THE REGIONAL NOVELS OF MARIA EDGEWORTH AND JOHN GALT

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I am deeply indebted to my Supervisor, Professor John MacQueen, not only for his help and criticism, but also for his patience in bearing with a thesis which was written under difficulties.

I DECLARE THIS THESIS TO BE MY OWN AND UNAIDED WORK.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I.	BIOGRAPHICAL.	1
II.	THE BACKGROUND: SCOTLAND.	121
III.	THE BACKGROUND: IRELAND.	203
IV.	LAIRDS AND LANDLORDS.	287
V.	NEW PRESBYTER AND OLD PRIEST.	352
VI.	AMORALISTS.	406
VII.	BILDUNGSROMANE.	448
VIII.	THE REGIONAL NOVEL.	495
APPENDIX:	NOTES	I.
BIBLIOGRAPHY		XL.

NOTE

Unless otherwise stated quotations from Maria Edgeworth are taken from:-

Maria Edgeworth: Tales and Novels,
Vols. I - XVIII, London, 1832. (Cited as E in Appendix)

Quotations from John Galt are taken from:-

The Works of John Galt: Ed. D.S. Meldrum and
William Roughead, Vols. I - X, Edinburgh, 1936.
(Cited as G. in Appendix)

There are no abbreviations used in the text. Abbreviations used in the Notes will be found in the Appendix.

ABSTRACT OF THESIS

This thesis deals with the novels of Maria Edgeworth set wholly or mainly in Ireland and with those of John Galt set wholly or mainly in Scotland. The first chapter provides the biographical data under three headings; this device has been adopted in order that the differences and similarities in the lives of the two writers might be clear from the beginning. The next two chapters deal with the political and social backgrounds of the Scotland and Ireland of the period. There follows a consideration of the authors' treatment of relationships between social groups in the respective countries and an attempt to evaluate the role of religion in the novels of Galt and Edgeworth. In the sixth chapter Castle Rackrent and The Provost are considered, Rackrent as the only novel by Miss Edgeworth which does not try to point some moral and The Provost as the story of an amoralist. From these we pass to a criticism of Ormond as a classic Bildungsroman and of Sir Andrew Wylie as an attempt in that genre. The last chapter tries to tackle the difficult task of defining the regional novel and of determining how far Galt's and Edgeworth's work corresponds to the criteria established.

CHAPTER I

BIOGRAPHICAL

I BEGINNINGS

a) Maria Edgeworth: 1767 - 1782

In 1763 Maria Edgeworth's father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, married Anna Maria Elers in Scotland; as he was not yet 21, an English marriage would have been illegal without his father's consent. This he did not ask, as he knew it would have been refused. He had first met Anna Maria in 1761, when his father entered him as a gentleman commoner in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, choosing Oxford rather than Cambridge because Paul Elers, a one-time fellow law-student in London, lived at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, and, he hoped, could be depended upon to keep an eye on young Richard Lovell who had been removed from Trinity College, Dublin because he was doing no good there. Before accepting the charge, Paul Elers warned his friend that he had four pretty marriageable daughters, to whom he could not afford to give dowries suitable for a match with Mr. Edgeworth's son. The warning went unheeded, and Richard Lovell became more or less a member of the Elers family. In retrospect he did not find the girls so attractive: "The young ladies, although far from being beautiful, were handsome; and though destitute of accomplishments, they were, notwithstanding, agreeable, from an air of youth and simplicity, and from unaffected good nature and gaiety."[1]

After two years in Oxford and some acquaintance with society in Bath, where his mother often went for her health, the young man developed more sophisticated tastes than country girls could satisfy. The harm had been done, however: in the bridegroom's memoir there is a disenchanted account of the circumstances leading to his marriage: "One of the young ladies at Black Bourton had attracted my attention; I had paid my court to her, and felt myself entangled so completely, that I could not find any honourable means of extrication. I have not to reproach myself with any deceit or suppression of the truth. On my return to Black Bourton I did not conceal the altered state of my mind, but, having engaged the affections of the young lady, married while I was still a youth at college. I resolved to meet the disagreeable consequences of such a step with fortitude, and without being dispirited by the loss of the society to which I had become accustomed."[2] The tone of self-satisfaction is unpleasant; Richard Lovell was always at his worst in his relations with Maria's mother.

In 1764, when Anna Maria was expecting her first child, Edgeworth senior relented and the young couple were remarried in London in the February of that year. They then went to Ireland. Richard Lovell's formidable mother died a few days after their arrival, seeing her daughter-in-law, but no more. Edgeworth senior was in full control of his estates and needed no help from his son; deprived of occupation, young Edgeworth had time to realize how incompatible

he and his wife were. "...my young wife, in particular, had but little sympathy with my tastes. I felt the inconvenience of an early and hasty marriage; and though I heartily repented my folly, I determined to bear with firmness and temper the evil which I had brought upon myself. Perhaps pride had some share in my resolution."[3] Poor Anna Maria had little pride, and it was she who had to bear most of the "disagreeable consequences" of the union. To pass the time her husband could return to his hobby of "mechanics" or practical science, for which he had a real talent, but her time in Ireland must have been dreary indeed.

Finally Edgeworth decided to return to England and qualify as a barrister at the Temple as his father had done. The young couple took a house in the Berkshire village of Hare Hatch, and Anna Maria managed so economically that they were able to live comfortably; this is the only positive reference Edgeworth makes to his first wife. For a while they tasted the pleasures of a small and restricted society, - Edgeworth is lofty about card-playing, - but he turned his back on all this when he made the acquaintance of Thomas Day, the future author of Sandford and Merton. Day was a man of high moral qualities, but opinionated, humourless and eccentric. In particular he had strong views on the place and education of women, and his own efforts to find a wife, in which Edgeworth's second and third wives, Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd were concerned, are ludicrous.[4] Anna Maria's dislike for him, perhaps influenced by jealousy,

had no effect on her husband; the two men were to remain friends until Day's death in 1789. In 1766 Edgeworth met Erasmus Darwin, and made such an excellent impression that he was introduced to Darwin's friends who were to form the nucleus of the Lunar Society.[5] Although the group met in Birmingham, Edgeworth made an effort to be present at meetings.

In 1766 Anna Maria gave birth to a son who died in infancy. For Maria's birth, on January 1st., 1767,[6] her mother went home to Black Bourton, so, like her own Lady Clonbrony, Maria was "an Henglishwoman, born in Hoxfordshire".[7]

The child remembered her mother as a pretty woman in a red dress who cried a great deal. Life could not have been gay for the little girl; her elder brother, Richard, was being educated by his father after the principles of Rousseau's Emile, and so was away whenever his father was. She was probably glad when another sister, Emmeline, was born in 1770. Relatives in Black Bourton and her mother's rather aristocratic London aunts in Great Russell Street were kind, but there was no strong person who was always there to give a sense of security. Her father's material circumstances were improved by the death of Edgeworth senior in 1769, and, in 1770, the new master returned to Ireland to take up his inheritance. His first term as landlord was not a success; he was an easy prey for the hard-luck stories of his more disreputable tenants. After a year he became an absentee landlord, leaving the estate in the care of an agent, the very conduct his daughter was later to attack so vehemently

in The Absentee.

On his return to England he found Day had bought a house at Lichfield and visited him there. At this time Lichfield had a literary society of sorts, centred round Canon Seward who lived in the Bishop's Palace. To this group belonged the Canon's daughter, Anna, and his ward, Honora Sneyd, then a beautiful girl of nineteen. Edgeworth describes his feelings when they met: "I was six and twenty, and now, for the first time in my life, I saw a woman that equalled the picture of perfection, that existed in my imagination. I had long suffered from the want of cheerfulness in a wife, without which marriage could not be agreeable to a man of such a temperament as mine. I had borne this evil, I believe, with patience, but my not being happy at home exposed me to the danger of being too happy elsewhere."[8] Edgeworth's love was hopeless; his only honourable course was to leave Lichfield - he uses the word "flight". But he did not return to Hare Hatch. Instead he accompanied Day to France and spent a year in Lyons. Richard went with his father,[9] and, as the Hare Hatch house had been given up, Anna Maria and the two girls went to Black Bourton. Later Edgeworth did send for his wife; leaving the children behind her, she spent the Summer of 1772 with her husband. She did not like Lyons, and wished her fifth child to be born in England, whither she returned in Autumn, escorted by Day. In March 1773 Anna Edgeworth

was born at Great Russell Street. Ten days later Anna Maria died; Maria was brought into the bedroom to receive her mother's dying kiss.

Edgeworth had no option but to return to England. He arrived at Great Russell Street just as Maria was waiting to be punished for throwing tea at a visitor. Although then six years old, she did not recognize her father. To her he appeared "a gentleman in black, and her imagination was immediately struck with the idea of his being immensely superior to all she ever saw before."[10] Perhaps her special feeling for him was born then. She had little time to get ~~to get~~ to know him better, for, on learning from Day that Honora was still unmarried, he hurried to Lichfield, proposed, and was accepted. The marriage took place only four months after Anna Maria's death, an unconventional step at this period, but it would seem that neither the Sneyd family nor Canon Seward objected. Immediately afterwards Richard Lovell took his wife and four children to Edgeworthstown.

Honora Edgeworth obviously meant to do her full duty towards her step children, else it would have been easy to find an excuse to leave them behind in England, at least for the time being. But she was young and inexperienced, and perhaps did not realize the difficulty of putting her excellent ideas into practice. Moreover, as Edgeworth admits, husband and wife were wrapped up in each other, and wanted no disturbance in their bliss. "During the first years

of our marriage we were much alone; and as we were both fond of country life and of each other, we felt too well contented in retirement. I say this because it is a fault in which young people who have loved each other with strong passion are apt to indulge; they are inclined to seclusion and think that two real lovers are all sufficient to each other. That we did enjoy great and untired felicity is certain...".[11] Young Richard was not an easy child, and probably Maria was difficult too at this period. Miss Butler cites four incidents, including the tea throwing one, to show her as "disturbed": three can be explained away, but the fourth is serious enough. Maria never wrote it down, but told it to her half-sister, Harriet Edgeworth Butler, who described it in a letter to her brother, Michael Pakenham Edgeworth. It occurred in the Dublin hotel where the family stayed on their way to Edgeworthstown. "Yesterday Maria was talking of her childhood, and saying how unhappy she was. She remembered in Dublin getting out of a garret window on the window stool when she was about six years old, and some passenger running in and telling the maid of the child's danger and when the maid said as she took her in 'Do you know you might have fallen down and broke your neck and been killed' and Maria answered 'I wish I had - I'm very unhappy' - so piteous the idea of a little child being so very wretched".[12] Almost all Maria's biographers tell the story of the little girl's looking up at her step mother's face and thinking, "How beautiful!", but, with all

her elegance, Honora may have remained something of a Snow Queen, someone to be admired, but to whom no advances could be made. In any case, Maria was spearated from her when, in 1776, she was sent to Mrs. Lataffiere's school in Derby. Derby was a long way from Co. Longford, and Maria did not come home for holidays. This fresh uprooting was not distasteful; her teachers were pleased with her, and glad enough to look after her when the other children went home, but it was another change in a short life which had known many changes. Her father's letters to her were stilted and cold in the contemporary manner; there is no sign in them of the progressive educationalist he was to become, although his interest in the subject began during this period[13]. Even when, after three years, the Edgeworths returned once more to England and Maria was able to spend holidays at home, the tone of the letters sent to her remains formal and cold In early 1778 Honora writes: "Your being taught to dance may enable you to alter your common method of holding yourself if you pay attention to it, I must say you wanted improvement in that respect very much when you were here"[14], and, in a letter of approximately the same date, her father leaves her in no doubt about the ordinariness of her appearance: "Your person, my dear Maria, will be exactly in the middle point, between beauty and plainness - handsome enough to be on a level with the generality of your Sex, if accom - panied with gentleness, reserve and real good sense, - plain

enough to become contemptible if unattended by good qualities of the head and heart."[15] Honora discouraged spontaneity: "I have received your letter and thank you for it, though I assure you I did not expect it. I am particularly desirous you should be convinced of this, as I told you I would write first. It is in vain to please a person who will not tell you what they do and what they do not desire; but as I tell you very fully what I think may be expected from a girl of your age, abilities, and education, I assure you, my dear Maria, you may entirely depend on me, that as long as I have the use of my understanding, I shall not be displeased with you for omitting anything which I had before told you I did not expect...".[16]

Tuberculosis was a Sneyd ailment, and in 1779, Honora Edgeworth caught a cold which developed into this complaint. Nothing could be done. If her attitude towards Maria was cold, her deep and selfless love for her husband is shown in everything she writes when waiting for death. "I have every blessing and I am very happy. The conversation of my beloved husband, when my breath will let me have it, is my greatest delight, he procures me every comfort, and as he always says he thought he should, contrives for me everything that can ease and assist my weakness.

"Like a kind angel whispers peace
And smooths the bed of death."

This part is not yet come, but I doubt not his steadfastness and strong affection in those hours; as to the

time of their arrival I remain in the most perfect tranquillity and uncertainty."[17] In her will Honora states that she has nothing of value to leave save her husband's portrait which she bequeaths to "that woman he shall think worthy to call his, for her to wear, as long as they both shall LOVE"[18]. She had no doubt as to who this woman should be, and had recommended Edgeworth to marry her sister, Elizabeth.

On April 30th. 1780, Honora died. In her last illness Edgeworth, for the only time in his life, had shown himself completely selfless. There can be no doubt of his real sorrow, and yet, strange man that he was, he wrote a formal, mannered letter about his dead wife to Maria while still sitting beside her body. "...as you grow older and become acquainted with more of my friends, you will hear from every mouth the most exalted character of your incomparable mother. You will be convinced by your own reflections on her conduct, that she fulfilled the part of a mother towards you and towards your sisters without partiality towards her own, or servile indulgence towards mine. Her heart, conscious of rectitude, was above the fear of raising suspicion to her disadvantage in the mind of your father or in the minds of relations"[19]. In the stilted phraseology it is clear that Edgeworth is drawing a portrait of Honora as he would like Maria to remember her. Is there also an uneasy, quickly suppressed fear that his adored wife, who was indeed 'conscious

of rectitude' and never knowingly did the slightest wrong to her stepchildren, might yet have failed them in some way? In the family Honora was remembered almost as a saint;[20] her sister Elizabeth, who loved her devotedly, did nothing to destroy that image.

Elizabeth Sneyd was thought by many to be more handsome than Honora, and Edgeworth admits that she had more wit, vivacity and humour. Even without Honora's request, he would have married again. Nothing, he tells us, is more erroneous"than the common belief that a man, who has lived in the greatest happiness with his wife, will be the most averse to take another. On the contrary, the loss of happiness which he feels, when he loses her, necessarily urges him to be well placed in a situation which had constituted his former felicity."[21] Left to himself he would never have thought of marrying Elizabeth, nor she him. He had seen less of her than of the other Sneyd sisters, and had even heard she had an attachment for someone else[22]. Yet so strong was their mutual feeling for Honora that, when Edgeworth proposed, she accepted. This time Canon Seward and Honora's brother objected on the grounds that marriage to a deceased wife's sister was forbidden by ecclesiastical law, though not by the law of the land. They could not be married within the diocese of the Bishop of Lichfield who denounced the marriage from his pulpit. An attempt to marry at Weston, where Honora was buried, was frustrated at the last minute. Finally, on Christmas Day 1780, they were

married quietly in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. The witnesses were Day, and, surprisingly, Mr. and Mrs. Elers, brother and sister-in-law of Edgeworth's first wife.

Maria could not come home for Christmas, as there was nobody to escort her from Derby, but her father wrote more warmly than usual - Elizabeth's influence? - explaining he was sorry for this, and promising to make amends in the future. Elizabeth added in a postcript that she hoped to take the place of the kind mother Maria had lost. Early in the new year no less a person than Josiah Wedgewood was able to accompany Maria home: she was not to return to Derby, but spent one year as a pupil in the school kept by a Mrs. Devis in London. She had been happier in Derby. The more sophisticated young ladies in London were thinking of balls and suitable marriages at a later date, but Maria was shy and over conscious of what she considered her plainness. She did make one friend, Fanny Robinson, with whom she corresponded after leaving London, and whom she was to see again. In Summer 1781, she began to have trouble with her eyes and was told by one doctor that she might go blind. When her father learned this, he sent her a characteristic letter: "The great loss which I sustained last year disappointment from your Brother and several other Circumstances were almost too much for me; they have injured my health and now when your present mothers kindness attention and good sense began to restore my mind to tranquility if you from whom I have lately expected much comfort and satisfaction

should lose your health it will be the cause of a very severe relapse into my former uneasiness"[23]. The almost complete lack of punctuation, an Edgeworth characteristic, inherited by Maria, presumably indicates stress! Maria did not lose her sight however, and when, in 1782, the family moved to Edgeworthstown for good, she was able to accompany them. When they arrived in June she found that the roses in the garden had snow on them[24]; it was a new world.

b) John Galt: 1779 - 1804

The main feature of Maria Edgeworth's early life was impermanence. She was shuttled from one place to another, endured long absences from home, and, by the age of fif - teen, had called three different women 'mother'. In contrast, John Galt's childhood was normal to the point of placidity. True, his father, a ship's captain, was often away, but there were good and socially acceptable reasons for his absences, and it was always clear that he would return; meanwhile, security was given to the family by the constant presence of his busy, humourous, self-assured wife. John, the eldest son, was born in Irvine on May 2nd., 1779. At that time Irvine was a thriving port, taking its full share in the prosperity then spreading over the Scottish Lowlands. Without realizing it, any child born in these surroundings at that time must have shared the

general feeling of non-euphoric, but wisely-grounded optimism. Like Provost Pawkie, people believed that the world was getting better; hard work brought its reward. To Galt's kind and sensible parents and to most of their fellow-townsmen, a steady job in some branch of commerce was the goal of a young man, whereas a budding writer would have been regarded with a certain coolness. Mr. Balwhidder, after all, advised Colin Mavis, the Dalmailing poet, to turn his talent to something more solid.

Young John Galt had a photographic memory, and small incidents from his earliest childhood impressed themselves on his mind. When little more than a year old, he narrowly escaped being scalded by a kettle; over fifty years later he could write: "The scene, the cause, and the shape of the kettle is all still before me."[25] Other early memories include following the procession of the banished Buchanites out of Irvine until forcibly brought back by his mother, being much impressed by a picture of Niagara Falls and witnessing a storm at sea which he was later to re-create in The Provost. How undramatic all this is, when compared with Anna Maria Edgeworth's death—bed kiss to her little daughter, and with the "naughtiness" in the Dublin hotel which might so easily have had a fatal ending! Although physically not over-strong, John Galt never seems to have been in danger of becoming a "disturbed" child. He was never really ill, but this "soft, ailing, growing

boy"[26] neither went to the regular school until he was nine years old, nor took part in the robust activities of the other boys. He spent much time lying on his bed, reading. His own family were in good circumstances, but, unlike Maria Edgeworth, he saw poverty at close quarters. In a small town it was easy for one social group to impinge on another, and, like his own Andrew Wylie, the young John Galt liked listening to the talk of some old women who eked out their meagre livelihood near his grandmother's home. He went to school in Irvine for one year only, but had private lessons in reading from a schoolmaster: they read Gil Blas and The Spectator, and perhaps laid the foundations for a selective taste in literature. His mother blamed too much reading for his dreaminess. This was the first of the "misunderstandings" of his character which were to persist during his schooldays in Greenock, where the family moved when Galt was ten years old. In his new school he was annoyed at being thought "even-tempered", a description which would hardly have irritated many boys, but Galt obviously equated it with mawkishness and lack of personality. In his Autobiography he is at pains to explain - after all those years! -: "It was evenness of mind rather than of temper with decision of character slow in manifesting itself, but surprising when it did so."[27] He is eager to prove that he was neither dull, unadventurous nor placid, and indeed these are adjectives which do not apply to the

older John Galt. But did those who judged him at that time see the real person whose efforts to change himself inevitably brought him under stress, perhaps the cause of the mysterious "nervous" illness at the end of his first London period? Mr. Balwhidder's sympathetic description of young Colin Mavis might have been a picture of Galt the schoolboy: "...A long soople laddie, who, like all bairns that grow fast and tall, had but little smeddum. He could not be called a dolt, for he was observant and thoughtful and given to asking sagacious questions; but there was a sleepiness about him especially in the kirk, and he gave, as the master said, but little application to his lessons, so the folk thought he would turn out a sort of gaunt-at-the-door, more mindful of meat than work. He was, however, a good-natured lad,....and when I spoke to him I was surprised at the discretion of his answers, so that gradually I began to think and say that there was more about Colin than the neighbours knew."[28] Unfortunately no perceptive clergyman or schoolmaster in Greenock either thought or said that there was more about young Galt than the neighbours knew. When he came to write his Autobiography, he had long since formed his own picture of the boy and man he wished to have been. This "wish-fulfilment" included "smeddum", and there is no place in it for softness.

Contempt for such a quality was probably learned from

his mother who was the dominant influence in the home when young Galt was growing up, even when his handsome, good-natured father was at home. He remembered her as being "of a masculine strength of character, with great natural humour, and a keen perception of the ridiculous in others[29]... The rich ore of her common sense which pervaded her remarks was always remarkable"[30]. Perhaps from absorbing her philosophy Galt developed too high a respect for good sense and practicality at the expense of creativity. He tried to suppress the more imaginative side of himself and to cultivate the "normal" and "rational", an attempt which, after all, harmonized with the outlook of the community in which he grew up. As with Maria Edgeworth, one parent was the ruling influence, but his submission was not wholehearted, as hers was. All through her life Maria's father,- as she saw him, - was not only an admirable human being, but the symbol of constancy, the rescuer from a changing world of schools and other people's houses. For a woman of her period and social position it was easy to be subordinate to the head of the household. Things were different for Galt. As the eldest son, he was expected to assert himself more than an unmarried woman living at home would be asked to do; the environment in which he lived set store on self-confidence (- though never brashness -) directed towards practical activity. Also, unlike Maria, Galt had to make money. If he wished to do this in business, and he did, he needed a thick skin; but, while he

had inherited his mother's keen observant eye and humour, he lacked her toughness. He did not question her belief that one made one's way in life by steady application to a respectable commercial pursuit rather than by reading books - not to mention writing them! For most boys in young Galt's circumstances this was quite true, but his great and unusual talents were connected precisely with the sphere which his mother and her like-minded neighbours thought little of. Her son's attitude towards Mrs. Galt was ambivalent. He appreciated her excellent qualities, but he - and indeed the whole family, - was not displeased when she was worsted in a legal dispute.[31] All his busy, unimaginative women, from Mrs. Pringle onwards[32] are enormously entertaining to read about, but would be just as difficult to live with as Mrs. Gamp. Later, when Mrs. Galt admitted her mistake in blaming reading for her son's indolence, it was too late; his adherence to her view of life was firmly founded. So deeply rooted was his respect for practical activity that, at the peak of his literary success, with his best Scottish novels behind him and any publisher ready to accept what he wrote, he turned his back on literature to plunge into the Canadian venture.[33]

But this is to anticipate. "Misunderstood" as he may have thought himself, he never openly rebelled, and consoled himself with the same spare-time occupation as Richard Lovell Edgeworth - "mechanics". Among his con-

structions was "a piano-forte, alias a hurdy-gurdy", but his greatest musical success was an "Eolian harp" which he had to get rid of, as its plaintive music got on Mrs. Galt's nerves. Music was a common interest with a schoolfellow, William Spence, later to make something of a name for himself as a mathematician; another friend of that period was James Park, who knew Galt very well and was fond enough of him to be constructively critical. The intimacy with these two lasted after Galt's departure from Greenock, until the deaths of both.

Young Galt left school at the age of sixteen; although it would not have been difficult for him to have gone to a Scottish university, nobody seems to have thought of such a thing. He worked first in the Customs House to improve his penmanship, and, a year later, as a junior clerk in the office of a Mr. James Miller. Miller was kind; an acquaintance of that period, Alexander Weir, was later to say that Galt could have become one of the richest and most influential men in the town had he stayed in Greenock.[34] For some time he seems to have been happy enough, devoting his days to business and enjoying spare-time occupations such as walking-tours to Edinburgh, Loch Lomond, and even Durham, where he saw Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. He made full use of Greenock's excellent subscription library, and continued with the literary <u>juvenilia</u> he had started to produce as a schoolboy. For, although

literature was but a "secondary pursuit", he was never indifferent to its attractiveness. With about half-a-dozen friends he founded a society whose members wrote essays "on every sort of subject." In 1804, just before he left Greenock, he was one of the organizers of a dinner in honour of James Hogg. Hogg describes Galt as he then was: "A tall thin young man with something dandyish in his appearance, dressed in frock coat and new top boots and it being then the fashion to wear the shirt - collars as high as the eyes, Galt wore his the whole of that night with the one side considerably above the ear, and the other flapped over the collar of his frock coat down to his shoulder. He had another peculiarity which seemed to him a singular instance of perversity. He walked with his spectacles on and conversed with them on; but when he read he took them off.....The first thing that drew my attention to him was an argument about the moral tendency of some of Shakespeare's plays; in which, although he had two opponents, and one of them both obstinate and loquacious, he managed his part with such good nature and such strong emphatic reasoning, that my heart whispered to me again and again: 'This is no common youth.' Then his stories of old-fashioned and odd people were so infinitely amusing, that his conversation proved one of the principal charms of that enchanting night"[35].

It sounds an ideal life, with good business prospects,

like-minded friends and congenial leisure activities. Yet, he left Greenock in the same year as the Hogg dinner. Doubtless he felt that he possessed qualities better suited to a wider sphere than that of a provincial town. He did have great talents; the trouble was that he completely misjudged the direction in which they lay. Ironically, throughout his whole life, his view of success was shaped by the opinions of the community and family which he was leaving. His bent was for "regional" literature, and his best work sprang from his recollections of the society of his youth, but the aim of the move to London was to become a commercial success. His aspirations may have seemed arrogant to some of his stay-at-home fellow-townsmen and, except for the brief period of success when his first Scottish novels were published and prospects in Canada looked deceptively rosy, nothing in his later life was to disprove the sceptics' opinion. Unlike Andrew Wylie, he never returned home in triumph. It is useless to speculate whether he would have written Annals and The Provost in the intervals of conducting a successful business in a Scottish provincial town, but these masterpieces are founded on his memories of Greenock and the West of Scotland, not on impressions gained in London.

The incident which, he says, provided the impetus for his departure is cited by Miss Aberdein to prove that Galt possessed many of the qualities he would have wished

for - energy, decisiveness, initiative, devotion to his firm and strong-mindedness. A different construction might be placed on it. The story is as follows: A Glasgow merchant sent Galt's firm an impolite letter which came into his hands. On his own initiative he decided to go to Glasgow to obtain an apology. On arrival he found that his quarry had gone to Edinburgh where he followed him, only to find that the merchant was having dinner in Leith. Nothing daunted, Galt waited at the hotel until the man returned. The ensuing events, as described in the Autobiography, are close to melodrama:

"The merchant acknowledged the letter as his, and said it had been written in a passion. 'That,' replied I, 'will not do for me, I must have a written apology for sending such an unmannerly production.'

At first he refused, and dwelt upon a man not being able sometimes to restrain his feelings.

At this moment a waiter came into the room for something or another; I followed him and requesting not to be interrupted closed the door.

My man was a good deal surprised at this and still refused, and bade me go to law. I made no reply, but taking out my watch laid it on the table; by the time it wanted ten minutes of ten, and I said firmly:

"At ten o'clock I expect a letter from you, until then we can have no conversation; the door is bolted, and I shall

take care we are not interrupted;' leaning with my back against the door. He addressed me several times, but I made no answer. Before the ten minutes was expired, as I had writing materials ready, he sat down and wrote the apology. Wishing him good night, I said I would not know him again, never having been introduced to him-"[36]

Recalling the incident many years later, Galt was obviously proud of the part he had played. But surely it is much ado about very little? There was no personal insult; the letter came into Galt's hands by chance. His reaction was aggressive, especially the affair of the closed door and the ten minutes' grace. Would he have challenged the merchant to a duel had the letter not been written within the stipulated time? He shows himself pugnacious and ever-ready to take offence, exaggerating the role of decisive man of action which he was playing. It was basically the same attitude which had led him to object to being considered "even-tempered" at school. The wish to prove that he was well able to look after himself and would allow no advantage to be taken of him was probably responsible for later actions which made him seem arrogant, and had serious consequences - his inability to deal with the authorities in Canada, for example, or his speedy resignation of the editorship of The Courier at a time when he could have used the money the post brought with it.[37] Nobody could have produced work as perceptive

as Galt's at its best without being sensitive, or even "touchy", but sensitivity had too much to do with "softness" for him to admit it in himself; he went to the other extreme, acted arrogantly and alienated other people.

Immediately after the letter affair, Galt told his parents and his employer that he planned to leave Greenock for London, although he did not go for some time. With hindsight he describes the May day of the actual departure; the eastern sky which lay in the direction of his journey was sullen and overcast[38]. London in 1804 was a town "where I had neither friend nor acquaintance a forlorn adventurer as could be"[39]. Living there was to bring him anything but a large number of acquaintances and wider horizons - which he did not need for his best work. Those who really understood and helped him, - Park, Blackwood, Moir, Lockhart, - were all fellow Scots. He realized the danger of over-idealization of youthful happiness, yet, looking back on the Greenock of his boyhood and young manhood, he saw it as "a large oasis in the desert of my life... much of my good nature towards mankind is assuredly owing to my associates there. I have met, no doubt, with more accomplished, but never with better men"[40]. When he wrote that illness and unhappiness may have coloured his judgement; later, when he came back to Greenock he was unhappy there too, but, as he admits, this was because he himself had changed; he could not take up the old life where he had left off. His move to London was the first decisive

turning-point in his life, just as Maria Edgeworth's departure from the same city for Ireland was in hers. In her case leaving London was the beginning of good fortune; in Galt's, arrival there meant a break with the milieu which had formed him, and to which, in a way, he always belonged.

II APPRENTICESHIP

a) Maria Edgeworth: 1782 - 1801

Arrival in Edgeworthstown was the beginning of what Maria was later to call "the seven years of plenty." Her life from 1782 onwards was a happy one, seriously darkened only by her father's death and later political developments in Ireland. Soon after she came home for good she found that she, and she alone, could be of special use to her adored father; she acquired both an important place in the family and an avocation to which she could devote herself whole-heartedly.

When Richard Lovell Edgeworth came to administer his estate, he was forced to devote his considerable energy to undoing the mischief done by the agent he had left in charge during his absence. Whatever his private failings may have been, he was an excellent landlord, a rare exception to the majority of Irish estate-owners of his day. Maria describes in great detail the initial steps he took

to improve his land and his tenants' lot, but perhaps the best testimony to his zeal is her picture of Edgeworthstown as it was in 1814, over thirty years after her father had taken over, when his schemes had borne fruit: "The exertions he (Edgeworth) made from the time he settled in Edgeworth - Town[41] in 1782, in building comfortable dwellings for some of his tenants, and in assisting others to build the same for themselves; - his never following the vile system of making forty-shilling freeholders, merely for electioneering purposes - the reasonable rent and tenure at which he let his land - the unusual time which he allowed his tenants to <u>make</u> their rents - his freeing them from <u>duty-work</u> - his avoiding as much as possible in his leases, oppressive or restrictive clauses - his respecting the <u>tenant's right</u>, whenever tenants had improved - his encouraging them by the certainty of justice and kindness - his discouraging all expectations of partial favour or <u>protection</u> - if they transgressed the laws or if they lived in indolence or inebriety - ; succeeded altogether beyond his most sanguine hopes in meliorating the condition of the people. Especially within the last twenty years, his tenantry, and the whole face of his estate, strikingly improved, not only in appearance but in reality. The poorest class of his tenants, who in former times lived in smoke and dirt, in too pitiable a condition for description, have now to most of their cabins chimneys and windows, comfortable thatch and good earthen floors. The dunghills

no longer stop up the windows, nor is 'the first step out of the cabin into the dirt'. The number of slated houses and boarded floors has much increased.....much of what has been done has been effected, not by the landlord, but by the tenant.....his land very considerably increased in value from the effect of better cultivation and this was proportionately felt in his income, at the close of leases.... his rents were, with few exceptions, and with moderate allowances, regularly paid. As he advanced in years my father had the satisfaction, and a very great delight it was to him, to see himself surrounded by a respectable, flourishing independent, attached, grateful tenantry"[42]. The praise was not exaggerated; when the Edgeworths were in need of money, due to Lovell Edgeworth's debts, the better-off tenants came to their aid[43] and their initial attitude when the franchise was expended will be dealt with in the third chapter.

In 1782 all this was yet to be done, and the new master had to ride over his whole estate in order to get to know it thoroughly. Moreover he needed an ammanuensis, a sort of secretary cum sub-agent, who would take notes of conversations between him and his tenants and help him on rent-collecting days. At that time Mrs. Edgeworth was expecting her second child; Richard was not at home,[45] and was unreliable in any case; there remained Maria. So, at the age of fifteen, she became her father's right hand.

It is touching and funny to imagine this precise little English girl, newly returned from a fashionable boarding-school, clinging to her pony, Dapple, - she was afraid of horses, - and conscientiously taking down material which must have included hyperbolic hard-luck stories and appeals for help. For the first time she was given an insight into the lives of the poor. No better preparation for a writer of "regional" stories could be imagined, and Maria, eager, serious and anxious to please, absorbed everything. The realism of Rackrent had its birth here. A child was literally among the Irish peasants taking notes, and was to print the accumulation of what she heard and saw.

Even before the fact-finding rides began, her father had been concerned with her, and her time had been filled; she was set the task of translating Madame de Genlis's Adèle et Théodore into English. She finished it, but never published, as another English translation anticipated hers. Adèle et Théodore had an educational theme, and, about a year after his return, Edgeworth began to involve the older members of the household in the education of his younger children. Thus Maria was early introduced to the literary and educational pursuits which were to make her name famous, and to be among her life-long preoccupations.

Family life went on happily and uneventfully until 1789, when Honora Edgeworth's daughter, who had inherited her mother's name and beauty, showed signs of also inheri-

ting the disease that had killed her. She died in the following year. In 1791, when Honora's other child, Lovell, showed symptoms of the same illness, his father and stepmother acted quickly, taking him with them to Clifton, near Bristol, which then had a reputation as a health resort. Maria, just turned twenty-four, was left in charge of the estate; Mrs. Powys, a friend of the second Mrs. Edgeworth, came to look after the younger children. To take over the administration of an estate was no easy task[44], but Maria fulfilled it, partly, of course, because she wished to please her father, but also because, with all her gentle shyness, there was an unexpected strength in her character which was to show itself much later, after her father's death. She had been trained to be just, but not yielding, and she had a high regard for truth and honesty; in spite of her affection for the tenants, - as a much older woman she wept when she thought one of them was being unjustly treated, - no attempt to take advantage of her stood any chance of success. Like Galt, she had no real toughness in her character, but she could be inflexible where her own conceptions of probity and justice were concerned.

Meanwhile, in Clifton, her father was belatedly becoming conscious that she - and indeed, all his elder daughters, - were of marriageable age, and had little chance of meeting future husbands in the restricted society of

Edgeworthstown. Never tactful, he expressed his thoughts with unmistakable clarity in a letter to his eldest daughter: "I never see a gentleman of tolerable promise, that I do not immediately think of you: and immediately consider whether we should like him"[45]. He tried to arrange a London season for his daughters, but this fell through, and instead he sent for the whole family to Clifton, with the exception of the youngest child, Thomas Day, who stayed with Maria's beloved Aunt Ruxton. Maria, who was perfectly happy as she was, had been horrified by the idea of London, and considered Clifton the better of two evils. In fact it was her sister, Anna, who was to meet her future husband, Dr. Beddoes, in Clifton; one of their sons was Thomas Lovell Beddoes, of whose work his aunt Maria predictably disapproved[46]. Maria did have a taste of fashionable life when her old school friend, Fanny Robinson, now Fanny Hoare, invited her to stay at Roehampton, but she pined for the usual family circle and rejoiced when they all returned to Edgeworthstown in 1793.

In 1797 Elizabeth Edgeworth died of the family illnes. No step-mother could have been more suitable for Maria. As well as being naturally kind, Elizabeth was never obsessed with her husband, and it was not difficult for her to accept her eldest step-daughter's special position in the household, as it would certainly have been for Honora.

Indeed, Elizabeth rather doubted her ability to share

in her husband's and Maria's interests, as is clear from a letter Edgeworth wrote to her shortly after they came to Ireland[47]. Edgeworth first described the kind of relationship which existed between his third wife and himself: "Yes, my dear wife, I have the delightful prospect before me, of having, in the place of my dearest Honora, another friend whom I love, and whose company, I hope, will make age a pleasing calm after the activity of youth and the business of middle life." The canonization of Honora persisted even during Elizabeth's last days: Edgeworth wrote to Erasmus Darwin: "You saw the patience of her sister - Hers is not in the least inferior."[48] Perhaps it was the highest praise he could bestow.

It can hardly have surprised Maria that her father should wish to marry again. But her own situation vis-a-vis an unknown new step-mother was infinitely more complicated than it had been at the time of Edgeworth's second and third marriages.

When Elizabeth died Maria was thirty years old. Not only was she indispensible to her father in the management of his estate, she had collaborated with him in producing a series of stories for children published in 1797 under the title The Parent's Assistant. In addition she was an authoress in her own right; her first book Letters for Literary Ladies had appeared in 1795. Ironically, it was The Parent's Assistant which was the means of bringing

Edgeworth into contact with Frances Beaufort, who was to be his fourth wife. Frances's father was a scholarly clergyman with whom Edgeworth had been acquainted since the 1780's and with whom he had corresponded when Dr. Beaufort was living in London. On the family's return to Ireland in 1796, Edgeworth wrote to, and visited Dr. Beaufort. Frances, two years younger than Maria, was a close friend of the Ruxtons; she had a gift for painting and drawing, and, when a new illustrated edition of the Parent's Assistant was planned, Mrs. Ruxton secured Maria's permission to ask Frances to do some of the illustrations. On a visit to Dr. Beaufort, Edgeworth discussed some of the drawings with Frances, and was delighted at her ready acceptance of his criticism; she could have found no better way of pleasing him. Accordingly, he invited her to Edgeworthstown, where she met the whole family for the first time.

A letter to her brother William describing this visit, shows that Frances knew of Maria's special position in the household. "Miss Edgeworth - the Maria - is little, being the same size as myself, her face is not pretty, but very agreeable. She looks unhealthy - lively and has a sweet voice in speaking. Her dress is neatness itself, her manner pleasing to a degree that is equally distant from the affectation of concealing, or the vanity of displaying her talents."[49] How quickly Frances came to understand

Maria's character is clear from her subsequent actions.

Much later, between 1818 and 1819, when completing her father's Memoir, begun by himself, Maria describes her feelings about his last marriage. "When I first knew of this attachment, and before I was well-acquainted with Miss Beaufort, I own that I did not wish for the marriage. I had not my father's quick penetration into character; I did not at first see the superior abilities or qualities, which he discerned; nor did I anticipate any of the happy consequences from this union which he foresaw. All that I thought, I told him. With the most kind patience he bore with me, and instead of withdrawing his affection, honoured me the more with his confidence. He took me with him to Collon[50], threw open his whole mind to me - let me see all the changings and workings of his heart. I remember his once saying to me, 'I believe that no human creature ever saw the heart of another more completely without disguise than you have seen mine.' I can never, without the strongest emotions of affection and gratitude, recollect the infinite kindness he showed me at this time, the solicitude he felt for my happiness at the moment when all his own was at stake, and while all his feelings were in the agony of suspense; the consequence was that no daughter ever felt more sympathy with a father, than I felt for him; and assuredly the pains he took to make me fully acquainted with the character of the woman he loved,

and to make mine known to her, were not thrown away. Both her inclination and her judgement decided in his favour. His eloquent affection conquering her (Frances's) timidity and inspiring her with the necessary and just confidence in her abilities, she consented to undertake the great responsibility of becoming the mistress of that large family, of whose happiness she was now to take charge"[51]. The passage implies that Frances had doubts about the marriage, and it is indeed surprising that she consented to marry a man of almost fifty-four, three times a widower, with a large family.

There was, moreover, the fact that the eldest daughter, "the Maria", was two years older than she. But, despite what Maria wrote, Edgeworth had no need to explain his daughter's character to his fiancee. Intelligent and even-tempered, Frances must have anticipated Maria's reaction; of course Miss Beaufort was not good enough for her father, - who could be? Moreover, however hard she must have tried to suppress it, it would have been strange had Maria not felt jealousy, and feared that she might be supplanted as her father's intellectual and business associate. This was not to happen because Frances did not allow it to; Edgeworth's unusually tactful treatment of a difficult situation shows her hand. At the same time as he was subtly flattering Maria with his confidences, his future wife was writing sensitive and kind letters to

her. Neither of the women was small-minded; both wished to please the same person and to secure a harmonious existence. In the Memoir of her father Maria shows that she understood Frances's difficulties in entering a family which still remembered Elizabeth Edgeworth with love and gratitude, not to mention "one highly gifted and graced with every personal and mental endowment - the more than celebrated, the revered Honora!"[52] Frances and Maria were to live together in perfect harmony both before and after Edgeworth's death, and this is no small tribute to both of them. Maria who, in her part of the Memoir of her father takes pains to avoid over-emotionalism when writing of those close to him[53], breaks her rule with Frances, giving a characteristic reason: "I claim from her affection to my father the right to state opinions and facts necessary to do justice to his judgement and his character - essential to prove that he did not, late in life, marry merely to please his own fancy, but that he chose a companion suited to himself, and a mother fit for his family. This, of all the blessings we owe to him, has proved the greatest"[54]. Could there have been anyone malicious or ribald enough to question Edgeworth's selfless reasons?

Edgeworth married Frances on his fifty-fourth birthday, May 31st. 1798, but because of the rising in the same year, their honeymoon trip had to be postponed. When it

did take place it had some unusual features. They left for England in Spring 1799, taking Maria with them. She was not yet a well-known literary figure, and Edgeworth's tastes were considered during the visit. Their meetings were with scientifically-minded gentlemen, among them Erasmus Darwin and Humphry Davy. They saw the Beddoes at Clifton, where, on June 5th. 1799, Frances's first child, Frances Maria was born. The choice of names is yet another example of Frances Edgeworth's tactful consideration of her eldest step-daughter. Fanny, as she was called, naturally became Maria's favourite. Frances was to have six children, thus bringing the number of Maria's siblings to twenty-one.

Before she left for England Maria had been preparing to send the manuscript of a short novel to her publisher in London. It was called Castle Rackrent, appeared anonymously in 1800, and was an immediate success. Nowadays critics have been inclined to stress its limitations, but it remains the best thing she ever wrote, a small masterpiece, as interesting as a piece of social history as it is amusing. In her role as social historian she resembled Galt in his best Scottish novels; she was like him, too, in her under-valuation of her best book. Unfortunately, she was to produce nothing like it again.

b) John Galt: 1804 - 1820

Arrival in London in 1804 was not the beginning of seven years of plenty for John Galt. No business opportunity presented itself for some time and he was probably too unsettled to write anything new. So he spent his time sightseeing, going to galleries and theatres and accepting invitations to dinner from people to whom he had letters of introduction, but were unable or unwilling to help him in any other way. When he did turn to writing, he unfortunately concentrated on his "epic", the Battle of Largs, extracts from which had already been published before he left Greenock.[55] After it came out in book form he had it suppressed almost immediately, but for the wrong reason - he thought it incompatible with his business ambitions! Park, who judged the "epic" correctly, was pleased indeed, according to Galt, at that time his friend's interest in his literary work was far greater than his own. "He (Park) seemed to consider excellence in literature as of a more sacred nature than ever I did, who looked upon it but as a means of influence; indeed, it is but few authors who are very enviable; it is a poor trade. Notwithstanding I have put together so many books and become so various as an author, it has been rather as a consequence of the want of active engagements than from a predominant predilection for the art. I would, no doubt, unless my time

had been really occupied with business, have still been an author, but have followed the promptings and influence of my own taste instead of thinking of what might be profitable. All the time I was in Canada I never thought of study, wholly wrapped up in business.....it had only been when I had nothing else to do, that I have had recourse to this secondary pursuit."[56] When he wrote this, Galt had the Canadian fiasco just behind him; he may have wished to stress his "predilection" for active pursuits so that the failure should not be put down to his own lack of business capacity or tact. Even so, it is sad to see a writer of such talent assessing himself and his craft so negatively. To talk of "putting together" books like Annals, The Provost and the greater part of The Entail would have been an insult had someone else written it. Galt's lack of self-judgement is truly amazing. The time in Canada would have been profitably spent in "study" had that study produced more characters like Mr. Balwhidder and Provost Pawkie.

To return to the early London period: Galt was at last given a chance of being "truly" busy. With money advanced by his father, he went into partnership with another young Scot, one M'Lachlan. He prided himself that the period of dinner parties after his arrival had sharpened his ability to judge other people, but this was not apparent where his first partner was concerned.

McLachlan had undisclosed debts, which Galt discovered only after the partnership arrangements had been made, although McLachlan behaved well when the affair finally came to light. For a year Galt severed all personal social contact with him, though they continued as business associates, but, when assured of his partner's reformation, he ended this uncomfortable relationship, and all was as before. Now, however, came the first of several undeserved business failures in Galt's life. In 1808, due to the collapse of a Greenock associate, his firm went bankrupt, in spite of his frantic efforts to prevent the worst. Afterwards he was honest enough to describe his actions at this time as "more spirited than prudent": he perhaps tried to be decisive with little real success. Park, who, at this period, understood him better than anyone else, had commented on his friend's admiration for swift action even before Galt left Greenock. The two had been discussing Forsyth's Essays, and Park asked his companion which one he liked best. When Galt replied "On Decision of Character", Park commented gravely that he was sorry to hear it; he had been afraid to direct Galt's attention to that essay, as he considered it"calculated to encourage a bent of mind in me, which should rather be repressed. But, although decisive, I was not rash, I only seemed to be so, for it was not my disposition to disclose resolutions until they were to be carried into action;.... rashness never belonged to me, even when I acknowledge my-

self the tool of impulses"[57]. A nice distinction! Park proved his friendship at the time of the bankruptcy by offering to lend Galt all his own ready money, a gesture his friend never forgot.

Galt's second post-Greenock commercial venture was also unfortunate. Although very fond of his brother Tom, it was against his own wishes that he entered into a business arrangement with him in the same year as the first (1808). When Tom was offered a better position in Honduras the association was dissolved, to Galt's relief.

Once more he was left with nothing to do, and was, moreover, suffering from a vague "nervous complaint" which sounds like depression and was probably the result of recent events. He decided to change his avocation, and was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1809. It was, of course, not "rash" to choose an entirely new profession at the age of thirty! The study of law "was not at variance with my habits; it required less versatility in the application of the mind than the profession I supposed myself to have abandoned"[58]. Richard Lovell Edgeworth had also turned to the law at one period of his life, but that was because it was a socially acceptable calling for any Irish gentleman. Edgeworth was never called to the Bar: Galt never even began his studies. His application to the "unexacting profession" was delayed by ill-health, and, in mid-1809, probably assisted once more by his good-natured father,

he set off on a Mediterranean journey which was to last until Autumn 1811. Very full descriptions of this period are given in Voyages and Travels (1812), Letters from the Levant (1813) and in the Autobiography; it also formed the background for some not very good fiction. To modern readers the most interesting event of those years was Galt's meeting with Lord Byron, whose insistence on the privileges of rank annoyed the touchy Scot. Byron later admitted his arrogance: "When I knew Galt years ago I was not in a frame of mind to form an impartial opinion of him; his mildness and equanimity struck me even then, but to say the truth his manner had not deference enough for my then aristocratical taste, and finding I could not awe him into a respect sufficiently profound for my sublime self, either as a peer or as an author, I felt a little grudge towards him that has now completely worn off"[59]. It is interesting that Byron noticed "mildness and equanimity" which were not among Galt's favourite virtues; he would have preferred comment on decisiveness and pugnacity.

Although far from home, Galt's mind was still on commerce. At the end of his journey he devoted some time to an attempt to break Napoleon's blockade by smuggling British goods into Europe via Turkey. The plan sounds fantastic; as Galt was later to admit, imagination had to have a share in any business project he wholeheartedly followed. The initial effort came to nothing, - another

failure! - but, on his return, he went so far as to con - sult the Foreign Office about his scheme, - once more without success! His voyage back to Britain brought him to Cork, where a period of leisure gave him time to read the Irish papers and to compare lawlessness in Ireland unfavourably with lawlessness in Turkey! From Cork, by way of Dublin and Belfast, he embarked for home at Donaghadee, and, after a few days in Greenock, set out for London once more.

In spite of the disappointing reception at the Foreign Office, Galt's spirits were high, though it is not easy to see exactly why; he had had a long holiday but had still nothing to do. There was, however, one way in which his two years' journey might be turned to profit, even if it had not provided the mercantile opportunity he would have wished. The faithful Park had tried to have some of Galt's letters to him published in Edinburgh, ~~printed~~, but had failed. Galt turned for help to Dr. Alexander Tilloch, a fellow Scot, editor of a newspaper The Star and of the Philosophical Magazine for which Galt had already written two articles before his departure from England[60]. Dr. Tilloch approached two publishers about the letters, but without success; with one of them, however, - Cadell and Davies, - Galt himself arranged to publish on joint account. This was decisiveness indeed, and Park paid the tribute to it in words he knew his friend would like

to hear: "Your letter of the 8th. I may truly call a characteristic one, as it announced an act performed and an intention carried into execution"[61]. Dr. Tilloch invited Galt to stay with him while he was correcting the proofs.

Voyages and travels in the Years 1809, 1810 and 1811 appeared in January 1812. Except for one of The Quarterly's customary attacks, the reviews were not unkind, and the book made money, even though it was priced at two guineas. Meanwhile the idea of reading for the Bar was abandoned once and for all, because, Galt says, he became aware that success in the legal profession required both money and influence, neither of which he possessed. He even goes so far as to admit that, for once, his "energy" might have led him to make a wrong decision. "....one who conceits himself to be at least equal to his neighbours in energy, is very apt to make a false estimation of the chances in life"[62], although: "Had I sat down in chambers and addicted myself to literary pursuits, my life would have become more equable and quiet".[63] What he wrote about the need for money and influence was true, but it would surely have been better to bring at least one plan to a successful conclusion than to abandon it without trial. In January 1812 Galt turned to another "unexacting" way of life and became editor of the weekly Political Review, but tired of this "sedentary occupation" in February: it was not to be his last unsuccessful brush with editorship. He now decided to publish a biography of Wolsey which had been conceived

in 1805, during a visit to Oxford with Park and Spence, and partly written in 1809. In the May before its appearance a small edition of five plays by Galt had been published and was a deserved failure; perhaps its author hoped that another long prose work might be as successful as the Travels. The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey was brought out by Cadell and Davies in 1812, under the same conditions as Travels: Galt paid for the printing and the firm took charge of the distribution. It is interesting that Galt should have been attracted by a man who rose from humble beginnings to the highest place in the land; Wolsey was decisive, strong-minded and ruthless, - qualities his biographer would have wished for himself. The book was expensive; at this period, as Professor Gordon suggests[64], Galt may have been developing expensive tastes. He had renewed his acquaintanceship with Byron, went frequently to the theatre and the opera, and perhaps lived at a rate he could not afford. Despite the price, Wolsey sold well, but was not uniformly well-reviewed. After all, Galt was not a professional historian, though he had done much research for his project.

That the time between his return and summer 1812 was occupied with literature was due only to lack of commercial openings is made clear by his eager acceptance of an offer of a post in Gibralter, made by the Glasgow firm of Kirkham, Finlay & Company. The Gibralter branch was to attempt

to break Napoleon's blockade, the same idea he had proposed to the Foreign Office, but from a different venue. This time Galt was frustrated by the course of history; Wellington's victories in Spain freed that country from French control and made the Gibralter plan no longer necessary. But even before the end of the Peninsular War Galt had seen that, "in the business of Gibralter I would be out of my element; for unfortunately I never in my lifetime have been able to lay my heart to any business whatsoever in which the imagination had not a share"[65]. Was it his romantic and imaginative streak which later caused him to accept the Canadian scheme, centred as it was on a vast, relatively unknown country?

There was nothing for him to do but return to England, where, at first, it would seem he wished to continue moving in aristocratic circles; he was delighted when Prince Koslowsky, an acquaintance from his Mediterranean days, came to London and sought him out. But, on April 20th., 1813 he married Elizabeth Tilloch, and the responsibilities of a husband put an end to life in fashionable expensive circles. He is reticent about his marriage, and it is impossible to reconstruct a picture of Elizabeth Galt from stray references made by people who did not know her well or had little judgement[66]. Galt's Autobiography "does not consist of confessions"[67], and his record of the marriage is brief: "While his highness Prince Koslowsky was

engaged on a tour of the country I married. The ceremony took place on a Tuesday..."[68]. What, one wonders, were his priorities? Had the prince remained in London would he have deferred the marriage?

Immediately afterwards Galt resolved to be no longer an adventurer, either commercial or literary, "but to endeavour to confine myself to a very sequestered life"[69]. He had to make money quickly, and one way of doing so lay to hand. Some of the letters to Park not already used in the Travels were edited and produced in book form under the title Letters from the Levant. Galt did not use the elegant format of the Wolsey biography, and the two octavo volumes, priced at ten-and-sixpence, fulfilled their purpose and made money.

In August 1813 Galt was saddened by the death of his brother Tom. Years later, "infirm and ailing...deprecating death with art"[70], he thinks of their childhood. With him its hopes had withered; with Tom they bloomed. In 1833, unable to walk, or even write, there were worse things for Galt than an early death.

1813 was the year when he sent Constable either a draft, or perhaps an almost completed version, of what was to become Annals of the Parish. Waverley was yet to come, and the publisher refused the manuscript on the grounds that there was no market for Scottish stories. But even when the work of the Great Unknown was taking the public by storm, Galt never seems to have questioned Constable's

verdict or offered his manuscript to any other firm, even to Cadell and Davies, the publishers of his recent writings. Neither then nor later does he seem to have been conscious of the originality of his treatment of Scottish themes. It is surely strange that a writer so eager to promote the vastly inferior Wolsey and Travels should have let something incomparably better lie untouched for several years. Even Mr. Balwhidder might have questioned the wisdom of a Providence which bestowed such a singular talent on one of its creatures without giving him the sense to appreciate it!

Instead of novels Galt wrote articles and a play. In 1814 Henry Colburn's New Monthly Magazine contained at least one article by him. When the play was rejected Galt suggested to Colburn that he publish a series of rejected dramas, which Colburn did. The Rejected Theatre (from its third number onwards The New British Theatre), with Galt as editor and contributer, appeared in monthly issues. Miss Aberdein cites two of Galt's comments in this work as examples of "the merchant spirit at work to methodize authorship"[71]. One of them reads as follows: "If authors could once be convinced that, notwithstanding their own sayings about laurels and immortality, they were in fact but tradesmen; or, if the epithet be less disagreeable, but a class of artists dependent on the wants and inclinations of the public, for all their consequence

they would soon acquire some of that consideration which they claim"[72]. Did he really believe that an author was to do no more than pander to the "wants and inclinations" of the public, always supposing he knows what they are? The comment is a welcome contrast to writers' over-estimation of their work and place in society, but it rules out originality, the very quality Galt was to display so triumphantly in his studies of Scottish life. The implication that the author is a tradesman and nothing more, and that the only talent he requires is that of keeping his ear to the ground, is part of Galt's consistent undervaluing of literature and of the people who supply the need for it. He was then making his living, - such as it was, - by writing, but still stubbornly refused to consider authorship a fitting full-time occupation.

In 1815 there seemed a chance of escape from the "unworthy" trade of letters when Galt was offered the post of secretary to the Royal Caledonian Asylum[73], at £200 a year. With typical impracticality he found himself saddled with the printing expenses of the music for the institutory dinner, - £270, almost a year's salary. Dishonesty was not one of his faults and he paid the sum out of his own pocket, though he could ill afford to do so. Professor Gordon states that the new post gave him "an entree into London society which he did not neglect"[74]; his acquaintance with the Blessingtons may have started then. He could not

afford to spend as freely as in his bachelor days, for he had become a family man. John, his eldest son, was born in 1814, his second son, Thomas, in 1815. 1816 saw the publication of the first volume of a life of the American painter Benjamin West, and in November of the same year a novel, The Majolo came out, with the author's Mediterranean travels as background. To Galt's disappointment the book was not well received. It was, he tells us, "the last of my publications as an amateur author; hitherto I had written only to please myself, and had published more to secure the reputation of a clever fellow than with the hope of making money; but I saw that hereafter I was destined to eke out my income with my pen"[75]. This is disingenuous; Galt had been making money by his pen for some years. If The Majolo was the kind of novel he wrote to please himself it is just as well that, a few years later, he was to write to please Blackwood.

As a self-confessed hack writer, Galt had to look round for someone to accept his work. Through Dr. Tilloch he met Sir Richard Phillips, publisher of the Monthly Magazine. Sir Richard offered twelve guineas a sheet for contributions, and Galt wrote for the Monthly between 1817 and 1823; as well as signed work, Professor Gordon suggests he may be responsible for a number of anonymous contributions. Sir Richard also published school text-books, and Galt wrote a number of these under various pseudonyms

roughly between 1819 and 1824. These cannot be compared with the Edgeworth's publications on education; Galt's use of pseudonyms indicated that he considered them mere pot-boilers. In 1817 Galt's father and his friend Park died; as Spence died two years previously he was now without any friends from his school days. As well as the grief of losing him, Galt had some trouble about his father's will. In this matter he behaved with his usual integrity and kindness towards his mother and sister[76]. But magnanimity did not pay bills, and his responsibilities were increasing; a third son, Alexander, was born in the year of the elder Galt's death. Feeling that a long work might bring in more money than articles, Galt devoted himself to the completion of the second volume of his life of Benjamin West.

At this juncture an opportunity of being "really active" was offered him. He now had many influential acquaintances in London, and some of his Glasgow friends, proposing to take advantage of this, offered him the task of procuring a London guarantee of shipments to Jamaica, destined for the Spanish colonies. This meant living close to Glasgow, and he spent the latter part of 1818 in Finnart, near Greenock.

He soon discovered that it was a mistake to return to a place where he had once been happy and had been absent from for a long period. His father, Park and Spence were

gone, and the years had made inevitable changes. He tried to put the clock back and practiced "as much as possible the manners I recollected to have prevailed in the place; but of all my life that residence at Finnart was the most unsatisfactory"[77]. Various factors probably contributed to this unease. He had left home as a young man with excellent prospects setting out to conquer wider spheres. He returned, a man of nearly forty, with only commercial failure behind him and with but moderate success in literature, with which, in any case, the citizens of Greenock were little acquainted. Those who may have considered him arrogant fourteen years perviously perhaps felt a certain satisfaction at seeing pride come before a fall. If only he had waited a few years until the appearance of the first Blackwood novels!

Galt was not to know what was in store, and was heartily glad when he was given an opportunity of returning to London. The Union Canal Company asked him to see a Bill of theirs through Parliament, where he had "upwards of sixty acquaintances". The Glasgow enterprise had come to grief, so there was nothing to keep him in Scotland. Ever an optimist, he turned to the new task with hope revived, but had to occupy himself with the Bill until 1820, when it was finally passed, after an earlier failure. After success the Canal Company showed its gratitude, but in the meantime Galt and his family had to live. Professor Gor-

UNIV. EDINBURGH EX BIBL

don thinks that most of his text-books were written in 1819 and he did not neglect the New Monthly where two signed articles appeared. It was not the only periodical to which he sent work. In the October number of the relatively new Blackwood's Magazine there was an article by Galt signed "Viator", and further articles were published in the December 1819 and March and April 1820 numbers - two articles in March. It was natural that Galt should send contributions to the new Scottish periodical; he may even have met Blackwood on a visit to Edinburgh when living in Finnart. Blackwood's was the only magazine which provided its readers with fiction, and about this time its editor was looking for a novelist; he was also glad of comments on the London scene. Both wishes were satisfied when, in 1820, Galt sent him the plan of a novel about the adventures of an Ayrshire family in London. The publisher was pleased and commissioned four or five pages in each number of Blackwood's[78], promising publication of the finished book. The Ayrshire Legatees, Galt's first important novel, was the result.

This book has been underestimated because of the giant shadow cast by its great successors, but it is readable and amusing even today. The Pringles, a West of Scotland family, come to London on the track of legacy. Their reactions to metropolitan life are described in letters home which their recipients read out, thus giving Galt a chance

to write of a small Scottish parish as well as of city life. There are four in the Pringle family, the Rev. Dr. Zachariah Pringle, incumbent of Garnock, ("pleasantly situated between Irvine and Kilwinning") his managing wife, their modishly sentimental daughter, Rachel, and their son, Andrew, who has just been called to the Bar. Although he does not believe in spoiling his parishioners by spending too much of his legacy on them[79], Dr. Pringle's genuine kindness and knowledge of his flock foreshadows Mr. Balwhidder. As he is shown outside his native surroundings, however, his little sillinesses appear more laughable than those of the minister of Dalmailing. He is shrewd and sensitive enough to feel discomfiture on some occasions - the affair of the preaching, for example, -but his wife remains unmoved by her environment during the whole visit, and goes home convinced that Garnock standards are the only correct ones. A good deal of the humour in the book comes from her letters, with their wonderful spelling, -"Bocks", "helloquant", "I have a cro to pik"; Rachel goes on her honeymoon to "Parish" <u>via</u> "Bryton". But she is thoughtful enough to remember her promise to the local mantua-maker and sends her an account of the latest fashions.[80] Though Galt pokes fun at these elderly country cousins his satire, as usual, is gentle, and their visit to that arch-temple of prelacy, St. Paul's, to return thanks for the legacy is amusing, but increases our respect for their real goodness and innocence.[81]

The younger Pringles adapt quickly to London. In her letters to her "bosom friend", Miss Isabella Todd, Rachel uses the stock language of sensibility, but shows inherited good sense and tenacity by making a marriage to a well-connected young officer. Andrew's letters are the least interesting part of the book to modern readers, though his comments on contemporary personalities and political events were no doubt appreciated by Maga's public. Galt intends him to be prosy and pompous, as Garnock reactions to his letters show. A skipper falls asleep during the reading of one of them, and the best criticism of his style is given by another of the listeners: "Couldna' the fallow, without a' his parley-voos, have said that such and such was the case"[82]? But, once their meaning was disentangled, his letters, together with the account of the funeral of King George III and the trial of Queen Caroline, perhaps performed the function of a contemporary London correspondent. The "London reporter" activity was abandoned in Galt's later books, although, in The Steamboat, Blackwood takes the unusual step of sending him an advance "to help towards the coronation", which shows that, as late as 1821, he still valued this side of Galt's work.

It would be pleasant to be able to report that, with the success of Legatees, Galt recognized his true métier as regional novelist, and concentrated on stories with his own country as background, or, at least, as inspiration.

Unfortunately he did nothing of the sort. In straits for money as usual, it is not surprising that he should think of submitting an old manuscript to his new publisher; he chose, however, not the 1813 Pastor but the later (1818) Birbone, which once again had his Mediterranean travels as background. Blackwood was not over-enthusiastic, but the story was published under the title The Earthquake by the author of The Ayrshire Legatees. So inferior was it that some critics doubted the correctness of the attribution, and Blackwood wished that "the whole impression had gone to the bottom of the sea"[83]. Had it been successful, - and neither the public, nor the reviewers, nor even Blackwood, were infallible guides to the quality of Galt's work, - its author might never have returned to the Scottish scene. Fortunately for posterity it was not, and the next "Portion" sent to Edinburgh was the 1813 Dalmailing story[84], later to be given the title Annals of the Parish[85], to the excellence of which its author was obviously blind.

Blackwood was delighted, though he did not suspend his critical judgement. He talked of "gentle pruning", and offered Galt only sixty guineas for the copyright, when the latter had hoped for a hundred. The pattern of Galt-Blackwood relationships was emerging, with the publisher appreciative, but not afraid to make suggestions for "improvement", (as he saw it), and fair, but not lavish, payment. The author is dashed by the remuneration, not

exactly pleased by the suggested changes, but, as yet, yielding He was not established, and, in the case of Annals, had to be conciliatory. In the following year, when he saw the printed sheets, he professed himself "much satisfied with the omissions" and even "glad the work is to be a little shortened. It is not a subject that can bear a great deal, and the interest will be improved by the condensation"[86]: The instant success of Annals in England as well as in Scotland, showed that, in this case, he had been right to trust his publisher's judgement, but he was not always to remain so pliable. Meanwhile, like Maria Edgeworth with Rackrent, he had become a recognized and established author, for, though the anonymity of the new novelist was preserved in theory, in practice the identity of the writer was known, or guessed by many. The world of literature was now Galt's to conquer.

III. SUCCESS - AND AFTER:

a) Maria Edgeworth: 1801 - 1849.

After Annals Galt realized, if belatedly, that he was most successful with stories centred on his own "region", but Maria Edgeworth apparently did not. Her primary aim was to edify by her fiction, not to win fame or to amuse. When Byron draws his righteous Donna Inez he couples Maria's name with Rose or Mrs. Trimmer and Hannah More:

"In short she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or 'Coelebs wife' set out in quest of lovers.
Morality's prim personification
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let female errors fall
For she had not even one - the worst of all."

Don Juan Canto I Stanza 16.

In the Advertisement to Belinda, which followed Rackrent but was totally unlike it, R.L. Edgeworth makes it depressingly clear that it is a novel with a purpose other than entertainment. "The following work is offered to the public as a Moral Tale - the author not wishing to acknowledge a novel"[87]. Her rejection of the word "novel" is due to its association (for her) with "folly, error and vice" all of which had figured in Rackrent. Jane Austen smiles a little at this primness, but Maria's view of the novel was that of her father's period - when 'training her mind' after her arrival in Ireland had he not forbidden her to read novels? Richard Lovell Edgeworth may have overstressed the role that interest in education played in his daughter's life, but, with her consent, he was later to emphasize the didactic aim of her Tales of Fashionable Life (1809): "What we feel, and see, and hear and read, affects our conduct from the moment when we begin thinking to the moment when we cease to think. It has therefore been my daughter's aim to promote, by all her writings, the progress of education from the cradle to the grave...

The present volumes are intended to point out some of the errors to which the higher classes of society are disposed"[88]. He goes on to call the stories "moral tales" and to name the fashionable fault each is intended to correct. The "regional" strain in Maria's work neutralized her didacticism to a certain extent. Though each of her three post-Rackrent Irish novels has a "message" the moralizing does not obtrude as much as in her other work. It is not as a moralist that she is remembered in modern histories of literature.

To return to the early years of the nineteenth century. In 1802 the Peace of Amiens opened France to ex-enemy nationals, and, in the September of that year, Mr. & Mrs. Edgeworth, Maria, Emmeline and Charlotte left Ireland; Lovell had already gone ahead and was to join them later. Emmeline went only as far as Clifton, where she married Dr. John King, an associate of Anna's husband, Dr. Beddoes. Edgeworth did not think the match particularly suitable, either financially or socially, and though he finally gave a grudging consent, he, his wife and other two daughters, left before the wedding. In early October they set out for France, and, after a short tour of Belgium, reached Paris on October 23rd. An introduction to the banker, Benjamin Delassert, gave them the entrée to intellectual and fashionable Paris society. Mrs. Edgeworth certainly exaggerated when she wrote, with pardonable pride, that

Maria was as well known in those circles as at home[89], but her writing was known and appreciated in groups where "the title of philosopher, or rather of man of letters, or science, is the best possible title...."[90]. Maria was still shy, and before leaving Ireland had deprecated her fame as authoress[91], but the admiration and subtle flattery of savants like Morellet[92], who was later to appear in Ormond, increased her self-confidence. These cultivated strangers admired her for herself, not as her father's daughter, the role she had hitherto played. So she became more and more able to show herself in public as she always had been in the family circle - humourous, self-effacing and intelligent.

Something else which ought to have increased belief in her power to please happened during the visit to Paris. In mid-November the Swedish nobleman, Abraham Niclas Clewberg - Edelcrantz visited Edgeworth. He was then travelling through Europe on a commission from his King to investigate inventions which might be of use in Sweden. At the end of the month he called again and apparently met the family. On December 3rd., he asked to see Maria alone and made her a proposal of marriage. His visit interrupted a letter to Aunt Ruxton which she continued immediately after his departure, describing her first reaction: "My heart, you may suppose, cannot return his attachment, for I have seen but very little of him, and have not had the

time to form my judgement, except that I think nothing could tempt me to leave my own dear friends and my own country to live in Sweden"[93]. She was to make comments of another kind later on when the whole affair had acquired a romantic patina, but the first declaration that her deepest feelings were not really touched was, I think, true, both then and later. In a letter to Sophy Ruxton she revealed that Edelcrantz told her he would give up everything for her except his duty. This, she recognized, was reasonable for him, "but not for me", and she goes on: "I have never felt anything for him but esteem & gratitude & he says he could never be contented to be loved next to a father"[94]. Accordingly she made up her mind to refuse him, and did so, but the decision cannot have been easy. She was nearly thirty-six, and no other offer was likely to come her way. When she returned to Edgeworthstown the chances of meeting a man of Edelcrantz's intelligence and cosmopolitan outlook could not be many, Irishmen did not like blue-stockings. Before the family left home she had told Lovell that she would like children of her own; this desire was perhaps stronger than any wish for a sexual attachment, of which there is no evidence for assuming she felt a need. It is unfair, I think, to ascribe her refusal to emotional immaturity, and it was certainly not her father's doing. Even back in the Clifton days he had been anxious that his eldest daughter should taste the

pleasures of a state he obviously found so attractive. One of his reasons for taking Maria to France was that he thought it "the only possible means of giving her excellent qualities an opportunity of engaging a partner for the remainder of her life"[95]. He would have been pleased had Edelcrantz turned out to be that partner: in fact her decision not to accept her Swedish suitor was the only time Maria ever differed from her father on a matter of importance save at the beginning of the engagement to Frances. Was her dependence on him unhealthy? If it was, it seems to have left no visible marks on her character or outlook on life. During the many years she outlived him she was to show signs neither of bitterness nor frustration. She rejoiced when her sisters and half-sisters married, though her favourite, Fanny's decision to leave Ireland was a bitter blow, and she thoroughly enjoyed introducing her young half-sisters into society, even down to planning their wardrobes.

Mrs. Frances Edgeworth thought that one of Maria's reasons for sending Edelcrantz away was her conviction that, undistinguished in looks as she believed herself to be, she would not be at ease in court life[96]. She even feared that her lack of beauty might change Edelcrantz's attachment for her. Miss Butler thinks the Swedish nobleman wanted to marry Maria for her money[97] but her only evidence for this is that Edelcrantz was a skilful financier,

and was later accused by his enemies of embezzlement, a charge they could not prove. Like Maria herself, Miss Butler seems to under-estimate the charm which this diminutive, equable neat little person, with her self-deprecating wit and obvious intelligence could have had for those who met her - especially for those who had read Rackrent and saw its unlikely creator for the first time! There is no evidence that Edelcrantz did know the book: he had not known Maria long before his proposal, and romantic love is not in question. Probably he felt esteem and admiration for her qualities of heart and mind. Frances, perhaps cover-romantically, thought Maria did love him, but that she was right not to marry him. Certainly she did not forget him, and her comments grew more sentimental as the incident receded in time. In 1803 Edelcrantz visited England, but made no attempt to see Maria. On seeing an article in Nicolson's Journal signed E - Z, she wrote to Sophy Ruxton: "so he is still in London! What to think of this or of any of his mysterious and inconsistant conduct I know not, - and you will say it is not worth my while to consider - sooner said than done my dearest Sophy - stay till you try - may you never try as I do!"[98]. Possibly the inconsistancy she felt was between Edelcrantz's protestation that he was ready to give up everything for her except duty and his lack of effort to see her. A year later (February 1805) she wrote to Sophy once more, mentioning

her intention of writing "a useful essay" on Professional Education. She is doing this partly on her father's advice, but filial piety is not the only motive: "I have the same lurking hope which first prompted me to write Leonora that it will be read and liked by - vide p.63 of Monthly Magazine February 1805"[99]. Leonora was published in 1806: Maria had written it in a manner such as might please Edelcrantz and hoped that he would read it[100]. After February 1805 the subject is dropped for four years, when a friend of the Ruxtons', George Knox, met Edelcrantz in Sweden. Knox mentioned this to Sophy Ruxton and wondered why Maria had not married her Swedish cavalier. When told of this Maria wrote expressing "exquisite pleasure" that Knox agreed with her on Edelcrantz's manners and character. She would give "worlds upon worlds" to know how her former admirer had behaved at the time of the recent deposition of King Gustav IV. "If I had known my own mind - but that's past, and there's no use thinking of it - except to make myself wretched and ill - which for the sake of my friends and myself I never will do more"[101]. This implies that Maria's two illnesses in 1805 and 1806 might have been caused by thoughts of Edelcrantz, although the prosaic explanation of the first of them is that she applied too much laudunum to an aching tooth! It also suggests that Frances Edgeworth was right, and Maria had cared for Edelcrantz. "Cared for" perhaps, but never

"loved", and not cared enough to forsake Edgeworthstown and her life there. In 1809 she had been living this chosen life for six years since the visit to France and the greatest excitement during that time had been the wedding of "sweet Kitty Pakenham" to Arthur Wellesley. Though she always wrote rhapsodically of the Duchess of Wellington, this was not a matter which concerned Maria nearly. Despite the growing number of visitors to Edgeworthstown, caused mainly by her growing reputation but also her father's more sociable attitude towards his neighbours, she probably found things a little dull in Co. Longford. She must have realized also that her father was but mortal; he had been very ill in 1805 and again in 1809. The life under his sway to which she clung would end some day: Lovell would succeed, and much of her occupation would be gone. It is hardly to be wondered at that, looking back and forward, she questioned her wisdom in having rejected an independent existence. Her mood is reflected in the first version of Patronage, published initially in 1814 but worked over by her for a long time. The theme was international marriage. Caroline Percy, who is much attached to her family, marries the German Count Altenburg. Just after the marriage Mr. Percy is arrested for debt, and Caroline thinks it her duty to stay with him, although her husband is recalled home; the marriage is never consummated. A revolution in his own

country forces the Count into English exile. Mr. Percy surmounts his difficulties, and Caroline and her husband live happily ever after in close proximity to her family. Patronage suffered many changes for a number of reasons[102]; in later versions there is no imprisonment, Caroline does go to Germany with her husband and returns with him only after the revolution gives the story its "happy end" - for her. What would Maria have done had Edelcrantz exiled himself to Ireland after King Gustav's fall? The change in Caroline's movements was made only after readers of the first edition complained that the heroine had treated her husband badly - something that apparently had never occurred to Maria. Two years before the book appeared Edgeworth himself, perhaps also thinking of the future, asked Henri Dumont, a Swiss friend of his and of Maria's, to make enquiries about Edelcrantz from his compatriot, Madame de Staël, who was then travelling in Sweden, but nothing came of this. When Maria went to London in 1813 she hoped to make personal enquiries about Edelcrantz from Madame de Staël, but unfortunately that lady reached London only after the Edgeworths' departure - cynics hinted this was because Maria was then the "lioness" of fashionable society, and the Swiss lady wished no rival. The next reference to Edelcrantz comes in a letter written by Maria after her father's death. She mentions that, in James's Travels in Sweden, Norway and Russia she found

"a delightful character of one who was once dear to me - of whom, though he is now indifferent to me, I like to hear the praise - I rejoice that I did not marry him - that I did not leave my father but I know that it would have given that dear father pleasure to hear his praises"[103]. When still deeply moved by her father's death she would, of course, have felt happy that she stayed with him, but this was also what she chose in the period between December 1802 and January 1803 when the choice was open to her, and the prospect of a marriage with her father's full consent a possibility. Had she married Edelcrantz, thus cutting herself off from Edgeworth's direct influence, would she have reverted to the style of Rackrent and abandoned moralizing? We shall never know. If Edelcrantz had really been seeking an heiress he did not find one: he died unmarried in 1821.

To return to 1803: events other than a rejected proposal were to dispel the euphoria of the early Paris days, not only for Maria, but for the whole family. Before coming to France Edgeworth had very much wished to meet Bonaparte, and, on his arrival in Paris, he visited the British Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, as a preliminary step. In a letter of November 21st. 1802 to Miss Sneyd Frances Edgeworth mentions the scandals circulating in Paris about Bonaparte and says roundly that she does not believe them[104]: Edgeworth still considered the First Consul a great man.

Gradually, however, he became disillusioned and, in spite of his daughters' disappointment, made no more efforts to secure a personal interview. The Edgeworth party saw Bonaparte only at the theatre, the opera and a review. Edgeworth was disconcerted by the stories of espionage reported to him, which, at first, he was disinclined to believe. He took great care not to meddle in politics, and felt himself safe. On January 23rd. 1803, however, the authorities, under the mistaken belief that he was the Abbé Edgeworth's brother[105], gave Richard Lovell twenty-four hours to leave Paris. He went only as far as Passy with Maria, leaving his wife and Charlotte behind in the city, and he was back in two days when the mistake was discovered[106]. But it was a disturbing incident, and probably inclined the family to believe the rumours that war between Britain and France was again imminent. They returned to Great Britain at the beginning of March: war was declared in May. Lovell, who had never joined them after all, was not so prudent, and was interned in France until 1814.

The returned travellers headed, not for London, but for Edinburgh. Henry, Maria's step-brother and special charge when he was a child, was a medical student there. In view of the Sneyd history of tuberculosis the family took disquieting reports about his health seriously and went to see for themselves. All the Edgeworths must have

had charm, - to be fair, probably inherited from their father in his best days, - for it is not every medical student who has the Professor of Medicine, in this case, Dr. James Gregory, as his doctor. Dr. Gregory was able to reassure the family about Henry's health, for the time at least, and the relieved quartet settled down to enjoy the Scottish Capital. Henry had even made friends with Dugald Stewart, then Professor of Moral Theology[107], and the Edgeworths revelled in the intellectual life centred round Stewart, and in the parties he gave at his home, Lothian House. These, Maria wrote, "appeared to us (though then fresh from Paris) the most happy mixture of men of letters, of men of science, and of people of the world that we had ever seen"[108]. Despite the mention of "men of letters" they met no writers of importance except Elizabeth Hamilton, with whom Maria corresponded, and whom she met again on Miss Hamilton's visit to Ireland[109]. Richard Lovell held the centre of the stage: as Walter Scott wrote later, "Miss Edgeworth was not a lion then"[110]. From a comment made later by Joanna Baillie[111], Edgeworth did not let his daughter get a word in edgeways, but she took this good-humouredly. Enraptured by Edinburgh, the party stayed only one day in Glasgow on the way home.

In Edgeworthstown once more, it was now accepted that Maria's métier was that of novelist, however little her father, or she herself, might think of the genre. She

was very busy. Popular Tales appeared in 1804, The Modern Griselda and Leonora in 1806, the first series of Tales of Fashionable Life (including Ennui) in 1809, the second series (including The Absentee) in 1812 and Patronage in 1814. Her popularity was then at its peak. Consequently, when she visited London in 1813, people were eager to meet her - she had declined invitations to come by herself and was accompanied by her father and step-mother.

The family was introduced to London society by Sir Humphry Davy and his wife, who was a great "lion-hunter". The diarist James MacKintosh describes Maria at this time: "Miss Edgeworth is a singularly agreeable person, very natural, cleverer than well-informed, without the least pretensions of authorship. She has never been in a large society before and she was followed and courted by all persons of distinction in London with an avidity that was almost without example"[112]. Byron, who met her at a breakfast-party given by Lady Davy, remembered her as "a nice, unassuming, 'Jeanie-Deans'-looking bodie as we Scotch say, and if not handsome certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself; no one could have guessed she could write her name"[113]. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott Joanna Baillie was full of admiration: "I have found Miss Edgeworth a frank, animated sensible and amusing woman, entirely free from affectation of any kind, and of a confiding, and affectionate and friendly dis-

position that has gained upon my heart.....she has been received by everybody, the first in literature and the first in rank, with the most gratifying eagerness and respect, and has delighted them all. She is cheerful, and talks easily and fluently, and tells her little story (when her father did not take it out of her mouth) very pleasantly.....You would have been amused if you had seen with what eagerness people crowded to get a glimpse of Miss Edgeworth - who is very short - peeping over shoulders and between têtes to get but a look"[114]. In appreciative company and after so many visitors at Edgeworthstown, Maria now talked "easily and fluently" but otherwise the qualities which had pleased London were those which had pleased Frances Beaufort in 1797. Joanna Baillie noticed that Maria was not now eclipsed by her father, as she had been in Edinburgh. "When they take up the same thing now, they have a fair wrangle, (though a good-natured one), for it, and she as often gets the better as he. He is, to be sure, a strange mortal, with no great tact and some conceit. But his daughter is so strongly attached to him that I am sure he must have some good in him: and, convinced of this, I have taken a good will to him in spite of fashion"[115].

Fashion in general did not take a good will to Edgeworth. Even before the London visit his attitude to Maria had become proprietary. In August 1810, the Irish Solici-

tor-General, Charles Kendal Bushe, visited Edgeworthstown and noted that Richard Lovell "talks a great deal and very pleasantly and loves to exhibit and perhaps obtrude what he wou'd be so justifiably vain of (his daughter and her works) if you did not trace that pride to his predominant Egotism, and see that he admires her because she is <u>his</u> child, and her works because they are <u>his</u> grandchildren"[116]. Bushe goes on; "Miss Edgeworth is for nothing more remarkable than for her total absence of vanity. She seems to have studied her father's foibles for two purposes, to avoid them, and never to appear to see them, and what does not always happen, her want of affectation is unaffected". The inference is that Maria saw her father's shortcomings and consciously strove to avoid and overlook them. It is more likely that she saw no fault in him, and that attempts to cover up his awkwardnesses were sub-conscious. In the closely-knit family circle dominated by the Co. Longford Pasha opposition could bring only unhappiness to the sensitive: in any case Maria owed enoughtto her father to enable her to forgive his little weaknesses. She needed the stability and self-assurance for which he stood. It is to be hoped that her success in London was not clouded by the knowledge that most of her admirers found her father a bore - "the worst kind of bore, a boisterous bore" as Byron called him. Byron had started by being relatively kind to Edgeworth: "I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow,

of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk and endless. Edgeworth bounced about and talked loud and long but he seemed neither weak nor decrepit and hardly old. He was seventy, but did not look fifty, no, nor forty-eight even.....He was not much admired in London, and I remember a 'ryghte merrie' and conceited jest which was rife among the gallants of the day - viz. a paper that had been presented for the recall of Mrs. Siddons to the stage.....to which all men had been called to subscribe. Whereupon, Thomas Moore, of profane and poetical memory, did propose that a similar paper should be subscribed and circumscribed 'for the recall of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland'"[117]. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott J.B.S. Morritt writes: "Much as I should like to have become acquainted with Maria the thing was impossible without taking her Papa into the bargain. Now of all the brood of philosophers I have yet seen, there is hardly one down to Thelwall and Dr. Busby whom it seems more impossible to tolerate. there is a degree of Irish impudence speradded to philosophical and literary conceit and a loquacity that prevents anyone being heard but itself which I never met in any creature to the same degree. He fairly talked down and vanquished all but the stoutest lion - fanciers of the Bluestocking"[118]. Perhaps Maria, conditioned to admire her father, did not notice the effect he was having at the time. But echoes of the animosity felt for him began to sound in reviews of her

own writings after the 1813 visit. She was not stupid and they had their effect.

The Edgeworths stayed only six weeks in London, leaving Madame de Staël free to take Maria's place as "lion" of the season. They returned home after a short visit to Bath and family visits in Clifton: Edgeworth was now quite pleased with Emmeline King. Maria had found "more domestic value" in London society than she had expected[119], and she kept up a correspondence with many of the people she had met. The ill-fated Patronage, with its uncomplimentary picture of London social life, had been written before she experienced the real thing, but it gave offence to some acqaintances, and their reaction accounted for some of the many changes she made in the novel[120]. But her chief concern was with her father's health. When they returned home he had a serious illness, and from that time until his death his daughter was constantly occupied with him, turning to literature again in 1816 only because he wished her to do so. Even Lovell's return in 1814 did not arrest the progress of his father's decline. Maria was always enthusiastic about members of her family until experience forced her to be otherwise. In the Memoir of her father she mentions Edgeworth's satisfaction with what his heir had become[121].

In 1817, on Edgeworth's seventy-third and last birthday, May 31st, all the members of the family who could come gathered at Edgeworthstown. Maria described the scene in a

letter to Sophy Ruxton[122]. She had been working feverishly to finish Ormond, ostensibly for the birthday, in reality to be sure her father would see the finished work before his death. On May 31st. he had written the last of his prefaces for one of her novels: "I have been reprehended by some of the public critics for the notices which I have annexed to my daughter's work. As I do not know their reasons for their reprehension I cannot submit even to their respectable authority. I trust however that the British public will sympathize with what a father feels for a daughter's literary success, particularly as this father and daughter have written various works in partnership. And now indulgent reader I beg you to pardon this intrusion and with the most grateful acknowledgements I bid you farewell for ever,

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH

May 31st. 1817.

It was something like a justification, and not without pathos.

Some time after the birthday an extraordinary incident took place. Maria's father sent for her[123] and asked her to promise not to squander her fortune after his death, not to give money should any of the family ask for it, (he even envisaged her giving the same sum twice!) and never to have the "meanness to give any of your relations the hope that you will leave them anything". Maria promised on her knees. She was then fifty years old. As well as being a successful novelist and a person who could hold her own in Paris and

London society, she had been trained in"business" by Edgeworth himself, had managed the estate during his absence in Clifton while she was still very young and had collaborated with him in educational work. The dramatic dying charge shows how completely he misunderstood her character. He took her eagerness to please him and her compliance with his wishes for weakness, not realizing that she was pliable only because, in her scale of priorities, nothing was more important than his esteem. When she disagreed with him on something fundamental, such as the Edelcrantz proposal, she held firmly to her own view. She would doubtless have rejected any suggestion that she loved her father, not because of his intrinsic good qualities (as she saw them), but out of gratitude for his strength. After his death she did not look for a substitute[124]: she did not really need one. She was to become the dominant personality in the family and ultimately its saviour from financial ruin. Maria does not seem to have been hurt by the assumption that she was immature and over-good-natured. But her admirers should resent it for her.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth died on June 13th., 1817. Maria had been trying to accustom herself to the idea of living without him since his first serious illness in 1805. "Where should I be without my father?" she wrote to Sophy Ruxton at that time, "I should sink into that nothing from which he has raised me"[125]. And indeed the shy, sensi-

tive and insecure young girl who came under her father's direct surveillance in 1782, might have become a "nothing" had she not found a task which she alone could perform and which satisfied her completely. Although she had tried to prepare herself for the inevitable loss, the reality was hard to bear. Twice she became ill, and had to be nursed by Aunt Ruxton at Black Castle. But a task imposed by Edgeworth himself lay before her, the completion of the Memoir he had half finished. He had written part of what was to become Volume I in 1809, part in the early months of 1817, and he had dictated various memoranda and notes which he thought might be useful to Maria. The whole work was to have been finished within a month after his death, but Maria was not able to fulfil this condition to which she had never assented[126]. In summer 1817, between her periods at Black Castle, she read over her father's manuscript, changing it as little as possible. By the following summer she had finished the draft of the second volume, but was anxious that it should not provide those who disliked Edgeworth with weapons. By this time she must have realized that certain of his actions - his treatment of her mother, for example, - might be uncharitably interpreted. So she was pleased when an invitation came from Lady Landsdoune (a London acquaintance) to stay with her at Bowood, the Lansdoune country house. "My chief object in going to England" she told Aunt Ruxton, "is to

hear Francis Beaumont's, Mr. Dumonts, perhaps Mr. Wishaw's opinion of the life before it is published"[127]. At Bowood Lady Lansdoune, Dugald Stewart and Dumont read it; afterwards she showed it to Francis Beaufort, Sabrina Bicknell (Thomas Day's one-time ward), and the Sneyd family. To pass judgement must have been embarrassing, for Maria's part of the Memoir is hagiography, and dull at that. Given the circumstances in which it was written, her temperament, and her special relationship with her father, it could hardly have been objective. A new dimension, protectiveness, had entered into her feeling for Edgeworth, even though, on Dumont's advice, she did cut out some of the more emotional expressions of affection. Only a month after her father's death the extremely well-disposed Francis Beaufort had indicated to her that he did not feel she was the ideal person to complete the Memoir. Having first listed her many positive qualities as biographer, he ends tactfully: "But there is another quality still wanting and which in you particularly will require an effort of more than common fortitude - I mean judgement of selection"[128].

When the time to leave England came, she was able to leave Book I of the Memoir, her father's part, with the publisher, but took her own second part home to make changes. It was ready at the end of 1819. In April 1820 she fled from the reviewers to Paris, taking her half-sisters, Fanny and Harriet, with her. Now that their father was

dead, Maria (not Frances, their mother,) was taking upon herself the task of introducing these marriagable young women into society.

In Paris she renewed acquaintance with such of her former friends as survived. The Abbé Edgeworth was no longer a liability, but an immediate passport to royal circles. The Orléans family received her, and she dined twice with the Dowager Duchess, wife of Philippe Égalité, but she was just as pleased when the girls made their _debut_ at Lady Granard's, and were complimented on their dresses in which she had taken a great interest. Harriet Edgeworth, the most attractive and lively of Maria's half-sisters, wrote home that Maria was received "not as an odious author but as a delightful gentlewoman - not as one who must be received because she has written, but as one whom everybody is glad to know"[129]. Without her father Maria preferred the company of cultivated people of the world to that of savants: probably they were adroit enough to free her from her burden of shyness. Her personality did not so much change as unfold in public: the "delightful gentlewoman" was what her intimate circle had always known. Harriet frankly admits that her half-sister surprises her: "I did not know the extent of all her talents - the extent of her modesty I was well acquainted with - but the best idea I can give you is to say that after displaying all that is most brilliant to Princesses and Peers, or after the deepest

arguments with the most celebrated and the most scientific, she goes to order our gowns, or to continue a new habit shirt, or to talk nonsense or sense with us"[130]. In autumn the trio went on to Switzerland, where Dumont was pleased to display the beauties of his native land. She met Madame de Staël's family - the authoress herself was dead. There was to be no opportunity of asking her about Edelcrantz, had Maria still wished to do so. Maria was as much fêted as ever - Harriet wrote almost incredulously: "She is indeed a wonderful creature and though I talk of peace at Geneva I never saw her so surrounded or so adoringly attended to - Rows of four deep encircled her chair and Fanny and I are scolded from her orbit...."[131]. They returned to Paris for a month before leaving for home, making a few visits on the way, including one to the Kings at Clifton, and finally reached Edgeworthstown in March 1821.

At home she could no longer avoid the reviews, but she had missed the worst - Croker's in the Quarterly[132]. Dumont, among others, had warned her not to read it, and, secure in the admiration of her foreign friends, she could write to Aunt Ruxton that she had not read it, and never would[133]. Croker's review was venomous: there must have been some strong reason for the evident dislike of Edgeworth, as man and writer, which it displays, though even Miss Butler's thorough research cannot discover what it was. He had told his editor that he had a personal object

in wishing to review the book. Miss Butler can only think that the dislike was politically motivated, as Croker "was in the habit of attacking the works of Whigs"[134], but this hardly explains the criticism's real vindictiveness. Croker professes himself concerned about the state of Edgeworth's soul - was he a Christian? If Maria will destroy the dreadful supposition that he was not by writing in her next work "my father was a Christian", "she will do a pious office to his memory, no inconsiderable good to mankind, and no one will be better pleased than we shall ourselves"[135].

Dreadful as Croker's attack is in its whole manner of presentation, there is truth in some of the criticisms. Of Maria's own part of the Memoir he writes: "She is too rhetorically panegyrical - too pompous about trifles - somewhat too querulous - and as little amusing as the nature of memoir writing would permit her to be"[136]. He thinks she exaggerates her father's political influence and importance, and pounces gleefully on her failure to mention either Edgeworth's unsuccessful candidature for Parliament in 1784 or his attendance at a Congress for Reform in Dublin in 1784 - 5. He feels that Edgeworth magnifies (he writes "lied about") his role in various projects, and, of course, takes full advantage of the callousness towards Maria's mother. On the laconic account of Anna Maria's death[137] Croker comments: "If the family cat had

died in kittening, the circumstances could not be noticed with less ceremony". It is unpardonable to write like this of a man whose family was still alive and whose eldest daughter had written novels Croker professed to admire. The fact remains however, that it is hard to excuse Edgeworth's treatment of Maria's mother, which was probably the cause of the hostility towards him shown by Maria's early biographers "to a woman"[138]. Writing after so many years of happy family life, Edgeworth might have looked back with some kindness at the woman who was the mother of his most devoted and most accomplished daughter.

Before Croker's article appeared the more important reviews were not hostile, though the London Magazine permitted itself a little joke about Edgeworth's marrying propensities. But after the Quarterly's diatribe Edgeworth was often adversely criticized, even in reviews of Maria's work, and she suffered accordingly. She published no fiction for adults for a long time after her father's death, but this is not because she could not do such work without him[139]. After the Memoir she devoted herself to writing for children, partly as an act of piety in view of Edgeworth's interest in education, but partly also because books for children were not reviewed. In 1824 she considered publishing anonymously, and wrote to Scott: "I have a motive yet untold for wishing to publish anonymously - I have a fear that reviewers or other newspaper writers

might follow up a line of criticism which they commenced - the only one which could really hurt my happiness - the setting my father's name and mine in competition - whether in praise or blame to me this would be odious - I should reproach myself for having brought it on by publishing again - I should say to myself - Why could I not have avoided it by ceasing to write - or by writing only as I have done since 1817 childrens' books which no reviewer can ever think worth mentioning..."[140]. Between the years 1818 and 1827 she was, in fact, very busy. Besides the Memoir she completed Rosamund: a Sequel to Early Lessons (2 vols., 1821), Frank: a Sequel to Frank in Early Lessons (3 vols., 1822), Harry and Lucy concluded: being the last part of Early Lessons (4 vols., 1825). The sort "Essay on Bores" was published anonymously, Blackwoods, 1826 (144), and Little Plays for Children in 1827.

In the winter of 1821-22 she visited England with Fanny and Harriet, spending most of her time in the Whig country houses where she felt so much at home. Once more she was received for herself, not as a famous novelist. "When she was in England three or four years ago with her father she was much sought after, but it was ascribed to curiosity to see a person much celebrated for her works - she is now invited to those who wish to have the pleasure of her conversation"[141]. Sidney Smith, who met her at this period, commented: "She does not say witty things,

but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant"[142]. She was further described as "warm-hearted and kind, a charming companion with all the liveliness and originality of an Irishwoman"[143].

Maria's third excursion "abroad" in the years between 1820 and 1825 was to Scotland: her aim was to meet Sir Walter. Naturally she had been highly complimented by the generous tribute in Waverley. The book was read aloud in Edgeworthstown, and, according to Maria, her father had guessed the authorship immediately. So real had the characters become to the whole family that they were jarred at finding the "Postcript that should have been a Preface" and hesitated whether to read it or not. It was all the more delightful to come on the reference to Maria's - or, as she wrote, to "our" - work[144]. She continued to read everything that Scott produced, though she was not so enthusiastic about some of the later novels, and had always longed for the chance of meeting him. This time Harriet and Sophy went with her. The first meeting in Edinburgh was enchanting. He was perfectly able to put her at her ease with "the politeness which arises from good and quick sense and feeling, which seems to know by instinct the character of others"[145]. After a stay in Edinburgh where Scott was most attentive and took them sight-seeing the first day, the sisters went off for a tour of the High-

lands, where the tactful guide said all the right things about Ireland and Scotland, but was surprised when they did not recognize the Gaelic name for Patrick - "Don't you know your own Saint?" The Scottish visit ended with a month at Abbotsford, which, Lockhart said, was one of the happiest in Scott's life. Lockhart liked Maria, though he could be amusing and sharp about her in a private letter[146] and his own description of a day in that month is surprisingly cynical: "A third day we had to go further afield. He (Scott) must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of Yarrow, where 'fair hangs the apple frae the rock' - and the baskets were unpacked about sunset, beside the ruined chapel overlooking St. Mary's Loch - and he had scrambled to gather bluebells and heath-flowers with which the young ladies must twine their hair - and they sang, and he recited until it was time to go home beneath the softest of harvest moons"[147]. Anne Scott, whom her father called an "honest, downright Scots lass, in whom I could only wish to correct a spirit of satire" exercised that spirit of satire when poor Maria, who always wept easily, took her leave: "The great Maria nearly went into fits, she had taken such a fancy to us all"[148]. Anne accompanied her father to Edgeworthstown when Sir Walter returned the visit in 1825. Captain Scott, then stationed in Dublin, met them with his wife, and Lockhart, too, was of the party. Accompanied by Maria and Harriet

they went to Killarney: afterwards the boatman who had rowed them on the lake told Lord Macauley that the pleasure of rowing them had compensated for his missing a hanging on the same day. Sir Walter's fifty-fourth birthday was celebrated at his son's Dublin home, and the following day Maria said goodbye to him. They never met again.

By a sad coincidence the financial difficulties which were to strike Scott down had their counterpart in Edgeworthstown, though the outcome was happier. The cause was Lovell's mismanagement of the estate. As Honora Edgeworth's only surviving child, one might have expected his father to have had a special affection for Lovell, and this may once have been the case. When it was feared he might contract the family illness, tuberculosis, his father and step-mother left immediately for Clifton, leaving Edgeworthstown in Maria's hands. With Richard's death in 1796[149] Lovell became the heir, and Edgeworth may have thought he needed special discipline: at all events, his aunt Charlotte Sneyd felt he was rebuked with more warmth than the other children. At their first meeting the acute Frances Beaufort noticed an uneasiness about him, commenting: "He is a poet & a Chymist, seems much attached to his father and kind to the younger children, but he is not like his father - yet methinks he tries to be like him - a bad plan...."[150]. To be the eldest son of an overpowering personality whom one loves and wishes to resemble but can-

not was a hard fate. After her marriage Frances was apparently kind to her eldest step-son: before he left Ireland he wrote to her, "...by all the family are you beloved, and by me particularly"[151]. When he was alone in Geneva Edgeworth thought he was spending too much money: he obviously revelled in his independence, for the plan that he should join the family never materialized - as it turned out, sadly for Lovell. Twelve years of idleness in French internment would have had an effect on anybody: it was then that Lovell learned to drink heavily. But, on his return, Edgeworth was satisfied with him. At one time he had been waspish about Maria[152] but this was probably due to jealousy of her special position in the household, and the bad feeling could not have lasted, since it was to Lovell that Maria confided her wish to have children of her own. Edgeworth made his will in 1814, when land was much more valuable than it was in 1825, but this hardly excuses a debt of £26,000 which Lovell had to confess to. His undenominational school, in which Catholic and Protestant children were taught in common except for religious instruction, which was given by the priest and minister to their respective flocks, was an admirable idea, but very expensive. Faced with catastrophe, the Edgeworths drew together. Although Frances might have seemed the obvious head of the family, affairs were put into Maria's hands, and she administered the estate until 1839, when, in her

seventy-third year, she handed over to her step-brother, Francis.

It was not easy to find money in 1825. Maria decided to keep Edgeworthstown House as the centre of the clan, and not to let land be sold outside the family. So she sold some land to Sneyd and William, and raised a loan within the family; she herself lent four or five thousand pounds. All this would not have been enough without the help of the more affluent tenants, and Maria records gratefully: "All his (Lovell's) tenants joined in giving me assistance either by advancing the rents due somewhat before the time of payment, or by refraining to claim debts due to them till it should be convenient to pay, or by lending whatever sums they could spare even for a few months, trusting that I would repay punctually on the day promised & requiring nothing from me but my word - refusing to take an interest for those useful and timely loans...I cannot recollect without strong emotions of gratitude these proofs of our tenants' affection & the more touching they were to me that they thought they owed whatever they could do for his children to my father's memory who was the best of landlords and friends to them - With this assistance at our utmost need we were able to pay all the bills which became due at that date. Not one was dishonoured"[153].

This was not to be the end of trouble with Lovell. He had promised to run up no more debts, but in 1833 he

was forced to confess that he owed £4,000. This new breach of trust caused the family to decide to buy him out. Sneyd took over Lovell's debts and bought his remaining property. As he lived in England, Maria administered this with the rest. Lovell went to Liverpool, where he died in 1842.

Miss Butler thinks that the family troubles were, in a sense, the making of Maria, and they certainly enabled her to show clear-headedness, strength of purpose and prudence. But such qualities are not acquired overnight. Her insecure childhood made her anxious to please and to be liked, and she was sensible enough to realize that her father would brook no other strong personality near him, though she might never have consciously formulated this idea. So, during his lifetime, she displayed the qualities of a dutiful daughter - docility, pliancy and trust. It was easy to do this, as she really did admire her father and was in serious disagreement with him only twice - at the beginning of his courtship of Frances, and in the Edelcrantz affair. She may not have been as dogmatic as her father, but if differences of outlook did exist, they were never important enough to break the harmony between them. The woman who gave an objective and sometimes searing account of her own society in Rackrent was much more than a meek little spinster. All the Edgeworth women were stronger than the men, and, with the exception of Harriet

Edgeworth, the strongest personalities were the daughters of the despised Anna Maria. Anna took the first opportunity of removing herself from her father's ambiance by marrying at nineteen, and Emmeline married her Mr. King in spite of her father's opposition: both of them settled in England. Maria became not only a successful writer but a family symbol and an excellent woman of business. From family letters it emerges that she had shares in the 'Liverpool railroad' which turned out "so good and so spectacular"[154] and in "gas lights"[155]. Gas and railroad shares in the early decades of the nineteenth century certainly showed prudence in investment!

She did not succeed in all she wished, however. Despite her careful chaperonage, none of her young stepsisters married brilliantly, though all were happy. In 1824 Sophy married her cousin and neighbour, Barry Fox: Maria described the event to Aunt Ruxton almost as if it had been a tragedy: "The indissoluble knot is tied! What an awful ceremony it is! How can parents bear to be at the weddings of their children when it is not a marriage of their own free choice? and how can a woman herself pronounce that solemn vow when she is marrying for money, or for grandeur, or from any earthly motive but the pure heart"?[156]. Was she thinking of Edelcrantz? Harriet did not choose either money or grandeur when she married the Reverend Mr. Butler, later Dean of Clonmacnoise, in 1825,

but this time Maria's account is not quite so doom-laden: "This day, my dearest aunt, our wishes have been accomplished - the sacred, awful vow has been pronounced, and Harriet and Mr. Butler drove from the church door to Cloona"[157]. Maria's favourite, Fanny, married Lestock Wilson in 1829 and went to live in London. Her young step-brothers were going from Edgeworthstown: Francis to Charterhouse and Cambridge, Michael Pakenham to Charterhouse and, ultimately, India. Her circle was narrowing. Aunt Charlotte Sneyd had died in 1822, her uncle John Ruxton in 1825 and William, her half-brother in 1829, aged only thirty-five. A far greater loss to Maria was her beloved Aunt Ruxton, who died in 1830, while her niece was in London. During the London visit, also, mortality was before her eyes: she was able to have a last interview with the Duchess of Wellington just before her death. And so she came back to Edgeworthstown in 1831, to cope with the new Lovell debacle two years later.

In 1834 Helen, Maria Edgeworth's last novel, was published. It is interesting in not having a flawless heroine: she agreed to connive at a piece of dishonesty. Perhaps due to her reading of Scott, as Miss Butler suggests[158], Maria, in her old age, seems to have come to the conclusion that a lesson was more easily accepted if the teacher's purpose was not made too obvious. "The rats won't go into the trap if they smell the hand of the ratcatcher"[159].

Scott told her on his Irish visit when she asked his advice on presenting a moral lesson, and she mentions as one of her own reasons for admiring Sir Walter: "His morality is not in purple patches, ostentatiously obtrusive, but woven through the very texture of the stuff"[160]. The moral in Helen, that one should never lie, even for a good purpose, is orthodox, and virtue triumphs in the happy end, but the book is very different from novels like Belinda. The country-house setting, now well-known to Maria, adds to the air of realism.

After 1833 there is little to record of interest about Maria's orderly life save her reaction to Irish politics, which will be dealt with in another chapter. She was completely out of sympathy with the emerging Catholic nationalist Ireland and wrote no more Irish novels. "It is impossible to draw Ireland as she now is in a book of fiction" she told her brother, Michael Pakenham, in 1834, "realities are too strong, party passions too violent to bear to see, or care to look at their faces in the looking glass. The people could only break the glass, and curse the fool who held the mirror up to nature - distorted nature, in a fever. We are in too perilous a case to laugh, humour would be out of season, worse than bad taste"[161]. She kept up an enormous correspondence and received many visitors in Edgeworthstown. In 1838 Honora Edgeworth married Francis Beaufort, Mrs. Frances Edgeworth's brother,

who had been left a widower the previous year. Lucy, the last remaining sister at Edgeworthstown, married the Irish astronomer, Dr. T. Romney Robinson, in 1843. She had been the "delicate" sister, suffering for many years from a spinal complaint, but was to outlive them all, dying only in 1897. Sophy Fox died in 1837, Maria's remaining Sneyd aunt, Aunt Mary, in 1846 (aged ninety), and Francis Edgeworth died in the same year. Now when Maria went to England she stayed with Fanny, and the latter's death in 1848 was a sad blow[162]. Frances Maria might not have been as alert as her sister Harriet, but to Maria she was always the symbol of the understanding and affection which had grown between her and Fanny's mother. Harriet was happy with her congenial clergyman husband, and it was to her Maria paid the last visit of her life in April 1849. Lucy and her husband were there also, and all of them noticed that Maria was depressed and agitated when she said goodbye, unusual feelings for her to show. However, she promised to return at Whitsuntide. On May 22nd, 1849, she drove out, as usual, in the morning, but, on her return, complained of a pain in the region of her heart and went to lie down. She died a few hours later. Five years earlier she had written to her step-mother: "I pray most earnestly and devoutly to God as my father did before me that my body may not survive my mind and that I may never be a sad spectacle to my dear and excellent friends - that

I may leave a tender and not unpleasing recollection in their hearts and not give them more pain of a different sort from that which I know they will feel at losing me - their loved, their petted one. My dearest Mother, though I have written this and feel it truly yet I am not in the least melancholy or apprehensive - or unprepared, or afraid of dying.....I am truly resigned and trust to the goodness of my Creator living or dying"[163]. She also wished to die at Edgeworthstown and that Mrs. Edgeworth should be with her. All these granted. Such a death after a full and contented life can hardly be called sad.

b) John Galt: 1820 - 1839.

Annals of the Parish had been a success under Blackwood's guidance, but Galt, flushed with success, was beginning to resist direction, even from the well-disposed. While he concealed his annoyance for some time, irritation at "interference" was gradually increasing. Of his next novel, Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk, he wrote long afterwards: "I repine most at the alteration I was induced, by the persuasion of a friend, to make in the original tale of Sir Andrew Wylie; as it now stands it is more like an ordinary novel than that which I first projected, inasmuch as, instead of giving, as intended, a view of the rise and progress of a Scotchman in London, it exhibits a beginning,

a middle and an end, according to the most approved fashion for works of that description"[164]. Perhaps to soften the criticism he goes on: "But no particular story is grafted on the original idea, and perhaps, the book by the alteration the book is greatly improved: it is not, however, the work which I had planned in which certainly there should have been no such an episode as the gipsies introduced, an episode, however, which I have heard frequently mentioned as the best contrived part of the narrative". "The best contrived" perhaps, but part of the excellence of Annals and The Provost is their seeming look of contriving, their complete naturalness. Galt wanted Sir Andrew to be another chronological tale in the style of Annals, with the same concentration on the central figure. The time-span is, of course, much shorter, but the concentration was to have been on the development of the central character: as published it was not. This time the public showed good sense by preferring the shorter first-person narrative The Provost, which went into a second edition a month after its first appearance in May 1822.

In the January of that year the Quarterly, which had been questioning Edgeworth's Christianity nearly two years previously described Galt as "a person, to say the least, of a very uncertain taste"[165]. The highly moral reviewer may have been Croker. Blackwood's new author was defended in the June number of Maga, where "Christopher North" revealed

the identity of the writer of the recent Scottish stories. A letter in answer, signed "Philomag" (whom "Christopher North" thought was Croker[166]), was printed in the July issue of Blackwood's. It called Galt "a small author, with a small talent, in one small way", but otherwise a "haberdasher of prose"[167]. In spite of the success of The Provost such attacks may have given Blackwood cause to wonder whether his best-selling novelist might not be too prolific. He demurred when Galt asked that the forthcoming publication of The Entail should be announced in Maga for July 1822. After all, The Provost had been published only in May, its second edition had followed in June, and The Steam Boat was to appear in July. Blackwood did not understand that Galt, drawing on memories and experience, could write the sort of Scottish story for which he became famous with very little trouble. One can hardly blame him: such facility is not usual. "Folk are apt to say you are in too great hurry" the publisher told his contributor[168]. As far as The Entail was concerned, Blackwood thought it might be better as a shortened first-person narrative[169]. At first Galt simply ignored the suggestions his publisher made, but later events show they displeased him. When writing "Tales of the West" his instinct was generally correct, as it was here. To make a story extending over three generations a first-person narrative is difficult: the device Galt later adopted in Ringan Gilhaize was not particularly successful, and the

second generation was almost passed over, something which the plot of The Entail would not allow Galt to do. Whatever criticisms Blackwood may have made, however, he was generous with money for the copyright, for which Galt received £525. This allowed him to visit Scotland to improve his vernacular vocabulary, though the non-Scottish reader might have thought it extensive enough already. Thus, he was in Edinburgh at the time of George IV's visit and was as amusing about it as it deserved in The Gathering of the Clans which appeared in the September issue of Blackwood's, and in book form in March 1823. From Edinburgh Galt went to Greenock where he continued work on The Entail; return to the Scottish capital gave him an opportunity of discussing the manuscript with Blackwood. From a later letter[170] we know he felt that the third volume of The Entail (the most unsatisfactory), had been "interfered with" by Blackwood, though he did not say so at the time, He did mention a new novel for which he asked payment on account, "without being able to say he had any particular book in view, though I had previously paid him in full (£525) for the copyright of The Entail" as Blackwood later complained to Magimn[171]. Galt always needed money, but, knowing Blackwood as he did by then, it was hardly tactful to ask for a further advance - or did he wish to provoke a quarrel? What he did provoke was an ultimatum: Blackwood did not wish to receive any more books for twelve months. His motives were disinterested. At this period

in Galt's career a publisher was sure of making money from whatever he wrote, for a time at least. Oliver and Boyd were to print inferior Galt novels and make a profit, but Blackwood had better judgement, (though it was not infallible in Galt's case), and a higher regard for his literary reputation.

All this Galt did not appreciate. He said nothing, but offered Ringan Gilhaize to the rival Edinburgh publishers Oliver and Boyd. In December he returned to London, whence he continued to write friendly letters to Blackwood, but in February 1823 he instructed his new publishers to attempt discreetly to buy back the copyrights of Annals and The Provost without his name appearing[172]. In Spring 1823 he came to Leith where, he told Boyd, he wished to remain ingognito as long as possible. As Galt was only two miles from Edinburgh, Blackwood would almost certainly have discovered his whereabouts in any case, but Galt made quite sure he did so by writing from his Leith hotel asking for proofs for correction. It is difficult to see why he did this unless it was to provoke Blackwood, and put the onus of starting a quarrel on him: the same tactics, perhaps, as he had employed in asking for the advance the previous year. He must have known that his old publisher, who regarded himself as a friend, would have been hurt by Galt's avoidance of making the short journey to see him. Galt's conduct here is not pleasant. The secret approach to Oliver

and Boyd had been unheroic, but at least a case could be made for it. Galt was making his living by writing and Blackwood had told him he wanted no more books for twelve months. If one publisher would not take his work he must look for another who would - or so his friends would say. At the same time, Blackwood had been more than an ordinary publisher to Galt. He had fostered his talent at a time when not many recognized it, and had given him an opportunity of making his work known to a wide circle. Even if his criticism had sometimes been faulty, it was a proof of real interest. Of course it was to Blackwood's advantage that Galt's work should be good, and he was not over-lavish with payment, though the price for The Entail copyright had been handsome. Even so, once the agreement with Oliver and Boyd was finalized and Galt well into Ringan Gilhaize, Galt should have told him the real situation instead of keeping up a facade of friendliness. Even without knowing all this Blackwood was hurt by Galt's avoidance of a meeting and when Galt sent him from Leith the first of a series to be called Letters from London it is not surprising that their reception was cold. Not only was Blackwood unenthusiastic but, it must be admitted, unfair. Too often, he wrote, had he been annoyed by authors either not continuing a series at all after he had announced it, or not continuing it "in the way one expected". Galt was to send more letters, and those accepted would be paid for at ten guineas a sheet[173].

The implied reproach was not fair: Galt was only too eager to send in work and did not default. The phrase "in the way one expected" raised the old bogy of "interference", and the rate offer inadequate for someone of Galt's standing. Galt had his excuse for confrontation - in his letter to Maginn Blackwood says it was never a quarrel. The letter makes the publisher's full hurt clear: "He (Galt) has behaved very ungratefully to me, for he never even made me the offer (of Ringan Gilhaize) or told me he had such a work in view, till he came down here a few weeks ago and called on me, and informed me he had put it into other hands. We parted last year when he left this, after finishing the Entail on the best possible terms, and I had letters from him of the most friendly sort down almost to the day of his arriving here....I have not yet had any quand with him, though I was obliged to tell him that his conduct had not been such as I thought I had reason to have expected. He is still here and he comes to the shop as usual. My feelings however are quite changed, although my external behaviour is not"[174]. Maginn replied soothingly: "It is probable that, in a tradesman point of view, you will lose nothing by not publishing Ringan Gilhaize for G. is writing too fast. Even Waverley himself is going it too strong on us, and he is a leetle better trump than Galt. However, do not let anything ever so little harsh appear against it in Maga. I shall

review it for you if you like, praising it and extracting the greatest trash to be found in it as specimens to bear out my panegyric. G. will swallow it"[175]. Setting aside the Cork malice the letter does show a fellow-writer's view of Galt at the time - arrogant, over-prolific, and so vain that he will accept patently undeserved praise. Whether Ringan Gilhaize was a loss to Blackwood or not is a matter of opinion: certainly he missed nothing with the older books that appeared under the Oliver and Boyd imprint[176]. In spite of what had happened relations between author and publisher were never actually broken off, and in the same year (1823) two articles by Galt appeared in Maga. At the end of the year Galt came to live in Eskgrove with his family and put out feelers to Blackwood by sending more articles, some of which the publisher, cool, but not obdurate, accepted. Matters were at this stage when Galt sailed for Canada at the beginning of 1825.

In the heyday of his first Blackwood period, when he was producing best-sellers which were also excellent works of literature, Galt, in his role of man of affairs, was busied with totally different transactions. Perhaps as a result of his ultimate success in the Union Canal Company matter, and because of his acquaintances in the House of Commons, in December 1820 he had been asked to act as agent for the so-called Canadian claimants. The "claimants" were settlers who had suffered losses as a result of the

British - American War of 1812 and who wished to recover them from the British Government. After two false starts, in July 1824 the Government agreed to the formation of a "Canada Company" with Galt as its secretary. He had suggested that some of the uninhabited land in Canada should be sold in order to meet the settlers' claims. The government formed the new Company to carry out this sale, but the money so raised was to be used to meet "the civil expenses of the Province." The 'tlaimants" were forgotten, in spite of efforts by Galt to plead their cause. He had spent four years working for their interests, but, as he was to have been paid by results, received nothing from them. However, from 1824 he held a semi-government position with an excellent salary. The Company's first step was to appoint five Commissioners to inspect and value the land in which it proposed to deal. Galt was one of them, and this was the reason for his leaving England in early 1825.

When he returned in July, Blackwood happened to be in London, and held out an olive branch by sending Galt a copy of Brother Johnathan by John Neal, an American author. Galt responded with an invitation to dinner: " I want to speak to you about three of my dormant plans, and it will depend on yourself whether you have anything to do with them before I speak to any other...."[177] He had every reason to be satisfied with Oliver and Boyd. An analysis

of printings and sales in the two years he had been with them, sent in August at his request[178], showed that sales were good, and the firm had accepted everything he sent without any attempt at change. Nevertheless, Blackwood's errant author obviously wished to return.

The first fruits of the reconciliation was not another Scottish chronicle, but a novella, The Omen. It was delayed in printing, and appeared only in 1826, though the date on the title page was 1825. By Galt's own wishes no indication of authorship was given: Scott thought it was by Lockhart and the Literary Gazette thought it was by Scott. Miss Aberdein speaks of kinship with The Man of Feeling and particularly with Werther[179], but the latter comparison is hardly justified. In its day Werther "spoke to the condition" of a whole generation who identified, rightly or wrongly, with the hero, and Werther himself was more than a sensitive, melancholy dreamer. Another of Galt's projects was the ill-fated Last of the Lairds which he never finished, but which his friend Moir unfortunately completed - and edited. When writing the book Galt justifiably regarded it as a swan-song, as his new, well-paid Government post would hardly leave time for the "secondary pursuit". Perhaps for this reason he took a great deal of trouble with it, destroying two versions. It did not please Blackwood who thought it too coarse, among other things. Perhaps remembering past exchanges, he did his

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best to be tactful, though writer and publisher were once more at odds about the concept. Galt still wanted to write of history and manners as exemplified in "a class of person and their compeers in Scotland - the west of it" about twenty-five years previously[180]. We now have Galt's original unfinished manuscript of The Last of the Lairds edited by Professor Gordon[181]. Though it has much more vigour and earthiness than "Delta's" primmer version, the Laird himself is not interesting or attractive enough to carry the book. Galt may have envisaged someone like Watty Walkinshaw, but Auldbiggins lacks the plaintive charm poor Watty sometimes displays, perhaps because he loved nobody but himself his whole life long. Blackwood, forgetting the "plot" introduced by him into Sir Andrew Wylie, wanted Galt to concentrate on the character of the Laird - "The Laird, the Laird himself, is what one wishes to see you giving in all his glorious originality and peculiarity"[182]. But it is difficult to concentrate on an unlovable and eccentric character: "There is something about imbecility that will not suffer it to endure much handling"[183]. Galt was under very great strain at this time: when his mother died in July he was unable to go back to Greenock as he never knew when he would be ordered to sail immediately for Canada. It is difficult to write a successful novel under such conditions. Letters passed constantly between Blackwood and his author, and the bogy of "inter-

ference" was resurrected in an explosive letter of August 23rd, 1826. "In one word, my good friend, I should have thought by this time that you must have known that nobody can help an author with the conception of a character nor the evolution of a story. I do not know how it is but I cannot proceed if I am interfered with - I know it is very silly to be so chary but I cannot help it. It does not come from arrogance, but from having confidence in myself"[184]. He was quite right to have confidence in himself where his Scottish novels were concerned, though a critic like Blackwood would have been of great use in the early part of his literary career. In July, in the middle of the argument, before he wrote the "arrogant" letter, the Canada Company at last got its charter of the land selection. In view of his rosy "active" future, what did literature matter? He sailed in October, leaving his unfinished book behind. On October 1st, he acceeded to an earlier suggestion by Blackwood and gave the unfinished novel into Moir's hands: "I give you full liberty to act; carve and change as you please" he wrote[185]. Moir took him at his word and bowdlerized what, (pace most Galt admirers) would hardly have turned out a very good novel in any case.

Galt was optimistic about every new business venture, and his hopes for success in the Canada Company seemed justified. A few months after landing, he was made supervisor of surveying, settling and selling the land his com-

pany controlled, a vast expanse of forest in Ontario (Upper Canada). In the spring of 1828 his wife and family joined him, and they lived in a log house, "not without some pretensions of elegance". He worked very hard, and, from the testimonials published in the Autobiography the settlers appreciated him. But what his friends might call "independence of mind" and his enemies "arrogance" prevented him from making the same impression on officials, and it was their reports home which counted. One of the things he was suspected of was pressing the claims of the settlers, who had been, after all, his first employers. If he did this it was to his credit. It was necessary for him to spend a great deal of money, but his directors would hardly have minded this initial outlay had not their stocks begun to sell at a discount in 1828. They became anxious and sent a Mr. Thomas Smith to Canada, ostensibly as "accountant and cashier", but in reality to see what was happening. Smith sent reports home directly, not through Galt, and left for England in November 1828 without telling his "superior". The worried director took the extreme step of instructing the bank in York, the capital of Upper Canada, not to meet Galt's drafts. Professor Gordon thinks this was because "in those days of slow communications it was probably the only effective way of ensuring that no further expenditure would be incurred"[186], but to Galt it seemed like a proof of mistrust and he

decided to confront his employers. Another possible irritant was the rejection of a plan for a new colony drawn up by him and presented to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, in June 1828. In it Galt had proposed himself for the post of "Chief Manager" at £2,000 a year! His description of the new colony as "an asylum for the exiles of so-called society - a refuge for the fleers from the old world and its system"[187], reads like a description of America's image in the late nineteenth - and early twentieth centuries, and the phrase "the exiles of so-called society" would still please revolutionary students today. Early nineteenth-century Canada was not thinking of erecting a statue of Liberty, however, and what Galt's company wanted was a return on their investments. When Galt reached New York in April 1829 on his way to take ship for England, he learned that he had been recalled and superseded by a Mr. Thomas Mercer Jones. The letter telling him this had not then reached him, though it was dated January 2nd. According to a paragraph in the Montreal Gazette for March 30th., he had been "dismissed from his office by the Directors": "Mr. Galt's character is unimpeachable, but it appears that he was too fond of having his own way, and this gave offence". In fact Galt was not explicitly "dismissed," only "superseded", but the result was the same: no more salary. The Directors were not ill-disposed towards him, but it was difficult for

them to make accurate judgements on events taking place in such a far away country.

When he left England in 1825 Galt owed £1,100, but his creditors had not pressed him as long as he held a well-paid post. Now they closed in. One, Dr. Valpy, head-master of the Reading school where the Galt boys had been educated while in England, took legal action[188]. Galt's position might not have been so bad had not he, who prided himself on his skill as a man of business, "meddled with shares and Discount bills"[189] and so reduced his capital. He could not pay his creditors and was committed to the King's Bench Debtors' Prison on July 15th, 1829, remaining there until November 10th, when he was discharged under the Insolvery Act. Another commercial enterprise had ended badly, but not discreditably: "Mr. Galt's character is unimpeachable" is no bad epitaph for a public servant.

Once more the only way he could earn a living was by writing. From Canada he had written Blackwood[190] that he was busy on a series of London sketches, and a new work, My Landlady and her Lodgers by the Author of "Annals of the Parish", "Sir Andrew Wylie" etc. was announced in Maga, for February 1829. This time Blackwood, who had once not been eager enough with announcments to please Galt, was too precipitate. Galt had little time for writing in Canada, and when he landed in England the Landlady was not yet finished. On June 30th, he sent four chapters

which appeared in the August number of Blackwoods.

When he heard of Galt's misfortunes Blackwood behaved in a friendly and compassionate way: he told Galt to send him all he could and promised speedy payment[191]. Galt took him at his word, and many articles were published anonymously. The Landlady continued for only four numbers. Galt's financial position looked a little brighter when the London publishers Colburn and Bentley offered to pay £300 immediately on account towards a novel. Galt had no choice but to accept gladly, although he reported the matter fully to Blackwood[192]. Lawrie Todd or the Settlers in the Woods by John Galt was published in January 1830: it drew on Galt's Canadian experiences and was successful in its day. In August Galt finished a Life of Lord Byron. This was explosive material in 1830, and the book roused great interest: it was attacked or praised often for reasons which had little to do with literature. The first edition was priced at five shillings and up to mid-1831 four more editions had come out. The Life was not a gold mine for Galt, however, as he was paid only for the first edition.

He had remained in "unsocial sullenness" since he left prison, but was not friendless. Lockhart came forward with an offer of the editorship of The Courier, a London evening newspaper, at a salary of £850. Galt's family had joined him in England by then, and the offer

must have seemed a godsend. He might have been expected to hold on to the post at all costs, but in fact he resigned it in July after only two months. Later he wrote in the Autobiography: "I had not been long installed as editor, till I perceived that the business would not suit me. In point of enumerent it was convenient, but, as I have elsewhere shown, money matters have ever been perhaps too slightly regarded by me"[193]. This is nothing to boast of: he was then in no position to take a "convenient" salary lightly. Lockhart, justifiably annoyed, wrote to John Murray: "So Galt is gone. Poor devil! I thought he must be floundering sorely! What is to become of him after this new proof of his unmanagable temper and vanity boundlessly absurd"[194]. The Autobiography appeared in 1883, and four years later Galt returned to the Courier theme, when an anonymous writer stated he had been obliged to go, and he defended himself in the July number of Fraser's Magazine. He had, he said, accepted the editorship on condition "of having the entire control of the paper," and was annoyed when the proprietor, Mr. Stewart, suppressed one of his articles after Galt himself had passed the proof and gone home. The Courier, a Tory paper, had apparently thought it right to issue false reports on the illness of George IV, who was then dying. Lockhart took the view that Galt, in the circumstances, should have made "a sacrifice to truth" and one is inclined to agree

with him. Galt was himself a Tory, though an unorthodox one, and, of more practical importance, was a man with debts to pay and a family to support. Arrogance and vanity almost certainly played a part in the affair. As Galt himself wrote: "No species of literature affords so wide a scope for arrogance, or calls for less knowledge than the editorship of a paper"[195]. The resignation proved that even those willing to help him would find it hard to do so.

Despite his rejection of £850 a year, he was having to work feverishly to earn money. Between 1831 and 1833 three novels were published by Colburn and Bentley all of which count among his "undistinguished" work: Bogle Corbet (1831), Stanley Buxton (1832) and Eben Erskine (1833), In June 1831 the same publishers brought out Lives of the Players. This was the result of another suggestion by Lockhart who continued to be helpful whatever he might write in a private letter[196]. Another of Lockhart's proposals, that Galt should write an account "of the present state of British Commerce and Manufactures" was not taken up, though the theme must have been attractive: probably there was too much other work to do. All the Colburn and Bentley books were published as being "by John Galt," not "by the Author of The Ayrshire Legatees" or "by the Author of Annals of the Parish." Clearly Galt did not feel they were up to the standard of his best earlier work. As well

as the books, a number of articles appeared during this period. Blackwood published articles and anecdotes under various noms-de-plume up to March 1830, but then began to return what Galt sent. Luckily for him, the first number of Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country came out in February 1830. Fraser was another Scottish bookseller, but, unlike Blackwood, he lived in London. His editor was William Maginn, Blackwood's Irish contributor, who had been unpleasant about Galt at the time of the break with Blackwood. In spite of what he thought then, he accepted Galt's work, and the Scottish novelist became a regular contributor to Fraser's. The often-reproduced portrait by Maclise appeared in that magazine's Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters[197], and there was a pen-portrait by Maginn in the same issue. Some of Galt's contributions were anonymous[198], but some were signed, either with his own name, or by such descriptions as "the author of 'Sir Andrew Wylie'"; the author, then, considered some of them better than the Colburn and Bentley novels. Articles by Galt also appeared in Colburn and Bentley's own publication, The New Monthly, and there were two articles by him in The National Standard.

In June 1831 the fortunes of the Canada Company took a turn for the better. Galt, who still owned a great deal of Canadian land, arranged to make it available for purchase, and ultimately became secretary of the newly-

formed "British - American Land Company" - commerce onee more! Now that he need no longer blush for his business acumen, - his probity had never been questioned, - he began to move more freely in society. His renewed interest in life may have led him to review his position as man of letters. Little as he still valued literature, he had acquired enough critical judgement to wish that his later writings might include something better than the recent novels. The Provost had been both an instant success and a book of which he could be proud. It had dealt with local politics, but now, with Reform in the air, people were more interested in national issues. When Galt devised another political novel with a Scot as narrator, Mr. Jobbry's sphere was Parliament. He tells his story in The Member, published in January 1832[199]. It was followed by another political novel The Radical, published in the May of the same year.

Both books had good reviews, but neither sold well, unlike the inferior Colburn and Bentley novels, which did. Professor Gordon thinks the relative failure of The Member and The Radical to sell was due to the fact that they were published by Fraser who was inexperienced as a publisher and "lacked the sophisticated salesmanship and expertise in distribution to the 'brethren' of the trade which characterizes the real professionals"[200]. Galt returned to small-town Scottish politics in Our Borough By the Dean of

Guild which Blackwoods published in October 1832. Another sketch The Howdie ran in the September and October issues of the rival Tait's Edinburgh Magazine which started publishing in 1832, and to which Galt became a frequent contributor[201]: Galt may have thought the recollections of a midwife too "coarse" for Blackwood! Both pieces are a return to humourous, first-person narrative in Ayrshire dialect. Those who wished Galt well must have believed that he was finding his way back to the old manner and the old excellence[202].

Just when things seemed to have taken a turn for the better Galt suffered his first stroke in October 1832. At first he was completely disabled, for some time unable even to write. For over a year everything he produced was put together from old manuscripts or dictated. With the exception of a few odd stories nothing of note appeared in 1833 except the Autobiography which was dictated to his son Alexander and published in September. Typically Galt paid much less attention in it to his literary work than to his career as man of action. His travels in the Mediterranean are given disproportionate space, especially as they had been the subject of two earlier books and the background of works of fiction. The period in Canada is also described at length, but this is understandable: the recent failure still hurt and Galt felt he must justify his conduct. To satisfy those who wanted more of him as

man of letters, he planned the book later to become My Literary Life. On January 18th, 1834 he offered it to Blackwood to be published "in a volume or in the magazine"[203] but less than two weeks later withdrew the offer[204], deciding to issue by subscription on his own account. Finally the book was published by Blackwood on joint account in August 1834, but before that many things had happened to Galt.

He had withdrawn the offer to Blackwood because his third son, Alexander, had been offered a post in Canada and his father decided to go with him. However, Alexander had had to leave at short notice in early March, and Galt could not accompany him. In April he had a second stroke. Left alone with his wife, he had decided to retire to Scotland: the family house in Greenock, where his sister lived, was large enough for all of them. For some time after the stroke Galt was unable to move, but at last left for Edinburgh in June. Although not far from Blackwood, he was never to see him again; he himself was too ill to visit his old friend who died in September: Galt had meanwhile left for Greenock in early August. He settled in Scotland with the knowledge that his debts were paid and his three sons established in Canada. He also thought he would receive a government annuity, but only one instalment - £200 - was paid to him.

It is perhaps as well that William Blackwood did not

see what happened to his friend's Literary Life although he expected little of it. Galt had enlarged the work to three volumes by adding Miscellanies, a collection of hitherto unpublished pieces of little interest. Blaak-wood had advanced £250 against future profits: there were to be none. To add to these troubles the list of sub-scribers was lost, and Galt blamed the young Blackwoods with whom he was never on good terms. His health had somewhat improved, however, and he was ready for original work once more, though he was to produce no long, sustained pieces of writing like the novels of the early 1820s. It was indeed a miracle that he could produce anything at all. His courage since his first stroke had been enormous: he had refused to admit defeat when most men would have been content to accept inactivity.

"The Mem"[205], one of his late little masterpieces appeared in Fraser's Magazine in 1834. Told by Mr. Bal-whidder, but set in a period prior to the beginning of Annals, it describes Miss Peerie, a school-mistress, whom the young minister had known as a very old lady. In her youth she was endowed with all the talents, beauty, in-telligence and even learning, for her father, the master of the Grammar School, delighted in teaching her all he knew. But she lost father, mother and fiance one after the other: there was nothing for it but to open a school herself. Still young, she "was so long off laughing in

her young manner, that she forgot the way of it"[206]. Imperceptibly she became isolated, not because the neighbours were unkind, but because they did not notice what was happening. The years went on, and she had no one with whom she could communicate; on one of his visits she spoke to the young minister of the Trojan War and Numa Pompilius, but all her pupils wanted was to be taught good housekeeping. Once she had two private pupils, pert girls, whose English father wanted them taught French, but would not hear of their learning Hebrew or "mathematicals". So, starved of intellectual companionship, the lonely old woman lived on. Finally, "death was kind, as she did not die alone, but when the children were there"[207]. It is the story of a seemingly wasted life, redeemed from futility only by the Mem's dignity and uncomplaining fortitude. Annals is an optimistic book, and memories of the old schoolteacher would have been out of place there, but the melancholy strain in Mr. Balwhidder responds to the sadness of her story. Even as a believing clergyman he has no easy explanation for her fate: "But still she has been a mystery to me. For what use was knowledge and instruction given to her? I ponder when I think of it, but have no answer to the question"[208]. Galt signed "The Mem" with his own name: he had no cause to be ashamed of it.

With Blackwood's closed to him, as in practice it now

was, he continued sending work to Fraser's. An anonymous review, probably by him[209] appeared in the April 1835 issue, and in May came a signed article on "Anonymous Publications". In the September number a story, The Metropolitan Emigrant was published. Professor Gordon calls this "lively" and "a proof that Galt could still write with humourous irony"[210]. It is rash to disagree with Professor Gordon on anything concerning Galt, but this does seem an over-valuation of a rather commonplace piece of work on which the author was to show he could improve. An unsigned story "The Jordons of Grange and the Old Maids of Balmogy" is also attributed to Galt by Professor Gordon[211].

The novella "Tribulations of the Rev. Cowal Kilmun by John Galt" was published in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for November and December 1835 and January 1836. Galt disingenuously described it as "after the manner of Annals of the Parish". The only thing novel and novella have in common is that, in each case, the narrator is a West of Scotland minister. Mr. Balwhidder resembles Mr. Kilmun only in a sort of innocence, (more than simplicity), which is common to both, but this is complemented in the case of the Dalmailing pastor by good judgement of people and downright ways of speech. Mr. Kilmun's "innocence" is near stupidity in some parts of the short story. Both men were country clergymen, but when Mr. Balwhidder went to the city, though out of his element, he kept his sense

of proportion and was neither horrified nor rapturous: if people were better off materially in Glasgow, the weavers had pale, unhealthy faces. Mr. Kilmun is simply horrified by the seamy side of Edinburgh life, which is only to be expected, but his reaction is to retreat from it and take refuge in the peace of home. Professor Gordon points out that Mr. Kilmun's is a Highland parish, and that the word "mystical" recurs in the story[212]; Galt is really not at home in this area, which Tribulations is an interesting attempt to enter. Mr. Kilmun does not belong to the church militant, as does his Dalmailing counterpart: of what use is a religion that turns its back on a side of life with which the church should have much to do? Galt's own enforced passivity is perhaps responsible for the pessimism of the story - another contrast to Annals. Like Mr. Ettles "the last remaining dream of youth is now over"[213] for him and like the Rev. Cowal Kilmun he had withdrawn to live in seclusion with his sister.

In December 1835 Galt offered Blackwood's a section of a story which they refused, as they now refused all his contributions. It was "A Rich Man" which appeared in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine ('by John Galt') in June, July and August 1836. This really was a return to the Galt of the early 1820s: unfortunately the author lacked the physical stamina to produce a full-length story, and the action is telescoped, with little development of any charac-

ter save the central figure. But the humour, irony and vernacular are all there, as of old. Like Sir Andrew Wylie it is the story of a self-made man, again a Scot in London, but in spite, (or perhaps because) of its shortness, A Rich Man is a better piece of writing. The realism is more abraisive: Andrew's childhood was possibly as hard as James Plack's, but he was more fortunate in the people about him - his grandmother, the gentle schoolmaster, even the old bodies whose stories he delighted to hear. He lives in the country: Plack in a small town. Unlike Andrew, Plack remembers his mother, but there is no sentiment in the dry account of her death: "When I was scrimp six her dead ill fell on her"[214]. He is looked after, not by thrifty hard-working Martha Docken, but by "an old aunty with few teeth and of a cankery inclination"[215].

Even after his bitter experiences, Galt cannot write without introducing real goodness in at least one character: this time it is "that gospel-hearted saint, the druggist, James Junor" who "besides being a druggist....was a good man; and one o' the few I have ever seen that money was no required to make better"[216]. Although life has made James Plack a tough-minded realist, there are flashes of poetry in his narrative entirely lacking in Sir Andrew. The remembrance of "the pleasant sober time" with Junor (in whose shop he worked) "is lowne in my bosom like a bonny April morning, when the buds biggen and the birds

begin to sing"[217]. Like everyone else he idealizes the past: "The summers were warmer then, and surely winter briefer. Oh, the pretty moonlights! Surely Time has grown milder and thought tavert since syne; and I think nature now is wersher of the smeddum than that she then sowed into the young heart"[218]. In spite of the fact that the grinding poverty of Archibald Plack's early days is never glossed over, the book has an atmosphere of autumnal warmth, of gentle satisfaction.

Galt's last years were melancholy and there is no need to dwell on them. Unlike Maria Edgeworth he was not spared a lingering illness, and unlike her he could not look back on a literary career of uniform success. She has a place in almost every history of literature while Galt, who produced a larger volume of first-rate work than she, is relatively little known, even in his own country. New editions of some of his novels have appeared recently, and perhaps, in his bi-centennial year, he may be due for a revival: "Thank God, there will be a posterity!"[219]

CHAPTER II

THE BACKGROUND: SCOTLAND

Richard Lovell Edgeworth was interested in great affairs and Maria had interest in them thrust upon her. John Galt's attitude towards matters of moment could not fail to be different. For, in his day, the important changes in Scotland were economic and social rather than political. Born in the Lowlands over thirty years after Culloden, he was unaffected by its bitter aftermath. But he lived through the American War and the French Revolution, the Napoleonic era and the movement which culminated in the first Reform Bill of 1832.

During and after the American War, politics in Scotland were dominated by the ruling class. In the early 1780s, however, many of the county freeholders began to show their dissatisfaction with the more glaring abuses in government, such as the fictitious vote[1]. But they were never democratic and never extreme. When their mainly personal grievances were removed they returned easily to their role as strong supporters of King and Constitution especially as the growth of more widely based agitation towards the end of the decade made them fear for their secure position in the Establishment.

Things were different in the royal burghs. The enormous corruption there[2] focussed the attention of the growing

middle class. Abuses were bad for trade; what sensible business man would place a new enterprise in a town where he might be blocked at every turn? In his Letters of Zeno[3] the burgess, Thomas McGrugar spoke for the propertied middle class. The first group dedicated to burgh reform was set up in Edinburgh in 1783, and a year later, at the first convention of the local groups, thirty-three out of the sixty-six royal burghs were represented. The groups had mainly merchants as members, but in the standing committee lawyers were in the majority. Both groups were sensible men with a stake in the country, like the Irish volunteers formed shortly before. The tentative Scottish reform movement did not look to 'the dregs of the populace...disqualified by ignorance and hebetude'[4]. Perhaps the members were over-cautious; at any rate, they dropped a bill intended to reform parliamentary representation in the royal burghs in favour of one dealing with internal abuses only. No Scottish M.P. was enthusiastic about this, and it finally fell to Richard Brinsley Sheridan to sponsor it and bring it before the house on May 28th., 1787[5]. Henry Dundas, that epitome of pluralism and place-hunting,[6] had no difficulty in carrying an adjournment.

The new prosperity during this "take-off" period of the Industrial Revolution[7] was gradually causing the lower-middle and artisan classes to take an interest in how they were being governed. Thanks to the excellent system of

parish schools[8], this social group in Scotland was probably better educated than their fellows anywhere in the Europe of the period. But the working class made itself first felt, not by constitutional agitation but by a show of physical force. In 1787 the Glasgow weavers demanded higher wages, and when they were refused a riot followed. The military fired, killing or seriously wounding about half a dozen people. In the following July one of the strikers was sentenced to be whipped and banished for seven years[9].

When the French Revolution broke out in 1789 almost everyone welcomed it. Nobody regretted the fall of a notoriously despotic regime, and the English, who had celebrated the centenary of their Constitution of 1688 a year previously, hoped that the neighbouring country might find a more equitable way of life. Interest in public affairs was widespread at this period; in 1782 there had been but eight newspapers in Scotland, by 1790 there were twenty-seven[10]. The first attack on the new France came from Edmund Burke whose Reflections on the Revolution in France was published in November 1790. Among the many replies to Burke two were by Scotsmen - Thomas Christie's Letters on the French Revolution, published in 1791[11] and James Mackintosh's Vindiciae Gallicae[12]. Both were eclipsed by Paine's Rights of Man.

Societies supporting or opposing the new French government and its philosophy were being founded throughout Britain.

In summer 1792 the revolutionary "Friends of the People" held their first meeting in Scotland[13], and on June 4th, of the same year, the King's birthday, the Edinburgh mob burned Henry Dundas in effigy and rioted for three days. The ringleaders could not be found, but two minor figures were brought to trial, and one, Alex Lochie, was was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. A debate arose as to whether transportation was a legal penalty in such a case, but this lost its cogency when the sentence was remitted: Lochie was freed on February 6th., 1793. In the preceeding December the Edinburgh Goldsmiths' Hall Association, a body hostile to the new French ideas, had been founded. That the government did not wish their leniency in one case to be regarded as a precedent was made clear by the trial of Tom Paine in England in the same month. Far from acting as a deterrent to the Scottish friends of Liberty, however, the trial did not prevent the Friends of the People from holding a convention in Edinburgh on the 11th., 12th., and 13th., of December, 1792.

In this first convention the views of the moderates prevailed and only mild resolutions dealing with parliamentary reform were passed. But one of the delegates, Thomas Muir, the advocate who had defended Lochie, read an address from the United Irishmen. At that time the Irish society was neither republican nor separatist, but critics of Muir thought the address might be regarded as treasonable,

and the government as glad so to interpret it. Muir was arrested on January 2nd., 1793, but was granted bail. He went first to London and thence to Paris to plead for the life of Louis XVI. In his long absence he was outlawed, but he had no intention of absconding. He returned to Scotland by way of Ireland where he established contact with the United Irishmen, and could hardly have been surprised when he was arrested at Stranraer. His trial began on August 30th, 1793, and was to become part of folklore.

Ferguson thinks that Muir had a good case which he threw away and holds that Cockburn minimised his foolishness. But he could hardly have expected to get off. In February the French Republic had declared war on Great Britain, everyone admits that the judge was partial[14] and all the members of the jury were from the Edinburgh Goldsmiths' Hall Association. The panel may have thought that the dock offered him a suitable platform from which to declare his views and perhaps make converts; in Ireland such incidents at political trials were frequent and there is a literature of speeches from the dock. The public <u>did</u> applaud Muir's emotional speech in his own defence, but the judge called the reaction "indecent" and sentenced the prisoner to fourteen years transportation. In the same month of September Thomas Palmer, an English Unitarian minister of Dundee, was tried for sedition at Perth

and sentenced to seven years transportation.

The reaction of the English and Scottish radicals was defiant. The Friends of the People in Scotland and the London Corresponding Society decided to hold an all-British convention in Edinburgh. It was summoned for the 29th. of October 1793, but made no headway until the English delegates arrived on November 19th. Although ordered to disperse, the delegates tried to carry on, and three of their leaders, Joseph Gerald and Maurice Margarot, both English delegates, and William Skirving, Secretary of the Cangate Society of the Friends of the People, were all sentenced to fourteen years transportation[15].

In 1794 the government suspended habeas corpus in England and the act of 1701 against wrong imprisonment in Scotland. In a hectic atmosphere of suspicion the so-called "Pike Plot" was discovered. Twelve pike heads were found in the house of a certain Robert Watt in Edinburgh, and later some twenty more in a smithy. Watt, an ex-government spy, had apparently planned an insurrection, but its extent was magnified by the ministry for its own purposes. Watt, was tried for high treason, found guilty and hanged at the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. A fellow conspiritor, David Downie, was held to be a dupe and pardoned, to the regret of Robert Dundas[16], The people were frightened by the plot and by fears of French invasion. Accordingly, lords - lieutenant of counties on the English model

were appointed to suppress internal disorder. Scotland had no militia as yet and the new officials had to rely on the companies of volunteers which were growing rapidly at the time; by the middle of 1796 forty-one companies were established in many parts of Scotland. Those suspected of French sympathies found themselves at best cold-shouldered, and at worst deprived of posts. In 1795 two repressive bills had been passed one extending the law of treason to include mere words spoken or written, and one to prevent seditious meetings[17]. The Whig Henry Erskine who had refused to join the Friends of the People in 1792[18], but had been a burgh reformer, was deprived of his Deanship of the Faculty of Law, and Dugald Stewart, Maria Edgeworth's host, whose lectures attracted students from all over Britain, was a marked man whom "not a few hoped to catch in dangerous propositions"[19]. The young Jeffrey was forbidden by his father to attend Stewart's lectures.

From time to time the French government had played with the idea of an invasion of Scotland, believing as they were assured by Thomas Muir among others[20], that the country was ready to rise against England. The plans never came to anything, but the British authorities could not know this, and it was thought that more military help than that available from the volunteers would be necessary. In June 1797 an Act was passed for embodying a militia force in Scotland; by its provision 6,000 men were to be called out[21]. Although Robert Dundas had warned that the Bill was likely to be opposed[22] nobody had reckoned with the strength of popular opposition. Riots broke out, the

most serious being in Tranent in East Lothian. Eleven people were killed and many wounded when the soldiers ran amok, but the murderers were not brought to justice, nor was reparation made for pillage and robbery. The militia were only grudgingly accepted, and as late as October 1799 an anti-militia riot broke out in Bathgate. The accused were defended by Henry Erskine who secured a verdict of not proven[23].

Opposition to the militian had been attributed to "jacobinism," though it was probably due to other causes. For, after the trials, there was but little life left in the democratic societies. The few individuals who remained faithful adopted the name "United Scotsmen" with obvious thoughts of the Irish groups. Like its Irish counterpart the new Scottish society was secret, and an oath had to be taken. Meikle thinks it certain that the Scots learned details of the Irish organization from the many refugees who crossed to Scotland[24], but officially the Irish society disapproved of propaganda in Britain, lest the attention of the French should be diverted from themselves; of the three countries Ireland was the best prospect for a rising, and the Irish knew this. During the summer and autumn of 1797 the United Scotsmen held a few meetings in and around Glasgow. The discontent caused by the Militia Act might have helped the society to spread, but it was never very dangerous. The chief organizer,

George Mealmaker, was arrested in November, brought to trial in January 1798 and received the usual sentence: fourteen years transportation. After that there was only spasmodic activity in and around Glasgow and the county of Fife, but even that ceased when, in 1802, Thomas Wilson, a Fife weaver, was charged with sedition. He received a comparatively light sentence: one month's imprisonment and two years banishment. Evidently the authorities agreed with Cockburn that "sedition had gone out"[25]. After the peace of Amiens in 1802 the upper class Whigs, at least, were able to speak once more of parliamentary reform without being accused of jacobinism. During the breathing space before the war with France was renewed, Jeffrey founded the Edinburgh Review in October 1802. Soon the new publication became influential not only in Scotland but in England also. In Scotland the most important event in the early years of the new century was the impeachment of Henry Dundas who had been created Viscount Melville in 1802. He was forced to resign, and, though acquitted of the charge of peculation in 1806, never again held office.

Meikle agrees with Cockburn that the year 1802 marks the end of the direct influence of the French Revolution on Scotland. "Somewhat less was said about Jacobinism, though still too much, and sedition had gone out,...the threat of invasion, while it combined all parties in the

defence of the country, raised the confidence of the people in those who trusted them with arms, and gave them the pleasure of playing at soldiers. Instead of Jacobinism, Invasion became the word"[26]. Yet Meikle suggests that the real "awakening" of Scotland begins with the French Revolution and that there, from 1792, there is no complete break in the political life of the nation[27]. If not a break, surely at least a change in orientation; measures for reform of parliament lost their primary importance for a time. And of course, as long as the war went on, there was not much chance of making changes in parliamentary representation.

During the short-lived "Ministry of all the Talents" (1806 - 1807) a plan was made for the reform of the court of sessions but the ministry fell before it could be passed. It was a Whig idea, but the Tories might have gained some of the credit had it been passed under a government in which they were represented. As it was, they were regarded by the progressives as entrenched supporters of the status quo. After a decisive election defeat in 1807, the younger Whigs realized that reform of any kind would be impossible under a non-representative parliament. Meanwhile, in the "Edinburgh Review" Jeffrey was publicizing a new form of Whiggism, not "democratic" but aiming at government by an enlightened and reform-minded ruling class. Jeffrey feared the alienation of the new middle-

and working-class radicals, whereas he wished an alliance between his party and the moderate members of these groups. The plan took twenty years to come to fruition, but was hinted at by an article on the French invasion of Spain in 1808[28]. This exposed not only the faults of the Spanish government, but also of the British, and gave as much offence to the old-fashioned Whigs as to the Tories. By 1809 Jeffrey was cautiously advocating an alliance between Whigs and radicals[29].

In 1809, also, the "lower classes" made their voice heard. Times were bad, and among the chief sufferers were the weavers whose troubles were aggravated partly by the arrival of large numbers of Irish immigrants[30]. The English and Scottish weavers made common cause, in an attempt to secure minimum rates of employment. The attempt failed, but even when things became worse in 1810 and 1811 the Scots remained more "law-abiding" than the English; there were no parallels in Scotland to the Luddite riots. Instead the Scottish weavers had recourse to a law of 1661, and under it petitioned the magistrates. The magistrates had no option but to enforce the law and when an appeal was made, the weavers still won their case, but the employers simply ignored the decision. Some 40,000 workers came out on strike[31]. The leaders of the men's association founded in Glasgow, "the most extensive and peaceable combination of workmen that had ever appeared in this part of the king-

dom"[32] were arrested, charged with contravening the Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800 and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment. The ablest of them, Alexander Richmond absconded on the advice of counsel, - Jeffrey and Cockburn, - was outlawed, gave himself up when the excitement of the affair had blown over, and got off with one month's imprisonment. He was to appear in more dubious circumstances later. In 1815 the act authorizing magistrates to fix the wages of labour was repealed. This cynical proof of disregard for law did little to help the Tories.

Political radicalism probably received a fresh impetus from these events. A small radical group emerged in parliament, under the leadership of Francis Burdett; it allied itself loosely with the Whigs. In 1812, the year of the weavers strike, Major Cartwright, the veteran of the former society for Constitutional Information[33], together with Burdett, founded the Hampden club to agitate for drastic measures of reform. In 1813 there was a popular riot in Edinburgh, and in 1814 the discontent of the middle-class, - mostly supporters of "law and order" but annoyed at having to pay high rates, while excluded from government of the royal burghs, - caused "the first great public meeting to be held in Scotland for over twenty years" in Edinburgh, in July 1814[34]. It was to advocate the abolition of West Indian slavery.

When peace came in 1815 the government had made no provision for passing from an emergency to a normal situation, and agriculture, trade and industry all suffered. Industry suffered because it had over-expanded during the war, and because European countries, in the tide of rising nationalism after the defeat of Napoleon, were not ready to have British goods dumped on them. In the summer of the year of the peace-treaty old Major Cartwright attended meetings throughout Scotland and numerous Hampden clubs were founded. By 1816 many were unemployed; once more, the weavers and cotton-spinners were among the worst cases,

and they tended more and more to turn to political agitation. There now enters on the scene Kirkman Finlay, M.P., John Galt's old employer in Gibralter, who was so terrified by the threat of revolution that he set up a private spy ring, - in co-operation with the Home Secretary. One of his recruits was Alexander Richmond, the one-time leader of the strikers in 1812. Perhaps Richmond first became associated with Finlay to bring before him the hardships of the workers and to ask for financial help[35], but he did infiltrate one of the groups of agitators and provided Finlay with information which led to the arrest of several weavers. There had been some sort of conspiracy set on foot after one of Major Cartwright's meetings in Glasgow in October 1816, and, in an attempt to remove the danger of informers, members had to take an oath, the breaking of which was to be punished with death. The existence in Glasgow of an oath-bound secret society was revealed with great effect by the Lord Advocate, Alexander Maconochie, in his maiden speech in the House of Commons in February 1817. Largely due to the Lord Advocate's revelations, habeas corpus was suspended, and Maconochie was urged to prosecute the leaders of the conspiracy. In his information Richmond had stated that the conspirators had decided to follow the old plan of the United Irishmen, to get together a disciplined force and all the arms within reach[36].

State trials of the alleged conspirators followed.

There was, however, no repetition of the partial conduct of Braxfield. Cockburn, (who, with Jeffrey, appeared for Thomas Baird, one of the accused), described his client's trial as "the most perfectly fair trial for sedition that Scotland has ever seen"[37]. Baird and the weaver Alexander MacLaren, were found guilty of sedition, but given the very light sentence of six months imprisonment. The Glasgow plotters were not, apparently, so dangerous after all. An element of comedy was introduced with the trial of Neil Douglas, pastor of a small universalist church in Glasgow. He was said to have compared George III with Nebuchadnezzar and the Prince Regent with Belshazzar as well as describing the House of Commons as a place where "seats were sold like bullocks in a market"[38]. Jeffrey had no difficulty in securing a verdict of not guilty. In July 1817 there followed the trial of one Andrew MacKinlay for administering unlawful oaths. One of the witnesses against him identified the Advocate Deputy as a person who had offered him a reward for being a witness, and the others were equally ineffective. The charge was declared not proven and MacLaren was released with others held on a similar charge.

The conspiracy had turned out to be unimportant, the government was made to look foolish; reformers and "radicals" took heart and turned to a matter on which moderates and extremists agreed. In 1817 the burgh reform associ-

ation, dormant for so long, resumed its activities under the leadership of Archibald Fletcher. By a stratagem the Lord Advocate was manoeuvred into the position of granting the corporation of Montrose more power in the election of the magistrates and council than they had had previously. Other royal burghs asked for the same privileges which were refused in the case of the burghs of Inverness and Aberdeen: the old system of self-election was restored. In May 1819, Lord Archibald Hamilton moved a parliamentary enquiry into the government of the royal burghs and the report proved that corrupt practices had bankrupted four, including Edinburgh. "The continued existence of corrupt burgh administration helped to undermine Toryism in Scotland and turned the burghs after 1832 into impregnable Liberal bastions"[39].

In 1820 the so-called "Radical War" broke out. In the night of April 1st. to 2nd. placards announcing the formation of a "provisional government" were pasted up in Glasgow, and workers were urged to withdraw their labour. As always, the weavers were ready to answer the call, but no "government" materialized, there was no plan for an overall rising, and the troops had little difficulty in scattering those who did turn out. The greatest resistance was offered at Bonnymuir near Falkirk, but the rebels were dispersed, and the Radical War was over[40]. Forty-seven men were tried for treason and three executed. The Radicals

realized after this that physical force would not help them and were ready for implicit co-operation with the Whigs. The moneyed middle-class could hardly have had clearer proof that revolution was not a danger than the fiasco of 1820, and they, too, were ready to co-operate, thus giving the Whigs the broadly based support Jeffrey had always hoped for. The attitude of the Edinburgh Reviewers remained the same; they still shunned extremism and kept to their ideal of the rule of an enlightened oligarchy. But members of the moderate party like Jeffrey himself and Cockburn, had shown their sympathy for the Radicals in the most open way possible, by defending them in court, and the workers felt they could be trusted. It was sensible and clear-sighted to be ready, - for the present, - to accept half-a-loaf; it was also something which would never have been possible in Ireland! On December 16th, 1820, a large public meeting was held at the Pantheon in Edinburgh, ostensibly to protest against the ministry's treatment of Queen Caroline, but really to cement the alliance between those who, for whatever reasons, wanted reform. 17,000 adult males signed a petition to the King to dismiss his ministers.

In the following years a series of law-reforms were inaugurated. In 1822 and 1825 bills embodying changes in the jury system in Scotland were passed; the measures in them were mainly the work of Kennedy of Dunure, a Whig M.P.

Also in 1825 another Act made the punishment for sedition in Scotland the same as that in England; in Scotland it had been more severe for some years[41].

In spite of movements for reform a Tory government continued to hold power precariously until 1830, even at the cost of alienating many of its supporters by granting Catholic Emancipation in 1829. When George IV died in 1830 writs were issued for a new Parliament on the accession of King William IV, and the Whigs under Lord Grey at last came to power. In spite of the Government's being twice brought down by the House of Lords, the alliance between the very different groups who wanted some measure of reform did not waver. Fear of bloodshed in Scotland had passed; Cockburn, the new Solicitor-General, - Jeffrey was Lord Advocate, - judged his countrymen rightly when he wrote: "There is a good deal of Radicalism in the country, founded on long and absurdly defended abuses, excited by recent triumphs and exaggerated by distress. But though the alarm that many people feel may be useful, I cannot say that I as yet discern anything that reasonable concession and a firm government may not overcome"[42]. Fear was finally dispelled by the passing of the English Reform Act on June 7th., 1832. The Scottish reform Bill received the Royal Assent little more than a month later, on July 17th. It provided that householders rated at £10 should replace the electorate of the self-electing

Town Councils. In the counties the franchise was conferred on the owners of real property valued at £10 a year, and on tenants with a nineteen years' lease, paying a rent of £50. Eight members were added to the representation of Scotland. There was, however, no secret ballot, and tenants had thus to face victimization by landlords if they failed to vote as the latter wished[43].

From about 1780 onwards there was an enormous improvement in the Scottish economy. In part the country profited from the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution in Britain, - but not in Ireland! - and in the 1790s the war with France solved the problem of unemployment temporarily, gave an impetus to agriculture and encouraged the production of commodities usually imported from the Continent. Still, Scotland was never a rich country like her Southern neighbour; credit for her success must be given in a large measure to the readiness of a practical and hard-working people to take full advantage of the opportunities placed in their way. It comes as no surprise to learn that Scottish merchants were prudent, but their response, for example, to the American War which stopped the lucrative tobacco trade with the Colony, showed that they were also imaginative and resilient. They read the signs, withdrew most of their money before the conflict started, and found an alternative market in the West Indies. Well might the Scots be forgiven for seeing their victory as a

moral triumph: "the spectacle.....of a people naturally possessed but of few territorial resources, and living in a bleak and unpropitious climate, employing their activity, their constancy and their genius in triumphing over a sterile soil - directing their attention to the riches of the mind....and making agriculture, manufacture and commerce, instruction, morality and liberty flourish together"[44] Ireland, whose own attempt to make liberty flourish had come to an unhappy end, might well have felt envy.

Even if the immense tobacco trade brought prosperity only to a small group of Glasgow merchants in the first place[45], others benefited indirectly - the dwellers in John Galt's Greenock, for example, which, with Port Glasgow, was the place to which the larger ships came until the deepening of the Clyde and the construction of docks in the city itself. And even while the American War was still in progress, Glasgow merchants did not lose their supreme confidence in their own and their city's future. On January 1st., 1783, the first meeting of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce was held. It is sad to have to record that one of the Chamber's actions in its first years - 1785, - was to strongly and successfully oppose resolutions on trade by the Irish Parliament which Pitt himself favoured, and which, if passed might have strengthened the credibility of the Dublin legislature.

The rich were not afraid of novelty. Linen had always

been a money-maker for Scotland, and from about this time on, to it was grafted the production of a new textile, cotton. The growth of the cotton trade established a useful connection between the West of Scotland and the North of England. As a result of new inventions, - the jenny, the waterframe, the mule, etc., - English manufacturers found themselves producing more yarn than they could handle and sent the surplus to the then unemployed linen-weavers in the neighbouring country. Paisley and Glasgow switched from the production of linen to that of cotton with the consequence that the population of the latter town rose from 7,000 in 1755 to 31,000 in 1801[46].

Spinning also came from the North of England; in Scotland the Lancashire industrialists found that former agricultural workers were content with low wages and that there was plenty of water power. Waterframe factories sprang up and the yarn was sold to the nearby weaving areas. At first the Scots gratefully accepted and learned from English experience, characteristically they soon began to make contributions of their own to the new trade. In 1790 William Kelly first applied power to Crompton's mule, in 1797 Neil Snodgrass of Glasgow invented the scutching machine and, in 1807, Archibald Buchannan built the first integrated cotton mill[47]. However power-looms were not significant competition for handlooms until about 1825. The late eighteenth century was "the daisy portion of weaving, the

bright mid-day period of all who pitched a shuttle"[48]. Work was well-paid, and most handloom weavers could make weaving their full-time occupation, using their families as assistants and freed from the discipline of factory work which, at that time, was relatively novel. The men came well-dressed to church on Sunday, and, according to one minister, worked only four days a week. They never failed to go to church, for they were great sectaries, "theological, often religious" - a nice distinction! Each weaving town had its own religious sect, Paisley even having congregations of Methodists and Unitarians, unusual for the Scotland of that period. Everybody read not only modern Scottish authors, Galt among them, but the English classics. There were other ways of passing leisure time; in Paisley weavers joined clubs for playing golf, for curling, fishing and hunting and formed literary, debating and political societies. Interest in politics was especially great, and in the 1790s many joined the Friends of the People or the United Scotsmen. The newspapers were avidly read: when they arrived in Paisley work stopped until the leading articles had been discussed in the streets. In the same town, which must have been a wonderful place to live in, there were many weaver poets. Although they were scattered in various districts instead of being united in factory or mine, the weavers were prosperous and free enough to resist cuts in wages in 1773 and to riot in 1779 and 1787. In the last

disturbance the magistrates called in the military and three weavers were shot before order was restored.

Whether woven in the factory or at home, the early growth of the cotton industry had repercussions on secondary trades such as bleaching, dyeing and printing. As factories turned to steam rather than water power, more coal was needed. At the beginning of the century the lairds had exploited the coal on their own lands, but in the second half they often leased mineral rights to companies. As Glasgow developed so did the coal industry in Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, but still the demand exceeded the supply. If the weavers were the aristocrats of late eighteenth century labour, the coal miners were, unbelievably, serfs - Cockburn called them "slaves"[49]. In 1774 colliers were granted partial emancipation and a second act was passed in 1799 abolishing serfdom completely. Not surprisingly after each act the emancipated coal miners looked for other employment. Only during the severe depression of 1815, when jobs of any kind were scarce, did the mines find recruits. Conditions were worse in the east than in the west, where, if women had ever worked underground, they ceased to do so before 1800. In the east of the country where women bearers carried the coal from the face to the foot of the shaft and thence up to the pithead. Where the miners' wives were so employed, the men's homes were cheerless and untended and the con-

ditions had a brutalizing effect on them. In eastern Scotland children, both boys and girls, worked underground also. "I married early, as the hiring of women to bear my coals took away all my profits," said one miner who had first gone down the pit in 1791[50]. The early serfdom set up a vicious circle; nobody who could get other employment wanted to work in the mines, so the miner used his family to the maximum. In spite of the dreadful conditions, the spirit of many of the miners does not seem to have been broken. From 1817 organized unions began to appear in the West, and even before that, it was the Tranent colliers who joined in the most severe of the anti-militia riots in 1792. But the work in the mines was one black spot in the general prosperity.

Not so with agriculture. In this industry between 1780 (or perhaps even earlier - Smout suggests c.1760[51], - prices and rents rose and the employment of modern methods of using the land became fairly general. There were some exceptional earlier improvers who set the standard. John Cockburn of Ormiston busied himself with agriculture for what might be called patriotic reasons; he wished to bring Scotland to the same level as that civilized country, England. In his case, his enthusiasm led to bankruptcy, but other early scientific farmers managed to keep their heads above water, and one of the pioneers, Archibald Grant, made his venture pay well. A permanent result of the

agricultural measures was the building of new villages; probably something between 120 - 150 new villages appeared in Scotland in the century between 1730 and 1830[52]. In the first place they were constructed to act as markets for local produce, as, for some time, local communications were not good and transport to established markets would have been difficult and costly. The villages were planned, they did not grow haphazardly and unbeautifully as the old agricultural towns had done. Some non-agricultural employment was necessary in these communities and it was recognized by the landlords that the growth of the linen and woollen trades would give profitable employment both for workers and owners of land. Thus, from the beginning, industry and landed property worked together. Luckily the gentlemen farmers - often belonging to the aristocracy - had money enough to make initial large profits unnecessary. Farming for them was a diversion and a hobby; some went on the Grand Tour, some improved their land. At the beginning, probably because they could not afford experiments, the small gentry did not take to the new methods, nor, for a while, did the tenants, who thought little of their dilettante landlords. In part their mistrust was justified, as the early gentlemen farmers had such respect for English methods that they copied their models slavishly, abandoning, for example, the traditional Scottish dates for sowing and reaping in favour of times planned to suit

a quite different climate. But when prices went up, as they did from about 1780 onwards, the improved farms showed greater profits than those which kept to the old ways, and soon all landlords began to demand what had once been innovations, like enclosure. Since many of them could not afford to lose money at this time, they became wise enough to see that adaptations of the English models must be made in some cases, and left these practical matters to the experienced tenant who was cultivating the soil himself. In 1829 George Robertson could write of the Lothians, - whose husbandry had then become "the exemplar of Europe"[53], - that the gentry embellished rather than cultivated: "they enclose - they plant - they build, - they construct highways, erect bridges and plan canals or railroads, they lay out gardens or they erect gateways or other rural decorations. But the labours of cultivation they more generally, perhaps more wisely, leave to the common husbandman of the country, whose toils, stimulated by necessity, if not in all cases more rationally formed, seldom fail at least to be conducted with more economy"[54]. Often, too, the landlord employed a factor who might once have been a tenant farmer himself.

As more tenant farmers adopted as much of the improvers' practice as seemed sensible to them, they made money at least until the end of the wars with France. Their standard of living approximated more and more to

that of the gentry.

The lot of the landless farm labourer was not so happy! Conditions apparently varied greatly from one district to another, but, in general, workers changed masters each time the annual hiring-fair came around in an effort to make some small improvement. Everyone seemed to quietly accept the fact that life would always be hard and unrewarding; the wonder is that there was not more agrarian disturbances. Smout thinks that there was not enough material suffering attributable to the agricultural revolution to make sustained social protest about it inevitable[55], but when one remembers the agricultural agitation in Ireland, the Scottish ability to accept hardship without murmuring seems extraordinary.

The products of farm, factory and mine had to be carried to the consumer. Road-making has been mentioned as one of the lairds "Embellishments", but it was easier and cheaper to carry coal by water. Between the years 1790 and 1822 three canals were built. Travel became easier for those willing to spend their money on it, but even so, it took a large legacy to make an Ayrshire minister and his family travel as far as London and a very unpleasant journey it was. Not until the later arrival of trains did long distance travelling become frequent.

Paradoxically, after Waterloo, conditions for many people seem to have become worse. For the first time

general unemployment brought enough recruits to the mines, but conditions did not improve. In contrast to the uncomplaining farm workers the miners struggled to help themselves. From 1817 onwards organized unions appeared, especially in western Scotland. The managers tried by every means to combat them. The flood of Irish emigration was beginning, and the immigrants were often employed as black-leg labour. Racial and religious tensions built up, and, most writers seem to think, are alive today[56]. Brave efforts as they were, the unions could do little to improve real wages, especially as these were often paid in kind, in the form of goods provided on credit from the company store and collected for on pay day. Life was made still harder by the fact that the miner's whole family often worked, the women and children for small wages and in abominable conditions. Not till the middle of the century did general humanitarian reforms make the miner's life easier.

In farm work, too, Irish labour was often used. Farm work was generally seasonal, and the man usually left his wife and family in Ireland, often to close their cottage and beg, as Maria Edgeworth represents in The Absentee[57]. Unmarried farm workers had once lived with the farmer's family, but, as the agricultural revolution went on, the gap between master and man became wider; in any case, so large a working force was often needed that it would have

been impossible to continue the old tradition, even had the farmer wished it. Between 1810 and 1830 was the hey-day of the bothy system, the bothy being simply a shed in which men lived. Conditions were demoralizing; the men were left to look after themselves, with the result that food was often eaten cold and much of the wages went on whisky. Hostility towards the employer was a natural consequence, but no steps were taken to channel resentment into action or even articulate protest. "Class solidarity" in the modern sense did not exist until later in the century, and even then agricultural labourers do not seem to have played much part in rising union movements.

Industrial conditions did not improve with peace. Spinning started in our period as a home industry in which the whole family could take part. In the new century it began to move to the factories. Sometimes the factory was situated in a rural area and it became necessary for owners to build new villages or small towns to accomodate labour; Cayenneville in Annals is an example. In urban areas larger factories grew up. Between about 1790 and 1812 steam began to be used to operate the mules and in 1820 new improvements made the mule self-acting, thus doubling the number of spindles one worker could look after. Even under this system adult males were still needed to operate the machines, but children and adolescents began to be increasingly employed as assistants. Gradually,

however, it became possible for women, children and adolescents to be employed, as the work moved from the home to the factory[58]. Men were not employed in country factories at first because they did not want to be, preferring the independence work in their own homes gave them, but, as demobilization speeded up unemployment and immigrant labour, - the Irish again! and the Highlanders, - was increasingly easy to get men did apply for the posts where strength was still needed. They were allowed to choose their own assistants, and continued to employ their own families. In the urban areas there was no need to supply adequate housing, and conditions there became worse.

Union activity started in Glasgow as early as 1805, but did not become effective until 1816[59]. The same union remained in existence for more than twenty years, in spite of a bad lock-out in 1824. Not all the adult male spinners were members, but enough belonged to make a strike cost. The aims of the union were to combat lowering of wages and to set up apparently very rigid rules for employment in order to benefit the skilled labourer[60]. Industrial violence was bitter in the 1820s, with black-leg workers being used and often savagely resisted; hostility to the increasing number of unskilled Irish immigrants was sad but understandable. Still, the Glasgow spinners seem to have been relatively well off, - "the aristocrats of labour"[61] - especially if the whole family worked. Perhaps

the Glasgow union did do some good, as conditions in the East of Scotland seem to have been worse. Children had to work hours which seem quite inhuman today, but were relatively well-paid in comparison to the wage in other occupations. The child's greatest hardships were having to stand all the working period, and to accomodate his mental and physical faculties to the undeviating rhythm of the machines. "Lung illness" was common to all spinners.

If the life of the home and factory spinners improved, the status of the weavers declined sensationally and sadly. In their prosperous early days the habit of independence bred opposition to any exploitation; as early as 1773 there was resistance to a cut in wages and more opposition, admittedly unorganized and desultory, took place in 1779 and 1787. The great strike in 1812 has already been mentioned. From that time on the decline of the weavers began. Immigrants could learn to weave badly in a relatively short time and there seems to have been little respect for real skilled labour. As time went on weavers played a smaller and smaller part in political, literary and cultural activities.

In the eighteenth century the iron industry in Scotland had expanded a little, but was far behind that of England. Technological improvements and ease of communications helped its progress. Ferguson attributed the economic growth of the early and mid-nineteenth century

to the invention of the 'hot blast' system in 1828, which cut costs and raised productivity, but the greatest expansion did not begin until approximately 1835[62].

The iron industry was dependent on coal supply, and by the 1830s the South West where conditions were less dreadful than in the East was becoming the centre of the Scottish industry. Coal was increasingly needed for ironworks, factories, shipyards, railways, when these began to be built[63], and for export. Wages may have compared favourably with those in other occupations, but if they had not, probably the recruitment of workers in the mines would have been impossible, as the work was hard. Once more unskilled labour could be used, once more it was exploited and once more fiercely opposed and resented.

Such was the background to Galt's life, either meticulously observed by himself, or exactly remembered when described by older people. It was only to be expected that historical, economic and social events should influence his development. Infected with the optimism of an age that believed in the steady progress of man, he aimed at self-advancement, and was lucky to be born at a time when this was possible for someone outside the ruling class. For his wish was not only to make money, but to be recognized as a prudent and successful man of integrity, accepted by the aristocratic ruling class to which he could never wholly belong as well as by his peers. Merely to amass

money like a rich Glasgow merchant was not his ideal. Luckily his countryman, Adam Smith, had familiarized society with the notion that a man of business could also be a gentleman and had presented a view of life which Galt found comfortable and convenient. Enlightened self-interest was now nothing to be ashamed of, but an instinct implanted in man by a benevolent deity and, if rightly used, of benefit both to the individual and society: The modern trader could practice virtue as well as a Greek philosopher, a mediaeval begging friar, or a twentieth-century social reformer. The idea of helping one's fellow man in helping oneself appealed to someone with Galt's upbringing for, however far he may have wandered from Calvinism, he continued to recognize and reverence the Christian ideal of love of the neighbour. "Bourgeois economics" was perhaps misused and distorted by later generations but it recognized man's altruism as well as his fallibility and self-seeking. Galt's ideas had much in common with the patrician burghers of the German Hansa towns whose modern spokesman was Thomas Mann; his ideal citizen could be respected in the community, play a part in its affairs, use his wealth with unostentatious taste and discretion and have time and understanding for "secondary pursuits". Such a stock became degenerate only when "art", with its destructive self-questioning, was allowed to play too important a part. Was the tacit recognition

of this danger another reason for Galt's constant undervaluation of the contribution of the writer to society?

Imagination was by no means to be neglected by the successful business man, but was to be harnessed in the service of commerce. But could Galt's imaginativeness have played a part in his failure as a man of affairs? A plan such as that of breaking Napoleon's blockade by smuggling goods into Europe via Turkey sounds fantastic, but Galt assures us that it was later put into practice successfully. A hard-headed merchant like Kirkham Finlay made a good thing out of smuggling and knew of Galt's earlier scheme when he offered him a post as representative of his firm in Gibralter; it was bad luck for both of them when Wellington's victories in Spain made the Gibralter concern redundant. Finlay himself was not without his cloak-and-dagger side, as his later spying activities, already mentioned[64], prove, but of his capacity in business there can be no doubt. The successful merchants at the beginning of the period of Scottish economic development could not be called romantic, but they needed imagination to make plans and take risks. Not only were they "men devoted to commerce; men concerned with fine calculations of profit and loss", but also "men of wide horizons whose attitudes communicated themselves in various ways throughout their society"[65]. Such men were not led astray by imagination, but gave it its due place in the

nice calculations of profit and loss. Their attitude demanded self-discipline and prudence, qualities which Galt lacked. He was fascinated by the breadth and grandeur of the Canadian project and was an able administrator, but he did not appreciate the importance of good relations with those in authority, or that the sensitivity which made him such a perceptive chronicler of west Scottish life had to be controlled in the wider world.

Party politics were not of the first importance to Galt; here again he uses the word "secondary". But he does align himself with one political party, the Tories, or, as he would prefer to call them, the conservatives. Conservative with a small c - as Galt writes it[66] - is a better description of his cast of thought; 'tory,' in his day, smacked of a Jacobitism which was being allowed to become romantic because no longer dangerous, of blind loyalty to tradition and of an obstinate refusal to recognize the claims of the modern world. But Galt qualifies his declaration of political affiliation almost as soon as he makes it: "All my life I have been, as the reader may see by these pages, a tory, as much as a man can be with whom politics have ever been secondary. But I have been no more so than my temperament made me; indeed, I have always thought that the innate character has more to do with the distinctive marks of whigs and tories than the bigots on either side, in their pride of mind, admit.

Probably owing to this cause, I have never considered the exoteric doctrine of my associates very seriously, at least it has so happened that my most intimate friends have been all whigs"[67]. The statement in the last sentence is a large one - who did Galt mean? - but it is certainly true that Whigs were kind to him in his literary life. Jeffrey thought well of Voyages and Travels, whereas Croker was unpleasant about it. True, Galt had no luck with The Edinburgh Review, but, in 1823, when his best work had been done, Jeffrey wrote a perceptive article in which he compared Galt with Wilson and Lockhart. He found Galt more original, though less skilled in composition, and praised the author of Annals for "truth to nature and a fine sense of national peculiarity"[68]. When Blackwood jibbed at Galt's coarseness the writer turned to the Whig journal Tait's Edinburgh Magazine[69]. Galt's statement of political views shows his individualism and dislike of extremes, but, while his moderation enabled him to appreciate standpoints different to his own, it deprived him of the comforts of conformity. For his own party he was often an uneasy bedfellow. For example, his individualism seems to have become egotism in the Courier episode, which called forth the statement of political views just quoted. From an abstract point of view the reason for his leaving the paper, refusal to compromise in reporting the gravity of the King's illness, was creditable, but, while

this may have brought matters to a head, other factors contributed to his decision. There was also a question of an article's being amended after Galt had gone home[70] and from Lockhart's letter, he seems to have shown himself vain, testy and unyielding, - not the attributes of a liberally-minded Olympian who can see points of view differing from his own. The political statement may be called emotional, inasmuch as it was caused by an incident which affected Galt deeply and from which he wished to emerge with the best "image" possible. But it would be most unjust to see him generally as a man protesting political tolerance merely because it suited him. From the beginning he had considered the Courier too right-wing and had wished "gradually to alleviate the ultra toryism of the paper by explanations of more liberality than the sentiments of any party"[70].

Galt does not use his novels to propagate political views. True, Ringan Gilhaize is a Whig novel in the sense that the narrator, from the time that resistance is forced upon him, always opposes the Stuarts, - but initially on religious, not political grounds, - and, at the end, works actively for their overthrow. With the exception of a not unsympathetic trooper, whose own political principles were probably vague, and an upright judge, no supporter of the Stuart cause in the novel is worthy of respect. Galt even allows Ringan to be ungenerous about Claverhouse's loyalty,

"a canine fidelity, a dog's love to his papistical master"[71]. Although Galt specifically disassociates himself from agreement with all Ringan's opinions, it is clear that his sympathies were with the Covenanters, if not with the Whigs. Ringan's Whiggism was a consequence, not only of his religious beliefs, but also of great sufferings inflicted by people supposed to be in the King's service. By the 1820s most people, whether Scots or not, would have seen the treatment of the Scottish Covenanters as unjust and cruel, and for Galt, injustice and cruelty ought not to triumph. For him the right side won, but not because the House of Stuart was intrinsically better or worse than the House of Orange or of Hanover. Such a view would have been simply impossible for Ringan and his contemporaries on either side, and Galt could only afford to take it because the Stuart threat had long passed and the English Government had discreetly paid a pension to the Cardinal of York. Ringan Gilhaize is not an apogia for Whiggism.

None of his novels plead the cause of the Establishment either. As long as the Government concerns itself only with the things that are Caesar's, Galt's two most admirable ministers, Dr. Pringle and Mr. Balwhidder, exhort their flock to be loyal and obedient. In his last sermon the minister of Dalmailing tells his people: "I therefore counsel you, my young friends, not to lend your ears to those that trumpet forth their hypothetical politics;

but to believe that the laws of the land are administered with a good intent, till, in your own homes and dwellings, ye feel the presence of the oppressor. Then, and not till then, are ye free to gird your loins for battle; and woe to him, and woe to the land where that is come to, if the sword be sheathed till the wrong be redressed"[72]. The passage bridges the historical gap between the Covenanters and the French Revolution. Although Mr. Balwhidder has himself suffered from religious sectarianism, it is not against such things that he warns his young listeners but against "politics": Radicalism and Jacobinism were the great temptations. (He might, indeed, have felt that one evil followed from another, as in his own parish many of the sectaries were Radical weavers). Reformers and Radicals might have answered that they were feeling the presence of the oppressor at that very moment, but, moderate though he is in his judgements[73], such an argument simply does not occur to Mr. Balwhidder. No reason of mere politics can dispense from obedience to lawful authority, but the citizen has a duty to resist the moment the law of God (as it is interpreted to him) is tampered with. Dr. Pringle is also ready to resist authority should it lay its hand on religion. "...if ever the time should come in my day, of a saint-slaying tyrant attempting to bind the burden of prelatic abominations on our backs, such a blast of the Gospel trumpet would be heard in Garnock as it does not

become me to say; but I leave it to you and others who have experienced my capacity as a soldier of the Word so long, to think what it would then be"[74]. This is meant to have a comic effect and it has, especially as poor Dr. Pringle does not cut a very good figure as a preacher while in London. Unlike as it is to Mr. Balwhidder's discourse in every other particular, what Dr. Pringle writes shows that he, too, is ready to defend the faith. In the same letter he remarks that he "never meddled much in politick affairs"; he would never regard them as important enough to justify violence.

Three times in his life Mr. Balwhidder is mistakenly seen as adopting a political attitude. To his parishioners' initial annoyance, he is appointed to the living at Dalmailing by patronage; while preaching before the Commissioner at Edinburgh his innocent choice of text, together with some passages in his sermon, are misinterpreted by an audience steeped in contemporary controversy as an attack on the Commissioner; when, on his return from Glasgow, he preaches against the vanity of riches, he is considered to be advancing levelling doctrines. In reality Mr. Balwhidder never slants his teaching towards any party. Though his respect for the secular power suggests conservatism, he is charitable in his judgements of the "jacobinical" weavers and this even when they do not accept his orthodox religious arguments[75]. When the bookseller in

Cayenneville leaves hurriedly because of his reforming opinions, the minister is not disposed to think ill of him: "for he had very correct notions of right and justice, in a political sense, and when he came into the parish he was as orderly and well-behaved as any other body, - and conduct is a test that I have always found as good for a man's principles as profession"[76]. The passage has its irony, for the bookseller's real notions of right and justice were not those of Mr. Balwhidder - or were they? Is Galt again trying to suggest that, whether a man is "right" or "left" in politics, ethical notions deriving from the "natural law" work out the same for him if he truly believes his own creeds? Still it is true that, however "orderly and well-behaved" the bookseller might have been, he looked ultimately to the destruction of the society which Mr. Balwhidder accepted. As often with the minister of Dalmailing, the superior smile at his unsophistication is wiped off the reader's face by the downright and charitable final statement: "conduct is a test that I have always found as good for a man's principles as profession." This is something learned from life, not from dogma. The same common sense allows the minister to foresee events in the great world by observing the little world around him. Thus, in 1800, two years before the peace with France, the tranquillity and sobriety of his parishioners lead him to believe that enthusiasm for the French Revolution has passed

its peak, and he gains credit as a prophet by preaching in that vein: "...but there was no merit in't. I had only lived longer than most of those around me, and had been all my days a close observer of the signs of the times; so that what was lightly called prophecy and prediction was but a probability that experience had taught me to discern"[77]. He is often foreseeing in his general political conclusions. In 1802, when the uneasy peace he had expected is actually in force, he has misgivings about its stability, - was France, where things were "of an antic, poetical and play-actor like guise"[78] capable of maintaining trustworthy government and inspiring international respect? When the minister calls himself a close observer of the signs of the times he is not referring to his daily newspaper-reading, nor to close contact with those who controlled affairs, which he never had. His political acumen and his comprehension of the malaise in the world at large is due to his steady observing of his own little world and of the events which take place within it. He mourns the distrust between men and the nepotism rampant among the powerful, but his feeling is inspired by a purely local event, - the attempt of Mr. Cayenne's partners to force him to give up some of his share in the Cayenneville factory to a relative for whom they wish to provide[79]. When the country is threatened by invasion Mr. Balwhidder comes out strongly on the side of the Government, but then,

so does everyone else. The "radical" weavers and spinners vie with the farm-lads in joining the Volunteers, in fact, it is they, "being skilled in the ways of committees and associating together" who call the meeting which passes the resolution leading to the establishment of the corps. The sagacity shown in their choice of officers delights Mr. Balwhidder, who characteristically sees the hand of Providence moving through them: "In short, when I saw the bravery that was in my people, and the spirit of wisdom by which it was directed, I said in my heart, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the adversary shall not prevail'"[80]. So the weavers who have been represented to him as malcontents can become the instruments of the Lord! True, after this exalted outburst Galt slyly slips in a comic account of the presentation of the colours to the newly-formed Volunteer force, but that does not invalidate Mr. Balwhidder's admiration of his people's loyalty. In his eyes all men have the potential for good, be they members of any political party or of none.

The Provost is openly satirical and we are not expected to take Mr. Pawkie's protests of devotion to King and Country seriously. When given a seat on the Council his first judgement on his colleagues applies to himself and to those of all parties: "...the cloven hoof of self interest was now and then to be seen aneath the robe of public principle"[81]. Only secondly does he see the bailies

as two distinct groups, "the one party being strong for the king's government of ministers, and the other being no less vehement on the side of their adversaries"[82]. It is convenient to be able to interpret one's own sometimes dishonest actions as attempts to have the whole council submit to the will and pleasure of the King, "whose deputies and agents I have ever considered all inferior magistrates to be"[83]. It is in this light that the Provost sees his suborning of Bailie M'Lucre and his imprisonment of those councillers who might upset his plan. Protesting that he will say nothing about his principles and opinions he goes on to (correctly) diagnose the motive behind Bailie M'Lucre's conversion from Tory to Whig as one of gain. Pawkie is more intelligent and more subtle than M'Lucre, - as he himself admits, he belongs to a newer generation where this is necessary, - he is a more engaging character, but morally there is little to choose between them, nor, by implication, between the groups they represent. The concern of the politician is neither for the nation, nor for the party, but for himself.

Galt's views on this matter did not change between his completion of The Provost and 1832, the year of Reform. In Blackwood's Magazine for October 1832 (after the Reform Bill had passed) there appeared a fragment "Our Borough. By the Dean of Guild"[84]. The narrator, Mr. Gables, tells of the consternation in the Tory council of "our borough"

as it became clear that the Whigs might oust the Tories and a Reform Bill be passed. The initial reaction is to temporize. Meetings are adjourned or declared invalid because no minutes have been taken and finally the Provost is stricken suddenly with an infectious disease, possibly cholera. During all this, only one member of the council, the aptly named Mr. Stirling, holds fast to his principles during the many discussions; his colleagues admire him for this, but tacitly recognize his uselessness in practical matters. Finally, the Provost recovers sufficiently to have a private meeting with the Dean of Guild whom he sends to London on a secret mission. Mr. Gables is first to see the (Tory) Member and is to attempt to judge from his manner whether the catastrophe the council fears may come to pass. If the Member is hot against Reform, Gables is to say nothing, but inform the Provost who will instruct him. "But if he's what they call a bit-by-bit, ye may be pretty sure it's all over with the Tories, and may thereupon open your mind freely"[85]. If the Member is "desperate and inclined to be a radical" Mr. Gables will be in a difficult position. In that event he is to try to see the Duke and to be completely honest with him, "as a straight answer may confidently be expected from that quarter". Should the worst be confirmed, Gables is to see "The lad Brougham - (they have made him a lord, set him up,) - and let him know that we, seeing the great ad-

vantage of Reform, are in hopes that there may be a way of bringing it about, no overly much to our particular detriment"[86]. After some other interviews he should see Lord Grey himself, "though it should be in the dead hour of the night". The fragment breaks off here. The piece is a romp, in Galt's own style, and the satire by no means as subtle as in The Provost. However, Galt's attitude towards local politics is the same. There are no abstract loyalties, the law is "Every man for himself" and no one party deserves no more fidelity than another.

In January 1832, before the passing of the Reform Bill, Galt published his novel of national politics, "The Member". Professor Ian Gordon, who has edited a recent critical edition[87], gives the book high praise. It is "one of Galt's ablest and most original books", showing him "at his ironic best"[88]. Archibald Jobbry, the Member, (and Nathan Butt, the central figure in Galt's other political novel, The Radical, are "every bit as well done as the Rev. Micah Balwhidder and Mr. Pawkie". Criticism is necessarily subjective, but it seems to me that The Member is not as good a book as either Annals or The Provost just because Mr. Jobbry, the Member, is not so riveting a figure as either the Rev. Micah Balwhidder or James Pawkie. Pawkie is one of Galt's masterpieces, a great comic figure and, like most great comic characters, he is static. His expertise grows in the course of the novel,

but from the beginning he is a natural manipulator. His genius is practical, not reflective; even his conclusion that men and circumstances are getting better is not the result of abstract thought, but springs from his own native optimism strengthened by worldly success. Mr. Balwhidder's initial qualities remain with him to the end also. He begins with a strong religious faith, dedication to his calling, concern for his people, common sense and a devastating shrewdness which sometimes causes him to be uncharitable, but saves him from mawkishness. These gifts are used throughout his life and, in maturity, wisdom and tolerance are superimposed on the orthodoxy which, in another man, might have become rigid and authoritarian. The old minister, while never wavering in his adherence to the views presented to him as a theology student, is yet able to perform the marriage between the Anglican Miss Desmond and Mr. Cayenne's son, in spite of the objections of some of his people[89]; his faith and good will sustains Mr. Cayenne in his last hours, although he still considers the dying man a free thinker[90]; though deeply wounded by the "schism" in his parish and human enough to lose his temper about it, he yet inspires the sectaries with respect and comes to respect them as individuals. His charitable judgements of the weavers and the political Cayenneville bookseller have already been mentioned. In general he shares the prejudices of his people, but yet can see some-

thing positive in an oddity like Colin Mavis. Both he and James Pawkie have the potential for greatness and, in their very different ways, they both fulfil it. In contrast the Member, Archibal Jobbry, when first introduced to us, is an "ordinary" man, although a successful one. A Nabob, - but very unlike Mr. Rupees! - he buys an estate in Scotland on his return from India and is immediately pestered by a horde of relatives all seeking his patronage. First he tries to satisfy them by taking an interest in local concerns and slipping one in now and then as a clerk, but he soon realizes that, to help them all, he needs a wider sphere of activity. While in India he has gained a knowledge of politics, (from reading the newspapers!), and of the problems of legislation in England in particular; what better, then, than to look for a seat in Parliament? Jobbry comes late to politics and has no sense of vocation. Though the reason he gives for his decision is practical, he is not without a slight touch of altruism; he has taken an interest in local concerns, not only to help his relatives, but because a man who has retired from business should try "to serve his country and make himself a name in the community"[91] - the two aims placed on the same level! Though he does not say so, another reason for his decision may be boredom. He uses all the business experience learned in India to make a good bargain for a seat in Frailtown, manages life in the Commons and a later election with

adroitness and less than respect for scruples and seems to be embarked on a comfortably unspectacular political career. While not overencumbered by principles, he is certainly not a bad man, but no different, - Galt implies, - from most politicians in putting himself and his own interests first.

At this point he meets Mr. Selby, a victim of Government injustice, like Galt himself. Jobbry is a kind man and, perhaps for the first time, is brought face to face with undeserved suffering. It moves him to uncharacteristic reflection and analysis: "I began to turn my mind more on the frame and nature of our Government....I saw that there was some jarring and jangling in the working of the State that was not just agreeable"[92]. His musing lead him to the conclusion that there <u>is</u> a natural ruling class, but that talent is not confined to it alone. The rulers must sometimes borrow from "inferior" social groups, though this is a sign of insecurity, changes and revolutions. All too frequently the governing class sucks the brains of the talented "inferiors", as a man sucks an orange and casts aside the rind. The evil consequences of this, trouble Mr. Jobbry, though he does not go so far as to suggest what ought to be done to avoid them. Continuing the metaphor, he sees the discarded inferiors growing "acrid and sour, and like rotten oranges in a box, they infect their neighbours; and thus it often is, that those to whom governments

are most obliged, become their most dangerous and evil subjects, inasmuch as from them proceed those acrimonious opinions that, sooner or later, corrode the established well being of the state"[93]. Jobbry rejects the "democratic" solution, namely, "giving the unenlightened many an increase of dominion over the enlightened few", a rejection which seems reactionary today, but was then the view of such pattern Whigs as Jeffrey. Was the Tory member for Frailtown, who started off as "ultra" as Andrew Pringle, inclining to the Whig view? We are never to find out, for Mr. Jobbry's thoughts are interrupted by news of the sudden dissolution of Parliament. His dawning recognition of that institution's possible imperfections forgotten for the moment, the Member prepares to do battle for his seat, - as a Tory, of course!

In 1832, when Radicalism had become a force in politics, it might be argued that Galt was bound to deal with the case of the disgruntled intellectuals who might turn out to be a danger to the state, and this is true. But perhaps because he himself had now known the insolence of office, he lets the Selby affair begin in Jobbry's mind a permanent process of critical examination which is completely different from his good-humoured acceptance of the <u>status quo</u> at the beginning of the novel. The impersonal harshness with which Selby has been handled shocks a man who is self-seeking, but neither evil nor unsympathetic.

The Member is able to help Selby's family, - whom he meets in a contrived and artificial way, - but that does not absolve him from pondering on the functions of government. He now does not simply vote because his party tells him to, but considers the issues with which he is faced, often coming up with unusual reasons for supporting his own side. Thus, he votes for Catholic Emancipation, but with misgivings. The same could have been said of very many Tories, but they voted as loyal party men while Mr. Jobbry did not. He argued that, since the Church endowments had once belonged to the Catholics, their priests, both in Great Britain and Ireland, had a right to share in "the loaves and fishes", a singularly rational and unemotional approach, far from the passions the issue often aroused on both sides of the Irish Sea. After the Bill had become law, the Catholics were made "no better than Dissenters" since no attempt was made to equalize the possession of Church property, and the sacrifice of the 1688 Constitution, (as it seemed to Mr. Jobbry), had been made in vain. Thus it would appear that, when the Member voted for Catholic Emancipation he believed he was voting for a situation in which the Catholics would be better treated than the religious group to which he himself belonged; in spite of this he followed his conscience and sense of fair play. The astute business man who argued about the price of the Frailtown seat with Mr. Probe would have voted for Emanci-

pation without a qualm because it was party policy. Although Mr. Jobbry is more "sound" on the Corn Laws and the money question, a sense of puzzlement is now felt in everything he writes - what he calls a change and enlargement of his mind is in progress. Then follows the death of George IV, " that gorgeous dowager", "the last of the regal kings, that old renowned race, who ruled with a will of their own, and were renowned with worshippers"[94]. Far though the Member may have come, he has not yet reached the point where he considers withdrawing from public life, so he contests and wins Frailtown once more, helped very greatly by the good relations between himself and Lord Dilldam, the "owner" of the borough. Where he might once have been glad of the ease with which the election went, the apparent apathy of the people now troubles him. He thinks of it as the possible lull before the storm, and, in spite of Lord Dilldam's complacency, wonders whether he will be returned again. For the first time he considers resigning his seat. Galt introduces this new idea extremely skilfully. It is overtly a consequence of the hard-headed realism characteristic of the "old" Mr. Jobbry, but unconsciously Jobbry's suspicion is the result of his new awareness and an indication of his wish to have done with a calling which is raising uncomfortable thoughts in his mind. For the first time he describes himself as a moderate Tory: "that is to say, one who, when he saw

repair or amendment necessary, would not object to the same, especially when the alteration was recommended by Government"[95]. Though Galt cannot resist that last ironic phrase, his Member has now added a positive and intelligent flexibility to his native prudence. Jobbry does nothing about the disposal of his seat because, he admits, he has become attached to the House and derives a "rational amusement" from hearing great men talk of great affairs; he also admits to a kind of longing to see what will become of the country.

The first part of The Member was straightforward political satire, amusing, but not, I think, on the same level as The Provost. But Galt leaves this behind from the Selby incident onwards and concentrates on his central figure's slow development which culminates temporarily in complete change when, for a short time, he finds himself on the wrong side of the law. Galt employs his usual irony in leading in to this incident. Jobbry is invited by a fellow M.P. to spend a long weekend in the country where there is disaffection, but as yet no violence. After dinner the two gentlemen embark on an urbane and, for the period, reasonable discussion of the situation. Mr. Jobbry points out the rise of a dangerous opinion, "namely, that both landlords and an established priesthood are not necessary," an opinion which his host dismisses as "very tremendous", since it strikes at the root of property, but

which the Scottish member first describes as not "very sound" and then, perhaps thinking he is not going far enough for his company, quickly calls "a disease, a moral cholera, if you please"[96]. The implicit reservation in the last three words passes Mr. Jobbry's listener by, as it is probably meant to do, and the two men are in agreement in their talk of political abstractions when reality shatters their civilized liberalism; the hostess, Mrs. Blount, comes flying in with news that a farmer's rick-yard is in flames. How little Jobbry realizes what can really happen in a riot and how secure he feels as a gentleman and a Member of Parliament is shown by his resolve to walk to the farm alone and see what is going on. He is arrested as a rioter by a fat justice of the peace who nearly strangles him and will not listen to his protestations of innocence. The Archibald Jobbry who, a short time ago, has been analysing the causes of rural discontent with rational sobriety, is tempted to cleave the skull of the fat magistrate with one of the council-room brass candlesticks. His identity is soon established, but, in accordance with his new reflectiveness he draws a general moral from the incident: "I have often thought that the mistake with regard to me was a sample of real doings elsewhere; for I could observe, that more than one of the magistrates had but little command of his senses, and, that even if I had been a guilty one, caught, as was thought, in the fact, there would have been no injustice

in handling me with a little more consideration"[97]. At this point one wonders whether Galt, whatever he had in mind when he started the story, is being led towards a psychological study of a politician, who, while he does not become a parliamentary saint overnight, at least wins through to a new sense of responsibility and a new capacity to understand the opinions of others, a "conversion", not so dramatic, but more clearly motivated than that of Claude Walkinshaw. At this point in the story the change in him seems absolute and radical. To continue in this manner would have required a much more extended study and, though he had in part recovered from his illness in 1831, Galt was perhaps physically unable to sustain the labour of writing a long book which would have to depend as much on reflection as on incident. Also, to continue a study of an unconventional Member of Parliament he would have required a closer knowledge of the workings of Government than he probably possessed, in spite of his parliamentary acquaintances and his experience in piloting bills through the House; in Mr. Jobbry's parliamentary experiences there is very little told of the behind-the-scenes working of government, as Galt did not set out to write that sort of book. There is at least a possibility that the central figure grew in spite of its creator. Had Galt continued his concentration on Jobbry's change in character and its consequences The Member would have marked a new phase in his work.

For whatever reason, the chapters following the arrest make it clear that Mr. Jobbry is no political knight-errant conscious of the wrongs of the under-privileged and ready to use his powers to right them. Galt reverts to satire. But first Mr. Jobbry is disturbed by the arguments of the schoolmaster, Mr. Diphthong, that great properties have had their day. They were but the relics of the feudal system when the land bore all public burdens. Both he and Mr. Blount are impressed in spite of themselves: "We agreed, that though Mr. Diphthong was probably very wrong, something was going on in the world that gave a colouring to his inferences, and we concluded that a time was fast coming in which prudent and elderly men ought to quit the public arena, and leave it clear to the younger and the bolder. It was this conversation which, in a great measure, led me to think of retiring from Parliament"[98].

A negative conclusion then, rising from the positive virtue of open-mindedness. Jobbry returns to London to hear rumours of Reform and of the ousting of his own party. Liberal though his views may be, his feelings get the better of his reason, and he sees the coming change as nothing less than a revolution, reminiscent of events in France forty years before. His indignation drives him to an emotional description of the change in which he uses more Scottish words than his careful narrative usually contains: "I had indeed a sore heart when I saw the Whigs and Whiglings

coming louping like like the puddochs of Egypt, over among the right-hand benches of the House of Commons, greedy as corbies and chattering like pyets"[99]. This is not the language of moderation. Even the last coup of making a good bargain for his seat is denied the old man; Frailtown is one of the boroughs due for abolition and nobody wants it. Frustrated and saddened, Archibald Jobbry returns to Scotland, where, far from the Selbys and Diphthongs, he reverts to Toryism of the truest blue, dedicating the narrative of his Parliamentary career to his friend, Mr. William Holmes, the Tory Chief Whip. Should the flames of revolution render Mr. Holmes's retreat in Fulham unsafe, Mr. Jobbry offers him a refuge in Scotland[100].

The Member is a good book which might have been a great one had Galt continued and deepened the psychological study of its central character. Jobbry was sufficiently "moderate", but politically his creator was even more liberal than he. For example, the Member takes the side of the country gentlemen as regards the Corn Laws, but Galt, assuming the persona of "Bandana", a Glasgow merchant, in two "Letters" which appeared in Blackwood's in 1882[101], roundly attacks them. They are merely public servants; both "the priestly stipend and the lordly rental" are salaries and he would have them regulated by the price of grain[102]. Things were different in feudal times when the nobility led their tenants and dependents

to war. Now they are "DRONES - their occupation is, in a great measure, gone, and the race of great farmers, generated by the commercial system, has become the custodians of the soil, the rent they pay to the landlords being of the nature of superannuation pensions"[103]. This echoes Mr. Diphthong whose views Jobbry cannot share: "the great properties have had their day: they are the relics of the feudal system, when the land bore all public burdens. That system is in principle overthrown, and is hastening to be so in fact"[104]. In another Blackwood's article Thoughts on the Times[105], this time signed "Agricola", Galt agrees with Mr. Diphthong's thesis that the money raised to mend the parish roads and carry out other public works should not be included in the poor rates. It is, after all, salary for necessary work. This also goes further than Jobbry. In the same article "Agricola" gives a scathing definition of Parliament - "the slumbers of the country gentlemen between the motion and the vote"[106].

Galt attributes a man's political views to character and temperament. While it is always difficult to generalize about his own party affiliation I think it fair to say that he was not very interested in abstract political doctrine which he calls "Exoteric". In his case his respect for continuity and for evolution rather than revolution fitted in with his picture of the ideal career. Commerce progresses only in a stable society. In a written

criticism of his brother's Travels, Tom Galt referred to some views John expressed on the future of politics and the elder brother thought enough of his remarks to print the passage which had given rise to them in his Autobiography. Writing during the Napoleonic Wars, Galt had argued that "mankind" is now the ally of the British nation, because the superiority of a commercial over a military system is beginning to be recognized. "The aim of a commercial system is to maintain the existing state of things, because security is essential to the prosperity of commerce"[107]. He forestalls the argument that respect for security implies maintenance of the status quo by force; all it really means is that a sudden alteration should not come about. This is orthodox Tory thinking, in contrast with so much else in Galt's individualistic political attitude. The sober respect for tradition, law and order inherent in his background and upbringing naturally inclined him to such views. Disinclination to deal with social or political theory is noticeable also in his reaction to Godwin's Political Justice which he read as a very young man. He compares the shock felt to the astonishment of a pious Catholic at the affrontery of Luther's commentary on the Galatians[108]. Godwin was so "diabolic" and "obnoxious" because the arguments seemed "wonderfully true" and he was unable to refute them. "Yet though I could not refute the arguments of Mr. Godwin, I

yet was sure that they were wrong, and that there was some instinctive principle of morality which was earlier experienced than reason"[109]. This disarmingly honest appeal to instinct over reason was set down by Galt many years after his first meeting with Godwin's thought; the intervening years, filled as they were with practical concerns, had not furnished any new intellectual arguments. In 1833 Galt can rejoice that the ideas of Political Justice "are consigned, with other radical trash, to the midden hole of philosophy" and that "no sensible man now imagines that the world may be better regulated by the deductions of human reason than by the instincts conferred by heaven"[110], but he himself can adduce no reasonable argument to prove they are trash. The only anti-Godwinian thoughts he can set down are "affective", embodied in a bad poem "The Education of Medea" written on his Mediterranean travels, over twenty years before the Autobiography.

From the strictures on Godwin one might suspect that Galt was narrow-minded about "seditious" literature. But as usual no judgement on his political views can be made without qualification. Godwin and other "dangerous" books had been removed from the Greenock library and it was Galt who, together with some others, was instrumental in having them restored[111]. To the objection made by a colonel of the volunteer force that the work is so plausibly presented as to seduce even such an old and (presu-

mably) wise man as himself, Galt replies "Then surely there must be some truth in them to have such an influence". An added piquancy is given to the situation when we learn that Galt was talking to his own Colonel and that he was the youngest member of the Volunteers! Later, at the outbreak of the second Napoleonic war, this Greenock Voltaire set about raising a corps of two companies of sharp-shooters. Looked at more closely, of course, there is no real inconsistency in defending the liberty of the individual, infringed by censorship, and defendinf one's country.

To judge from the Scottish fiction of his best period Galt did not fear the Radicals. Mr. Balwhidder's sensible and charitable judgements have already been referred to, although he does notice the external difference between the urban workers whom he saw on his visit to Glasgow, with their long, unhealthily pale faces and the country weavers of Cayenneville. In The Gathering of the West,[112] a humorous[113] account of George IV's visit to Edinburgh in 1822, the Paisley weavers are introduced merely as comic figures. By 1822 Galt cannot have been under the impression that Radicals were no more than idealistic Utopians and sectaries or comic artisans, ready to veer with every wind like Shakespeare's mobs. Yet, with two exceptions, this is how they are portrayed in The Gathering, the 1812 strike and "war" of 1820 notwithstanding. Galt's

lighthearted story of the King's visit, which by all accounts was ridiculous enough, was meant to entertain, not instruct, and a serious consideration of a social question would have been out of place. So the weavers blithely sacrifice their principles for the nonce, hoping for increased trade from the Royal Visit and looking forward to the show. Unfortunately the King is not to visit Paisley, - how could he, in view of "the Radical exploit"[114]? If this is really so, argues the moderate and (perhaps over-) wise Peter Gauze, it is up to them to show their respect and loyalty, for the King is a man like other men and can be won over by kindness. The parish pump politics evident even in Gauze's approach makes the whole group ridiculous; Blackwood's middle-class readers could afford to smile at their quaintness, while approving the decision to go to Edinburgh and demonstrate loyalty, a proposal with which only one intransigent weaver, who disapproves of "the foolerie o' man worship", finds fault. On the King's arrival in Leith the deputation hires a boat, (in spite of a downpour), and drinks the royal health in whisky. Gauze is rewarded for his good behaviour when Galt allows him to become engaged to Nanny Eydent, the Irvine mantua maker of The Ayrshire Legatees who also knows her place and would agree with her future husband's earlier comment: "In good sooth, the part of common folk, like you and me, lies in a small sphere, and the best thing we can do is to act it as weel as we

can".[115] Well may Gauze be called a ci-devant Radical at the end of the story!

If all radical hearts were equally in the right place the men of property great and small could sleep easy. But when Galt was not writing to make everyone happy his thoughts on the egalitarian movement were different. In the same year as the publication of The Gathering of the West, (1822) two articles called Hints to Country Gentlemen appeared. The imaginary letters are directed against the landed gentry, not the Radicals, but, in the beginning of the first letter, Galt sees both Radicals and country gentlemen as examples of wrong-headedness, - a juxtaposition which delights 'C.G.' who comments on it in a note. "Bandana" attacks the assumption that there are "certain inherent rights in the lower classes of the people by which they are authorized to set aside the order of things which has grown up among us.... The rights of man, which it has been the misfortune of the world to hear so much about during the last thirty years, are only practically applicable to man in a state of nature; they are useful as integers for the scientific calculations of philosophy[116]. As well as implying Galt's usual lack of respect for the impractical and theoretical the passage takes for granted the belief of the age that man has obligations to society which take precedence over purely individual claims. Respect for society as then constituted is one of the features of the articles; they do not envisage

even the gradual change which had been listed as one of the benefits of commerce in the passage from Travels already quoted. In what he does say now about Radicalism the problem is taken so seriously that the writer's customary tolerant moderation is mostly in abeyance. Seven years later, Galt's views on the unholy alliance between aristocrats and Radicals have not changed. In 1829 he observes: "the castellated Tories talk like the alehouse radicals, and assimilate their opinions with some of the vulgar"[117].

In 1832 came the two political novels. The Radical[118] has no Scottish interest, and is, therefore, not strictly within the scope of this thesis, but it is interesting as a statement of Galt's views on the extremism of his day. Nathan Butt, the Radical, is a contrast to Mr. Jobbry, the Member, not only in terms of political allegiance but in the effects on both of the pursuit of political aims. His experiences while an M.P. make Jobbry more flexible, while the serious pursuit of politics as contrasted with mere "philosophic" interest in them as a side-line, corrupts the not unaimiable Nathan Butt. The beginning of the story shows Butt as a ridiculous figure. His first contact with social injustice is a punishment administered by his grandmother for taking just revenge, (as he sees it), on a cat who has scratched him; to uphold his rights he bites her finger. His exploits at school are equally ludicrous and he only becomes more normal when his father,

"a rough husk", stiff-necked, humourless and arrogant like his son, washes his hands of Nathan and sends him to his uncle, the merchant, Mr. Thrive. Mr. Thrive is one of Galt's tolerant, good-humoured elderly men, and Nathan is surprised that, though a staunch Government man, his uncle looks lightly on his peculiarities. On Mr. Thrive's advice he even makes a conventional marriage, in spite of his objections to institutions of church and state; the ease with which he conquers his scruples is a disquieting hint of the weakness of will which is more of a danger than his high-sounding principles. As a young man the company he keeps is "sedate" and "methodical", "thoughtful, inquisitive, and in our way of life, sober and reasonable"[119], - very like the respectable Cayenneville weavers favoured by Mr. Balwhidder and active at about the same period. During the war, however, Nathan's behaviour differs from theirs. He is horrified by Pitt and his "sordid adherents" and delighted when disaster overtakes them. Of course he does <u>not</u> join the Volunteers, but neither does he enrol in a seditious group, for at this time he is against the use of force, for he believed that physical coercion never could accomplish moral purposes. Initially an enthusiast for Napoleon, Nathan is disappointed by the Austrian marriage, which he sees as a re-building of out-moded institutions but when the Emperor resumes his military career the young Radical admires him once more, until his hopes

are blighted by Waterloo when "the cause of philanthropy was, in consequence, suspended"[120]. He consoles himself for the triumph of reaction rather like a secular Micah Balwhidder: "It is to make the world aensible of the blessings shed by the French Revolution, that the restoration of malevolent things is permitted"[121].

When Mr. Thrive dies Nathan is surprised by the depth of his sorrow: "I was more affected by the tidings than a strict philosophy could justify"[122]. He sees that now he must give up either trade or "philosophy", and decides to give up trade, retiring however, with a "competency", a satirical and perhaps envious hint by Galt that one can afford high-mindedness as long as one need not worry about material things. So far, however arrogant, blinkered and devoid of self-judgement, Nathan has been faithful to his beliefs; it takes contact with party politics to corrupt him. His mother later describes him as more kind-hearted and less intelligent than he would have others believe; she might have added more easily influenced by stronger personalities. At this stage he deprecates an alliance between Radicals and Reformers; the Reformers might join with the Whigs, the Radicals never. Nathan's neighbour the Reformer, Mr. Cobble, points out that Radicalism can never end or limit itself; it will demand further reforms after initial reforms, a process rather like the modern concept of permanent revolution. The Reformers on the

other hand, sought no more than "a moderate amendment of things that have fallen into abuse"[123]. Soon after this difference has been established Nathan is persuaded that the Reformers must, nevertheless, be infiltrated. Each of the opposition parties are trying to make tools of the other he is told. The Whigs use the Reformers and the Reformers use the Radicals; why, then, should the Radicals not use others in their turn? Accepting this dubious moral argument Nathan sees no hypocrisy in journeying North with some others to publicize Reform, or in staying in the house of a Whig, Mr. Grandison. Galt is in his full satirical vein in reporting the speeches made at the ostensible Reform meeting. Nathan, once the apostle of democracy and probably still considering himself so, warns his hearers that, as the wise are few and the stupid many, all questions, whether public or private, should be settled by the few; this should be the first effort in the sacred name of Reform[124]. Butt had once opposed the use of force; now he argues that, since the world is ruled by force, the just and the right must use physical means to attain their ends[125]. As if to prove that justice and right are not a monopoly of one party, the Government forces arrive at this point, break up the meeting and read the Riot Act. Before another meeting can be held Nathan hears that his mother is dying. He loved this ineffectual but kind woman and genuinely wishes to see her, but waits

until the last moment before deciding to go. Politics degrade even the most natural and human instinct. Nathan records without protest that one of his associates, Mr. Blazon, makes an affecting speech on his troubles, arousing popular sympathy and making his nomination for the neighbouring borough of Mothy almost a certainty. As in the case of Mr. Thrive, seeing his dying mother throws him into "rather an unphilosophical state of agitation"[126] and he weeps at her death, even deferring his acceptance of the Mothy nomination for some time. He is still naive enough to be distressed when his supporters open a subscription on hearing that an opposition candidate is to stand, as he had thought that only the Tories used bribery, but another new friend, Mr. Asper, assures him that they can trust to virtue alone only when Reform has been won. "...purity of election is a blessing of future days. In the meantime, our wisdom is to use the world as we find it"[127]. So well do they use the world,as they find it that a petition is brought against Nathan's election on the grounds of bribery and perjury. He is shocked, not by what his friends have done, but by the "hair-on-end-look" Parliament assumes at the hearing of such transactions. A vote is, after all, a man's property, and he may sell what is his. As for perjury, "if it be abstractly true that every man should have a vote, it is clear as the sun at noonday, that society is to blame for any ill that

might be in the perjury by which he asserts his natural rights"[128]. He ends up disappointed with the Reform Bill, but still looking optimistically to the future.

The Radical may show the silliness of political extremism but it is just as hard on the other parties. For Nathan, Toryism was simply the enemy; he takes its wickedness for granted and feels under no obligation to prove it. Mr. Thrive, the most pleasant character in the book, is a Government man, but so is Nathan's father who, in his obstinacy and arrogance is very like his son and is responsible for the latter's initial dislike of authority.
The soldiers who break up the meeting are not good propaganda for Galt's own party. Nathan sees the Whigs as unscrupulous and Mr. Grandison, the party member he has most to do with, confirms this belief - for us, if not for Nathan. When Nathan makes his extraordinary defence of perjury, Grandison replies: "We must submit to the law while it still exists. It therefore signifies very little to you or me whether the thing be right or wrong in principle....who is in the right? is not the question; but who can be proved to have violated the law." Butt's reply, "For my part, the right is what I will always stand by"[129] is a piece of self-deception worthy of the Provost, but coming at this point it shows that Reforming Whig and Radical are morally two of a kind. Radicalism, in fact, is treated more kindly than one would expect even from an

unconventional Tory. As a theoretical and abstract study Galt does not take it seriously, nor does he regard it as dangerous in this form. As long as Nathan Butt confines himself to this aspect he is troublesome only to himself and his immediate circle; he is portrayed as neither wicked, scheming - nor intelligent. The intelligent man will renounce Radicalism, as does Lawrie Todd, the dwarf hero of Galt's novel of the same name[130].

Lawrie, an Andrew Wylie in the American wilderness, is attracted to the movement by ambition: "I had queer thoughts as to how my small stature would look in sensational garments"[131]. Even then, in his sober moments he has misgivings, for he "could not believe it had been ordained that a wee coomy thing of a nailer like me was to shine amidst the stars of the nations"[132]. But why not? Napoleon was a small man - but also not a real revolutionary. Lawrie's egotism has its sensible limits which disqualify him for the "great man" role. The phrase "it was ordained" is an echo of the language of Mr. Balwhidder, and reflects the religious outlook ingrained in early childhood which may have been dormant in Lawrie's "Friend of the People" period but was to remain strong in him throughout his life. Galt can be ironical about Lawrie's piety, which may be combined with self-interest, as in the building of the church in the wilderness; the nails, glass and other hardware required came from the store of Hoskins

and Todd[133]. But, irony apart, Lawrie Todd's early training influenced him even in his revolutionary days: he never advocated the partition of property nor the overthrow of Kings. His arraignment for high treason was surely only a consequence of contemporary hysteria. Lawrie is saved from its worst effects in the most humiliating way. As one of the Bailies points out, it is simply impossible to believe that such poor creatures as he and his colleagues should plan the death of the King - which, indeed, they had never done. "That they might hae dreamt of reforming the Government i'll no contest - for that's an itch and malady common among the lower orders, and especially among those of the sederunt crafts". Philosophy "mounts from the empty stomach to the brain, and affects as with a vapour"[134]. On this humbling plea they are released on bail and dismissed with contempt: they accept everything in silence. Lawrie's father arranges for him and his brother to go to America, and the real story begins. The hero is even able to turn his experiences of that time to good use later, for example, when he calls a council to arrange the affairs of the school set up by the colonists[135] and in his determination to take a part in the municipal proceedings of Bablemandel. Lawrie has left his early days behind him as he hopes his readers may discern, and does genuinely try to be a friend to the people of his community, but he never loses sight

of the fact that the first person to be befriended is himself. The facility with which the Edinburgh magistrates dismiss the revolutionary threat is a solution to a difficult problem which would have pleased Galt's public. Radical opinions, he implies to his readers, are either the result of an intelligent poor man's desire to improve his lot in a society dominated by the aristocracy (Lawrie Todd), or of a stupid and vain man's wish to assert himself and be different (Nathan Butt), In both these men there is a latent generosity which responds to the humanitarian ideal of universal brotherhood. In Nathan's case this is corrupted, in Lawrie's it flowers - mixed with a good dash of self-interest. But one is ineffectual and one gives up his Radicalism, both too easy solutions. In his fiction Galt did not try to deal seriously with the growth of a movement which was to have enormous influence on the life of his country. Early nineteenth-century Radicalism or even Whiggism putting out feelers to the Radicals was a more complex and more broadly based movement than one would suspect from reading Galt's novels.

Galt has always been appreciated as a social historian, especially in Annals, that "most intimate and human picture of Scotland during the period of change in the reign of George III"[136]. Just because it is so intimate and human the viewpoint is sometimes startling. For example, Mr. Balwhidder, a sensitive and perceptive man, opens his

account of the year 1789 with the words: "This I have always reflected on as one of our blessed years. It was not remarkable for any extraordianry occurrence; but there was a hopefulness in the minds of men, and a planning of new undertakings, of which, whatever may be the upshot, the devising is ever rich in the cheerful anticipation of good"[137]. In this year of the fall of the Bastille the "new undertakings" in Dalmailing are the planning of a new road, the opening of a public house in Cayenneville of which the minister disapproves, though, with the tolerance taught by age and experience he realizes that it is a need for the carriers who visited the factory twice a week and needed refreshment. In addition a stage coach from Ayr now passed through the town thrice a week and enabled Mrs. Balwhidder to send a basket of her fresh butter into Glasgow, where she got a good price and therefore always had ready money. Away from the material sphere 1789 was the year of Willie Malcolm's preaching in Dalmailing - in rather too Englified language, the minister thought, as "the plain auld Kirk of Scotland, with her sober Presbyterian simplicity, should (not) borrow, either in word or in deed, from the language of the prelatic hierarchy of England"[138]. And that is all. In the preceding chapter there <u>had</u> been a reference to "the affairs of the French, which were then gathering towards a head"[139] but, in spite of the reading of newspapers now carried on in

both Cayenneville and Dalmailing, nothing of great events remained in the minister's memory, nothing as important as the building of the Cayenneville factory also in the previous year. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars touch the village more than did the earlier American war, for some of the young men go to fight, and when a recruiting party is sent to Dalmailing with little success one of the elders feels "the battle draws near our gates"[140]. In 1800, two years before the first peace with Napoleon, "the sough of distant war came heavily from a distance"[141], but village life is so tranquil and prosperous that it leads the minister to preach his "prophetic" sermon on a coming peace. When hostilities are resumed in 1803 a volunteer force is formed, but the only excitement the war provides is a false report that a French ship has landed in a Highland loch[142]. The war was really as far from a Scottish village as it was from Jane Austen's upper-middle class country dwellers. The ideas generated by the French Revolution cause more trouble to the old minister than the fighting, and it is these he warns the young people against in his last sermon, saying nothing of the actual combat.

Almost every chapter of Annals could be quoted as an example of the development and change in Scottish life over fifty years, in fact Keith Costain regards it as the only "theoretical history" that John Galt ever wrote[143] i.e. the only tale of the ordered progress of a community, re-

taining, in the case of Annals, some autobiographical elements, but having as main theme the development of a social group. Mr. Castain disqualifies The Provost asaa "theoretical history" on the grounds that it is "less about the development of the burgh of Gudetown than about the rise to wealth and prominence of James Pawkie"[144]. I feel that this opinion is wrong, partly due to Mr. Castain's underestimation of the importance of the narrator in Annals. Galt's first major work is the story of a community and of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder. The writer's aim is indeed to concentrate on the social rather than the personal, and he apologizes when he thinks he is talking too much about himself[145]. But, as Mr. Castain himself admits,[146] we learn an enormous amount about the minister through his narrative, indeed the impression the book leaves is that this is the story of a man whose spiritual growth keeps pace with the material growth of his environment. So dedicated to his parish does he become that it seems a part of him and he ends as the ideal pastor, rejoicing and sorrowing with his people. During his life many people annoyed him, especially old Lady Macadam and, - Galt lets us gather from subtle hints, - his second wife[147]. But he gives the second Mrs. Balwhidder her due as an able, busy, if insensitive woman[148], and after Lady Macadam's death he says what good he can of her: "Though she never liked me, and I could not say there were many things in

her demeanour that pleased me, yet she was a free-handed woman to the needful, and when she died she was more missed that it was thought she could have been"[149]. The only change in Mr. Pawkie from the beginning to the end of The Provost is an increase in his adroitness in managing people, and a realization that the brazenly open tactics of Bailie M'Lucre are out of place in a more sophisticated age, an opinion expressed in one of Galt's most satirical passages, where a character says one thing and the reader understands another: "...things in yon former times were not guided so thoroughly by the hand of a disinterested integrity as in these latter years.....I must, in verity, confess, that I myself partook in a degree, at my beginning, of the caterpillar nature; and it was not until the light of happier days called forth the wings of my endowment, that I became conscious of being raised into public life for a better purpose than to prey upon the leaves and flourishes of the commonwealth....I would not have it understood that I think the men who held the public trusts in those days a whit less honest than the men of my own time"[150]. But the Provost does bring progress to Gudetown with which he identifies completely, and that progress is detailed in the novel; indeed, it is sometimes used as chapter-headings - The improvement of the Streets (Ch. XV), The Repair of the Kirk (Ch. XVI), Of the Public Lamps (Ch. XXVI) etc. Pawkie himself therefore, considers these events important

enough to give them a fitting place in his narrative. Most writers on Galt seem to recognize both his two best books as "theoretical histories", both give a great deal of information about village and small town life in their period.

One of the themes in these two books is the progress of an ordered and self-contained society. The rise of societies was a favourite subject of the philosophers in Galt's youth and the period preceding it - the age of the Scottish Enlightenment. Anand Chitnis names five Literati as dominating the social philosophy of their age - David Hume, Adam Smith, William Robertson, Adam Ferguson and John Millar[151]. Put very briefly, these writers rejected Hobbes' idea that society arose out of a contract made by primordial man as a means of defence against the selfish and acquisitive passions of other men. The Scottish writers were more optimistic. For them man began in peace. He was not a perfect being, but society enabled him to socialize his feelings of individualistic agression. "Man, born in a family, is compelled to maintain society from necessity, from natural inclination and from habit" wrote David Hume[152]; it is by society alone that he can compensate his weaknesses. Using empirical methods, the Scots considered society in their own day as "the state of civilization". This state had evolved, and they generalized (or systematized) concerning the stages which had led to its evolution. Its development came in four stages, the

primitive, when man hunted for his 'subsistence': the pastoral, the agrarian and the commercial.

The writers of the Scottish Enlightenment realized the self-interest inherent in man, and asked themselves how this powerful urge could be used to benefit society, Most writers of the Scottish school, with the notable exception of David Hume, believed in a benevolent Deity. Under his guiding hand the human urge for self-advancement can become "enlightened" if what benefits the individual also benefits the community. The urge to improve one's own position is a natural impulse and therefore irrational. It can bring progress about only because the will of Providence may use irrational impulses as means of achieving its own supremely rational and benevolent ends. Man who acts only to help himself may promote an end which was no part of his intention.

From what has been said it is clear that Annals is an apt illustration of the Enlightenment theories. Galt makes the optimistic conclusion doubly sure by choosing a Christian minister as narrator. Such a man must recognize the will of God in all that happens, no matter how tortuously he reasons in order to justify his belief. An Irish priest writing a few decades before Mr. Balwhidder or a Scottish 17th. century Covenanting minister would have had to see, in the sad annals of their parishes, a proof that the Lord chastens whom He loves, that the re-

ward of the saints will be great in Heaven and that out of evil good will come. The thinkers of the Enlightenment who used empirical scientific methods to arrive at their conclusions could not have formulated their thought in the seventeenth century. Happily for the minister of Dalmailing who had an inquiring mind and a strain of melancholy, he was able to point to material progress as a sign of the grace of God, especially when temporal advantage, such as the spread of education, led to spiritual gain. "....the progress of book-learning and education has been wonderful since, (the beginning of the writer's ministry) and with it has come a spirit of greater liberality than the world knew before: bringing men of adverse principles and doctrines into a more humane communication with each other"[153]. Now and then Mr. Balwhidder does have his doubts about material progress such as the mere acquisition of temporal goods, which he preaches against and is considered a leveller for his pains, but moods like this are infrequent, and at the end of his life he is able to say that he has had a large and liberal experience of goodness. Perhaps one of the reasons why Galt abandoned an earlier idea of having a schoolmaster for narrator was that the tale would probably have been told in a more contentious manner: Mr. Diphthong's chronicle would have been different to Mr. Balwhidder's. But the minister is certainly not unperceptive of apparent futility, as is shown in the

later beautifully written essay in biography "The Mem" in which Galt once more assumes the persona of the Dalmailing pastor[154].

Galt's satire is never ill-humoured, but in The Provost it is sharper than in Annals. Is Mr. Pawkie a wonderful example of Providence guiding crass self-interest to become an instrument of public good? Is the Lord working in collusion with a child of darkness, - or at least of twilight, - and endowing him as a bonus with that gift indispensible to the successful politician, self-delusion? Could the novel be seen almost as a "send-up" of the opening sentence of Adam Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments"; "How selfish soever a man may be supposed, there are evidently some principles in his nature, which interest him in the future of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it"[155]. James Pawkie would have considered this a fitting epitaph for his tombstone.

If The Provost is not to be taken over-seriously, Galt made his respect for the views of the Scottish philosophers abundantly clear in the non-fictive "Bandana" articles. All men are equal only before the law, but "in every other respect by the blessing of God and the progress of that amelioration which forms so visible and so beautiful a part of his PROVIDENCE, THE RIGHTS OF SOCIETY have superseded the RIGHTS OF MAN, and it is no longer a

question of what we are entitled to, but what is the best mode for continuing the progressive state, which necessarily evolves itself by a careful consideration of the rights of society from the shocks and injuries to which they are exposed by those who venture to set human law at defiance and to act on the instigations of nature"[156]. An overweening man who set the law of nature aside while taking advantage of the letter of the civil law was Claud Walkinshaw, whose disinheritance of his guiltless eldest son horrified the lawyer, Mr. Keelevin. Keelevin's remonstrance that "it stands not with nature" to deprive Charles of his rightful portion is countered by Claud: "....we're no in a state o' nature but a state o' law, and it would be an unco thing if we didna make the best o't"[157], a cynical perversion of the end for which law was instituted, namely the administration of impartial justice. Charles is a far worthier member of society than poor Watty, to whom the estate is arbitrarily to come, and Claud's action will perpetuate the injustice on future generations. By an incredible sequence of events Galt allows the wrong to be righted, but there is little in this grim tale of avarice and egotism which harmonizes with the ordered philosophy of the Enlightenment. The story is rather a negative warning; he who breaks with the natural rights of humanity will suffer the pangs of remorse and be destroyed. Claud is. Even here, however, retribution

is not evenly distributed. The Leddy is a glorious comic character, but is capable of attempting to have her son certified as insane. Of coarser grain than her husband, or perhaps only less superstitious, she is allowed to lead a long and not unhappy life.

Had Sir Andrew Wylie followed Galt's original plan it might have been a story of benevolent self-interest working for the common good. In the novel as we have it, it is when Andrew shows the favourite eighteenth-century virtue of sympathy and acts in what seems to be a manner unhelpful to himself that Lord Sandyford really takes notice of him, - once more Providence brings about an unanticipated positive result. The Last of the Lairds, even in Galt's original version, - which we must remember is the third - is not now a "theoretical novel", whatever Galt meant it to be when he began work on it. The Laird himself, like Craigland in Sir Andrew Wylie, is a reactionary, one who wishes to arrest the evolutionary process. Such people are as dangerous to the community as the Radicals who want a root-and-branch destruction of the existing state of things.

And finally, Galt's respect for commerce, the sphere in which he never succeeded, may have been partly a consequence of the Zeitgeist, though it is more likely derived from his solid middle-class upbringing which saw business as a suitable career for a clever young man not born into

the ruling class. Commerce, the philosophers held, was at its height in the age of civilization. Together with the cultivation of the arts, it was a feature of a fully progressive and stable society, and, at its best, a way of breaking down national prejudice and allowing money to be used wisely for the benefit of the community. "Commerce tends to wear out those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men"[158].

CHAPTER III

THE BACKGROUND: IRELAND

When reading her father's unfinished Memoir with a view to completing it, Maria Edgeworth found the following hand-written memorandum: "In the year 1782 I returned to Ireland with a firm determination to devote the remainder of my life to the improvement of my estate and to the education of my children; and further, with the sincere hope of contributing to the melioration of the inhabitants of the country from which I drew my subsistence"[1]. There was almost certainly another reason. For a landowner of Edgeworth's active, liberal and extrovert temperament, Ireland in 1782 must have seemed full of opportunities.

On April 16th., 1782, Henry Grattan, leader of the "patriot" group in the Irish Parliament, proposed what Lecky calls "a declaration of independence"[2], aimed at freeing Ireland from the legislative domination of Great Britain. The "patriots" were, of course, Protestant, - no Catholic had the right to vote or to become an M.P., - and were members of the aristocracy, the land-owning class and the new middle class. They began by fighting for free trade, which they gained by 1780, and proceeded to the struggle for a separate Dublin assembly, of course under the Crown. Grattan's motion was the culmination of this struggle and was carried unanimously. The Dublin

Parliament then adjourned, meeting again on May 27th, to be told that the right of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland and the Privy Council's power to alter or suppress laws passed in Dublin had been removed. It seemed a famous victory.

Great Britain's acquiescence had been brought about by recent events. In the late seventeen-seventies, England, menaced by the American colonies and by France, could not afford to keep troops stationed in Ireland.

The country was open to attack; in 1778 the Americans actually captured a ship-of-the-line in Belfast Lough. The gap was filled by the Volunteers, a private army made up of the Protestant Irish aristocrats, gentry and middle class, representatives of "the armed property of the nation" as Grattan put it[3]. Establishment of similar forces on a small scale was familiar to the Anglo-Irish who remained colonists in an alien environment, even if their ancestors had possessed Irish land for generations. The late eighteenth-century Volunteer movement was larger and more widespread than any such previous force had been. Leading members of Anglo-Irish society raised and equipped troops at their own expense, watched by a disapproving, but necessarily passive, Dublin Castle. The Viceroy did not like the existence of a large, well-equipped, well-trained body of men completely outside his control, but it had been mustered for the most loyal of reasons, he had nothing

to put in its place, and his hands were tied.

Though no Catholic could be an active Volunteer, the rising class of moneyed Catholic business-men were eager to prove their loyalty by offers of financial assistance, especially when a Catholic Relief Bill was opportunely passed in 1778. It exempted from some penalties of the law any Catholics willing to subscribe to a newly-drafted declaration of loyalty, involving a repudiation of the doctrine that a foreign power could relieve them from allegiance to their sovereign; the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin gave a practical proof of his readiness to obey by accepting the Bill without prior consultation with Rome[4]. About this time, too, many liberal Northern Irish Presbyterians, strongly influenced by the ideals of the American Revolution, were beginning to feel and to express sympathy with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. A more tolerant climate of opinion was growing up, and, in 1782, two more Catholic Relief Bills were passed. The first allowed Catholics who had subscribed to the declaration to exercise the full rights of British subjects regarding property, with one significant exception. They could not own land in parliamentary boroughs and had, therefore, no control of votes. The second, besides abolishing some unjust and provocative laws[5], allowed Catholics to become ushers, school teachers and private tutors. A Catholic university, college, or endowed school was still forbidden in Ireland[6].

Maria Edgeworth begins her part of her father's Memoir with the family's return to Ireland in June 1782, and loses no time in linking the public and the private scene. "We landed in Dublin," she writes, "at the moment when the nation voted a sum of fifty thousand pounds as a testimony to their sense of the services of their great and successful orator and patriot Mr. Henry Grattan"[7]. Edgeworth was determined that Grattan would not be the only gentleman to play his part in the new Ireland. A few days after his return he wrote and published an Address to the Co. Longford Volunteer Corps. It was his first pronouncement on Irish public affairs, and is of great interest in view of the later development of his own political views and of those of his eldest daughter.

He rejoices that a victory has been won, but has no doubt as to what is needed to consolidate it: "...without an effectual Reformation of the Irish House of Commons, no solid advantage can be obtained from our present success"[8]. Reform would produce a legislative assembly "dependent only on its constituents". He welcomes the spirit of religious toleration shown by the Volunteer resolutions and also the recent (1778) Act in favour of the Catholics. All this tends to a union of interests promising much for the country. "The best way to secure it is by increasing the rights of freeholders". If the number of county members is doubled, this influence will be very much greater, and a servile

tenantry will be replaced by a new independent yeoman class. "The aristocratic, by far the most powerful part of this Kingdom, would, at any other time, smile upon an attempt on its influence. Trust me my friends, that aristocracy must restore to you your rights if you demand them"[9]. The Address argues optimistically that even the great borough-owning families will in time turn from their place-seeking to "the solid happiness of serving an industrious and prosperous people".

Edgeworth is careful to give no explicit directions as to <u>how</u> the Volunteers are to obtain the desired ends, and the increase in the rights of freeholders and parliamentary reform. "It is not for me to point out means or measure of this important reformation; the wisdom of all the associated corps of Ireland must be combined to determine them". He follows this sentence with the statement on the doubling of the county members, but this will be a result of Reform, not a means to obtain it. A passage at the beginning of the Address implies how Edgeworth would like the Longford, and all other Volunteer corps, to proceed. Will each Volunteer, he asks, enjoy the same power he now possesses when he has laid down his arms? "No, the instant he lays down his arms, and that instant must arrive, his consequence, and all his rights as a man and a citizen fall into the hands of a few, who influence the boroughs, which return the majority of the Parliament[10]." The deduction

from all this is: the Volunteers must keep their arms and must not disband until parliamentary Reform is obtained: the aristocracy cannot ignore the power of a disciplined body of armed men. The whole tone of the Address implies that the demand for Reform is to be made by the show of physical force, and, if necessary, by its use. This was far indeed for an Irish country gentleman to go!

If "the wisdom of all the associated corps of Ireland" is to be employed to obtain parliamentary reform and an increase in suffrage the Volunteers must hold a Convention. In June 1783 Edgeworth was present at a local meeting to name delegates and there proposed resolutions and a petition for reform which were carried with some difficulty. They were, according to Maria, the first resolutions and the first petition on that subject[11]. Such meetings led to provincial assemblies in September to elect members for the Convention to be held in Dublin. In 1782 Edgeworth had been a landlord but newly returned to his own country; even a short residence in Co. Longford had changed his views as to the means to be adopted for obtaining Reform. A passage in a private letter makes this clear[12]. He has not lost his belief that Reform is necessary, but now wishes to gain it by strictly Constitutional means. It was with this conviction that he attended the Volunteer Conference held in Dublin in late November 1783.

At the Convention there were two parties, the moderates,

led by Lord Charlemont, who wanted, or said they wanted, Reform, but by constitutional means and the radicals, led by that colourful eccentric, Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry[13]. Edgeworth knew both, but his change of heart ranged him with the Charlemont party. In an account of his activities at that time written for his children in 1817, Edgeworth stated that he was the first person to oppose a resolution by the Bishop that a petition for Reform should be carried to the House of Commons by the whole Volunteer Convention, armed and in uniform! The proposal was made at a private dinner given by the Bishop: knowing the 1782 Address he obviously expected Edgeworth to be an ally, and afterwards wrote him a letter of reproach which Maria's father had before him while writing the 1817 account[14]. In effect, strictly legal means for conveying the petition to Parliament were employed. Henry Flood, a Volunteer and an M.P. proposed a bill "for the more equal representation of the people in parliament": predictably, the Dublin Parliament refused to receive it. Among those who spoke against it was a young lawyer, John Fitzgibbon, who, as Earl of Clare, was to be the chief architect of the Union of the British and Irish Parliaments seventeen years later. A few days after the rebuff, on December 2nd., 1783, Charlemont persuaded the Convention to adjourn sine die. It was the end of the power of the Volunteers: the more radical among them were later to be attracted by the United Irishmen.

The disaffected were not land-owners, but members of what Miss Butler calls "A less respectable landless class-merchants, lawyers, doctors"[15].

It is easy to see Edgeworth's opposition to Lord Bristol as the act of a man of sense confronting an eccentric political visionary, but he cannot have made his decision to reject his earlier viewpoint without some heart-searching. In November 1783 he was no longer the expatriate, able to take an abstract and idealistic view from afar, but a hard-working, serious non-absentee landlord, concerned with his estate and his family, and conscious that, among an alien and potentially hostile majority, the Castle and the Crown were ultimately the only support of his class. His was the difficult position of the liberal, honest well-intentioned Irish landlord, who saw the injustice in the Establishment but had no choice save to support it, as the terms on which his own land was held were, strictly speaking, unjust. He knew this: nine years later he wrote to his sister: "My firm pers(uasion) that the Catholics <u>should</u> be represented num(erically) & without relation to property is certainly ad(verse) to my own interest possessed as I am now of ( ) landed property by the right of Conquest - (That) right has hitherto been sufficient for the com(mon) purposes and com - mon sense of mankind - Upon (what) foundation is another question"[16].

Edgeworth's views may have become less radical, but he

did not abandon his interest in Irish politics after 1783, as his unsuccessful candidature for Parliament in 1784 and his attendance at a congress on Reform in Dublin in the winter of 1784 - 5 show. Poor Maria does not mention these incidents in the Memoir, but Croker's savage Quarterly review seizes on them gleefully[17]. Edgeworth was one of the few landlords who attended the Dublin congress: Miss Butler mentions that some of his fellow-delegates later became United Irishmen,[18] and names Napper Tandy, Todd Jones, Hamilton Rowan and William Drennan. Except for Tandy none of these were then extremists, but, like Edgeworth, liberal supporters of constitutional reform. Edgeworth was not in such dangerous company. But he was unconventional enough to make little appeal to Co. Longford society, such as it was, and except for the Pakenhams and, to a lesser extent, the Granards, the Edgeworths had few social contacts before their departure to Clifton in 1790, a fact which disturbed Edgeworth and his eldest daughter not at all.

These were Maria's "seven years of plenty". They were peaceful for her, but in Irish politics the situation was changing rapidly. The middle class, both Catholic and Northern Presbyterian, enthusiastically accepted the ideals of the French Revolution, which, for them, stood for the righting of wrongs and the sweeping away of privilege. As Wolfe Tone, the young Protestant lawyer who was the founder of Irish Republicanism, wrote: "In a little time the French

Revolution became the text of every man's creed". It was a significant metaphor. In the early 1790s Northern Irish Presbyterians and educated Catholics were very close to each other, a state of things which caused uneasiness in Dublin Castle[19]. The Castle had other worries. In 1791, under the pseudonym "A Northern Whig" Wolfe Tone published a pamphlet An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland. From the beginning Tone had been convinced that, in order to prosper, Ireland must break the connection with England. In the early seventeen-nineties he was almost alone in that opinion, however: therefore he carefully linked the question of the Catholic vote with Reform, saying nothing of separation. As long as the Irish sects were still at war, he argued, England could play upon the fears of the Protestants and the hopes of the Catholics. But, were the whole nation to demand a reform, including the full Catholic franchise, Ireland would obtain an honest and independent representation. A month later, in October 1791, Tone founded the first society of United Irishmen in Belfast. The only qualifications for membership were nationality and loyalty to a common ideal: both Catholics and Protestants joined. Immediately after the founding of the parent society, a Dublin branch was formed, with Napper Tandy as secretary, and other groups were speedily established throughout the country. Recognizing Catholic discontent, the Government passed another Catholic Relief Bill in 1793[20].

It's most important provision was the giving of the franchise to all forty-shilling freeholders, Catholic as well as Protestant. This measure theoretically increased the power of the Catholics, but in practice, as there was no secret ballot, the tenants were forced to vote as their landlords wished or face eviction: Wolfe Tone called them a "wretched tribe.....driven to their octennial market by their landlords"[21]. The Catholic middle-class remained without a vote, and the best posts were still reserved for Protestants. The Bill enraged Fitzgibbon, who called it "unwise and pernicious"[22]. War with France broke out before it was passed. At a time when the country was seething with discontent after a hard winter, when the ranks of the united Irishmen were growing, sympathy with French ideals and agrarian and religious grievances were widespread, only one Irish M.P., and he Lord Edward Fitzgerald[23], opposed war with France. In no way could the Dublin Parliament be called representative of the mass of the people. Meanwhile the Catholic peasants found a voice - or rather an arm, - in Defenderism, which originated as a society of Northern Irish Catholics formed to defend themselves against the Protestant "Peep-o'-Day- Boys"[24]; as it spread to other counties it became simply a society for the redress of agrarian grievances, and, about 1794, a secret oath-bound society pledged to agrarian reform and the abolition of tithes.

When the Edgeworths returned home from Clifton they found Co. Longford tolerably quiet. Maria's letters are full of comment on Defenderism, but Edgeworth was a good landlord and boasted, probably with reason, that none of his tenants had been Defenders[25]. Still, the general situation was bad enough for him to report to Darwin in 1794 that Ireland was in a sad state, and he reflects on a possible rising. "An insurrection of such people (the Catholic peasants), who have been much oppressed, must be infinitely more horrid than anything that has happened in France; for no hired executioners need be sought from the prisons, or the galleys. And yet the people here are altogether better than in England. The higher classes are far worse[26]; the middling classes are inferior to yours, very far indeed, but the peasants, though cruel, are generally docile, and of the strongest powers both of body and mind. A good government may make this a great country, because the raw material is good and simple"[27]. Edgeworth is completely objective when writing to an English friend of liberal views and is harder on his own class than on the poor.

If he looked only to his own county he had reason to be. At that time not one gentleman of two or three thousand pounds per annum resided in Longford during the entire year[28]. Their places as magistrates, committee members and yeomanry officers were filled by the new rich "half-and-

half gentlemen" who had made their money during the American War and were profiting from the war with France. In Longford most of them were bigoted Protestants, and Edgeworth was extremely unpopular with them. He saw and resisted their partiality when, as Justice of the Peace, they had to deal with Catholics. Maria records with pride that her father "exerted himself upon all occasions to keep the law in its due course, representing that whether the accused were innocent or guilty, they were entitled to their trial; that till it was proved that they had forfeited the protection of our Constitution, no persons should be treated as enemies or outlaws; that it was bad policy to make the people detest the authority, which they were bound to obey, and on their obedience to which the safety of all ranks depends"[29]. That she is not exaggerating is shown by the attempts of the "ultras" to exclude Edgeworth (and Lord Granard) from a meeting in April 1795 where a resolution was passed asking the government to proclaim a state of insurrection in the county. Such a proclamation was a ploy used by local groups, generally of extreme Protestants, to extend their powers and to muster independent armed bodies under their own leadership. Edgeworth found out about the meeting, went to it and voted against the resolution, of course without success. He thereupon went himself to Dublin, knowing that the Lord Lieutenant, with the 1782 Volunteers in mind, was not favourable to the establishment of armed forces outside

his control. He had an interview with both the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, and returned to Edgeworthstown with a large body of regular troops. At that period the forces of the Crown were often neither disciplined nor impartial, but in a quiet county like Longford they were almost certainly better than partisan amateurs, raised and commanded by ignorant and bigoted men. Edgeworth made himself extremely unpopular, but, unlike his daughter, he was not hurt by the dislike of people he despised.

He had less luck with the Castle when he offered it the use of his telegraph, designed, but not erected, in 1766, anticipating the Frenchman Chappe by thirty years[30]. In 1794 Edgeworth did set it up himself and transmitted successfully from it between Edgeworthstown and Pakenham Hall: he felt it might be a useful military adjunct in unsettled times. At first the Castle seemed interested, but then gave him to understand that it was no longer favourable, surely a curious decision at a time when speed in conveying information was of the utmost importance.

A clash with vested interests was the cause of another of Edgeworth's disappointments, this time in 1796, when he was a candidate in a County Longford by-election. The Longford seats were the province of the County's three most important landowners, Lord Oxmantown, Lord Granard and Sir William Newcomen. Edgeworth must have known this, but he

liked to think of himself as on a par with the three others[31], and perhaps this harmless piece of vanity persuaded him that he would meet no opposition. In fact, Oxmantown, Granard and Newcomen had a gentlemen's agreement not to contest each others' seats, and by presenting himself as an opposing candidate Edgeworth caused Oxmantown trouble and expense. Dog did not eat dog: although Granard was on good terms with Edgeworth, neither he nor Newcomen supported him. He hoped much from the votes of the newly enfranchised Catholic freeholders, but they had not yet acquired the courage their counterparts of the late 1820s were to show, and presumably voted as their landlords told them to. Edgeworth lost the election. Writing to Darwin, he declared himself philosophical about the outcome[32], but Maria mourned.

Meanwhile political events were moving thick and fast. About 1794 the United Irishmen began a policy of wooing the Defenders in the name of "Liberty", In the same year the Dublin parliament rejected a Bill for Reform, supported by Grattan, but opposed by Fitzgibbon and his party. Many who would have been satisfied with Reform were forced to the conclusion that Dublin would never grant it, and that they must look to France, but it was felt that France would only help a movement for complete independence, and Tone's separatist views began to be generally accepted. Catholic hopes may have been raised by the appointment of Lord Fitz-

william as Viceroy, as he was known to be in favour of Emancipation. However, he began by making enemies in the powerful Beresford clique[33], and was recalled, leaving Ireland in March 1795 amid scenes of general mourning. Many Irish Catholics turned to republicanism in despair. A sop was thrown to them by the establishment of a seminary in Maynooth to train Catholic priests, who, before the war, would have gone for their education to Continental seminaries. What was given with one hand was taken away with the other. On the recommendation of the new Viceroy, Lord Camden, Fitzgibbon was made Earl of Clare. The recommendation was based "chiefly on the necessity of consolidating the anti-Catholic party"[34].

In the same year the United Irishmen re-formed as a secret, oath-bound, well-organized group, with three thousand branches throughout the country, and a five-member executive "Directory" meeting in Dublin. The oath pledged the members to form a bond of affection between Irishmen of every opinion, and to try to obtain "a full representation of all the people". In April there seemed a possibility of Tone's arrest, but he was allowed to go to America[35].

September 1795 saw the foundation of the Orange society, later the Orange Order. This was a secret, oath-bound society, binding its members to maintain the laws and peace of the country, and the Protestant Constitution: no Catholic was to be admitted. There was nothing new in Protestant pledges of loyalty to the Constitution of 1688 or in re-

membrance of the Battle of the Boyne: what distinguished the new society was that its members used violence indiscriminately against all Catholics, regardless of their political views[36]. The Government's difficulty in suppressing the Orange Order was put with undiplomatic honesty by a Dungannon magistrate: "As to the Orangemen, we have a rather difficult hand to play; they must not be entirely discountenanced - on the contrary, we must, in a certain degree, uphold them, for with all their licentiousness, on them we rely for the preservation of our lives and properties should critical times occur. We do not suffer them to parade, but, at the same time, applaud them for their loyal professions"[37].

In 1796, in two very short sessions, the Dublin parliament passed an Indemnity Act (giving indemnity to persons who, in the last six months, "had exceeded their legal powers in the preservation of the public peace"[38]) and an Insurrection Act; habeas corpus was suspended. This legislation produced a barely concealed spirit of defiance, especially in the North, and meetings of United Irishmen continued to be held. It was in the North that the Yeomen were founded - "the yeos" who enjoyed a reputation similar to that of the Black and Tans over a century later. The rank and file of the Militia were held to be unreliable, because Catholic, although the North Cork Militia were to prove as brutal as any yeoman.[39] The alliance between

Catholics and liberal Dissenters was still strong especially in the North, and Dissenting ministers were considered dangerous by the government party[40]. In 1796 Defenderism was finally absorbed into the better-organized United Irish movement, thus enlarging it greatly and introducing a strong Catholic element. Everyone, the United Irishmen and the Government whose excellent spy system kept it informed of every move "the enemy" made, was thinking of French invasion. Wolfe Tone, finding America not democratic enough, had made his way to France, with no money, no acquaintances, and no knowledge of the language. Yet he succeeded in convincing the French government that they might gain something from an Irish expedition[41], and a fleet, with General Hoche as commander, sailed for Ireland in December 1796. From the beginning it was dogged by bad luck: the ships which finally did reach Bantry Bay were prevented from landing by the weather and had to return home: had they landed the threat would have been serious[42].

The northern part of the country was in a state bordering on open rebellion, and in Spring 1797 Ulster was put under martial law. Soldiers were ordered to carry out police duties, and, in the searches for arms, many outrages occurred; the yeomanry upheld their reputation for religious bigotry. General Lake, the commander in Ulster, would have liked to deal summarily with the province, but

the United Irishmen stopped short of open rebellion. In May an even more severe form of martial law was introduced, and the province seemed pacified - at least outwardly. A general election in the summer passed without incident: nobody was interested in the Dublin parliament any longer.

In November 1797 General Abercromby, (" this Scotch beast," as Lord Clare called him), was appointed Commander in Chief in Ireland. A good disciplinarian, he was horrified at the state of the army he had to command. His dissatisfaction culminated in the famous general orders issued on February 26th., 1798. The army, he said, was "in a state of licentiousness which must render it formidable to everyone but the enemy"[43]. Commanding officers were to demand the strictest attention to the discipline, and good conduct of their men, "such as may restore the high and distinguished reputation the British troops have been accustomed to enjoy in every part of the world". The orders caused fury among the reactionaries, and Abercromby had no option but to resign, which he did, leaving Ireland in April 1798, a month before the actual fighting began.

In the meantime General Lake was employing the draconian methods which had proved successful in Ulster in other parts of the country. Soldiers, yeomanry and militia did much as they liked. Torture was frequent. The North Cork Militia were credited with the invention of the pitch cap, made of linen or thick brown paper and fastened to

the victim's head by burning pitch. It was impossible to tear it off without tearing off the hair or lacerating the skin. One soldier varied the procedure by cutting the hair of the "Croppy"[44] still shorter, rubbing moist gunpowder into it and setting it alight. Sometimes an ear or part of an ear was cut off. House burnings were common, as were outrages on women, especially if they wore green, either innocently or provocatively. As well as the North Cork Militia the "Ancient Britons", a Welsh fencible regiment, and the Hessians were the most hated, and their names have passed into '98 folklore. The magistrates supported the military to the hilt.

The government spy-service reported that the United Irishmen were uncertain whether to wait for French help or to rise without it. Dublin Castle could choose its own time to strike, and did so in March 1798, when the United leaders were arrested, with the exception of the designated Commander in Chief, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who escaped. The United Irish leadership, hastily reconstituted, had no option but to rise without French help. The insurrection was fixed for May 23rd., the plan being to paralyze government by taking the capital city. Local organizations throughout the country were to follow Dublin's lead. Had Lord Edward, a trained soldier, been able to take command, the rising would have been better organized and less easy to suppress: it is possible that support from the North

would have been greater and have come more quickly. But he was arrested on May 19th., mortally wounded in the struggle with his captors and died in prison a few days later. A younger brother of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Edward had seen service in America as a very young man and had become attracted by revolutionary ideas there. But it was only in 1796 that, despairing of constitutional reform, he joined the United Irishmen. Of all their leaders he had the most to lose. In defiance of the Viceroy's orders Lord Clare brought Lord Edward's aunt and brother to visit him in prison, and is said to have wept while his young enemy was dying.[45]

Even had there been a central leadership the rising lacked unity of purpose. Catholic peasants, goaded by military brutality, and fighting for a vague idea of equality and freedom from rack-rents had little in common with idealistic Presbyterians devoted to the Rights of Man. When the lead from Dublin did not come there was some fighting in Kildare and Meath, and more serious trouble in Wicklow, but all this was speedily contained. The most dangerous threat to the Government came from Wexford, a former centre of Defenderism, whose people came only tardily to accept the principles of the United Irishmen, if, indeed, they ever understood them. The fighting derived more from a non-political agrarian movement than from the philosophy of Paine and Wolfe Tone. There was a leader at

hand, Father John Murphy, curate of Boolavogue, who gave the signal for the fighting to start, incensed, some say, by the burning of his church. Warrior priests were a feature of the Wexford campaign, and the Protestant community was as terrified by the thought of a general massacre by the Catholics as the Catholics were of a general massacre by the Orangemen. The rising was thus given a sectarian significance which the Castle did not play down. Fighting in Wexford began on May 26th. At first the insurgents were successful, but the untrained troops did not know how to press their advantage. On June 5th, came the decisive defeat at New Ross, but they held out for sixteen more days until they were finally defeated at Vinegar Hill on June 21st.

Most observers of the Ireland of the period would have expected resistance to be strongest in Ulster. In fact there was fighting in only two of the nine Northern Counties, Antrim, and Down. The most important action was the battle of Ballinahinch:[46] when it was lost revolt in the North petered out. To attribute their comparative inactivity to sectarian motives is unfair to the Northern United Irishmen who had been loyal to revolutionary ideals since the war with America, and had always sought co-operation with Catholics. The strong "popish" element in the Wexford fighting was stressed by the government, and may have contributed to Ulster's inactivity, but its

main cause was disillusion with France. The country in which the tree of liberty had been watered was clearly moving towards a military dictatorship. French conduct towards the republics of Genoa and Venice, and in particular the French attack on Switzerland disappointed men who had hailed the fall of the Bastille as the dawn of freedom. Also, Northern Ireland was the only part of the country where there was a prosperous yeomanry[47]. The Northern Irish had much more to lose than the Wexford peasants: it was only natural that they should pause and consider before supporting a movement represented or fanatically anti-Protestant. The short hopeful period of fellow-feeling between Irishmen of different creeds came to an end, and, especially in Ulster, the two religions groups were ranged one against another, Orangeman against Papist.

In the insurgent counties the revenge taken by the soldiers was terrible and left a legacy of hatred. Lord Cornwallis, now Lord Lieutenant and Commander in Chief, summed up the situation: "The violence of our friends and their folly in endeavouring to make it a religious war, added to the ferocity of our troops who delight in murder, most powerfully counteract all plans of reconciliation"[48]. Two French invasions after the fighting had stopped provided an anti-climax to the suffering in Wexford. The first, which landed in Killala in August 1798, was successful against the troops of the warlike General Lake: it put his

army to flight at Castlebar, a rout christened by the natives "The Races of Castlebar", a name which has come down in the history books. Cornwallis came to Lake's help, and finally the French surrendered on September 18th., after eighteen days in Ireland. The French soldiers were treated as prisoners of war, the Irish who had joined them were given no quarter[49]. Some 800 Irish escaped and held out in Castlebar until September 23rd. After their surrender the rising in the West was over. French discipline had been excellent and no atrocities had been committed, but the revenge was as savage as in Wexford[50].

On September 14th. the last French expedition sailed from Brest: among its members was Wolfe Tone, who had no illusions as to its success. The French ships sailed into the neighbourhood of Lough Swilly, but were intercepted by a British naval squadron and finally surrendered. Tone was taken to Dublin where he was tried by court-martial[51] and sentenced to death. In his speech from the dock he apologized for nothing: "In a case like this success is everything. Success, in the eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merits. Washington succeeded and Kosciusko failed"[52]. Because of his rank (Adjutant-General) in the French army he asked that he might be shot, not hanged. This was refused, and he committed suicide in prison. His republican doctrines were hardly understood in his own time, but lived on and became a potent force in later Irish history.

In the later 1790s the Edgeworths were occupied with domestic affairs, mainly with the illness and death of Edgeworth's third wife. They believed that "the people were leagued in secret rebellion and waited only the expected arrival of the French army, to break out"[53]. Not in quiet Co. Longford, however. What happened there in '98 is insignificant, but an Anglo-Irish family, even the family of a model landlord, could hardly have been expected to believe that they would be left in peace. After everything was over Maria called their experiences "a mixture of the ridiculous and the horrid"[54], and though some of the incidents do have a comic ring at a distance of 180 years, they were deadly serious at the time.

Edgeworth married Frances Beaufort in Dublin on May 31st, 1798, a few days after the fighting in Wexford had started; they drove home the same day. On the journey Frances noticed "something very odd" on the side of the road in front of them. "Look to the other side - don't look at it!. cried her husband, and when they were past he told her it was a cart turned up with a man hanging between the shafts[55]. In spite of this grim reminder of what war could do, Edgeworth, according to Maria, remained admirably cool when he reached home. Not till the last minute did he enlist his own yeomanry, as he had wished to avoid provocation, and when he did do so, he admitted Catholics. His neighbours, who had always thought him unsociable and over-

liberal, warned him of the risk he was running in arming possible traitors, but he remained unmoved. At this time he did not realize the depth of the of the distrust his fellow "gentry" and their hangers-on had for him, though it was soon to be sharply brought home. In fact the Catholic yeomen, like their Protestant counterparts, were not called upon to do anything military, and for some time Edgeworth was unable to arm anybody, as weapons failed to arrive - perhaps delayed by his opponents, as he then believed[56]. Even when told of the French landing at Killala he decided to remain at home: his household was quiet, his tenants steady and the conduct of the Catholic yeomen irreproachable. They were in more danger than anyone, as the insurgents would treat them as renegades and the Protestants as potential traitors.

On September 4th. news reached Edgeworthstown that the United men were approaching in large numbers. The preceding night had been so quiet that the master of the house did not believe the rumour, and sent out a servant to reconoitre. The man returned with the report "that he had seen only twenty or thirty men with green boughs in their hats, and pikes in their hands, who said <u>that they were standing there to protect themselves against the Orangemen[57] of whom they were in dread, and who, as they heard, were coming down to cut them to pieces"</u> . '98 was sadly assuming the character

of a religious war, and both sides were frighted with false fire. Edgeworth sent for arms once more, and told his family to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. Officers guarding an English ammunition train offered them an escort, which, luckily for themselves, they refused, as the ammunition blew up, killing one man and severely wounding another. It was now clear that there might be real danger and the family left the house, leaving behind only the English housekeeper to be fetched when the second carriage returned. Mr. Balwhidder would have called this the second intervention of Providence in favour of the Edgeworths, as her presence may have ensured the safety of the house. Edgeworth ordered his weaponless corps to march to Longford, and though it was an ultra-Protestant stronghold, they obeyed to a man. Two of Maria's brothers marched with them.

With difficulty the family succeeded in finding accomodation in the packed and nearly hysterical town. They were cheered by the arrival of the housekeeper and still more by the story she told. A large party of "rebels" had arrived, but one man who carried a pike and seemed to be their leader, stood at the gate and would allow no one to enter. He believed that the housekeeper had been kind to his wife a year ago, lending her sixteen shillings, the rent of flat ground: if the story could be confirmed he would stand her friend now. The men agreed to send a deputation of six to the house to check the story and to ask for arms. The housekeeper told

them truthfully that there were no arms and remembered the flax ground incident. Thereupon the leader assured her that no harm would come to her master's house or to her, the men cheered and they went away. Afterwards she heard that her protector stood guard at the gate as long as his comrades were in the town. An ugly incident might have occurred when the second carriage returned, as the Edgeworth livery was yellow and brown and some of the insurgents mistook it for orange. However, a friend of the family who was passing cried out that it was yellow: the housekeeper's protector came up with his men, surrounded coach and coachmen with their pikes and brought them into the yard where the damage done to the coach-pole in the first onslaught was repaired and the housekeeper was able to leave.[58]

So mistrusted was Edgeworth that the sparing of his house was interpreted as a sign of collusion with the enemy. He was concerned for the Catholic members of his corps, and indeed the officers of the other corps wished to have them expelled from the town and sent a joint memorial to the government to that effect. All this was forgotten for the time being when news came that the French were approaching along the Longford road. Terrorstricken, the inhabitants suggested evacuating Longford, but, (according to Maria), Edgeworth opposed this, pointing out that the town might be defended. He offered to guard the jail himself with fifty men, provided enough arms and ammunition were given him.

This was agreed, and he spent the night in the jail. The French turned aside from the Longford road, and, (again Maria's account), on the following morning Edgeworth was asked by the commanding officer to ride out and reconoitre. While he was away news came that the French had been defeated at Ballynamuck, near Granard. In the midst of the general rejoicings the Edgeworths noticed a man making what they took to be a victory speech outside their lodgings. It turned out that he was a yeomanry sergeant, "a poor half-crazed" fanatic[59] who told the crowd that Edgeworth was a traitor: on the preceding night he had illuminated the jail to deliver it up to the French. The "illumination" proved to be the light of two farthing candles by which Edgeworth had been reading the newspaper. The family's landlady was terrified lest her house be pulled down, and, on the advice of the commanding officer, it was decided to prevent Edgeworth from returning to Longford. The Commander, a captain of yeomanry himself, admitted that "in consequence of the rejoicings for the victory his men would be all drunk in a few hours, and that he could not answer for them"[60]. Maria and Frances left the town in a carriage. They were unmolested, as the crowd thought they were going for good, but Edgeworth had taken a short cut, and they could not warn him. On their return to Longford they found him waiting for them, saved by the fact that he had returned with an officer in full uniform, a Major Eustace whom he had met on the way. The crowd,

thinking he was under arrest, let him pass. With the arrival of some French prisoners and regular troops things seemed to have quietened down, and Edgeworth thought nothing of accompanying Major Eustace, (now out of uniform), to the barracks. The crowd did not recognize the strange major as a soldier, and surrounded him and Edgeworth pelting them with brickbats. Edgeworth called out "Major Eustace is in danger", some officer dining with the family heard him and went to the rescue, and, seeing British uniforms and drawn swords, the crowd dispersed. Early next morning the Edgeworths left Longford.

They returned to Edgeworthstown to find windows broken in the village, except in one part, Charlotte Row, where the people had said they would not meddle with them, as they were built by the two good ladies (Maria's English aunts, Charlotte and Mary Sneyd)[61]. Within the house everything was exactly as they had left it: "...a map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece.....Even the most common things appeared delightful; the green leaves, the still groves, the birds singing, the fresh air, all external nature, and all the goods and conveniences of life seemed

to have wonderfully increased in value, from the fear into which we had been put of losing them irrevocably"[62]. The housekeeper, that minor heroine, was welcomed rapturously by all the Edgeworth cats, even those not usually admitted to the house[63]. Later the family visited the battleground of Ballynamuck of which Frances made a sketch, and Maria sent a tracing of it to Sophy Ruxton[64]. As a half-comic anti-climax, the arms for the corps did arrive a few days after the family's return. They were distributed, and it was even thought they might be needed when a false alarm of another rising reached Edgeworthstown on October 9th.[65] Maria records that the men, without exception, had behaved excellently during the difficult days in Longford. "It was perhaps more difficult to honest and brave men passively to bear such a trial, than any to which they could have been exposed in action"[66].

Edgeworth told the man who had protected his house that he would ask for a government pardon for him. He had been forestalled. Smiling, the man patted his pocket and replied: "I have my Corny (pardon signed by Lord Cornwallis) here safe already, I thank your Honor - else sure I would not have been such a fool as to be showing myself without I had a purtection". Rather pompously his landlord told him that, though grateful, he could not reward him "for being a rebel", to which the splendid man replied, "Oh, I know that I could not expect it, nor look for anything at all but

what I got - thanks"[67]. After a decent interval Edgeworth did take an opportunity of being of service to him. Anxious lest her father be accused of leniency towards rebels, Maria primly records that it was her father's custom to reward those who did good and to punish only those who did evil - a remark which shows how even the keenest sense of humour can be blunted by anxiety.

If we are to believe the Memoir Edgeworth took the Longford attack with superhuman calm and without the slightest desire for revenge[68]. In reality he was furious. In a letter to his father-in-law he threatens to publish the whole story, on which Maria had detailed notes, as an appeal to the English public, if he does not get a Court of Enquiry on the sergeant's behaviour. "Nobody but a bogtrotter can after such an appeal think that I could be more than an idiot if I staid in a country where neither innocence nor patriotic exertion could be protected by the Government against a sanguinary party"[69]. Dr. Beaufort tried to placate him and finally succeeded, even after an inconclusive verdict against the sergeant was returned in December. He made his son-in-law see that what had happened was partly his own fault. Had he been less unsociable his neighbours would have known him incapable of what had been attributed to him. Characteristically, Maria records this as her father's own conclusion[70]. Perhaps due to what had happened, certainly due to the good sense and sociability of his new

wife and of her family, after '98 Edgeworth began to establish relationships with members of his own social group. His vote against the Union (completely misunderstood by the "half-and-half-gentlemen") helped him in this, as did the fact that Maria was becoming known outside Longford: after Rackrent had ceased to be anonymous the name Edgeworth had international significance. In the new century visitors thought it a privilege to come to Edgeworthstown.

Edgeworth's justifiable anger is carefully unmentioned in the Memoir. Far from brooding on what had happened, he is represented as making his family forget Longford by his concern about more important matters - "unconcerned about himself and in excellent spirits, he succeeded in turning our attention to new objects. The Longford mob completely vanished from our imagination"[71]. So little did it vanish from Maria's imagination that she incorporates a story of similar misunderstanding of a patriotic man into her novel Ennui (published 1809). The hero, Lord Glenthorn, cannot be roused from his habitual lethargy to take reports of risings and Defenders seriously. He is stirred to action, however, when "the violent party", (a group very like Edgeworth's detractors), descend on his foster-brother's forge to search for pikes. "Though not the slightest cause of suspicion could be found against him, the party left him with a broken arm, and the consolation of not being sent to jail as a defender"[72]. Glenthorn arranges that his foster-

brother swears examinations before a Justice of the Peace, his Scottish agent, McLeod, and becomes active in public affairs to save himself from the charge of sympathy with the disaffected: the "violent party" will not change its view of him as either "a trimmer or a traitor". At the same time, without his knowledge, the "rebels" are beginning to consider him as a possible ally. Despite all his exertions to bring the men who had assaulted his foster-brother to justice, when a trial is held "after a dreadful quantity of false swearing, the jury professed themselves satisfied" and acquits the attackers. Afterwards, while passing through a neighbouring town, he is hooted at and pelted, and narrowly escapes with his life - just as happened to Edgeworth. "No individual, unless he possess uncommon eloquence, joined to personal intrepidity, can withstand the combination of numbers, and the force of prejudice"[73].

Worse is to come. Glenthorn has been used to walking in the evening near some caves on his estate: an anonymous letter warns him to do so no longer. He does not take the letter seriously, though his nurse Ellinor tells him that the "United Men" meet there. Their leader is Glenthorn's servant, Joe Kelly, a plausible rogue, who amuses his bored master[74]. When an attempt is made to kidnap him Glenthorn acts vigorously, sees that the "United Men" are captured, and locks Kelly up in the castle: of course Kelly turns King's Evidence. Like Edgeworth, as Maria saw it, Glen-

thorn thus clears himself of unjust suspicion and confounds his enemies. This fictional triumph did not purge her anger at her father's treatment. The chapter in the Memoirs dealing with the Longford incident and written twenty-one years after the event ends in emotional rhetoric. She writes of the man "of superior abilities" who has kept aloof from his fellows, and is misunderstood by them in a time of crisis: "There is no absurdity of ignorance, or grossness of calumny, from which he may hope to be secure. He may be conceived to be a traitor, because he would not be a tyrant; he may be called a rebel for offering to defend a loyal garrison; and may well nigh be torn to pieces by a mob, for having read the newspapers by two farthing candles"[75]. This is not the language of someone whose passion is spent.

In February 1798 Edgeworth had at last become a Member of Parliament. The seat he held was St. John's Town, one of Lord Granard's pocket boroughs. Granard's ally, Newcomen, had been returned twice in 1797, once for the county and once for St.John's Town, which was why the latter became available in the following year. Miss Butler suggests that Edgeworth may have got it cheap[76]; one would also like to think that Granard recalled the old friendship. Remembering Edgeworth's attack on the owners of pocket boroughs in the 1782 Address, it seems ironical that he should end up sitting for one, but he had his independence still. Granard exacted no pledges from the buyers of his seats and Edgeworth was

free to vote as he pleased. The most important issue on which he used his vote was the Union of the Parliaments of Great Britain and Irelamd - the revocation of the 1782 settlement which he had welcomed so warmly on his arrival in Ireland.

It is not clear when Pitt decided that Union was necessary, but the events of 1798 could only have strengthened that belief. At the beginning he wished Catholic Emancipation to be granted at the same time as the parliamentary union was brought about, as did Cornwallis, still enduring the Viceroyalty, and the Chief Secretary, Castlereagh[77]. However Clare remained implacable. On October 8th. 1798 he sailed for England, saw Pitt and convinced that, while Union was necessary, Emancipation must not be granted. Pitt could hardly have resisted Clare's enormous influence in the Irish Government unless Emancipation had been a cause very dear to his heart. It was not, and "Popish projects", as Clare called them, were defeated. At this time Pitt may have genuinely wished only to defer Emancipation: if so, he had not taken the measure of his opponent.

Historians disagree on the state of popular opinion as regards the Union. The rural Catholic peasantry were simply indifferent to what happened in Dublin; they were concerned with landlords and tithe - collectors nearer home. After the rising in 1798 agrarian crime increased, the landlords, already shaken by recent events, were terrified and

martial law was again declared in February 1799. Between the end of the rising and the beginning of the 1799 parliamentary session the few Catholic landowners and the Catholic bishops were wooed by Cornwallis and Castlereagh; the Lord Lieutenant, at least, really believed that the issue of Emancipation would be merely deferred. The Catholic establishment did give their support, though no explicit promises could be made to them. Professor Beckett thinks that the urban Catholic middle-class also supported the Union[78], though he admits one important exception, the lawyers, led by the young Daniel O' Connell[79]. In spite of their erstwhile fears of a Catholic massacre, most of the Protestant Ascendancy were against the Union at that time, as they feared for the loss, if not of their parliamentary seats[80], at least of their privileged position in the country. The Castle made full use of the accepted method of bribery[81], though on a scale extensive even for the Ireland of the day. Nevertheless, in the first debate on the Union in Dublin, (it was introduced most circumspectly in the King's Speech), the government's opponents carried the day in the Commons. In the Irish House of Lords Clare had no difficulty in seeing the motion carried. In the same year (1799) he was made an English peer, but needed no bribe to pursue a policy he had consistently followed.

After the prorogation of the 1799 Parliament Castlereagh continued with his distribution of favours[82], while

in England Pitt acted as though the Dublin Commons defeat had never happened. On January 31st., 1799 he had moved the resolution for a Union in the British House of Commons, and after three weeks' debate it was passed. In Dublin the last session of "Grattan's Parliament" opened on January 15th., 1800. Thanks to Castlereagh, one-third of its members were new since January 1799. Nevertheless, when proposals for a Union were agreed to in committee on February 17th., 1800, the government majority was only 43, smaller than had been worked and hoped for. Clare easily carried the Lords in a Swiftian speech, attacking his own people as bitterly as he did the Catholics. "The whole power and property of the country has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions. Confiscation is their common title; from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation.....Where was the security of the English settlers for their physical existence at the Revolution? And what is the security of their descendants at this day? The powerful and commanding protection of Great Britain. If, by any fatality, this fails, you are at the mercy of the old inhabitants of this island....". The Anglo-Irish were "a puny and rapacious

Oligarchy who consider the Irish nation their particular inheritance, and are ready to sacrifice the public peace and happiness to their insatiable love of patronage and power"[83]. The "puny oligarchy" listened in silence and adopted the Bill by 75 votes to 26. It passed quickly through all the remaining stages both in England and Ireland, received the Royal Assent on August 1st. 1800, and came into force on January 1st. 1801. In 1802 Lord Clare died. No career could have been more brilliant, but it is doubtful whether such a universal hater could have been a happy man.

According to Maria, Edgeworth went to the crucial Union debates with a completely open mind, and willing to listen to arguments from both sides[84]. He reached a conclusion which she summarized in one of her letter: "His views are unchanged; that the Union would be advantageous to all the parties concerned, but that England has not any right to do Ireland <u>good against her will</u>"[85]. Most of Edgeworth's class were against the Union in principle, but many voted for it because Castlereagh offered personal advantages to themselves and their families. Edgeworth was well acquainted with the jobbery of his age, but thought the Castle's pre-Union bribery excessive[86]. He himself had had "a charming opportunity of advancing myself and my family" and had been offered 3,000 guineas for his seat for the rest of the session. In his speeches he argued

for the Union, which he really believed would do good to Ireland. Idealistically he hoped that these arguments might influence some who were ready to oppose it from whatever motives to change their minds. When it came to vote, however, he twice voted against it, as he thought such a vote represented the real feelings of the Irish people - though, in his view, those feelings were against their own interests. His actions showed an individuality bordering on eccentricity, but they were the results of an honest decision. As it turned out, neither votes nor speeches did him any harm, for the Anglo-Irish swiftly became reconciled to the Union, once the British government made clear to them that the privileged position of the "Protestant Nation" would remain unchanged. With one group his vote did him good. His old enemies, "the violent party" were against the Union to a man and Edgeworth's action vindicated him in their eyes. They were, of course, incapable of understanding his complicated motives.

During the sixteen years of life which remained to him Edgeworth did not concern himself with national politics. For some years he was absent from Ireland, in France, Scotland, or England, and his first serious illness struck him down in 1805. His attitude to Irish political questions was admirable in its consistent liberality. He only slighly moderated the enlightened views he brought with him from England, and that simply because he early realized

the truth which Clare flung contemptuously in the faces of a self-seeking minority: that ultimately those who held their land by right of conquest depended on Great Britain to preserve "their" law and order. As a model landlord he did his practical best for the good of his fellow countrymen, of whatever "race" they came. As a magistrate he was scrupulously fair and opposed those who were not: at a time of hysteria against Catholics he enrolled Catholics in his yeomanry. His attitude was exceptional, and he was able to maintain it because of his toughness, self-confidence and enjoyment of a fight. At the meeting to declare a state of insurrection when he, the uninvited guest, was in a minority of one[87], Maria pictures him receiving the abuse of the "Granard Rangers" with laughing contempt. "'Go on, my lads! Go on!' said he & on they went"[88]. During his lifetime Maria was content to share his political views, and, as she wrote no Irish novels after 1817, it is Edgeworth's ideas which she incorporates into her fiction - always leaving the narrative of Rackrent aside, although there the views expressed by implication are social rather than political. As to Maria's own political outlook, during her father's lifetime she professed not to have one: she wrote of politics much as Bella Wilfer might have done. In 1792, when her father wrote his "Right of Conquest" letter to Aunt Ruxton[89] her chief anxiety was that bad feeling between him and

Uncle Ruxton might cause a rift in her pleasant relations with her aunt and cousin[90]. In 1796 she declared it was far above her "capacity and information" to 'criticise on a political subject"; she would be "pert and ready" on any other[91]. In 1803 she writes admiringly of the speech of a politician, but makes it clear that she is not judging his politics: "as to his politics I know nothing. I only mean he speaks well whether on the wrong or on the right side of the question, like a true woman, I trouble myself not to enquire"[92]. Even at the end of her life, when interest in politics had been forced on her, she can still revert to early types, and cast a cold feminine eye on the manner in which the young Queen Victoria manages her petticoats when sitting down to read the Speech from the Throne, without mentioning anything about the Speech's content[93]. Unlike her father, she was sensitive, uncombative, and liked to be liked, all unpolitical qualities. She was forced to meet the problems caused by the rise of Irish Catholic Nationalism without her father, and missed him much more there than she did in her literary life. Unlike him, for she disliked isolation, and came to identify more and more with her own class as she grew older. Her attitude towards politics from the beginnings of O'Connell's Emancipation movement onwards has been closely analysed by Michael Hurst[94], but Mr. Hurst looks back with nostalgia to the high days of Irish landlordism. For those who do

not, a consideration of Maria's later development may not come amiss.

After the Union it became clear that the English Parliament and the King were both opposed to the granting of Catholic Emancipation. Pitt "an honourable man" resigned on the issue[95], and Castlereagh and Cornwallis followed him out of office, the latter thankfully. The first decisive step in the revived Emancipation campaign which was not taken for over twenty years, with the re-establishing of the Catholic Association[96] by Daniel O' Connell in 1823. In the following year the democratization of the movement was brought about by a change in the Association's rules. Those who could not afford the membership fee of one guinea could now become associated by paying a penny a month. The "Catholic Rent," as it was called, was collected by the parish priests, week by week, at Sunday mass. At the end of the first month the collection came to £8: by the end of the year it had risen to £1,000. The money was useful, but the main effect of the "Catholic Rent" was upon the morale of the poor. For the first time they felt they counted in a national movement, and they were behind O'Connell to a man. This self-confident extrovert (he had a good deal in common with Edgeworth!) found it easy to assume the mantle of the demagogue. He deliberately used language so violent that it offended the fastidious in his own communion and disgusted the Ascendancy,

but they were not his concern. The peasants needed someone larger than life, someone to show them that it was possible to defy authority with impunity. Also, he was a skilful lawyer and could make them see how the law might be used for their defence, and not as another means of oppression[97]. When the Government suppressed the Catholic Association in 1825, O'Connell simply re-established it under another name, the collections continued and the campaign went on.

In 1825 a Catholic Relief Bill was passed in the British House of Commons, but defeated in the Lords. This apparent setback actually turned out to O'Connell's advantage, as the passing of the 1825 Bill would have meant the loss of the forty-shilling freeholders who were to give the O'Connellite movement its first significant victory. In the General Election of 1826 the Catholic Association asked its members to vote for Emancipation candidates, regardless of their landlords' threats or demands. Activities were concentrated on four counties, Louth, Monaghan, Waterford and Westmeath, in each of which at least one Emancipation candidate was returned. The success in Waterford was especially noteworthy, as it was the stronghold of the powerful Beresford family. Lord George Beresford withdrew from the contest when he saw his tenants deserting him for the O'Connellite candidate.

Without this success O'Connell would probably not

have contested the Clare constituency when it became vacant in 1828. His design was to bring the Emancipation issue to a head; were he elected he would have to refuse to take the declaration against transubstantiation and the anti-Catholic oath of allegiance. He was elected, and Wellington, then Prime Minister, was forced to recognize what might be the consequences were he to hold out. In April 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Bill obtained the Royal Assent. But O'Connell lost the forty-shilling freeholders - £10 was made the qualification for franchise, - and the Catholic Association was suppressed: this time the Government took steps so that it could not be re-established. Both Wellington and his political heir, Robert Peel, had opposed Emancipation, and had granted it only because, as the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons, civil war in Ireland was the only alternative[98]. A concession so grudgingly and sullenly given deserved no gratitude and obtained none; it merely strengthened the conviction among the inarticulate and newly defranchised poor that, acting together, they were strong enough to enforce their demands.

Maria Edgeworth had no problems about her attitude on Catholic Emancipation. Her father's feelings on the subject had been clear and consistent. His 1782 Address had welcomed the 1778 Catholic Relief Bill, praised the Volunteers' resolutions on religious tolerance and urged the importance of the rights of freeholders. On the 1st. Nov-

ember 1792, when Catholic Relief was again in the air, Edgeworth wrote from Clifton to the Catholics of Longford, recalling that, ever since he had taken part in Irish politics, he had thought "that there should be no civil distinctions between its (Ireland's) inhabitants on account of their religious opinions"[99]. Six weeks later, in the "Rights of Conquest" letter to his sister, he writes: "It is my Dr. Sister my firm belief that the Catholics must from the present state of European politics necessarily obtain an entire participation of all the functions of citizens"[100]. During her visits to England after her fathers' death Maria mixed with the liberal, cultivated Whig society whose views chimed with her own: at this period she viewed the effects of Emancipation with complete optimism. In 1825 she hoped like many others that the English Parliament would grant it during the session: "If this be done the people will be contented and quiet. English capital, now overflowing, will flow over here set industry in motion all over the country and induce habits of punctuality, order and economy - virtues and happiness which have for centuries been unknown to the despairing oppressed Irish population"[101]. When the Lords threw out the Bill she remained sanguine, as the Catholics had "borne their disappointment with great temper"[102]. When Wellington was at last forced to yield she rejoiced, recording that the Catholics had behaved wonderfully well in their

hour of triumph. Now, as she saw it, nothing more would be asked: she had but to wait for the social and economic improvement of an Ireland where the majority would be grateful, quiet and contented, happy, of course, to remain under the benevolent sway of a paternalistic ruling class.

She overlooked the fact that the Irish had still many grievances. In the immediate post-Emancipation period, while repeal of the Union was still the distant goal, attention in the rural areas was concentrated on the more practical matter of the repeal of tithes paid to the Established Church[103]. Many had assured that these would cease after 1829; when they did not there was mass refusal to pay them in many parts of the country. Sometimes the resistance was merely passive, but, as the tithes were collected in Kind, the military were often called in to assist the collectors and the movement became a "Tithe War". Agrarian secret societies reappeared, and agrarian murders were committed; in some areas the peasants refused to pay rent as well as tithes. Early in 1833 a very stringent Coercion Act was passed and opposed by O'Connell at Westminster, because it hampered political agitation as well as agrarian outrages. Perhaps to balance the Coercion act the Irish Church Temporalities Act was passed in the same year. It made some changes in the organization of the Church of Ireland, but the "modest measure of disendowment"[104]

first proposed was withdrawn. A compromise on the tithe question was reached in the Tithe Act of 1838. It made tithe a fixed rent charge and transferred responsibility for payment from the tenant to the landlord, thus eliminating the tithe-procter and depriving the issue of most of its public significance.

As Maria was administering the Edgeworthstown estate, she could not escape the tithe issue - or indeed any other. The local parish priest, Father Gray, was a doughty opponent, and the agent, Hinds, shrank from a brush with him. He therefore asked Maria to write to the priest asking for payment. Although she later realized her foolishness in not allowing the agent to deal with the matter, she sent "as civil a note to Doctor Gray as it was in my power to pen"[105]. Her messenger returned, "very shaken". "'Oh Ma'am,' he cried, 'I never saw a man in such a passion as Mr. Gray when he read your note. He came out into the passage and declared he would never pay a farthing of the whole, ever he lived. 'Tell her that when on my death bed I send for Mr. Keating (the Protestant clergyman at Edgeworthstown) to come to me I will pay'.....This was said before his servants and workmen. As it was after dinner I thought perhaps he might have taken a little tumbler too much"[106]. On the following day, however, Father Gray remembered the incident when he met the messenger, and asked the man what Miss Edgeworth had said, to which he

could luckily reply that she had said nothing. The implication that Father Gray was a snob (Doctor Gray) and the gibe about the "little tumbler too much" are unfortunately characteristic of the Maria of this period, as we shall see, but she keeps her sense of proportion about the abstract issue. In her opinion tithe ought to be abolished and "it was an injustice always to make Catholics pay to clergy for what they did not teach them and what they would not have consented to learn. Even in Mr. Gray's answer, I think, there was great force but rudeness also towards the innocent individual and the present proprietor, whom it is injustice to rob because in former times injustice was done in which we had neither act nor part, but took our property as it came to us and made our contracts with tenants honestly, and have a right to request that they should on their part fulfil those contracts, verbal or written"[107]. As an acting landlord Maria is faced with the same problem which changed her father's outlook on force between 1782 and 1783. The Anglo-Irish must uphold the law, because it is the law, British law, which secures them in their privileged position. After the most cursory acquaintance with Irish affairs, made through newspapers while in quarantine at Cobh, John Galt saw that "much of the rankness of criminality among the Irish was owing to some defect in the administration of justice"[108]. He was right; justice was administered solely for the

benefit of the ruling class. Maria's father had seen this and had, perforce, to accept it, although he was more open than his daughter as to how his ancestors "took our property as it came to us"; they took it and held it "by Right of Conquest". But, by British law, it was held "legally" and collection of tithe was "legal": it would be expecting too much of Maria to forego what, in her belief, was due to her. So this diminutive spinster whose capacity to conduct her own affairs was doubted by her father, prepares for battle. When the other tithes have been collected Hinds must renew his application to Father Gray. If the tithe is still unpaid nothing is to be said about it, but notice given the priest to give up a field which he holds from the Edgeworths "essential to his Reverend's cow and horse" or else pay an extra rent approximating to the tithe. The priest will have no choice save to pay up or go, as the Quarter Sessions will so decree. Still, in all the circumstances, Maria's recognition of injustice in the tithe question at that period does her credit. While writing Ormond during the last years of her father's life, she had tried to be fair about the issue[109] but could come to no conclusion. Even the disappointments of a more troubled age did not then change her ability to see both sides of the question.

As she became older and more tired, and as the question seemed to have been answered not unfavourably for the Catho-

lics, she becomes more emotional about the tithe problem. In a converaation with Sidney Smith, described at great length in aletter to her half-sister Harriet Butler, when the great wit exclaimed, "What so unjust or unjustifiable as their church paying tithes to another which they don't believe - Ireland never will - never can - never ought to be quiet under such a grievance"[110] she did not argue with him on the point raised, but on his (as she held) mistaken belief that the Catholic clergy "have not enough to keep body and soul together". This was a red herring as she must have known: she was glad when another member of the party took over the argument on her behalf. The issue remained with her, however. At the end of the letter she asks Harriet for facts about the 1838 Act. "If Richard (Mr. Butler) should be amused with anything herein contained beg that he will pay me direct by telling me what proportion of tithe the Catholics now pay to the Protestant church. As far as I could recollect - but I did not dare to assert because I was not sure - the landlord now pays all the tithe - Composition - Rent Charge - which we add to the rent named in lease - in fact as part of the rent and then it is paid half-yearly by the tenant. But the composition tithe has taken one quarter of the whole from the Protestant clergy as the <u>price</u> for the security of the landlord's payment? Have not the Catholic tenants been relieved of the weight of this fourth part which formerly they did pay?"[111]

Astonishingly there is no reference to the 1838 Act in the Edgeworth Papers[112] although, from the letter just quoted and from her whole attitude to Irish affairs at that time, Maria must have been keenly interested in it. Mr. Hurst suggests that her silence indicates a grudging consent to its compromise proposals[113] - if this is so, it is a break with the outlook of her class, with which she was identifying more and more closely. Did she think a written record of her true feelings might be regarded as a betrayal by the Anglo-Irish - or did some over-zealous member of the family think it might be so regarded and destroy it? The latter is unlikely as the Edgeworths were careful of Maria's letters. While Mrs. Frances Edgeworth may be discreet on some points[114] family piety would surely have seen to it that everything Maria wrote was kept, if possible.

For O'Connell tithe was only a secondary issue: his aim was Repeal. Soon after his activity in Westminster began, he was forced to realize that Irish affairs were important to the British parliament only in so far as they affected Great Britain, and that the Irish members had influence only in so far as their votes were useful in defending Whig or Tory policies. He did not press the Repeal issue during his early years in parliament because he knew he would have no chance of success, a belief confirmed by his utter defeat when, against his better judgement, he <u>did</u> bring Repeal before the House in 1834. In-

stead he looked for the "half-loaf" of social, administrative and economic reforms, especially after his party supported the Whigs from 1835 onwards. Except for a striking administrative change in Dublin Castle between the years 1835 - 1840 when Thomas Drummond was Under-Secretary[115] his allies disappointed him, - sometimes because they were not themselves in a strong enough position to give him what he wanted. He was, for example, disappointed by the Irish Municipal Corporations Act of 1840 because the Irish boroughs were not treated in the same way as the English and Scottish boroughs had been in their reforming Act of 1834. In 1834 all English and Scottish ratepayers had been given the municipal vote, in Ireland it was given to £10 householders only. Also, the power of the Irish councils was restricted: the police, for example, were outside their control. O'Connell gained a personal triumph when elected Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1841, the first Catholic to hold the position since the reign of James II. But while the Bill had been under discussion, he had declared it a test case. If Ireland and England were really one country Irish boroughs should be treated in the same way as in England and Scotland. The failure of the Government to pass his test was one of the factors which determined him to devote all his talents to repeal from that time onwards. Another factor was Melbourne's defeat in 1841. He was succeeded by Peel -

"Orange Peel" - for whom O'Connell felt antipathy. Peel returned his dislike.

Once again O'Connell put himself at the head of a popular movement when, probably anticipating Melbourne's defeat, he founded the National Repeal Association in 1840. But circumstances were not the same as in the period leading up to 1829. The steadily growing Catholic middle-class, now becoming Victorian men of property, found O'Connell's support for a respectable British political party more congenial than alliance with the unpropertied masses. Any movement led by O'Connell had to be strictly constitutional, for he was unwaveringly opposed to physical violence. The peasants, his great support in the late 1820s, lived under harsh landlords, and had less respect for the Constitution than an essentially conservative lawyer, himself the product of a "Big House", albeit a gaelic one. At the general election of 1841 only a handful of Repealers were returned.

A year later the situation had changed dramatically. This was due to two factors, the support given Repeal by Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, and the propaganda of "Young Ireland". MacHale, "the lion of Tuam" was a larger-than-life figure like O'Connell himself; his advocacy influenced some of his fellow bishops and most of the parochial clergy, who, in their turn, influenced their parishioners. As for the middle-class, O'Connell respected property as much

as they did and learned how to present his arguments in such a way as to appeal to them. The Young Irelanders were a group of dedicated nationalists, Catholic and Protestant, who looked forward ultimately to national independence, and, unlike O'Connell, were prepared to use physical force to get it, if this were necessary. However, in 1842 violence was inexpedient, so they rallied behind O'Connell for the time being, though not as wholly devoted followers. Their newspaper, The Nation, founded in 1842, sought to popularize Ireland's past and to give its readers an idea of Ireland as a national entity with its own social and cultural heritage. Thomas Davis, a young Protestant lawyer and the most able of the group, wrote a number of historical ballads from which Irish children learned, and are still learning, to see the drama in their own history. Though prepared to be revolutionaries when the time was ripe, they looked to Brian Born, Hugh O'Neill and Sarsfield rather than to Rousseau and Tom Paine.

Fortified by the new interest in Repeal, O'Connell began to organize a series of monster meetings, which, however, in accordance with his policy, were always orderly and kept well within legal bounds. The Government had no excuse for suppressing them and its passivity perhaps caused O'Connell to under-estimate its strength. For the British Government was in a very strong position as regards Repeal; nobody in Britain wanted it, whereas Emancipation

had had many liberal-minded British sympathizers. O'Connell declared 1843 "the Year of Repeal", whereupon, on May 9th., Peel told the House of Commons that the Government would use every means at its disposal to defend the Union, and would seek fresh powers from Parliament if necessary. O'Connell replied by telling his Irish hearers: "You may have the alternative to live as slaves or to die as freemen". This was bluff, and Peel must have known it, as O'Connell never would have countenanced violence. In any case the then Prime Minister's feelings on the possibility of civil war in Ireland were different from Wellington's. In the Commons speech he had stated plainly: "Deprecating as I do all war, but above all, civil war, yet there is no alternative which I do not think preferable to the dismemberment of empire"[116]. This time he knew his country was with him.

On October 4th, O'Connell planned to hold his last meeting of the year at Clontarf, near Dublin, the scene of Brian Boru's victory over the Danes in 1014, as readers of The Nation would know. It was to be larger than any previously held. People began to make their way to Clontarf not only from all parts of Ireland, but from Britain also: a thousand Irish exiles travelled home for the event. At the last moment, on October 7th., the government declared the meeting illegal on the incorrect grounds that it was to have a military character. O'Connell had the

crowds in the hollow of his hand, and many of them would have been willing "to die as freemen", But, in accordance with his principles, he immediately cancelled the meeting. The crowds obeyed him implicitly. Those converging on Clontarf turned back, and though troops occupied the site on the following day, their presence was unnecessary. But O'Connell's prestige was never so high among the rank-and-file again, and the attempt to win Repeal by constitutional means had been discredited.

Peel now tried to conciliate the majority by establishing a Board of Charitable Bequests, five at least of whose members had to be Catholics. In 1845, in spite of vigourous opposition from many of his own followers, he increased the annual grant to Maynooth from £9,000 to £26,000; this had no longer to be voted every year, and a capital grant of £30,000 was made for the enlargement of the buildings. In the same year three "Queen's Colleges" for the education of the Irish middle-class were set up in Belfast, Cork and Galway. They were undenominational, and, except for Belfast, were not as successful as had been hoped. (The "national schools" set up in 1831 for the children of the poor had been successful in combating illiteracy, but they had soon become highly denominational.) The question of university education in Ireland was to remain a problem for many years.

The "Young Irelanders" disagreed with O'Connell on the

university question: with Archbishop MacHale he opposed the Queens' colleges. Many young Irelanders were Protestants, but all deprecated the connection of nationalism exclusively with Catholicism, and all agreed with Tone in seeing their fellow countrymen as Irishmen, not as Catholics or Protestants. "Start not, Irish-born man, / If you're to Ireland true / We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan, / We've heart and hand for you" - irreproachable sentiments, but difficult to put into practice in pre-Famine Ireland[117]. It was not the university issue, however, which caused a breach with O'Connell: this came when, in 1846, the Whigs returned to power, and O'Connell, a pragmatist who enjoyed being in the centre of things, angled with Russell on the renewal of the old alliance. This was unthinkable for Young Ireland, and O'Connell got rid of them by committing the Repeal Association to the doctrine that in no circumstances was violence justified to gain the independence of Ireland, - to be fair to him, a policy which he had always followed, as Clontarf had shown. The Young Irelanders either withdrew from the Association or were expelled. But in 1845 the potato crop had failed, and Ireland was freed with a disaster greater than any political defeat.

Up to 1829 Maria could be liberal in comfort, but, with the new decade, a disturbing question arose: how would the still enfranchised Irish Catholic electorate vote? In 1831 Lovell Edgeworth's tenants "behaved well",

but their landlord had first to appeal directly to his people, and as Mr. Hurst points out after a long analysis of the whole election, the words of the Catholic tenants' spokesman, promising at least partial support, "reeked of reluctance and the conditional"[118]. This once the people were willing to pay their debt to a good landlord by voting as if the old order had not changed. But it had, and the majority had felt its power. In 1832 at the next election and with an increased electorate due to the first Reform Bill, two Repealers were returned for Co. Longford. The Tories saw to it that they were unseated after the election, but the will of the people had been made plain, and Maria noted: "Almost all our Catholic tenants voted against us"[119]. Her personalization of the situation was characteristic: her father's tenants had betrayed him. She wrote immediately to Lord Lansdowne warning him that, if the Union were ever dissolved, his Irish lands would first afford him no rent and then pass into other hands[120].

As a result of her insecure childhood Maria always wanted to belong, to have stability. She had made a place for herself in the family and had surmounted the threat of its break-up in 1823. Now again her way of life was threatened, and in self-defence she began to move closer and closer to the outlook of the "Protestant nation". With hindsight it is easy to see that her fears were exaggerated. Mr. Hurst's "democratic peasant republic" was

not to come for a long time, and when it did agrarian legislation, dictated by the growth in peasant voting-power and mostly dating back to the later years of English rule, had satisfied the land-hunger of the majority. High Mass has not yet been said in St. Patrick's Cathedral[121] and, as even Mr. Hurst admits, - though hardly for the reasons he suggests[122], - today the Protestant minority is rightly respected in its own country. But in the nineteenth century the dilemma of the liberal-minded Anglo-Irish landlord was crueller than ever before, for never before since the sixteenth century, had the Catholics been able to exercise an influence on political events.

Fear bred hatred, an emotion foreign to Maria's nature. Yet, at this period she developed three hates, for a cause, a politician and a group of people: Repeal, O'Connell and the Catholic priests. O'Connell was the type of politician who would, in any case, have been repugnant to her. His flamboyance and demagogy were the opposite of the eighteenth century rationalism typified by her father in his best moments, though Richard Lovell Edgeworth had much in common with the "Liberator" - zest for life, egotism and, though Maria would never have admitted it, at times bad taste. The priests she regarded as fitting followers of a bad leader. Now Maynooth-educated, they were generally the sons of small farmers, sharing the outlook and aspirations of the social group from whence they sprang. Maria describes

them as "so vulgar that no gentleman can, let him wish it ever so much, keep company with them"[123]. Like many of her class, she was a snob: this comes out even in a passage in the admiring letter on Waverley written to Sir Walter Scott: "Flora, we could wish, was never called Miss MacIvor, because in this country there are tribes of vulgar Miss Macs, and this association is unfavourable to the sublime and beautiful of your Flora - she is a true heroine"[124]. Also the generalization about the priests was made in a family letter, and her family letters were notoriously indiscreet; she knew it, and had been warned about it long ago by her father and Frances[125]. Certainly the Edgeworthstown priest, Father Gray, belonged, like Mr. Balwhidder, to the church militant. In 1832, meeting the agent, Hinds, a few days before the election, the priest told him triumphantly that he had secured the votes of every Catholic but one - and even he came over[126]. Maria had special difficulty in judging the Catholic priesthood fairly because she does not appear to have even considered the strength of Irish nationalism, not to speak of trying to understand it. 1798 had left a legacy of song and story in the cabins and farmhouses, the memory of vaguely patriotic Gaelic poetry - admittedly not very strong in Co. Longford[127] - still lived om, and, some years later, The Nation retold Irish History in fluent memorizable verse[128]. All this was a closed book to Maria. Another important fact should be remembered.

Like her father, she thought of Catholicism as mere superstition. Both were scrupulous in their public conduct towards Catholics and both would have defended to the death their right to Emancipation. But Edgeworth was outspoken in his report on Irish schools. Let the Catholic children be taught their catechism by their own priest, yes, refrain from any attempt to convert them, yes, but: "The absurdities of Popery are so glaring, 'that to be hated, they need but to be seen'. But for the peace and prosperity of this country, the misguided Catholic should not be rendered odious, he should rather be pointed out as an object of compassion; his ignorance should not be imputed to him as a crime, nor should it be presupposed that his life cannot be in the right, whose tenets are erroneous! 'Thank God! that I am a Protestant', should be a mental thanksgiving, not a public taunt"[129]. Edgeworth concludes a recommendation to establish schools to train boys in various occupations with the words: "It was thus that the Jesuits made their pupils superior to those in any other seminary on the continent. 'Fas est ab hoste doceri'"[130]. Maria shared these views completely. During the Emancipation campaign when the danger of erring voters was remote, she had written: "Catholics <u>can</u> and should have equal rights. But <u>must</u> not have a <u>dominant</u> religion"[131]. Years later her idea had not changed, as part of the conversation with Sidney Smith already mentioned shows: "'The Catholics should

have an established Church'. 'An would become the! Well, and where would be the harm or the injustice, seeing they are the majority?'"[132]. Such reasoning was not for Miss Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown in the eighteen-forties. In the same conversation, when this sincere admirer says almost everything most calculated to annoy her, he continued the talk of Catholic grievances: "'Six million O'Connell says seven trampled upon still by one - notwithstanding this talk of emancipation. There must be a reformation and redress of grievances'.....I saw I need not must not go to spiritual considerations either so keeping the temporalities I merely begged his Reverence would consider that we poor Protestants had bodies to be saved, and did not like, only one million as we are, to be trampled upon by seven and to have our Church pulled down about our ears and our clergy to be buried under the rubbish and our church lands and our estates taken from us. He scoffed at such suppositions....."[133]. He was right to scoff. To speak in this way of the privileged Anglo-Irish community in 1843 is nonsense.

The temptation to dismiss the post-Emancipation Maria as a convert to intransigent social and religious prejudice is dissipated by the story of the Catholic tenant, Dermod. In the Longford election of 1835 Dermod, with two other tenants, had voted "against" his landlord and Maria's brother-in-law, Barry Fox, wished to make an example. He

therefore demanded payment by Dermod of the "hanging gale", a rent traditionally allowed to remain in arrears[134]. Dermod was Sneyd Edgeworth's tenant, and, as Sneyd was in England, Maria acted as his agent. He should, of course, have been consulted by the precipitate Mr. Fox who now wondered whether Maria would consent to receive Dermod's rent. She decided to do so and to hold it pending Sneyd's instructions. The scene of the payment is graphically described. The bent and crippled old Dermod hobbled in, followed by his weeping son. Even Barry Fox who was present was moved to make a half apology; Maria sat there silent, "counting and miscounting" and then, "the thoughts of the number of years I had received rent from that old good tenant in my father's time all worked upon me. I am ashamed to tell you my finale - but tears began to flow and though I twinkled and rubbed them out and off they did come - and Honora came in and Mr. Hinds was by and it was all shameful. But I never said an <u>overt</u> word to Dermod approving or disapproving what had been done. But told him I should let his landlord know <u>all about it</u> and I gave him a receipt in full to November 1834. But I entered his rent only in pencil in the book till I should receive your ultimatum. This I never said to Dermod, but to Barry"[135]. Even Mr. Butler, the flower of the brother-in-law flock, seems to have reproached her. "'So Maria, I hear you disgraced yourself with Dermod.' 'Perhaps so'

(and then I spoke which I am sorry for.) 'Perhaps you think so. But I think it was not easy to go through this. I could not bear to see an old tenant, a cripple too - a man from whom I had been receiving rent for forty years - forced to pay up his rent in this manner'." She immediately wrote to Sneyd, expecting Fox to send another letter by the same packet. But when it came to the point, she discovered that Fox had destroyed his letter, representing that, as Dermod had paid his rent, there was no need for it. Honora, "everybody's confidante and counciller"[136], told her half-sister that she regretted Barry's action; it would be better, however, if Maria allowed him to explain himself, presumably in another letter. If Maria sent hers: "I might run the hazard of creating some uneasy feelings between you and him as to having interfered with your tenant. This fear of disagreeable feelings coming between those who have been and ought to be always united and our affection and esteem for both parties weighed with me more than all the rest and than all the political considerations put together." The last statement was perfectly true; Honora was using emotional blackmail. Maria was saved from a cruel dilemma when Sneyd himself, writing from England, requested her to give her opinion on the matter. She agreed with him that, according to the British Constitution, the tenants were free and should not be forced by their landlords to vote with them -

a fact which no Edgeworth living in Ireland had thought of mentioning. "But a landlord must and should and even will have influence and this is one way in which property is represented and the real balance of the British Constitution is preserved" - a comfortable doctrine for a nineteenth-century Irish landlord. As always when seeking precedents she quoted her father: he did use such influence, but she never knew him to take vengeance on any tenant who did not vote as he wished. He felt, however, that he was not bound "to show favour or affection" to any such tenant. With painful honesty she tries to imagine how her father would have acted in the present situation and comes to the conclusion that, while anger might have tempted him to adopt Fox's policy, "his reason would rally and represent that it is never either morally lawful or politically wise to do evil that good may come out of it. Because the priests have used force and intimidation such as their situation and means puts in their power, are landlords to do likewise?" If this is considered too sentimental a view in the present situation, where will the opposite course lead? "Landlords, if you begin the recriminatory system on or after elections, where will it end in Ireland?" It is for Sneyd to say what should be done about Dermod; if he brings in his May rent is Maria to accept it? and if he refuses to pay, or says he cannot do so, is he to be driven? Her advice is

"not to drive, to let the matter rest with him as it is. He has paid his rent a little earlier than usual and may have felt a little inconvenience and there let it be." If he <u>is</u> to be driven, "as a woman I cannot do the driving." In that case she begs Sneyd to instruct her to hand Dermod over to Hinds "so that I may not have the appearance of so doing in what is called a pet." At the end of the letter she refers to her own feelings: "I have felt a great deal of uneasiness on this occasion...and I would not upon any account in my old days expose myself to the same again. The uncertainty of whether I am acting wrong or right and the fear of division and the fear, above all, of being the cause of division between those I most wish to see united, would be to me a sort of trial which would destroy my happiness and health and which I know I could not stand.... it is not at sixty-eight that the habits of mind can be suddenly or absolutely changed. I know of what I am capable and of what I am not." She therefore rejoices at Sneyd's decision to come over at subsequent elections and, as she characteristically puts it, "represent my father as you ought"[137]. Dermod did not burn the registration of his vote as he had threatened to do, for December 1835 finds Maria driving through the snow to secure his support. Although he was "as white as a sheet and each particular bristle of his beard half an inch long seemed to feel the struggle of his mind"[138] he finally promised it.

Maria's concern for the tenants was not confined to Dermod. In 1842, a bad year, she writes to her Catholic friend, Mrs. Moore: "I hope and trust that all pleas of necessity are now generally attended to by Irish landlords"[139]. The Edgeworth lands were let low and, while they had no difficulty in getting rent paid, they "were obliged in humanity to give weeks or months longer than usual"[140]. In October of the same year she notes the difficulties the tenants have in making up their rents: "cattle, oats, butter, potatoes, all things have so sunk in price. In these circumstances it is not only humane, but absolutely necessary, that landlords should give more time than usual". Elections came and went, with, in Longford, the Repeal candidate often being elected and then unseated by petition. As far as this side of life was concerned Maria remained true to the general view of her own class. Where the welfare of the tenants was in question, however, she continued to be her individualistic father's daughter. She had inherited his paternalism; while it would be illiberal and undignified to take revenge, Richard Lovell Edgeworth's judicious system of giving and witholding privileges was still to be maintained. The peasants were children who should be guided for their own good. She did not realize that the children were growing up.

Even among the Maynooth-educated priests she found one to admire. Father Theobald Mathew was the founder

of an enormously successful temperance movement which still has repercussions in modern Ireland, even if these are not too evident. He introduced a verbal pledge of abstinence from intoxicating liquor instead of the signature which used to be all that was required, and for those who could afford it, - not many, - there was a medal for all who promised; the movement was made colourful with mass meetings, processions, bands and banners of blue and white. Temperance was to be rendered as convivial and enjoyable as drinking with the flavour of self-satisfaction added. Rather puritanically, Maria disapproved of this side of the campaign." "I fancy this processing and notoriety form an essential part of the charm", she noted, "What they save on whiskey to be sure they can spend on this sort of entertainment"[141]. But she never wavered in her admiration of Father Mathew. In 1840 she suggested to the editor of the Westminster Review that an article might be written on him[142]. Her half-sister, Harriet Butler, was much impressed by the priest who tried to make his movement as ecumenical as possible, and, while in Trim, he made a point of visiting Dean Butler. Harriet describes him as "a low man in height with a very fine head - handsome nose, good mouth, blue eyes, dark brown hair and sallow complexion, with a very grave, benevolent sweet expression, a southern brogue, but an air of natural dignity, perfect ease, perfect simplicity, no assumption of greatness, no affectation of

humility". Maria and Frances had asked him to Edgeworthstown and when leaving Trim, he took Mrs. Butler's hands, pressed them affectionately and said, "When you see your own family, remember me most gratefully and kindly to them." In answer to Harriet's question, "What first made you think of giving the pledge?" he replied "It was the Quakers in Cork were always asking me to do something about the people and temperance societies, and one day Mr. Oldham, a member of the Established Church too - he is at a temperance meeting, said to me, 'You are the man, Father Mathew, - if you'll undertake it, it will suceeed'"[143]. Maria was impressed that a great deal of money "passed through his hands cleanly"[144] and was dismayed when she heard later that he was in debt, although this turned out to have been due to imprudence in money matters and not to dishonesty[145]. When she visited London in 1841 she had to send for her medal, so many people wanted to see it[146]. In 1843, while staying with Dean Butler and Harriet, she had a pleasant experience on St. Patrick's Day. The temperance Band asked if they might come on to the Butlers' lawn "to play a tune or two, as they expressed it, for Miss Edgeworth"[147]. Come they did, preceeded by two priests on horseback, who "bowed as low as the saddle-bow" when Maria thanked the band which played very well. As she was recovering from an illness she could do this only from her bedroom window which she threw wide open, curtsey-

ing as low as "littleness and weakness"[148] would allow. Mr. Butler shook hands with the priests, "who almost threw themselves from their horses to give him their hands", - obviously complimented by the notice of the "gentry", Maria feels! But putting the expression of her obsession in a private letter aside, what emerges is the popularity of Maria (and the Butlers) with the Catholics: her behaviour and comments in public must, therefore, have been impeccable, and of course her interest in the temperance movement was known.

The only object of Maria's hatred who suffered even partially the fate she would have said he deserved was Daniel O'Connell. As long as he advocated Emancipation only Maria held her fire. Sneyd met O'Connell in 1827 and described him as vain, entertaining and good-hearted[149] - neither an unfair nor unfavourable criticism, though it ignored the solid qualities not apparent at first sight. Repeal, however, was another matter for Maria. With an inconsistancy surprising in a woman of her intelligence, she was willing to condone methods when used for Emancipation which she disapproved of when applied to the gaining of Repeal.[150] Even when Harriet's tolerant clergyman-husband puts in a word for the great man[151] Maria remains adamant; "the Liberator" is an enemy of the Anglo-Irish establishment - although a landlord himself. In a letter to her son, Frances Edgeworth details the woes of her

class: "O'Connell and his tail - or his 'Forty Thieves' as they are called - has done and is doing all the mischief he can to the Protestant aristocracy of this country - and I much fear will succeed in driving them out of it between the danger from armed mobs, nightly depredations and daily insults....How can any gentleman be sure of his own?...."[152] To be sure, Frances is not Maria and probably neither ladies realized that "danger from armed mobs, nightly depredations and daily insults" had been the portion of most rural Irish Catholics for many a long day. This had not been, and was not then the case in Edgeworthstown.

In spite of the rejection of Repeal by a large majority of the House of Commons in the year following Frances's letter, O'Connell and his movement remain anathema to the Edgeworths. Hostility to them even moved Maria to rare snobbery about her "own", i.e. the Longford Catholics. The committee which unseated the Repeal candidate for Longford in 1837 must "have been relieved and amused by Paddy's blunders both wilful and involuntary"[153]. Disbelief is suspended when stories of the "Liberator's" unpopularity reach her[154], and in 1843, when agitation for Repeal is at its height and rents were not being paid, she suggests to Francis that O'Connell "should be put down or put up, i.e. put up on the gallows and hanged"[155]. She completely misunderstood the calling off of the Clontarf meeting, interpreting it as an action forced on the "Liberator" by the

power of Government. Perhaps she may be forgiven for this, when even Mr. Hurst writes of Clontarf: "The "Liberator" had had to bow before the veto on the meeting..."[156]. The "Liberator" did not <u>have to</u> bow; the success of his previous mammoth rallies throughout the country and the instant obedience of his followers when told to draw back from Clontarf proved his complete control of them. Had he wanted violence and given the word they would have defied the veto, with what result it is impossible to tell. If successful, would a popular rising have moved Peel to concessions as the threat of a civil war had moved Wellington? Probably not: Peel had more cards in his hand. Chief of these was his knowledge, perhaps based on the close observation antipathy calls forth, that O'Connell was a constitutionalist and hated the use of force. He gambled on this, perhaps, and won. Maria rejoiced unbecomingly at the prospect of O'Connell's trial after the Clontarf meeting. As Mr. Hurst writes,[157] the message in one of her letters written at this time is: let us hit this man while he is down and hit him so hard that his getting up again will be out of the question. "Anglo" or not, she is Irish enough to savour revenge. Her only hope is that O'Connell will not wriggle out of the consequences of his promise that there would be a Parliament in College Green the following Spring (1844). In the long conversation with Sidney Smith, he had asked Maria whether she did not

think O'Connell had a real enthusiasm for his religion and for his country. She reports: "I could only say that I did believe him to be a sincere bigoted Catholic - yet I could not say enthusiastic for I took a distinction between bigotry bred in a man and enthusiasm natural and genuine. However that be between God and him and his conscience - no right to judge - no means of ascertaining - But by his works you may judge of his patriotism or his selfishness. Then we went through his history - Catholic rents - debts paid - College fines - money in funds for him - wrested wrenched from the hands of poor not vile peasants &c &c."[158] This is Maria at her worst, repeating gossip and passing sanctimonious judgement on a sincerity which everything she says implies is non-existent. Little wonder then, that, still in London, she read avidly about the 'Liberator's'trial in the papers. O'Connell seems to have enjoyed it as much as she did; obviously biased, the trial was the sort of public appearance that was good propaganda and suited his self-dramatizing instinct. All Catholics were excluded from the jury and the four judges were Protestant; the Presiding Judge referred to the counsel for the traversers (those being prosecuted) as "the gentleman on the other side". O'Connell was convicted on several counts and, as the custom then was, sent to prison, but in the most comfortable circumstances possible. Some months later the House of Lords quashed the Dublin

verdict and he was a free man again. But the heart had gone out of the constitutional movement for Repeal. A few months later Maria wrote: "His (O'Connell's) prestige is gone, I fear. But he is much depressed. He can have no moral courage because he has no morality and I am assured by those who have had opportunities of seeing and no temptation to falsify or set down aught in malice - I have been assured by some of his own religion and of his own party that he has no physical courage. White feathers throughout and no religious will and support"[159]. This was not an involuntary outpouring to one of the family. During the Famine she did once praise O'Connell for a "sensible speech", but it is surely an exaggeration to see this, as Mr. Hurst does, as an example of her "spirit of justice" and "keen awareness of Ireland's real and urgent needs"[160]. When O'Connell died she rejoiced both that the event had taken place and that it had taken place outside Ireland. "But his prestige had gone before him. Confidence cannot last where truth is not in the man"[161]. Yet, at the General Election not long after O'Connell's death the Repealers made many gains - though not, admittedly, in Longford.

In April 1845 the Edgeworth tenants were "busy making the most of this fine weather and blessing God for it, and not troubling themselves about O'Connell, or any of his nonsense or wickedness"[162]. When they came to gather in

the potato crop they had no cause to bless God.

The Great Famine had enormous political and social repercussions, but its main cause was agricultural: the failure of the Irish potato crop over the whole country during the successive years 1845 - 1849. Peel was in office in 1845 and, "Orange" or not, he acted promptly and practically, importing £100,000's worth of maize from the United States which he planned to sell cheaply, thus keeping down the price of food and preventing profiteering. At the same time he organized local committees (of the Ascendancy) to raise funds and distribute food: to provide employment the construction of new roads was to be undertaken. The measures were successful in the main, and two years later even the O'Connellite Freeman's Journal paid Peel a tribute: "No man died of famine during his administration, and it is a boast of which he might well be proud"[163].

Nobody expected a second failure of the potato crop, and when it did come, Russell, who had succeeded Peel as Prime Minister, was much less effective than his predecessor. "It must be thoroughly understood that we cannot feed the people" he wrote in October 1846. Though the British Government and people had lately shown its determination to keep Ireland in the United Kingdom the British exchequer was not to be used to help the Irish people in an unparalleled situation. The Government's basic thesis

was that Irish poverty must be supported by Irish property. Even had all Irish landlords been as exemplary as the Edgeworths to provide for a catastrophe of such magnitude was beyond them. Most of them had been living beyond their means before the famine, many of their estates were mortgated and many were absentees. Some, of course, were indifferent and even took advantage of the situation to clear their estates by eviction[164], but some did try to assume at least part of their resonsibility. They were not helped by the Government[165]. The administration's ignorance of Irish conditions was culpable; in areas where the tenant paid his rent by his labour, rarely handled money and used it more rarely still for the purchase of food, wages paid for relief works were useless unless provision was made for the retail of food in the area[166]. The Government's indifference was partly nullified by voluntary effort: in particular the Quakers set up committees in Dublin and London in November 1846. With their usual combination of practical Christianity and good sense they not only distributed relief but collected accurate information on the situation, and these reports helped to enlighten British public opinion.

During the bitter winter of 1846-7 even the bureaucrats realized that the people must be fed at the public expense, though the government scheme to do so appeared grudging and tardy to the starving[167]. By August 1847

over 3,000,000 people were being fed. The new Poor Law administration[168] was completely inadequate, but this was hardly a proof of its inefficiency in mormal circumstances. Outdoor relief was continued throughout 1848 and until the late autumn of 1849: by then the worst was over. In the areas which suffered most those who did not die of actual starvation often fell victim to "famine fever" either typhus or "relapsing fever." As those made beggars by the famine streamed into the towns the middle and upper classes began to be infected by typhus. The hospitals were overcrowded, and patients lay, often on the bare ground, in tents and "fever-sheds." Doctors in hospitals and dispensaries did not spare themselves; the death-rate among them was high. Between 1845 and 1849 about 1,000,000 people died either of starvation or disease; it was a horribly effective way of controlling population.

Up to the second year of the famine (1846), the number of emigrants from Ireland had been relatively small; from the second half of 1846 emigrant sailings took place during the whole year, whereas up to then they had been confined to spring and summer. Before 1846 intending emigrants made their preparations carefully; from that time on the panic-stricken throngs who wished to escape from what seemed a doomed island went often with the most meagre provisions and no fixed employment in their country of arrival[169]. In 1846 106,000 went, in 1847 215,000,

and in 1851, two years after the famine had ended, the number was 500,000. About three-quarters of the emigrants went to the United States, the rest mainly to Canada. Conditions on the "coffin-ships" were abominable and the mortality rate was high. In 1847 one out of fourteen of those who sailed from Liverpool to Canada died at sea, of those sailing from Cork, one in nine[170]. No country wanted throngs of the poor and sick to become a burden on their rates; the Irish, who had escaped death, were willing to accept a lower standard of living than the native working-class, with consequent unpopularity. They never forgot home, and they told the story of their sufferings to their children: thus, the famine influenced generations who had never experienced it directly. It would be unjust to say that the British did not show sympathy for the sufferings of their sister-island, for many groups and individuals did so, but in general the treatment of Ireland from 1846 to 1849 showed governmental indifference and ignorance, combined with irritation when the situation of the starving tended to impinge itself too obviously on British affairs. A legacy of bitterness was left behind.

At first the Edgeworths took the rumours about potato blight lightly, but in November 1845 Maria was writing to Fanny: "We are laying out all the money we can.....to provide meal <u>against</u> the famine."[171] In the beginning things were not too bad in Co. Longford; in December 1845

Maria was unconcerned enough to tell Fanny another funny story about the vulgarity of the Catholic clergy - not fiddling when Rome was burning, Mr. Hurst assures us[172]. With Peel's going and the policy of his successor to lay responsibility for feeding the starving on the landlords, the Edgeworths were ready to cooperate. At the opening of "the black '47" Maria was asked by Mr. Powell, the Protestant clergyman at Edgeworthstown, to apply to the Quakers for help. She did so, much "against the grain",- (why?) - requesting not only money, but leather to make shoes for the men and boys engaged on drainage work. Typically, the Quakers replied by return of post, sending £30 for food and £10 for "women's work". The request for leather was put before the clothing committee, which not only sent the skins but a large parcel of clothes. The Edgeworthstown committee consisted of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Powell, Mrs. Edgeworth, Mrs. Francis Edgeworth and Maria. The Catholic priest, who might have been supposed to know the people better than anyone else, was not included. Maria also remained "Ascendency" in calling Mr. Hinds' decision not to give seed to any tenants except those who could produce the receipt for the previous half-year's rent, a "good rule" . However, she is sympathetic and flexible enough to report to Fanny that many of the people really could not work without being fed. "Spite of all soup shops and Charity it is come to this.

Spite of all, I say. I could not venture to say in consequence of the gratis feeding, because there must be an exception to the general rule 'If thou dost not work, thou shalt not eat', for here it has been: 'Even if thou dost work, thou shalt not eat.' Here is a calamity - National calamity by the hand of God..."[173]. It was a pity the Government did not feel the same way. Yet, "the people are as eager and as forward in tilling their ground as ever at this time of year (March)"[174] a praise-worthy optimism which was to be disappointed; the famine continued until after Maria's death in 1849. National calamity or not Maria is naive enough to be horrified at the theft of one sack of oats from the Edgeworths' stables. As might be expected she emotionalizes it as an act of ingratitude towards Mrs. Edgeworth[175].

She went on receiving help from places as far apart as Birmingham and Boston. The Irish porters who carried ashore the barrels of seed and flour from America refused payment; Maria, then almost eighty years old, knitted each of them a woollen comforter.

Ever watchful for discrimination against the under-privileged Irish Protestant minority of the eighteen-forties, she noticed newspaper reports that the Australians had sent "a considerable sum for the relief of the distressed Irish, and that they had directed it to the use of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, meaning Dr. Murray

(the Catholic Archbishop)[176]. She immediately wrote to the Protestant Archbishop, "our" Archbishop Whately, "playing upon the graceless proceeding towards him." Dr. Whately was able to clear the good name of the Australians. They had also sent him a considerable sum which he had placed in the hands of the Central Relief Committee. If Maria applied to it he had no doubt that her application would be attended to. In fact everyone she appealed to helped, and she neglected no opportunity. When she heard that the Government had offered to give as much as any parish subscribed towards its own relief, she had Mr. Powell send a list of local subscriptions amounting to over 100 guineas to Dublin. The government money duly reached Edgeworthstown, and was spent on bread, rice and meal, "not all in soup"[177], so that the people might be brought to cook in their own homes. Even in the distribution of charity the guiding hand of the landlord must be seen! She was delighted with the prudence of some tenants who had stored potatoes and built them up, walled them up, in fact, from themselves and their families, "and have this year planted them"[178].

The privations of the famine and the death of O'Connell in 1847 might have been expected to bring political agitation to a halt, but Young Ireland staged an abortive rising in 1848. Davis had died three years previously, and the conduct of the group passed into the hands of John

Mitchel, a Protestant Northern-Irish enthusiast, and of William Smith O'Brien. Both were sentenced after the forlorn attempt had failed.

The trial of Mitchel for sedition moved Maria to send some rose-trees to the presiding judge, "because he had done well for Queen and country"[179]. She did not, of course, realize that 1848, though only a skirmish, was to have a great effect on the people and on folklore. Mitchel's Jail Journal, written during his transportation, is still a nationalist classic and the name of Smith O'Brien lives on in the tradition that led to 1916 and beyond. Maria herself considered Smith O'Brien an honest man, though a fool[180] - he was, after all, a landlord and a Protestant. All that mattered to her in 1848 was that law and order had triumphed: nobody would grudge her the happiness of this belief in her last months of life. In February 1849, while staying with the Butlers, she was writing that the rents were tolerably well paid, "and we have some hopes that the potatoes will soon be back again"[181]. The month before her death she wrote to her brother-in-law, Richard Butler, now Dean of Clonmacnoise, congratulating him on his pamphlet on the need for united education of Catholics and Protestants. Here she is on sure ground and can look happily back to the teachings of her father; even Lovell, his lapses now forgotten, comes in for deserved praise for his undenominational school[182].

Maria's last published work of fiction was set in Ireland. The profits from Orlandino[183], a story for children and therefore not likely to provoke criticism of Richard Lovell, went to raise money for famine victims. Its theme was temperance, and both sides of Father Mathew's medal were illustrated in the text. It is ironical or satisfying, according to the point of view, that this last story should deal with a movement led by a Catholic priest trained in Maynooth, but it is entirely in accordance with Maria's life-long attitude that the money raised by it should have been used to help her fellow-countrymen.

CHAPTER IV

LAIRDS AND LANDLORDS

The Reverend Micah Balwhidder tells us how, in March 1767, Lord Eaglesham's fall into a midden became "a clear proof of how improvement came about, as it were, by the immediate instigation of Providence, which should make the heart of man humble, and change the eyes of pride and haughtiness into a lowly demeanour"[1]. His lordship's coach was being driven down a narrow road, where the middens were gathered for the fields, and was met by a string of coal-carts coming in the opposite direction. Neither could turn back, and, in striving to get the coach over the top of a midden, the horses overturned it. There had been much earlier talk of improving the road, but now at last action was taken in the course of the year, and a new trust-road made, "planned with that orderlyness which made it into a pattern for the countryside."

It is unlikely that an Irish nobleman of the same period would have been driving through his estate, if, like Lord Eaglesham, he had money and status enough to enable him to be in London. If he <u>had</u> been there, his progress would not have been impeded by anything as prosperous as a string of coal carts. True, neither Lord Eaglesham nor his Scottish peers who could afford life in the capital spent all their time in the country, but Eagle-

sham did pay fairly frequent visits to Dalmailing between 1767 and 1781, the year of his murder, and he was a benefactor to the parish whether physically present or not. That his benefactions were well directed is due to his reliance on Mr. Balwhidder's advice; from the time of the accident, when the minister provided a change of clothes, something like friendship, - "a sort of neighbourliness"[2] - had grown up between himself and the young nobleman, though Eaglesham is not above laughing at the good man's simplicity. (Sometimes his mockery rebounds on his own head; when he arranges for Mr. Balwhidder to preach before the Commissioner, the misinterpretation of a perfectly innocent sermon proves embarrassing.)[3] On his own initiative Lord Eaglesham establishes a fair in the parish: to please Mr. Balwhidder he secures a cadetship for the latter's brother-in-law, builds a new schoolhouse (when he had been asked only for help in the building), uses his influence to find out the whereabouts of Charles Malcolm when the young man falls into the hands of a press-gang, supports Willie Malcolm's studies for the ministry and ensures that a local murderer will not be hanged in chains near the scene of his crime. Lord Eaglesham is neither less frivolous nor more devout than average: he brings his "Miss" with him on what proves to be his last visit to Dalmailing, and almost certainly does not sit under Mr. Balwhidder, for the latter meets his chaplain, "a pious and pleasant young divine, though

educated at Oxford for the Episcopalian persuasion"[4], and is patronized by another guest, an Anglican dean. But, though he does not trust Mr. Balwhidder's taste in wine, Eaglesham does trust his knowledge of his parish, and in so doing shows a good heart and good sense. The relationship between them is really one of respect - with a few reservations on both sides. For his part, the minister is scrupulous in using his influence only when things of use for the common good are at stake, or, as in the case of the Malcolms, when really deserving individuals genuinely need assistance; he refuses many who would have him ask his lordship "as if I had a claim upon him"[5].

Lord Eaglesham would have agreed with his countryman, Thomas Drummond, that possessions entail duties as well as rights, though without Mr. Balwhidder his bounty might have been as casual as that of old Lady Macadam who gives a French enamel snuff-box full of fine snuff to the poor schoolmistress, Nanse Banks; only after her death is it discovered that her ladyship had put a guinea at the bottom[6]. With Galt's landowners the higher the rank the better the behaviour. "My lord" in <u>The Provost</u> is not a benefactor in Lord Eaglesham's sense, and like him, has his faults: he has no objection to being titulary Provost with Mr. Pawkie as his grey eminence. Yet, in the matter of Captain Armour, who turns out to have been his former servant and brother of the unfortunate Jean Gaisling, he

behaves with great kindness. His open recognition of Armour is worthy of Lord Eaglesham in its delicacy and tact - in fact the same man was probably the model for both noblemen[7]: "In Captain Armour I have discovered an old acquaintance who by his own merits, and under circumstances that would have sunk any man less conscious of his own purity and worth, has raised himself from having been my servant to a rank that makes me happy to receive him as my guest"[8]. My lord showed his generosity once more after the catasrophe of the "windy Yule" by contributing twenty-five guineas to the Provost's fund to aid dependents.

Happy and rare the Irish community who could boast even of Lady Macadam's haphazard generosity! In Miss Edgeworth's words, the tenants expect little from their landlords, and nothing from the absentees. Maria, as one of the landlord class herself, does not completely understand the deep feelings of resentment which the dispossessed felt, though these seldom found expression during the constant fight to live above subsistence level. In Maria's view the people may accept the position of a landlord's absence without much rancour; Lord Clonbrony in <u>The Absentee</u> is still remembered kindly by his people, as is even his more unpleasant lady. The people know, however, that out of sight out of mind. They are quite conscious that the agents, the Garraghty brothers, are completely unscrupulous, whereas Clonbrony might be kind if it cost him

no trouble to be so, yet nobody thinks of going over the agents' heads and appealing to the landlord directly. Apathy, bred of long years of oppression (which Edgeworth recognized[9]; and of the knowledge that the law would not help them (which Edgeworth also recognized, but his daughter did not, in her later years) made such a step completely unthinkable. Injustice was a fact of life. In one of Miss Edgeworth's ironical passages the over-saintly "improving tenant", Widow O'Neil, ventures on a defence of the agents which turns into an indictment: "Were he (the agent) an angel, he could not know to do the tenantry justice, the way he is living always in Dublin, and coming down to the country only on receiving days, to make a clean sweep among us, and gather up the rents in a hurry, and he is in such haste back to town - can just stay to count over his money, and give us the receipts. Happy for us if we get that same! - but can't expect he should have time to see or hear us, or mind our improvements any more than listen to our complaints! Oh, there's great excuse for the gentleman, if that was any comfort for us!"[10] Mrs. O'Neil's fellow tenants might have used stronger language, but saintly resignation or honest indignation, the end result is the same: nobody <u>does</u> anything. When they come to pay their rent the tenants see the Big House gone to rack and ruin; they fling their own dirty hats and coats on the silk-covered sofas and shake out their pens on the carpets. Widow O'Neil remonstrates

and they agree that they would behave differently were the family there - but who cares about Old Nick (Nicholas Garraghty)? Clonbrony's son, Lord Colambre, who is travelling incognito through his own and his father's estates to see for himself what is happening there, is irritated at first when all evils are attributed to the absent landlord. "'Because he is absent,' said Larry (Colambre's coachman.) 'It would not be so was he prisent. Your honour's a stranger in this country and astray about them things'"[11]. Later Colambre realizes that Larry is right. The physical presence of the landlord is necessary. The only way to learn about his tenants, always supposing he was unusual enough to wish to do so, was to live among them. No intermediary like Mr. Balwhidder was at hand. The Protestant clergyman would be received in the Big House, but, through no fault of his own, would not know the people intimately: the same applied to a schoolmaster who, except in the case of an enlightened exception like Edgeworthstown, would teach only Protestant pupils[12]. Even as unconventional a landlord as Richard Lovell would hardly ask the parish priest for advice, though he would be on formal good terms with him: how could one respect the opinion of a teacher of superstition? If the Catholics were taught at all, the schoolmaster might be a "wandering scholar" or one of the poor, differing from them in no way in the landlord's eyes: he would not be consulted. The

social obligation of the Irish landlord was therefore greater than that of his Scottish counterpart.

Left to themselves, or even worse to unscrupulous middlemen, the people have nothing to hope for and make the impression of almost animal degradation and servility. Colambre is determined to avoid over-hasty judgements of his country and her people, but the temptation to dismiss them as incorrigible is strong when he sees such things as the grotesque auction of the golden guineas with which the rent must be paid and which are sold and resold for paper money. "The higgling for the price of gold; the time lost about disputing the goodness of the notes, among some poor tenants who could not read or write, and were at the mercy of the man with the bag in his hands; the vexation, the useless harrassing of those who were obliged to submit ultimately - Lord Colambre saw; and all this time he endured the smell of tobacco, and whiskey, the din of men wrangling, bawling, threatening, whining, drawling, cajoling, cursing and every variety of wretchedness"[13]. After the first emotional reaction is past, Colambre realizes that what he has just seen is not a picture of a normal Irish community, such as he had already observed under the sway of the rare "good" agent, Mr. Burke, but the situation "to which an Irish estate and Irish tenantry may be degraded in the absence of those whose duty and interest is to reside in Ireland, to uphold justice by example and

authority; but who,neglecting their duty, commit power to bad hands and bad hearts - abandon their country to oppression and their property to ruin"[14]. Nor are the "good" agents appreciated by their principals. Lord Clonbrony dismisses Mr. Burke in a curt letter, because he does not send money fast enough, and in Ennui the upright, if tactless, Scottish agent, M'Leod, infuriates the inexperienced Lord Glenthorn because he will not approve and encourage stupid philanthropy. Neither Clonbrony nor Glenthorn understand Mr. Burke's modest self-effacement or M'Leod's slow reflectiveness. Their shallowness leads them either to act wrongly themselves (Glenthorn) or suffer wrong to be done in their names (Clonbrony). Such selfishness brings all authority into disrepute. As Edgeworth knew[15] the Irish were shrewd and saw no reason to behave better than the gentry did. The judge on the bench drinks poteen, Larry tells Colambre; why, then, should he, Larry, disclose the whereabouts of an illicit still to the exciseman?[16]

The Absentee is a didactic novel directed against a social abuse, but elsewhere Miss Edgeworth portrays resident landlords who also find means of oppressing their tenants. Sir Murtagh Rackrent and his wife née Skinflint: (is Galt's "Lady Skim-milk" a borrowing?) are miserly and pitiless towards the people depending on them. Lady Rackrent runs a charity-school, where girls are taught to read

and write, but, in return, must spin the "duty" yarn provided by the Rackrent tenants. This is woven by the cottagers as my lady is in the way of supplying looms, and there is a bleaching-yard on the estate. Thus, all the household linen is provided gratis[17]. The energetic second Mrs. Balwhidder, of whom her husband speaks as charitably as he can, may have driven the maids at the Manse to work hard under her supervision, but she did, at least, work as hard as they did, and offered board and lodging with some small payment. She did not have work done under the guise of running a charity school, Sir Murtagh is just as ruthless as his wife. Thady, who feels solidarity with his own class only when an agent is acting for Sir Kit, but not as long as one of "the family" is at the helm, boasts that no tenant came to the Big House for any reason without bringing a present; the young pigs and Spring chickens were invariably the perquisite of the landlord. Little wonder the tenants often "Gave trouble" by running away! Sir Murtagh also objects to the mending offences, as he makes a good living out of trespassing cattle and other animals. "Then his heriots and duty-work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and, in short, all the work about the house done for nothing; for in all our leases there were strict clauses, heavy with penalties which Sir Murtagh knew how to enforce; so many days' duty-work of man and horse, from every tenant he was to have, and he had, every year; and when a man vexed him

why, the the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest or thatching the cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse; so he taught them all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant"[18].

Galt and Miss Edgeworth are both harder on the less powerful gentry than on the aristocracy. Craiglands and Auldbiggins are both relics of a bygone age, stubbornly proud of their rank and prejudiced against the new race of upstarts like Macandoe and the Nabob. Craiglands' "Obtuse ignorance" annoys Andrew at first, more for his grandmother's sake than for his own, when they both visit the Place, but he decides to be amused rather than angry and keeps his temper. Martha's reception of the invitation illustrates the ambivalent attitude of sensible people of lower rank towards their "superiors". She considers it "a great honour and testification" for them both to be asked and warns Andrew not to be "overly lifted up". For somebody of her independant character the words in which she refuses to come sound almost servile at first: "...I'm blithe and thankful to see sae great a respect paid to you; for wha that has seen the eydent hand and unwearied foot wi' which I have so long ca'd at my wheel, no to be a cess, would ever hae thought that I would be requeeshted to tak' my dinner in the Craigland's diningroom wi' the family"[19]. This is too much like Widow O'Neil and Miss Edgeworth's ideal tenants for comfort,

but Martha has more realistic reasons for her refusal, as she tells Andrew when he presses her: ".... ye ken the laird himself, poor silly carle, has unco' rouse o' his family; and Mis Mizy, though she's vera discreet in some things, looks down on a' poor folk, and was ne'er overly well pleased when Miss Mary visited me with her homely familiarity[20]". She is quite right: brother and sister do behave badly, and perhaps she would have done better to spare herself unpleasantness. In conversation the Laird shows his overbearing pride and die-hard opposition to the sort of "progress" which allow Glasgow and Paisley weavers to have better houses than his own. Macandoe, "the get of a Kilwinning weaver" especially infuriates him, for he has bought a neighbouring estate and his daughter was at the same Edinburgh academy as Mary. "When he took possession of the Friersland I was obligated, out o' the respect due to my family, to buy a chaise; for he has got one ..... It's enough Sir Andrew, to gar a body scunner to hear o' weavers in coaches wr' flunkeys ahint them"[21]. Craiglands is more or less tricked into accepting Andrew as a son-in-law, and Galt kills him off soon afterwards, relieving Andrew and Mary of a burden.

Martha's distinction between Craiglands as a person and Craiglands as representative of a class was made also by Miss Edgeworth's Irish characters, but with an extra dimension added: the master of the Big House was an upstart,

not one of the "old" gentry but differing from them in race and religion. Yet the possession of land and a title, sometimes for hundreds of years, bred some of the same sort of critical respect that Martha felt for a "silly carle". Sir Patrick Rackrent is one of the old race, with the easy mindless hospitality characteristic of the Gaelic Big House. Of his feasts Aodhaghan Ó Rathaille could have written as he did of the O'Callaghans of Cork: "The doors wide open on enclosures bright as amber, / Waxlights blazing from every wall and chamber, / Every moment fresh casks being opened for the multitude / With no ebb in the liquid coming to that drinking feast" although " the throngs (were) drunk without offence to their neighbours"[22] - something which probably was not true of Sir Patrick's gatherings. Sir Murtagh, however, was the opposite of the Celtic spendthrift, and both Sir Kit and Sir Condy fall into the category of "squireens" or "half-and-half-gentlemen" without good sense or good manners, duelling, wasting money, living hard and drinking too much. Sometimes they were not even "well got", but middlemen who had made money and aspired to be gentry, the sort of "violent people" Richard Lovell Edgeworth was brought into contact with and despised. Sad to say many middlemen, in particular the agents of absentees, were Irish Catholics of the old stock, but in Ennui Maria Edgeworth introduces one who is an Anglo-Irish Protestant, a Mr. Hardcastle, agent of the dowager Lady Ormsby. "Talkative,

self sufficient, peremptory" he was the opposite of Glenthorn's agent, the slow and thoughtful Scot, McLeod, who, at this period, got on Glenthorn's nerves. Hardcastle never doubted. "On every subject of human knowledge, taste, morals, politics, economy, legislation; on all affairs, civil, military or ecclesiastical, he decided at once in the most confident tone. Yet he "never read, not he!', he had nothing to do with books; he consulted only his own eyes and ears, and appealed only to common sense"[23]. Like many agents, including McLeod, he had a small estate of his own, and had determined ideas as to how the Irish should be treated. Wishing to jolt McLeod out of his usual silence on controversial topics, Glenthorn brings him together with Hardcastle, and asks the Scot his views on the means of improving the poor people of Ireland. When McLeod, a second Edgeworth, answers that nothing will be effectual until they have a better education, Hardcastle bursts out: "....too many of them know how to read and write and cipher, which I assume is all you mean by education. The more they know, the worse they are, sir, depend on that.....the way to ruin the poor of Ireland would be to educate them, sir. Look at the poor scholars, as they call themselves; and what are they? A parcel of young vagabonds in rags, with a book under their arm instead of a spade or a shovel. And what comes of this? that they grow up the worst-disposed, and the most trouble-

some seditious rascals in the community.....what can reading or writing do for a poor man, unless he is to be a bailiff or an exciseman, and you know all men can't expect to be bailiffs or excisemen. Can all the book-learning in the world, sir, dig a poor man's potatoes for him, or plough his land, or cut his turf?.....Keep the Irish common people ignorant, sir, and you keep 'em quiet; and that's the only way with them, for they are too quick and smart, as it is, naturally.....Teach them everything, sir, and you <u>set them</u> up; now, its our business to <u>keep them down</u>, unless, sir, you wish to have your throat cut"[24]. Lord Clare would have agreed, but not Richard Lovell Edgeworth. To M'Leod's gentle objection, redolent of the Scottish Enlightenment, that education was the same use to the poor as to the rich, "to teach men to see clearly, and to follow steadily, their own interests," Hardcastle retorts that, though the Irish may be men, they are not men like the Scots. They know nothing of their interests and nothing of morality. He does not even listen to what M'Leod says in reply, merely stating "What you observe, sir, may possibly be very true; but I have made up my mind"[25]. To which M'Leod responds, in an aside to Glenthorn: "Qu'est-ce-que la raison avec un filet de voix contre une gueule comme celle-là?"

As well as showing the feelings of the "violent people" the conversation pinpoints another difference between Irish and Scottish landlords. If the Irish people were to be

educated at all - which men like Hardcastle thought unnecessary - the responsibility for providing schools lay with the land-owners. Here once more the unavoidable religious difficulty complicated matters. Some Irish landowners supported the Charter Schools for the poor. These were maintained partly by voluntary subscriptions and partly by Parliamentary grants. Founded in 1733, their aim was to rescue the children of the "poor natives" from "ignorance, superstition and idolatry" and to instruct them in "the English tongue and manners and the Protestant religion"[26]. They were disliked and avoided by the majority. The few landlords who did set up private institutions to teach their tenants' children must be commended for noticing that there was an educational problem, and they mostly had good intentions. In a school like that in Edgeworthstown the religious problem was solved by having the local priest and the local minister teach catechism separately to the children of their respective faiths: Maria lets the schools established by the 'good' agent Mr. Burke, in The Absentee and by M'Leod in Ennui follow the same pattern. But all such schools taught in the spirit of the Ascendancy - how, indeed, could they do otherwise? Their founders genuinely believed that they were doing their best for the children by teaching them in a manner which would separate them from most of the ideas their own social group held dear. It is not surprising that such schools, too, were unsuccessful in their mission except in the case of unscrupulous arnvisles like

Jason Quirk. The "hedge schools" provided the generally accepted education for Catholic children, and with them the gentry had nothing to do. So called because, if there was no schoolhouse, (which was seldom the case), they were held under a hedge in fine weather and in a barn or some other building in bad, their quality depended entirely on the capability of "the master" who was respected almost as much as the dominie in Scotland, but in Ireland sometimes with little reason. The teacher was often a "spoiled priest" who had been educated on the continent before 1795 and had generally a good knowledge of Greek and Latin. Professor Maxwell writes that these languages were always well taught, sometimes to the astonishment of strangers. She quotes a story told by one English gentleman who gave the bridle of his horse to a poor boy to hold, and found him well-acquainted with the best Latin poets; he had read most of the historians and was studying the Orations of Cicero[27]. On the practical side the children were taught reading, writing and arithmetic - all that was understood by education for the poor, according to Mr. Hardcastle. The people were ready to make sacrifices so that the hedge-schoolmasters might be paid. Mary Leadbeater says that the peasants in her part of the country were so desirous to learn that they would deprive themselves of milk with their potatoes and lay aside the money for the school as regularly as the money to pay the rent[28]. But even the enlightened Protestants

thought little of the hedge schools: M'Leod, for example, tells Glenthorn a story of seeing a crowd of idle children there and of hearing the master cry out "Rehearse! Rehearse! there's company going by" as he went past[29]. Carleton also has his hedge-schoolmaster call out "Rehearse! Rehearse!" as a stranger rides by, but this is because the children are distracted and the master wants to recall them to work[30]: each observer sees and hears what he wants to. However there is no need for Oliver Flanagan to be patronizing about M'Leod's little schoolhouse[31]: the hedge-schoolmasters taught in the open only because they could get nothing better, and to denigrate the work of a sympathetic agent is Celticism run mad.

As so often, what was a divisive factor in Ireland was a unifying one in Scotland. There the lairds, great or small, did not need to provide for the education of the poor, though as great heritors, like Lord Eaglesham, they often had a share in it. It was the merit of the Church of Scotland that the children of the Scottish poor were better educated than those of the same social group in any other country. If a congregation was to elect its minister, - and Mr. Balwhidder's initial experience in Dalmailing shows how tenacious congregations were of that privilege, - and if some members were to assume responsibility in certain matters concerning the parish, public instruction was necessary, and national education is envisaged in "The Book

of Discipline". Even if this concept could not become a complete reality, largely for practical reasons, it was never forgotten, and an Act was passed in 1696 compelling the heritors of every parish to provide a commodious home for a school and a small salary for a schoolmaster[32]. The people valued education: when the heritors in Dalmailing refuse to pay a second schoolmaster as long as the first is alive, the local children have to seek education in neighbouring towns and must walk to school with nothing but a piece of bread and cheese for dinner[33]. That they did this and that their parents took their doing so for granted is another testimony to the Scottish respect for education: "Good schoolery, as it was called, constituted the common patrimony of the Scottish adventurer"[34] and a young man like Andrew Wylie could make his way in the world with nothing but training in a village school behind him. Socially the Scottish school served to bridge gaps. Except for the aristocracy who employed private tutors for their children, the lairds often sent their sons to the local school, at least up to a certain age. When Mr. Balwhidder appeals for contributions for his new schoolhouse he has no difficulties with "the smaller sort of lairds" whose children attend the school and who know and respect the master, "but the gentlemen who had tutors in their own houses, were not so manageable, and some of them even went so far as to say that the Kirk being only wanted on Sunday, would do very

well for a school all the rest of the week"[35]. The laird might remove his children from the parish school after they reached a certain age, as Craiglands did with Willy Cunningham, because he felt that a boy of higher expectations might require social training of a different kind , but he never did so because he disapproved of the religious education the child was receiving. In the Ireland of the period it was hardly possible that the children of Protestant landlords and Catholic tenants should ever be educated together, even in early years: Lovell Edgeworth's school was an exception, but it proved enormously expensive and contributed to poor Lovell's financial downfall. Condy Rackrent was educated at the local school, (almost certainly Protestant), and there had the bad fortune to meet Jason Quirke, but only a few Catholics like Thady, who, as an old upper servant was in a special position would have thought of sending their children there. Poor Sir Condy retained many peasant turns of speech from his early democratic schooldays and they come out in moments of stress: "Oh, murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in"[36], "I'm bothered to deeth this night"[37]. The Moneygawls laugh at him for his vulgar ways: Condy's ironic reference to his schooldays with Jason has no effect whatsoever on the determined future owner of Castle Rackrent "...there's so many noughts they dazzle my eyes and put me in mind of all I suffered, larning of my numeration table when I was a

boy at the day-school along with you Jason, - units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundreds"[38]. The old friendship between Andrew Wylie and Willy Cunningham works to the latter's good - the boy of humbler origin is the benefactor: in Sir Condy's case his old school-fellow is his destroyer.

If by some unlikely chance an Irish boy did acquire a good education he would have little opportunity of profiting materially by it if he stayed in Ireland. Many did not, either going to one of the continental seminaries to be trained for the priesthood or taking service in the army of one of the European Catholic powers. The Irish Brigade, formed after the defeat of James II in 1691, was a disciplined fighting-force which was valued by the foreign monarchs it served; names like MacMahon and Taafe figured in the history of their adopted countries. Maria Edgeworth gives two pictures of members of the Irish Brigade, one highly complimentary, one the reverse. Count O'Halloran in The Absentee is a polished elderly gentleman who dresses in the style of a past age: "a great sportsman, with a long queue, a gold-laced hat, and long skirts to a laced waistcoat"[39]. Colambre visits him with some English officers who wish for permission to hunt and shoot on his grounds the next season. They are shown into the Count's study which has an odd assembly of livestock: an eagle, a goat, a dog (Irish greyhound of course,) an otter, several gold and silver fish in a glass bowl and a white mouse in

a cage. Previously, in the hall, they had seen the skeletons of a "moose-deer" and an elk, both assembled by the Count from bones found in the neighbourhood, for he is a great collector of Irish antiquities, and has also "golden ornaments, and brass-headed spears, and jointed horns of curious workmanship, that had been found on his estate"[40] as well as books of Gaelic genealogies. His title is not an English one: one of the officers calls him Mr. O'Halloran until recalled by a sharp pinch from his commanding officer. Were it not for the Revolution O'Halloran would probably have stayed in Austria where he had seen service - and incidentally met Grace Nugent's father: it is he who clears up the mystery of her parentage. But the "Irish Brigade" had no place in the new Europe; like most of its members O'Halloran, once returned to Ireland, has no difficulty in reconciling an interest in the past of his country with loyalty to the British crown which represented the "law and order" to which these old soldiers clung. He has a high ideal of the military life and little respect for those who now follow it: "to go into the army, with the hope of escaping from knowledge, letters, science, and morality; to wear a red coat and an epaulette; to be called captain; to figure at a ball; to lounge away time in country sports, at country quarters, was never, never in times of peace creditable; but it is now absurd and base"[41]. The returned "Wild Geese" were looked at

askance by the British Government: After all, thirty years previously they might have been opposing British troops! But Maria pays a tribute to a class of cultured Catholic gentlemen which was never very large and always remained isolated whether among bigoted Protestants or the rising Catholic middle-class.

The other member of the Irish Brigade is the expatriate young officer, Black Connal or M.de Connal in Ormond, who comes to Ireland to marry the heiress, Dora O'Shane. Intelligent, sophisticated and self-seeking, he does not exactly make Dora unhappy, - she is a personality in her own right and enjoys the fashionable life of pre-Revolutionary Paris as much as her husband does, - but is completely indifferent to her, while treating her always with perfect courtesy. Maria was fascinated by the glittering world of Paris which she herself had experienced at a later period than that in which Ormond is set. Connal talks well, but says nothing. He tells Harry Ormond, the hero of the novel, that what he (Harry) lacks is légèreté, the quality of taking nothing too seriously, though he must, of course, philosophize and think - "Everybody in France thinks now"[42]. M. de Connal's shallowness is meant to contrast with Ormond's sincerity, but even Ormond has to confess that, had he seen the young officer only as a man shining in company or even as a companion, "he must have been dazzled by his fashion, charmed by his gaiety and imposed upon by his decisive tone"[43].

However, the young Irishman is acute enough to understand that Connal thinks of no one but himself. When he is tempted very strongly to make Dora his mistress he never once reflects that he will hurt her husband.

Though so many Scots served in foreign armies, at an earlier period than that of Maria Edgeworth's novels, they hardly figure in Galt's stories. In Ringan Gilhaize Captain Learmont, Ringan's choice as commander in the early days of the Covenanting struggle, had gained experience under Lesley, but plays little part in the story. In the books dealing with a later period it is the Nabobs who return from far away places; one of them, Mr. Jobbry in The Member has already been commented on, and his interest in local Scottish politics was positive, even if undertaken to serve his family dependents. The other, Mr. Rupees, in The Last of the Lairds is a very different character. Both Jobbry and Rupees are middle-class members of a meritocracy with no family pride based on ancestry. Rupees does his best to establish an Indian home in the West of Scotland and sprinkles his conversation with Indianisms, some of which sound like caricatures of the language of the British Raj: "Padre Lounlans sent a chit this morning to say he would call on me about the affairs of that d - d sirdar Pangue the Laird"[44]. His idea of taste is simply collecting; though what he collects would be highly desirable nowadays, Galt thinks of it only as the residue of an

auctioneer after he has disposed of the valuable items: "Pictures by Zoffani.....Derbyshire spar vases, plaster busts, French clocks, interestingly ornamented, but deranged in their horal faculties, Dresden China swains and shepherdesses" etc., the emphasis being not on pleasure or comfort but on ostentation.

The Laird of Nawaubpore has no illusions about the feelings of the people towards "the gentry." When Dr. Lounlans argues that the Scots are still disposed to take the part of a man of old family who suffers from oppression, the Nabob answers: "They were, ...but now I suspect they are quite as well disposed to esteem those who, by their own merits, have made their own fortunes, and have brought home from other countries the means of improving their native land. I have myself spent more money here, Dr. Lounlans, on Nawaubpore, than all that the Mailings, since the Ragman's Roll, have had to spend, whether got by thieving in days of yore, or by rack-rents and borrowing in our own time"[45]. This cynical view is not quite accurate, however, or at least is not the whole truth. When Mrs. Soorocks mentions "the clash that's bizzen about a' the Kinfra side concerning you (the Nabob) and Auldbiggings"[46] the Nabob replies, "with a shade of thoughtfulness" that he is sorry to hear he has gained a bad reputation, and this is of as much importance in his willingness to stop legal proceedings as Mrs. Soorocks's flattery, for, though

it pleases him, he is not a fool.

Respect for name and rank decreased with the passage of time. Scotland was much more fortunate than Ireland in having a sturdy and self-respecting middle-class (from which people like the Nabob climbed to power even outside their own country), but, in the earlier part of the eighteenth-century, the members of this class were conscious of a social hierarchy and felt that possession of an old name conferred rights on its owner. Mrs. Gorbals is horrified when her husband offers sixpence to young Claud Walkinshaw. "'Saxpence, gudeman!' exlaimed the Provost's lady, 'ye'll ne'er even your han' wi' a saxpence to the like o' Kittlestoneheugh, for sae we're bound in nature to call him, landless though his lairdship now be; poor bairn, I'm wae for't. Ye ken his mother was sib to mine by the father's side, and blood's thicker than water ony day'"[47]. The provost accepts the rebuke as justified. His wife's naïve pride in a distant kinship marks Mrs. Gorbals as one of the sort of wealthy middle-class folk who had their own pride of place and rank, which they had gained by their own endeavours, but still felt that the inheritors of noble blood had a special claim to reverence.

In the Ireland of Maria Edgeworth the mainly Catholic middle-class had no influence on manners and conduct. It was the age when a rich Dublin grocer, like Thomas Moore's father, could afford to send his son to Trinity, but knew

that he could never take a degree. Ironically, Moore ended up by delighting fashionable Regency drawing-rooms, while his Protestant student friend, Robert Emmet, led an abortive rising and was executed for treason! Miss Edgeworth herself was not a member of the real aristocracy, although, as Harriet Edgeworth wrote, she was a delightful gentlewoman; she wrote of peasants and the bourgeoisie from outside their ranks, while Galt, himself "lower-middle-class" had been close enough to the poor in his small town youth to be able to observe them closely and describe them with realism. When Miss Edgeworth knows someone of a lower social group as well as she did John Langan, her father's steward and the original Thady Quirk, she is able to give a realistic picture, but she saw only the ridiculous and distasteful side of Dublin's middle-class social climbers. These were the people who thronged to viceregal parties after the Union when many of the "gentry" either left Ireland or retired to their country estates until it became clear that their power and influence remained untouched by the 1800 settlement. The parvenus were endured temporarily and had at least one beneficial effect in making Lady Clonbrony leave Ireland, but they were tolerated only as long as there was nobody else to invite to viceregal balls. In The Absentee Lord Colambre meets one of them, Mrs. Anastatia Rafferty, sister of the villainous Garaghty brothers. She invites him to a "collation" in her Wicklow villa,

"Tusculum," where everything is "little": "So she led the way to a little conservatory, and a little pinery, and a little grapery, and a little aviary, and a little pheasantry, and a little dairy for show, and a little cottage for ditto, with a grotto full of shells, and a little hermitage full of earwigs, and a little ruin full of looking-glass 'to enlarge and multiply the effect of the Gothic'"[48]. The collation is a disaster and ends with Mrs. Rafferty's reproachful whisper to her husband: "Corny Rafferty! You're no more gud at the fut of my table than a stick of celery"[49]. This is funny but cruel, as Maria always is cruel to those she thinks vulgar. However in this case Colambre realizes that his mother, Lady Clonbrony, with her pursuit of the rich and aristocratic in fashionable London, is just as silly as poor Anastasia: "While the ridiculous grocer's wife made herself the sport of some of the guests, Lord Colambre sighed from the reflection that what she was to them his mother was to persons of a higher rank of fashion"[50]. The Absentee even goes so far as to admit that Mrs. Rafferty and those like her were representative only of one type of Dublin merchant, those who "obliged" their customers rather than served them. Until roughly the end of the nineteenth century, the second group lived their own lives quietly. These Dublin bourgeois were indeed conscious of their "place in society" but their estimation of it was vastly different from that credited

to them by the Edgeworths and their like. They wanted social independence and "not to be beholden"; though nearly all conservative in their political views, they had no intention of becoming "Castle Catholics." It was only the first group who, instead of attempting to establish a meritocracy of their own, tried to enter "aristocratic" circles and made themselves conspicuous and laughable. Far from being a steadying point between rich and poor, the Mrs. Raffertys won only the contempt of "society", while the majority of the greatly increasing Catholic urban middle-class and country "strong farmers" had no effect on it whatsoever, nor tried to have. As late as the end of the century the life of a cultured Catholic family, the Tynans, was a revelation to the liberal and Bohemian W.B. Yeats[51].

Thus, though the Scottish and Irish people may have taken a dispassionate view of their "superiors" as human beings, some of them did not object to mingling with the great. In Ireland intermarriage, the great means of stepping from one social group into another, was impossible for religious reasons. For the intelligent Irish middle-class Catholic boy to make a career for himself in the learned professions or to become a land-owner was impossible until the end of the eighteenth century and difficult even up to the time of the deaths of Galt and Edgeworth. Daniel O'Connell was, after all, the product of a "Big House", though a Gaelic one: he understood and spoke for the rural

poor, but was not one of them. In Scotland the situation was very different. James Pawkie manipulates "my lord" as easily as he does everyone else, while maintaining the respectful exterior which he probably genuinely believed due to noble birth. The respectful attitude of the Gorbals towards an old name was not exactly lost, but watered down as the eighteenth century progressed and moved towards a new era of commercial and economic prosperity. The Provost's daughter does not marry into the nobility, but she does marry a Writer to the Signet[52], that class which was assuming an important role in the life of the country and often making an easy transition from professional man to country gentleman. Mr. Pawkie does not oppose his wife's harmless vanity "of being thought far ben with the great"[53]; indeed, with that disarming lack of complete dishonesty which makes him so endearing, he admits taking pleasure in it himself: "But herein I should not take credit to myself for more of the virtue of himility than was my due; therefore I open the door of my secret heart so far ajee as to let the reader discern that I was content to hear our invitations were all accepted[54]." From their first dinner for the aristocracy it seemed to him that they "had taken, as it were, a step above the common in the town"[55]. Being Mr. Pawkie, he hastens to rationalize this as part of his duties; some of the light which shines on him, as representative of the town, filters down to the lowlier citizen. He is able to

give reasons for the gradual break-down of barriers in a small Scottish town. "This was partly to be ascribed to the necessity rising out of the French Revolution, whereby men of substance thought it an expedient policy to relax in their ancient maxims of family pride and consequence; and partly to the great increase and power of wealth which the influx of trade caused throughout the Kingdom, whereby the merchants were enabled to vie with each other in ostentation and ostentate even with the better sort of lairds"[56]. The process stopped short of intermarriage which would have meant "a melting down of them among us", whereas there was only "a communion"[57]. The "melting down" was possible in England, however, for Clemmy Plack married into the aristocracy and became "my lady". James Plack thinks well of his son-in-law, who makes his acquaintance first by behaving politely and tactfully, and can thus hardly be accused of cultivating a city gentleman with a marriageable daughter and a great fortune. The money does come in handy, of course, as the late Lord Mayor of London recognizes: Clemmy's father-in-law was a spendthrift and justifies her father's estimation of lords as "a kind of canary-headed cattle, having, for the most part, a want"[58], but she is happy in her marriage and her father not a little proud of it, though this he would never admit. London is not Gudetown, however, and a Lord Mayor of London is not a Provost.

Snobbish as the Scottish provincial ladies of the

middle class might have been, their husbands did not lose their shrewdness in judging the noble guests who sat at their tables. As they came to know them better, they began to realize that those whom they had respected were "vessels made of ordinary human clay", and the "bit powerful lairdies" were looked down upon by well-to-do burgesses, some of whom had rentable bonds on their estates[59]. It must be said again, however, that Galt always lets the higher aristocracy behave well. When the young laird of Swinton, then only about eighteen, wounded Mr. Pawkies' nephew, Dick, in a duel, he atoned for it by making Dick his man of business after he had finished his legal studies. Galt's account of the Provost's handling of the aftermath of the duel is a fine example of psychological insight. The bailie (as Mr. Pawkie then is) is pulled in two directions, for Dick, Swinton and the other two lads concerned in the affair, are very young, and his uncle knows that Dick may have been as much to blame as the others. But, when he says as much to his brother, Dick's father naturally accuses him of slackness, since the young laird is one of his best customers, and with someone of Mr. Pawkie's temperament, the rebuke is not without substance. A greater trial awaits Dick's uncle when Swinton and his two friends actually throw themselves on his mercy. The compassion once shown at the trial of Jean Gaisbing moves him once more: "Knowing the rigours of our Scottish laws against duelling, I was wae to see

three brave youths, not yet come to years of discretion, standing in the peril and jeopardy of an ignominious end; and that too for an injury done to my own kin; and then I thought of my nephew and of my brother, that, maybe, would soon be in sorrow for the loss of his only son. In short I was tried almost beyond my humanity"[60]. The last sentence has the ring of absolute truth, and, had Dick died, it is impossible to say how his uncle would have acted. Galt the optimist saves him from a cruel decision when he learns the boy is out of danger, and he <u>does</u> help the three fugitives, from motives of genuine humanity now, whatever his reasons might have been in the beginning. Dick, also with great generosity, later explains that he was as much in fault as Swinton, and Providence ever on the Provost's side, rewards him with the post as man of business.

The pride of family which is merely distasteful in Craiglands and Auldbiggins because they have no power to hurt others, becomes an obsession with Claud Walkinshaw. To restore the ancient property of Kittlestorehengh he commits an unnatural crime against the only being he really loves, and repents too late. George, his third son, is worse than he, for his motive in manipulating members of the family is mere cupidity without Claud's mystical sense of race, and, while Claud has potential for good, George seems to have none. Alas, George has grown up in affluence: Claud began to make his way in the world with a peddlar's

pack on his back at the age of eleven. Even when he is an elderly and affluent man he plods along carrying his staff in his left hand behind him as he used to do with his ellwand when he travelled the Borders as a peddlar[61], one of Galt's extenuating touches. But, extenuating circumstances or no, pride of birth is a destructive force in The Entail. Kittlesloreheugh is one of the smaller lairds for whom Galt feels little respect, although he is child of his age enough to feel more reverence for the aristocracy - provided they are not too arrogant, as was the young Byron. Later Galt was pleased by his renewed acquaintanceship with Byron and with such people as the Blessingtons and Prince Koslowsky. But, when we think of the virulent snobbery even of liberals like Maria Edgeworth, it must be said that he preserved a sensible attitude towards his land-owning characters.

Maria is also kinder to great estate-owners: she was closerto them after all. They may have flaws, like Glenthorn's constant lethargy and lack of judgement or Lord Clonbrony's more serious defects of extravagance and heedlessness, (more serious because they affect others besides himself), but they always improve and correct any evil they might have done. Lord Colambre too, though inclined to priggishness, is nevertheless a pleasant young man. Exceptions to the "good" gentry in a greater or lesser degree are Lady Clonbrony, the four Rackrents, Sir Terence

O'Fay (The Absentee) and Sir Mick O'Shane (Ormond). Their faults may be no worse than those of Glenthorn and Clonbrony, but they do not make amends: Lady Clonbrony accepts the return to Ireland only when it is thrust upon her. Her unpleasantness[62] is partly overlooked by the reader because she is a comic figure with her sham English accent and her ludicrous attempt to outdo the leaders of London society. The interview between this silly woman and the fashionable interior decorator who is to design her "gala" is high comedy: here he is planning a room round his Alhambra hangups: "'So see, ma'am - (unrolling them) - scagliola porphry columns supporting the grand dome - entablature silvered and decorated with initiative bronze ornaments: under the entablature, a valance in pelmets, of puffed scarlet silk, would have an unparalleled grand effect, seen through the arches - with the TREBISOND TRELLICE PAPER would make a tout ensemble novel beyond example. On that trebison trellice paper, I confess, ladies, I do pique myself. Then, for the little room, I recommend turning it temporarily into a Chinese pagoda with this Chinese pagoda paper, with the porcelain border, and josses, and jars, and beakers, to match; and I can venture to promise one vase of pre-eminent size and beauty. - Oh, indubitably! if your la'ship prefers it you can have the Egyptian hieroglyphic paper, with the ibis border to match! The only objection is, one sees it everywhere - quite antediluvian - some in

the hotels even"[63]. The money Lady Clonbrony spends on all this nonsense, however, is wrung from hard pressed tenants by the unscrupulous Garraghty brothers: when the "good" agent, Mr. Burke, cannot send enough he is dismissed. Lady Clonbrony "loves" her son, but is ready to force him into an unwished for marriage with an heiress: she "loves" her neice, Grace Nugent, whom she has indeed treated with genuine kindness, but will not entertain the idea of a match between her and Colambre - until Grace unexpectedly becomes an heiress also. Then her aunt instructs her with great delicacy, "So now begin and love him (Colambre) as fast as you please - I give my consent - and here he is"[64].

The four Rackrents will be dealt with later. Sir Terence O'Fay - a Celtic name - is one type of the Irishman abroad - unscrupulous but "charming". He acts as Lord Clonbrony's friend, as he sees it, in devising shifts and stratagems to keep his lordship's head above water and is as contemptuous as Galt about abstract theorizing. What, for example, is family honour? "...what could this same family honour do for a man in this world? And, first and foremost, I never remember to see family honour stand a man in much stead in a court of law - never saw family honour, stand against an execution, or a custodian, or an injunction even. - 'Tis a rare thing this same family honour, and a very fine thing; but I never knew it yet, at a pinch, pay for a pair of boots even"[65]. This Falstaffian philos-

ophy stands Sir Terence in good stead in his hand-to-mouth life between London drawing-rooms and the raffish set of shady money-lenders and dishonest middlemen. Lord Clonbrony is sorry to take leave of him, but Sir Terence is clear-sighted and knows that Clonbrony grown rich and respectable and living on his Irish estates is better off without him. Miss Edgeworth, that stern moralist, cannot approve of him, but neither does she dislike him. A pattern Irish gentleman he can never be, however.

Sir Ulick O'Shane is one of the most complex and interesting of Maria Edgeworth's characters. This Catholic member of the old Gaelic aristocracy has made his bargain with the Establishment, changed his religion and become a Castle jobber. Like Maria's father - she could not have seen the resemblance! - he marries more than once, in fact three times. His first wife he married "imprudently, for love" when he was seventeen; it may have been at that time that he changed his religion, for that marriage established a connection with the Annaly family who were Anglo-Irish of Miss Edgeworth's pattern kind - upright, conscious of duty, and, in the case of Sir Herbert, the son, exemplary landlords. The second wife had powerful family connections and when he married her at thirty ambition had become the ruling passion in Sir Ulick's life: she bore him his one child, Marcus. His third wife, née Scraggs, was an Englishwoman whom he married for money when he was aged forty-five.

She had a strong Evangelical outlook, loved her husband passionately but hated Ireland and the Irish. It was little wonder that she was unhappy, confiding only in her companion, Miss Black, who, according to Sir Wick, has a "Presbyterian voice" and who dislikes him as much as he dislikes her. Sir Ulick's "charm" is infinitely more dangerous than Sir Terence O'Fay's, for he is an intelligent, ambitious and ruthless man who uses the social graces coldly to gain his ends. "...at five minutes after sight, a good judge of men and manners would have discovered in him the power of assuming whatever manner he chose, from the audacity of the callous profligate to the deference of the accomplished courtier - the capability of adapting his conversation to his company and his views, whether his object were 'to set the senseless table in a roar' or to insinuate himself into the delicate female heart. Of this latter power, his age had diminished but not destroyed the influence. The fame of former conquests still operated in his favour, though he had long since passed the splendid meridian of gallantry"[66]. All this is very "Celtic" and Miss Edgeworth never lets us forget that Sir Ulick, like his brother "King" Corny, came of the old stock, though he had turned his back on it. She could have known little of such people, but the picture is astonishingly true to life. Ulick loves nobody but himself: although he feels the most affection possible to him for his ward, Harry Ormond, and

dislikes his son Marcus, his deviousness towards Harry in Marcus's favour will be dealt with in a later chapter. Like Sir Patrick Rackrent he upholds the idea of Gaelic hospitality: we meet him first at a ball in his home, Castle Hermitage, setting everything "in happy motion", deftly glossing over his son's absence, opening the ball with the attractive Miss Annaly (the heroine of the story), diverting the Annalys with tales of his barbaric cousin Corny, King of the Black Islands, who still ruled like a Celtic potentate. Needless to say, he does not imitate the first Rackrent or his cousin in drinking too much, though "he could, and often did, to the utmost perfection, counterfeit every degree of intoxication", a gift which proved useful when visited by his friend, the Lord-Lieutenant, who was a hard-drinking man[67]. When Harry Ormond finds his way into Dublin society he is astonished to discover that the guardian whom he had admired and still loved was regarded as a trimmer. He even calls out a man as a result of hearing a lampoon on Sir Ulick:

> "To serve in parliament the nation,
> Sir Ulick read his recantation:
> At first he joined the patriot throng,
> But soon perceiving he was wrong,
> He rattled to the courtier tribe,
> Bought by a title and a bribe".

The squib then goes on to ask how can his new friends be sure of securing his loyalty - by what oath can he be bound?

> "'Upon his faith. - Upon his word'
> Oh! that, my friend is too absurd.
> 'Upon his honour'. Quite a jest.

'Upon his conscience' - no such test.
'By all he has on earth' - 'Tis gone
'By all his hopes of Heaven' - They're none.
'How then secure him in our pay -
He can't be trusted for a day'?
How? - When you want the fellow's throat -
Pay by the job - you have his vote"[68].

Sir Ulick knows all about the Ulysseana and, while professing his gratitude to Harry, reproaches him for being hot-headed and silly: he relishes the poem himself. The best way to deal with such things is to laugh at them. Richard Lovell Edgeworth knew Castle jobbery and saw it at first hand during his short, but eventful period as M.P. when venality dictated the policy of the last session of the Dublin Parliament. Sir Wick is completely in character, even down to his final deception of the clients of his private bank[69]. He dies alone, but one cannot help feeling that this is Maria Edgeworth, the moralist, punishing evil. The real Sir Ulick would probably have surmounted the bank crisis and perhaps lived to collect a peerage in return for his vote in 1800. This was the course followed by Sir John de Blaquiere, one of the models for Sir Ulick[70]. Miss Butler thinks[71] that "T.P.", mentioned in the early sketches for Ormond as the other model, must have been Admiral Thomas Pakenham, one of the family of the Edgeworth's neighbours; Admiral Pakenham was brother and uncle of successive Lord Longfords. He had already appeared in one of Maria's stories Manoeuvring[72], but, at her father's insistance, the character was changed in Ormond to avoid recognition.

King Corny, Ulick's brother, had also a model, James Corry, brother-in-law of Mrs. Ruxton[73]. However, as he appears in Ormond King Corny has no trace of the Anglo-Irish: besides retaining the Gaelic name, (which his brother, too, did not change or abandon), Corny, like the Gaelic feudal families still surviving, such as the O'Connells and the Martins, lived in remote territory in the "Black Islands;" he contemptuously referred to the mainland as "the continent." Maria must have heard the story of the owner of the Arran Islands who, when sentencing one of his subjects for any offence said to him in Gaelic: "I must transport you to prison in Ireland for a month"[74]. King Corny follows the same custom. "You know," he tells Harry, "'tis generally considered as a punishment in the Black Islands to be banished to Ireland"[75] although the threat of this is generally enough to bring his subjects to order and he has recourse to it only in extreme cases. King Corny, like the few landlords who still kept to Gaelic ways, was sole authority in his little Kingdom and made his own laws. When Dick Martin, "the King of Connemara" was once asked whether the King's writ ran there, he replied: "Egad, it does, as fast as any greyhound of my good fellows are after it"[76]. The Gaelic "Big House" survived only because they were in inaccessible parts of the country and drew no attention to themselves. There is a story told of one, Smith, an eighteenth-century historian of Cork and Kerry,

who visited Derrynare, from whence Daniel O'Connell was to come. He took a fancy to a certain pony, and hinted to his hosts that, were it presented to him, he would give their house a favourable mention in his history. The O'Connells immediately gave him the pony on condition that he would make no mention whatsoever of Derrynare in his book. At the time of writing Ormond Maria could hardly have had direct contact with any Gaelic Big House, though she did come to know one later. However, she had been fascinated by her fathers' stories of his contemporary, "Humanity Dick" Martin: the name had been "Hair-trigger Dick" until Martin introduced in Parliament the first law for the protection of animals. When she first came to Ireland in 1782 her father often spoke of him as "King of Connemara", of his immense territory and of his absolute power over his people. When she actually saw him, although physically he was pale and insignificant, "my blood crept slow and my breath was held when he first came into the room"[77]. Later Maria was to have a much closer association with the Martins than a meeting with Humanity Dick. In 1883, a sprightly 66, she accompanied two visitors to Edgeworthstown, Sir Culling and Lady C. Smith to Connemara, her old curiosity about this part of the country reviving when the idea was mentioned. On the way she tasted poteen and did not like it, struggled along hazardous roads and finally arrived at Ballinahinch Castle, the home of the

Martins. Mrs. Martin reminded her of Aunt Ruxton, Mr. Martin ("Humanity Dick's" son) was unprepossessing in appearance but enormously kind and the seventeen-year-old daughter Mary, who read Greek, Latin and Hebrew as well as many modern languages - she spoke excellent French but not in the style of Paris - interested her greatly, though she deplored her lack of tact and humour[78]. Mary was to see Maria later after a season in London, telling her her poor chaperone could do little with her, and constantly implored her not to be so Irish! Farouche as she may have been, this proud, intelligent and erudite young woman had a sad end. Her father had been nearly crippled by "Humanity Dick's" debts, and when he died Mary was penniless. She had married an agent, and made the long terrible journey to America on one of the "coffin ships". On the way she gave birth to a child, and died soon after reaching America. The Martins and Maria's connection with them are fascinating, but too much time cannot be given to them here. The close acquaintance-ship began well after Maria had finished her last Irish novel, and it did not influence her work. Also the Martins' territory is not Galt terrain: the corresponding Scottish society would have been the Highlands before the forty-five, not the South-West. Maria too, was treading on strange ground, but she had an insatiable desire for new experiences and enjoyed new societies - Paris, London, Scotland - even the "Kingdom" of Connemara.

A very great deal of "Humanity Dick" was incorporated into King Corny, but the real model was James Corry. Worried lest he be recognized, Maria wrote to Aunt Ruxton reminding her that she had given permission to "introduce such a character provided I did not make it too like the original"[79]. She asks how far she may go, and quotes incidents she plans to use, some of which did not, in fact, appear in the novel[80]. On a single sheet of paper headed "Notes for a hist[7] of K. of B. Islands"[81] she makes a list of Corny's characteristics which she must have heard of from her aunt, though again all of them - Corny's sexual escapades, for example, - do not appear in the story. In Ormond Corny is a Gaelic chieftain, all-powerful in his own domain and contemptuous of "the continent"; he would have called his house "palace" instead of "castle", but, as he was neither bishop nor archbishop, the postal authorities forbade the use of the more elevated term, and he wanted his letters delivered[82]. Harry is given the title "prince" and is rowed across to the island in Corny's six-oared boat, streamers flying and piper piping: on landing he is welcomed by a six-gun salute. In spite of this magnificence Corny's castle is unfinished: the roof is wedged, as it stands three feet high above the walls. Corny plans to build attics by his own contrivance, but has not got round to starting them yet. In one corner of the magnificent drawing-room with painted ceiling and cornice and marble

mantlepiece, oats and corn are stored, and a thrashing cloth and flail lie on the floor: when a bed is brought in, the room becomes a temporary hospital. Corny's ploughing team consists of a mule, a bull and two lean horses: the tackle is made of hay which the team eats as it works. When Sir Ulick makes a slighting reference to this, Corny points out that his cousin, too, is adept at "ploughing the half-acre continually pacing up and down that Castle-yard, while you're waiting in attendance there"[83]. The riposte comes in a long conversation between the two cousins, full of hostile innuendo, in which each gives as good as he gets[84]. Harry as a child had envied Corny his carefree open-air life and admired his many-sidedness. He could do anything; he had made a violin and a rat-trap, coat, shoes, boots and hat," and had knit the best pair of stockings, and had made the best dunghill in his dominions, and had made a quarter of a yard of fire lace and had painted a panorama"[85]. Experience teaches Ormond that these things are better done by professionals, but he continues to admire Corny's honesty, generosity and kind heart. The "King" has faults in plenty; autocratic, peremptory and hot-tempered, he drinks too much with his "chaplain", the deplorable Father Jos, and has no objection to keeping his subjects awake all night by bellowing when plagued with the gout. But with his genuine concern for other people, his lavish generosity, the magnanimous apologies which follow his outbursts of temper, he

is one of Miss Edgeworth's most attractive characters. It would be wrong to suggest that she is paying an unreserved tribute to "the old ways": Corny's way of life is anachronistic and no more an ideal for young Ormond than Sir Ulick's time-serving. But Ormond does return to the Black Islands at the end of the story: "he might do a great deal of good, by carrying on his old friend's improvements, and by further civilizing the people of the Islands, all of whom were warmly attached to him"[86]. Probably they were, but would they really consent to be "civilized"? If not, Harry could doubtless be comforted by the "perfect felicity" Miss Edgeworth assures us he enjoyed with Florence Annaly - perhaps sparing a thought for Dora de Connal, née O'Shane now and then, only as King Corny's daughter, of course.

Corny has a fine funeral, in Ireland and in Ayrshire a mark of respect. Miss Edgeworth has a note on wakes in the Rackrent glossary, and is rather condescending about this custom of the lower orders: "In Ireland," she explains, "a wake is a midnight meeting, held professionally for the indulgence of holy sorrow, but usually it is converted into orgies of unholy joy". She ends with the remark that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings. Harry Ormond hates the custom and keeps apart when he "saw the candles lighted, and smelt the smell of tobacco and whiskey and heard the sound of many voices"[87]. However, he refuses

Dr. Cambray's invitation to come to him till the wake and funeral are over; although he is not actually a relative of the dead man none of the relatives are there - Dora and M. de Connal are on their honeymoon - and he feels it a duty to put King Corny into his coffin, as he had once promised. This is meritorious, though less so than the conduct of Sheelah, the old wise woman, "who inwardly grieved most" but went about among the crowds, seeing that all were served and all done as the dead man would have wished. She puts the case for tradition to Harry: "'tis the custom of the country; and what else can we do but what the forefathers did? - how else for us to show respect, only as it would be expected and has always been?"[88]. King Corny's wake will be long talked of over the fires at night, and that is all they can do for his memory. Contrasted with this selfless dignity Harry's distaste seems priggish and "foreign"; he was, after all, a stranger in this society, adopted son or no. With the same delicate tact Sheelah tells him what to do about the offering after high mass, which, a mark of King Corny's consequence, will be said by thirteen priests, (something which would seldom happen today!). It is looked on as a mark of great respect that all the priests walk the three miles to the burying-place of the O'Shanes. As the procession goes on its way the women raise the "keen" (caoineadh) or "funeral cry" as Maria translates it, "a melancholy kind of lament, not with-

out harmony, simple and pathetic". Ormond is convinced of the sincerity of the people's grief in spite of the festivity at the wake which had so disgusted him. The number of mourners and the abundance of food and drink are stressed much more at the funeral of Sir Patrick Rackrent because the whole story is on a different plane. Corny, with all his faults, was a lovable character: Sir Patrick was popular rather than beloved, and popular only for material reasons, conviviality and generosity. Corny may not have been a good physician, but he tended Moriarty's[89] wounds with his own hands, while all Sir Patrick did was to keep open house and turn no one from his door. Thady's judgement: "Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor"[90] is ironic hyperbole: Sir Patrick was a drunkard and a spendthrift, famous only as the inventor of raspberry whiskey. Unlike Sir Condy he was lucky in dying before his carelessness caused his ruin. Thady rapturously describes the women in red cloaks looking like the army drawn out, the keen heard in the furthest end of the country, and happy the man who could get a sight of the hearse! But, as they were passing through his own town, the body was seized for debt. His heir, Sir Murtagh, was then entitled "in honour" to refuse to pay his father's debt: "the enemies of the family" whispered that the seizure was a sham, arranged by the heir, to free himself of the debt of honour. The squalid strata-

gem is a fitting beginning to the story of the next three Rackrents. In Ormond wake and funeral do King Corny honour: in Rackrent the founder of the house is dishonoured in death and the last of the line arranges a grotesque mock wake to hear his own praises sung. Even this does not succeed; Sir Condy can carry nothing to a successful close. When he did die "he had but a very poor funeral, after all"[91].

With surprise the non-Scottish reader finds that what was called the "funeral service" was very like an Irish wake, with slightly more decorum added. Pipes and tobacco figured in both ceremonies as did strong drink, the consumption of which was considered a mark of respect to the dead as late as the 1830s[92]. The Scottish funeral service had only two candles set beside the corpse, the Irish wake as many as possible. As befitted a Calvinist country a portion of the Bible was at least read in Scotland and psalms sung, but after that "when the watchers were not religiously disposed.....the decorum necessary on such occasions was not observed"[93]. Whisky (two glasses), small beer, rum and wine were served in order not long after the date of Mr. Balwhidder's last entry in his Chronicle: "after this last service many of the guests became loquacious, and, forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, talked as gaily as if it was a marriage-feast or a baptism"[94]. Scots and Irish "mourning" then, was very similar:

as might have been expected, Mr. Balwhidder objected to the number of "services" (of food and drink), more, it seems, (as he says), to prevent expense to the families of the bereaved than for any other reason. Hints of his views to the families proved fruitless and he finally openly refuses the second service. Colin Mavis makes a poem on the occasion which the good man (on the thick-skinned Mrs. Balwhidder's advice) causes to be published, with the effect that at the next funeral the second service was "nodded by" but some of the irreverent young people almost broke into laughter[95]. However, Mr. Balwhidder has the satisfaction of noticing that, after his reforming gesture, no more than two services were usually offered, and the second generally "nodded by." Another example of a good man being humanized by looking slightly comic!

Naturally more respect should be paid to lairds than to ordinary folk. Plealands, who, like Sir Patrick Rackrent, was hospitable during his lifetime, had "neither scant nor want" at his burial. The social groups were segregated, the gentry being accomodated in the dining-room and other rooms in the house, the tenantry and poor folk from other parishes in the barn. The minister said grace in the dining-room and the elders in the other rooms, and probably a blessing was said in the barn, though nobody was quite sure. So much respect was paid to the dead, however, that the coffin was left behind. The day was cold and wet, and

those who returned to fetch the coffin were offered another service. Finally the bearers did manage to carry the coffin a little way without accident, until, being rather uneven in gait, they tumbled to the ground. A worse accident happened when, due to a sudden tug on the cords which held the coffin, those holding them fell headlong into the grave with it. All this is good-humoured, compared with the seizure of Sir Patrick's body for debt; Galt does not deal in black comedy. Old Sheelah's respect for tradition is shared by Meg Guffaw who will not let the minister leave until she has offered him a glass of water and a piece of bread upon a slate: her mother's body was laid out according to custom with a plate of earth and salt laid upon it, - something not mentioned in the Irish wakes, - though she had to go from door to door to beg the dead-clothes. Once, however, an apparent break with tradition betokens love and a perverted kind of understanding. Watty Walkinshaw, a "natural" like Meg, refuses to "carry the head" of his dead wife "as the use and wont is in every weel-doing family"[96]. Once Betty Bodle is dead Walter knows "There's nane o' my Betty Bodle here." What is left is only earth; Betty has, for him, transferred herself, her spirit, into his little daughter. "I canna understand" he tells his mother "what for a' this fykerie's about a lump o' vird? She'elt intil a hole, and no fash me." This sounds as unnatural as his father's action in disinheriting Charles

really is, but while Claud still follows conventional usage "for fashion's sake", Walter, who seems to be flouting convention, is, in fact, more sincere than his father. He is talking good theology: the corpse really is but an "auld yirden garment", yet to follow that thought to its logical conclusion (or one of them) sounds brutal and would be, were Walter a man who did not live outside society. For the conventions do have a value for ordinary folk, and the minister does right in respecting Meg's pitiful attempt to conform. The man who blazes trails and defies his environment is not a typical Galt character: his Radical achieves nothing and a one-time revolutionary like Lawrie Todd swiftly adopts the standards of the majority when faced with responsibility.

Lord Eaglesham "a good landlord and a kind-hearted man" has a fitting funeral. He is genuinely mourned, though the cynical might say this is because his benevolence was exerted through the medium of a third person, and he was not long enough in the parish for his failings to be known. Mr. Balwhidder who genuinely regrets him, records with a sense of the fitting that the whole countryside was at his funeral: "The hedges where the funeral was to pass were clad with weans, like bunches of hips and haws, and the Kirk-yard was as if its own deed were risen. Never, do I think, was such a multitude gathered together"[97]. But how much do the people really participate? Being a

good landlord implies the presence of tenants, and the tenants and their dealings with landlords, who play such an important part in the life of the Edgeworths and in Maria's Irish novels, are scarcely mentioned in Galt's realistic stories of the West of Scotland. Were there no landlord-tenant difficulties there? The children of Eaglesham's tenants probably attended the school he built, and their parents enjoyed themselves at the fair he subsidized, but did everyone pay his rent punctually? Was there "duty work"? Were there evictions? Lord Eglinton, the original of Eaglesham, was an improver and active in the management of his estates[98], but of this Galt gives us no hint, unless the excellence of the Adam and Eve pear tree, given the minister by my lord's head-gardener, was a proof of horticultural improvement. We hear little of how the lairds administered their estates. Craiglands was "easy as a landlord"[99]; but was this from kindness or inertia? We know he was arrogant and narrow-minded. Yet he, too, was mourned for reasons other than benevolence: "The homeliness of his manners came in aid of their (his tenants and village neighbours) national reverence for the honours of birth and rank, and made them yield a homage of feeling and respect when they heard of his death as profound as that which is paid to the memory of far greater beneficence, talent and worth. He was, besides, the last of an ancient line"[100]; both gentry and tenants

attended the funeral. Was the feeling for Eaglesham deeper, except, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Balwhidder? In Scotland even the evil deeds of lairds were, it would seem, forgiven them if, like Craiglands, they had a homely manner and an old name. Mary's father lived a blameless life, but Auldbiggings evicted the widow who had once insulted him from her farm and was universally condemned for it. Still, when it becomes clear that Rupees may in turn evict him, the Laird wins sympathy, and even Mrs. Lounlan's son uses his influence to help him. The Irish could never regard their landlords as homely in manner and they had long memories, or perhaps more to remember.

While the rural Scots might respect the name of their local laird they had little understanding of an interloper's family pride. Mungo Argyle who comes to Dalmailing as exciseman in 1778 is "proud as a provost, being come of Highland parentage"[101]. As he grows richer he acts "as if he had been on an equality with gentlemen"[102] which neither the minister nor the people can accept: they think him fey. Perhaps this is hindsight, and perhaps the minister would have been more charitable had the Eaglesham tragedy not occurred. Finding Argyle with his dogs and fowling-piece on his estate, Eaglesham has words with him and Argyle shoots him; Lord Eaglesham dies the same evening. Mr. Balwhidder regards the death as a public calamity, but he also has his private grief: it is characteristic, how-

ever, that he describes my lord's funeral rather than the fate of the exciseman. The real murderer of Lord Eglinton, Mungo Campbell, (Galt hardly disguises the name), committed suicide after his conviction in order to escape the indignity of execution, and it is not clear whether, as he said, his gun went off accidentally: in any case it would seem that Eglinton was the aggressor[103]. It is natural that Mr. Balwhidder should not have much good to say of the exciseman, and allowance for Highland pride does not go to the length of excusing murder. Perhaps Argyle's "glowing face and gleg een" which the minister noticed when he came to the Kirk on Sundays may have been due in part to his sense of ostracism and misunderstanding, although Mr. Balwhidder says he did tyrannize over the people. However, like the Irish landlords, he was a stranger to the majority and paid the price of being different.

It was to be expected that their servants should know the failings of the lairds and landlords, but, as portrayed by Galt and Edgeworth, they accepted them uncritically. Maudge Dobbie in The Entail and Ellinor Donaghue in Ennui both stand in a special relationship to the men they serve. Maudge was forty years in the service of the Walkinshaws and had been bairnswoman to Claud's father. Ellinor had been Glenthorn's nurse, and, as it turns out later, is really his mother; she had exchanged the infant lord for her own child while both were in fosterage. Maudge is the

strongest and most stable influence in the childhood of Claud Walkinshaw. Not only does she teach him ballads and stories, but, as daughter of a village schoolmaster, she is also able to teach him the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. The only schooling Claud has comes from her, but, at the age of eleven, he is considered old enough to make his own way in the world. Before this he has been Maudge's charge, after his grandfather allowed himself to die. Unfortunately her little learning does nothing to abate Maudge's fierce pride in the Walkinshaw name and heritage, and she transmits this pride to Claud. When the boy is impressed by the finely-dressed and kindly Mrs. Gorbals Maudge rebukes him: "Had ye but seen the last Lady Kittlestonsheugh, your ain muckle respektit grandmother, and her twa sisters in their hench-hoops, wi' their fans in their han's - the three in a row would hae soopit the whole breadth o' the Trongate - ye would hae seen something. They were nane O' your new-made leddies, but come o' a pedigree. Foul would hae been the gait and drooking the shower, that would hae gar't them jook their heads intil the door o' ony sic thing as a Glasgow bailie. - Na, Claudie, my lamb; thou maun lift thy een aboon the trash o' the town, an aye keep mind that the hills are standing yet that might hae been thy ain; and so may they yet be, an thou can but master the pride o' back and belly, and seek for something mair solid than the bravery o' sic

a Solomon in his glory as your Provost Gorbals"[104]. In excuse it must be said that Maudge makes this speech before Mrs. Gorbals recognizes and speaks kindly to her, but the damage to Claud has been done. Both the Provost and his wife share Maudge's view that Claud is entitled to help simply because he is who he is, and it is little wonder that an ill-educated child, dazzled by continual stories of his family's past greatness and taught to despise those who help him, should turn into the obsessional old man who puts the recovery and retention of his family's former possessions before the closest ties of blood.

Ellinor, while softer and more aimable than Maudge, has fewer admirable qualities. By exchanging her own son for Glenthorn she forfeits any influence on his life, but she is not strong enough to leave him alone. Acting her rôle as devoted nurse she visits him in England. Like Maudge's, her love is self-sacrificing and uncritical: her greatest joy is to light her darling's fire. When Glenthorn comes to Ireland, in the first rush of his thoughtless philanthropy he gives her a newly-decorated ornamental bijou farmhouse to live in, which she lets go to rack and ruin. "It was a daily torment to one of her habits to keep the place clean and tidy"[105]. She petitions for a thatched roof, because slates are bad for her rheumatism. The same fecklessness is inherited by her "son", the blacksmith Christy Donaghue, who is unhappy when his foster-

brother discovers Ellinor's deception and hands the estate over to him. According to the Edgeworth theory of education[106] his childhood training is decisive for his later years. In describing Glenthorn's first experiences in Ireland Maria was thinking back to what happened to her father on his first return as master of Edgeworthstown[107]. She demonstrates the pitfalls of well-meant, but unthinking kindness by an Irish landlord, his credulity towards graphic hard-luck stories, and his egotistical desire for adulation. The Edgeworth paternalism, strong in father and daughter, plays the part here; tenants must be guided by a firm, though kindly, hand; they are incapable of shaping their own lives towards a positive end. Ellinor is a light-weight character, but interesting as typifying this attitude. She does a great deal of harm, not only by the original substitution of the infants, - at the time the infant lord is thought to be dying, and she did not feel she was depriving him of his heritage, - but because of her intrusion into Glenthorn's life once more. The slavish love for her real son is by no means wholly admirable. She is a child for whom Miss Edgeworth makes allowance, but for whom neither author nor reader feels respect. Galt's attitude towards Maudge was quite different. The Entail does teach a lesson, that wrong does not ultimately prosper, but before things are righted many innocent people suffer - including Claud, the original

wrong-doer. As in all Galt's Scottish characters, in his drawing of Maudge realism is mixed with affection. He writes of a class which he himself knew intimately, the needy old women who diverted him during his childhood, and sees them neither as children like Ellinor, nor as angels like Widow O'Neil: (Mrs. Malcolm comes from a different social group, and is, in any case, one of the least convincing of Galt's characters.) Galt does not write in order to attack social abuses: Mr. Balwhidder disapproves of smuggling, but thinks excisemen are the worst "of all the manifold ills" in its train[108]. He may have formed this opinion because of Mungo Argyle, but before Argyle comes to the parish[109] he tells the story of Bettie and Janet Pawkie with relish and, it can hardly be said, disapprovingly[110]. Galt's motivation of Claud's remorse after he has disinherited his eldest son is understated, but it is there[111] and he means us to understand that, without his obsession, Claud, though rough and undemonstrative, would not have wronged Charles. Maudge has an enormous responsibility for the establishment of this obsession; it is already complete when the eleven-year-old child sets out to make his fortune by denying his more human social instincts. Full justice is done to Maudge's excellent qualities - her frugality, her refusal to be beaten by external circumstances, the devotion which causes her to take on herself the burden of a penniless child's up-

bringing. But, like Ellinor's, her love is untempered by wisdom and by the recognition that living in society implies care for others as well as for oneself. Her own caring for Claud is selfless, but she fosters in him the belief that he, and he alone, as the representative of an ancient family, is important. What she teaches Claud finally destroys him, but also the innocent Charles, and Watty also. Maria Edgeworth is kinder to Ellinor than Galt is to Maudge. Claud's old nurse dies alone and poor, justifying her charge's ingratitude: he has better things to do than to come and see her. Materially he could then have done little for her, and she has taught him to believe that only material things are important; even her religious faith has not caused her to put love of others, in its very widest sense, before restoration of the family name. Even the Walkinshaws are revered by her not for any moral qualities they may have had, but because they lived splendidly, embodying her ideal of what aristocrats should be. And yet Maudge is potentially worth much more than her Irish counterpart. Strength of will, singleness of purpose, realistic acceptance of hardship without complaint, a total avoidance of self-pity - what admirable qualities these are, if only tempered with consideration for other people!

Thady Quirk, with the possible exception of King Corny Miss Edgeworth's only "round" character, is considered here only in so far as he influences those he serves. On

Sir Patrick, Sir Murtagh and Sir Kit his influence is nil: on Sir Condy it is bad. Thady adores the child with the same uncritical adoration Ellinor felt for Glenthorn. Like Maudge he speaks to young Condy of the glories of the Rackrent family and, to amuse him, prophesies that, should Sir Kit have no children, he (Condy) would be the heir. This was something which nobody expected to happen at the time, and to suggest it was absolutely irresponsible. When it did come true, Condy's opinion of Thady's sagacity increased, which speaks volumes for his intelligence. Through Thady the unlucky association with Jason begins, though Jason would have seen to it in any case that the new master was put in his debt; as it was, they had attended the same school. As Condy seems well out of the succession there is no objection to his fraternizing with the people, stopping in the cabins "to drink a glass of burnt whiskey out of an egg-shell to do him good, and warm his heart and drive the cold out of his stomach "[112]. Thus he acquires "low" manners and disqualifies himself for marriage with a Moneygawl. Thady's method of showing affection is to let his master do what he wishes, even though he is often shrewd enough to foresee the consequences. He realizes the amount of money Sir Condy spends before the election and "couldn't but pity my poor master who was to pay for all, but I said nothing for fear of gaining myself ill will"[113]. For Thady, as for Sir Condy, the way that

causes least trouble is always the best. Stupidly, "being a little merry at the time" Thady causes Condy's downfall by introducing the stranger with the writ to Castle Rackrent - and so to his son. Meaning well, he does ill when he reports to Sir Condy the compliments paid him, and thus puts the idea of the sham wake, when he would hear his own praises sung, into his master's head, although here Thady is hardly to blame for the perversity of Sir Condy's half-crazed imaginings. The only time Thady resists any of his master's whims is when he does not immediately give him the handkerchief containing the guineas, and even then Sir Condy has only to repeat the order and stamp his foot to gain unquestioning obedience once more. The grieving at the end is fruitless: the last of the Rackrents is dead and the family has come to an inglorious end.

Jock is Thady pushed to a degree of even more unthinking servitude. The word "worship" is used of his feeling for Auldbiggings[114] a word which Maria carefully lets Thady avoid. Jock "was as faithful to his menial trusts as the key or the mastiff; as true as the one and not less vigilant than the other"[115]. He is compared to possessions: Thady is always a person in his own right: nevertheless he gives a picture of his master more outright in its negative implications than Thady's careful defence of "the family's" indefensible actions: The laird is busy: doing what?: "What should he be doing, but sitting on his

ain louping - on stare and glowering frae him"[116].

After the gentry and middle-class the rural poor, both in Ireland and Scotland, had certain things in common. Neither could own their own land, and the same mania for sub-division of tenancies was common to both. But, though the Irish tenant ostensibly held land from "the master", that land had often been first let to middlemen and then sub-let for more and more money: failure to pay meant eviction. Of course there were unscrupulous middlemen in Scotland too, but less absentees, so that an eye was more often kept on their activities. The Irish peasants up to the 1830s had no influence whatever on society and no hope that their status would ever change, whereas, in late eighteenth and early nineteenth-century Scotland, there was an upsurge of prosperity. In Ireland the poor had still too often to lock up their miserable cabins and scatter, the men to help with the harvest in England or Scotland, the women to beg: Maria Edgeworth describes such a scene in The Absentee[117]. In this novel she wishes to give a favourable picture of her countrymen and the young Irishman employed by Mordecai in London is decent and hard working. In Ennui which is by no means so favourable to the rural poor, there are two dutiful emigrants, even if one of them, Michael Noonan, is "wild" and dies in London following a boxing match witnessed by the fashionable Lord Glenthorn. By one of Miss Edgeworth's coincidences Noonan senior lives

on Hardcastle's estate and Glenthorn finds him reading a letter from his exemplary emigrant second son, who has enclosed a draft for £10. Glenthorn tells him of Michael's death and the old man forgets the money in his mourning. Miss Edgeworth comments: "In no country have I found such strong instances of filial affection as in Ireland. Let the sons go where they may, let what will befall them, they never forget their parents at home; they write to them constantly the most affectionate letters and send them a share of whatever they earn"[118]. Even today this, I think, is largely true, especially in the West of Ireland where the tradition seems to be that the man emigrates, leaving the family behind. But not all are pattern emigrants. Modern Gaelic prose-writers such as "Máire" (Seamus Mac Grianra) and Padraic Ó Conaire write of the Irish in England and Scotland, and the phrase "Chuaidh sé cun drabhlais" (He went to the bad) occurs so often that snobbish middle-class city children came to regard it as a joke. Unfortunately it was the Irish who "went to the bad" who made their way to Dalmailing. In 1766 a group of them come to the clachan, as it then still is, where, among other things, they cut the throat of a sow upon which Mrs. Balwhidder depended for a litter of piglets. So incensed were the villagers that the Irish had to go. They went to Glasgow, but one of them was afterwards hanged, for what crime the chronicler has forgotten[119]. Another

Irish criminal was the Catholic Corporal O'Neil who kills his sweetheart, Jean Glaikit, one of the 'light women" of Ayr when she tried to follow him even on the journey to America. It was his body which was ordered to be hanged in chains on the spot where the murder was committed, a catastrophe averted by Lord Eaglesham[120]. Miss Edgeworth's only Scotsman is the extremely upright agent M'Leod whom his superficial master dislikes at first because of the reprehensible notion that "all Scotchmen are crafty"[121]. Yet even among the unprepossessing Irish there were some who thought of other things than whisky and fighting. An anonymous nineteenth-century poem sets down the thoughts of an Irish harvester, who, with no roots now in Ireland, is yet drawn to the spot where his fellow-country-men go home:-

November's wind tonight is raw
And whips the Clyde to foam;
I watch here on the Bromielaw
The harvesters go home.

Oh, luck is theirs, and blest are they
Who cross the sea of Moyle;
To see again at dawning grey
The waters of the Foyle.

Tomorrow night on starlit ways
They'll go to a loved door,
And sit with kin by hearth ablaze
In Rosses or Gweedore.

No welcome warm, no lighted pane,
Now waits me in the West;
And sorrow keener than the rain
Lies heavy on my breast

Yet longings often draw me where
The boats for Ireland start;
They take an unseen passenger -
My homeless Irish heart.

Like wild geese in their homing flight
Those toilers homeward draw,
And leave me lonely in the night
Upon the Bromielaw".[122]

The real urban poor are treated little by either Galt or Edgeworth. Lord Colambre, on arrival in Dublin, has the experience common to most travellers of the time; he is surrounded by "a crowd of beggars and harpies" all wanting to carry the passenger's luggage. In spite of the apparent confusion Colambre finds he has lost nothing and satisfies the porters with a few pence[123]. Other travellers have more to say of the squalor of the Dublin poor[124] but in The Absentee Miss Edgeworth is trying to convince her English readers that post-Union Dublin, now become a provincial city, has much to offer the discerning visitor. In a late story Tribulations of the Rev. Cowal Kilmun[125] Galt transports his principal character to the slums of Edinburgh, "yon caverns of sorrow", which rightly horrify him; he is present at the death of a destitute beggar which Galt describes in all its starkness, with no sentimentality or last-minute conversions. The doctor who is summoned comes too late "smelling of lavender water" and, glancing at the corpse, says merely "The man is dead - it was of no use to send for me". As the minister leaves the close he is filled with thankfulness that his lot has been cast in a quiet manse: the story is one of retreat from evil rather than of struggle with it. Galt's thoughts on religion were not always so passive, but his treatment of this theme belongs to another chapter.

CHAPTER V

NEW PRESBYTER AND OLD PRIEST

The reader of Miss Edgeworth's novels who knew nothing of Ireland except what he found there might have been pardoned for thinking that religion meant little to the peasants[1]. Of course the hypothetical reader knows they are Catholics, but, except to call down blessings on the head of "his honour" and sometimes to take non-political oaths they never mention religion and it seems to play little part in their everyday lives. Irish history proves the contrary, but Maria's approach to the faith of the majority is what one would expect from someone of her background and temperament. This is not meant as a criticism: the Edgeworths did more for the Catholics on their estate than many of the new urban middle-class who aped Castle ways and wished to be disassociated from the vulgar, not to speak of people like the Garraghty brothers who battened on those of their own religion. But what Maria and her father thought of Catholicism has been made clear, and in any case the family was reticent about expressions of enthusiastic religiosity. Richard's Methodist wife was disapproved of[2]: at the end of his life Richard Lovell did not indulge in spiritual homilies: they were not his style. In daily intercourse the Edgeworths were formal, deprecating extremes[3] and they showed the same reticence about their religious

beliefs. Only at the end of her long life when death was not far away did Maria mention religion[4] and these few references are the more impressive for their rarity. Religion, then, was a private matter, but that, I think, was only a very secondary reason for her avoidance of dealing with it in so far as it played a part in the lives of her Catholic characters. The main reason is quite simple; she knew little or nothing about it. After 1745 mass-houses could be erected, the tenants went to Mass on Sunday, Lovell's exemplary school gladly made use of religious instruction by the Catholic priest, the family rejoiced at Emancipation before the Maynooth rebels and vulgarians began to make themselves felt, but Mass, the Sacraments, everything that these entailed was as strange as the practices of Hindus or Moslems might have been to members of the British Raj. The Celtophiles have been hard on Maria for her lack of knowledge of the "hidden Ireland", but this is really unfair and undeserved. How could she, living in a Big House in a part of the country where the Gaelic tradition was not strong know anything of a side of life which was purposely and carefully concealed? The "planters" would have been horrified to know that their tenants had no high regard for their pedigree and rights of ownership: the eighteenth-century poet, Eoghan Ruadh Ó Sulleabhain, lists the unlovely name of the usurpers who had taken over the lands of the Gael:

"Lysaght, Leader, Clayton, Compton is Coot,
Ivers, Dreamer, Bateman, Bagnall is Brooke,
Ryder, Taylor, Manor, Marrock is Moore,
Is go bfaiceam-na-traochta ag trein - shlocht
Chaisil na buer"
(And may we see the boors routed by the strong
descendants of Cashel).

It is interesting that, in the litany, the poet has preserved the Celtic assonance at the end of the lines: perhaps this explains the inclusion of Moore, which has the necessary "oo" in the name.

In Castle Rackrent the Catholics, Thady, Judy, "my shister," the other servants, and the mass of creditors are every bit as bad as the Protestants; the Rackrents (the first of whom recanted) Jason (almost certainly) Lady Murtagh Rackrent, Isabella Moneygawl and her family. Here Maria is "telling it like it is" and nobody seems to have any moral scruples. The best of them all is perhaps the poor "Jewish" who has the fortitude to withstand years of torment and is allowed to triumph in the end.[5] Maria Edgeworth reserves the Gaelic patronymic "M'" (Mac) for the Catholic characters: Thady sometimes drops it, but he is in an ambiguous position, half-way between the Big House and his own people, but Judy is always Judy M'Quirk and Jason always Jason Quirk. The vulgar Macs mentioned in the letter to Scott[6] belong to the majority. In Ennui the stupid and feckless Ellinor[7], her son and grandson are no advertisement for Catholicism, but then neither is Hardcastle for Protestantism: the "good" and "wild" Catholic

emigrant sons who both remember their family are paralleled by the upright Protestant M'Leod and Lord Y- (modelled on Lord Charlemont of Volunteer fame[8]. In The Absentee most of the main characters are Protestant - Sir Terence O'Fay is ambiguous, but probably followed the path ofUlick O'Shane-; the Catholic Garraghty brothers are unrelievedly villainous, but Widow O'Neil is completely saintly, as is her son Brian and her son's fiancée, Grace (named after Grace Nugent). When Brian and Grace are married Colambre offers to pay the priest's "fees", but the priest, obviously not a product of Maynooth, refuses to take anything, as the couple are the best in the parish and Colambre (who is, of course, incognito) is a stranger and his guest. Among the gentry the "good" Count O'Halloran is contrasted with the "wicked" Lady Dashfort and her daughter, who wish to ensnare Colambre into marriage. All this illustrates Miss Edgeworth's scrupulous attempt to be fair. Whatever her opinion of the relative merits of the two main denominations in Ireland, (though Dissenters play their part in Ormond), she is careful never to imply that representatives of one group are better than those of the other.

Before dealing with Ormond, the one Irish novel by Miss Edgeworth in which religion plays an important part, something must be said of Harrington, although it does not come strictly within the scope of this thesis. About the time of writing Ormond, (though Harrington was started be-

fore the Irish story[9]) Maria was obviously interested in questions of religion and race which might cause social disadvantages. In The Absentee the Jewish coach-maker and money-lender, Mordecai, has no redeeming qualities and drew a letter of protest from an American Jewish lady, Miss Rachel Mordecai, later Mrs. Rachel Lazarus. Like Dickens Maria tried to make amends, though Mordecai is only a stock figure without any of the power of Fagin. Jewish-Christian relations was a ticklish theme for a fashionable lady novelist and Maria shirks the issue. She lets her Christian hero fall in love with a "Jewish" girl, but, at the end, the heroine is revealed not only as a Christian but as a member of the Church of England! The Jewish family in which she grows up is portrayed in the most flattering light possible, and Maria obviously thinks this is all the amends she can make. A mixed marriage would be too much, even though the two families, both hostile at first, seem to have given tacit consent at the end. The Jewish family would not have revealed the secret of their "daughter's" birth had not her suitor proved himself sincere and free from prejudice. Mrs. Lazarus could hardly have been wholly satisfied, but she seems to have accepted the desire to make amends with tact and good manners. Much later Maria wrote to Captain Basil Hall: "though she (Mrs. Lazarus) had no reason to be satisfied with it (Harrington), as the Jewess turns out to be a Christian, yet she was good enough

to accept it as a peace-offering, and to consider that this was an Irish blunder, which, with the best intentions, I could not avoid"[10]. This was generous, as of course Maria could have avoided the blunder, but she was not the sort of person to challenge contemporary social codes. Her correspondence with Mrs. Lazarus continued, and she kept her informed, for example, on the Emancipation question, another instance of an attempt to obtain justice for an oppressed minority in which, as a good liberal and her father's daughter, Maria could unhesitatingly take the "right" side[11]. When Mrs. Lazarus died in 1838 Maria was in Trim and wrote to Frances in reply to a letter of condolence: "But it is, as you say, the condition, the doom of advancing age, to see friend after friend go, for so much it detaches one from life, yet it still more makes us value the friends we have left"[12]. A really searching novel on the problem of anti-Semitism would, of course, have been of immense interest today, and Miss Edgeworth's tackling of absenteeism showed she did not lack courage to treat dangerous themes. The Absentee was at first a play, and Sheridan, to whom it was offered, declined it mainly because he was certain the Lord Chamberlain would not pass it[13]. But Maria knew absenteeism at first hand and had never suffered from religious intolerance. Even a talented and liberal woman novelist in a more broad-minded age had little success when she used the Jewish question as one of the

themes in a novel: Daniel Deronda is not one of George Eliot's best works.

In Ormond, too, Maria shirks one of the issues of religious division in Ireland, the tithe question. Refusal to grasp the nettle is all the more annoying in that she need not have introduced the theme at all: it is not essential to the "plot", Harry Ormond's self-education. It was perhaps such a burning question at the time and for long years afterwards[14] that Maria may have felt she could not in conscience write an Irish novel without mentioning it, and certainly it must often have been discussed at Edgeworthstown and by the ailing Richard Lovell, who, as a landlord, was directly concerned. The real "Tithe War" had not started in full strength in 1816-17 and in Co. Longford the savagery it often produced was perhaps never as violent as in other parts of the country. Tithe-farmers and tithe-procters were as detested as bad landlords and bad agents, and with reason: as Maria herself was to write much later, in the teeth of a struggle with the obdurate Father Gray and at the height of the resistance, there was justice in the Catholics' refusal to pay tithes to a church they never entered and whose teachings they did not wish to accept[15]. At the time of Ormond (published 1817) this was the opinion of all liberals; but what to do? By the law of the land the tithes must be collected. In Ormond Maria draws ~~d~~ two exemplary patterns of religious tolerance

the Protestant clergyman Dr. Cambray (modelled on Frances's father, Dr. Beaufort, as the French name suggests[16]) and the boisterous, good-hearted Catholic King Corny. In normal circumstances it was not very likely that a tribal chief would have much intercourse with a Protestant clergyman living "on the continent", but here the intermediary is Harry Ormond. Sir Ulick has brought his ward up as a Protestant, and every Sunday Prince Harry rows over to the mainland to church with King Corny's full approval. He pays a call on Dr. Cambray, whom he recognizes as an old Dublin acquaintance: the clergyman returns the call and meets King Corny who has sent him a civil message through Harry. Corny has already spoken to Ormond of tithes and has suggested a very feudal reason for the possibility of good relations between himself and the new clergyman: "I was tired and ashamed of all the wrangling for sixpence with the last man..... but if this man's a gentleman, I think we shall agree"[17]. Agree in mutual liking they certainly do, in fact King Corny becomes so rhapsodical that his chaplain, Father Jos, complains he has been bewitched: "there now, is a sincere minister of the Gospel for you, and a polite gentleman into the bargain..... Now there's a man of the high world that the low world can like..... good morals without preaching - there's <u>do good to your enemies</u> - the true Christian doctrine - and the hardest point"[18]. Father Jos closes the conversation by remarking drily: "We shall see better when

we come to the tithes". But they never do come to them. King Corny is killed shortly after Dr. Cambray's visit by the explosion of his fowling-piece and no confrontation between minister and Catholic land-owner takes place. A pity, for, if Maria had toned down Corny's enthusiasm, she could have managed an abstract discussion very well. Dialogue is one of her strong points, and in Ormond itself there is a splendid cut-and-thrust encounter between the two O'Shane cousins, unfortunately too long to quote. Did Maria avoid the confrontation because it would have been pointless? To pay tithes was to follow the law of the land: be Dr. Cambray ever so liberal he could not dispense Corny from them, nor, as a just man, could he really defend them, any more than the invincibly honest Maria does after Dr. Gray's refusal. It was a sore point, and even the final settlement reached in 1838 was only a compromise. Miss Edgeworth's studied avoidance of a controversial issue would have been completely understandable. Unlike her father she was the last person in the world to enjoy a good fight or to air a question which would give plenty of scope for attack but lead to no definite conclusion other than the recognition of a status quo which nearly everyone felt in his heart to be unjust. But then, why bring the tithe question up at all? Was it perhaps on the wish of her dying father, whose word then would of course have been law to her, and who was never disposed to shrink from a contentious issue? The "Tithe War"

was really savage, and the polite considerations of King Corny and Dr. Cambray would have given no idea whatsoever of the ferocity the issue involved. The Banims, sons of a well-to-do farmer, who knew the country people infinitely better than Maria, draw a terrifying picture of the mutilation of a tithe-procter whose ears are cut off. "The finisher of the law" (peasant law, not the King's writ) whets his pruning knife and speaks to his victim: "Well, we're all ready; an' it's a sweet bit of a blade that's in it, for one knife.. Och, and it's none of your blades that's fit for nothin' but cuttin' buther. I gi' you my conscience, this holy an' blessed night, 'twould take the horns of a ten year old bull, not to speak of a poor tithe-procter's ears, though them same does be hard enough in regard of all the prayers they won't hear, an' all the lies they tell. Come, come, none of your ochowns, Peery. Don't be the laste unasy in yourself, agra. You may be right sortin' I'll do the thing nate and handy. Tut, man, I'd whip the ears of a bishop, not to talk of a crature like you, a darker night nor this. Divil a taste I'd lave him; and wouldn't bring back any o' the head wid me neither - musha, what ails you, at all? You've a better right to give God praise for gitten' in the hands of a clever boy like me, that - stop a bit, now - that'ud only do his captain's orders, and not be lettin' the steel slip from your ear across your wind-pipe - Lord save the hearers! Stop,

I say! There, now; wasn't that done purty?"[19]. This cold ferocity belongs to the world of the '98 pitch cap and half-hanging and (mercifully for her) it was not Maria's world, though her father probably knew or guessed a deal about it. "... them same (ears) does be hard enough in regard of all the prayers they won't hear". In 1794 Edgeworth had written to Darwin that a rising of the Catholic peasants "who have been much oppressed" would be more horrible than the French Revolution "for no hired executioners need be sought from the prisons, or the galleys"[20]. Religious oppression produces the most cruelty as the seventeenth-century Covenanting wars in Scotland showed and the situation in Ireland affected both the present and the future life of the majority. The mutilation of the tithe proctor was supposed to have happened in the eighteenth century. In Scotland similar cruelty belonged to the seventeenth-century and had been practiced in the name of religion, and this not only in fighting: the statutes against witchcraft were repealed only in 1736[21]. In Galt's day the kind of violence Banim describes had an ideological rather than a religious ground. The early trade-unions took vengeance on blacklegs: during a strike in Midlothian in 1826 a party of these were ambushed underground and had their ears cut off[22]. During industrial disputes in the Glasgow cotton-trade "several non-union workers were killed, blinded or maimed by having vitriol thrown in their faces"[23]. Galt describes incidents of

savage cruelty only in Ringan Gilhaize: the riots in Gudetown and in The Member pale into insignificance beside those mentioned above. Maria Edgeworth does not write of such things at all, although the imprisonment of Lady Kit Rackrent is terrifying it is not an example of mob-violence, and the half-hearted "rebellion" in Ennui comes to an ignominious end.

Another moral issue raised but shelved in Ormond is that of duelling. This was not a Catholic / Protestant issue, but of concern to all Christians: was duelling murder? At the time Ormond is supposed to have taken place Catholics had no legal right to carry arms, but from about the 1760s this rule seems to have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance[24]. Later the Catholic Church, not only in Ireland but everywhere else condemned duelling, which did not stop the practice in Catholic countries: much later when Phineas Finn fights his dual he has to go to France to do it. Harry Ormond has resolved not to let himself be swayed by passion, but he calls out a man in defence of the honour of Sir Wick O'Shane. His opponent has provoked him and he does not even wound him, but, by fighting, he has accepted the code that the defence of the honour of oneself or another may sanction the taking of human life. Miss Edgeworth's comment on the affair is ambiguous. "In the opinion of all, in that part of the world, who knew the facts, he had conducted himself as well

as the circumstances would permit; and, as it was essential, not only in the character of a hero, but of a gentleman at that time in Ireland, to fight a duel, we may consider Ormond fortunate in not having been in the wrong. He rose in favour with the ladies and in credit with the gentlemen..."[25]. Duelling was certainly accepted and even admired in eighteenth-century Ireland (and later, in spite of Miss Edgeworth's typical implication that everything was better now, i.e. since the Union). The squireens were generally good duellists; to have the reputation of always killing one's man was infallible protection against pressing debtors and angry fathers. Sir Kit Rackrent could lock up his wife with impunity because he was well able to defend himself. I think it is fair to interpret what Maria Edgeworth writes as an implicit condemnation of duelling, but not a very strong one: Ormond was fortunate in not having been in the wrong, and if he has not acted the part of a hero, at least he has fulfilled the socially accepted duty of a gentleman. "Gentleman" is not a word that Maria Edgeworth often uses ironically, but perhaps she does so here. Whatever she may think Harry Ormond, in spite of his resolution, is not worried at having fought a duel, but <u>is</u> concerned at the exaggerated reports in some newspapers: what would Dr. Cambray think? Miss Edgeworth leaves us in no doubt as to the clergyman's general view: Harry "knew the doctor's christian abhorrence of the whole system of

duelling"[26]. He writes to him to let him know all the facts, and the reader expects to see Miss Edgeworth's own view expressed in the reply. This does not happen. Dr. Cambray says little about the abstract problem, merely remarking that Harry knows nothing of Sir Ulick's public character, and that "truth is always known in time with regard to every character; and therefore, independently of other motives, moral and religious, it is more prudent to trust to time and truth for their defence than to sword and pistol"[27]. But pragmatism is most uncharacteristic of the excessively upright Dr. Cambray, and what the reader is interested in, are the "other motives, moral and religious" to which Harry is told not to give the main importance. It is not in character that a strong opponent of duelling should write like this. And of course the question: right or wrong morally? is not answered. What would have been the verdict had Harry's cause been just and had he killed his man? Why once more does Maria Edgeworth raise an interesting question and avoid a moral judgement? Hardly only to introduce the excellent political squib which is the cause of the affair; that could have been quoted in many other contexts. Dr. Cambray makes his position even less likely by giving the rest of his letter a highly personal tone: it is concerned with his defence of Harry to the Annalys. The reader is left to think that, while a clergyman must, of course, condemn duelling there is at

least something to be said for the popular view that it is harmless, indeed rather glamourous.

To return to the Catholic / Protestant aspect, there is one issue, religious bigotry, on which Maria speaks openly, decisively and admirably. With her usual almost mathematical fairness she apportions praise and blame between the two denominations. Father M'Cormack, the Catholic priest on the mainland, dines often with Dr. Cambray, gives religious instruction in the latter's school and, in a Sunday sermon, dispenses the poor of his flock from keeping Church fasts, since many would starve "if it was not for their benevolent Protestant neighbours, who make soup and broth for them... and feed and clothe the distressed"[28]. He is a minor character and never reaches the same exalted spiritual heights as Dr. Cambray, who, like many of Miss Edgeworth's model characters, is unbelievable and boring, but he is on the side of Maria's angels. Father Jos, on the other hand, who brings the news of Father M'Cormack's fraternization, is drunken, ignorant and vainglorious; could King Corny really go to confession to him? Probably Miss Edgeworth did not think of that. Of course Father Jos is utterly bigoted. His counterpart in this respect is the more important, but still secondary character, Miss Black, Lady O'Shane's companion, whom Sir Ulick laughs at for her "Presbyterian voice"; as a practitioner of two religions he is probably competent to judge. (Father Jos

later speaks of "a Protestant laugh"). At first Miss Black detests SirUlick, but she is not even given the virtue of fidelity. When husband and wife separate she comes to Sir Ulick's side, (why? Lady O'Shane is rich enough to reward her friends: Sir Ulick's charm?), and, in a letter to Harry, her new patron explains how he has rewarded her: "I have procured a commission of the peace for a certain Mr. M'Crule, a man whom you may remember to have seen or heard at the bottom corner of the table in Castle Hermitage (Sir Ulick's home), one of the Cromwellians, a fellow with the true draw-down of the mouth, and who speaks, or snorts, through his nose. I have caused him, not without some difficulty, to ask Miss Black, preferring rather to stay in Ireland and become Mrs. M'Crule than to return to England and continue companion to Lady O'Shane, hath consented (and who can blame her?) to marry on the spur of the occasion - tomorrow. I am giving her away you may imagine with what satisfaction"[29]. The contempt for the "Cromwellians" i.e. any post-Elizabethan settlers, was common to native Irish and old planters. The name "M'Crule" sounds Scottish and it is possible Miss Black's husband was of Scottish origin, although he is in the wrong part of the country[30] to be one of the settlers sent over by James I of England: Sir Ulick's description of him as a "Cromwellian" almost certainly means, however, that he is a Dissenter. Certainly he and his wife would be at home in certain circles in

present-day Northern Ireland. Galt does not draw pictures of mischief-makers between the denominations - the nearest of his characters to Mrs. M'Crule might be Mrs. Glibbans in The Ayrshire Legatees to whom Mrs. Pringle considers it necessary to send "a spiritual letter"[31]. Mrs. Glibbans, however, though in her youth "na to seek at a clashing" was kept in her place by the intelligent and liberal Mr. Snodgrass and by the other ladies of the parish. Things were different in Ireland. A mischief-maker could do untold damage "where parties and religion and politics run high; and where it often happens that individuals of the various sects and parties actually hate without knowing each other, watch without mixing with each other, and consequently are prone reciprocally to believe any stories or reports, however false and absurd, which tend to gratify their antipathies. In this situation it is hardly possible to get to the truth as to the words, actions and intentions of the nearest neighbour who happens to be of opposite parties or persuasions. What a fine field is here for a mischief-maker! Mrs. M'Crule had in her parish done her part; she had gone from catholic to protestant, from churchman to dissenter, to methodist, reporting every ill-natured thing that she heard said - things often more bitterly expressed than thought, and always exaggerated or distorted in the repetition"[32]. Apart from the fact that a Methodist is not yet (1817) considered a Dissenter, the passage is interesting

in its reference to things "often more bitterly expressed than thought" which might well apply to some of Maria's later pronouncements, and in her very Irish coupling of "parties and religion and politics", even though, at that time, the coupling of Nationalism and Catholicism, so deplored by the Young Irelanders, had not yet taken place. Fortunately for the parish where Mrs. M'Crule was active, Dr. Cambray and Father M'Cormack were both tolerant and popular clergymen, and followed in the lady's wake healing the wounds she had inflicted. She soon became unpopular and resorted to censuring the unanimity of outlook of the two clergymen and "discovered that she was a much better protestant, and a much better christian, than Dr. Cambray, because she hated her catholic neighbours"[33]. This was the attitude of the Co. Longford "half-and-half-gentlemen" who had been so bitterly opposed to Maria's father: she borrows their phrase "honest men" (Protestants only) for Mrs. M'Crule.

Up to very recently in Ireland education could not be separated from religion. Six years before the publication of Ormond the Kildare Place Society had been founded, and in the following year (1812) state monetary support was recommended for it. The aim of the Society was "to promote the education of the poor in Ireland"; it was stated that no attempt was to made "to influence or disturb peculiar religious tenets of any sort or description of Christianity"[34]. The society was supplanted in 1831 by the establishment of

"National Schools" a state system of education which certainly combated illiteracy, but became, and still is, sectarian, with all the Christian denominations unbecomingly vying with each other in segregation. That time was not yet, however, when Ormond was being written: the question of education for the poor was in the air, as it always had been in Edgeworthstown. Considering the interests of father and daughter it was only to be expected that Ormond should deal with the educational issue. Mrs. M'Crule's venom comes to a head when little Tommy Dunshaughlin, grandson of Sheelah whose daughter, Peggy, is now married to Ormond's servant, Moriarty, seems to stand a good chance of winning a place in a charity school, the lady patronesses of which are all Protestant. Tommy, a Catholic, is a pupil at Dr. Cambray's school. Mrs. M'Crule visits Lady Annaly and her daughter Florence, two of the patronesses, to warn them that "Ireland will be ruined" if the place is given to Tommy, for "some errors of popery, - since there is no catholic in the room, I suppose I may say it - the errors of popery are wonderfully infectious and it can do no possible good.....to admit catholic children to our schools, because, do what you will, you can never make them good protestants"[35]. Lady Annaly replies by quoting "'if you cannot make them good protestants, make them good catholics, make them good any-things'", and Mrs. M'Crule (accompanied by a Mrs. M'Gregor - another significant name) withdraws defeated. Justice

is done and Tommy wins his place. Joyfully Maria Edgeworth allows liberalism to prevail. It should be remembered to her when reading the more obsessional anti-Maynooth and anti-O'Connell diatribes; and indeed, even in her days of defending the down-trodden, underprivileged, menaced early Victorian Irish Protestants, she would never even have been tempted to be unfair to the Tommy Dunshaughlins of this world.

John Galt may himself have wandered far from the Presbyterianism of his youth, - Professor Gordon thinks he may have been a Deist[37], though it is difficult to be precise about his religious convictions - but he never underestimated the importance of the Church of Scotland in the life of the West of the country described in his best novels. Unlike Maria Edgeworth he was writing of something he knew intimately and understood. Although Ringan Gilhaize was written to do the Covenanters more justice than Galt thought Scott had shown them in Old Mortality, Galt's greatest tribute to the faith of his childhood is the character and life of the Reverend Micah Balwhidder. Annals of the Parish is the story of the slow coming to maturity of a good man; after many years the old minister may mix up the marriages and baptismal services, but the chronicle does not draw to a pessimistic close. For, though the book records the happenings of sixty years, the sense of continuity is stronger than that of transience. Other ministers will

come to Dalmailing, Mr. Balwhidder will be forgotten (unless some admirer has composed for him as splendid an epitaph as the one he wrote for his first wife), codes and manners will change, but life will go on, and, for the teller of the story, "the greatest change of all" which he mentions in his last sermon, will not be an end for any man but a new beginning. To create someone who really believes this without making him narrow, naïve, unintelligent, smug, insensitive to suffering and evil, in fact partaking of all the vices common to the godly, is an extraordinary achievement, especially as Galt probably did not share Mr. Balwhidder's faith. He makes a good man likable by making him human. Mr. Balwhidder is very often funny: he starts by climbing through the window of his church and five years before his retirement his efforts to make "burial services" more decorous are the subject of a comic poem which causes his people to smile at the next ceremony after its appearance. His explanation that the roast pig served to Lord Eaglesham is one of Mrs. Balwhidder's own clecking causes great merriment when explained to the guests[38] - was it really artless or to pay out Lord Eaglesham for having called it a tithe pig? - and he falls over the fat doctor after the presentation of the colours to the local Volunteer corps[39]. There is also his endearing vanity: no great preacher, he yet congratulates himself on the militant sermon preached before the setting-up of the volunteers: "I

trow that the stoor had no peace in the stuffing of the pulpit in that day"[40]. Yet he is not a fool; when he inadvertently causes embarrassment by his Edinburgh sermon, he is conscious that something is wrong and this is confirmed by the manner of his hostess, Mrs. McVicar "a clever, hearing-all sort of a neighbour" who told him he had surprised everybody; "but I was fearful there was something of jocularity at the bottom of this, for she was a flaunty woman, and liked well to give a good-humoured gibe or jeer"[41]. On the same Edinburgh visit there is his uneasiness about Mrs. Balwhidder's buying of a silver teapot; she has to assure him that this is not done "in a vain spirit of bravery (which I could not have abided), but because it was well known that tea draws better in a silver pot, and drinks pleasanter in a china cup, than out of any other cup or teapot"[42].

Though genuinely intent on Christian values, Mr. Balwhidder is at home in the world as well - at least in his own little world. He is an excellent judge of character, as his deeds rather than words show. Mr. Cayenne, the Dalmailing capitalist, is testy and unorthodox, as well as practical, good-hearted[43] and genuinely fond of the minister. By his own strict rules of orthodoxy Mr. Balwhidder should have considered him a lost soul after the shocking remark borrowed from a Scottish judge[44], and indeed, after that dreadful day, he admits he can no longer consider Mr. Cay-

enne a Christian. Yet when the old man is dying he sends for the minister to "put in a word" for him, for "in these times it is the duty of every good subject to die as a Christian"[45]. Although in a state of consternation at Mr. Cayenne's impiety, the minister charitably interprets to the Lord the dying man's statement that he is not His servant: "Thou hearest, O Lord, how he confesses his unworthiness." The description of the minister's visit is on two planes: there is, as Mr. Balwhidder sees it, the death of a sinner, a "dying, uncircumcised Philistine" who has, nevertheless, stood the minister's friend in his melancholy[46] and for whom he feels human affection. The reader is amused and touched by the struggle between Mr. Balwhidder's unflinching orthodoxy and his understanding kindness and has, of course, no doubt that Mr. Cayenne is a good man. This is confirmed by the dying man's last words: "I have no doubt, doctor, given much offence in the world, and oftenest when I meant to do good; but I have wilfully injured no man; and as God is my judge, and his goodness, you say, is so great, he may, perhaps, take my soul into his holy keeping". The old man then "was wafted away out of this world with as little trouble as a blameless baby." The minister makes no more comment on the state of his old friend's soul: for the reader none is necessary. The scene is beautifully done: Galt keeps his quiet humour and the words and actions of both protagonists

are completely in character. The same flexibility, born of affection, is shown in Mr. Balwhidder's last meeting with Lord Eaglesham who makes a rather shame-faced reference to his "Miss". The minister can do no less than answer sternly but "seeing his shame, and not wishing to put him entirely out of conceit with himself"[47] he turns the matter into a joke. Here again the action is on two planes. Lord Eaglesham is a fine type of eighteenth-century noblemen and is fond of the country clergyman, but it is an exaggeration on Mr. Balwhidder's part to suppose such a person would be "put entirely out of conceit with himself" by his rebuke. We think no less of either of them for the exchange, but the greater credit goes to Mr. Balwhidder.

In less important matters the minister is flexible too, tempering orthodoxy with common sense. Tea is smuggled and smuggling is a sin, but it is better that the elderly ladies of the parish should have tea parties rather than come home "with red faces, rosy and cosh, from a posset making"[48]. When Betty Pawkie outwits the exciseman "the story not a little helped to lighten our melancholy meditations"[49]. When Meg and Janet Guffaw come to church wearing their copies of Betty Wendrife's gown, the minister, who sees them only in the churchyard, "was really overcome and could not keep my gravity and laughed among the graves"[50].

Intent on higher things as he may be, Mr. Balwhidder is not above showing some of the "vulgarity" which offended

Susan Ferrier. As a young minister his rebuke to the graceless Nichol Snipe might have offended some of his strait-laced brethren[51] and his reply to the jocose Dr. Dinwiddie anent the prospective third Mrs. Balwhidder is not unpermissive, especially when accompanied by a kindly nip on the lady's "bonsy arm"[52]. Once, too, Mr. Balwhidder is in trouble about a young preacher, Mr. Heckletext, who threatens to go to law when accused by the elders of being the father of an illegitimate child. Soon afterwards, however, he married another lady: " and before the trial came on, (that is to say, within three months of the day that I myself married them), Mrs. Heckletext was delivered of a thriving lad bairn, which would have been a witness for the elders, had the worst come to the worst"[53]. But the "coarseness" which distressed Blackwood and later "Delta", and which would of course, be of no moment today, is completely absent from Annals. Mr. Balwhidder's descriptions of some of his flock, however, are outspoken. For these he sometimes uses dialect (examples are given in the final chapter). Nanse Banks, the schoolmistress, has "blear een, a pale face, and a long neck", her successor, Miss Sabrina Hooky, "needed all manner of graces to set her out, for she was made up of odds and ends, and had but one good eye, the other being blind, and just like a blue bead"[54]; Miss Betty Pawkie was "of a manly stature and had a long beard which gave her a coarse look"[55]. With Betty, as

with so many others, the minister sees his own lack of charity and immediately adds words of praise to his first judgement: "but she was, nevertheless, a worthy, well-doing creature, and at her death she left ten pounds to the poor of the parish". Lady Macadam is another person towards whom he feels he may have been uncharitable, and though he cannot be enthusiastic in her praises after her death, he says what good he can: "Though she never liked me, and I could not say there were many things in her demeanour that pleased me, yet she was a free-handed woman to the needful, and when she died she was more missed than it was thought she could have been"[56]. His greatest charity, however, is shown towards his second wife, whose ceaseless industry even at the beginning of their marriage, prevents him, by its jangle and din, from writing a book as he had proposed. At that time he was considering a Miltonic poem on Original Sin and the Redemption or a treatise on the efficacy of Free Grace[57]. Only once, apparently, does he try to point out to his wife, with no effect whatsoever, that the manse ought not to be merely a factory of butter and cheese and to breed up veal calves for the slaughter, but immediately he qualifies this by praising the example her industry set to the parish[58]. Later, when he is much older and the children away, Mrs. Balwhidder does not even think it necessary to light the candle at night since she is as busy as ever, and the elderly man, unjustly regarded as a leveller

by some of his parish, could have found it in his heart "to tell Mrs. Balwhidder that the married state was made for something else than to make napery and beetle blankets"[59]. This time he is too hurt to lighten the censure immediately, but, when she dies five years later, he speaks of her as "a most excellent wife", commends her industry, but emphasizes that her "double claim" on him was as the mother of his children[60]. There is a world of implication in that last statement, a mingling of recognition of duty and acceptance of a second-best. He had only "placed my affections, with due consideration"[61] on his second wife, but in the first months of his marriage remembered the peaceful and kindly nature of the first Mrs. Balwhidder. And even for her, in spite of the epitaph, he had felt only habitual affection, not love: they had been brought up together. Thus, during youth and maturity he was not really near to any person who could understand him: perhaps this made him a better pastor, but certainly a more solitary man.

Tolerance grows with age and experience. He is, in theory, hot against other denominations, with Rome as the chief abomination and Episcopalianism making good running as a second. While still using the language of controversy he does not suit action to the violence of his words. When an Irish priest, Father O'Grady, says Mass in Cayenneville in 1804, bringing with him "that momento of Satan, the crucifix", he is outraged, and shocked by the elders' decision

"to put the beast and his worshippers to shame and flight" by being better Christians than they. He is reminded that the days of persecution are over and that, after the "vehement infidelity" brought by the French Revolution, it was a comfort to see men cherishing any sense of religion at all: "and this opinion, now that I had years to sift its wisdom, I own myself a convert and proselyte"[62]. Providence, which is always on Mr. Balwhidder's side, removes the evil when Father O'Grady finds he has not enough parishioners in Cayenneville and removes to Glasgow. At the end of his ministry the old man foresees a time "when the tiger of papistry shall lie down with the lamb of reformation"[63] - again a retention of the language of denominational invective but to convey an ecumenical message. Although he thinks that the elders are going too far, and that "the Presbyterian integrity should have been maintained to the uttermost" he accedes to their proposal to commute church censure with fines. On the Sunday when the seceeding Meeting House is opened in Cayenneville he could not forebear, in the remembering prayer, to entreat the Lord "to do with the hobbleshow at Cayenneville as he saw meet in his displeasure"[64] but regrets this afterwards. It is partly the action of the "schismatics" in being present at his church to hear his last sermon and in presenting him with a silver salver that leads him to the idea when the churches may come to an understanding. The book does not end on this exalted note, how-

ever, nor even with the final sermon, which has been given in the Introduction, but with the old clergyman's hope to be soon in Heaven "and to meet there all the old and long-departed sheep of my flock, especially the first and second Mrs. Balwhidders."

While Galt portrays no other completely captivating pastor (for Mr. Tammyhill is much more of the school of Dr. Primrose than of Mr. Balwhidder) he does show the influence of religion in others of his Scottish novels. Maudge Dobie's care of Claud is, in one way, an example of Christian charity: when she is dying and natural affection moves her to wish to see him she prays that God may prosper his endeavours and that he might never think of her whom it had pleased Heaven to make such a burden in the world. Admirable; but she adopts Claud not because he is an orphan but because he is the rightful laird of Kittlestoneheugh. Her self-forgetfulness and abnegation are part of a devouring pride in the child's heritage which she communicates all too faithfully to him. Maudge certainly took her charge to kirk on the Sabbath and the Laddy later demonstrates that she has read the Bible, but in Claud's completely loveless marriage these two coarse-grained egotists act as if they had never heard of Christian charity. Their only human feelings seem to be an inclination on his mother's part towards Watty (which turns out not to be real) and Claud's genuine feeling for his eldest son. How deep that feeling

really is, Galt is careful to hide from the reader at the beginning; when the children are still young the conversation of their parents (sitting by the fireside in the dark) deals with the legal complications anent the property which the possible deaths of any one or two of the three children might entail: his father early suggests the possibility that George, when he comes to years of discretion, will not fail to have Walter declared an idiot should there be a chance of inheriting his maternal grandfather's property[65]. In Claud's defence it may be said that Plealand's family pride is as obstinate as his own; the whole plot is motivated by his insistance on his heir's taking the name of Hypel, something which Claud will never permit his eldest son to do. The sense of continuity, so positive an element in Annals, is here debased: each of the two obstinate landowners wants his name to be perpetuated, but Plealands has not the maniac obsession of Claud to recover what Maudge has taught him is his due. Claud has little help from the minister to whom he first, half shame-facedly mentions his idea of disinheriting Charles. Galt has prepared us for Mr. Kilfuddy's pastoral counsel by the conversation during the minister's visit of condolence. After the death of Mrs. Walkinshaw's father, Mr. Kilfuddy says the correct banal words of comfort, to which the Laddy responds by a spirited description of the expense of putting two groups of servants into full mourning, hanging the Kirk with black cloth

and buying a black bombazine dress. What the minister really wants to know is what Plealands has left; when told two thousand pounds; "A braw soom, a braw soom!" said the spiritual comforter[66]. Galt goes on to describe the minister as "an honest and pious Presbyterian pastor" though with "a spice of worldly-mindedness in his constitution" - as he has just shown. He is, also, no Mr. Balwhidder. His idea of changing Claud's mind is to paint a fearsome picture of what awaits him in the world to come should he commit this crime. "Hech, man! an' ye're deluded to do this thing, what a bonny sight it will be to see your latter end, when Belzebub, wi' his horns, will be sitting upon your bosom, boring through the very joints and marrow o' your poor soul wr' the red-het gimlets o' a guilty conscience..... sic thoughts are the cormorants that sit on the apple-trees in the devil's Kail-yard, and the souls o' the damned are the carcasses they make their meat o'." Readers of James Joyce will know that Hell-fire sermons are not confined to Calvinism, and the effect on Claud, as on Stephen, is short-lived. Charles precipitates matters by his marriage and Claud's rage, which seems inordinate to his wife, moves him to see Mr. Keelevin on the following day. But Galt now slightly changes our image of Grippy. He had been deferred from disinheriting Charles not by fear, but "by a sense of shame, mingled with affection, and a slight reverence for natural justice"[67]. That concepts like shame, affection and reverence for justice,

however slight, means anything at all to Walkinshaw is a revelation: up to this point he had been shown almost as a monster, dominated by one idea only, the restoration of his ancestral lands. He shows himself at his worst in the interview with Mr. Keelevin: when the shocked lawyer exclaims of his plan, "There's no Christianity in this" Claud replies "But there may be law I hope"[68]. Later, in his confession to Dr. Denholm, Claud confesses, "I had ever the right before me, when I deliberately preferred the wrang"[69]. His cold opposition of "law" (concerning temporal goods) to Christianity is really like a choice of evil, the "non serviam" which Joyce also used. The proposed holding of family worship on the Saturday after his action is almost like blasphemy, a defiance of the God in Whom he really believes, and the opening of the Bible at the story of the deception of Isaac by Jacob (which Claud had already mentioned to Mr. Kilfuddy as justification for the planned disinheritance) seems like a judgement. The same biblical story is mentioned by the Laddy on the day of the execution of the deeds of entail, and Charles makes a joking reply about it. Claud, who in the interim had been "conscious of an unjust intention, and unable to excuse it to himself"[70] feels the remark pierce him like an arrow, but he actually makes Charles witness the deed of disinheritance - without informing him, or Walter, of its contents. Although Galt's motivation of Claud's ultimate remorse is understated, it

is by now quite clear that he has acted with open eyes and preferred the things of this world to those of the next - for the choice must be expressed in the context in which Galt tells the story. The striking of Walter on the way home arouses "shame, remorse and grief" and for a moment he feels he has committed a great sin; but this passes, and he goes on to make the bargain about Walter's marriage. By this time it is obvious that a spiritual struggle is taking place but that the strength of Claud's obsession will be almost impossible to overcome. As Walter's idiocy becomes more apparent his father feels it impossible that Watty's marriage to Betty Bodle planned by him can ever take place. "But these intervals of feeling and emotion were not of long duration; his inflexible character and the ardour with which his whole spirit was devoted to the attainment of one object, soon settled and silenced all doubt, contrition and hesitation"[71]. But he is under intolerable pressure, and Walter, terrified by his mother into believing he is to be cheated, turns the knife in the wound with constant reproaches, while the Laddy upbraids him with wishing to deprive Walter of the inheritance left by her father. This is because Claud wishes Walter and his wife to live at one of the two farms for which he has exchanged Plealands, thus reconstituting the old estate of Kittlestoreheugh. His object has been accomplished . Claud's feelings now become "a sentiment of sorrow in strong

affinity with remorse"[72]: the change from the implacability of the early years of his marriage has been very subtly portrayed by Galt, without over-emphasis, but with a continuity which prepares the reader for the final change. When Charles's boy is born he advises him to make no difference between any children he may have[73] but still does not revoke the entail: as Galt says he has reached a stage the feelings "instead of prompting atonement irritate us to repeat and persevere in our injustice"[74]. However, with the birth of a daughter to Walter "he began to think there was something in the current of human affairs over which he could acquire no control"[75]. He had always considered the worldly and unworldly as important factors in human life, though it is only after Galt's delicate psychological dissection that we recognize he had any case for the spiritual at all. From his recognition of the power of what Mr. Balwhidder would call Providence there comes an expectation of chastisment: the Old Testament means more to him than the new and he is wise enough, in any case, to know that before mercy must come atonement, and this he is not yet prepared to make. Galt, who does not share either Claud's or Mr. Balwhidder's outlook, uses a different phrase: "human power was set at naught by the natural course of events (italics mine); it is a proof that he has still to change a great deal that the death of the child's mother apparently means little to him. Finally Claud does formulate in his mind

the idea of divine chastisement: "Everything seemed arranged by Providence to keep the afflicting sense of the wrong he had done his first-born constantly galled"[76]. There follows Mr. Keelevin's revelation of terms of the entail to Charles, his illness, and the news of the birth of George's twin daughters: there was still no male heir, save Charles's son. But still the old man remains stubborn, and Galt, while shocked by Claud's injustice, still cannot withold a sort of admiration for the old man's strength of character: Claud now really believes that he stands before "the frowns and menaces of Heaven" but still holds firm. For Charles' death he uses the language of the Old Testament: the last plague, the death of the first-born, whom he has "laid on the burning and brazen altar" of "an idolatrous image"[77] breaks him finally and he makes the confession to Dr. Denholm and determines to right the wrong he has done. We see then that even his conduct to Maudge has not left him as unmoved as he then seemed: we hear of his repugnance for his wife: and we guess something of the torment his whole life has been, even though the object that motivated all his actions has been reached. Though shocked, Dr. Denholm is a very different person from Mr. Kilfuddy. It is when he reminds Claud that the things are but "trash and splendid dirt" that Claud finally falls on his knees and cries "Thy will be done". Up to this point the story, even with all the horror of a loveless marriage and a soul-

less injustice, might have been used as the basis for an edifying sermon; but then comes the ironic twist. Claud has a stroke, and it is impossible for him to make provision for Charles's wife and children before he dies, and the final horror is added by the Laddy's frantic efforts to prevent her dying husband signing anything that, she thinks, might damage her. Had Galt left the story at that it would certainly not have been a proof of divine justice, but a powerful tale of pride and its consequences in the style of Balzac. That he brought the property back to Charles's son by a series of unlikely consequences spoils the story, or rather supplies a readable third-rate final part to what, left to itself, would have been a gloomy masterpiece. As we know, this was not Galt's fault, or at least the dragging out of the story to make three volumes was not. This is why, in my opinion, the book as it stands cannot be classed with Annals and The Provost each part of which is uniformly on a high level (though The Provost, of course, is short). But nowhere else has Galt unfolded and revealed the hidden side of a character so expertly as he does in his picture of Claud. Mr. Balwhidder starts on the side of the angels and can only become more likeable as the years pass, but Claud Walkinshaw is first shown as an inordinately proud, worldly boor and is gradually revealed as someone who does believe in a Providence, albeit a stern one, and whose genuine impulses towards good can hardly fail to be

thwarted by the obsession planted in him by the well-meaning Maudge. He is, of course, responsible for his own actions, and in Archibald Plack Galt shows that a boy as miserably poor as he can not only attain riches but become a loving father and even a relatively indulgent, if prosy, grandfather. Claud might be used as the central figure for a sermon on a man with normal human feelings who is corrupted by laying up his treasure only on earth. At the end of his story, however, his God is a god of vengeance, and does not allow him to make amends.

Ringan Gilhaize, written to show the Covenanters in a sympathetic light, is not as successful as either Annals or The Entail. It may seem paradoxical to say that this is probably because it is a first-person narrative, as up till then Galt's strength lay in first-person narrative, (and indeed did so later, in such short sketches as Our Borough, The Howdie, Tribulations and A Rich Man). It will be remembered that Blackwell had wanted The Entail to be a first-person narrative also[78]. But unfortunately in adopting the persona of a seventeenth-century Covenanter Galt has to use the kind of language his hero would have used: his sense of realism will allow him to do nothing else; and while this style is extremely interesting for a time in an abstract way it is so foreign to our manner of expression (except in certain parts of Northern Ireland) that it takes the edge off our attention. Galt describes the style he

chose as "that grave, cool, and in some degree obsolete, but emphatic manner which was employed by the covenanting authors". He prepared most carefully, making special use of William Maitland's History of Edinburgh (1753) and Robert Woodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland (1721).

The novel sets out to cover a period of 130 years from the beginnings of the Reformation in Scotland to the death of Claverhouse. This in itself is difficult. The Entail also dealt with several generations, and was also a family saga, but the author could stand apart and interpret as he does in the case of the revealing of Claud's changing emotions. Ringan Gilhaize, a seventeenth-century Covenanter, can describe the days of John Knox only by narrating the adventures of his grandfather, Michael. So successful is Galt's retention of the Ringan personality in the first part of the book that a modern critic writes that "the three generations of Gilhaizes to whom we are introduced are indistinguishable from each other. Strict conformity to religious principles in word and deed prevents them from exhibiting the interesting variations of personality that appear in the three generations of Walkinshaws". Setting aside the question whether the third generation of Walkinshaws is very interesting, the statement is simply not true. Michael and Ringan are as difficult as their stories. Ringan himself starts the tale by stating that there was more of "a spirit

of far greater carnality among the Champions of the (Reformation) cause "than among the Covenanters. The persons in the first part of the book were, indeed, more human. In another idiom Michael's story might well have been told by Stevenson. Ringan's style has the effect of de-romanticizing Michael's adventures, but the events themselves are full of a humour and happiness completely lacking in his grandson's own sombre story. Michael begins his progress in true fairy-tale style by leaving home to seek his fortune. He has all the attributes of the romantic hero, intelligence, good looks and the gift of "studious observance"[79]. Like Galt, as a child he is an avid listener to the talk of other people and has plenty of opportunity to hear it in his father's farmer's shop. It was rather a strange place to be frequented by monks and friars, but so, apparently, it was, and young Michael could not be expected to conclude that those who came there were hardly the most pious among their brethren. In fact Michael tells his grandson that they came to hear the news, and his sympathy with the Reformers was first aroused by the immoderate way these monks spoke of them. In spite of his views, however, Michael like everyone else, enjoys the annual procession in honour of St. Michael, which the chronicler, though hardly the original story-teller, calls "an annual abomination". It was, after all, Michael's name-day (which Ringan can hardly be expected to know, or Galt perhaps either), and he

shares in the fun, laughing like everyone else when the fat friar carrying the banner of the Holy Ghost "in the form of a cushy-doo" stumbles and falls. the monks over-react in punishment, and Michael's hasty mother, "who was entirely under the dominion of her confessor"[80] gives him a hard time, doing nothing to turn his allegiance from the reformers. So finally off the three young men go, on a fine spring day, singing songs of battle instead of hymns, but Michael does not lose sight of the good cause and even succeeds in securing an interview with the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a splendid old pagan, whom Galt describes with unregenerate delight. "A hale black-avised carl, with a long dark beard inclining to grey; his abundant hair, flowing down from his cowl, was also clouded and streaked with the kithings of the cranreuch of age - there was however a gouthy and lucious twinkling in his eyes, that showed how little the passage of three and fifty winters had cooled the rampant sensuality of his nature. His right leg, which was naked, though on the foot was a slipper of Spanish leather, he laid o'er Mistress Kilspinnie's knees, as he threw himself back against the pillar of the bed"[81]. John Knox could hardly have done better! The "intractable Magdalen" Marion Kilspinnie, is also in no mood for repentance: "Ony body can repent when they like, and it's no convenient yet for me. Since I have slippit the tether, I may as well take a canter o'er the knowes". Her final penitence is as dramatic as her sin,

though rather Edgeworthian in its retribution. Michael Gilhaize tells his grandson he wept tears at receiving the blessing of such a man, and no doubt he did; he served the Reformation well and his devotion to it never wavered, but, even in the stiff and laboured prose of his grandson, there emerges the enjoyment of a young man, intelligent, with a strong sense of vocation, and doing work which employs him actively in the service of a cause in which he believes. He is present at great events, sees John Knox, Mary of Guise and Mary Stuart, outwits the spy Winterton and takes service for a time with the Earl of Moray. The thread of great affairs runs through his everyday service. He always prospers, but it is made clear that this is not only because he is lucky and charming, but also prudent with the ability to hold his tongue. It was an age when a young man with these gifts might well make his way in the world. Although never abating his devotion to the Reformed cause, he deplores its excesses, such as the destruction of the churches in Perth after one of Knox's sermons. "Even my grandfather was smitten with consternation and with grief; for he could not but think that such a terrible temporal outrage would be followed by a temporal revenge as ruthless. Sober minds shuddered at the sudden and sacriligious overthrow of such venerable structures..... To no one did the event give pleasure but to John Knox. 'The work', said he, 'has been done, it is true, by the rascal multitude; but when the nests are des-

troyed, the rooks will fly away'"[82]. These last two sentences are extremely interesting. Both Michael and Ringan revered John Knox, but Michael had a mind of his own, though he does not go so far as to censure his model. He does, however, clearly imply disagreement with him and Ringan records it. A moralist "on the other side" might argue that Gilhaize is punished for forgetting his sensible aversion to destruction: for, when he himself tries to pull down a statue of the Virgin, one of the legs which has been mended comes off, Gilhaize falls, and is, in consequence, lame for life. But this is an unusual action; normally he is moderate and kind, as is shown in his execution of Lord Glencairn's order to take over the Carmelite 'monastery' for Lord Eglinton who owned the land. He pities the nuns who, because of their life away from the world, had become "as innocent as birds in a cage" and tells them not to go empty-handed into the world, but take with them whatever they liked. "One was content with a flower-pot; another took a cage in which she had a lintie; some of them half-finished patterns of embroidery. One aged sister of a tall and spare form brought away a flask of eye water which she had herself distilled; but, saving the superior, none of them thought of any of the valuables of the chapel, till my grandfather reminded them that they might find the value of silver and gold hereafter, even in the spiritual-minded town of Irvine"[83] (where Galt, of course, had been born). This is

in character, as is Michael's regret that, when the convents and monasteries were destroyed, no care was taken to preserve the medical lore preserved therein[84]. One of his friends, an ex-monk, later practices as a doctor. There is plenty of humour in the first part of the book, some of it straight-faced, e.g. the account of the dispersed nuns who feared they might be forced to marry. The Prioress reassures them, however "that the calamity of marriage will never be known in the Kirkgate of Irvine but that all maidens who thereafter may enter, or be born to dwell therein shall live a life of single blessedness, unasked and untempted by men"[85] - obviously another local joke. There is also the story of an ex-monk, forced to beg in his old age, who was helped by the local ladies because they found him amusing. One pious Protestant gentlewoman was certain, however, that before his death he was converted, since, when she gave him "a luggie of kail oure het" he stirred it with the end of the ebony crucifix at his girdle[86].

Michael Gilhaize dies at the age of ninety-one, respected by all, after a long and happy life. He had no cause for bitterness. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive"; he had espoused the Reformed cause at a time when it was experiencing its first success. The spring and summer weather, so often mentioned in his story, symbolize the spring of the new religion. Galt wastes little time on Michael's son "a man of very austere character, and of a

most godly, though, as some said, rather of a stubbornly affection for the forms of worship which had been established by John Knox and the pious worthies of his times, he was withal, a single-minded Christian, albeit more ready for a raid than subtile in argument"[87]. Michael's qualities (except, perhaps, his humour, though Ringan's story gives him little occasion to show this) pass to his grandson, the narrator. And it is with his story, the second half of the book, that the difficulties begin.

In his Literary Life Galt writes: "The sentiments which it (Ringan Gilhaize) breathes are not mine, nor the austerity that it enforces, nor all the colour of the piety with which the enthusiasm is tinged. But in every case where I have seen it noticed, his sentiments have been regarded as mine, which, though perhaps respectable to me as a man, I disclaim as an author, merely, however, because they are not mine"[88]. But, and he makes no secret of it, he felt that the author of Old Mortality "had laid an irreverent hand on the ark of our great national cause, the Covenant"[89] and that therefore Ringan, whatever peculiar language he might use, was defending the right. In the case of Michael Gilhaize this was quite acceptable: in Ringan's case, however, there is the death of Claverhouse at the end of the book which does not make pleasant reading.

So much attention has been devoted to Galt's revelation of Claud Walkinshaw's real character because it is such a

tour-de-force. Galt is there in a position to comment, (though he keeps comment to the minimum) to let the reader know what the central character is feeling whatever he may say. Here a farmer, more than usually intelligent and sensitive but not articulate, tells a story of almost unrelieved gloom. By temperament and upbringing Ringan would not be given to what the Germans call "heart-outpourings"; he generally keeps his feelings so much to himself the effect is often one ofmonotony: terrible things happen: he records them: but how does he feel? This is almost certainly the way a person like Ringan would write, but would anyone but a student of seventeenth-century history read it? Galt's realism, one of his great gifts, here works against him. Also, he is doing something very modern indeed, trying for a "proletarian" historical novel treating not of captains and kings but of ordinary people caught up in the imbecility of war. Brecht does the same thing in roughly the same period in Mutter Courage but his work is instinct with humour and, in spite of the abominable things that happen, the end effect, as in Annals, is the triumph of continuity. The undaunted old woman still lives and still goes on driving her cart, although she has lost everything and has nothing to look forward to. Admitting that the old vivardière had a different ideology from Ringan (and Galt) there is something admirable in the recognition and acceptance of the worst that life can do which a Christian might well

envy. Ringan and Mutter Courage both have to live on: which will live the more contentedly? The comparison of course has plenty of unfairnesses. Brecht's character profits from the war and is cheerfully unconcerned as to which side her customers are fighting on. Ringan, a man of peace, is embroiled in fighting because his conscience tells him to take up arms. The rights and wrongs of his decision are not argued, because he is telling his own story and appears to have no struggle: God is higher than Caesar. His life as a soldier of the Covenant consists of episodes: so does the life of any soldier: but to make a novel really interesting realism must be bent a little.

It is because Ringan, like Galt, thinks his private life is no one's business but his own, that what he loses is shadowy and thus the tragedy is lessened. Now and again Galt does show us Ringan's thoughts of home: "I thought of my home, of the partner of my anxieties and cares, of the children of our love, I marvelled with a weeping spirit at the manner in which I had been snatched up, and brought as it were in a whirlwind to be an actor in a scene of such inevitable woe. Sometimes, in the passion of that grief, I was tempted to rise and move to seek my way back to the nest of my affections"[90]. The moments of happiness chronicled are too few to mitigate the dreadful monotony of continuous suffering: "Rarely has it fallen to the lot of man to be so blessed with such children as mine; but surely I

was unworthy of the blessing. And yet, though maybe unworthy Lord, Thou knowest by the mighty anthems of thankfulness that rose from my heart, that the chief sentiment in my breast, in those moments of melody, was my inward acknowledgement to Thee for having made the world so bright to me, with an offspring so good and fair and with Sarah Lochrig their mother, she whose life was the sweetness in the cup of felicity"[91]. There is too little of this gentler aspect to leaven the dreadful events he chronicles. Dreadful these events really were, but Galt does not even use his gift of dry humour which humanizes Mr. Balwhidder to lighten the cloud of complete darkness which hangs over the story. Exactly the same conditions prevailed in the Ireland of the Penal days as in seventeenth-century Scotland: the illicit services held in the open air on the "Mass Rock", the sentries posted to give warning of the soldiers, the traitors and back-sliders, the same price set on the head of a priest as on the head of a wolf; but there was the odd ceilidh, the bitter jokes, the sense of camaraderie. Jeffrey, reviewing Ringan Gilhaize in 1823, calls it "a heavy work - and proves conclusively that the genius of the author lies much more in the quieter works of humourous simplicity, intermixed with humble pathos, than to the lofty paths of enthusiasm or heroic emotion.....the book is tiresome and without effect. The narrative is neither pleasing nor probable, and the calamities are too numerous

and too much alike"[92]. This is hard, and I know that some admirers of Galt regard Ringan highly, but it is unfortunately justified - in the second part of the book. The first is not a masterpiece but a good read. There are un-Galtian but Edgeworthian coincidences: Ringan finds his family in the same prison cell and sees his son's head carried past him on a pike. Where Galt fails - and the book is, unfortunately, a splendid failure - is in the creation of believable secondary characters whose histories are as real to us as those of the Malcolm family or Mr. Cayenne. Sarah Lochrig is gentle, Gilhaize's son who joins the Cameronians is godly and brave, Mr. Swinton is an admirable minister of the Gospel, but they are not there long enough to form a milieu into which the central character can fit. Ringan himself is introverted, and so such a person probably would be, but a novelist of the stature of Galt should not choose such a person to tell his own story. His feelings are all the deeper for their lack of expression, but the normal unpsychological reader wants them expressed so that he can understand them. When Ringan does relax his stern control he becomes almost frenzied: "And I again threw myself on the earth and cried that it might again open and swallow me; for, thinking but of myself, I was become unworthy to live"[93]. At other times his suffering brings about a state of apathy: he feels "in a sense but little liable to be moved when told of calamities: when his wife's wedding ring is taken he

does nothing, which astonishes his son[94]. His response to the sorrow of his brother whose daughter is raped sounds so cold as to be pitiless: "Brother, we are children of the same parents, and the wrongs of one are the wrongs of both. But let us not be too hasty"[95]. His brother's reply: "Ringan Gilhaize, till you have felt what I feel, you ne'er can know that the speed of lightening is slow to the wishes and will of revenge"[96] is borne out all too soon.

In the closing part of the book Galt allows no gleam of light to break through the impenetrable darkness of the sufferings of the Saints. With savage irony he allows Ringan to speak gently to his son of charity before they find their devastated house. They see soldiers returning, though they do not know it, from the actual attack, and Ringan interprets their shamefacedness to his son as the embarrassment of men forced to act as oppressors, perhaps against their will. From the beginning Ringan has fought for the Covenant, but Galt wishes to make quite clear that he is made a fanatic against his will. To Joseph he explains: "The nature of charity is like the light of the sun, by which all things are cherished. It is the brightness of the soul, and the glorious quality which proves our celestial descent. Our other feelings are common to a' creatures, but the feeling of charity is divine. It's the only thing in which man partakes of the nature of God[97]." Then father and son gain the brow of the hill and see the

roofless house with the common grave where the family are buried. Ringan loses his reason for a time, but seems to recover. Even then, after the unspeakable calamity, Galt never lets us forget that father and son, though they may be devoted to a religious cause, have never been politically motivated: their fight has been for what they consider the church of God. Ringan kneels by the common grave of his wife and daughters and makes his only surviving child, Joseph, kneel with him. He swears eternal enmity against the King, "and I prayed, in the words of the Psalmist, that he was judged, he might be condemned"[98]. To this Joseph objects: he will not pray for the King's condemnation, but will fight against him to rid him of his temporal power. Ringan accepts the rebuke. "And I felt I had forgotten I was a Christian, and I again knelt down and prayed, but it was for the sin I had done in the vengeance of the latter clause"[99]. Galt never wishes us to forget that Ringan is a good man: emotionally he does, of course, want revenge, as who in his situation would not, but he restrains the emotion by an effort of will and by fidelity to the teaching which, in spite of his suffering, he has not forgotten. This spiritual victory is introduced by Galt to make the final murder of Claverhouse and the manner in which it is described less repellant. He also leaves the question open as to how far Ringan has really recovered his reason. The bereaved father sends his son to the Cameronians. He

cannot himself accept their secession from the Kirk, but after a struggle described more fully than most spiritual conflicts in the book, this "infirm and grey-headed man, with a deranged head and a broken heart"[100] takes leave of his only child. The words "deranged head" are not accidental: afterwards, in prison, Ringan sees his son's head carried past on a pike and this we may take as the turning point. He escapes, through the connivance of a sympathetic English soldier, whose action he would once have recognized as proof that good men are found everywhere but he is now beyond this. At his family's grave he has been able to regret his prayer for the condemnation of Charles Stuart, but now it is easy for him to sublimate his feelings of revenge, indeed to regret the word as inapplicable: "....revenge becomes not Christian men; but we shall be the just executioners of the just judgement of Him, whose ministers are flaming fires, and pestilence and war, and storms and perjured Kings"[101]. His vision of himself as the strong arm of the Lord, dispensed from prohibitions affecting ordinary men, leads inevitably to the incident at Killiecrankie. He spends the intervening time between Joseph's death and Claverhouse's defence of the Stuart cause working ceaselessly for William of Orange, and apparently does this rationally and well, which is not inconsistant with his obsession on the one point. He has always, of course, seen Claverhouse as Bloody Clavers rather than Bonnie Dundee,

and the two have already had an encounter: but now the Stuart General becomes for him the very incarnation of evil. He begins to see visions. On the night before the battle he is exalted with a vision of the Lord weighing "the things of time" in his hand to see whether he should allow evil (Claverhouse) to prevail. He is even ungenerous enough to belittle Dundee's loyalty to a King who, both in Scotland and in Ireland, deserved very little of it[102]: the Stuart General feels "only a canine fidelity, a dog's love, to his papistical master"[103]. He must be banished from the face of the earth, and Ringan resolves to do it. Here the paragraph where the death of Dundee is described may be quoted, although it is long. When the enemy seems to be winning, Ringan is moved to cry out: "There is no God" a statement so utterly blasphemous in his view that it is clear he is not thinking rationally. Then, of course, celestial help is afforded: he hears thunders in the heaven and a voice crying in his soul: "The victory of this day is given into thy hands!" Filled with this meglomaniac exaltation he felt clothed in the armour of divine right. "I prepared my flint and examined my firelock, and I walked towards the top of the garden with a firm step.....the vigour of youth was renewed in my aged limbs; I though that those for whom I had so mourned walked before me - that they smiled and beckoned me to come on and that a glorious light shone around me.....I rested my carabine on

the garden wall. I bent my knee and knelt upon the ground. I aimed and fired - but when the smoke cleared away I beheld the oppressor still proudly on his war-horse.

I loaded again, again I knelt, and again rested my carabine on the wall, and fixed a second time, and was again disappointed.

Then I remembered that I had not implored the help of Heaven, and I prepared for the third time, and when all was ready, and Claverhouse was coming forward, I took off my bonnet, and kneeling with the gun in my hand, cried, 'Lord, remember David and all his afflictions;' and having so prayed, I took aim as I knelt, and Claverhouse raising his arm in command, I fixed. In the same moment I looked up, and there was a vision in the air as if all the angels of brightness, and the martyrs in their vestments of glory, were assembled on the walls and battlements of heaven to witness the event - and I started up and cried 'I have delivered my native land'"[104]. Galt has gone out of his way to prove that Ringan cannot really be held to account for this murder; but, even taking this into account, the account with its juxtaposition of angels, saints and three cold-blooded attempts at killing by a civilian is distasteful and it is really difficult to see why Galt, who even after the death of his family, still keeps Ringan a sympathetic character, should turn him at the end into a crazed zealot who regards himself as the saviour of his country. The second part of

Ringan Gilhaize is a horrifying account of a horrifying age, and speaks very much to the condition of the Irish reader: the outdoor masses generally held at night, the sentries, the fear of the soldiers, the price on the priest's head - all these have already been mentioned. But why not let Ringan work soberly, discreetly and devotedly for the cause of William of Orange and rejoice in its triumph? Why end on a piece of historical bravura which was absolutely not in Galt's style and is foreign to the whole spirit of the book, an attempt before its time to see war not as the great experienced it but as the everyday citizen felt, overwhelmed by a catastrophe not of his making and almost always the loser? Scott may have tried to do something of the same in Redgauntlet but Galt is not a romantic, and the originality of his approach in Ringan (though it did not quite come off) has not received its due. If Galt wished to write a book in praise of Calvinism he has succeeded: Annals of the Parish stands as a human, attractive, affectionate memorial to the faith of Galt's childhood.

CHAPTER VI.

AMORALISTS

Maria Edgeworth has often been reproached with over-moralizing in her works of fiction, but the narrative of Castle Rackrent, the only masterpiece she produced, has no moral flavour whatsoever, although the material she later added (Preface, Postscript[1] and Glossary) serve a political propagandist purpose.

The genesis of the first part of Rackrent is not precisely documented. In his excellent edition George Watson[2] quotes a remark by Francis Beaufort which places the writing as early as 1792: "Captain Beaufort spoke of Miss Edgeworth. He told us that her Novel Castle Rackrent was written eight years before it was published, and without any intention to publish it, which she was induced to do by an Aunt, a Sister of her Father, who being an invalid, Miss Edgeworth sent her the manuscript to read, and she was delighted with it....."[3] Watson points out that the conversation took place nearly twenty years after the book's publication, and thinks that, even if Farrington's memory is to be trusted, the tradition may be far from reliable, especially since Beaufort was unlikely to have known the Edgeworths' in 1792. Miss Butler comments that Beaufort was generally a reliable witness, but doubts 1792 as the date of writing as Maria was then in

Clifton and had no chance of seeing Mrs. Ruxton[4]. But Maria's imitation of John Langan, her father's steward and the original of Thady, were verbal at the beginning, and, as Maria was very close to her aunt when her father and stepmother were in Clifton, is it not possible that, when in England, she may have written them down (with no thought of publication, as Beaufort says) and sent them to her aunt to amuse her? Her letters to the family <u>are</u> generally written to amuse. Miss Butler thinks the first part must have been written between the autumn of 1793 and 1796 "probably early in that period rather than later"[5]. That Francis Beaufort is correct in mentioning Aunt Ruxton's part in the "writing down" is clear from one of Maria's letters to her: "How many things we have talked over together! "Rackrent" especially which you first suggested to me and encouraged me to go on with!"[6] She added the Sir Condy episode two years after the completion of the first part; Miss Butler suggests she may have wanted to describe the election scenes she had heard about from her father in January and February 1796[7] but these scenes are of very secondary interest in Sir Condy's story. Watson seems to incline to a later date than 1796. The book appeared in January 1800, or perhaps as early as December 1799.

Maria had a real-life model for Thady "The only character drawn from life in "Castle Rackrent" is Thady himself, the teller of the story. He was an old steward (not very

old, though, at that time; I added to his age to allow him time for the generations of the family), I heard him when I first came to Ireland, and his dialect struck me, and his character; and I became so acquainted with it, that I could think and speak in it without effort; so that when, for mere amusement, without any idea of publishing, I began to write a family history as Thady would tell it, he seemed to stand beside me and dictate; and I wrote as fast as my pen would go, the characters all imaginary"[8].

The genesis of the novel explains much of its unique character in Miss Edgeworth's work. Her only purpose is to amuse, and, initially, to amuse a small intelligent group of people of her own class who knew many Irish landlords like the Rackrents. She did not need to apologize for their behaviour or protest that they belonged to a past age; all that came later. What amused the first hearers was the story's fidelity to life as they knew it: Sir Kit and his like were very little different from the squireens who accused Edgeworth of disloyalty. Maria described types well-known to her listeners: a convivial hard-drinking squire, an avaricious litigant, a swaggering oafish young officer with "charm", and the last and least unpleasant of the four, a sloven and spendthrift who threw away every chance given him in life.

Thady, the narrator, has been misunderstood as a dear, quaint, loyal old Handy Andy, very Irish (which he is, in

typifying some of the country's worst aspects). He is a peasant and an Irish eighteenth-century peasant at that, the product of a system which, except in very rare cases, must necessarily have hardened and coarsened those who were trying to live above subsistence level, had no tenure of their land and nothing to look forward to. As an upper servant he was infinitely more fortunate than most of his peers, but he shares their land-hunger, and, it must be said, only rarely shows sympathy with the class which "the family" exploit.

In the first part of the novel Thady describes the violent deaths of three Rackrents, the sale of land to further obsessional litigation, ruthless exaction of money from the tenants by an agent whose only aim is to please the absent master by forwarding remittances to London, the imprisonment of a stranger in a strange land by her hus - band, his brutal attempts to force her to sign away her property to him when, as a result of his treatment, she is believed to be dying, the utter indifference of the Rack- rent household (including Thady)[9] to this and the circum- spection of the neighbouring gentry, since Sir Kit is a good shot, and finally three duels, two ludicrous, the third fortunately ending in the well-merited death of Sir Kit. None of this is comic, in fact the imprisonment of Lady Kit is very near tragedy, but the total effect is funny, though the humour is of the blackest dye. Maria

meant her original hearers to laugh and her unregenerate readers do so today, partly because the happening seems so completely unbelievable and the dreadfulness of the Rack-rents exaggerated: they were stock-characters in eighteenth-century Ireland, though to let four such ghastly examples of half-and-half gentlemen follow each other may be a little too much, even for the period. Partly also the humour comes from the factual unemotional description of these events by Thady who never glosses over anything but interprets the strict truth he sets down so as to absolve "the family" from blame. "Her (Lady Kit Rackrent's) diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he (Sir Kit) condescended to ask for it"[10]. Such "loyalty" is dangerous, though good for a laugh among people who know plenty of Thadys. There is also his account of Sir Condy's method of ensuring that his "freeholders" were not struck off the electoral register. "Some of our friends were dumb-founded, by the lawyers asking them had they even been upon the grounds where their freeholds lay? Now Sir Condy being tender of the consciences of them that had not been upon the ground, and so could not swear to a free-hold when cross examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleaves-full of the sods of his farm at Gulteeshinnagh: and as soon as the sods came into town, he set each man upon his sod, and so then,

ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground. We gained the day by this piece of honesty"[11]. Thady is no fool, though sometimes he makes serious statements to the honour of the family the irony of which only the reader perceives. Sir Condy "was bred to the bar; at which, having many friends to push him, and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would, in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made King's counsel at the least; but things were disposed of otherwise, and he never went the circuit but twice, and then made no figure for want of a fee, and being unable to speak in public"[12]. Sometimes one suspects that the irony may not be unconscious: Lady Murtagh Rackrent is no favourite of Thady, but he dutifully mentions the running of her charity school[13]. And, knowing his son Jason very well, can he be quite serious when he writes of the latter's work for the agent: "which he (Jason) did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family"[14]?

Thady has no objection to appearing a simpleton at times; in a hard world it is a means of self-defence. He is what that most Dublin of Dubliners James Joyce calls "country cute" and while his moral standards were warped by his devotion to "the family" they were probably never too lofty in the first place. He approves of Jason's

attempts to feather his own nest, and supports them. When his son puts in a claim for a good farm after "obliging" the agent, Thady's reaction is, "Why shouldn't he as well as another"[15]. Sir Kit, then in Bath, who is completely uninterested, leaves all in the agent's hands, and the agent drops Thady a hint. "...and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us"[16]. Even when Jason manipulates his father's darling, Sir Condy, Thady supports him to a certain extent. Sir Condy "not willing to take his affairs into his own hands or even to look them in the face"[17] gave Jason a bargain of some acres at a reasonable rent. Jason immediately sublet and made £200 profit: "which was little enough, considering his long agency"[18]. Thady sees no harm either in Jason's buying a hunting lodge when, as usual, Sir Condy is financially embarrassed: it was a good bargain for both parties, Jason got the fee-simple of a good house for ever "for little or nothing" and by selling it Sir Condy saves himself from jail. The abnormal importance of land to people living under an unequal social system is common even to these two who have raised themselves from the class to which they belonged. But, when Jason dispossessed Sir Condy of Castle Rackrent, his father's feudal allegiance conquers his conviction that one should look after oneself and one's family. James Newcomer misinterprets the old man when he suggests that Thady is crafty and calculating

in collusion with Jason, and, with his son, brings about the ruin of the Rackrents[19]. To a certain extent Thady is crafty and calculating as, alas, most who rose to his relative eminence had to be to survive, but for him, while perquisites were legitimate, Rackrent Castle was the seat of the Rackrents and of no one else. At the very end of the story, tired of wishing anything more in this world, he yet records that Jason may not get the lands, "but I'll say nothing; it would be a folly to be getting myself ill-will in my old age"[20]. He has "scarce been on speaking terms with his son" for some time, as he tells Sir Condy when the latter is badgered by Jason to sign away his lands, and the outburst when the full enormity of his son's plans is revealed is quite genuine, despite signs and winks and frowns to be quiet: "'Oh Jason! Jason! how will you stand to this in the face of the country and all who know you' says I 'and what will people think and say, when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent, and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors, without a cabin to put his head into, or so much as a potato to eat?'"[21] Best proof of loyalty of all, ~~Jason~~ Thady goes with Sir Condy when he leaves the Castle and is with him when he dies, though he is shrewd enough to know that he will have little to expect from his son in his old age. The second part of the book is much more serious than the first and Sir Condy a more complex character than the other Rackrents: what-

ever good there is in Thady comes to the fore in the end.

Beaufort had stated that Rackrent had at first been written without any thought of publication, and this almost certainly applies to the first part. But even the whole story was written without self-consciousness or the desire to teach any lesson; there were no emendations in the manuscript as sent to the printer. "There was literally not a correction, not an alteration, made in the first writing, no copy, and, as I recollect, no interlineation. It went into the press just as it was written"[22]. In other words, it was Maria at her most natural, sprightly and amusing, just as she showed herself in her family circle, though not, at that time, in society. "It instructed by pleasing" writes Watson, but did not its early readers like it because it was amusing and enjoyable - were they instructed? Did Maria want them to be? Are its later-day readers instructed, unless, like Mr. Watson, they are excellent critics who read the book with attention, or students of sociology who see in it a picture of 18th. century Ireland? The average reader who has heard the name and perhaps takes it off the library shelf finds it simply funny, with, perhaps, enough darkness in the death of Sir Condy to send an agreeable frisson down the spine and please the twentieth-century reader who has been conditioned to a degree of realism. King George, upon reading it, may have rubbed his hands together, as Edgeworth heard he did, and exclaimed: "What, what -

I know something now of my Irish subjects"[23] but unless he read between the lines with unusual perception he did not learn much. Miss Edgeworth cannot be blamed because she for once laid aside the mantle of moralist and did not exhort her English readers to do something about the sick society she so marvellously described. Her first audience in Ireland was a circle who knew the things she wrote of were true and accepted them, not because they were heartless- in fact they did their best to cure social ills in their own little circle[24] but because life in Ireland was like that; it could not be changed by a scattering of well-meaning liberals, and there was no harm in extracting comedy from a state of things the enlightened minority deplored.

Thady makes no moral judgements whatsoever; his criterion for estimating events is whether they were beneficial to "the Family" and, in a lesser degree, when he was still on good terms with Jason, to his family. Emily Lawless, like Miss Edgeworth one of the Anglo-Irish gentry, and the writer of what is still one of the best books on Maria[25], comments: "Take it (Rackrent) from whatever point of view we like - moral, philosophical, social, political - it seems to stand outside of the entire code, human or divine"[26]. In his perceptive essay Honest Thady's Tale[27] Neal Doubleday quotes from Scott's Lives of the Novelists (on Defoe): "And what would be the most interesting and affecting, as well as the most comic passages of Castle Rackrent, if nar-

rated by one who had a less regard for the 'family' than the immortal Thady, who, while he sees that none of the dynasty that he celebrates were perfectly right, has never been able to puzzle out wherein they were certainly wrong?"[28] and adds correctly: "But already Thady does not ever try to fix the rightness or wrongness of his masters' conduct"[29]. Maria and the people she wrote the story for understood that perfectly, but when the book reached a wider public readers were perplexed: it was because she realized this that the author added the extra material which will be discussed in the final chapter.

Despite its dark undertones the first part of the book is purely and simply amusing. With the entrance of Sir Condy the mood changes. Two elemental tragic emotions are introduced - cruelty and despair. In the early part Thady's son, Jason, has subtly woven himself into the affairs of the family - starting as the clever boy whom Thady thought of making a priest, "but he did better for himself"[30]. "Obliging" the agent and Sir Kit and quietly building up a nice little property for himself with his father's approval, his prospects seem even better when his old school-friend, Sir Condy, succeeds to the title.

After Thady himself Sir Condy is the most interesting person in the story and the least disagreeable. Miss Edgeworth certainly did not intend it, but almost all her characters embody one or more of the seven deadly sins: Sir

Patrick gluttony, Sir Murtagh covetousness and envy, Sir Kit anger and pride, Sir Condy sloth. He might serve as illustration for Miss Edgeworth's belief - temporarily laid aside in Ormond - that early education was all important in making the future man. Like Sir Kit, Sir Condy has the double-edged gift of charm, and he likes to be popular. As nobody expected him to inherit, he lived in the half-world between gentry and tenants, playing with the barefoot children in O'Shaughlinstown, hail-fellow-well-met with Sir Kit's servants and huntsmen, welcome in every cabin and old Thady's "white-headed boy". All his life Sir Condy is showered with opportunities, help to qualify in law, inheritance of Castle Rackrent, marriage with a rich heiress, election to Parliament, and the inertia bestowed on him by a wicked fairy godmother makes them all useless. His absolute refusal to take any interest whatever in his affairs, even when things come to a pass where there are neither candles nor fire in the castle, almost deserves the hard punishment Jason metes out.

A last quixotic gesture, made so that his wife's family cannot say he did not act as a gentleman, is the memorandum given to Lady Rackrent (who is leaving him) stating that, after his death, she should have £500 a year jointure off the estate before any of the debts are paid.

Though Sir Condy on first reading makes a more sympathetic impression than the three generations of Tony Lumpkins who precede him, it is not possible to pity him to the

extent of finding his fate unmerited. Unlike even Sir Kit, at the end of the book he adds self-pity to his other vices. The end of the story is profoundly pessimistic and one wonders what, at that juncture, caused Maria to take such a jaundiced view of human life. If 1797 is the date of composition of the Condy episode, which I incline to rather than Watson's later 1799, she was writing at a time when Elizabeth Edgeworth was dying, her father had been defeated in an election and she must have envisaged the possibility of a fourth marriage after her stepmother's death. Also Grattan's parliament had become almost meaningless, the North was only a step removed from open rebellion and the "Protestant Nation" was threatened. At the same time, there are examples of pure fun in the second part of the novel. For example there is Thady's description of Sir Condy's silly young stage-struck wife, Isabella, a type which has changed hardly at all in nearly 200 years. "'And am I to walk all through these crowds of people, my dearest love?' said she to Sir Condy, meaning us servants and tenants who had gathered at the back gate. 'My dear,' said Sir Condy, 'There's nothing for it but to walk, or to let me carry you as far as the house, for you see the back road is too narrow for a carriage, and the great piers have fallen down across the front approach so there's no driving the right way by reason of the ruins'. 'Plato, thou reasonest well!' said she, or words to that effect, which

I could no way understand; and again, when her foot had stumbled against the broken bit of a car-wheel, she cried out, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' Well, thought I, to be sure she's no Jewish like the last, she is a mad woman for certain, which is as bad; it would have been as well for my poor master to have taken up with poor Judy, who is in her right mind, anyhow.

She was dressed like a mad woman, moreover, more than like anyone I ever saw afore, and I could not take my eyes off her, but still followed behind her, and the feathers at the top of her hat were broke going in at the low back door, and she pulled out her little bottle out of her pocket to smell to when she found herself in the kitchen, and said, 'I shall faint with the heat of this odious, odious place'"[31]. It is Isabella's penchant for the dramatic which causes the marriage, for her father locks her up and she elopes with Sir Condy. She has the "barrack-room" turned into a theatre and enjoys arranging private performances with her friends.

From the time she leaves her husband, except for the mindless "fidelity" of Thady and the good offices of his "shister" who has hopes, however, that Judy may yet become Lady Rackrent, not one character shows a decent human quality. Jason's inflexible confrontation of Sir Condy with the unpayable debts and the deed ready for signature is as cruel in its way as the severing of the tithe-procter's ear. Jason allows his victim one glass of punch, but not a second:

'"No, Sir Condy, it shan't be said of me I got your signature to this deed when you were half-seas over: you know, your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw; wherefore, let us settle it all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl.' 'Settle all as you will', said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears; 'but let me hear no more; I'm bothered to death this night'. 'You've only to sign', said Jason, putting the pen to him. 'Take all, and be content,' said my master. So he signed."[32]

When he exchanges Castle Rackrent for Jason's hunting-lodge, living in the two rooms not full of Jason's possessions, he comes full circle to the little boy who used to listen to Thady's stories and spends much time with him in the kitchen. One of Thady's last stories, the exaggerated account of how kindly everyone spoke of and asked for him, leads to the holding of the mock-wake which Sir Condy arranges so that he may hear his praises sung by the mourners while still alive. The incident is very funny and very horrible. The mourners throw their great-coats on top of the bed where the 'corpse' is lying, so that Sir Condy is nearly stifled and tells Thady he has had enough, as he is nearly stifled and can hear none of the things said about him. Thereupon Thady passes the word quietly among the mourners, so that the sudden resurrection may frighten nobody. At first the reaction is disappointment. "And

aren't we to have the pipes and tobacco after coming so far tonight?" ask some, but most are glad enough to drink with his honour who sends for spirits from a local shebeen where they are civil enough to give it to him on credit. Sir Condy is making himself ridiculous: even the faded local beauty, Judy, "being smoke-dried in the cabin"[33] decides that Jason, the new master of Castle Rackrent, will be a better match than her old lover. (Jason, of course, never thinks of such a thing). Hard, avaricious and selfish, Judy is another example of what life does to a pretty young girl whose life after marriage is given up to childbearing and scratching together enough money to live. Maria leaves Sir Condy no shred of dignity: the only money Jason could not get his hands on was the jointure awarded to Lady Rackrent in the "memorandum". As the lady is now seriously ill (she had to leave Castle Rackrent in a jaunting-car as, along with everything else, the carriage has gone long ago and suffers an accident on the road) he comes to Sir Condy to buy back the note, since otherwise, on the lady's death, the money would revert to her husband. Sir Condy is in bed, yet receives Jason with a strange sort of dignity, "very easy, but high-like", never before associated with him, which, for a moment, disconcerts even the villain of the story. But not for long. Jason has known Sir Condy all his life. Now he pulls two hundred guineas out of his pocket and scatters them on the bed, promising a hund-

red more if he signed a paper making over to Jason the lands he had allotted to Isabella. Sir Condy scrabbles the guineas from the bed, ties them in a handkerchief and signs the paper. This is the real end: he has now nothing to do but die. He wagers a hundred guineas with the gauger that he can drain Sir Patrick's great horn dry. Thady fills it for him: the typical last "service". "He swallows it down and drops like one shot"[34]. Maria Edgeworth mitigates nothing of the horror of the death. "...he was sensible for a few minutes, and said to me, knowing me very well, 'I'm in burning pain all withinside of me, Thady'. I could not speak, but my shister asked him would he have this thing or t'other to do him good. 'No,' says he, 'nothing will do me good no more,' and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in - then again a minute's ease - 'brought to this by drink,' says he; 'where are all the friends? Where's Judy? Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days,' said he; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral, after all"[35].

Sir Condy's judgement on himself is correct, and had he recovered he would not have changed. A sorry race comes to a sorry end. Miss Edgeworth disregards moral judgement altogether: there are no "good" to reward and the wicked like Jason attain their hearts' desire; one would like to think he might have to pay for it, but prob-

ably not. Who can imagine Jason sharing the fate of George Walkinshaw: a conversion like Claud's need not even be considered. Thady is amusing, shrewd and has the eye of a camera, though the conclusion drawn from his accurate reporting are bizarre, but he too is an unsympathetic until the last part, when the blind loyalty, which would have made him so useful to a modern dictator, is joined to love: he really does love Sir Condy, as it is never implied he loves his son: like King Lear's wife one wonders about the unmentioned Mrs. M'Quirk. But in spite of his intelligence, Thady confuses love with indulgence: even without Maudge's excuse of memories of former greatness - for all through the story Thady believes the Rackrents are still a great family - he does nothing but ill for Sir Condy, except for the last pathetic service at his master's death bed, and even then he cannot speak, and it is his sister who asks the dying man if anything can ease him. Although he is the only person in the story who, at the end, thinks of anyone else besides himself, his future is bleak indeed. Jason will never forget the support of Sir Condy. When Thady is unable to witness his master's signature to the deed giving the Castle to Jason, "Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness being so old and doting"[36]. This is the attitude which will be taken in the future and he knows it: "for my part, I'm tired wishing for anything in this world, after all I've seen in it - but I'll say

nothing; it would be a folly to be getting myself ill-will in my old age"[37]. The toughness, realism and bite of the story must have been in large measure responsible for its success, and, of course, its strangeness. On first reading, the following paragraph in a modern book on Maria Edgeworth seemed fantastic, but, on re-reading, and on comparing early nineteenth-century Britain, with all its faults and cruelties, with the extraordinary life of her sister-island, one has to admit its correctness: "For its contemporaries as well as for us,[38] its first charm is that of the remote, the exotic, the contrary, the fanciful, the absurd, these are no people that we shall ever know at first hand. In a society of robins the characters have the quality of disreputable ostriches.....For us the novel has the quality of an article in the National Geographic that brings into our living-room a way of life that has absolutely nothing in common with life as we know it"[39]. Writing at her most moral, Maria Edgeworth praises Mrs. Inchbald's A Simple Story (1791) in words which, as a final irony, are a just criticism of her only amoral story: -"I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it, never said or thought, 'That's a fine sentiment' or 'That is well expressed', or 'That is well invented'. I believed it all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes, if they had passed before my eyes.....it is by leaving more than most other writers to the imagination

that you succeed so eminently in affecting it"[40].

With the possible exception of George Walkinshaw (and, of course, leaving Ringan Gilhaize out of account) John Galt creates no really evil character: the Leddy is bad enough but is saved by her greatness as a comic character. But he has created another great comic character who flourishes like the green bay tree and starts life with qualities very similar to those of Jason Quirk. At a recent Galt conference the question was asked (seriously, I think,) "Did Galt approve of the Provost"? One does not think of "approving" (or "disapproving") of the Provost: one relishes him. It is only after one or two enjoyable readings that the thought suggests itself: why is this manipulator of local politics so naïve as to reveal to the reader his reasons for doing certain things and the benefits which he may have derived but need not have mentioned? Galt states that, in writing the book, he followed the same "rule of art" which seemed so proper in Annals: "namely, to bring impressions on the memory harmoniously together"[41]. That he does this in both his best books is quite true, but nevertheless there is at least one important difference between them: The Provost is clearly edited, Annals ostensibly not. Mr. Balwhidder writes his own chronicle, which at least one reader took to be genuine. His "Introduction" gives the dates of his coming to the parish and of the relinquishing of his charge, together with an account of

his last sermon: in medias res. The "Introduction" to The Provost is written by the fictitious "editor" - who assumes the royal "we" - and is said to have had a hand in the appearance of Annals. When Mrs. Pawkie praises a "book" in her husband's handwriting concerning things "of far more consequence than any book that we had ever been concerned in putting out"[42], the editor thinks her too uncritical of her late husband to judge his work correctly, but is surprised to find that it is better than the lady has said. Yet it is not given to the world as Mr. Pawkie left it. Unlike Mr. Balwhidder's story it consisted of "detached notes" which, however, when taken together formed "something analogous to a historical view" of the events in the Provost's magisterial life. "We found, however, that the concatenation of the memoranda which he had made of public transactions was in several places interrupted by the insertion of matter not in the least degree interesting to the nation at large; and that, in arranging the work for the press, it would be requisite and proper to omit many of the notes and much of the record[43], in order to preserve the historical coherency of the narrative. But in doing this the text has been retained inviolate"[44]. This is double irony. It is a parody of the rather pompous style of many an editor, and would impress Mrs. Pawkie as a serious explanation of her chosen editor's procedure, (she gives the manuscript partly because of an indirect

proposal to share the profits[45]). At the same time was anything in the Provost's narrative "interesting to the nation at large", and if so, why was it? Surely we are dealing with the politics of the parish pump and a highly-localized parish-pump at that, if "His (Mr. Pawkie's) habitat could be only a Scottish burgh"[46]? In fact, Mr. Pawkie's habitat could be at least anywhere in the British Isles, or Ireland, or Northern Europe: for the South he might have to develop a more affective style of oratory. He would make an excellent Lord Mayor of Dublin, for example - some Dubliners might say he has done so. Were his great civic talents not universally valid, the book would give pleasure to a small circle only. To be more serious about the question - should Galt approve of Mr. Pawkie? He was born with the gift of shrewdness, and part of that gift consists in judging what way the cat will jump: the question which may give rise to an ethical decision is, "Should I jump with it," or (in the case of An Enemy of the People,e.g.,) "should I manipulate my people to dislike and oppose the way the honest cat ought to jump"? There is no harm in being shrewd, subtle and capable of managing others: the good or bad lies in how the qualities are used. This sounds a little pompous when applied to Galt's Provost which is not an Ibsen play and where the Provost is never called upon to make a decision which will bring advantage to himself and disadvantage to the town at the same time: the

contrary is always the case; their advantage is mutual. Galt was an inovator in the theoretical history and perhaps in the saga chronicle, but not in the sociological novel. Self-seeking as Mr. Pawkie was, he did represent law and order, King and country and the rights of property - all concepts to which even a very unconventional Tory had to pay homage. Yet, in his way, of course, he was less than upright. Galt enjoys his slow working-out of the main advantage to himself and his linking this with the advantage of the burgh.

Until he actually becomes a bailie, James Pawkie is straightforwardness itself in his statements. A more admirable example of a young man determined to work hard and better himself could not be found. An uncle, a sutler in Wolfe's army, had left him a legacy with which he intended to set up in some "genteel business" choosing tailoring and apprenticing himself to a Mr. Remnant, but with the aim of finally branching out for himself and opening a shop. Maria Edgeworth might well have written one of her edifying tales for children about such a boy, and added a sequel wherein he marries an admiring wife with a good nest-egg, acquires a shop and starts a family. But, like John Galt, James Pawkie yearned for greater things, though he continued to be a good shop-keeper. From the moment of his entry into politics the account ceases to be simple, and yet, paradoxically, it becomes too simple for the wary practicioner in

the devious its writer became. He cultivates a jocular air and puts out feelers; anyone could record so much with propriety. But then comes his first real difficulty when elected bailie - the affair of the guildry. He takes his rival in easily enough with the subterfuge of the letter and election - for M'Lucre is not able even for the young Pawkie, - but why does he have to make his reasons for wanting the guildry so clear and this at the very beginning, too, before he has started to go to work on M'Lucre at all? He comes out straight and plain with the story of the money which the dean of guild might make from the setting and granting of the tacks of town-land, and even adds that, in the course of two or three years, some of the best tacks would have run out; therefore, "both for the public good and as a convenience to myself, I was resolved to get a finger in the dean of guild's fat pie"[47]. Though the "public good" is mentioned, the statement is not that of a diplomat, and provides completely unnecessary information. The new bailie would like to be dean of guild: need his readers know more? It is wholly uncharacteristic of the kind of man Mr. Pawkie was, to tell them, and had ~~they~~ his reasons been noted on the "memoranda" seen by the "editor," surely that tactful man should have suppressed them? The truth is, Galt wanted to tell an amusing story of a clever, not too corrupt and kind-hearted local politician, and he could not afford to let such a man tell his story in the way the simple pastor of Dalmailing

records his. Good man as he is, Mr. Balwhidder unconsciously reveals his human little sillinesses, his inconsistencies, even his superstitions, (no marriage in May), all very minor imperfections, but nothing suppressed. But if an old man, thrice Provost, were recalling his first bit of business in making a not-too-honest penny, would he have set it down absolutely fully and honestly for posterity, giving the reasons? Of course not. So The Provost, though a first-person narrative like Annals, is one with all the warts left in which the real narrator, had he really recorded the story of his own life, would certainly have removed - and made the book very dull. The Provost is on a sort of treble plane: despite Galt's denial that it is a novel (which is true in the sense he uses the word)[48] it is a creative work, a work of fiction, (although based on a real man[49]) and, in order to reveal his central character's motives fully to the reader, his creator has to make The Provost much less circumspect than he certainly was. Mr. Jobbry, who, although another politician was so unlike his compatriot[50], can tell a credible first-person story, just as Mr. Balwhidder does. Mr. Pawkie however, must be allowed to reveal much he would have concealed. So there is what "Mr. Pawkie" writes, what Galt allows his character, Mr. Pawkie, to write (forfeiting some realism for the sake of humour) and what the reader understands after reading of the events.

To keep his main character sympathetic, after the Dean

of Guild affair Galt shows us that M'Lucre is an old-fashioned, coarse-grained, thoroughly venal politician whom, it might, perhaps, be no great sin to hoodwink[51]. As a rest from egotism and striving comes one of three intermezzi with the sad but beautifully told story of Jean Gaisling. Whatever Mr. Pawkie's qualities, one of them is compassion and the terror he feels lest he, as the youngest bailie, might be called upon to perform the execution, is genuine. The whole incident with its atmosphere of sorrow and silence - Jean speaks no word between trial and execution - shows that the ordinary burghers of Gudetown can rise to heights of charity and compassion for a lost girl . But of course, we must return to everyday. Probably to sustain the reader's opinion that Mr. Pawkie is human like the rest of us, Galt now lets him make his first mistake. It is a most curious mistake for one who knew the worth of bread and circuses and who later manages the question of the abolition of the fairs most adroitly. Where in fact did the coals for the bonfire go? The old Provost cannot recall, but remembers only that the council resolved not to give them[52]. He does remember too, the unfortunate fact, that he was accompanied to the council chamber by Mr. Stoup, the excise gauger, (an austere member of a disliked profession), and by Mr. Firlot the meal-monger, who had lately made a deal of money by a cargo of corn he had brought from Belfast. Seeing their Provost flanked by austerity and avarice the crowd called out, "Hae

ye sent the coals, Provost, hame to yoursel, or selt them, Provost, for meal to the forestaller?"[53] and a riot followed. The result is the permanent quartering of soldiers on the town, and, of course, applause for the Provost's handling of the situation - or so he says. This is more like and "unedited" part of Mr. Pawkie's tale: were the townspeople, his people, for whose "good" he laboured, so satisfied with the quartering of the soldiers on them? He does not say. Once more we have the readers' "double-seeing" of the Provost: the chronicler who records a riot with which he, apparently, had as little to do as any other member of the council, who, perhaps influenced by Mr. Stoup had plumped for austerity, and the "clever man" quick for a bargain, who may perhaps have had something to do with the coal's destination, one way or another? And then the reader begins to wonder if he is over-suspicious, which is just the sort of subjective interest in the book and character Galt wants to excite, and very subtly does.

The rest of the story is a record of the perfecting of Mr. Pawkie's native talents. To them he now adds the results of experience and observation. Each of his three provostships teaches him something new. First, the younger man, exulting in having achieved what, after all, he had set out to do, and knowing he is more astute than most of the council, though not yet capable of concealing it, perceives "a general ceremonious insincerity"[54] on the part of some

colleagues towards himself. He has the advantage, not exactly of sensibility, but of a clear eye and an ability to gauge atmosphere, - both attributes of his political acumen. The splendidly practical manner in which he deals with this setback wastes no time on post-mortems. Is his unpopularity his own fault, result of "an ill-judged pride and pretending" or is its root envy? That really does not matter. He has his little vanities, but they are not too high on his scale of priorities. For him it is more important to rule than to appear to rule, so he has my lord elected provost and does the work for him, to the satisfaction of both. Galt takes care once again to let us see his central figure's positive side. We may smile at his naïve recording of the admiration he (so he says) received for the handling of a meal-mob, which was not his business, in any case, but sets down quite naturally that, when two strange children, both well-dressed, came begging from door to door at the time of this meal-scarcity, he took them immediately to his wife, gathered money for their sick mother and persuaded her to take up a school when she was better[55]. As it turned out, this was not done as part of any election campaign, but from sheer kindness.

To keep us still pleased with his hero Galt allows him to make, at this point, a political statement of disarming honesty: "I did not secede from the council (during the period of his keeping in the background). Could I have

done that with propriety, I would assuredly not have scrupled to make the sacrifice; but I knew well that, if I was to resign, it would not be easy afterwards to get myself again chosen in"[56]. As usual, the implications are various. Would he really ever have given up his place on the council at that period? What, in his mind, is the exact meaning of "propriety" - apparently "the assurance that I would be inevitably elected"? And the use of the phrase "to make the sacrifice" tells us a great deal about the store Mr. Pawkie set on his seat.

The Provost is saved from Limbo by Bailie McLucre's crudeness in accepting a bribe, to which, it is believed, the council and magistrates had agreed, since, with Mr. Pawkie's withdrawal from open business, his old enemy is the strongest personality in local government. So he is, as it were, forced to move once more into full public life, - but with a difference. "I took good care to let it be well known that, in resuming my public faculties, I was resolved to take my own way, and to introduce a new method and reformation to all our concerns"[57]. This time he was elected for two years, and to those years, and the following period in which he was very active as a bailie, belong most of the improvements in Gudetown recorded in his chronicle: The middle of the street is improved, the kirk repaired, a volunteers corps founded, subscriptions taken up after a catastrophic storm at sea ("the windy Yule"), public lamps set

up, pavements are laid and have to be kept clean, after a dubious start a local newspaper becomes a feature of the place. Surely Mr. Pawkie had deserved well of his burgh! His prudent assessment of the gifts the Lord has given him also enable him to do fairly well for himself.

At the Provost's express wish tenders are invited for the paving of the causey and (with the help of Bailie M'Lucre) that of Mr. Shovel is accepted, though his offer was not the lowest: he had, however, faculties to do the work. It transpired afterwards that Bailie M'Lucre was a sleeping-partner in the firm and made a profit, but not so the Provost. "But, saving two-three carts of stones to big a dyke round the new steading which I had bought a short time before at the town-end, I had no benefit whatever"[58]. Doubtless, Mr. Pawkie remarks, this was a compliment at some expense of his (Mr. Shovel's) own profit! The repair of the kirk was undertaken by contract with William Plane, the joiner, with whom Mr. Pawkie happened to be in negotiation at the time concerning the building of some houses on his new steading. As Mr. Plane was a joiner, the suggestion that not only the pews of the church should be repaired within, but the walls themselves rebuilt, would not have been in his line of business. However, since public funds were to contribute to the repair of the kirk and the people were anxious to put their money into "the first public debt ever contracted by the corporation" the Provost's party were able to conquer

as their opponents had not money enough for legal aid. Fairs were discouraged in the town as, in uncertain times, meetings might lead to sedition: in any case, the presence of pedlars and stalls was bad for the business of the shopkeepers. A slight difference about the provision of all the clothing for the Volunteers was at last settled satisfactorily for the Provost; he was also indemnified by the government when the mob broke his windows thinking (quite falsely) that he had signed an agreement permitting a Press Gang to take their men, and, finally, even Bailie M'Lucre died.

The passing of Bailie M'Lucre causes the Provost to reflect on change in the manner of local government. Bailie M'Lucre was the last of an old line, and "I may venture to say that things in yon former times were not guided so thoroughly by the hand of a disinterested integrity as in these latter years. On the contrary, it seemed to be the use and wont of men in public trusts to think they were free to indemnify themselves in a left-handed way for the time and trouble they bestowed in the same. But the thing was not so far wrong in principle as in the hugger-muggering way in which it was done, which gave to it a guilty colour that, by the judicious stratagem of a right system, it would never have had"[59]. Here the Bailie is being perfectly honest, just as Dr. Pringle was when he spoke of himself as a good preacher, which we know he is not[60]. The reader is well

aware that "disinterested integrity" is not Mr. Pawkie's sole motive for serving Gudetown: he would be a rare public servant if it were! But Mr. Pawkie himself, with his strong will, his dedication to his work and to himself, is quite sure that he is speaking the whole truth. And it would be wrong to say that he was not disinterested at times. Integrity is the sort of virtue not claimed by those who possess it, but in lacking it to some degree perhaps Mr. Pawkie is no worse than most of us. What he does have and most men have not is the power of leadership and conviction, a flair for organization and a clear brain - together, it is only fair to say, with kindness and the wish to do good (unless his own good were hindered thereby). Are things really better in his than in Bailie M'Lucre's time? Surely Mr. Pawkie is more humane, more flexible, more intelligent than his old enemy? The sentence "But the thing was not so wrong in principle" is not easy to interpret: like most professional political speakers, Mr. Pawkie leaves his listener wondering what exactly has been said. What can "But the thing was not so far wrong" mean except that "it was not very wrong to indemnify oneself in a left-handed way for the time and trouble given to politics": what was incorrect was the manner in which this was done. In reading further on, however, one sees that this, Mr. Pawkie wishes his readers to believe, is not what he is saying at all. Is "the thing" the running of local government? He

uses the metaphor of the caterpillar. Early in public life he, Mr. Pawkie, was of the old, developing species, "the caterpillar nature"; now he is a butterfly "conscious of being raised into public life for a better purpose than to prey upon the leaves and flourishes of the commonwealth." Above all things, he must defend himself against speaking lightly of "corruptions". He justifies himself as Maria Edgeworth does in mentioning the bad old times of the Rack-rents[61]: "I did so rather to intimate that such things were, than to consider them in themselves as commendable" . Alas, such things as James Pawkie spoke of as common at the beginnings of his career had not changed. Only the manner in which the same sort of corruption was carried out had become less blatant. In Mr. Pawkie's time, if a provost wants a wall built to enclose a portion of a new steading, he just adopts a motion for building a moderately sized school house one wall of which will do the job[62].

James Pawkie's long reflections on the old days of local government continue over several pages. Very sensibly he recommends us to see things in their historical context and goes on to a sentence which can be believed without difficulty by the reader who has followed his story so far: "I would not have it understood that I think the men who held the public trusts in those days a whit less honest than the men of my own times"[63]. What the Provost has learned is simply: behave better. One has only to compare these

very practical Chesterfieldian reflections with the few real soul-searchings of Mr. Jobbry[64] at one period to be clear that the Provost has really not changed at all: he has simply become better at the job for which he was born. The times are becoming urbane: so is he.

As usual, when Galt thinks he has perhaps obscured his hero's good qualities too much, he makes amends. The next chapter, another intermezzo, tells of "The Windy Yule" the storm at sea and the shipwrecks on Christmas Day. The piece is one of Galt's rare descriptions of external nature, but, as with almost all of them[65], the main interest is not on the elements themselves but on the effect the natural catastrophe has on people, for, to Galt, people are more important than the inanimate. The Provost, who has been ruminating, and rather congratulating himself on the change between old and new magisterial practice, is now forced to think of what might happen to so many in peril in the town "to whom no human magistracy could extend the arm of protection". The Provost had no need to be out, but he went to his people who were gathered in the lea of the kirk, watching the endangered ships: wives, mothers, children, sweethearts. Three orphans, whose father was in one of the ships, sat there grieving for him; and once more, at nightfall, the Provost takes them to his home. When, during the night, Mr. Pawkie is asked to send soldiers to the shore as wreckage is coming in "to show that I sincerely sympathized with

all those in affliction, I rose and dressed myself, and went down to the shore, where I directed several old boats to be drawn up by the fires, and blankets to be brought and cordials prepared, for them that might be spared with life to reach the land. And I walked the beach with the mourners till the morning"[66]. Here is the disinterestedness of which the Provost had spoken so glibly in his ambiguous meditation on the death of Bailie M'Lucre: here, when he is not thinking of himself at all, it is displayed to the full. The practical and cool preparations, the instinctive taking over of command and the refusal to leave the suffering, are the kind of virtues which belong to the born leader. Here all that the Provost has to give he gives freely for his people. As the corpses drift in in the morning light, men realize it is the Sabbath and the betheral goes to ring the bell for public worship, but "such was the universal sorrow of the town that Nanse Donsie, an idiot natural, ran up the street to stop him, crying, in the voice of a pardonable desperation, 'Wha, in sic a time, can praise the Lord?'"[67].

Mr. Pawkie does not let his charity rest, but organizes a subscription to which "even several of the country gentlemen were very generous contributors, and it is well known that they are not inordinately charitable, especially to town folks"[68]. Again using his practical good sense, he plans for the fair distribution of the money: to the destitute, to those who had some help but large families, and to

those for whom temporary help would be sufficient. He is still a man of the world, however, and causes an account of the distribution of the money to be printed and a copy sent to each subscriber which "contributed more and more to give me weight and authority with the community, until I had the whole sway and mastery of the town"[69]. Mr. Pawkie's himself again; but this time he may be excused.

There follow disputes: he is getting old, and young bailies are flexing their muscles for battle. A project for the erection of lamps to light the streets might have expected no opposition save from Mr. Drippings, the candle-maker, or a member who objected on financial grounds, but Mr. Pawkie finds himself challenged by a new member, Mr. Hickery: his hand is beginning to lose its cunning. He lets the matter drop for that meeting, but visits each member, argues in favour of the lamps and proposes that, at the next session, the matter should simply be put to the vote without discussion: it is passed. Not unnaturally, Mr. Hickery is furious. There was a time when Mr. Pawkie would have employed more art and less arrogance: the reader begins to wonder is power tending a little to corrupt absolutely? Is the old man thinking of dictatorship? He is delivered from Mr. Hickery when the latter comes to the defence of one of the light ladies of the town, "the Tappit-hen", whom the Provost is about to fine five shillings for not keeping the new pavement in front of her house clean. Seething with

benevolence towards her, Mr. Hickery (who had opposed the building of the pavements also) asked her for her address, to which she replied "with a leer and a laugh", 'Dear me, Mr. Hickery, I'm sure ye hae nae need to speer that'[70]. Thus was his adversary delivered into the Provost's hands, for a reference to the joke would always bring him to silence. Once again Galt breaks into the cut and thrust of Gudetown political life by the introduction of his third gentle, melancholy story where citizens and noblemen show themselves at their best. He introduces these episodes of set purpose: small-town life (in his eyes) is more than merely a matter of getting and spending and circumventing one's political opponent. The story of Captain Armour, which brings the wheel full circle back to poor Jean Gaisling, is not merely an accidental break in the tales of burgh in-fighting, but a reminder that there is kindness in Gudetown among gentle and simple. Afterwards, perhaps to restore his good name in our eyes Mr. Pawkie is triumphantly proved right in the matter of the dismissal of the town-drummer and drunkard, Robin Ross, and has come to a time of life where he may sit back and reflect, as all men do, on the changing social scene and his part therein. His mingling with the gentry has been mentioned in another chapter. In the affair of the duel, already mentioned[71], Mr. Pawkie comes out with nothing but credit: though respect for Lord Swinton may have played its small part, Galt makes it very clear that the charitable

action towards the three runaways had scarcely a touch of self interest.

In one matter Mr. Pawkie had clean hands therefore: but the matter of the school-house remains outstanding. Here Mr. Pawkie, after long experience and with no ill intentions, formulates his philosophy, which he expresses in fewer words than the reflections after M'Lucre's death, but which is perhaps the more honest for that. "Nor will I deny that, in referring to the more moderate design (of the building of the Schoolhouse) I had a contemplation of my own advantage in the matter of the dyke; for I do not think it any shame to a public man to serve his own interests by those of the community, when he can righteously do so"[72]. Of course the operative word is "righteously"; but Mr. Pawkie's school would have been well-built, safe, and suitable for the purpose.. Is that unrighteousness? Only a moral theologian could answer. Besides, and this too was important, to yield to Mr. Plan's opposition was to yield to a new man who had "no right" to the upper hand in the council[73]. Galt manipulates our sympathies very skilfully: they are always with those going the downhill path. In spite of his wiliness, this time directed towards the teachers, the Provost can achieve but a compromise: Mr. Plan's grandiose new building is not begun, but the old school-house is repaired and he gets no dyke at the back of his new property. Perhaps the incident sobers him in what might have been a

career towards autocracy, for, when the new member has to be placated, Mr. Pawkie, bland, urbane, mature and experienced writes the correct sort of letter to secure the request demanded by the council[74]. But he is no longer so certain of omnipotence.

A less clever and more sentimental writer than Galt would have shown us a James Pawkie, still powerful, but not so sure of himself as of old, yielding to the inevitable passage of time. Not a bit of it. He is elected Provost for the 3rd. time in 1813. With James Pawkie each Provostship was a time for heart-searching. He is an extraordinarily and beautifully-done mixture of honesty and just that soupçon of self-deceit necessary for a public man. Now, reflecting on the two past provostships, he admits, "I had been over governed with a disposition to do things in my own way, and although not in an avaricious temper, yet something, I must confess, with a sort of sinister respect for my own interests"[75]. He knows he was thought of as grippy: "but in sobriety and truth, I conscientiously affirm and herein record, that I had lived to partake of the purer spirit which the great mutations of the age had conjured into public affairs"[76]: the same probity which helped a man in private affairs must be carried into public affairs. Was he as wise at the end of his life as at the beginning? Did the town have to pay too much for Mr. Whackdeil, the new minister? Was the building of a new bridge a good idea?

To all this the old Provost can answer serenely: "since my resignation I meddle not with public concerns"[77]. One grace the Lord grants him in his old age: due to an unseemly dispute between them, the Provost has occasion to force his two plagues, Mr. Hickery and Mr. Plan to resign. Throughout his public life the Provost has regarded himself as representative of the King: can the King's Majesty be insulted by a stramash in the council? His grave rebuking speech is a mastery of (selfless) oratory: "Gentlemen.... dinna mistake me. I never was in more composure all my life. It's indeed no on my own account that I feel on this occasion. The gross violation of all the decent decorum of magisterial authority is not a thing that affects me in my own person; it's an outrage against the state; the prerogatives of the King's crown are endangered; atonement must be made or punishment must ensue. It's a thing that by no possibility can be overlooked; it's an offence committed in open court, and we cannot but take cognisance thereof"[78]. The mock Ciceronean oratory, resonant phrases like "the decent decorum of magisterial authority" (the alliteration adds to the humourous effect), the insistence on unemotional judgement while appealing blatantly to the emotions, and the balanced, ascending phrases culminating in the climax "atonement" and "punishment" are beautifully managed, and have the desired effect of confounding the malcontents and forestalling any offence. For this perhaps the third Provostship was worth

it. He brings his public life to a triumphant end by seeing to it that he is made a pregentation, which he richly deserves. Galt is not writing the sort of book where an unscrupulous and venal magistrate grinds the faces of the poor: Gudetown deserves its name and its Provost is a good Provost (in both senses of the word, give a little here or there). Galt thought The Provost a better book than Annals: one of his reasons was that Canning read it through a dull debate in the House and commended it[79].

As a first-person narrator Thady can be compared with Mr. Balwhidder or Mr. Jobbry or, indeed, with Lord Glenthorn. They are "transparent," i.e. they speak quite honestly according to their own standards (for that Jason should be paid for his trouble is honest according to Thady's standards), but the reader "sees through" what they say and understands something quite different. Many "transparent" sayings of Thady have been quoted: here are a few more: "All he (Sir Condy) asked, God bless him, was to live in peace and quietness and have his bottle or his whiskey punch at night to himself[80] - this as a testimony to Sir Condy's placid disposition. "He could never, God bless him! I say, bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such sorts of conversation himself; but others, who were not gentlemen born, behaved very uncivil in pressing him at this time"[81]. "He did not take anything long to heart, let is be as it would, and had no more malice or thought of the like in

him, than a child that can't speak" . All of this is about his darling, Sir Condy, but some of the remarks already quoted about the "Jewish" are typical enough. On the other hand, the Provost is not always "transparent". He becomes more so, as the book goes on: his reflections on the death of Bailie McLucre and the fact that he must accomodate himself to the politertimes now coming are classically "transparent". But, as has been pointed out, at the beginning Galt has no other way of taking the reader into his confidence than to "edit" the Provost's remarks, to make him reveal why he wants to become Dean of Guild, for example. This makes the beginning of The Provost slightly more unrealistic than that of Annals: good as the two books are, the first is better for that very reason, the essence of complete naturalness, the total credibility. It is also infinitely more difficult to show someone like James Pawkie as naïve, (vain is a different matter) than it is to show a naïve Micah Balwhidder. Yet these three books, written by very different authors, the products of different enviornments, are all small masterpieces imperfections or no: happy the generation who in less than twenty-five years could be introduced to such works of genius.

CHAPTER VII

BILDUNGSROMANE

The Bildungsroman is a genre which became popular at the end of the eighteenth century with Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. It deals with the progress of the main character towards relative maturity. His development has nothing to do with academic education which he may, or may not, possess. He learns from experience, from contact with, and observation of, others, and perhaps a little from reflection. The fundamental balance of his character is not changed by self-education. He must react positively towards the world, otherwise certain spheres of development would be closed to him. Jason Quirk, for example, develops in acumen and ruthlessness, but the whole sphere of feeling is unknown to him. He makes money, but at the end of Rackrent is still an unfulfilled man. The acquisition of Bildung[1] leaves the hero's inherent positive qualities unchanged, but, as he develops, it may cause him to stop and think before making a too easy positive judgement based on emotion. It may teach him prudence, but never mistrust. David Copperfield, the hero of the best-known English Bildungsroman loses neither his warm heart, his sympathy for others nor his power of observation as the story progresses; he merely puts away childish things.

The idea of the so-called gereinigtes Menschenbild

stemmed from German idealism. It may have initially inspired the Bildungsroman, but, if it did, Goethe's genius, at the same time sensible and sensitive, saved it from milk-and-water virtue. Wilhelm Meister sincerely respects the Pietist, die schöne Seele, but her way is not his. His is out into the world, working to please his father by day, (as ~~he~~ Goethe did in Frankfurt), and taking part with a company of strolling players by night. Had this been a romantic novel, he would have been a dramatic genius, but, in spite of Carlyle's often quoted description of Hamlet, he was a bad actor. His experience both with the players and in business broadens his outlook, but his final refuge is perhaps not what we should expect today - he ends in the small, cultured court presided over by the noble Lothario, an obvious picture of Weimar and Karl August. Here, too, he meets "das Elementare" in the persons of the Harper and Mignon whom many readers find interesting. They represent, of course, the "daemonic" in Goethe himself (or at least in part - this is a huge generalization, but this is not a thesis on Wilhelm Meister), the 'threat' which, in spite of his practical intellect was always there in Goethe and caused him at one time to flee from Weimar. Since neither Ormond nor Andrew Wylie have anything of the daemonic in them, this side of the Bildungsroman will be disregarded in their cases. The end of the Bildungsroman leaves the hero only in an incomplete state of harmony: he has many

faults yet to expiate which forms part of his charm for the reader who is in like case. Ormond is a classical Bildungsroman hero, except that Miss Edgeworth makes his faults so un-obvious that they are hardly there: but he certainly sets out on a course of self-improvement by his own efforts. Very much less typical as the hero of a Bildungsroman is Andrew Wylie, but, on analysis, he too has been gebildet (in the sense of "formed", of course, not "cultured"). If his Stoneyholm childhood leaves such an impression on the reader it could hardly escape impregnating Andrew with those virtues of honesty and integrity Martha Docken and Mr. Tannyhill represent - although, to be sure, he is only influenced by them once in the novel: Galt is a realist. But the choice for Andrew is really a deadly serious one and he "does the right thing" : afterwards the young, over-knowing, infallible young man becomes less annoying, because it is clear that he respects at least one moral virtue, gratitude. Galt is unusual in so many ways: instead of letting Andrew bloom in virtue, he continues to allow him to calculate and intrigue as cannily as Mr. Pawkie. But, again being Galt, Andrew is not let harm anyone: indeed, he always helps his friends. Still, he has not changed in holding his career as more important than anything else, (Mary is only an adjunct of it!) and, - irony again - , would not have been able to bring it to a successful conclusion without the art of manipulating Avonside and thus becoming Member of Parliament and

Baronet, with official and unofficial conversations with George III to boot. And yet - would he have met Avonside had he not reconciled the Sandyfords and so earned a good turn at his Lordship's hands? The Lord is always on the side of Galt's characters. It is interesting to note how small the faults of Edgeworth's, Galt's and Goethe's heroes are in comparison even with those of Fabrice in La Chartreuse de Parme not to speak of Crime and Punishment!

Faultless or no, the mark of the early Bildungsroman hero is that he is "adjusted": like Carlyle's lady he accepts the world, while not overlooking its faults, and is more tolerant towards other men because he has realized that he too, has much to learn, perhaps even from those "morally lower" than himself. (I'm afraid Ormond wouldn't accept this, but here he is an exception). He is to live on in the world and there is no guarantee that he may not err once more, but his experiences have taught him to try to live as a good man and a good citizen as well as he can: only the few saints can do more. When Goethe left his Sturm ind Drang period behind him, revolution was no longer for him. His private life may not have been immaculate, but it was discreet until he married a lady the Court was doubtful about receiving, and discretion is one of the characteristics of the Bildungsroman hero: Ormond learns this, Andrew does not need to. Goethe ended life as a high dignitary in Weimar, a trusted confidante of his prince, an excellent civil-servant,

a writer of prose and poetry of genius and a grand old man to whom admirers made pilgrimages. He even meddled with science, discovering a not too important human bone and contradicting Newton. Das Elementare, Mignon and the Harper were there till the end of his life, but how marvellously controlled! Perhaps Ormond trying, almost certainly vainly, to civilize his Black Islanders and Andrew, growing old and influential with fingers in every pie and a large family from his Mary, ended as happily.

Ormond is unusual from the educational view in that Miss Edgeworth allows her hero to attain to self improvement[3] even if his early education has been faulty or non existent. This is totally contrary to the writer's usual theory that early education is all important in the formation of the adolescent and adult. The book is a work of maturity, the work of an experienced writer who has a large public. Had it been written under different circumstances it might have been as good as, if very different from, Rackrent. But the writing was done at great speed under intolerable stress. Maria wanted to have it finished in time for her father to read it before his death: many interesting issues, the questions of bigotry, separate schools, duelling, for example might have been followed up had there been time, thus making the work of incomparably greater interest. As it is, it is of enormous significance to the Edgeworth researcher, if, perhaps, less readable, than The Absentee. The characters -

the O'Shane cousins and Dora, for example, - are infinitely more complex than those in Miss Edgeworth's other two full length Irish novels. The potential is there: unfortunately it could not be developed due to external circumstances.

Action is certainly not lacking. There is the murderous attack on Moriarty O'Carroll with which the book opens, two violent deaths (those of King Corny and 'White' Connal)[4], one duel, the plundering of a ship by wreckers, an ingenious escape from Kilmainham Jail, the panic which follows the failure of Sir Ulick O'Shane's bank, and Sir Ulick's mysterious death and lonely burial. There are also many changes of scene. The action starts in Castle Hermitage, Sir Ulick's country house, changes to the patriarchal clan-life of the Black Islands[5] whose 'king', Cornelius O'Shane, refers to Ireland as 'the Continent', returns once more to Castle Hermitage, passes to a (very sketchy) tour of Ireland, back briefly to Hermitage and from thence to the most interesting section of the novel, the brilliant, decadent Paris of Louis XV. It ends disappointingly with Ormond's marriage to a lady whom even Miss Butler admits is a prig, and is not the real central feminine character of the story[6]. Nor are richly diversified characters wanting. There is, for example, "Black" Connal, an officer in the Irish Brigade, French in all but heritage, an elegant young sophisticate who has made his way into Parisian society and has the entrée to the court. Mlle. O'Faley, half-French, half Irish,

(the very name is ludicrous) who speaks French like a cultivated Parisienne and English with a "vulgar" Irish accent is a character Maria could have made much more of. Most interesting of all is Dora O'Shane, King Corny's daughter, later Madame de Connal and by far the most attractive woman in the story. Her strong will and desire to rule her own life are clear from the beginning, though she is only sixteen when we first meet her. In Paris her swift accomodation to a strange and sophisticated way of life shows that she is much more than a provincial coquette. Her mother is never mentioned: what sort of Frenchwoman would see the integrity and kindness of Cornelius O'Shane under the guise of eccentricity and leave her own country for his barbarian "Kingdom"? Such a woman would not produce a bread-and-butter-miss. Finally, to round off the portraits, there is Sheelah, the old "wise woman" who knows the name of every herb in Gaelic and never loses her simple dignity.

The novel is short (for the sad reason that Maria had to hurry its writing) thus challenging comparison with Rackrent which it resembles in no other particular. Ormond is painted on a broad canvas and the scene changes subtly. King Corny's patriarchal life is full of interest as is Sir Ulick's country-seat where the right people are entertained, and the brilliant court of Louis XV, but some parts - the description of Harry's tour through Ireland, for example, are passed over so quickly that one wonders why they were

introduced at all. Harry's duel, which has nothing much to do with the story anyway except to show that he does not see through his guardian, might just as well have been fought near Castle Hermitage, as it is its owner who is libelled. The tour is meant to give Ormond the last necessary polish to prepare him for Parisian life, but it proceeds at such a swift rate that one doubts if much good is really done. And would Harry meet Sir Ulicks in all country homes? Would not the Rackrents predominate? This is another of the tiresome little motifs which Maria introduces into the story, probably with a good reason which was perhaps frustrated by the speed with which the work had to be done. Poor Richard Lovell Edgeworth is responsible for two of the worst passages in the novel[7], the death of King Corny so sudden that it is almost ludicrous and the grotesque incident in which Moriarty literally bumps into Harry on the Pont Neuf of all places and tells the long boring and irrelevant story of the escape from Kilmainham. The episode of the "good" landlord, Sir Herbert Annaly, is also unnecessary to the story, but Miss Edgeworth is so preoccupied with the landlord - tenant problem in her native country that she is unable to write a novel with an Irish setting in which this theme is not discussed.

A greater defect rises from the author's usual tendency to press home a moral. She cannot let events speak for themselves, but must continually comment in her own person.

This detracts from the narrative's realism and slows up the action. Perhaps because, for her, Ormond is an unusual hero, she seems to feel impelled to stress his triumphs and his moral sufferings. Thus, when Harry is unable to tell King Corny the cause of a quarrel with White Connal, because the latter has exacted a promise from him not to do so, Harry's feelings, which the reader can easily imagine for himself, are explained in detail: "Harry Ormond thought it hard to bear unmerited reproach and suspicion; he found it hard to endure the altered eye of his once kind and always generous and to him, always dear, friend, and benefactor. But Ormond had given a solemn promise to White Connal never to mention anything that had passed between them to O'Shane; and he could not therefore explain the circumstances of the quarrel. Conscious that he was doing right, he kept his promise to the person he hated and despised, at the hazard, at the certainty of displeasing the man he most loved in the world; and to whom he was the most obliged. While his heart yearned with tenderness towards his adopted father, he endured the reproach of ingratitude; and, while he knew he had acted perfectly honourably he suffered under the suspicion of equivocation and breach of confidence; he bore it all, and, in reward, he had the conviction of his own firmness, and an experience, upon trial, of his adherence to his word of honour. The trial may seem but trivial, the promise but weak: still it was a great trial to him, and

he thought the promise as sacred as if it had been about an affair of state"[8]. This kind of thing makes Ormond seem as much of a prig as the lady he marries. His tendency to resort to histrionics when wrongly accused is no help to the reader's good opinion. When Corny thinks him ungrateful because of his refusal to drink immoderately, Ormond addresses the assembled company: "'...is there any man who dares to say so but yourself? You, you, my benefactor and friend; you have said it - think it you did not, you could not - but say it you may - you may say it, say what you will to Harry Ormond, bound to you as he is - bound hand and foot and heart! Trample on him as you will - you may - . No heart! Oblige me gentlemen, some of you,' cried he, his anger rising and his eye kindling as he spoke, 'some of you gentlemen, if any of you think so, oblige me by saying so. No gratitude sir! No gratitude! Have I not? Try me, try me to the death - you have tried me to the quick of the heart, and I have borne it.' He could bear it no longer: he threw himself into the vacant chair, flung out his arms on the table, and laying his face down upon them, wept aloud"[9]. The same rhetoric is used when Lady Annaly announces her interest in him: "'Interest Lady Annaly in my future fate! - Is it possible!' exclaimed Ormond, 'Is it possible that one of whom I stood so much in awe - one whom I thought much too good ever to bestow a thought on - such a one as I am - as I was, even before this fatal - ' (his voice failed)"[10]. It is sad to

think that Miss Edgeworth can write such stuff, when one remembers the splendid dialogue in Rackrent or even the lively opening of The Absentee. Worse still, in at least one case, she allows Ormond to be openly self-congratulatory. Sheelah wonders whether he has overheard anything of a conversation between herself and Dora, to which he responds: "'I heard only your last words, Sheelah - ...They are as safe with me as with yourself, but don't speak so loud another time, if you are talking secrets, and, whatever you do, never suspect me of listening - I am incapable of that, or any other baseness'"[11].

Ormond is not the only character who is unnecessarily elucidated: Sir Ulick's deviousness, which we are never in danger of forgetting, is underlined in a comment on his conversation with his ward: "During the whole of this conversation and of the preceding night, while he seemed to be talking at random of different things, unconnected and of opposite sorts, he had carefully attended to one object. Going round the whole circle of human motives, love, ambition, interest, ease, pleasure, - he had made accurate observation on his ward's mind; and reversing the order, he went round another way, and repeated and corrected his observations. The points he had strongly noted for practical use were, that, for retaining influence over his ward, he must depend not upon interested motives of any kind, nor upon the force of authority or precedent, nor yet on the power of ridicule,

but principally upon feelings of honour, gratitude and generosity"[12]. Dora, who is the most complex character in the book, is very seldom "explained" in this way, while the nominal heroine, Florence Annaly, says very little, but is hardly ever mentioned without some comment on her beauty and virtue. One is often reminded of the folk-tale where the same phrases are constantly applied to one character throughout the narrative.

Even so natural a feeling as Harry's admiration for Fielding's Tom Jones has to be reflected on, so that the reader may be perfectly clear that neither Miss Edgeworth nor Ormond approve of everything about him, and that his example, in the eyes of a preacher of morals, may not be the best to follow. "Closing the book, Harry Ormond resolved to be what he admired[13] - and if possible to shine forth as an Irish Tom Jones. For this purpose he was not at all bound to be a moral gentleman - nor, as he conceived it, to be a gentleman at all - not, at least, in the commencement of his career: he might become accomplished at any convenient period of his life, and become moral at the end of it, he might begin by becoming an accomplished - Blackguard. Blackguard is a harsh word; but what other will express the idea? Unluckily, the easiest points to be imitated in any character are not always the best; and where any gratitude is given to conscience, or any precedents are allowed to the grosser passions or their justification,

those are the points which are afterward remembered and applied in practice, when the moral salvo sentences are forgotten, or are, at best, but of feeble countervailing effect"[14]. Later Ormond resolves to imitate, not Tom Jones but Sir Charles Grandison, whom he finds in a gift of books sent - of course - by Lady Annaly. But, while Tom was his exemplar, he passed one 'lost' winter, "in vagrant courses - in which the muse forbears to follow him"[15]. These hinted pecadilloes, together with the initial attack on Moriarty are the worst things Harry does in the course of the novel; Miss Edgeworth does not, in fact, stray too far from her usual heroes. Ormond himself divides his shortcomings into four groups:

"Harry Ormond's Good Resolutions.

Resolved 1st. - That I will never drink more than (blank number of) glasses.

Resolved 2ndly. - That I will cure myself of being passionate.

Resolved 3rdly. - That I will never keep low company.

Resolved. - That I am too fond of flattery - women's especially, I like most. To cure myself of that"[16].

As the story is told roughly under the framework of these resolutions, they may, perhaps, be considered singly.

With the first resolution Ormond has little trouble, once he has succeeded in his struggle with King Corny. The steadfastness of his resolve is proved when Sir Ulick tells him that the Lord Lieutenant is to visit Castle Hermitage,

and that he is a hard drinker. Ormond replies: "'No danger of my following his example.....Thank you, sir, for the warning; but I am sure enough of myself on this point, because I have been tried - and when I would not drink to please my own dear King Corny, there is not much danger of my drinking to please a lord lieutenant who, after all, is nothing to me.....if he drinks hard, I think he sets no very good example as a lord lieutenant of Ireland.' 'What oft was thought, perhaps, but ne'er so bluntly expressed' said Sir Ulick"[17]. In a matter which requires will power only, and no great self-knowledge, Harry has no difficulties. There will be no more violent acts like the attack on Moriarty, because Harry will always be in full possession of his senses.

The wording of the third resolution is faulty; Harry's sin is not to avoid low company, but not to allow himself to accept its standards and be flattered by it. And what is 'low'? From a moral point of view, Sir Ulick's company is much 'lower' than that of Sheelah. But this Harry does not realize until it is almost too late[18]. Speaking as an eighteenth-century "gentleman", Ormond meant the company of a class inferior in rank to his own. His acceptance of flattery from such people pre-disposed him to the "wild courses" of the lost winter, though even here Miss Edgeworth allows him to state his rationalization: "The taste for vulgar praise grew by what it fed upon. Harry was in great

danger of forgetting that he was too fond of flattery, and too fond of company - not of the best. He excused himself by saying that companions of some kind or the other he must have, and he was in a situation where good company was not to be had.....The love of popularity seized him - popularity on the lowest scale! To be popular among the unknown, unheard-of inhabitants of the Black Islands, - could this be an object to any man of common sense, any one who had lived in civilized society, and who had anything like the education of a gentleman? The fact, argue about it as you will, - the fact was as is here stated; and let those who hear it with a disdainful smile recollect that whether in Paris, London, or the Black Islands, the mob are, in all essential points, pretty much the same"[19]. The author chastizes her hero, but, at the same time, mentions the extenuating circumstances and implicitly chides those who condemn him as smug. Yet it is at this period that she lets Harry read Tom Jones and put the local beauties in peril. Dora's subtle flattery in her apparent complete acceptance of Harry's advice paves the way for the tête-à-tête between them in Paris, which Miss Edgeworth allows to end innocently only by having it interrupted. Dora knows that Harry is easily swayed by submission and flattery. Strangely enough, Ormond is apparently uninfluenced in his vanity by the praise of his twin patrons, Sir Ulick O'Shane and King Corny. Perhaps, however, this is not really flattery, in that both

men praise him for qualities which he really does possess or has acquired; in the case of Sir Ulick, however, this is done explicitly with the object of pleasing.

Harry runs most risk from the fault of being "too passionate". As Miss Edgeworth uses the word it means being ruled by the emotions rather than by reason and thought. This fault led to the attack on Moriarty which begins the story. At the time Harry swears that, if Moriarty lives, he will never again lift his hand against a human being. But he breaks this resolution: his duel in defence of Sir Ulick's honour is an infringement of that vow[20].

A far greater test for Ormond's conquest of "passion" is his meeting with Dora, now Madame de Connal, in Paris. He did not wish to accept her invitation but does so at the urging of Sir Ulick, in order to annoy Florence Annaly who has, he thinks, misled him as to her feelings and accepted the proposal of another man. This is, of course, another surrender to "passion" and an unworthy motive for the French visit, which is ill-starred from the first. The Paris he comes to is the brilliant, elegant and decadent society of the end of Louis XV's reign. From the beginning it enchants and dazzles him, and under the name of '*le bel Anglois*' he becomes the fashion for the short time of his stay. And symbol of all the gaiety, wit and charm which wins Ormond's heart is the new Dora, Madame de Connal.

The complex relationship between Dora O'Shane and

Harry Ormond obviously interested Miss Edgeworth much more than that between Harry and Florence Annaly, for she devotes more time to her second heroine. Dora and Harry had played together as children, and, when he comes to the Black Islands, he looks forward to seeing her, but finds she is in Dublin. He knows that she is promised to "White" Connal, a vow made by King Corny long ago while in his cups, and which he regrets, but will not break. Ormond is untroubled by this. In the first flush of his campaign for reformation he is egotistic enough to regard Dora only as another means of assisting his self-improvement. Without difficulty he assents to King Corny's plea to regard her as a married woman already. And then she comes back, accompanied by her foolish aunt, Mlle. O' Faley. Harry had been thinking her "a heroine in the abstract", "not his heroine, for she was engaged to White Connal "[21]. Now he sees a very pretty girl, who "looked as if she expected to be treated like a woman"[22]. She is only sixteen years old and an essential childishness in her contrasted ("agreeably", Ormond thought,) with her more mature airs and manner learned in Dublin. She ridicules her father's oddities though she really loves him. Not unnaturally, Ormond shows off a little when Dora's arrival causes a round of parties and balls, but "He was not thinking as a lover of Dora in particular, but he felt a new and extraordinary desire to please in general"[23]. In fact he pays more attention to other ladies than to her.

When White Connal's arrival is announced, Dora, confused, fearful, and, as she says, desirous of being left to manage her own affairs, (a very strong trait in her character throughout), is more than usually unpleasant to Ormond, who is himself too immature and inexperienced to understand the reasons for her attitude. His musings after one incident are pettish and selfish: "Here all my plans of happiness and improvement are again overturned: Dora cannot improve me, can give me no motive for making myself better than what I am. Polish my manners! no, when she has such rude, odious manners herself; much changed for the worse - a hundred times more agreeable when she was a child. Lost to me she is every way- no longer my playfellow - no chance of being my friend.... marrying merely to be married, to manage her own affairs, and have her own way - so childish - or marrying merely to get an establishment - so base![24]" This outburst is not the language of a lover, but Ormond himself later realizes, from a half-heard conversation with Sheelah, that Dora does not wish to marry White Connal, and is suffering at the thought. He makes matters worse by his clumsy attempts at apology, and especially annoys Dora by speaking to her "as a brother" when she has already decided she wishes him to be much more. Her angry reaction and her sudden reversal of manner when he speaks of leaving the Black Islands, do at last suggest to him the real reason for her capriciousness, although Miss Edgeworth, ever anxious to defend her hero, stresses the lack

of vanity which has made him so obtuse until then. White Connal turns out to be a miserly, ill-educated, conceited young man, and nobody is sorry when he is killed by a fall from his horse. During the time of her engagement to this unpleasant suitor Dora shows clearly that she is unhappy. Piqued by Harry's lack of attention to her - of course, from the most honourable motives - she demonstrates her liking for him, while he pities her, and is kind but embarassed. He is flattered also; she resorts to pleas of ill health and fear of riding alone, and the two are thus thrown very much together. Ormond forgets the faults he had previously condemned in emotions of "pity and gratitude" "and the struggle of his feelings was now violent"[25]. But pity and gratitude are not the best reasons for marriage, and the moment Dora is free Ormond realizes that he is not as overjoyed as he should be. Just before he heard the news of Connal's death he had wished "nothing so much as to be able to save Dora from being sacrificed to that odious marriage"[26]. The choice of words is significant; he wishes to save her, not to marry her. "But now, when all obstacles seemed to vanish - when his rival was no more - when his benefactor declared his joy at being freed from his promise - when he was embraced as O'Shane's <u>son</u> - he did not feel joy; he was surprised to find it; but he could not[27]". Rather self-righteously he now remembers Dora's coquetry and frivolity: she was not that "superior kind of woman" whom he wishes as

a wife. She was not in fact, Florence Annaly. Harry wishes to marry someone to whom he could look up, someone who would, in part, replace the mother he had never known. His so-often praised feeling of gratitude has its reverse side; it makes him clinging and lacking in self-reliance. He cannot live alone: Dora is strong enough to do so, and does.

In fact, in spite of her father, in spite of Mlle. O'Faley, both of whom love her after their fashion, Dora is always curiously alone. She has no mother and no sensible woman to advise her. Her father is a charming eccentric; she cannot turn to him for prudent advice. She has fallen in love with Harry Ormond, but, afraid of showing her feelings has adopted an off-hand, almost supercilious manner towards him or tried flattery which, now she is free, does not seem to be working. For all this he himself is partly responsible. Dora's reproach, "What's the use of hearing or listening to a man who does not, by the confession of his own eyes, and his own tongue, know two minutes together <u>what</u> he means, or mean two minutes together the same thing?"[28] is justified. He is fond of her, does not wish to hurt her, is not experienced enough to adopt an equable manner towards her. She thinks him as capricious towards her as he believes her to be towards him. She really loves him and her feeling is steadfast, yet she marries 'Black' Connal, White Connal's twin, whom King Corny thinks he is bound to communicate with when his brother dies in fulfilment of his lunatic vow.

Firstly, Black Connal has much to recommend him. French in everything except heredity, he is an officer in the Irish Brigade, personable, elegant, selfish and intelligent. At their first meeting he ignores Dora and devotes himself to Mlle. O'Faley. As he, like Dora's aunt, quite genuinely believes that Paris is the centre of the universe, he wins the aunt's support immediately. And Dora's vanity is piqued; later, fascinated by his brilliant talk of Parisian society, she resolves to make him notice her and regard her as more than a mere cipher, the young unmarried woman who allows her parents to make her decisions. Her future bridegroom is really indifferent as to whom he marries, provided the lady has money; before his brother's death, he had been courting an English heiress. This lack of feeling gives him an advantage over his fiancée, who really does love one man, though not M. de Connal. At first Dora hopes to rouse Harry's jealousy by showing favour to her French suitor, but Connal is too sophisticated to allow himself to be used in that way. He is perfectly well aware of what had been happening before he came to the Black Islands, and says as much to Ormond: "...how can it possibly signify.....to any man of common sense, who, or what a woman liked before she saw him? You don't think a man who has seen anything of the world would trouble himself to inquire whether he was, or was not, the first love of the woman he is going to marry? To <u>marry</u> - observe the emphasis - distinguish, distinguish...."[29].

This piece of bad taste is unworthy of Connal as Miss Edgeworth has drawn him, for, calculating as he always is, he yet has a code of manners. But it does show that he is under no illusions as to whether Ormond really loves Dora or not. Had he spoken so to a lover, a young man of Ormond's "passionate" temperament would surely have felt himself obliged to take offence, and Connal laughingly protests that he wants no duel. When, with the help of Mlle. O'Faley, Dora's fiancé outwits Corny's clumsy attempt to buy him off, Ormond, with suspicious ease and eagerness, feels perfectly satisfied that the man is no fortune-hunter. 'Scrupulously', therefore, he withdraws even from Corny's castle to the farm he has been presented with. After this, Dora, half-French as she is, resolves to make the best of the situation and looks forward to the joys of wifehood in France as detailed by her aunt: "Ah, but my dear Dora, consider what is de French wife! Ah, then come her great glory; then she reign over all hearts, and is in full liberté to dress, to go, to come, to do what she like, with her own carriage, her own box at the opera, and - "[30]. Delicacy prevents her adding 'her own lover', but the implication is obvious. Dora is not promiscuous, however, and what attracts her in her aunt's fantasy is obviously the idea of independence of ordering her own life; even before the arrival of White Connal, she had angrily protested that this is what she wished. It is interesting that she never doubts her ability

to adapt to this new milieu, nor, by implication, does Black Connal. He would never have considered a wife who might fail to do him justice in the circles in which, by his own efforts, he had found a place. Also, as a gentleman gambler - rather like a French Rawdon Crawley, but intelligent, - he needs a hostess to do him credit. Prettiness alone would not suffice for that position.

Dora realizes, then, that Harry Ormond is not going to rescue her, like a knight in shining armour, from the marriage with M. de Connal. Miss Edgeworth analyzes her feelings in an interesting passage, which, though long, should, I think, be quoted in full: "He (Ormond) had now to see how Dora's mind was gradually worked upon, not by a new passion, for Mr. Connal never inspired nor endeavoured to inspire passion, but by her own and her aunt's vanity. Madamoiselle with constant importunity assailed her: and though Dora saw that her aunt's only wish was to settle in Paris, and to live in a fine hotel; and though Dora was persuaded that for this her aunt would without scruple sacrifice her happiness and that of Harry Ormond; yet she was so dazzled by the splendid representation of Parisian life as not to see very distinctly what object she had herself in view. Connal's flattery, too, though it had scarcely any pretence to the tone of truth or passion, yet contrasting with his previous indifference gratified her. She was

sensible that he was not attached to her as Harry Ormond was, but she flattered herself that she should quite turn his head in time. She tried all her power of charming for the purpose, at first chiefly with the intention of exciting Harry's jealousy, and forcing him to break his honourable resolution. Harry continued her first object for some little time, but soon the idea of piquing him was merely an excuse for coquetry. She imagined that she could recede or advance with her new admirer; just as she thought proper; but she was mistaken: she had now to deal with a man practiced in the game: he might let her appear to win, but not for nothing would he let her win a single move; yet he seemed to play so carelessly, as not in the least to alarm, or put her on her guard. The by-standers began to guess how the game would terminate:"[31]. Much here is disingenuous. 'Poor honourable Harry' is what Corny calls his young friend, only because he believes him really to be in love with Dora, which we know from his own self-analysis is not so. He is genuinely fond of her, and wishes her to be happy, but his suffering is bearable. In the page following the paragraph just quoted, we find him musing: "If....I were convinced that this man would make her happy, I think I could be happy myself,"[32] - not the language of romantic love. When Harry sees another suitor apparently proposing to Florence Annaly he does not feel that her future happiness is enough for him, but lets himself be influenced by the wish to hurt her

and goes off to Paris. This is not unlike poor Dora's childish attempts to make him jealous, but he is older than she was then, and, in the opinion of all, even of Dr. Cambray, has learned some wisdom: he is the more culpable. Dora had ~~under~~over rated Connal because he is from a world completely strange to her. When she establishes herself in Paris, however, she quickly learns to play the game of retreating and advancing as well as her husband. It should also be noted that she is not under any illusions with regard to Connal's feelings for her; to do him justice, he makes no effort to deceive her; his flattery has "scarcely any pretence to the tone of truth or passion." When the two resolve to marry, they know each other well, and Dora chooses a loveless, but appropriate marriage, in the style of her mother's country. M. de Connal gives her everything that the French wife needs, according to her aunt's description; perfect freedom to go her own way and be her own mistress. He is complacent as to whether she takes a lover or no: "Even if he (Ormond) should take a fancy to madame, it was to the polite French husband a matter of indifference, except so far as the arrangement might, or might not, interfere with his own views"[33]. Madame de Connal even invests a good deal of her own money in her husband's faro bank, but quite independently; as she tells Ormond, Connal has his own share, with which neither she nor her aunt have anything to do.

When Harry says goodbye to the young Dora, he tells her, with quite gratuitous pathos, that he will probably never see her again. And in one sense he does not. He makes acquaintance with Madame de Connal, more beautiful than ever, poised, elegant, with a sure place in Parisian society, courted by two aristocratic pretenders to her favour. As her reception of him shows, she has learned that pity and sentiment are two of Ormond's weaknesses:

"Ormond stopped at the threshold, absolutely dazzled by the brilliancy of Dora's beauty, her face, her figure, her air, so infinitely improved, so fashioned!

"Dora! - Ah! Mad. de Connal," cried Ormond.

No French actor could have done it better than nature did it for him.

Dora gave one glance at Ormond - pleasure, joy, sparkled in her eyes; then, leaning on the lady who stood beside her, almost sinking, Dora sighed, and exclaimed, 'Ah! Harry Ormond!'

The husband vanished.

'Ah ciel!' said l'amie intime, looking towards Ormond.

'Help me to support her monsieur - while I seek l'eau de cologne.'

Ormond, seized with sudden tremor, could scarcely advance.

Dora sunk on the sofa, clasping her beautiful hands, and exclaiming, 'The companion of my earliest days!'

Then Ormond, excused to himself, sprang forward, -

'Friend of my childhood!' cried he : 'yes, my sister: your father promised me this friendship - this happiness,' said he, supporting her, as she raised herself from the sofa."[34] Mlle. O'Faley interrupts this charming scene by telling Dora her guests are arriving: "The promptitude of Dora's recovery was a new surprise to our hero".

The reader may now exclaim "Poor honourable Harry Ormond!" Dora has completely mastered the language of sensibility, and Ormond, whose own prose style always inclined to the florid, rises (or sinks) to the occasion splendidly. After Dora's recovery he is even more dazzled by her 'Parisian ease and grace'. "It was indeed wonderful to see how quickly, how completely, the Irish country girl had been metamorposed into a French woman of fashion"[35]. The brilliant young Parisian hostess was not "so dangerous" Ormond thought, as the fainting girl in the boudoir. But Ormond, after all, had greeted that girl as his sister, and, watching her now, he thinks he could admire "without danger, and, in due time, perhaps gallant, with the best of them, without feeling, without scruple" - his love is, after all, that of a brother[36]. Dora, he thinks now, has not really changed. He is right; she is, in essentials, still the Dora of the Black Islands; the trouble is that he never understood her then, underrating both her strength of will and the depth and tenacity of her feeling for him which has not changed. "She accepted admiration as her due - extending her smiles to all, and hoping

all the time that Harry Ormond envied each. Charmed with him - for her early passion for him had revived in an instant - the first sight of his figure and air, the first glance in the boudoir, had been sufficient. She knew, too, how well he would succeed at Paris - how many rivals she would have in a week: these perceptions, sensations and conclusions requiring so much time in slow words to express, had darted through Dora's head in an instant, had exalted her imagination, and touched her heart - as much as that heart could be touched"[37]. The last phrase is unfair: Harry's heart, too, had been touched only to a certain degree when Dora was engaged to Black Connal. It is obvious, however, that his resistance to "passion" is now about to be tested.

In the ensuing months Harry falls in love with Paris; mindful of her own happy days there, Miss Edgeworth succeeds in making his enthusiasm credible. He also seems to be succeeding in maintaining his resolution not to yield to emotion in all except one case. For example, he disappoints M. de Connal by stopping play after losing a certain sum of money; he pleases the intelligent Abbe Morellet by not going into exaggerated rhapsodies at the sight of a painting of the young Dauphiness[38]; although at first completely enraptured by the French court, he does not long remain blind to its faults. But, as regards Dora, prudence seems to be fighting a losing battle. He admires her, among other reasons, because Mll. O'Faley, when challenged by Ormond to

name any ladies at her reception who are faithful to their husbands mentions Dora immediately - she can only think of three others[39]. At first Harry thinks that this ought to have been taken for granted, but, as he learns more of Paris, he comes to appreciate Dora's morality - or fastidiousness. Dora is inevitably thrown much together with him; he enters society, after all, under the patronage of the Connals, and they all frequent the same circles. Neither Dora or Ormond dance, but both ride excellently. As in the Black Islands, propinquity does its work on Ormond. Dora leaves Paris for a short time, during which Harry, under the guidance of the Abbé Morellet, meets some of the literary giants of the day and, impressed by a glimpse of happy domestic life, thinks once more of Florence Annaly[40]. Dora returns from the country looking radiant, - even her husband compliments her, - and Harry attends her assembly on the night of her return. She "stood conversing so long with Ormond that the faro players grew impatient"[41]. He loses money and, having reached his limit, resolves to play no more. Dora is concerned at the loss, explains her share in the faro bank, and invites him to join forces with herself and her aunt - "...you cannot imagine that I would advise you to any thing which I was not persuaded would be advantageous to you - you little know how much I am interested"[42]. She hurries on: "You have no ties in Ireland - you seem to like Paris - where can you spend your time more agreeably?"[43] On re-

flection, Ormond would doubtless have found the invitation to stay in Paris as an aristocrat gambler, and, by implication, as Mad. de Connal's cavalier, distasteful, but, at the moment, "Her manner, tone and look...were so flattering, so bewitching, that he was scarcely master of himself". It is almost ludicrous that, at this very moment, he should think he might give her advice upon compromising her reputation; he has heard gossip he thinks she should know. "It was difficult for him to speak, because the counsels of a friend might be mistaken for the jealous fears of a lover"[44]. Perhaps Ormond's choice of time and place to act as an elder brother, - he has outstayed most of the other guests, - is not so stupid after all, but an unconscious effort to stress once again that friendly relationship which is all that he really desires perhaps. Was he hoping that Dora would flare up at an attempt to interfere with her liberty, as the old Dora of the Black Islands would assuredly have done? A break would then have come, and he would have been delivered from "danger". Dora however has learned much. She thanks "her friend" gracefully, protests that she is flattered and gratified at the interest shown in her welfare and immediately yields to his better judgement. "Ormond is now convinced of the absolute power he possessed over her heart. He was enchanted with Dora - she never looked so beautiful; never before, not even in the first days of his early youth, had he felt her beauty so attractive.

'Dear Mad. de Connal, dear Dora!' he exclaimed.

'Call me Dora,: I wish ever to be Dora to Harry Ormond. O Harry, my first, my best, my only friend, I have enjoyed but little real happiness since we parted.'

Tears filled her eyes - no longer knowing where he was, Harry Ormond found himself at her feet"[45].

Even now, when emotion conquers reason to a great extent for Ormond - he even kisses her hand! - we know that he does not really return her feeling for him. This is clear in the choice of words. Ormond is convinced of the absolute power he holds over her heart, that is, he now understands, or fully admits to himself, that she really is devoted to him. He is immensely flattered that she, whose fierce independence he knows of old, is now ready to follow his counsel. She thanks her friend, at first, for his advice, thus giving him no pause to analyse his feelings; only then does he allow himself to fall under the full spell of her beauty. He almost repeats his first greeting to her and she responds in the emotional style which she has used before; also, for the first time, she implies that her marriage has not been happy. All this is carefully stage-managed, and Harry is no match for Madame de Connal. For an Edgeworth hero, to kneel and **cover** the hand of a married woman with kisses is going far indeed, but the whole scene has been so successfully planned by Dora that is is inevitable. It would have been a real triumph for Harry's "better self",

and for his good sense, if, having given way to his involuntary feeling, he had then realized that he must leave Dora and, in fact, leave Paris; it is impossible to imagine him living on a share in a gaming establishment under the patronage of a married woman for whom he has no real feeling except one of deep affection but by whom he is loved. But Miss Edgeworth does not let him win his victory, the most difficult moral victory he would have gained. Dora is wearing a ring with her father's hair; Ormond notices it, and immediately thinks of King Corny, his kindness and his trust. Not only he, but Dora also. Had she wished the scene to continue, she was adroit enough to have steered past the obstacle of Ormond's gratitude. But she, too, loved her father, the thought of his disapproval affects her also, and her moment is lost. She weeps: "Bursting into tears - alternate passions seizing her - at one moment the thought of her father, the next of her lover, possessed her imagination"[46]. Just at this moment they hear someone coming and revert to their social rôles; but Dora makes Ormond promise that he will come the following morning. For her, her moment of remorse is past and the interview is not final. And Ormond is going to see her, "with the firm intention of adhering to the honourable line of conduct he had traced out for himself"[47]. When he meets Moriarty, hears the news of the failure of Sir Ulick's bank, he leaves Paris immediately. He says goodbye to Connal; Dora and Mlle. O'Faley are out -

apparently Miss Edgeworth has forgotten that Dora had asked Ormond to come that morning! - and Harry is thus delivered from temptation.

Miss Edgeworth once more shirks an issue. Ormond would have been infinitely more admirable as a hero had he withstood a very strong temptation and conquered "passion" to the extent of seeing his own position clear-sightedly and bidding Dora farewell in due form. Her farewell would doubtless have been affecting, but part of his Education was surely to be able to withstand appeals to sensibility. Miss Edgeworth has devoted so much time to the relationship between the two childhood friends and to its shifts of mood, she has been so consistent in her exposition of Dora's charater, that the sudden and unlikely introduction of Moriarty as a deus ex machina with an irrelevant and long-winded story of prison escape, is a blot on her craftmanship, while it may do credit to her moral and didactic motives. She has gently led Ormond into temptation and catapults him out of it. The last we hear of poor Dora is when Ormond rather priggishly, speaks of her virtue to the Annaly ladies. "Ormond seized dexterously an opportunity, in reply to something Lady Annaly said about the Connals, to observe that Mad. de Connal was not only much admired for her beauty at Paris, but that she did honour to Ireland by having preserved her reputation; young and without a guide, she was, in dissipated French society, with few examples of conjugal

virtues to preserve in her mind the precepts and habits of her 'British' (i.e. Dublin) education"[48]. Poor Dora! In a conversation with his mother-in-law Ormond even unctuously rationalizes the Paris episode: naturally, it had done him good. "He had, thank Heaven, passed through this course of dissipation, without losing his taste for better and happier modes of life. The last few months, though they might seem but a splendid or feverish dream in his existence, had in reality been, he believed, of essential service in confirming his principles, settling his character, and deciding for ever his taste and judgement, after full opportunity of comparison, in favour of his own country - and especially of his own countrywomen. Lady Annaly smiled benignly"[49]. Well she might; in this mood Ormond is worthy of Florence.

In spite of Miss Edgeworth's fear of letting Ormond stand up to a really determined onslaught on his virtue, he embodies all the values of a Bildungroman - hero. That the same claim can be made for Andrew Wylie is much less apparent. In the first place, they are such different people. Andrew has a strength of will and tenacity comparable, perhaps, to Maria Edgeworths own, but not to her hero. He knows exactly what he wants: to get on in the world. Galt's delicate use of understatement in The Entail has already been mentioned: Sir Andrew is not in the same class (except at the beginning) and it is in London, which

Galt can never conjure up as realistically as the West of Scotland, (except when he puts the Pringles there) that Andrew has his struggle. He finds out that Lady Sandyford has left her husband's house, thus, according to the moves of the day, admitting that she is the guilty party. He has a slight acquaintance with the Sandyfords and knows that my lord is well disposed to him. Yet, his plain common sense had convinced him that the lady is not guilty (this is while she is still at home) and he even goes so far as to offer to find out how the piece of scandal concerning her which set off the whole matter came to appear. Such interference on the part of the merest acquaintance, and of a much lower rank, might have been considered a piece of impertinence, (which, in a way, it is: sensitivity is not Andrew's strong point), or as an Iago-like attempt to gain Sandyford's favour by a show of perfect honesty. At any rate, Andrew attains his end, and, armed with the proof that the slander is founded on mere rumour, arrives at Sandyford House to learn of the lady's departure. Here, realistically, prudence steps in. "Andrew, on hearing this news, recollects the old proverb, No good was ever got by meddling between man and wife; and prudently resolves to escape immediately from the scene of action"[50]. Leaving the message about the paragraph with Sandyford's friend, Mordaunt, but not with my lord, he hurries away. He is a decent young man, but he has his way to make. Next morning he is

"thoughtful and anxious" avoiding conversation with his fellow clerks, and seeking to absorb himself in work. "He had formed expectations with regard to the favour of Lord Sandyford, which he thought were likely to be frustrated by the unfortunate situation of the Earl's domestic affairs, and ever and anon, a cold feeling came over his heart, such as often saddens the spirit of the young adventurer when his prospects are suddenly clouded"[51]. The point is, his prospects are not clouded, they are unchanged, and will only change if he speaks up for Lady Sandyford again: the desire to do so is still there, strongly repressed. Yet it seems clear that in his conscious mind he has determined to have no more to do with the matrimonial tangle, but to be useful to Sandyford out of self-interest. Then his employer, Mr. Vellum calls him into his office to tell him that Lord Sandyford is settling on him the sum of £750 a year. The conversation which follows is illuminating:-

"'It's verra kind of my lord,' said Andrew, 'It's verra kind. He's a nice man, and mair in him than he's likened to. I couldna hae thought he would hae done so meikle for me already.'

'Then you have expected,' cried Vellum, 'that he would do something for you.'

' I surely had reason,' was the reply, 'It couldna be thought but that in time I might hae ventured to ask my lord's helping hand and considering his discretion towards me.'

'The idea did credit to your sagacity, Wylie,' said Vellum ironically, 'and I suppose you exerted yourself to the best of your ability to amuse his lordship.'

'Nae doubt I did - nae doubt I did that,' cried our hero; 'It would hae been an unco' thing in the like o' me no' to hae done a' in my capacity to pleasure my lord'"[52].

Andrew is so shocked at the beginning that his words - "a verra nice man" seem lukewarm and inadequate. He is never given to expressing his feelings adequately and is simply stunned at the magnitude of the gift. Vellum, who knows his Andrew, is simply ironical: no doubt Andrew did his best to please his lordship and expected a reward - if not so soon. Here the astute man of law is only half-right, for, while he has read Andrew perfectly up to the gift, he is now faced with somebody changed. His clerk answers him with complete honesty: it would have been strange if he hadn't expected some help at some future time from ~~Vellum~~ Sandyford and this his questioner well understands: it is the way of his world. He leaves his employer with a worse opinion of him than Andrew deserves. For the change has quietly taken place. Bildung is generally a very slow process, the result of years of experience, but Andrew's silent resolve to mingle in the Sandyford marital longeurs, in fact to reconcile them, is the result of a long training absorbed without his knowledge: the result of Martha's cheerfulness, practicality and good sense, of Mr. Tannyhill's gentleness

and of the innocent high spirits of the children he played with - not to speak of the old women whose tales he loved to listen to. He did not leave Stoneyholm like a white sheet of paper: determined as he was to advance in the world, the kneeling down at his bedside on the first night in London was not hypocrisy. All the best in him rises in gratitude to the stranger who has helped him, and he resolves to return the favour. He certainly does not become a saint overnight: but in this one matter he puts gratitude before self-seeking. "An irresistable sentiment of gratitude arose in his heart, so strong and powerful that it became as it were a principle of duty; and, actuated by the hallowed and gracious feeling, without reflecting on the impropriety of obtruding on his lordship at a time when a more worldly head would have concluded that the earl was not likely to be in a humour to receive him, he went to Sandyford House"[53]. There he finds that the Countess has left of her own free will and exclaims to her husband: "Poor body! Ye must hae used her very ill, my lord.....She was a fine leddy - maybe a wee bit that and fond o' outgait - but I'll no' say she was entirely without a fault, for we all hae our faults, my lord - and I'm in a great ane to speak wi' this freedom to your lordship; but when I think what ye hae done for me - I was a friendless lad, and ye took me by the han' - and could I sit still and see scathe befall my benefactor. I wouldna' be a stirk o' the right stock, that's bred in the

lan' o' Scotland"[54]. From this it is clear that though Andrew takes Lady Sandyford's part it is her husband he really wishes to help. Since Galt never lets him make a mistake, all turns out happily. By what may be called a piece of contrary irony Andrew, still the young opportunist in every way but one, gains his own worldly success by his one unworldly action, for Lord Avonside, Lord Sandyford's father-in-law and a man of great influence, helps him to become a Member of Parliament, presents him to George III and finally secures his baronetcy. The Maria Edgeworths of this world might use Andrew's ascent as proof that one honest deed accomplishes more than all devious planning. They would be wrong. Had Andrew not been able to play Lord Avonside very skilfully the seat in Parliament would not have been his. Such cynicism is completely lacking in Ormond. Gratitude is the strongest emotion of both heroes, but gratitude prevents Harry from seeing through Sir Ulick, while Andrew is completely conscious of how ridiculous the matrimonially tormented Lord Sandyford often is[55].

The Bildungsroman is a genre which recognizes the correctness of the manners and deportment which it embodies. There is no room for reformers or outsiders: Wilhelm Meister finds his highest ideal at the court of Lothario (modelled of course on Karl August) and in the cultivated group of men and women which surround him[56]. In Ormond very little is said about the social perfection of Harry's

development. At the beginning he is "ill-educated, unpolished, with a violent temper"[57]. Although he was Sir Ulick's favourite, his guardian has denied him a formal education, lest he should outstrip his own son Marcus; his justification for this is that Ormond has not means enough to live as a gentleman, so it was pointless to educate him as one. He is very conscious of his deficiencies in this respect, which King Corny ("natural gentleman" as he is) is hardly able to remedy, so when he hears of Dora's return to the Black Islands fresh from a Dublin finishing school and escorted by a half-Frenchwoman, he rejoices that "he should live in better company, he should see something better than he had seen of late - be something better"[58]. The unromantic reason for rejoicing is yet another pointer that Harry's feelings towards Dora are those of a brother. His disillusionment in that respect has already been remarked on. In her present of books, for she does not forget her protegé, Lady Annaly has included some in French as well as a French grammar and dictionary and Harry asks Father Jos for instruction in that language. Although educated at St. Omer (the period is too early to make it Maynooth, of whom he is one of Miss Edgeworth's typical products) all Father Jos's French had been learned by ear and he is of no help. Mlle. O'Faley is delighted to fill the gap, however, and in Paris Ormond has no difficulties on this score or on the correct behaviour which she also takes in hand. (To be fair, Harry has a good

model in external behaviour in M. de Connal). Even in the Black Islands there were some opportunities for social life, but we may assume that Ormond's social graces were finished off by Sir Ulick, with whom he stays for some time after the news that he has come in for a fortune reaches Castle Hermitage. Sir Ulick sends him on a tour of Ireland, - only to the best houses of course - before his departure for Paris, which he, (Sir Ulick) welcomes as he hopes Marcus may marry Miss Annaly. In Paris, his excellent French, good looks and air of honesty atoned for any little gaucherie still remaining. He did not dance, but rode superbly. The Parisians, who expected little from English-speaking foreigners, of whom, as the now quite French Dora remarks, one can say nothing except, "Ce monsieur là a un grand talent pour le silence"[59]. A less social, but much more serious defect has become apparent before he left Ireland: He has no talent for affairs. He is inclined to do too much in the matter of the O'Shane estate after King Corny's death, until restrained by the prudent Dr. Cambray, and obstinately refuses to see any fault in Sir Ulick, twice giving him a power of attorney. However, ineptitude for business is a gentlemanly fault, and the contemporary readers of the novel would not blame its hero too much for it. Unlike the Rackrents, Ormond is allowed to save his money at the last moment.

It certainly could not be said of Andrew Wylie that he

was careless about business. His horror at Lord Sandyford's indifference to the disposition of his money leads to the first instinctive remonstrance with my lord, and his own parsimony is remarked on by Vellum, who feels that a man with a salary of £750 a year can afford to be less miserly. The reason is that he has to be careful at the beginning, and early habits are not easily changed. But he recognizes, after the partnership with Vellum is arranged, "that it would no longer be respectable in him to continue those parsimonious habits which he had hitherto maintained, and that although it was still prudent to adhere to an economical system, it was not fit he should continue to present to his old friends that appearance of penury of which he had, not without obvious reasons, been accused. Accordingly he determined to sacrifice to the opinion of the world, and, aware of the character which he possessed among his acquaintances, he determined to surprise them."[60] He does so, first by buying a house. Like himself it must be slightly unusual, though not enough so to be comic. He finds what he wants in an 'obscure street', yet not far removed from the fashionable districts where his friends live. His first dinner party, too, which he arranges on the very night of the purchase, must be a compromise between the eccentric and the conventional. The first two courses were to be usual, the second two strange, but always the food was to be of the best. He gives precise instructions: "..for the vessels, knives

and forks etceetera, ye'll go through all the curiosity and china shops, and pick out the queerest and drollest sort of plenishing that's possibly to be had. Ye'll no buy it, however, for that would be needless, but hire it let the cost be what it may"[61]. The youth who had haggled over twopence on his journey to London has learned that the words "cost what it may" have sometimes to be used. By limiting his guests to a small number he saves money and whets their interest; an invitation is an honour. Andrew has learned that he can deviate from usual behaviour only because he knows what good behaviour is, and just how far he can go; he never confuses unconventionality with impoliteness. An accepted eccentric, a gnome, a hobgoblin, he manages to offend nobody in a society where offence is easily given. This does not come solely from Mr. Tannyhill's training and from innate quickness of wit; he observes, deduces, remembers, and takes no decisive action until he is sure he can handle the situation. His knowledge that he has no natural external advantages is disarming, and, by giving others a slight feeling of superiority, disposes them to look on him kindly. Only a man completely without vanity would answer Charlie Pierston's teasing that Mary might think him a handsome fellow, with: "If she did, I would think her a terrible tawpy; and I'm sure I would as soon stick a rose in my bosom wi' a kailworm in't, as take the bonniest lass that ever was seen for my wife, that could be guilty o' ony sic

haveril fancy"[62]. True, the denial is partly in self defence, but Andrew is speaking the truth when he protests he would not marry a fool. Mary, though we see little of her, is one of the few Galt 'real' heroines (as opposed to secondary characters like Bell in The Entail,) who have a wit and character of their own. Andrew would not have spoken so of the laird's daughter when he first came to London; he has learned to have a good conceit of himself in a positive sense. And the raw young Scot who came as Vellum's apprentice would never have been able to put Mary in her place so completely, yet without malice, by quietly showing his familiarity with the great of London fashion. This is not callow 'showing-off', but is done with a purpose; Mary, when she returns home, stops referring to him in her old joking way. He has become someone to be taken seriously. When Andrew on his first London journey had spent a night in Glasgow, his hosts laugh at him good naturedly, but one, more perceptive than the rest, prophecies: "Yon lad's no to be laughed at. He'll learn mair havins belyve; and if he pursues his ain end wi' honesty, and as little in the awe o' the world as he seems to feel at present, he'll thrive in London or ony other place wherein his lot may be cast"[63].

Andrew knows that deliberate cultivation of 'being different' is a help socially. Partly for this reason, and partly from a sturdy refusal to deny his origins, he

cultivates his image as a Scot, carefully refraining from changing his native idiom, as, for example, his friend Pierston does. But he modifies his mode of expression, so that it is completely intelligible to the non-Scot. One has only to compare his language with that of Provost Pawkie or A. Plack (how does he manage as Lord Mayor?) to become aware of this. Galt refers to this 'editing' of Andrew's native tongue when his hero returns to Scotland. Andrew "had indeed resolved to resume.....the broad accent of his boyish dialect: not that the latter required any effort, for he had carefully and constantly preserved it, but he had unconsciously adopted a few terms and phrases purely English, and, in the necessity of speaking intelligibly to his clients and fashionable friends, had habitually acquired, without any of the southern tone, considerable purity of language"[64]. Ormond presumably speaks as Miss Edgeworth herself must have done, i.e. standard English with an Irish colouring: as he has learned his French from Mlle. O'Faley, who, we are told, spoke this language like a Parisienne, he has no need to revise his mode of expression anywhere.

Both Andrew and Ormond follow the form of religion accepted by their respective societies: this also belongs to Bildung. Andrew's denomination is unusual in London, and he even refrains from becoming god-father to the Sandyford's child on religious grounds.

Ormond has been brought up a Protestant, the religion

of the Anglo-Irish community which Sir Ulick has deliberately chosen. No religion means much to Sir Ulick, but Ormond is loyal to his beliefs: the Catholic King Corny notes with approval that he rows across to "the Continent" every Sunday in order to attend Divine Service. Religious scruples would ultimately have been the strongest deterrant to a relationship with Dora had Miss Edgeworth allowed that situation to develop in the Black Islands. She does not need to introduce the theme into the Parisian episode. The religion both of the young Irishman and the young Scot is unemotional and conventional, but none the less sincere. Ormond's character might have been expected to pre-dispose him towards religious emotionalism, but he is not allowed to come into contact with any enthusiasts; Sir Ulick, of course, would have had nothing to do with Wesleyans. One cannot imagine Andrew being faced with a road to Damascus situation: he knew the Almighty too well. On one issue the two heroes differ: Ormond, who has grown up in a mainly Catholic society, is tolerant towards that faith. But Andrew, however, finds no difficulty in agreeing with Lord Avonside's stipulation that he must vote against Catholic Emancipation: "...my conscience will never consent that I should be art or part to bring in the whore of Babylon, riding on the beast with seven heads and ten horns"[65]. Andrew is also somewhat heretical about the Church of England, putting forward a hypothesis concerning the reduction of tithes. This Avon-

side lets pass, as he is certain such a measure will never be introduced. It may be remembered that, in Ormond, Miss Edgeworth also introduces the problem of tithes, but does not follow it up. In their sobriety and refusal to run to extremes in religion, Ormond and Andrew are typical Bildungsroman heroes. Such a character behaves well, but, it is implied, rather because of social and ethical codes than from principles of religion.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REGIONAL NOVEL

"And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist,
I don't think she'd be missed - I'm sure she'd
not be missed!"

sings Ko-Ko in The Mikado. Gilbert was not thinking of Maria Edgeworth but of the multitude of second - and third-rate lady novelists who proliferated in the closing decades of the nineteenth century. Maria would certainly have been missed by historians of English literature, for most of them regard her as the originator of the regional novel.

Castle Rackrent appeared in January 1800 - perhaps even as early as December 1799. It was a favourable time for the publication of a novel which derived most of its interest from local manners. Older readers, products, like Richard Lovell Edgeworth[1], of eighteenth century rationalism, might think little of fiction[2], but Europe was changing, and the book was welcomed by a new generation. Ossian enraptured not only Britain but the Continent, where, among other better deserved characteristics, Herder praised it for its simplicity and truth to nature[3]. Macpherson's introduced melancholy, so alien to the original Fenian stories of Ireland and Scotland, left its mark on novels where love affairs nearly always ended unhappily. Werther read Ossian to Lotte and ended by committing suicide, though not for "Regional" reasons. (In fact Werther) sparked off a train of suicides in Europe which horrified Goethe). Rousseau's exalt-

ation of primitive society and rural manners also contributed to the popular mood. There was a reaction against the cold white light of reason which had explained everything so neatly and belonged to the effete, sophisticated city; it was regarded as a compliment to country-dwellers that "reason" was not their strong point whereas honesty, closeness to truth and pure elemental feelings were not. War against France had nourished nationistic ideals in Britain and in Europe, and liberals everywhere were ready to recognize the rights of small nations as well as the Rights of Man, especially when, as in Britain, these small nations were, or were about to be, tidily subordinate to the central government. Ireland's late intransigence perhaps lent piquancy to an Irish story. Now that it was safely over it could be regarded as romantic. Idealized rural life had been made popular by Goldsmith and a host of imitators[4] but the trials and triumphs of the Vicar of Wakefield could have come to pass only in peaceful domesticated England. Maria was the first to choose for setting a relatively unknown region[5] and to make the locality identifiable not by the mere provision of geographical date, which she does not give, but by the behaviour of the people, the description or implication of the social conditions under which they lived, and by a modified use of their way of speaking. Galt coming over twenty years later with the completed Annals and The Provost, might have been expected to be influenced by her,

but her name is not mentioned in his Literary Life and there is no indication that he admired her work. The treatment of the regional characters in his two best books is much less ruthless than in Rackrent, though Maria's irony is so subtle that until lately[6] her cruelty was not seen by critics. The abrasiveness of her first Irish story is absent from her other three 'regional' novels, for by then she had realized that her books were widely read and might serve a didactic purpose, namely, the education of the ignorant English reader in certain Irish problems.

Though Maria's originality is widely acknowledged, the genre she unconsciously pioneered has been paid scant attention by literary critics. In 1941 Phyllis Bentley wrote a forty-eight page essay The English Regional Novel[7], but she does not use 'English' as a synonym for 'British'. "It is not my intention," she writes, "to treat in this essay of Scottish or of Welsh writings, for these are clearly national rather than regional literatures."[8] Ireland is not mentioned, presumably for the same reason. This is a modern approach; in the early nineteenth century Scotland, Wales and Ireland would hardly have been regarded as "nations" by the English, at any rate. The only full-length treatment of the British and Irish regional novel, Lucien Leclaire's Le Roman régionaliste dans les Iles brittaniques 1800-1950[9] appeared twenty-five years ago; in the same year Dr. Leclaire supplemented it by his General Analytical Bibliography of the Regional

Novelists of the British Isles 1800 - 1950[10]. There appear to be no other full-length treatments of regionalism, although, of course, many histories of Anglo-Irish and Scottish literature, general and specialized, touch on the field.

Why the neglect? Do scholars find it difficult to admit that the regional novel is a genre at all? Writing of his early interest in British novels "où l'on pouvait reconnaître la naissance et le développement d'une tendence littéraire dont l'étude ne serait pas sans interêt". Leclaire finds himself forced to ask, S'agissait t-il d'un genre à proprement parler?"[11] He answers the question in the final chapter of his study: "Il ne semble pas vain désormais de parler du roman régionaliste comme d'un genre établi."[12] It is impossible not to agree with him. Even supposing that Rackrent is a "sport," the only masterpiece of a writer whose other books are not read nowadays, who can deny that much of the excellence of the writing of Scott, the Brontes, George Eliot and Hardy is due to their intimate knowledge of, and feeling for, the locality where the events they describe take place?[13] Certainly the genres overlap; The Heart of Midlothian is a historical novel, but "regional" as well. The term is applied more readily to writers who are not regarded as being on the same level as, say, George Eliot or the Brontes, to Hogg, Lockhart, Carleton or the Banims, for example. But though Adam Blair could have been set only in a country where Calvinism was not merely the

socially acceptable denomination but meant a great deal to the individual as well, it is a "psychological" as well as a "regional" novel. Leclaire sums up: "Il (le roman régionaliste) existe abondamment. Nier cela sous prétexte qu'on peut souvent lui attribuer une autre épithète, ce serait admettre qu'un roman ne puisse être à la fois autobiographique, et psychologique, ou social."[14].

Miss Bentley was brave enough to define the regional novel: "The regional novel is the national novel carried to one degree further of subdivision: it is a novel which, concentrating on a particular part, a particular region of a nation, depicts the life of that region in such a way that the reader is conscious of the characteristics which are unique to that region and differentiate it from others in the common motherland"[15]. But does this go far enough? A regional novel is surely one which either could not have been conceived at all, or would have to have been radically changed in structure and characterization had the setting been different. No one could have created an Irish Dalmailing,[16] because no Irish eighteenth - or early nineteenth century village could have parallelled a Scottish community, relatively small at first, then developing into a town with a satellite industrial centre. In order to have had the same intimate knowledge of the people as Mr. Balwhidder, the narrator would have to have been the local priest - it is not likely that there would have been a resident school-

master. If it covered the same period as Annals, the narrative would have been of necessity more political. In 1760 the Penal Laws were still in force, and their gradual amelioration must have been mentioned; the narrator could hardly have recommended the unfailing obedience to "lawfule" authority preached by Mr. Balwhidder. At the end of his chronicle an Irish story-teller would not even have been able to rejoice in Emancipation, though open freedom of worship was perhaps the only thing which would have made any difference to his hard-pressed flock. One of Lecky's "gentlemen" priests, educated at Louvain or St. Omer, he would have found no congenial society in a country village, and might easily have become bitter and disaffected; was this the reason for so many soldier-priests in the 1798 rising? With very rare exceptions, relations between priest, people and "Big House" were, at best, neutral, at worst, hostile; The friendly communication between Mr. Balwhidder and Lord Eaglesham would have been hardly possible. Even when a kindly landlord such as Richard Lovell Edgeworth was ready to help his tenants, they showed, and he apparently expected, an almost fawning gratitude; witness a letter sent to Edgeworth by a former protege accompanying what sounds like a most acceptable gift for Mrs. Edgeworth. Maria quotes it with approval;[17] this was the attitude she expected and did not get from her post - Emancipation tenants. Lord Eaglesham was often an absentee, but never for over long periods and

his factor was not a conscienceless middleman like "Old Nick"[18]. In Ireland the possibility of passing from one social group to another was ruled out, though some of the new Catholic urban middle-class did try to 'climb" and were laughed at by the gentry for their pains. It is not only at poor Mrs. Raffarty that Maria pokes fun; one of her private letters describes the three Miss____s from County Tipperary who wore enormous white feathers in their hats: "How they towered above their sex, divinely vulgar, with brogues of true Milesian race"[19]. An Irish Kate Malcolm, even had she been willing to change her religion, would never have been recognized socially. It is only in his cups that Sir Condy, (who, because of his "low" upbringing is himself a butt for the Moneygawls), thinks of a marriage with Judy M'Quirk. Even then, the seriousness of his thoughts can be judged when he decides between Judy and Isabella Moneygawl by tossing a coin. In Ireland the Sunday democracy of attending the same church was lacking. Even Landlords like Edgeworth thanked God that they were Protestants, though in secret and some of them supported the proselytizing Charter schools[20].

The most striking difference between Galt's Dalmailing and an Irish village of the same period was the absence in the former of agrarian violence or organized political revolt. The weavers might talk of Jacobinism, but were the first to volunteer when the country was at war. The reli-

gious struggle in the preceding century had caused great cruelty, as all religious wars do, but the only link with these stormy times was the people's reaction to the choosing of Mr. Balwhidder by patronage. His settlement "was not entirely peculiar in using military force to assist the 'riding committee' of the Presbytery[21]. The people "were really mad and vicious" and flung mud at the little procession to the Kirk whose door they had nailed up: anxious to avoid provocation, the minister-elect proposed entry through a window. Mr. Balwhidder is thus placed in a comic light, one of Galt's devices for humanizing what might otherwise have been an oversaintly character. The edge is taken off the situation for the reader, who knows from the Introduction in any case that Mr. Balwhidder successfully weathered the storm, but at the time the situation might have been dangerous. It showed that the people were anxious to preserve their hard-won religious privileges. But, as time goes on, Mr. Balwhidder has no struggle with conscience when he preaches loyalty to an English King who is of the Episcopalian persuasion[22]. As in eighteenth and nineteenth-century Ireland, the Covenanting movement had united both religions and political grievances, the one inseparable from the other: but in Scotland those days were past. Political violence, always smouldering in Ireland, was not a factor in either Dalmailing or Gudetown, or even in the Glasgow of the well-to-do Walkinshaws. In Ireland resentment at social and political injustice came

to a head in the rising of 1798. A clear picture of the differences between a Scottish and an Irish village of the period can be gained by comparing two chronicles of that fateful year, the Scottish fictional (Annals of the Parish), the Irish fact (Annals of Ballitore). Mr. Balwhidder begins his account of 1798 with the words: "This was one of the heaviest years in the whole course of my ministry", and the Irish reader, to whom '98 is synonymous with rebellion, wonders whether a small Scottish community can have been affected by Wexford and French invasions. But it is another kind of trouble that Mr. Balwhidder records. A bad spring brought a bad harvest. Suffering was saved by Mr. Cayenne who had laid in a good store of grain which he distributed free to the people of the parish or sold to them at a low price. There was one echo from Ireland. Mr. Cayenne helped the two Irish refugees, Mrs. and Miss Desmond, despite the fact that Mrs. Desmond's husband and son had fought on the rebel side. The incident ended in fairy-tale fashion when Miss Desmond and young Mr. Cayenne were married some time later. "A pleasing romance from 'the land of the shamrock'". Just as the village sees wars and revolutions as important only in so far as they effect Dalmailing, so they see the Irish "rebellion" only as something which brought two young people together; how else could they understand it?

Between the years 1766 and 1826 an Irish Quaker lady,

Mrs. Mary Leadbeater, kept a diary of her life in Ballitore, a village in Co. Kildare roughly the size of the original Dalmailing. For her 1798 began happily with her husband's recovery from a serious illness. Before the worst of the fighting Ballitore was occupied by the King's County militia whose captain had been a pupil in the school founded by Mary Leadbeater's grandfather, as also had Edmund Burke[23]. In consequence the men were well liked, but they were followed by the Tyrone militia, "mostly composed of professed Orangemen, wearing the ribbon of their party"[24] who attacked even "the most loyal". The Quakers asked for no protection from the soldiers, holding it inconsistant with their principles to seek armed protection, and this may have been appreciated by the insurgents, for, while they held the village, with little exception "we (the Quakers) were well treated"[25]. On the departure of the United men only "peaceable citizens" remained in the village, but on them the soldiers took vengeance. Mary Leadbeater saw some of the military bent under loads of plunder. Most of the houses were set on fire. Some soldiers asked Mrs. Leadbeater for milk, but forced her to taste it first, accusing her of poisoning it. In spite of her peaceable principles she obeyed "with indignation". The same indignation was roused by "a fat tobacconist from Carlow who lolled upon one of our chairs, and talked boastingly of the exploits performed by the military whom he had accompanied; how they had shot

several, adding, 'We burned one fellow in a barrel'. I never in my life felt disgust so strongly; it even overpowered the horror due to the deed, which had been actually committed. The stupid cruelty of a man in civil life, which urged him voluntarily and without necessity to leave his home and bear a part in such scenes, was far more revolting than the fiery wrath of a soldier"[26]. Among her litany of horrors some may be mentioned. A 'loyal' woman whose husband had been killed in the battle of Kilcullen, was visited by her brother from Dublin, perhaps for protection. The soldiers killed her brother, son and servant and plundered her house. On seeing her brother's body, his little sister fell into fits and died, and the unfortunate mother lost her reason. The local doctor, the Leadbeater's own physician, was murdered, He was buried quickly, but three days later the corpse was disinterred by the family and given decent burial. The Leadbeaters' gardener and his son were saved from death only by the entreaties of the man's little daughter who was so frightened that she suffered from fits ever afterwards, from one of which she died when crossing a stream. When the soldiers finally left the stricken village, so overladen with plunder that they had to throw some of it away, the people stood looking at their altered home, and Mary Leadbeater remembered a text: "'Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, the remainder of wrath wilt thou restrain'. We were sensible that a preserving Providence

had restrained that wrath which threatened general destruction"[27]. Though the worst was over peace had not yet come. They were harassed by bands of the defeated insurgents, now no better than robbers, who rode through the village by night, firing into the houses and demanding money and drink. The countryside was devastated. "For some months there was no sale for bacon cured in Ireland, from the well-founded doubt of the hogs having fed upon the flesh of men"[28]. No two accounts of the same year could be more different.

It is easier to imagine a Scottish Castle Rackrent than an Irish Dalmailing, perhaps because the lives of the 'gentry' were not as much influenced by social and historical conditions as were those of the poor. But Galt's lairds had other faults than the squireens; people like Craiglands and Auldbiggins are stupid, coarse-grained, penny-pinching and inordinately proud of a family whose glory, if any, belongs to their ancestors. The ability of the Laird of Grippy is subordinated to a demonic family pride. The only Rackrent to show family pride is poor Sir Condy, conscious that he is not quite a gentleman, yet, at the end, able to embarrass even Jason for a little[29]. It is just possible that four generations of Scottish lairds could have been as dreadful as the four Rackrents, but perhaps in different ways; in The Entail three[30] generations are flawed; though Claud's grandfather is weak, not evil, just as Condy is,

but he lacks the latter's self-indulgence. Thady's blind devotion to bad masters is like Jock's in The Last of the Lairds, but Jock is stupid, whereas Thady is a precise and intelligent observer - admittedly his "loyalty" to the family makes him draw very peculiar conclusions from what he sees so clearly. Thady plays an important role as narrator and interpreter, whereas Jock is only a minor figure who becomes ludicrous when 'Delta' finishes him off. The clear division between two social groups in Ireland could not have been duplicated in Scotland. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth century a Scottish middle class with a deservedly good conceit of itself already existed, men who, while they might not object to a little social climbing, were conscious of their worth as good, solid citizens. The rising Irish middle class lacked self confidence, as well they might if even liberals like the Edgeworths looked on them as figures of fun. If Catholic, they could get nowhere even in civic offices; an Irish James Pawkie could not become Lord Mayor of Dublin or of whatever provincial port-town he lived in. Outside the towns there were no Irish James Pawkies, - unless they were Jason Quirks. In Scotland lairds, middle class, artisans and farmers did not hobnob with each other; after the French Revolution the aristocracy and middle class had the same fear of radicals but they were native to the same soil for all that. In Ireland, although the Norman - Irish had fused with the "Celtic nation", the Elizabethan

settlers looked down on the Cromwellians as upstarts, and both groups of colonists looked down on the great mass of the "old" Irish of whom they knew little, but whom they constantly feared. Therefore none of them must be let rise too high; enlightened Protestants did not care much if the Catholic practiced his religion semi-openly, but they wished him neither to possess land nor to legislate. The sense of orderly bustle, of achievement and of hope, evident in Dalmailing, and triumphant in Cayenneville and Gudetown, had no Irish equivalent. Rackrent, Annals and The Provost, the best of the early regional novels, were all firmly rooted in their own localities.

Though all these novels were shaped by their milieu there is a subjective element in the presentation of their respective backgrounds. It is not without reason, as Leclaire points out[31], that we speak of "the Shropshire of Mary Webb" or "The Wessex of Hardy". Such qualifications refer to the stress a writer places on one or the other characteristic of his chosen region, on what he understates and on what he leaves out altogether. Neither Galt nor Edgeworth deliberatley falsify - at least, Edgeworth did not in the narrative of Rackrent or in Ormond; the two other Irish tales, Ennui and, more especially The Absentee contain some special pleading and will be dealt with later. Galt's account of social changes in the West of Scotland has been universally praised: to be realistic his picture

must take account of the evil and violence inseparable from community life over a long period. In Annals and The Provost evil is there, but the writer so understates his account of it that it almost escapes notice at first reading. This is perfectly in character for the two narrators. Superstition is rife in Dalmailing as in most country places. Mizy Spaewell "had a wonderful faith in treats and was just an oracle of sagacity at expounding dreams and bodes"[32]; was it not strange that she died at Hallowe'en? Nanse Birrel is found with her feet uppermost in the well; did she really fall in by accident?[33] The minister has trouble in preventing the people from calling her a witch. At the beginning of his ministry Mr. Balwhidder is not immune from superstition himself. At the end of his sermon on the Sacramental Sabbath in the third year of his parochial duties a strong wind strips the thatch from the roof of the manse stable and the lead from the Kirk roof. No evil comes to him, but smallpox plays havoc with the children of the clachan[34]. As time goes on the minister becomes less superstitious, but he has worse evils to chronicle. A murder is done, (but not by a Dalmailing man), a man and wife, - strangers also - commit suicide and the whole parish mourns the violent death of Lord Eaglesham. In Gudetown Mr. Pawkie witnesses an execution for infanticide, and has to face two riots, one when the usual bonfire on the King's birthday is discontinued, and one when a press-gang invades the town and

the Provost is unjustly suspected of giving support. However, in Galt's two best books the personalities of the two narrators modify the effect of what they set down. Neither are stupid, and each sees, what they would both call sin with clear eyes; but, as they are also naturally compassionate they condemn the crime but pity the criminal. The Provost abominates infanticide[35], but Jean Gaisling's execution is described with gentleness and delicacy in one of the best pieces of prose Galt wrote[36]. So great is Mr. Balwhidder's horror of suicide that he cannot bring himself to use the word, but his reaction to the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Dwining is simple and Christian: "I came away, locking the door behind me, and took the lovely prattling orphans home. I could but shake my head and weep as I gave them to the care of Mrs. Balwhidder. ....Oh! it was a terrible tale; but the winding-sheet and the earth is over it. I sent for two of my elders. I related what I had seen. Two coffins were got, and the bodies laid in them; and the next day, with one of the fatherless bairns in each hand, I followed them to the grave which was dug in that part of the kirkyard where unchristened babies are laid. We durst not take it upon us to do more; but few knew the reason, and some thoughtit was because the deceased were strangers and had no regular lair"[37]. Provost and minister might feel that tact and kindness were enjoined upon them by reason of the positions in the community but they are not

alone in their attitude. The elders know of the Dwinings' suicide but, it is implied, keep silent. The Gudetown ladies make up a comfortable bed for poor Jean on her last night on earth, and some sit up and pray for her. Would these really have been the reactions of a community of that period? Galt thinks so, and records his truth.

If the seamy side of life is muted, though not ignored, in Annals and The Provost, the first part of The Entail is permeated by the spirit of ruthless self-seeking. Until Claud's final change of heart the only people who both recognize normal standards of decency and have not some flaw in their character are the minor figures, Provost and Mrs. Gorbals (whom Providence does not reward) and the upright Mr. Keelevin. Even Dr. Denholm is more a preacher of the wrath of God than of His mercy: Mr. Balwhidder would have been better able to deal with Claud. As for Maudge, she is largely responsible for the laird's obsession. Charles, the "good" member of the family and his wife are too weak to face the relentless egotism of those surrounding them: Watty is an idiot and Betty Bodle an eccentric, though both are attractive in their own ways. Only in the third generation does James unite integrity and strength. All the others, to a greater or lesser degree, are motivated by the love of money and worldly possessions to an extent which makes them disregard the Christian principles they pay lip-service to. A first reading of The Entail is horrifying.

But, although the book is a chronicle of several generations, it is unusual in Galt's better work in having a conventional plot; Galt tells us it was based on a story told him by the then Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Robert Grahame[38]. While it belongs firmly in the West of Scotland cycle it is not told by a witness whose nature and inclination inclines him to veil the evil he must in all honesty mention. The Entail is a story of unnatural acts: a father disinherits his blameless eldest son from motives of family pride, and a mother succeeds in having her second son legally declared an idiot from motives of simple greed. There is a happy end, perhaps because Galt was an optimist, perhaps because the temper of the time was hostile to a story where the good were never rewarded. But Charles dies in despair and his wife has to spend most of her life in fear of poverty. Galt knew well the unattractive side of rural[39] life, but in his two best first-person narratives, while not suppressing it, he filters it down by his choice of narrators.

Miss Edgeworth's sin of omission is more culpable. Writing of the "lower Irish" in Rackrent she leaves out all mention of religion, the barrier which divides Judy and Sir Condy more surely than Isabella's money. Thady's sister, too, never gives up the idea of a possible marriage. "Hold up your head Judy, for who knows that we may live to see you yet at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate" she admonishes the girl near the end of the story[40]. It is out

of character also that, when his beloved Sir Condy is dying, Thady never thinks of saying a prayer for him, the instinctive reaction at a death bed. Galt is much more true to life when he lets Mr. Balwhidder pray with the dying "infidel", Mr. Cayenne, but then Miss Edgeworth thought of the religion of the majority as superstition, unconnected with personal conduct. None of the Catholics in Rackrent would convince anyone of the contrary, but in moments of crisis the intelligent Thady, at least, would have acted in conformity with the faith he had been taught. In actual fact religion, for the "old Irish" was a private matter which they did not share with the "Big House," though sometimes individuals, in moments of great emotion, might speak of their deeper feelings to sympathetic non-Catholics. In Ballitore, for example, one of the insurgent sentries, the "Canny", praises the Quakers to Mrs. Leadbeater. "I told him", she writes, "it would be well if they all were of our way of thinking for then there would be no more work as the present. I thought I understood the 'Canny's' incoherent reply: "Aye, but you know our Saviour - the scourges, the scourges!'"[41] Later, when the village has been almost destroyed, a father tells Mrs. Leadbeater of the death of his son : "'He died two hours before day. I had no one with me to send for the priest, so I prayed God would do his will with him.' I thought this might have been an acceptable prayer, poured forth in the bitterness of an afflicted heart which had no human aid

to look to"[42]. Mrs. Leadbeater's father, however, had built a school on his land, not a Big House! Miss Edgeworth's omission of religion as an element in Thady's character makes the picture of her "region" less accurate. "The limitations of Maria Edgeworth as an Irish novelist are the limitations of her power to apprehend what Thady Quirk really stood for and signified"[43].

Even when his narrator is not a minister of the Gospel John Galt never makes the mistake of minimizing the role of religion in the life of his people. An essential part of Mr. Pawkie's active, successful life is attendance at church, even if the preacher does not satisfy expectations. He is quite sure that the Lord approves all he does, it would seem from external proofs that he is right, for does he not reach his coveted aims and leave his widow "beeking in the lown o' the conquest which the gudeman had, wi' sic an ettling of pains and industry gathered for his family"[44]? Except for a few aristocratic Episcopalians and a sprinkling of Highland Catholics the Church of Scotland really was the church of the Scottish people, whereas in Ireland the religion of the majority, was a handicap to worldly success. To Scots and Irish the importance of their denominations was equal. Even Andrew Wylie kneels down by his bedside and says his prayers on his first night in London.

Many regional novels are novels of memory. It was so with Galt. Looking back after many years he saw his child-

hood and early manhood as "an oasis in the desert" of his life. When he returned to the oasis the charm had faded, but the change was in himself.[45] The recollection of his childhood, youth and early manhood may have seemed all the brighter for the disappointment; Irville, Gudetown and Dalmailing were projections of his one-time happiness. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of the best of his Scottish stories deal with the recent past. All of us have a tendency to idealize the past and he was hardly likely to be challenged if he suppressed the ugliness which must have been there too. In her Irish stories Maria sets only The Absentee - and perhaps Ennui - in the contemporary period[46]. Her account of the past is not coloured by affection, as Galt's is; except in Rackrent (the narrative) she uses her chosen period, and, often, its real or fancied differences from her own time, for propaganda purposes.

Propaganda plays a large part in Miss Edgeworth's work dealing with Ireland, - propaganda for her own class, or, at least, for the 'good' landlords, for the Union and for the correct treatment of the tenants by the landlords. The process begins with the additions to Rackrent - Preface, Glossary, and a short comment appended to the end of the narrative proper, which, for convenience, may be called the 'Postscript'. In the first London and Dublin editions[47] the Glossary is printed directly after the Preface, and not, as in later editions, where one would expect to find it, at

the end. It was an obvious afterthought and its placing was to convenience the printers[48]. While it is impossible to establish definitely whether the Preface or the Postscript was written first, I would suggest that the Postscript was written possibly after Edgeworth's return from Dublin in 1799 and the Preface during, or just after, the family's visit to England later in the same year. The Postscript has its doubts about the value of the Union to Ireland: "It is a problem of difficult solution to determine, whether an Union will hasten or retard the melioration of the country. The few gentlemen of education, who now reside in this country, will resort to England: they are few, but they are in nothing inferior to men of the same rank in Great Britain. The best that can happen will be the introduction of British manufacturers in their place."

Did the Warwickshire militia, who were chiefly artisans, teach the Irish to drink beer? Or did they learn from the Irish to drink whiskey?[49] This tired and disillusioned tone is the reaction of someone who had just seen the corruption of Government and the venality of his fellow "gentlemen" at first hand, and had been disgusted by both. In England, among Edgeworth's liberal friends, the Union was regarded as an enormous benefit to Ireland. Maria's father recovered his confidence there, and perhaps realized at the same time that the publication of the story of four disreputable Irish gentlemen was hardly the best method of

convincing England that she was not getting the worst of the bargain. In the "Postscript" England's ignorance of Ireland had been emphasized: "Indeed, the domestic habits of no nation in Europe were less known to the English than those of their sister country, till within these few years"[50]. Talking even to well-disposed Englishmen Edgeworth may have realized that the "few years" included the rising of 1798 as well as the publication of books like Young's Tour to which he refers with approbation. Maria's sub-title to Rackrent was "An Hibernian Tale / taken from facts, / and from / the manners of the Irish Squires, / before the year 1782." The fact that the Rackrents were an anachronism, (sadly untrue!) and that people like them would not be making the future laws in Westminster must be stressed; hence the ending of the Preface: "The editor hopes his readers will observe that these are tales of other times: that the manners depicted in the following pages are not those of the present age: the race of the Rackrents has long since been extinct in Ireland; and the drunken sir Patrick, the litigious sir Murtagh, the fighting sir Kit, and the slovenly sir Condy, are characters which could no more be met with at present in Ireland, than squire Western or parson Trulliber in England. There is a time, when individuals can bear to be rallied for their past follies and absurdities, after they have acquired new habits and a new consciousness. Nations as well as individuals gradually

lose attachment to their identity, and the present generation is amused rather than offended by the ridicule that is thrown upon its ancestors.

Probably we shall soon have it in our power, in a hundred instances to verify the truth of these observations.

When Ireland loses her identity by an union with Great Britain, she will look back with a smile of good-humoured complacency on the sir Kits and sir Condys of her former existence"[51].

If Captain Beaufort was correctly quoted[52], Maria had at first no intention of publishing Rackrent; its immediate success proved, however, that she could influence readers. Nevertheless, her next novel with a mainly Irish setting did not appear until 1809[53]. Ennui is not a story about landlordism. It is a "Tale of Fashionable Life" in which, according to Edgeworth's Preface, which his daughter approved[54], "the causes, curses and cure" of boredom are exemplified. In the case of the hero, Lord Glenthorn, the causes were spoiling in childhood and youth, too much money and too little to do, the curses unhappiness, aimlessness and wrong-headedness, and the cure Hard work.

Unlike Ormond, Glenthorn does not educate himself. Although his character improves from the time of his arrival in Ireland, as the Lady Geraldine affair and his growing appreciation of the agent, M'Leod, show, he turns to real work only when forced to earn his living by the revelation

that he is not really Lord Glenthorn, but had been "changed at nurse". The beginning of his reformation is his honourable renunciation of the title and estate in favour of his foster-brother, Christy O'Donoghue. Absenteeism does not play a role at all, except in the implicit suggestion that it would have been better for Glenthorn had he managed his estate himself from the time of his majority. His conduct towards his tenants and his agent when he does return is, predictably, the result of the self-centred life he has led and not because he has been an absentee[55]. He accepts flattery uncritically, judges men incorrectly and is more pleased by easy popularity than by the wise advice of the experienced agent. This is in tune with the Edgeworth educational theory, that the early training of the child shapes his character and influences his later life. But Glenthorn could have learned this lesson elsewhere than on an Irish estate. Maria welcomed an opportunity of publishing her father's views on estate management through the medium of the sage M'Leod, but her main concern is with the moral improvement of her hero. Ennui is certainly a regional novel; the conditions Glenthorn meets with in Ireland, and the danger he runs of being considered a political extremist, could not have been duplicated in any other part of the United Kingdom. It is not, however, based on a social evil peculiar to Ireland, as the Absentee is, or at least not primarily so. As is usual with her, Maria hammers

home the real moral at the end. Christy, now Lord Glenthorn and unhappy in his new role, complains to M'Leod: "And isn't it now a great hardship upon a man like me to have nothing to do, or not to be let do anything? If it had not been for my son Johnny's sake I never would have quit the forge"[56]. His foster-brother, now plain Mr. Delamere, his wife's name, (he rejected the name O'Donoghue because his mother-in-law thought it would be horrid to have her daughter called Mrs. O'Donoghue)[57] assures his readers that "after a full experience of what are called the pleasures of life, I would not accept of all the Glenthorn and Sherwood estates, to pass another year of such misery as I endured whilst I was 'stretched on the rack of a too easy chair'"[58]. By an Edgeworthian coincidence the lady whom Mr. Delamere marries is heir-at-law to the Glenthorn estate. Poor Johnny O'Donoghue burns down the castle by setting fire to his bed when drunk, and, on his death, the disillusioned Christy resigns the lands to his foster brother. It is a happy end - for Mr. Delamere. As for the 'lower Irish", Christy, Johnny, Glenthorn's mother, Ellinor, and his rascally servant Joe Kelly, (a rebel and and ex-Maynooth student!), they are typical of "that mixture of quickness, simplicity, cunning, carelessness, dissipation, disinterestedness, shrewdness and blunder" of which Miss Edgeworth thought her Rackrent people characteristic[59]. Ennui shows neither gentry nor peasants in a favourable light;

it is not a novel of propaganda.

The Absentee is another matter. As the title suggests, the aim is to make an Irish social evil clear to English readers, and perhaps, - a more forlorn hope! - to try to convince Irish landlords living in England that it would be better for everyone if they returned and administered their own estates. The book shows the Irish peasants in a more positive light than in Ennui. They are still children, too immature to govern themselves and dependent for guidance on an enlightened governing class, but this need not surprise us; it was Maria's view throughout her long life. With hindsight one can see that this particular ideal, a peaceful Ireland accepting the rule of the "Protestant Nation" could never become a reality, as the whole Irish land problem could not be solved by individuals, however liberal and well meaning. This, however, should not blind modern readers and critics to the substantial good done by people like the Edgeworths to their own tenants and for the promotion of good will in a divided nation. The attempt was limited in scope, and sometimes, as in the Edgeworth's case, minimized by snobbery, but the effort was brave, and Miss Edgeworth's aims in writing The Absentee were praiseworthy. Her "Celtic" villains, the Garaghty brothers, are of the same breed as Jason Quirk, but neither as intelligent nor as successful; unfortunately there were many like them, and Miss Edgeworth balances their odiousness by the saintly

Widow O'Neil and her family. Like Galt's Mrs. Malcolm, Widow O'Neil is too good to be true; scoundrels are easier to do than saints. After Ormond, The Absentee is Miss Edgeworth's most successful follower to Rackrent, though it shows Richard Lovell's influence in the black and white character drawing; the Garaghtys and the blameless agent Burke, for example, are too glaring a contrast, and the laudable moral is reiterated too often. Colambre, the central figure, tends towards priggishness, but has a sense of duty and good judgement. His reluctance to marry his cousin, Grace Nugent, when he thinks she is illegitimate is incomprehensible nowadays, but not in its historical context for a man with a strong feeling for family honour. Grace herself is presented as a young woman of spirit, but accepts her cousin's assurance that there is a good reason for his not marrying her, even though she knows she is blameless and the thought of illegitimacy never occurs to her[60]. However, as Byron remarked, Miss Edgeworth's Cupid was always something of a Presbyterian[61] and the whole love story is unnecessary in the novel anyway. What is important is the social criticism, and in this the Irish characters play their own part. On a subordinate plane, in the Lady Clonbrony and Mrs. Raffarty episodes, The Absentee is an amusing novel of manners, but the two women are ridiculous only because of their snobbery, which, in Lady Clonbrony's case, is the cause of her absenteeism. Poor Mrs. Raffarty, nee Garaghty, is not a rascal

like her brothers, and though she makes fun of her, Miss Edgeworth lets Colambre reflect that she is no worse than his London social-climbing mother. For Maria this is unusual mildness towards a vulgarian. Her contempt for Lady Clonbrony's efforts to prove herself English are an answer to over-patriotic critics who think she did not consider herself Irish. It is for The Absentee, rather than for Rackrent, Ennui and Ormond (with the notable exception of the O'Shane brothers episode), that Miss Edgeworth deserves her reputation as interpreter of Ireland to the English public[62]. It is a propagandist regional novel, but generous and well-intentioned in conception.

The O'Shane brothers in Ormond represent two aspects of eighteenth century Irish life - Castle jobbery and the old Irish "Big House", the milieu from which O'Connell came. Despite the brilliance of their characterization it is not their story which Ormond tells. It bears its hero's name, and is an account of his development. The O'Shanes are worked into the plot as two of young Harry's models, (both of which he later rejects), but their creator was understandably so fascinated by Corny and Ulick that she devoted more time to them than the symetry of the book warrants; this is one of its faults. In comparison with them, the model landlord, Herbert Annally, seems colourless and sickly, a Little Arthur grown to manhood, for Harry is not unlike an Irish Tom Brown as well as an Irish Tom Jones. Maria

has certainly more sympathy with Annaly's ideas, which are roughly those of her father, than with those of either O'Shane. Nevertheless, she does not wish the reader to concentrate on Ormond's three models, but on Ormond himself; one of the book's faults is that she does not succeed in making him as interesting as his uncles and friend. She herself would plead the cause neither of Ulick, nor of Corny; her aim here is not propaganda.

John Galt does not set out to prove to anyone that Scotland was an excellent country with excellent inhabitants, though, with the exception of The Entail and perhaps The Last of the Lairds, his books do that very thing. Who would not be pleased to meet people like Mr. Balwhidder, or even James Pawkie (provided one did not get in his way)? It is not only Andrew Wylie who would give thanks for a return to communities like Stoneyholm, Dalmailing or Gudetown. Even The Entail, grim as it is, shows Scots probity in the person of Mr. Keelevin, revolted by Claud's unnatural action, and, though he is a cautious man, the lawyer says so. The Last of the Lairds has also that upright young minister, Dr. Lounlans, who is so blameless and unconvincing that he might be one of Miss Edgeworth's doggedly virtuous characters. Claud Walkinshaw himself proves the permanency of early religious teaching. Galt did not need to emphasize the good qualities of the Scots: Sir Walter had been there before him. Though Galt never tried to imitate the Great

Unknown and[63] though the best work of each was so very different, Scott had prepared the ground for friendly dispositions towards his country. Scotland had no recent history to live down; 1707 was long ago, and the Union was firmly established, with, it would seem, the approval of both countries. As for 1745, since Waverley it had become a Scottish asset; Galt even felt obliged to introduce a Highland prophetess into The Entail, where she is grotesquely out of place, in order to satisfy contemporary taste. Since he meant his work to be a chronicle, he did not regard his novels as essays in propaganda. He was also writing of a country where, in comparison to Ireland, a permanently oppressed majority was not a constant menace to an entrenched, protected and fearful minority. In Galt's time there was violence in the industrial centres[64] and it was probably latent in the rural areas then and earlier, but since the Levellers' action in the early years of the eighteenth century (1724) organized opposition among the farm workers was not a danger to the landlords. In this Scotland differed from England: "Cobbett came to find out why the Scots were quiet while the English burnt the ricks"[65] and found no satisfactory answer: Smout himself suggests that "rural Calvinism worked against Radicalism[66]. Whatever the reason, when Galt depicted rural Scotland he did not have to portray political or agrarian revolutionaries. Probably the sort of "earthiness" characteristic of so many regional novels

satirized in Cold Compot Farm was in Dalmailing and its likes also, although one cannot really imagine one of Mr. Balwhidder's parishioners selling his wife at a fair. The Revolutionary and Radical upsurges which the Scottish upper and and middle-class found so terrifying, were not too much publicized in England. Also, unlike Maria Edgeworth, Galt was not writing as representative of an unrepresentative group Nobody has ever questioned his Scottishness, either in his own day or since. The depth of unostentatious affection which pervades his whole output of Scottish novels is silent testimony to his patriotism, but also, by implication, to his country's worth. His novels, if not his life, proclaim him as a sensible man, who would love only a country worth the loving. In his case, lack of patriotic flourishes is more effective than special pleading. Though at times apparently dogmatic and obstinate in private life, - the Courier affair, for example, - he never forces his views on the reader of his literary work. The tone is quiet, not polemic. When he does try to present a view of life or group of people in an especially favourable light, as with the Covenanters in Ringan Gilhaize, for example, he is much less readable than when he describes life as (he thinks) it really was, without embroidery or argument. Any sense of 'engagement' or urgency is absent from his best style of unimpassioned, detailed, affectionate narration. He is one of the ideal regional novelists, but leaves pro-

paganda untouched. Maria's agonizings in her later years about the future of her class and of her country would have been incomprehensible to him, for, in his best Scottish stories, he was always an optimist, like Mr. Balwhidder and James Pawkie. His optimism is more laudable than theirs; as far as one can judge, he did not have the consolation of orthodox religious belief, and he certainly had not Mr. Pawkie's consciousness of success. Ironically, had he wished to be a propagandist for his people, he would have been a better one than Maria, for he writes of the social group he knows and belongs to, and so never runs the risk of being condescending.

Scotland and Ireland are both scenically beautiful, yet neither John Galt nor Maria Edgeworth are given to convincing[67] descriptions of nature unless there is some purpose behind them, often connected with the main character. For both of them, it would seem, people were more important than landscapes; the practical fact that neither of them had particularly good sight may have unconsciously influenced this preference, as it did Dr. Johnson's love of cities. In The Absentee, for example, the wretched hovels of Nugentstown are a means of pressing home the lesson Colambre is learning[68], that this is what happens to a village when the landlord is an absentee. (She suppresses the fact that it often happened when the landlord was in residence, something which Galt would not have done). Later on in the same

book the heartless devastation of Clonbrony Castle and park, as Colambre first sees them after many years emphasizes the evils of a system where the land is regarded only as a source of remittances to London: "Lord Colambre's attention was now engaged by the view of the castle and park of Clonbrony. He had not seen it since he was six years old. Some faint reminiscence from his childhood made him feel or fancy that he knew the place. It was a fine castle, spacious park; but all about it from the broken piers at the great entrance to the mossy gravel and loose steps at the hall-door, had an air of desertion and melancholy. Walks overgrown, shrubberies wild, plantations run up into bare poles; fine trees cut down, and lying on the ground in lots to be sold. A hill that had been covered with an oak wood, where in his childhood our hero used to play, and which he called the black forest, was gone; nothing to be seen but the white stumps of the trees, for it had been freshly cut down to make up the last remittances. - 'And how it went when sold! - but no matter,' said Finnucan the car driver; 'it's all alike'"[69]. The description of the wild country near Glenthorn's castle[70] accentuates the strangeness of the place in the eyes of one of London's gilded youth. When he wakes the first morning the young man hears the sound of the sea booming against his castle walls. Looking out of his window he sees that "the whole prospect bore an air of savage wildness. As I contemplated the scene, my

imagination was seized with the idea of remoteness from civilized society the melancholy feeling of solitary grandeur took possession of my soul"[71]. There is no precise account of what he did see; what is important to Miss Edgeworth is his reaction. In a way, too, the setting is an excuse for Glenthorn's early wrong-headedness. In his lonely kingdom it was no wonder he felt he could be autocratic, like King Corny on the Black Islands, lord of all in his own little domain. Glenthorn's castle is not on an island, but, one feels, at the world's end nevertheless. In this setting it is not surprising that "rables and united-men" lurk in the caves and conspire to overthrow established order. Even the reformed Mr. Delamere who returns at the end of the story will hardly be able to 'civilize' such a wilderness, just as Harry Ormond will probably have to leave much of the savage individuality of his 'kingdom' untouched.

For Mr. Balwhidder the beauty of nature is linked with the happiness of his people and the practice of his ministry. "We sat, as it were, in a lown and pleasant place, beholding our prosperity like the apple tree adorned with her garlands of flourishes, in the first fair mornings of the spring, when the birds are returning thanks to their Maker for the coming of the seed-time, and the busy bee goeth forth from her cell to gather honey from the flowers of the field, and the broom of the hill, and the blue-bells and gowans which Nature, with a gracious and gentle hand, scatters the valley,

as she walketh forth in her beauty to testify to the goodness of the father of all mercies.

Both at the spring and at harvest sacraments the weather was as that which is in Paradise; there was a glad composure in all hearts, and the minds of men were doftened towards each other"[72]. This decorous rhapsody is completely in character; to the minister everything bears witness to the glory of God, and the biblical turn of speech, so often used throughout the book, emphasizes the tone of benevolent Puritanism. Summer was surely beautiful too, but is not described, perhaps because its garish opulence would be unsuitable. The gentle understatement of spring and autumn colours is nearer to the minister's mind, and both these seasons are linked with the sacrament - the perfect blending of the natural and supernatural. Though in a different tradition the poetry of George Herbert offers passages of equal serenity. Both are very different from the implications of spring to the blind Gaelic poet Raftery, then walking the roads "full of hope and of love / With eyes without light / With tranquillity without torment". For him the better weather promises a return to his own county Mayo. "Now at the coming of spring the days will be getting a stretch, / And after St. Brigid's day I shall raise my sail, / Since I resolved I shall never stop / Until I stand fast in County Mayo." There follows an incantatory list of place names, all stages in the journey which lightens

the poet's heart, "As the wind would rise or the mist scatter", and one of the verses ends: "And if I were standing in the very middle of my people / The age would go from me and I would be young again." Concrete, firmly anchored in this world; spring means freedom to travel again, after a winter crouched in a cabin over the smoking turf fire. There is the same elation in mediaeval German poetry on spring and for the same reason; better weather brings liberation, a change from winter monotony. Quite unlike Mr. Balwhidder - or Maria Edgeworth.

As Grippy is within walking distance of Glasgow there are more landscape descriptions in The Entail than in Galt's other books: the characters, walking or riding, sometimes pause on their way to be comforted or disquieted by the weather or the view. Thus, when Charles is returning home having resolved to wait the year his father stipulated before marrying Isabella, he is comforted by the peace and maturity of the Autumn evening and consoles himself for his sacrifice "to prudence and to duty"[73]. There is irony, since Claud has other intentions for him and it is his lack of prudence which precipitates a catastrophe that would have come in any case. When Charles and Isabella walk to Grippy after their marriage their apprehension is strengthened by the melancholy of the day: "a thin grey vapour filled the whole air and saddened every feature of the landscape. The birds sat mute and ourie and the Clyde, increased by

recent upland rains, grumbled with the hoarseness of his wintry voice"[74]. The sun shines on Walter's wedding day, but here again the "pathetic fallacy" is used ironically, as the marriage is short-lived[75]. Similarly, when Mr. Keelevin makes his way to Grippy after Charles's death to beg Claud for help he is soothed by the Sabbath stillness of the countryside and its freshness "restored him to confidence in the charity of his (Claud's) intentions"[76] - another hope that is disappointed. When Charles hears of the disinheritance he does not go home after leaving Mr. Keelevin's Glasgow office, but "never halted till he had gained the dark firs which overhang the cathedral and skirt the Molendiar Burn, which at the time was swelled with rains, and pouring its troubled torrent almost as violently at the tide of feeling that struggled in his bosom. Unconscious of what he did, and borne along by the whirlwind of his own thoughts, he darted down the steep and for a moment hung on the rocks at the bottom as if he meditated some frantic leap.....The scene and the day were in unison with the tempest which shook his frame and shivered his mind. The sky was darkly overcast. The clouds were rolling in black and lowering masses, through which an occasional gleam flickered for a moment on the towers and pinnacles of the cathedral, and glimmered in its rapid transit on the monuments and graves in the churchyard. A gloomy shadow succeeded; and then a white and ghostly light hovered along the ruins of

the bishop's castle, and darted with a strong and steady ray on a gibbet which stood on the rising ground beyond. The gusty wind howled like a death-dog among the firs, which waved their dark boughs like hearse-plumes over him; and the voice of the raging waters encouraged his despair"[77]. Charles is marked for death, but for his son, James, walking to Kittlestoneheugh (as Grippy has become) the storm is only at a distance and the sun shines on the hills. "The appearance of the city was also in harmony with the general sublimity of the evening. Her smoky canopy was lowered almost to a covering - a mist from the river hovered along her skirts and scattered buildings; but here and there some lofty edifice stood proudly eminent, and the pinnacles of the steeples, glittering like spear-points through the cloud, suggested to the fancy strange and solemn images of heavenly guardians, stationed to oppose the adversaries of man"[78]. James is strengthened in his resolve to refuse his uncle's demand that he marry Robina, and to leave Glasgow. The summer storm in which George meets his death was introduced, Galt tells us[79], to allow him to describe the northern coast of Scotland. It provides a final silent confrontation between one of the victims of Claud's obsession and the man who is enjoying its fruits. As the disinheriting of Charles was an unnatural act, it seemed perhaps right to Galt that the wrong should be righted by a convulsion of Nature. It is a fine set-piece, but is Galt being quite

true to his conviction that he does not belong to "that class who deal in the wild and wonderful"[80]? The storm is not unlike a drawing by Fuseli from whom, in the same passage, Galt specifically distances himself. In contrast the "Windy Yule"[81] is absolutely right. The description is an integral part of the Gudetown chronicle in that it affected most of the population, and it provides an opportunity of showing the best side of Mr. Pawkie, his genuine kindness and concern for the suffering.

Galt and Edgeworth both use descriptions of interiors to conjure up an atmosphere and to tell us something about the people who live in them. Martha Docken's cottage, for example, is described with the minuteness and accuracy of a Dutch painting. "The furniture of her cottage, in addition to Andrew's cradle (and that was borrowed), consisted of one venerable elbow-chair, with a tall perpendicular back - curiously carved - , a family relic of better days enjoyed by her own or her husband's ancestors; two buffet-stools, one a little larger than the other; a small oaken claw-foot table; her wheel, a hand-reel, a kail-pot, and a skillet, together with a scanty providing of bedding, and a chest that was at once coffer, wardrobe and ambry"[82]. This is more than a mere catalogue; by some mysterious process it contrives to convey both Martha's poverty (the borrowed cradle, the limitation to bare necessities), but her cheerfulness as well. The relics of better days imply that,

though poor she had her share of honest family pride and piety and was no ordinary old countrywoman; her tenacity in keeping the carved chair and claw-foot table through bad days foreshadow her grandson's later perseverence in climbing to fortune. Neither give in easily and neither complain. The same care is taken with the description of Mr. Tannyhill's room at the back of the schoolhouse: "Behind the door, in a recess, stood a humble bed, covered with a patched and quilted coverlet, which at night was carefully removed, being only used for show by day. Fronting the entrance, a mahogany scrutoire was placed, somewhat of an incongruous degree of splendour compared with the general style of the apartment, and over it hung a Dutch looking-glass, in a gaudy frame of flowers and gilding, a considerable margin of the plate being adorned with flowers and foliage printed on the surface. The top of the scrutoire, under the glass, was covered with a damask towel, and occupied by several volumes neatly bound a tall wine-goblet with a white spiral line up the stalk, filled with flowers, and a mahogany tea-chest with an inlaid likeness of a clam-shell in front. The window was between the scrutoire and the wall facing the bed. It consisted of four panes and looked into a small garden, rank with apple-ringy, and other fragrant herbs and stately flowers. The sole of the window was occupied with a flower-pot containing a geranium, round which lay scattered several books, a shaving box, a razor-

case, and a hone. Opposite to the window and near the door, stood and eight-day clock, with a black bust between the volutes on the top, bearing the well-known inscription of the cloud-capped towers, indicating that the image was meant for Shakespeare"[83]. Even without the 'incongruous' escritoire the furniture is a modern antique-dealer's dream. While it did not suggest luxury in its own period, it nevertheless indicated taste, or perhaps inheritance from a family of some substance. Meticulous precision is shown in the careful arrangement of the coverlet and the discreet concealment of personal possessions under the 'damask'towel', - possibly a piece of damask used as a curtain as in some such pieces. The few articles left out on the window sill give the room normalness and prevents the impression of self conscious quaintness and of living in a past age, for the furniture antedates the period of the novel. The final touch is given by the herb and flower garden; old-fashioned flowers certainly, for what other kind of garden could Mr. Tannyhill have? Whatever Galt intended, there is much more of Dr. Primrose in him than in Mr. Balwhidder, and his room confirms it.

Miss Edgeworth does not paint such detailed pictures as Galt does. Her method is to link the description of an interior with the feelings of one of her characters. Thus the neglected state of Castle Rackrent is conveyed to the reader by the lonely Thady's soliloquy: "There was a great

silence in Castle Rackrent, and I went moping from room to room hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind through the broken windows that the glazier never would come to mend, and the rain coming through the roof and best ceilings all through the house, for want of the slater whose bill was not paid; besides our having no slates or shingles for that part of the old building which was shingled, and burnt when the chimney took fire, and had been open to the weather ever since"[84]. In the same oblique way the vastness of Glenthorn's castle can be inferred from his impressions on the night of his return. Tired after his journey, he feels that he is being led up endless flights of stairs through echoing galleries to a bedchamber full of the sound of the sea, and "hung with magnificent, but ancient tapestry. It was so like a room in a haunted castle, that if I had not been too much fatigued to think of anything, I should certainly have thought of Mrs. Radcliffe"[85]. There is more 'transparent' description, seen through the eyes of Colambre, when he returns to Clonbrony castle. The impression made by the devastated park is confirmed by the interior. My lord's venison is cooking for the agent who has told the people come to pay their rents to use the grand stair case; the office is damp, and he is using my lady's dressing-room instead. As he goes up the stairs Colambre notices the family portraits disfigured by damp. The tenants throw their wet coats on the silk cushions and shake their pens

out on the rich carpet. This slovenliness and neglect is associated directly with the agent and with the absence of the landlord[86].

One of the characteristics of the regional novel is the author's use of dialect. In spite of her belief that Rackrent needed a Glossary Maria Edgeworth actually uses less dialect words than John Galt. This is part of Galt's realism; Mr. Balwhidder, the product of the Glasgow School of Divinity, uses less dialect words than Provost Pawkie, who has only the background of the local school; the 'rich men', Claud Walkinshaw and Archibald Plack, who have practically no formal education, use more dialect words and turns of phrase than either. This is not to say that Maria Edgeworth's narrative in Rackrent (her only Irish story with an uneducated Irish narrator) lacks the rhythm of Irish speech; on the contrary, so typical does it read that it is a surprise to find on close examination how little she departs from standard English. Characterizing the speech of Lady Geraldine in Ennui Glenthorn notices ('maliciously', he says, for he is annoyed by her indifference to himself), that there was something "More interrogative, more exclamatory, and perhaps more rhetorical than the common language of English ladies, accompanied with much animation of countenance and demonstrative gesture.....She was uncommonly eloquent, and yet, without action, her words were not sufficiently rapid to express her ideas. Her manner appeared

foreign, yet it was not quite French. If I had been obliged to decide, I should, however, have pronounced it rather more French than English"[87]. Lady Geraldine does not, of course, speak with a "brogue" which Thady would have done, but otherwise Miss Edgeworth reproduces these characteristics in Rackrent. It is difficult to convey the idea of speed on the written page, but she does it in the 1800 edition by the use of the dash instead of the full stop to end a sentence; the dash was her own favourite sign of punctuation in letters home, when she did not need to be as careful as in writing to strangers as Mrs. Colvin's accurate reproduction of her letters from England shows. She liked it precisely because it gave the same impression of private, unedited conversation which she wished to reproduce in Thady's narrative. Watson finds these dashes "rather feminine"[88] and Maria resorted to more conventional punctuation in later editions of Rackrent, but her first instinct was correct. The absence of full stops and semi-colons suggests not only the old man's garrulousness, but the speed of Irish speech, which, even today, has a faster tempo than Southern English. "The cellars were never filled after his death - and no open house, or any thing as it used to be - the tenants even were sent away without their whiskey - I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family - But I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow,

nor any body else - she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow - It was a strange match for the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly - but I said nothing - I knew how it was - sir Murtagh was a great lawyer and looked to the great Skinflint estate; - there, however, he overshot himself for though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day - he could not foresee that, to be sure, when he married her"[89]. This is a passage taken at random from the early part of the book; it could be duplicated many times in the history of the first three Rackrents. In the Sir Condy episode Maria was more conventional in her punctuation even in the first edition; probably by that time she had made up her mind to publish, but she left her original punctuation in the first part when revising the manuscript for publication. In later editions the first part of the novel, too, is punctuated more conventionally, which is a pity, as the original conveyed an impression both of speed and of the often digressive garrulousness of an old man. The non-italicising of the 'I' ("I said nothing") in later editions weakens somewhat Thady's assumption of omniscience where the family is concerned.

Lady Geraldine's speech was more interrogative and rhetorical than an English persons' manner of expression. Rhetorical questions are frequent in Irish speech, but there are not too many in Castle Rackrent. "Why should'nt he as

well as another?" asks Thady when Jason, on his 'obliging' the agent, puts in a claim for a good farm[90]. "...could you find it in your heart to leave me this way in the very middle of my distresses, all alone?" Sir Condy asks his wife, after she has told him she intends to do that very thing[91]. "...what use? He can't last the night"[92] says Judy when Thady begs her to stay and nurse Sir Condy. This manner of speech is sometimes substituted for by a statement which seems outrageous to the reader and reads even more defiantly: "...I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish; and considering too it was no fault of her's to be taken with my master so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as sir Kit was when he courted her"[93]. It would be more natural for Thady to say: "Why wouldn't she be taken with my master...", but this seems to him too apologetic, as he knows in his heart that Sir Kit's behaviour is despicable by any decent standards.

When reporting speech, Thady often uses the interpolated 'says he', 'says she' which is a stock device in popular humourous poetry[94] and gives what is even a serious piece of psychological description a humourous tone. Thus Thady reports the overheard conversation between Sir Condy and his lady, "'Well, what's in your letter, Bella, my dear?' says he: 'you're a long time spelling it over.' 'Won't you shave this morning, sir Condy?' says she and puts the letter into her pocket. 'I shaved the day before yesterday'

says he, 'my dear, and that's not what I'm thinking of now; but any thing to oblige you, and to have peace and quietness, my dear" - and presently I had the glimpse of him at the cracked glass over the chimney piece, standing up shaving himself to please my lady. But she took no notice, but went on reading her book, and Mrs. Jane doing her hair behind. 'What is it you're reading there, my dear? - phoo, I've cut myself with this razor; the man's a cheat that sold it to me, but I have not paid him for it yet: what is it you're reading there? did you hear me asking you, my dear?' 'The Sorrows of Werter,' replies my lady, as well as I could hear. 'I think more of the sorrows of sir Condy,' says my master, joking like. 'What news from Mount Juliet's town?' 'No news,' says she, 'but the old story over again, my friends all reproaching me still for what I can't help now.' 'Is it for marrying me?' said my master, still shaving, 'what signifies, as you say, talking of this when it can't be help'd now?'"[95]. This is a wonderful piece of description by implication of the relations between husband and wife; Sir Condy's slovenliness, his readiness to do anything for a quiet life, the complete lack of feeling between the pair, all are conveyed; the comedy in the frequent "says he's" at the beginning passes to the more serious long passages. The careless reader might think this extract merely funny and miss the tragedy of a marriage which never should have taken place.

Maria Edgeworth explains most of the Irish words and phrases she uses in the Glossary, sometimes by using a Gaelic word (Gol, the Gaelic for 'crying' to replace Whillaluh[96], with a long commentary in English on what this means. She also explains 'let alone', ' Mad' (meaning angry) 'innocent' (simpleton) 'Kilt' (hurt),'wake' (surely well enough understood now!) and 'Out of forty-nine suits, which he had, he never lost one - but seventeen', describing this last as 'a specimen of a mode of rhetoric common to in Ireland', though it is hardly used today. Watson glosses Thady's "Sarrah bit of a secret has he learnt from me" as "Sorrow," i.e. the Devil, a strong negative. Cf. John Galt, The Provost, Edinburgh (1822): "Without a smith there was no egress, and sorrow a smith was to be had' (ch. V)[97]. On the whole, however, though the cadence of Thady's speech gives the strong impression of 'Irishness' there are but few words and phrases which the English reader could not understand.

Galt is much more given to specifically Scottish words and idioms, though even with him, there is little that either does not become clear from the context or makes little difference to the enjoyment and comprehension of the story. As has been said, he lets his uneducated speakers use more Scottish words than those who, like Mr. Balwhidder, have had a good training in 'the humanities', Thus, in the first paragraph of A Rich Man the non-Scottish reader finds the

following: 'oe', 'ganging a grey gaet' 'gavalling' 'bodles' 'haining', 'birkies' and 'slaik'[98]. Archibald Plack's Scottishness and background are thus established from the beginning and the opening is lively enough to make the reader continue, even if every word is not instantly familiar. Galt's best fiction was as popular in England as in Scotland when it first appeared, and perhaps the strangeness of diction was a factor in this popularity. Eric Linklater talked of "the cash value of the Scottish tongue in the South"[99]; Galt, like Andrew Wylie, must have been aware of the attractive 'quaintness' of an unusual idiom. But that was not the primary reason for his use of the vernacular in his Scottish stories. Though he thought so poorly of literature he was a literary artist and could only write realistically of his native country. To be realistic he had to make his characters speak dialect; it is as simple as that. As he himself remarks in his Autobiography, dialect predominated over English in his native land. It is as much part of his realism as the omission by Mr. Balwhidder of all mention of the French Revolution from his chronicle of 1789; to a country clergyman the revolution would not have been important at its beginning.

Yet, though Mr. Balwhidder's narrative abounds in dialect words, the impression that he is writing in dialect is not given. Only in moments of emotion does he use idiom almost unconsciously. When some women of his parish are

drinking their illicit tea, probably with 'a lacing of the conek', under the hedge, "I gave them a sign, by a loud host, that Providence sees all, and it skailed the bike"[100]; "like a tap of tow, she (Lady Macadam) kindled upon both him and Kate"[101] (here the simile is much more effective than if a more usual word had been used) "she was as cagey and meikle taken up with them as if they had gotten her full consent"[102]. Lady Macadam nearly always makes the minister forget he is a man of God and a product of the Divinity school in Glasgow. He is always downright in characterizing women he does not like: Thomas Wilson's wife is "a doited tawpy"[103] and he uses the same word when she comes to him, sure that her husband has fallen in battle[104]. Jean Glaikit, who is murdered by her Irish lover, is "a contumacious limmer"[105], poor Meg Guffaw goes about "gecking and simpering"[106], though the minister shows pity for her death, in spite of his horror of suicide. After his dreadful criticism of the three ministers, Mr. Cayenne bounds out of the house "like a hand-ball stotting on a stone;"[107] the players who visit Dalmailing are a "clanjamfrey"[108], a beautiful word, much more redolent of contempt than any English equivalent. Mr. Balwhidder can use dialect for not too immoderate praise; his Edinburgh hostess is "a gawsy, furthy woman"[109]. Later she sides with Mrs. Balwhidder in urging him to preach before the Commissioner, and he feels "something of jocularity" in her later praise. The "birr and smeddum" which he misses

in Willie Malcolm's sermons[110] might be a description of the qualities which distinguish the minister of Dalmailing from Dr. Primrose, whatever Galt's original intention may have been. All these words and phrases increase the quaint humour of the narrative for any reader.

Mr. Balwhidder is a devoted clergyman, and sometimes he uses Biblical language, now and again mixed with dialect. A hypothetical successor who may not be as well-off as he is, is "some bare and hungry gorbie of the Lord"[111]. Willie Malcolm "was long obliged, like many another unfriended saint, to wash Ethiopians in the shape of an eastcountry gentleman's camstrairy weans"[112]. Poor Meg Guffaw who attends church regularly, it would seem, - it is after a service that she meets the man who indirectly causes her death - has picked up the minister's language and uses it with an effect of solemn sadness when her mother dies: "This is an altered house: they're gane that keepit it bein; but, sir, we maun a' come to this, we maun pay the debt o' nature. Death is a grim creditor, and a doctor but brittle bail when the hour of reckoning's at han'"[113]. Sometimes the minister uses the language of the Saints without dialect words, as in the description of Thomas Thorl's death: "In due season, when it pleased Him, who alone can give and take, to pluck him from this life, as the fruit opened and ready for the gathering his death, to all the knew him, was a gentle dispensation; for truly he had been in sore trouble"[114].

This same Thomas Thorl quoted a text when Mr. Balwhidder and his friends had to enter the church by the window: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber"[115]. Neither he nor Mr. Balwhidder see anything comic in its use. When the minister's son is born his people "were wonderful lifted up because their minister had a man-child born unto him"[116] - did Grassie Gibbon remember Galt when writing Sunset Song? In 1769 the Americans were "seized with the rebellious spirit of the ten tribes"[117]. Providence intervenes in wonderful ways in the life of Dalmailing; "It pleased Him, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, to send at this time among us a Miss Sabrina Hooky, the daughter of old Mr. Hooky"[118] and Lord Eaglesham's fall into the midden was also dictated by a higher power. When the minister laughs at the antics of Jenny and Meg Guffaw he is "vanquished in that unguarded moment by my enemy" and when he tries to ban the two women from the kirk, "the adversary was busy with them"[119]. The sermon on the Babylonian harlot is splendid and Mr. Balwhidder's most opprobious adjective is "prelatical" - applied to Lady Macadam among others. And great is his consternation when a priest invades his parish, - but for a short time only, - bringing with him "that momento of Satan, the crucifix". In these examples the effect is humourous, but Mr. Balwhidder's faith

is genuine and Galt can use exalted language in a serious and beautiful manner as in the passage on spring and autumn already quoted[120]. The prayers and musings of simple people are always touching; Meg Guffaw has been quoted and she uses the language of the pulpit once more when the minister is in trouble about the disposition of his augmented stipend. "...she cried out with a loud voice, like a soul under the inspiration of prophecy: 'When the widow's cruse had filled all the vessels in the house the Lord stopped the increase. Verily, verily, I say unto you, if your barns be filled and your girnell-kists can hold no more, seek till ye shall find the tume basins of the poor, and therein pour the corn, and the oil and the wine of your abundance: so shall ye be blessed of the Lord." Accordingly, the minister gives notice to every widow in the parish who was in need to come to the manse to receive her portion of the augmentation[121]. Cynics might object that the gift of admonition is given to a mad woman, but it is part of Galt's and Mr. Balwhidder's humanity, that both recognize "there was much like the inner side of wisdom in the pattern of her sayings"[122]. Her intervention gives the minister an opportunity of triumphing over the heritors who grudged the augmented stipend, and this, too, he enjoys. There is nothing worldly, however, in the musings of the Widow Mirkland as she looks at the setting sun and thinks of her grandson who has enlisted and whom she believes dead: "'Yonder it slips awa',' she was

saying, 'and my poor bairn, that's o'er the seas in America, is maybe looking on its bright face, thinking of his hame, and aiblins of me that did my best to breed him up in the fear of the Lord. Bit I couldna' warsle wi' what was ordained. Ay, Jock! as ye look at the sun gaun down, as, many a time, when ye were a wee innocent laddie at my knee here, I hae bade ye look on him as a type of your Maker, ye will hae a sore heart; for ye hae left me in my need, when ye should hae been near at hand to help me for the hard labour and industry with which I brought you up. But it's the Lord's will. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that makes us to thole the tribulations of this world, and will reward us, through the mediation of Jesus, hereafter"[123]. In other circumstances such language might sound sanctimonious or hypocritical, a mere parrot repetition of words heard in church, but the old woman thinks herself alone and unheard. Her story, which she tells Mr. Balwhidder, explains her hopelessness. With her, as with the chronicler of Annals, the use of the language of the church is natural, another form of dialect in its way, for so much is the Kirk and its services a part of these people's lives that in time of trouble, when they pray, they instinctively use the idiom they hear each Sunday of their lives.

The Provost is a man of the people and vernacular expressions are more usual with him than with Mr. Balwhidder. It is only the more unusual phrases that are really noticeable.

The predecessors of Bailie M'Lucre, for example, "got their loofs creeshed with something that might be called a grassum, or rather, a gratis gift"[124]. To please Mr. Dinton, Mr. Pawkie is forced "to loot a sort a-jee, and to wile him into good humour"[125], the Scots phrase being more or less explained by the one following. In general, however, the dialect words are so frequent that they are taken for granted. At the beginning of his story the Provost is obviously very conscious that he is writing for posterity, and feels it incumbent on him to adopt a pompous style; the opening sentences are long and florid, but, as he gets into his stride, Mr. Pawkie reverts naturally to his own way of speech. When he wishes to present a stupid and self-satisfied man, (which James Pawkie is not) Galt allows him to use long Latinized words which he does not understand. Mr. Peevie answers the provost thus: "What ye say, Provost Pawkie, has within it a solid commodity of judgement and sensibility and ye may be sure that I was not without a cogitation of reflection that there had been a discreet argument of economy at the bottom of the revolution which was brought to a criticism yesterday's afternoon. Weel aware am I that men in authority cannot appease and quell the inordinate concupiscence of the multitude, and that in a' stations of life there are persons who would mumpileese the retinue of the king and government for their own behoof and eeteration, without any regard to the cause or effect of such manifest predilections. But

ye do me no more than a judicature in supposing that, in this matter I am habituated wi' the best intentions"[126].

Both Galt and Edgeworth, then, give their novels a strong regional flavour by the use of their respective vernaculars. Galt uses a greater number of dialect words, Edgeworth relies more on the cadence of Irish speech.

NOTES

Abbreviations used for most frequent correspondents with Maria Edgeworth: -

CSE = Charles Sneyd Edgeworth
DAB = Daniel Augustus Beaufort
HB = Mrs. Harriet Butler
Mrs. E. = Unless otherwise stated, Mrs. Frances Edgeworth
ME = Maria Edgeworth
MPE = Michael Pakenham Edgeworth
RLE = Richard Lovell Edgeworth
Mrs. R. = Mrs. Margaret Ruxton
SR = Miss Sophy Ruxton
FW = Fanny Edgeworth Wilson

Other Abbreviations in Notes: -

A = The Autobiography of John Galt, I-II, 1833
LB = Blackwood's Letter Book (NLS)
WB = William Blackwood
Colvin = Christina Colvin Maria Edgeworth Letters from England 1813 - 44, 1971
EP = Edgeworth Papers
Memoir = Memoir of Maria Edgeworth by Mrs.Frances Edgeworth, privately printed, 1867 (NLI)
NLI = National Library of Ireland
NLS = National Library of Scotland
RLEM= Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth (Vol II by Maria) 1821 (2nd. edition)
QR = Quarterly Review
Ferguson = Ferguson, William: Scotland: 1689 to the Present, Edinburgh & London,1968.
Meikle = Meikle, A: Scotland and the French Revolution, New York, 1969.
Smout = Smout, T.C. A History of the Scottish People, London, 1969.

NOTES

CHAPTER I.

1. RLEM. I. 82-83.
2. RLEM, I. 65.
3. RLEM, I. 103.
4. Day proposed to both Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd but was rejected by both. He then adopted two female orphans with the object of training one of them as his wife, but, when the favoured girl, whom he called Sabrina, did not pass some "tests," she was found unworthy and married Day's friend, Mr. Bicknell. Finally Day found a suitable wife in Esther Milnes.
5. A society composed mainly of practical scientists who met on the Monday nearest the full moon, as moonlight made travelling by night easier for those who had far to go.
6. This is the date usually given, but see Christina Colvin and Marylin Butler: "A Revised Date of Birth for Maria Edgeworth, NQ, September 1971.
7. E, IX. 2.
8. RLEM, I. 235-6.
9. In France Edgeworth met Rousseau who took Richard for a walk. The boy irritated the philosopher by his chauvinism; every time they saw a fine coach, carriage etc., Richard cried out, "That's English!"
10. HR to MPE, 8 January 1838: EP.
11. RLEM, I. 328-9.
12. HB to MPE, 8 January 1838: EP. Maria was then over seventy and could look back on the incident with equanimity.
13. Honora and he shared this interest: cf. B, 64-5.
14. Mrs. HE to ME, 5 February 1778: EP folder 1769 - 1783.
15. RLE to ME 1778: EP folder 1769 - 1783.
16. Mrs. HE to ME, 10 October 1779: Memoir I, 5. The first paragraph is gentler in tone. Honora Edgeworth was then very ill and her stern sense of duty towards her step-children was perhaps offended at not having written Maria first.
17. RLEM, I. 369: note by Maria.
18. Written in Mrs. Honora Edgeworth's hand, April 1780: EP. folder 1769 - 1783.
19. RLE to ME, 2 May 1780: EP folder 1769 - 1783.
20. Cf. Maria's description of her written almost forty years after Honora's death: "the more than celebrated, the revered Honora." RLEM, II, 182.
21. RLEM, I. 248-9.
22. RLEM, I. 372.
23. RLE to ME, 23 September 1781: EP folder 1769 - 1783.
24. Memoir I, 13.
25. A, I. 3.
26. A, I. 16.

27. Ibid.
28. G, II. 22-3.
29. Galt inherited this, but his "perception of the ridiculous" was always kindly.
30. A, I, 16-17.
31. A, I. 255-6.
32. Mrs. Pringle was modelled on Mrs. Galt: A, II. 229.
33. To be fair, he did have good grounds for supposing the Canada venture would be successful: see below 101.
34. Jennie W. Aberdein, John Galt, London, 1936, 36.
35. James Hogg: "Reminiscences of some of his Contemporaries", appended to The Poetical Works of the Ettrick Shepherd, 1838-40, V, cxiv-cxv.
36. Aberdein, op.cit., 29.
37. See below, 108-110.
38. A, I. 62.
39. A, I. 61.
40. A, I. 34.
41. Maria was accustomed to write the name of her house in this manner.
42. RLEM, II. 347-49.
43. This was an apprenticeship for her taking over the estate some time after her father's death: see below 86.
44. At this time Maria became very close to her Aunt Ruxton, who was like her father: she confided to her that she felt "unusual timidity" when she was trusted with so valued a charge (Memoir I. 20). Mrs. Frances Edgeworth also relates that "the responsibility of taking the children to England was terrible to her at the time, though she made a joke of it afterwards" (Ibid 25).
45. RLE to ME, 25 September 1791: cited B. 103.
46. Maria Edgeworth to Francis Edgeworth, April 1823: Studia Neophilologica xxxii, 1961, 227.
47. RLE to Mrs. E. Edgeworth, 7 December 1782. He reassures his wife about her ability to correct Maria's translation of Adèle et Théodore: "Nothing but extreme diffidence prevents you from being convinced of your abilities as much as I am. Pray to try your modesty, tell Maria that all your corrections but one are adopted in the two quires of the ms which I have looked over; and that they are much more correct and better written than the former." RLEM, II, 60.
48. RLE to Dr. Darwin, nd: RLEM, II. 158.
49. Frances Beaufort to William Beaufort, 2 July 1797: cited B., 132, from copy in Harriet Butler's hand. Miss Butler states that Frances had not met Maria before the invitation to Edgeworthstown in Summer 1797 (B. 130), and that is what one would conclude from her letter to her brother, but in her Memoir she states that the first time she ever saw Maria was in the same year (1797), but "when I paid a visit to Foxhall with my Father and Brother to Mrs. Fox, Maria's aunt" (Memoir I, 1).

50. The Beauforts' home.
51. RLEM, II. 175-6.
52. Ibid.
53. See below 77.
54. RLEM, II, 111
55. The Scots Magazine April 1803 and February 1804.
56. A, I. 85.
57. A, I. 72.
58. A, I. 114.
59. Conversations with Lady Blessington, Chap.X, 1823. Byron compared Galt with Wilkie (p.74)
60. 1805 "Essay on Commercial Policy", 1807 "Statistical Account of Upper Canada".
61. LL, I. 85-6.
62. Literary Life, I. Park to Galt, 15 October 1811.
64. Gordon, 15.
65. A, I. 242.
66. Mrs. Pigott, who tried to write a life of Galt in ~~her~~ his later years said "she had no pretensions to beauty" (Aberdein 80) but at the time she was protecting her dying husband against intrusions. The family tradition says she was clever and a good Latin scholar. He obviously thought his marriage was his own business, and the wish should be respected.
67. A, I. Preface VII.
68. A, I. 246.
69. A, I. 254.
70. A, I. 257.
71. Aberdein, op.cit., 84.
72. Ibid.
73. A benevolent foundation for educating and supporting the children of Scottish soldiers and sailors. (Aberdein 87)
74. Gordon, 19.
75. Literary Life, 185
76. Cf. Gordon, 21.
77. A, I. 275.
78. William Blackwood to John Galt, 28 March 1820. NLS BL 1820.
79. G, II. 10, G, II. 11.
80. G, II. 155-8. The letter is not too helpful, as it is mainly an account of the funeral of George III, with a few social differences between Garnock and London noted at the end.
81. G, II. 112-114. Dr. Pringle is glad to conclude after the visit "that the great Babylonian madam is now, indeed, but a very little cutty". (G, II. 114)
82. G, II, 139.
83. William Blackwood to John Galt, 28 June 1821. Gordon 31.
84. The "portion" was sent to Blackwood on 30 September 1820: John Galt to William Blackwood, NLS, MS 4005, f93.

85. First called: The Pastor of his Parish / or / The Chronicles of Dunmailing / during the incumbency of / Hoseah Belwhidder, D.D.
86. John Galt to William Blackwood, 18 April 1821: NLS MS.4006 f33
87. Maria was allowed to read Fanny Burney even as a girl.
88. E, VI. 111.
89. Cited B. 190.
90. ME to HE, 16 January 1803: EP: Tour folder.
91. ME to SR, 1 August 1802: EP: Tour folder.
92. Andre Morellet, (1727 - 1819). A friend of the philosophes before the Revolution. Had known Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Franklin.
93. ME to Mrs. R., December 1 1862: EP: Tour folder
94. ME to SR, December 8 1802: Memoir I. 142. Miss Butler quotes the phrase about being loved next to a father, which the Memoir leaves out.
95. RLE to Mrs. C. Sneyd. Begun 29 November 1802, resumed 8 December 1802: cited B. 198.
96. Hare, I. 115.
97. B, 194-5
98. ME to SR, 15 February 1804 EP Folder 1804.
99. ME to SR, 26 February 1805 EP Folder 1805.
100. Memoir, I. 143.
101. ME to SR, November 1810: cited B, 217. In 1809 King Gustav IV of Sweden was deposed in favour of his uncle, who became Charles XIII. Edelcrantz remained at the Swedish Court. In masking her feelings so as not to disturb those around her, Maria was following the Spartan advice given her long ago by her father : cf. C. Sneyd Edgeworth to Mrs. C. Sneyd Edgeworth, June I(1833), Memoir III, 81. In this respect she also resembles her fictional contemporary, Elizabeth Bennett.
102. Cf. B, Appendix C: "The Post Publication History of of Belinda and Patronage," 494 - 99
103. ME to HE, Charlotte Sneyd and Mary Sneyd, 27 November 1817: EP Folder 1817.
104. Hare I. 108.
105. There was a family connection. The Abbé Edgeworth's father, Robert, was first cousin to Maria's grandfather. Robert, at one time Rector in Edgeworthstown, became a Catholic and went to France in 1749. His son, the future Abbé Edgeworth, was born four years earlier (1745) at Edgeworthstown. He died in 1807. In 1815 Memoirs of the Abbé Edgeworth by C. Sneyd Edgeworth was published: it was revised, and probably mainly written by Maria.
106. Bonaparte, when told of the affair, was reported to have said that he considered the Abbé Edgeworth "A most respectable, faithful subject, and that he wished he had many such". RLEM II. 266.

107. The Stewarts treated Henry as one of the family: he spent vacations and all his spare time with them. Maria thinks Henry would not have survived "the two severe winters in Scotland" without Mrs. Stewart's ministrations. RLEM, II. 272. "ME had already sketched the idea of Stewart she had received from her brothers (Lovell knew him also) in the character of Dr. Campbell in Forester" (in Moral Tales). B,198, n.1.
108. RLEM, II. 273.
109. Maria liked The Cottagers of Glenbarnie very much. She thought it "extremely interesting, which all good books are not." ME to Mrs. R, 19 March 1810: Memoir I,221.
110. Life, Letters and Journals of George Ticknor, 1876, I, 431. 19 January 1821.
111. Joanna Baillie to Sir Walter Scott, 1 July 1813; B, 230. n.3
112. Apparently he did not know of the visits to Paris and Edinburgh.
113. Thomas Moore Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notices on his Life: 1833: III. 109-10: 19 January 1821.
114. Joanna Baillie to Sir Walter Scott, July 1813. cf. n. 111
115. Byron: Journal. cf. n. 117
116. Letter of 16 August 1810: E. OE Somerville and Martin Ross Irish Memories, 1925, 49: cited B 212.
117. Thomas Moore Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notices on his Life: 1833: III. 109-10: 19 January 1821.
118. J.B.S. Morritt to Sir Walter Scott, 29 June 1813.
119. ME to Etienne Dumont, 7 August 1813: cited B. 232.
120. cf. n. 102.
121. RLEM, II. 364. A prisoner and "in precarious health" Lovell had suggested to his father to pass him over in favour of his next brother. Maria finds the offer admirable: ME to Miss Margaret Ruxton 22 August (1812). Memoir I. 253. In view of later events did Lovell suspect his weakness then, and try to save trouble in the future?
122. ME to SR, 31 May 1817: Hare, I. 255-57.
123. Maria describes the incident in a statement made on June 9th 1817, not a letter. It is long and emotional. Prefixed to the document in the EP 1817 folder is the following written statement:-

Ap.2 1967

"We all three think emphatically (inserted) that these accounts of the death-bed scene (RLE) should be destroyed. See Black Book p.209 where quite enough of the scene is given and from the comment it is evidently as much as HJB and HEB thought right to publish. This fact therefore overrides the general view that of HEB that the ME letters as a whole should be given to a public library."

RF Butler
DHE Butler
V Butler

Fortunately the statement was not destroyed as the dying mans' real love and concern for Maria had never

been made so clear in his life when he was adored and she adoring. The more decorous version in the Black Book does not show his real humanity as does Maria's direct account. He did not understand her, but he did love her.
The documents are in EP Folder 1817. The account in the Black Book Edgeworthstown (ed. H.J. Butler and H.E. Butler, London 1927, 209) is much shorter. It does, however, quote the sentence "You listen sometimes to reason, but imagination can only be impressed by imagination" which, in view of later events, is infuriating to Maria's admirers, but in the mouth of a dying man somewhat touchy. For perhaps the first time in his life Richard Lovell Edgeworth was really forgetting himself.

124. She would probably have been pleased had Sir Walter Scott acted as literary adviser and wrote often asking his advice. Similarly, when Helen was finished, she asked Lockhart for help with the publication. But in her private life she remained completely independent.
125. ME to SR, May 1805: EP folder 1805.
126. B 403.
127. MR to Mrs. Ruxton, 20 May 1818: cited B 405.
128. Francis Beaufort (1774 - 1857) was one of Edgeworth's close friends. Maria's half-sister, Honora, became his second wife in 1837. He became Rear-Admiral and was hydrographer to the Navy between 1829 and 1855.
129. HE to Harriet Beaufort, 4 June 1820: cited B. 409.
130. Ibid.
131. HE to Mrs. Frances Edgeworth, 1 September 1820: cited B. 409.
132. QR. XXIII. 1820, 518 - 549
133. ME to Mrs. R., November 1820: Memoir, II. 126. Cf. also Maria's letter to Mrs. Frances Edgeworth, 15 November 1820: Memoir II. 128. Mrs. Edgeworth tries to minimize the importance of the review: "A silly article which I should not have noticed, except to show the generous sympathy of our own friend (Dumont)." Memoir, 126 n.
134. B. 411.
135. Q.R. XXXIII, 548
136. Ibid, 530
137. "I mentioned that Mrs. Edgeworth had returned to England to be confined. In the month of March I heard that she was brought to bed of a daughter (my daughter Anna). A few days afterwards I received a letter with an account of my wife's death, and I was obliged immediately to return to England..." RLEM I, 316.
138. B. 273.
139. With mistaken loyalty to her husband Mrs. Frances Edgeworth supported the view that Maria could not write fiction for adults without her father. She writes

of Helen: "She (Maria) had long hesitated as to writing any work of fiction without the support and sanction to which she had been accustomed from her father in all her previous works": Memoir, III, 77.

140. ME to Sir Walter Scott, 17 November 1824.
141. Farrington Diary, March 1819, ed. J. Grieg, VIII, 217.
142. Lady Holland Memories of Sidney Smith, 1825, 246.
143. Martha Somerville, Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville, 1873, 155-6.
144. ME to Sir Walter Scott, 14 October 1814. The letter is very long. Maria just gives a detached criticism of the book and mentions the "Postscript" only at the end. HARE, I. 226-231.
145. ME to Mrs. R. 28 June 1823: Hare II, 144.
146. "A little, dark, bearded, sharp, withered, active, laughing, talking, independent, kindly, ultra-Irish body." Letter to "Christopher North" August 1823, cited Colvin III.
As with Galt Lockhart's sharpness in private letters contrasted pleasantly with his practical kindness: he was of immense help to Maria in the publication of Helen.
147. J.G. Lockhart, Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, 1873-8, V, 292.
148. Anna Scott to Miss Millar, 8 September 1823: Letters to a Governess, ed. P.A. Wright-Henderson, 1905, 86.
149. He died in America, having married a Methodist, a denomination on which the snobbish Edgeworths looked down. Just after his death Edgeworth wrote: "...his way of life has become such as promised no happiness to himself or his family - it is therefore better for both that he has retired from the scene". RLE to Mrs. Powys, n.d. : cited B, 107.
150. Frances Beaufort to William Beaufort, 2 July 1797: cited B. 132.
151. LE to Mrs. Frances E. May 1802: B179.
152. cf. letter to Peter Mark Roget, 16 August 1801: cited B.180
153. ME's Memorandum "Appendix....to my Grandfather's Black Book," 2 April 1839.
154. ME to Miss Margaret Ruxton 13 April 1835: Memoir III 175.
155. ME to Mrs. Francis Beaufort, 7 March 1842: "I wish you would tell me about Bude lights: I am afraid of their being better than gas lights, and ruining me and my gas shares": Memoir III, 209.
156. ME to Mrs. R. 18 March 1824: Memoir II. 246.
157. ME to Mrs. R, : 14 August 1826 : Memoir II. 265.
158. B. 446.
159. ME to Mrs. R. 19 December 1825: Memoir, II. 265.
160. Helen, London, 1834, I, 446.
161. ME to E, 11 February 1834: Memoir III, 87.

144. The original of this letter is (it is to be hoped temporarily) unavailable. I could find it neither in the NLI nor the Bodleian. In a telephone conversation with Mrs. Colvin she told me it was in the NLS, but despite extensive searches there it has not been found. I have therefore given the page number in Hare.

162. Mrs. Edgeworth thinks Fanny's death had a great effect on Maria. "She took the shock without apparent injury to her health....but....Fanny had been the dearest object of her love and admiration; that object was now gone" : Memoir, III. 263.
163. ME to Mrs. E., January 1844: Colvin 604.
164. Literary Life, 245
165. QR January 1822.
166. Gordon 53.
167. ~~QR July~~ Blackwood's Magazine, July 1822, 48-52: 50
168. William Blackwood to John Galt, 22 June 1822. NLS LB 1822.
169. "I hope you will be able to manage it so that the hero tells the story himself for you may depend upon it it is always the most effective way, and it is particularly your forte. You more than anyone almost I know, identify the individual, and the Author never himself appears, it is the very being telling his story himself." William Blackwood to John Galt, 11 June 1822.
170. John Galt to William Blackwood, 23 August 1826: NLS MS 4017. f 37.
171. cf. below 99.
172. John Galt to George Boyd, 24 February 1823: Gordon, 61
173. William Blackwood to John Galt. NLS LB
174. William Blackwood to William Maginn, 23 April 1823. NLS BL
175. William Maginn to William Blackwood.
176. The Spaewife (1823), The Bachelor's Wife (1824), Rothelan (1824). They also brought out a third edition of Wolsey.
177. Gordon 74-5.
178. Gordon 147-8.
179. Aberdein, op.cit. 144.
180. John Galt to William Blackwood, 23 August 1826, NLS MS 4017. f 137.
181. John Galt: The Last of the Lairds: the First Edition of Galt's original, unexpurgated manuscript: ed. Ian A. Gordon, Edinburgh and London, 1976.
182. cf. n. 180.
183. Dr. D.M. Moir Memoir of John Galt: in 1841 edition of Annals and Legates. Blackwood, Edinburgh
184. cf. n. 180.
185. John Galt to Dr. D.M. Moir, 1 October 1826: Gordon, 81
186. Gordon 87.
187. Ibid
188. It appears that Dr. Valpy did not understand the law sufficiently to know that, when he took legal action to recover the debt, he could not arrest the processes of the law (Gordon 89).
189. John Galt to William Blackwood, 6 August 1829, NLS ms 4024. f 137.
190. John Galt to William Blackwood, 26 November 1828 (from Canada): NLS ms 4021. f206.
191. William Blackwood to John Galt, 30 July 1829.
192. John Galt to William Blackwood, 26 July 1829. Galt

assured Blackwood that this was "a business association and not affecting our friendship": NLS ms 4024.

193. A, II.

194. Cited A. Aspinall Politics and the Press 1780-1850, London,

195. A II 199. 1949, 231.

196. Lockhart stood Galt's friend to the end: he was the only man of letters who subscribed to the Literary Life and Miscellanies.

197. Fraser's Magazine, December 1830.

198. Gordon 99.

199. A modern edition by Ian A. Gordon appeared in 1976.

200. Gordon, 105.

201. Like Blackwood William Tait was an Edinburgh bookseller, but a Whig. He approached Galt for work, probably at the instigation of one of Galt's admirers, Mrs. Christian Isabel Johnstone . In 1821 Mrs. Johnstone wrote an appreciative review of Annals of the Parish which appeared in The Inverness Courier (May 10), which she and her husband then owned. Blackwood was delighted with it. The Johnstones moved to Edinburgh, where they became the printers of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine. Mrs. Johnstone later (1834) became Tait's editor and half-owner (Gordon 109-111).

202. A selection of Galt's short stories written between 1832 and 1836, including The Howdie and Our Borough, has been edited by Ian A. Gordon: John Galt: Selected Short Stories, Edinburgh, 1978. For convenience references to these stories are taken from this edition (cited as Stories).

203. John Galt to William Blackwood, 18 January 1834: NLS ms 4038.

204. John Galt to William Blackwood, 30 January 1834: NLS ms 4038. f 270.

205. Stories 1-9.

206. Ibid. 2.

207. Ibid. 9.

208. Ibid.

209. Gordon 131.

210. Gordon 130.

211. Gordon: Professor Gordon justifies his belief on p.145.

212. Stories, 200. Are Celts escapists - back to Ossian?

213. Stories, 139.

214. Stories, 142.

215. Ibid.

216. Stories 145.

217. Stories, 143.

218. Literary Life. I, 258

CHAPTER II.

1. Ferguson 243.
2. Ferguson 243-4.
3. Published in the Caledonian Mercury 23 and 28 December 1782, 6 and 22 January, 1783: Meikle 16, 17, 18.
4. Cited Ferguson, 245.
5. Meikle 24.
6. Dundas could place at Pitt's disposal thirty-nine of the fortyfive votes of the Scottish members. In October 1789 he wrote to Grenville "A variety of circumstances happen to concur in my person to render me a cement of political strength to the present Administration, which, if once dissolved, would produce very ruinous effects". Cited Meikle, 31-32.
7. Smout, Ch. 10, 11.
8. cf. Ch.4, 303-5.
9. Meikle, 65.
10. Meikle, 86.
11. Meikle, 53-6.
12. Meikle, 57-60.
13. The first society met in Edinburgh, 26 July 1792.
14. When the government had a good case at the trial of Watt for high-treason, Robert Dundas wrote his uncle, hoping that "the violent and intemperate gentleman who sits on the Justiciary" would not preside: R. to H. Dundas, 21 June 1794: cited Meikle 150.
15. Ferguson, 258-9. Before the meeting in Edinburgh on 19 October Margarot founded a new society at Broughton and Gerrald visited the reformers at Penicuick: Meikle 140.
16. R. to H. Dundas, 13 October 1794: cited Meikle, 153.
17. Ferguson 261.
18. He explained his reasons in a long letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot: Meikle 104-5.
19. Cockburn, Memorials 153-4: cited Meikle 156.
20. After a long odyssey Muir finally reached Paris, was honoured as a patriot and became a French citizen. His friendship with Napper Tandy infuriated Wolfe Tone who wanted attention and invasion, as he felt the best possibilities of success were there. Muir died in France in 1799: Meikle, 172-177.
21. Meikle, 119.
22. Meikle, 120.
23. Ferguson 263. Erskine had offered to defend Muir, provided the conduct of the case was left in his (Erskine's) hands. He prophesied he would convict himself by wild speeches, which, of course, did happen, but the two men had different ideas of the functions of the trial.
24. Meikle, 168-76.
25. Cited Meikle 214.
26. Ibid.

27. Meikle, 215.
28. E.R. XIV, 298 ff.
29. Ferguson 271.
30. They still immigrate, though not, perhaps, in such large numbers and mainly as casual agricultural labourers or "unskilled workers" (mostly heavy work) in the big cities. See end Chapter IV. At this time it was the weavers they displaced, as a sort of weaving could be learned very quickly and turn out unsuitable but cheap products.
31. Meikle 218.
32. Cited Meikle 219.
33. Cartwright, an English Radical, was then 75 years old.
34. Ferguson, 275.
35. Ferguson thinks he was probably as much a victim as those who were arrested: 278.
36. Meikle 222.
37. Cited Ferguson, 280.
38. Ferguson, 281.
39. Ferguson, 283.
40. A passionately partisan, but very full account of this incident is given by T. Beresford - Ellis and Seamus Mac a Ghobhainn: The Scottish Insurrection of 1820, London 1970. Hugh MacDiarmid wrote the Preface.
41. In England, since 1819, transportation was inflicted only for a second offence and even then allowed the defendant forty days to put himself into voluntary banishment. But in 1520, in Scotland, Gilbert Macleod, the editor of the Glasgow Radical organ The Spirit of the Union was convicted for sedition and transported for five years: Meikle 230.
42. Cited Meikle, 235.
43. Cf. events in Edgeworthstown at the same period: Chap.III.
44. Cited Smout, 257: from Sir John Sinclair, ibid., I. 44-9.
45. Smout 245.
46. Smout 261.
47. Smout 254.
48. William Thorn, Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver: London 1845, 9: cited Smout 422.
49. In Memorials: cited: Ferguson 187.
50. Cited Smout, 440.
51. Most writers seem to date the "Agrarian Revolution" from about 1775.
52. Smout, 296.
53. Smout, 299.
54. Smout, 299-300.
55. William Cobbett also wondered at Scottish passivity. Smout rejects his suggestions that the reasons were the Scottish Poor Law (which, as we know from Annals was much dependent on the minister's opinion) and the difficulty of leaving employment, since penalties were

heavy for breaking a contract in Scotland (324-5). He suggests other reasons - See below Ch. VIII.

56. Ferguson, for example, thinks that the religious "prejudices and tensions long continued and have left their mark not only on church history but on education and, indeed, on modern Scottish society as a whole" (op.cit. 293).
57. E, I. 210-11.
58. Smout 407.
59. Smout 412.
60. Smout 413.
61. Smout 416-19.
62. Ferguson, 293.
63. Important as a nucleus of later networks was the Monkland and Kirkintilloch railway: it dated from 1826, but was mainly operated by steam by 1832: Ferguson 295.
64. See page 133.
65. W.W. Restow, The Stages of Economic Growth (Cambridge 1960) 31: cited Smout 249.
66. In his Autobiography he states that this "newly-coined term" expresses his politics best.
67. A, II. 198-9.
68. Edinburgh Review, XXXIX, October 1823: 160.
69. See p. 113.
70. Fraser's Magazine July 1837.
71. G, VIII. 303.
72. G, I. 4-5.
73. cf. his description of the unconventional weavers as "quiet and orderly" and "by common in capacity": Cf. I. 183.
74. G, II. 165.
75. G, I. 184.
76. G, I. 190.
77. G, II. 20.
78. G, II. 27.
79. G, II. 28.
80. G, II. 34.
81. G, X. 15.
82. Ibid.
83. G, X. 16.
84. Now printed in Stories, 33-49: first appeared in Blackwood's, October 1832.
85. Stories 38.
86. Ibid.
87. The Member by John Galt: ed. Ian A. Gordon, Edinburgh & London 1972.
88. A. Gordon, John Galt, Edinburgh 1972, 106.
89. G, II. 12.
90. "in an unregenerate state": G, II. 48. See also the whole conversation between the dying man and the minister, A II. 48-50.
91. The Member, 4.
92. Ibid. 64.

93. Ibid. 65.
94. Ibid. 105.
95. Ibid. 106.
96. Ibid. 110.
97. Ibid. 114.
98. Ibid. 118.
99. Ibid. 119.
100. Ibid. 2.
101. Blackwood's Magazine, XII, July-December 1822, 482-91.
102. Ibid. 487.
103. Ibid. 484.
104. The Member 117.
105. Blackwood's Magazine, XXVI, July-December 1829, 640-43.
106. Ibid. 641.
107. A, I. 238.
108. A, I. 42.
109. Ibid.
110. A, I. 43.
111. A, I. 138-9.
112. The Gathering of the West by John Galt, ed. Bradford Allan Booth, Baltimore, 1939.
113. Mr. Booth denies the novel is "satire". On the contrary, Galt "is proud of the respect with which the Scottish people treated their King. Having recently witnessed the ludicrous and even disgusting ceremonies of the coronation, he was delighted with the reverent homage paid royalty at Edinburgh." Gathering, Introduction 34. (!)
114. Gathering, 52.
115. Ibid. 54.
116. Blackwood's Magazine, XII, 682.
117. Blackwood's Magazine, XXVI, 641.
118. The Radical by John Galt: London, Fraser's, 1832: (cited as R).
119. R, 60.
120. R, 93.
121. Ibid.
122. R, 115.
123. R, 133.
124. R, 149.
125. R, 156.
126. R, 159.
127. R, 177.
128. R, 189.
129. R, 190.
130. Laurie Todd; or The Settlers in the Woods, London, 1832: first published 1830: cited L.T.
131. LT, 11.
132. Ibid.
133. LT, 258.
134. LT, 12.
135. LT, 108: "The reader will, no doubt, discern in this some of the leaven I had brought out of the Society of the Friends of the People".

136. G.M. Trevelyan, An English Social History, 1951; III, 156.
137. G, I. 186.
138. G, I. 188.
139. G, I. 183.
140. G, I. 211.
141. G, II. 19.
142. G, II. 43.
143. Costain, Keith: "Theoretical History and the Novel; the Scottish Fiction of John Galt": English Literary History, 43, 1976, 342-65: p.362.
144. Ibid. 362-3.
145. G, I. 66. "It is not, however, my design to speak much anent my own affairs (which would be a very improper and uncomely thing), but only of what happened in the parish". G.I. 66.
146. Costain, op.cit. 352.
147. G, I. 48: G, I. 196.
148. G, I. 216.
149. G, I. 151.
150. G, X. 117-118.
151. Chitnis, Anand: The Scottish Enlightenment: London + New Jersey, 1976
152. David Hume Essays ed. Green & Grox, London 1882, I. 113. Cited Gladys Bryson Men & Society Princeton, 1945, 135.
153. G, II. 67.
154. Gordon, Stories, 1-9.
155. Adam Smith, The Theory of Moral Senturents London, 1767 (3rd edition), p.1.
156. Blackwood's Magazine, XII, 483.
157. G, V. 106.
158. William Robertson History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V. London, 1802, I, 97f: Cited Frykman 213.

CHAPTER III.

1. RLEM, II. 1.
2. Lecky, II. 299.
3. "WE KNOW OUR DUTY TO OUR SOVEREIGN AND ARE LOYAL", BECKETT, 222
4. ROE, 145
5. For example, that a Protestant could take a horse from his Catholic neighbour by offering him £5.
6. See Ch. IV and V.
7. RLEM, II. 40.
8. RLEM, II. 41.
9. RLEM, II. 42.
10. RLEM, II. 41.
11. RLEM, II. 44.
12. Quoted RLEM, II. 46.
13. The attractive eccentric and philanthropist, Frederick Augustus, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry entered the Church as the younger son of a great family, without any religious vocation. He became first Bishop of Cloyne and then of Derry, and in 1773 inherited his English earldom. He spent a great deal of his large fortune on the improvement of his diocese, had the best relations both with Presbyterians and Catholics and impressed John Wesley in the performance of his ecclesiastical duties. He was, however, an egoist with a strong histrionic bent, as his conduct at the Dublin Convention was to show.
14. RLEM, II. 55.
15. B. 96.
16. RLE to Mrs. R., 13 December 1792 - from Clifton, therefore, perhaps, an even more detached viewpoint. EP Folder 1791-95.
17. Quarterly Review, XXIII, 1820.
18. B, 96.
19. Lecky, III. 10.
20. Among other things this permitted Catholics to the law; just in time for O'Connell.
21. Cited Beckett 251. There was, of course, no secret ballot.
22. Ibid.
23. See p. 222-3.
24. Groups of extreme Protestants who made it a practice to "search for illegal arms" in the cabins of the poor Catholics in the early morning, hence the name.
25. B, 115. n.1.
26. Poor Maria, anxious to preserve her father's good name with his own class, inserts a note: "The reader will observe that this was written thirty years ago; what is here said refers, I know to the political, not to the moral character of the higher classes in Ireland" (RLEM, II. 135).
27. Letter to Dr. Darwin, 7 September 1794: RLEM, II. 135.
28. B, 115.

29. RLEM, II. 126.
30. It seems that Edgeworth really does deserve the credit for this invention. In view of his moral prefaces to Maria's stories, it is interesting to note that it was to be used to convey the result of horse-races speedily from Newmarket to London.
31. According to E. Wakefield in his Account of Ireland Statistical and Political, (1812, II, 615) Edgeworth told him that all political questions in the county was decided by four families of which he was one (B,118). The writer was not deceived, but summed up the correct situation elsewhere in his book.
32. RLE to Dr. Darwin, 1796, RLEM, II. 155-6. Edgeworth wrote a poem for the occassion to express his stoic views. It ends thus:

"Could'st thou retard, by all that man could say
Thy country's ruin, for one single day? -
Retire, presumptuous man, in time retire,
Leave Knaves to plunder and let fools admire."

33. Beresford, a member of a still well-known Waterford family, was supposed to be the most powerful man in the Parliament, but that place really belonged to Lord Clare. Clare and Beresford were connected by marriage, however, and thought alike.
34. Beckett 255: "The control of the Fitzgibbon-Beresford group over the Administration was stronger than ever"
35. Tone, though his opinions were known, had yet friends in high places, among them, astonishingly, Marcus Beresford, son of John Beresford recently mentioned in connection with Fitzwilliam's removal.
36. Lecky cites, for example, the speech of the Protestant Lord Gosford who attacks the Society strongly only three months after the first Orange meeting. This is taken from Parliamentary Report 1835 (Lecky, III. 430-31).
37. Thomas Knox, 13 August 1796, cited Lecky III, 437.
38. Lecky, III. 449.
39. See p. 219.
40. See letter from Lord Downshire: "The Presbyterian ministers are unquestionably the great encouragers and promoters of sedition, though, as yet, they have been cunning enough to keep their necks out of the halter". Lecky, III. 479.
41. Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connell had also appealed for French help, through Hamburg, and this strengthened Tone's hand.
42. Lecky, IV, 111.
43. Lecky, IV, 204.
44. Name given to the "subversives" who wore their hair cropped short in revolutionary fashion.
45. Beckett 263.
46. Ballinahinch is still regarded as a "non-sectarian" battle: both denominations were "out".
47. The so-called "Ulster Custom" gave improving tenants certain rights and eviction was not easy.

48. Cited Lecky, V. 15.
49. Among those hanged was Tone's brother.
50. Lecky, V. 15.
51. This was illegal, as Tone had never held a commission in the British army and the country was not then in a state of civil war. The point was raised, but too late.
52. Lecky, V. 22.
53. RLEM, II. 188.
54. ME to SR, 9 September 1798. EP. Folder 1798-1799.
55. Statement of Mrs. Frances Edgeworth, cited Hare, I. 54.
56. RLE to Daniel Augustus Beaufort, 9 September, 1798.
57. RLEM, II. 194.
58. RLEM, II. 201.
59. Mrs. Frances Edgeworth's account, cited Hare, I.61.
60. RLEM, II. 205-6.
61. ME to SR, 9 September, 1798. EP Folder 1798-1799.
62. RLEM, II. 211.
63. ME to SR, 19 September (1798): Hare I, 63.
64. Ibid.
65. ME (to SR?), 3 October, 1798: Hare, I. 64.
66. RLEM, II. 212.
67. RLEM, II. 213-14.
68. RLEM, II. 220.
69. RLE to D.A. Beaufort, 29 September 1798. EP. Folder 1798-9.
70. RLEM, II. 215.
71. RLEM, II. 215.
72. E, VI. 168.
73. E, VI. 173.
74. Kelly had begun to study for the priesthood - of course in Maynooth! - but gave up his studies for love of a lady with whom he lived for some time. He must have been one of Maynooth's first students since it was founded only in 1795: another difficulty about dating the period in which Ennui is set.
75. RLEM, II, 217.
76. B, 136 n.
77. To most Irish readers Castlereagh's relatively liberal views come as a surprise, although he acted against his principles.
78. Beckett, 274.
79. O'Connell, making his first public appearance, contended that Catholics would sooner accept the Penal Code than assent to the extinction of their legislative assembly: Lecky V, 329-30, Beckett 274.
80. It was originally planned to halve the Irish representation at Westminster, but this plan was abandoned, in the hope that the retention of the original number of seats would swing voters to the Government.
81. Professor Dudley Edwards points out that bribery was not too much out of the way before 1815: RDE 155.
82. See Edgeworth's reaction: 141 and n. 86
83. Lecky, VI, 372 and 378.

84. RLEM, II. 221.
85. ME to Miss Ruxton 29 January 1800: EP, folder 1800. On 1 March in a letter to Dr. Darwin, Edgeworth wrote: "I am a unionist, but I vote and speak against the Union now proposed to us" RLEM, II. 230.
86. See n.81 for a different modern view. Edgeworth wrote on 31 March: "This is such an abominable corruption that it makes our parliamentary sanction worse than useless." (RLEM, II. 231).
87. See p.215.
88. ME to Mrs. R., 20 April 1795: EP. folder 1791-5.
89. See p.210.
90. Earlier part of letter from RLE to Mrs. R, 13 December 1792: cited Butler 113.
91. ME to Mrs. R. October 1796: cited Hurst 37.
92. To SR, 18 December 1803: EP. folder 1803.
93. Colvin 607: to Mrs. E, 2 February 1844.
94. Michael Hurst Maria Edgeworth and the Puldic Sane London 1969.
95. Before he went he warned that if the new Viceroy took the "Orange" side there would be no advance at Westminster.
96. Deserted at the end of the preceding century by the few Catholic aristocrats and gentry.
97. RDE, 162.
98. Beckett, 303.
99. RLE, II. 128.
100. RLE to Mrs. R., 13 December 1792: B112.
101. Cited Hurst, 42.
102. ME to Mrs. Lazarus, 6 June 1825 (cited Hurst 44)
103. Normally collected by middlemen, tithe proctors, who very often made a profit.
104. Beckett, 312.
105. ME to FW, 15 May 1835: Hurst 91-92.
106. Ibid.
107. Ibid.
108. A, I. 223.
109. See pp. 358-362.
110. ME to HB, 3 December, 1843: Colvin 598.
111. Ibid.
112. Hurst, 101. Hurst says "no letter can be found" which is perhaps more accurate when one remembers the confusion of the later Edgeworth papers.
113. Ibid.
114. For example. about the Dermod case. This is a statement by Mrs. Edgeworth, (Memoir 168-9). She prints some of Maria's second letter, on the question of how RLE would have acted (see) but not the first long letter to Sneyd. See pp.
115. Thomas Drummond was an extraordinarily clear sighted reformer, who, in his five years of office, went a long way towards making the Irish people (but not the gentry)

feel that the Castle existed for them as well as for the Ascendancy. It would be pleasant to write more on him, but would make a long chapter longer. A Scot, by his own wish he was buried in Ireland which he devotedly served.

116. Cited Beckett, 325.

117. The Nation hammered home the doctrine of non-sectarianism. In a poem written for 12 July, 1843, John Frazer developed an allegory. The orange lily has a stalk of green and grows in Irish ground. Both flower and stalk spring from the same soil: "And let the Orange lily be/ Your badge, my patriot brother, / The everlasting green for me / And we for one another".

118. ME to FW, 22 December 1832: cited Hurst 71.

119. Ibid.

120. Ibid.

121. To do everyone justice,this was a suspicion only of Mrs. Frances Edgeworth writing to her son, Michael Pakenham: Hurst 73.

122. "Politically and economically disarmed, a ruling class can be allowed social prestige - a prestige the snobbery endemic among the Catholic masses finds welcome. Under a democratic peasant republic the stalwarts of a 'foreign' royalism constitute an enormous piece of decoration, and heresy can be forgiven in gentlefolk. There is, after all, enormous virtue in cultural and educational superiority, for hunting, racing and benevolent behaviour, not to mention distinction in the armed forces of the United Kingdom". Hurst 181-182.

123. ME to Honora E, 12 August 1831.

124. ME to Sir W. Scott, 14 October 1814.

125. In a letter to Sneyd Edgeworth of April (May) 1813, Maria begs him to be careful to whom he shows her letters, naming those who are "safe". She is not afraid of her literary reputation, but knows the opinions "given freely and rashly" can do great harm. Otherwise all spontaneity would be gone. "I have been brought nearly to tears by the just scolding my father and Mrs, E have given me....." (Colvin, 47-8). In a letter to Sophy Ruxton written 16 May, 1813 she expresses her delight in writing to Sophy who does not show her letters, and "I can write just as freely as I would speak to you": Colvin, 49.

126. He was an egregious character called Keegan, who voted with the Edgeworths in the previous election, but had attempted to cast suspicion on a Presbyterian family who might not vote for the canditate the Edgeworths supported. He seems rather like a ninteenth-century Joxer Daly.

127. In his letter to the Primate (Appendix to 14th. Report of the Commissioners of the Board of Education in Ireland) Edgeworth mentions Grattan's point that the "lower

classes" in Ireland speak Gaelic. This, he says, is not the case in Longford (RLEM II, 447). In The Absentee one of the tenants speaks Irish when he wishes to say something unpleasant about the agent (E, IX.242).

128. See p. 257.
129. RLEM, II. 434.
130. RLEM, II. 437. In France Richard was sent for a while to a Jesuit school.
131. Cited Hurst 37.
132. To HB, 3 December 1843, Colvin 598.
133. Ibid.
134. Hurst, 77. n.2.
135. All quotations are from the very long letter written by Maria to Sneyd Edgeworth, 12 February 1835, of which Hurst quotes a very long passage: Hurst 77-80.
136. Colvin, XXXIV.
137. Maria writes "my" father, not "our" father. Sneyd seems to have been prudent and liberal, and it is hard when Oliver Flanagan accuses him of wanting "to take the familiar revenge" (Oliver Flanagan, Irish Novelists 1800 - 1850.) Far from wishing to revenge, Sneyd also consulted Lovell, whose tenant, of course, Dermod ought to have been, and Lovell agreed with Maria: LE to CSE, 3 May 1835: cited Hurst 85.
138. ME to HB, 25 December 1836: cited Hurst 34.
139. Hone, The Moores of Moore Hall, 128
140. Ibid., 128.
141. ME to HB 1840: cited Hurst 113.
142. Ibid.
143. HE to MPE, 27 March 1841: cited Hurst 112.
144. ME to HE, 1840: 113.
145. ME to FW, 25 October 1844 and to the same 31 October 1844. Father Mathew proved blameless, but was not good with money, and good came out of the incident when some of his more prudent followers took finances into their own hands.
146. Hurst, 114.
147. Memoir, III. 217.
148. ME to FE, 20 April 1843.
149. CSE to Mrs. E, 28 July 1827: Hurst 45.
150. Hurst, 65-66.
151. Mr. Butler heard O'Connell speak at Trim: his son Morgan was contesting a parliamentary seat in Co. Meath (which he won). Mr. Butler stated mildly that he "would not cut O'Connell's own head off if he never spoke worse or did worse than he did at Trim." cited Hurst, 76.
152. Mrs. Edgeworth to MPE, nd.: cited Hurst 73.
153. Hurst 98.
154. ME to HB, 3 December 1843, Colvin 598.
155. ME to Francis Edgeworth, 9 May 1843.
156. Hurst 157.

157. Ibid.
158. ME to HB, 3 December, 1843: Colvin 598.
159. ME to an unknown correspondent, April 1845: Hurst 146.
160. Hurst 138.
161. ME to Rev. Richard Jones, 14 June 1847: cited Hurst 166.
162. ME to an unknown correspondent, April 1848.
163. Cited Beckett 338.
164. Beckett, 294. Eviction was an emotive issue and has played a great part in song and story. It is interesting that the bulk of the Scottish clearances was taking place at about the same time.
165. Russell, who had succeeded Peel and Sir Charles Wood, the new Chancellor, were wedded to theories of political economy. They felt, for example, that public money should be spent only on relief works which might be profitable to private individuals: land reclaimation and drainage, which would have been useful to the country, were therefore excluded, though this policy was slightly changed in 1847.
166. This was specially true of the poorest areas along the west and south-west coast. cf. L.M. Cullen An Economic History of Ireland since 1660, London, 1972, 131.
167. Beckett, 341.
168. Established only in 1838.
169. The situation described by Maria Edgeworth in Orlandino is exceptional. A young man, already settled in Venice, sends money for his mother and sister to join him there, as "the news from Ireland is of the worst character. I would not have you live another day, if that could be avoided, in my much beloved, but miserable country." (Orlandino, 38).
170. Beckett, 345.
171. ME to FW, 19 November 1845: Hurst 147.
172. Hurst, 149.
173. Hurst, 159.
174. ME to FW, March 1847.
175. ME to FW, 9 March 1847.
176. Memoir, III. 252-3.
177. Ibid.
178. ME to Rev. Richard Jones, 14 June 1847: Hurst 164-5.
179. See Dillon, Life of John Mitchell.
180. Hone, The Moores of Moore Hall 148.
181. ME to the Rev. Richard Jones, April 1849.
182. ME to RB, 9 April 1849: Hurst 179.
183. Edinburgh, 1848.

CHAPTER IV

1. G, I, 62.
2. G, I, 61.
3. G, I, 143.
4. G, I, 99.
5. G, I, 135.
6. G, I, 65.
7. Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton: he was certainly the model for Eaglesham, for, like him, he was murdered by an exciseman.
8. G, X, 153.
9. See above 214.
10. E, IX, 221.
11. E, IX, 208.
12. Or possible converts to Protestantism: see below on Charter Schools, 301.
13. E, IX, 232.
14. E, IX, 232-3.
15. E, I, 'Postscript', 94: Maria wrote the words, but the sentiments of the extra-narrative material certainly were suggested by her father. See below Ch. 8.
16. E, IX, 207-8.
17. E, I, 7-8.
18. E, I, 9.
19. G, IV, 264.
20. G, IV, 265.
21. G, IV, 273.
22. Cited Daniel Corkery "The Hidden Ireland" Dublin, 1925 ("Doirse gan dúnadh ar dhtústhaibh ó mrach,/ Céir da dá lasadh ar gach balla agus seomra / Caise da mbriseadh dhon bfuirinn gach nóimeat / 'S gan traghadh lachta ag teacht san ól soin") Corkery is going through a phase of attack, but he opened windows for English-speaking, Gaelic-learning children as nobody else could have done. Exactly the same idea of Gaelic hospitality is expressed in Mary Macleod's poem Do Mhac Dhormhnaill: "The lovely country of Duntulm wherein waxen candles blaze, and wine is drunk right freely there from wan and gleaming cups of silver in a mansion wide and joyous and full of music". (Dùn-tuilm an talamh deagh-mhaiseach / Am biodh céir ga las an coinnleirish / Is fion 'ga òl gu saoibhirann / Am pìosa glasa soillsichte / An tigh farsaing meadhrach ceòlmhor) Gaelic Songs of Mary Macleod: ed. J. Carmichael-Wilson, Edinburgh, 1965. Mary Macleod pays the inhabitants of Skye the same compliment about unquarrelsome drinking as does O Rathaille: "When men drank deep without discord or quarrel" (93). (Ol / dian aig fearaibh / Gun strì gun charraid).

23. E, VI, 81.
24. E, VI, 80 - 81.
25. E, VI. 85.
26. Constantia Maxwell: Town and Country Life in Ireland under the Georges, London, 1940, 205.
27. Ibid. 170.
28. Ibid. 171.
29. E, VI, 122.
30. Carleton. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry II, 210.
31. Thomas Flanagan: The Irish Novelists, New York, 1959, 91.
32. Smout, 450.
33. G, I. 18.
34. G, III. 34.
35. G, III. 96.
36. E, I. 72.
37. E, I. 74.
38. E, I. 70.
39. E, 9. 162. Maria's father-in-law Dr. Beaufort, who
40. had had much influence on The Absentee (perhaps thus accounting for its fluency and readability) suggested the character of Count O'Halloran and the wicked agents: B.380.
41. E, 9. 322.
42. E, 6. 166.
43. E, 6. 168.
44. The Last of the Lairds Ed. from original ms by Ian A. Gordon, Scottish Academic Press, Edinburgh & London, 1976, 69.
45. Ibid. 73.
46. Ibid. 93.
47. G, V, 3-10.
48. E, IX, 127.
49. E, IX, 130.
50. Ibid.
51. Jeffares, Norman: W.B. Yeats Man and Poet: 94.
52. Mr. Caption, who plays a small part in The Entail, an example of Galt's habit of making characters from one book appear in another, thus giving the impression of a neat chronicle.
53. G, X, 172.
54. G, X, 174.
55. G, X, 174.
56. G, X, 171.
57. G, X, 171.
58. Selected Short Stories, ed. Ian A. Gordon, Scottish Academic Press, Edinburgh, 1978, 184.
59. G, X, 171.
60. G, X, 184-5.
61. G, V, 110.
62. Not only does she constantly run down her country, she tries to force her son into a loveless marriage with an heiress, forces her weak but not ill-natured

husband to leave the country, would have set her face against a marriage between Grace and Colambre, though the girl acts to her like a daughter and she is as fond of her as she can be of anyone, and makes a complete volte-face when she finds Grace is an heiress after all.

63. E, IX, 18.
64. E, X, 35.
65. E, I, 95-96.
66. E, XVIII, 3.
67. E, XVIII, 227-8.
68. E, XVIII, 244-5.
69. The Bank of Ireland was not established until 1783. Up to then Irish banking was entirely a matter of private enterprise. Some of them - e.g. La Touche's Bank - was excellent, but many were short-lived and unreliable. All enjoyed unrestricted liberty to issue notes, resulting in a flood of almost worthless paper-money and general suspicion of banking.
70. Sir John de Blacquiers (1776 - 1812) was a well known Irish politician and jobber: B. 249.
71. Ibid.
72. In Tales of Fashionable Life Vol.I.
73. James Corry of Smantonagh was married to Aunt Ruxton's sister-in-law. Maria had visited Corry and describes the unconventional house in a letter 3 July 1808 (F.V. Barry, Maria Edgeworth: Chosen Letters, 1931, 153-5). In a letter to Mrs. Stark, on 6 September 1834 (Memoir, III. 151) she gives a not too unflattering description, some of which runs: "He was generous and kindhearted, but despotic, and conceited to the most ludicrous degree, for instance, he thought he could work gobelin tapestry and play on the harp and mandolin better than anyone living".
74. Daniel Corkery, The Hidden Ireland, Dublin, 1925, 24.
75. E, XVIII, 54.
76. Old Irish Life by J.M. Callwell, cited Corkery, 34.
77. Harold Edgeworth Butler (ed): Maria Edgeworths Tour in Connemara and the Martins of Ballinahinch, London, 1950, 4.
78. Ibid 62. Mary also offended in having a Connemara accent.
79. ME to Mrs. R., 5 February 1817: EP 1817 Folder (in Fanny Wilson's writing).
80. As Miss Butler points out the main omissions were despotism, conceit and sexual misdemeanours! B 252.
81. Cited B, 250-51.
82. E, XVIII, 45.
83. E, XVIII, 66-67.
84. E, XVIII, 61-71.
85. E, XVIII, 56.
86. E, XVIII, 395.

87. E, XVIII, 193.
88. Ibid.
89. E, XVIII, 45-6.
90. E, I, 5.
91. E, I, 93.
92. G, II, 291: Note A: The Kirk (The Session and Burials)
93. Ibid.
94. Ibid.
95. G, II, 46.
96. G, V, 218.
97. G, I, 150-151.
98. G, II, Note E, 297.
99. G, IV, 376.
100. Ibid
101. G, I, 134.
102. G, I, 149.
103. G, II, Note E, 297.
104. G, V, 6-7.
105. E, VI, 93.
106. In Professional Education the Edgeworth theory is that character is formed by early education: in fact, so powerful is it, that a boy can be trained for a profession almost from birth. Mark D. Hawthorne sees this as a half-reluctant yielding by her to her father's "reason," while she herself is "emotional" or "passionate" (Doubt and Dogma in Maria Edgeworth University of Florida Press. 1967 passim). He sees Ormond as a "reconciliation of passion and reason": op.cit., 90
107. RLEM, II, 16-42.
108. G, I, 134.
109. G, I, 131 - 134.
110. See below 382.
111. E, I, 34.
112. E, I, 51.
113. The Last of the Lairds, ed. Ian A. Gordon, Edinburgh and London, 1978, 23.
114. Ibid
115. Ibid, 21.
116. E, IX, 7.
117. E, IX, 210-211.
118. E, VI, 89.
119. G, I, 58.
120. G, I, 104.
121. E, VI, 64.
122. The First Book of Irish Ballads, James N. Healy, Cork, 1955, 35.
123. G, IX, 115.
124. Constantia Maxwell: Dublin Under the Georges,
125. John Galt: Selected Short Stories ed. Ian A. Gordon, Edinburgh, 1978, 96-139.

CHAPTER V.

1. This may have something to do with the inefficacy of her didactic novels: Mr. Doubleday suggests that "her moral teaching is untouched by religious feelings or indeed by any ideal. It is as doctrinaire and as imaginatively sterile as the teaching of Richard Lovell Edgeworth himself" (Doubleday, op.cit. 8). For Maria's views on religion see chapter 3 and chapter 8.
2. Cf. Ch. I, n.149.
3. B, 136.
4. See below 92-93.
5. The Lady in the original story smuggled out her jewellery but Sir Kit apparently did not use force.
6. ME to Sir W. Scott 14 October 1814. Mrs. Edgeworth (or her daughters) actually quote this passage in the Memoir! I,307.
7. Not everyone agrees. Elizabeth Harden, Maria Edgeworth Act of Prose Fiction, The Hague, 1971 speaks of Ellinor as "one of the most delightful personages in the novel": 153.
8. B, 248.
9. B, 278.
10. ME to Captain Basil Hall: Memoir,II, January 1823.
11. Cf. Ch. 3.
12. ME to Mrs. FE, 25 July, 1838, Memoir, III, 186.
13. Memoir I. 247-8. There was also a difficulty in getting enough Irish actors to play the many parts.
14. Cf. Ch. 3.
15. See above 250-51.
16. B, 141. n.
17. E, XVIII, 181.
18. E, VI. 186.
19. Crohoore of the Bill-hook: Banim Brothers: p.88, cited Flanagan 100
20. See below, 214
21. Smout, 207.
22. Smout, 434.
23. Smout, 413.
24. For example, the hero of one of the most famous eighteenth-century Gaelic laments. Caorneadh Airt ui Laoghaire describes the hero's death in a duel.
25. E, XVIII, 297.
26. E, XVIII, 248.
27. E, XVIII, 249.
28. E, XVIII, 183.
29. E, XVIII, 263.
30. It was to the North of Ireland that the Scottish settlers were sent.
31. G, II, 176.
32. E, XVIII, 278-9.
33. E, XVIII, 279.
34. Hurst 25.
35. E, XIII, 208.
36. E, XIII, 288.
37. Gordon, 67.

38. G, I. 100.
39. G, II. 36.
40. G, II, 33.
41. G, I, 143.
42. Ibid. The Rev. Cowal Kilmun's sister also ends up with a silver teapot - Stories 139.
43. And unexpectedly sensitive when the minister is melancholy. G, I. 198-199 - a genuine proof of affection.
44. G, I. 204.
45. G, II. 49.
46. See n. 43.
47. G, I. 150.
48. G, I, 29.
49. G, Ch. I, 133.
50. G, I. 112.
51. G, I. 43.
52. G, I. 220.
53. G, I. 93.
54. G, I. 70.
55. G, I. 131.
56. G, I. 151.
57, G, I. 40.
58. G, I. 48.
59. G, I. 156.
60. G, I. 216.
61. G, I. 46.
62. G, I. 41.
63. G, II. 67.
64. G, II. 63.
65. G, V. 43.
66. G, V. 61.
67. G, V. 99.
68. G, V. 106.
69. G, V. 277.
70. G, V. 132.
71. G, V. 154.
72. G, V. 197.
73. G, V. 206.
74. G. V. 209.
75. G. V. 213.
76. G, V. 225.
77. G, V. 270.
78. See below
79. G, VII. 2.
80. G, VII. 7.
81. G, VII. 24. The exactness of Michael's memory is interesting. Ringan would have been too horrified to look!
82. G, VII. 149.
83. G, VII. 197-8.
84. G, VII. 193.
85. G, VII. 200.
86. G, VII. 192.

87. G, VII. 276.
88. Literary Life, 254
89. Literary Life, 254
90. G, VIII. 60.
91. G, VIII. 159.
92. Edinburgh Review, XXXIX, 1823, 178-9
93. G, VIII, 124.
94. G, VIII, 157.
95. G, VIII, 162.
96. Ibid.
97. G, VIII. 204. The beauty of the speech, especially in a setting of war and religious hatred makes what follows almost unbearable - as Galt wishes.
98. G, VIII. 205.
99. G, VIII. 206.
100. G, VIII. 203.
101. G, VIII. 261.
102. There is a tradition that, after the Battle of the Boyne, James II rode swiftly to Dublin. Arrived there he is supposed to have said to the Countess of Tyrconnell: "The cowardly Irish have run away". "But your Majesty has won the race" was the reply. There is also Sarsfield's, "Change Kings and we shall fight you over again". If neither of these are true, they deserve to be.
103. G, VIII, 302
104. G, VIII. 320-22.

CHAPTER VI.

1. For convenience sake I give the name postscript to a one-page note at the end of the narrative, E, I. 93-94.
2. Castle Rackrent by Maria Edgeworth. Edited George Watson, London, 1964.
3. op.cit., XII n.2.
4. B, 354. n.1.
5. B, 353.
6. ME to Mrs. R., 7th August 1822, Memoir II. 206.
7. B, 364.
8. ME to Mrs. Stark, 6 September 1834, Memoir III. 152.
9. One infinitesimal expression of pity (E,I. 27) is quickly superseded by dislike. Of the servants, the cook is the most sympathetic at first (E, I. 23-24).
10. E, I. 31.
11. E, I. 52. Maria adds a note that this was actually done at an election in Ireland.
12. E, I. 33.
13. E, I. 7-8.
14. E, I. 16.
15. Ibid.
16. E, I. 17.
17. E, I. 36.
18. Ibid.
19. James Newcomer, Maria Edgeworth the Novelist, Texas, 1967, 144-5.
20. E, I. 93.
21. E, I. 73.
22. ME to Mrs. R., 29 January 1800.
23. RLE to DAB, 26 April 1800: cited B. 359.
24. As has been pointed out this was apparently true, not only of the liberal Edgeworths, but of the conservative Ruxtons in another county. The tendency to lump the whole "Protestant Nation" together as exploiters is wrong-headed and divisive in the new Ireland.
25. Emily Lawless: Maria Edgeworth 1904 English Men of Letters Series.
26. Ibid, 87
27. Neal Doubleday. "Honest Thady's Tale" in Variety of Attempt University of Nebraska, 1976.
28. The Lives of the Novelists, Everyman Edition, 376: cited p.11.
29. Ibid.
30. E, I. 16.
31. E, I. 41-42.
32. E, I. 74.
33. E, I. 80.
34. E, I. 92.
35. E, I. 92-93.
36. E, I. 74.

37. E, I. 93.
38. Irish contemporaries asked for their opinions (not by the author or her family) reacted to a moderate degree rather as the first Abbey audience did to the Playboy of the Western World though some did find it entertaining (B, 359). To the present-day Irish it would be strange, too, but of course infinitely more understandable. There are still plenty of Irish with Rackrent vices: the difference is, they have now ceased to practice the 18-19th century landlord-tenant relationship.
39. Newcomer, op.cit. 152.
40. Maria Edgeworth read Mrs. Inchbald's A Simple Story four times. Her praise is quoted by Veneta Colby in Yesterday's Women Princeton 1974 n, 110.
41. Literary Life
42. G, X. 2.
43. A great deal of The Provost is actually based on historical records:

44. G, X. 3.
45. Ibid.
46. George Kitchin "John Galt" in Edinburgh Essays on Scots Literature ed. H. Harvey Wood, Edinburgh 1933, 113.
47. G, X. 18.
48. He points out that neither Annals nor The Provost have plots "My own notion was to exhibit a kind of local theoretical history, by examples, the truth of which would at once be acknowledged" Literary Life, 226
49. When Galt was given the freedom of Irvine it was the real Provost, then a very old man, who confirmed it.
50. See above 167-175.
51. In his best work Galt does nothing by chance: his instinct is unerring. The often-quoted passage on the difference between politicians of his own and M'Lucre's day - "things in yon former times were not guided so thoroughly by the hand of a disinterested integrity as in these later years" etc. (G, X. 117-19) - is, of course, meant as extenuation from Mr. Pawkies' point of view, and, as usual, is redolent of irony. Alas Bailie M'Lucre in his earlier dealings, especially in the crass and puldie matter of the bribe (from the ship's captain: (G, X. 35), the matter of the cadetship for his son is more discreet but still gains Mr. Pawkie his second Provostship (G, X. 76)) suggests that he would give as good as he gets.
52. G, X. 51-52.
53. G, X. 53.
54. G, 1, 58. "insincerity" is a beautifully chosen word. It has, of course, the primary meaning, but also implies that whoever is tempted to thwart or act against

the Provost must be insincere, as his actions are so much to the general good.

55. G, X. 72-73.
56. G, X. 75.
57. G, X. 57.
58. G, X. 82.
59. G, X. 117. cf. n. 51.
60. G, II. 192-3.
61. G, X. 118.
62. G, X. 203. This was one of Mr. Pawkie's plans which did not come off.
63. G, X. 118.
64. cf. n. 50.
65. See below 329 ff.
66. G, X. 124.
67. G, X. 125.
68. G, X. 127.
69. G, X. 128-129.
70. G, X. 140.
71. See above 317.
72. G, X. 201.
73. G, X. 202.
74. G, X. 211-212.
75. G, X. 214.
76. Ibid. He has previously admitted that he was "standing now clear and free of the world".
77. G. X, 223
78. G, X. 226-227.
79. Literary Life, 232
80. E, I. 82.
81. E, I. 56.

CHAPTER VII.

1. The word Bildung is almost impossible to translate in one word, as its meaning depends on context. Among some of the meanings given in the standard Muret-Sanders German-English Dictionary are: formation, growth, culture, refinement, good-breeding: Ausbildung (occasionally with the prefix omitted) is the normal word for education - "Where was he educated?" As used in Bildungsroman the concept always implies growth: the hero is not vollendet (complete) at the end of the book, but he has travelled a good deal of the way forward. Goethe generally believed that perfection was always one step ahead: even at the end of Faust when the hero has managed to get to heaven, Gretchen is advised to advance to "higher spheres": when Faust sees her he will follow her. As mentioned in the text the suggestion towards maturity, adaptibility and acceptance.
2. Best, perhaps, but still bad translation: "the human being purged of flaws." This sounds pompous and Germanic, as it does in the original. It was, for Goethe, an ideal, which, at a certain stage of his life, he incorporated in noble women - the Princess in Tasso, Iphigenie - but not in men. Without the concept, however, which, as the text states he introduces into his best-known Bildungsroman, in the form of the Pietist, he might not have invented the genre. Gretchen prays for Faust and - some critics think most undeservedly - succeeds in getting him to heaven, but, like Goethe's heroes, he has enjoyed many worldly joys first: but even he has "progressed" in his desire for the infinite, infinite knowledge, infinite power. Wilhelm Meister's progress, of course, is on a less exalted scale.
3. Before Lady Annaly has spoken to him Ormond goes further than merely feeling remorse: he kneels by Moriarty's bed-side and vows that, if his victim lives, "no passion, no provocation should ever, during the whole future course of his life, tempt him to lift his hand against a fellow creature" (E, XVIII, 37). This is before Lady Annaly takes an interest in his future, when he then decides "I am resolved to improve" (40). There follow the four resolutions (E, XVIII p.42). So Ormonds' is really self-improvement.
4. 138 and 190-91. King Corny's death-scene was written by Richard Lovell Edgeworth (B, 281). "White Connal" was an attempt to translate the Gaelic "bán" "fair-haired".
5. See above 329.
6. B, 381.
7. cf. n.4.
8. E, XVIII, 133-4.

9. E, XVIII, 49.
10. E, XVIII, 37.
11. E, XVIII, 117.
12. E, XVIII, 216-7.
13. E, XVIII, 81.
14. Ibid.
15. E, XVIII, 87.
16. E, XVIII, 42.
17. E, XVIII, 227.
18. E, XVIII, At the very end he acts to preserve the bulk of his fortune (E, XVIII. 374) but even then can hardly believe in Sir Ulick's duplicity (E, XVIII. 375).
19. E, XVIII, 78.
20. See above 363-5.
21. E, XVIII, 74.
22. E, XVIII, 97.
23. E, XVIII, 104.
24. E, XVIII, 115-16.
25. E, XVIII, 135-6.
26. E, XVIII, 139.
27. E, XVIII, 139-40.
28. E, XVIII, 118.
29. E, XVIII, 165.
30. E, XVIII, 153.
31. E, XVIII, 158.
32. E, XVIII, 159.
33. E, XVIII, 324.
34. E, XVIII, 325-6.
35. E, XVIII. 327.
36. Ibid.
37. E, XVIII, 327.
38. E, XVIII, 347: Abbe Morellet met the Edgeworths on their Paris visit: see above 92.
39. E, XVIII, 381.
40. E, XVIII, 353.
41. E, XVIII, 358.
42. E, XVIII, 359.
43. E, XVIII, 360.
44. Ibid.
45. E, XVIII, 361.
46. E, XVIII, 362.
47. E, XVIII, 362.
48. E, XVIII, 393.
49. E, XVIII, 393-4.
50. G, III, 150.
51. G, III, 178.
52. G, III, 178-179.
53. G, III, 202.
54. G, III, 205-206.
55. Lord Sandyford once exclaims: "I would as soon take one of these china jars into my bosom for a wife as the cold, the formal, the not less artificial Lady

Sandyford" (G, IV. 103). Andrew interprets this to Lady Sandyford: "But my lord says ye're a china flower-pot and that he'll no' take you back" (G, IV, 105) and before "Yon daffodil, your brother, and that corky, your husband, havena as meikle sense in baith their bouks as your leddyship has in her wee finger" (Ibid).

56. Goethe was prodigal with compliments to his "Augustus and Maecenas" as well he might have been.
57. E, XVIII, 32.
58. E, XVIII, 94.
59. E, XVIII, 334.
60. G, IV. 137.
61. G, IV, 139.
62. G, III, 329.
63. G,IV, 63.
64. G, IV, 246.
65. G, IV, 157.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. See Ch. I. and Edgeworth's prohibition to the young Maria to read novels.
2. See Introduction to Belinda.
3. ~~Deutscher~~. See his essay: Ossian, oder die Lieder alter Völker.
4. cf. Leclaire Le Roman régionaliste dans les Îles Brittanique 1800-1850, 21.
5. Leclaire suggests Rackrent was set in Connaught, then terra incognita to the majority even of Irish people, but Thady makes one or two references to Cork, which seems a more likely venue. In the first edition Miss Edgeworth retains the phonetic transcription of some of Thady's words: "tink" and "fader" are typically Cork/Kerry pronunciations. "Shister," however, is Western, not, I think, Southern. This last spelling is retained in later editions, but the others are eliminated.
6. James Newcomer in his Maria Edgeworth the Novelist (Texas Christian University Press 1967, cited as Newcomer) goes almost to the other extreme and suggests Thady and Jason are accomplices. This is a misreading of Thady's character. He sees no harm in his son's feathering his own nest, provided it does not harm the 'family', but draws the line at disinheriting Sir Condy whom he really loves, and also, perhaps, at taking Rackrent Castle out of Rackrent hands. At the very beginning of the story Thady states that his son "Attorney Quirk" looks down on him, "but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family" (E, I, 2-3.) Later on he tells Sir Condy that he has scarcely been on speaking terms with his son "these fifteen weeks come St. John's Eve" (E, I, 71.) "It would be a folly to be getting myself ill-will in my old age" he says at the end, hardly the reaction of a fellow co-schemer! Newcomer sees Thady as typical of "the afflicted Irish peasant, who, in generations to come, will revolt and revolt again" (151), but Thady, a privileged upper-servant who knows how to look after himself and his perquisites is not particularly afflicted, and it was not the Thadys and Jasons who were to revolt.
7. P.E.N., London, 1941
8. Leclaire 245.
9. Clermont-Ferrand 1954.
10. Paris. 1954
11. Leclaire 9.
12. Leclaire 246.
13. Bentley, op.cit.
14. Leclaire 245
15. op.cit.
16. It is difficult to believe that the Irish villages were, in fact, as bad as tradition makes them out. But de-

scriptions such as those cited from visitors by Constantia Maxwell in Town and Country Life under the Georges mostly confirm Maria Edgeworth's picture of Nugentstown (E, IX, 200) suffering under an absentee landlord and bad agent. Edgeworthstown, of course, was not like this nor was Aunt Ruxton's domain at Black Castle, though her husband was extremely Conservative. "The cottages are improving here" writes Maria to Aunt Charlotte Sneyd in December 1804, "the people have paved their yards, and plant roses against their walls." Apparently however Uncle Ruxton disagreed with Edgeworth on holding lands "by right of conquest" he was a good landlord. There were also, the few oases like Ballitore.

17. RLEM.
18. G, I. 96, G, I. 129, G, I. 119.
19. ME to Mrs. R. Jan 1809, Memoir, I, 219.
20. See above 301.
21. G, II, 283, Note A The Patron.
22. Though, in his final sermon, he still reserves the right of resistance if the things of Caesar take precedence over those of God, "Then, and not till then, are ye free to gird your loins for battle; and woe to him, and woe to the land where that is come to, if the sword be sheathed till the wrong be redressed!" (G, I. 5). But the minister and his audience, only seventeen years away from the succession of the good Queen Victoria, must have known there was little possibility that they would be called upon to oppose a prelatic government. The greater danger from the Church would be the seccessionists and for the people the "Radicals" and urban industrial movements.
23. The Diary was called Annals of Ballitore, I-II, London 1862. In her short introduction to Mrs. Leadbeater's Cottage Dialogues (London 1811) Maria Edgeworth regrets that Burkes letters had not been published up to that date July 1 1810. They were published in Vol II of Annals.
24. Leadbeater, I. 204.
25. Leadbeater, I. 227.
26. Leadbeater, I. 231.
27. Leadbeater, I. 240.
28. Leadbeater, I. 237.
29. E, I. 85.
30. All we hear about Claud's father is that he perished "among the swamp of the mosquito shore" (G, V. 2).
31. Leclaire 258.
32. G, I. 26.
33. G, I. 37.
34. G, I. 24.
35. "the heniousness of the crime can by no possibility be lessened." (G, X. 46).

36. G, X. 16-20.
37. G, II. 61.
38. G, II. 319, Note D.
39. Galt was born and lived until early manhood in small Scottish towns, not villages, but in the Scotland of his day small town and village were not as separate as in modern times.
40. E, I. 88.
41. Leadbeater, I. 227.
42. Leadbeater, I. 257.
43. Stephen Gwynn Irish Literature & Drama, London, 1936, 54.
44. G, X. 1.
45. A, I. 275.
46. Ennui is difficult to date. Glenthorn's London life suggests the conventional Regency rake, but Ellinor speaks of "United men" (although she is probably hardly able to distinguish one movement from another) and the vague political unrest suggests either '98 or the endemic agrarian troubles. On the other hand Joe Kelly was partly educated in Maynooth, which opened only in 1795, and spent some years between leaving it and coming to Glenthorn's Castle. The abortive rising of Robert Emmet in 1803 can hardly be meant, as it was confined to Dublin.
47. The Dublin edition (1800) is a reprint of the London edition, with many minor differences in spelling.
48. Watson XXVII.
49. E, I. 94.
50. Ibid.
51. E, I. 111.
52. See above 406.
53. She had, of course, started work on it much earlier and the years in France came between.
54. At the end of her life she wrote to Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall, the prospective publishers of a nine-volume edition of her works who had asked her to contribute a Preface to each: "In truth I have nothing to say of them but what my dear father has said for me in his prefaces to each of them as they came out": ME to Simpkin & Marshall, nd. 1847: Memoir III, 259.
55. He is, in fact, too active as a landlord, something very unlike the indifference of the absentee.
56. E, VI, 273.
57. E, VI, 290.
58. E, VI, 292.
59. E, I. 94.
60. When told of the reason for Colambre's not marrying her, "Grace could express her sensations only by repeating, in tones of astonishment, pathos and indignation: 'My mother! My mother! My mother!'" She is not, however, as a child of her time, infuriated by Colambre's 'reason'.
61. Cited Roger McHugh, Irish Novelists, Dublin, 1942, 565.

62. It was a reputation which had its origins in Maria's lifetime and continued until the new century, until it began to be perceived that there were certain gaps in her knowledge of her countrymen. In 1812 Jeffrey wrote: "She not only makes us know and love the Irish nation far better than any other writer, but seems to us more qualified than most others to promote knowledge, and the love of mankind" (Edinburgh Review, XX, 1812). John Ruskin declares: "Her three stories of Ormond, Ennui and the Absentee contain more essential truths about Ireland than can be learned from any other source whatever" (Works, ed. E.J. Cookan, Alexander Wedderburn, London 1908, XXXIV, 582). Helen Zimmern, whose views on Irish history were not exactly unprejudiced, wrote: "It was Miss Edgeworth who first came to the rescue of her countrymen, and did this by no exaggerated praise, but by sympathetic yet true presentment. Her national story of Castle Rackrent has established for her a reputation as a relentlessly truthful writer.... Hence to no other writer are the Irish so much indebted" (Helen Zimmern, Maria Edgeworth, London, 1833, 124). The irony of the phrase "Her national story of Castle Rackrent would not, of course, shake Miss Zimmern.
63. Ringan Gilhaize did not set out to imitate Scott, but to treat the same period from a different aspect.
64. See above 362.
65. Smout, 324.
66. Smout, 331.
67. Galt has one unconvincing one - the second paragraph describing the countryside as Andrew returns home: Galt, IV. 240.
68. E, IX. 209.
69. E, IX. 240-41.
70. E, VI. 58-60.
71. E, VI. 61.
72. G, I. 80-81.
73. G, V. 82.
74. G, V. 165.
75. G, V. 179.
76. G, V. 263-4.
77. G, V. 231-2.
78. G, VI, 70-71.
79. Cited G, VI. Note D. 319.
80. Cited G, X. Note D. 235.
81. G, X. 120-125.
82. G, III. 1-2.
83. G, III. 36-37.
84. E, I. 56-57.
85. E, VI. 60.
86. E, IX. 242.
87. E, VI. 99.
88. Castle Rackrent ed. Watson, 12.

89. E, I. 6-7.
90. E, I. 16.
91. E, I. 64.
92. E, I. 92.
93. E, I. 27.
94. As in the Head-Waiter's report of Queen Victoria's speech on her visit to Ireland to Percy French: "'An' I think there's a slate', says she, / 'Off Willie Yeats' says she, / 'He ought to be at home,' says she, / 'French-polishin' a poem,' says she, 'An' not writin' letters,' says she, / 'About his betters,' says she, / 'Paradin' me "crimes",' says she, / 'In 'The Irish Times'' says she."
95. E, I. 61-62.
96. E, I. 96.
97. G, X. 26.
98. Stories 140.
99. Cited Kitchin "John Galt" in H. Harvey Wood: Scottish Literature London, 1952, 117.
100. G, I. 18.
101. G, I. 105.
102. G, I. 107.
103. G, I. 115.
104. G, I. 125.
105. G, I. 103.
106. G, II. 3.
107. G, I. 168.
108. G, I. 212.
109. G, I. 138.
110. G, I. 188.
111. G, I. 174.
112. G, I. 152.
113. G, I. 159.
114. G, I. 25.
115. G, I. 8.
116. G, I. 65.
117. G, I. 74.
118. G, I. 69.
119. G, I. 113.
120. See above 529-30.
121. G, I. 179.
122. G, II. 6. The minister is always gentle with the two "naturals", even though Meg commits suicide.
123. G, I. 122-5.
124. G, X. 17.
125. G, X. 97.
126. G, X. 217.

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