

Chapter 1 : Romantic Friendship in Victorian Literature - PDF Free Download

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From earliest times music has been j Anil j know not if. The first music was not written but! The m,t a fourth sound but a star. T Music is so closely associated to life lans in their temple worship. We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throjie, a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and de decisive cisive decisive a will, despotic, in its dictates an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of intere, marked the outline of this extraordinary character the most extraordinary, perhaps, that. In the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no su superior, perior, superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by t. He knew no motive ;. Thus, we find the i Church, a very important factor in our i inheritance of music. Growth and development went on constantly, and i soon we find the French minstrels in 1 melod ie idea? From the Volga to the Pillars of Hercules, from Sicily to Britain, every land in turn bowed to the warlike prowess of the stalwart sons of Odin. Are we then to lose sight of our worthy ancestors in this early period? Are they completely swallowed up by their numberless foes? The Saxon in all his glory has been preserved to us even to the pres present ent present day. From the Rhine to the Volga, every promontory, every bay. The Isle of Britain was new territory and paid the penalty for being such. Expedition after expedition set out for its shores. It was useless for the P. Foes are they, sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war, and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves that live on the pillage of the world. The Britons, having just emerged from Roman authority, fled before them "as from fire. Always the outline of Saxon history is the same, first personal freedom and contentment, followed by prosperi prosperity ty prosperity and an over-abundance of popula population, tion, population, then the wanderlust and the con conquering quering conquering and settling of new worlds. England early experienced the first passages of Saxon history, and soon the wanderlust in the form of the Cru Crusades. Richard Cour De Leon was as much a Saxon as an Englishman when he led thousands from Britain for the conquest of the holy land. It was the Saxon spirit that made the Crusades has consumed Itself, that there are no more worlds to conquer. For reply, read the cur current rent current news of the times. But yesterday Alaska was acquired from the hands of the Slav, the Phillipines were chang changed, ed, changed, from Romance provinces to Saxon. The north and south poles so long Jeer ing at the futile attempts of man have disclosed their hiding places to Suwai the Orient, practically unknown fifty years ago is awakening with the fresh virile strength of the Saxoa. His mind is the ruling genius In all affairs. What race has led in annlhllatta; time by means of the steamboat, rail railroad, road, railroad, telephone and telegraph? Where does the spirit which longs to con conquer quer conquer the air derive Its source? When then shall this movement end?

Chapter 2 : Red Pottage by Mary Cholmondeley () –“ Beyond Eden Rock

*Abstract. This chapter explores conflicts between brothers and sisters in Sarah Grand's *The Beth Book* () and Mary Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage* (), where domestic disputes over property and money focus the discussion of rivalry on material issues.*

I became completely engrossed in these characters and the moral quagmire of their time. Talk about a cross-section of society, we have the very wealthy and shallow, the very wealthy and titled, the rather poor and ordinary, the rather poor but exceptional, the finest kind of moral beacon in the guise of a bishop, and the very worst of a sniveling, narrow-mindedness in a clergyman. In truth, Cholmondeley makes it clear that where you are born or what profession you choose is not what determines your value in the least. I felt the punishment did not fit the crime in the case of Hugh Scarlet. He is guilty of cuckolding a gentleman and, in the days when a duel was a matter of honor, he is called to a duel of a kind, but in my view much worse. In a book that is replete with the need for redemption, he desperately tries to find his so that he can measure up to Rachel West, the woman he comes to love. What I found especially moving is that Rachel, while a very decent person, is not a paragon of virtue herself, as she judges men too harshly based on one past experience. She is a spinster living with her brother, a low-ranking clergyman. This pious pontificator made my blood boil. Hester, of course, is kinder in her thought of him than I am, but I am proved right. In fact there are a few characters who cannot be loved, they are just too horrid, but the three main characters are unerringly human and I felt greatly for each of them. Cholmondeley addresses many important themes in this work, not the least of them being the position of unmarried women in society and the struggle for independence they are forced to constantly battle. I felt her writing was reminiscent of George Eliot. If you have not read this book, and you have any affinity for 19th Century classics, please do yourself the favor of putting it on your TBR toward the top. It has a wonderfully diverse cast of characters, it is full of drama and intrigue, it has plenty to say, and every single thing in it is so cleverly and vividly drawn that I found myself living and breathing the story. It begins with Hugh Scarlett, who is set on breaking his relationship with his mistress, the married Lady Newhaven, even as he is travelling to a party at her home. He realises that his position is invidious, but he is set on his course. He is even more certain that he is doing the right thing when, soon after his arrival, he catches sight of young woman he has never seen before. He is struck, not by her beauty but by the expression in her eyes, and he decides there and then that he must make her his wife. She leaves though, before he even learns her name. Meanwhile, Lord Newhaven is delighted to see Richard Vernon, a friend who has been overseas for a very long time, and who has come to the party purely by chance. He is also drawn to that woman, and his friendship with his host allows him to learn her name –“ Rachel West –“ and a little of her story. Lord Newhaven is preoccupied thought; there is something that he knows he must do. As Hugh is leaving he invites him into his study for a moment. He gives Hugh to understand that he knows of his affair with his wife; and he offers him, not a duel, but a drawing of spills. With the man who drew the shorter of the two undertaking to end his life within five months of that night. Hugh drew, without stopping to think that he might refuse. It was a wonderful beginning: Mary Cholmondeley wrote beautifully, balancing narrative, drama, character drawing and story possibilities with such skill. The next day, Hugh was a dinner guest at the home of Doll Loftus and his wife Sybell, a lady eager to establish herself as a society hostess. Rachel was there too, and though his mind was crowded with thoughts of his encounter with Lord Newhaven, he was still drawn to her. It was said that she could not know, could not possibly understand the world she wrote of, but Rachel knew that she could and she did. Rachel had been the daughter of wealthy parents. He lost everything he made though, making bad decisions, and when her parents died Rachel had nothing. She was determined to be independent and to support herself, and so she took lodgings in the East End, and made a meagre living as a typist. She and Hester had been friends from childhood, and it is the drawing of that friendship that raises this book so high. The two of them were quite different in character, but they complemented each other so well, and Mary Cholmondeley illuminates that beautifully as she show them meeting for the first time. It dated back from the nursery days, when Hester and Rachel solemnly eyed each other, and then made acquaintance in the dark gardens of

Portman Square, into which Hester introduced a fortified castle with a captive princess in it, and a rescuing prince and a dragon, and several other ingredients of romance to the awed amazement of Rachel's stolid, solid, silent Rachel who loved all two and four legged creatures, but who never made them talk to each other as Hester did. And Hester, in blue serge, told Rachel, in crimson velvet, as they walked hand in hand in front of their nursery-maids, what the London sparrows said to each other in the gutters, and how they considered the gravel path in the square was a deep river suitable to bathe in. And when the spring was coming, and the prince had rescued the princess so often from the dungeon in the laurel-bushes that Hester was tired of it, she told Rachel how the elms were always sighing because they were shut up in town, and how they went out every night with their roots into the green country to see their friends, and came back, oh! That was a problem. James Gresley was narrow-minded, self-righteous, and utterly incapable of seeing any view point but his own adoring wife will never challenge or change that. He was supported by an adoring wife, a loyal congregation, and a social circle quite unlike the one to which his sister was used. The story moves between the two friends. A chain of circumstances has terrible consequences for Hester. Mary Cholmondeley plotted her story so cleverly, twisting it again and again; and making my heart rise and fall so many times as I followed the fortunes of a cast of characters who became so very real to me. The two storylines are separate, meeting only as the two friends meet, but the book works because each storyline is so good. It feels like a Victorian novel, but it also feels wonderfully subversive. During their conversation, which takes place in her bedroom, Lord Newhaven picks up a book "an Imitation of Christ, bound in that peculiar shade of lilac which at that moment prevailed. In a few pages, we are introduced to Sybell Loftus, a superficial woman who, Cholmondeley tells us archly, "had not the horrid perception of difference between the real and the imitation which spoils the lives of many. One of the pseudo-intellectuals at the party condemns the novel, saying, "it is a misfortune to the cause of suffering humanity" to our cause" when the books which pretend to set forth certain phases of its existence are written by persons entirely ignorant of the life they describe. Rachel has lived for many years in the slums of east London, working as a seamstress, before receiving an unexpected inheritance. Cholmondeley is interested in the truth of art, the power of sympathy, and the plight of unmarried women. At the heart of the novel is the theme of friendship between women. In a particularly heartfelt passage, Cholmondeley writes: It is interesting to see how sustaining the bond of sisterhood was to the New Women of the s as they tested their independence, and began to claim their rights as individuals and their voices as writers. In *Red Pottage*, Hester dedicates her second novel, which she describes as being like a child to her, to Rachel. *Red Pottage* transgresses genre boundaries; it incorporates aspects of popular sensation novels by using a provocative plot addressing predominant Victorian obsessions, the New Woman novels depicting women transgressing traditional gender roles, and social problem novels pondering the rampant poverty and harsh social barriers. In its eclectic thematics, *Red Pottage* attempts to synthesize various facets of the late Victorian era, providing its readers with a more comprehensive view of Victorian life rather than directing the reader to a predetermined ending. The novel unobtrusively integrates issues of labor, theology, gender roles, church politics, slumming, literary culture and the economics of publication, and the impact of literary genre on modern life. Its narrative style similarly synthesizes earlier Victorian realism with later Jamesian innovations, in its use of multiple narrative subjectivities. Despite its use of a dual plotline, a common feature of Victorian novels, *Red Pottage* diverges from the norm by never fully integrating the two stories, except through subverting the marriage trope. And yes, I totally copied that from the prospectus intro that my 19th-century lit class wrote together. It read easily, was entertaining and witty, and still gave a great amount to think about. This long-lost gem should be reintroduced to the 21st century, where I think it will find a respectable and appreciative audience. Set against a trio of painful love stories, Rachel and Hester learn the inconveniences and heartbreak of love. Rachel loves an adulterer, and Hester, a writer, loves her new book, whose manuscript consumes all of her time and energy. These pursuits are set against particular Victorian settings: Both friends feel acutely the emotional and physical restrictions of their situation. Guiding the plot is what is perhaps one of the most ridiculous displays of masculine bravado: Cholmondeley is biting in her criticism of Victorian society. Somewhat different from other Victorian satirists, she relies upon plot rather than explanation. Cholmondeley doesn't tell us why we should see absurdity in a particular situation; she relies

on plot to do that. Written at the very end of the Victorian era, we start to see the seeds of change in gender relations.

Chapter 3 : Red Pottage by Mary Cholmondeley

This book argues that brother-sister relationships, idealized by the Romantics, intensified in nineteenth-century English domestic culture, and is a neglected key to understanding Victorian gender.

Dagupan has a healthy climate. It is the chief point of exportation for a very rich province, which produces sugar, indigo, Indian corn, copra, and especially rice. There are several rice mills here. In these, marshes grows the nipa palm, from which a liquor is distilled—there are a number of small distilleries here. Dagupan has a small shipyard in which sailing vessels and steam launches are constructed. The typical form is that of a barge-like house-boat provided with sails, resembling the painted galleys represented on the tombs of the Pharaohs. Similar state barges were used by the Mahommedan rulers of Egypt, and from the circumstance that these vessels were ornamented with gilding is attributed the usual derivation of the name from gold. Before the introduction of steamers dahabeahs were generally used by travellers ascending the Nile, and they are still the favourite means of travelling for the leisured and wealthy classes. The modern dahabeah is often made of iron, draws about 2 ft. According to size it provides accommodation for from two to a dozen passengers. Steam dahabeahs are also built to meet the requirements of tourists. His work has considerable humour, but his colouring is hard and rather crude. In he settled in Berlin. His pictures are very popular in Norway. He formed his style without much tuition, remaining at Bergen till he was twenty-four, when he left for the better field of Copenhagen, and ultimately settled in Dresden in . He is usually included in the German school, although he was thus close on forty years of age when he finally took up his abode in Dresden, where he was quickly received into the Academy and became professor. German landscape-painting was not greatly advanced at that time, and Dahl contributed to improve it. He received his first professional education from Ernst Klocke, who had a respectable position in that northern town, which, however, Dahl left in his twenty-second year. His first destination was England, where he did not long remain, but crossed over to Paris, and made his way at last to Rome, there taking up his abode for a considerable time, painting the portraits of Queen Christina and other celebrities. In he returned to England, and became for some years a dangerous rival to Kneller. He died in London. His portraits still exist in many houses, but his name is not always preserved with them. He joined the Black Sea fleet in ; but at a later date he entered the military service, and was thus engaged in the Polish campaign of , and in the expedition against Khiva. He was afterwards appointed to a medical post in one of the government hospitals at St Petersburg, and was ultimately transferred to a situation in the civil service. The latter years of his life were spent at Moscow, and he died there on November 3 October 22 . Under the name of Kossack Lugansky he obtained considerable fame by his stories of Russian life: His greatest work, however, was a Dictionary of the Living Russian Tongue *Tolkovyj Slovar Zhivago Velikorusskago Yasika* , which appeared in four volumes between and , and is of the most essential service to the student of the popular literature and folk-lore of Russia. It was based on the results of his own investigations throughout the various provinces of Russia,—investigations which had furnished him with no fewer than popular tales and upwards of 30, proverbs. A collected edition of his works appeared at St Petersburg in 8 volumes, As adjutant-general and engineer adviser to Charles X. Gustavus , he had a great share in the famous crossing of the frozen Belts, and at the sieges of Copenhagen and Kronborg he directed the engineers. In spite of these distinguished services, Dahlberg remained an obscure lieutenant-colonel for many years. His patriotism, however, proved superior to the tempting offers Charles II. At last his talents were recognized, and in he became director-general of fortifications. He retired as field-marshal in , and died the following year. Erik Dahlberg was responsible for the fine collection of drawings called *Suecia antiqua et hodierna Stockholm*, ; 2nd edition, ; 3rd edition, , and assisted Pufendorf in his *Histoire de Charles X Gustave*. He wrote a memoir of his life to be found in Svenska Bibliotek, and an account of the campaigns of Charles X. He entered the United States navy in , and saw some service in the Civil War in command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. But he was chiefly notable as a scientific officer. His knowledge of mathematics caused him to be employed on the coast survey in . In his eyesight threatened to fail, he retired in , and in he was transferred to the ordnance department. In this post he applied

himself to the improvement of the guns of the U. When the Civil War broke out, he was on ordnance duty in the Washington navy yard, and he was one of the three officers who did not resign from confederate sympathies. His rank at the time was commander, and the command could only be held by a captain. President Lincoln insisted on retaining Commander Dahlgren, and he was qualified to keep the post by special act of Congress. He became post-captain in and rear-admiral in He commanded the Washington navy yard when he died on the 12th of July A memoir of Admiral Dahlgren by his widow was published at Boston in In he was appointed to an ecclesiastical post in Stockholm, which he held until his death. In a series of odes and dithyrambic pieces, entitled *Mollbergs Epistlar* , , he strove to emulate the wonderful lyric genius of K. Bellman, of whom he was a student and follower. On the 1st of May he died at Stockholm. Dahlgren is one of the best humorous writers that Sweden has produced; but he was perhaps at his best in realistic and idyllic description. His little poem of *Zephyr and the Girl*, which is to be found in every selection from Swedish poetry, is a good example of his sensuous and ornamented style. His works were collected and published after his death by A. The genus contains about nine species indigenous in the high sandy plains of Mexico. The dahlia was first introduced into Britain from Spain in by the marchioness of Bute. The species was probably D. The flowers, at the time of the first introduction of the plant, were single, with a yellow disk and dull scarlet rays; under cultivation since the beginning of the 19th century in France and England, flowers of numerous brilliant hues have been produced. The flower has been modified also from a flat to a globular shape, and the arrangement of the florets has been rendered quite distinct in the ranunculus and anemone-like kinds. The ordinary natural height of the dahlia is about 7 or 8 ft. With changes in the flower, changes in the shape of the seed have been brought about by cultivation; varieties of the plant have been produced which require more moisture than others; and the period of flowering has been made considerably earlier. In dahlias were described as flowering from September to November, but some of the dwarf varieties at present grown are in full blossom in the middle of June. The large number of varieties may be classed as under the following heads: These have been derived from D. Juarezi, a form which has given rise to a beautiful race with pointed starry flowers. New varieties are procured from seed, which should be sown in pots or pans towards the end of March, and placed in a hotbed or propagating pit, the young plants being pricked off into pots or boxes, and gradually hardened off for planting out in June; they will flower the same season if the summer is a genial one. The older varieties are propagated by dividing the large tuberous roots, in doing which care must be taken to leave an eye to each portion of tuber, otherwise it will not grow. Rare varieties are sometimes grafted on the roots of others. The best and most general mode of propagation is by cuttings, to obtain which, the old tubers are placed in heat in February, and as the young shoots, which rise freely from them, attain the height of 3 in. They root speedily, and are then transferred to larger pots in light rich soil, and their growth encouraged until the planting-out season arrives, about the middle of June north of the Thames. Dahlias succeed best in an open situation, and in rich deep loam, but there is scarcely any garden soil in which they will not thrive, if it is manured. For the production of fine show flowers the ground must be deeply trenched, and well manured annually. The branches as well as the blossoms require a considerable but judicious amount of thinning; they also need shading in some cases. The plants should be protected from cold winds, and when watered the whole of the foliage should be wetted. They may stand singly like common border flowers, but have the most imposing appearance when seen in masses arranged according to their height. Florists usually devote a plot of ground to them, and plant them in lines 5 to 10 ft. This is done about the beginning of June, sheltering them if necessary from late frosts by inverted pots or in some other convenient way. Old roots often throw up a multitude of stems, which render thinning necessary. As the plants increase in height, they are furnished with strong stakes, to secure them from high winds. Dahlias flower on till they are interrupted by frost in autumn. The roots are then taken up, dried, and stored in a cellar, or some other place where they may be secure from frost and moisture. Earwigs are very destructive, eating out the young buds and florets. Small flower-pots half filled with dry moss and inverted on stakes placed among the branches, form a useful trap. His father, who was the burgomaster of the town, intended him to study theology, but his bent was towards classical philology, and this he studied from to at the universities of Copenhagen and Halle, and again at Copenhagen. After finishing his studies, he translated some of the Greek tragic poets, and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. But he was

also interested in modern literature and philosophy; and the troubles of the times, of which he had personal experience, aroused in him, as in so many of his contemporaries, a strong feeling of German patriotism, though throughout his life he was always proud of his connexion with Scandinavia, and Gustavus Adolphus was his particular hero. In , on the news of the outbreak of war in Austria, Dahlmann, together with the poet Heinrich von Kleist, whom he had met in Dresden, went to Bohemia, and was afterwards with the Imperial army, up till the battle of Aspern, with the somewhat vague object of trying to convert the Austrian war into a German one. This hope was shattered by the defeat of Wagram. He now decided to try his fortunes in Denmark, where he had influential relations. His influential friends soon brought him further advancement. As early as he was summoned to Kiel, as successor to the historian Dietrich Hermann Hegewisch This appointment was in two respects a decisive moment in his career; on the one hand it made him give his whole attention to a subject for which he was admirably suited, but to which he had so far given only a secondary interest; and on the other hand, it threw him into politics. In he obtained, in addition to his professorate, the position of secretary to the perpetual deputation of the estates of Schleswig-Holstein. It was he upon whom the Danes afterwards threw the blame of having invented the Schleswig-Holstein question; certainly his activities form an important link in the chain of events which eventually led to the solution of So far as this interest affected himself, the chief profit lay in the fact that it deepened his conception of the state, and directed it to more practical ends. Moreover, in the inevitable conflict with the Danish crown his upright point of view and his German patriotism were further confirmed. He was deprived of his position and banished, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that German national feeling received a mighty impulse from his courageous action, while public subscriptions prevented him from material cares. The years that followed were those of his highest celebrity.

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The Beth Book () and Mary Cholmondeley's Red Pottage (), where domestic disputes over property and money focus the discussion of rivalry on material issues.

It has a wonderfully diverse cast of characters, it is full of drama and intrigue, it has plenty to say, and every single thing in it is so cleverly and vividly drawn that I found myself living and breathing the story. It begins with Hugh Scarlett, who is set on breaking his relationship with his mistress, the married Lady Newhaven, even as he is travelling to a party at her home. He realises that his position is invidious, but he is set on his course. He is even more certain that he is doing the right thing when, soon after his arrival, he catches sight of young woman he has never seen before. He is struck, not by her beauty but by the expression in her eyes, and he decides there and then that he must make her his wife. She leaves though, before he even learns her name. Meanwhile, Lord Newhaven is delighted to see Richard Vernon, a friend who has been overseas for a very long time, and who has come to the party purely by chance. He is also drawn to that woman, and his friendship with his host allows him to learn her name – Rachel West – and a little of her story. Lord Newhaven is preoccupied thought; there is something that he knows he must do. As Hugh is leaving he invites him into his study for a moment. He gives Hugh to understand that he knows of his affair with his wife; and he offers him, not a duel, but a drawing of spills. With the man who drew the shorter of the two undertaking to end his life within five months of that night. Hugh drew, without stopping to think that he might refuse. It was a wonderful beginning: Mary Cholmondeley wrote beautifully, balancing narrative, drama, character drawing and story possibilities with such skill. The next day, Hugh was a dinner guest at the home of Doll Loftus and his wife Sybell, a lady eager to establish herself as a society hostess. Rachel was there too, and though his mind was crowded with thoughts of his encounter with Lord Newhaven, he was still drawn to her. It was said that she could not know, could not possibly understand the world she wrote of, but Rachel knew that she could and she did. Rachel had been the daughter of wealthy parents. He lost everything he made though, making bad decisions, and when her parents died Rachel had nothing. She was determined to be independent and to support herself, and so she took lodgings in the East End, and made a meagre living as a typist. She and Hester had been friends from childhood, and it is the drawing of that friendship that raises this book so high. The two of them were quite different in character, but they complemented each other so well, and Mary Cholmondeley illuminates that beautifully as she show them meeting for the first time. It dated back from the nursery days, when Hester and Rachel solemnly eyed each other, and then made acquaintance in the dark gardens of Portman Square, into which Hester introduced a fortified castle with a captive princess in it, and a rescuing prince and a dragon, and several other ingredients of romance to the awed amazement of Rachel – stolid, solid, silent Rachel – who loved all two and four legged creatures, but who never made them talk to each other as Hester did. And Hester, in blue serge, told Rachel, in crimson velvet, as they walked hand in hand in front of their nursery-maids, what the London sparrows said to each other in the gutters, and how they considered the gravel path in the square was a deep river suitable to bathe in. And when the spring was coming, and the prince had rescued the princess so often from the dungeon in the laurel-bushes that Hester was tired of it, she told Rachel how the elms were always sighing because they were shut up in town, and how they went out every night with their roots into the green country to see their friends, and came back, oh! That was a problem. James Gresley was narrow-minded, self-righteous, and utterly incapable of seeing any view point but his own adoring wife will never challenge or change that. He was supported by an adoring wife, a loyal congregation, and a social circle quite unlike the one to which his sister was used. The story moves between the two friends. A chain of circumstances has terrible consequences for Hester. Mary Cholmondeley plotted her story so cleverly, twisting it again and again; and making my heart rise and fall so many times as I followed the fortunes of a cast of characters who became so very real to me. The two storylines are separate, meeting only as the two friends meet, but the book works because each storyline is so good. It feels like a Victorian novel, but it also feels wonderfully subversive.

Chapter 5 : Red Pottage by Mary Cholmondeley | LibraryThing

"The brother and sister culture -- Brother-sister collaborative relationships -- Romantic partnerships: the Lambs and the Wordsworths -- Victorian partnerships: the Brontës and the Rossettis -- The Sitwell phenomenon -- 'One of the highest forms of friendship': brother-sister relationships in women's autobiography -- Margaret Oliphant and the.

It centres primarily upon major authors and subjects within Romantic and Victorian literature. It also includes studies of other British writers and issues, where these are matters of current debate: We welcome new ideas and theories, while valuing traditional scholarship. It is hoped that the world which pre-dates yet so forcibly predicts and engages our own will emerge in parts, in the wider sweep, and in the lively streams of disputation and change that are so manifest an aspect of its intellectual, artistic and social landscape. This page intentionally left blank

Introduction A Kind of Enchantment The Victorian debate about marriage and the changing place of women in a maledominated society has been well documented. But long before the upsurge of gay and lesbian studies, the nineteenth century itself had hosted a long-running debate about the nature and role of friendship in its own right. Given the segregation of male and female youth in particular, it is hardly surprising that friendship between members of the same sex should have assumed a high degree of importance. Much of the discussion put forward by writers and journalists concerned with the subject takes friendship between the young as its focus. It is helpful to consider the range of expression permitted " and considered appropriate " to various types of friendship, often associated with different life stages. This form of friendship depended on both strong feeling and what may now seem startlingly rhetorical expression. Friends could describe their response to each other in terms of love and mutual dependence, in language that initially appears, at least by later standards, to have been uncircumscribed in the extreme. Depending as they did upon time and leisure, they were aristocratic, they were idealistic, blissfully free, allowing for a dimension of sympathy between women that would not now be possible outside an avowedly lesbian connection. Indeed, much that we would now associate solely with a 2 Romantic Friendship in Victorian Literature sexual attachment was contained in romantic friendship: Mavor, xvii But as John Rosenberg warns: Social approbation was granted only on certain terms, a proviso which could initially have acted as a strength. But it is plausible to suppose in this context that a less permissive society, such as Victorian England, could actually contain greater freedom, in its very strictures and the rules governing expression. Where the limits of expression are carefully considered and generally acknowledged, the threat of ambiguity or misinterpretation is correspondingly less. A widespread knowledge of what is acceptable and what is not informs nineteenth-century writing on romantic friendship, and allows it a range of expression within the limits established the interest shown by essayists and writers of conduct manuals belies the supposition that proponents of intense friendship were guided solely by their own emotional dictates. As Havelock Ellis was to put it in his famous study *Sexual Inversion*: These passionate friendships, of a more or less unconsciously sexual character, are certainly common. This assumption that intense emotional responsiveness necessarily implied a sexual force, whether or not it was fully recognised by the subject herself, has been a persistent one. But this reading of romantic friendship as sexual actually reinforces an already present fear of the intrusive elements that it claims to be responsible for locating. In a recent study, *Intimate Friends: Their unattainable* Introduction 3 goal was a stable sexual identity for everyone. Their psychomedical discourse gave lesbians a wider choice of vocabulary but a narrower choice of roles. According to this view, the separation between romantic friendship and what we would now term homosexuality becomes largely irrecoverable even in retrospect by participants in romantic friendship themselves , but an acknowledgement of changes in what is considered appropriate can help to explain what now appears contradictory in nineteenth-century friendship ideals. Crucially, I see its status as depending on a deliberate rejection of erotic elements, not an ignorance or even unthinking denial of erotic potential " in my account, therefore, 4 Romantic Friendship in Victorian Literature not only can a level of anxiety be accommodated, but as the century progresses it becomes something like a necessary condition of romantic friendship. The claim that the subject is ignorant of her or indeed his own desire is in theory the most effective weapon that could have been brought to bear on romantic

friendship at the end of the century. In her later book *Odd Girls and Twilight Lovers: A History of Lesbian Life in Twentieth-century America*, Faderman notes a seeming paradox, in that romantic friendship gained ground particularly in America even as sexology attempted to pathologise it. Moreover, the creation of a lesbian subculture acted to counteract social pressure on women to seek heterosexual marriage. The precious intimacies that adult females had been allowed to enjoy with each other earlier – sleeping in the same bed, holding hands, exchanging vows of eternal love, writing letters in the language of romance – became increasingly self-conscious and then rare. But others suggestively privilege the friendship of women over the prescribed marriage, which though it does take place, appears in a secondary or subordinate position in the text. But it is likewise a viable supposition that if female friendship in particular was resistant to the attacks of sexologists, then the ideal itself must have been predicated on a fairly sophisticated understanding of what could safely be accommodated and what could not. Moore and Emma Donoghue. Where these critics implicitly agree with Faderman is in their very blurring of the lines between what would now be constituted and expressed as sexuality and what at the time of writing Introduction 5 was formulated as an expression of friendship. But both approaches allow for an unproblematic convergence between expressions of emotion and same-sex desire. Many writers do not seem to have understood what they were writing about; they offered the facts of a case in isolation, having no conceptual framework about passion between women to help them interpret the story. The complexities of romantic friendship in fact offer a framework within which the question of sexuality can be treated in some depth. In this context, homo-eroticism is not an anomaly that may or may not be recognised by the subject – in a range of literary texts it is presented as a threat to social stability that must be rejected by an initially too trusting victim, or where the friendship is upheld, outlawed by the loving friends themselves. But a distinction needs to be drawn between the confused rhetoric of the middle-class gentleman who attempts, however unsuccessfully, to rationalise or reject his youthful sexual aberrations, and the carefully structured outlines of same-sex friendship. She is careful to acknowledge at the outset that: Chapter One Ennobling Genius: Routinely celebrated in novels and poems, its centrality was usually displaced only by the inevitable love plot. But this assumption did not preclude debate on the nature and function of friendship among members of the same sex both before and after marriage. Throughout the century, novelists, poets and essayists had debated the status and worth of friendship in its various forms, both in relation to marriage and gender norms, and as a manifestation of moral and social character. That friendship 8 Romantic Friendship in Victorian Literature was enormously important as an ideal is further suggested in the rhetorical terms in which it was often expressed, a rhetoric that has since often been taken uncritically as pointing to erotic undertones in same-sex relationships of the time. The various accounts of friendship offered by journalists, authors and writers of conduct manuals testify both to its importance and to its ambiguity. The often ambivalent discussions of the topic that surged from the press at this time are largely united in claiming that friendship is essential to the development of social and spiritual faculties. Again, there is disagreement about what constitutes genuine friendship. The more conservative appraisals will allow it to exist only in a sedate and restrained form, even where marriage has not intervened to render it redundant. It is a holy thing, yet most capricious, and is no more under command of the will than faith. Such seeming inconsistencies are in fact compatible with the nineteenth-century ideal of romantic same-sex friendship, in which even physical admiration may play a part without necessarily incurring opprobrium or suspicions of a homoerotic dimension. Writing from a slightly different angle, Faderman warns that the licence of expression accorded to women in the middle years of the century was based on a refusal to acknowledge anything they might wish to do to each other, and that male expression was correspondingly more constricted. Surpassing the Love of Men, But in youth at least, the worship of peers based on physical admiration was an accepted phenomenon. Romantic friendship, then, was regarded as separable from its more orthodox counterparts even at the time of its highest appeal, and a reading of nineteenth-century essays and tracts whether they fully support it or not helps to explain the knowing scepticism with which the phenomenon has so often been reviewed since. In the case of writers commenting on the ideal and its manifestations, as in the intense exchanges between friends in literature, the language is often all but indistinguishable from the erotic language of lovers, and it is crucial for this reason to

contextualise such exchanges. As both Victorian observers and later critics have pointed out, the very lack of unrestrained contact between the sexes would in itself help to account for the mode of passionate expression available to friends of the same sex. Intense friendship stood to offer not only a permissible outlet for female sensibility in particular, but even a useful means of displaying a susceptible and responsive nature to potential suitors, without the danger of compromising restrictive feminine codes of behaviour. That nineteenth-century writers were aware of the potential eroticism in female bonds can hardly be in doubt. Martha Vicinus has recently shown that the legal profession, for instance, was caught in a Catch in its treatment of lesbian evidence; obliged to take a stand, lawyers and judges were trapped in a position of compromise – they would not know what they could not help knowing, and so made strategic appeals to the cult of romantic friendship. This stance is borne out by the transparent enough hints of an American writer, William Alger. But as I will show, literary treatments tacitly acknowledge what is seen as a threat, and patrol the boundaries accordingly. Walker, 27 William Alger similarly presents youthful friendship as a necessary stage of development, elevating the capacity for feeling. He urges his readers not to mock what he sees as the excessive feeling expressed by young women, on the grounds that: It may not last – it seldom does; but at the same time it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience: And yet, it is not the real thing – not friendship, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exacting, as unreasoning – as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, colouring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears – 8 This analysis of the function of female friendship stresses its importance as not simply a precursor of, but in a very real sense a preparation, or rehearsal, for marriage. In this account, the parties enact approved feminine traits of self-forgetfulness and purity. But such passionate friendship is simultaneously approved and undermined in other writing of the time, as more than one essayist holds up friendship as an ideal, only to suggest that it is unlikely to last for life. While commending the uplifting tendency of friendship among like-minded individuals, she insists that true intimacy between two people can only exist within marriage. A suspicion of the apparent boundlessness inherent in female romantic friendship and doubts as to its viability are expressed *Ennobling Genius* 11 by both male and female writers of the period. Arguing for faithfulness in friendship, she warns that none the less, there is: She had seen so many young ladies healed of so many young enthusiasms, by a wedding ring. This is the eighth to which a carnal attachment has been speedily fatal. Marriage must, and in some degree should, interfere with friendship, and can generally supply to the affections, and even understanding, far more than friendship can offer. Inconsistencies in the Victorian response to emotional display render the manifestations of feeling within friendship a serious problem for those who wish both to appear sincere and to act within appropriate boundaries. To complicate matters further, romantic friendship does not always employ this term as a means of self-description, and careful reading is required to distinguish it from alternative versions. Most confusingly for later readers, it is not unusual for a writer to deprecate romantic friendship and then to praise spontaneous and intense bonding between friends, at different points in the same essay. The writer imperatively dismisses as irrelevant from his or her account the type of romantic friendship formed at school, since it resembles love rather than friendship, and is distinguished by a fervid enthusiasm, a tormenting jealousy, great sensitiveness, and an utter absence of all calculation, distrust, or even prudence. In yet another shift, the essay deprecates the excesses of Continental romantic friendship, as opposed to the restraint of the English: Though the causes which go to establish friendship, and endow it with permanence and vitality, are everywhere the same, yet the mode in which it is manifested, and the fashions which govern the display of it, are in a large measure regulated by other things, as race, education, birth, social position, and constitutional temperament. In this country no one looks for the volubility, the effervescence, the ardent chivalry and enthusiastic devotion to an idea, which are natural to the French and Irish – and the passionate effusion, the audacious absence of self-restraint, the sentimentalism, sometimes maudlin, sometimes heroic, which characterize the German, are, according to our insular notions, not only strange, but ludicrous. Among very young people and women there is, of course, a greater licence permitted in such matters, but, in general, the more highly civilized and polished

the society, the greater the tendency to avoid demonstrative feeling in public; and this is true of all countries, but more especially true of England. More perplexing is the manner in which the essayist openly celebrates intense friendship in words one form of Paradise and simultaneously deprecates its outward expression. Taking youthful Ennobling Genius 13 romantic friendship as a benchmark, writers were able to disavow its excesses while upholding forms of expression that were by comparison fairly restrained. But as the comments of contemporary essayists attest, even the more conservative forms of friendship could accommodate expression that would now be regarded as intense in its bearing. But here again a focus on physical good looks need not imply an unusual level of intimacy. Despite this blatant appeal to the mutual admiration of attractive men, the relationship between the two does not allow one to confess private anxieties to the other while both are leading a privileged existence in England. What is notable about this sensational story is its inconsistent treatment of passion between friends – Cecil has to descend the social scale and face exile abroad before he can experience strong feeling in all its immediacy, and only when he is believed to be dead, or later, when he is about to be killed in an alien country, can the Seraph express love for him. The narrator repeatedly praises the aristocratic reserve of the two characters, obviating the need to discuss their customary behaviour towards 14 Romantic Friendship in Victorian Literature each other by parting them for much of the novel. At some level, romantic friendship could even be deployed as a repository for passion from which writers or self-appointed social critics might wish to distance themselves – as I will suggest, Thackeray questions the sincerity and worth of fashionably romantic effusions as a means of validating the more restrained version of friendship offered by his heroes. At one level, then, romantic friendship was doubly necessary to those writers who were least drawn to its impassioned forms of expression, but who wanted to portray their characters in the act of forming close attachments to members of their own sex. As I will show in Chapter Four, in satirising excessive demonstrations of regard, a writer such as Thackeray could disclaim an effusiveness of which he had himself a stock of fond memories, while pre-empting possible criticism of the sentimental friendship he wished to convey. And thus it is that the name of friendship has been profaned, and the reality of friendship has come to be doubted. In an essay in *The Cornhill* collected the following year as part of *Toilers and Spinsters and Other Essays* she recalls her own friendships and invites the reader to do the same, suggesting: One means perhaps passionate emotion, unreasonable reproach, tender reconciliation; another may mean injustice, forgiveness, remorse; while another speaks to us of all that we have ever suffered, all that we hold most sacred in life, and gratitude and trust unfailing. Insisting on its importance and sacredness by no means a given in England by, as we will see, he argues: Greater love hath no man than that love which is shown in friendship, at its best and truest manifestation.

Shrieking sisters and bawling brothers: sibling rivalry in Sarah Grand and Mary Cholmondeley / Galia Ofek.

Advanced Search Abstract This chapter has five sections: Cultural Studies and Prose; 2. Periodicals and Publishing History. This time the coverage is from to In common with their previous work in the series, this bibliography goes beyond the enumerative to include keyword subject, author, and title indexes. Their cumulative bibliographies are indispensable resources, especially given the current unreliability of the annual Victorian Studies in its electronic form, although in all fairness it has slightly improved recently. With such a mammoth task, computer glitches will occur and some of the numbering in the indexes does not accord with the numbering in the rest of the volume. So if the number in the indexes starts with 10, it is necessary to ignore the first two digits 10 to find the entry in the main part. If the number starts with 11, ignore the first digit 1. Plagiarism and Originality in Nineteenth-Century Literature [] as a main entry is p. Welcome new entry headings for lesser-known but important writers, such as Marie Corelli, Sarah Grand, Vernon Lee, Amy Levy, and many others, have been added. In short, this volume should be in every library and will be the record of achievement in Victorian studies for the years to Another important publication is by Sally Shuttleworth, who in her illustrated pioneering study of Victorian childhood, *The Mind of the Child: Child Development in Literature, Science, and Medicine*, extensively utilizes Victorian literary and medical texts. The work is divided into four parts. Extensive notation to the text is found at the back pp. Analysis of Victorian prose extends from, for instance, the work of Francis T. Buckland, author of *Curiosities of Natural History: Third Series* [], T. No doubt this important work will form the framework for subsequent studies. It has been fashioned out of months working on dusty, crumbling tomes, in ill-lit basements all over the UK. Atkinson writes clearly, there is an extensive alphabetically arranged bibliography pp. I have not in this case separated the items on individual novelists, such as Wilkie Collins, Dickens, and George Eliot, but include them here. There is a selected bibliography pp. These included the daughters of a physician, of an admiral, of a Scottish baronet, of an East India Company stockholder, and of a jeweller. There is also a love-affair with a French seamstress, a German opera singer, and time spent with London prostitutes. Finally, after nearly giving up, he succeeded in making money. Bowman provides a fascinating account of Regency England. Macaulay 59 , Charles Trevelyan 86 and J.

Chapter 7 : racedaydvl.com: Sitemap

Mary Cholmondeley (8 June - 15 July) was an English novelist. The daughter of the vicar at St Luke's Church in the village of Hodnet, Market Drayton, Shropshire, England, where she was born, Cholmondeley spent much of the first thirty years of her life taking care of her sickly mother.

Jane Beyond Eden Rock Oh, what a book this is! It begins with Hugh Scarlett, who is set on breaking his relationship with his mistress, the married Lady Newhaven, even as he is travelling to a party at her home. He realises that his position is invidious, but he is set on his course. He is even more certain that he is doing the right thing when, soon after his arrival, he catches sight of young woman he has never seen before. He is struck, not by her beauty but by the expression in her eyes, and he decides there and then that he must make her his wife. She leaves though, before he even learns her name. Meanwhile, Lord Newhaven is delighted to see Richard Vernon, a friend who has been overseas for a very long time, and who has come to the party purely by chance. He is also drawn to that woman, and his friendship with his host allows him to learn her name – Rachel West – and a little of her story. Lord Newhaven is preoccupied thought; there is something that he knows he must do. As Hugh is leaving he invites him into his study for a moment. He gives Hugh to understand that he knows of his affair with his wife; and he offers him, not a duel, but a drawing of spills. With the man who drew the shorter of the two undertaking to end his life within five months of that night. Hugh drew, without stopping to think that he might refuse. It was a wonderful beginning: Mary Cholmondeley wrote beautifully, balancing narrative, drama, character drawing and story possibilities with such skill. The next day, Hugh was a dinner guest at the home of Doll Loftus and his wife Sybell, a lady eager to establish herself as a society hostess. Rachel was there too, and though his mind was crowded with thoughts of his encounter with Lord Newhaven, he was still drawn to her. It was said that she could not know, could not possibly understand the world she wrote of, but Rachel knew that she could and she did. Rachel had been the daughter of wealthy parents. He lost everything he made though, making bad decisions, and when her parents died Rachel had nothing. She was determined to be independent and to support herself, and so she took lodgings in the East End, and made a meagre living as a typist. She and Hester had been friends from childhood, and it is the drawing of that friendship that raises this book so high. It dated back from the nursery days, when Hester and Rachel solemnly eyed each other, and then made acquaintance in the dark gardens of Portman Square, into which Hester introduced a fortified castle with a captive princess in it, and a rescuing prince and a dragon, and several other ingredients of romance to the awed amazement of Rachel’s stolid, solid, silent Rachel who loved all two and four legged creatures, but who never made them talk to each other as Hester did. And Hester, in blue serge, told Rachel, in crimson velvet, as they walked hand in hand in front of their nursery-maids, what the London sparrows said to each other in the gutters, and how they considered the gravel path in the square was a deep river suitable to bathe in. And when the spring was coming, and the prince had rescued the princess so often from the dungeon in the laurel-bushes that Hester was tired of it, she told Rachel how the elms were always sighing because they were shut up in town, and how they went out every night with their roots into the green country to see their friends, and came back, oh! That was a problem. The story moves between the two friends. A chain of circumstances has terrible consequences for Hester. Mary Cholmondeley plotted her story so cleverly, twisting it again and again; and making my heart rise and fall so many times as I followed the fortunes of a cast of characters who became so very real to me. The two storylines are separate, meeting only as the two friends meet, but the book works because each storyline is so good. It feels like a Victorian novel, but it also feels wonderfully subversive.

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Jul 20, Jane rated it it was amazing Oh, what a book this is. It has a wonderfully diverse cast of characters, it is full of drama and intrigue, it has plenty to say, and every single thing in it is so cleverly and vividly drawn that I found myself living and breathing the story. It begins with Hugh Scarlett, who is set on breaking his relationship with his mistress, the married Lady Newhaven, even as he is travelling to a party at her home. He realises that his position is invidious, but he is set on his course. He is even more certain that he is doing the right thing when, soon after his arrival, he catches sight of young woman he has never seen before. He is struck, not by her beauty but by the expression in her eyes, and he decides there and then that he must make her his wife. She leaves though, before he even learns her name. Meanwhile, Lord Newhaven is delighted to see Richard Vernon, a friend who has been overseas for a very long time, and who has come to the party purely by chance. He is also drawn to that woman, and his friendship with his host allows him to learn her name " Rachel West " and a little of her story. Lord Newhaven is preoccupied thought; there is something that he knows he must do. As Hugh is leaving he invites him into his study for a moment. He gives Hugh to understand that he knows of his affair with his wife; and he offers him, not a duel, but a drawing of spills. With the man who drew the shorter of the two undertaking to end his life within five months of that night. Hugh drew, without stopping to think that he might refuse. It was a wonderful beginning: Mary Cholmondeley wrote beautifully, balancing narrative, drama, character drawing and story possibilities with such skill. The next day, Hugh was a dinner guest at the home of Doll Loftus and his wife Sybell, a lady eager to establish herself as a society hostess. Rachel was there too, and though his mind was crowded with thoughts of his encounter with Lord Newhaven, he was still drawn to her. It was said that she could not know, could not possibly understand the world she wrote of, but Rachel knew that she could and she did. Rachel had been the daughter of wealthy parents. He lost everything he made though, making bad decisions, and when her parents died Rachel had nothing. She was determined to be independent and to support herself, and so she took lodgings in the East End, and made a meagre living as a typist. She and Hester had been friends from childhood, and it is the drawing of that friendship that raises this book so high. The two of them were quite different in character, but they complemented each other so well, and Mary Cholmondeley illuminates that beautifully as she show them meeting for the first time. It dated back from the nursery days, when Hester and Rachel solemnly eyed each other, and then made acquaintance in the dark gardens of Portman Square, into which Hester introduced a fortified castle with a captive princess in it, and a rescuing prince and a dragon, and several other ingredients of romance to the awed amazement of Rachel's stolid, solid, silent Rachel who loved all two and four legged creatures, but who never made them talk to each other as Hester did. And Hester, in blue serge, told Rachel, in crimson velvet, as they walked hand in hand in front of their nursery-maids, what the London sparrows said to each other in the gutters, and how they considered the gravel path in the square was a deep river suitable to bathe in. And when the spring was coming, and the prince had rescued the princess so often from the dungeon in the laurel-bushes that Hester was tired of it, she told Rachel how the elms were always sighing because they were shut up in town, and how they went out every night with their roots into the green country to see their friends, and came back, oh! That was a problem. James Gresley was narrow-minded, self-righteous, and utterly incapable of seeing any view point but his own adoring wife will never challenge or change that. He was supported by an adoring wife, a loyal congregation, and a social circle quite unlike the one to which his sister was used. The story moves between the two friends. A chain of circumstances has terrible consequences for Hester. Mary Cholmondeley plotted her story so cleverly, twisting it again and again; and making my heart rise and fall so many times as I followed the fortunes of a cast of characters who became so very real to me. The two storylines are separate, meeting only as the two friends meet, but the book works because each storyline is so good. It feels like a Victorian novel, but it also feels wonderfully subversive.

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