is carried up to the moment of writing. The career is over; no further advancement is hoped for, no further retrogression feared. Life has been lived, and is now to be recorded in tranquillity, with a serenity and honesty that would have been impossible in the thick of the struggle.

Corroborative quotations are easy to supply. P. G. Hamerton, who did not live to complete his autobiography, strikes a characteristic tone in a preface:

> The notion of being a dead man is not entirely displeasing to me. If the dead are defenceless, they have this compensating advantage, that nobody can inflict upon them any sensible injury; and in beginning a book which is not to see the light until I am lying comfortably in my grave, with six feet of earth above me to deaden the noises of the upper world, I feel quite a new kind of security, and write with a more complete freedom from anxiety about the quality of the work than has been usual at the beginning of other manuscripts . . . In thinking of ourselves as dead we instinctively adopt the survivor's point of view.[45]

Darwin's mood is the same: "I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life. Nor have I found this difficult, for life is nearly over with me."[46] Sir Henry Morton Stanley is bitterly indifferent to approval:

> My hard life in Africa, many fevers, many privations, much physical and mental suffering, bring me close to the period of infirmities. My prospects cannot now be blasted by gibes, nor advancement thwarted by prejudice. I stand in no man's way. Therefore, without fear of consequences, or danger to my pride and reserve, I can lay bare all circumstances which have attended me from the dawn of consciousness to this present period of indifference.[47]

The vital part of Mrs. Oliphant's life perished with her last son:

> And now here I am all alone.
> I cannot write any more.[48]

Trollope expects no change in the tenor of his life: "For what remains to me of life I trust for my happiness still chiefly to my work—hoping that when the power of work be over with me, God may be pleased to take me from a world in which, according to my view, there can be no joy; secondly, to the love of

those who love me; and then to my books."[49] A paragraph of Mill's *Autobiography* meant to be final shows expectation only of quiet work until death:

> That hope [of revising *On Liberty*] and every other were frustrated by the most unexpected and bitter calamity of [my wife's] death . . .
>
> Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her still near me . . . My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared, or sympathized, and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavour to regulate my life.[50]

The quotations are typical; autobiography, like the novel, ends—if composition is not interrupted by the writer's death—on a note of finality. "Completeness" by no means demands a description of death; it has never done so in the novel, and has long since ceased to do so in the drama. The only requirement is that the action or mental activity end in apparent stability. Even if the stability should be disturbed later by fresh activity, the technical completeness of the work would remain unaffected. A beginning in childhood, birth, or ancestry; an ending in a stability appropriate to the subject—of so much we can be certain. Autobiography characteristically opens with the cry of an infant and closes with the chair tilted against a sunny wall.

The middle—that which is both preceded and followed by something—is, of course, whatever the autobiographer selects from all that intervenes between birth, or the initial situation, and the final stability. In general terms, the middle includes, in a full-length work, some discussion of childhood and adolescence, with special attention to education; professional life or career; marriage and family life (often much foreshortened); social connections; and travel. Although abridgments and omissions may arise from the nature of the subject, the areas of experience

accepted for exploration are reasonably constant. In Mill's *Autobiography,* for example, the purpose of tracing intellectual development requires investigation of all the areas except professional life—his work in the India Office. In Newman's *Apologia* only marriage (necessarily) and family life are ignored. In Trollope, Spencer, and Crozier it is again wife and family who are slighted. These, however, are problems of materials rather than of treatment, and our immediate concern is with methods of achieving sound structure. How, in autobiography, can the various parts of the middle be integrated with the beginning and end?

To begin with, the simplest and most natural order of arrangement is chronological. What happened at the age of two is told before what happened at the age of five; what was done in 1867 is described before what was done in 1884. There are few exceptions to the general adoption of time sequence; but it must be remembered that the autobiographer writes in one temporal plane of what he remembers in another, and consequently finds it easy, and indeed almost unavoidable, to anticipate, to look backward, to recall and foreshadow. Relationships can be suggested, causal connections drawn, and implied references disavowed because of the existence of the interpretative matrix. Self-students are not always such naïve thinkers as to fall under the terms of Mill's condemnation:

> In a mind entirely uncultivated, which is also without any strong feelings, objects whether of sense or of intellect arrange themselves in the mere casual order in which they have been seen, heard, or otherwise perceived. Persons of this sort may be said to think chronologically. If they remember a fact, it is by reason of a fortuitous coincidence with some trifling incident or circumstance which took place at the very time . . . Their associations, to use the language of philosophers, are chiefly of the successive, not the synchronous kind, and whether successive or synchronous, are mostly casual.[51]

Although chronology may sometimes wisely be violated, the reason for its general observance in autobiography is not intellectual shallowness, but rather, as in many novels, a conscious or subconscious realization that the putting of first things first makes possible constantly deepening reference and richer reverberations.

Within the chronological framework, selection and rejection of materials must be determined by the requirements of the subject. If the subject is loosely grasped or is not properly a subject, the form will inevitably be shapeless; the autobiographer will investigate blind alleys, wander in puzzling forests, follow brooks which disappear in undefined bogs. The self-student who thinks of himself as writing simply his "life" is almost certain to produce a pointless work—which is much the same thing as saying a work with too many points. One chapter will be reminiscent, another chronicle, a third subjective, and a fourth will leap back and forth between planes. The reader of such an autobiography will put the volume aside finally with a jumble of promiscuous ideas in his memory. The impressions will have no common denominator, there will be no perceptible drift, it will be impossible to decide what the work is "about." A whole "life" is much too broad, too complex, to serve as a subject for self-portraiture; it invites the inclusion less of what was important than of what was vivid. There is no widely admired English autobiography which does not draw much of its strength from voluntary limitations. Bunyan's autobiography is about a conversion; Hume's is about literary accomplishment; Franklin's is a success story; Gibbon's, again, is "literary"; Newman's is a defense; Mill's is an intellectual history; Spencer's is a natural history of character and achievement; Gosse's is the analysis of a religious system; Moore's focuses on the effect of Catholicism on Irish art.[2] The number of merely "interesting" works is of course great: Lord Herbert's has historical value;

De Quincey's is a fascinating psychological study; Sir Henry Layard's is instructive reading for archaeologists.[53] Nevertheless, the force which derives from sound structure—the only kind of force we are concerned with at the moment—is quite another thing from that which derives from exotic materials or stylistic exuberance. There is every reason, both a priori and inductive, to believe that the most complex subject which permits structural tightness is Spencer's. Anything broader is likely to eventuate in discord and muddle.

Once the subject has been determined upon, the task of organization is comparatively easy—to speak of, if not to practice. The autobiographer need only choose for exploration those moments of his existence which, to use a philosophical word, have been *efficient* in terms of the subject. Mill describes his procedure as follows: "In giving an account of this period of my life, I have only specified such of my new impressions as appeared to me, both at the time and since, to be a kind of turning points, marking a definite progress in my mode of thought."[54] If only turning points—crises, efficient instants—are admitted, with whatever retrospective summary is required to prepare for them, and if every change of direction brings the narrative nearer to a foreknown end, with the attainment of which the work will conclude, the middle will lack neither unity nor coherence, but will have as firm, as solid, as technically sustaining a structure as can be required of any literary art form.

Of course one can point out work after work which violates sound structural principles. Francis Galton's *Memories,* Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences,* and George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man,* to list only three, throw out hints which are never followed up, dramatize occurrences which are merely interesting, and otherwise dissipate energy. Nonetheless, it is certain that there are personal narratives which are as round and perfect as a good novel—for example, Gosse's *Father and Son,* New-

man's *Apologia,* Bunyan's *Grace Abounding,* Moore's *Hail and Farewell,* and Mill's *Autobiography* (except for some structurally unfortunate addenda).

A corollary of these rather rigid principles is that without destroying the unity of his work an autobiographer cannot interrupt his progress toward a definite goal to comment upon an "amusing" or "interesting" or "singular" occurrence which captures his attention to one side of the direct route. Francis Galton's *Memories,* the announced purpose of which is to "indicate how the growth of a mind has been affected by circumstances,"[55] errs frequently by digression, and thus falls victim to a genial tendency to which other writers also succumb. It is necessary to discriminate; the following passage, which at first reading may seem to violate unity, does not actually do so.

> Talking of such things reminds me of an elementary but very neat little problem that was set about this time in one of the College examination papers. It has often served me as a rough reminder of the constants involved, so I give it:—
>
> "The tops of two masts, each ten feet above calm water, are just visible to one another at a distance of eight miles; what is the diameter of the earth? Aerial refraction is not to be taken into account." I leave its solution to the reader.[56]

The saving phrase is the last sentence in the first paragraph. If the problem "often served" Galton in later life, it affected his mind and is admissible, though it is not, perhaps, very eloquent or skillfully introduced. Two pages earlier occurs an anecdote which cannot be justified:

> I saw a most amusing scene in its drawing-room, which those who recollect the formidable presence of Dr. Whewell will appreciate. All male animals, including men, when they are in love, are apt to behave in ways that seem ludicrous to bystanders. Whewell was not exempt from the common lot, though he had to sustain his new dignity of "Master of Trinity." He was then paying court to the lady who became his first wife, and his behaviour reminded me irresistibly

of a turkey-cock similarly engaged. I fancied that I could almost hear the rustling of his stiffened feathers, and did overhear these sonorous lines of Milton rolled out to the lady *à propos* of I know not what, "cycle and epicycle, orb and orb," with hollow o's and prolonged trills on the r's.[27]

Like the Miltonic rendition, the story is apropos of one knows not what. It points nowhere, but is introduced solely for the sake of intrinsic interest. The forward march of the narrative ceases; the author and his mind are forgotten.

Against such ruthless judgments there may be a protest on behalf of a reader's right to enjoyment. The reply is that we are not now concerned with enjoyment, but with form. If unity is a condition of form—and if it is not, "form" ceases to have meaning—the conclusion is inescapable. Moreover (to meet the protest on its own grounds), form is itself a source of enjoyment, and among the richest of all sources, for the aesthetically discriminating reader. If an autobiographer is to avail himself of the best means of attaining his purpose, he must find a structure which supports, instead of weakening, the effect of each of the literary parts; and this he can do only by directing his efforts toward a predetermined goal and surrendering the privilege of irresponsible wandering.

Much as wandering is to be deprecated, however, it is quite useless to expect autobiographers to follow a well-marked high-road. Each must break his own trail as best he can. Self-portraiture is a highly personal undertaking and varies not only with mental character and outlook, as does all literature, but also with the details of the historical life. An ironmonger like Stout or a factory worker and stationer like Hutton cannot pretend in autobiography, as he might in fiction, to have been at home in the fashionable ranks of society. The facts are the facts. He is bound by them, and because literature cannot have exploited all the varieties of human experience he is likely to

explore milieux and vicissitudes concerning which there is no literary tradition. And there are other reasons for fluidity of form, among which lack of practice is one of the strongest. Often the effects of this are ruinous; for autobiography is attempted by generals, scientists, clergymen, and others whose literary talents —to put the matter as kindly as possible—have not had opportunity for development. A novelist can try again and again; an initial failure can be followed by brilliant successes. Not so the autobiographer, unless, like Moore, he is so fascinated by his associates and his own psychic agility that he can draw endlessly upon his experiences. Accordingly it is no matter for astonishment that the most aesthetically satisfying autobiographies are by professional authors—men like Mill, Hume, Gosse, Moore, and Gibbon, who are at home in a literary medium. (And yet, to controvert the principle, there is Bunyan!) The well-intentioned novices try earnestly, but with indifferent success. After a vogue of a season or two their volumes become the property of historians or make the melancholy descent to low-priced shelves in bookshops. It is not snobbishness, but a realistic appraisal of autobiographical history, which prompts the assertion that with rare, and welcome, exceptions distinguished accomplishment can be hoped for only from the disciplined craftsman.

Even among craftsmen uniformity of approach is militated against, quite healthily, by a feeling that each person knows best what parts of his life were important. In an age of intense psychological speculation some autobiographers appear to think the analysis of mental states a trivial and perhaps effeminate undertaking; in a period of renewed externality some writers would doubtless find actions less interesting than the mind. The form of an autobiography, more than that of a short story or play, varies with the personality of the author, since, in a sense, in autobiography the form *is* the author. In any period the visually and auditorily perceptive autobiographer will probably ex-

press himself in reminiscence, the autobiographer for whom only action is real in *res gestae,* and the reflective autobiographer in subjective analysis. Yet still it remains true that good structure demands a subject, that within the subject there must be progression and not circular eddying, that irrelevant thoughts and happenings must be excluded. Simple as they are, the "rules" are specific enough to entitle autobiography, at its best, to the claim of form.

One or two other suggestions may be added. As has already been remarked, it is an unusual autobiographer who does not, at some moment in maturity, acquire sufficient firmness of character to lose some of the child's quick instinctive response to changes in his environment. The necessity of describing both childhood and maturity in the typical autobiography raises a difficult formal problem, since the kind of treatment appropriate to a passive consciousness is seldom appropriate to an active one. Trollope's *Autobiography* has been cited as an example of unsuccessful fusion; Wallace's and Darwin's, among others, show that the fusion may be achieved. In certain lives the customary order of development seems oddly reversed. Pattison, Crozier, and Moore supply proof that a certain type of personality, after an unreflective boyhood, can become thoughtful and variable in maturity. The youthful steadiness is probably somewhat illusory; no boy can fail to be influenced strongly by his environment. What really happens is that development continues, perhaps even at an accelerated pace, in manhood, with the result that the tempo of the autobiography increases, or remains constant, instead of being retarded in proportion as the personality becomes stable.

Another deep-seated contrast may be found in the tendency of some men to begin, as boys, with the highest generalization, which they gradually sharpen in maturity, and of others to begin with isolated masses of factual truth or perceptions which seem

gradually to fall together into a system. The first type of intellectual progress—the deductive—seems to be characteristic of the clerical mind and may be illustrated by Newman's *Apologia*. First came a recognition of the existence of God; then the acceptance of a Church as the living intermediary between God and man; then a feeling that only on certain grounds could the Anglican Church, into which Newman had been born, and of which he had now become a priest, be demonstrated to be that intermediary; and finally, after years of spiritual struggle, the reluctant admission of error and the sorrowful entrance into the Roman Church. The rhythmic fall of deductions is fascinating to watch. The second, or inductive, type is characteristic of the scientific mind and is clearly evident in Spencer's gradual evolution of a philosophical system from disjointed bits of information picked up in his studies and engineering activities. Not only professional scientists—Darwin and Wallace as well as Spencer—think "scientifically," but such a philosopher as John Beattie Crozier and such an Oxford don as Mark Pattison. The difference in pattern is fundamental and revealing.

Finally, it is noteworthy that autobiography tends always to be written in terms not only of the author's ultimate character, but also of his special human interests. Mill, the philosopher, wrote of intellectual development; Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, of university education; Moore, the *bon viveur* and novelist, of people and art; Mrs. Oliphant, the family woman, of her home life; and Newman, the priest, of his religion. Sometimes, as in Pattison and Newman, the interest coincides with an occupation or profession, but sometimes it does not. Mrs. Oliphant's interest was her home; her means of livelihood was writing. We arrive once more at the inference, not that each autobiographer is a law to himself, but that the subject and treatment vary within broad limits.

Is it possible, in conclusion, to say that autobiographical form

is moving perceptibly in any single direction? Dunn and Nicolson (if we may make a simple extension of the latter's remarks on biography) believe that it is. According to Dunn, throughout the nineteenth century there was a noticeable tendency for autobiography to merge into fiction—to adopt, that is, the form and instrumentalities of the novel. There is, Dunn thinks, an "increasing fictional element" in autobiography.[58] Nicolson sees the same tendency in biography, but believes it will be accompanied by a compensating reaction in the opposite direction. There will probably, he thinks, be a cleavage between scientific and literary biography. The first will become more and more complex and will end by becoming comprehensible only to experts; the second will wander off into fiction. And, he believes further, as the form of biography becomes fictional, that of fiction will become biographical (a tendency that has been clearly evident since 1900). Between these two extremes "professional" biography will continue its humdrum task, turning out routine works to suit the public taste.[59] Merrill, in his study of American biography, finds it necessary to draw a distinction between biography that is fictive in essence and biography that is fictive in form:

> In the true novelized biography the author develops the story of his subject's life on the framework of the novel. He bases his work wholly on authenticated material. He neither invents episodes nor devises dialogue. He vitalizes his facts in the shape of fiction. The maker of the fictional biography, in addition to his facts, invents incidents and talk which, though they may never have taken place, are professedly in harmony with the spirit of the man's life.[60]

All this is equally applicable to autobiography. No one who has read widely in nineteenth- and twentieth-century autobiography will challenge the assertion that personal lives, often if not generically, are adopting more of the techniques of the novel. Conversely, no one who is even moderately well read

in contemporary fiction can doubt that in late years the novel has frequently pretended to be autobiography. More than once novelists have gone so far as to profess to draw their materials from actual letters and journals. As early as 1907 Edmund Gosse (who honestly could) felt it advisable to assert the absolute truthfulness of his story of spiritual struggle and domestic conflict: "At the present hour, when fiction takes forms so ingenious and so specious, it is perhaps necessary to say that the following narrative, in all its parts, and so far as the punctilious attention of the writer has been able to keep it so, is scrupulously true."[n1] More and more clearly a distinction must be made with reference to the purpose. If the author gives himself his real name and means to be understood as writing "truthfully" of his own character and actions, the work is autobiography, regardless of the inclusion of some "untruthful" detail; if he gives himself an assumed name and means to be understood as writing fiction, the work *is* fiction, regardless of the admission of much autobiographical fact. It is doubtful, however, that even quite truthful fiction is as accurate factually as quite untruthful autobiography.

We can go no further in general terms, but must descend to particular instances in which the broad formal principles find concrete illustration. One of the four modal types, however, the declarative, provides little scope for critical study and will not be discussed further. It would be tedious and unprofitable to examine in detail the chaotic organization of a work which does little more than make factual assertions. Examples of the other three modes will be studied in order: Mill's *Autobiography* as representative of the expository mode, Trollope's *Autobiography* as representative of the mode which is transitional between exposition and narration, and Moore's *Hail and Farewell* as representative of the narrative mode so consistently maintained that even thought becomes dramatic. At the same time

the order of the three studies will suggest, though it cannot adequately document, the gradual movement of autobiography toward fully novelized form. Throughout the remaining chapters, as in the whole of Part Two and this first chapter of Part Three, we shall consider primarily materials and form. The autobiographical urge the emergence of which was traced in the first chapter was fully developed long before the publication of Mill's *Autobiography,* the earliest of the three examples, and will require no further comment.

In order to avoid disappointment it will be well to prepare ourselves for the discovery of imperfections. If ideal form is that which makes the most of its subject, fits it most exactly, without deficiency or surplusage, no structural fault can be so serious as the author's failure to grasp the limits of his subject. And autobiography is especially prone to impertinency; a life seems to provide an adequate subject, in personal history as in fiction, but because of its richness contains much that is irrelevant to a record of even the broadest kind of development and yet is powerfully and irresistibly attractive. Nevertheless, we shall also find much to admire, and possibly, before we have finished, we shall have reasons to believe that autobiography has a greater literary significance than has been generally recognized.

CHAPTER VI

THE EXPOSITORY MODE: MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WE ARE TOLD in one of Mill's critical essays that Jeremy Bentham, the founder of the Utilitarian school of philosophy, approached a speculative problem by laying before himself the whole field of inquiry to which the problem belonged and then dividing down until he arrived at the object of which he was in search.[1] The method will be of use to us here; for although it may not at once be unmistakably clear what kind of writing John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography*[2] is, there are several kinds it quite plainly is not.

First of all, the mood of the *Autobiography* is vastly different from that which we are accustomed to associate with narration. Although from the time of Robert Cary there had been much adventure in autobiography, Mill's work relates no series of incidents so arranged as to tell what is commonly meant by a "story." No attempt is made to create suspense or to arouse curiosity about what is to happen next, nor is the reader deftly made to anticipate the potential results of actions already embarked upon. On the contrary, dramatic conflict is consistently and deliberately obscured; for example, Mill's quarrels with his friends over his infatuation with Mrs. Taylor are entirely suppressed, and other sharp clashes of opinion, such as those with Professor Sedgwick, Sir William Hamilton, and Governor Eyre, are presented in summary, without the creation of tension or sudden climactic resolution. When conversations are reported—as is done rarely—they are concisely retold in indirect discourse. Whatever the prose mode of the *Autobiography* is, the work is obviously not narration.

Neither do the pages contain much sensory description. If

anything is certain about how Mill will handle a remembered scene, it is that the scene will not be visualized. The volume is of course peopled with human beings—Mill himself, his father, Bentham, Grote, Roebuck, Graham, Sterling, Carlyle, and many others—but every one is as abstract as a syllogism. Physically the characters are blanks; there is not even an outline to be filled in by the readers' fancy. Nor, with the exception of James Mill, who speaks "with terseness and expressiveness,"[3] have any of them voices; their opinions roll soundlessly from the invisible bodies. They wear no clothing, parade through the pages no trousers or neckcloths or waistcoats. And if there is no color or shape in attire, there is none in sky, lawn, or hillside. We see no more of the Pyrenees, which made so deep an impression on Mill during his youthful sojourn in France, than is implied in the phrase "the highest order of mountain scenery."[4] Of Ford Abbey, Bentham's country home, to which Mill credits an early taste for beauty, we are told only that the hall was "baronial" and the rooms "spacious and lofty."[5] Of the Abbey grounds we learn, in a sentence unique for verbal luxuriance, that they were "*riant* and secluded, umbrageous, and full of the sound of falling waters"[6]—an eighteenth-century phrase which suggests, without drawing, a picture. And if, with these meager exceptions, we do not see and hear as we read the *Autobiography,* neither do we feel or taste or smell. The spring and summer odors which Mill compiled in a careful list for Caroline Fox leave no fragrance here.[7] Rarely, outside technical treatises, is it possible to find an equal number of pages so nearly devoid of imagery. Description of thought processes—description with expository intent—is abundantly present, but nowhere is there description which makes people and places visible, tangible, or audible for the sheer joy of imaginative re-creation.

A better case could be made out for argumentation. Certain passages are polemical, and the work as a whole recommends a

definite philosophical view. Nevertheless, it is clear that, in the main, the *Autobiography* is an exposition of thought processes and psychic states. The emphasis, from beginning to end, is not on what happened (narration) or how things appeared or felt (description), but on the relatedness of things (explanation). Mill is pointing out to his readers, and interpreting, those facts of his life which he thinks the public should have an opportunity to know. He is never at a loss, never puzzled by inexplicable events, never swept by emotion strong enough to raise the language to poetry or oratory. Even the shrilly encomiastic passages about Mrs. Taylor are rather argumentation—a specialized form of exposition—than narration or description. Everywhere there is a calm assumption of knowledge, an implicit assurance that the writer is in possession of all the facts. "My mind and character," he appears to say, "are the result of my education, which I will explain to you. Many people have been interested in my books and articles; I will tell you about them. My parliamentary career attracted some notice; I will give you an authentic account of it." The mood, accordingly, is cool, unhurried, unemotional (except in the passages about his wife), and ratiocinative. There is no attempt at creation and scarcely any at re-creation. We must go elsewhere for spiritual musings. Mill does not wonder about himself; he does not emit cries of astonishment at the retrospective image of his actions; he does not remark on what might have been, but, through some accident of fate, was not. He has no regrets, no sense of sin, no swelling awareness of fortuitous tragedy. He sees everything about himself and understands all that he sees. Some parts of his life are public property, and these he will interpret; others are his own business, and those he will keep to himself.[8] He will write, not narrative, for which he feels contempt,[9] nor description, to which one might reasonably suppose his botanist's eye would sometimes predispose him, but essays, which are his ac-

customed vehicle of expression. Like most writer-autobiographers, he will write as he is sure he can write, in the way made congenial by habit. He is by no means alone in choosing expository prose as his medium: H. G. Wells, the popular scientist; Herbert Spencer, the philosopher; G. K. Chesterton, the Catholic propagandist; John Ruskin, the aesthetician and reformer; and even Sheila Kaye-Smith and Somerset Maugham, the novelists, also find in autobiography an opportunity for the ventilation of opinions and the reflective analysis of situations into which they have been thrown.[10]

Before considering what Mill chooses to reveal about himself in the essays, it will be convenient to start negatively again and notice first some of the things he conceals. One of the most striking omissions is that of nearly everything pertaining to most of the members of his family. His father is discussed and dissected, although not described, in some detail, but his brothers and sisters are scarcely mentioned, and his mother not at all. The death of Henry Mill from consumption,[11] the suicide of George,[12] and the departure of James for a career in India[13] are passed over in silence—no doubt because none of these events, even the most shocking, had a permanent intellectual influence upon the autobiographer. Yet one cannot readily understand how a mother's influence could be so slight as to require no further explanation than is implied in saying that the father married and had a large family.[14] Although a reason is probably to be found in a serious quarrel between the author and his mother over his marriage to Mrs. Taylor,[15] the evasion is remarkable. Only one grandparent appears, and he fleetingly;[16] there are no nephews, nieces, or cousins; there are scarcely any relatives, immediate or remote, except his father, upon whose educational influence the *Autobiography* is focused. The two philosophers stand almost alone, in their nebulous bodies, against the background of the home.

The material home itself, however, is as little visualized as its inmates. Details of the family life, except those which pertain to the education of the children, are similarly lacking. The *Autobiography* tells us neither about the physical house and grounds nor about the internal economy of the home, the domestic routines and temper. So far as can be learned from the *Autobiography,* almost the only piece of furniture in the house was the table at which the elder Mill wrote.[17] The implication is that however powerfully the young John was affected by his reading, he was indifferent to his physical environment. Neither, to judge from the *Autobiography,* did the Mills ever eat or sleep. Like many another family to be read about in autobiographies, they never sat about the fireplace talking, never confided plans to one another, never awoke sleepy-eyed or went to bed tired. The elder Mill merely educated John, and John educated the younger children.

Other omissions could be enumerated: Mill's attendance at Coleridge's séances,[18] the accidental destruction by his servant of the first volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution,* Indian politics and philosophy, his absorbed botanizing, most of his travels, his father's resentment over his attachment to Mrs. Taylor,[19] his wife's chronic ill-health, two of his wife's three children by her first marriage, and so on. But it is useless to go further until we have discovered the informing idea of the work, which determined inclusions and exclusions. What, precisely, was Mill trying to do?

He gives an explicit answer to the question on pages one and two of the *Autobiography.* The full statement, a part of which was quoted in an earlier chapter, runs as follows:

> It seems proper that I should prefix to the following biographical sketch, some mention of the reasons which have made me think it desirable that I should leave behind me such a memorial of so uneventful a life as mine. I do not for a moment imagine that any part

of what I have to relate, can be interesting to the public as a narrative, or as being connected with myself. But I have thought that in an age in which education, and its improvement, are the subject of more, if not of profounder study than at any former period of English history, it may be useful that there should be some record of an education which was unusual and remarkable, and which, whatever else it may have done, has proved how much more than is commonly supposed may be taught, and well taught, in those early years which, in the common modes of what is called instruction, are little better than wasted. It has also seemed to me that in an age of transition in opinions, there may be somewhat both of interest and of benefit in noting the successive phases of any mind which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn either from its own thoughts or from those of others. But a motive which weighs more with me than either of these, is a desire to make acknowledgement of the debts which my intellectual and moral development owes to other persons; some of them of recognised eminence, others less known than they deserve to be, and the one to whom most of all is due, one whom the world had no opportunity of knowing. The reader whom these things do not interest, has only himself to blame if he reads farther.[20]

Aside from the disavowal of any expectation that the author himself, as a person, can have interest for the public—a form of conventional pseudomodesty only half insincere in Mill—the significant thing about this introduction is the declaration of a threefold purpose. The *Autobiography* is to expound the results of an educational system, to show "the successive phases" of the author's mind, and to give credit where credit is due. Most commentators are agreed that this amounts to a desire to discuss intellectual and moral development. Leslie Stephen says that the *Autobiography* "was intended to supply what is of most importance for us, the history of his intellectual and moral development."[21] James McCrimmon, whose Northwestern University dissertation adds much to our knowledge of Mill's life, omits "moral": "Mill's *Autobiography* is essentially a record of

his intellectual development."[22] B. A. Hinsdale, an American admirer, calls the *Autobiography* "a singularly full and fascinating transcript of Mill's mental history."[23] Mill himself speaks throughout the volume as though he had some such phrase as "intellectual development" in the back of his mind as a convenient abbreviation of his purpose. On one occasion he asserts that he has "no further mental changes to tell of, but only, as I hope, a continued mental progress."[24] We must read the *Autobiography,* then, as intellectual history. What bears on the mind or the moral feelings is admissible; what does not bear on them must be excluded. Without exception the omissions that have been noted are of the latter kinds. On another man physical surroundings, odors, colors, and the character of a mother might have exerted a powerful influence. On Mill they did not; hence, quite properly, they yield place to books and thinkers.

The subject, therefore, accounts for the selections among the materials; but what accounts for the subject? Autobiographers have written to celebrate their exploits, to propagate a theology or philosophy, to devise pleasing anecdotal narratives, to earn money, and for many other reasons. The explanation of Mill's choice of this subject rather than some other is of the utmost importance to an understanding of the autobiographical urge. Like all, or nearly all, autobiographers, he wrote about the part of his life which was most vividly real and important to him.

It is, of course, a truism that a philosopher is interested in ideas; but if anyone wants evidence of Mill's interest in them, he can find all he is likely to need in the two volumes of correspondence published by Hugh Elliot. Nearly all of Mill's letters are concerned with questions of philosophy, politics, sociology, and psychology. It is true that Elliot suppressed the more personal passages in the correspondence,[25] but letters to intimate friends are accessible elsewhere[26] and leave one with an impression of philosophic impersonality. Mill himself was so keenly

aware of his reserve that he felt an apology necessary when, under the pressure of friendly feeling, he momentarily abandoned it. In 1840 he wrote to Barclay Fox, Caroline's brother: "Will you pardon the egotism of this letter? I really do not think I have talked so much about myself in the whole year previous as I have done in the few weeks of my intercourse with your family; but it is not a fault of mine generally, for I am considered reserved enough for most people."[27] A London correspondent quoted by Mr. Hinsdale describes humorously the popular notion of the Utilitarian philosopher: "We did not suppose that he had any actual flesh-and-blood existence. He was a mere impersonation of logic and political economy, who was supposed to be incessantly secreting syllogisms in some philosophical laboratory."[28] The coldness of the *Autobiography* struck E. E. Hale, a contemporary journalist, forcibly: "People are mentioned as Westminster Bridge might be mentioned, or the penny post, if they served to carry out Mill's wishes and plans, and only so."[29] Still more illuminating are the statements of Mill's friends. Caroline Fox, who knew Mill under conditions favorable to intimacy, wrote in her journal: "He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold."[30] Carlyle was displeased by the frigidity of Mill's correspondence, and wrote demanding more heartiness; he was told, he complained, no feelings, but only thoughts. "Alas!" wrote Mill in reply, "when I give my thoughts I give the best I have."[31] The real Mill was to be found not in his associations, not in his travels, not in his botanizing, not, even when he was a child, in his human contacts. He lived in his opinions—in the activity of his mind. Therefore, necessarily, intellectual development—the acquisition of knowledge, the growth and change of convictions —lies where it belongs, directly at the center of the *Autobiography*. With the exception of the last sixty-two pages, about which remark will be made shortly, nothing else is there.

What has been said by no means implies that Mill was incapable of emotion. His possession of strong feelings is attested by the excessive generosity of the praise offered to his wife, by his alacrity in helping Auguste Comte over financial difficulties,[32] and by his indignation at the manner in which Governor Eyre put down a Jamaican rebellion.[33] The feelings tended, however, to require the support of an intellectual conviction. His wife's capabilities demonstrated the soundness of his belief in the equality of the sexes. Comte's difficulties provoked sympathy because he valued philosophical reflection. Governor Eyre's conduct offended his liberal political principles. The emotions were derivative, not immediate and empathetic.

The materials of the *Autobiography,* then, are limited by the life of a philosopher, which consists in its deepest reality of ratiocinative activity, and the reticent personality of John Mill. How did the autobiography form itself; what are the principles of its structure?

As might have been expected of a "thinking machine," the approach to the subject matter is analytical. The author of the *System of Logic* did not attempt, like Moore and Gosse, to recreate a living and breathing personality, in its habit as it lived. Instead he made an effort to understand his intellectual development by resolving the process into stages and, having understood, to explain. To Mill the problems of writing an autobiography were not those either of discovering new meanings or of finding an adequate art form. His duty was to make himself clear, to explain. And the techniques of explanation seem not to have troubled him seriously. For his review of Grote's *Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates* he reread the entire works of Plato in Greek;[34] for the *Autobiography,* so far as can be learned, he made no preparation beyond that which every man, autobiographer or not, tends to make subconsciously. He appears to have set down his recollections very much as he

would have made entries in a formal diary, without other written memoranda than the title pages and tables of contents of his published volumes. Had he not feared that the privacy of his domestic life (especially, no doubt, his relations with Mrs. Taylor) would be violated by the researches of an unauthorized biographer,[35] the autobiography might not have been written.

The approach, then, is analytic and nothing more than analytic. In the article on Bentham to which reference was made earlier Mill described his master's philosophical method further as follows: "Bentham's method may be shortly described as the method of detail; of treating wholes by separating them into their parts, abstractions by resolving them into Things,—classes and generalities by distinguishing them into the individuals of which they are made up; and breaking every question into pieces before attempting to solve it."[36]

This is exactly what Bentham's disciple does with his subject. The subject itself is first broken up into parts: Education, Youthful Propagandism, A Crisis in My Mental History, and so on. Each part is then divided into sections; Education, for instance, becomes Childhood and Early Education, Moral Influences in Early Youth, My Father's Character and Opinions, and Last Stage of Education and First of Self-Education. The subdivisions are then in their turn subdivided; to carry the illustration further by means of titles not in the Table of Contents, Moral Influences in Early Youth is analyzed into My Father's Religious Opinions, His Inculcation of These Principles in Me, My Father's Moral Teaching, My Father's Severity and Lack of Tenderness, Companions of My Father Whose Influence I Felt, The Moral Effect of Beautiful and Majestic Surroundings, and What I Learned about Feeling and Morality in France. (There is also a two-page parenthesis on the necessity that all skeptics now announce publicly their alienation from Christianity.) On each of the smallest sections a miniature essay is written; the

miniature essays become the parts of longer essays, the chapters; and the longer essays, taken together, form a treatise, of which, sometimes individually and sometimes in groups, they are the chief heads.

Such an approach is easy and natural; and it is made by other autobiographers whose habitual attack upon intellectual problems, like Mill's, is analytical. Herbert Spencer, also a philosopher, divided his autobiography into two sections, of which one was concerned with his "engineering and miscellaneous life" and the other with his "literary career."[37] Each section was then subdivided; the first section into four parts, of which the first was once more separated into Childhood, Boyhood, A Journey and a Flight, Youth at Hinton, and A False Start. The principle underlying such a structure presents no obstacle to the understanding; it would seem almost unavoidable were it not for the existence of other autobiographies shaped in quite different ways. H. G. Wells, in his own fashion also something of a philosopher, begins much as did Spencer and Mill: Chapter One of *Experiment in Autobiography* is called Introductory; Chapter Two, Origins; Chapter Three, Schoolboy; Chapter Four, Early Adolescence; and so on.[38] John Ruskin, who was disposed complacently to agree with Mazzini's reported judgment that Ruskin's mind was the most analytical in Europe, followed much the same procedure in *Praeterita,* but indulged his fondness for poetic expression by giving his chapters such titles as The Springs of Wandel, Herne-Hill Almond Blossoms, and The Banks of Tay.[39] Lord Dunsany, who was more poetic still but nothing of a philosopher, entitled the first three chapters of his *Patches of Sunlight* Moons and Marigolds, Dunstall, and Magic and Hazels, preserving chronological order, roughly, at least, while making less pretension to analytical subtlety.[40] The analytic approach to autobiography is of course not limited to philosophers; not only Lord Dunsany, but also Frank Swinnerton, Maurice

Baring,[41] and many other "creative" writers have, in their autobiographies, treated their lives in chronological periods, to each of which, in turn, they have devoted a chapter. Sometimes the divisions are based so baldly on temporal distinctions that they are designated only by a pair of dates, as in the *Memoirs* of Sir Ronald Storrs, a Near Eastern colonial administrator;[42] and they then cease to show so successful an activity of the interpretative and shaping intelligence as when, within each separate period, a predominating kind of development is discovered.

Within and between the parts of an autobiography coherence must somehow be obtained. Mill's method is peculiar to himself, but may be noticed as one means of many. In his *Logic* Mill discriminates carefully between causality in the physical and efficient senses:

> The Law of Causation, the recognition of which is the main pillar of inductive science, is but the familiar truth, that invariability of succession is found by observation to obtain between every fact in nature and some other fact which has preceded it; independently of all considerations respecting the ultimate mode of production of phenomena, and of every other question regarding the nature of "Things in themselves."[43]

All we can say is that there is an invariable succession between each fact in nature and some preceding fact. It is impossible, Mill believes, to draw valid inferences about the ontological nature of causality; we can only observe that thunder follows lightning, that pain follows the thrusting of a finger into a flame.

This shyness of ontology, which arose from the radical empiricism of the Utilitarians, deters Mill from declaring with much assurance that this aspect of his experience caused that effect. All he can do is explain what his experiences were and what his mind became. Sometimes he succumbs to the temptation to speak popularly, as when he says of Quintilian: "The

latter, *owing to* his obscure style and to the scholastic details of which many parts of his treatise are made up, is little read, and seldom sufficiently appreciated."[44] More frequently the principles of his *Logic* stood in the way of expressions directly implying an ontological causal relation. In the sentence following the one just quoted he says, again of Quintilian: "I have retained through life many valuable ideas *which I can distinctly trace* to my reading of him, even at that early age."[45] The implication here is of sequence, not of efficient causality. In speaking of the history of Rome which he compiled at the age of eleven, he remarks: "It was, in fact, an account of the struggles between the patricians and plebeians . . . Though quite ignorant of Niebuhr's researches, I, *by such lights as my father had given me,* vindicated the Agrarian Laws."[46] If the relationship here is that of cause and effect, the expression at least is indirect. The point could be pressed too far; the Utilitarians undoubtedly accepted the appearance of causality as an element in experience. Furthermore, the implications Mill may have been trying to avoid are so inherent in language that he could not have escaped them utterly without inventing a special technical idiom. Nevertheless, it is certainly true that although the second of two consecutive events need not be a result of the first, the first cannot be the result of the second. Hence, in part, the adoption of chronological order not only by Mill, but by most writers of developmental autobiography.

Another of the Benthamite principles accounts for Mill's placid assumption, already alluded to, of his complete understanding of himself. In Professor Neff's summary, two of the five planks in the Utilitarian platform were as follows: "They believed that their senses gave them a substantially correct and full report of the nature of external reality; in technical language, they were empiricists . . . They believed that all the relations existing between entities in the outer world were in-

telligible to the human mind; technically, they were rationalists."[47] On these grounds Mill had every right to make the assumption. Again, James Mill's educational theories are explicable in the light of an influence from Locke and Helvetius. All the Utilitarians, and John Mill as staunchly as any, believed in the *tabula rasa* theory of knowledge. Moreover, Helvetius had advanced, and the Utilitarians had accepted, the view that at birth all human beings, unless handicapped by weakness or deformity, are equal in mental capacity. The elder Mill had therefore only to control the conditions of John's environment to make him an intellectual prodigy. That his attempt to do so was earnest and sustained, no reader of the *Autobiography* can doubt. John Mill was himself a thorough enough convert to the Helvetian principle[48] to believe that what he had learned any boy could learn:

> If I had been by nature extremely quick of apprehension, or had possessed a very accurate and retentive memory, or were of a remarkably active and energetic character, the trial would not be conclusive; but in all these natural gifts I am rather below than above par; what I could do, could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution.[49]

To the end of his life Mill steadfastly denied that his abilities were in any way extraordinary. As Bain remarks, he "never accommodated his views . . . to the facts."[50] As his father would have done, he attributed his success to the control that had been exercised over his associations of ideas.

A final observation must be made about the structure. At the bottom of page 251 there occurred a long pause in the composition. Nine years passed before Mill took up his pen to finish the work as we have it. In conjunction with the break in writing, which Mill's strongly developed sense of duty would have permitted only under unusual conditions, the valedictory tone and cadence of the paragraph preceding the footnote on page 251

are decisive. Mill had considered his active life over when his wife died in 1858. Only a momentous happening could have persuaded him to take up the manuscript and make a second beginning.

What occurred was his election to Parliament. For three years in the twilight of his life he ceased to be a closet philosopher recommending his theories in books and periodicals and sat in the House of Commons in what, to a man of retiring disposition, must have seemed a dazzling glare of publicity. An opportunity to urge his principles directly upon the national legislative body, after trying for many years to influence governmental policy by writing, could hardly have failed to interest him profoundly. After the parliamentary term had ended he could not resist the temptation to write a complacent chapter about his political achievements. The world must know that a philosopher can be practical. He resumed his pen, added a fourth as much again to what he had already written, and, like many another autobiographer whose sense of literary artistry has been sorely tried by an understandable human vanity, destroyed the unity of his work.

For it cannot be questioned that the account of parliamentary activity is sadly out of harmony with the expressed purpose and tone of the remainder of the volume. The first two hundred and fifty-one pages, as we have seen, are an exposition of intellectual and moral development; in the House, Mill is not developing, but acting. The materials are no longer the data of consciousness, but *res gestae*. However strongly we may sympathize with Mill's desire to demonstrate his political sagacity, however grateful we may be for additional information, we cannot help perceiving that the artistic oneness of the book has been sacrificed.

Except in this added section, the texture of the *Autobiography* is uniform. There are none of the sudden, and sometimes startling, shifts of plane and tempo that were later to complicate

George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*. Every sentence is like every other sentence, every chapter like every other chapter. Any chapter would stand fairly well by itself. The work is one, not only in structure (with the reservation just made), but in tone, mood, and pace. Even in partial failure Mill once again showed English men of letters what Gibbon, Franklin, and Newman had already proved: that an autobiography need not be a collection of pointless anecdotes, an egotistical or pseudomodest report of accomplishment or adventure, or a general history of the times.

CHAPTER VII

THE MIXED MODE: TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WHEN, AT THE AGE of sixty, Trollope began the writing of the autobiography we are next to examine, his purpose, like Mill's, was by no means to lift the veil from the secret passages of his life. He had read intimate autobiographies and did not trust them;[1] furthermore, he believed that, for the most part, men's actions and writings told as much about their lives as the world had a right to know.[2] Nevertheless the urge to set down something about himself which might be read by posterity—some summary of his career, if nothing else—was too strong for him. And after all, he may have reflected, why should not a successful writer give tyros the benefit of his experience? Wire-drawn analysis of one's feelings, ecstatic descriptions of one's love life, eager insistence upon the noble movements of one's heart, were no doubt in bad taste, but a professional treatise was different. And so the sexagenarian, prevented by the hurry of his writing habits[3] from weighing his purpose more closely, scrawled on the blank sheet of paper before him:

> In writing these pages, which, for the want of a better name, I shall be fain to call the autobiography of so insignificant a person as myself, it will not be so much my intention to speak of the little details of my private life, as of what I, and perhaps others round me, have done in literature; of my failures and successes such as they have been, and their causes; and of the opening which a literary career offers to men and women for the earning of their bread.[4]

There could be no objection to that. People had been writing about literature for hundreds of years. And yet . . . His mind turned back to his boyhood; to the bitterness of his isolation,

the contemptible place he had held in the world's estimation, the old, gnawing feeling that he was a useless and disreputable creature of whom all those connected with him had to be ashamed.[5] The pain sprang up again almost as keenly as though thirty years of public approval had not alleviated it, and stung him as at Winchester when he had considered putting an end to his misery by flinging himself from the college tower.[6] He had overcome the unhappiness; he had conquered disrepute, and despair, and indolence, and had made himself an esteemed member of society. Surely no boy had begun life under greater handicaps or had worked harder against terrific odds. He had a right to be proud of his accomplishments. Dipping his pen in the ink, he continued the introduction: "And yet the garrulity of old age, and the aptitude of a man's mind to recur to the passages of his own life, will, I know, tempt me to say something of myself;—nor, without doing so, should I know how to throw my matter into any recognised and intelligible form . . ."[7]

Across his mind (possibly) flashed the shape into which he would throw his book. To make his successes mean to the reader what they had meant to him, he would sketch in the dreary days at Harrow and Sunbury and Winchester. He would tell how the family had declined from Julians to Orley Farm, and from Orley Farm to Harrow Weald. He would show his father sitting in a dismal study engaged at the futile task of compiling an unwanted *Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica.* He would accompany the family across the Channel to Bruges, where his mother, dosing herself with green tea and laudanum,[8] had written lighthearted novels while members of the family died about her. Then he would describe his return to London, his achievement of new ignominy at the Post Office, and his rowdy ways at taphouses. All this would be distressing; it would *infandum renovare dolorem;* but in the relation there would be a note of

triumph, for the impossible had happened, and he had made himself respectable. The subject of the *Autobiography,* however, would not be himself, but literature as seen from a personal point of view. He would reveal only those aspects of his life which had exercised a shaping influence on his literary career. His theory of the novel, his opinions of his contemporaries, his views of criticism, and his work at the General Post Office would come in too, but only incidentally. Everything but literature would be secondary—background and point of departure, not core and goal.

In some such frame of mind Trollope must have approached the drawing of his self-portrait. His attitude toward autobiography, like most attitudes of most people, was a natural outgrowth of his character as it had been molded by past experience. He was a gentleman of the old school, noisy and blustering in manner, given to abrupt gesture and full of a healthy gusto, but in spite of his social loudness he was disinclined to attribute importance to himself as a person. As a gentleman, a representative of a class, he no doubt felt some dignity; and he would have agreed that in his quality of public servant and literary craftsman his opinions possessed some significance. As an individual, however, divorced from position and accomplishments, he would have denied that any peculiar importance could attach to him. His personality—his soul—had no higher value than that of any other Christian, and hence deserved no special attention.

For although in the 1870's, when Trollope sat down to the writing of his *Autobiography,* there had already come into existence a new interest in the psychological problems toward which philosophy and some branches of science were turning—an interest at that moment showing itself in the novels of George Eliot—many of Trollope's associates in the formative period of his life had had the boyish, unanalytic, blunderingly

straightforward temperament of simpler days. His father, an abnormally introverted man in some respects, had nevertheless had the impracticality which accompanied an extroverted identification of the world's ideas with his own. His mother had borne the expenses of a large and sickly household with a serenity and even gaiety of demeanor that would have been impossible to a woman given to brooding. The clergymen who had taught him, or at least now and then bent a fulgurous brow upon him, at Harrow and Winchester had had the forthright manners of men whose highest concern in social intercourse was the *fortiter in re*.[9] The young aristocrats who had made his daily passage between home and school a purgatory had been as cheerfully and unreflectingly brutal as boys usually are when removed from feminine companionship and parental influence. In the Post Office he had worked under the Draconic supervision of an official who felt a lofty contempt for courtesy of speech and amenity of manner.[10] Always, in his early years, there had been about him men and women who confronted the universe with what would now seem a childish simplicity of outlook, if often with a high degree of native intelligence. In the twentieth century Trollope might have been tortuously self-analytic. He was sensitive—"thin-skinned," he would himself have said[11]—and would have taken his color from his surroundings, so long as the surroundings were not mean or base. In the nineteenth century his environment was different. Succumbing to it, he shared the reluctance of others in his circle to chat easily about the more intimate moments of existence.

We must not be surprised, therefore, if, in the work we are to examine, states of mind are more thoroughly subordinated to external incident than in Mill.[12] Mill, for whose mind abstractions carried fascination, had been able to speak fulsomely, though with evident strain, about his spiritual union with his wife. Newman, whose *Apologia* had appeared in 1864,[13] in in-

dignation against an unprovoked attack had overcome his native shyness sufficiently to write movingly about his relations to God and to certain of his dearer friends. Trollope, however, to the end of his life remained, in outward demeanor, more public official than author, more man of the world than creator of fictitious character. In his novels he could describe with admirable precision the sudden vagaries of a girl's heart; in his own person he was bluff, hearty, interested in conventional subjects, and averse to the public—and probably private—searching of his soul. How could an alumnus of Harrow and Winchester have had a tender regard for his emotions? Newman and Mill had been privately educated; Trollope spent twelve years at the stronghold of English externality, the public school. His attitude toward outward expression of feeling was that of the Earl de Guest when his Lordship reproved a dejected lover for acknowledging depression of spirits:

> A man should never allow himself to be cast down by anything,—not outwardly, to the eyes of other men . . . You know the story of the boy who would not cry though the wolf was gnawing him underneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw us somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so that the world doesn't see; and it behoves us so to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about declaring himself to be miserable will be not only miserable, but contemptible as well.[11]

The standard was that of Roman, or English, fortitude. Only when an emotion had been conquered might one talk about it; and then the confession was to be brief, objective, and as impersonal as its nature permitted. A hard surface was to be thrown over it, lest the narrator should seem to be moved again in the telling. Accordingly the subject of the *Autobiography* was to be literature in an autobiographical setting, not the personality and soul of a writer.

The distinction has a profound bearing on the form of the *Autobiography*. If Trollope's purpose had been to draw a portrait of himself, he would have set to work in a different manner. Instead of grouping the incidents of his life about his books, he would have referred to the books in their bearing upon his life. The difference is one of focus, of centrality; and the centrality is in turn dependent upon the aim. We are to look not for the picture of a living man, but for the vicissitudes of an author and for his opinions on the craft of novel writing.

If this were all—if the *Autobiography* were only a personalized literary handbook, or, as Michael Sadleir calls it, a "queer bleak text-book of the mechanics and economics of novel-writing"[15]—it would deserve no place in this study. An author, however, may build more than he intends, or differently; and it is the autobiographical part of the work, rather than the literary part, which holds a high place in critical estimation and which, for reasons that will appear later, is of particular significance for us here. Trollope's practice in writing fiction had so strengthened his hand at characterization that the chapters of the book which describe his boyhood and young manhood possess a weight and vividness out of all proportion to their mass and the author's expectation. Most readers find Harrow Weald, and Dr. Butler's reproof, and the harsh punishment meted out for an uncommitted crime, sticking more tenaciously in their memories than the remarks about *Rachel Ray* or *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite*. Few persons reopen the book to refresh their recollections of Trollope's theories of the novel or his opinion of Wilkie Collins. Against Trollope's desire, against his avowed purpose, the *Autobiography* has become the portrait of a personality. The parts of a book pull differently as time passes; what one generation takes for granted another exclaims about; the weight and significance of the themes and blocks of material shift. No one in the past half century has found in Hay-

don's *Autobiography*[16] anything but the picture of a fascinating man, any more than people now usually read *Paradise Lost* as a justification of God's ways to men; yet Haydon wrote for the glory of painting, as Trollope wrote for the glory of literature and the Post Office. Indeed, the work we are examining did not require the passage of time for what Trollope would have regarded as its transformation. From the moment of its publication the *Autobiography* was accepted as a human document; and today, even more than in 1883, its humanity moves us as its naïve and almost primitive literary theories do not.

The materials with which Trollope achieved a result thus at odds with his purpose consisted, like those of Mill (but unlike those of Newman, who documented his *Apologia* with great care), of recollections and opinions. In the study in which Trollope wrote were many of the five thousand volumes he had gathered about him since he had become financially comfortable[17]—among them his own novels, the Latin classics he was so fond of reading, books published by other members of his family, and probably a good deal of history.[18] When he wished to comment upon a novel, whether his own or another's, he could go to the shelves and glance hurriedly through its pages. That he did so is apparent from the tone of his remarks about his own works and his declaration that little of what he read stayed with him.[19] His unusually slow rate of progress in writing the *Autobiography*[20] can perhaps be explained by the necessity of such reference. Yet it is apparent that his plans called for little real research. He was content to "think" that his mother went to America in 1827 and returned to England in 1831,[21] although her *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* which would quickly have resolved his doubts, must have been within easy reach. When he quoted dates and figures he was sometimes mistaken; for example, he made an error of a year in Disraeli's age at the publication of *Vivian Grey* and said incorrectly that

Dickens was still younger when he wrote *Sketches by Boz* and as young when he was writing the *Pickwick Papers.*[22] There was little of the scholar about Trollope, in spite of his *Caesar* and *Cicero;* he was not the man to interrupt the steady forward movement of his pen to check on points of minor importance.

Of recollections and opinions, therefore, Trollope wove the greater number of his pages. The opinions are of little importance to the present study; but of what kind were the recollections? In what manner was Trollope accustomed, in moments of retrospection, imaginatively to relive the past?

A general reply is that he observed and remembered with the eye of the novelist. He did not, like Mill, discover in every incident of his life the illustration of a philosophical principle, nor did he try deliberately to exclude from his consciousness whatever had implications tangential to his autobiographical subject. The material which arose in his mind in moments of literary excitement was scenic, not ratiocinative. His keenness of eye and his novelist's pen made it possible for him to put down on paper, with a roundness and solidity almost greater than those of reality, some little conversation or drama of which he himself had perhaps failed to catch the full significance. As a novelist his object was not, like Hardy's or Kingsley's, to propagate a view of the universe, but simply to create objects—in the main *people,* who should have all the attributes of humanity. Again and again he declares in the *Autobiography* that a novelist is master of his craft in proportion as he succeeds in the depiction of character. That is merely to say that Trollope's temperament was not that of the thinker, but of the artist; that he had the instinct of creation. What made him a good writer was the accuracy of his observations and his sympathetic insight into motive and feeling.

It is easy to guess at the origin of these powers. The cruel solitude of his boyhood required that he obtain his pleasures vicari-

ously. His mother, he tells us, could dance with other people's legs, eat and drink with other people's palates, and be proud with the luster of other people's finery.[23] It is easy to imagine Anthony, a hulking, awkward, wistful boy, standing at the edge of the cricket field bowling with his contemptuous schoolmates' arms, or, hearing beyond his wall the suppressed jollity of a midnight spread, picturing sorrowfully to himself the Elysium of participating in the crime. That this influence was effectual is suggested by his confessed habit of castle building.[24] In daydreams he could reverse actuality and himself distribute jam to admirers. But the source of the ability is not to the immediate point. What is important is that he had the faculty of putting himself into the place of others and that the faculty was one source of his skill as a novelist.

When Trollope reflected upon the past, therefore, it was natural that he should see and feel his recollections. Seeing and feeling them, when he came to utilize them in the *Autobiography* his impulse was to present them concretely, not abstractly, as Mill would have done. The description of the daily trips to Harrow from the tumbledown farmhouse to which his father's fortunes had declined is typical:

> It was the horror of those dreadful walks backwards and forwards which made my life so bad. What so pleasant, what so sweet, as a walk along an English lane, when the air is sweet and the weather fine, and when there is a charm in walking? But here were the same lanes four times a-day, in wet and dry, in heat and summer, with all the accompanying mud and dust, and with disordered clothes. I might have been known among all the boys at a hundred yards' distance by my boots and trousers,—and was conscious at all times that I was so known.[25]

If Mill had written the passage there would have been no weather, no air, no lanes, no mud or dust, no heat, and certainly no disordered trousers. There would only have been a state of

mind—which Trollope portrays indirectly, through the impression made on the consciousness by the environment, not by reflective analysis. And this is the approach of the creative artist as distinguished from that of the philosopher. The philosopher explains the significance of incidents directly, by exposition; the artist re-creates the incident and lets the result spring from it for the reader as it previously has done for himself.

It would be too much to expect that the entire *Autobiography* should maintain the circumstantiality of the quoted paragraph. At the date at which Trollope wrote, the tradition in autobiography was still largely that of *res gestae,* although the recent publication of Mill's analytic self-portrait had been one of many indications of a new tendency toward inwardness. Comparatively few autobiographical narratives had yet appeared in which careful attempts had been made to evoke scene and dramatize action for any purpose more serious than that of telling an anecdote. Nevertheless, again and again Trollope drops a phrase of the kind he would have used in a novel. The gardener who stopped him on the road to inform him of the seizure of the family goods did so "with gestures, signs, and whispered words."[26] Dr. Butler, when he fulminated against Anthony's appearance, had "all the clouds of Jove upon his brow and all the thunder in his voice."[27] On the occasion of some supposed misconduct a Mrs. Drury "shook her head with pitying horror" at him.[28] The farmhouse at Harrow Weald was "one of those farmhouses which seem always to be in danger of falling into the neighbouring horse-pond";[29] and it had a parlor in which Anthony's father lived "shut up among big books."[30] But it is needless to multiply examples; any reader of the *Autobiography* who has an active visual sense can supply dozens for himself. In spite of the subject, which would seem to have encouraged either abstraction or a dry accumulation of literary chitchat, this is a "furnished" autobiography; it includes facial expres-

sions, and household lumber, and tones of voice, and all that is necessary (repeatedly, if not consistently and without intermission) to put thought and action in some kind of setting. And such furnishing represents a signal advance from the bareness of Mill's horizons, toward the later achievements of such writers as Edmund Gosse and George Moore.[31]

Since Trollope was a novelist, and the knowledge of novelists, like that of anybody else, is limited by experience, it is antecedently probable that he utilized some of his own experiences in his novels. The supposition is justified by the findings. T. H. S. Escott finds traces of Trollope in the Vicar of Bullhampton;[32] Ernest Baker, in Phineas Finn and Dr. Wortle;[33] Hugh Walpole, in Will Belton;[34] and Michael Sadleir, in Sir Thomas Underwood, Archibald Green, Father Giles of Ballymoy, and John Pomfret.[35] But there are more certain identifications than these, of which some are doubtful. All commentators agree that spiritually, if not factually, Trollope painted a full-length picture of his early London days in *The Three Clerks* and *The Small House at Allington*. Charley Tudor, in *The Three Clerks,* is a Civil Service employee like Trollope. Like Trollope, he started at £90 a year, had a farcical examination before his admission,[36] fell into debt, became involved with a moneylender from Mecklenburgh Square, developed rowdy, almost dissipated, habits, was subjected to a horrible moment when a woman carrying a basket walked into his office and inquired loudly when he was going to marry a young relative, and finally pulled himself back into respectability by obtaining a new position and beginning to write novels. The similarity between Johnny Eames, in *The Small House at Allington,* and Trollope is equally striking. Both men were hobbledehoys, both got involved in unsavory love affairs, both had fathers who had failed at farming, both walked in the fields and made grand speeches to themselves, both built castles in the air, both inflicted a thrashing on an enemy, both

nearly became ushers at classical schools, both were heavily built, both regarded themselves as burdens to their families, both, for a while, were moral but not physical cowards, and both, like Charley Tudor, ceased to be useless and awkward in maturity. There are many other similarities, but these are sufficient to establish the essential identity of character and fortune. Trollope did put himself into his novels, and at least two of the portraits are unmistakable.

The significance of this fact for a study of the *Autobiography* is evident. By measuring the Trollope of the *Autobiography* against the fictive parallels in the novels we can see, roughly, how much autobiography still differed from fiction in form and treatment. A convenient contrast will be that of the Civil Service examination, since we have Trollope's word that Charley Tudor's examination was his own.

The first and most obvious contrast is that of length. The story of the examination in the *Autobiography*[37] requires a few lines more than one page; in *The Three Clerks* it receives nearly three and a half pages.[38] The reason is that in the novel some scene was demanded, whereas in the autobiography, summary—what Percy Lubbock, in *The Craft of Fiction,*[39] calls "panorama"—was usual. Nevertheless Trollope managed to insert into his summary certain touches that show his familiarity with fictive techniques. There are bits of description: the newspaper from which he is required to copy is not any newspaper, but the *Times;* the pen is "an old quill"; his manner of speaking is humble and that of his inquisitor stern; after the trial of penmanship he descends in discomfiture "the main stairs of the building,—stairs which have I believe been now pulled down to make room for sorters and stampers"; and there is a little conversation. In the novel, evocation of word and setting is more elaborate. The pen here is not only an old quill, but a much-worn one, "with which the great man"—the examiner—"had

been signing minutes." The newspaper is not said to be the *Times,* but it is "huge," is "pushed over" to the candidate, and contains two leading articles, either of which he is asked to copy. The clerk speaks, not humbly, but in a confessional tone;[40] he also sits abashed, looks piteously into the examiner's face, appears sheepish, and so on. When he is sent home to prepare at leisure a more careful sample of his writing, we see exactly how he goes about the task:

> . . . preparations for calligraphy were made on a great scale; a volume of Gibbon was taken down, new quill pens, large and small, and steel pens by various makers were procured; cream-laid paper was provided, and ruled lines were put beneath it. And when this was done, Charley was especially cautioned to copy the spelling as well as the wording.
>
> He worked thus for an hour before dinner, and then for three hours in the evening, and produced a very legible copy of half a chapter of the "Decline and Fall."
>
> "I didn't think they examined at all at the Navigation," said Norman.
>
> "Well, I believe it's quite a new thing," said Alaric Tudor. "The schoolmaster must be abroad with a vengeance, if he has got as far as that."
>
> And then they carefully examined Charley's work, crossed his t's, dotted his i's, saw that his spelling was right, and went to bed.[41]

Whereas Trollope himself, in the *Autobiography,* simply "went to work, and under the surveillance of my elder brother made a beautiful transcript of four or five pages of Gibbon."[42]

Elsewhere Trollope makes closer approaches to scene, as when he describes the almost cataclysmic effect of telegraphing to Verona for hotel reservations:

> When we reached Verona, there arose a great cry along the platform for Signor Trollopè. I put out my head and declared my identity, when I was waited upon by a glorious personage dressed like a beau for a ball, with half-a-dozen others almost as glorious behind him,

who informed me, with his hat in his hand, that he was the landlord of the "Due Torre". It was a heating moment, but it became more hot when he asked me after my people,—"mes gens". I could only turn round, and point to my wife and brother-in-law. I had no other "people". There were three carriages provided for us, each with a pair of grey horses. When we reached the house it was all lit up ...[43]

Even in this passage, however, there is an air of rush and hurry; the autobiographer feels a disinclination to retard the progress of his narrative to explore all the ramifications of the situation. He takes a step toward novel form, but only a step. The glimpse of embarrassment we are given is partial and fleeting; the incident, although clearly pointed toward fully evoked scene, is still panorama.

With rare exceptions, most English autobiographers, from Gibbon to well beyond Trollope, show a clear preference for summary over drama. When Gibbon, in a famous passage which represents perhaps his utmost advance toward scene, describes the completion of his *History,* he suggests a moment of reverie which followed the release from his task.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau,* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame ...[44]

But this is still further from drama than Trollope. Although the movement of the passage is narrative, the purpose is to describe a significant mental state and the setting in which it was experienced, for the setting, of course, had an influence upon the

state. It is only Mill plus sensory background; there is no complete and deliberate adoption of fictive techniques. Like Trollope, though in a different manner, Gibbon has engrafted a sprig of green upon the expository trunk. The sprig is decoration, ornamentation, a spot of viridescent life against the sharp outline of the branches. In the same way dozens of other autobiographers preserve the form of descriptive summary and merely impose upon it, when discussing moments of which the sensory image for some reason remains fresh, a hint of retrospective immediacy.

Further illustrations may be useful. Darwin's brief "Autobiography" is life-and-career, with the focus upon actions. Nevertheless Darwin's rather surprising memory for setting and phrase once or twice leads him to elaborate upon an incident, as when he describes his early interest in hunting:

> How well I remember killing my first snipe, and my excitement was so great that I had much difficulty in reloading my gun from the trembling of my hands. This taste long continued, and I became a very good shot. When at Cambridge I used to practise throwing up my gun to my shoulder before a looking-glass to see that I threw it up straight. Another and better plan was to get a friend to wave about a lighted candle, and then to fire at it with a cap on the nipple, and if the aim was accurate the little puff of air would blow out the candle. The explosions of the cap caused a sharp crack, and I was told that the tutor of the college remarked, "What an extraordinary thing it is, Mr. Darwin seems to spend hours in cracking a horsewhip in his room, for I often hear the crack when I pass under his windows."[45]

Easy as it is for the reader to visualize the indoor target practice, Darwin is not trying to evoke; he is telling an amusing story. The tutor's remark is reported because of its anecdotal quality; the tutor himself is a blank.

Ruskin, again, writes narrative essay, but sometimes pauses over a memorable instant:

Meantime, my father and I did not get on well in Italy at all, and one of the worst, wasp-barbed, most tingling pangs of my memory is yet of a sunny afternoon at Pisa, when, just as we were driving past my pet La Spina chapel, my father, waking out of a reverie, asked me suddenly, "John, what shall I give the coachman?" Whereupon, I, instead of telling him what he asked me, as I ought to have done with much complacency at being referred to on the matter, took upon me with impatience to reprove, and lament over, my father's hardness of heart, in thinking at that moment of sublunary affairs. And the spectral Spina of the chapel has stayed in my own heart ever since.[46]

The summary is once more rapid, without sensory sharpness.

The contrast between evocation and mere *telling* becomes evident if we set beside the above selections a passage from a fully novelized autobiography, Gosse's *Father and Son:*

Left meanwhile to our own devices, my Father would mainly be reading, his book or paper held close up to the candle, while his lips and heavy eyebrows occasionally quivered and palpitated, with literary ardour, in a manner strangely exciting to me. Miss Marks, in a very high cap, and her large teeth shining, would occasionally appear in the doorway, desiring, with spurious geniality, to know how we were "getting on."[47]

Here posture and expression, instead of being left to the fancy of the reader, are supplied; the moment, instead of being told about in quick retrospective summary, is dwelt upon, fixed; connotations arise from it instead of being read into it by the reader.

It would be absurd to pretend that Darwin's or Ruskin's method is wholly inappropriate to the novel. The novel requires summary as well as scene; but, conversely, it requires scene as well as summary. In Trollope, Gibbon, Darwin, and Ruskin there is little or no scene; in Gosse and Moore there is a great deal. For this and other reasons it is accurate to say that *Father and Son* and *Hail and Farewell* are novelized autobiographies, whereas the autobiographies of Trollope, Ruskin, and Darwin, in the passages quoted, are simply narrative.

The comparison opens up an interesting technical problem. Why have autobiographers habitually preferred summary to scene? If the preference has recently weakened (and I am not at all sure that it has), it has nonetheless seemed to exist during the greater part of the period in which an autobiographical convention has existed. Speaking generally, the proportion of fixed moments to rapidly summarized moments has always been negligible in autobiography.

A partial explanation can be found in the difficulty of making autobiographical personages talk. Apart from sensing that most actual conversations, if reported word for word, would make hardly tolerable reading, the autobiographer must realize almost as soon as he begins writing that he could not set down the actual historical speeches if he wished. They are gone from his memory, utterly and irretrievably. He cannot invent without violating an express or implied promise of truthfulness. Unless his mind is abnormally retentive of verbal patterns or he is more interested in his story than in accuracy, the only recourse is to summarize. The same obstacle stands in the way of a full adducing of background: he cannot furnish his pages creatively. Gestures, tones of voice, physical attitudes, and milieux can be no more vivid in his narrative than in memory.

Another reason for hurry is implicit in the breadth and scope of the autobiographical materials. The novelist chooses critical moments—turning points—for space-consuming dramatization or "scene," skipping rapidly over what is not crucial, in "panorama." The autobiographer usually feels a compulsion to discuss his childhood, which is often omitted from the novel; his life after marriage, with which the novel frequently ends; a professional career, which may have motivated the writing of autobiography, but is conspicuously absent from much fiction; and not only all the varied happenings which led up to any chance crisis in his life, but all those that have sloped down from

it to the moment of writing. An autobiographer can sometimes not bring himself to forego mentioning, though he seldom elaborately describes, the various houses in which he has resided. He may comment in some detail on vacation trips abroad, tell anecdotes tangential to his subject, and admit other miscellanea into his narrative.

That the difficulties are not insoluble will be seen in the next chapter. For the present we are concerned with the position of Trollope's *Autobiography* between essay and novel. One is tempted to say that Trollope, if anyone, could have solved or circumvented the problems; and no doubt he might have done so had he chosen a narrower subject or a more temporally limited one. Delightful as his remarks on the craft of fiction may seem to the Trollopian, they might have been spared for another more spiritually round and remorselessly honest Johnny Eames or Charley Tudor. As it was, autobiography was forced to wait another quarter of a century to attain the sensory richness and sharp flavor of immediacy possessed even by much second-rate fiction. Nonetheless, an impulse toward novel form can be perceived in Trollope's *Autobiography* and must be recorded here.

It has been said that Trollope's hand was too strong for him; that his pictures of character and incident in the *Autobiography* pull more than their weight. Not only is this true, but even the opinions to which he gives over so many pages are often more interesting as throwing light upon his own character than as possessing intrinsic value. For the truth is that an autobiographer, notwithstanding the exercise of great caution, cannot conceal his real personality. Trollope's *Autobiography,* like all autobiographies, was a direct and revealing emanation of the brain that conceived it. In conversation a chance gesture, an unconscious gleam of annoyance, may give away what is meant to remain concealed; and similarly the written word may have significance beyond its immediate denotation.

For instance, the method of rapid composition which Trollope adopted is readily traceable to causes to which he does not assign it. In large part it is due to overcompensation for the long years during which he had disgusted himself by his failure to write at all. Having once, by a tremendous effort of the will, forced himself to set pen to paper, he feared that even a temporary relaxation of effort would throw him back into his old habits of procrastination. It is easy to develop a sense of morality about such matters; that Trollope did so is evident from the tone of his remarks. "A week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart."[48] Put on this basis, the maintenance of a given rate was necessary to his self-respect. When the pages were not forthcoming, he was accustomed to write in his pocket notebook opposite the date on which he had defaulted the eloquent single word "Alas!"[49] It marked a true sigh from the heart, not at all a conventional and perfunctory deprecation. But his writing habits had other origins equally apparent. In the old days of the sick-chambers at Bruges he had seen his mother pour out novel after novel under circumstances even more distressing than the seasickness during which he refused to relax his own schedule.[50] Trollope was lastingly impressed by the feat: "I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son."[51] Later he adds characteristically: "It was about this period of her career that her best novels were written."[52] In quantity as well as in steadiness he modeled himself on his mother; although she had never written a line for publication before she was fifty, the number of her printed volumes at the time of her death was one hundred and fourteen.[53] Given such an inspiring example; given his long years of difficulty in getting himself started; given the gradual growth of a feeling that he was shirking his duty,

and was therefore being weak or wicked, if he failed to write a certain number of pages a week; given his desire to win in something, if only in the number and thickness of his manuscripts, the "first" he had been so far from winning at school;[54] given his family background, with its four authors;[55] given his years of journal keeping[56] and his rapid writing of reports for the Post Office; given a hint by Sir Charles Trevelyan that the brain was clearest in the early morning hours; given a robust physique which would stand up under the roughest beating; given the need of an addition to his income; given, finally, a need for self-expression and a talent amounting almost, if not quite, to genius—it is not difficult to see, not only that Trollope was likely to become an author, but that if he did become one he would write in the way he did. Yet he himself perhaps saw few of the connections we have drawn. At least he took no pains to point them out in the *Autobiography*. It is for the reader, with the aid of information gathered from other sources, to piece out the causality.

There are so many instances of ignored relationship that it would be tedious to discuss them all. At the moment of Trollope's arrival in Ireland, particularly, there is an abrupt break; what follows, although it has the same surface texture, is so different in tone that it might have described another man. St. Augustine said in effect, "Because my youth was dissolute and heretical these griefs came upon me."[57] Trollope is less candid; the *because,* which in his case would introduce a happier resultant, is lacking and must be supplied by the reader. "I wanted to sit in Parliament because the boys who had despised me were there. I am proud of my £70,000 because I made it without help and revenged myself on my desperate poverty. I enjoy my clubs because as a boy I was excluded from male companionship. I took up the classics again to prove to myself that my tutors were wrong in thinking meanly of my intelligence. I like to hunt be-

cause for years I was debarred from all sports and games." And so on. The statements "I did this," "I thought that," in the major part of the work drop into a void; the causality is not suggested, and, were it not for the insight of the reader, might be assumed not to exist. It does exist; because of the rich connotation of the descriptive detail it is to some extent implicit in the work itself; but the fusion should be made by the author and not left to the reader. As a result of this structural flaw the *Autobiography* must remain chiefly a possession of Trollopians, who are willing to exert themselves to understand implications which remain obscure to less devoted students. The *Autobiography* can never attain the popularity of a work in which the structure is at once tight and transparent.

The disjunction between the parts of the work which deal with Trollope's life before and after his arrival in Ireland, particularly, has been observed by more than one critic. Leslie Stephen, in *Studies of a Biographer,* suggests that "If the *Autobiography* had been a novel, instead of a true story, the continuation must have been pronounced utterly improbable."[58] Charles Whibley's opinion is the same: "The transition from evil to good is so rapidly abrupt as to appear incredible. Had he been a character in a book—and it is as an independent creation that he regards himself in his *Autobiography*—he would hardly have seemed all of one piece to critical readers."[59] The fault is indisputable. The *Autobiography* shows less structural skill than the poorest of Trollope's novels. The reason, in all probability, can be found in his reticence, in the feeling that his importance did not deserve, and the reading public had no right to demand, more intimate depiction. Nevertheless the weakness is radical and unfortunate.

So far the structure has been discussed only generally. Before proceeding further it will be worth while to observe the organization more closely.

The usual plot pattern in Trollope's (as in other) novels consists of the introduction of disturbance into harmony and the eventual restoration of order.[61] In the *Autobiography* disharmony is present at the beginning—on page 2 Trollope says, "My boyhood was, I think, as unhappy as that of a young gentleman could well be"—and, again contrary to the plan of the novels, with the achievement of order the work does not come to an end. The turning point may occur as early as page 54, when Trollope says: "From the day on which I set my foot in Ireland all these evils went away from me. Since that time who has had a happier life than mine? Looking round upon all those I know, I cannot put my hand upon one." This sounds conclusive, and it is, with a reservation to be made shortly. If the rest of the book is denouement, however, the proportion of parts is curious: dramatic interest in a mere sixth, while five-sixths plays variations on a theme of stability. It is perhaps justifiable to assert that full compensation for the early unhappiness is not attained until, on pages 152 and 153, Trollope announces that he has fulfilled his literary ambition: "I now felt that I had gained my object. In 1862 I had achieved that which I contemplated when I went to London in 1834, and towards which I made my first attempt when I began the *Macdermots* in 1843. I had created for myself a position among literary men, and had secured to myself an income on which I might live in ease and comfort." Yet if this is accepted as the point from which the action slopes down toward the conclusion, more than half of the work remains static. It is necessary to assume—what Trollope would probably have affirmed with vigor—that the *Autobiography* was never meant to have dramatic interest. It was, he would have insisted, a discussion of what he, and others round him, had accomplished in literature, and of other miscellaneous matters connected with his career as writer and public servant.

Well, the explanation is accurate enough, though it offers no

reason why we may not hold fast to the morsel of drama that has been detected. Once stability is reached the narrative begins to wander—ceases, now and again, to progress; eddies rather. The eight chapters (iv–xi) following page 54 are concerned incidentally with the Post Office and primarily with literature. After a brief description of Ireland and the way in which Trollope became, for the first time in his life, an esteemed member of society, there begins a rather monotonous catalogue of books. In the Table of Contents the scope of each of six consecutive chapters is indicated by the names of novels. For instance:

> VI. "Barchester Towers" and the "Three Clerks", 1855–1858.
> VII. "Doctor Thorne"—"The Bertrams"—"The West Indies and the Spanish Main".

No better titles are conceivable. For the time being the *Autobiography* has settled down to *libri quos scripsi*. After chapter xi there occurs an expository interlude of three chapters on literary theory: On Novels and the Art of Writing Them, On English Novelists of the Present Day, and On Criticism. These chapters are in essay form, without even an element of narration; in a prevailingly narrative work they are intrusive. Mill, as has been seen, wrote a complete autobiography in essay form, but his subject matter, abstract as it was, was consistently personal. Except for a digression on political experiences at Beverley, the rest of the *Autobiography* is again *opera quae scripsi*—a specialized form of *res gestae*. Although, as we have seen, some hesitating steps are taken in the direction of the novel, the organization of the work as a whole shows that the old traditions of impersonal and chronicle history were still powerful.

Loose as it is, the structure was quite consciously ordered. By 1875, when the *Autobiography* was begun, Trollope had accustomed himself, through thirty years of experience, to cast his subject matter into rough preliminary shape before he took up

his pen. Anticipations of later passages make it abundantly clear that, whether he worked from an outline or not, he at least saw further than the immediate paragraph or chapter. He says on page 147 that he will close the *Autobiography* with a list of the sums he has received for his writings—a promise redeemed on pages 332–333. Again, when he mentions George Eliot on page 139, he says he will return to her in his discussion of contemporary novelists; he does so after eighty-four pages. On page 140, when he is describing a dinner given for contributors to the *Cornhill Magazine,* he postpones his remarks about Thackeray, whom he then met for the first time, to a moment which occurs twenty-nine pages later. In a similar way his mind worked retrogressively over what he had written. Some of the passages refer back only a few pages, as when on page 271 he remembers a remark made by his uncle six pages earlier, or when on page 195 he recalls somewhat grimly a suggestion made to him on page 184 that he sit out all the May meetings in Exeter Hall. The most elaborate series of repetitions, however, concerns a slighting remark made by a publisher in Paternoster Row about a novelist who had "spawned" three novels a year upon the firm. The remark itself is reported on page 100; on pages 116, 158–159, 249, and 294 it is referred to, usually in connection with the rapid appearance of volumes from Trollope's own pen. Whether backward or forward, such references help to bind the work together. It is well they do so, for the structure sadly requires every support it can find.

Within and between the divisions the organization is not sharply compartmentalized. The parts overlap; in spite of the resolution of the major dramatic theme on page 54, threads continue to be picked up well into the body of the "literary" section, and the *quae scripsi* and *quae cogitavi* sections are subtly penetrated with ideas belonging properly to the dramatic, or early, part of the book. For example, on page 145, long after the

reader has assumed that Trollope's lot has fallen, not merely in pleasant places, but exactly into the grooves marked out for it, it develops that his happiness has been incomplete; masculine friendship had been lacking.[61] The resumption of the earlier theme would be all to the good were it not for the previous suggestion that adequate compensation had already been made. The matter is not important except so far as it shows a greater structural complexity than appears on the surface. The fact is that there are two turning points: the first when the feeling of uselessness and depravity is overcome in Trollope's own consciousness, the second when the world reverses its unfavorable verdict as a result of his literary successes. The two have become tangled, not only in the book's structure, but also in the author's mind, with the result that, in a sense, the achievement of self-approbation is impossible without the gaining of a literary reputation. For the most part, however, each of the three sections—the dramatic, the *quae scripsi,* and the *quae cogitavi*—is more or less self-contained. The section that makes the closest approach to fictive form and tension has already been discussed. The *quae scripsi* section is built around books and magazine articles, as the Latin phrase is meant to indicate, but it also includes various miscellaneous matters inserted in their chronological places: work for the Post Office, travels abroad (often for the Post Office), the establishment of new homes, and so on. The *quae cogitavi* division is interpolated in the midst of the *quae scripsi* and is formulated in accordance with principles of its own. It is led into by a recountal of the attempt to gain a second literary reputation through anonymous publication;[62] this prompts comments on the difficulties and pleasures of a literary career; a transition is made to the effect of novels on public morality; next come a number of "rules" for the writing of fiction; then, with reference to the rules, contemporary novelists are judged; and finally, since the preceding remarks have been critical,

there is a chapter on current periodical criticism. The form of these three chapters, as has already been observed, is purely expository. The close of the *Autobiography* has little structural significance, contrary to the general rule; the list of published works is merely exhausted, and, after a few paragraphs of summary, in which it is declared again that the author has had no intention of disclosing his "inner life,"[63] the pen is laid aside.

This rather detailed analysis has been undertaken because of the wish, in this section of the study, to see whether, or to what degree, individual autobiographies have "form." Trollope's work is structurally faulty; loose ends are left hanging, and knots are seldom drawn tight. Nonetheless, the *Autobiography* clearly has a kind of pattern. If the prose is still sometimes expository, it is sometimes narrative; there are more "incidents" than in Mill, though no attempt is made to create suspense or arouse anticipation. In the main, the *Autobiography* is a mixture of deeds and opinions. The ground of the work is a chronological history of actions, which are described in varying degrees of fullness; but beneath the framework, and interwoven with it, is a subpattern of interpretative comment, which in the critical chapters expands into essay.

The mental approach to the writing of such a work is not hard to imagine. The author begins with the intention of explaining or describing his "life," by which he usually means the important stages in his career; then, as he proceeds with the summarizing narrative, he stops repeatedly to interpret, to judge, and to illustrate—as he would probably phrase it to himself, to discuss. If his mind is highly reflective, the discussion may become focal, and the narrative will sink to the second plane, as in Mill, Chesterton, Kaye-Smith, Spencer, and others;[64] the result is the essay form. If, on the other hand, his personality is more active than reflective, the events will remain central and the discussion will play lightly over the surface; the autobiography

is then prevailingly narrative, as are those of Viscount Wolseley, Lord Herbert (rather surprisingly), Thomas Holcroft,[85] and many others. Trollope stands about midway between these two groups, and his *Autobiography* has been chosen as the subject of a separate study because it shows one form about to pass into the other. At one moment a visual imagination pushes the author toward narrative; at another a reluctance to explore private emotional states pulls him back to essay. Had he been less intelligent he would have omitted the essay and, like Wolseley, would have written narrative (but not necessarily novel); had he been less creatively-minded he would have omitted the narrative and, like Mill or Chesterton, would have written essay.

One final remark must be added: It is from the form of mixed narrative and essay, rather than from pure essay or pure narrative, that the novelized autobiography has developed. In pure essay there are no elements of "story"; in pure narrative there is lacking the point of view, the interpretative urge, that can be found in Trollope. How far autobiography can go in the direction of fictive form we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NARRATIVE MODE: MOORE'S HAIL AND FAREWELL

IT IS STRANGE that one of the most seriously purposeful of all autobiographies was written by a man who was notorious for levity. Newman, whose *Apologia* has repeatedly been mentioned, was in earnest about clearing his character, but his aim was personal and affected society only so far as he justified his religion by justifying himself. Gosse was almost painfully in earnest in his denunciation of Puritanism,[1] but he was aware that he was mauling a weakening creed. George Moore, whose autobiographic trilogy *Hail and Farewell*[2] we are now to examine, set an end for himself beside which the moral burdens of *Father and Son* and the *Apologia* pale into insignificance. He was an evangel, a Messiah, a Man with a Mission; and his mission was nothing less than to destroy the Roman Catholic Church and bring back Art to Ireland.

It is important to recognize this fact at the beginning, or we shall be unable to understand the moral pressure behind a seemingly frivolous work. The casual reader of *Hail and Farewell* is impressed by the brilliancy of the portraits, the mordancy of the humor, the cool and imperturbable prose rhythms. He cannot fail to perceive that Moore was bitterly opposed to Roman Catholicism, but unless he reads with his eyes carefully open and his sense of form constantly alert he may not realize that every page, every paragraph, and every sentence is shaped with a view to the destruction of priestcraft. No modern writer has struggled more conscientiously with formal problems than Moore, and few have achieved finer structural grace. In *Hail and Farewell* he has attained one of his greatest successes; and the informing principle is his dislike of the Roman Church.

It will be well to review briefly the story of Moore's ten years in Ireland before turning our attention to the fictive form of his autobiography. All the information we need is in *Hail and Farewell,* but it is scattered piecemeal through the three volumes and must be brought together for clarity.

The chain of events which was to lead to the writing of an antireligious autobiography had begun with a remark made by Edward Martyn in the Temple. "I wish I knew enough Irish to write my plays in Irish, he said one night, speaking out of himself suddenly."[3] In Irish! how wonderful! Moore had thought. A new language to enshrine a new literature! and he wandered about the Temple for a long time, sad because he had heard of a medium beyond his reach. Nevertheless, the idea of a Celtic Renascence faded, and five years later—in 1899—when Martyn and Yeats came to his room to discuss the founding of a Literary Theatre in Dublin, he was frankly skeptical. At first his predictions of ill success seemed justified by an ecclesiastical squabble over Yeats's play, *The Countess Cathleen;* but the trouble blew over, and it was ultimately the Theatre, in conjunction with a detestation of the Boer War, that brought him to Ireland, overflowing with enthusiasm for the Irish language, for Nationalism, and for the Renascence, willing, for once, to submerge himself in a group and work for a group object.[4]

Almost immediately he came into conflict with the Church. When he said there was need of more reading matter in Gaelic and suggested *The Arabian Nights* as an excellent book for translation, an anonymous "Sacerdos" accused him in a published letter of wanting to put an indecent book into the hands of peasants. When the Fays proposed the organization of a traveling troupe to perform Irish plays in the provinces, the Coisde Gnotha refused financial aid because of a danger to unchaperoned actresses. Then Moore undertook to supply short stories to be translated into Irish for inclusion in textbooks, but

had difficulty in finding subjects which would be approved by his Jesuit sponsors. Whichever way he turned he found clerical opposition. At length he began to meditate sourly upon the reason for his troubles and decided that the Catholic mind had to move within a limited circle. In the Catholic atmosphere a literary conception had no freedom to grow; it was like an acorn planted in a pot. All this looked bad for the Renascence. But the crowning blow came with the dismaying discovery that even in the Catholic countries of Europe ninety-five per cent of all post-Reformation literature had been written by Protestants and agnostics. He called in specialists in foreign literatures to test the generalization; he pondered the matter in his garden, among his pictures, in the rooms of his friends. It was indisputable; there was no hope for a Catholic country. The voices which had called him to Ireland had mocked him, and his aesthetic mission was a delusion.

So he had felt for some time, until, one October day, when the dahlias in his garden were blackening from the lateness of the season, he had realized, in a sudden flash of understanding, that he had not been misled by the voices but had misunderstood them. It was not to resurrect Erse that he had been chosen by the gods, or to ride on the crest of a movement. His task was more elementary—spadework, the end of which was to make art possible in Ireland. "Nature is not a humorist. She intended to redeem Ireland from Catholicism and has chosen me as her instrument . . . I have come into the most impersonal country in the world to preach personality—personal love and personal religion, personal art, personality for all except for God."[5] It seemed to him, in his moment of ecstasy, that he was Siegfried the son of Sigmund, whose destiny was to reforge the halves of a long-splintered sword. Ireland had once produced literature, before the priests had killed her intelligence; she would produce it again if she abandoned Catholicism. As a preliminary step

toward liberation, a new Messiah, the negation of the Asiatic one, would preach his iconoclastic message.[6]

So Moore speaks of his mission, in deadly earnest despite the humorous exaggeration which had become part of his autobiographical manner. For a long time, however, the means he was to adopt for his task eluded him. He tried a story, then a play, only to look with a craftsman's disapproval at his scratched pages. The project of a newspaper cheered him momentarily, but the financial backer died, and he muttered to himself as he walked among the apple trees in his garden, "I am without hands to smite."[7] At last, one day, as he came into the living room in which hung his Manet, his Monet, and his Mark Fisher, the form which his work should take was revealed to him. "Autobiography," he reflected, "is an unusual form for a sacred book";[8] but almost at once he thought of St. Paul, and, his doubts gone, he sat down to dictate the chapter outline with which it was his custom to prepare for actual writing. A week of inspiration was enough. At the end of that time the plan of his book, conceived while the excitement of discovering his mission was still on him, lay on paper in its final form. From that plan, he insisted, he never varied. Eight years later, when the final touches had been put on the third and last volume, he believed that he had been led by the hand like a little child.[9] Still later, in the preface to a new edition,[10] he asserted that the trilogy had been inspired. "Sometimes [Nature] undertakes the entire composition, as in *Hail and Farewell;* every episode and every character was a gift from Nature, even the subject itself . . . For years I believed myself to be the author of *Hail and Farewell,* whereas I was nothing more than the secretary."[11] What happens all too rarely in autobiography had happened for Moore (because he made it happen): a form had fallen together with a meaning. A moment of insight—or rather, two moments, since we must count also the preliminary insight

among the dahlias—had been followed first by a week in which blocks of potential autobiographical materials were fitted into a large-scale pattern,[12] then by eight years of struggle during which the minutiae of form were worked out and the autobiography that had to be written was patiently cut free from other possible autobiographies that no doubt threatened constantly to intrude into and deform it. The labor must often have been onerous. The major obstacle to the achievement of form had been surmounted, however, at the beginning. The autobiography had a sharply realized subject, therefore a frame of reference against which every potential element of design could be tested.

The material limits of the narrative framework are implied by the word "Ireland." The second paragraph of the trilogy is that in which Edward Martyn desires to write his plays in Irish; the last paragraph contains Moore's farewell to Ireland, expressed in a verse of Catullus; and nearly the whole first chapter has to do with his longing to write a book about Ireland. The limits are not, it must be observed, those of the Celtic Renascence only. Moore and the three most important secondary figures—the esurient Edward, the hieratic Yeats, the maieutic Æ—were in the heart of the Celtic movement. So were most of the tertiary figures: Colonel Moore, who stands for the ineffectiveness of the Catholic character; Plunkett and Gill, the puzzled geniuses of the Department of Agriculture and Art; Douglas Hyde, of the Gaelic League; John Synge, author of *The Playboy of the Western World;* John Eglinton, the curator of the National Library; and many others. Nevertheless *Hail and Farewell* is not a book about the Celtic Renascence. If it were, how could the long reminiscences of the author's childhood, which seem to fall beautifully into place as one reads, be accounted for? What function could be discovered in the pages given over to descriptions of the elder Moore's race horses, the

priests at Oscott, and the Irish countryside? The Renascence motivated Moore's return to Ireland; it kept him in Dublin for ten years; it supplied him richly with characters and incidents; yet it is not the subject. As only one expression of Ireland, it was insufficient for his purpose. His childhood had to be evoked so that the malady he discerned might be recognized as chronic, not acute and temporary. Paris was needed for contrast: an intelligent and open-minded nation against a foolish and narrow one. Bayreuth reveals Edward, the devout Catholic, the ideal and lovable Irishman, in all his dogmatic aesthetic stupidity. At Oscott the priests are seen at their work of crushing healthy instincts. In the racing scenes energy is dissipated on frivolous ends. The final visit to Moore Hall shows rural Ireland again, its fields, its woods, its hovels; also—not least important—the refusal of the whole nation to recognize irresistible economic trends, its lack of intellectual courage.

Viewed in this way, as an autobiographical evocation of Ireland, the volumes fall into sharp focus both separately and as a group. "Hail to Ireland!" Moore is returning to his homeland, full of sanguine enthusiasm for its future. "Health to Ireland!" He is involved in a struggle for art, beginning to doubt, but as yet refusing to surrender. "Farewell to Ireland!" There is no hope—none, at least, while Catholicism retains its power. Moore has struck his blow and will now return to England, a Protestant country, where art and thought are still possible.

In reading the trilogy so we do not impose unity from without upon a work which is not inherently single. No trained reader, while the volumes are in his hands, is likely to suspect irrelevance in any of the compositional details; and it is in this plan that the details coalesce.

Hail and Farewell is thus thematic autobiography. Its materials are those of Moore's contacts with and reflections about Ireland; but its theme is the artistic hopelessness of Irish cul-

ture. In the same way Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son,* which is also "novelized," is at once personal and more than personal. Its subject is the conflict of two personalities, of whom one represents the age of faith and the other the age of science; and its theme is the impossibility, in the age of science, of a continuing acceptance of the dogmas and ethical standards of revealed religion.[13] Theme is by no means a new autobiographical phenomenon; St. Augustine's fifth-century *Confessions* had it. Yet it is worth pointing out that neither of the works studied in the two preceding chapters was thematic. Mill's *Autobiography* was simply explanatory: although Mill undoubtedly felt that the educational system under which he had been reared had certain advantages over the public school system, he did not write with a strongly reformative purpose. Trollope's *Autobiography* was also mainly descriptive and explanatory, though it suggested, and even rather strongly urged, certain theories about novel writing.

Unlike Mill and Trollope, within the limits of his general plan Moore sometimes deliberately manipulated fact in the interest of subject. He himself affirmed the absolute truth of his story: "If I were to introduce a thread of fiction into this narrative, the weft would be torn asunder."[14] He would admit no more than that his recollections were sometimes hazy.[15] The visit to Chinon described at the end of *Vale* was made, however, by a friend, not by himself; Moore appropriated it because, he thought, the story needed a passage of sunlight to follow a long description of somber Mayo bog.[16] He also fabricated incidents in conversation—for instance, when he once described in detail a visit he had *not* paid to Verlaine.[17] He had been younger at that time and readier to show off; nevertheless it is easy to imagine how he would have rationalized the pretended visit to Chinon. He would have become irritated and aggressive. What difference did it make (he would have demanded) that his in-

tention to inspect the place was thwarted? The mood of the passage was right, and that was what counted; not the simple *vérité* but the *vraie vérité,* its essence.

This is not the place to argue the superiority or inferiority of imaginative truth to accidentally factual truth. The point is simply that, whatever the reason, and whatever the excuse, Moore did not always confine himself strictly to historical actuality either in *Hail and Farewell* or in his other autobiographical narratives. There was more pertinence than he might have been willing to admit in a remark made in his own *Impressions and Opinions:* "The vulgar do not know that the artist makes but little use of his empirical knowledge of life, and that he relies almost entirely on his inner consciousness of the truth."[18] *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*—how often, and how honestly, he had made the confession! And yet, in spite of inaccuracies, *Hail and Farewell,* like Gosse's *Father and Son* (in which research discloses no inaccuracies), is not fiction but a real "life." All the important incidents are factual, and the whole was offered to the public as truth.

The existence of inaccuracies, moreover, must not be emphasized to the point of implying a basic untrustworthiness. In general, Moore did not invent, but merely arranged and developed. In a phrase of John Freeman's, he tended at most to bring his oaks from acorns,[19] planting the historical incidents where they ideally belonged and then watering them with loving assiduity until they flowered.[20] For example, it is not possible, and very likely was not intended, that readers should accept with naïve credulity all the adventures that are said to have befallen Plunkett and Gill. The historical misadventures are allowed to proliferate exuberantly.

Besides inventing, Moore also sometimes rearranged. The Colonel's visit to Upper Ely Place, which in *Salve* comes before Moore's "conversion" to Protestantism, actually occurred a long

time afterward. A conversation with Kuno Meyer, Moore's discovery that he had been paying the Benedictines for the education of his nephew, and the death of Oliver Madox Browne are all "transposed." The drive to the station from Moore Hall in *Vale* has been made to coalesce with other drives; not all the places described could have been seen from one road.[21] Yet no more than the inventions do these transpositions justify a charge that *Hail and Farewell* is an "untruthful" or "fictive" narrative of Moore's experiences in Ireland. The motive behind the recasting and development (as Moore would have said, the molding[22]) of the materials was a desire for the sharpest possible illumination of the subject. To quote Freeman again, Moore used fictions in his autobiography as poets use metaphors,[23] as a means for the communication of truth.

The length of the trilogy precludes an exhaustive examination of time sequence, in connection with which most of the factual liberties were taken. A glance at the first chapter of *Ave* will reveal, however, one of the more important ways in which the molding was accomplished.

Nearly the whole chapter is cast in the form of imaginative reverie, which Moore used with great skill not only in *Hail and Farewell* but also in his later novels. Toward midnight Moore goes to Martyn's garret in Pump Court, where he learns of the incipient renascence of literary Irish. Leaving Martyn, he wanders about the Temple and Fountain Court, thinking of Ireland and the novel he might write about it. He remembers having picnicked, as a child, among the ruins of Carra Castle; he recalls the house he chooses to call Mount Venus, seen shortly after his return from Paris in the 'eighties; his mind flashes back to a hunting meet, and, a moment later, to a horse bucking before one of his father's practice races; but in all this he finds no subject for the novel he is dreaming. Dismissing his father as chief character, he settles upon his uncle Dan and the uncle's

mistress, Bridget. Carmody, the poacher, would then come into the story . . . Moore licks his lips in anticipatory pleasure. But alas! He is too indolent to go to Ireland for background, and without background the novel cannot be written. In an hour he has dreamed Ireland from end to end. For the next ten years, in all probability, he will not think of Ireland again.

The fact of greatest technical interest in the chapter is that various moments of the past are brought into juxtaposition with a historical present and even with an anticipated future. Although later the time scheme becomes confused, here it is perfectly clear; even the half hours are indicated. It was toward midnight when Moore entered Martyn's room, after one when he stepped down into the street, half past one when he turned into Fountain Court, and, by implication, about two when he climbed the stone stairs to his own garret; yet in the meantime (the setting is in the eighteen-nineties) scenes have been evoked from the 'fifties, the 'sixties or 'seventies, and the 'eighties,[24] not to speak of the "next ten years," to which reference is made at the end. The effect is to bring several temporal planes into nearly simultaneous visibility so that each can be made to comment on the others. It is as though the reader were seated in the center of a room in which moving pictures taken at different times are being shown on the several walls. He can turn from one wall to another; here is the young man, there is the boy who was later to become the man; and all the time the mature Moore is present, pointer in hand, chuckling as he draws attention, with a note of irony in his voice, to the interconnections of the various actions. "You see what the lad is doing there? Well, look over here and you'll see that after he stopped cutting up cats he became a writer and began to dissect people's characters. Imagine, a writer! In the middle you can see him in Paris painting bad canvases and writing bad verses." Thus states of being are illuminated by juxtaposition with processes

of becoming, and the complex total image gains a four-dimensional reality. The technique is analogous to one often employed in the novel—that of causing all the actions to be told by a participant or observer, who, from the vantage point of a later time and fuller comprehension, can reflect on meanings which were obscure in the situations as they occurred. The technique is important in the trilogy; to it we are indebted for many of the most exquisite and memorable passages.

The mood of imaginative reverie had for several years been increasingly Moore's special province. He had first chanced upon it in *The Lake* (1905), driven by the exigencies of a story in which the one important event lay in the past. In *Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters* (1906) the subject had again required him to throw his mind backward; and *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (also 1906) was similarly retrospective.[25] The mood, however, was one to which Moore had probably always been temperamentally inclined. As he took his solitary walks through London or Dublin or Paris the comedies he played out in his imagination caused him to puzzle passers-by with his smiling. All his friends were characters in these little dramas, although he himself took all the parts and uttered all the dialogue; and almost any event was sufficient to stimulate him to improvisation.[26] Thus it was easy for him to bring a number of historical times to focus in a single imaginative present, or even, when pushed by compositional necessity, to clarify intended meanings by dialogues that were frankly imaginary.

At least one such imaginary dialogue is included in the trilogy, when Moore, in *Vale,* discusses Edward's delightful eccentricities with Dujardin.

> Dujardin knows that Palestrina was a priest, and he will say: That fact deceived your friend, just as the fact of finding the *Adeste Fideles* among the plain-chant tunes deceived him. For of course I shall tell Dujardin that story too. It is too good to be missed. He is wonderful, Dujardin! I shall cry out in one of the sinuous alleys.[27]

And so on, with remark and reply, for three pages. This dialogue, moreover, is as convincing, as full of verve and excitement, as any of the historical dialogues which Moore, with the aid of his phenomenal memory for verbal patterns, reported. The eyes of the imagination, he said in *Vale,* are sharper than those of the body.[28] So far as Moore's eyes were concerned, the statement was simple truth.

Again and again Moore insisted on the clarity and vigor of his imaginative conceptions. Even while he was a boy at Oscott he found reality in his mind, not in his surroundings; the school and its master were a detestable dream.[29] Sometimes his imagination carried him too far, as when he decided that his father must have committed suicide,[30] or when, hearing that his friend Best had seen Kuno Meyer in white flannels, he erroneously guessed that Meyer had been a cricketer and had played at point because he was slow on his feet.[31] But such errors of vivacity are comparatively rare. His mind moved freely backward and forward through time, now playing with the past, now anticipating the future. For it must be observed that the imaginative movement was not always backward. The conversation with Dujardin, instead of being fabricated, may have been inserted ahead of its proper temporal place; and in the first chapter of *Ave* there is a prophetic leap over ten years: "When shall I think of [Ireland] again? In another ten years; that will be time enough to think of her again." Thus, more perhaps than any other autobiographer, Moore has emancipated himself from temporal sequence, from the this-and-then-that-and-finally-the-other order of narrative chronology. He was able to do so, he asserted, because the past was a wonderful mirror into which his imagination could look at will.[32] The importance of such juggling in autobiography, as in fiction, is its usefulness for the pointing of meaning.

Having learned to make time the servant instead of the master

of intention, Moore undertook next to experiment with transitions. The necessity of shifting frequently in narration from thought stream to dialogue, from forest to drawing room, from action to observation, from feelings to ratiocination, is a constant drain on technical resources. If readers are not dizzied by an author's leaps from plane to plane, one reason is that they accept easily narrative conventions for which the author may have had to search painfully, and another that in everyday experience one kind of mental state slides smoothly and unnoticeably into another. The compositional problem is that of reproducing the effect of actual consciousness by preventing the literary transitions from seeming unnaturally abrupt. The reader ought to feel the narrated experience as immediately present; he ought not to be conscious, as he turns pages, that "Here is a passage of description," "Now the chief character is represented as thinking," and so on. Real life does not happen to us in discontinuous and qualitatively disparate chunks; and if it does not, the life in fiction, or, a fortiori, in autobiography, ought not to happen to us so.

One technical solution attempted by recent writers is that of excluding all the planes except one. Henry James, in *The Awkward Age,* tried to write fiction in which every thought was externalized and the whole "story" became visible and audible drama. In other works he took the opposite course of eliminating everything but thought stream—an approach in which Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, among others, followed him. Moore used neither method. Instead, he refused to commit himself markedly to any plane or indeed to acknowledge the existence of any differences between planes. Having observed that in oral narration transitions are less obtrusive than in written, he decided that the English novel—and it must be remembered that technically, if not in material substance, *Hail and Farewell* is a novel—had strayed too far from its beginnings

in oral fable.[33] He would bring it back. He would write not for the eye but for the ear, and would keep the action flowing forward as continuously as in the story a nurse tells her charge at bedtime,[34] without distinguishing among levels of consciousness.

The degree of Moore's final adeptness in concealing major transitions appears in *The Brook Kerith* (1916) at a point toward the middle, when Joseph of Arimathaea, through whose eyes the first half of the action has been observed, is killed by a mob, and Jesus, rescued from the tomb and restored to consciousness, becomes the percipient. Even when one knows the shift is coming one reads on effortlessly, awakening only tardily to a realization that the transition has been accomplished. The secret is in the preparation—in the series of carefully insinuated little preliminary jars and jolts which make the final shock imperceptible. "The reader is carried forward at so high a speed over so rough a track that he has no time to notice the changes of plane from subjective to objective."[35] Thus the general explanation of Moore's official biographer (who did not, however, publish the expected "life"). In *Hail and Farewell,* although still in the experimental stage, the method accounts for part of the book's extraordinary vividness and flavor of actual living.

At its simplest, the method consists of the omission of conventional transitions. For instance, in *Salve:*

> Gill is my man, I said, as I got out of bed on Monday morning... My business today is not to take Gill out for a pleasant walk, but to find out what defence an educated Catholic can put up.
>
> Hullo, my dear Moore! Gill said, raising his eyes from his writing table.[36]

Everything between the moment of arising and that of entering Gill's office is skipped over, as irrelevant and possibly forgotten. Why should writers be required to account for every

minute of narrative time when our memories are often of isolated instants? Narrative techniques ought to be adapted to the patterns of human consciousness, not to the steady flow of sidereal time. Moreover, on closer scrutiny the sentences on either side of the unwritten transition are seen to span gaps between categories of awareness. Meditation becomes indistinguishable from speech ("Gill is my man, I said") and is accompanied by physical action ("as I got out of bed"). The last sentence of the quoted passage, again, includes speech, a visual image, and a muscular action, so interfused as hardly to be separable. And so it is in experience. Some such interfusion is unavoidable in verbal discourse, but in few literary narratives is it so omnipresent as in Moore's.

Other transitions are more subtle, sometimes to the point of frustrating analysis. Although they often extend over several pages, one or two may be described. Moore once goes to visit Edward at night. We know it is night because Edward comes downstairs carrying a candle. After a discussion on various subjects Moore goes home and pushes open his garden gate, whereupon—"The sunlight beguiled my mind into thought."[37] Has the conversation lasted until morning? No; we learn a few pages farther on that the time is afternoon. An indeterminate number of hours, or days, or weeks, has elapsed since the conversation with Edward; or, possibly, the stroll in the garden has merged with other walks and become generalized. Once again, in the same volume we see Moore preparing to dine beneath his apple tree.[38] As he waits for his guests he decides that he must leave Ireland and that he will make his decision public at once. On the next page, while he is still beneath the apple tree, John Eglinton drops by to say that he has heard of the projected departure, the news, in fact, having come to his ears on the preceding day. This is as puzzling as the two times in *Othello,* but it would be wrong to suspect carelessness. A

final example: At the end of *Vale* Moore starts back to Dublin from Moore Hall. He seems to be musing on the train; but then—"I must yield to instinct, I said to Æ"[39]—and he is presumably at home again.

In normal reading one slips over these complexities with no more than an occasional slight jar at the necessity of readjusting an expectation or substituting suddenly a new image for one that has lingered too long in the mind. Only when one's eye is on the narrative method instead of the content do the means of securing a continuous flow become apparent. The jars are no doubt a flaw; the reader ought not to be set leafing back through a dozen pages to see whether he has missed something. On the whole, however, the refusal to assign experiences to qualitative categories is clear gain, since categories are seldom apparent in reverie, out of which much of *Hail and Farewell* has emerged. It is impossible that Moore, in the course of his endless rewritings, should not have seen what he was doing. Besides, we have the testimony of his chosen biographer that Moore desired nothing so much as to invent a new method of storytelling.[40] The fusion of discontinuous time tracts not only sets meaning in sharper relief but avoids the distortion which would have resulted from an attempt to produce a narrative orderliness markedly greater than the orderliness of events in the autobiographer's memory. Together, the continuous flow and the obscuring of temporal edges give the remembered experiences a fluidity, a plasticity, which they would not otherwise have had, still within the limits of broad "truthfulness." And this plasticity is precious, since without it there could have been no achievement of form.

In characterization also Moore was not content to stay within traditional autobiographical techniques, which are not adequate for the drawing of living personalities. One problem of characterization, especially, demanded solution. It was necessary to

present his Irish acquaintances—particularly those who were Catholics—as ludicrous, yet at the same time to avoid giving the effect of caricature; for the originals might be seen any day in Dublin or elsewhere. Since the author himself had to perceive whatever was to be shown as ridiculous, it was likely that some offense would be given to the acquaintances. It was important, however, to enlist the readers' coöperation. How could the author show up his friends without antagonizing readers and causing sympathy to fall on the wrong side?

The method adopted for the avoidance of this danger was one for which *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906) had been the ideal though unconscious preparation. As Hone remarks: "For the purpose of [*Hail and Farewell*] his business was to cultivate an ironical and detached personality constructing a complex humour out of an appearance of paradoxical simplicity, and to see himself, even in the matter of his anti-Catholic passion, as others saw him, while remaining the real hero of his narrative."[41] It was precisely this mood of detached irony which had given the stories in the *Memoirs*—particularly the notorious one entitled "The Lovers of Orelay"—their zest and piquancy. Moore had not spared himself; hence he could be forgiven his amused excoriation of others. In *Hail and Farewell,* as in "Orelay," he is frequently ridiculous: when he sits on the window ledge of his flat in Victoria Street to prevent the masons from chipping it away, when he goes hunting in ladies' boots, when he paints in a lady's tea gown, when a prostitute thinks him as negligible in love as in art, and on a dozen other occasions. "What have you to object to?" one can fancy him saying to Yeats or Gill. "Didn't I treat myself as badly?" The plea is disingenuous; Moore chose which of his own foibles he would reveal. Furthermore, he was often able to suggest that his own silliness was deliberate, as when he remarked in *Vale,* "—to be ridiculous has always been *mon petit luxe,* but can any one be said to be ridiculous if he

knows that he is ridiculous?"[42] Yet, when all reservations are made, his personal attacks are less indefensible than they would have been had he remained openly tender toward his own quirks and oddities. He is even able to give an air of reluctance to his criticisms of his friends. These flaws of character, he seems to say, are regrettable, but candor and my delight in curiosities of the soul compel me to mention them.

In one respect Moore's candor about his own weaknesses is extraordinary: the climax of the trilogy turns on an admission of sexual impotency. This was going rather far. The attorney on whom Moore was relying for advice about possible libel suits objected, but Moore was not to be moved: "The passage about the impotency I am afraid I cannot change. If it were changed it would be nothing at all."[43] Since he was not likely to bring suit against himself, his solicitor was powerless to argue. The way in which Moore smoothed the way for a confession which would imperil the form and disturb the narrative flow if introduced too abruptly merits notice.

The first hint of the impotency is given on page 198 of *Vale,* when, after a night with Stella, Moore goes back to Dublin "a little dazed, a little shaken." At the moment we do not understand his perturbation, but the matter does not seem important. Possibly the quarrel which had begun at the gate has continued all night; possibly Moore has been taken ill. On the next page is a less veiled suggestion: "At forty-six or thereabouts one begins to feel that one's time for love is over."[44] Still, although one may suspect, there is no certainty that the cause of the reflection is physical. We read on and find ourselves in the midst of a discussion of the difficulty of men's making love as frequently as women desire. The real question is delicately obscured, however; and though we are told that Moore began to avoid Stella and to bring friends when he called, not until he informs her that he must cease to be her lover "unless his life is to be sacrificed"[45]

does the drift of the incident become unmistakable. The alliance is broken, and, for the time being, Moore is permitted to recruit his exhausted energies. Then follow two other affairs; in one he is mortified by being abandoned for other men; in the course of the other he falls again to considering the age at which a man should begin to avoid "unplatonic love-encounters." We are now prepared for the climax—the climax, be it noted, not of *Vale* only but of the whole trilogy. One day as he kisses a lady who has come to see his pictures the blood rushes to his head so violently that he falls back upon the sofa.

> My time for love-encounters is over, I said, reaching out my hand to her sadly . . . I wandered out into the garden, finding consolation in the thought that one does not grieve for a lost appetite, for a lost power, for a lost force. Horrible, I said . . . Celibacy is set above all the other virtues in Ireland, and the Irish people will listen to my exhortations now that I have become the equal of the priest, the nun, and the ox. Chastity is the prerogative of the prophet, why no man can tell, and dear Edward, to whom the virtue of chastity is especially dear, believes that it was the stories of what the newspapers would call my unbridled passions that had caused the Irish people to turn a deaf ear to my exhortations . . . Nature is not a humorist. She intended to redeem Ireland from Catholicism and has chosen me as her instrument, and has cast chastity upon me so that I may be able to do her work, I said. As soon as my change of life becomes known the women of Ireland will come to me crying, Master, speak to us . . .[46]

In consequence of such frankness Moore could claim plausibly that he himself was his own most ludicrous butt. Whether the revelation is "funny" or not, it is one not often made. And some such viciousness or ingenuousness toward the writer's own frailities must, one supposes, be evident in every satirical autobiography. Without it the shafts directed at acquaintances and at society in general will not pierce; the reader will become indignant and give his sympathies to the satirized.

One final remark about Moore's treatment of himself. We

have already observed that a large part of the trilogy consists of the past as it renews itself in reverie. The surface of his mind is disclosed, and we can see thought following thought, picture succeeding picture; but physical actions are not therefore neglected. We can often follow the movements of the autobiographer's body at the same time we watch images move across his brain. Moore starts to his feet, sinks into a chair, stops short in the middle of the street, wanders to the end of a pier, stands perplexed, changes expression. In one way or another a visual image is kept before us. It is difficult, again, to find an example short enough for quotation, but in *Avowals* occurs this passage, different only in concentration from a score in the trilogy:

> I returned home to my hotel, the excitement of addressing a French audience evaporating as I passed street after street, till on reaching the Rond Point I stopped, brought to bay: After all, what have I done but deliver a lecture? A commonplace event enough. A little later I took a different view and walked, assuring myself with much complacency that my lecture was quite different from the amorphous spouting with which the professional lecturer seeks to entertain an audience. And with which, I added sadly, he produces better entertainment.[47]

Even the tone of the subvocal remarks is given: he added *sadly*. Such phrases as "I fell to thinking," and "I began to wonder," which occur repeatedly, although not actually descriptive of physical movement hint at it faintly and carry on the mood. In this way, by setting the body in motion to accompany mental activity, Moore has increased the distance between reflection and essay, the tone of which would have been inappropriate to his narrative. When he does not indicate his movements, he sometimes interrupts a train of thought by an image, as in the long soliloquy on literature and dogma in *Salve,* where he inserts, just in the middle of the argument, a description of the gardener killing snails. In these and other ways he seems to have tried to give meditation and reverie the interest of story, with give-and-

take, declaration and retort, pauses and dartings and retrogressions, and here and there a picture to indicate time or physical setting. And this technique, although perhaps not new in literature, was probably new in autobiography.

As has already been suggested, toward his acquaintances Moore's attitude was sometimes malicious. Whistler once said to him, "Nothing, I suppose, matters to you except your writing." Moore's reaction to the remark is unexpected: "His words went to the very bottom of my soul, frightening me; and I have asked myself again and again if I were capable of sacrificing brother, sister, mother, fortune, friend, for a work of art. One is near madness when nothing really matters but one's work."[48] Moore, then, was near madness, for he did sacrifice a brother and friends. Colonel Maurice Moore's portrait in *Salve* caused a permanent estrangement; Yeats and Rolleston were offended; Plunkett and Gill must have been maddened to fury; and dear Edward remained on good terms with the author only by refusing to read the book.[49] And yet, forty years after the publication of the first volume, regret for Moore's highhandedness comes hard. Mischievous, even cruel, as it is, one cannot wish the portraiture different.

The greatest figure is that of Edward Martyn. Æ is reduced to a schoolgirl's hero, as he himself said and Moore was partly aware.[50] Yeats is strikingly evoked; we see him, understand him, and are repelled by the hieratic airs which were at the root of Moore's growing antipathy to his character. But Martyn! Here, for once, Moore has exposed without excoriating. If he destroyed Martyn, he did so—in a manner of speaking—without injuring a hair of his head. As Humbert Wolfe has remarked, the treatment of Martyn is really complimentary; the figure has been conceived as so settled that no blast could move him.[51] Sir William Geary, however, has said the final word on the likeness.

Critics of Moore have suggested that his writing about Martyn in *Ave, Salve, Vale* was a grievous breach of hospitality. But Moore has raised a permanent monument to Edward Martyn, "dear Edward," and dear to me. He has preserved the likeness of a most loveable friend, with weaknesses maybe, as we all have, but no meanness, no vice, one who might be called a man after God's own heart. Every word Moore wrote of Martyn makes one love Martyn more, and that is a notable tribute to a friend.[52]

The essential technical fact about Moore's method of characterization is that he bores from within. In his early novels, written under the influence of Zola and other French realists, he attempted to characterize by means of exact pictures of action and environment, but from *Sister Teresa* on (given the subject, how could he have helped doing so?) he relied more and more on direct insight into psychic complexities. His observation of personality, of emotion, of the soul, was never in any period frivolous, in spite of its humor, but of the most intense artistic seriousness. Only rarely in *Hail and Farewell* does he yield to the temptation to caricature, as when he pictures Æ going out with a bird cage to capture a new songster for his newspaper, or compares Yeats, in his long black cloak, to an umbrella forgotten beside the lake by some picnic party.[53] But these witticisms deceive nobody. They flash and disappear, leaving the image without permanent distortion.

In some respects the portraits of Plunkett and Gill are exceptions to these generalizations. Plunkett is scarcely mentioned outside the Bouvard and Pécuchet chapter, but Gill appears frequently in the first two volumes and is seldom treated with respect. Perhaps, as Freeman surmises, a physical revulsion to the beard "which brushes so many pages of *Hail and Farewell*"[54] is behind the savagery. The Bouvard and Pécuchet interlude had as its excuse a demonstration of the incompetency in practical administration of figures in the Celtic Renascence, and, by

extension, of Irishmen in general, but what caused it to grow to its final length was probably a craftsman's delight in the exploitation of an attractive idea. Throughout the chapter the characterization is by incident, much of it no doubt invented. There may, indeed, be invented incidents among those told of Edward and other characters; and it must not be forgotten that Moore's own estimate of his talent was that he was unusually gifted in the "linking up" of stories by incidents.[55] The purpose of action, however, is usually the revelation of character and the exploration of subject. Adventure for its own sake is rare not only in *Hail and Farewell* but in the twenty volumes which form the canon of Moore's works.

The total structure which the described elements of technique assist and within which each of the cited passages finds its appropriate place is admirably tight. The tightness is perhaps not immediately apparent; in Shawe-Taylor's opinion, it begins to appear only on second or third reading;[56] but the existence of many roundnesses and reciprocations can be suggested by illustration.

The frequent mention of Wagner's *Ring* in the first two volumes, for example, have a purpose beyond their intrinsic interest. They point forward to the climax, in which Moore discovers himself to be Siegfried, given the task of reforging broken weapons of thought and restoring Ireland to intellectual respectability. The climax occurs on page 209 of *Vale;* twenty pages earlier is the last touch required in preparation. Moore, in accordance with his custom, whistles a few bars of the *Ring* outside Edward's window, and Edward admits him with the remark, "Come in, Siegfried, though you were off the key." In consequence we are ready for the sword motif when it comes. It slips smoothly into the narrative, rounding out the musical discussions and merging them with the central theme of the trilogy; and Moore's failure to hit the exact pitch has already

hinted that his heroism will be grotesquely varied from Siegfried's. A similar instance of preparation, also connected with the climax, concerns Stella, upon whose sexual demands the ultimate discovery of impotency is to turn. She appears first in *Ave* as a companion on one of Moore's crossings to Ireland, then drops out of sight except for momentary glimpses, just frequent enough to remind the reader of her existence, until she is needed for the catastrophe. Presumptive evidence that all her appearances were calculated with a view to the climax is found in a letter to Dujardin which makes clear Moore's original purpose of writing a book without women.[57] The introduction of a character two full volumes before her presence becomes necessary suggests very farsighted structural care indeed. There is foresight also in the description of Jim Browne painting lions, roaring and growling as he splashes the pigment against the canvas. Fifty-two pages later we are told of his death from exposure incurred while modeling a huge snow lion in his garden. The incident is episodic—one of the small rooms opening off the main gallery—yet the workmanship is as meticulous as though weighty matters were involved. A final detail, more minute still: in the "Overture" to *Ave,* on page 3, Moore recalls a remark of Dujardin's. "After discussing the Humbert case for some time, Dujardin and a friend fell to talking of what a wonderful subject it would have been for Balzac, and I listened to them in sad silence. Moore is sad, Dujardin said. He is always sad when he hears a subject which he may never hope to write." On page 29, after an hour of wandering in the night air, Moore's thoughts turn again to sadness.

> Other men are sad because their wives and mistresses are ill, or because they die, or because there has been a fall in Consols, because their names have not appeared in the list of newly created peers, baronets, and knights; but the man of letters . . . my energy for that evening was exhausted, and I was too weary to try to remember what Dujardin had said on the subject.

Thus the entire chapter is framed in Dujardin's observation.

There are too many of these niceties of organization to be summarized. From a written digest of the three volumes they leap into view; when attention is absorbed by the life which Moore has crammed into his pages, they are easy to overlook. The length of the work, too, is an obstacle to perception. Probably few readers hold clearly in their minds for two whole volumes Moore's curiosity about whether Ireland will appear as an enchanted isle or a pig's back; yet no complete answer is forthcoming until the end of the third volume. So strong, in fact, was Moore's sense of form by this time that one suspects he left Ireland not to avoid meeting his characters in the street,[58] as he said, but to give his tale the perfect denouement. It would not, surely, be the first time an autobiographer did something in order to tell about it in his autobiography.

It would be pleasant, if space permitted, to analyze many other elements of structure and technique; but a few must serve for all. One sees foreshadowing of the journey motif which was to play so large a role in Moore's later fiction. No one who has read *The Brook Kerith* or *Héloise and Abélard* can fail to have noticed Moore's fondness for setting his personages in motion through space—Jesus from the monastery to Caesarea and back, Héloise and Abélard through the forest to Tours, and so on. The ancients, whom Moore had begun to feel he resembled in his narrative method,[59] had turned journeys to good account—in *The Golden Ass,* for instance, a book Moore loved.[60] In *Hail and Farewell,* although most of the journeys are short, they are treated in the same way as the longer journeys in the novels. Moore moves through the woods at Coole, or down the banks of the Dodder, or along the piers at Galway, or between the railroad station and Moore Hall, or through Stephen's Green, or down to the Dublin quay, or across to Ireland from England, his reflections mingling with his observations. And there are two

longer journeys as well—the first to Bayreuth, which fills four chapters, and the second to the cromlechs, which fills two and a half. The proportion that the peripatetic pages bear to the whole number, if calculated, would probably be astonishing. The effect of the device, as has been suggested earlier, is the activation of reverie. Sometimes, of course, the reverie takes place while the author is seated in a chair, but more often it is accompanied by motion.

In the course of these walks and journeys the landscapes are made sharply visual. "I am always interested in natural things," says Moore in *Ave;* and the interest translates itself superbly into images.[61] There is, however, something odd about these images; they compose almost too beautifully; and one realizes at last that Moore describes what he sees indirectly, through the medium of imagined pictures. Wilson Steer thought that Moore's descriptions were based rather on pictures than on nature, and Professor Henry Tonks once sketched, by request, a setting Moore wished to visualize for *The Brook Kerith.*[62] Moore's landscapes are, in fact, cut and framed for the reader. He had never forgotten his training in Julien's studio in Paris; he was always alert to *désigner par les masses,* to take care that *cette jambe,* or *cet arbre, porte.* There is significance in his repeated assertions that painters judged his books more correctly than writers; nor is it meaningless that he often admitted he could describe a scene which he had been told about better than one he had seen himself.[63] Hundreds of his descriptions await only a brush and pigment to become canvases. For instance, a caged lion at Muenster dreams of the day "when an Arab held him, a whelp, well above the high, red-pommelled saddle." *Well* above, so that a strip of sky might accentuate the distinctness of horse and whelp. Again, of the same lion: "I often imagined us twain, side by side, *The Tale of a Town* in my left hand, while with the right I combed his great brown mane

for him." The properties are supplied, the dominant color suggested, the posture exactly delineated. A few more quick descriptions:

—a corn-field with reapers working in it, the sun shining on their backs—that one straightening himself to wipe the sweat from his brow with a ragged sleeve.

still winding her coarse apron round her arms, she stood looking at me, her eyes perplexed and ambiguous.

a pompous town—imitation French, white streets with tall blue roofs, and some formal gardens along the river.[64]

The influence from painting is not doubtful. Moore himself admits that for long only the pictorial idea of Ireland attracted him; not the people, not the politics, not even the language.[65] The colored and figured pages of *Hail and Farewell* are a far cry from the uniform blankness of Mill's *Autobiography.*

A number of other matters must be lumped together in a paragraph. It is apparent that like his masters, the impressionists, Moore had a passion for concreteness. His anthology of "pure" poetry, published after a delay of years in 1924, was restricted to *poetry about things;* and in his prose is conclusive proof of his assertion that only what his eyes had seen (directly or in imagination) or his heart felt interested him.[66] He says in *Salve,* "I am an objectivist, reared among the Parnassians, an exile from the Nouvelle Athènes."[67] It is certain that symbolism, which stuck less closely to concretions, did not attract him.[68] And yet, in view of the philosophical pages in *The Brook Kerith* and *Héloise and Abélard,* Moore clearly had a historical and psychological interest, if not a speculative interest, in metaphysics. Variations in the narrative mood might be traced: for example, the transition from Moore's pose of cool assurance and efficiency in England to one of boyish eagerness in Ireland; from this, in turn, through a series of small irritations, to missionary excite-

ment; then at last to a recovered assurance. Of these moods, that of boyish eagerness is longest maintained; and to it can be traced the atmosphere of awe and wonder which hangs over much of the second and third volumes. There is no word more frequently repeated in *Salve,* especially, than "admire." As the widemouthed girl said when George returned from the end of the pier with a story about how he had talked to the King of the Fairies, George could not be taken anywhere without something wonderful happening to him.[69] A recognition of the marvelous inhering in the commonplace accounts for much of the vitality felt in the work by sympathetic readers. Of importance also for its effect on tone is the deep human sympathy that tempers much of the malice. One illustration is Moore's avoidance of the tower in which Edward, at his insistence, is rewriting *The Tale of a Town,* lest the sight of his shadow from the window should depress his friend. Sympathy, however, is everywhere implicit: in the hope that Edward would not hear the step of the butler bringing refreshments to Moore and Yeats when they were still further cutting up the same play, in his conversation with a Breton sailor whom he imagines struggling with the sails in the ice and snow of Cape Horn, in his interrupting a drink of milk because he catches sight of a small child who may want the rest of the bowl, and in his willingness to humor Lady Gregory by assenting with enthusiasm to Yeats's emendations of his own paper on small languages. It is hard not to agree with Wolfe when he says that in respect of cutting power Moore's sympathies are to Dickens' what diamond is to paste, and again when he says, "For quite simply and shortly George Moore has the widest human sympathy of any English novelist."[70] "All things human interest me," Moore said in *Memoirs of My Dead Life;*[71] and the Terentian statement is mere truth.

Enough has been said to indicate that *Hail and Farewell*

differs from the typical English autobiography in at least two important ways. First, a vividly sensed meaning preceded the search for compositional methods; and because the meaning served as a reference frame for the determination of material limits and structural techniques, it came to inform every page and paragraph of the finished narrative. The ordinary autobiography all too often lacks such a meaning. Secondly, in *Hail and Farewell* the ratiocinative meaning is supported by an identical perceptual meaning. The complex perception which rises from a perusal of the work is exactly equivalent to the rational proposition that Moore desired to render persuasive. The thesis is twice proved: logically, by means of argument, and to the senses, by making accessible the feelings which implied the logical statement. And this second achievement is more rare even than the first. Almost never, in autobiography, are historical moments represented as passing *now*. What is usually presented is not the experience itself but a hurried summary or the strained substitute for experience that remains in a rational paraphrase.

Moore's autobiographical techniques, which approximate the techniques of the novel, are not within the reach of every autobiographer. Possibly it is well that they are not. There are values, certainly, in the methods which in this context it has been necessary to disparage—values arising partly from the fidelity of a dull life record to a dully sensed life. Nevertheless, one may record admiration for the artistic integrity of *Hail and Farewell* and suggest that if so much could be made of Moore's not intrinsically extraordinary experiences, the use of equally appropriate techniques by other autobiographers would do much both to vivify and to deepen a literary genre which cannot, in the gross, be said unequivocally to have earned the name of an art form.

NOTES

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

The Development of the Modern Autobiographical Convention

[1] For an English translation of Petrarch's *Epistola ad Posteros,* see *Francesco Petrarcha to Posterity,* in James Harvey Robinson and Henry Winchester Rolfe, *Petrarch, the First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters* (New York and London, 1898), pp. 59–76; for the Latin, see Iosephus Fracassettus, *Francisci Petrarcae Epistolae de Rebus Familiaribus et Variae* (Florence, 1859), pp. 1–11. [Throughout the present study, the titles of all works written before 1600 are italicized, irrespective of the length of the works.] For the *Historia Calamitatum* in English, see Peter Abélard, *Historia Calamitatum: The Story of My Misfortunes. An Autobiography,* translated by Henry Adams Bellows (St. Paul, Minn., 1922); the Latin text is given in J.-P. Migne, *Patrologia Latina,* Vol. CLXXVIII, cols. 113 ff.

Letters are accessible in large quantities in Migne's *Patrologia Latina* (cited hereafter as Migne), as are also the wills of the men I have named. See the index volumes. A good example of the *itineraria,* though perhaps less laconic than most, is the *Bernardi Itinerarium,* in *ibid.,* Vol. CXXI, cols. 569 ff. With the remark concerning Frederick II's Manifestoes, compare Ernst Kantorowicz, *Kaiser Friedrich der Zweite,* Band II (Berlin, 1931), S. 179: "Tatsächlich nehmen die [Manifeste] eine Überschau über das ganze Leben des Kaisers gebenden Rechtfertigungsschreiben eine besondere Stellung ein."

[2] The Venerable Bede, *The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation* (London, 1903); for the Latin, see *Baedae Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum,* edited by Alfred Holder (Freiburg i.B. and Tübingen, 1882). Asser, *Annales Rerum Gestarum Ælfredi Magni,* edited by Francis Wise (Oxford, 1722); for the same work in English, see *Life of King Alfred,* translated by Albert S. Cook (Boston, 1906). More detailed bibliographical information on the works cited is given in the Bibliography.

[3] Cf. John Gower, *Selections from the Confessio Amantis,* edited by G. C. Macaulay (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1903), p. ix and note. For the full text of Gower's *Confessio Amantis,* see *The English Works of John Gower,* edited by G. C. Macaulay and published for the Early English Text Society, Vols. I and II (London, 1900–1901). For Laweman's chronicle in verse, see *Layamon's* [Laweman's] *Brut, or Chronicle of Britain: a poetical semi-Saxon paraphrase of the Brut of Wace,* edited by Sir Frederick Madden (London, 1847).

[4] Quoted in *English Biography* (London and New York, 1916), by Waldo Dunn, p. 133: "In the Middle Ages a writer was wholly identified with his work. His personal habits and private vicissitudes of fortune excited little curiosity: Vincent of Beauvais and Godfrey of Viterbo are the names not so much of two men as of two books." A suggestion that anonymity was sometimes deliberately sought can be found in *Othloni Libellus de Suis Tentationibus, Varia Fortuna et Scriptis,* by the eleventh-century German monk Othloh. He speaks of himself as "scribens quidem sine titulo auctoris et absque personarum notarum litteris, ne facile pateret cujus opus esset" (Migne, Vol. CXLVI, col. 54)—and in fact the work is his only by ascription. There are other indications that in the Middle Ages pride of authorship was deprecated on religious grounds.

[5] Geoffrey Chaucer, *The House of Fame,* in *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer* (Student's Cambridge Edition; Boston, 1933).

[6] All three treatises are in Migne: St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, *De Trinitate Libri Duodecim,* in Vol. X, cols. 25 ff.; John of Salisbury, *Metalogicon,* Book II, chapter x, in Vol. CXCIX, cols. 867 ff.; and Aelred of Rievaulx, *Beati Aelredi Abbatis Rievallis De Spirituali Amicitia Liber,* in Vol. CXCV, cols. 659 ff. For Clement Webb's remark see his *John of Salisbury* (London, 1932), p. 84.

[7] Compare Coulton's comment: "The dryness of the ordinary medieval chronicler, his apparent unconsciousness of any human interest beyond the baldest facts, is often exasperating: or again, when he betrays real interest, it is too often at the expense of fact." G. G. Coulton, *From St. Francis to Dante: Translations from the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene (1221–1288)* (London, 1907), p. 5. Although the historians of the Crusades are perhaps not in all respects "ordinary," Villehardouin is sometimes dry in this sense, and, so far as I am aware, autobiographical value has been found in no other eyewitness history of the Crusades except Joinville's.

[8] Jean de Joinville, *Chronicle of the Crusade of St. Lewis* [*Histoire de Saint Louis*], and Geoffroi de Villehardouin, *The Conquest of Constantinople* [*La Conqueste de Constantinople*], are both in *Memoirs of the Crusades by Villehardouin and de Joinville,* translated by Sir Frank Marzials (Everyman's Library Edition; London and New York, 1911).

[9] *Ibid.,* p. 135.

[10] John of Salisbury's *Historia Pontificalis* has been edited by Reginald L. Poole and published under the title *Ioannis Saresberiensis Historiae Pontificalis Quae Supersunt* (Oxford, 1927). For the anecdotes I have cited see pp. 8, 12, and 82–85.

[11] Boethius, *The Consolation of Philosophy,* translated by W. V. Cooper, in *Boethius, The Consolation of Philosophy; Thomas à Kempis, The Imitation of Christ; Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici* (Modern Library Edition; New York, 1943), p. 11.

[12] Francis Petrarch, *My Secret,* in *Petrarch's Secret, or The Soul's Conflict with Passion,* translated by William H. Draper (London, 1911).

[13] T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays, 1917–1932* (New York, 1932), p. 233. For Dante's *Vita Nuova,* see Dante Alighieri, *The Vita Nuova* [and *Canzoniere*], translated by Thomas Okey (Temple Classics Edition; London, 1911).

For the Middle English text of *The Pearl,* see *The Pearl: A Middle English Poem,* edited by Charles G. Osgood, Jr. (Boston, 1906); for a modern version of it, see *The Pearl: The Fourteenth Century English Poem. Rendered in Modern Verse.* With an introductory essay by Stanley Perkins Chase (New York, 1932).

[14] "[The *Rota Nova*] offers a real autobiography of the writer and has but one disadvantage: the author's pleasure in representing the story of his life and his sufferings in so periphrastic a way and in so mystical a disguise—though in agreement with the whole style of his proem—makes it not at all easy to extract from this tissue the simple facts." Ernst Kantorowicz, "An 'Autobiography' of Guido Faba," *Mediaeval and Renaissance Studies,* Vol. I (1943), p. 265. For the entire article, including the *Rota Nova* in Latin, see *ibid.,* pp. 253–280 (text of *Rota Nova,* pp. 278–279).

[15] Friedrich von Bezold, in the chapter of *Aus Mittelalter und Renaissance: Kulturgeschichtliche Studien* (Munich and Berlin, 1918) entitled "Über die Anfänge der Selbstbiographie und ihre Entwicklung im Mittelalter," traces the history of mystical visions from the twelfth century and shows that, like chivalric romances, they ended in artificiality and falsity. ("Unnatur und Unwahrheit waren das Ende der mystischen wie der ritterlichen Empfindsamkeit." S. 218.) The whole chapter is valuable to the student of autobiography.

[16] See Margery Kempe, *The Book of . . . ,* edited by Professor Sanford B. Meech (London, 1940).

[17] See St. Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of . . .*, translated and annotated by J. G. Pilkington (New York, 1927).

[18] Ratherius, Bishop of Verona, *Dialogus Confessionalis,* in Migne, Vol. CXXXVI, cols. 391 ff. The *Dialogus Confessionalis* is remarkable for the virulence of the scorn the author pours upon himself and for the apparent frankness with which he reveals his commission of grave sins. But the modern editor points out reasons for believing that the sins were grossly exaggerated and suggests that the autobiographical value of the document is therefore comparatively slight. See Migne, Vol. CXXXVI, col. 391, for the editor's "Admonitio." Von Bezold, *op. cit.,* pp. 208–209, comments interestingly on Ratherius.

[19] Othloh, *op. cit.,* in Migne, Vol. CXLVI, cols. 27 ff.

[20] Guibert, Abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy, *The Autobiography of Guibert* [*De Vita Sua*], translated by C. C. Swinton Bland (London and New York, [1925]). The Latin version is in Migne, Vol. CLVI, cols. 837 ff.

[21] Von Bezold, *op. cit.,* S. 210.

[22] For the phrase from Guibert, see his *Autobiography,* p. 116. Othloh's description of his purpose is as follows: "Hoc ideo clericus supradictus ideo scripsit, ut his qui in conversionis initio sacram Scripturam legere cupiunt, ostenderet qualiter immensam diabolicae fraudis astutiam, qua omnes eamdem Scripturam legentes impugnare solet, agnoscere et praecavere . . . Talia autem laboris mei indicia hic ideo protuli, ut aliquos monachos otiositati deditos converterem, et ad aliquod opus monasticae vitae congruum incitarem." Migne, Vol. CXLVI, cols. 51 and 58.

[23] Salimbene de Adam, *Cronica Fratris Salimbene de Adam Ordinis Minorum,* edited by Oswald Holder-Egger, in *Monumenta Germaniae Historica,* Scriptorum Tomus XXXII (1905–1913).

[24] Coulton, *op. cit.* (in n. 7 above), p. 1.

[25] Cf. Coulton's remark that "The good friar jotted things down just as they came into his head, with ultra-medieval incoherence." *Ibid.,* p. 10. A good example of the way associations guide the narrative is the following: "Cum autem in civitate Pisana habitarem, eram iuvenculus, et duxit me quadam vice pro pane quidam frater laycus et spurius et habens cor vanum, et erat natione Pisanus, quem processu temporis, cum habitaret in loco de Fixeclo, fratres extraxerunt de puteo, in quem seipsum precipitaverat, nescio qua stulticia vel desperatione temptatus. Et postmodum paucis elapsis diebus ita disparuit, quod in aliqua parte mundi non potuit repperiri ab aliquo. Quapropter suspicati sunt fratres, quod eum diabolus asportasset. Ipse viderit! Igitur cum essem cum eo in civitate Pisana, et cum sportis nostris panem mendicando iremus . . ." Salimbene de Adam, *op. cit.,* p. 44.

[26] For Abélard's *Historia Calamitatum* in Latin, see Migne, Vol. CLXXVIII; and for the Bellows translation of it see Abélard, *Historia Calamitatum: The Story of My Misfortunes* (both cited in n. 1 above). The *De Rebus a Se Gestis,* by Giraldus Cambrensis, is available in Henry Wharton (ed.), *Anglia Sacra . . .*, Pars Secunda (London, 1691). A translation of the *De Rebus* by H. E. Butler was published by Jonathan Cape, London, in 1937, under the title of *The Autobiography of Giraldus Cambrensis;* but some liberties were taken with the text.

[27] Robinson and Rolfe, *op. cit.* (in n. 1, above), pp. 59–76; for the Latin, see Petrarch, *Francisci Petrarcae Epistolae . . .* (cited in n. 1, above), pp. 1–11.

[28] The account of a dream in which the Emperor witnessed the death of the Dauphin of Vienne at a distance on the day of its actual occurrence may be cited as one such anecdote; the account of a mild *poltergeist* in Prague is another. Charles IV, Holy Roman Emperor, *Vita Karoli Quarti Imperatoris ab ipso Karolo Conscripta,* in *Fontes Rerum Germanicarum, Geschichtsquellen Deutschlands,* edited by J. F.

Boehmer, Band I (Stuttgart, 1843). See SS. 228–270 for the whole *Vita,* and SS. 244–246 and 249 for the anecdotes. Boehmer's summary of the whole is convenient: "Der geschichtliche rang des werkes ist so hoch wie der persönliche seines verfassers. Er spricht immer nur von dingen die er genau kannte, von vorgängen bei denen er mithandelnd war, wahrheitsliebend verschweigt er seine eignen fehler nicht, gereiften urtheils spricht er ohne heftigkeit mit ruhigem ernst. *Er wollte nur sein leben, nicht alles was vorgegangen war, beschreiben.*" (*Ibid.,* S. xxiv; my italics. Capitalization *sic.*)

[29] Thomas Hoccleve, *La Mal Regle de T. Hoccleve,* in *Hoccleve's Works,* edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, Vol. I (London, 1892); and John Lydgate, *The Testament of Dan John Lydgate,* in *The Minor Poems of John Lydgate,* edited by Henry N. MacCracken, Part I (London, 1910).

[30] Nonetheless, Donald Stauffer has dignified the *Vocacyon* by calling it the "first separately printed prose autobiography in English"; see his *English Biography Before 1700* (Cambridge, Mass., 1930), p. 178. For the *Vocacyon,* see John Bale, *The Vocacyon of . . . to the Bishoprick of Ossorie in Ireland,* in the *Harleian Miscellany* (London, 1808). For the *Examinations,* see Anne Askew, *Examinations of . . . ,* in *Select Works of John Bale, D.D., Bishop of Ossory,* edited by the Reverend Henry Christmas (Cambridge, England, 1849). For Skelton's *Goodly Garland,* see John Skelton, *A Right Delectable Treatise upon a Goodly Garland or Chaplet of Laurel,* in *The Complete Poems of John Skelton,* edited by Philip Henderson (London and Toronto, 1931).

[31] Thomas Churchyard, *A Tragicall Discourse of the Unhappy Man's Life,* in *Illustrations of Early English Poetry,* edited by J. Payne Collier, Vol. II (London, 1870). According to another editor, Philip Bliss (see "Advertisement" to *Bibliographical Miscellanies* [Oxford, Munday and Slatter, 1813]), the work in its present form is composed of two shorter pieces, *The First Parte of Chippes* and *Churchyard's Charge,* apparently laid end to end.

[32] Thomas Tusser, *The Authors Life,* in *Fiue Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie,* edited by W. Payne and Sidney J. Herrtage (London, 1878).

[33] Jerome Cardan, *The Book of My Life* [*De Vita Propria Liber*], translated by Jean Stoner (New York, 1930).

[34] See Robert Greene, *Groats-Worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance.* [Also] *The Repentance of Robert Greene. 1592* (London and New York, 1923).

[35] Sir Thomas Bodley, *The Life of . . . ,* in *Trecentale Bodleianum* (Oxford, 1913).

[36] See Sir James Melville of Halhill, *Memoirs of His Own Life, 1549–1593* (Edinburgh, 1827); Robert Cary, First Earl of Monmouth, *Memoirs of the Life of Robert Cary, Baron of Leppington, and Earl of Monmouth* (London, 1759); and Sir James Turner, *Memoirs of His Own Life and Times, 1632–1670* (Edinburgh, 1829).

[37] Edward Herbert, First Baron Herbert of Cherbury, *The Autobiography* [*Life*] *of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury,* edited by Sidney Lee (London, 1886).

[38] Edward [Hyde], Earl of Clarendon, *The Life of . . . , Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford* (Oxford, 1759), 3 vols.

[39] Thomas Dempster, *Thomae Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum, sive De Scriptoribus Scotis* (Edinburgh, 1829).

[40] See Sir Kenelm Digby, *Private Memoirs of . . . , Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First* [*Loose Fantasies*] (London, 1827). The title was changed by the nineteenth-century editor.

[41] Thomas Raymond, *Autobiography of . . . ,* in *Autobiography of Thomas Raymond and Memoirs of the Family of Guise of Elmore, Gloucestershire,* edited by G. Davies, Camden Third Series, Vol. XXVIII (London, 1917). The term "autobiography" had not yet come into use; Raymond himself used the word "life."

[42] See John Bunyan, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,* in *Grace Abounding and The Pilgrim's Progress,* edited by John Brown (Cambridge, England, 1907).

[43] Thomas Ellwood, *The History of the Life of . . . ,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives Ever Published,* Vol. XI (London, 1827).

[44] Richard Baxter, *Reliquiae Baxterianae: or, Mr. Richard Baxter's Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times,* edited by Matthew Sylvester (London, 1696).

[45] Abraham Cowley, "Of My self," in *The Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley* (London, 1669).

[46] Ann Lady Fanshawe, *The Memoirs of . . . , Wife to the Right Hon^ble Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., 1600–72,* edited by Herbert Charles Fanshawe (London and New York, 1907); Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life, of . . . ," in Margaret, Dutchess [*sic*] of Newcastle, *The Cavalier in Exile: Being the Lives of the First Duke & Dutchess of Newcastle* (London, 1903); and Anne Lady Halkett, *The Autobiography of . . . ,* edited by John G. Nichols and published by the Camden Society ([London?], 1875).

[47] Many are accessible only in England, and some, no doubt, are still in manuscript. For further details about the documents I have mentioned see the Bibliography, and for a fuller listing of works see Stauffer, *op cit.* (in n. 30, above), chap. vi. I believe, however, that the foregoing summary gives an adequate idea of the variety of seventeenth-century autobiography.

I have not spoken of firsthand accounts of travels and voyages, which were published in considerable numbers on both sides of 1600. For a discussion of these see Louis B. Wright, *Middle-Class Culture in Elizabethan England* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1935), chap. xiv. The interest of these narratives was, however, rather geographical and anthropological than autobiographical, and the focus was rarely on the author's life or personality.

The limits of autobiography are nowhere so difficult to discern as in narratives in which the author's eyes are meant to substitute for the reader's but observations are colored by the perceiving mind. My practice in dealing with works written after 1500 has been to accept as autobiographies only those in which the personal point of view appears to have been deliberately capitalized on instead of being minimized or regarded as a handicap. Thus, military memoirs written after 1600 are usually autobiographical, since they regularly undertake to give a partial account of campaigns and make no effort to become what Bacon called "complete history," whereas sixteenth- and seventeenth-century voyages are travel literature, not autobiographies, because in them the first-person viewpoint is transcended when possible.

It will be observed that the contrast between the impersonality of most medieval literature and the subjectivity of much modern literature could have been drawn more sharply if it had not been necessary to narrow the scope of the discussion at the point of transition. The readjustment of focus was, however, inevitable; without it the survey of the Middle Ages would have been too thin to carry conviction or the survey of the postmedieval period would have protracted itself to a greater length than my total plan would justify.

[48] Robert Drury, *The Pleasant and Surprising Adventures of . . . , during His Fifteen Years' Captivity on the Island of Madagascar,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. V (1831). There is some doubt about the number and dates of editions.

[49] See John Creichton, *The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton, from his own Materials,* edited by Jonathan Swift, in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. XI (1827).

[50] Peter Henry Bruce, *Memoirs of . . . , Esq.* (London, 1782).

[51] Colley Cibber, *An Apology for His Life* (Everyman's Library Edition; New York, [193–?]).

[52] Villehardouin, *op. cit.* (in n. 8, above).

[53] John Newton, *The Life of . . . , Once a Sailor, Afterwards Captain of a Slave Ship, and Subsequently Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London* (New York, 1846); William Cowper, *Memoir of the Early Life of . . . , Esq.* (second American edition; Newburgh, N.Y., 1817).

[54] George Psalmanazar [pseudonym], *Memoirs of * * * *. Commonly known by the Name of George Psalmanazar; a Reputed Native of Formosa* (second edition; London, 1765).

[55] Jonathan Swift, "The Family of Swift," in *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift,* by Deane Swift, Esq.; To which is added, That Sketch of Dr. Swift's Life, Written by the Doctor Himself (London, 1755).

[56] Laetitia Pilkington, *The Memoirs of Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington, Wife to the Rev. Mr. Matth. Pilkington* (Dublin, 1748), 2 vols.; Mrs. Teresia Constantia Phillips, *An Apology for the Conduct of . . . , More Particularly That Part of it which relates to her Marriage with an eminent Dutch Merchant* (London, 1748–1749), 3 vols.; and Lady Frances Anne, Viscountess Vane, "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," chap. lxxxi of *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle,* by Tobias Smollett (Everyman's Library Edition; London and New York, [1930]).

[57] See the works by Ann Lady Halkett and Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, cited in note 46 above.

[58] Mrs. Charlotte Charke, *A Narrative of the Life of . . . , (Youngest Daughter of Colley Cibber, Esq;)* (London, 1755).

[59] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

[60] See Dr. Samuel Johnson, "Annals," in *Johnsonian Miscellanies,* edited by George B. Hill, Vol. I (Oxford, 1897).

[61] Anna Robeson Burr, *The Autobiography: A Critical and Comparative Study* (Boston and New York, 1909).

[62] James Ferguson, "A Short Account of the Life of . . . ," in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. VI (1826), p. 5.

[63] David Hume, "My Own Life," in Hume, *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Revolution in 1688,* Vol. I (London, 1803).

[64] George Anne Bellamy, *An Apology for the Life of . . . , Late of Covent-Garden Theatre* (third edition; London, 1785), 5 vols.

[65] Mary Darby Robinson, *Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Robinson,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. VII (1826).

[66] James Lackington, *Memoirs of the Forty-Five First Years of the Life of . . . , The present Bookseller in Chiswell-street, Moorfields, London* (second edition; London, 1793); William Stout, *Autobiography of . . . of Lancaster, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger, A Member of the Society of Friends. A.D. 1665–1752,* edited by J. Harland (London, Manchester, and Lancaster, 1851).

[67] See Benjamin Franklin, *The Autobiography of . . . ,* a restoration of a "Fair Copy" by Max Farrand (Berkeley, Calif., 1949).

[68] Thomas Pennant, *The Literary Life of the Late . . . , Esq.* (London, 1793).

[69] See Edward Gibbon, *Autobiography of . . . , as Originally Edited by Lord Sheffield* (London, 1935). Gibbon's title, *Memoirs of My Life and Writings,* was used by Lord Sheffield, but recent publishers have often discarded it in order to use the term "autobiography."

[70] The organization is, to be sure, partly due to the editorial work of Lord Sheffield, but contemporary readers had no way of going beyond the document as he published it.

[71] For example, Lord Sheffield makes a detailed report of Gibbon's last twenty-four hours, describes the results of an autopsy, and appends a four-paragraph Latin "account of the appearance of the body, given by the eminent surgeon who opened it." The whole of the omentum, which was very much enlarged, had descended into the scrotum, "forming a bag that hung down nearly as low as the knee," etc. *Ibid.*, pp. 335–336.

[72] Hume, *op. cit.* (in n. 63, above). It was intended, and appeared, as a preface. For the works by Herbert, Clarendon, Cibber, and Swift, see above, notes 37, 38, 51, and 55, respectively.

[73] The fullest survey of eighteenth-century life-writing, both autobiographical and biographical, is by Donald Stauffer: *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England* (Princeton, N. J., 1941), 2 vols.

[74] Sir Kenelm Digby, *op cit.* (in n. 40, above).

[75] Giraldus, Latin text, *De Rebus a Se Gestis,* and English translation, *The Autobiography of Giraldus Cambrensis,* both cited in note 26, above.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

The Shrinking of History

[1] Harriet Martineau goes so far as to say, "What we give out from our own minds, in speech or in writing, is not a subject of memory, like what we take in from other minds"; but this is a generalization on the basis of a personal trait. See *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography,* edited by Maria Weston Chapman, Vol. I (Boston, 1877), p. 388.

[2] Newman's and Spencer's perhaps come nearest to doing this (see John Henry Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua: The Two Versions of 1864 & 1865* [London, 1931], and Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography* [New York, 1904], 2 vols.); but exceptions should also be made of many diplomatic and political memoirs.

[3] William Hutton, *The Life of . . . , Stationer, of Birmingham; and The History of His Family* (London, 1841). The form of the work is annalistic; this entry will be found under the date.

[4] George Moore, *Hail and Farewell* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937), 3 vols.; the quotation is taken from Vol. I: *Ave,* p. 236.

[5] William Henry Hudson, *Far Away and Long Ago: A History of My Early Life* (New York, 1924), pp. 1–2.

[6] Henry Adams, *The Education of . . .* (Modern Library Edition; New York, 1931).

[7] George Moore, *op. cit.;* Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1936); and Newman, *op. cit.*

[8] Spencer, *op. cit.,* Vol. II, p. 384.

[9] André Maurois, *Aspects of Biography,* translated by S. C. Roberts (Cambridge, England, 1929), pp. 179–180.

[10] Augustus J. C. Hare, *The Story of My Life,* Vol. I (London, 1896), p. x.

[11] Fyodor Dostoevsky, *White Nights and Other Stories,* translated by Constance Garnett (New York, 1918), pp. 79–80 ("Notes from Underground").

[12] Jerome Cardan, *The Book of My Life [De Vita Propria Liber],* translated by Jean Stoner (New York, 1930); Richard Baxter, *Reliquiae Baxterianae: or, Mr.*

Richard Baxter's Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times, edited by Matthew Sylvester (London, 1696); Spencer, *op. cit.;* and H. G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography: Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain* (New York, 1934).

[13] Trollope, *op. cit.,* pp. 64–65.

[14] Francis Galton, *Memories of My Life* (New York, 1909), p. 154.

[15] Ann Lady Fanshawe, *The Memoirs of . . . , Wife of the Right Honble Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., 1600–72,* edited by Herbert C. Fanshawe (London and New York, 1907); Philip Gilbert Hamerton, *An Autobiography (1834–1858) and a Memoir by His Wife (1858–1894)* (Boston, 1897); John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography* (New York, 1873); and Laetitia Pilkington, *The Memoirs of Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington, Wife to the Rev. Mr. Matth. Pilkington* (Dublin, 1748), 2 vols.

[16] Sir Kenelm Digby, *Private Memoirs of . . . , Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First [Loose Fantasies]* (London, 1827); William Hazlitt, *Liber Amoris, or The New Pygmalion* (Portland, Me., 1908); and George Moore, *op. cit.* (in n. 4, above).

[17] Trollope, *op. cit.,* p. 311.

[18] Edward [Hyde], Earl of Clarendon, *The Life of . . . , Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford* (Oxford, 1759), 3 vols.; see especially Vol. I, pp. 30–59.

[19] Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments* (World's Classics Edition; New York, 1934).

[20] Trollope, *op. cit.,* p. 3.

[21] *Ibid.,* p. 22.

[22] Mill, *op. cit.;* Thomas Ellwood, *The History of the Life of . . . ,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives Ever Published,* Vol. XI (London, 1827).

[23] Lady Isabel Burton, *The Romance of . . . : The Story of Her Life* (London, 1897); Sir Henry Morton Stanley, *The Autobiography of . . . ,* edited by Dorothy Stanley (Boston and New York, 1909); Sir Walter Besant, *Autobiography of . . .* (New York, 1902); Charles Darwin, autobiographical fragment in *More Letters of Charles Darwin,* edited by Francis Darwin (New York, 1903), pp. 1–5; Thomas Holcroft, *Memoirs of the Late . . . ,* Written by Himself, and Continued to the Time of His Death . . . [by William Hazlitt], Vol. I (London, 1816); Thomas Moore, "Memoirs of Myself, begun many years since, but never, I fear, to be completed," in *The Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,* edited by Lord John Russell, Vol. I (London, 1853); and Sir Walter Scott, "Memoirs of the Early Life of . . . , Written by Himself," in *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,* by J. G. Lockhart, Vol. I (Edinburgh and London, 1837).

[24] As, for example, in Newman's *Apologia,* Bunyan's *Grace Abounding,* and Richard Jefferies' *Story of My Heart.* See: Newman, *op. cit.* (in n. 2, above); John Bunyan, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,* in *Grace Abounding and The Pilgrim's Progress,* edited by John Brown (Cambridge, England, 1907); and Richard Jefferies, *The Story of My Heart: My Autobiography* (London, 1901).

[25] George Moore, *Confessions of a Young Man* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937). The *Confessions* of course balances between autobiography and fiction—I think no reader can be convinced by it—but Moore regularly insisted on the literal truthfulness of all his confessional writings.

[26] Dana Kinsman Merrill, *The Development of American Biography* (Portland, Me., 1932), p. 12.

[27] Frederick Lewis Allen, "One Day in History," *Harper's Monthly,* Vol. 175 (November, 1937), p. 611.

[28] John Beattie Crozier, *My Inner Life: Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography* (London, 1898).

[29] Thomas Carlyle, "On History Again," in *English and Other Critical Essays* (Everyman's Library Edition; New York, [1915]), pp. 97–98.

[30] In Mill, *op. cit.* (in n. 15, above), compare chapter iii with chapter vii. The latter of these is much the longer; nevertheless, the disproportion in the two chapters—in terms of temporal span to pages—is that of three to seven.

[31] For Hutton's *Life,* see note 3, above; and see William Stout, *Autobiography of ... of Lancaster, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger, A Member of the Society of Friends. A.D. 1665–1752,* edited by J. Harland (London, Manchester, and Lancaster, 1851).

[32] Allen, *loc. cit.*

[33] See Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Goethe's Autobiography: Poetry and Truth from My Life* [*Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit*], translated by R. O. Moon (London, 1932).

[34] William Butler Yeats, *The Autobiography of ...: Consisting of Reveries over Childhood and Youth, The Trembling of the Veil and Dramatis Personae* (New York, 1938), Preface.

[35] Cf. Waldo H. Dunn, *English Biography* (London, 1916), p. 159: "Whenever a man has left an autobiography, that has become the basis of any attempted biography."

[36] *Ibid.,* p. 160.

[37] Hamerton, *op. cit.* (in n. 15, above), pp. 1–2.

[38] General Sir John Adye, *Recollections of a Military Life* (New York, 1895); Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (New York, 1903), 2 vols.

[39] Colley Cibber, *An Apology for His Life* (Everyman's Library Edition; New York, [193–?]).

[40] Ann Lady Fanshawe, *op. cit.* (in n. 15, above); Bunyan, *op. cit.* (in n. 24, above).

[41] Anna Robeson Burr, *The Autobiography: A Critical and Comparative Study* (Boston and New York, 1909), chap. vi *in toto.*

[42] St. Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of ...,* translated by J. G. Pilkington (New York, 1927); for Cardan, *De Vita Propria Liber,* see note 12, above.

[43] Cf. Spencer, *op. cit.* (in n. 2, above), and Bunyan, *op. cit.* (in n. 24, above).

[44] Dunn, *op. cit.,* p. 139.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

Res Gestae and Reminiscence

[1] Donald A. Stauffer, *English Biography Before 1700* (Cambridge, Mass., 1930), pp. 175 and 282.

[2] "Of Autobiographies," *Atlantic Monthly,* Vol. 98 (December, 1906), p. 863.

[3] The Venerable Bede, *Baedae Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum,* edited by Alfred Holder (Freiburg i.B. and Tübingen, 1882), p. 288. See also the English translation: *The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation* (London, 1903), p. 379.

[4] Giraldus Cambrensis, *The Autobiography of ...,* edited and translated by H. E. Butler (London, 1937), pp. 64–65. In spite of Butler's assertion that his translation is marked by "certain abridgments" and "the excision of tautologous phrases" (p. 7), the rendering is usually quite faithful.

[5] John Bale, *The Vocacyon of ... to the Bishoprick of Ossorie in Ireland,* in *Harleian Miscellany* (London, 1808).

[6] Sir Thomas Bodley, *The Life of ...,* in *Trecentale Bodleianum* (Oxford, 1913); Sir James Melville of Halhill, *Memoirs of His Own Life, 1549–1593* (Edinburgh, 1827); and Robert Cary, First Earl of Monmouth, *Memoirs of the Life of Robert Cary, Baron of Leppington, and Earl of Monmouth* (London, 1759).

[7] Thomas Dempster, *Thomae Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum, sive De Scriptoribus Scotis* (Edinburgh, 1829). See entry No. 1210.

[8] Edward Herbert, First Baron Herbert of Cherbury, *The Autobiography [Life] of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury,* edited by Sidney Lee (London, 1886).

[9] Sir James Turner, *Memoirs of His Own Life and Times, 1632–1670* (Edinburgh, 1829).

[10] See Edward [Hyde], Earl of Clarendon, *The Life of ..., Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford* (Oxford, 1759), 3 vols.

[11] Ann Lady Fanshawe, *The Memoirs of ..., Wife of the Right Hon^ble Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., 1600–72,* edited by Herbert Charles Fanshawe (London and New York, 1907).

[12] Thomas Carlyle, *Past and Present,* with an introduction by Frederic Harrison (London, [undated]), Book II ("The Ancient Monk"), par. 2.

[13] John Creichton, *The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton, from his own Materials,* edited by Jonathan Swift, in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives Ever Published,* Vol. XI (London, 1827); Peter Henry Bruce, *Memoirs of ..., Esq.* (London, 1782).

[14] General Sir John Adye, *Recollections of a Military Life* (New York, 1895); Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (New York, 1903), 2 vols.

[15] Wolseley, *op. cit.,* Preface.

[16] *Ibid.,* p. 7.

[17] *Ibid.,* p. 8.

[18] *Ibid.,* p. 77.

[19] Siegfried L. Sassoon, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer,* in *The Memoirs of George Sherston: Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man; Memoirs of an Infantry Officer; Sherston's Progress* (Garden City, N.Y., 1937). "George Sherston" is Siegfried Sassoon.

[20] Clarendon, *op. cit.;* Melville, *op. cit.*

[21] Richard Glover, *Memoirs by a Celebrated Literary and Political Character* (London, 1814). The anonymous editor wished strongly to suggest, if not actually to proclaim, the identity of Glover and Junius.

[22] Henry Lord Brougham, *The Life and Times of ...* (Edinburgh and London, 1871), 3 vols.

[23] Sir Ronald Storrs, *The Memoirs of ...* (New York, 1937).

[24] Cf. Donald A. Stauffer, *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England,* Vol. I (Princeton, N.J., 1941), p. 135.

[25] See Herbert, *op. cit.* (in n. 8, above); and Anne Lady Halkett, *The Autobiography of ...,* edited by John G. Nichols and published by the Camden Society ([London?], 1875).

[26] "I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and translators whatsoever that the word 'Memoir' is French for a novel; and to require of them, that they sell and translate it accordingly." Quoted in Stauffer, *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England,* Vol. I, p. 77.

[27] Robert Drury, *The Pleasant and Surprising Adventures of ..., during His Fifteen Years' Captivity on the Island of Madagascar,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives ...,* Vol. V (1831); Mrs. Charlotte Charke,

A Narrative of the Life of . . . , (Youngest Daughter of Colley Cibber, Esq;) (London, 1755); and John Newton, *The Life of . . . , Once a Sailor, Afterwards Captain of a Slave Ship, and Subsequently Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London* (New York, 1846).

[28] Sir Henry Morton Stanley, *How I Found Livingstone: Travels, Adventures, and Discoveries in Central Africa* (New York, 1872), and *Through the Dark Continent: or The Sources of the Nile* (New York, 1878).

[29] Colonel Meadows Taylor, *The Story of My Life* (Edinburgh and London, 1877), 2 vols.

[30] Henry Coxwell, *My Life and Balloon Experiences, with a Supplementary Chapter on Military Ballooning* (London, 1887); Sir A. Henry Layard, *Autobiography and Letters from His Childhood until his Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid,* edited by William N. Bruce (London, 1903), 2 vols.

[31] Stauffer, *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England,* Vol. I, p. 211.

[32] William Stout, *Autobiography of . . . of Lancaster, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger, A Member of the Society of Friends. A.D. 1665–1752,* edited by J. Harland (London, Manchester, and Lancaster, 1851).

[33] See James Lackington, *Memoirs of the Forty-Five First Years of the Life of . . . , The present Bookseller in Chiswell-street, Moorfields, London* (second edition; London, 1793).

[34] William Hutton, *The Life of . . . , Stationer, of Birmingham; and The History of His Family* (London, 1841).

[35] *Ibid.,* Preface.

[36] Sir Sidney Lee, *Principles of Biography: the Leslie Stephen lecture delivered in the Senate house, Cambridge, 13 May, 1911* (London, 1911), p. 10. Perhaps Sir Sidney would have acknowledged, in this respect, a valid difference between autobiography and biography.

[37] Hutton, *op. cit.,* pp. 9, 11, 19, 21, and 26.

[38] *Ibid.,* Preface.

[39] John Galt, *The Autobiography of . . .* (London, 1833), 2 vols.

[40] Jonathan Swift, "The Family of Swift," in *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift,* by Deane Swift, Esq.; To which is added, That Sketch of Dr. Swift's Life, Written by the Doctor Himself (London, 1755). James Ferguson, "A Short Account of the Life of . . . ," in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. VI (1826).

[41] David Hume, "My Own Life," in Hume, *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Revolution in 1688,* Vol. I (London, 1803); Robert Burns, autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, dated Mauchline, August 2, 1787, in *The Letters of Robert Burns,* edited by J. De Lancey Ferguson (Oxford, 1931); William Gifford, "Memoir of . . . ," in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. XI (1827); James Hogg, "Autobiography of the Ettrick Shepherd," in *The Works of the Ettrick Shepherd,* With a Memoir of the Author by the Rev. Thomas Thomson, Vol. I (Centenary Edition; London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1874); Sir Walter Scott, "Memoirs of the Early Life of . . . , Written by Himself," in *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,* by J. G. Lockhart, Vol. I (Edinburgh and London, 1837); Thomas Henry Huxley, *Autobiography and Selected Essays,* edited by Ada L. F. Snell (New York, 1909); and Charles Darwin, "Autobiography," in *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin: Including an Autobiographical Chapter,* edited by Frances Darwin, Vol. I (New York, 1896).

[42] Abraham Cowley, "Of My self," in *The Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley* (London, 1669).

[43] Dr. Samuel Johnson, "Annals," in *Johnsonian Miscellanies,* edited by George B. Hill, Vol. I (Oxford, 1897); Thomas Moore, "Memoirs of Myself, begun many years since, but never, I fear, to be completed," in *The Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,* edited by Lord John Russell, Vol. I (London, 1853).

[44] Lady Frances Anne, Viscountess Vane, "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," chapter lxxxi of *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle,* by Tobias Smollett (Everyman's Library Edition; London and New York, [1930]).

[45] William Henry Ireland, *The Confessions of . . . , containing the particulars of his fabrication of the Shakespeare manuscripts* (London, 1805), p. 300.

[46] Ann Lady Fanshawe, *op. cit.* (in n. 11, above).

[47] Thomas Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus,* edited by Archibald MacMechan (Boston and London, 1896), p. 155.

[48] Justin McCarthy, *Reminiscences* (New York and London, 1899), Preface.

[49] Justin McCarthy, *An Irishman's Story* (New York, 1905), p. 10.

[50] William Michael Rossetti, *Some Reminiscences of . . .* (London, 1906), Vol. I, p. xii.

[51] William Bell Scott, *Autobiographical Notes of the Life of . . . ; and Notes of His Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882,* edited by W. Minto (London, 1892), p. 5.

[52] Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1904), Vol. I, p. 505.

[53] William Dean Howells, "Autobiography" (in "The Editor's Easy Chair"), *Harper's Monthly,* Vol. 108 (February, 1904), p. 482.

[54] Colley Cibber, *An Apology for His Life* (Everyman's Library Edition; New York, [193–?]); Thomas Raymond, *Autobiography of . . . ,* in *Autobiography of Thomas Raymond and Memoirs of the Family of Guise of Elmore, Gloucestershire,* edited by G. Davies, Camden Third Series, Vol. XXVIII (London, 1917).

[55] William Macready, *Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from His Diaries and Letters* (New York, 1875), 2 vols.; Anne Gilbert, *The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert,* edited by Charlotte M. Martin (New York, 1901); Otis Skinner, *Footlights and Spotlights; Recollections of My Life on the Stage* (Indianapolis, [1924]); and Noel Coward, *Present Indicative* (Garden City, N.Y., 1937).

[56] Gilbert, *op. cit.,* p. viii. Like *The Book of Margery Kempe,* this volume is autobiographical only in an indirect way; the "editor" did all the writing, basing her narrative on oral information.

[57] William Bell Scott, *op. cit.* (in n. 51, above); W. Holman Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (New York, 1905), 2 vols.; and Rossetti, *op. cit.* (in n. 50, above).

[58] James Milne, *The Memoirs of a Bookman* (London, 1934).

[59] William Hunt, *Then and Now; or, Fifty Years of Newspaper Work* (London, 1887), "Preface to Newspaper Edition."

[60] Frederick Locker-Lampson, *My Confidences: An Autobiographical Sketch Addressed to My Descendants* (London, 1896).

[61] Leigh Hunt, *The Autobiography of . . . , with reminiscences of friends and contemporaries,* edited by Roger Ingpen (Westminster, 1903), 2 vols.; Justin McCarthy, *Reminiscences* and *An Irishman's Story* (cited above in notes 48 and 49 respectively); Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, *The Autobiography and Letters of . . . ,* edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill (New York, 1899); William Butler Yeats, *The Autobiography of . . . : Consisting of Reveries over Childhood and Youth, The Trembling of the Veil and Dramatis Personae* (New York, 1938); Frank Swinnerton, *Swinnerton: An Autobiography* (Garden City, N.Y., 1936); Maurice Baring, *The Puppet Show of Memory* (Boston, 1922); G. K. Chesterton, *The Autobiography of . . .* (New York, 1936); and Mary Colum, *Life and the Dream* (Garden City, N.Y., 1947).

[62] Thomas Carlyle, *Reminiscences,* edited by James Anthony Froude (New York, 1881).
[63] Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1936).
[64] Augustus J. C. Hare, *The Story of My Life* (London, 1896–1900), 6 vols.
[65] William Bell Scott, *op. cit.* (in n. 51, above).
[66] *Ibid.,* p. 33.
[67] *Ibid.,* p. 34.
[68] *Ibid.,* p. 35.
[69] *Ibid.,* p. 37.
[70] *Ibid.,* p. 3.
[71] *Ibid.,* p. 4.
[72] *Ibid.*
[73] *Ibid.,* p. 5.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

Subjective Autobiography and Life-and-Times

[1] Cf. Stauffer's comment: "The best generalization which may be made . . . is that the eighteenth century at least began to realize that truth is not necessarily or wholly discoverable in outward action." Donald A. Stauffer, *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England,* Vol. I (Princeton, N.J., 1941), p. 308.
[2] The Reverend J. C. Lavater, as quoted in Stauffer, *op. cit.,* Vol. I, p. 347. Lavater's *Secret Journal of a Self-Observer* was published in German in 1770 and translated into English in 1795. The quotation is from the Preface, p. iii.
[3] John Stuart Mill, *The Letters of . . . ,* edited by Hugh S. R. Elliot, Vol. I (London, 1910), p. 362.
[4] Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,* in *The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey,* edited by David Masson, Vol. III (Edinburgh, 1890), p. 216 (an addition made by De Quincey in 1856 to the original preface of 1822).
[5] Harriet Martineau, *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography,* edited by Maria Weston Chapman, Vol. I (Boston, 1877), p. 119.
[6] Thomas Carlyle, *Past and Present,* with an introduction by Frederic Harrison (London, [undated]), Book II, par. 2.
[7] Frances Power Cobbe, *Life of . . . ,* Vol. I (Boston and New York, 1894), pp. 155–156.
[8] F. G. Bettany, "In Praise of Anthony Trollope's Novels," *Fortnightly Review,* Vol. 83 (June, 1905), p. 1004.
[9] Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, *The Autobiography and Letters of . . . ,* edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill (New York, 1899), p. 80.
[10] *Ibid.,* p. 79.
[11] St. Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of . . . ,* translated by J. G. Pilkington (New York, 1927).
[12] John Lydgate, *The Testament of Dan John Lydgate,* in *The Minor Poems of John Lydgate,* edited by Henry N. MacCracken, Part I (London, 1911).
[13] Robert Greene, *Groats-Worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance.* [Also] *The Repentance of Robert Greene. 1592* (London and New York, 1923); John Bunyan, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,* in *Grace Abounding and The Pilgrim's Progress,* edited by John Brown (Cambridge, England, 1907).
[14] Thomas Ellwood, *The History of the Life of . . . ,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives Ever Published,* Vol. XI (London, 1827).

[15] Richard Baxter, *Reliquiae Baxterianae: or, Mr. Richard Baxter's Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times,* edited by Matthew Sylvester (London, 1696).

[16] John Newton, *The Life of . . . , Once a Sailor, Afterwards Captain of a Slave Ship, and Subsequently Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London* (New York, 1846).

[17] William Cowper, *Memoir of the Early Life of . . . , Esq.* (second American edition, from the second London edition; Newburgh, N.Y., 1817).

[18] James Lackington, *Memoirs of the Forty-Five First Years of the Life of . . . , The present Bookseller in Chiswell-street, Moorfields, London* (second edition; London, 1793); Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments* (World's Classics Edition; New York, 1934); and Sir Walter Besant, *Autobiography of . . .* (New York, 1902).

[19] G. K. Chesterton, *The Autobiography of . . .* (New York, 1936); Sheila Kaye-Smith, *Three Ways Home: An Experiment in Autobiography* (New York, 1937).

[20] John Henry Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua: The Two Versions of 1864 & 1865 . . .* (London, 1931).

[21] W. A. Gill, "The Nude in Autobiography," *Atlantic Monthly,* Vol. 99 (July, 1907), pp. 72 and 74.

[22] Harold Nicolson, "How I Write Biography," *Saturday Review of Literature,* Vol. 10 (May 26, 1934), p. 710.

[23] Laetitia Pilkington, *The Memoirs of Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington, Wife to the Rev. Mr. Matth. Pilkington* (Dublin, 1748), 2 vols.; Mrs. Teresia Constantia Phillips, *An Apology for the Conduct of . . . , More Particularly That Part of it which relates to her Marriage with an eminent Dutch Merchant* (London, 1748–1749), 3 vols.; and Lady Frances Anne, Viscountess Vane, "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," chapter lxxxi of *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle,* by Tobias Smollett (Everyman's Library Edition; London and New York, [1930]).

[24] George Psalmanazar [pseudonym], *Memoirs of * * * *. Commonly known by the Name of George Psalmanazar; a Reputed Native of Formosa* (second edition; London, 1765), Preface, pp. 9 and 14.

[25] George Anne Bellamy, *An Apology for the Life of . . . , Late of Covent-Garden Theatre* (third edition; London, 1785), 5 vols.

[26] Mary Darby Robinson, *Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Robinson,* in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives . . . ,* Vol. VII (1826).

[27] William Hazlitt, *Liber Amoris, or The New Pygmalion* (Portland, Me., 1908).

[28] Although the *Liber Amoris* was published anonymously, it was a "professedly 'truthful' record of an individual, written by himself, and composed as a single work" (the definition of autobiography to be offered in chapter vi of the present study); hence reference to it here is not obtrusive. A more puzzling question has to do with temporal limits: Is the story of a year or two a "life"? And, if not, where is the line to be drawn?

[29] Émile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, *A History of English Literature,* translated by Helen Douglas Irvine, W. D. MacInnes, and Louis Cazamian (New York, 1935), p. 1113.

[30] George Moore, *Confessions of a Young Man* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937).

[31] See Giraldus Cambrensis, *The Autobiography of . . . ,* translated by H. E. Butler (London, 1937), and Latin text, *De Rebus a Se Gestis,* in Henry Wharton (ed.), *Anglia Sacra . . . ,* Pars Secunda (London, 1691); Edward [Hyde], Earl of Clarendon, *The Life of . . . , Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford* (Oxford, 1759), 3 vols.; and Colley Cibber, *An Apology for His Life* (Everyman's Library Edition; New York, [193–?]).

[32] See Newman, *op. cit.* (in n. 20, above).

[33] Gosse, *op. cit.* (in n. 18, above), p. v. (This edition, the 1934 World's Classics Edition published by the Oxford University Press, was for American distribution only.)

[34] John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography* (New York, 1873; and in World's Classics Edition, London, 1940).

[35] George Moore, *Hail and Farewell* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937), 3 vols.

[36] Dante Alighieri, *The Vita Nuova* [and *Canzoniere*], translated by Thomas Okey (Temple Classics Edition; London, 1911); Bunyan, *op. cit.* (in n. 13, above); St. Augustine, *op. cit.* (in n. 11, above).

[37] Mark Pattison, *Memoirs* (London, 1885), pp. 1–2.

[38] Mill, *Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1940), p. 1.

[39] John Beattie Crozier, *My Inner Life: Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography* (London, 1898), p. 369.

[40] Gosse, *op. cit.* (in n. 18, above), p. v.

[41] Sir Henry Morton Stanley, *The Autobiography of . . .*, edited by Dorothy Stanley (Boston and New York, 1909), p. xv.

[42] Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography,* Vol. I (New York, 1904), p. vii.

[43] Alfred Russel Wallace, *My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions,* Vol. I (New York, 1905), p. v.

[44] H. G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography: Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain* (New York, 1934), p. 12.

[45] *Ibid.*, p. 20.

[46] Thomas Carlyle, quoted in Waldo H. Dunn, *English Biography* (London, 1916), pp. 179–180.

[47] Martineau, *op. cit.* (in n. 5, above).

[48] Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1936).

[49] William James, as quoted by Anna Robeson Burr in *The Autobiography: A Critical and Comparative Study* (Boston and New York, 1909), pp. 92–93. The quotation is taken from James's *Textbook of Advanced Principles of Psychology,* Vol. I, p. 185.

[50] Newman, *op. cit.* (in n. 20, above), and Spencer, *op. cit.* (in n. 42, above).

[51] See Mrs. Burr, *op. cit.*, p. 81. And see Jerome Cardan, *The Book of My Life* [*De Vita Propria Liber*], translated by Jean Stoner (New York, 1930).

[52] Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life, of . . .," in Margaret, Dutchess [*sic*] of Newcastle, *The Cavalier in Exile: Being the Lives of the First Duke & Dutchess of Newcastle* (London, 1903).

[53] Abraham Cowley, "Of My self," in *The Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley* (London, 1669).

[54] Dr. Samuel Johnson, "Annals," in *Johnsonian Miscellanies,* edited by George B. Hill, Vol. I (Oxford, 1897); William Hutton, *The Life of . . . , Stationer, of Birmingham; and The History of His Family* (London, 1841); Spencer, *op. cit.* (in n. 42, above).

[55] Mary Darby Robinson, *op. cit.* (in n. 26, above), p. 8.

[56] *Ibid.*

[57] *Ibid.*, pp. 12–13.

[58] Thomas Holcroft, *Memoirs of the Late . . . ,* Written by Himself, and Continued to the Time of His Death . . . [by William Hazlitt], Vol. I (London, 1816); Sir Egerton Brydges, *The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of . . . , Bart., K.J.* (London, 1834), 2 vols.

[59] Sir Sidney Lee, *Principles of Biography: the Leslie Stephen lecture delivered in the Senate house, Cambridge, 13 May, 1911* (London, 1911), pp. 10 and 15.

[60] Compare, for example, Dunn, *op. cit.* (in n. 46, above), first part of chapter ix.
[61] Lee, *op. cit.*, p. 26.
[62] Clarendon, *op. cit.* (in n. 31, above); Baxter, *op. cit.* (in n. 15, above).
[63] William Stout, *Autobiography of . . . of Lancaster, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger, A Member of the Society of Friends. A.D. 1665–1752,* edited by J. Harland (London, Manchester, and Lancaster, 1851).
[64] Frances Power Cobbe, *op. cit.* (in n. 7, above).
[65] Samuel Smiles, *The Autobiography of . . .* , edited by Thomas Mackay (New York, 1905), Preface.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

Shape and Texture

[1] Except two or three unpublished doctoral dissertations quite different from the present work in plan and focus. See especially Zaidee Eudora Greene, *Nineteenth Century Autobiography,* published in abstract at Ithaca, N.Y., in 1933, and Keith Rinehart, "Studies in Victorian Autobiography," unpublished University of Wisconsin dissertation, 1951.
[2] See Waldo H. Dunn, *English Biography* (London, 1916), p. 197; and see also Anna Robeson Burr, *The Autobiography: A Critical and Comparative Study* (Boston and New York, 1909), and Sir Sidney Lee, *Principles of Biography: the Leslie Stephen lecture delivered in the Senate house, Cambridge, 13 May, 1911* (London, 1911).
[3] *New English Dictionary,* article "Autobiography."
[4] William Flint Thrall and Addison Hibbard, *A Handbook to Literature* (Garden City, N.Y., 1936), article "Autobiography."
[5] Donald A. Stauffer, *English Biography Before 1700* (Cambridge, Mass., 1930), p. 255.
[6] Anna Robeson Burr, "Sincerity in Autobiography," *Atlantic Monthly,* Vol. 104 (October, 1909), p. 533.
[7] John Stuart Mill, *The Letters of . . .* , edited by Hugh S. R. Elliot, Vol. I (London, 1910), p. 22.
[8] Stauffer, *op. cit.*, p. 257.
[9] Harriet Martineau, *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography,* edited by Maria Weston Chapman, Vol. I (Boston, 1877), p. 173.
[10] Burr, *The Autobiography,* pp. 28–30.
[11] Dunn, *op. cit.*, p. 209.
[12] Burr, "Sincerity in Autobiography," p. 527.
[13] Dana Kinsman Merrill, *The Development of American Biography* (Portland, Me., 1932), p. 9. Merrill was of course thinking primarily of American autobiography.
[14] Stauffer, *op. cit.*, pp. 175–176.
[15] Dunn, *op. cit.*, p. xvii.
[16] George Moore, *Hail and Farewell,* Vol. I: *Ave* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937), pp. x–xi.
[17] John Henry Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua: The Two Versions of 1864 & 1865 . . .* (London, 1931), p. 327.
[18] Philip Gilbert Hamerton, *An Autobiography (1834–1858) and a Memoir by His Wife (1858–1894)* (Boston, 1897), p. 73.
[19] *Ibid.*, p. 1.
[20] See Field Marshall Viscount Wolseley, *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (New York,

1903), 2 vols.; James Lackington, *Memoirs of the Forty-Five First Years of the Life of . . . , The present Bookseller in Chiswell-street, Moorfields, London* (second edition; London, 1793); and James Ferguson, "A Short Account of the Life of . . . ," in *Autobiography: A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives Ever Published,* Vol. VI (London, 1826).

[21] See Robert Cary, First Earl of Monmouth, *Memoirs of the Life of Robert Cary, Baron of Leppington, and Earl of Monmouth* (London, 1759); Giacomo Casanova de Seingalt, *The Memoirs of . . .*, translated by Arthur Machen (New York, 1932).

[22] Justin McCarthy, *Reminiscences* (New York and London, 1899).

[23] W. Holman Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (New York, 1905), 2 vols.

[24] See Colley Cibber, *An Apology for His Life* (Everyman's Library Edition; New York, [193–?]); and William Macready, *Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from His Diaries and Letters* (New York, 1875), 2 vols.

[25] James Milne, *The Memoirs of a Bookman* (London, 1934).

[26] See St. Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of . . .* , translated by J. G. Pilkington (New York, 1927); John Bunyan, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,* in *Grace Abounding and The Pilgrim's Progress,* edited by John Brown (Cambridge, England, 1907); George Psalmanazar, *Memoirs of * * * *. Commonly known by the Name of George Psalmanazar; a Reputed Native of Formosa* (second edition; London, 1765); George Moore, *Confessions of a Young Man* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937); Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Les Confessions* (nouvelle édition; Paris, 1891); and William Henry Ireland, *The Confessions of . . . , containing the particulars of his fabrication of the Shakespeare manuscripts* (London, 1805). And see also W. A. Gill, "The Nude in Autobiography," *Atlantic Monthly,* Vol. 99 (July, 1907).

[27] Newman, *op. cit.;* Edward [Hyde], Earl of Clarendon, *The Life of . . . , Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford* (Oxford, 1759), 3 vols.; Giraldus Cambrensis, *The Autobiography of . . .* , translated by H. E. Butler (London, 1937), and Latin text, *De Rebus a Se Gestis,* in Henry Wharton (ed.), *Anglia Sacra . . . ,* Pars Secunda (London, 1691).

[28] Newman, *op. cit.,* pp. 99–100.

[29] John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography* (New York, 1873; and in World's Classics Edition, London, 1940).

[30] Benjamin Robert Haydon, *The Autobiography and Memoirs of . . . (1786–1846),* edited by Tom Taylor (New York, 1926).

[31] Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1936).

[32] Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments* (World's Classics Edition; New York, 1934).

[33] Mark Pattison, *Memoirs* (London, 1885).

[34] Moore, *Hail and Farewell* (see n. 16, above).

[35] See Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1904), 2 vols.; Charles Darwin, autobiographical fragment in *More Letters of Charles Darwin,* edited by Francis Darwin (New York, 1903), pp. 1–5; Francis Galton, *Memories of My Life* (New York, 1909); Alfred Russel Wallace, *My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions* (New York, 1905), 2 vols.; Frances Power Cobbe, *Life of . . .* (Boston and New York, 1894), 2 vols.; John Beattie Crozier, *My Inner Life: Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography* (London, 1898); and Hamerton, *op. cit.* (in n. 18, above).

[36] As reported in *Time,* Vol. 50 (August 18, 1947), p. 27.

[37] Frederick Locker-Lampson, *My Confidences: An Autobiographical Sketch Addressed to My Descendants* (London, 1896).

[38] Cary, *op. cit.* (in n. 21, above).

[39] William Stout, *Autobiography of . . . of Lancaster, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Ironmonger, A Member of the Society of Friends. A.D. 1665–1752,* edited by J. Harland (London, Manchester, and Lancaster, 1851).

[40] William Hutton, *The Life of . . . , Stationer, of Birmingham; and The History of His Family* (London, 1841).

[41] See chapter vii of the present study.

[42] Siegfried L. Sassoon, *The Memoirs of George Sherston: Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man; Memoirs of an Infantry Officer; Sherston's Progress* (Garden City, N.Y., 1937). "George Sherston" is Siegfried Sassoon.

[43] Gosse, *op. cit.* (in n. 32, above).

[44] William Henry Hudson, *Far Away and Long Ago: A History of My Early Life* (New York, 1924).

[45] Hamerton, *op. cit.* (in n. 18, above), pp. 2–3.

[46] Charles Darwin, "Autobiography," in *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin: Including an Autobiographical Chapter,* edited by Francis Darwin, Vol. I (New York, 1896), pp. 3–4.

[47] Sir Henry Morton Stanley, *The Autobiography of . . . ,* edited by Dorothy Stanley (Boston and New York, 1909), par. 1 of Introduction.

[48] Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, *The Autobiography and Letters of . . . ,* edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill (New York, 1899), p. 150.

[49] Trollope, *op. cit.* (in n. 31, above), pp. 334–335.

[50] Mill, *Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition), pp. 212–213. Nine years after writing the quoted paragraph Mill took up his pen again to add a section about his parliamentary career—see the editor's note on page 213—but the *Autobiography* was originally intended to end here.

[51] John Stuart Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions—Political, Philosophical, and Historical,* Vol. I (London, 1867), pp. 81–82 ("Poetry and Its Varieties").

[52] In addition to the works that have been mentioned in this chapter, see David Hume's "My Own Life," in Hume, *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Revolution in 1688,* Vol. I (London, 1803); Benjamin Franklin, *The Autobiography of . . . ,* a restoration of a "Fair Copy" by Max Farrand (Berkeley, Calif., 1949); and Edward Gibbon, *Autobiography of . . . , as Originally Edited by Lord Sheffield* (London, 1935).

[53] See Edward Herbert, First Baron Herbert of Cherbury, *The Autobiography [Life] of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury* (London, 1886); Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,* in *The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey,* edited by David Masson, Vol. III (Edinburgh, 1890); and Sir A. Henry Layard, *Autobiography and Letters from His Childhood until his Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid,* edited by William N. Bruce (London, 1903), 2 vols.

[54] Mill, *Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition), p. 142.

[55] Galton, *op. cit.* (in n. 35, above), p. 45.

[56] *Ibid.,* p. 62.

[57] *Ibid.,* p. 60.

[58] Dunn, *op. cit.* (in n. 2, above), p. 207.

[59] Harold Nicolson, *The Development of English Biography* (New York, 1928), pp. 154 ff.

[60] Merrill, *op. cit.* (in n. 13, above), p. 89.

[61] Gosse, *op. cit.* (in n. 32, above), p. v.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

The Expository Mode: Mill's Autobiography

[1] John Stuart Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions—Political, Philosophical, and Historical* (London, 1867), Vol. I, p. 348.

[2] John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography* (New York, 1873). All references to the *Autobiography* in the present chapter are to this edition, not to the Oxford (World's Classics) edition which has been quoted elsewhere.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 101.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 57.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 55.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 56.

[7] See Caroline Fox, *Memories of Old Friends: Being Extracts from the journals and letters of Caroline Fox . . .*, edited by Horace N. Pym (Leipzig, 1882), pp. 148 and 157.

[8] In a codicil to his will Mill desired that no account of his life except that in the *Autobiography* be published. See James McCrimmon, "Studies Toward a Biography of John Stuart Mill" (unpublished dissertation, Northwestern University, 1937), pp. ii–iv.

[9] Cf. Mill's essay on "Poetry and its Varieties," in *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. I, especially pp. 65–67.

[10] H. G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography: Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain* (New York, 1934); Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1904), 2 vols.; G. K. Chesteron, *The Autobiography of . . .* (New York, 1936); John Ruskin, *Praeterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts, Perhaps Worthy of Memory, in My Past Life* (Boston, [1885]); Sheila Kaye-Smith, *Three Ways Home: An Experiment in Autobiography* (New York, 1937); and W. Somerset Maugham, *The Summing Up* (New York, 1938).

[11] Henry's death made his brother determine to "work while it is called today; the night cometh in which no man can work." See Fox, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 162.

[12] See Alexander Bain, *John Stuart Mill: A Criticism, with Personal Recollections* (New York, 1882), p. 94, note.

[13] See Fox, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 141.

[14] Mill, *Autobiography*, p. 3.

[15] John Stuart Mill, *The Letters of . . .*, edited by Hugh S. R. Elliot (London, 1910), Vol. I, pp. xlv–xlvi.

[16] Mill, *Autobiography*, p. 2.

[17] *Ibid.*, p. 6.

[18] See Fox, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 144.

[19] For his father's resentment over the attachment to Mrs. Taylor see Bain, *op. cit.*, p. 163.

[20] Mill, *Autobiography*, pp. 1–2.

[21] Leslie Stephen, *The English Utilitarians*, Vol. III (New York, 1902), p. 3.

[22] McCrimmon, *op. cit.*, p. 1.

[23] B. A. Hinsdale, *The History of a Great Mind* (Cincinnati, 1874), p. 3.

[24] Mill, *Autobiography*, p. 221.

[25] See McCrimmon, *op. cit.*, p. vii. Elliot's two-volume edition of Mill's letters has been cited in note 15, above.

[26] For example, see McCrimmon, *op. cit.*; also in Fox, *op. cit.*

[27] Fox, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 166.
[28] Hinsdale, *op. cit.*, p. 2.
[29] Quoted by McCrimmon, *op. cit.*, p. i.
[30] Fox, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 219.
[31] Mill, *Letters*, Vol. I, p. 37.
[32] See Bain, *op. cit.*, pp. 73–74.
[33] See Mill, *Autobiography*, pp. 296 ff.
[34] See W. L. Courtney, *Life of John Stuart Mill* (London, 1889), p. 160.
[35] See note 8, above.
[36] Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. I, pp. 339–340.
[37] Spencer, *op. cit.* (in n. 10, above), Vol. I, p. v ("Note by the Trustees").
[38] Wells, *op. cit.* (in n. 10, above).
[39] Ruskin, *op. cit.* (in n. 10, above). For Mazzini's assertion, see p. 39.
[40] Lord Dunsany, *Patches of Sunlight* (New York, 1938).
[41] Frank Swinnerton, *Swinnerton: An Autobiography* (Garden City, N.Y., 1936); and Maurice Baring, *The Puppet Show of Memory* (Boston, 1922).
[42] Sir Ronald Storrs, *The Memoirs of . . .* (New York, 1937).
[43] John Stuart Mill, *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive* (eighth edition; New York, 1882), p. 236.
[44] Mill, *Autobiography*, p. 21. In this and the following two quotations the italics are of course mine.
[45] *Loc. cit.*
[46] *Ibid.*, p. 13.
[47] Emery Neff, *Carlyle and Mill: An Introduction to Victorian Thought* (second edition; New York, 1926), p. 91.
[48] See Bain, *op. cit.*, p. 84. The influence of Locke on Benthamism is a commonplace.
[49] Mill, *Autobiography*, p. 30.
[50] Bain, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII

The Mixed Mode: Trollope's Autobiography

[1] Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1936), p. 334.
[2] Cf. "Anthony Trollope," *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 133 (February, 1883), p. 316: "He was of opinion that there were very few men whose story should be written at all; that their actions and their writings should speak sufficiently for them after their own last words had been spoken."
[3] For a description of his writing habits see Trollope, *op. cit.*, pp. 248–249.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 1.
[5] See *ibid.*, p. 54.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 9.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 1.
[8] See Thomas Adolphus Trollope, *What I Remember* (New York, 1888), Vol. I, p. 490.
[9] Cf. T. H. S. Escott, *Anthony Trollope: His Public Services, Private Friends, and Literary Originals* (London, 1913), p. 144.
[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 144–145.
[11] Cf. Trollope's remarks about the Duke of Omnium in his *Autobiography*, pp. 326–328.

[12] John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography* (New York, 1873).

[13] John Henry Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua: The Two Versions of 1864 & 1865* ... (London, 1931).

[14] Anthony Trollope, *The Small House at Allington* (Everyman's Library Edition; London and New York, 1928), pp. 560–561.

[15] Trollope, *Autobiography,* p. v. (The Introduction is by Sadleir.)

[16] Benjamin Robert Haydon, *The Autobiography and Memoirs of ... (1786–1846),* edited by Tom Taylor (New York, 1926).

[17] Trollope speaks of his "little book-room" being "settled sufficiently for work"; see his *Autobiography,* p. 322. The five thousand volumes are mentioned on the same page.

[18] For Trollope's interest in history see his statement about his intellectual equipment at the age of nineteen, *ibid.,* p. 37.

[19] *Ibid.,* p. 335.

[20] According to Henry Trollope's note in the Preface (*ibid.,* p. xviii), the composition of the *Autobiography* required about four months. The book was therefore written at the rate of less than a thousand words a day. But Michael Sadleir, in *Trollope: A Commentary* (London, 1927), says that the composition took the better part of seven months (p. 411).

[21] See Trollope, *Autobiography,* pp. 7 and 15.

[22] *Ibid.,* p. 235. He says Disraeli was twenty-three when he published *Vivian Grey;* actually the author was twenty-two. Dickens was twenty-three when he wrote *Boz* and twenty-four when he began *Pickwick.*

[23] Trollope, *Autobiography,* pp. 22–23.

[24] *Ibid.,* pp. 38–40.

[25] *Ibid.,* p. 14.

[26] *Ibid.,* p. 24.

[27] *Ibid.,* p. 4.

[28] *Ibid.,* p. 5.

[29] *Ibid.,* p. 11.

[30] *Loc. cit.*

[31] Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments* (World's Classics Edition; New York, 1934); George Moore, *Hail and Farewell* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937), 3 vols., *Ave, Salve,* and *Vale.*

[32] Escott, *op. cit.* (in n. 9, above), p. 240. The character is in the short novel of the same name.

[33] Ernest Baker, *The History of the English Novel,* Vol. VIII (London, 1927), p. 140. Phineas Finn is in the novel of the same name, and also in *Phineas Redux;* Dr. Wortle is in *Dr. Wortle's School.*

[34] Hugh Walpole, *Anthony Trollope* (New York, 1928), p. 144. The novel is *The Belton Estate.*

[35] Sadleir, *op. cit.* (in n. 20, above), pp. 176–177 and 295. Sir Thomas Underwood is in *Ralph the Heir;* Archibald Green is in "The O'Conors of Castle Conor" (*Tales of All Countries, First Series);* Father Giles is in "Father Giles of Ballymoy" *(Lotta Schmidt and Other Stories);* and John Pomfret is in "John Bull on the Guadalquivir" *(Tales of All Countries, First Series).*

[36] Trollope, *Autobiography,* pp. 32–33: "If any reader of this memoir would refer to that chapter [in *The Three Clerks*] and see how Charley Tudor was supposed to have been admitted into the Internal Navigation Office, that reader will learn how Anthony Trollope was actually admitted into the Secretary's office of the General Post Office."

[37] See Trollope, *Autobiography,* pp. 33–34.

[38] Anthony Trollope, *The Three Clerks* (World's Classics Edition; London, 1925), pp. 13–16.

[39] Percy Lubbock, *The Craft of Fiction* (New York, 1931).

[40] Trollope, *The Three Clerks,* p. 13: "Charley confessed to the fact."

[41] *Ibid.,* p. 15.

[42] Trollope, *Autobiography,* p. 33.

[43] *Ibid.,* pp. 104–105.

[44] Edward Gibbon, *Autobiography of . . . , as Originally Edited by Lord Sheffield [Memoirs of My Life and Writings]* (London, 1935), p. 205.

[45] Charles Darwin, "Autobiography," in *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin: Including an Autobiographical Chapter,* edited by Francis Darwin, Vol. I (New York, 1896), p. 31.

[46] John Ruskin, *Praeterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts, Perhaps Worthy of Memory, in My Past Life* (Boston, [1885]), p. 340.

[47] Gosse, *op. cit.* (in n. 31, above), p. 105.

[48] Trollope, *Autobiography,* p. 109.

[49] See the working table for *The Claverings* reproduced in Sadleir, *op. cit.* (n. 20, above), p. 347.

[50] Trollope, *Autobiography,* p. 108.

[51] *Ibid.,* p. 26.

[52] *Ibid.,* p. 28.

[53] *Ibid.,* p. 30.

[54] Cf. *ibid.,* p. 112: "I was moved now by a determination to excel, if not in quality, at any rate in quantity."

[55] His father's *Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica* has been mentioned; his sister wrote a little High Church story called *Chollerton;* and his mother and brother wrote much. The brother, Thomas Adolphus, once wrote a two-volume novel in twenty-four days: see *What I Remember* (cited in n. 8, above), pp. 248–249.

[56] Anthony Trollope, *Autobiography,* p. 38.

[57] St. Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of . . . ,* translated by J. G. Pilkington (New York, 1927).

[58] Leslie Stephen, *Studies of a Biographer,* Vol. IV (London, 1902), p. 178.

[59] Charles Whibley, "Trollope's Autobiography," *English Review,* Vol. 37 (July, 1923), p. 34.

[60] John Hazard Wildman, *Anthony Trollope's England* (Providence, R.I., 1940), p. 14.

[61] Trollope, *Autobiography,* p. 145: "The Garrick Club was the first assemblage of men at which I felt myself to be popular."

[62] See *ibid.,* pp. 185 ff.

[63] *Ibid.,* p. 334.

[64] Mill's *Autobiography* has been discussed in a preceding chapter. For the other works see G. K. Chesterton, *The Autobiography of . . .* (New York, 1936); Sheila Kaye-Smith, *Three Ways Home: An Experiment in Autobiography* (New York, 1937); and Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1904), 2 vols.

[65] Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (New York, 1903), 2 vols.; Edward Herbert, First Baron Herbert of Cherbury, *The Autobiography [Life] of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury,* edited by Sidney Lee (London, 1886); and Thomas Holcroft, *Memoirs of the Late . . . ,* Written by Himself, and Continued to the Time of His Death . . . [by William Hazlitt], Vol. I (London, 1816).

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII

The Narrative Mode: Moore's Hail and Farewell

[1] Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments* (World's Classics Edition; New York, 1934).

[2] George Moore, *Hail and Farewell* (Ebury Edition; London, 1937). The three volumes are entitled, respectively, *Ave, Salve,* and *Vale,* and will be referred to by these titles in the notes to follow.

[3] *Ave,* p. 1.

[4] Moore's objection to the publication of his Irish short stories in English as well as in Gaelic translation points to this conclusion. See *Salve,* pp. 120–122.

[5] *Vale,* p. 209.

[6] As collateral proof that by 1908, when Moore was working on *Hail and Farewell,* his hatred of Catholicism was intense, there is increased stridency against the monastic system in the 1908 revision of *Sister Teresa* (printed 1909). Sir Owen Asher now says, when the heroine enters the convent, "They have got her, they have got her! But they shan't get her as long as I have a shoulder to force open a door . . . They will get her, I tell you! those blasted ghouls, haunters of graveyards . . ." Quoted by Joseph Hone, *The Life of George Moore* (New York, 1936), p. 282.

[7] *Vale,* p. 210.

[8] *Loc. cit.*

[9] *Vale* was published in 1914; the first mention of the trilogy is in a letter dated "26. 3. 06." See Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 271. For the statement that he had been led by the hand see *Vale,* p. 257.

[10] The Ebury Edition of *Hail and Farewell* (cited in n. 2, above).

[11] *Ave,* Preface, pp. x–xi.

[12] There is contemporary evidence that the story of the outline was not a late fabrication. In the summer of 1909 Moore said that *Hail and Farewell* was three-quarters finished. Since the first volume, *Ave,* was not ready for the press until late in 1910, he must have been referring either to the original outline or—what is more likely—to some kind of expanded rough draft made from it. Since the discovery of the real nature of his mission came in October of an uncertain year and the outline was dictated immediately afterward, the latter possibility seems stronger; but Hone, who reports the statement, inclines toward the former. See Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 287.

[13] Cf. the following statement in one of Gosse's letters: "What I should like to think my book might be . . . is a call to people to face the fact that the old faith is now impossible to sincere and intelligent minds." See the Hon. Evan Charteris, *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse* (London, 1931), p. 311; and cf. Gosse's *Father and Son* (cited in n. 1, above), pp. 302–303.

[14] *Salve,* p. 42.

[15] E.g., he could describe his father's funeral only by snatches. See *Vale,* pp. 29–31.

[16] See Hone, *op. cit.,* pp. 114–115.

[17] Verlaine, he said, had an ulcerated leg, unbound the bandage to display the wound, and so on. *Ibid.,* p. 165.

[18] Quoted in *ibid.,* p. 173.

[19] John Freeman, *A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work* (New York, 1922), p. 149.

[20] Even here it is possible to push the argument too far. For the most part, the incidents were apparently very much as Moore described them. Cf., as a typical example, Moore's description of the banquet in honor of the Irish Literary Theatre with Yeats's

description. Moore's is in *Ave,* chap. iv; Yeats's is in *The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats: Consisting of Reveries over Childhood and Youth, The Trembling of the Veil and Dramatis Personae* (New York, 1938), pp. 360–362.

[21] For the transpositions see Hone, *op. cit.,* pp. 272; 274, note; 289; 48, note; and 291. The passages in question are in *Salve,* pp. 168 ff., and in *Vale,* pp. 238, 37, and 247 ff.

[22] See, e.g., Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 300.

[23] Freeman, *op. cit.,* p. 3.

[24] The picnic probably was held in the 'fifties, the hunting meet and race in the 'sixties or 'seventies, the return from Paris and the incidents in which Dan and Bridget are concerned in the 'eighties.

[25] Cf. Freeman, *op. cit.,* p. 169: "*The Lake* bridges the gulf, the deep and mysterious gulf, between *Sister Teresa* and *Memoirs of my Dead Life,* and leads you from a scented, languid, babble-echoing air to the serene clarities of *The Brook Kerith* and *Héloise and Abélard.* Plain enough is it now that the mood of imaginative reverie is the peculiar kingdom of our novelist, and the communication of it, the expression of its human sweetness and sadness, his peculiar office."

[26] *Ave,* p. 84.

[27] *Vale,* pp. 185–186.

[28] *Ibid.,* p. 192.

[29] *Salve,* p. 221.

[30] See Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 38, note.

[31] *Ibid.,* p. 320.

[32] Cf. *Vale,* pp. 3–4.

[33] According to Moore, *Hail and Farewell* was "as much a novel as any book he had written, so far as the form was concerned." See Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 300. For Moore's theory that the novel had moved too far from its oral beginnings, see Charles Morgan, *Epitaph on George Moore* (New York, 1935), p. 50.

[34] Cf. Hone's mention of "those various devices first applied in *Hail and Farewell,* which produce the effect of something written by ear, or of oral narrative, with its continuous actions"—*op. cit.,* p. 364. On page 379 Hone speaks of "that continuous active movement, which Moore called pure narrative, the extreme reaction against apostrophic fiction." Desmond Shawe-Taylor, whose critical estimate of Moore is suffixed to the Hone biography, also refers to Moore's "famous discovery that novels had forgotten their origin in oral narrative" and speaks of his attempts to avoid "abrupt transitions from description to dialogue or thought-stream"—*ibid.,* p. 469.

[35] Morgan, *op. cit.,* p. 48.

[36] *Salve,* p. 147.

[37] *Ibid.,* p. 132. The visit has begun on page 128. Although a chapter break has intervened, one's impression is that the two chapters are continuous.

[38] *Ibid.,* p. 241.

[39] *Vale,* p. 257.

[40] See Morgan, *op. cit.,* p. 47. For Moore's choice of Morgan as his biographer see the opening pages of the same book. The mission was not fulfilled, although Morgan's critical study discharged a part of the debt.

[41] Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 274.

[42] *Vale,* p. 40.

[43] See Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 309.

[44] One almost hesitates to puncture Moore's pitiful little vanity by pointing out that he was forty-nine when he came to Ireland in 1900 and that the story at this point has reached 1904 or 1905. In 1903 or 1904, when a foreign countess entered into

correspondence with him, he sent her his photograph and told her his age was forty-six. See *ibid.*, p. 252.

[45] *Vale,* pp. 200–201.

[46] *Ibid.,* pp. 207–209.

[47] George Moore, *Avowals* (Ebury Edition; London, 1936), p. 241.

[48] *Salve,* pp. 14–15.

[49] See Hone, *op. cit.,* pp. 304–307, 396, 318, 287–288, and 384.

[50] Cf. the attempt in *Vale,* pp. 172–176, to find some humanizing flaw in Æ's character.

[51] Humbert Wolfe, *George Moore* (Modern Writers' Series; London, 1931), pp. 116–117.

[52] Quoted in Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 122 (from a letter).

[53] *Vale,* p. 170, and *Ave,* p. 186.

[54] Freeman, *op. cit.* (in n. 19, above), p. 150.

[55] See Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 344, for the phrase "linking up a story," and p. 81 for a reference to the invention of incident. See also Shawe-Taylor's discussion of Moore's gift of anecdote in the same volume, p. 469.

[56] *Ibid.,* p. 472.

[57] See *ibid.,* p. 273. The letter is dated April, 1907.

[58] See *ibid.,* p. 287.

[59] See *ibid.,* p. 283.

[60] Moore, *Avowals* (see n. 47, above), p. 251.

[61] *Ave,* p. 190.

[62] Cf. Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 327.

[63] *Ibid.,* pp. 333 and 205.

[64] The excerpts are from *Ave,* the first two from p. 173, and the others, in order, from pp. 160, 147, and 136.

[65] *Ave,* p. 214.

[66] Cf. Hone, *op. cit.,* p. 336.

[67] *Salve,* p. 181.

[68] Cf. Freeman, *op. cit.,* p. 46.

[69] *Salve,* p. 106.

[70] Wolfe, *op. cit.* (in n. 51, above), p. 125.

[71] George Moore, *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (Ebury Edition; London, 1936), p. 107.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Section 1 includes only autobiographies and proto-autobiographies important to the text. By "proto-autobiography" is meant a work which contains some personal information but does not fall within the terms of the description given in chapter i and further elaborated in chapter vi. Works which are not properly a part of the literature of the British Isles are starred. Section 2 includes only critical and miscellaneous works which have been cited in the notes or which have a special importance for the student of autobiography. In both sections, titles of works written before 1600 are italicized, regardless of the length of the works.

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