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EDITORIAL

WELCOME back to the *Journal of Juvenilia Studies*, an open-access, peer-reviewed journal, published by the International Society for Literary Juvenilia (ISLJ) and hosted by University of Alberta Libraries. In July 2018, we launched volume 1 at the Sixth International Conference on Literary Juvenilia, held in Durham, UK; July 2019 sees the first of two issues planned for volume 2, with a second issue scheduled for electronic publication in December 2019. At that time, both issues of volume 2 will be bound in a single print volume that will be provided to all members of the ISLJ. If you would like to join our society, the link is on our home page.

Besides moving to a two-issue-per-year format, we introduce another new feature in this issue with our INVITED ARTICLE section. This creative *paratext* by practising artist Eleanor Bowen documents and extends Bowen's fascinating presentation on her own visual juvenilia, which she shared with conference-goers in Durham in 2018. Here, Bowen combines text and image to convey a perspective at once personal and scholarly on the connections she has been able to make between her childhood, her childhood drawings, and her current practice.

The INVITED ARTICLE will appear in future issues on an occasional basis. Rigorous and innovative peer-reviewed scholarship remains at the core of our mission, alongside informed and informative reviews. Thank you for joining us.

Lesley Peterson

DRAWING AND LONGING: READING THE RELICS OF PRACTICE

Eleanor Bowen

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WHEN I was invited to contribute to the Sixth International Conference on Literary Juvenilia, held in Durham, UK in July 2018, I wondered how the concept of “juvenilia” would apply to a visual artist, if at all. Most children produce drawings, regardless of epoch or culture, but depending on the child’s environment these early works are usually either treasured as cute or simply considered funny, and then, eventually, discarded. My own attitude towards my early work was similarly dismissive.

However, the process of accepting the invitation provided me with a new lens on my practice. Revisiting my own childhood drawings became a means of considering what it is to make images, to think and feel through picturing. It also became a means of reflecting on my visual practice in relation to narrative, performance and archaeological process, from the perspective of childhood rather than, as in later life, through practice-based research.

In this short essay, based on the Durham conference presentation, I offer what I have called elsewhere a *paratext*, that is, a text-with-image piece that serves as “a means of drawing out subject matter by presenting meta-material through pairings or clusters of text, or text with image” (Bowen, “Drawing and Longing”). I want to give some idea of my current practice, which comprises images and, often, words. I want to do this in relation to childhood and early life imagery, and to demonstrate how, in researching for the conference presentation (which was accompanied by a small display of “early works”) I have thereby made connections I might never have otherwise made. I offer, therefore, images (photographs and drawings) alongside brief written reflections.

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Journal of Juvenilia Studies 2.1 (June 2019), pp. 3–13. DOI: 10.29173/jjs34

With this paratext, I invite you to peer through the juvenilia lens onto a particular visual practice.

WHERE to start? Imagine here an array of pictures that, collectively, represent fragments of a person's lifetime.

Looking

I CAN'T help thinking of the vast archive I recently itemised, that of my late father, an archaeologist who died six years ago, leaving in his underground study workshop a “substratum of traces—maps, books, drawings, slides, notes, all collapsed into a disorder that would have saddened but not surprised him” (Bowen, “this is that has been” 154).



Fig. 1. *Archive*, photograph by Eleanor Bowen.

My father drew by “looking.”¹ As a field archaeologist he “unraveled relict landscapes” (Taylor 87), apprehending partially obscured traces on the ground, making rapid diagrams and sketches as reminders.

Resistance—how to draw my father's space, how to look at all
(in this place from which order is given—Derrida 1995:9)

*a collapsing order of gestures (gesture upon gesture over the years) of focused thought, placing,
positioning, fastening, fixing
a flow of time evoked by one man's inhabitation²*

The conception of the archive as a “substratum of traces” is in itself an archaeological perspective, and my systematic itemisation of Dad's archive was also a kind of tracing, a process of documentation through photographs and handwritten notes in increasingly untidy columns, interspersed by rapid diagrams and sketches. It was an attempt to make something visible, a reanimation—as when tracing with a pencil you bring your own weight to bear on something already there, making it appear again.

Thus “between an originating present and the moment of marking, the archive (as monument and ruin) is performed, not represented, in an act of retrieval” (Bowen, “this is that has been” 154).

Finding

AMONGST the archaeology (becoming archaeology), where the big categories were by epoch rather than subject matter, I discovered pictures for and letters to Dad, often combining words and pictures, telling stories. From my current perspective, these are “found images,” parental relics.

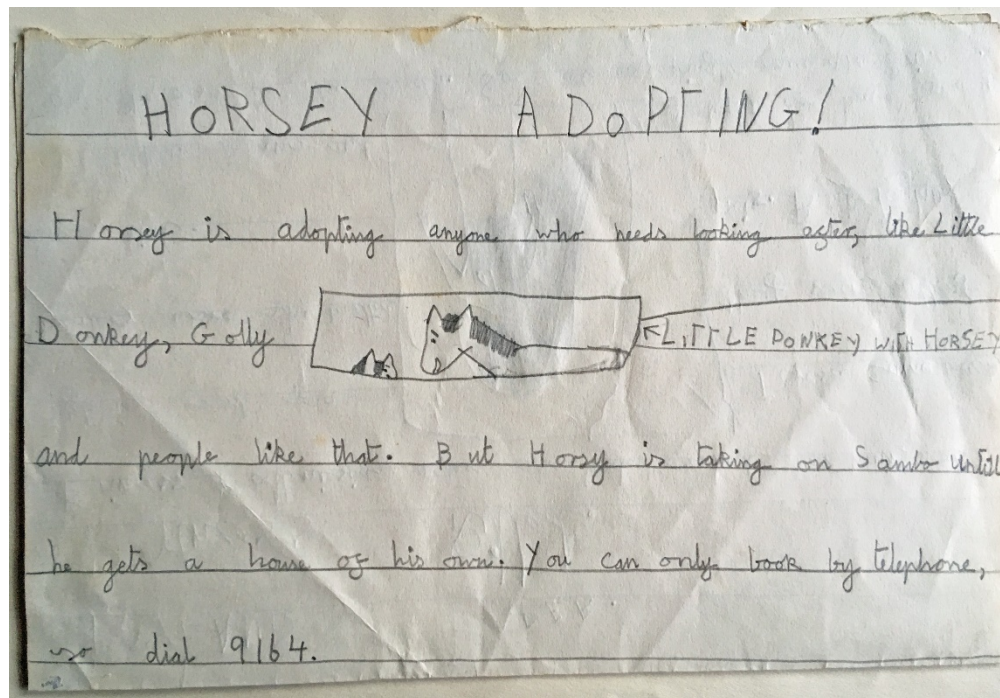


Fig. 2. The Toyland Paper (*Horsey Adopting!*), by Eleanor Bowen.

For example, here is a detail from *The Toyland Paper* that I produced at the age of eight years and one month. Portraits of toys illustrate a layout that is loosely influenced by the newspapers my parents took and, in terms of content, on “Page 1,” by Princess Margaret’s wedding on our brand-new television set and, on “Page 2,” by Mum’s job as a child care officer with a case-load of adoptions.

This is the only piece of juvenilia I found that can be read overtly in terms of cultural context. We’d never had a television before, and Dad had bought it in order to watch the first man go into space. This also meant that my sister and I (being obsessed with princesses) could watch Princess Margaret’s wedding—in fact I think the school gave

us a half-day holiday to do so as most families by then owned TV sets, or could access one. However, our diverted attention had disastrous results for our own Princess Polynesia. “Princess Polleniesia, after she had washed her hair, was put in front of a heater, w(h)ere she melted and died.” Tough for her but, as my sister and I then felt we “ought to have somebody on the air to the Queen,” I announced then and there that we “were going to have a new Princess,” although I do remember genuine tears for our poor melted doll. Then over the page is a wonderful offer for readers, possibly influenced by contemporary girls’ comics such as *Bunty* and *Princess*. Here my beloved Horsey (a cloth horse) is offering adoption, for “anyone who needs looking after,” with a phone number (four digits) to call if necessary. Horsey’s friend Little Donkey was included in the list of possible candidates, along with “Golly” and “Sambo”—no such thing as PC in those days, and we children were completely colour-blind.

Pointing

IN THIS letter, written to my father in hospital, it could be said that the arrow element (I THINK!) points to something that can be identified later within my developing practice.

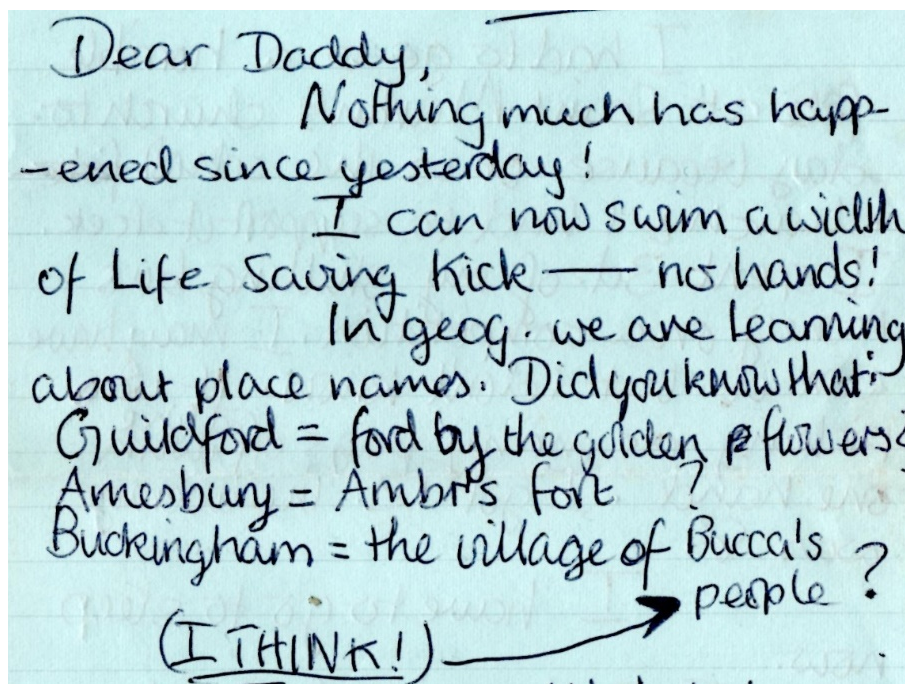


Fig. 3. *Arrow*, by Eleanor Bowen.

Semiotically an arrow is the simplest kind of sign, an icon, the ultimate indicative and here also a command — *follow me!* The indicative mark, the one that indicates a boundary between possibilities, can be referred to within the remit of drawing as

“mark-as-action,”³ a deictic act that, rather than depict, “possesses a logic that aims ... to draw attention” (Bowen, “Drawing the Borderline” 24).

In relation to this somewhat cocky ten-year-old’s letter to Dad, that might sound a little pretentious, but I see in this arrow the seeds of an approach, the desire to point towards alternatives, a practice that insists on a present moment layered with past and future, thoughts and asides, drawing the viewer to respond by leaning in, looking harder, following. Taking the eye round corners.



Fig. 4. Still Life with a Poem, by Juan Gris, 1915 (courtesy Norton Simon Art Foundation).

Such layering can be seen in the crystalline approach of Cubism, as for example in this still life by Juan Gris, which incorporates “outside” elements (a playing card showing seven of hearts, pieces of textile) that make the image coherent while at the same time introducing for the viewer a sense of other times and places. Perhaps we see, as in an archaeological excavation, the interface of *now* and *then*, *here* and *there*, a structure that acknowledges the relativity of one thing to another, a sense of the simultaneous.

Drawing Time

TIME AND the simultaneous (I have noticed since looking back through the juvenilia lens) is a subject that has manifested within my developing practice in different ways.



Fig. 5. *Vanity of the Maker's Girl*, by Eleanor Bowen.

Simon Shaw-Miller and Charlotte de Mille, the curators of *Time Unwrapped: Out of Time*, an exhibition I took part in, remarked in their commentary how my drawing *Vanity of the Maker's Girl*, a self-portrait drawing with collaged elements, resonated with and bridged their themes of “Memory” and “Alternate Time.” On their

assessment, my drawing both “examines and reflects a sense of (self as) present in absence.” Although it is not possible to analogically link the properties or structure of an artwork to “meaning,” perhaps one could say that a drawing characterised by juxtapositions of material and multiple perspectives could evoke such a response.

“Self-portraiture presses the case for the temporality of art: it extracts a momentary view of the artist and their current environment; it looks simultaneously subjectively and objectively—or both inside oneself and at oneself from without . . . As a self-trace the self-portrait can pick up psychically on what it is to be here now” (Shaw-Miller and de Mille).

The impulse to depict “what it is to be here now” motivated *Myself Where I Am Not*. I have described this outsize student drawing on canvas (10 ft x 7 ft) in terms of “an inventory of responsive marks made and remade over a period of time, marking the movements of people, objects, light, and my own trajectories up, down and across a canvas surface that was larger than my physical and visual span” (Bowen, “Parergon” 22). Here I layered my own present (a sense of being there) with marks (lines, patches of colour) that indicated the traces of my own movement across a vast surface.

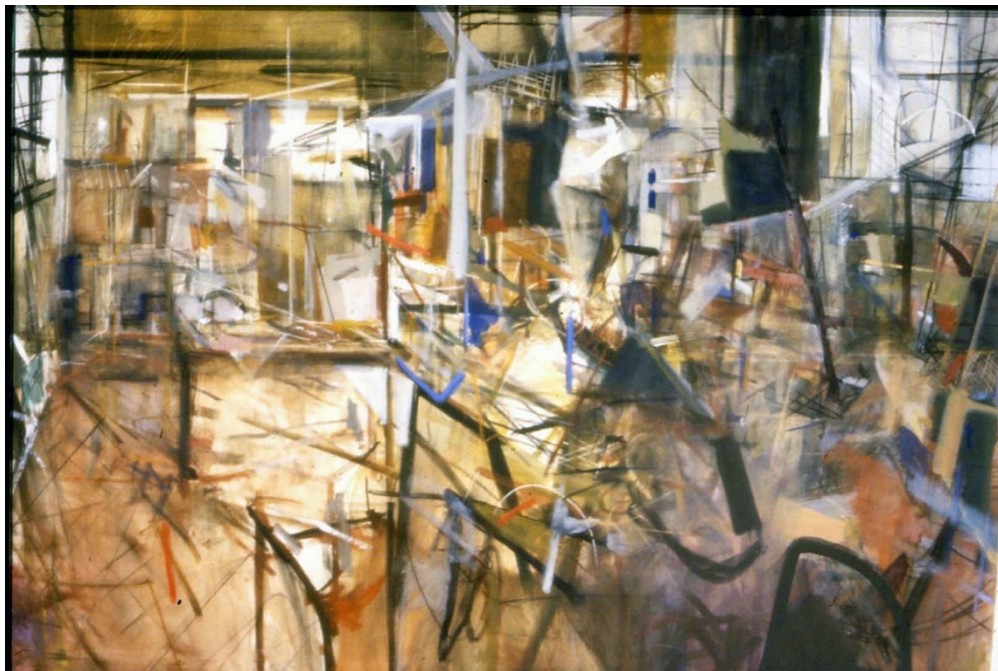


Fig. 6. *Myself Where I Am Not*, by Eleanor Bowen.

*how to make a drawing, not of a room but in it
how to draw inhabiting⁴*

This question, rooted in drawing as both image (*a drawing*) and performance (the *act* of drawing), resonates with much of my practice as it has developed, evidencing an ongoing struggle to reconcile reflection and action, image and text.

Performing Drawing

IT IS APPARENT, from the images I found in the archive, that my sister and I drew differently. Her drawings were more graphic and patternistic with a focus on colour, while mine were rooted in line and narrative.

The pictures I drew were often born out of stories I told myself, some relating to dynasties of people, arising mainly from the desire to *be* these people. They possessed and did what I most wanted to possess and do, for example they owned dogs, rode ponies, won prizes, and held royal status, and in my head they were beautiful.



Fig. 7. Dynasties, by Eleanor Bowen.

Many of the pictures illustrate my own long-forgotten stories, that I sometimes used to speak aloud to myself while walking round and round. Maybe *creating* the space? Drawing it out.

My sister and I were observant, like all children filtering the real world through recognisable ciphers. We were playing, enabling a suspension of belief by anchoring us in just enough *reality* (perhaps a more accurate term is *believability*), as does any effective story-teller, image-maker or poet. It seems that picturing in early years is a visualisation of the world as played with, or performed, by the child, a richly inventive world filtering the child's desires, and perhaps her aspirations.



Fig. 8. The Sale, by Eleanor Bowen.

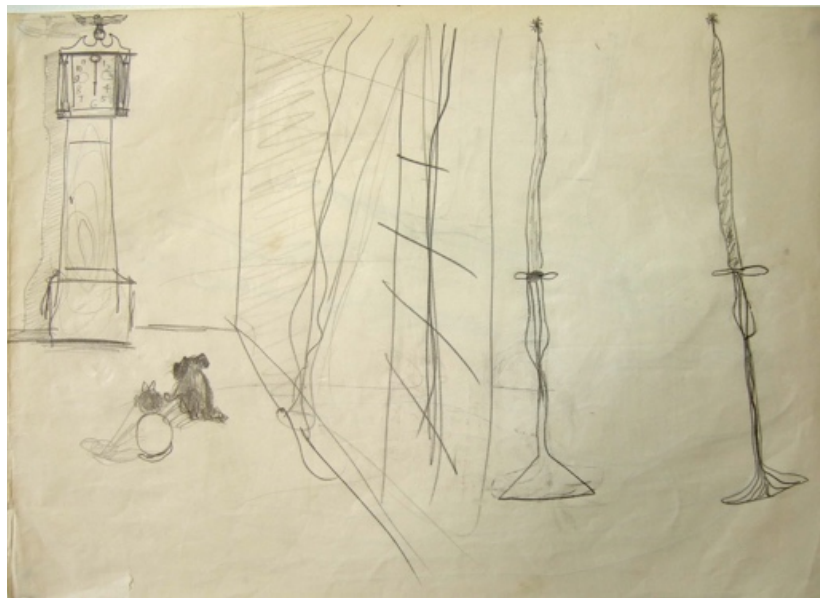


Fig. 9. Drawing Time, by Eleanor Bowen.

Completion

ON 25 September 2018 the family house was sold. Completion happened at 11 a.m. and, armed with rolls of paper tape, brass rubbing wax and a camera I entered the

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house for the last time. It had been completely cleared, stripped back to the bare building we had moved into in the late '50s.

I went straight to the basement because I had limited time (operating in an interstitial space between two eras) and, dragging black wax along paper strips around the bare walls, then doing the same on two paper strips traversing the floor, making a large cross, I made my mark and left.

How to make a drawing not *of* a room but in it?

The impulse was not to make a representative drawing but to mark the moment, to acknowledge a rite of passage, a passing.

*The marking of the room makes the drawing, like a shadow, not resemblance but a measure of physical presence.*⁵

Like the archive, my drawing was and is a trace, both of the past and for the future.



Fig. 10. Deixis, photograph by Eleanor Bowen.

NOTES

¹ As a painting student at Camberwell School of Art I was taught to “look by drawing,” that is, to use drawing as a tool for rigorous observation, and vice versa.

² See Bowen, “this is that has been.”

³ *Mark-as-action* is my own concept, rooted in the work of Ian Alan Paul. See, e.g., his “Process, Movement and Action.”

⁴ Bowen, “Parergon.”

⁵ Bowen, “Drawing the Borderline” 20

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THE USES OF JUVENILIA: ERNEST JONES'S *EFFUSIONS*

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COMMON to the study of young writers who go on to literary fame is comparative work, examining continuities and discontinuities between juvenile and mature writing. The early efforts of the Brontës or Austen can undoubtedly be read beside the later novels to the benefit of both. But the relationship between early and mature writings is always one that has to be interpreted and specified, not assumed. In this paper I examine the juvenilia of the Chartist Ernest Jones (1819–1869) and, more specifically, the *use* of his juvenilia—and of his childhood more generally—in order to comment on a potentially dangerous though understandable temptation to read juvenile works solely for comparison to and usually as a confirmation of the mature work of the author. In Jones's case, the relationship is fraught with complications mainly because Jones, born into wealth, so radically reinvented himself as an adult. As Christine Alexander notes, “an understanding of the literary juvenilia of an established author requires some comparison with the later work” (73); however, she is also quick to point out that, for some artists, “to say ‘farewell’ to one’s early writings ... embodies the recognition of the need for a new direction and a new audience” (74). In my view, Jones scholars have not always given his early work this necessary “recognition.”

Because Jones became a radical and an outsider, his childhood was not shaped by biographers against a standard image of childhood; to enhance the adult's identity, the young Jones all too easily became merely the radical adult-in-waiting. The study of Jones's juvenilia and its critical history gives us a very clear case of how childhood and childhood art can be constructed in the image of the adult artist. Specifically, through an examination of Jones's juvenilia—which consists of one collection of poems and a short story—I reconsider the relationship between the child and adult writer in order to argue, in part, that the child writer's minor voice has been constructed as an imitation of the mature voice of the adult Chartist. The mature man, the Chartist, and his writings have been similarly constructed as a minor voice imitating a mature voice, though here, the Chartist or working-class voice is often considered to be imitating a middle-class one. That is, critics of Victorian working-class writing have tended to see it, and Jones's work especially, as derivative, merely the same middle-class social-problem story however re-accented. By demonstrating

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the ways in which Jones's early works were either conscripted into a campaign to romanticise or naturalise Jones's transition to the cause of the people or, more recently, used to support a thesis that his conversion was calculated and inauthentic, I want to challenge the reading of juvenilia *in toto* that reduces it to an introduction of the mature works and insist, instead, that an established writer's early works have to be attended to as something more than a pre-echo of the material that matters. When we give such attention to Jones's juvenilia, we may discover exactly what Jones the Chartist thought he *could* keep in his poetry and fiction from his early years as a kind of minority writer, and what he thought he could *not* keep when he became a different kind of minority writer.

Nineteenth-century biographers of Ernest Jones relished in detailing the radical's privileged childhood. The more emphasis on his inherent social advantages, the more glorious his rejection of that world to fight for the people's cause. Frederick Leary begins his 1887 biography by observing that "Jones was born at Berlin on the 25th of January, 1819. His father was Major Charles Jones, of the 15th Hussars, Equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, who was the uncle of Queen Victoria, and was King of Hanover under the title of Ernest I" (1). Moving through the early years, Leary notes that Jones attended the "College of St. Michael, Luneburgh, the exclusively aristocratic institution to which the sons of the local nobility alone had access, a foreigner being admitted only by what was in Hanover called a 'letter patent' from the King." He then comments, "We dwell on these otherwise unimportant particulars of his early years, as rendering more remarkable by their contrast that democratic spirit for which he afterwards became so noted" (2). Similarly, George Jacob Holyoake states in his own biography, *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life* (1892), that Jones "was reared under circumstances which did not render it necessary that he should have any sympathy with the people" (249). In 1897, David P. Davies drew upon Jones's privileged childhood to help overthrow "charges of insincerity" and claim that Jones is one of the few "who, by might and right have insisted upon right being 'wisdom in the scorn of consequence'" (20). G. D. H. Cole carried this line of discourse into the twentieth century, beginning his portrait of Jones by stating first that "There was in Ernest Jones's beginnings nothing to foreshadow his career" (339), but then adding that he learned to speak for the people in a way that was "not studied, but natural," for he "believed in them with all the faith of the converted aristocrat" (341).

The conversion narrative of selfless sacrifice crystallising in these biographies was initiated by Jones himself in his essays and novels. As Miles Taylor states, "Sacrifice was ... the central motif of Jones's version of his life" (22). By 1845 Jones had become a hugely popular political orator and radical publisher, one of Chartism's most prominent leaders, sworn never to take a penny for the work he would do on behalf of the working classes, and writing profusely about history's great martyrs.¹ Though his turn to radical politics has been seen by others as a response to personal financial difficulties verging on bankruptcy (Rennie 6), Jones preferred to emphasise that he had forsaken a promising career as a lawyer to advocate for Chartism, abandoning both the money his talents would have generated as a poet or novelist of leisure and, more directly, the £2,000 a year offered to him by his uncle, Holton

Annesley, on condition that he abort his political cause. Perhaps in consequence of such self-representation, sacrifice became a large part of the legend surrounding Jones. Leary, for instance, says he “voluntarily resigned a large fortune” (82) to serve the people. In *Men of the Reign: A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Persons*, Thomas Humphrey Ward conspicuously uses the same phrase—“he voluntarily resigned a fortune” (479)—to underline the financial loss Jones endured to fight for democracy, in his entry on Jones that was reproduced five years later (1890) in *Chambers’s Encyclopaedia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge* (353). In a number of his novels, Jones himself seems to reflect on this sacrifice, crafting heroic figures who cast off riches to join a revolutionary cause, rejecting at one and the same time tyrannical regimes and worse fathers. In the same stories, such as *The Maid of Warsaw* (1854) or *De Brassier* (1851–52), the heroes of authentic conversion are juxtaposed with corrupt charlatans who claim to convert to the cause but in fact join it only for self-aggrandisement, for money, or to sabotage it. A number of Chartism’s leaders—who were frequently at odds with each other—were not of the working classes,² making the conversion narrative critical to Jones and others like him, not merely as a way to prove their own authenticity, but to cast doubts on their rivals as well.

The conversion narratives picked up by Jones’s first biographers generally highlight his early wealth so as to stress what Jones gave up, but they also insist that the young Jones had all along the seeds of the democrat naturally within. This is where the biographers, and Jones himself, make use of the juvenilia. In a pamphlet written in 1868 titled “Ernest Jones: Who Is He? What Has He Done?” purportedly written by James Crossley for the radical publisher Abel Haywood, but most likely ghost-written or dictated a forty-nine-year old Jones a year before his death, Jones’s youthful effusions are presented as a sign that he was by nature a precocious friend of the people, whose “poetic spirit ... has since borne fruit in his mature years” (quoted in Taylor 19). Cole repeats this argument when he claims that “it is possible to trace,” in Jones’s youthful writings and adventures, “the forces which were making him into a Chartist—a deep sympathy with suffering, a sense of the hollowness of the society in which he had hitherto moved, and a passion against social injustice” (340).

The early writings to which both Crossley and Cole refer may be found in *Infantine Effusions*, a collection of Jones’s poems that his parents had printed in 1830 when Jones was ten, and in the short story “The Invalid’s Pipe”, published that same year, again with his father bringing it to the publishers. *Infantine Effusions* is a sixty-eight-page collection of fourteen poems, though not all of them original: they include a twenty-page translation of Voltaire’s *Henriade* and an extract from Rodolski. “The Invalid’s Pipe” was published in *Ackermann’s Juvenile Forget Me Not* (where it follows a story by an eighteen-year-old Geraldine Jewsbury); it was then reprinted, again in 1830 but this time as an extract, in a positive review of the *Forget Me Not* published in *The Mirror*, where Jones’s story is singled out as “almost a literary curiosity,” presumably because it is aesthetically mature but written by a ten-year-old. It was published, again as an extract, in a positive periodical review in the *Liberal* the same year; it was later republished with enthusiasm in *Youth’s Keepsake*, *A Christmas and New Year’s Gift for Young People*, coming out of Boston in 1836, and in 1849 in *The Hyincyth*, an American annual published in Philadelphia. In other words, the story was a success, giving the

young Jones his first taste of literary popularity. The review of the *Forget Me Not* in *La Belle Assemblée* says, “particularly we have been struck with the Invalid’s Pipe The construction of this piece is perfect; and altogether it is full of promise” (203).

Crossley’s pamphlet also makes a great deal of the eleven-year-old boy, after his early literary productions, running away to join the Poles in their November Uprising against Russia in 1830. Jones’s Chartist biographers would do the same. Holyoake comments that, “His father having an estate in Holstein, on the border of the Black Forest, Ernest Jones passed his boyhood there, and in 1830, when eleven years old, he set out across the Black Forest, with a bundle under his arm, to ‘help the Poles.’ With similar precarious equipment, he in after years set out to help the Chartists” (248). Early critics, that is, read the adventure as they read the early writings, as a sign of the radical things to come. Besides Cole’s claim that Jones’s early poems contained such signs of “the forces which were making him into a Chartist,” Robert Gammage, Chartism’s first historian, uses the early poetry to draw a connection between the child and the mature politician. After pointing out Jones’s aristocratic lineage, including Jones’s own claim to be “descended from the great Emperor Charlemagne,” he says of the poems that “[o]f course these productions were sufficiently puerile, but they indicated the existence of a genius that would be more fully manifested at no distant day” (281).

Miles Taylor’s more recent biography of Jones, by contrast, attempts to disabuse readers of the romantic myth surrounding Jones by characterizing him as a self-interested, dishonest populist. It is a devastating biography because Taylor sets out to show how Jones “invented and re-told his own life-story for political and literary effect” but was in fact a selfish opportunist (24). In order to lay the groundwork for his argument that Jones was a mere imitator, inauthentic, and really a fraud taking advantage of a people’s movement so as to achieve riches and fame, Taylor goes after Jones’s juvenilia. He begins by speaking politely of Jones’s early collection, but then doubts the claim made by his parents in their preface to this collection that the poems in *Infantine Effusions* “are precisely as they came from the pen of the child, without any correction or alteration whatever” (4).³ Taylor argues that an unfinished, unpublished fragment of a poem written when Jones was fourteen proves that his parents must have “altered and improved their son’s poetry on the first occasion, but not on the second” (37). He draws attention to what he calls “the laboured and predictable poetic manner” of the later poem (37):

Three flowers bloom so fresh and fair
Beneath the tall oaks favouring share
And many a blossom buddeth there,
That decks the earth and scents the air.

They bloom upon the mountain high,
Or open in the lowly glade.
And many a tempest sweeping by,

Left them blooming fresh and fair
 As first the Summer saw them there
 (Draft of an incomplete poem titled “Alboin of Lombardy,”
 December 1833 [when Jones was 14], qtd. in Taylor 37)

Taylor notes that the “inconsistent stanzas” of this fragment, “the rather desperate choice of rhyming couplet, and the excessive piling-up of naturalistic imagery suggest an amateurish adolescent and certainly not one who had won his literary spurs several years earlier” (37). Yet this is an impossible line of criticism: the fragment that Taylor uses to compare Jones at fourteen with the younger poet who wrote *Effusions* at ten is an unfinished first draft that neither Jones nor his parents thought enough about to bring to a publisher.

Going after Jones’s reputation in the first place is a bit strange—Jones is hardly a household name standing in for all that is good and noble in the world—but Taylor’s biography is a necessary antidote to the myths surrounding Jones’s conversion to the cause, at least as it is represented in many of the early biographies, though Jones certainly had his detractors before Taylor. However, whether or not Jones was a sincere Chartist is not the subject of this paper; the use of his juvenilia to make a point about the adult man is. What has to be stressed here, accordingly, is the way that Taylor uses the juvenilia to frame his argument that Jones and his family were natural-born fraudsters. A comparison of this poem to the earlier ones proves absolutely nothing about whether the first poems were really written solely by the young Ernest Jones. The accusations of fraud that surrounded Opal Whiteley after the publication of her diary, though far from proven, were at least argued to be based on scientific evidence.⁴

Not only is Jones’s later poem no more than first-draft scribbles in a notebook but the earlier published poems also demonstrate a somewhat “laboured and predictable poetic manner,” and with reason. The early poems are clear, explicit imitations of Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Shelley, and others. Several are subtitled “An Imitation.” The imitative qualities of Jones’s early poetry might be seen to bring out the way that Jones as both child and adult modelled his verses on the Romantics, or the way he continued to engage in strategies of passing or identification and even in forms of cultural appropriation. But the voices that the child writer attempted to imitate are very different from the ones that the mature Jones attempted to cultivate: the early Jones attempted to sound like a sophisticated and established, individualistic poet in tune with nature, whereas the mature Jones wished to sound like an emotional, authentic, revolutionary member of the working classes. Taylor does not provide readers with any of the poems from *Infantine Effusions* to compare to “Alboin of Lombardy,” though it is clear that many of them pile up naturalistic imagery or force rhymes in precisely the same way that may be said to characterise the later fragment. In any case, that children’s writing would be subject to this kind of suspicion needs correction in itself, for it assumes, or implies, or at least feeds off or feeds into the idea that accomplished work by children warrants suspicion, and first and foremost must be inspected for authenticity just because it is good.

Though both the mature man and the child author write about nature, the nature they describe and what it represents differs radically. The poems in *Infantine Effusions* are mostly about nature's comfort and muses, sometimes about comforting nature as a muse. Sun and moon imagery dominate as do descriptions of birds singing, merry bees, and sylvan landscapes with multiple zephyrs. The poems often read as performances of poetic diction: the word "zephyr" appears eleven times in the collection; "Phoebus" appears in four poems. Dashes are everywhere, as if the boy were also practising poetic phrasing:

To see the shepherd lead his flock,
 Guarded by his faithful Shock,
 See, how he bounds around—and hark!
 How cheerful sounds his rural bark.
 To hear the rousers of the dawn—
 The cock's shrill voice announcing morn,
 To hear the birds begin their song—
 Melodious—and with accents strong,
 When through the air they wing their way—
 Those sweet proclaimers of the day;
 To hear the hunter's winding horn
 Pursuing the all-fearful fawn,—
 These are the sounds,—to me most dear—
 That faithful mark—the rolling year.
 ("Emblems of Morning. Written in 1827" [when Jones was
 eight], *Infantine Effusions* 17)

Though a number of the poems relate, as this one does, the bucolic observations of a boy wandering through nature, they are rarely personal in any distinct way. Nor are the poems topical, as are the mature poems in general, though some seem more occasional than others, such as "Lines Seeing a Vessel" (14). Aside from the translation of Voltaire and a poem dedicated to an uncle who died fighting for Greek independence, they show little sign of a radical political consciousness, even in an embryonic form. In one poem called "Lines on England," Jones describes his parents' homeland, a place he had not seen yet, as being "Where the spirit of man soars proudly unbroken" and where "liberty's reign has for ages endured," which is exactly the opposite to what the mature poet-politician would later write (25). The older Jones writes of an England marked by misery and injustice, most notably in "The Factory Town" or "A Song for the People." As Timothy Randall has noted, the mature Jones includes a good deal of nature imagery, but it is nearly always compounded with revolutionary imagery, "especially storms gathering" (178). Mike Sanders demonstrates the mature man's preference for "urgent, concise contemporary language" (181). John Saville, by contrast, describes Jones's post-juvenile, pre-Chartist poetry and general way of thinking as "patriotic, conservative, religious and intensely romantic" (14).

For the most part the early poems are very accomplished idylls but clearly imitative, such as “Lines Written When 8 Years of Age”:

In a valley-rural place,
I this day, did guide my pace,
Where the river purls along
Rolling with a current strong.
Flowers, wav'd by zephyr's breath—
Its borders were bestudded with;
Mountains—at some distance were—
With mist-crown'd tops which kiss'd th'air;
Majestic frowning on their brow—
Ancient Elms—and Beeches grow.
Hark!—the Hunter's winding horns
The sylvan race of danger warns;—
Methinks I see the frighten'd deer—
Motionless—transfix'd—with fear—
Here let me rest in this retreat—
Listening—to the Linnet sweet—
Where the river purls along—
—Far from the loud—unthinking throng. (*Infantine Effusions* 31)

Jones was likely a sensitive boy who deeply felt the beauty of Wordsworthian nature against the “unthinking throng.” Still, it does seem that Wordsworth's verse itself is also inspiring and teaching him, not just nature.

In the 1830s, imitation, speaking in the voice of another, was understood as the primary way to learn, and reading and writing were not seen as disparate experiences. Education, in both the monitorial system and the tutor system, was heavily based on the principles of rote learning and discipline (Simon 262). Upper-class boys at this time were especially expected to learn through imitation (Brownstein 124), and the lengthy translation of Voltaire is a clear example of how Jones (or his father) expected readers to view evidence of having mastered the language and style of another as an accomplishment. Aside from the Voltaire, the longest poem in the collection is called “Rodriguo. A Canto Imitated from a Celebrated Author.” It is *Otello* in thirteen pages, told in the style and meter of Byron's *Don Juan*, and the poem does not attempt to fool the reader into understanding that it is anything but that. “The Minstrel. A Ballad” is both a tribute to Walter's Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and a reproduction of it. Three of the poems are identified as “Extracts from a small poem written by the Author called Rodolski” (p. 18; though in the index they are identified as “Extracts from a small poem called Rodolski”), again demonstrating that originality and the poet's subjectivity or personal voice are hardly stressed.

In the two poems that break this pattern, “Lines on the Land of my Birth” and “Lines Written on the Death of my Godfather, the Late Lord Charles Murray in Greece,” Jones speaks of personal things he knows of but not in such a way as to abandon what might be called poetic decorum:

And thou!—fair star in Prussia's crown,
 Thou pure and polish'd gem,
 Who gleam'd more bright in fortune's frown,
 Its torrent sought to stem. ("Lines on the Land of my Birth" 66)

The murky storm he'd kept behind
 (Unbent, without controul)
 Roll'd swiftly on the wings of wind
 Yet peaceful—rests his soul.
 ("Lines Written on the Death of my Godfather," *Infantine Effusions* 63)

Jones, not unlike the young Ruskin writing at the same time, is imitating authors and scenes or ideas and styles beyond his years, and any extraordinary quality in the verse can better be attributed to this than to the assumption that his parents are ghost-writing the poems.

This is not to say that these exercises in imitation cannot inform an understanding of the mature works. It is possible to see continuities between the child and the adult writer in that both desire to re-imagine or reinvent an identity-as-is. In other words, instead of judging Jones, both the child writer and the Chartist writer alike, as pandering to an audience, pretending to be what he is not, or cheating his way into recognition, we might begin to see the continuation of a Romantic imaginary begun in childhood. As we have seen, the Victorian conversion narrative was popular, especially among Chartists, whose writings tend to focus on well-off young men converting to radical politics. Though the mature Jones, like a number of other Chartist leaders who were not born into the working class, can be understood as showing self-conscious anxiety over his conversion to the people's cause, it is easier to see him wearing it proudly as a badge—he does include the conversion narrative as part of all his major works. Gregory Vargo's argument is relevant here: complicating Andrew Tate's description of Victorian conversion narratives as creating a space for "a new, more authentic state of selfhood" to emerge, Vargo points out that this process relies on a "radical discontinuity of self" (105). The young Jones learns by doing, imitates what he reads; the older Jones has this same defiant confidence in an ability to speak not just for others but as other, relating experiences such as dire poverty that he would not have experienced at first hand. His conversion narrative, then, is also a narrative of self-fashioning, equally familiar, with origins in Romanticism.

Whether or not the ten-year-old Jones anticipated conversion, this narrative of self-fashioning was most certainly something he did rehearse as a child. Rachel M. Brownstein notes that, "Written with one eye on the model and one eye on the reader, imitations are a particularly social literary form, calculated to create a sense of complicity by casting their authors as readers (as well)" (123). This might be applied equally to both Jones the boy writer and Jones the Chartist writer. Still, even though the child and the mature man might be considered as doing the same thing by adopting or imitating voices, and re-creating the self by doing so, the voices that they are imitating are significantly different. This makes any scholarly use of the juvenilia

to understand the mature man's work a complicated matter of interpretation, and not simply a matter of folding one into the other.

For Jones and the Chartist leadership without working-class roots, Romanticism's promotion of imaginative self-fashioning, of breaking from the strictures of a received environment—something the young Jones learns to do by fashioning himself into a poet—must also have proven valuable in the conversion to Chartism. The relationship to Romantic poets that the young Jones began with his imitation of them can also be interpreted as having lasted into his mature years. Certainly, Romantic self-fashioning comes with added anxieties for the older Jones and for other Chartist leaders who did not come from the working classes. Jones's claim to have written his prison poetry in blood or Feargus O'Connor's dressing in working-class fustians suggests anxiety that identification with working people had to be proven or earned. Jones's stories with two converts to a revolutionary cause, one authentic and one selfish, might lead us to think that Jones himself was doubting the motives of his own conversion. But the juvenilia remind us of the deep connection between Chartism and poetry, especially Romantic poetry.

Engels was one of the first to notice this bond, saying "it is the workers who are most familiar with the poetry of Shelley and Byron. Shelley's prophetic genius has caught their imagination, while Byron attracts their sympathy by his sensuous fire and by the virulence of his satire against the existing social order" (qtd. in Rutherford 368). Looking at the way that massive amounts of Romantic poetry were reproduced in Chartist papers and recited at meetings, Peter Scheckner has more recently argued that the Chartists "modeled themselves on such poets as Milton, Marvell, Pope, Burns, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Southey, and Longfellow" (29). Shelley's "Queen Mab" was known as "the Chartist Bible," and Byron's *Don Juan* was praised in the flagship Chartist paper *The Northern Star* as "a record of free thought and an eloquent vindication of democracy which every publican, every lover of his species, should have in his library" (qtd. in Scheckner 29). Jones's mature poem "Bonnivard" (composed July 1848) is clearly and explicitly indebted to Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon." Other critics such as Bouthaina Shaaban convincingly argue that it was more than anything else Shelley's belief that poetry itself was the principle means of moving, radicalising people, and bringing about social change that endeared Shelley and the Romantics to Chartists. As Michael Sanders and others have argued, poetry was not just an appendage to Chartism, it was central to it, helping to define the movement. Part of this importance can be understood as an extension of what Jones learned as a child from his lessons in Romanticism, that *doing* can be *being*.

But again, that both the young and mature man turned to the Romantic poets should neither surprise nor be taken as evidence of an embryonic radicalism in the younger self, as the early and late poems have more uncommon features between them than common ones, sharing mostly the vague connection of a high idealism. It might just as well be argued that the young Jones could have imitated the defiant, daringly imaginative current of Romantic poetry but instead adopted only its high individualism. The short story that Jones wrote when ten further demonstrates the tenuous connections between the writings of the boy and man. "The Invalid's Pipe" is a three-page story with a military theme. The Baron of Furstenstein meets an old,

maimed soldier, travelling to Berlin to claim a pension. The old soldier is poor and homeless but in possession of an elaborate, beautiful pipe. The Baron makes him an offer for his pipe because he feels “an insurmountable wish to possess it” (190). The soldier will not sell it and tells his story to explain why. On the battlefield, the soldier had attempted to rescue his Captain, who had in his turn rescued the soldier in a previous battle. But the Captain’s wounds were too great, and on his passing he gave the soldier his purse and his pipe. The purse the soldier gave to the landlord where they had been surrounded by the enemy, and who had been plundered by the enemy, and the pipe, he tells us tearfully, he refuses to part with, just as he refused to sell it earlier after his leg was blown off in another battle. The Baron, himself driven to tears by the “affecting” story, asks for the name of the Captain, so he too can “honor and respect his memory” (192). The Captain was the Baron’s father. The Baron then invites the soldier to live with him on his estate, and the soldier gives the Baron the pipe. In *Ackermann’s Juvenile Forget Me Not*, where the story first appeared, the editors include a note: “This story has been transmitted to the editor as the genuine production of the son of a British military officer, only nine years of age, and composed from a circumstance that actually occurred in a noble German family” (189). Jones may in fact have loosely modelled the story on an episode from his father’s military background: Major Jones had fought in the Peninsular War between 1808 and 1814 under Sir John Moore, and was standing by his side when Moore was killed in battle. The possible familial aspect of the story, however, should not lead to the assumption that it too was ghost-written.

In some sense, the plot of the story is essentially retold again and again by Jones in his mature work, though with the happy ending of the story entirely reversed, arguably making for a more oppositional than symmetrical story. Stories such as “The London Doorstep” are deliberately affective in Jones’s work, not entirely unlike the appeal to heartstrings in “The Invalid’s Pipe.” Affect is thematic in Chartist fiction; that is, the question of who feels—the poor feel for the poor—and who does not—the privileged classes do not feel for the poor—is in fact a staple in working-class fiction. Accordingly, Jones’s mature stories tend also to represent a down-trodden, destitute and helpless person living on the street, or in a doorway, in need of alms and some common decency from the passers-by (who frequently have a conspicuous past connection to the outcast), but who does not get any aid and almost invariably dies. The poor are always written as generous, kind, and decent: often invalids or hapless victims. As a Chartist, Jones is making the point with such narratives that without the Charter the common people, noble as they are, will not receive the justice that they need, that charity and sympathy do not work because the respectable classes are not charitable or sympathetic. Again, the Charter is needed in order to bring about a comforting resolution. The structure of the childhood story lingers in the mature works; the radical Jones, however, rejects the narrative expectations that the child indulges in, the happy-ever-after. Furthermore, though the appeal to emotion has not changed, there is very little specific content connecting this story to the ones the mature man would write, and instead of seeing connections one could very well see the later narratives as reversals, even corrections to the assumptions surrounding class and charity that the young Jones adopts. For all these reasons, then, the early story is

fundamentally different from the mature ones: it honours military culture, paints a picture of interclass harmony, celebrates the easy charity of the titled, and promises happy resolution for the patient, good, and decent lower classes through a narrowly individualistic and providential solution to the problems of poverty and social disparity. The mature stories do the very opposite of this.

Comparing the early and later work in this way demonstrates how Jones's childhood was constructed by the mature Jones and by his sympathetic biographers based on scraps of evidence that prove virtually nothing. But Jones's detractors who use his juvenilia to claim that it shows early signs of fraud or counterfeiting are in fact indulging in exactly the same kind of misconstruction, merely using the juvenilia to promote or reinforce a reading of the mature man's image. Jones's story tells us that he was sensitive as a boy to the plight of the poor, granted. But more importantly, perhaps, the success of the story seems to have shown Jones a way to generate popular appeal. Jones would later attempt to justify the combination of politics and romance in his preface to *De Brassier*, by defending popular writing: "I do not see why Truth should always be dressed in a stern and repulsive garb. The more attractive you can make her, the more easily she will progress" (*Notes to the People* 20).

A relationship between the child and the adult writer, that is, can be found or inferred. But it cannot be forced or predicated on a simplistic notion that allows for a ready-made reading of child writing as an embryonic warm-up to mature writing: this notion is itself a form of Wordsworthian Romanticism, that the "child is father of the man." What might be wrested from a comparison in Jones's case is that the boy wrote in part to please his parents, in part to meet adult and generic expectations, and that the adult Jones largely rejected those expectations while trying to write from the position of a different kind of minority writer, from the position of the working classes. The relationship between the child and the successful adult writer is one of the central areas in the study of juvenilia; Juliet McMaster asserts that "we can recognize in a canonical adult work the impress of the less polished but always suggestive early work" (xi), and this is certainly the case with Jones's work, where the form of the early story remains intact in the later ones. But the relationship in this case is complicated by the fact that Jones attempted to recreate himself as an adult, from the privileged man to the man of the people. Jones and his biographers have largely settled on re-accenting the juvenilia to match the image they have of him as mature man. But another way of looking at the relationship between the early and mature writing in this case is to see them as ideologically different and to read in the difference an existential and Romantic, but also conscious, development that, in fact, entailed leaving the child behind. I am arguing, in other words, that the relationship between child and adult, in Jones's case, can be understood not as a matter of re-accenting but really as a matter of rejection.

The childhood excursion to fight the invading Russians in Poland also gets adult treatment in Jones's mature work. *The Maid of Warsaw, or the Tyrant Czar: A Tale of the Last Polish Insurrection* is a novel he wrote about the Polish Uprising of 1830. Here a young, aristocratic Polish hero, Wladimir, is press-ganged into fighting against his own people by the Russians, but when the rebellion breaks out, he defects to the insurgent cause, dying nobly in a battle protecting the Polish people. Again, the later

story does not really add to our understanding of the boy's objective in going to Poland to fight for justice, however noble it seems to have been, because the story is full of Chartist objectives underlining how true converts to the cause will sacrifice all for it. As said, a number of Jones's stories, including his most famous one, *De Brassier*, depict true converts to democracy juxtaposed against false conversions and demagoguery. Jones in fact wrote several melodramas that recast the boy democrat rejecting the advantages of birth, developing the image of a martyr that would become so important to the leadership of the Chartist movement. In "Pride and Prejudice: or the Martyr of Society," for instance, an aristocratic family who had never worked for anything have a son who strangely has democratic sensibilities. Carl, the son, and the name that Jones's relatives used for him, is disinherited and remains ostracised, the outsider, despised by the aristocracy he rejects. Jones himself, the point is, made efforts to construct his own biography and childhood. These efforts were adopted by sympathetic critics without much scepticism because the narrative of the boy democrat martyring himself for the people fitted into an ongoing narrative. The later re-imagining of his journey to fight the Russians,⁵ as with the proleptic readings of the juvenilia, can be read as part of the campaign to insist that one of the most prominent Chartist leaders was of the people, instinctually martyring himself for the people.

It is easy to overlook the differences between "The Invalid's Pipe" and, say, "The London Doorstep" as they are structurally similar and ostensibly have a similar moral or message: the importance of charity, sympathy, caritas, or Christian decency. But glossing over the differences in order to demonstrate lifelong continuity is problematic. This rubbing out of differences is exactly what has happened to working-class writing over the last 150 years. Critics have looked for connections between canonical and working-class literature, found some of course, ignored major differences (such as sympathy working in one story and not in the other, leading to a happy-ever-after ending for one story and not for the other) and then argued that working-class writing is a mere re-accenting, a mere—and pale—imitation of the more complex, central middle-class *stuff*. This is what happens too frequently with child writing. Jones as a youth was finding a voice, undoubtedly, but in some ways it was a voice he later rejected, not, interestingly, because it was a minority voice, but because it was the majority voice. We can understand Jones's juvenilia in terms of artistic development, for it certainly did have an impact on the development of his literary and perhaps his radical voice. We must be alert, however, not just to the pre-echoes but to what he rejects in his youthful writing, just as we must do with other minority voices.

NOTES

¹ See, for example, "Mirabeau" (*Labourer* 4: 153) or "Curran, the Orator" (*National Instructor*, 19 April 1851).

² Quoting Patrick Joyce, Sally Ledger explains that "Men such as Jones, his contemporary and rival G. W. M Reynolds, and Feargus O'Connor before them, lived out their political careers 'as

romantic heroes,' 'exiled and spurned by their own sort, doing battle in the cause of their similarly exiled but poor fellow man'" (37).

³ In a letter to Dr. Y. Weeren dated 2 April 1830, Major Jones states that Ernest had never received any instruction in writing poetry: "On the contrary I have made use of every means in my power to repress his genius in that respect, without effect, and at last I have suffered myself to be prevailed upon to publish (out of a mass of others) these little poems" (qtd. in E. Jones, "Diary" 5).

⁴ In *Opal: A Life of Enchantment, Mystery, and Madness*, Kathrine Beck presents both sides of the case.

⁵ Though the story is reproduced in most biographies, its source is Crossley's "Ernest Jones: Who Is He? What Has He Done?", frequently considered to be from Jones's own hand.

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THE ROMANTICISM OF ELIZABETH BARRETT'S JUVENILE POETICS¹

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IN A LETTER of 1828, twenty-two-year-old Elizabeth Barrett reflected on the famous Romantic poet George Gordon, Lord Byron: “*he* was a real poet!” He could “throw himself, in a transport of enthusiasm, on the earth before a cross, & kiss the feet of the Crucified. You see—the *knowledge* was not there—but the *feeling* was there!” (BC 2:139, emphasis original). In her admiration, Barrett frames Byron not only as a man of feeling, but also as a related figure that was popularised during the Romantic period: an enthusiast. Like many of the prophets and poets who were labeled “enthusiasts” at the time, Byron’s overwhelming fervour appears in his being transported through violent emotion, even ecstasy.² Despite his physical body’s being flung “on the earth,” Byron’s spirit is exalted heavenward by “the feeling” that, for Barrett, surpasses the religious knowledge one might have expected would inspire such prostration; moreover, this letter to Hugh Stuart Boyd claims that enthusiasm is part of what makes Byron “a real poet.” It makes sense that Barrett, at this time a nascent poet herself, would appropriate the language of strong feeling that marked the literature of her childhood, and that she would cast herself as an enthusiast in the tradition of Byron.³ In her youth especially, Barrett praised the affective qualities that aligned Byron and other male Romantics with religious zeal, even in the absence of religiosity itself. She recognised from a young age how thoroughly the language of prophecy had infiltrated Romantic poetics, and how its tropes and theories inflected the gendered conventions of literary professionalism.

The primary way this infiltration occurred was through the figuring of the poet as an enthusiastic genius. Born of historical intersections between religious prophecy and secular improvisation, enthusiasm was, by the time Barrett was born, a fluid concept that both empowered and compromised writers. Appeals to divine inspiration could authorise a poet’s strains, but links to Dissenting theologies and fanatical zeal had serious social consequences during the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth. Even in its more secular forms, enthusiasm represented a tricky

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negotiation of strong feeling, especially for women who had to contend with stereotypes of hyper-emotionality and hysteria.⁴ This history of “enthusiast” identity helped male Romantics articulate a theory of poetic fervour—we might think, for instance, of William Wordsworth’s famous dictum, “all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling” (Preface 756). In claiming as masculine this particular brand of enthusiasm, however, poets and literati of the age often alienated women writers whose poetics fell along similar lines of inspiration and strong feeling.⁵ The enthusiast figure in literature thus exposed the seams in Britain’s cultural assumptions about gender, belief, and vocational authorship. In doing so, it fundamentally shaped how the young Elizabeth Barrett’s predecessors and contemporaries thought about themselves as poets and professionals. As I hope to show, enthusiasm influenced Barrett’s self-conceptualization as well.

As a child, Elizabeth Barrett enjoyed the privileges of wealth, parental support, and an exceptional education. She spent her youth at Hope End Estate, an “idyllic home” that, as Simon Avery explains, was financed by sugar plantations owned by both sides of Barrett’s family. Her later poetry condemns slavery and wrestles with its connection to her own childhood advantages (“Constructing” 25, 38–40). While at Hope End, Barrett’s literary pursuits benefited from the encouragement of doting parents: Barrett’s mother fair-copied many of her “juvenile productions,” and her father began calling her the “poet laureate of Hope End” (Mermin 10, 14, 16). Her extensive reading, along with her study of Greek and Latin, provided training atypical for even the most privileged of nineteenth-century girls (Avery, *Lives* xxvi; Avery and Stott 2; Forster 19; Mermin 17–20). Barrett was also unusual in that she spent much of her adolescence—from the age of thirteen—grappling with physical illness that isolated her from family, friends, and the outside world (Forster 20–25). Thus, with her remarkable intellectual training and early invalidism, Elizabeth Barrett grew up unusually situated to reflect at length on her own literary character and to imagine her compositions in relation to those she read from antiquity to her own day. Her early writings praise and emulate Romantic strong feeling, but they also address the conflated—and sometimes conflicted—enthusiasms at the root of this tradition.

My aim here is to trace the language and figures of enthusiasm across Barrett’s juvenilia, in order to establish her investment in the concept during those formative years and to show the influence of Romantic-era poetics on her self-representation as a child-poet. I begin with two childhood autobiographies: “My Own Character” (1818) and “Glimpses into My Own Life and Literary Character” (1820, hereafter “Glimpses”). The first was written when Barrett was twelve and copied by her mother, Mary Moulton-Barrett (ABL Ms. D1326); it is generally considered an early draft of the longer and better-known “Glimpses,” begun when Barrett was fourteen (“Two Autobiographical Essays” 119; Avery, *Lives* 1). Significantly, Barrett wrote this second essay in the wake of her abrupt exclusion from Greek studies, precipitated by her brother Edward’s entering Charterhouse School (Mermin 19–20, Forster 19). Produced during a period of considerable change in Barrett’s childhood, these two essays reflect on the literary world in which she was growing up as well as the extent to which she understood that world’s parameters as a means for articulating her own abilities, flaws, and ideals. In “My Own Character,” Barrett’s youthful enthusiasm

clashes with her perceived need for—and difficulty with—self-reflection. “Glimpses” further develops what Charles LaPorte calls Barrett’s “celestial aesthetic,” a philosophy that holds Romantic poetics in “interdependence” with “evangelical emotion” (*Victorian Poets* 48, 45). In this article, I reframe that fraught interdependence via the discourse of enthusiasm Barrett invokes in these memoirs. Reading the young poet as a self-conscious Romantic enthusiast illuminates her productive conflation of religious and literary fervour at this stage.

Analysis of these two essays helps us consider how Barrett’s first major volume of poetry, *An Essay on Mind, with Other Poems* (1826, hereafter *Essay*), follows the principles of her juvenile autobiographies to their logical conclusion: that enthusiasm is necessary for writing poetry and for establishing poetic identity. *Essay* was published anonymously shortly after Barrett’s twentieth birthday, but, as Sandra Donaldson notes, much of the title poem was extant in draft form by the time Barrett was eighteen years old (*Works* 4:82; *BC* 2:35). Thus, although printed for public consumption in 1826, *Essay* can be read as another teenage meditation on poetic identity; furthermore, *Essay* never appeared under Barrett’s name during her lifetime, suggesting that she later viewed it, like her childhood memoirs, as a reflective exercise rather than part of her more formal, professional *oeuvre* (*Works* 4:75, 83). Composed during what we now consider the Romantic period, “My Own Character,” “Glimpses,” and *An Essay on Mind* largely reflect Romanticism’s aesthetic values and its anxiety about compromising associations with religious enthusiasm. This body of juvenilia thus situates Barrett as a transitional poet who understood—and modified—Romantic-era conceptions of enthusiast identity by articulating her own artistic proclivities and professional trajectories. As a child, Barrett saw controlled separation of religious and secular enthusiasms as the only path to legitimation, but these texts host her adolescent rethinking of the relationships between poetry and prophecy, belief and vocation. As such, they are crucial to our understanding of Barrett’s juvenile poetics, her later career, and to the new female poet she defined for the Victorian age.

As early as age twelve, Barrett incorporated the vocabulary and tropes of enthusiasm into her private reflections, but she already expressed unease at the social implications of enthusiasm’s power. “My Own Character” notes Barrett’s early tendency to “seek truth with an ardent eye” and “a sincere heart” and to approach all things with a “very passionate” disposition (347, 348). Such linkages between enthusiasm and “ardent” feelings, especially as figured in women’s eyes, are well documented in scholarship (see Juster 18, 127–28); in Barrett’s summary, these indicators of passion show her willingness to admit (if not necessarily boast about) the strong feeling she saw in the Romantic poets of her youth. Barrett’s acknowledgement of these characteristics arrives in “My Own Character” through the filter of religious introspection. As some editors note, what appear as Lockean musings in Barrett’s autobiographical essays can be more accurately described as “spiritual self-examination” in the eighteenth-century Evangelical mode (“Two Autobiographical Essays” 119n; Avery, *Lives* xxv–xxvi).⁶ Accordingly, Barrett discusses self-reflection’s difficulty and her avoidance of it: “I have never, even in imagination looked into my own heart,” she confesses, before opining, “The investigation of oneself is an anxious employment” (“My Own Character” 347).

Perhaps Barrett's reluctance to imaginatively self-evaluate reflects the same faults that deter many Romantic-era enthusiast figures: confidence in her own inspiration and feelings as well as a desire for notoriety through their expression. In this first memoir, then, Barrett seems more keen to value imagination for its own sake than to appreciate its capacity for self-critique and self-control.

Tensions between Barrett's seemingly uncontrollable emotion and her constant efforts to control it drive her second, much longer autobiographical reflection, "Glimpses into My Own Life and Literary Character." Given that she later deletes "enthusiasm" from her professional vocabulary,⁷ Barrett appears remarkably comfortable using it to describe her youthful poetic disposition in this text: forms of the word appear no less than eleven times in "Glimpses," almost always self-referentially. According to her own account, Barrett's enthusiastic character manifested at age three when she became "renowned amongst the servants for self love and excessive passion" ("Glimpses" 349).⁸ It seems unlikely that, at three years old, Barrett demonstrated passion in the vein of the heroines, prophetesses, and poetesses who proliferated during the Romantic age; however, the passage of time and the eventual protuberance of sentimental qualities probably led Barrett to begin her memoir of literary character with the image of a headstrong child replete with what she—at fourteen—viewed as the makings of poetic greatness à la Byron and company. By characterizing her youthful passion as "excessive," she here figures it as an overpowering trait to be monitored and regulated as she grows.

Having once established herself as an enthusiast from the cradle, Barrett freely uses the term and its cognates to describe her adolescent personality throughout the rest of "Glimpses." The first instance coincides with her introductions to Greek history and to poetry, where she "first found real delight" ("Glimpses" 350). The passage reveals the eight-year-old subject's need for stimulation ("something dazzling [*sic*] to strike my mind"), but it also shows the fourteen-year-old author's compulsion to revive the strong feeling of that initiation experience: "Every stanza excited my ardent admiration nor can I now remember the delight which I felt on perusing those pages without enthusiasm" (350). The layering shows enthusiasm's sustained influence on Barrett's responses to poetry and to her own meditations on poetic experience. This persistent enthusiastic character appears in recurring vocabulary and repeated images across Barrett's early writings. For example, "Glimpses" revives "My Own Character"'s use of "ardent," which in the above quotation characterises Barrett's admiration of poetry. It later describes ten-year-old Barrett, who "felt the most ardent desire" to learn ancient languages and "sighed for so long . . . & so ardently!" over the literary fame she then perceived as inaccessible ("Glimpses" 350, 351). "Ardent" and "fervent" commonly describe enthusiastic figures in literature of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and these words' usage persists at the time of this essay's composition. With such diction, then, Barrett evokes those overlapping archetypes: the prophetess, the improvising poets, and the man of feeling.

Barrett's second memoir, like her first, appropriates the physical attributes of enthusiasts as recognised during the Romantic period; fires and fevers make several appearances in "Glimpses of My Life and Literary Character." For example, Barrett

mentions that she felt “the fever of a heated imagination” at age eleven, and at twelve her “imagination took fire” at “a sudden flood of light” she interpreted as a sign of God’s forgiveness (“Glimpses” 351, 352). Interestingly, while Romanticists readily invoke incidents like William Blake’s vision of “a tree filled with angels” as evidence of juvenile inspiration (Gilchrist I:7), this visionary episode in Barrett’s childhood—one of two that occurred when she was around twelve years old (see “A Vision An Allegory”)—has received little or no attention, perhaps due to gender- or period-based assumptions. But here, as with male Romantic poets like Blake, the event bears immediate significance for Barrett’s understanding of poetry as inspired and inspiring. Barrett links the “flood of light” to her imagination, and her imagination to enthusiastic warmth. In the very next sentence, she recalls how the works of William Shakespeare, John Milton, and Alexander Pope metaphorically elevate her blood’s temperature: “I have often felt my soul kindled with the might of such sublime genius & glow with the enthusiasm of admiration!!” (“Glimpses” 352).⁹ Her soul kindles and glows like a flame, its intensity reinforced by the double exclamation at the sentence’s end. The fire metaphor pertains to both religious and literary enthusiasms, and reappears when Barrett writes that her “admiration of literature,” early described as enthusiastic, “can never be ... extinguished but with life” (“Glimpses” 353). At this juncture of her life as a reader and writer of verse, Elizabeth Barrett not only lived in what we now call the Romantic period; she also understood lived experience through its formulation of poetic genius as a volatile, fiery, innate force that commands emotional desire, inspiration, and admiration.

At this stage of her development, then, Barrett saw poetic feeling as necessarily bound up with spiritual fervour; moreover, as uses of “enthusiasm” in this text show, she had not yet separated poetry from prayer or poet from prophet. Moving quickly among literature, philosophy, and religion, she “blurred conventional distinctions between forms of inspiration” and conflated modes of spiritual and secularised elevation under the umbrella of enthusiasm (LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 25). “Metaphysics were my highest delights,” she avers in “Glimpses,” invoking the “enthusiastic sensation” of “high delight” in standard eighteenth-century aesthetic theory but also calling to mind religious ideas of God’s service as “delight” as expressed in the Psalms, in the *Book of Common Prayer*, and in Congregationalist hymnody (“Glimpses” 351, Gilpin 49–50).¹⁰ Accordingly, Barrett’s memoir aligns her responses to natural and supernatural phenomena: she tells us that at “the pure and wide expanse of Ocean” and the immense “majesty of God,” her heart “throbbed almost wildly with a strange and undefined feeling” (“Glimpses” 354). Lockean philosophy similarly leaves her mind not only “edified but exalted” (“Glimpses” 351). At fourteen, Barrett conceives of faith, philosophy, and literature as products of imagination that she can combine in new ways. With her heart and mind “in commotion” from “internal reflections & internal passions” (“Glimpses” 352, cf. 353), inspiration and imagination define her as an enthusiast in conventional Romantic terms.

Perhaps most telling is the extent to which the young Elizabeth Barrett, even more than many of her Romantic predecessors and contemporaries, conceived of herself as an enthusiast according to Romantic-era theological definitions of the term. At age twelve, she found herself

in great danger of becoming the founder of a religion of my own[.] I revolted at the idea of an established religion—my faith was sincere but my religion was founded solely on the imagination. It was not the deep persuasion of a mild Christian but the wild visions of an enthusiast. (“Glimpses” 351; cf. Avery, “Constructing” 37)

Barrett’s disdain for institutionalised religion and her capacity to flout it by creating her own belief system link her strongly with the Romantic-era Dissenters who were commonly labeled “enthusiasts.” Barrett recalls nearly joining these maligned religionists by establishing a new faith on “imagination” alone. Indeed, “enthusiastic faith” leads her away from the “pure & simple” rites of Anglicanism’s holy book toward original prayers “composed extempore and full of figurations and florid apostrophes” to God (“Glimpses” 351). She infuses her religion with poetry in ways she recognises as dangerously self-authorizing, especially for women. Male Romantics like Blake could admit their childhood ecstasies—even if readers thought them strange, they regarded them as marks of poetic vision. But Barrett, like many of the Romantic women whose careers were ending as hers began, understood that “the wild visions of an enthusiast” did no favours to the young woman seeking poetic fame in nineteenth-century Britain (“Glimpses” 351). Since Barrett is often billed as a secular (or at least noncommittally religious) poet in a religious age, her early fervour may come as a surprise; however, Barrett’s theology influenced her poetry far more than many modern scholars acknowledge (see LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 23–25; Avery, “Constructing” 36–38; Dieleman 23–29). To judge her “naturally independent” mind apart from its early formation in religious dissent is to give an incomplete account of Barrett as poet (“Glimpses” 355). These roots of enthusiasm inaugurate and continue to inflect the growth of her poet’s mind.

Along with restoring the narrative of Elizabeth Barrett the self-described enthusiast, we should also acknowledge that she, like her Romantic predecessors, was intensely aware of enthusiasm’s social consequences for authors and, as she matured, increasingly worked to mitigate those consequences in her public career. In “Glimpses,” much more than in “My Own Character,” Barrett seems preoccupied with controlling the uncontrollable in her early character. Her “mind has and ever will be a turmoil of conflicting passions”; her feelings are “acute in the extreme,” and, she laments, “the strength of my imagination” is “often too powerful for my controul” (“Glimpses” 353, 352). Though she hopes “in time at least [to] keep them under *some* controul,” Barrett nevertheless does not view enthusiasm as dangerous enough to squelch it immediately or entirely (“Glimpses” 352, emphasis added). Instead, she recognises that to do so would effectively mean nullifying her gift. In this way, “Glimpses” reiterates the Lockeanism of “My Own Character” and echoes Romantic theories of the poet-prophet. In 1818 Barrett had quibbled with Locke’s denial of innate principles in human beings but ultimately conceded that certain principles only appear innate because “the faculties of some men are more sensible to impressions than those of others” (“Two Autobiographical Essays” 120–21).¹¹ In other words, the poet’s power rests in her naturally heightened sensibility. Wordsworth had argued

along these lines in “Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood” (1807) and was at this time revising a similar claim in *The Prelude or, The Growth of a Poet’s Mind* (1805/1850). In her early poetic theory, Barrett’s sense that “energy or perhaps impetuosity ... allows” her “not to be tranquil” strikes a quintessentially Romantic balance between the emotion she celebrates and the tranquility she disdains for “precluding in great measure the intellectual faculties of the human mind!” (“Glimpses” 353). Her juvenilia partake liberally of the Wordsworthian doctrine of powerful feeling, but eventually Barrett found an affinity with another of his famous dicta: that “recollection in tranquility” is essential to the poetic process (Wordsworth, Preface 756; cf. K. Blake 389–98).

Imagination, sentiment, and enthusiasm: young Barrett considered it her “study to subdue” these “attributes” as part of her poetic education (“Glimpses” 352). By framing this process as “study,” she characterises self-control, unlike the emotions it seeks to tame, as a learned quality. In other words, “Glimpses” delineates how a young Barrett developed a critical eye to counteract her throbbing heart. Of her efforts at twelve or thirteen, she writes, “I now read to gain idea’s [*sic*] not to indulge my fancy” (352). These efforts could only go so far, however, and she finds herself at fourteen “still as proud as willful as impatient of controul as impetuous but thanks be to God it is restrained” (353). As with the enthusiasts before her, self-control does not change her character; it merely shapes it in more socially acceptable ways. At this juncture she constructs a stoic alter ego for public consumption:

I have acquired a command of my self which has become so habitual that my disposition appears to my friends to have undergone a revolution—But to myself it is well known that the same violent inclinations are in my inmost heart and that altho’ habitual restraint has become almost a part of myself yet were I once to loose the rigid rein I might again be hurled with Phaeton far from every thing human ... every thing reasonable! (“Glimpses” 353)

Barrett’s self-control, like that of her forerunners, is “acquired” through “habitual restraint.” We may note that Barrett uses “habitual” twice in this short passage, implying that presenting as a reformed enthusiast requires diligent monitoring and exertion—a “rigid rein” to control a wild horse. A few pages later, she reiterates the sentiment and repeats much of the language: “I have so habituated myself to this sort of continued restraint, that I often appear to my dearest friends to lack common feeling!” (“Glimpses” 354). Fourteen-year-old Barrett devotes considerable time and energy to self-control and personal improvement because she knows they will affect public opinion and, eventually, the reception of her work. Perhaps her early sense that “nothing is so odious ... as a damsel famed in story for a superabundance of sensibility” is what keeps her “carefully restrained!” (“Glimpses” 354). In any case, Barrett’s cataloguing of successes and failures in restraint attends to gendered double standards of emotionality and alludes to other female enthusiasts’ (often unsuccessful) strategies for dealing with them.

Shifts in Barrett's religious affinities between 1818 and 1820, and again by the mid-1840s, show the effects of this early restraint on her enthusiastic identity. In "Glimpses," she recalls how "religious enthusiasm had subsided" by the age of thirteen—between her two memoirs—and how she had begun "to advocate for the cause of the church of England!" (352).¹² But Barrett's newfound institutional religion does not preclude imagination. She admits to still being "borne away from all reason" by its "fatal power" ("Glimpses" 352). In attempting to divide spiritual from secular powers, Barrett draws a nominal line, then, between the regrettable naïveté of her youth and the strong feeling of a mature reader. At fourteen, she describes her character thus:

My religion is I fear not so ardent but perhaps more reasonable than
formerly and yet I must ever regret those enthusiastic visions of what may
be called fanaticism which exalted my soul on the wings of fancy to the
contemplation of the Deity—My admiration of literature, especially of
poetical literature, can never be subdued nor can it be extinguished but with
life. ("Glimpses" 353)

Barrett laments draining the "ardent" feeling essential to her childhood spirituality; that is, until she links it with controversial religious feeling. She now considers "enthusiastic visions" fanatical rather than freeing, and the exaltation of her soul relies on "fancy," which famously played second fiddle to "imagination" in Romantic poetics.¹³ Diminishing her religious enthusiasm in these ways helps Barrett foreground its more acceptable cousin: zeal for literature. Later texts like *Aurora Leigh* (1856) show greater capacity for recognizing, chastening, and qualifying enthusiasm. In her adolescence, however, Barrett has not yet learned to restore that enthusiasm in a productive manner. Instead, in "Glimpses," she habituates herself to creating a clear division between her formerly conflated religious and poetic zeal. In doing so, she finds a temporary strategy for managing the enthusiasm that she saw as endangering her literary goals and reputation. She extricates and subdues the part known to compromise professionalism.

Barrett's compartmentalizing approach in "Glimpses" does not necessarily mean that she opposed religiosity to intellectualism or that she continued to view enthusiasm only in terms of a spiritual versus secular dichotomy. Barrett occasionally frames her adolescent fervour in political terms as well. For example, "Glimpses" describes the fourteen-year-old Barrett as something of a political firebrand: "I am capable of patriotism enthusiastic & sincere. At this period when the base & servile aristocracy of my beloved country overwhelm with insults our magnanimous and unfortunate Queen I cannot restrain my indignation I cannot controul my enthusiasm" (353). Here Barrett responds angrily to the treatment of Caroline of Brunswick, whom George IV attempted to divorce when he became king in 1820.¹⁴ Interestingly, Barrett's youthful patriotic fervour—like her poetic and religious enthusiasms—escapes her control. The run-on construction and near repetition of "I cannot restrain I cannot controul" makes even more palpable her intensifying anger about current events. A similar disquisition on politics appears in a brief essay Barrett

wrote the next year. “My Character and Bro’s Compared” (1821), another juvenile work that remained unpublished during her lifetime, largely constructs Barrett’s identity in relation to that of her brother Edward. “We are each fiery in politics,” she writes, “but Bro’s patriotism is dictated by reason, justice & a proper portion of moderation, mine is more ardent & more enthusiastic!” (357). The fifteen-year-old Barrett here identifies two versions of political engagement: one “dictated” by an outside system of masculine reason and one that eludes its moderating effects. The word “ardent” also returns here, suggesting that Barrett viewed her enthusiastic political bent in the same vein as her fervent approach to poetry and religious belief. As in her earlier memoirs, enthusiasm remains a defining feature of her childhood character.

We continue to see in Barrett’s later career—one that boasts religious and non-religious verse alike—that enthusiasm was a fluid concept, and that faith-based and secularised expressions of enthusiasms could be housed within the same poet. Barrett’s theological ecumenism informs these views as she works to disentangle various enthusiasms that had intersected somewhat messily in her early writing. For example, in October 1831, when Barrett was twenty-five years old, she debated with one Mr. Curzon “about the compatibility <<or>> incompatibility of intellectual & religious <<pleasures>>.” “Of course,” she quips, “Boyd & I took the right side of the question,” presumably (based on other exchanges she reports having had with Boyd) that of “compatibility” Boyd (*Diary* 163). By the 1830s, Barrett had become less interested in wrenching spiritual fervour from literary admiration, which suggests that her early divisive tendencies arose from concerns about how she and her work would be perceived. Barrett had been stuck in a double bind: she could not countenance a melded poet figure without rejecting melded enthusiasm as her driving characteristic. By this point, however, she exhibits and values enthusiastic qualities still, but they have now been carefully sorted and reassembled to avoid compromising associations with her predecessors.

Additional diary entries from the early 1830s reveal Barrett’s partitioning of literary zeal from religious fervour in her writing about prophecy. These private writings show that she viewed herself as a prophet; however, like many Romantic poets, Barrett approaches prophecy from Greek rather than Hebrew models.¹⁵ In September 1831, for instance, she uses two figures of speech: “prophesying ill” and “prophet of ill,” both reflexive and, more significantly, both in Greek (*Diary* 112, 137).¹⁶ These interpolations could be explained as language practice since, after all, Barrett was studying Greek while translating *Prometheus Bound*. But she never includes whole Greek sentences in this diary, nor does she translate other religious phrases, despite their frequency. She reserves Greek for prophecy and, in one particular instance, for poetry. On 24 September 1831, Barrett praises Percy Bysshe Shelley’s elegy *Adonais* as “perfectly exquisite” before calling Shelley himself “one of [those sitting near the gods], without any doubt” (*Diary* 138).¹⁷ The bracketed text has been translated from Barrett’s Greek. She employs it to register proximity to deity, as well as the special knowledge that comes of it. By connecting that knowledge to a specific poem, Barrett yokes poetry and prophecy together and to Greek traditions of both. Shelley would likely have appreciated this assessment, since his own idea of poets as

prophets relied heavily on the Greek *vates* figure.¹⁸ The linguistic details of Barrett's personal reflections at this juncture reveal a similar belief that the kind of prophet matters when it comes to legitimizing oneself as a poet, and especially as a poet for the coming age.

It is near the end of the Romantic period, however, that Barrett's early volume *An Essay on Mind, with Other Poems* (1826) launches her adult publishing career and helps mediate the private theories of her adolescent memoirs in advance of her 1831–1832 diary. As Dorothy Mermin observes, *An Essay on Mind* treats the “thoroughly Romantic subject” of genius (40); furthermore, at this crucial juncture in Barrett's career, the volume distills and modulates her early principles to form her most explicit assertion yet of poetry's vitally enthusiastic nature. In the preface she declares, “Poetry is the enthusiasm of the understanding” (78). This definition is striking, all the more so because Barrett later avoided forms of the word “enthusiasm” in her professional writing. In 1826, though, she affirms the centrality of enthusiasm for Romantic poetics; moreover, she extends that theory by asserting that poetry *is* enthusiasm. Here, Barrett seems to have taken Shelley's view of poetry as a particular brand of enthusiasm based in understanding, or intellectual reason, not in physicalised religious fervour. The titular poem clarifies this distinction: “Poesy's whole essence, when defined, / Is elevation of the reasoning mind” (*Essay* 944–45; cf. Avery, “Audacious Beginnings” 58). Taken together, these definitions of poetry identify enthusiasm as necessary to its creation and to its primary function of enhancing the power of reason through feeling. Barrett aligns pure reason with Philosophy but argues that it “cannot plainly *see*” without the aid of “Poetic rapture, to her dazzled sight” (*Essay* 909–910, emphasis original). Furthermore, Poetry educates Reason: “inward sense from Fancy's page is taught, / And moral feeling ministers to Thought” through the tools of verse: “metaphor,” “eloquent” diction, and, most aptly, “Poetic fire” (*Essay* 946–47, 956–58). Her earlier cautions about “fancy” and “feeling”—even about enthusiastic fire—have matured into an argument for how these impulses play significant roles in the growth of the poet's mind. Thus, while Barrett claims that only one sort of enthusiasm will work for the poet, she concedes that the poet cannot work at all without enthusiasm's mysterious power.

According to Barrett, enthusiasm's power is at the heart of the poetic process's magical extraction of beauty and intellect from physical sensation. The task, carried out by the poet's soul and mind, looks like this:

When pleasing shapes and colours blend, the soul
Abstracts th' idea of *beauty* from the whole,
Deducting thus, by Mind's enchanting spell,
The intellectual from the sensible. (*Essay* 783–86, italics original)

Barrett imagines the soul as the main actor in poetic composition, while Mind provides the “spell” that draws reason from sense.¹⁹ The roles seem reversed; however, the Mind as Barrett conceives of it “clings / Less to the forms than essences of things,” thus enabling the poet to abstract ideal beauty from its more muddled earthly form (*Essay* 773–74). This principle recalls Barrett's youthful effort to “read

to gain idea's" without becoming distracted by the impulses of Fancy ("Glimpses" 352). But Book II of *Essay* suggests that in 1826 Barrett was still caught in a paradox: she claims here that poets can deduct "The intellectual from the sensible" but only through enchanted means. This formulation reflects the anxieties about enthusiasm present in Barrett's earlier essays. Intellectual enthusiasm had there become inextricably tangled with more physicalised, prophetic understandings of the term, with the result that when Barrett commits to a Romantic idea of poetry as inherently and beneficially enthusiastic, she must also admit Romantic feeling into her formula for poetic insight. In other words, the abstraction of essence from form could never be performed cleanly, even with the aid of magic. These early struggles may help explain why Barrett omitted the term "enthusiasm" from later work: she came to realise that even lofty enthusiasm often takes the forms of sense, and that increasingly vocational notions of enthusiasm as applied reason required poets to work through feeling to teach, delight, and elevate.

The word "enthusiasm" features prominently in Barrett's preface to *An Essay on Mind*, as we have seen, but from the poem itself the term is conspicuously absent (as it is from later works). Nevertheless, the concept's manifestations as inspiration, strong emotion, and poetic effusion fill Barrett's philosophy via an alternative catchword: "genius." In *An Essay on Mind*, Genius retains three key characteristics of enthusiasm: heightened energy that appears in metaphors of fire and sunlight, variance in receptivity to that energy, and the calling of enthusiastic minds to reflect it from divinity to humankind. As Barrett writes in Book I:

Thus, in uncertain radiance, Genius glows,
And fitful gleams on various mind bestows:
While Mind, exulting in th' admitted day,
On various themes, reflects its kindling ray.
Unequal forms receive an equal light ... (*Essay* 86–91)

With the "kindling ray" of Genius's sun, Barrett invokes enthusiasm's ubiquitous fire and light imagery; by making that ray equally distributed but unequally received, she implies that the poet's mind more readily perceives and reflects Genius's power. As a "mystic essence," Genius can "define / The point, where human mingles with divine" (*Essay* 127, 202–3). A metaphor we find just a few lines earlier illustrates this point: Barrett invites the poem's auditor to "Mark Byron, the Mont Blanc of intellect, / 'Twixt earth and heav'n exalt his brow sublime, / O'erlook the nations, and shake hands with 'Time!' (*Essay* 70–71).²⁰ This metaphor clarifies Barrett's Romantic conception of genius as the quality that elevates poets to a glorified position between human and divine. As Avery puts it, Barrett views Byron as both "spiritual and humanitarian leader" ("Audacious Beginnings" 59). Fifteen years later, she saw Shelley in a similar though less positive light: "high, & yet too low," an "elemental poet, who froze in cold glory between Heaven & earth, neither dealing with the man's heart, beneath, nor aspiring to communion with the supernal Humanity" (*BC* 5:60, qtd. in Stabler 235). For Barrett, genius's mingling power can also isolate and chill individual poets, even those who reflect its rays most brightly. The in-betweenness of

the poet's vocation can foster connections to humanity and divinity, but more often it disconnects the poet from her readers and the earthly realm they inhabit.

As Barrett's *Essay* reveals, however, the human mind is not, in her view, the only variable in the mysterious equation of poetic enthusiasm, or in determining the outcome for poets who attain genius status. Barrett emphasises the uncertainty and fitfulness of Genius throughout Book I, both in the abstract and with reference to particular poets. For instance, in lines 435–37, Barrett mirrors Genius's inconsistency through indecisive drafting. The published version reads: "Genius! behold the limits of thy power! / Thou fir'st the soul – but, when life's dream is o'er, / Giv'st not the silent pulse one throb the more" (*Essay* 435–37). Here Barrett counters Genius's presumed omnipotence by emphasizing human mortality. The first attempt reads quite differently: "Hear Earth! how Genius falters in her trust – / She fires the soul, but cannot warm the dust" (ABL Ms. D0247). With the apostrophe directed to Earth, Barrett speaks *about* Genius much as she does earlier in Book I. More importantly, she theorises Genius's inconsistency as a faltering or lapse rather than an inherent limitation, and that faltering as a breach of "trust" in the relationship she holds with Earth and humanity. These lines have been crossed out and a slip of paper pasted over them, reading: "How boastful Genius falters in her power! / She fires the soul – but, when life's dream is o'er . . ." (ABL Ms. D0247). This second version, like the first, laments Genius's failure to vivify the body as she does the soul, but the imagery becomes less literal, less biblical. More cancellations yield the final version, which addresses Genius directly. Perhaps Barrett has reconsidered her blaming of Genius and instead reveals its "limits" while acknowledging its "power." These lines—and Barrett's hesitation in finalizing them—suggest that Genius breaks the promise of immortality to poet-enthusiasts, or even that it does not have the power to make that promise at all. In either case, the young Barrett suggests that Genius cannot sustain human ties in life or in death. Her reflections on Byron, on Shelley, and on herself demonstrate Barrett's concerns with the isolating effects of enthusiastic power on the poet who lays claim to it.

In addition to theorizing the complicated identity of the enthusiast-poet in society, Barrett's *Essay on Mind* also helped early readers situate her as a new poet in relation to that identity and to the Romantic standard-bearers she had invoked. In fact, around the same time that Barrett was reflecting on Byron's enthusiasm in her letter to Boyd, an unknown reader was considering Barrett in much the same light. A piece of unidentified correspondence, tentatively dated 1826, contains an encomiastic sonnet "To Miss Barrett, on reading her 'Essay on Mind'" (BC 2:231). The poem not only recognises Barrett as author of the anonymously published *Essay*²¹ but also links her explicitly with her hero, Lord Byron: "Thy Seraph muse wings her bright meteor flight / Above thy sex's far as Byron's harp / Sounds o'er his brother's, or Day outshines Night" (lines 9–11). The poet solidifies this link between Barrett and Byron by using the vocabulary and tropes of enthusiasm, following connections that Barrett was making herself. Her "words of fire" make her a "bright meteor" that blazes above the poetesses of her day; moreover, this flight inspires a near-religious devotion among readers who experience "transport wild"—just like Byron in Barrett's letter to Boyd—at reading her "lofty" verse (lines 3, 9, 4–5).²² Finally, and perhaps most

importantly, this sonneteer views Barrett's enthusiast status as fundamentally linked with her youth. As "Poesy's young child," the poet suggests, Barrett can unleash the passionate character described in her juvenile autobiographies; however, like the young Barrett herself, this poet recognises that passion's attendant danger and implores the nine Muses and the god Pan to safeguard the newest member of their classical poetic tradition (lines 2, 13–14). This poem suggests that, while Barrett was still contemplating how closely she should identify with the Romantic enthusiast identity, some readers had already linked her with it. And while society was often wary of enthusiasm, at least one of them considered it auspicious for a young poet beginning her professional career.

They were right. Over the next four decades, Elizabeth Barrett (later Browning) built a prolific career with poems ranging from ballad to sonnet to monologue to epic. She established herself as a pillar of Victorian verse and crafted the period's foremost theory of the woman writer as literary professional. Although Barrett's juvenilia did not yet crystallise the female poet as would that "most mature of [her] works," *Aurora Leigh* (Browning, *Works* 3:1), it did set the stage. Barrett's early essays and poems look inward to contemplate her own values as a writer, but they also looked to Romantic conceptions of prophetic and poetic fervour; moreover, Barrett used liberally the Romantic term that best embodied these conflated ideas: enthusiasm. These early texts flirted with the more Romantic model she saw in Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley. During the 1810s and 1820s, Barrett studied enthusiast models from antiquity through her present, often struggling to reconcile the power and attendant danger of Romantic strong feeling. Her painstaking efforts to separate and then to reunify spiritual and secular notions of enthusiasm make her early poetic theory far more Romantic (and more religious) than typically recognised.

Studying Barrett's juvenile autobiographies provides crucial insight into her thinking on poetry, enthusiasm, human nature, and literary identity from the vantage points of twelve and fourteen; moreover, the retrospective qualities of "My Own Character" and "Glimpses" show a young woman eager to chronicle her own life as another example of Romantic genius. Even as she cast herself as an enthusiast in the mould of Byron, Barrett knew this model was changing, and she expressed candidly her concerns about controlling the poetic fervour at the source of her power. Thus, the writer who theorises enthusiastic poetics for a public readership in *An Essay on Mind* approaches that task from a place of self-conscious authorship that had been cultivated with great care over Barrett's teenage years and articulated with reference to important changes in religious and literary history. Although none of these texts joined Barrett's formal body of work during her lifetime, they reveal her deliberate, adaptive self-fashioning as a poet of one age who recognised the social demands of the next. As a juvenile poet, Barrett was eager to join the ranks of her favourite writers. As an author coming of age in a transitional moment, she entered the conversation about what poetry had been and would be. Barrett's youthful disquisitions on enthusiasm, feeling, and zeal thus capture both personal and literary change. They help us understand the early development of her own poetic identity, as well as the beginnings of the new literary movement in which she would spend her adult career, and which her writing would shape in fundamental ways. Enthusiasm may have been

Barrett's link to Romanticism, but it also informs the inspired yet vocational female poet she would embody for the Victorian age.

NOTES

- ¹ Research for this article has been supported by fellowships from the Armstrong Browning Library, the New York Public Library, and the Huntington Library. I am especially grateful to Jennifer Borderud and Melvin Schuetz of the ABL, and to Lyndsi Barnes and Carolyn Vega of the NYPL's Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature. I also thank Beverly Taylor, Jeanne Moskal, Laurie Langbauer, and the anonymous reviewer for the *Journal of Juvenilia Studies* for their helpful feedback.
- ² Four years earlier, in "Lines on the Death of Lord Byron" (1824), Barrett described the "warm enthusiasms" that had "Glowed" in Byron's heart (lines 17–18). The poem remained unpublished during her lifetime. For Romantic poetry and "transport," see Mee 54. Some examples include Canto 12 of Shelley's *The Revolt of Islam*, which begins, "The transport of a fierce and monstrous gladness / Spread through the multitudinous streets" (II.1–2); Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto 4, CXIX.4; and Byron's *Don Juan*, Canto 1, stanzas 88–89. The word also appears several times in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, often referring to youthful transport amidst scenes of nature (see II.376, 410; VIII.111; XI.150; XII.142; and XIII.109).
- ³ For Barrett's early Byronism, see Stone and Taylor, introduction 12–14; Stabler 235–39; and Mermin 34. For her admiration of Wordsworth, see LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 35; Cooper 37; Woolford 45–47; and K. Blake 388. For the influence of Romanticism in general on Barrett's formation as a poet, see Stabler 233–34, Knowles 137–39, and Stone 49.
- ⁴ In 1750, Samuel Johnson defined enthusiasm as "a vain confidence of divine favour or communication" (*Oxford English Dictionary*, s.v. "enthusiasm," accessed 9 Jan. 2017). For enthusiasm's historical links to Methodism and other Dissenting faith traditions, see Anderson 35–37, 49–50, 53; Lloyd 19; Mack 18; Cragwall 6; and Mee 14, 16, 64, 71, 214–215. For women and religious zeal, see Anderson 77, Hempton 180–82, Mack 21, and Lloyd 36.
- ⁵ This claim elaborates on a Romantic-era cultural phenomenon that Alan Richardson has termed "the colonization of the feminine" (13–25).
- ⁶ As the anonymous "Editor" points out, the two essays reproduced in this article were once privately held, but the manuscript of "Glimpses into My Own Life and Literary Character" is now at the Huntington Library. Both essays have been published in *BC* 1:347–56. "Glimpses" has lately been reproduced in *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, ed. Billington and Davis. For Barrett and Evangelicalism, see LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 23–24, 45.
- ⁷ Full-text searches of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's later published verse reveal no incidences of "enthusiasm" or any of its forms. The most salient example is her nine-book epic, *Aurora Leigh*, which spends pages theorizing and depicting feminine poetics but never once uses the term.
- ⁸ See also Avery, "Constructing" 27; and Cooper 12–13.
- ⁹ For echoes of Shakespeare in EBB's poetry, see Marshall 467–86. For the Victorians' obsession with Shakespeare, see LaPorte, "Bard" 609–628, esp. 609–610. For EBB and Milton, see Gray 37–41, 168–70; Brown 723–40; and Woolford 51–52.
- ¹⁰ The *Book of Common Prayer* for 1792, the same year as Gilpin's book, frequently uses "delight" or "great delight" (475, 485, 487, 497, 507). See also Hymns 78 and 309 in *The Congregational Hymn Book*. In citing this particular hymnbook, I follow Dieleman 38. The word "delight" appears 24 times in the King James Version of the Psalms.
- ¹¹ This portion of "My Own Character" is not included in Kelley and Hudson, so I have quoted from the text as rendered in "Two Autobiographical Essays," which reproduces the transcript made by Barrett's mother, Mary Moulton-Barrett (ABL Ms. D1326).
- ¹² As Dieleman has shown in detail, Barrett later abandoned this position and maintained a Congregationalist identity. See, for example, her letter to William Merry on 2 November 1843: "I

am not myself a member of the Church of England” (rpt. in Barrett, *Religious Opinions* 13). Barrett’s ecumenism shows in her private defense of Methodist practice in the 1830s (see *Diary* 8, 10), and in her embrace of Swedenborgianism in the 1840s (see LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 48; Stone and Taylor 38).

- ¹³ See, for instance, Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s use of “fancy” to describe undesirable enthusiasm (Mee 12, 176).
- ¹⁴ For summaries of the Queen Caroline controversy, see *BC* 1:98n1; Browning, *Works* 5:341–42; and Gardner 157–217. Barrett was invested in Caroline’s trial. She mentioned it in letters and even dramatised the Queen’s departure from England in the unfinished *Princess Caroline of Brunswick* [1820] (see *Works* 5:341–47; Avery, *Lives* 2; Mermin 27; and “Two” 134n12).
- ¹⁵ As Scheinberg points out, Barrett’s study of Hebrew did not begin until 1832, and several poems from her later 1830s publications contain untranslated Hebrew words “coincident with very important statements about religious or literary authority” (70–76, qtd. from 76). Most of *Diary*’s religious disquisitions engage with contemporary Calvinism versus Arminianism or contemplate a more ecumenical Christianity in Britain. See also *Religious Opinions*.
- ¹⁶ These phrases have been translated by *Diary* editors Kelley and Hudson.
- ¹⁷ These thoughts cohere with Barrett’s earlier sense of Shelley’s poetry as “too immaterial for our sympathies to enclasp it firmly”; she writes, “it reverses the lot of human plants: its roots are in the air, not earth!” (*Diary* 103). They also bring to mind Maria Jane Jewsbury’s description of Shelley in her review of *The Wandering Jew*, published earlier that same year: “a winged head, unable to walk the earth, but at home when soaring through the sky” (457). For Barrett and Shelley, see LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 23, 26, 32, 47; and Stabler 235.
- ¹⁸ For Barrett and the Romantic revival of poet as *vates*, see LaPorte, *Victorian Poets* 25.
- ¹⁹ Later in Book II, EBB invokes “Enchanting Poesy,” granting it a spellbinding or, in this case, inspiring power, similar to that of Mind itself (*Essay* II.940).
- ²⁰ In her copy of *An Essay on Mind*, Barrett’s aunt Arabella Graham-Clarke noted that the comparison with Mont Blanc registered “a high degree of eminence even for Byron.” She went on to remark (in true English fashion), “I wish the loftiest summit of the Alps had a more poetical name not a French one” (9; see also *The Brownings: A Research Guide*, entry C0028). Josiah Conder of *The Eclectic Review* also objected to the poem’s “very affecte[d]” styling of Byron as an intellectual Mont Blanc (80). (The review has been attributed to Conder by Wellesley College in the *British Periodicals Database*.)
- ²¹ In February 1829, another unidentified correspondent lauded Barrett as *Essay*’s author in a much lengthier poem (*BC* 2:181–84). Some reviewers also guessed Barrett’s authorship, though not until two years later (see *The Imperial Magazine* [May 1828]: 459–62; and *The Gentleman’s Magazine* [December 1828]: 533). When *Essay* first appeared in 1826, some speculated that it was the work of a young woman (see *The Literary Gazette* [July 15, 1826]: 436; and *La Belle Assemblée* [August 1826]: 85). These reviews were located via The Browning Database at the ABL.
- ²² In Book I of *An Essay on Mind*, Barrett writes: “The fancy kindles, and the pages glow; / When, one bright hour, and startling transport past, / The musing soul must turn—to sigh at last” (lines 279–81). In Book II, she describes an “internal transport, past the knowing!” that occurs when the youthful soul is “glowing” over a page of poetry (lines 836–37).

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Essay	Barrett, Elizabeth. <i>An Essay on Mind. Works</i> , vol. 4, pp. 82–131.
Works	Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. <i>The Works of Elizabeth Barrett</i> . General editor Sandra Donaldson, Pickering & Chatto, 2010. 5 vols.

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WHITE'S WILBUR AND WHITELEY'S PETER PAUL RUBENS

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MICHAEL Sims's book called *The Story of Charlotte's Web* makes no mention of Opal Whiteley or her famous diary, published in 1920. Nevertheless, I want to convince you that Opal Whiteley's diary is a notable part of the story of *Charlotte's Web*. If I succeed, then Opal Whiteley's diary becomes a striking instance of juvenile writing as a shaping influence on a major work of American literature.

E. B. White, as we all know, cared a great deal about pigs. And before he ever came to write *Charlotte's Web*, the story of the rescue of a pig from going the way of all porcine flesh, he had come to feel poignantly about the predestined fate of spring pigs. As he wrote in his essay "Death of a Pig,"

The science of buying a spring pig in in blossomtime, feeding it through summer and fall, and butchering it when the cold weather arrives, is a familiar scheme to me and follows an antique pattern. It is a tragedy enacted on most farms with perfect fidelity to the original script. The murder, being premeditated, is in the first degree but quick and skillful, and the smoked bacon and ham provide a ceremonial ending whose fitness is seldom questioned. (*Essays* 17)

Questioned seldom, but not never. And White's essay, by describing the premature death of a pig from natural causes, shows how its author came to question that familiar script, and to imagine a new script in which the tragic trajectory is bent and redirected by the intervention of a talented and devoted friend: Charlotte, the author-spider.

"Death of a Pig" shows White's familiar artistry—his appealing simple directness that still combines with wry irony. The writer, a no-nonsense unsentimental farmer, can accept and justify the "murder," and make it happen, for his own gain. But when nature intervenes and strikes the pig with a different threat, he is thrust into the new role of nurse. As he works for the pig's life, it becomes a fellow creature rather than bacon-in-the-making. And when the pig dies he grieves genuinely. "The loss we felt was not the loss of ham but the loss of pig" ("Death" 18).

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Such an experience, it is easy to see, was a catalyst for the creation of *Charlotte's Web* some four years later. White wrote about the autobiographical origins of the story. "The idea of the writing of *Charlotte's Web* came to me one day when I was on my way down through the orchard carrying a pail of slops to my pig. I had made up my mind to write a children's book about animals, and I needed a way to save a pig's life, and I had been watching a large spider in the backhouse, and what with one thing and another, the idea came to me" (*Letters* 375). Asked by a man named Wilbur why he had called the pig in the story Wilbur, he responded, "The Wilbur of the book was named not after you but after a pig I used to have named Wilbur. It's that simple" (*Letters* 375). One can guess that the historical Wilbur was the pig who had died of natural causes, the one who convinced him he "needed a way to save a pig's life."¹

That connection is well known. But I suggest that another intertext for *Charlotte's Web*, and a work that prepared White to receive the message delivered by his sick pig, was a diary by a seven-year-old girl who loved and lost a pig called Peter Paul Rubens.

Born in 1897, some two years ahead of White, Opal Whiteley was a child of the logging camps of Oregon, abused by her mother, and she wrote her diary secretly, with coloured crayons, in a childish script of all capitals, on any scraps of paper she could lay her hands on. At some point the diary was discovered and partially destroyed by her younger sister. As a teenager this gifted child distinguished herself by her nature talks and work with children. In her early twenties, she approached Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Sedgwick became interested in the young author and her life, and he asked her if she had ever kept a diary (Sedgwick 255). The diary was sent for, and the multitudinous scraps of script were painstakingly reconstructed, in a process that he witnessed and oversaw.

The Story of Opal: The Journal of an Understanding Heart was published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1920, to enormous acclaim. At the time E. B. White was a student and an aspiring journalist at Cornell, working on the Cornell paper the *Daily Sun*, and it is a sure bet that he was reading the *Atlantic*, like other literary people of the day. The chronicle of a young girl's response to nature and her relation with animals brought a greatly increased circulation to the *Atlantic*, and celebrity for the young author. Famous overnight, she and her family were hounded by the media. But then came a backlash, as has happened to other young authors such as Daisy Ashford with the *Young Visitors*.² The work is too sophisticated, too knowledgeable, too *good*, so the argument goes, to be the work of a child.

It did not help that Opal had purveyed what we suppose is fantasy as fact: She claimed that she was merely adopted by the Whiteleys, and that her real parents were "Angel Father" and "Angel Mother," who were of the French royal family. Detected in one falsehood, she lost all credibility. Much the same thing happened to Thomas Chatterton, when it was discovered he had invented the mediaeval monk Thomas Rowley. Chatterton took poison and died at seventeen.³ Opal survived into her nineties, but her last four decades were spent in a mental hospital. The documentary evidence for the time of writing, however, remained incontrovertible; and Ellery Sedgwick, a man of culture and integrity who had seen the whole process leading to publication, continued to believe in Opal and the genuineness of her remarkable production.⁴

Little Opal Whiteley, as we learn from her diary, was a fanatic observer of anniversaries. She seems to have had access to an almanac that provided copious information on the “borning days” and “going-away days” of notable historical figures, from Charlemagne to Tennyson. (In our Juvenilia Press edition of a selection from Opal’s diary we were able to date the many events of the narrative.) Her animals, therefore, gathered distinguished names. She calls the calf “with poetry in her tracks” Elizabeth Barrett Browning; the draught horse is William Shakespeare; her pet rat is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus; and her pig is Peter Paul Rubens, because she first saw him on Rubens’s birthday, 29 June. It is he who is the tragic hero of the present essay.

Opal introduces Peter Paul Rubens as “a very plump young pig with a little red-ribbon squeal, and a wanting to go everywhere I did go” (Whiteley 108). The first incident of the diary that involves him is the day he follows Opal to school, and she does not have the heart to take him back to the pig-pen.

So we just went along to school together.

When we got there, school was already took up. I went in first. The new teacher came back to tell me I was tardy again. She did look out the door. She saw my dear Peter Paul Rubens. She did ask me where that pig came from. I just started in to tell her all about him, from the day I first met him.

She did look long looks at me. She did look those looks for a long time ... I did ask her what she was looking those long looks at me for. She said, “I’m screwtineyesing you.” I never did hear that word before—it is a new word. It does have an interest sound. I think I will have uses for it. Now when I am looking long looks at a thing, I will print I did *screwtineyes* it. (Whiteley 109)⁵

It is easy to see parallels with *Charlotte’s Web* here. Wilbur follows Fern around the place (CW 10), and Fern like Opal is inattentive at school because she is thinking about her pig (CW 7). More specific to White’s concerns is Opal’s sensitivity to words, her tendency to pounce on a new one like “scrutinize” and store it away for future use. Words are treasures for Opal, as they are for White and for Charlotte.

To return to Peter Paul Rubens in the classroom: “It wasn’t long until he walked right in. I felt such an amount of satisfaction, having him at school. Teacher felt not so” (109). In fact, teacher is so far from feeling so that she goes after Peter Paul Rubens with a stick; and when Opal defends him she sends them both home. Opal ponders the wide difference between her own response to the pig and teacher’s:

Now I have wonders about things. I wonder why was it teacher didn’t want Peter Paul Rubens coming to school. Why, he did make such a sweet picture as he did stand in the doorway, looking looks about. And the grunts he gave, they were such nice ones. He stood there saying, “*I have come to your school—what class are you going to put me in?*” He said in plain grunts the very same words I did say the first day

I came to school. ... But I guess our teacher didn't have understanding of pig talk. (109–110)

Peter Paul Rubens's "plain grunts" are as articulate to Opal as Wilbur's and Charlotte's talk is to Fern, and her teacher's failure to understand "pig talk" is cognate with the adult's usual lack understanding.

It seems that Opal's wisdom filtered through White to Dr. Dorian of *Charlotte's Web*. When asked if he believes animals talk he responds,

"It is quite possible that an animal has spoken civilly to me and that I didn't catch the remark because I wasn't paying attention. Children pay better attention than grownups. If Fern says the animals in Zukerman's barn talk I'm quite ready to believe her." (CW 110)

Opal certainly pays attention. It is not often that she actually attributes dialogue to animals. But she communicates in one way or another not only with Peter Paul Rubens but also with the shepherd dog and the draught horse and the calf and the crow and the wood-rat and the field-mouse; with sheep and chickens, with wasps and moths, with trees and flowers, and even with lowly potatoes in their "brown dresses" (120). Opal has in abundance what Keats called negative capability: she can suspend her own identity and inhabit that of some other creature. For instance, after a trip in the woods, she discovers a chrysalis in her hair: "I put it to my ear, and I did listen. It had a little voice. It was not a tone voice; it was a heart voice. While I did listen, I did feel its feels. It had lovely ones" (143). That is a child who knows how to pay attention.

In both narratives the composition process is to the fore. Charlotte replaces the old "script" for a pig's existence with a new and saving script, consisting of words laboriously inscribed in a spider's web. Opal's editor Ellery Sedgwick paid attention to the diary's status as a document. He wrote of the "myriad fragments" of the manuscript, the weeks spent "piecing it together, sheet by sheet; each page a kind of picture-puzzle, lettered on both sides in colored chalks, the characters, printed with a child's unskilfulness of hand, nearly an inch high" (Sedgwick, *Atlantic*, March 290). The volume version included two pages of striking facsimile. Opal herself also brings the "printing" of her record into her account. She prints in the woods, in school, and under the bed where "the mamma" orders her to go in disgrace until she can find time to spank her. Opal's coloured pencils, so essential for figuring out the order of the scraps of paper, are contributed by "the man that wears grey neckties and is kind to mice," as she always calls him. And she is explicit about her ambition to be a writer. "When I grow up," she says, "I am going to write for children—and for grownups that haven't grown up too much" (121).

In the same way White's Charlotte is remarkable for being "both a true friend and a good writer," as the last words of *Charlotte's Web* emphasise (184). And her most vigorous action consists of her acrobatic feats in creating the letters in her web, "all capitals and no punctuation—much like the inscriptions dug up by archaeologists," as Sedgwick said of Opal's script (*Atlantic* 249).

“Now, let’s see, the first letter is T,” Charlotte soliloquises as she prepares to write “TERRIFIC” in her web. And for a full page we follow her progress in constructing one letter after another, each one larger than herself (*CW* 93a–4). Janice Alberghene, in discussing Charlotte’s writing in the same passage, points out that “the physical practice of writing, routine that it is for adults, is enormously complicated for children. For them, forming letters is analogous to Charlotte’s writing” (84). She might have been writing about Opal Whiteley.

Many readers have wondered why Charlotte, who has an excellent vocabulary, should need words for her web supplied by the rat. But Templeton’s ferreting around in the dump to find her words on scraps of paper draws attention to the materiality of the composition process, the need for light, paper, pencils, or spinnerets that has to be part of the writer’s multiple concerns, as it is both Opal’s and Charlotte’s.⁶

Opal the child writer, I believe, passes on part of herself both to Fern the child and Charlotte the writer. She has Fern’s innocence and lack of power to control the world around her, as well as Charlotte’s wisdom and delight in language.

Fern is peripheral to the plot of *Charlotte’s Web*, as many readers have noticed; and White’s biographer, Scott Elledge, has shown that the opening that includes her came relatively late in White’s composition process (Elledge 295). After her one brave stand against injustice when she saves the runt pig from slaughter, Fern settles for being merely a witness of Wilbur’s drama. Since the main work of saving Wilbur from the predestined fate of spring pigs is taken on by Charlotte, one might wonder why White needed Fern at all. White himself explained that the book was virtually finished without her, when he “decided something was wrong, or lacking” (*Letters* 649). White’s step-son Roger Angell similarly recorded that the first version of *Charlotte’s Web* was virtually complete when White set it aside for several months, before re-writing it and enlarging the role of Fern. Late in the day, it seems, White discovered that he needed a way to save a pig’s life not just for himself, but for a little girl—eight-year-old Fern, named after a beautiful plant, stands in for seven-year-old Opal, named after a beautiful stone.

“This is the most terrible case of injustice I ever heard of,” Fern famously cries as her father takes the axe to slaughter the runt of the litter. “A queer look came over John Arable’s face,” White wrote memorably. “He seemed almost ready to cry himself” (*CW* 3). It is that moment of awakening consciousness, a sudden awareness that pigs *matter*, that White himself had felt: a moment triggered by a child.

Fern and Opal both baby their pigs. Fern feeds Wilbur with a human baby’s bottle and puts a bib on him. Opal likewise adorns her pet pigs with red ribbons and christening robes. Both initially show an ominous lack of anxiety about the destiny of the pig: the Arables are having bacon for breakfast on the morning that Fern protests against the injustice of killing the runt pig; in the diary Opal takes on the massive job of carving the ham intended for “the breakfasts and dinners and suppers of the papa and the mamma” (Whiteley 131)—apparently unaware that the ham is the *corpus dilecti* of Peter Paul Rubens’s predecessor. White the adult *is* aware that “smoked bacon and ham provide a ceremonial ending to the pig’s tragedy,” but the little girls who care about pigs are unconscious of the grim irony that connects their breakfasts with the animals they treat as human.

Opal learns the hard way. And readers of the diary, who have followed her activities with Peter Paul Rubens and learned to understand how important he is to this child who is constantly rated and beaten by her mother, likewise receive a jolt we are not likely to forget. I must quote the passage at some length.

I am feeling all queer inside. Yesterday was butchering day. Among the hogs they butchered was Peter Paul Rubens.

The mamma let me go off to the woods all day, after my morning's work was done. Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium [the shepherd dog and the crow] went with me

We had not gone far, when we heard an awful squeal—so different from the way pigs squeal when they want their supper. I felt cold all over. Then I did have knowings why the mamma had let me start away to the woods without scolding. And I ran a quick run to save my dear Peter Paul Rubens—but already he was dying. And he died with his head in my lap. I sat there feeling dead, too, until my knees were all wet with blood from the throat of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. (Whiteley 155–56)

The shock and the violence are almost unbearable. And the pain is made worse by the fact that Opal had actually been delighted at the unwonted indulgence of being allowed for once to set out on one of her expeditions without being scolded. One is appalled by the bad faith of a mother who tricks her child into believing she has a treat, in order to get her out of the way, and then fails to comfort or protect her from being drenched in her beloved animal's blood. The dose of reality in a hard world is too much. Like White, after reading this passage we are *all* likely to want to find a way to save a pig's life for a little girl.

There are other notable parallels between the works. Fern's brother Avery, with his casual brutality and stock of weapons, is a milder form of the "chore boy" of the diary, who mocks Opal for her concern for the animals, and deliberately shoots her pet crow in front of her (152, 295). When Avery threatens to "knock that ol' spider into this box," Charlotte is saved by the fortunate accident of the breaking of an egg, which fills the air with "terrible gasses and smells" before which both Avery and Fern retreat (72). There is a rotten egg incident in the diary too, when an egg Opal is carrying breaks dramatically, and delivers a "a queer odor that one does have longings to run away from" (316). And I have sometimes wondered whether Templeton's rather aristocratic name may be a distant echo of the grand name Opal gives her wood-rat, Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

When Wilbur gets a buttermilk bath before the fair, he comes out "the cleanest, prettiest pig you ever saw" (*CW* 121). Likewise when Opal bathes her piglet, he comes out "the pinkest white pig you ever saw" (Whiteley 216). Charlotte and Wilbur devote great care to Charlotte's *magnum opus*, the egg sac. Opal too is careful and attentive when she finds spider egg-sacs:

Under that old grey board were five little silk bags. They were white, and they did feel lumps. I know baby spiders will come out of them when comes spring days, because last year I found bags like these, and this year in the spring, baby spiders walked out. They were very figdgety youngsters. (141)

Wilbur too learns about fidgety spider youngsters.

Such incidents, it might be argued, are common occurrences in the rural setting that both authors present. But it is not every narrative of country life that includes a rotten-egg incident and a spider's egg-sac incident, as well as an adopted piglet episode.

The closest affinity between White's fiction and Opal's diary is also the hardest to demonstrate, because it pertains not to words and incidents but to a whole world view. One might claim for both of them the status of nature poets. They are the prose Wordsworths of rural America, recording their epiphanies in the face of a natural world of great beauty and moral force.

The narratives of character and incident include lyric passages that celebrate the earth and the seasons. Characteristically, Whiteley and White do not talk *to* Nature or its manifestations: no apostrophes to skylarks or wild west winds or nightingales; rather they *listen* as nature talks to *them*. Hear each of them on that most evocative of seasons, the fall. This is Opal:

Now are come the days of brown leaves. They fall from the trees; they flutter to the ground. When the brown leaves flutter, they are saying little things. They talk with the wind. I hear them tell of their borning days, when they did come into the world as leaves.... They talked on and on, and I did listen to what they were telling the wind and the earth in their whisperings. (138)

And now White:

The crickets sang in the grasses. They sang the song of summer's ending, a sad, monotonous song. "Summer is over and gone," they sang. "Over and gone, over and gone. Summer is dying, dying."

The crickets felt it was their duty to warn everybody that summertime cannot last forever. Even on the most beautiful days in the whole year,—the days when summer is changing into fall—the crickets spread the rumor of sadness and change. (CW 113)

Such lyric interludes in prose narratives provide a particular rhythm and harmony for both works. Both authors present a knowledge all too intimate with death and pain and loss. Both can incorporate the sadness into a world vision that celebrates life and love, friendship and natural beauty. "Now I think I shall go out the bedroom window and talk to the stars," writes Opal. "They always smile so friendly. This is a very

wonderful world to live in" (107). "All I hope to say in books," says White, "all that I ever hope to say, is that I love the world" (DiCamillo [v]).

Convinced as I am that E. B. White read and responded to Opal Whiteley's diary, and that his mission to write a story about saving a pig's life arises from his compassion for Peter Paul Rubens as well as from his experience with his own sick pig, I find it sad that he seems never to have acknowledged any admiration for *The Story of Opal*. It is one more note of sadness in the painful story of an exceptionally gifted child who snatched a temporary fame out of an abused childhood, then suffered another kind of abuse in being accused of falsehood, and sank into insanity and obscurity. After the cooked-up "exposure" of the diary, it was hardly respectable to refer to her. The personal portrait of White that Angell provided suggests that White was diffident about his writing, and perhaps shy of acknowledging a source that had lost credibility ("Andy").

But I do find what I consider to be an *implicit* acknowledgement, if not an explicit one. For all his success with the *New Yorker*, White had early been rejected by the high temple of Boston culture, the *Atlantic*. When his reputation had grown sufficiently, however, the *Atlantic* came courting him, and invited him to contribute an essay to the issue celebrating its ninetieth anniversary. It was in the journal that brought Peter Paul Rubens to the public that White chose to publish his own story on "The Death of a Pig," which led to the story of the saving of another pig.

NOTES

¹ For the obvious connection between "Death of a Pig" and *Charlotte's Web*, see, for instance, Beverley Gherman's biography of White for children, *E. B. White: Some Writer!*

² Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visitors*, written at nine and published in 1919 as edited by James Barrie, sold 230,000 copies in the first two years. But suspicions arose that Barrie of *Peter Pan* fame must have had a hand in its composition. Having worked on the manuscript, now in the Berg Collection in New York, I have no doubt of its being the true unassisted work of a nine-year-old. The only interventions in the manuscript are the addition of more spelling errors. Although the editor did not invent new errors, he made existing ones, such as "idear" for "idea," consistent. See Jeffrey Mather's introduction to the Juvenilia Press edition of *The Young Visitors*.

³ So goes the usual argument, inherited from the Romantics and further purveyed by Henry Wallis's famous 1856 painting of the death of Chatterton, "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight". Nick Grooms has suggested, however, that Chatterton's death from arsenic might have been an accidental overdose of a purported cure for venereal disease ("Literary Sleuthing").

⁴ "Of the rightness and honesty of the manuscript as the *Atlantic* printed it, I am utterly convinced; more certain am I than of the authorship of many another famous diary, for I have watched the original copy reborn and subjected to the closest scrutiny" (Sedgwick 263).

⁵ I quote from Benjamin Hoff's edition, *The Singing Creek where the Willows Grow*, since it is readily available. His edition is based on the volume, *The Story of Opal: The Journal of an Understanding Heart* (1920), which includes passages that were omitted from the serial run in the *Atlantic*. Hoff preserves the sequence of words, but provides his own chapter divisions, paragraphs, and punctuation.

⁶ Another contributory text for *Charlotte's Web*, I believe, is Don Marquis's *vers libre* serial for the *Sun*, *archy and mehitabel*. Archy the poet cockroach, who writes his copy by diving headfirst onto the

keys of a typewriter, and therefore all in lower case, is surely a forerunner of Charlotte the author spider. And White wrote the introduction to the 1950 Doubleday edition of *archy and mehitabel*, not long before swinging into the composition of *Charlotte's Web* (published in 1952). White found the process of writing laborious, and he sympathised with Archy and his author Don Marquis. "Archy's physical limitations (his inability to operate the shift key) relieved Marquis of the troublesome business of capital letters, apostrophes, and quotation marks, those small irritations that slow up all men who are hoping their spirit will soar in time to catch the edition." Indeed Archy becomes for White "blood brother to writing men": "he cast himself with all his force upon a key, head downward. So do we all" (*Essays* 251). White, Archy, Charlotte and Opal share the heavy duty of creating with words, and manipulating difficult implements to form articulate inscriptions on paper hard to find or in webs fragile and transitory, and subject to the depredations of cats, flies, and little sisters.

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REVIEWS

**Robert Clark, editor. *Jane Austen's Geographies*.
Routledge Studies in Nineteenth-Century
Literature. Routledge, 2018.**

xi + 264 pages. Hardcover, USD 155.00.
ISBN 978-0-8153-7687-3 (hbk); 978-1-351-23534-1 (ebk).

PERHAPS because we treasure the extant correspondence in which Jane Austen talked about her own writing, any scrap has an unwarranted staying power. She encouraged a novel-writing niece: “You are now collecting your People delightfully, getting them exactly into such a spot as is the delight of my life;—3 or 4 Families in a Country Village is the very thing to work on—& I hope you will write a great deal more, & make full use of them while they are so very favourably arranged” (9–18 September 1814). To a nephew who misplaced “two Chapters & a half” of his own novel manuscript she sent a denial that she had stolen it and an unconvincingly self-deprecating depiction of her own art, in contrast to his, as a “little bit (two Inches wide) of Ivory on which I work with so fine a Brush, as produces little effect after much labour” (16–17 December 1816). Somehow these playful descriptions—aided particularly by the illustrations of Hugh Thomson and C. E. Brock—have directed much reader response as well as much literary criticism. Too often, Austen’s world has been seen as a carefully constructed miniature, the ideal English village brought to life within the space of two or three volumes. R. W. Chapman described the traces of the world outside of Austen’s fictions discoverable in the details of the works themselves as “slight and fugitive indications”; in his editions of the novels he appended lists of “feigned places,” in some cases followed by a note that no *actual* place was intended.

In the last half century, however, criticism of Jane Austen has begun to move beyond what Donald Greene in 1975 called “the myth of limitation,” investigating her connections to the cultural and political trends of the day. Some of that work has explored Austen’s use of place, notably Alistair Duckworth’s *The Improvement of the Estate* (1971) as well as many essays by others about landscape, about possible sources of fictional places in actual ones, about salient dimensions of actual places in which her novels were set or to which they referred (London, Bath, Portsmouth, Bristol, etc.). Stuart Tave in *Some Words of Jane Austen* (1973) pointed

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out that for Austen's characters "correct knowledge of geography—to know where one is—and tranquillity of the right sort—to live satisfactorily where one is—seem to be related virtues." If geographic knowledge is important to Austen's characters, how much more important it must be to her readers.

Jane Austen's Geographies, a collection of essays edited by Robert Clark, sets out to remedy readers' geographic deficiencies by providing a wealth of information that helps us understand Austen's fiction from a variety of perspectives. Essays focus on the histories of places that inform Austen's personal or familial history and her fiction; the intersections of gender and the geographies of empire and nation with Austen's plots, her narrative structures, and the thematic conflicts she explores; her use and rejection of regional stereotypes; the ability, or more often inability, of things in Austen's narratives to tell the stories of their origins; the significance of London as setting in terms of narrative structure and thematic development; the tracing of clues to the actual towns or properties that might form the grounds upon which Austen built her fictional places; and *Emma* as depicting the tension between the ordered stasis of *Lebensraum* and the nomadic mobility that increasingly characterizes the modern world. Austen's juvenilia, *Sense and Sensibility*, and especially *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park* receive much attention. Oddly, there is no consideration of Bath or of *Northanger Abbey*; *Lady Susan* is also ignored, though its settings in both city and country make it particularly suitable.

Two excellent essays in the collection focus on the juvenilia. John C. Leffel's "Conjugal Excursions, at Home and Abroad, in Jane Austen's 'Juvenilia' and *Sanditon*" looks particularly at "Jack and Alice" and "Catharine, or the Bower," redressing the omissions or exclusions in Franco Moretti's mapping of Jane Austen as a writer whose world includes only the wealthiest counties in the central part of England. Leffel deploys the juvenilia and *Sanditon* to show how Austen engaged with the larger cultural conversation around the Anglo-Indian marriage market, a measure of the increasing impact of the colonial elements of the empire, particularly upon domestic culture. Leffel's essay provides both historical background and astute textual analysis. Ana-Karina Schneider's "Emotional and Imperial Topographies: Mapping Feeling in 'Catharine, or the Bower'" investigates the way Austen shifts towards a realistic and interior representation of character through space and place, resisting the allegorical use of the journey and instead mapping emotion onto place names: for example, "nostalgia and disillusionment are a distant land [India] that is associated with unhappy or arranged marriages; ... introspection is a bower outside the functionally circumscribed spaces of modern living." Both essays also look forward to Austen's later geographic sense.

Other admirable essays deserve particular mention. Pat Rogers examines the West Country background to *Sense and Sensibility* and *Persuasion* in light of regional stereotypes (largely derived from the stage). E. J. Clery and Laurie Kaplan explore Austen's use of London; Clery demonstrates *Pride and Prejudice*'s "metropolitan orientation" in plot and outlook. Janine Barchas, in an essay reprinted from *Persuasions*, explores a model for Pemberley that illustrates Austen's fascination with celebrity culture (an interest also revealed in Kaplan's essay). Douglas Murray's consideration of *Emma* in light of Humphry Repton's "View from My Own Cottage" illuminates the novel's world of mobile populations, "a world of impingement and intersection, a world in which the unexpected and the

threatening come to call.” And Robert Clark’s useful introduction provides a trove of information about changes in geographic awareness during Jane Austen’s lifetime.

Although all the essays in this volume have much to teach us, the volume as a whole is marred by a high level of error—errors of spelling and typography, missing words, words that should have been deleted, even misstatements of plot or confusion of characters. Further, some essays that provide a great deal of genealogical or historical detail should have been edited for clarity.

Overall, however, the volume is a rich and fascinating addition to Jane Austen studies. Its approaches will return us to the juvenilia (and to the novels) with heightened interest in and knowledge about their fictional landscapes.

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Carvel Collins, editor. *Ole Miss Juvenilia*, by William Faulkner. Dover Publications, 2018.

134 pages. Paperback, USD 4.00 / e-book, USD 3.20.
ISBN 978-0-4868-2243-3 (pbk).

OLE MISS Juvenilia is Dover’s most welcome reissue of Carvel Collins’s 1962 edition, *William Faulkner, Early Prose and Poetry*, retaining all but the original edition’s title. Collins’s volume, which introduced readers to those works Faulkner composed prior to the launch of his astonishing career following the publication in 1926 of his first novel *Soldiers’ Pay*, has been out of print, as far as I can determine, since the early 1960s. This slim volume covers the period from 1916 (the year Faulkner turned nineteen) to 1925, during which time Faulkner published his first short stories and prose criticism, in addition to poems and sketches, in various publications associated with the University of Mississippi—*Ole Miss*, *The Mississippian*, and *The Scream*—and in the *Double Dealer*, the New Orleans-based literary journal that published Faulkner’s work during and immediately after his time at the university.

While many of these prose pieces have since appeared in James B. Meriwether’s *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters*, it is useful to have collated in the one volume all Faulkner’s early works—not just the prose—and to have these works supplemented by Collins’s excellent introduction and bibliographic notes. Collins, an eminent Faulkner scholar of the post-war period, produced across his fifty-odd-year career a number of Faulkner editions, including *New Orleans Sketches* and *The Unvanquished*, in addition to *Early Prose and Poetry*. His instructive introduction moves chronologically through each of the works collected here, interweaving textual insight with anecdote and biographical detail. Particularly

fascinating (as it is amusing) is Collins's account of Faulkner's fellow students' parodies of several of the poems he published in *The Mississippian*—in addition to Faulkner's own sharp response: "mirth requires two things: humor and a sense of humor," he retorts. "I flatter myself that I possess the latter; but—and I am sure I am unprejudiced—my unknown 'affinity' has notably failed in producing the former" (9). One of these parodists targeted Faulkner's (charmingly failed) Mallarmesque experiment, "Une Ballade des Femmes Perdues" ("Ballad of the Lost Women") as "Une Ballade d'une Vache Perdue" ("Ballad of a Lost Cow")—which should evoke for the reader familiar with the Faulkner opus, as it of course does for Collins, Faulkner's madcap tale "L'après-midi d'une vache" ("Afternoon of a Cow," 1937/1943) and Ike Snopes's notorious bovine misadventure in *The Hamlet* (1940). While it may be a shame that the anonymous parodies are not reproduced in this volume (the focus of which is *Faulkner's* work after all), Collins does provide enough detail to share with us, even if second-hand, an important archive that, as he notes, comprises "the first published commentary on Faulkner's works" (13).

The vast bulk of the edition is of course dedicated to the Faulkner pieces themselves, which are organised chronologically, beginning with a 1916 sketch from an *Ole Miss* annual, and concluding in 1925 with a most delicately drawn sketch from *The Scream* of a barnstormer—a character Faulkner would reuse, for example, in "Honor" (1930) and *Pylon* (1935)—clinging precariously with one hand to his aeroplane. The 1919 poem "L'Après[sic]-Midi d'un Faune" is remarkable as Faulkner's first published piece of writing. Like most of the poems in this volume, it aspires to the romance and reverie of the French Symbolist poets—of Mallarmé, from whom Faulkner clearly took this poem's title, and Verlaine, after whom he composed "Fantoche[sic]" and others. While signaling Faulkner's influences, moreover, this early poem, like other works in the collection, also gestures towards the revenant that haunts the more mature works.

Faulkner's first published story, "Landing in Luck," included here, takes up for the first time the milieu and theme of aviation, no doubt informed by his (truncated, thanks to the armistice) experiences the previous year as a trainee pilot in Toronto, a theme that would occupy him throughout his long career across short stories, novels, and screenplays. The other short story collected here, "The Hill," later revised for *A Green Bough* (1933), is a simple—and for that reason, rather affecting—description of a labourer's hilltop view, which takes in "the sonorous simplicity of the court house columns" and "the thin spiraling of smoke" of the hamlet below, sites and sights that would come to figure Yoknapatawpha County in the stunning novels, such as *Light in August* (1932), that Faulkner would move on to compose (91).

The volume also reproduces seven brief essays: Faulkner's reviews of W. A. Percy's *In April Once* (1920), Conrad Aikens's *Turns and Movies* (1916), Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo: A Play in One Act* (1920), and more general perspectives on Eugene O'Neill, Joseph Hergesheimer, American drama, and the current state of criticism in the U.S. (These essays are also collected in Meriwether's edition.) Readers might take some pleasure in these as sources of literary gossip—for example, Faulkner's sharp takedowns of Amy Lowell, whose prose suffers from "literary flatulency" (76), Vachel Lindsay "with his tin pan and iron spoon," and Carl Sandburg "with his sentimental Chicago propaganda" (75). Of greater interest surely is these essays' signaling of the young Faulkner's

affection for and deep appreciation of the richness of the American vernacular. He concurs, with “a Frenchman, probably,” that “art is preeminently provincial: i.e., it comes directly from a certain age and a certain locality,” and for the American writer, “our language” is the greatest source of material. “A national literature cannot spring from folk lore,” he writes, “for America is too big and there are too many folk lores; ... nor will it come from our slang, which also is likewise indigenous to restricted portions of the country. It can, however, come from the strength of imaginative idiom.” In some real sense, we have here the beginnings of a theory of regionalism rooted in the “earthy strength” of the American vernacular (89). And we of course see this play out across Faulkner’s entire *oeuvre* in the expressiveness of so many of his poor white characters particularly, including *Flags in the Dust*’s Old Man Falls, the multiplying Snopeses, and perhaps most famously *As I Lay Dying*’s Bundren family.

All that Dover’s reissue of Collins’s *William Faulkner, Early Prose and Poetry* might lack is some prefatory or framing materials. That is to say, I would like to have read more about Collins’s edition itself—its publication history and reception, for example—and the reasons subtending Dover’s republication of it at this point. (It was only by Googling that I was able to find this sort of information.) And while “J,” Faulkner’s *Mississippian* parodist, might have despaired, “ye gods forbid, if we should while away our time singing of lascivious knees, smiling lute strings, and voluptuous toes?” (14), this edition forms a valuable addition to the Faulkner *oeuvre*, and will be of enormous interest to Faulkner scholars who, like myself, may not have been familiar with Collins’s long-out-of-print 1962 edition. While we may find significant traces of the mature writer in these pieces—beyond those identified by Collins—they are significant enough *per se*—for literary-historical reasons of course, but too because many of them, including several of the sketches, are, simply, fine.

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Christine Alexander with Joetta Harty and Benjamin Drexler, editors. *The Pirate*, by Patrick Branwell Brontë. Juvenilia Press, 2018.

xxxix + 49 pages. Paperback, AUD 15.00.
 ISBN: 978-0-7334-3806-6.

READERS of this journal will be familiar with the dual aim of the Juvenilia Press publications: to make available to a wider public the youthful works of talented writers, and to provide a kind of editing apprenticeship to early-career scholars

under the guidance of an expert. In the case of Branwell Brontë's *The Pirate*, the "expert" could hardly be more appropriate or prestigious, since Christine Alexander has founded her distinguished career on editing the early Brontë writings.

Indeed, I had already read "The Pirate" in Alexander's edition of *The Brontës: Tales of Glass Town, Angria and Gondal* (Oxford World's Classics, 2010), and I wondered what the Juvenilia Press edition could add to this. The answer is, quite a lot. The characteristically slim volume offers two versions of the text: first a clear, accessible text for general reading, and second a "diplomatic" text, which seeks to reproduce as accurately as possible in typography all significant features of the manuscript original, including spelling and punctuation, abbreviations, deletions, insertions, and other alterations.

The "clear" text is largely derived from Alexander's 2010 edition, but the endnotes to this text have been expanded to include not only information about the Brontë juvenilia and its historical and literary context but also a number of technical explanations drawn from *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea*, as well as explanations of some less familiar words such as "calling cards" (note 8) and "the bows of a ship" (note 45).

Given this care for the reader's understanding, I was surprised that the technical meaning of the word "diplomatic" in this context was not explained, but the diplomatic text itself, prepared by Ben Drexler, is a valuable tool for scholars interested in the young Branwell's precise compositional habits, including as it does corrections and second thoughts as well as characteristic unorthodox spellings. Because of its general lack of punctuation, this diplomatic text enhances the sense of hectic urgency noticeable in the edited text.

For me, however, the most valuable element of this new edition is its extensive introduction, divided into sections covering Branwell's education, the early history of his "hero" Alexander Percy (or "Rougue"), historical piracy, Branwell's other tales and poems about pirates, and Rougue's rise to power in the Glass Town saga (though a strange error finds Rougue acquiring a wife in chapter one rather than chapter three [xxvii]). In particular, although I knew of Byron's "The Corsair" (1814) and Scott's *The Pirate* (1821) as influences on Branwell, I had no idea of the extent of piratical literature available to him through sources such as *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Joetta Harty, Alexander's co-author of the introduction, is cited in the bibliography as having written elsewhere on eighteenth-century pirates, and it is presumably from her that I learned that the name "Angria" derives from an eighteenth-century Indian pirate dynasty referred to as "the Angrian Empire" (xxix) and that several histories of Tulagee Angria and other famous pirates could have been available to Branwell (xxx).

The introduction begins by considering Branwell's lack-lustre literary reputation and some recent attempts at his rehabilitation, and *The Pirate* certainly suggests that the quality of his writing is sometimes underestimated. This, for instance, is how James Bellingham, the supposed narrator of the tale, describes his backward look from the pirate ship that has kidnapped him: "The fast receding shores looked dark and gloomy in the twilight, while a cold raw breeze swept over the ocean, raising long undulating ridges of waves and howling with a mournful cadence amid the lofty masts and cordage of the gallant ship" (11). For a boy of fifteen who had never seen the sea, this is vivid writing. He also shows

considerable knowledge of sailing ships, their equipment and manoeuvres, and deploys an extensive vocabulary (“curses and execrations” [16]) with some elegant phrasing (“unheeding and unheeded” [11]).

One startling development in this adventure story is the sudden transformation of the odious old pirate, Sdeath, into “the Cheif Genius BRANNII”—that is, Branwell himself (18). The four Brontë siblings, in the forms of the Genii Tallii, Brannii, Emii and Annii, often preside over the early Glass Town tales, but the uncomfortable feature here is that Sdeath is the most unsavoury character possible, who has earned “detestation” even from the hardened pirates for his bloody savaging of their dying prisoners (15). Branwell’s fascination with James Hogg’s *doppelgänger*, mentioned in the introduction, raises the uneasy suspicion that he is here exploring not just the kind of Romantic outlawry lauded in Byron’s “The Corsair,” but much more gruesome and sadistic violence, as an aspect of his own character.

The volume ends with an unexpected pleasure: the text of Branwell’s poem, “The Rover,” originally written in 1834, only a year later than “The Pirate,” though “transcribed and corrected” three years later. The poem is written in “fourteener” lines, each of which reads like two lines of “common metre” but arranged in rhyming couplets. The effect is fast and vigorous, and here Branwell again excels at setting scenes at sea. He makes dramatic use of the first person and present tense:

Where am I—? dashed into the hold upon a dying foe
All stir and smoke and shouts above—that writhing wretch below
He dies—I rise and grasp a Rope—am on the deck once more
And Percy’s arm and Percy’s sword bathe all that deck with gore

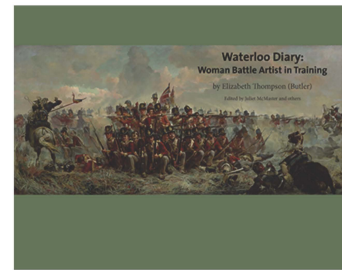
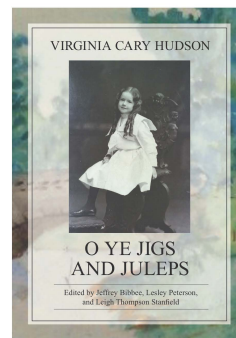
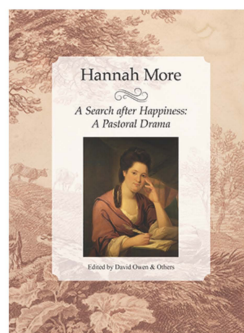
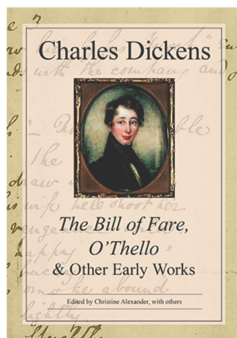
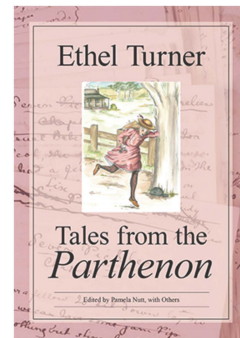
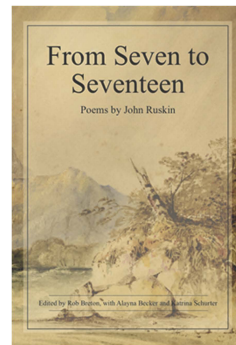
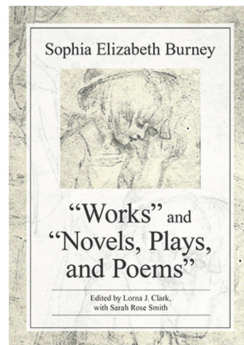
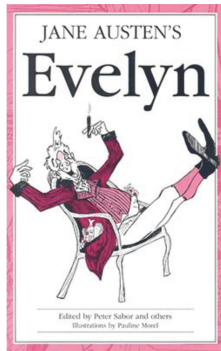
The last two lines of the poem are truly vivid in both sound and vision, as he contemplates a burning ship: “Whose fires discharge its cannonry with sullen sounding boom / Till like a blood red moon it sets behind its watery tomb” (44).

With its well-chosen and clearly-reproduced illustrations, and useful bibliography, this is a very pleasing volume which should appeal both to the scholar and to the general reader.

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