



The 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers of Marcus Clarke:

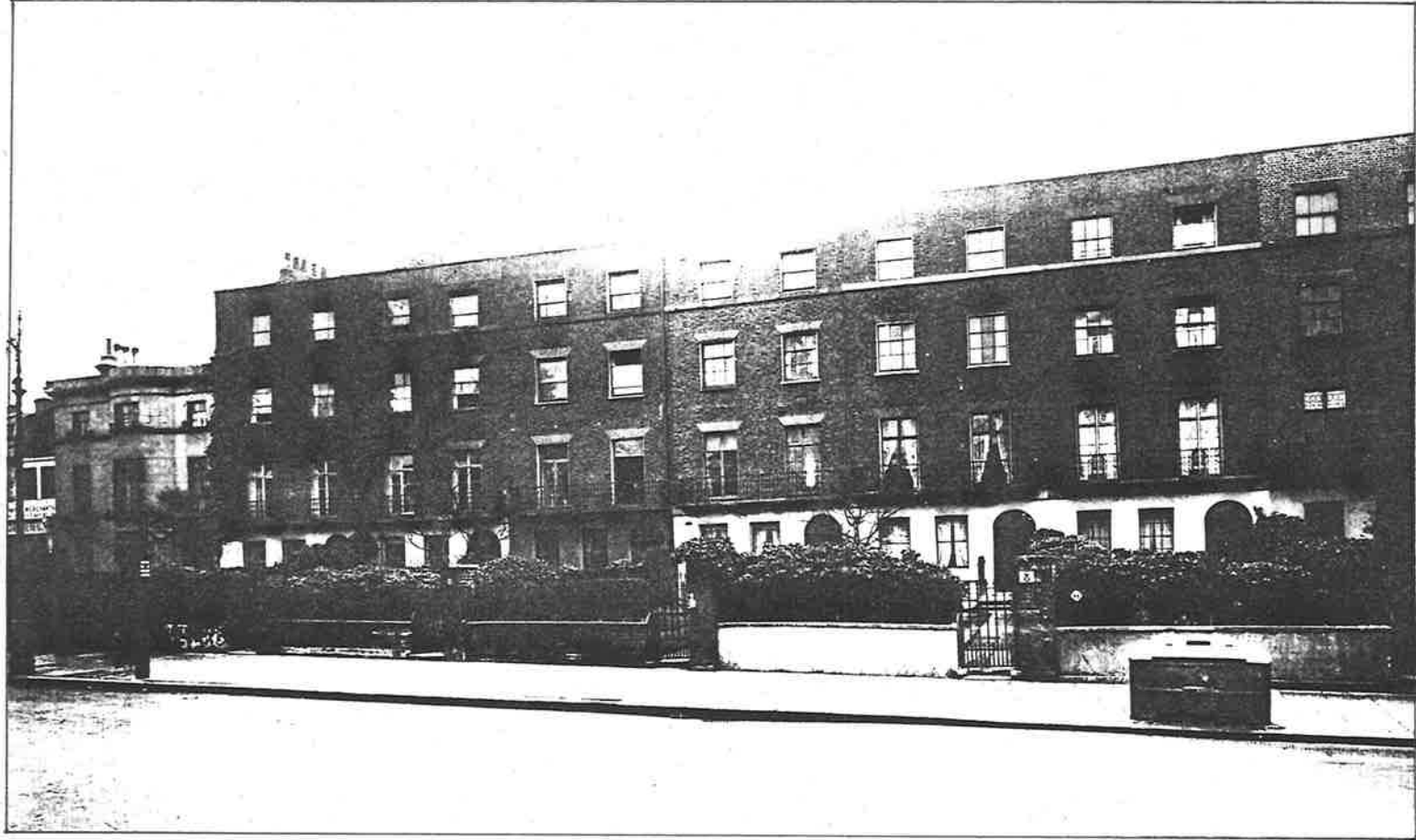
An Annotated Edition with an Introduction

by

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The Birthplace of Marcus Clarke

11 Leonard Place, Kensington

24 April 1846

The house forms one of a row probably built early last century when Kensington was an aristocratic and almost rural suburban neighbourhood. The front faces the busy high street and from the first floor windows commands a view of the fine trees and lawns of Holland House across the road, whilst from those at the back one looks down upon the modest little garden at the rear of the house itself. For a London middle-class residence the situation is a choice one, the noise of the traffic in Kensington High Street being diminished by the strip of garden in the front. The late Mrs. Marcus Clarke took away with her a small root of the ivy growing in the front court which, on her return, she planted on her husband's grave in Melbourne Cemetery.

Cyril Manley Hopkins, 1926.

Facing:

Leonard Place, Kensington, c. 1927.

Number 11 is the second terrace house from the left.

Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea Central Library.

To Peter Abbott-Young



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Following p. 30

## Summary

The 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers, now in the Mitchell Library, relate to a novel by Marcus Clarke left unfinished at his death in 1881. They comprise the following items:

- A. Six chapters in print, with an incomplete printed synopsis.  
Chapter 7, and part of Chapter 8. Original MS.
- B. Summaries and notes. Original MS.
- C. Correspondence between Clarke and his sister-in-law Rose Lewis.  
Love-letters, in two separate bundles, altered to conform to the novel's plot; all said to be copies in Clarke's hand, although some of his appear to be originals.
- D. Letter from Clarke to F.F. Bailliere, 2 Oct. 1876, giving a synopsis of his plot. Original MS.
- E. 'Explanatory Preface.' An incomplete draft by Hamilton Mackinnon.  
Original MS.
- F. Copies of Chapter 7, and most of the love-letters, in another hand.

Two other related documents are included in this edition. One is a version of Item D for the London publisher Bentley, with Bailliere's covering letter attached. The other is an MS. in Clarke's hand, hitherto described as an unused emendation to His Natural Life, now identified as one of the love-letters.

I have rearranged these documents into a roughly chronological order. Clarke's love-affair with Rose Lewis is thought to be reflected in the novel; but it was over early in 1873, well before work on 'Felix and Felicitas' began. I have therefore placed the letters, tentatively reordered as a continuous correspondence, first; and the unfinished novel fragment last.

The novel was to be set in contemporary English 'Society'; and was to show how an adulterous affair, begun idealistically, might end in an

anti-climax, destroyed by poverty and ennui. It was to be 'full of music and art' and witty talk.

In preparation Clarke made almost 300 extracts from a variety of works; most were traced, and each note annotated. A proportion were interwoven by Clarke in the completed chapters; and these places have been noted.

The only publication in which the Papers have been treated at any length is Brian Elliott's Marcus Clarke (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958); but, beyond a brief critical commentary on Clarke's completed chapters and synopsis, he concentrates mainly on the love affair, as being the origin of the novel, and the correspondence which resulted. He assumes, however, that Clarke himself altered the letters to conform to his story. I disagree with him on this point; and have tentatively identified the editorial hand as that of Hamilton Mackinnon.

My Introduction gives an account of the work done; the editorial decisions made; and notes associated material located elsewhere. It charts, as far as is practicable where little dated material exists, the genesis and progress of the novel, as well as the history of attempts to publish the fragment posthumously. Valuable evidence of Clarke's working methods is discussed in some detail; and certain improvements in his literary skills noted. However, I do not claim to have attempted a thoroughgoing critical analysis of 'Felix and Felicitas.'

### Declaration

This thesis contains no material which has been accepted for the award of any other degree or diploma in any university; and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, no material previously published or written by another person, except where due reference is made in the text or notes.

Signed

## Acknowledgements

My thanks must go first to my supervisor Mr Tim Mares of the English Department, University of Adelaide. It was he who persuaded me that I ought to get 'Felix and Felicitas' out of my system and, having once launched me, sustained what was at times a rather frail craft by his encouragement and perceptive criticism.

I owe a very great debt to librarians whose sympathetic understanding of my needs was to make the work, so often dependent on their good offices, a pleasure. It would be invidious to mention individuals where all were helpful; but I am especially grateful to the Librarians and staff of the following institutions:

In South Australia: The Barr Smith Library of the University of Adelaide, which purchased microfilm for my use and assisted me generally, especially through its reference and inter-library loan services; the State Library of South Australia; and the Library of Flinders University.

In New South Wales: The Mitchell Library, whose Librarian gave me permission to use the original 'Felix and Felicitas' documents and to reproduce Clarke's printed chapters and three pages of the manuscript.

In Victoria: The State Library of Victoria and its La Trobe Library; the Library of Monash University; the Parliamentary Library; and the Library of the High Court.

In London: The Library of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, which allowed me to reproduce the photograph of Clarke's birthplace as the frontispiece to this thesis.

Thanks are also due to the staffs of the Australian Archives in Canberra, and the Public Records Office in <sup>er</sup>Lavington and Melbourne.

I was heartened by the sympathetic interest shown by Dr. Brian Elliott, Professor L.T. Hergenhan of the University of Queensland, Dr. Harold Love of Monash University, Mr. Ian F. McLaren, whose Bibliography of Clarke was to become a vade mecum; and Mr. John Holroyd of Melbourne, whose special knowledge of Australian books has been a help to many.

A list of those members of the English Department in Adelaide who lent me their moral support might again be invidious; but I must mention Emeritus Professor John Colmer who had supervised my earlier work on Clarke before I abandoned it in favour of 'Felix and Felicitas.' The advice of Mr George Turner, Dr. Michael Tolley and Dr. Robert Sellick often proved helpful; and I owe a great deal to Ms. Robin Eaden who suggested several improvements to my bibliography; all errors or omissions being, of course, my own. I acknowledge also the comradely support of my fellow post-graduate students, notably Margaret Hood, Mark Leahy, and Dr. Peter Otto; and the cheerful encouragement of Shirley Bowbridge and her staff in the departmental office.

Under the chairmanship, first of Professor K. Ruthven, and later of Dr. Alan Brissenden, the Department of English gave welcome financial support to my visits to Melbourne and Sydney; and my work was also assisted by a Commonwealth Postgraduate Research Scholarship.

Last, but not least, I must acknowledge the support of my family. My children Nicholas, Gabriel and Martin, my daughters-in-law Joan and Cathryn, my son-in-law Tony, and my grandchildren Christopher and Carly all submitted, without complaint, to my attention's being diverted for some years from their lives and interests; and I am especially grateful to Nicholas, who devised a computer programme for my bibliography.

It is difficult to speak adequately of the sense of support derived from the wholehearted encouragement of my husband Peter. Not only did he purchase a word-processor for my use but, in a very busy life, he did not disdain to be a 'hewer of wood and drawer of water' in the time-consuming matter of bringing books from the Library, and relieving me of almost all domestic chores. From his own past experience as a Faculty Secretary he was able to spread calm when the mechanics of thesis production seemed too daunting; and indeed without his ever-present strength it is doubtful if this thesis would have been completed. It is therefore dedicated to him with my gratitude.

## Legend and Abbreviations

### Legend

[     ]	Editorial additions and commentary
[ML+number]	Mitchell Library pagination of Volume 1 of the Papers
[2ML+number]	----- pagination of Volume 2 of the Papers
(number)	Internal page-references
Hopkins	Cyril Manley Hopkins's 'Biographical Notice of the Life and Work of Marcus Clarke.' Hopkins paginated each chapter separately; and all references indicate this, e.g. (2, p. 2). Where it might not be clear that the reference is to him I have included his name; e.g. (Hopkins, 2, p. 2).
<     >	Doubtful readings and editorial insertions in transcription
# . . . #	Editorial Annotations to Clarke's Notes
*, or * . . .*	Single word or text thought to be in the hand of Hamilton Mackinnon. It should be noted throughout that where, for the sake of brevity, reference is made to Mackinnon's 'hand,' such reference means 'tentatively identified as Mackinnon's hand.'
/	Line-breaks on page-headings of the original documents; except, occasionally, where Clarke separates his notes by a similar mark.
✱	A mark by which Clarke drew particular attention to a note.



Abbreviations

- ADB Australian Dictionary of Biography, Vol. 4  
(Melbourne: Melbourne Univ. Press, 1972).
- DNB Dictionary of National Biography (London, 1885-  
1900); and 1st Supplement (London: Smith Elder,  
1901).
- OED The Oxford English Dictionary and its  
Supplements, 4 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press,  
1972-86).
- Austral Edition The Austral Edition of the Selected Works of  
Marcus Clarke, ed. Hamilton Mackinnon  
(Melbourne, 1890).
- B.L. Cat. British Library Catalogue.
- Burke, or A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the  
Burke's Peerage Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom ...  
(London, annually from 1826).
- Catalogue of V.P.L. The Catalogue of the Public Library of Victoria  
2 vols (Melbourne, 1880).
- Debrett Debrett's Illustrated Peerage of the United  
Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland ...  
(London, annually from 1864).
- McLaren Ian F. McLaren, Marcus Clarke: An Annotated  
Bibliography (Melbourne: Library Council of  
Victoria, 1982).
- Memorial Volume The Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume, ed. Hamilton  
Mackinnon (Melbourne, 1884).  
1884).

The Papers	The 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers of Marcus Clarke.
The Notes	Clarke's notes and summaries for 'Felix and Felicitas' taken as a whole.
The Sands and McDougall <u>Directory</u>	<u>Sands and McDougall's Melbourne and Suburban Directory</u> , (Melbourne, 1863-1901; and under various titles before and after these dates).

PART ONE  
INTRODUCTION



FOREWORD

Marcus Clarke (1846-1881), whose 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers, now held by the Mitchell Library, are the subject of this study, is one of the most significant figures in nineteenth-century Australian letters; and one of the very few to become known outside this country. Although born in England he emigrated to Victoria in 1863, at the age of seventeen; all his writing was done here, and he may therefore be claimed for Australia with every justification save that of birth. The facts of his life are, in general, well known; and since a full account of them may be found in Brian Elliott's Marcus Clarke (1958) and, in shorter form, Michael Wilding's Marcus Clarke (1977) it seems needless to elaborate upon them here.

To many, however, he is still the writer of a single book. Yet His Natural Life, begun as a serial in 1870 and extensively revised for publication in book form in 1874 was, in fact, his second novel; and 'Felix and Felicitas,' unfinished at the time of his death, would have been his fifth.<sup>1</sup> His Natural Life, nevertheless, has always appropriated the lion's share of general and critical attention; and only in recent years is the same attention being paid to his journalism, his plays, his short stories, and, to a some degree,<sup>2</sup> his other novels.

The long view of Marcus Clarke qua novelist is, however, yet to be taken; and the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers have been edited and annotated for presentation in this Thesis in the hope that they may be of future service in that respect. They are all that survive of Clarke's last attempt at a major work of fiction; they contain, in his 'Notes', the only extended example we have of his preparatory work for a novel; and although it might be disappointing to find only seven chapters completed, Clarke's own synopsis of the plot is a valuable indication of how the narrative was to have been developed.

Other more personal documents have also survived. It has always been thought that the chief inspiration for 'Felix and Felicitas' was an abortive love-affair between Clarke and his sister-in-law Rose Lewis.

As if to lend colour to this theory, their love-letters do form a substantial part of the Papers; and further support for this and other suggestions as to the origins of the novel may be found in the draft 'Explanatory Preface' added to the collection later by Clarke's friend Hamilton Mackinnon.

Over a period of years, during which I had been studying other aspects of Clarke's work, the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers exercised a strange fascination; summing up, as they seemed to do, so much of the man himself, exhibiting so forcefully his strengths and weaknesses as a writer and as a human being; and representing vividly to the imagination his continued struggle to make his name as a serious writer in the face of illness, disappointment and mounting debt; to maintain the reputation gained in the field of longer fiction through his arduous struggles with His Natural Life. The present edition came into being simply because, in the end, that fascination proved irresistible. 'Felix and Felicitas' had developed a habit of getting in the way of other plans; the ghost of the writer and his unfinished work had to be laid.

In no sense, of course, had I 'discovered' the Papers; although little-used they have been in the possession of the Mitchell Library in Sydney since 1928 and, on microfilm, are now freely available for study.<sup>3</sup> However, the presence of the love-letters may have made scholars cautious; and, as to the fiction itself, the small amount of completed work has probably held few attractions for the literary critic.

Nevertheless, Brian Elliott devotes proper attention to the novel and its history in 1958, permission being given by Clarke's surviving children for the inclusion of extracts from the love-letters;<sup>4</sup> and some interesting first thoughts on the novel are to be found in the D.Litt. Thesis which preceded his published work.<sup>5</sup> Joan E. Poole has also surveyed the Papers in her unpublished M.A. Thesis on Clarke, and is the only writer to take any account of his voluminous preparatory notes.<sup>6</sup> Michael Wilding makes brief references to the love-affair and the novel in 1977 (pp. 40-1); and a short but sympathetic account which appears in the

Introduction to L.T. Hergenhahn's A Colonial City (1972) should also be noted (pp. xxxvii-viii).

It seems likely, at first, that the full extent of the Papers was known only to Clarke's family and a few close friends; but several unsuccessful attempts to publish the novel-fragment itself were made between 1884 and 1926; and even towards the end of Clarke's lifetime it was well-known to many of his friends in Melbourne and indeed to the London publishers Richard Bentley and Son, who had received his synopsis, that he was engaged on another novel. It was to be strikingly different from His Natural Life; sophisticated, 'full of music and art' and sparkling conversation, its chosen milieu was to be contemporary English society. Briefly, it was to show how an adulterous love-affair, embarked upon in a spirit of high idealism, could turn to dust and ashes through poverty and sheer ennui; and it was to end on a highly cynical note. This much we learn from Clarke's synopsis; but, in what he actually completed, the central drama is barely approached; the 'witty talk' he had promised and which he fabricates with such insouciance from the material gathered in his notes is what predominates in the passages his friends were to hear and remember.

A privileged few, who occasionally foregathered around Clarke's desk in the Melbourne Public Library where he was Sub-Librarian, heard the author read from his opening chapters, which struck one listener as 'the beginning of a most brilliant tale;<sup>7</sup>' while another tells of 'thinking the society scenes brilliant in a kind of Disraelian style.'<sup>8</sup> Writing Clarke's obituary in 'A Lady's Letter from London,' for the Australasian of 26 November 1881, Mrs. Cashel Hoey also spoke of the 'brilliance and vivacity' of what she had seen. It was, she said, difficult to believe

that the author lived on the other side of the world from the scenes and the society which he depicts with such accuracy, lightness, grace and humour. (p. 680)

'In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath' says Dr. Johnson; nevertheless, this was high praise from one who was a well-known figure<sup>9</sup> at London's literary dinner-tables. Critics may think differently today;

but, historically speaking, this is hardly the point; and one of the interesting questions raised by the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers and, lacking any word from Clarke, likely to remain unanswered, is why an author with so much to gain either abandoned, or failed to finish, a work which, according to his contemporaries, had so brilliant a beginning.

For this the love-letters are sometimes blamed. It has been thought that Clarke remembering, rather late, that he was a gentleman, or fearing legal action by the Lewises, faltered in his original intention to incorporate them, suitably altered to conform to his plot, in a chapter to be entitled 'The Correspondence.' It is certainly interesting that his manuscript breaks off just at that point; and why else, it might be asked, were the letters apparently found among the Papers and not in some better hiding-place?

It will be seen in the course of this thesis that the most difficult decisions -- though there were to be some exciting discoveries too -- concerned these letters. Elliott had assumed that it was Clarke himself who had altered them with 'Felix and Felicitas' in mind; I found reason to believe that another person, possibly Hamilton Mackinnon, had done so; and thus the general view of Clarke's intention was open to challenge.

The letters have, of course, an intense personal interest; but, in fairness, it should be said at once that there is no evidence in them to suggest the adultery which was to be the central theme of the novel. The love-story, except as it might have engendered the novel was not, however, my concern; and beyond transcribing the correspondence, and rearranging the two separate bundles into what seemed a feasible chronological order, I have not dwelt at any length on their purely biographical significance.

As to the Papers as a whole, what began as a work of transcription soon developed, as much out of interest as necessity, into an annotated edition. I was not able to trace all Clarke's multifarious references. Some were obscure; and some, in the first instance, were to be found in his own work. 'The Intertextuality of Clarke' might have become a work to

rival the 'Key to All the Mythologies' and I did not attempt it.

I have altered the arrangement of the Papers as they are now to be found in the Mitchell Library to reflect, as far as possible, their chronological sequence. Much of the material is not dated and, for instance, Clarke may have been engaged on his chapters while still making notes for those yet to be written. The responsibility for this rearrangement, and for that of the love-letters, must therefore be entirely my own.

This Introduction, which will elaborate on some of the matters already mentioned here in a general way, is designed to give an account of the work done and, in more detail, the reasons for my editorial decisions. I have also endeavoured to chart Clarke's progress with the novel from its inception to his death; to describe his methods of work; and to trace the posthumous history of the Papers up to the time when they were acquired by the Mitchell Library in 1928. I have also drawn attention to documents and published works which, although not forming part of the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers, were vital to a proper understanding of them; and it was certainly one of the more interesting aspects of the work that documents which were already known in other contexts were given a new, and in at least one case a startling, relevance.

Finally it should be said that I had never intended a work of thoroughgoing criticism, the elusive Clarke being, in any theoretical sense, hard to pin down. However, such thoughts as have inevitably occurred to me in this connection have been included in my discussion of his working habits. Much must of necessity be speculation, since Clarke never did complete the novel which he began with such high hopes. Instead, this talented but improvident author died at the age of thirty-five, bankrupt for the second time in six years and therefore in grave danger of losing his position at the Public Library. The only assets of any value to come to his widow were the rights to his published works, and his manuscripts; and among the latter were to be found the documents which now form the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers.



THE PAPERS

Following their acquisition by the Mitchell Library the Papers were handsomely preserved in two dark blue half-morocco bound volumes, measuring 240 x 280 x 40 mms. They are arranged in the following order, as shown in the Mitchell Library's List of Contents, pasted into the front cover of Volume 1.

VOL. 1 ML MSS. 55/1

- I Papers relating to Felix and Felicitas, 1872-1928.
- A. Felix and Felicitas
- i Chapters I-VI. Printed. Preceded by incomplete printed synopsis by Clarke.
- ii Chapter VII. Original MS. with MS. copy [This is not quite correct. The original MS. also includes a portion of Chapter VIII, though this was not copied.]
- B. Summaries and notes, including lists of characters, summary of chapters and preparatory notes on various subjects. Original MS. [Four pages -- ML151-155 and verso -- appear to be drafts for two stories not connected with 'Felix and Felicitas.].
- C. Correspondence of Felix, i.e. Marcus Clarke and Felicitas, i.e. Rose Lewis [his wife's sister], 1872-1873. MS. copies in Clarke's hand, with copies in another hand [The same as the copyist of Chapter VII.]

i Letters by Felix, i.e. Marcus Clarke

VOL. 2 ML MSS. 55/2

- ii Letters by Felicitas, i.e. Rose Lewis.
- D. Letter from Clarke to F.F. Bailliere, 2 Oct. 1876, giving synopsis of plot of Felix and Felicitas.
- E. 'Explanatory Preface' by Hamilton Mackinnon. Original MS. Draft. Incomplete.

Three other manuscripts connected with Clarke, which were probably acquired at the same time, are also included in Volume 2:

- II 'Ella and Croquemitaine'. Synopsis of an operetta. Original MS.
- III Letters to Marcus Clarke from Dr. R. Lewins, 1867-1868, with pamphlet, printed journal and MS. notes by Lewins, c. 1865.
- IV Letters from Cyril Hopkins to Rose Bradly, 1905-1906, and Ethel Marian Clarke, 1922, 1926, concerning chiefly Hopkins' proposed biography of Clarke.

As far as 'Felix and Felicitas' is concerned, Item III, the Lewins

correspondence, is of passing interest as evidence of formative influences on Clarke's thinking, and for Lewins's recommendation of William Draper's History of the Intellectual History of Europe from which Clarke drew copiously in his preparatory notes.

Item IV is more directly concerned with the novel. It will be seen that in the manuscript of Hopkins's 'biography,' also held by the Mitchell Library, he refers several times to his intention to include the novel fragment in it; however no text from 'Felix and Felicitas' appears there.

The documents are in a remarkably good state of preservation. One of the chief reasons for this, besides the importance which his heirs attached to them, is the fact that Clarke had a supply of good quality paper ready to hand. After 1870, the Melbourne Public Library, the Art Gallery and the Museum came under the government of one body of Trustees. An incidental result of these administrative changes was that new letter paper was designed; and old stocks were evidently converted for use as rough note paper by the sheets being cut crosswise, either by Clarke for his own use, or for general distribution. Almost all the original MSS. seem, at least to the amateur eye, to be on this material; the sheets measure approximately 140 by 220 mm., and a few of them have the redundant letterhead across the verso. Many of them have been backed and tipped on to larger sheets for binding. Casual enquirers are now directed to the microfilm of the Papers already described, rather than to the originals, a practice which has contributed further to their preservation.

Taking the documents, for the time being, in the order in which they have been bound, the six printed chapters, comprising forty-nine pages measuring 122 x 180 mm., have been left as they were found, stitched into what appear to be their original grey wrappers, measuring 124 x 188 mm. Signatures indicate a 16mo publication; but the exact status of these chapters, and their date of printing, is not known. McLaren (p. 69) has assumed them to be page-proofs; and as they have been corrected that is

probably the case; but unfortunately the corrections are not sufficiently extensive for Clarke's hand to be identified. Thus they may be proofs of the advance sheets which he later sent to Bentley's in London, or gave to friends; or, as marks on the front wrapper suggest, they may have been prepared for printing in the Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume of 1884, though the decision to include them there was abandoned. It is important to note, for future reference, that a printed synopsis of the plot, unfortunately incomplete, is pasted to the inside of the front wrapper.

This synopsis fragment appears to be yet another version of Item D, the 'Bailliere Synopsis' of 1876. It was probably pasted in with the printed chapters to prevent further damage, since on closer examination it proves not to be of quite the same format, having wider margins (284).

When complete, this synopsis probably had its own wrappers (282). A loose sheet of heavy cream paper which seems to have been stitched is bound in before the front wrapper of the printed chapters. It has a paper label affixed to it; on this 'FELIX AND FELICITAS' has been typed on what is obviously an early machine; and beneath it 'by Marcus Clarke' has been added, possibly at a later date, and in a hand which may be Mrs. Clarke's or one of her children's but is certainly not that of Marcus Clarke himself. Across the top left-hand corner 'Original Synopsis & plot of F. & F.' is written in pencil in what I have taken to be Hamilton Mackinon's hand. It therefore cannot be taken for granted that Clarke either composed this synopsis, or had it printed.

Clarke's seventh chapter may have been written after the first six were printed. It is the only draft chapter for any of his novels which has survived; and his revision of the text is of the utmost value as evidence of his working methods. This chapter was copied in a poor, or perhaps childish hand. The reason for a copy being made is not known; but perhaps it was an insurance against loss, since printer's castings-off which suggest that Chapter 7 was to be published in 1884 appear on the original manuscript only. I have not included the copy in this edition.

The fragment of Chapter 8, 'Felicitas to Felix,' as I have already

remarked, lends support to the notion that Clarke abandoned the novel when faced with the embarrassing task of incorporating the love-letters; but it should be noted that it does not include the text of any of the letters which we have -- although two of Rose's are missing -- and, as Elliott pointed out in 1955 (p. 304), there is a marked difference in the style.

Item B, Clarke's summaries and notes were, at first sight, a daunting prospect, the 'preparatory notes' alone containing almost three hundred quotations from varied, and often curious, sources. 'Some scrappy notes and jottings of which little can be made' was Elliott's first, and perhaps over-hasty impression, in 1955 (p. 294). The enormous scope of his work on Clarke made such minutiae an unattractive field in which to stray for long; but there was, in fact, a good deal to be made of them. The author's 'summaries' include preparatory work on his characters, as well as narrative-schemes suggesting an earlier plot which, though it would not have differed essentially from the one finally chosen, would certainly have lent a different emphasis to the tale. The detailed notes which follow bear witness, at the very least, to Clarke's extensive reading; but his published works are sufficient evidence of that. More valuable for the study of 'Felix and Felicitas' are what they reveal about his habits of work and, when the finished chapters are examined, the way in which his gleanings fed the text. Finally, and perhaps unknown to himself, a few of the notes reveal his preoccupations; they are evidence of his state of mind.

To this last the love-affair may be taken as a contributing factor; and for that, if for no other reason, Clarke's copies of the letters which resulted would have had their interest. Close examination had convinced me that some of Clarke's to Rose were probably originals; and that there was some room to doubt the general view that he had intended to incorporate them in the finished work. The hand which had altered, for instance, 'Rose' to 'Felicitas' might not be his, but that of Hamilton Mackinnon his self-styled 'literary executor.' Moreover, the greater part

of them, in their altered state, had been copied in the same poor hand which had transcribed Chapter 7; corrections to the copy appeared also to be Mackinnon's; and there was other evidence which suggested that the love-letters were being prepared for publication. This certainly gave the letters an importance which went beyond the purely biographical.

Item D is a full synopsis of the plot in Clarke's hand, dated 2 October 1876, and takes the form of a letter to F.F. Bailliere the Melbourne publisher. Again, the exact status of this document is unknown. Another version, differing in minor but interesting particulars from the one which survives in the Papers, was also supplied to Bailliere for transmission to Bentley's in London; and this copy is held by the University of Illinois in their Bentley Papers. Bailliere's covering letter to this document shows that he was negotiating with Bentley's for simultaneous English publication of 'Felix and Felicitas;' and perhaps the version in the Papers was an aide-mémoire for his benefit. A note on the manuscript that it was to be returned to Bailliere may be evidence that Clarke borrowed it as copy for the printed synopsis already described, if he did write it himself; but, as will be seen, that particular version is an ambiguous document in several respects. Bailliere died only a few weeks after Clarke, which probably accounts for this first version never having been returned. It appears to embody Clarke's considered narrative plan; and it has the added advantage of containing his own explanation of the 'moral' behind the work, and an acknowledgement of certain literary influences. Thus, although so few chapters were completed, it became possible to discuss some aspects of the novel as if it were a finished work; and this added another dimension to the editorial task.

Item E, Hamilton Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface' concludes the list. It was evidently written when the 'Felix and Felicitas' fragment was to be included in the 1884 Memorial Volume of which he was the editor. Since that plan was abandoned his Preface was never used, and survives only as a much-corrected draft. The pages are numbered 1-23, and

end with an introductory sentence designed to precede the text of the novel.

However, five more pages are attached, numbered 21a-d; these are a copy, in Mackinnon's hand, of Clarke's printed description of 'The Supper of Martha and Mary' in Chapter 1 (285-6); and some preceding pages are obviously missing. Page 21a begins '. . . of the picture "The Supper of Martha & Mary" -- the opening paragraph of the book [which it is not] "The picture represented . . . with human voluptuousness."' These pages may be part of an early draft for the Preface; in the finished version page 21 (276) starts a new subject, a 'memo' of his revised intentions supposedly left by Clarke; and this is continued on page 22. Pages 21a-d could not have been inserted at that point. It may be that after Mrs. Clarke withdrew 'Felix and Felicitas' from the Memorial Volume Mackinnon decided, faute de mieux, to include a specimen of Clarke's style; and he would, in any case, have had to redraft his introductory remarks. There seems no other satisfactory explanation for the presence of these pages and, since they are a straightforward copy of what Clarke wrote, I have not included them in this edition.

It will be seen later that much of what Mackinnon did intend to contribute on the subject of 'Felix and Felicitas' in 1884 might have been actionable if published; nor was he an entirely reliable biographer. However, since his 'Explanatory Preface' supplies important and verifiable reasons over and above the love-affair, for the genesis of the novel, and deals with other matters untouched upon elsewhere, it ought, perhaps, to be more widely known.

So far as I can discover, these documents have not previously been transcribed in full; and except for Clarke's synopsis, and the few extracts from the Papers made by Elliott, they have never been published. Recent opinion seems to be that their publication might bring needless  
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embarrassment to members of the family still living. However, in earlier years, no such scruples were to trouble Clarke's children nor, possibly, his widow. The posthumous history of the Papers traced below

shows that they made several attempts to publish 'Felix and Felicitas' in London and in Australia before 1928; and it certainly cannot be assumed that the love-letters would have been excluded. On the contrary, Ernest Clarke, negotiating a sale to Angus & Robertson on 22 November 1915, considered them to be his strongest card.

In 1958 Elliott doubts whether the finished work 'would have added lastingly to the fame of the author of His Natural Life (p. 188). The modern reader might find it difficult to disagree with this stern verdict; and had the novel ever been completed Clarke's hopes may well have been disappointed.

This, however, we cannot know; and, although it is interesting to note certain developments in Clarke's technique in 'Felix and Felicitas,' the question of the work's 'literary merit' is not an issue here. The unique value of the Papers lies in what they disclose of the novelist at work; and their very survival excites a strong historical and indeed bibliographical interest. To derive the greatest benefit from them, however, the Papers cannot to be studied in isolation. Other documents and publications are concerned with their history; and these must now be described.

#### ASSOCIATED MATERIAL.

Several published works, and a number of documents, mostly in the Mitchell Library or in the State Library of Victoria, have a bearing on the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers.

Item D, the 'Bailliere Synopsis' of 1876, must be taken, in some respects, only as a secondary source; and the existence of another version of the same date, which the Melbourne publisher F.F. Bailliere sent to Bentley's in London, and which is now held by the University of Illinois, has already been noted.

The University of Illinois evidently supplied a copy to Elliott in the 1950s and, later, to Joan E. Poole, who donated hers to the Mitchell Library in 1967 (ML DOC 1075). Thus the alternative version has been available for study for some years; and now that the Bentley Archives are

available on microfilm in Australia Bailliere's covering letter may also be found attached to it in the Illinois holdings.

The greater part of the Bentley Archives are held by the British Library. As will be seen, they yield several important references to 'Felix and Felicitas' and to attempts to publish it. It is a matter for some regret that the Macmillan archives cannot yet be consulted in full, since in 1897 Bentley's was sold to Macmillan's, who thus became the publishers of what was now titled For the Term of His Natural Life. By that time other works by Clarke had also been published by English firms; and it seems likely that, as records become available, correspondence with Mrs. Clarke, or her literary agents must eventually be found; including, perhaps, references to her attempt to have 'Felix and Felicitas' published when she visited London in 1899-1900.

The only other document which I obtained from an overseas source was a copy of a photograph of Clarke's birthplace in Kensington (now demolished) held by the Library of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea. On 15 August 1984 their Local Studies Librarian was also able to supply me with details relative to the architectural background of Clarke's text, especially Chapter 7; as well as some interesting information about a piano factory situated near his home, which, in Clarke's youth, was the London works of the French firm of Érard.

When Mrs. Clarke offered to sell certain manuscripts to the Melbourne Public Library in 1885 the Trustees refused them on 8 October 1885 pleading lack of funds. A considerable amount of material was eventually purchased from Clarke's estate in 1934, and is now in the La Trobe Library, part of the State Library of Victoria (McLaren, p. 228).

The most important item connected with the novel in the La Trobe collection is a small leather pocket-book which the author kept from 1869 onwards. In this he noted down, amongst much which was more personal, ideas for a title, and for the names of his characters. There are also some important references to books and periodicals; and although, except in one instance, they are not marked as being for 'Felix and Felicitas,'



a few may have a bearing on the psychological background of the work. Unfortunately Clarke rarely dated these notes; and there was no time to give the pocket-book the extended study which it requires. I cannot therefore be sure that I have gleaned all references which might be of value to an understanding of the novel; however I have included whatever struck me in passing as being relevant in my account of Clarke's composition of the work. An insertion on the front page of the pocket-book in another hand shows that someone, probably a member of Clarke's family, was aware that it contained matter relating to 'Felix and Felicitas;' and a note by Clarke relating to his wife's unhappiness has been marked with a blue pencil cross, as if to show that this also had some relation to the novel, and might increase the value of the item.

In the love-letters we discover that Rose's ambition was to become a writer; and the La Trobe Library holds a copy of her only known work, although, according to Elliott in 1955 (p.175n), her nephew William Clarke thought there was at least one more. Fatal Shadows, published in England in 1887, is a fairly competent romantic novel with an Australian setting; and, in context, it was interesting to read. In periodicals of the day a small amount of material relating to Rose's husband L.L. Lewis -- obituaries and the like -- tends to substantiate what can be learned  
15  
of him in the love-letters.

Letters from the author to J.J. Shillinglaw and other associates to be found in the Shillinglaw Papers, held by the same library, are pathetic testimony to Clarke's financial troubles, and his frantic attempts to alleviate them between 1876 and 1878, years which were critical to the  
16  
progress of 'Felix and Felicitas.'

Although the La Trobe Collection is the most important single source of material relating to Clarke in Melbourne, a visit to the main State Library was not without its rewards; here it was often possible to trace the works from which the author had made his notes for the novel, with the additional pleasure of handling the actual volumes used, and sometimes accessioned by him. In the latter instance it was his practice  
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to initial and date the title page; the date of the work's addition to the stock-list was always supplied and this often helped to date a note.

In tracing the provenance of the Papers it was necessary to see how they were passed from one to another of the Clarke family; this information was to be found in wills and other documents held by the Public Records Office in Melbourne; and the hitherto insubstantial shadow of Hamilton Mackinnon was made more palpable in a report of the inquest on his accidental death, and his will. Marian's own will, and that of her son Ernest, enabled me to continue the history of the Papers; and Louis Lewis's will provided an interesting background to Rose's married life.

Information on Clarke copyrights became partially accessible in the Australian Archives, Canberra, at a very late stage. Since complete copies of works must be deposited I found nothing relating to 'Felix and Felicitas;' but applications for copyright in other works made jointly by Mrs. Clarke and Mackinnon, or Mrs. Clarke alone, were of interest.<sup>17</sup>

It was in Sydney however that the most exciting single discovery was made. I had by this time read and re-read the love-letters; and had emerged from the experience fearing more for Clarke's literary reputation than for his honour, but wondering how this potentially dangerous and certainly clandestine correspondence been managed. The human question inevitably presented itself; and but for blind chance might have remained unanswered.

In Volume 2 of the author's 'Prose Pieces' in the Mitchell Library, which was being searched for another purpose altogether, I came upon a few sheets in his own hand which, until now, have been described as a proposed emendation to His Natural Life which was not used (MS A809). It purports to be a letter from the Rev. North to Dora Frere (thus allying it, as I thought, to the serial rather than the book version of the novel); but certain likenesses to the style and phraseology of the love-letters arrested my attention; and further study revealed not only that one of the passages duplicated almost exactly a sentence from one of Rose's letters; but that the document itself fitted perfectly between two

letters from her to which I had previously been unable to relate anything written by Clarke. It therefore appears to be a hitherto unrecognised part of the love-letters; and, for additional proof, it also appears to have been written on the same paper.

This then, was probably the subterfuge Clarke had adopted to conceal the correspondence from too curious observers. If questioned at home or, as was more likely, at the Library, he was simply 'sending a few sheets to the printer' randomly numbered for an extra touch of realism. The covering sheet headed 'North to Dora,' which he had taken the trouble to add, was certainly capable of two interpretations:

Assign this to the place we marked. It is  
the last emendation I will make (155)

could be either a direction to the printer or a warning to Rose; and, in the event, the word 'emendation' was to be the decisive clue, both as to the real purport of the document and towards the elucidation of what had been, till then, a doubtful reading.

The second of the two letters from Rose begins:

First of all my love withdraw the resolve  
that 'this shall be the last emendation.' (157)

'Emendation' had already been a stumbling-block during transcription since, in context, it seemed meaningless, yet was too clearly written to bear any other interpretation. Nor was I alone; the unknown copyist had had similar difficulties; and I had already noted that he seemed to have left a space at that point which, only later, he had filled in with 'communication' (349). This jumped with the sense of the passage but could not possibly be supported from the text. Now, with the 'North to Dora' manuscript to hand, the difficulty was resolved and, as if for further proof, Rose had placed the phrase in quotation marks. This was a habit of both lovers when one wished to reply to a point the other had made; and further examples in that particular group of letters convinced me that I had now placed them in the correct sequence.

No date appears on the 'emendation,' nor on either of the two letters; but from internal evidence I had already assigned the latter to

an early stage in the correspondence which, I had reason to believe, had begun towards the end of 1871. At Christmas of the following year Rose had written:

Did we not promise one another that this correspondence should end with '72 The close of the year [i.e. 1871] saw its birth and must also see its death. (183)

Always supposing that the 'emendation' bore any relation to real events then it could also be taken, albeit less conclusively, to support my placement of the two letters. As has already been noted, Clarke's use of 'Dora' rather than 'Sylvia' might show that the 'emendation' concerned the serial version of His Natural Life; and the only instalment into which the supposed amendment could reasonably have been inserted appeared in the Australian Journal for September 1871, well towards 'the close of the year.' This argument, though attractive, could not in the end be maintained; but, as I have said, other evidence was found which did support my placement of this and associated letters.

There were to be no more such dramatic discoveries. Nevertheless, the isolation of 'Felix and Felicitas' for study occasionally brought a new focus to bear on documents which were already well known, but whose special relationship to the history of the novel had not previously been remarked. Cyril Manley Hopkins's 'Biographical Notice of the Life and Work of Marcus Clarke,' which has already been noted, is a case in point. The Mitchell Library purchased this manuscript from Clarke's daughter Marian Marcus Clarke, as she then called herself, in May 1928, together with Hopkins's letters to herself and her sister Rose Bradley already described as Item IV of the Papers. Clarke's association with Cyril and his younger brother, the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, is well-known; and for such details Elliott, in 1958, culled the work extensively. However, and particularly when the manuscript is read in conjunction with his letters, valuable evidence is to be found of two attempts to publish 'Felix and Felicitas' as part of the 'Biographical Notice;' one in 1905-1906, and the other as late as 1926. This discovery enabled me to trace the posthumous history of the Papers almost to the

point of sale.

Again, it is well-known that Clarke was twice offered employment on the London Daily Telegraph in the 1870s. The relevant correspondence in Clarke's papers is held by the Mitchell Library, and has been discussed, for instance, by Elliott and Hergenhan.<sup>18</sup> Hamilton Mackinnon's assertion, in his 'Explanatory Preface', that the offer spurred Clarke on to attempt a novel with an English setting seems, however, to have passed unnoticed in published works; yet the timing of the offer from London might well have been crucial to the timing of 'Felix and Felicitas'. Elliott, in 1955, had connected this intriguing episode in the author's life with the genesis of the novel; but apparently did not consider the case sufficiently proven for his first impressions to be published.<sup>19</sup> The argument has its merits however. The Mitchell Library also holds the 'Angus & Robertson Archives' (MSS. 314-8). These were not freely available at the time of my visit; but I was given access to all items thought to be connected with 'Felix and Felicitas', namely the correspondence covering Ernest Clarke's attempt to sell the Papers to Angus & Robertson in 1915, and the Public Librarian's intervention in the matter.

References to 'Felix and Felicitas' in works on Clarke are few and far between, those by Wilding and Hergenhan having already been noted. However, more should be said here of Brian Elliott's Marcus Clarke. Written almost thirty years ago, it is still the standard work on the author's life; and Chapter 10, 'A Bundle of Letters' (pp. 184-98), and passages in the final chapter 'Broken Column' (pp. 235-7), remain the only extended treatment of 'Felix and Felicitas' to be made in this century.

I have referred several times to the Thesis which preceded Elliott's published work; this was presented for the degree of D.Litt. (Adelaide) in 1955. In 1979 Elliott added a note in the copy to be found in the Barr Smith Library of the University of Adelaide to this effect:

This thesis provided the basic text for a revision which was published in 1958 as Marcus Clarke, Oxford, Clarendon

Press.

Researchers are welcome to make use of what they may find within the present covers but they would do well to remember that the published book represents the final state of my views in 1958. It is possible that they may find a detail here and there which might suggest further independent enquiries but where they find differences they may be assured that the change was made for good reasons. [The note concludes with special reference to His Natural Life.]

With this caveat in mind I decided, perhaps foolishly, to lay the Thesis aside, returning to it only when this Introduction was almost completed. In 1958 Elliott was to describe his work as 'a personal study, and a critical one only in the second place' (p. xi), telling also how he found himself gradually becoming acquainted with Clarke:

... until at last, where nothing else would serve, I came to feel a certain confidence even in jumping to conclusions (p. ix).

Perhaps my caution was justified, since such conclusions, as to 'Felix and Felicitas,' abound in the Thesis; however, many of Elliott's first thoughts are interesting, and I regretted not having encountered them earlier, since what remains on the subject in his published work, though still substantial, has been severely edited. Where his impressions are of value, and can be supported by the evidence, I have made use of them. Others which, as he realised, found no such support, are that sort of imaginative reconstruction of 'what might have been' with which those who are similarly attracted to 'the vividness of the personality which expressed itself, by accident or design, in every fugitive paragraph of Marcus Clarke's writing' can readily sympathise (p. ix).

It should be remembered also that evidence now accessible in Australia on microfilm was denied at the time to Elliott, since he was unable to travel either to England or America where, for instance, he might have consulted the Bentley Archives in person. These are so arranged that an enquiry as to Clarke and his work would only have produced letters to or from the author. Now that Alison Ingram has published her Index to the Archives of Richard Bentley and Son (Cambridge, 1977) it is an easy

matter to hunt up Bentley's correspondence with Bailliere, Mackinnon, Robertson and others; a postal enquiry in the 1950s might not have brought the same result.

In 1958 Elliott also regretted that any idea of consulting the London Daily Telegraph files 'had to be abandoned with a sigh' (pp. vii-viii). It is possible that even back copies of the newspaper itself were not available in Australia at the time; and archives, which may contain evidence of that important offer of employment to Clarke, apparently remain unpublished. Elliott's Marcus Clarke, therefore, is a remarkable achievement which has not yet been equalled; and despite a few flights of inspired imagination it is a more reliable work than the two which must now be noticed, written by one who had actually known Clarke, and who claimed to be his close friend and 'literary executor,' Hamilton Mackinnon.

The Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume of 1884 has already been mentioned; The Austral Edition of the Selected Works of Marcus Clarke (1890) is, in most respects, its successor; both were edited by Hamilton Mackinnon and each includes his own biography of Clarke by way of a Preface. <sup>20</sup> Certain parts of these biographies, which differ in the two publications, are of considerable importance to the posthumous history of the 'Felix and Felicitas' and are therefore discussed in detail under that heading, and an attempt is made to describe the somewhat elusive personality of Mackinnon. In my account of such problems as I had in transcribing the Papers this shadowy -- if not shady -- character will appear again; and suffice it to say here that although the Memorial Volume and the Austral Edition must be noted as the only nineteenth-century references of any length to Clarke's life, and to the writing of 'Felix and Felicitas,' they should be treated with caution. It should be said, however, that many accounts of Clarke's life, given by those who claimed to know him well, also contain glaring inaccuracies.

Short references to the unfinished novel in articles or obituaries have been noted where they occur; it remains only to describe two which

are of greater importance to its history and criticism. One is well known; the other, as far as I know, is not; and unfortunately I have been unable to identify the journal in which it was published, and can only make an informed guess as to its date.

A.G. Stephens of The Bulletin kept a series of scrap-books, now to be found in the Mitchell Library. <sup>21</sup> Some of these he devoted to individual authors; and a notebook on Clarke, identical with the rest of the series, <sup>22</sup> is also to be found, though separately catalogued and shelved. Stephens took most of his cuttings from The Bulletin; but he also included articles from other journals; and among these is a short biography, 'Marcus Clarke,' written by Arthur Patchett Martin to coincide with 'the arrival of Mrs. Marcus Clarke in London to arrange for the publication of her husband's unfinished novel "Felix and Felicitas"....' Unfortunately the scissors removed both the name and the date of the journal concerned; all that can be said is that it was of a format typical of a Review, with two columns to a page; and so far I have not been able to trace it. There is a reference in The Bulletin of 22 April 1899, p. 8 to Mrs. Clarke's proposed visit; and another, on 13 January 1900, giving news of her from London. Martin's article was probably written, therefore, towards the end of 1899 or the beginning of 1900; but Stephens, who so meticulously dated his Bulletin cuttings, was lamentably amiss in this one important instance.

Mrs. Frances Cashel Hoey, whose position in London literary society has already been mentioned, was the wife of the Irish patriot John Cashel Hoey and, incidentally, cousin to Bernard Shaw. <sup>23</sup> It seems unlikely that she had ever met Clarke, but knew of him only through their mutual <sup>24</sup> friend, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Nevertheless, she had done him several kindnesses, placing one of his stories with <sup>Charles</sup> <sup>the younger</sup> Dickens in 1873 and proof-<sup>25</sup> reading the English edition of His Natural Life in 1875. Between 1873 and 1908 she contributed 'A Lady's Letter from London' to the Australasian; and on 7 October 1881 she wrote that news of Clarke's death had been received in London, her 'Letter' being published in the



Australasian on 26 November. After remarking on the 'deep impression' made in England by His Natural Life she continues:

We were always expecting another powerful fiction from his pen. I fear he has not left any finished work, and I regret the fact all the more deeply that I have been allowed (by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy) the privilege of reading a few chapters of a novel begun by Mr. Marcus Clarke, under the title of Felix and Felicitas. The promise of those chapters is quite exceptional; they equal in brilliance and vivacity the best writing of Edward Whitty, and they surpass that vivid writer in construction. It is difficult to believe, while reading the opening chapters of this, I fear, unfinished work, that the author lived at the other side of the world from the scenes and the society which he depicts with such accuracy, lightness, grace, and humour.

This encomium has already been quoted in part, but it deserves repetition in full; it is an indication that the novel was likely to find acceptance in London; and includes interesting praise of its structure which, however, one feels bound to qualify on reading Whitty's only novel Friends of Bohemia, a work so lacking in construction as to approach incoherence.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF THE EDITION

The order in which the Papers were bound has its own logic based on bibliographical rather than chronological principles; but this does not greatly assist the reader who may wish to take an historical perspective on 'Felix and Felicitas;' not only to trace it to its source, but also to chart the progress of the work and, finally, to decide on its evidence how Clarke worked and how he might have developed as a novelist had he lived.

The Papers have therefore been rearranged in as near a chronological sequence as possible, allowing for the fact that some material must overlap. There is no known evidence of the order in which the documents were found after Clarke's unexpected death, nor of what they then consisted. Later, they passed through a number of hands; and may even have been brought together from different locations by one or another of

those interested in preserving them. Lacking any clear authorial mandate therefore, there seemed to be reasonable grounds for presenting this edition of the Papers in a reordered form.

(i) The Love-Letters: A Tentative Rearrangement

The love-affair between Clarke and his sister-in-law Rose Lewis probably began in 1871 and was ended early in 1873. The correspondence which resulted is therefore placed first; and some of the problems which attended its transcription will be described later. However, the arrangement of the letters in two separate bundles --'his' and 'hers' -- hindered any attempt to enter imaginatively into the history of the novel; and with some trepidation, since very few of the letters were dated, I decided to reorder the letters to form a continuous correspondence relying mostly on internal evidence. I have already noted the way in which both Clarke and Rose quoted each other's phrases; and there were other continuities of subject-matter which were helpful.

Rose's correspondence had been ordered A to N, in a hand which did not seem to be Clarke's; but another hand had noted correctly on the wrapper that G and J were missing. This alphabetical ordering was further disrupted when one letter bound with Clarke's, but not on similar paper, was identified as being from Rose to him (158); and unfortunately, on internal evidence, it did not seem to be either G or J. Moreover, although it was dated 19 December, its logical position in my continuum was earlier than another from Rose dated 13 December (166). Where so few letters bore dates it was hard to deny the testimony of those which did; but several phrases used by Rose on the 19th. were quoted by Clarke in his reply; and she in turn quoted from him in the letter dated the 13th. Thus I could only assume, since both were copies in Clarke's hand, that one or the other contained a clerical error.

Except in this, and one other instance, Rose's letters tended to follow the alphabetical sequence given them; but Clarke's needed considerable rearrangement; and it was interesting to note, on two of his letters, that someone, possibly Mackinnon, had been before me, adding Da

and E to those which followed Rose's D and E respectively.

The letters as a whole appeared to fall into two groups. There were those written in Melbourne, where the lovers were able to see as well as write to each other, otherwise unexplained remarks probably being references to conversations (176); and for that reason this group must include Clarke's 'emendation' and its associated letters from Rose. The second group was written during the Christmas and New Year period of 1872-3 when Clarke had gone to the Wimmera for the good of his health and, evidently, to think things out. While there he received three letters from Rose and was meanwhile writing to her in diary form. This, it seems, for reasons of safety, was not to be delivered to Rose until he returned to Melbourne (199). Similarly, Rose gave Clarke what I have taken as her last letter several days after he came home (201).

The problem was to decide how to juxtapose these two groups. Elliott, in 1958, taking the letters in their original order, decided that the affair came to a 'lingering conclusion' after Clarke returned (p. 193); but I had tentatively placed the Melbourne letters first relying, at the time, on Clarke's use of 'Dora' in his 'emendation' to decide that, since this must concern the serial form of His Natural Life, its most likely date would have been August or September 1871. Nor, since there was some continuity of reference among most of them, could this group easily be subdivided.

However, what I had decided on internal evidence was Rose's last letter, of 12 January 1873, reminds Clarke that his book has to be rewritten in six weeks (202). In an earlier letter she seems also to be speaking of his revision, to be done 'in the next three months' (152); and, working back from the 'six weeks' of 12 January, she must have been writing towards the end of November 1872. Although internal evidence links this 'November' letter to a reply from Clarke (153) quoting the 'dreary road' she travels, the pair do not relate to anything else in the correspondence.

The 'emendation' and the two letters from Rose associated with it are

similarly self-contained, unless the last remark of Rose's second letter in this group 'I shall see you tomorrow' (158) does not relate, as I have assumed, to the one previously thought to be Clarke's in which she voices her disappointment at his non-appearance (158). If my placement is correct then a chain of references links this last, and all subsequent letters, through to January 1873, leaving only the 'November' pair still unplaced. As there were references in these which bore no relationship to anything in other letters I assumed that they alluded to conversations, and therefore allotted them to the Melbourne group. They might as easily have been placed last; but for the fact that Rose, in the first of this pair, seems to be breaking the news that she wishes to be a writer (151); and this is an accepted fact in all subsequent letters.

Inevitably this led to the conclusion that the 'emendation' might, after all, relate to Clarke's revision of His Natural Life and not the serial; but, since we do not know when he decided on a change of name from Dora to Sylvia, that contention could be abandoned without damage to my main argument. Moreover, if the serial is meant, the letters referring to it must have been written some months before Christmas 1871; and, on reflection, it is hard to believe that two letters only survive from that period, when the the rest seem firmly grouped around the Christmas to New Year period of 1872-3. Moreover, there is the reference to Clarke's work on the revision of the serial already noted. However, in view of the difficulties outlined above, the rearrangement presented here is in no sense definitive. For the convenience of those who wish to form an idea of their original order I have given each letter a number; and a list of these, matching the arrangement in which the letters are bound, is to be found at the end of the transcription, together with a description of certain sheets and wrappers attached to them.

### (iii) The Notes

Although a close examination of Clarke's notes for the novel leads to the conclusion that many of them may have been made during the writing of the completed chapters it seemed best to regard them, as described in

Volume 1, as 'preparatory'; and to give them second place in this edition. The reader is thus able, on coming to the printed chapters, to recognise material which Clarke incorporated without the need for continual cross-reference; and to get some idea of the way in which, at times, the text is virtually constructed by an artful juxtaposition of quotations. My annotations will appear directly below the note to which they refer, together with an indication of where the item, if used, may be found in Clarke's text.

(iv) Letter from Clarke to F.F. Bailliere, 2 October 1876

This document, otherwise referred to in this Introduction as the 'Bailliere Synopsis' is placed next. It became increasingly obvious, from the Notes, that it had been written earlier than at least some of them, and perhaps long before any of the chapters got into print; but there seemed no good reason for allowing it to precede them; there were more grounds, indeed, for its appearing last of all, to provide, as it were, the end of the story. On balance, however, there seemed more to be gained, for a sense of scale, in the reader's being able to have the narrative plan in mind when contemplating what Clarke had achieved. It also seemed best, for ease of comparison, to follow it with a copy of the version which went to Messrs. Bentley in London, and its covering letter from Bailliere, though these do not form part of the Papers.

(v) 'Explanatory Preface' by Hamilton Mackinnon, and the Novel Fragment

Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface' together with a fair copy has been given the place which it would have taken had 'Felix and Felicitas' been published in 1884. The fragment of a printed synopsis, the printed chapters, and their respective wrappers have been reproduced from photographs of the originals; and the manuscript Chapter 7, and the unfinished Chapter 8 follow.

(vi) The Love-Letters: Copies in Another Hand

This final section has been rounded off, as it seems might have been Mackinnon's intention, by the copies of the love-letters. The copyist did not reproduce Mackinnon's heading on the original of Rose's first letter:

## The Love Letters

### Felicitas to Felix

but it will be noted that Chapter 8 is similarly headed 'Felicitas to Felix' by Clarke. Therefore it seems probable that before he realised, as I was to do, the difficulty of ordering the love-letters, Mackinnon had been editing them to run on from the unfinished Chapter 8; although, on this point, his 'Explanatory Preface' is ambiguous (280-1). He appears to be saying that the 'published chapters' will end where Clarke abandoned Chapter 8; but then refers to the 'letters' as if these also were to be published. However, on the evidence of marks possibly made by the printer, I have placed the copies last.

The copies of the love-letters in an unknown hand had been bound after their respective originals in Volumes 1 and 2 of the Papers. All Rose's letters were copied in their edited form; and the front sheet of each was marked in blue pencil, in what appears to be the same hand, to correspond to the alphabetical ordering of the originals. The originals of Clarke's letters were not numbered; but the first three have the blue pencil numberings characteristic of many of the copies. The Clarke copies are numbered 1-10, some letters having been subdivided; and from 5 onwards lead pencil not blue is used. The copies start at 2, the first perhaps having been lost, since the original is marked for copying; 5 and 6 have been transposed, and 9 omits the last half of the original, which contains references to Clarke's marriage (173-6). The last three of the original sequence, including the letter I now attribute to Rose, were not copied; and 10 breaks off with an unfinished sentence (166).

Unfortunately, since the copyist had come to the end of his page, it is impossible to decide whether the copy had been abandoned or whether it was to end at that point in any case. The original had been torn; but there seems no reason for not copying the next page, which would have ended the letter.

On the verso of this last page of the original it is tantalising to find a faint blue pencil marking, ringed round as were the numberings

already described, which I read as '5 p. '; which may be a computation for or by the printer. In addition 'Prfr 14,' appears at the end of the copies of Rose's letters in a rather distinctive shade of pink.

It is difficult to decide, on such slender evidence, how far any attempt at an edition of the letters had gone; and it may well have been abandoned before the copy of Clarke's letters was completed. There seemed little point, therefore, in reordering the copies beyond placing those of 'Felicitas to Felix' first; but since they seem to have been marked, however superficially, for publication they come last. This allows them, with the seven completed chapters and the unfinished Chapter 8 to round off the collection; at the same time leaving the reader with that sense of suspended action which so strongly informs the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers.

#### TRANSCRIPTION AND ANNOTATION

As a first step, the documents were transcribed from a microfilm copy; and this preliminary transcription was then established against the originals in the Mitchell Library. The transcription itself presented few problems; Clarke wrote a clear, rather angular script, 'an exceedingly picturesque hand -- bold and legible' as The Bulletin described it on 24 September 1881, p 13; and the microfilm proved almost disappointingly clear. The few words which were unreadable in Adelaide were equally unreadable in Sydney; but, by good fortune, few were of major importance to the text; and there was some comfort in the fact that, where the unknown copyist had been at work he had usually been defeated at identical points. What the film had not revealed were certain pencil notes, some in either red or blue and often on the verso of a sheet; and fine detail such as the pinholes which occasionally proved that a sheet had been misplaced.

The difficulties encountered in transcription were not so much with what was clearly in Clarke's hand as with various additions which, although equally legible in most cases, seemed to have been made by others. On some, fortunately minor, interpolations it was not always

possible to come to a decision; especially as some were in copperplate, where virtue consists in uniformity. Moreover, the ownership of the Papers had passed over the years from Mrs. Clarke to her son Ernest; and after his death, apparently, to his sister Ethel Marian Clarke. All three wrote a rather similar hand; but again fortunately, it was not of great importance to distinguish them separately. Several indications that the fragment was being prepared for the press were naturally of greater interest; but I could not identify the hand, or hands, at work. Calculations, presumably castings-off, appear on the printed pages, on Chapter 7, on the 'Explanatory Preface' and on the 'copy-letters;' and some of the copperplate notes mentioned above may also be attributable to this source. The most likely date for these additions would be the early months of 1884 when Mackinnon was preparing the Memorial Volume for its publication at the beginning of July and while he still intended to include the novel. Mrs. Clarke eventually decided to withdraw 'Felix and Felicitas;' but not before Mackinnon had drafted his 'Explanatory Preface.' As one of the castings-off was made on that MS. it may be that the hand for all these calculations, and perhaps for some of the copperplate notes, may have been that of an employee of Messrs. Cameron Laing & Co. who were the printers and publishers of the Memorial Volume. But Mackinnon was also a journalist however, and accustomed to preparing work for the press; and he may have marked the copy himself.

MS. alterations which had been made to Item C, the love-letters, were a different matter since they vitally affected one's view of Clarke's authorial intention, if not indeed, and on quite another plane, of his moral nature. Throughout the letters, a hand which Elliott, in 1958, certainly took to be Clarke's, as did Poole (p.24n), has substituted 'Felix' and 'Felicitas' for the names of the principals; and often, though not invariably, circumstantial details have been altered in conformity with the plot. This naturally led Elliott to the assumption that Clarke meant to incorporate the edited text into his novel:

What was written in passion he



contemplated giving to the world  
as a moral object-lesson. Perhaps  
this resolution was less rational  
than bitter. (p.188)

It was hardly, it may be thought, the action of a gentleman.

It is interesting, in retrospect, that even when transcribing the letters from the microfilm, and before I had looked at Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface', I was already noting against these alterations that they were either in another hand or that Clarke was using a different pen. Only when I came to deal with the 'Explanatory Preface' did I become alive to the possibility that the hand might be Mackinnon's. A comparison of, for instance, 'Felicitas Carmel,' the heroine's maiden name, and 'Felix Germaine' in one of the letters with the 'Felix & Felicitas' which heads the 'Explanatory Preface,' even though the latter is a little damaged, seemed to confirm my suspicion; and although many instances of Clarke's using a Greek 'e' could be found there were none for 'Felix,' 'Felicitas' or 'Delevyra' throughout his manuscript. Examples of his hand and that of Mackinnon have been reproduced as clearly as possible on the following page; and the notation '\*' indicates, throughout the transcription, the places where I think the hand is Mackinnon's, although it was not easy to make a positive identification of smaller marks.

Against my growing conviction had to be set Mackinnon's own assertion in the 'Explanatory Preface' that:

... even this fragment, more especially the letters, did not receive the finishing touches of the master hand -- ... But what there is has been given as he wrote it, it being thought that corrections made by others would only mar even the rough productions of their creator. (280-1)

This editorial struggle was not without dust and heat. Side by side with the absolute requirement of impartiality had come a strong desire that Clarke should come well out of the encounter. His character has never lacked its detractors; and consequently it became important to me that he should not have altered so personal a correspondence in order that he could publish it to the world. Quite possibly that coloured

[Enlarged].

Godwin's wife the living to Fabian  
87.  
Chap V.  
Felicitas to Felix  
Felix to Felicitas

Fig. 1. Marcus Clarke [ML163]. Note especially Felix, Felicitas and Godwin.

From Felicitas  
~~Introduction~~  
Explanatory Preface  
~~through it is generally de~~

Fig. 2. Hamilton Mackinnon. Heading to his 'Explanatory Preface'

[2ML211].

forms of life, that our troubles may our  
ice dissolved. What are we am  
y? Rose Lewis & Marcus Clarke are  
Felicitas Germaine & Felix Germaine

Fig. 3. Alterations to a letter from Clarke to Rose Lewis [ML307].

Note especially Felicitas and Germaine.

[Follows p. 30]

my view. It came, in a sense, to taking Mackinnon's word against his and, since neither could now speak for himself, honours seemed even.

Moreover, as Elliott noted in 1958 (p. 55), Mackinnon's biographical introductions to the Memorial Volume and the Austral Edition were not always strictly accurate; and though no one could doubt his affection for his subject, there was room to doubt his veracity. Nor had he been averse, I found, in at least one published instance, to altering his friend's work. Clarke's story 'A Watch on Christmas Eve,' written in some anguish as the love affair ended, and published in his 'Noah's Ark' column in the Australasian on December 28, 1872, was included by Mackinnon in the Memorial Volume under the title 'A Christmas Eve Watch' in 1884. In both printings the sophisticated woman for whom the penitent hero neglects his wife is 'the Lady Alicia.' In the Austral Edition of 1890 when, as will be seen later, I believe that Mackinnon felt himself safe from legal action by the Lewises, the same story appears under yet another title, 'A Sad Christmas Eve Retrospect,' and Lady Alicia has become 'Lady Rosa.'<sup>27</sup> Rose Lewis only changed her first name when she married; in the theatre she was known as Rosa Dunn; and the reference must have been sufficiently obvious to Melbourne readers. Mackinnon, particularly if he wished to embarrass Rose, might have had few scruples about editing the love-letters; and, for similar reasons, Mrs. Clarke may have given him her permission to do so.

Transcription of the correspondence itself was easy in the main; although there are a few disappointing lacunae. However, it will be seen that I gradually found reason to doubt whether all Clarke's letters were in fact copies, as stated on the Mitchell Library's list; some at least appeared to be originals; and these have been annotated accordingly. Those purporting to be from Rose to Clarke certainly were in his hand; and it may be significant that only on these do we occasionally find the redundant letterhead already referred to on the verso. I was unable to find an example of Rose's hand for comparison, beyond her signature on a legal document connected with her deceased husband's estate; but on that

evidence I am confident that nothing of hers is to be found anywhere in the Papers. In the love-letters it will be seen that she returned Clarke's letters to him at the end of 1872, possibly before he left for Swinton and Ledcourt (179, 183). He either destroyed hers after he had copied them or returned them to her; but the fate of the originals must probably remain unknown. Had they survived, one cannot help thinking that they would have been offered for sale in later years.

In Item B, Clarke's draft synopses, lists of characters, and their imaginary genealogies presented problems of arrangement and elucidation rather than transcription; and the detailed 'preparatory notes' which followed were also, with very few exceptions, easy to transcribe. However, the fact that these were gathered from such an interesting variety of sources -- sources which Clarke evidently hoped to use, and in some instances did use, in the 'witty talk' which was to embellish the novel -- led me to embark on what was often to seem, as time passed, a work of supererogation.

If the Notes were themselves annotated, I argued, stronger light would be thrown on the writer; but, although the self-appointed task was to lead down many unfrequented paths, most of Clarke's quotations were traced; and I wearied only when no possible use could be foreseen for the note in question. No place could reasonably be found, for instance, for theories on the use of rhinoceros urine in Indian medicine within the covers of a romantic novel; and more likely Clarke's note was intended to set the table in a roar at his afternoon 'at homes' in the Library.

Clarke's habits were not uniformly scholarly; sometimes a full source-reference is supplied; sometimes merely the author's name; many notes contain no clue of any sort; these last calling for some inspired guesswork. Some most valuable attestations were those which bore witness to Clarke's unconscious interests, a facet of the writer's personality which might not otherwise have been revealed; and when the notes are compared with the completed text the witty plagiarist is likewise revealed. As the Peripatetic Philosopher was happy to admit of himself in

1869, quotations from widely differing sources are to be found 'shaken up in a half-crown bottle . . .'(p. vi). It was probably one of Clarke's favourite styles; and where quotations have been used in this way my annotation of the note refers the reader to the text.

Item D, the 'Bailliere Synopsis' is in Clarke's most careful hand and presented no problems; nor did the version held by the University of Illinois, or Bailliere's covering letter.

Item E, Hamilton Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface,' had been much worked over and, unfortunately, several sheets are missing. Although Mackinnon's hand was not difficult to transcribe his 'Preface,' as it stands, is by no means easy to read. I have therefore added my own fair copy, noting the more significant deletions. The original document is of the greatest value in that it provides an extended example of Mackinnon's hand with which to compare the alterations to the love-letters already mentioned, as well as several other notations which appear throughout the Papers; and, whether entirely credible or not, is the only contemporary interpretation of the events leading up to Clarke's decision to embark on another novel.

Coming at last to what might seem the most important contribution to the Papers, that is to say the six chapters in print, I was saved from the time-consuming task of transcribing these by permission being given me to reproduce them from photographs supplied by the Mitchell Library. The exact status of these chapters has already been questioned; but they may have been used as copy for the Memorial Volume. I found markings in the margins of the originals indicating that either the printer or Mackinnon was beginning to cast off the copy; but the attempt was abandoned at the second page. Unfortunately these numerals were not sharp enough, except in one instance, to come out on the photographs supplied; but I have added them to the text. They are in a purple pencil also used on page 1 of the manuscript Chapter 7, and for corrections to Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface' which cannot be positively identified as his. I have included a copy of the front wrapper, on which it will be seen that

an amateur hand has attempted an ornamental title. The fragment of a synopsis, the status of which is also uncertain, and which was pasted to the inside front cover, is also reproduced, together with what may have been its original front wrapper.

The copies which had been made of the love-letters were, again, easy to transcribe; and it was interesting to see that the hand identified as Mackinnon's had also been at work on their correction. Indeed there was a strong temptation to take a leaf out of Elliott's book; to imagine Mackinnon hovering at the elbow of his amateur copyist, offering suggestions for doubtful readings and deciding on omissions. For instance, Clarke's rendering of 'emendation' in Rose's letter B is perfectly clear; but, lacking the evidence I was only to uncover a century later, the copyist could make nothing of it; and, judging from the amount of space left, decided to await instructions. 'Communication' was a reasonable substitution; but the writing, though still recognisably that of the copyist, is more upright than his usual style; giving the impression that the word had been added later. It was evidently his habit to leave spaces where he was in doubt; and one or two were never filled.

The omission of a large part of Clarke's letter 9 has already been noted; but, since no deletion was indicated on the original, the instruction must have been verbal; probably, as I have imagined, by Mackinnon, but possibly at the insistence of Mrs. Clarke also. It is interesting to note throughout that Clarke's most passionate outbursts were left untouched; but the deleted, and tearstained, passages here would have perpetuated his confession that he drank too much, that he felt his marriage had been a mistake, and that he had 'ugly thoughts' either of suicide or divorce (175).

Although it was naturally difficult to identify them it did seem that corrections to the copyist's punctuation were also made by Mackinnon. It is noticeable on the originals that Clarke seldom, if ever, uses a semi-colon, and is equally sparing in his use of question marks. The copy uses both extensively; and such editorial refinements seem mostly to be in

another hand. However, I have not marked every instance.

I have assumed, on this evidence, that these copies, like the 'Explanatory Preface,' became part of the collection later, and were not made in Clarke's lifetime. The paper on which they are written is not that used by Clarke for the Notes or the love-letters.

Clarke did occasionally have work copied -- for instance when he intended to send some short stories to Cornhill and knew that he would have no chance to correct the proofs himself; -- but for this purpose he used a professional copyist. <sup>28</sup> The hand in question here seems either uneducated or that of a child. The significance of French accents, for instance, is not always recognised, and they are misplaced; Clarke's 'folâtre' being written 'folatrê.' Since, as a journalist, Clarke was accustomed to preparing work, he often indicated upper-case by double underlining, which I did not transcribe. This was sometimes lost on the copyist apparently, and he placed such marks quite arbitrarily; and it seems unlikely therefore that he was, as might have been an intelligent guess, a junior in the printing house. Perhaps Mackinnon did set one of Clarke's children to work on the text, the most likely candidate being Ernest who, according to his mother's will, had shown the greatest interest in his father's literary papers. If the copies were made in preparation for the Memorial Volume Ernest would have been twelve years <sup>29</sup> old at the time; and William, the eldest son, would have been fourteen. However, it seems strange to give a child of either age the task of copying his father's love-letters to another woman.

Transcribed page for page, the Papers assumed a formidable, even a slightly fraudulent bulk. Clarke's slips were not large, nor did he fill every page; the text has therefore been allowed to run on in this edition without interruption wherever possible. Page-breaks have been marked with reference to the Mitchell Library's pagination of the documents, Clarke's own numbering, where it exists, and all marks made by others, being incorporated in the text.

Attempts to trace Clarke's progress with 'Felix and Felicitas' are inevitably frustrated by a lack of dated material; and it will be seen that, with reference to the novel itself, there are very few dates on which we can rely. Speculation on the genesis of the novel, and on the reasons which might have led to its never being completed, depends all too often on Hamilton Mackinnon, a not entirely credible witness. Much of what follows is, therefore, as much hypothesis as fact.

(i) Genesis of the Novel: 1871-73

It has been assumed that 'Felix and Felicitas' was largely inspired by Clarke's brief love-affair with Rose Lewis. Although he had other, and more practical reasons, for attempting another novel in the mid-'seventies, there appears little doubt that the emotional impetus did come from his unhappiness at that time; and since the affair seems to have first blossomed towards the end of 1871 I choose that period from which to begin my history.

Marian and Rose were the daughters of John Dunn, a popular comic actor who had come to Melbourne in 1856, after a successful career in England and America. <sup>30</sup> Both were on the stage until they married. Clarke's wedding to Marian took place in July 1869, by which time Rose had already been married nearly six years to Louis Lucas Lewis, a mercantile broker with interests in the corn trade, and active in amateur musical <sup>31</sup> circles.

A photograph of Lewis, which appeared with his obituary in Southern Sphere, 1 January 1911, shows a mild, rather sensitive-looking man with dundreary whiskers. Even Clarke acknowledged that he was a good man and an indulgent husband (164-5). However, he seems to have been absorbed in his business interests and his music -- he was for some years organist at the fashionable Anglican Christ Church, South Yarra -- and perhaps unresponsive to Rose's love of literature. She, on the other hand, seems not to have shared his love of music. Literally, to quote a phrase the lovers liked to use, they were 'not in



tune.' Moreover, there were no children of the marriage, and as Lewis was in very comfortable circumstances Rose, though she may have married him with comfort in mind, had little to fill her life beyond social duties and the superintendence of her servants.

In the Clarke household however, babies began to arrive with almost monotonous regularity; and there was never enough money. Clarke's mercurial temperament and his affectation of bohemianism hardly fitted him for such unrelieved domesticity; and he could not discuss his work or literary interests with Marian, who was not a reader. She evidently grieved over this shortcoming at the time of the love-affair; but by then it was probably too late (184). In short, we may imagine that Clarke was thoroughly bored with home life if, indeed, he had ever enjoyed it. Rose was equally dissatisfied; and thrown together by family circumstances it was probably inevitable that they should look to each other for solace and, no doubt, a little excitement.

Both were later to swear to 'love at first sight'; but when they first became attracted to each other must remain unknown. We have no record of Clarke's first introduction to the Dunn family though he probably knew them by 1867. He was on the Argus staff by the winter of that year, and thought to be employed as their theatre critic; although the evidence as to his official status is confused, as Elliott remarks in 1958 (p. 85). The evidence of the love-letters suggests that a mutual recognition of how things stood came only towards the end of 1871 (183); and perhaps it is no coincidence that on November 4th. of that year Clarke made the bleak entry in his pocket-book 'Marian said that she wished to God she had never married me.' The lovers soon recognised the hopelessness of the affair; and at the beginning of 1873 they brought it to an end which, as Elliott says, 'was not ignoble' (1958, p. 196). A sense of duty and perhaps, on Rose's side, a realisation of what she had to lose probably brought them to their senses; and a break would soon have been inevitable, since by the end of 1872 the Lewises were making plans to visit England, and certainly were there in 1874, according to

the Sands and McDougall Directory for that year.

Where little is known of an author apart from his work, such letters as these inevitably arouse strong biographical and indeed emotional interest; but now that they have been arranged to form a continuous correspondence, they are best left to tell their own story.

Reliable information about Clarke's private life is hard to come by, as Elliott was to discover in 1958:

A few letters, a few documents and certificates,  
a few official records and a host of stories of  
dubious accuracy were all that were at my disposal.  
(p. vii)

Thus it seems all the more necessary to draw as firm a distinction as possible between the purely biographical and the essentially literary importance of the love-affair itself and the letters which resulted.

Direct literary evidence of the affair appears first, as Elliott records, in Clarke's 'Noah's Ark' column, published in the Australasian between 1872 and 1873.<sup>32</sup> His contribution often took the conversational form made popular at the time by Sir Arthur Helps's Friends in Council (1847-59); and read in conjunction with the love letters these 'lively dialogues,' particularly those on love and marriage have a strong autobiographical flavour and a decidedly bitter taste. Rose, we know from her letters, was an avid reader of anything Clarke wrote; and some of his shots must have gone home.

The short-story 'A Watch on Christmas Eve', published in the column on December 28th. 1872, just when the lovers were deciding to part, is either a fierce denunciation of their love, meant for Rose's eyes, or an extraordinarily unselfconscious production, speaking eloquently to Clarke's anguish, and indeed to his very real sense of guilt. The tale concerns the death of a faithful wife killed, we are to believe, by her husband's neglect of her for a more sophisticated and incidentally childless woman. I have already told how Mackinnon took it upon himself to alter the lady's name to Rosa for the Austral Edition of 1890; but even as 'the Lady Alicia' Rose probably recognised herself; and perhaps

others did also. Thus the love affair was passing into literature of a sort before it was well over.

Sympathetic bystanders have warned against too great a credulity; 'what seems most real may be the most artful fiction'; and one does indeed have to remember that, except for the love-letters, there is no independent evidence that Clarke's love-affair with Rose ever took place, beyond Mackinnon's hint of 'an episode in his own life' in his 'Explanatory Preface' (279), which he watered down a little to 'the author's own experiences' for the Austral Edition (p. xvi). If the letters, from which such an 'episode' might have been deduced were themselves fabrications there would be almost nothing on which to rely.

It has to be emphasised once more that all the letters we have in the Papers are said to be copies in Clarke's hand; and, in spite of my doubts about some of his, those purporting to come from Rose are certainly in his hand. Consequently there can be no proof that he did not edit or embellish the originals, presuming them to have existed. Even as evidence of the love-affair they are flawed, since two of Rose's were listed as missing in a hand which suggests that they may have gone from the collection before its sale to the Mitchell Library.

However, as I read and re-read the correspondence I became convinced that these were copies of genuine letters; and as I have already said, I believed that, in one or two instances, I had found the originals. A letter in which Clarke confesses that he had 'blubbered like a schoolboy' does appear to be tearstained; and it seemed sheer wilfulness to picture Clarke squeezing out a few tears to authenticate a copy. A letter which is referred to as having been torn up is torn; and the discovery of the 'emendation' letter, misplaced and unrecognised, tended to strengthen my conviction that the affair had really taken place.

Clarke's son Ernest obviously believed that the letters were genuine evidence of his father's love for Rose and that they were to be included in the novel when he tried to persuade Angus & Robertson to publish them in 1915, and had pondered, all too long as it turned out, the effect of

their publication on Mrs. Lewis, by then widowed and living abroad. He had inherited them from his mother who would surely have denied their authenticity if she believed them to be fabrications. Marian may even have been willing to allow Mackinnon to publish them, and certainly permitted his reference to the 'author's own experiences' in 1890 since, as will be seen later, she was a joint copyright-holder with Mackinnon. She must have been reconciled to her husband at the time; as Elliott reminds us, the <sup>Clarke's</sup> ~~Clarke's~~ fourth child, born in 1874, was christened Rose (1958, p. 198). But a rather spiteful reference to Rose Lewis in the Austral Edition does suggest that there had been a rift later, and that perhaps neither Marian Clarke nor Mackinnon was now anxious to hide what evidence there might be that the novel was founded on fact (p. xiv).

Whether Clarke intended to incorporate the love-letters, in his novel is a separate question. We do not even know for certain that, after his death, they were found with the documents relating to 'Felix and Felicitas'; and they are not specifically mentioned to others, except in the unpublished 'Explanatory Preface,' until 1915, after Mrs. Clarke and Mackinnon were both dead, and the Papers were in the hands of Ernest Clarke. Much hinges also on whether one believes that Clarke himself altered them, as Elliott certainly did in 1958.

Clarke's preliminary chapter-scheme does make provision for a chapter entitled 'The Correspondence,' and Ernest's case for the interest of the material he had for sale relied on this; but Chapter 8 is not a copy of any love-letter which has survived; and therefore the influence of the love-affair on the origin of the novel, while it seems likely, cannot be proved beyond doubt.

This is not, however, the whole story. Even when the love affair has been given all the weight which it can reasonably be made to bear as the true fons et origo of 'Felix and Felicitas' there remains much to be said on other factors, less romantic but just as important, which may have contributed to that novel's development.

Clarke had already, one might think, worked the affair out of his

system, in the 'Noah's Ark' column. Moreover, the proposition to be made in the novel that ennui is the inevitable result of illicit passion, hinted at in the Bailliere synopses, was an old theme, familiar to Clarke from his reading of Baudelaire and Swinburne. In Long Odds Cyril Chatteris soon wearies of a clandestine marriage based on physical passion (p. 164); and in His Natural Life Frere tires of Sarah Purfoy, finding his wife's 'modesty' more pleasing (1874, p. 301). Clarke merely adds an interesting whiff of decadence to the same theme in 'Felix and Felicitas' by claiming Gautier as one of his models, and by making an adulterous affair central to the novel. What has to be considered more closely is his state of mind during the 'seventies; which may have been as much the cause as the result of the passionate interlude with Rose.

As Professor Hergenhan has remarked in his preface to A Colonial City, the love-affair and its renunciation early in 1873, 'may have helped to bring his inner discontents to a climax which finally blighted all future hopes ... ' (p. xxxviii). The discontents, then, were already there; but, at least in part, their causes lay deep in Clarke's own nature. Clarke had achieved 'some reputation and security as a writer (though not as much as he had hoped)' and he had 'the Public Librarianship within his reach;' but, Hergenhan continues:

... it is ironic that instead of reaching out to grasp and enjoy those fruits, his inner ambivalence and instability drove him on to destroy them and to end in penury. ... Clarke tried to use the possibility of a relationship such as he had renounced as the basis of ... 'Felix and Felicitas'. Perhaps in a reaching out for some consolation, the novel was to show that the attempts of the lovers to achieve a 'higher life' were inevitably to end in mundane anti-climax ... . 'In modern life men and women never carry out their romances to a proper end ... .' One may well feel that having buoyed himself up with hopes in the colonies for ten years, Clarke reached a turning point in 1873 or thereabouts, after which he felt he could never carry out his own aims 'to the proper end.' There is a bitterness, despondency and nostalgia not only in 'Noah's Ark' but in the 'Wicked World' and the 'Atticus' column towards the end of the decade. Though it would be wrong to see him only as given up to despair, the high spirits and resilience of his early colonial days were gone ... .  
(pp. xxxvii-viii )

Hergenhan's argument is borne out by at least two references in the

pocket-book already described which Clarke kept during the 'seventies. Neither is marked as being for use in the novel; but they may be evidence of his state of mind. The first is to an article in the Westminster Review of October 1852 p. 522, a description of the false expectations of 'literary youths' and their inevitable disappointment, ending in financial and moral ruin. 'The literary adventurer' is Clarke's note against the reference. 'Serials Travellers Library XXI' appears on another page of miscellaneous references. The Travellers Library is still catalogued as a series in the State Library of Victoria, and Volume XXI includes E. Souvestre's Confessions of a Working Man which describes the adventures of one Frédéric who, against the earnest prayers of his parents, decides to become a writer. The attempt ends in financial disaster; and Frédéric has to 'range himself' and follow a trade, to the heartfelt joy of his family. Such was evidently the subject on which Clarke's mind was running; and he was later to assign much the same fate, which he must have feared might be his own, to his hero Felix.

Hergenhan also asserts that Clarke had always known that the foundations for any lasting fame as a writer had to be laid in England; it was for this reason, he claims, that Long Odds is predominantly an English novel (pp. xxiii-iv). This may well be true, since one could certainly dismiss any notion that, even as early as 1868, Clarke felt himself incompetent to describe the Australian scene, either natural or social; the Peripatetic Philosopher was already too sharply observant of his new environment for that. Moreover, fired by what he had read in the official convict records, he chose for his next and best known novel, a thoroughly Australian subject.

However, it has to be remembered that, although it almost immediately achieved English publication, His Natural Life was not a financial success during Clarke's lifetime; as he ruefully admitted, it didn't 'draw.'<sup>33</sup> Mackinnon, in his 'Explanatory Preface,' is probably correct when he gives this as the author's reason for setting 'Felix and Felicitas' in England:

... Mr Clarke resolved to lay the scenes of his fiction in England, a change brought about through the meagre pecuniary success of his powerful novel "His Natural Life", which, he was assured by London publishers, was owing to the tale being of a purely Australian character. (279)

And this was only part of the reason; Clarke had another, and initially exciting, incentive:

It was also his intention, as expressed to friends, to migrate to London under the wing of the Daily Telegraph for which journal he acted in Australia as special correspondent for some time; and, in order to introduce himself to the literary world of London he undertook to write a novel with characters & scenes belonging to & having an interest for the modern Babylon. (280)

This was not entirely fancy on Mackinnon's part; Clarke, who certainly did make a few contributions to the Daily Telegraph between 1877 and 1880 had, earlier, received a firm offer of employment in the newspaper's London office. This had been made by Edward Levy, (later known as Lawson), editor and proprietor of the Telegraph, on two separate occasions; the first on December 2nd. 1875; and the second on March 11th. 1877. <sup>34</sup>

In 1875 Levy, on the strength of having read His Natural Life and, probably, Old Tales of a Young Country since he speaks of 'your books,' had written in highly complimentary terms:

I have read your books with very great pleasure, and it has occurred to me that you possess most of the qualifications for journalism in its best form. Has the idea ever occurred to you of adopting this branch of literature, and would it suit your views to come to England? ... It is quite possible that ties may bind you to Australia -- ties that you cannot break. ... Tell me ... what your position is, what income you would require to entice you to come to London, whether you feel yourself competent for journalistic work, whether you have ever done any -- and if you have, you would perhaps think it advisable to send me by the next mail samples of such work. If ... the notion should seem acceptable to you, sit down and write me three or four leading articles on any subject ... articles that will make about a column and a quarter of our newspaper ..., and put into them all the force and vigour you can command. ... I am sure you will permit me to congratulate you on the success your works have met with here ... .

This was more than kind; but 'ties' there certainly were; at the time the offer was made Clarke was still an undischarged bankrupt, and could hardly have levanted. Although he received his discharge at the end of

February, he was probably then in no position to risk throwing up the Sub-Librarianship of the Public Library, a post which he had been allowed to retain in spite of the insolvency which ought to have had him dismissed. It was his only assured source of a regular income; and by the time the Telegraph approached him he had a wife and five children to support. Elliott pictures his dilemma:

For a time the prospect seemed most attractive, and he dallied with it. But it soon became obvious that there was nothing to be done. (1958, p. 179)

Probably on the strength of Levy's letter Clarke wrote to his friend Cyril Hopkins in 1876 that he was thinking of returning to London, though apparently giving no details (27 p. 8). There is no record of Clarke's reply to Levy and, unfortunately, Lawson (as he was now called), when renewing negotiations in March 1877, speaks of a letter from himself to Clarke written 'some long time since' having miscarried. In the interim Clarke had written more fully to Cyril Hopkins:

... the Daily Telegraph people wrote to ask me what terms I would take to join their staff in London. I did not care to go -- having interests here; but I said that I should require a free passage and an engagement of one thousand a year for five years. They have not replied to my letter so I suppose that they found the terms too high. Perhaps they were; but my income here is not less from all sources ... .  
(27 p. 9.)

If those were indeed Clarke's conditions it is probably no wonder that when Lawson did reply, recapitulating the missing letter, on 11 March 1877, he was more cautious:

I was greatly impressed by the articles and extracts you were good enough to send me, but I felt that it was too hazardous a matter to offer you a practical trial of your special work in our columns. Were you in England I should have no hesitation in at once giving you some work to do, and I daresay that the result ... might be an engagement, but with all this distance between us I feel that it would be almost impossible for me to speak with such ... certainty as would enable you to come to a decision as to your future in London. If you had any idea of coming over, the path might be made fairly easy to you. In the meantime why not write me half a dozen leading articles on any subjects you choose ..., making them as strong ... as picturesque ... as bright as you please; and send me, if you can, your other books which I cannot get here.



Clarke may have exaggerated his demands when writing to Hopkins, who was to say of other details in the same letter that they were not 'quite correct or reliable, although true in a general way.' However, his informant in London seems to have been Sir Andrew Clarke who, after Clarke's disastrous stewardship of his Australian affairs, had little reason to flatter his cousin. It is certainly difficult to see how Clarke could have been in receipt of anything like £1000 per annum at any time in his life, especially in the years immediately following his bankruptcy; and it would have been equally difficult for Lawson to commit himself to a five year engagement without a trial.

Although Clarke never did go to London the connection was not allowed to drop. After September 1877 he did contribute a few articles to the Telegraph; first under the by-line 'Our Melbourne Correspondent' suggesting some definite arrangement; but later, though he was still invited to contribute it was evidently not on any regular basis and, by 1880, only as 'A Correspondent.' On 28 October of that year John Le Sage wrote on behalf of the Editor that he would be glad if Clarke would 'occasionally' send material:

He does not want any commonplace letters such as we could get from the colonial papers; he rather wants you to take up some strong startling point, criminal or virtuous, that may strike you as extraordinary ... He also says he should be pleased if you would send us a rattling good leader when a meet topic presents itself. All ordinary leaders on colonial topics we can have written in the office, and what he looks to you for is a leader now and then which would impress people here -- marked by the splendid vivid force of pen which he knows you to possess. [Italics mine]

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This was flattering; but it merely confirmed what Clarke already knew; unless something very shocking indeed had come out in the Colonies, London was unlikely to pay it much attention. His Natural Life had been sufficiently shocking; and although it had an Australian theme it did address itself to an English audience, since English Law had sent the convicts to Australia in the first place; but if that novel 'didn't draw' it was hardly likely that a romance set in contemporary Melbourne would

succeed. Nor was Clarke a man who really enjoyed the provincial, either in literature or life. In a letter to Hopkins, possibly of a later date, Clarke hints urgently at a need to 'keep his name up' in London, because he is 'preparing another novel.' Regardless then of whether he moved to London or not, it was publication there and not in Australia on which he set his hopes; and if, as I believe, his interest in the novel revived in 1880 Le Sage's letter would not have changed his mind about its setting.

(ii) The Progress of the Novel

Lawson's original offer, if it did not actually inspire the novel, may still have influenced its progress. 'Felix and Felicitas' may only have been half-conceived at the time; but there was more reason for urgency once London beckoned; and, when it came to writing, Clarke was accustomed to working at a high level of speed and concentration. Edward Whitty to whom Mrs. Cashel Hoey likened Clarke, a forgotten figure now but admired in the 1850s for his Parliamentary sketches, once boasted to Gavan Duffy that he had written Friends of Bohemia in 'about six weeks.'<sup>38</sup> As I have said, the work bears all the marks of haste; but such things could be done. Clarke had six or seven months between the receipt of Levy's offer, which would not have reached him until the beginning of 1876, and the submission of his synopsis to Bailliere; during which he could have written enough to make good his confident assertion that he had a new novel 'now in MS.' If Mackinnon's account of Clarke's motives is correct, then the timing of Lawson's letter may also have been crucial.

The hypothesis is attractive; but like so much which concerns 'Felix and Felicitas' it is based chiefly on supposition. Elliott is positive in 1955; Clarke, he says then, 'began to work at it seriously in 1876 after hearing from Levy' (p. 293); but by 1958, the Daily Telegraph's offer is only 'a further stimulus to his self-esteem' when Clarke is acting the landed proprietor on his cousin's property (p. 178). It is not mentioned in connection with 'Felix and Felicitas.'

Elliott does not suggest at any stage that Clarke decided to write another novel purely on the strength of Lawson's offer; and we shall

never know if Mackinnon based his assertion in the 'Explanatory Preface' on information actually given him by Clarke; whatever its truth he decided, like Elliott, not to put it into print.

It is more likely that the plot had begun to take shape in 1875, and possibly earlier, long before Lawson's offer was made. Rose and her husband, who had been in England during 1874, were back in Melbourne, according to the Sands and McDougall Directory, in 1875. Old wounds may have reopened and Clarke may have decided finally to exorcise the past, to 'work it out in a book' as Rose had predicted (178). Even so, the Telegraph offer may still have affected the final shape of the narrative, giving it a gloss of sophistication lacking to a first narrative scheme to which the 'Explanatory Preface' refers, and of which vestiges remain in the Notes (212, 214).

Clarke's original narrative plan, though it differs little from the story outlined in 1876, would have given it a slightly different emphasis; and its place in the author's development of his characters and plot will be discussed later. Suffice it to say here that Felix was to be a schoolboy when he met Felicitas, and there was to be a 'boy and girl romance' such as Clarke himself may have had if his short story 'La Béguine' (1873) is autobiographical. Both were destined to marry others, and then to meet and renew their first love. It was all a little too romantic; and it is just here that the suggestion from London may have had an influence; the tale had to be less idyllic, more urbane.

Evidence of this early plan in Clarke's notes is brief and depends a good deal, for its validity, on an unsupported statement by Mackinnon in his 'Explanatory Preface' that Clarke left a memorandum to the effect that he had altered the story-line to 'conform to the facts from which he had drawn the plot' (280). This memorandum, if it ever existed, has now disappeared; but, in so far as it concerns the origin and progress of Clarke's work, it is interesting for two reasons. Firstly it supports the theory that the love affair directly inspired the novel; Clarke and Rose did meet as adults and probably not till after Rose, at least, was

married. Secondly, the existence of an earlier plot has proved the most delightful ground for the raising of airy hypotheses. There might have been a manuscript, now lost, which would have entitled Clarke to speak of 'my novel now in MS.,' in October 1876. One page which looks like part of an earlier manuscript survives; but such a work, if based on the first narrative-scheme, would not have fitted Clarke's description of it to Bailliere and Bentley's. Elliott poured cold water on the idea even in 1955:

We may speculate upon the subject of a lost manuscript, but it seems a romantic chance. (p. 293)

The first traces of Clarke's preparatory work on 'Felix and Felicitas' are to be found, not in the Papers, but in the small pocket-book already described. Written in pencil, and then inked over, these must surely be the earliest notes for the novel extant; alternative titles for it, and the names and occupations of its characters are still being debated. Since they are not dated they do not help us to determine when these first thoughts occurred to Clarke; and as they are of greater interest to the author's method of building character and plot they will be discussed in detail later; but it must be assumed that they predate the Bailliere synopsis of October 1876, since by that date Clarke was able to announce his title and describe his characters.

It is hardly surprising that the 'Bailliere synopsis' in its several versions looms so large in this history. It supplies one of the only two dates to which one can anchor much that remains hypothetical; and in two of its forms it supplies evidence, in Clarke's own hand, of his considered narrative intentions. Of the printed fragment in the Papers, and what may be a copy of it in the Austral Edition one cannot be so sure; and neither of these, in any case, is dated; it is the date on the two manuscript versions which concerns us here: 2 October 1876.

Whatever Clarke's progress with the novel had been up to that date it is at least certain that on October 2nd, 1876 he did supply a synopsis of the plot of 'Felix and Felicitas' 'now in MS.' to the Melbourne publisher

F.F. Bailliere for transmission to Messrs. Bentley in London; and that two days later Bailliere did so, proposing that Bentley's should publish an English edition of the novel he was 'about to publish,' and offering to sell them the 'advance sheets.'

I can find no record of a reply from Bentley's at that time; and as far as they are concerned it will be seen that the matter lapses until  
39  
1880. As a statement of Clarke's intention the synopsis must be taken as valid; but whether much or any of the novel was 'now in MS.,' much less about to be published is a mystery.

Both the author and Bailliere were probably more optimistic than accurate, if indeed one can acquit them of a deliberate attempt to deceive. Bailliere might not have been above 'chancing his arm' with  
40  
Bentley's. Clarke, in turn, may have relied on his speed and application to make good Bailliere's claim; and it is interesting to note, in this connection, Elliott's imaginative picture, in 1958, of the author at work on His Natural Life:

Clarke undoubtedly had his outline quite clear before writing any part of the story. But having advanced it to this point, he no doubt (with characteristic optimism) considered the work as good as done; it was then in a condition to regard as publishable. (p. 152) [*Italics mine.*]

The only other explanation for the confidence of both men would have been if an earlier version of the novel existed; but this has already been dismissed as 'a romantic chance;' and if such a manuscript ever existed it cannot be found now.

It is cold comfort to reflect that even though we do have a text, the progress of its composition is almost impossible to chart. Unfortunately the admiring friends who heard Clarke read those first few 'brilliant' chapters set no date to their reminiscences; and there is no terminus ad quem for Clarke's Notes on which one can rely with any certainty.

The inspiration for the genealogies he drew up for the principal English characters and for place-names in the novel came largely from Ireland's 1828 History of Kent acquired by the Public Library in 1868;

and as many of his happiest memories were of the country around Deal he may often have looked through it, regardless of whether or not he was preparing the novel. The most one can say is that, although there is no evidence to justify the order in which the Notes are now arranged, it seems likely that the genealogies and narrative schemes were completed before the bulk of the detailed notes which follow them; and that the sources were at hand to allow of their completion before October, 1876.

However, as will be seen from their annotations, this cannot be so confidently asserted of all Clarke's quotations. In some instances his sources could barely have reached Melbourne by that date although extracts from them appear, not only in the Notes, but in the completed text; and, assuming that he did not buy his own copies, other sources were not even in the Library by 1876. It is of course fair to say that not all the quotations Clarke noted were used in the text so far as he had gone with it at the time of his death; and, where the work was a popular one, he may not have relied on the Library copy for those he did use.

A typical example of this recurring dilemma would be H.R. Haweis's Music and Morals. This was published in 1871; but the Library only obtained the 1874 edition in 1879. Clarke made some extracts from Haweis early in his notes; but used the work more extensively for the Notes on Music which are placed last; yet a quotation from these appears in Chapter 2. However, there is no evidence that the Notes are now in the order in which Clarke left them; the Music Notes are in separate wrappers, evidently advance proofs for the cover of a brochure for the 'Centennial International Exhibition, Melbourne;' and are marked in what appears to be Mackinnon's hand (255). There is no date on this 'ad interim cover'; and although it probably concerns the Centennial Exhibition of 1888, there was another 'Centennial Exhibition' in 1875 to enable Melbourne to view the exhibits to be sent to Philadelphia for the American Centennial Exhibition of 1876. I was unable to trace anything which could be related with certainty to the wrappers for Clarke's notes,

though the paper used seemed to indicate 1888. On this confused evidence who is to say when Clarke made his notes and, consequently, when Chapter 2 was written, or perhaps rewritten?

Another dubious case concerns part of Chapter 6, which is an artfully woven tissue of quotations from Ernest Renan's Dialogues et fragments philosophiques, published in Paris in May, 1876. Theoretically therefore, it could only just have reached Melbourne by October; but in fact the Library did not acquire the work, imported by Bailliere, until February, 1878; and Clarke accessioned it himself in June. This would seem to have disposed of all possibility that Clarke could have incorporated his extracts before October, 1876. However, the work was reviewed, with copious extracts in translation, in the Westminster Review for July 1876, which might just have arrived by the right date; and Clarke's notes from Renan are all from that review and, except in one small instance, in the wording of the translation. On balance it still seems unlikely that he could have made his notes by October, still less have incorporated them in his text; but my researches were frequently complicated in this way. Even if the question of when the chapters were written could have been answered with any degree of certainty, a further question remained. When and where the first six chapters were printed, and for what reason, cannot be discovered.

Hamilton Mackinnon, in his 'Explanatory Preface,' states categorically that something was printed in London:

Bentley... had undertaken to bring out the work,  
and... in fact, did print as much of it as the  
author had written -- thinking so highly of it  
as to repeatedly ...(279)

Unfortunately, the next eight slips of Mackinnon's draft are lacking; and he may have followed with some proof of his statement; and it is a curious assertion for him to have made without some basis in fact. He does not include it in either the Memorial Volume, nor in the Austral Edition, referring only to 'the anxiety of Messrs. Bentley and Sons to urge on the writer to complete the work for publication in London' which seems to be an extension of the uncompleted phrase quoted

above; and, in the Memorial Volume only, of their 'repeated applications  
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for copy'; but there is no written proof to support his claims.

On the evidence of a letter from George Bentley to a Mrs. Reeves of 12 October, 1878, he did occasionally have manuscripts, even of uncompleted works, set up in print for easier reading and, in her case, he promised to return all her material if he decided not to publish. However when Bentley wrote to Clarke on 18 November 1880, acknowledging 'the few sheets of the book' he did not say that they needed to be set in type; nor, as far as can be seen, did he return anything connected with 'Felix and Felicitas' on 2 December 1881 when he gave Mrs. Clarke's solicitor John Woolcott an account of the firm's transactions with Clarke. The author's letter to the editor of Cornhill previously mentioned (35) suggests that if the 'few sheets' had been sent to Bentley in manuscript they would have been professionally copied; and although Mackinnon's assertion cannot be entirely discounted, it seems more likely that the six chapters were printed in Melbourne; perhaps not till 1880.

The status of this fragment is, as I have already said, uncertain; but since the sheets have been corrected it seems probable, as McLaren suggests, that they are page-proofs. Unfortunately the corrections are not extensive enough for Clarke's hand to be positively identified; though my first impression, based on the use of a rather thick nib which he seemed to prefer, was that they were his. As we know from his transactions with Mrs. Cashel Hoey over the proof-reading of His Natural Life and the letter to Cornhill he did not expect to receive proofs for anything printed in London; and the corrections therefore, especially if they are his, suggest a Melbourne printing. For what it is worth, an English printer would surely have corrected Ampersand's 'lemon-colored glove' -- Clarke's usual spelling of such words -- to 'coloured' (287).

Unfortunately there is nothing on the text itself to confirm, to an unpractised eye, that the work was done in Melbourne; and the few rather commonplace tailpieces yielded no clues. Australian printers of that period, I was told, imported such blocks from England; they did not cut



their own; and although I was not able to make a prolonged search, I was  
unable to find the same tailpieces in a published work.

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If a Melbourne printing seems the most likely, its date is still unknown. When Bailliere forwarded Clarke's synopsis to Bentley's in October 1876 he offered 'advance sheets' but did not say that he had them to hand; and there is no record of their reply. Indeed, when George Bentley answered John Woolcott's enquiry as to the copyright of 'Felix and Felicitas' which, for some reason, Woolcott believed to exist and to be in the hands of Clarke's 'representative' (presumably J.W. Skerry who acted for Clarke in London) it seems that, if Bentley's had ever paid serious attention to the 1876 synopsis, it had long since been forgotten. 'Last year Mr. Clarke had another work in contemplation' Bentley wrote on 2 December 1881 [*italics mine*]; as if he had only just heard of it; and Woolcott's reference to the copyright was understandably ignored. Bentley had seen 'the first chapter or two'; this was ambiguous but might be taken to mean six chapters of what was to be a longer work; and the most likely explanation of the printed chapters is that Clarke did have them prepared in Melbourne with Bentley's in mind, and probably in 1880. Indeed events might have conspired to renew Clarke's interest in 'Felix and Felicitas' at just that time.

At the end of 1879, Clarke was engaged in a theological controversy with the Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. James Moorhouse. His article 'Civilization without Delusion' came out in the November issue of the Victorian Review; and the Bishop's reply followed in the issue of December 1st. Clarke's rejoinder was rejected, and it was finally published by the rival Melbourne Review in January 1880; but, as Elliott records (p. 222), 'George Robertson, its printer and backer, took fright and withdrew the copies.' The incensed Clarke brought out the entire correspondence, 'suppressed by the publisher,' at his own cost towards the end of February, 1880. The pamphlet Civilization Without Delusion was published by F.F.Bailliere, and printed by Walker, May, and Co.

Clarke's renewed approach to Bentley's, as it appears to have been,

in 1880, might be connected with the publication of this pamphlet. When it came out the booksellers were apparently besieged; legend has it that as much as £1 was offered in the rush for copies; and perhaps his hopes of fame revived. It may have been then that he thought of the manuscript which, according to Mackinnon, he had 'allowed to lie by.'

On the wrapper of Civilization Without Delusion Bailliere advertised himself as willing to undertake private publications of that nature; Clarke had probably covered his costs on the pamphlet; and it might have seemed to him that there was no harm in trying to reinterest Bentley in 'Felix and Felicitas.' If this had been the course of events, his decision to print and send a sample of the work would have been made in February or March 1880; and there certainly would have been time for George Bentley to receive the 'few chapters,' assess their worth, and reply in November. If my suppositions are correct then the printers of the six chapters may have been Walker, May & Co.

One other reason for an 1880 printing remains to be discussed; though the evidence as to a printing late in February, or in March, after the publication of Civilization Without Delusion, would have to be discounted. It will have been noted that, in spite of her close connection with Bentley's, Mrs. Cashel Hoey was not shown the 'few chapters' by them, but by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Mackinnon, in the Memorial Volume, suggests that Clarke and Duffy were close friends; they were 'in confidential communication on political subjects . . . ; and many a Sunday was passed at Sorrento by the writer and the politician' (p. 50).<sup>43</sup> For some reason, all references to Duffy were excised when Mackinnon's biography reappeared in the Austral Edition but the story may well have been true. Clarke certainly respected Duffy's literary judgement, adopting his suggestions for the revision of His Natural Life, and dedicating the book to him in grateful and affectionate terms in 1874. After twenty-five years of active political and literary life in Victoria Duffy retired to the French Riviera, sailing from Melbourne on February 20th., 1880. Clarke might have had his completed chapters

printed earlier in February as a farewell gift to a man whom he admired, and one who, in addition, might keep his memory green in just those places where it was important that the author of His Natural Life should be known to have work in progress. Duffy settled in Nice, but was frequently in London, returning there first in 'the spring of 1880.'<sup>44</sup> He would probably have seen his old friends the Cashel Hoeyes as soon as possible. Moreover, if Clarke had had several copies printed it might have been Duffy who delivered the 'few sheets' to Bentley's; unfortunately no covering letter from Clarke has been discovered in the Bentley Archives to prove or disprove this suggestion. Henry Gyles Turner, writing in the Melbourne Review for January 1882, states that 'the preliminary chapters . . . had been forwarded to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy' (p. 14); but since he is obviously extrapolating from Mrs. Cashel Hoey's 'Lady's letter' this cannot be taken literally.

It might seem, after all her kindness to him, that it was neglectful of Clarke not to have sent Mrs. Cashel Hoey a copy for herself. He may, however, have had a good reason. During the writing of 'Felix and Felicitas' when he was anxious to 'keep his name up' he sent a collection of short stories to London; if published they were to be dedicated to her; he therefore entrusted them to his friend Cyril Hopkins because he wanted to 'surprise her with the dedication.' The stories were not published; and perhaps her surprise was, instead, to be 'Felix and Felicitas.' Unfortunately Hopkins did not date Clarke's letter (141).

When all this has been said, it is also possible that the chapters were not put into print in Clarke's lifetime at all, but by Mackinnon when he was expecting to publish them in the Memorial Volume in 1884. However, this seems to me to be the least probable explanation of their provenance; there would have been no reason to omit Chapter 7, which does have what appears to be a casting-off on the manuscript. It is more likely that Mackinnon already had the printed material when he prepared the fragment for the press, and simply added the manuscript of Chapter 7 to it; but I had finally and regretfully to conclude that this and any

other hypothesis about the place and date of printing of the first six chapters could not be proved.

If the date of printing cannot be determined, it is equally difficult to decide how consistently Clarke ever was at work on 'Felix and Felicitas.' Mackinnon's attempt to chart the progress of the work in the biographical preface to the Memorial Volume may not be quite trustworthy, though the 'facts' as he gives them add considerably to the pathos of his tale. He asserts that Clarke, having begun the novel 'years before,' abandoned it 'during his landlord days,' and only took it up again 'a few months' before he died:

... but alas! too late, for the hand  
of Death was already upon him,....(p. 58)

It is a romantic, if slightly misleading picture. Clarke's 'landlord days' -- that is to say the years during which he held power of attorney for his cousin Sir Andrew Clarke -- began in 1874, and probably ended in 1877; in other words, the very period during which the evidence of the 'Felix and Felicitas Papers' suggests that Clarke was most actively engaged at least on his notes for the novel. 'Years before' is sufficiently vague; though Mackinnon may have thought that Clarke began to write at the time of the love-affair itself, if he knew when that was. Maurice Brodsky, writing to A.G. Stephens on 15 January 1904 (ML MS Abl03) suggests that Clarke's infatuation with Rose was generally known. 'One phase of his life' Brodsky writes 'cannot, of course, be told until his wife is dead'; and Mrs. R.P. Whitworth may have been referring, in part, to the love-affair when she wrote to Cyril Manley Hopkins 'his life is in his short stories. I am astonished to think how dull we were in not seeing it before' (Hopkins, 25, p. 3).

The assertion that Clarke only resumed the writing of the novel itself at the beginning of 1881 may have more truth. I have already described how Mackinnon, in the Memorial Volume had spoken of the 'anxiety' of Bentley's to see the work completed; and he had repeated the story in describing the last months of Clarke's life:

He ... had begun anew the long-neglected novel of "Felix and Felicitas," owing to the repeated applications for copy made by Messrs. Bentley and Sons, the London publishers. (p. 61)

Of these 'repeated applications,' I have already said, there is no trace; but Clarke had certainly received heartening news from Bentley, either at the very end of 1880, or the beginning of 1881.

George Bentley wrote on 18 November 1880:

I have safely received the few sheets of the book you kindly sent over to me.

I am unable without seeing the whole to speak definitively of the book, but as far as it goes I like it. If it makes as much as your former work [i.e. the same length as His Natural Life] I will pay you Fifty Pounds for it, if you will first let me see the whole work. Send the whole to me, and I will telegraph you "Yes" or "No". If "No" I will try to place it elsewhere for you in England, but I do not anticipate this decision.

If I take it I should reprint in England, so don't work any copies for our market, and above all take care that none of your copies come over here except the one to me.

Unfortunately Clarke's covering letter has not survived, and Bentley does not refer to it; we do not know when he sent the chapters nor what terms he may have proposed; but 'none of your copies' suggests that he may have recapitulated Bailliere's intention to bring out a simultaneous edition in Melbourne.

Clarke must have been encouraged by the praise, and the friendly though business-like tone of Bentley's letter; though he may well have been disappointed by the sum offered, which was no advance on what Bentley had paid for His Natural Life. But, if the first six chapters had been completed 'years before' he was perhaps inspired to write new material; Chapter 7 and the unfinished Chapter 8 may date from these last months, which would account for their still being in manuscript at the time of his death; and his renewed enthusiasm would probably have become more obvious to those around him at that time.

Unfortunately I can find no references in Chapters 7 and 8 which suggest that they could not have been written earlier; indeed, as I shall show later, parts of Chapter 7 seem to have been inspired by an article

Clarke could have seen in 1877.

Since Mackinnon seems to have been in closer touch with Clarke during the last months of his life, his description of the author's renewed enthusiasm for his work at that time may well be true; but he does not account satisfactorily for the years between. All that can fairly be said is that Clarke was probably engaged on the novel in a desultory fashion from about 1874 or 1875 until his death in 1881; and that it was, perhaps, laid aside for long periods of time. Given the circumstances of his life at the time, his slow progress might be forgiven.

Mackinnon blames Clarke's 'landlord days' for the delay; but although they might have been trying, they were over by 1877; it is not likely that he was diverted from his novel solely on their account. If he was, it was probably as much the result of playing the squire in a rather pleasant part of the Mornington Peninsula, as it was of trying to make sense out of his muddled accounts.

His own debts were probably of more urgent concern; and letters such as one finds in the Shillinglaw Papers show that men who put their names to bills which they had no way of meeting did a good deal of frantic running to and fro between friends and money-lenders, trying to stave off the inevitable day of reckoning. For Clarke, this alone must have been an exhausting and only occasionally exhilarating game; the one way out was to write; not great works of art, which took too much time, but short articles, plays, songs, anything which would bring ready money. An ill-fated venture with Shillinglaw on a school history of Australia took up time in 1877; and it is doubtful if, for all his worry, Clarke got one penny out of the work, on which he was evidently relying to settle 'long-  
45  
owed debts.'

In 1880 he was involved in controversy over Civilization Without Delusion and over the banning of the political play The Happy Land. It was even said that the suspicion that he was the author of the latter helped to lose him the post of Public Librarian. However, these were the 'multitudinous vexations of his later years' as Elliott has called them,

when, according to many observers, the flavour of his life and work had become increasingly bitter. ( Elliott, 1958, pp. 227, 235.)

During the earlier years it is perhaps a little more difficult to see why Clarke did not press on with a novel which had been planned in some detail in 1876, and which seemed so full of promise. Praised, even if not financially rewarded, for His Natural Life; and with a reputation for sparkling journalism which was known even in England, the ball was surely at his feet. But, in fact, his most brilliant days were almost over. Perhaps his first bankruptcy and the consequent sale of his 'well-selected library' had taken a heavier toll than he allowed others to think; to his chagrin monetary reward became all-important; and gradually his standards seem to have dropped, while his output, especially of good work, declined.

His two novels Chidiok Tichbourne (1874-5) and 'Twixt Shadow and Shine (1875) were little more than pot-boilers; and perhaps under some desperate financial pressure, he managed to complete the final episode of Chidiok Tichbourne for the Australian Journal in April 1875 only by lifting almost the whole of two chapters describing the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, from Froude's History of England.<sup>46</sup> Mercifully, this seems to have passed unnoticed at the time. Clarke had always laughed off charges of plagiarism; but even he must have felt ashamed and depressed by the need for such wholesale theft.

Perhaps it was a solace, in these darker years, to work on his notes for 'Felix and Felicitas'; it kept his hopes up; from time to time a chapter was written, and he blossomed for a while in the laughter and approbation of his friends. Clarke, in any case, never wore his heart on his sleeve; and his journalistic style, Elliott reminds us in 1958, 'remained bright to the very end' (p. 246). Outwardly he probably seemed his old insouciant self, with all before him -- if only he could get out of debt.

Twisting and turning as he was, increasingly playing into the hands of money-lenders, his hopes of becoming Chief Librarian gradually dwindling,

it is hardly surprising that he found it hard to concentrate on a work which had to be of the high standard necessary to bring him fame in London; that in despair, he may even have decided to abandon it altogether.

(iii) 'Felix and Felicitas': Unfinished or Abandoned?

As to what really happened in those last months, Clarke and his work are mute. It is natural to assume that the work was simply left unfinished when he died, after a very short illness, in August 1881. If Mackinnon's account in the Memorial Volume is to be believed he had, after all, only just taken it up again after a lapse of years, and was attacking it with fresh enthusiasm. But these were not Mackinnon's first thoughts; in his 'Explanatory Preface' he was of the opinion that the novel had been abandoned; and that the love-affair was to blame.

In a deleted portion of the Preface, after claiming that the love-story of Felix and Felicitas was 'in substance identical with a correspondence which had actually taken place' he continues:

Whether this was the reason why the tale was not proceeded with after laboriously collecting material and elaborately sketching out the plot so far back as 1876 it is impossible to conjecture; but that there must have been some paramount cause which led him to cease completing a work so full of promise and upon which so much time and reflection must have been spent cannot be doubted.(279)

Assuming, as he did, that the love-letters were to be part of the novel, Mackinnon hints that it was too dangerous for Clarke to go on; the lady in the case being 'not unknown in literary and artistic circles here.' The way in which the manuscript is abruptly broken off in Chapter 8, just where the correspondence of 'Felicitas to Felix' begins is, of course highly suggestive; but it may quite as easily have been broken off because Clarke died before he could finish it. It depends very much on whether Clarke altered the love letters for inclusion in the novel, and may thus have felt too ashamed or too fearful of legal action to continue; or whether, as I tend to believe, it was Mackinnon. However, and especially if I am wrong and, as he himself claimed, the letters were



never marred by the corrections of others (281), then Mackinnon may well have written here the epitaph of 'Felix and Felicitas.'

I can find only tenuous evidence of another reason why Clarke might have abandoned the novel; and for what it is worth I shall mention it only briefly here. Mackinnon added a version of Clarke's plot synopsis to the Austral Edition (pp. xvi-ii); and this appears to follow the text preserved with the printed chapters (284). But it will be remembered that this text is incomplete; there is no way of knowing whether Mackinnon copied it correctly or whether, since I think him capable of it, he altered it deliberately. If it does follow the printed version, and if that version is by Clarke, then there are two important differences, either of which might have forced him to admit defeat. In 1876, the novel was to be 'musical, artistic and satirical'; in 1890 we find 'musical, aesthetic and sensational.' The change to 'aesthetic' is no great matter; perhaps an acknowledgement that Clarke was more aware of Aestheticism as a movement than he had been in 1876, and wanted to show Bentley's -- if they were his target -- that he was in touch with English enthusiasms. But the alteration from 'satirical' to 'sensational' represents an important change in the style of the work; and from Clarke's point of view a change very much for the worse, if he hoped for a succès d'estime among London intellectuals.

In 1890, references made in 1876 to Gautier's Mademoiselle de Maupin and George Sand's Lélia as examples of the style 'Felix and Felicitas' was to imitate are also missing. If this alteration is Clarke's it may be an indication that he knew he was already falling far short of his mark. These matters are of more importance to the discussion of Clarke's method of work which follows; and the evidence is, in any case, so incomplete as to be worth, perhaps, very little. However, in so far as it might be proof of Clarke's having abandoned the work in disappointment it is tendered here.

We have only Mackinnon's word that Clarke might have abandoned 'Felix and Felicitas' or even that it was ever 'laid by' altogether for any

length of time. It may always have been on hand, added to from time to time but, as Cyril Hopkins believed, constantly having to give place to more lucrative, or less demanding, work:

I have seen it stated that the worst mistake a novelist can make is to write an exceptionally clever book, unless indeed, he is certain that he can write another equally clever.

Possibly had Marcus lived to complete 'Felix and Felicitas' he might have achieved this feat. The truth is that owing to circumstances he had to turn his hand to any literary work that promised a quick return in cash. (23 p. 3)

Hopkins may have been nearer the mark than he knew, as to that 'exceptionally clever book' His Natural Life. It may have created a precedent too daunting to face when other difficulties pressed. Clarke expected also, as he told Bailliere, that 'Felix and Felicitas' would be a shorter work; but, as he surveyed his progress with the narrative, he must have realised that even if he adhered to his original design it would probably be just as long; and an interesting sub-plot which seems to have been developing as he wrote would have made it longer. The thought of so much still before him -- for the action of the novel had barely started -- the difficulty of equalling, let alone exceeding, the standard set by His Natural Life, and all for a paltry £50, may soon have dampened the enthusiasm aroused by Bentley, and slowed his progress. Though rarely mentioned, he had also his duties at the Public Library to fulfil; and after the death of his friend and protector Sir Redmond Barry in 1880 his prospects there were anything but bright. He was now staring bankruptcy in the face for the second time and, according to Mackinnon, he was already ill:

Some months before the end came the never very strong constitution of my friend began to give forth ominous signs of an early break up. The once active brain became more lethargic, and the work which at one time could be executed with rapidity and force, became a task too vast to be undertaken without great effort.

... The keen vein of playful satire, which was so marked a feature of his mental calibre, turning into a bitterness that but reflected the disappointed mind of this son of genius. (p. 61)

In 'An Australian Novelist' written for Temple Bar, May 1884, Arthur

Patchett Martin did his best to sum it all up:

The revised version of His Natural Life was published . . . when he was only in his twenty-seventh year, but that date marks . . . the decline of his literary career. . . . He had been appointed . . . Assistant Librarian at a salary of some Four hundred a year -- "just a sufficient sum" as he used to say, "to keep one's pen idle."

Whether it was the benumbing influence of this easy berth -- as he himself used to fancy -- or that his vitality was steadily declining; certain it is that, though never idle, he accomplished no great literary work during the seven years that remained to him, unless we reckon the fragment of a novel which hung on his hands for many a weary month. (p. 104)

'Seven years' comes almost as a shock; one's impression is rather of many years of activity -- 'life's fitful fever' as Clarke's gravestone has it. So light-hearted were some of his writings, even to the end of his life, that it is hard to remember that he was often ill, and that he drank more than his abused constitution could stand. After all the reasons which may have caused 'Felix and Felicitas' to remain unfinished have been guessed at, the simple truth probably is that he had burnt himself out.

Clarke did not expect death and therefore had not prepared for it; this gives the provenance of the Papers an added mystery. Had he abandoned the novel, leaving all tidy, and in the order which we now have it; or was it spread out on his desk, just as he had been working on it; and how, in any case, did he work?

#### CLARKE'S METHODS OF WORK

##### (i) In the Library

Clarke was appointed Clerk to the Trustees of the Melbourne Public Library, Museum and National Gallery in June 1870, the title soon being changed, perhaps out of consideration for his pride, to 'Secretary'; and in September 1873 he was promoted to Sub-Librarian, a post he held, somewhat precariously at times, until his death. Any imaginative reconstruction of 'the writer at work' therefore must first of all take into account the fact that almost all the publications for which Clarke

is now well-known -- except for the Peripatetic Philosopher and Long Odds, both of 1869 -- were written when he was a full-time employee of those institutions.

The situation is difficult to imagine today; but they were more spacious and less bureaucratic times; and as Elliott has remarked:

The Trustees, generally speaking, seem to have approved Clarke's literary activities and were not merely indulgent but encouraging; all they required was that he should not neglect his duties at the Library. (1958, p. 170)

In a letter to Cyril Hopkins written in 1877, just at the time when, as I believe, he was most actively engaged on the Notes, Clarke outlined his duties as Sub-Librarian:

... sit in the office and direct other people, order books etc. from 4 p.m. until 10 every day except Saturday, when I work from 10 a.m. until 9 p.m. thus getting from 9 p.m. Saturday to 4 p.m. Monday as a holiday. (27, p. 10)

The hours are interesting; Clarke could have spent the early part of the day on his own work since he had been allotted the 'evening shift,' when the public were more likely to use the Library. This leaves him less open to the charge of misusing his employer's time; nevertheless, it seems that he stretched their 'indulgence' to its limits; and his colleagues, though they felt an affection for the man, were critical of the worker. As ~~Edward~~ La Touche Armstrong, who later became Librarian, says of him:

His literary work was his life's work, and to it his Library work was entirely subordinate. The visible records of his ten years' work in the Library are some badly kept minute books, and a worse than badly kept catalogue of bibliographical works that were his special charge.

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Clarke was also known to be 'at home' to friends on Thursday afternoons, and, so the story goes, a cigar in the mouth of a lion at the entrance to the Library was an indication that he was 'receiving.' <sup>49</sup> Arthur Patchett Martin, in the untraced article already noted (21), is one who remembers hearing Clarke read the opening chapters of 'Felix and Felicitas' at one of these gatherings; and it seems that even his most ardent defender

would be hard put to it to trace any fine line between duty and private interest which he might conceivably have drawn; indeed, says Armstrong in 1906, 'it is doubtful if there was in his vocabulary such a word as duty . . . .' (p. 119).

It seems pointless therefore to speculate on just what portion of his working day Clarke devoted to 'Felix and Felicitas'; fruitless to hope that all was done before 4 p.m. As Armstrong concluded 'genius has an imperialism of its own, and save perhaps by his creditors, Marcus Clarke was generally regarded as Legibus solutus' (pp. 119-20).

Clarke may have found it irksome to work for the Library; but he certainly liked working in it, and used its facilities from his earliest days in the Colony. 'The Puff Conclusive,' an elaborately satirical defence of Charles Kean then visiting Australia which he contributed to the Melbourne Punch of 19 November 1863, p. 162, must have been well researched. The actors to whom he compared Kean were all dead, some before Clarke was born; yet their chief attributes are noted with accuracy and wit; and Clarke was only seventeen. His series of 'Old Stories Retold' appeared in the Australasian during 1870 and 1871; and when they were published at the end of 1871 as Old Tales of a Young Country, and jauntily dedicated 'by their obedient servant the author' to the Trustees, Clarke wrote in his Preface:

They were dug out by me at odd times during a period of three years, from the store of pamphlets, books, and records of old times, which is in the Public Library ....(p. vii)

Clarke's interest in 'the records of old times' which was to flower so remarkably in His Natural Life is not so much at issue for the study of 'Felix and Felicitas.' It is Clarke the exile who figures in its pages; the young man to whom London and Paris were the centres of civilisation; the places where everything was happening in art and culture; and we may imagine him quick to seize the latest journals and newspapers as soon as they came into the Library.

David McVilly gives an interesting and informative account of the way

in which the Library was administered during these years. Apparently the general public complained that they were not allowed to see current newspapers and periodicals, but had to wait two or three years and, in the case of some scientific journals as long as six to seven years for issues to be bound; for 'the Trustees . . . placed appearance before usage:'<sup>50</sup> However, it is hard to believe that such a restriction would have applied to the Sub-Librarian.

Clarke would also have been one of the first to see new books, and did occasionally accession them. Certainly Clarke felt himself quite au courant with affairs in England. During the 'Civilization Without Delusion' furore of 1879-1880, for instance, he replied indignantly to the Bishop of Melbourne's criticism that he must be 'totally ignorant of the existing life of England':

I admit, my lord, that I have been for fifteen years absent from England; but I venture to think that a person living in Melbourne, who makes himself acquainted with the news of the world by means of newspapers, and who takes every opportunity to diligently read all notable books upon the current questions of the day, may not be less familiar with the state of modern thought than a country clergyman or the hardworking minister of a provincial town.

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McVilly leaves room to doubt the accuracy of 'all notable books upon the current questions of the day.' The paternalistic Trustees, under the influence of Sir Redmond Barry, did not rush to place radical literature on their shelves; 'they were never' says McVilly 'adventurous enough to purchase contemporary works until they had been accepted by the middle and upper classes' (p.86). Clarke's quotations from Mademoiselle de Maupin, for instance, must have come from elsewhere, Gautier's works being among those excluded (p. 86). Perhaps he had his own copy; but after the sale of his first library in 1874, for which the catalogue survives, there is little to show what he owned; and no evidence that he ever built up such a substantial collection again.<sup>52</sup> But he would at least have seen reviews of works which were not purchased by the Library, and could have bought

or borrowed them for himself. In spite of its limitations however, the Melbourne Public Library was one of the foremost Colonial libraries of its day; and Clarke's own unrestricted access to its shelves was important to the progress of the work. He set 'Felix and Felicitas' in England with some confidence; and Mrs Cashel Hoey, at least, thought that he succeeded (3).

The 'Felix and Felicitas Papers' present the only extended example we have left to us of Clarke's methods of preparation for a work of fiction; and even when this has been said, one would have wished for more. There are, for instance, no opportunities of comparing manuscript drafts with printed chapters, except where a snatch of dialogue or an indication that a certain character might voice a quotation appear in the Notes.

As I have already indicated, the presence of the printed chapters is in itself something of a mystery and, although they were probably printed during Clarke's lifetime, we have no record in the Papers of negotiations with printers; and the only business transaction by him of which we have evidence is the synopsis he provided for transmission to Bentley's; and for some reason, since it was not his invariable practice, he left the commercial details to Bailliere.

Nothing of the writer as business man is then to be learned from the Papers, save for the fact, as was increasingly to appear in the Notes, that he may have allowed Bailliere to believe, in October 1876, that the work was far nearer completion than it actually was, unless an earlier manuscript has been lost. The chief interest lies in the Notes themselves, and the way in which they are linked with the completed chapters.

(ii) Making Notes for a Novel.

I have already described the Notes as being of two sorts: lists of characters with their genealogical charts, and narrative schemes with associated chapter-headings taking up ten pages, followed by detailed notes and quotations from a variety of sources.

The physical arrangement of the detailed notes varies, and their

visual impression has inevitably become blurred by the insertion of annotations; but Clarke did make some attempt to set them out clearly. Many have subject headings, with the quotation indented; and often, but by no means always, the source, or at least its author, is given. A note preceded by 'a man says' seems to mean that Clarke anticipated its use in dialogue; and those which he evidently found particularly interesting or useful are starred thus: \* . This may have been a habit picked up in his schooldays, as Cyril Hopkins's manuscript is liberally sprinkled throughout with the same distinctive sign. Once a note had been used it was often, though not invariably, deleted; and one of the few preliminary drafts, that of Godwin's speech, is cross-referenced to the appropriate page of the Notes.

The punctuation of the Notes is, naturally enough, haphazard. They were for Clarke's private use and, so long as their meaning was clear to himself, there was no need to be particular. I have tried to resist the temptation to regularise spelling and punctuation, in an attempt to show how Clarke actually worked. Even when making notes his hand was quite legible; a few words were not deciphered and others were only made clear once their source was traced; but the general impression was, rather unexpectedly, of a fairly neat and careful worker.

There is some evidence, in the Notes as well as in the manuscript chapters, that Clarke's thought ran ahead of his pen; he probably wrote quickly and from time to time a certain 'dyslexia' appears, though it does not go beyond the normal limits imposed by haste, and perhaps by fatigue; and repetitions occasionally have to be deleted.

Although part of the value of the Notes might be expected to lie in the possibility of discovering termini amongst them, their usefulness in this respect, as I have already indicated, is limited. They are, in a general sense, 'preparatory,' as the Mitchell Library description states; but it would be impossible to say, if they are in their original order, that each chapter, for instance, was separately prepared for. Nor is it easy to determine how long such preliminary work would have taken. What



might seem time-consuming labour may not have been so to Clarke; as Cyril Hopkins remembered him at school he read and assimilated anything which interested him very quickly (9 p. 9).

It appears from the Notes, if they are in the order in which Clarke left them, that he had first to imagine his characters, their names and situations, and even to choose a name for the novel before beginning to sketch out the details of his plot; and I have already referred to corroborative evidence to be found in his pocket-book, where Clarke had listed many alternative names for his hero and heroine and, of equal importance, alternative titles for the novel itself. It is particularly unfortunate, therefore, that this list has no date.

By the time Clarke was working on pages 1-10 of the Notes the chief characters, with the exception of Alice Germaine, had all been named. The pocket-book entries must therefore embody his earliest thoughts on the matter, and may be a clue to his procedure. I have assumed in naming it that this slim notebook was actually and habitually in Clarke's pocket; but its size, and the variety and ad hoc nature of his entries, part business, part literary, make this a reasonable assumption. It seems likely that he was jotting down names while at work, or perhaps while on holiday, since the 'Felix and Felicitas' entries are close to others which seem to concern expenses and accommodation at Philip Island; and it is probably safe to say that these, together with the first few pages of the Notes, were made prior to October 1876.

The many references to books and articles which the pocket-book contains have already been described; and one could imagine Clarke noting these as the volumes and journals passed through his hands in the course of his daily work, to be found and used at his leisure. He evidently did permit himself a good deal of such leisure; and it seems likely, from the nature of the detailed Notes, that the work was done in the Library rather than at home; though after his death 'books belonging to the Institution' were returned by his widow (Elliott, 1955, App. M).

Examination of volumes found in the State Library of Victoria which

had been accessioned by Clarke -- although I was unable to make an exhaustive search -- show, as one would have hoped, that he did not deface his sources. How then did he mark his references, especially when there were many to a single work? 'The Mystery of Major Molineux '<sup>53</sup> probably supplies the answer.

The library of the eccentric Major included many curious medical works amongst which, Clarke's narrator says, 'I could see that the Swiss edition of Tissot bristled with page-markers.' This was probably Clarke's method as far as library books were concerned; and a further description of the pile of strangely assorted books on the Major's library table brings the author vividly to life as one works through the many and varied sources of his notes.

With his own books Clarke may have been less scrupulous. When his copy of Henry Maudsley's The Physiology and Pathology of Mind was offered for sale in 1929 the bookseller, A.H. Spencer of Melbourne, noted Clarke's 'pencilled markings throughout.'<sup>54</sup>

Although there is an attempt at a formal arrangement of each note, there is no evidence of a thematic arrangement of the Notes as a whole, nor that Clarke had his narrative structure in mind while making them. Assuming that they are in the order he left them, there is no sense of progression. Quotations from Renan, for instance, appear in the Notes as early as page 6 (221), but do not appear in the novel until Chapter 6, the last in print (332-3); while preliminary sketches for the description of the painting 'Martha and Mary' which opens Chapter 1 (285), are not made until page 23 (242).

However, although the sequence of Clarke's choice of sources was probably dictated by opportunity rather than method, it does seem significant that many were contemporary publications, showing that his setting of 'Felix and Felicitas' in the mid-'seventies was, as far as possible, to be borne out by the references which would figure in his characters' preoccupations and 'witty talk.' With the exception of Mademoiselle de Maupin there are no quotations from works of fiction;

and, within the detailed notes, almost nothing which bears on the plot. Everything points rather to Clarke's need of factual support for his imagination, as The Bulletin later noted (138); and, even more, for a stock of material to be woven into his characters' talk and opinions. Several works, especially Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe, have been noted in a detail which goes far beyond their likely use in the novel, showing that Clarke probably needed to soak himself in a subject before extracting what he actually needed for his work; and that he worked methodically through his sources.

The type and detail of the notes taken may also serve as a guide to the artistic and intellectual character of the novel. It was, Clarke promised Bailliere, to be 'full of music and Art,' a promise evidently to be fulfilled to judge by the copious music notes, and the attention to detail in his plans for the picture 'Martha and Mary' (242). Notes from Gautier show that Clarke certainly knew Mademoiselle de Maupin; though his claim that it was a model for 'Felix and Felicitas' is difficult to substantiate. His London characters, particularly Ampersand, were to be men of their age; and Draper's thesis, from which several of their remarks are taken, was basically determinist. Further, almost all scientific notes are from contemporary, post-Darwinian sources, for instance the Manchester Science Lectures for the People.

But Clarke and his characters were also gentlemen, familiar with the Classics. Not only does he make reference to a number of classical sources, but he also quotes extensively from Louis Dutens, whose aim was to show that many so-called modern opinions and discoveries were known to the ancients. Thus, as it were, the ages were drawn together; the civilised thinker revealed; and Clarke's Notes are shown to have more thematic value than might at first sight be suspected.

Certain themes, certain revelations of his own preoccupations, make the occasional note more valuable for a psychological study of Clarke than for its overt subject-matter; and he may have intended the novel to have, as the Notes certainly do, certain sexual references, daring for

those days. However, as has been said, he made no attempt at any special grouping; suffice it to say that the fact that some, relating to incest, are so headed prevents the conclusion that Clarke's interest was entirely subconscious. Clarke was an only child; and my own theory, for what it is worth, is that if a sense of guilt rather than prurient interest is revealed in his quotations, it was for his relationship with Rose. During the time of the love-affair a Bill to permit a man to marry his deceased wife's sister was hotly discussed in the Victorian Parliament; and indeed, wherever the subject was debated, 'incest' was freely bandied about by diehard theologians.

In their letters the lovers had to thrust away the fantasy that their partners would die, and they be free to marry; and Clarke's notes may show a desire to justify the abandonment of what might have been, though eventually legal, a sinful relationship in the eyes of the Church. How he would have worked his references into the novel, where none of these conditions would have obtained, is another matter; but he must have intended to do so. A note in his pocket-book, some pages later than the list of characters and titles, reads:

See Ford in Swinburne's Essay for  
quotation incest by *F. to F.*  
[italics mine; the suggestion  
appears to be for a conversation  
or letter, rather than a theme.]

The entry is ticked, as if to show that it had been transferred to the Notes, as indeed it had; and the reference there is to the essay on Ford as published in Swinburne's Essays and Studies of 1875 (232). The volume purchased by the Library at the time has been lost, so it is not possible to say when Clarke would first have seen it, though it is listed in their published Catalogue for 1880.<sup>55</sup> For the purpose of dating the pocket-book his reference is not sufficiently specific; it could have been taken from Swinburne's original article; but the one in the Notes does show that Clarke's mind was still running on the subject in 1875 or 1876.

Several of Clarke's classical quotations also show a preoccupation which at first appears to be with homosexuality, but is perhaps more

accurately identified as hermaphroditism. I shall not repeat my annotations here; nor do I wish to overstate the case. In an age when schoolboys knew their Classics such references may not be surprising; but Dr. Nield's opinion that Clarke, though 'sound with his wife, was not highly sexed,' quoted by Elliott in 1955 (notes, p. 4), is interesting. Baudelaire, Gautier and Swinburne had worshipped the bisexual figure as high art; and George Sand, Clarke's other model, as he claimed, for 'Felix and Felicitas,' dressed as a man. The interest was fashionable and pleurably decadent; but Clarke may also have had doubts of a more private nature.

Apart from those groups of too-copious notes which seem to be evidence of Clarke's reading 'round' his subject, there are several which seem to bear no relation to that subject at all; but Clarke's desire to amuse the friends who gathered round him in the Library in the afternoon, may explain some otherwise infelicitous entries.

Another of Clarke's fatal flaws must also be taken into account here; what Michael Wilding has called 'the first principle of bohemian economics: never do something new when you can recycle something already written.'<sup>56</sup> Just as it will be found that large slices of 'Noah's Ark' were lifted from the Australasian of 1872-1873 for incorporation in the completed chapters of 'Felix and Felicitas' -- and indeed there are echoes of the love-letters in 'Holiday Peak' of January 1873 -- so it may be that some of Clarke's otherwise inexplicable notes were intended for other uses. It will be seen, in its annotation, that one at least, in a slightly altered form, was inserted both in 'Noah's Ark' and in his 'Under the Verandah' column in the The Leader (250); and there is no saying that it would not have found its way back to the novel eventually. Unfortunately it is a note which I have been unable to trace; and indeed I made no attempt to trace notes to other uses in Clarke's works.

Two short-story fragments, which have somehow strayed into the Notes (264-6), are additional evidence that Clarke always had several irons in the fire; he could never concentrate on 'Felix and Felicitas' alone; and

'Scene for Louise' in the margin of his notes on Beethoven may indicate that he <sup>had</sup> ideas for an opera or play in mind (259).

Some stretches of the Notes seemed barren enough; interest was maintained only because one never knew just how Clarke might be going to use such apparently useless information. It was when the finished chapters were analysed that the Notes, as a whole, came alive; and even then the pleasure of recognition was often to be tempered by extreme exasperation as Clarke's clever tricks of 'association' stood revealed.

In the Argus of 15 December 1871, p. 6, Buncle's advice to his nephew Fred on plagiarism gives us an inkling of how the 'witty talk' of 'Felix and Felicitas' was literally put together:

Keep a commonplace book, wherein to note the thoughts of others. Index it with care, and write it up with the same regularity with which you say your prayers or eat your dinner. Keep your scissors sharp, and your pastepot ready .... Mark, read, learn, and inwardly digest, so shall the wit of all men go to form your literary protoplasm.

We are now to see Clarke's commonplace book, which included his own works, transformed into fiction.

(iii) Some Passages from the Novel Examined.

(a) Chapter 2.

The quotations which Clarke brought into the text have been marked elsewhere; but an extended example of how Clarke took his own advice shows the agility with which he moved between his authors to sustain a dialogue. The passage may be found in Chapter 2, reading from Felix's arrival at Albert Gate (294).

Stivelyn and Carbeth, we know from the Bailliere synopsis, are modelled on the poet Swinburne and his arch-enemy Buchanan; and Clarke immediately works in his notes on the 'Fleshly School' controversy, muddying the waters a little by giving an important pronouncement by Swinburne on form and harmony, made in quite another context, to Carbeth (232). The 'black, white and grey' reference which follows is from the Manchester Science Lectures (231), then comes a note from the Musical Standard on half-tones in music (220). Next Clarke fires off a few squibs

which may actually be his own on the 'Genii' of art, music and poetry; rounding off the display with a reference to Tartini from Dubourg's work on the violin (262). The witty materialists are now challenged by the religious architect Quaterfoyle in whom the protagonist of English Gothic Pugin, also a Roman Catholic convert, is instantly recognisable. Clarke is equal to him; although the 'chemical basis of the sensations' does not appear in the Notes he would have come across the notion in his general reading; and he has a note on histochemistry which Ampersand enlarges in his riposte (227).

Then follows the only exchange of dialogue for which we have a first draft; it appears in the Notes, interestingly before some of the quotations on which it was based were copied; and although Clarke has not used it verbatim it is obviously the same passage (228-9). Draper's Intellectual History figures largely here; a musical reference from Hawsis is introduced (227) and, when the subject of idolatry is reached, we have a quotation from Rabbi Parchon whose works, unfortunately, I was unable to trace (224).

Clarke cannot now resist incorporating a page of dialogue from 'Noah's Ark.' Almost predictably it is gathered from more than one instalment; sometimes copied verbatim, sometimes a little altered but still recognisable; and, as I have suggested, 'Noah's Ark' itself was probably gathered from other, untraced, sources.

The talkers now remember their manners sufficiently for Felix to be presented to his hostess; the future lovers meet for the first time; and the emotion of that moment exhausts Felix's 'stock of commonplace ideas.' Not so Clarke's however; and a gallimaufry of classical, scientific, musical and 'society' references eventually ends the chapter.

It is easy to cry 'plagiarism'; Clarke's enemies frequently did; and it must be admitted that plagiarism, or 'association' was in fact one of his methods of work. Endnotes to the completed chapters and to the love-letters will show how many other references are also woven into the text; and although it might seem unfair to create the impression that he was no

more than a literary magpie Clarke might not entirely have resented the comparison. To be widely read, to recognise quotations and allusions from classical and modern works was evidence of culture in his day; and one can sometimes be aware, in his journalism, that having to write for those colonials to whom such quotations meant nothing irked him more than anything else in his self-imposed exile. But nineteenth-century Melbourne was not entirely barbaric; there were many with an education similar to Clarke's; quite sufficient to form a cultivated circle; and in so far as 'Felix and Felicitas' was to address an Australian audience no doubt Clarke looked forward to astonishing his friends. For its more important publication in England he would have assumed a knowledgeable reader; and although wide sales might have helped his bank balance, he badly wanted a succès d'estime.

To plagiarise is to put forward as one's own the ideas of others; there must be a deliberate intention to deceive; and it is just here that a problem arises for the modern reader, since works which are now utterly obscure may have been instantly recognisable in the 1870s. Moreover, Clarke would have claimed, such ideas were simply part of his 'literary protoplasm'; nor can one acquit him of a desire to exasperate his enemies by the brilliance of his associations. 'Touch nothing, Ned, that you do not, in some degree, adorn' says Bunce quoting, we may hope Fred knows, Dr Samuel Johnson.

(b) Chapter 7.

The artful disposition of quotations then, has to be seen as one of Clarke's working methods; but it was not the only one nor, necessarily, one of his best. In Chapter 7, 'Aesthetics in the Suburbs' it may be thought that he has used a single reference to much greater advantage, allowing it to act as a springboard for his own informed imagination (335-6). The reference in question (250) 'Art in the Home' from the Saturday Review of November 1876, was as contemporary as Clarke could have wished; and it probably gave him his title. 'The young couple just setting up house may well ask what they are to do to earn a permanent



right to the name of being aesthetic' laments the anonymous author as he surveys the confusion into which domestic taste has fallen in 'this harlequin age.' The novel, Clarke told Bailliere, was to be 'satirical'; and picking up the same tone from the Saturday he expands its theme into a farrago of decorative detail including, it is pleasing to note, only one reference from the article itself. The 'gorgeous little drawing-room' at Addison Villa has mirrors of Murano glass (335); a great mistake:

The time has been when there was a promise of safety and assurance of peace in the purchase of Murano ware. ... Now it seems that even Venice glass has somehow been affected with Philistinism, and only the most recent converts to art can persuade themselves that they really like it.

The article, while gently satirising those who must be in the fashion, does attempt an explanation:

We have no style of our own, because we know too much of the styles of the past, and learning has choked originality. Taste now consists in a series of rapid transformations, or in muddling together, in picturesque confusion, strays of the furniture of a dozen periods and races.

And the point is well taken by Clarke who mixes periods and races freely in his description.

The Saturday is also intent on satirising the disappointed or bewildered investor in art; and although the point is not taken up in Chapter 7 Clarke evidently did not intend to let it slip; a note, while it does not cite the article in question, says of Delevyra that his house and furniture 'only belong to him because he has paid, not by predelictions <for> such things'(222).

However, a passing reference in the Saturday article to machine-made objects probably did help him to a more immediate extension of his source. In the drawing-room hang machine-made tapestries, monogrammed so as to appear original; china ornaments are 'ascribed to' or 'confidently proclaimed to be a genuine specimen of' Italian craftsmanship; and the 'chairs which might have come from Byzantium' are turned out by a London firm owned by the French interior decorator who was employed to create

the whole room. The place is in fact a sham, from its Italianate exterior, so typical of late-Victorian Notting Hill, to its 'Gooch and Gronting' chairs; and the young couple have rented it, fully furnished, from 'a friend of Storton's.'

Storton, the text in general makes clear, is not a character we are meant to admire; his friend's taste must be suspect; and Alice, who innocently thinks her new home pretty, does so chiefly because it is 'new and strange and at first sight rather like the Kensington Museum (an elaborately Italianate structure at that period) viewed through the small end of an opera glass.'<sup>58</sup> Both within and without, the house is over-elaborately ornamented in relation to its size; and the inappropriateness to small suburban houses of Italianate decoration noted by the more fastidious critics of the day is as much a metaphor for the inappropriateness of Addison Villa to the income and background of Felix<sup>59</sup> and Alice, as it is a generalised piece of satire.

'Background' is indeed Clarke's point here; and would probably have stood out as an important concern in the finished work. Time and again we are meant to note that the 'country party' represented by the Godwins and the Germaines, philistines in the face of modern art though they may be, have higher moral values, in Victorian terms, than the witty but superficial Londoners; and the false note struck by the little drawing-room underlines the fact, even though Lord Godwin and his mother are happy to take tea there.

This relatively short passage is, I believe, of great importance, as showing a reversal of Clarke's first method. In the one he compresses a variety of detailed references into dialogue; in the second he expands a single reference into a variety of suggestive detail. Moreover, this is still done with economy; his picture of the drawing-room achieves an impression of eclectic clutter all the more telling for its being literally crammed into a few short sentences.

(iv) Correcting a Draft.

Unfortunately there are no other states of Chapter 7; no way of

knowing how much Clarke might have had to rework his material before consciously desired economies were made and the draft we now have was achieved. Even at this stage the whole chapter has been extensively corrected, which suggests that this was not the final draft; but since we do not know whether he usually supplied Melbourne printers with fair copy, as he did when sending work overseas, it is impossible to be sure that Clarke was fully satisfied with it. Nor do we know for certain whether he or, at a later date, Mackinnon sent the work to the printer whose calculations appear on the back of the last page.

Whatever the status of the draft however Clarke's corrections are themselves of interest to a discussion of his working method; the more so because we do not have such an example for any other novel of his. They tend, in general, towards the same compression of effect already noted and, in the 'drawing room' paragraphs, we note Clarke's anxiety, when correcting his text, to find the right technical terms. Thus tapestry is 'monogrammed' not 'signed' and the 'sides of the door' more correctly described as jambs. The final choice of 'leech-jar' for the Castel Durante pot is more telling than either 'punch-bowl' or 'pharmacy jar' and its 'conger of green dolphins' more suggestive of excess than 'a portrait.'

Clarke's changes of setting as well as style in the opening lines are interesting. We know that he did sometimes write preliminary schemes; Godwin's speech in Chapter 4 is summarised in the Notes; but we do not know if this was his usual method. In Chapter 7 he appears to have plunged straight into his narrative while still deciding just where the young couple are to set up house; and his change from 'in the neighbourhood of Chelsea' to 'Notting Hill' is, at first sight, a little puzzling. Chelsea, which must have been known to Clarke as the haunt of artists and literary men seems appropriate enough for the home of a young and ambitious painter; Notting Hill, on the other hand, was a new suburban development for the prosperous middle-class. However, we are perhaps to understand that Felix has not yet 'arrived' at Cheyne Walk;

and in the 1870s the 'neighbourhood of Chelsea' as Clarke remembered it was a slum. The conversion of the workman's cottage to a pied-à-terre had not then become fashionable.<sup>60</sup>

By changing his milieu to Notting Hill Clarke was first of all on a safer ground since it had been his last home in England.<sup>61</sup> Secondly he was able to continue his satire on suburban domestic architecture; although, with hindsight, it is difficult to decide just how deliberate this was. If, as he claimed, his reading of English periodicals was up-to-date he ought to have encountered early references to the Queen Anne style of domestic architecture popular with the avant-garde by the mid-1870s; indeed, at least one example could be seen in Australia by 1876.<sup>62</sup> Assuming such knowledge, it is possible that Clarke was again stressing the meretricious nature of 'Addison Villa.' Both the Gothic and the Italianate style continued to predominate in London housing for many years; but to those in the forefront of artistic life it was 'Queen Anne' which represented what was genuinely English in architectural taste. If Clarke had an inkling of this then Felix and Alice were never really 'in the swim.'

The remaining alterations to this first paragraph tend to shorten sentences and to cut out qualifying phrases; and the description of the house gains effect when Clarke changes what was obviously intended to be a literary comparison to direct visual imagery; it is not to be 'like a chapter out of' some book or other, but a diminutive version of the Kensington Museum itself. The final impression given by the text, in spite of the change of milieu, is thus one of confidence aided by compression; and Clarke's confidence continues over the next paragraphs which describe the home and its splendid appurtenances.<sup>63</sup> However, it seems to desert him when Alice's entry into the 'Great World' is reached (336).

Bentley's reader Geraldine Jewsbury, in her report on His Natural Life of 22 September 1874, had noted that Clarke's knowledge of the proper forms of address in aristocratic society was faulty:

...tho' the author knows many things, he does not understand that the son of a City Knight does not take his father's title; -- nor that the daughter of a commoner who marries a Knight is not called "Lady Eleanor," & mistakes of that kind -- ... .(McLaren, p.323)

"What does Ben know of dukes?" sniffed Isaac D'Israeli, hearing of his son's early novel The Young Duke; and similarly, Clarke could have had little or no firsthand experience of the 'Great World' before he left England, and none that he would have considered in that light afterwards. 'I number so few Peers or even Baronets among my acquaintance that I am hardly qualified to sit in judgement upon "High Life" novels' he told Cyril Hopkins, even before he had written Long Odds (17 p. 7). Consequently the next few paragraphs of Chapter 7 show an indecision and anxiety very different from the sure touch of his opening.

He is immediately in trouble as to the title appropriate to the widow of an earl and does not, in the end, get it right; the Countess of Godwin would only have become the 'Dowager Countess' when the young bachelor earl married. He is not sure, either, just what amount of social recognition could realistically be accorded the Germaines, and these sentences are much worked over. He begins to reach firmer ground when he decides that an invitation to a ball rather than to a dinner-party would be likely to come their way; but he is soon in trouble again over the religious and political views of Godwin's aunt who is also Felix's grandmother, Lady Scrimgeour. He would probably have been correct in assuming that the evangelicals who frequented Exeter Hall would also have been Liberals; but eventually decides on safety by cutting out all reference to the Whig colours of buff and blue on the Scrimgeour liveries.

So far so good; but the Marquis of Thanet is another naming which has Clarke in trouble. Felix, to Thanet, is 'my sister's painter' and is also described as the protégé of the Countess of Godwin who was, according to Clarke's genealogy, the daughter of Baron Mottram. If Thanet is her brother he cannot be a Marquis; and if he is Lady Scrimgeour's brother, which the text does not make clear, he must be a younger son of

the late Earl Godwin, and could hardly take a higher title than his elder brother. Clarke first names him Staffa; and in changing this to Thanet he does place his lands, with those of the Godwins, in Kent; but he would far better have omitted him from the story altogether except perhaps as an old friend. Chapter 4 supplies the reason for his inclusion; one of the old guard must repair the damage done by Godwin's radical coming-of-age speech; but he need not have been a member of the family. There is no need to multiply examples; it has to be said that Clarke, for all his detailed genealogies, simply did not know a great deal about the forms appropriate to British aristocracy and neglected, perhaps through overconfidence, to consult the obvious sources, such as Burke's Peerage or Debrett both of which were available in the Public Library.

Apart from these questions of fact Clarke is also anxious about tone; rougher or more aggressive remarks are therefore removed to give an impression of greater urbanity. Thanet, whose blasé philistinism is well conveyed, finally contents himself with describing Alice as 'rustic'; condescending enough, but perhaps a little less abrasive than 'country bred'; and his combative beginning on the question of bringing up women in the country is removed altogether. A little later in the chapter we see that members of the aristocracy ought not to have ungovernable emotions; Godwin's speech evokes 'strength of feeling' rather than Clarke's earlier choices 'hidden ferocity . . . animosity' opposition' (338). A later reference which might suggest that Godwin's own feeling for Alice is a little more than platonic is likewise deleted (340).

Clarke also studies his own tone; 'a frigid virgin who lived opposite' is exchanged for the more innocuous 'virgins of the Square' though the threat of suburban gossip is still conveyed (337). In smaller ways too the level of formality is maintained; Clarke decides that Felix would not say 'hang it'; Lord Godwin is 'paying his afternoon call' on Alice, not 'chatting,' though later in the evening 'smoke and chat' is permissible for the two men (338).

For the same reason, and perhaps also because Clarke felt unsure of

succeeding with working-class dialogue, Curl the groom's remarks about that 'real blooming sort' his master are cut out; we do not need to know what stable-boys think; and perhaps Clarke is at pains to show that he does not either (337).

Concern with his own tone is probably still uppermost in the references to the Jew Delevyra, though Clarke is also seeking to give an impression of urbanity to the exchanges between Godwin and both Felix and Ampersand. Delevyra has been the host of all three; they have eaten his salt. Therefore Clarke has Godwin say to Felix 'I would not speak against him,' and then deletes it; in gentlemen such well-bred sentiments are innate; it is vulgar even to speak of them; and for the same reason Clarke changes 'one of the men whom I did not like' to 'one . . . whose good qualities I have not yet discovered' (339). Similarly, when with Ampersand, it is Godwin who makes no criticisms of Delevyra; Ampersand, of lesser rank, and more cynical of disposition is more openly derogatory. Even so his remarks are toned down, and references to Jews as cheats and liars, though not specific to Delevyra, are deleted (342).

Clarke was no doubt aware of his own reputation for anti-semitism and did not wish to add to it; but there is another complication. The deletion of 'he cheats and lies' is in red, and may just conceivably therefore have been made posthumously by Mackinnon, anxious, as we know from his 'Explanatory Preface' that he was, to protect his friend's good name (280). However, the description of a Jew's wife as 'his property' is certainly deleted by Clarke himself; and if Delevyra is in any way meant to be his brother-in-law Lewis who, as I was able to discover, was of Jewish blood, he might have been taking pains to avoid anything which might have been actionable (342).

Most other corrections to this chapter relate to style rather than to substance and, as has been said, the tendency is towards shorter sentences. Only very rarely is a qualifying adjective added rather than suppressed, one example being the addition of 'gorgeous' to 'the little drawing-room' where there is, perhaps, a satirical point to make. The

general impression however, is that Clarke is still thinking about matter as well as style; deciding on smaller points of the narrative and its tone as he goes along; but we have no way of knowing how this chapter might have been further revised. Nevertheless, on the evidence of Chapter 4 which he did allow to go to print, Clarke would still have left the ranks of the British aristocracy in disarray; and, in general, there are several careless anachronisms in the printed work.

At the mechanical level, spelling mistakes left uncorrected are very few, unless we turn to the fragment of Chapter 8 where Clarke's inability to spell Baudelaire, already committed to print in the Bunclie Correspondence where 'the deceased Henri Beaudelaire' figures, may be found (345). Here, he gets the first name right, but ennobles the French writer, who becomes 'Charles de Beaudelaire.' Clarke did love titles; but it is an extraordinary mistake by someone who so prided himself on his knowledge of French literature.

It has been convenient to examine the way in which Clarke corrected a draft in conjunction with an example, taken from the same chapter, of the way in which he used his Notes to create it. In doing so, however, we have advanced to what was probably a very late stage, if not the last, in the development of 'Felix and Felicitas.' Clarke's early preparations, the way in which his characters and their story were built up, must now be discussed.

(v) First Thoughts on Character and Plot

Unless much evidence has been lost, destroyed after his death by zealous friends, or in the bonfire Mrs Clarke made of some of her husband's writings before her own death, there is little in the 'Felix and Felicitas' papers to suggest that Clarke built up the personalities of his characters in written form; no drawings, as it were, from the life. He certainly acknowledged in his synopses that resemblances might be found in the work to well-known figures of the day; and scanty references in the Notes bear him out. But, if the love-letters are left out of the question, there is only one important instance, and that not in the



Papers themselves, but in Clarke's pocket-book, where it seems that, from the very beginning, a member of his family circle was to become a character in 'Felix and Felicitas.' In general, his working method seems to have been limited to a fairly careful selection of suitable names, for which detailed genealogies were then constructed.

A few hints of personality are to be found in the Bailliere synopses; but although Clarke speaks in the one of his attempt at 'mental analysis' and, in the other, promises a 'psychological disquisition' it is really the psychological reaction to situation which interests him; of the characters 'as in themselves they really are' there is little trace in his preparatory work. As Spencer the Melbourne bookseller was later to note of Clarke's use of Maudsley's treatise on the mind, 'it's value . . .

was that it showed the effect upon mind, body and behaviour of a given set of circumstances,' and this was entirely consistent with Clarke's  
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positivist philosophy. He marks for future reference what his characters might say rather than what they might be; and except for Ampersand, who is something of a special case, it is the witty but minor flâneurs not the major dramatic figures whom the Notes best serve.

This is not to say that Clarke could not draw characters; some indeed, when we come to the novel, promise well; but Clarke evidently kept them in his head, not on paper; and this left him free to improvise. What he needed in front of him in order to start work were names, places, dates and relationships. The earliest evidence of this is to be found, not in the 'Felix and Felicitas' Notes, but in two lists in Clarke's pocket-book.

The first is quite long, and was probably drawn up for other purposes besides 'Felix and Felicitas.' However, four names from it survived for further consideration. Massareene was to be Clarke's first choice for Ampersand in one of the early character lists to be found in the Notes; but it was used in an unpublished short story, apparently of 1876, 'Two in the Bush.' (Prose Pieces 2, ML MS A809); Fazakerly is included in the Mottram family tree; and Heneage on one drawn up for the Godwins. Drax is carried forward to Clarke's second list as a possible surname for either

Felicitas or 'a reviewer'; and when this second set of notes is reached a few pages later Clarke definitely has 'Felix and Felicitas' in mind. These notes, which are transcribed below, are not always easy to read; originally in pencil, they have been overwritten in ink, though still in Clarke's hand:

Hilda  
Mary  
Gertrude

L.L. Mrs. Kesterven  
Felicitas <?or> Mrs. Hurlingham or Drax only  
<?Drastain> Felix Lisle. Felix  
Saul / THE LAMP and the LUTE.  
FELIX and IRIS. JASKA  
FELIX and FELISE.  
FELIX and FELICITAS.  
musician a poet  
Felix an-artist, son of an actor, desc of stage  
Iris, a milliner and singer.  
Kesterven, a merchant of piano's, and  
party giver of polite litterateurs  
Drax, a reviewer, and college man.  
VASHTI.  
a naval officer, like Broke, who writes  
to his wife living at Mongeham.  
Felix and Jascha. Felix and Claudia  
Adrian and Iris

[second page]

Felix and Helen Felix and Sybilla  
Julius Goher. Felix and Sara or Zaire  
Felix and Sara or Zara.  
De Leveras Felicitas de Levera. Delevera  
Felicitas Lindus. Felix Germaine.  
Felix Ford.

'Felix and Felicitas' is already taking shape in Clarke's imagination; the names finally adopted for the three main protagonists and for the novel itself are all here. Other possibilities are tried out, but rejected.

In an obituary notice of Dickens in the Argus, 8 July 1870, p. 7, Clarke had especially praised that novelist's skill in nomenclature:

... that compliment of sound to sense which an appropriate name pays to its bearer is never neglected by Dickens. He seems to derive his names from the adjective which explains the character he wishes to convey.

The naming of 'Felix and Felicitas' seems to have been chosen as much for the variety of ironic adjectival 'sense' in the Latin as for their euphony; and there is also the inherent suggestion that the two lovers will form a natural pair.

Surnames seem to have posed a greater problem; all those tried out for Felicitas and her husband have about them a hint of the exotic; Delevera, or de Levera, however, has one advantage. If Clarke already had a Jewish descent for the injured husband in the back of his mind this could be demonstrated, as we see in the genealogy constructed for the Notes, by the change, in the course of three generations, from Levi to Delevyra; and 'L. L.' preceding Clarke's first choice of 'Kesterven' at the top of the list seems to confirm the supposition that Louis Lewis is intended.

This was not immediately obvious to me during transcription; Clarke's upper-case 'L' is easily mistaken for lower-case 'h'; and, with a certain lack of imagination, I had not committed myself to a positive reading. However, Elliott, in 1955, had no doubts (App. L3); and a more careful comparison with other examples of Clarke's hand enabled me to agree with him. His reading 'Mr. Kesterven' on the same line is not equally convincing, in spite of its suitability. Clarke does not so prefix any other male character on the list; and 'Mrs. Kesterven' is identical with the 'Mrs. Hurlingham' which follows. I have therefore allowed my own reading to stand and, it seems to me, Clarke's point is still sufficiently made.

Germaine, as a surname for Felix, is almost the last choice and is underlined as being the one preferred; and in view of Clarke's anxiety about incest evident in the Notes, and the specific reference to Swinburne's essay on Ford found even at this early stage and later in the Notes, it is interesting to see the last, though discarded choice of Felix Ford. Germaine, suggestive of the very closest family relationship, makes the point, if point there was to be, with greater subtlety; in addition, or alternatively, it might be an indication to the reader that Felix is closely related to Clarke himself. Taken at its simplest, the name emphasises the real relationship by marriage between the aristocratic Godwins and the Germaines outlined in Clarke's genealogies, and in Chapter 4 of the novel itself. However, there is no evidence in the pocket-book entries to suggest that this family relationship was

contemplated when the name was chosen.

Several ideas which were not proceeded with are nevertheless interesting. At this stage Clarke has not decided which of the arts his hero is to follow, and 'artist,' which was to be his final choice, is deleted; 'musician' is also rejected, probably because he had already thought of giving that role to the Delevyras. This would have strengthened the identification with Lewis who was a well-known musical amateur. Whether he planned from the beginning to introduce Swinburne and Buchanan thinly disguised as Stivelyn and Carbeth does not appear; the superstructure of 'witty talk' erected on these and similar characterisations may have come later, making Felix one poet too many; but in returning to the hero as artist Clarke gave himself better opportunities for a visual effect in Chapter 1.

The three very English women's names which head these notes may have been for characters in the first narrative plan which we know from the Notes and from Mackinnon that Clarke had formed. A trace of this is perhaps to be found in a page of draft in the Notes. Jane -- Clarke's earlier choice for Felix's wife -- writes to a confidante 'dear little mother Mary' (216).

More important are two notes which suggest a difference in milieu. Felix is to be the son of an actor; and this was evidently to give Clarke a chance to use his knowledge of the stage as background. Felicitas is not only a singer, which might have allowed her to be socially acceptable provided she had reached the top of her profession; but she is also a milliner. It seems then, that Clarke did not, at first, plan an aristocratic dimension to his novel; or that he had not fully realised the implications of his first choices. Felicitas, under this plan, is a midinette; something out of La Bohème. 'You and I my dear were born in Bohemia' Clarke had written to Rose (194); and Bohemia alone might have remained the original setting for 'Felix and Felicitas.' But the 'naval officer . . . who writes to his wife living at Mongeham' is from another English milieu with which Clarke was also familiar, and which perhaps

meant more to him than the bohemianism he affected. His guardian held the living of Great Mongeham in Kent; and it was there that Clarke stayed before he left for Australia.

The place is lovingly recreated in 'A Sunday at Farnham Rectory,' published in The Leader of 24 April 1880; and Clarke may have taken this from Chapter 3 of 'Felix and Felicitas' entitled 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace,' presuming that to have been written first. As Clarke began detailed preparation for 'Felix and Felicitas' he drew largely on the sections on Deal and its surrounding parishes in Ireland's History of Kent (1828) for personal as well as place names. Perhaps nostalgia had led him to the volumes, which had been in the Public Library since 1868; but the world to which the naval officer who is 'like Broke' belongs is far removed from Bohemia. Rear-Admiral Broke, famous for his capture of the American ship Chesapeake in 1813, was from an old County family (DNB); a new tone is being introduced.

Heneage, on the first list, is also taken from Ireland; so it seems that Clarke may have been consulting it from the beginning. Thus when the evidence of the pocket-book is analysed we see, with the benefit of hindsight, that this is a very early stage in the novel's development; few characters other than those who hold the love-interest in the narrative have been chosen; and tone and milieu are not yet firmly fixed. By the time we reach the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers, little of these early preparations remain beyond the names; milliner and actor's son have vanished; and it is the passing reference to Mongeham which in the end sets the tone.

In the interim there had been that early narrative scheme already described. It has all but disappeared, even from the Notes, though it figures in two of the earlier chapter synopses. Had Clarke adhered to it the Mongeham tone might have been even more predominant. The Godwins and Germaines are all present, and the novel is to open with the success of Felix's picture; but, at one of two places where this scheme appears, Chapter 4 is to be a retrospective 'account of early days' in which Felix

and Felicitas meet as children; there is to be 'a girl and boy romance' before their ways part, only to come together again later (212). This might have assumed a common, and more innocent background for the lovers; and the rejection of such a plot might suggest that Clarke was already changing his milieu to one where a greater contrast could be drawn between town and country values. Alternatively the offer of employment in London may have made him decide on something more urbane.

There is however a counter-argument to the theory that Clarke had rejected a rustic plot in favour of something more worldly. His first thought might have been to re-use material from the supposedly autobiographical short story 'La Béguine.' Rose, it will be seen, was very curious about a week in Paris which she suspected that the young Clarke had spent with 'the nun;' and it may well be that this story, published in the Australasian, 8 February 1873, p. 166, just when their love-affair had ended, was his way of telling her of the incident, 'in full,' as she had asked him to do (177). If this story were to have formed the basis of Clarke's first plot, it would still have been a schoolboy affair; but the meeting would have been in London, and with a more experienced young woman.

This would have been sufficiently urbane and could not have been rejected for the reasons previously suggested; but it would certainly have complicated the plot; and another version of the early story line, which allows the 'boy and girl romance' to open the novel (214), would have been even less telling than Clarke's final choice of narrative scheme. This, plunging the reader as it does in medias res at the Royal Academy, is more workmanlike; and he had never lacked dramatic skills.

Just when the earlier scheme was discarded, for whatever reason, cannot be known; but it must have been before Clarke sent his synopses to Bailliere. Not only has the drama been firmly outlined by that date; but we have been given more than an inkling of the forces and traits of personality which are to motivate the actors.

Clarke did not, of course, any more than any other novelist, pluck

his characters out of the empty air; but in his case they probably came as much from his wide reading as from his own life-experiences. Thus it is as further evidence of Clarke's method of work, as well as the improvement in his techniques of presentation already mentioned, that a close scrutiny of the characters of 'Felix and Felicitas' may be of value.

(vi) Clarke's Characters: Public and Private Models

If, as Mackinnon confidently suggests, in his 'Explanatory Preface,' the novel is 'based upon an episode in his own life' then Clarke is Felix, Rose is Felicitas, Lewis is Delevyra and, less convincingly, Marian Clarke is Alice. Simple correspondences of this kind ought not perhaps to be found in good fiction, though they may often go unrecognised if the life of the author is not known. Where it is known, much may be made in a Freudian analysis of what the author has subconsciously revealed; and a novel may well become a work of non-fiction in the hands of a skilled operator in this field. Such revelations are to be found in 'Felix and Felicitas' and they have their interest; but Clarke's ability as a creative artist is a much more important question; and it is from this aspect that his raw materials must be considered.

It is possible that Clarke himself did not set any particular value on pure imagination when it came to the creation of character. Evidently it was a point in favour of His Natural Life, when he wrote to his godmother Mrs. Zwilchenbart, that it was 'true':

Frere was a Captain Price; and  
I have personally known Doctor  
Pine and the Reverend North.  
[Italics mine ]

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His imagination had embroidered their histories, perhaps more than he realised; but he was not ashamed to reveal his real-life sources; and in his synopses for 'Felix and Felicitas' he openly admits that certain well-known figures will be recognised.

(a) Public Figures

For some of the minor characters Clarke supplies Bailliere in Melbourne with the necessary clues; Godwin is to make a voyage to the South Seas 'like Lord Pembroke,' and 'Stivelyn Carbeth Storton and many other folks (not unlike Swinburne, Buchanan and Albert Grant). . . ' are to be found at Delevy<sup>y</sup>ra's party. Stivelyn is instantly recognisable as Swinburne in Chapter 2, though Buchanan is perhaps less clearly drawn (294); and Albert Grant, 'pioneer of modern mammoth company promoting' (DNE) was, like Storton, 'made a Baron by some Italian method' (271). As a financier he was unscrupulous, and his lifestyle was flamboyant; but I have not been able to discover any of the more unpleasant personal traits ascribed to him in Chapter 2 (305). I believe therefore that Clarke may have added to his portrait of Storton some of the less attractive characteristics of Richard Monckton Milnes, later Lord Houghton, already in his mind for another purpose.

I cannot say that Milnes, like Storton, belonged to a coterie which rivalled the 'Monks of Medmenham,' but he did 'keep his vices in his own house' in the form of a very large and apparently well-known erotic library; and like Storton, he had been compared to Silenus in his own day, though perhaps not in public. When he became Lord Houghton in 1863, just after Clarke left England, there was some doubt as to whether his new title should be pronounced 'Howton' or 'Horton' and this may have suggested 'Storton' to Clarke's mind.

Clarke filled Chapter 2 with many more thinly-veiled characters from London life than those he named. Fiammetti is fairly obviously Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was known to dislike exhibiting his work (294); Quarterfoyle (a typical gothic ornament) indicates the Gothic Revivalist Pugin; Madame Marzan may be the famous mezzo-contralto Maria Malibran; and Miss Rochambeau who writes under the pseudonym Va-t-en can hardly be anyone else but Marie Louise de la Ramée, better known as Ouida. These are names which readily suggest themselves in terms of Clarke's descriptions or positive attributions; but there seemed little point in



tracing those less easily recognised.

Clarke was thoroughly enjoying himself in Chapter 2; but there was nothing particularly new in what might be called the 'conversational genre,' exemplified in the works of Peacock and later in W.H. Mallock's The New Republic (1877) which Clarke may have read (252), where well-known figures in disguise, arbitrarily assembled at dinner-parties or in the garden, deliver speeches appropriate to their known opinions. Nevertheless, according to Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Clarke did it well (22).

Felicitas, parted from Felix, wanders 'divorced and allowanced,' writing 'very second rate stuff' including books of travel; and Clarke compares her to 'Teresa Perigrina' (sic). Teresina Peregrina was the pseudonym of Maria Longworth (c1832-81), whose long battle, in the famous 'Yelverton Case,' to be recognised as the rightful Viscountess Avonmore was finally lost in the House of Lords in 1864. Denied what she most valued, a place in English Society -- Clarke may have been thinking bitterly of Rose's social pretensions -- she roamed the world, a pathetic figure, using her title to the end, and publishing her woes to all who would listen, or read her books. Clarke rather naughtily included her, anachronistically, in both the Godwin and Carmel pedigrees (208, 210).

Lord Godwin is another major character; and his likeness to the Earl of Pembroke is interesting. It enables Clarke to draw, from the life, a young nobleman who is not in the conventional mould; Pembroke's adventures in his yacht, as described in South Sea Bubbles by 'The Earl and the Doctor' (1872), gave him many of the unorthodox opinions which Godwin as 'a democratic Earl' voices in his disastrous coming-of-age speech in Chapter 4. His yacht would also come in usefully later, being moored conveniently to hand when Felix and Felicitas decide to elope.

If Clarke had also read Pembroke's Roots, set in New Zealand, and published in 1873, his material for the 'democratic Earl' would have been reinforced. The young hero and narrator has much to say on what he calls the period of Sturm und Drang, the agony of doubt on religious and political ideals, which every young man of good education must endure

before he becomes, once more, what he originally was, 'a staunch Conservative'; and this, one cannot help feeling, would have been the natural progression of the Earl of Godwin.

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In the version of his synopsis which went to Bentley's Clarke was even more explicit (270-2). Godwin's tutor, Felix's uncle Dr. Fabian Germaine, is 'a man somewhat of the Canon Kingsley type.' Pembroke's companion on his voyage was Dr. George Kingsley, brother to Charles and Henry, and co-author with Pembroke of South Sea Bubbles. George Kingsley made his living by taking rich invalids abroad for the sake of their health; but Clarke evidently knew little about him, except that he was a naturalist. He was no 'muscular Christian' like his brother Charles, but an atheist and, apparently, a great womaniser. However, since Clarke seems not to have known this, he was able to attribute Charles Kingsley's piety and radical political views to the well-named Fabian Germaine; and the unfortunate tutor could be made to take the blame for Godwin's democratic speech (326).

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In this second version of his synopsis Clarke merely states that Felicitas writes 'perigrinations'(sic); a sufficient reference since Bentley was 'Teresina''s publisher. However, he now makes the claim that three more main characters, Ampersand, Delevyra and Carmel 'the paralysed violinist,' might also be recognised by 'those who affect to know.' Delevyra as 'the modern Jew, half pagan half Deist' I could not affect to recognise; unless, perhaps, some reference to the Rothschild family was intended; and since I believed that his true likeness lay much closer to home I did not pursue the matter further.

For Delevyra in his character as piano-manufacturer I think it probable that Clarke was drawing on the history of Sebastian Érard and his family. Érard's important London factory in Earl's Court was an easy walk from Clarke's birthplace at Leonard Place in what is now Kensington High Street; and, like Delevyra, Sebastian Érard mixed artists and aristocrats at his elaborate entertainments. If he is Clarke's model he is, like several others, an anachronism; but, in a work of this sort, no

doubt the author could fairly plead artistic licence.

Clarke's father's friend Benjamin Lumley is more likely to figure as 'Quantox of the Isthmian,' a perennial character introduced by Clarke, in true Balzacian fashion, from his short story 'Playing with Fire' (1867) and Long Odds (serialised 1868); both having been published in the Colonial Monthly. Like William Clarke he was a lawyer; but he turned to operatic management at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, with brilliant success, until the rival Covent Garden opened in 1847. However, since his name was originally Levy, and 'aristocrat and artist met on equal grounds' at his 'splendid fetes' (DNB), Lumley may be an additional ingredient in the strongly drawn character of Delevyra; and the author had good cause to remember him.

All Clarke knew of his mother came from a chance remark by Lumley as to her remarkable beauty, overheard at his father's table when he was only eight years old (Hopkins, 1, p. 10). No doubt he refreshed his memories for Quantox of the Isthmian from Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera published in 1864; and by the time Quantox appears in Chapter 2 of 'Felix and Felicitas' the operatic entrepreneur is more easily recognised than he would have been, for instance, in Long Odds, where the Isthmian dispenses popular melodrama. Lord Millington who takes the Isthmian Theatre on behalf of his mistress, is probably Lord Ward, Earl of Dudley who supported Lumley in some of his ventures, but eventually ruined him in 1858 (DNB). Much of Lumley's time was spent, after Covent Garden opened, in competition to secure the services of leading singers; hence Quantox's bitter description of the singer Holzer 'a Viennese whom they have brought over to sing against my Hungarian'. If Clarke is putting his own opinion of Lumley into the mouths of Godwin and Ampersand, who agree that Quantox 'is in fact a scoundrel,' he is perhaps a little churlish towards his father's old friend and client (Hopkins, 1, pp. 8-9) who seems to have been unfortunate rather than dishonest (301).

The importance of Gilbert Ampersand to the structure of 'Felix and Felicitas' goes, in my view, far beyond the likeness which he might or

might not have to any well-known figure in London society. If he were to be recognised by the cognoscenti however, I believe it might be as the more public face of Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. Physically, as a little man with a wrinkled face, and fastidious in his dress, he apparently resembles Milnes; and like Milnes he knows everyone worth knowing and enjoys sparking off an argument between characters of divergent views. 'Houghton' Carlyle is reported to have said 'would have Christ and the Devil to meet at dinner if he could manage it.'<sup>71</sup>

Raised to the peerage, he was derisively known as 'Baron Tattle, of Scandal'; and Ampersand is a great gossip. Milnes was constantly in the news; his every witty saying, real or apocryphal, was reported. In Chapter 7 Godwin teases Ampersand for making 'another epigram;' and Milnes was familiarly known as 'the Bird of Paradox.'<sup>72</sup> Clarke could not help but know of him, and perhaps had seen him; and if Ampersand, for added interest, has to have a London counterpart then Milnes seems the most promising candidate.

Carmel 'the paralysed violinist,' the uncle of Felicitas, and supposedly a main character, figures briefly in the Notes (262). Clarke's detailed notes on music, and violinists in particular, do suggest that Carmel, the uncle of Felicitas, was to take some major part in the novel; but he had not appeared in person in the chapters Clarke finished. I cannot suggest his counterpart in real life; if an artist as famous as Paganini is meant, he was often ill, but never paralysed; and although Clarke noted his 'physical malformation' this was thought to increase his uncanny skills (261). Carmel's 'paralysis' does serve to show the difficulty of deciding when Clarke first saw his sources. It is tempting to think that Clarke had in his mind a passage from Benjamin Richardson's Diseases of Modern Life where, in a chapter on occupational diseases, Richardson describes a cellist whose left hand becomes paralysed through overwork (p. 414). The work was first published in 1876; Clarke might just have seen it by October; but not in the Library, where it did not arrive until the end of 1877.

Mackinnon, in his 'Explanatory Preface' seems to assume that Clarke's characters were to resemble Melbourne rather than London figures. This is certainly true of those who were part of 'the author's own experiences'; but I am unable to tell if Ampersand, for instance, had a Melbourne counterpart. Against an entry in the Notes that Ampersand was to be 'castré' Clarke has added the name Rusden; but this probable refers, not to any likeness, but to the Melbourne rationalist's well-known views on the sterilisation of criminals and other 'undesirables'; Ampersand is to be dispassionate, perhaps effeminate. Beyond this, there is nothing in Clarke's notes to suggest that he is making local comparisons; and much in his synopses to suggest that he is not. Nevertheless, it is precisely those local references which he does not make which prove to be more important to the understanding of 'Felix and Felicitas.'

(b) 'Drawn from his Own Experiences'?

Clarke's love-affair with Rose Lewis ended, as far as one can judge, honourably. In 'Felix and Felicitas' the lovers were to elope, only to find later that they could not live up to 'the high standard of Ideality' they had set themselves; and this 'anti-climax' Clarke must have realised, would have been the logical outcome of any flight with Rose. In his bitterness he may have decided that, whether recognisable in Melbourne or not, the real actors in his own small drama would serve for fiction. To his London readers the likenesses would, in any case, mean nothing; but, able as we are to take the love-letters into account, we may well believe that Rose and Louis Lewis and the writer Marcus Clarke are represented in the love-triangle of Felicitas and Raphael Delevyra and the artist Felix Germaine.

Felicitas

Felicitas Delevyra has already made her first appearance, I suggest, in 1872 as 'the Lady Alicia' in Clarke's short story 'A Watch on Christmas Eve.' It hardly needed Mackinnon's substitution of 'the Lady Rosa' in 1890 to make her likeness to Rose Lewis apparent; but as the woman of intellect and social standing who could help 'a rising young

man' in life, she is also the original of the Mrs. Delevyra who, no doubt, had persuaded her husband, in Chapter 5, to give Felix his first commission (331).

I have not seen a photograph of Rose; but even in his most ardent love-letters Clarke does not describe her as beautiful. She is 'pale, thin and vestal' a 'little atomy' with brown hair. 'You have none of those charms of figure and outline which please some men' he writes; she is 'not in the least like' his ideal woman, who is 'slight, agile, with no more bust and arms than it should please Heaven, but with broad brow and quick dark eyes' (188). The young artist's first impression of Felicitas Delevyra is scarcely more flattering:

He saw a thin woman of middle height . . . .  
Her face was oval, with a short square chin;  
white teeth, and red though by no means full  
lips, redeemed a somewhat muddy complexion.  
The charm of her face was in its broad low  
forehead and keen luminous brown eyes. (298)

Whether or not Melbourne readers would have recognised Rose Lewis in this physical description I cannot tell; but to the nineteenth-century reader it may also have been an indication of temperament. Full lips denoted sensuality to the Victorians; Felicitas's 'thin lips,' on the other hand, had already been noted in Chapter 1 (287); and a reading of the love-letters does suggest that the natures of the real and the fictional women were similar. Rose, admitting that she appears outwardly cold, reserved, even artificial, claims that it is not her true nature; merely 'habit' (167, 171). In Chapter 7 Godwin finds Mrs. Delevyra also 'very charming, but cold and artificial' (339); and it is suggested that it is not she, but her husband, who likes their home to be 'as open as a fair' (343).

Both women had abandoned the theatre for marriage; Felicitas because she lost her voice; and Rose because it was socially unacceptable for a married woman to remain on the stage, a profession she had apparently never liked. She was glad to escape from it, it was said, into marriage with a man who was 'prosperous enough to give his wife a brougham.'

Clarke, in his melodramatic 'emendation' letter thought that her hopes of

fame, like his own, had been disappointed, and that 'wearied with the struggle' she had 'plunged into marriage' (156); it is Ampersand's opinion that Felicitas has married Delevyra as a 'breakwater' to 'fend off all the ills of life and keep her bark calmly at anchor' (343). She has not, however, married for money; 'Felicitas Carmel was never avaricious'; and Rose was also to protest that 'the loaves and fishes' weighed little with her (184).

However that might be, private life, for the fictional as for the real woman appears to have lacked fulfilment. Rose had no children, nor, does it appear, has Felicitas. Clarke's naming of his heroine is thus doubly ironic, since the primary meaning of felicitas in the Latin is 'fertile.' In English 'happy' is usually understood; and Felicitas, as described by Ampersand in Chapter 7, though 'intelligent and sensitive' is 'profoundly miserable' (343).

Rose, too, complained bitterly of unhappiness and depression in her letters. Her cramped spirit, she writes, 'fairly shrieks out for space,' until 'it wears itself out and settles down in its cell in dogged despair' (178). Unlike Felicitas, she never left her husband; but to Clarke's imagination, the two women may have seemed fundamentally alike; and neither could have stood poverty for long. As to Felicitas, the version of Clarke's synopsis which remained in Melbourne makes this especially clear:

In a little while [Felix and Felicitas]  
grow weary, then blame each other, then  
they are poor, finally they hate each  
other, ....(268)

Rose, when her affair with Clarke was almost over, tried to find excuses for 'clinging so to things as they are.' It was not that the 'loaves and fishes' weighed with her; 'how small my appetite is for such food' she assured him; but that she could not bring herself to hurt her sister nor Clarke's children (184). Clarke did not dispute her reasons, and was in no position to demand the sacrifice in any case; but in underlining poverty as an obstacle to the happiness of Felicitas, he had

probably guessed correctly its effect on any future he might have had with Rose. Money has power, as Clarke found in his relationships with the Lewises; and as Felix, 'shamed into utter prostration,' was to discover when he and his mistress were confronted by 'the Jew,' Raphael Delevyra.

### Delevyra

It is obvious, from Clarke's synopses, that 'the Jew' is to take a major part in the drama; and considerable attention has already been given to his personality in the completed chapters. In his 'Explanatory Preface' Mackinnon was anxious to defend the novel from the charge of anti-semitism often made against Clarke:

This aversion ...arose out of no antipathy to the Jewish race as a race but to the almost unreasonable hatred he bore a relative of his by marriage owing to, he alleged, an unreasonable jealousy ... (276)

Mackinnon substituted 'a Jewish connection' for 'a relative . . . by marriage' and deleted 'an unreasonable jealousy' in favour of 'some family reasons of a delicate nature' but continued to make his point:

...that this feeling of enmity is sarcastically introduced into the work ...is [made] more apparent by the mysterious geneology [sic] drawn of Mr Raphael Delevyra . . .

The genealogy (208) gives Delevyra's original family name as Levi, for which Lewis is an appropriate anglicisation; and, if further proof that Clarke intended a portrait of his brother-in-law were needed, the 'L. L.' against his first choice for Delevyra in the pocket-book already noted seems incontrovertible. There would have been little point in all these complications however, unless Lewis himself could be proved to be Jewish. Fortunately sufficient evidence came to hand to show that, although he had evidently abandoned the faith, he came from Jewish stock.

When Rose was married in 1863 it happened that the famous English couple Charles and Ellen Kean were playing Melbourne; and towards the end of October Ellen wrote home:

Mr. Lewis' Nephew married Miss Rosa Dunn on Friday last, an actress of some celebrity here.

'Mr. George Lewis' another letter makes clear, was the Keans' London



Addendum, p. 101.

Since this thesis was completed I have come across John Juxon's Lewis and Lewis (London: Collins, 1983). This biography of Sir George Henry Lewis, who succeeded his father and uncle in the firm, gives brief details of his family history:

[he] belonged to a family of Sephardic Jews from the Netherlands who settled in England in the eighteenth century, afterwards changing their name from Loew to Lewis. ... His father ... James Lewis ... knew all the theatrical celebrities of the day -- among them ... the Keans (p. 17).

His uncle, George Hamilton Coleman Lewis, who dealt with many of the firm's theatrical clients (p. 20), died in 1879 'at his house in Woburn Place' (p. 180); and it is reasonable to believe that he is the same George Lewis whose address Ellen Kean had given as 20 Woburn Place in 1864 (Hardwick, p. 153). Louis Lucas Lewis of Melbourne, though referred to by Mrs Kean as 'Lawyer Lewis's nephew' (p. 146), is not however the brother of Sir George Lewis named Louis (Juxon, p. 17). Burke's Peerage (1904) gives the fullest account of Sir George's siblings; and Louis (his only first name) was born on 5 December 1837, married Mary, daughter of Seymour Collins, and died on 12 April 1898 leaving issue. Louis Lucas died on 21 December 1910 leaving no issue; and, according to Southern Sphere (1 January 1911), was born in 1834. I have not traced his father; but on the available evidence he must have been a brother to James and George the founders of the firm. Portraits of Sir George reproduced by Juxon show a resemblance between the cousins; though their luxuriant dundreary whiskers (36) make it difficult to be precise. Sir George's were famous; so much so that W.S. Gilbert's caricature of him, as the Counsel for the Plaintiff, on the first night of Trial by Jury in 1875 was instantly recognised by the audience (Juxon, p. 155).

lawyer; and I was able to trace him through the life history of his nephew Sir George Lewis (1833-1911) a Q.C., famous in his day for keeping social scandals out of court and, no doubt for that reason, an intimate friend of Edward VII. He was one of the four sons of James Lewis, a lawyer who was in partnership with his own brother George. Lewis and Lewis were 'largely employed by the theatrical profession' which supported my identification; and of greater importance was the discovery that Sir George Lewis was 'conspicuously proud' of his Jewish birth (DNB).

The elder George Lewis was probably the partner employed by the Kears, and the uncle referred to in Ellen Kean's letter, since Sir George Lewis was only admitted in 1858, and the Kears were at the end of their careers in 1863. James and George may have had other brothers who might have been father to Louis Lewis of Melbourne; and it was evidently a family name. James gave it to another of his sons, but the date of that Louis's death, 1894 according to Burke's Peerage, seems proof that he was not Rose's husband. However, once the fact of Lewis's Jewish blood had been established, I did not pursue the connection much further.

Clarke may have been correct in placing the change of name from Levi three generations back in his genealogy, since a more recent change by Sir George or his father would have been registered in Burke, though the original name would not have been divulged. Elliott gives Lewis's first names as 'Louis Ludwig (or Lucas)' and the English branch of the family did have German connections, both Sir George Lewis's wives being German. In his will, Lewis gives Lucas; but he is still something of a mystery. Obituarists cite both Kensington (London) and Cuba as his birthplace.

Clarke's genealogy may also be intended to show a change of faith. Delevyra's father and grandfather both marry Jewesses, Esther Jacobs and Rachel Cohen; but the Carmels, while exotically continental, are apparently gentile. Whether Louis himself was the first to convert to Christianity, or whether the break came earlier I have been unable to discover; and it would be interesting to know if he had severed



his connection with the English Lewises or whether he was still accepted among them on his frequent trips overseas. If he had been, the fact might help to explain Rose's social pretensions, since Sir George Lewis was 'a familiar figure in the artistic and theatrical world' (DNB). Clarke could hardly have offered her anything comparable.

It would be even more interesting to know if the scene in which Delevyra confronts the lovers was based on fact; whether Clarke was ever 'shamed into utter prostration' by an offer from Lewis of £300 a year to take his wife away and keep her. Lewis's mild looks probably belied him; as his obituary in the Argus, 22 December 1910 describes him he was a man of 'remarkable gifts and great energy' who had made a fortune, lost it apparently through no fault of his own, and made another after he was sixty. Perhaps sarcasm would have been his weapon, rather than the Deane and Adams revolver Clarke joked about in the love-letters, or the duel expected by the guilty Felix. However, the lovers did not think that they had been discovered; and since Lewis apparently travelled a good deal his plan to take Rose to England need not have been based on jealousy, in spite of Mackinnon's suggestion that he was 'unreasonably jealous.'

'The Jew' was obviously to be a pivotal figure in 'Felix and Felicitas.' No doubt Rose's husband loomed equally large in Clarke's life both as successful rival for her loyalty, if not for her affection, and as creditor;<sup>75</sup> so large in fact that he may have been the character Clarke most needed to 'wrestle down' in a book, as Rose puts it (178). This would account for the direct authorial attention given to Raphael Delevyra at some length at the beginning of Chapter 2. Clarke meets him, as it were, head on.

### Felix

Clarke's friends seem agreed on his ability to conceal his true nature beneath a bohemian and often cynical exterior although, said Charles Bright in 1895 (p. 418), this 'was but skin deep:'

At heart, he was open to all human sympathies and alive to every generous aspiration, but it took time for an

outsider to get there,...one was apt to be misled by his affectation of satiety and recklessness.

'You have with all your assumed callousness a very loving nature' Rose was also to say (202 ). 'Your children will become very precious to you.' Like Felix (311) Clarke probably affected to dislike his children; but Hopkins, probably because Marian or the children had told him, tells how their father always gave them expensive toys; he could not bear them to have anything 'cheap and nasty' (23, p. 10).

If, in general, he did not care to show the world his true self, perhaps we must not expect to make the same confident identification of Felix with Clarke as was possible with Felicitas and Raphael Delevyra and the Lewises. Felix may be as much a subconscious revelation as it is a self-portrait; and if there is anything deliberate about it it will doubtless be its irony.

If Felix is Clarke then his naming, as for Felicitas, is highly ironic; perhaps even more so than hers. Beneath his devil-may-care manner he was anything but happy, especially when he broke with Rose; and his literary fertility was never so great in the years which followed; although, he may ruefully have thought in giving his hero a name, he had children enough to justify the choice.

'Fruitful' and 'fortunate' are among the definitions of felix; and it is here that Clarke's irony doubles back on itself with a final cynical twist. According to his synopses, when Felix returns to his wife he is indeed fruitful and fortunate, he is even happy; but in truth his life has been an 'anti-climax.' He has failed to carry his great love-affair through 'to the end,' and his paintings, though they sell, have become second rate. In love and in art he has lacked the courage of his convictions; and Clarke hints that he had better have died after the shipwreck which restores him to his wife. 'Unhappily he recovers!' represents the real truth as the author sees it; and how far that also represents the truth of his own life as Clarke saw it can only be imagined.

The personal appearance of Felix is barely hinted at in the novel, and there seems little attempt to make him recognisable as the author; indeed there are some aspects of Ampersand -- his small build and fastidious dress -- which are more reminiscent of Clarke as Bright describes him. However, a comparison between Godwin the bronzed explorer 'braced with the morality of health' and Felix the artist 'pale from his vigils and enervated by the languor following upon nervous exaltations' (310) might suggest Clarke in his later years, though it may also owe something to 'the mind sleepless and watchful, the body restless and feverish' which Benjamin Richardson had noted, not of the painter, as it happens, but of the author as he labours by night or day 'to set down at once his "happy conceptions."<sup>76</sup>'

One reference, probably subconscious, concerns an operation Clarke underwent in childhood. Ankylosed bone in his left arm was removed, leaving it several inches shorter than the right; and this deficiency was later to deny him an army career. His grandfather had been an army surgeon and Clarke, in his early teens, wished to follow him. He was sufficiently keen for a request for special consideration to be sent to the Commander-in-Chief; but the condition of his arm was such that no exception could be made (Hopkins, 4, pp. 5-6). In Chapter 3 we learn that a portrait of Felix's grandfather, killed at Waterloo, hangs at Fasham; and it has 'a hole in the arm where Felix shot an arrow at it when he was a little boy' (311). Clarke's family included several distinguished soldiers; and an arrow in Colonel Hector Germaine's arm may have expressed his sense of rejection as well as the actual pain of the operation.

Except for the Manley Hopkins brothers and perhaps their own friend<sup>77</sup> E.H. Coleridge, we do not know who Clarke's childhood friends were; it is therefore difficult to say if his description of the relationship between Felix and Godwin when young has any basis in fact. In Chapter 3 it is obvious that association with someone more fortunate than he has warped Felix's character; he has been made 'at once envious and

ambitious' a bad combination; and he feels his inferiority all the more 'because no one reminded him of it . . .' (310).

Clarke seems to be speaking out of a deeply-felt experience; and such may have been his feelings when he discovered the loss of what he had been brought up to think would be a substantial patrimony; a disaster which was known at least to his more intimate school-friends. His Clarke<sup>78</sup> cousins' 'social successes' also irritated him, he tells Hopkins in 1867; their letters showed them to be 'desperate swells . . . aristocratic names pelt about my plebeian head in a hailstorm of Debrett' (Hopkins, 21, pp. 3-4). Almost certainly alluding to his early change of fortune he tells Rose:

One always has ambition, but mine was stimulated by the feeling that circumstances had placed me in a false position, and made me inferior to people I despised.(174)

The men Rose has to entertain are 'stupid commonplace idiots' but they are, of course, rich; and this must have been galling to Clarke who feels that the 'elegancies' which surround her should, by right, be his. Exhausted by the 'mill horse round' as he describes it, part of his nature craves the life he ironically gives Felix:

O why is one cursed with this active brain.  
I think it would be better to be on a lower  
level -- to be a worthy fool, with no hopes  
beyond the morrow, no tasks but the animal  
one of providing for ~~her~~ [sic] his  
daily bread.(174)

In the 'effort at mental analysis' he had promised in his synopsis there is no reason to suppose that he excluded himself; indeed, the remarks just quoted are from the self-revealing passages, written when Clarke's anguish was at its height, deleted from copy-letter 9 previously described; and another passionate outburst, which was allowed to remain, he regarded as 'a curious psychological study' (163). But if, in Felix, Clarke is showing us the author as artist it is a bitter self-portrait.

From the first chapter it can be seen that Felix's ambition is strongly blended with personal vanity; the success of his picture vindicates him rather than his art; it makes his name with 'the crowd'

and enables him to outshine the aristocratic Godwin. 'I am worth more to them than he is' is almost his first thought, succeeded by the hope that his notoriety will get him into a better London Club (291). The diminutive Clarke carried himself with an air; but, like Felix, he may have felt on a good day that he was 'taller, stronger, bolder, better-dressed, and more at ease.' It is Ampersand who cuts the artist down to size; the 'genuine success' of the picture does not impress him, but he knows what will impress Felix. 'I suppose your personal equation is raised in consequence' he writes, inviting him to his fatal meeting with the Delevyras (292).

We do not know if Clarke had a friend to tell him such home-truths; and he may be too hard on himself here. He is ambitious, as he constantly tells Rose; but what he most desires is a reputation for good work; 'the applause of ignorant fools' does not interest him. He fears that descent into the second-rate which may follow the success of His Natural Life; and his own self-doubt may be put into the mouth of Ampersand, analysing Felix for Godwin's benefit in Chapter 7:

I know him better than you. He is unstable. He works only under the influence of violent fits of ambition. Should he ever become sated with praise, or fatally baffled he will work no more. He is not of those who paint because they cannot live without painting. (341)

No such dramatic fate was to be in store for Germaine; nor, Clarke probably feared, for himself. Felix continues to work but is happy to be second-rate; the irony of it is that it makes him rich; the double irony is that Clarke worked desperately but remained poor.

Superficially, the resemblances between Clarke and his hero are strong enough; both married women who were apparently satisfied with home and children; both sought more passionate intellectual companionships which foundered for much the same reasons. The difference lay in the fact that for Clarke the story was only 'what might have been'; but for him, as for Felix, it all came down to money in the end.

#### Alice Germaine

What strikes one most about Alice Germaine in Clarke's preparatory

notes for 'Felix and Felicitas' was how long it took him to make up his mind about her; there is no separate genealogy to show her descent; indeed her very name, and the occupation of her father, are almost the last things to be decided. Mrs. Felix Germaine of Clarke's first list of characters becomes Jane, née Bowler in the Germaine family tree; and in the traces which remain of Clarke's earlier plot she was to be Juliet. In the 1876 synopsis which Bailliere kept she is merely 'a charmingly domesticated wife' although Clarke does add, in the version sent to London, that she is a curate's daughter.

In the first chapters Mrs. Felix Germaine is still eminently forgettable. Chapter 1 gives no impression that Felix is a married man; in his triumph he never thinks of her; and only towards the end of Chapter 2 does he blush to admit to Felicitas, who has already dazzled him, that he has left a wife behind him in the country (303). It is Ampersand, who knows everybody's life-history, who finally announces her name. She was born Alice Gray, 'the daughter of poor Mr. Gray, the curate -- a most amiable girl' (305). Godwin, who ought to know his own parish, has also forgotten her; he thinks she has black eyes, but the amazing Ampersand corrects him; they are blue. 'Ah! I must have been thinking of somebody else' says Godwin, and immediately loses interest.

If Clarke so obviously could not see Alice Germaine, perhaps he never really saw his wife either; when in the intellectual or bohemian ambience he preferred he probably just forgot her. We do not know whether, like Alice, she was 'charmingly' domesticated or whether she was simply weighed down with too many babies and too little help; but unfortunately her husband, like Felix, did not find domesticity charming in any case. One of the attractions of 'the Lady Alice' in Clarke's 'Noah's Ark' story was that her home was not disturbed by 'romping, healthy children'; and it is tempting to wonder whether the sad little incident in Chapter 3, when Felix reproves unsophisticated Alice for bringing baby to meet the London train, had some counterpart in Marian Clarke's experience (311).

However, it has to be said that Alice and Marian are more remarkable



for their differences than for their similarities. Marian Clarke was no curate's daughter, bred in a quiet English village, but had travelled more widely than her husband, coming to Australia from America as a young girl, and acting with her father in Australia and New Zealand before her marriage. She played mostly in musical comedy and burlesque, though occasionally in Shakespearian parts. In her own way she had probably seen as much of Bohemia as Clarke, and perhaps with a shrewder eye.

Marian's nature, to judge by her favourite roles, was probably light-hearted rather than deep; but, as she proved in after years, she had plenty of spirit. According to J. Forde ('Old Chum'), writing her obituary in 1914, she came of a 'very refined' continental family on her mother's side, 'the family trait descending to the children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn.' Her grandfather, Andrew Leonard Voullaire Campbell, was a well-known English actor, who managed Sadler's Wells between 1828 and 1832, and was the author of several melodramas in which his son-in-law John Dunn played. It is possible therefore that, in spite of the social stigma of being an actress, Marian felt in no way inferior to her husband who, after all, knew almost nothing of his own mother beyond her name.

Continued financial adversity must have soured her however, and like Alice she probably did 'henpeck' her husband; 'I have made a sad petulant woman out of her' Clarke confessed to Rose (175). Just as Alice is patronised by Felix for knowing little of art, so Marian was not a reader; neither woman shared her husband's interests; but then neither, it is probably fair to say, was seriously encouraged to do so.

When Felix left his wife, her attitude seems to have been one of quiet endurance; when he is returned to her she is there waiting, just where he left her, apparently untroubled by lack of income. Somehow one imagines that Marian Clarke's response would have been more vigorous; after Clarke's death, which was almost as sudden a desertion, she fought hard to maintain herself and her children. 'Old Chum' is full of praise for the 'heroism of the little widow' in her 'stern uphill fight' which, he

says, left her 'an invalid in her later years.'

As to Alice, it is true that the genteel poor, who survive with several faithful but presumably unpaid domestics are a commonplace of Victorian fiction; but Alice need not be a purely fictional creation. As a curate's daughter she may be remembered from Great Mongeham; one of the girls from 'Farnham Rectory' who reappear so sweetly in Chapter 3; or perhaps one of the Manley Hopkins sisters; and she does begin to have a personality of her own as the story develops. In so far as Clarke had promised that the general effect of his novel would be a moral one, Alice might be the 'angel in the house' celebrated in fiction; 'Felix and Felicitas' might be one more story of the husband who strays and the love of a good woman which redeems him; but Clarke also promised a satire; and the cynical twist to the tale was to be that Felix was thereby destroyed.

If, as I have suggested, Clarke did not see his wife any more clearly than he at first saw Alice Germaine, he may not have felt qualified to attempt her portrait; nor may it have been necessary. If he was working out his bitterness in a book, intending that his characters should be recognised, it was not so vital for his purpose that Alice Germaine should be recognised as Marian Clarke; it was their common function as the deserted wife which was important. Both women were really outside the central drama, the triangular relationships in which their husbands were involved; they had the same supporting role; and that was all.

#### (c) A Literary Creation

##### Ampersand.

Clarke's naming of this important character is particularly happy; he suggests, in economical form, the several roles Ampersand is destined to play in 'Felix and Felicitas.' 'Ampersand' as a corruption of '& by itself = and' denotes Gilbert Ampersand's detachment as an observer at the same time as it indicates his omnipresence as a connective link. In Victorian times '&' or 'Ampersand' came at the end of the alphabet from which children learnt their letters; and it is also Ampersand's function to bring up the rear in the novel, spelling out its true meaning to the

reader.

Ampersand is one of the few characters to appear in Clarke's detailed notes under his own name; he is the only speaker to be identified in the short draft made for a conversation in Chapter 2 (228-9); and 'Ampersand might say' prefaces a quotation from Renan used to advantage in Chapter 6 (222). When we come to the novel fragment he is everywhere. Whether at a party in Town, or suddenly appearing from behind a hedge in the country, he is there to witness and comment upon all events of importance; to keep an argument going or, surprisingly, to bring out the best in Alice Germaine. Although Clarke never entirely abdicates his right of authorial comment, the insights of this attendant figure often provide him with additional perspectives on his characters; indeed it is on Ampersand's authority that we frequently depend for their life-histories.

Thus in Chapter 1 he is on hand to tell the Delevyras and Clarke's readers all they need to know about Felix, his family connection with the Godwins, and the return of the voyagers from the South Seas. A moment later he is noting with amusement the theatricality of Felicitas, as she draws her furs around her -- the exiled Clarke had evidently forgotten that the 'Academy' was a summer Show -- and summons her husband by 'a twinkle of her eyelash.' Before he leaves the scene he makes his own detached position clear; he is 'simply an independent person who lives on an island called Gilbert Ampersand.' Finally, his invitation to Felix for the Delevyras' party which ends the chapter is, as I have already shown, a cynical estimate of the young artist's vanity.

At the party we find Ampersand 'quite in his element' provoking arguments between such ill-assorted persons as Stivelyn (Swinburne) and that 'sincere Catholic' Quarterfoyle (Pugin); and acting as cicerone to Godwin; and the next day he follows in the wake of the family party which descends on Fasham to celebrate the young earl's coming-of-age. By showing a kindly interest in Alice's baby he is able to draw her out in a discussion of her own ideals as wife, mother and homemaker, and her fears for the future if her successful husband is lionised in London (319). He

observes with delight the furore caused by Godwin's revolutionary speech; and sums up the proceedings with the quotation from Draper which Clarke was evidently so anxious to use: 'Your pupil' he tells Fabian Germaine  
82  
'is a barbarian. He is in earnest!'

Indeed, with the exception of 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace' Ampersand sums up every chapter; Chapter 6 is all his own; and the last chapter of all would probably have taken much the same form. The scene was to be Ampersand's club; and no doubt, except for a little prompting, he would have held the floor as he expounded the true moral of 'Felix and Felicitas.'

These examples may be sufficient to show the importance of Ampersand's role; but this character has an interest beyond the figure he makes in the novel; he may indicate other theoretical concerns which Clarke may have had at the time; and it is from this standpoint that he must now be discussed.

The narrative structure which Clarke outlined in October 1876 appears sound and well-proportioned, and Ampersand is already chosen as the character who is to draw its threads together in the final scene. However, if the finished chapters are to be taken as typical of the whole, he is obviously to do more; by his watchful presence throughout he is to bind the action firmly together without ever, so far as the novel has gone, being its prime mover. In this he is a fair example of what Henry James was later to call his 'light ficelle'; the character who belongs essentially to 'treatment'; who is the 'wheels to the coach'  
83  
never its occupant; never 'the true agent.' Ampersand, as far as we can tell, does nothing; yet without him the story would fail of half its effect. Like Clarke, James revered Balzac; but he probably came to see, in his own 'light ficelle,' an alternative to Balzac's heavier authorial consciousness.  
84  
Clarke, whom Mackinnon enthusiastically describes in an obituary in the Ballarat Star of 3 August 1881 p. 3 as 'a brilliant writer of the French school' never forgot what he had learnt from Balzac; but we begin to see him now, experimenting with this new device, and  
111

moving away, in one respect at least, from his great hero, towards something more modern and more flexible.

In its application to Ampersand James's choice of phrase has more than one reference. 'Une ficelle', a string, has the more specialised meaning 'packthread;' 'connaître les ficelles' is to 'know the ropes'; and 'montrer la ficelle' is to expose the underground workings of a plot though not, of course, in a literary sense.

Before he inherited the fortune which enabled him to become 'the most elaborate idler in London' Ampersand had qualified in medicine (290); and his impartial observations of the human scene are reminiscent of the 'clinical' method, already noticed by Sainte-Beuve in the work of Flaubert; and given theoretical status, towards the end of Clarke's life, by the French Naturalists.

85

The new school, headed by the de Goncourt brothers and Émile Zola, was to call for a clinical detachment in the analysis of character; the novelist, like the physician, was to keep case-notes on his subjects, while abstaining from all moral commentary on their actions, these being determined by the unconscious forces of heredity and what Taine, in the preface to his Histoire de la littérature anglaise of 1863, called 'milieu.' The interest which Clarke might have taken in these new literary developments will be discussed in more general terms below; but so far as Ampersand is concerned, and because there seems to be no other reason for Clarke's choice, it is interesting that he is both a doctor and, we learn in Chapter 6, an aspiring author (331). Since Clarke was citing the Causeries du Lundi as early as 1867 in 'Balzac and Modern French Literature' in the Australasian, 3 August, p. 136, he may have read Sainte-Beuve's dictum on Flaubert:

Fils et frère de médecins distingués, [il]  
tient la plume comme d'autres le scalpel.  
Anatomistes et physiologistes, je vous  
retrouve partout!

86

Clarke's first title for Chapter 6 was 'A Chapter from a Novelist's

Notebook; and Ampersand, who has not yet chosen his genre, is nevertheless heard to say that:

A work which should combine the Comedie Humaine of Balzac with the Rapports du Physique et du Moral of Cabanis was not impossible to an observer who zealously studied and recorded the peculiarities of the human beings with whom he is brought into contact; and although he never absolutely pledged himself to do more than observe and record, he observed and recorded diligently. (332)

Clarke gives, as 'a specimen of his style' Ampersand's diligent observations on the mis-mating of Felix and Alice Germaine; and it has already been noted that these were partly fabricated from a work by Renan in which the desire to reproduce the species is seen as a determinist force; romance is merely 'one of the artful devices of nature' (222).

The references to Cabanis and Balzac are, it is true, to writers of an earlier day. Since Clarke owned the Cabanis work, and revered Balzac, theirs may simply have been the first names to come to mind; <sup>87</sup> alternatively, if we credit him with a deliberately satirical intention, he is showing through Ampersand that there is nothing particularly modern about the new movement. Cabanis, as one of the Idéologues who believed in the physical basis of Mind, was a prominent physician at the time of the French Revolution; and Balzac, though an old-fashioned moralist, had nevertheless been, in his day, one of the greatest exponents of the 'roman documentaire,' loading his scenes and characters with an almost embarrassing wealth of observed detail. Ampersand then, according to how one decides to take him, may be a serious reference to Clarke's French contemporaries, or a satire on their favourite theories; but in either case it seems likely that Clarke did intend a literary allusion to be understood.

Ampersand may also speak for the author himself. All Victorian writers knew that they had little chance of being published unless their work had an acceptably moral ending. Clarke was careful to point out in his 1876 synopsis that although 'Felix and Felicitas' was not written virginibus puerisque, and notwithstanding his daring references to Gautier and

George Sand, its general effect would be 'a moral one.' The rather fin de siècle weariness of his conclusion comes more safely as the opinion of 'Ampersand the idler'; Clarke, though it is interesting to note, from Bright, his affectation of 'satiety,' need not make it his own.

Ampersand's verdict is also, in modern parlance, highly metafictional. In deciding that 'the modern Devil . . . is anticlimax,' that 'in modern life men and women never carry out their romances to a proper end,' that the lovers continue living second-rate lives when they ought to have preferred suicide, he 'points the story' of that protean conflict between Romance and Realism in the novel which Clarke, in his synopses for 'Felix and Felicitas' is attempting to solve. To what extent he was ever, or could ever afford to be, a self-conscious theorist, must now be considered.

#### (vii) Clarke's Development as a Novelist -- A Critical Overview

Clarke did not publish much serious literary criticism; but he read widely in French as well as English and American critical journals, and what he did write was well-informed. <sup>88</sup> Regrettably, he left no sustained discussion of his own work; however, if asked to place himself in a school, no doubt he would have called himself a Realist though, one would have to add, with a strong Romantic streak. 'Felix and Felicitas' is interesting because, at least in his 1876 synopses, it does look as if Clarke intended to break new ground.

If, on the other hand, the altered synopsis published by Mackinnon in 1890 does represent Clarke's own second thoughts, then the intention that 'Felix and Felicitas' should be a 'sensation novel' might have been seen, by serious critics, as an unwelcome regression to the melodramatic style which it seemed he might at last be about to abandon.

Assuming that authorial intention is still admissible as a proper subject of enquiry one must, in any case, beware of crediting Clarke with any thoroughgoing adherence to critical principle. High art had so often to take second place, with him, to financial necessity; and an experimental novel was a luxury he could hardly afford. If he did alter

the direction of 'Felix and Felicitas' towards the sensational it was probably for this reason; nor would the change have particularly worried Bentley's. He was writing too, in the 1870s, a time when it was difficult for an aspiring author to get his bearings. As Hugh Walpole has judged it:

These ten years cover the most markedly transitional period of the English novel, and they show so curious a meeting of opposite waters, so violent a contrast of men, methods, ideas and morals that there has been no other confusion quite so great in all the history of English Letters.

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(a) A Novelist of the 'Seventies

Clarke published his first novel Long Odds in book form in 1869, and was still engaged on his last when he died in 1881. His career as a novelist therefore spans just that decade which Walpole finds so difficult to assess. 'From our crow's nest of the passing hour we gaze out in its direction over the sundering flood in search of landfall and sea-mark' as Walter De La Mare more poetically expresses it. For those who might wish to attempt it therefore, it seems that Clarke may be difficult to place.

A decade which saw the publication of Middlemarch can hardly be called barren; but the novelists usually described as the great Victorians were either dead, or finishing their life's work. Dickens died in 1870, and George Eliot's last novel, Daniel Deronda appeared in 1875. Thomas Hardy and Meredith were writing; but both found the moral climate of English publishing uncongenial, and neither achieved any great success until the '80s and '90s. Joseph Conrad was still waiting in the wings. It was not a particularly auspicious period in which a young colonial novelist could hope to make a name, or seek new English models.

Clarke, however, had always kept abreast of literary developments in France; and there, as we have seen, more was afoot. Zola had coined the term 'le naturalisme' in the preface to his Thérèse Raquin of 1868; but the new movement had already announced itself in 1865 in the second



edition of Germinie Lacerteux (1864) by Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, with its important preface, hailing the 'scientific novel.' It is quite possible that Clarke had read both novels, and had almost certainly seen them reviewed by Sainte-Beuve and others. There is, however, no evidence that Clarke particularly approved of the new French school.

In his essay on Balzac he had noted that although Balzac described vice, he never praised or rewarded it; and he roundly condemned the 'excess of realism' in the works of Balzac's 'prurient and obscene' followers whom, however, he did not name. At that date he may well have had the de Goncourts in mind; and it is tempting to read a passing reference to 'Jules and Edouard' as an error for Jules and Edmond.

Clarke never chose to review such works of Zola as were published in his lifetime; and only makes one non-committal reference to him, in the Victorian Review of April 1880, p. 994, as a writer who 'goes into the awful realities of poverty and crime.' This was in a review of Daudet's realist novels, which were evidently more to his taste.

Despite his affectation of bohemianism, I believe that Clarke was at heart, like James, something of a prude; and it seems likely that the 'grossness' of explicit sexual description towards which Naturalism might have led him would have offended and perhaps frightened him as much as it did Rose. The love-scenes in his works rarely convince, though it is true that anything more realistic would not have been published even if he had written it. The love-affair between Felix and Felicitas had barely gathered force when the work was broken off; but the letter from Felicitas with which the fragment of Chapter 8 begins is more that of patroness to protégé than of a mistress to her lover, even if spiced with that daring, if incautious, reference to 'de Beaudelaire.'

Thus a hope, long cherished, that Clarke could be discovered as the first of the Australian Naturalists had to be abandoned. However, he would always have seen it as the novelist's task to 'observe and record diligently'; and thus the question of whether, in 'Felix and Felicitas,' Ampersand is a satire or a serious portrait of those who advocated the

'clinical' method in literature must remain open.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to decide that Clarke had resisted the special literary pressures of the difficult period in which he was writing. Although, to continue Walter De La Mare's poetic metaphor, we cannot descry a sea-change, all the same he had made some progress along the path from melodrama to modernism; especially if the 1890 synopsis is set aside or, as it quite possibly might be, treated as a careless copy of his original intentions. 'Felix and Felicitas' would not have been Long Odds, although both novels have the same milieu, and to some extent the same social concerns. Clarke promises that 'moral effect' without which few Victorian novelists could hope for publication. But the 'anti-climax' of 'Felix and Felicitas' is a significant reversal of the high-flown ending of Long Odds, where the guilty Cyril, who has fled England after murdering the supposed lover of his wife, wanders in Australia before falling dead at the feet of the only girl he really loved, now married to a noble young squatter. In the unfinished 'Felix and Felicitas' Clarke has not conquered all his besetting sins; but he may at least be given credit for some improvement in his skills.

(b) Character

Elliott remarked in 1958 (p. 188) that 'Felix and Felicitas' promised to be 'a more competent work technically' than Clarke's earlier novels; and nowhere is this so obvious as in his improved ability to present character. Without entering into a detailed comparison of the 'Felix and Felicitas' fragment with, for instance, Long Odds and His Natural Life it is interesting to trace in broad outline the development of his technique.

In Long Odds characters and their histories are directly described and interpreted by Clarke; and we are frequently in colloquy with the author --'Between you and me reader, he was not half good enough for her'; 'I do not know if I can make you understand the life these two led together' are typical interpolations. One may be tempted to see, in Dacre, an embryo Ampersand; but he is too much the 'agent of the action' to qualify

as a 'ficelle'; and where he is the detached observer Clarke, still working within the conventions of melodrama, is content to see him merely as audience.

In the serial version of His Natural Life there is an interesting and appropriate use of Dicken's method -- as deduced by William Axton -- of fixing particular characters in his reader's memory from one instalment to another by the constant repetition of certain catchphrases or foibles associated with each; and it seems to have been Dickens's opinion that this device could safely be dropped halfway through the narrative. In the serial Clarke follows this plan to the letter; and 'good old English' characterises almost everything Maurice Frere says or does until the mid-point of this first version of His Natural Life.

Dickens's method was, of course, borrowed from the theatre; and Clarke had the good sense to see that it was not required for his revised book version of 1874, although other theatrical devices were retained. The 'declamation' of past histories in the Prologue is pure melodrama; and North soliloquises to his diary in similar style. It is true that there is some refinement of technique; Clarke no longer addresses his 'dear reader,' and North's diaries add another perspective on characters and events. These, however, are introduced into the text in somewhat old-fashioned style; they stand too much apart from it; and Clarke's is still the mediating consciousness through which we chiefly come to know and judge his characters.

All this is changed in 'Felix and Felicitas.' Some direct description of character remains, but it no longer predominates. Clarke is discovering, rather later, and often more clumsily, than his massive contemporary Henry James that the house of fiction has many windows; that although the 'posted presence of the watcher' is still, ultimately, the consciousness of the artist, there is an 'incalculability of range' to be gained by the provision of a variety of observers; and when we come to consider his characters individually we see how much his own range has been extended. There was nothing new in the idea certainly; though James

did not articulate the device as theory until 1908, he had been using it since 1864; but for Clarke, who was never able to devote the single-minded attention to the art of fiction possible to James it represents a considerable advance towards the techniques of the modern novel. <sup>92</sup>

It is Ampersand's 'posted presence' of which we are most conscious; but other characters too make their contribution. Felicitas, for instance, promises to be a fine achievement; but she is realised almost entirely through the eyes of those upon whom her personality, for good or ill, has made a strong impression. It is perhaps a psychologically accurate touch that, as far as the novel has gone, she is seen entirely through the eyes of men. Their views of her accord with their own temperaments and values; and these, by this same means, are further adumbrated for the reader. Felix, although he attempts at first to sneer at her materialism, is quite won over by her intelligence, her charm of manner and, beneath it, the 'latent sadness which has so great an attraction for the hearts of young men' (303). But the aristocratic Godwin cannot bear to see Felix dazzled by 'a woman like that' (340). He will never admit her to membership of his own class; his is the highest example of the Mongeham tone.

(c) The Plot and its Scale

As James also says, writing of Trollope in Century Magazine, July 1883, 'character in itself is plot'; and fortunately Clarke's synopses remain to show what the plot of 'Felix and Felicitas' was to have been. As we read it there it is well-constructed, tighter than His Natural Life, and almost modernist in its dénouement compared with the Wagnerian ending of that novel, and the stagey apotheosis of Long Odds. But in its general intention I believe it could be shown that Clarke was remarkably consistent in the philosophic view which underlies the three works superficially compared here. The forces of circumstance, the pressures of society, are always to be seen by him to be working on his characters, conditioning their actions. It seems merely, that in 'Felix and Felicitas' he has decided not to cook the books; real life being so

often, after all, an anti-climax.

This indeed, especially when a fit of 'satiety' took him, may have been a view which appealed to Clarke. It is tempting, for instance, to see, with Poole (pp. 71-72), a model for the ending of 'Felix and Felicitas' in the short story 'Playing with Fire' already referred to as the birthplace of Quantox of the Isthmian. However, the descent of young Francis Linton from aspiring dramatist to pickle-manufacturer is a more comic reversal. Life, the author concludes, 'becomes a most ridiculous farce'; in 'Felix and Felicitas' he has more serious business in hand.

Unavoidably, those fortunate survivors, the synopses, tend to create the illusion of one's having read the novel; and valuable though this might be for some purposes, it may be misleading if claims for the craftsmanship of the narrative structure, as it would have emerged in the finished work, are based upon it. What Bailliere sent to London is a *précis*; and, as we know, Clarke could 'boil things down' when necessary. The novel itself may have been much more a 'baggy monster' than its author's confident *résumé* suggests; and unfortunately it seems to me that he ran into difficulties when he began to write.

Almost as an afterthought he had told Bailliere (but not Bentley) that the novel would be 'not as long as His Natural Life.' On the evidence of the seven completed chapters it is impossible to see how this could have been achieved; Clarke is still setting his scene for the illicit love-affair, which has hardly begun when the unfinished Chapter 8, 'Felicitas to Felix' is reached. Some ground had still to be covered before the affair could blossom into an elopement; and that act of daring was to be but the beginning of a long train of circumstances leading to Felix's ingloriously 'ranging himself,' and becoming in the process a second-rate artist. This surely must have been the part of the novel on which Clarke most wished to lavish his skill; indeed it is only after the elopement, he tells Bailliere, that his 'effort at mental analysis' is to begin.

Clarke, moreover, was accustomed, both as journalist and novelist, to writing to a deadline, and to fill a predetermined space. Of his other

novels, only 'Twixt Shadow and Shine came out originally in book form; the rest appeared first as serials. There seems to have been no plan to serialise 'Felix and Felicitas;' and perhaps Clarke needed the constraints which that form of publication imposed. In spite of what he told Bailliere he had every temptation to allow his pen to run on, adding 'happy conceptions' to his story as they occurred to his fertile brain. And indeed, there are several traces of a sub-plot, unprovided for in the 1876 synopses.

There are, for instance, hints of an attraction which may develop between the Earl of Godwin and Alice Germaine. Godwin may not remember the daughter of 'poor Mr Gray the curate' in Chapter 2; but by Chapter 3 he is evidently sensitive to her feelings when her husband reproves her for bringing their baby son to the station to meet him; and in Chapter 5, rejected by his family for his radical coming of age speech we find him 'pouring out his heart' to her in the garden. The attraction is perhaps to be more on his side than hers; she finds him on the whole 'rather alarming' (326); and if Clarke's contrast between the standards of London and the country, art and aristocracy, is to be played for its full value there will be no love-affair. Alice, we already know, is to remain the forgiving and presumably faithful wife who eventually nurses Felix back to rude health and mediocrity at the end of the novel; it is only Felicitas who is cast adrift.

Clarke was evidently undecided, when he drafted Chapter 7, just how far he wanted this secondary development to go; and indeed, although the narrative appears to flow on unchecked from the printed chapters, relationships between the main characters have progressed by leaps and bounds in the interim. Godwin now has a 'fortunate attachment' to Alice which prevents him from succumbing to the temptations of London society (338); and Felix's interest in Felicitas has become noticeable to the young Earl, who wonders 'how he can neglect his wife for a woman like that.' It is at this point however, that Clarke seems to hesitate. In a reworked passage which was finally deleted altogether, Godwin blushes to

remember that he himself is attracted to Alice (340); nevertheless, the observant Ampersand guesses his secret, a fact which is allowed to stand (341); and the cynic's final but unconcluded reflections on Godwin's character which are interrupted by Walmsley so that the chapter may end on a lighter note might have been intended to carry the matter further. On balance therefore it seems likely that there would have been some kind of counter-relationship to that of the main protagonists; and, whatever its intensity, additional chapters would have been required to resolve it.

It seems to me therefore that his material was already, at this early stage, weighing Clarke down; and that problems of scale may have contributed as substantially to the novel's remaining unfinished, and possibly abandoned, at the time of his death as did any of the causes usually brought forward.

I have called these last observations, deliberately, an 'overview.' It was not my intention that this should be primarily a critical work, and my remarks should be taken as the broadest of generalisations. I have referred in passing to the theories of Henry James not because I wished to assemble an array of critics but only because I have found it of almost poignant interest to see what an exact contemporary, having so many of the mental and material advantages and stimuli Clarke so desperately needed, was making of the literary world to which he was fortunate enough to be so close, and from which circumstances had excluded Clarke. Clarke could read the French authors of his day; but Henry James knew and talked intimately with them. I am not suggesting that the two men were alike in stature: it is one thing to contrast their lives; it would be presumption to compare their work. While Clarke was struggling with 'Felix and Felicitas' James, with several good novels already behind him, was completing Portrait of a Lady. Clarke's intellect was keen, and his reading wide; but in both he lacked the self-discipline, the total dedication of James. An 'effort at mental analysis' was not beyond him; but it is doubtful whether he would have had either

the patience to endure the sustained ratiocinations of the later James, or the stamina to make a similar attempt. Nevertheless, one's heart does go out to the exile; perhaps most of all because he rushed, so young, into the great pitfall Henry James always managed to avoid; he got married.

It is this personal aspect of Clarke's life which is the most canvassed on the rare occasions when the largely unread 'Felix and Felicitas' is discussed. What part the love-affair between Marcus Clarke and Rose Lewis played in its conception is an important consideration; but it is not the only one.

In the context of nineteenth-century Australian literature Clarke's unfinished novel has an historical interest which goes beyond what it may add to our knowledge of his own later work; it signifies a faint but perceptible movement. Not, of course, that kind of progress which the Jindyworobaks might later have hailed; indeed it seems unlikely that Clarke would have written another Australian novel even had he lived long enough to do so. Like so many nineteenth-century colonists he was always, in a sense, the English writer transplanted; but in looking also to France he was aware of new forms of realism and, as I believe, embodied them in the anti-romantic conclusion of 'Felix and Felicitas' and the character of Gilbert Ampersand. He might never have been the Australian Zola; but, if counterparts are to be looked for, it is not too fanciful to picture him as the Australian George Moore.

#### POSTHUMOUS HISTORY

Clarke died on 2 August 1881, as legend has it, still trying to write. His fortunes were at their lowest ebb. His second insolvency, declared in February, helped to destroy what slender hopes he might have had of obtaining the Librarianship, then vacant; by 2 June the Trustees could no longer ignore it; and they resolved, as they were bound to do, to demand his resignation from the post of Sub-Librarian. Whether, as in 1874, they would have declined to accept it once formally tendered is not certain; Clarke's protector on that earlier occasion, Sir Redmond Barry, was



now dead, and their patience may well have been exhausted; although Armstrong at least, in 1906, thought that they would have been merciful once again (p. 43). At the time of his death it does not appear that Clarke had been dismissed; and among the effects which his widow asked George Walstab to collect from the Public Library were, probably, the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers.

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Marian Clarke was now left virtually penniless with six young children to bring up; and to raise funds for her support friends at once decided to bring out a representative selection of his work, a 'memorial volume.' The editors were originally to be Clarke's friends G.A. Walstab, Garnet Walsh, and R.P. Whitworth; and this was announced as early as 5 September 1881 in the Australian Journal which was reprinting the serial of His Natural Life. Clarke's death had made it topical; and it was a practical way to assist his widow. For some reason these three retired, probably at the beginning of 1882, when Mackinnon was already announcing himself to Bentley's as the 'compiler' if not the editor of the proposed volume; telling them also that 'Felix and Felicitas' was to be included. When the volume finally appeared in 1884 -- too late, one would have thought, to have been of much immediate use to Mrs. Clarke -- the 'compiler and editor' was Hamilton Mackinnon.

It is Mackinnon who seems to have busied himself most with Clarke's affairs after 1881; constituting himself 'next friend' of the deceased in a way which seems eventually to have excluded all others. We do not know, for instance, why the first editors of the Memorial Volume retired; but they may have resented Mackinnon's interference, and his increasing influence on Mrs. Clarke. Something of him must now be told.

Elliott quotes freely -- though with understandable reservations -- from Mackinnon's biographical memoirs of Clarke which appeared in the Memorial Volume and, in an extended form, in its successor the Austral Edition of 1890; but he has little to say of the man. This may have been, as he claims, because he knew very little at the time; or because he was too discreet to divulge what he did know, since, when

Marcus Clarke was published in 1958 some of Clarke's children were still alive. He asserts only that Mackinnon was the nephew of the better-known Lachlan Mackinnon, one-time proprietor of the Argus. Uncle and nephew were not, apparently, on good terms; Hamilton was not persona grata to his own family nor, says Elliott, 'in later years, to the Clarke family either' (p. 79); information which he may have had from Clarke's surviving children. However, it will be seen that Hamilton Mackinnon came from an army family; a very different background from that of Lachlan Mackinnon, a staunch Presbyterian from the Isle of Skye. Lacking any independent confirmation of the relationship the story may therefore be apocryphal. Further, and of more importance when it comes to Mackinnon's confident statements on his friend's life and work, Elliott questions whether there were not 'others who might have made more discriminating literary executors' as Mackinnon wrongly claimed to be; and continues:

It is difficult to discover how longstanding was his friendship with Clarke, or how complete their confidence. ... Although an original member of the Yorick Club, Mackinnon does not appear to have been active in its formation, or associated with Clarke at that stage. ... In Clarke's last years they were apparently a good deal together. But his authority to speak is never quite satisfactorily established. ...  
[And as to his connection with the Memorial Volume]  
By whose sanction he acted is uncertain, except that he is known to have been friendly with Mrs. Clarke at that time. (1958, pp. 99-100)

The Yorick Club was formed in 1868, and Mackinnon was present at its first meeting; and letters to him from Clarke show that they were intimate at least by 1871. Later, one rather testy missive suggests that Mackinnon might have been over-possessive and too easily slighted by the insouciant Clarke.

I was able to fill out this hazy impression of Mackinnon from his will, and the report of an inquest which followed his death in 1897. He had been accidentally shot at his lodgings, 5, St Vincent Place, Albert Park, by a friend, Matthew Aikman, in the course of some very foolish but perhaps typical horseplay with a pistol, which he apparently kept loaded.

'Two grown men had behaved with worse than childlike stupidity' the

Coroner sternly remarked, delivering a verdict of accidental death (Argus, 22 May 1897, p. 12). To my astonishment however, his landlady proved to be Marian Clarke; Mackinnon had 'the balcony room upstairs . . . as office and bedroom' she told the Coroner; and, no doubt at her request, her deposition was corrected to read 'he lodged with me' rather than 'lived.'

Apart from any private scandal this might have caused, the shooting was a serious embarrassment to Mrs. Clarke in her official capacity as Registrar for the district; and it is hardly surprising that her first action, before sending for a doctor, and repeatedly thereafter until Mackinnon's death on the following day, was to make sure that there had been no quarrel between the two!

On her evidence, Hamilton Crawford Nisbet Mackinnon was a journalist, born in June, 1846; he was therefore the same age as Clarke. On the further evidence of his will he might have been born either in Great Britain or perhaps in India, since he directed that his ashes were to be placed on his mother's grave at Warrungall there; and his death notice in the Argus of 21 May says that his father was a Captain in the Honourable East India Company's Service; and an uncle and brother, both soldiers, are named. There is no mention of Lachlan Mackinnon; and although such a relationship, if it had become distasteful, could have been omitted in the Argus it could hardly have been kept out of reports of the accident in the Age. He was educated at Wellington College, Berkshire, founded in 1859, which catered mainly for the sons of army men. His bequest of his father's sword and relics of his days at Wellington to his 'only faithful child' Farquar, and mention only of his army connections in the death notice, suggest that he was proud of his descent, but had repudiated most of his immediate family.

Indeed, his will shows that Mackinnon was bitterly estranged from his 'treacherous and malignant wife Henrietta Mary nee Darcy,' from whom, the Argus reported on 20 May, p. 5, he had been parted for sixteen years, that is since the year of Clarke's death. He directed that all his

affairs and half his estate should be placed in the hands of his 'tried and true friend Marian Clarke.' The other half of this almost non-existent estate was to be divided between Farquar Mackinnon and Clarke's daughter Rose. Family photographs also went to Farquar, but I have not attempted, at this time, to trace the story further; and since Marian was instructed to destroy all his private papers there may not be much of value to be gleaned by more detailed research. He was, Aikman said, 'a big man with a big voice' who generously forgave his friend:

The doctor said to the deceased 'Would you shake hands with Aikman,' he said 'Certainly'... I said 'Well old Mack,' and he said 'Well old Grey.'

Mackinnon evidently kept himself afloat with other ventures besides journalism; Aikman had called, that night, to discuss a mining speculation in which they were involved; and he had also, at least by 1886, set himself up as a publisher. Two letters from him to Bentley's, of 23 April 1886, and 12 May 1887 are headed 'Mackinnon & Co. Literary and Special Publishers' of Elizabeth St, Melbourne. In the first he is anxious that letters referring to Clarke's works are sent to him personally as 'the Literary Executor of the late author' rather than to 'the firm of which Mr. Hamilton Mackinnon is a member.' As both letters are in his hand his use of the third person seems a little coy; but his claims are large: 'in future all the publishing relating to Mr. Clarke's works will be done by us.'

The modern and picturesque term 'gung ho' is perhaps what best describes Hamilton Mackinnon; 'full steam ahead about life . . . always ready to manage and organise things'; 'exceptionally keen to be personally involved in combat' are among its OED definitions; and it seems likely that, after Clarke's death, he simply went 'full steam ahead to manage and organise things' for his widow.

Mrs. Clarke's evidence at the inquest did not reveal how long Mackinnon had been her lodger; she said that she had known him for fifteen years, but she may have meant sixteen, since he was probably one of those who had rallied round her at the time of Clarke's death. No

letters from him that I can find give Mrs. Clarke's address; though one to Bentley's of 8 December 1885 comes from Montague St , Albert Park which adjoins St Vincent Place. It may probably be assumed therefore that for some time prior to the publication of the Memorial Volume in 1884 he had access to the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers; and, if the alterations to the love-letters are his, he had ample opportunity to make them. He was writing to Bentley's on Marian's behalf in 1882; but only on 15 May of 1884, in almost hysterical terms, did she give notice to Bentley's that he would in future act as her agent:

No one but Mr. Mackinnon is to  
conduct my business affairs . . .  
whatever he thinks best you will please  
follow as far as you can . . . whatever  
he does I shall endorse.'

Bentley's clerk, making an extract of her letter, particularly noted the underlining of 'no one.' Probably Mackinnon's claims to be Clarke's 'Literary Executor' date from this letter, since there is no such disposition in Clarke's will; all his affairs were left in the hands of his 'dear wife Marian.'

Bentley's had been offered the Memorial Volume soon after it was decided to issue it, on 4 October 1881, by Clarke's solicitor John Woolcott; but they refused it on 2 December on the grounds that it would be more appropriately brought out in Australia, where Clarke was better-known. Indeed, during the years which followed, Clarke's friends had often to be reminded that his fame in England was not quite so great as they fondly believed.

When Mackinnon wrote to them on 9 February 1882, he was able to tell Bentley's that he had found an Australian publisher, George Robertson of Melbourne. 'It is our idea' he said 'to strike off 1000 copies.' Bentley's, whom he assumed would be willing to promote the work in England -- as, he also thought, would the Daily Telegraph -- were anxious to be helpful; but they cautiously suggested, on 19 April, that if Mackinnon should be 'disposed to test the feeling of the English market,' that fifty to one hundred copies with their imprint on the title

page would be sufficient to cover the small demand anticipated; and McLaren finds no evidence that this modest order was filled (p. 133). This was probably because, by the time the Memorial Volume appeared, Robertson had withdrawn; leaving the brothers Stuart and David Reid, trading as Cameron, Laing and Co., to be both printers and publishers and, by publication day, July 10, 1884, joint holders of the copyright also. This was assigned to them on that date by Marian Clarke who had registered her sole ownership only six days previously; and since the original purpose of the publication was to raise funds on her behalf, this seems a strange proceeding, unless the Reids had offered payment for her rights. I am informed that such transactions cannot be assumed; but the work had been long delayed; and perhaps Marian, sensing that the first wave of public sympathy had passed, chose to take an immediate but certain profit rather than to wait for slow and uncertain sales.

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This troubled history would be of little interest beyond the bibliographical but for the fact that the Memorial Volume was to have included 'Felix and Felicitas'; and it may have been this plan which was at least partly responsible for the delay in publication. It may have embarrassed the original editors, especially if they had studied the draft of Mackinnon's preface and realised that he intended to connect the fragment with Clarke's old love-affair; and, if they were still acting at the beginning of 1882, they may also have resented Mrs. Clarke's apparent willingness to allow him to discuss business arrangements with Robertson's and with Bentley's. No doubt he swept all before him; and perhaps his influence on Clarke's widow was already causing gossip.

Robertson may also have become alarmed; it was he, it may be remembered, who as printer and backer of the Melbourne Review had suddenly got cold feet when the 'Civilization Without Delusion' debate was raging in 1880. He was, therefore, a cautious man, especially where his own reputation and interests were at stake; and may well have feared legal action if Mackinnon's 'Biography' of Clarke had been included in what is now presumed to be something like its original form; that is to

say, as it appeared in the Austral Edition of 1890. The idea of including 'Felix and Felicitas' and Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface' would only have increased his doubts as to the whole enterprise.

Mackinnon's 'Biography' as published in the Memorial Volume is notable because of several lacunae which appear in the text. The material omitted was evidently contentious; and unless the lacunae were demanded by a piqued Mackinnon, determined to show that he would have had a longer tale to unfold, the excisions may have come at a very late stage, leaving no time for the pages to be reset. Perhaps it was only then that Robertson withdrew; though it is equally possible that he could have decided, once he realised that Bentley's were not going to push the work in England, to get out of what was becoming an unprofitable venture as early as 1882. The excisions might equally have been demanded by the printers Cameron, Laing who would have been equally responsible at law for, to take one example, Mackinnon's wild accusations against the money-lender Aaron Waxman, which were to find their way into the Austral Edition. Indeed Maurice Brodsky, in his letter to A.G.Stephens of 1901, accuses Mackinnon, 'who was a scoundrel,' of attempting to blackmail Waxman:

Notice the asterisks in the Memorial Volume. The eliminated passages are the result of threats by Barham and Pirani, solicitors for the late Aaron Waxman . . . .

It is probably easiest to describe these lacunae, the longest of which occurs in Mackinnon's account of 'Felix and Felicitas,' by comparing them with longer passages inserted in the Austral Edition. However, although it should be noted in passing that Elliott in 1958 (p. 270), and hence probably McLaren (p. 136), both refer to a 'restoration' of missing passages, there is no 1884 draft to show that this was the case; and indeed, in 1990, while much has been added, other details have been suppressed. As Elliott says, there are 'various other revisionary changes which fall short of a complete rewriting' (p. 270).

At both dates, Mackinnon mourns the loss to English literature of 'Felix and Felicitas', describing it as the project which was 'laid by'

during Clarke's 'landlord days,' and which Bentley's were apparently so anxious to see completed; and he follows this with Mrs. Cashel Hoey's obituary, lacking only her reference to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. However, only in the Memorial Volume (p. 59) is it suggested that there was any idea of including the fragment of 'Felix and Felicitas' itself:

It will be some gratification to the appreciators of literary art to know that unfinished though the story is, it will be published in conformity with the author's known wish on the subject; for he held that what was written of it was in his best style. It was intended to have included the fragment in this volume, but in deference to the wish of Mrs. Clarke it will be brought out separately.

'The author's known wish on the subject' must apply to the finished work, since Clarke never realised, even at the last, that he was dying. There was certainly no deathbed charge to Mackinnon who apparently was not there. As to 'the wish of Mrs. Clarke' no reason for her decision has been found. But, in the Austral Edition of 1890, the paragraph was omitted; and no more was to be heard of attempts to publish 'Felix and Felicitas,' separately or otherwise, for some years.

Except for the brief description later of Clarke's beginning again on the novel at Bentley's insistence, which I have already described, that concluded Mackinnon's published commentary on the novel in 1884; but it was followed by a lacuna of one and a quarter pages, after which came 'the last scene of all.' The long gap was filled, in 1890, by a version of Clarke's synopsis for the plot of 'Felix and Felicitas'; and no further reference to the novel follows. When the length of the synopsis is compared with the lacuna it does seem likely that this was indeed a restoration of what had been omitted in 1884. As I have already hinted, in my discussion of the reasons which might have led Clarke to abandon the novel, it is when the text is compared to other versions of Clarke's synopsis that one may begin to doubt his intentions for 'Felix and Felicitas.' Unfortunately, vital pieces of the puzzle are missing, and thus all comment upon how Clarke might or might not have altered the tone of the work must be pure conjecture; nor can one discount the suggestion



that Mackinnon had a hand in the matter, either deliberately or through sheer carelessness.

A fuller account of the text of this last synopsis must now be given. With one difference the version published in 1890 reproduces what we have of the printed synopsis pasted inside the front wrapper of the completed chapters; and this in turn appears at first sight to be following the 1876 version retained in Melbourne. In fact, the single page, which is all that remains, has certain minor differences of style, suitable to a précis rather than a letter; a reasonable alteration if the printed chapters were to be used in any way as 'advance sheets'; and Godwin is further described as a 'democratic Earl' in accordance with Clarke's Notes and the title of Chapter 4. When Mackinnon includes the synopsis in the Austral Edition he is vague as to its provenance; Clarke, he says, wrote it 'for the publishers' and either Bailliere or Bentley's, or both, may be meant. Since what appears to be its original is attached to the printed chapters it might be safe to assume that it was for Bentley's; except that, on closer examination, it does not appear, as I have said, to be set within quite the same margins as the printed chapters.

It therefore cannot be taken for granted that Clarke either composed this synopsis or had it printed; and, whoever produced it, it must have been partially destroyed later, and the fragment pasted in with the printed chapters for safe-keeping. However, if it is Clarke's own composition, it is particularly unfortunate that the second page is lacking; since the major differences to his 1876 versions which might have appeared on it, and which we find in the Austral Edition, are all in the later paragraphs.

In 1876 Clarke had cited Gautier's Mademoiselle de Maupin and George Sand's Lélia as examples of what he was attempting in 'Felix and Felicitas'; and we shall never know if he felt that his claim could no longer be made good, or whether Mackinnon omitted the references on the grounds that Melbourne might find them too shocking. The other major difference, as I have already indicated, is more important. Where Clarke

had described the novel as 'musical, artistic and satirical' we now find 'musical, aesthetic and sensational.'

A Sensation Novel 'aiming at violently exciting effects' (OED) does not seem to be at all what Clarke intended in 1876; and, if cartoons of the day are to be believed, 'sensational' and 'aesthetic' are oddly juxtaposed; there are no 'violently excited' aesthetes in Punch. If the alteration is Clarke's he may have come to the sad decision that 'Felix and Felicitas' was to be yet another pot-boiler; and perhaps that 'keen vein of satire' so characteristic of the author in his happier days really had petered out. However, one phrase from the version of his synopsis which went to Bentley's should be noted. Felix's picture, he says, 'is treated in a manner which would probably be approved by Rossetti Burne Jones and Swinburne.' In view of the recent revival of interest in the Pre-Raphaelites one is inclined to take this for praise; but in an early letter to Cyril Manley Hopkins (14 p. 6) Clarke made it clear that he disliked the style:

What a vile, ultra-Preraphaelite affair is  
the page-sketch of Helen and Cassandra in  
'Once a Week' for May by F. Sandys!

'Helen and Cassandra' appeared in 1866; Clarke therefore was only twenty when he wrote to Hopkins, and may have changed his mind later. But, if he did not, the description of 'Martha and Mary' may be an elaborate satire, which he certainly allowed to go to print; and, hoping as I had been, to demonstrate Clarke's real progress as a novelist of the '70's, I found it hard to believe that 'sensational' was not a typographical error, or a misreading by Mackinnon, which it may of course have been. Unfortunately Clarke's hand in 1876 seems to me quite clear. Mackinnon, if the correction was deliberate, may even have thought that 'sensational' would give the novel greater status; we do not know where he stood as an 'appreciator of literary art.'

A minor change also concerned Felicitas's writings, whether considered for the better or not it is difficult to judge; in 1876 they are 'very secondrate stuff'; in 1890 they are 'recondite.' Rose's novel had been

published in 1887; and perhaps this was a spiteful reference to its lack of success. Whatever the reason may be for the changes, it is a pity that, until the publication of Elliott's Marcus Clarke, where the 1876 synopsis is given, this was the only version of Clarke's intentions in print.

Nothing from Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface' is directly quoted, either in 1884 or 1890; but in 1890, one of his more important assertions is slipped in by way of introduction to Clarke's synopsis:

In order to enable the reader to have some idea of the interesting nature of the plot of the story ideally drawn, it is said, from the author's own experiences, the following sketch of it written by him for the publishers will doubtless be welcome. [italics mine]

Other lacunae in the Memorial Edition disappeared in 1890; and though they do not directly concern 'Felix and Felicitas' they are evidence of Mackinnon's attitude towards Rose and anyone else who appeared to have injured his friend. I have already drawn attention to his substitution of 'Rosa' for 'Alicia' in Clarke's highly revealing story published in the Austral Edition as 'A Sad Christmas Eve Retrospect'; and his 'Biography' gives further reasons why the memoirs of Clarke's late father-in-law, John Dunn were not published. To 'the wish of the deceased was not carried out' of 1884, Mackinnon adds in 1890:

...owing, it is said, to an objection taken by a daughter of the actor, who had married into so-called Society circles, to have the ups and downs of a poor player's family career submitted to public view. (p. xiv)

John Dunn had only two daughters living; and Mackinnon's remark must have been pure spite against Rose, presumably allowed by her sister Marian.

Since the risk of legal action had been so great in 1880 it may be asked why, a mere six years later, it should so materially have diminished. It will be noted that Mackinnon still hedges his references to Rose Lewis with 'it is said'; but on the subject of Aaron Waxman, who had caused the sequestration of Clarke's estate in 1881, he simply throws caution to the winds; the reason being that the 'crafty userer' and

'remorseless python' had, since 1884, 'gone to render his account before the Almighty Tribunal' and, being dead, was no longer threatening to sue.

Action, however, might still have been feared from the Lewises. Both as the 'Lady Rosa' in Clarke's story and, 'it is said,' the heroine of 'Felix and Felicitas,' Rose was vulnerable to Melbourne gossip; and, in addition, the publication of Clarke's synopsis probably revealed her husband as 'the Jew Delevyra.' As the organist of an Anglican Church, and in a Society where every Jew was a Fagin, the butt of every cartoonist, Lewis probably did not care to publicise his Jewish antecedents. But Mackinnon no longer feared the Lewises because, by 1890, they had probably left Melbourne and were living permanently, as they hoped, in Europe.

I have not been able to discover their date of departure so far; but when Lewis died in 1910, it was said in the Argus that he had retired to live overseas 'about twenty years' before; and he appears to be missing from the Sands and McDougall Directory for 1889. It may also be significant that, according to Sands and McDougall for the relevant years, a house in which he lived and perhaps owned in 1863 when he married Rose, 49, Napier St , Fitzroy, was certainly occupied by Marian Clarke in 1888 and 1889, though she was to have several removals later. It is probable then that the Lewises left Melbourne either in 1888 or 1889, only returning in 1893 as a result of the great financial crash of that year. But, in 1890, that was in the future; the Lewises were probably not seen as a very present threat. Indeed, since there seems no particular reason, beyond Mackinnon's altered biography of Clarke, and perhaps, as will be seen, to regain copyright, why what was still substantially the Memorial Volume should have been published in 1890, unless Mackinnon had been waiting for a clear field. Even so, his foolhardiness may have frightened others; and when the Austral Edition did appear Cameron, Laing & Co. were no longer connected with it. Hamilton Mackinnon was still the 'compiler and editor'; but the printers and publishers were Fergusson & Mitchell and, on this occasion, the joint copyright holders were Hamilton

Mackinnon and Marian Clarke.

The history of 'Felix and Felicitas' seems temporarily to have come to a halt immediately after 1890; no attempt was made to publish it separately as far as I can discover, although the two friends did cooperate in other ventures. In 1895 for instance they republished Civilization Without Delusion, virtually unchanged, as What is Religion?. It was a cheap, commercialised production with advertisements for 'Kandy Koola Tea' at the foot of every page, and across the top 'Mark Twain says that Marcus Clarke is the literary genius of Australia.' It was a very different thing from the dignified pamphlet Clarke had published in  
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1880.

Evidently they had not entirely forgotten 'Felix and Felicitas,' lending the fragment in March 1885, to George Augustus Sala who was visiting Melbourne at the time. He apparently mislaid it, and panic ensued; but all must have ended well, as no more was heard of its  
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loss.

Mackinnon remained active until his death in his attempts to secure a income for Mrs. Clarke from her husband's works even, in a letter of 21 March 1892, which I discovered in the Illinois holdings of Bentley material (reel 41), negotiating for a French translation of His Natural Life which, he suggested, could be made in Australia by Tasma's sister. Meanwhile other works by Clarke had been published in England, but not by Bentley's; from the tone of Mackinnon's letter of 1892, for instance, they were no longer considered to be giving Mrs. Clarke a sufficient return on her only valuable property. 'She has received no returns from HNL' he wrote 'since March of last year 12 months ago . . . she has been sorely disappointed thereat and wishes to know if sales have fallen off so seriously as to yield nothing.'

In 1893 therefore it was Eden, Remington & Co. who published Chidiok Tichbourne while Swan Sonnenschein & Co. brought out 'Twixt Shadow and Shine. In 1896 Hutchinson's published Long Odds, unfortunately using the less reliable serial version as copy and, for

reasons of copyright, renaming it Heavy Odds. By 1897, when Mackinnon died, the same firm had also published Stories of Australia, reprinted from the standing type of Part 1 of the Austral Edition (see McLaren, p. 13). Yet, in spite of all this activity, 'Felix and Felicitas' apparently lay forgotten.

After Mackinnon died in May 1897 Mrs. Clarke immediately took steps to appoint another agent, writing to Bentley's on 28 June, that Charles Melbourne Robertson, George Robertson's son, and now manager of the firm would in future act for her. But Bentley's were to be taken over by Macmillan's in the following year; and the trail, as far as business correspondence is concerned stops here. It is ironic to read, in the history of Macmillan, written by the novelist Charles Morgan in 1943, that For the Term of his Natural Life, as it was now called, was one of the few valuable properties which the firm acquired in the Bentley purchase (p. 184). At the time, however, it does not appear that Mrs. Clarke felt the benefit of the change; and in 1899, tired of long-distance bargaining, she took matters into her own hands. She decided to visit London.

The first evidence of her intention appears in the theatrical column of The Bulletin for April 22, 1899, p. 8, where news from Melbourne of an impending benefit night to send her to England was reported. The Bulletin, which was to take the line, on 25 May 1901 p. 11, that Clarke's widow 'certainly plays that interesting character for its full worth,' was pleased to be facetious as it reported these Melbourne doings. The benefit was, they said:

to put her in the way of going 'Ome on business. Mrs Clarke has received an offer from an English firm to republish her late husband's works, and she cherishes a hope of getting one or two of his plays produced in London. 'She will endeavour also,' says the circular, 'to compel certain publishers to file accounts of works already issued, and collect the amounts due to her.' Dr. Nield, Frank Stuart, Zox, and other friends are building a substantial programme for her.

Dr. Nield was an old enemy of Clarke's; but as an equally old friend of

the Dunn sisters, and editor of their father's memoirs, his participation is not surprising; and on May 20th, p. 12, The Bulletin reported the occasion in similar vein:

Mrs Marcus Clarke, speechifying neatly at her benefit wore a chastened blend of black and white. Pretty daughter Ethel in grey merino, mauve velvet Zouave, and empire curls, was wooed in 'Our Bitterest Foe' by gallant Cathcart and Seymour respectively. Dr Nield worked up his usual little joke about being 'afraid to say how many years it was since the beneficière ("still as bright and sparkling as ever") pu'd the gowans fine in his company.'

Nothing, again, is said of 'Felix and Felicitas;' but thanks to the editor of The Bulletin's habit of keeping newspaper-cuttings we know that Mrs. Clarke had it well in mind.

I have already referred to the series of scrap-books kept by A.G. Stephens which are now in the Mitchell Library, and to an undated article from an untraced London journal by Clarke's old friend Arthur Patchett Martin. Martin's piece, which was largely biographical, was obviously intended to revive England's dwindling interest in Clarke's work; but he introduces his subject with news of some importance which must be repeated here:

The arrival of Mrs. Marcus Clarke in London to arrange for the publication of her husband's unfinished novel, 'Felix and Felicitas' may arouse some interest concerning the personality of the most brilliant of colonial prose writers.

Marian probably reached London some time in the latter half of 1899, since by 13 January 1900 The Bulletin was able to report on the Red Page, with ill-concealed glee, that the trip had been a failure:

From two or three sources come hints that Mrs Marcus Clarke isn't prospering in her pilgrimage to sell Clarke's minor novels in England. How could she hope it? 'Chidiok Tichbourne,' 'Twixt Shadow and Shine,' and the rest -- they are worth nothing. Clarke always wanted a spark of reality to fire his imagination; he never provided his spark.

How long Marian stayed in London is not certain; William and Rose went with her, and they saw something of Cyril Hopkins during their visit. Hopkins tells how he took Marian to see Clarke's birthplace in

Kensington; and how she picked a sprig of ivy from the garden to adorn her husband's grave. Otherwise she seems to have brought little back; though she may have obtained stereo plates of Heavy Odds and Stories of Australia from Hutchinson at that time, since on 13 February 1903 we find William Clarke offering them to Angus & Robertson of Sydney. As far as can be known at present, no British publisher was apparently interested in bringing out 'Felix and Felicitas' separately; but Macmillan's may have been willing to publish it as part of a longer work.

Cyril Hopkins realised that he was in a position to supply the information about Clarke's boyhood which Mackinnon's biography lacked; and it was probably during Marian Clarke's visit that the idea of his writing his own biography of Clarke was first mooted, and perhaps discussed with Macmillan's. He must have been shown the novel fragment and expressed interest in it, though it is hard to believe that the love-letters would have appeared as a part of what he then saw. His manuscript, though never completed to his satisfaction and never published, certainly makes it clear that he intended to include 'Felix and Felicitas' a 'special study of character and temperament' (25, p.2).

Unfortunately the progress of Hopkins's work is almost as difficult to chart as that of Clarke's, though something of it may be learned from his letters to Clarke's daughters to be found in Volume 2 of the Papers. On 27 July 1905 he tells Rose Clarke that he has 'temporarily' inserted an incident in her father's boyhood into 'the last chapter'; but this may be misleading as to his progress, since he continues:

I am now going to study his plays and write a short chapter about them but they ought to be published separately ... . But let us leave this until Mr. Macmillan has my M.S. and I will consult him about them.

Macmillan's, then, must have shown sufficient interest for him to proceed and, during 1905 at least, with some enthusiasm.

On the evidence of such letters of his which have survived Hopkins must have laid the work aside, perhaps in the following year, only to revive it some twenty years later. It is therefore difficult to know



whether the 'Felix and Felicitas' references date from 1905, or were added subsequently. On balance it seems likely that they were there from the beginning; he tells Rose on 30 May 1906:

Ever since the 31st. December I have never had a chance to copy a line of my M.S. (most of which is copied, however) for I have been immersed in some very troublesome family business, but am just on the point of returning to it.

The delay is most irksome to me, but I cannot help myself.

Evidently, from a note on one of these letters, several are missing; and these might have told us why the biography was put aside; in after years Hopkins did not enjoy good health, and no longer lived in London; but these may not have been the only reasons. Macmillan's evidently lost interest and, reading the manuscript, it is not difficult to see why. The anecdotes of Clarke's boyhood do add to and correct what little Mackinnon thought he knew; but they are almost lost amongst a mass of redundant matter copied from the Memorial Volume and elsewhere in Clarke's work. Macmillan's probably saw no point in publishing, in England, a work which was in many respects a duplication of something Bentley's had previously decided would not sell.

As will be seen, hopes of its publication were revived at a later stage; though this time in Australia. But all that Hopkins appears to have done in resuscitating his manuscript then is to alter the styles of those persons who had died in the interim. It seems appropriate therefore to introduce his remarks on 'Felix and Felicitas' at this point in my chronological account.

In his 'Author's Preface' (pp. 4-5) Hopkins makes his intention to publish the fragment quite clear:

Whilst on the subject of novels I may here mention that in the following pages will be found the full text of 'Felix and Felicitas,' the fragment of one He [sic] left behind when Death overtook him.

It was to have been essentially a psychological study and the few completed chapters now submitted to the reader will enable him or her to judge how far the author's purpose was likely to have been successfully achieved.

At least I know that they created a

most favourable impression on the minds of the London publishers to whom they were shown.

This last bit of information could have been gleaned from Mackinnon's biography, which Hopkins had read, along with anything by or about Clarke's which he could lay his hands on. The 'full text' does not appear, probably because Hopkins did not have it, unless there was more than one copy of the printed chapters extant; and this we do not know. If there was, and he had it, it is tempting to see here a purpose for the otherwise useless-seeming 'copies in another hand' of the manuscript Chapter 7, and the love-letters. However Mackinnon also seems to have made the alterations on these copies, thus they are too early to have been made specially for Hopkin<sup>s</sup>'s benefit. Once more, the proof would depend on whether I have identified Mackinnon's hand correctly. Hopkins makes two more references to 'Felix and Felicitas' in his biography. One, in which he speaks of Clarke's first 'exceptionally clever book' a work which it would have been difficult to equal, unless by 'Felix and Felicitas,' has already been quoted (62); and Hopkins's observations there owe less to Mackinnon, and have a ring of truth about them.

The last reference is the most tantalising as it ought to be possible to date it; but alas, the vital information is missing. Clarke had evidently sent Hopkins some stories to place with London publishers, seemingly as a collection. This was 'six months after the receipt of the letter quoted in the last chapter'; but I was unable to trace any such quotation, partly because Hopkins had misnumbered some of his chapters. Clarke writes:

I do not want any coin for them ... but I am preparing another novel and I want to 'keep my name up,' as actors say, in the meantime. I offered the stories to Bentley but he refused them saying that he did not care for stories but would publish the novel.

I fancy Sampson Low would do it. ... I think 'La Béguine' the best ... . I want the dedication to appear as Mrs Cashel Hoey took some pains to correct the proofs of "His Natural Life" + + + +

Excuse the trouble I am giving you about the book but I know nobody in a literary way in London who would bother themselves about me

except Mrs Cashel Hoey and I want to surprise her with the dedication.

'La Béguine,' the only story Clarke names, was republished in Four Stories High by Massina in 1877; but, since he tells Hopkins only that some of the stories had appeared in Australian magazines, and not that they were already in book form, the letter ought to have been written early in 1877. However, Bentley's first offer to publish the novel did not come, as far as we know, until 1880; and when it did there was no reference to short stories. It may be that there was correspondence in 1876-7 now lost, relating to the synopsis, which Bentley had forgotten by 1880; and perhaps the short stories were rejected then.

Hopkins continues:

It will be noticed that in this letter he alludes to the novel he was preparing and adds that Bentley had promised to publish it. The novel in question was to have been called 'Felix and Felicitas.' [Quotations from Mackinnon's biography, Arthur Patchett Martin and the Bulletin on the reasons why the novel was not completed follow, ending with Mackinnon's "alas too late for the hand of death was upon him.]

Perhaps the better plan will be to introduce at this point of my narrative the fragment of 'Felix and Felicitas' in question in order to give the reader an opportunity of judging its merits.

Hopkins then or later deleted the last paragraph, and does not mention the novel again. He never refers to the letters nor to the love affair itself; although he must have wondered what Mackinnon's reference to 'the author's own experiences' meant. He either did not know the facts or chose to ignore them; although we must remember that not all Clarke's more personal letters were fully recorded by his friend in a work intended for publication. Indeed to one, written in 1877, Clarke had added 'a couple of sheets of a more intimate character' (27 p. 12); and perhaps Hopkins did hear of the love-affair at that time. But here, for the moment, Cyril Manley Hopkins's attempt to publish 'Felix and Felicitas' must be left.

Marian Clarke died in 1914; and perhaps, in all the tangled history of 'Felix and Felicitas' it is she who remains the most ambiguous figure. Clarke and her sister both assumed that knowledge of their affair would

destroy Marian; yet, after his death, the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers seem to have been little more to her than a literary property. Although she had every opportunity to destroy the love-letters, and did, according to Elliott in 1958 (p. ix), make a bonfire of many of Clarke's papers before her death, she preserved them; when she decided to withdraw 'Felix and Felicitas' from the projected Memorial Volume it was evidently not through fear of a scandal but rather, if Mackinnon is to be believed, for commercial reasons. It was to be 'brought out separately' not suppressed.

There is, of course, no conclusive evidence that the love-letters themselves would have been included had the novel fragment been published in 1884; but the alterations to them, which may be in Mackinnon's hand, seem to show that they were being prepared for the press; and if one takes the view that the hand is Clarke's the case is hardly altered. Marred or unmarred by the 'corrections of others,' the letters are 'more especially' mentioned; and, unless Mackinnon acted in the beginning without her knowledge, it has to be assumed that Mrs. Clarke sanctioned the work.

In public, Clarke's widow was always active in promoting his work and his reputation; it seems doubly strange therefore, that though she withdrew 'Felix and Felicitas' from the Memorial Volume in 1884, she allowed Mackinnon's unguarded references to it, and to Rose, in the Austral Edition of 1890. It may have the simplest of explanations; jealousy; and perhaps, even if not at the time of the love-affair, there had been a rift between the sisters later. It may be significant that, when Lewis died in 1910, he left handsome bequests to friends and to charities; but for Marian Clarke and her children there was nothing. However, he may have assisted her earlier by lending or even giving her 49 Napier St always supposing he owned it.

Marian's trip to London brought her little success; and no more was to be heard of 'Felix and Felicitas' in her lifetime. In later years she was apparently in poor health and perhaps felt unable to do more. As I have already said, more might be learned from the Macmillan records should

they ever become available, both about her own attempt to get the fragment published in 1900, and Hopkins's plan, in 1905-1906, if he had ever got as far as approaching Macmillan's with a definite proposal.

When Marian died in 1914 she left precise instructions to the executors, her son Ernest Clarke and her daughter Rose Brereton Bradly for the disposal of her most valuable asset, the literary works of Marcus Clarke. Her sons William (who was by then resident in America), Arthur and Percy were excluded from a share; they received what seems the small sum of ten pounds each. Her two daughters Ethel Marian, and Rose, neither of whom had married at the time the will was drawn up (and Marian apparently never did), were to divide the rights and income of Clarke's published works between them in equal shares; but it is Ernest's inheritance which is the most interesting. The two girls held their bequests:

...subject to a charge upon such rights and income in favor of my son Ernest Hislop Clarke for an amount not less in value than five per centum per annum ... such charge to be in the nature of a recompense or reward ... for work and labor done in connection with the said literary works and I direct that the said Ernest Hislop Clarke shall have the sole and unhampered control of all the manuscripts books papers and literary documents which were left by my late husband ... and shall at his own discretion sell dispose of or publish any or all of the said papers ... upon trust to pay the proceeds ... into my estate... .  
[italics mine ]

Thus it is Ernest who is to be found negotiating, unsuccessfully, with Angus & Robertson of Sydney for the sale and publication of the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers in 1915, one year after his mother's death.

There is a slightly mysterious element in Ernest's dealings with Angus & Robertson, to judge by his correspondence with George Robertson. It must have been known to Robertson that the recently formed Mitchell Library was interested in acquiring Australian material. Thus we find the Librarian of the Public Library of New South Wales, W.H. Ifould, taking an otherwise unexplained hand in the affair. It was he who in the end effectively prevented the sale of the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers to

Angus & Robertson.

Ernest first approached Angus & Robertson on 24 February 1915; not to offer the novel fragment, but to suggest that a cheap collected edition of his father's works might be timely. Under the terms of his mother's will it would appear that this was, strictly speaking, his sisters' business; but perhaps they had asked him to act for them. Angus & Robertson replied on March 11th that they were 'not the people to do it'; however, they added:

If you have any original manuscripts, letters or other items of historical interest we should be glad to purchase same, and we think we could give you a better price than you would be likely to obtain elsewhere.

What the firm expected to do with 'items of historical interest' is uncertain; but George Robertson may already have had the Mitchell Library in mind.

Ernest did not reply formally until towards the end of the year, but perhaps there was some verbal discussion in the meanwhile, since the terms of his letter suggest that a tentative offer for manuscripts including 'Felix and Felicitas,' may have been made. Perhaps he had decided to consult the family on the sensitive matter of the love-letters and the effect of their publication on Rose Lewis. On November 22nd 1915 he wrote to apologise for the delay 'in connection with the proposed sale of the MSS., etc., of the late Marcus Clarke' adding that he had now read over 'the MSS letters in connection with the unfinished novel "Felix and Felicitas"' and had had them typed. He continues:

I must say that, in my opinion, they enhance the value of the MSS. considerably.

As one of the principals is still living in England, and is an old lady of some 70 odd years, I have had to give these letters close consideration as to whether I should allow their sale or publication; but I have now decided that they may be sold or published. ... Would you care to consider the matter of publishing or buying the rights to publication of 'Felix and Felicitas' together with these letters? According to a synopsis of the novel left by my late father these letters were included in a separate chapter with a title 'The Correspondence.'

If you would care to read these letters, I shall be pleased to send you over the typewritten copies

for your perusal.  
[The 'synopsis' is not that sent to Bailliere, but one of  
Clarke's chapter-schemes in the Notes (214; see also 215).]

After making it clear that the offer of the typescript did not constitute a concession of the right to publish Ernest retired to await Angus & Robertson's reply; but the nine month delay was to prove crucial. Sometime during the interim George Robertson had consulted Ifould; and he in turn had had some discussions with Clarke's daughter Ethel, who was now known as Marian Marcus Clarke, a name she had adopted for the stage.

No record of these discussions is available; but since George Mitchell had bequeathed funds to enable the Mitchell Library to add to his collection of Australiana, George Robertson may have felt it his duty to let Ifould know that the Papers were on the market. If he did send for the typed copy of the letters -- which has not apparently survived -- he may have decided that such revealing documents ought to be consigned to the decent obscurity of a Library, not published to the world. Alternatively Ifould may have approached Robertson having heard, possibly by chance, from Marian Marcus Clarke that Ernest had offered him the Papers.

Whatever discussions took place between the two men, the outcome was decisive; Ifould wrote to Robertson on 2 December:

As far as the Public Library is concerned you may reply that your offer was only open for a certain nominated time and that you do not desire to purchase the collection now.

There had been no time limit on Robertson's original offer of 11 March to purchase MSS. and documents; but perhaps there was some sort of unwritten law on the matter in business circles; and a lapse of nine months had been sufficient to render the offer null and void. Robertson, who may have thought himself well out of a potentially awkward situation, made haste to write to Ernest in the terms suggested by Ifould, making it clear, on 4 December, that his firm had now no wish to purchase the Papers 'at any price.' Ernest must have felt badly treated by Robertson; as Ifould had pointed out to the publisher on 2 December both he and Marian had grounds for believing that a genuine offer had been

made:

It is rather interesting to see that the trend of Mr Clarke's suggestions [on 22 November.] bear out the opinion expressed by Miss Marcus Clarke which I mentioned to you some time ago, that apparently Messrs Angus & Robertson were desirous of procuring the manuscript of 'Felix and Felicitas' for publication.

Ernest may have suspected Ifould's hand in the affair and resented it; or he may not have given up hope of finding another publisher for the Papers; but, whatever his reasons, when he did offer certain Clarke papers to the Mitchell Library on 10 February 1916 'Felix and Felicitas' was specifically excluded (ML MS Ac94).

Nothing more was to be heard of the Papers for some years. In 1925 Ernest died, but, surprisingly, his will does not mention the important inheritance he had received from his mother. He had not sold or published the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers; nor had he disposed of a substantial collection of Clarke's letters, notebooks and other documents which remained in his father's estate until as late as 1934, when they were purchased by the State Library of Victoria. He had not, it would appear, fully discharged the responsibilities laid upon him in 1914 under the terms of his mother's will. The most likely explanation is that he had already given or even sold everything he still had to his sister Marian, who was finally to dispose of the Papers. Their sale, however, was still in the future; and ironically it was Ernest's death which prompted the last attempt made to publish 'Felix and Felicitas,' and, moreover, by Angus & Robertson.

Cyril Manley Hopkins had always remained kindly disposed towards Clarke's children; and it is unfortunate that much of his correspondence with them does not seem to have survived since in reality they never lost touch. He was particularly fond of Ernest, familiarly known as 'Rowley,' who visited him on his trips to England; and he was much saddened by his death in 1925. On 19 December 1926 we find him writing to Marian:

I am very glad that you care for, and are doing your best to help poor dear Rowley's widow, and need scarcely say how gratified



I should be if Angus Robertson of Sydney, or any other publisher could be persuaded to publish my little study of your Father's life and works (-- it is scarcely really a biography --) and that it should bring her in a little money.

... I think that the dedication should be to the 'late widow and family of Marcus Clarke,' or to the 'late Mrs. Marcus Clarke and Family,' as I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your Mother and Sister Rose and Brother Willie, when they were in London.

Afterwards we got to know -- very much more intimately -- Rowley himself, who came to England twice; and stayed with us on his second visit at St. Leonards-on-Sea, --

But I would rather leave this matter entirely in your hands.

Fate seems to have decreed that 'Felix and Felicitas' was to remain in obscurity; and this last attempt to publish it, which seems to have been engineered by Marian, like all the others came to nothing. Hopkins probably despatched his manuscript to Marian at the end of 1926. A pencil note at the end of the 'Author's Preface' is not easy to read; but it gives his address, 45 Festing Rd., Southsea, Hants, followed by the date which appears to be 23 December 1926. Marian must have received it early in 1927. Although I was not allowed to handle the original MS. some blue pencil marks which I was able to see suggest that she might have started to edit it. If it was shown to Robertson's they may have come to the same conclusion as, I have imagined, did Macmillan's; and perhaps Marian herself was disappointed in it. She would have had to insert the 'Felix and Felicitas' fragment; and had perhaps already decided against this. Indeed the deletion of Hopkins's expressed intention to publish it referred to above may be of this later date; and may have been made by her. Either she or Robertson's may have had reservations about the inclusion of the letters in any case; and alternatively she may already have been negotiating the sale of the Papers to the Mitchell Library. In the event she must have decided to add the Hopkins manuscript to her offer.

All financial transactions concerning acquisitions by the Mitchell Library are, understandably, kept in the strictest confidence; and I was not permitted to consult these records. However, the Librarian kindly

allowed me to be informed that the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers, divided into two lots, were obtained from Marian Marcus Clarke in May and June of 1928; and an accession note on page 3 of Volume 2 reads: 'Miss M Clarke May 1928.'<sup>101</sup> It was not possible to discover how or why the Papers were divided, nor whether there was any significance in the fact that the earlier accession date appeared in Volume 2. Information similarly recorded in Volume 1 might have been trimmed when the Papers were bound; but I was unable to find a June accession date anywhere in either volume. It was at least of some interest to note that p.3 of Volume 2 is the first of Rose Lewis's letters to Clarke; and it will be remembered that the love-letters are bound in two separate blocks, Rose's and Clarke's, Clarke's being at the end of Volume 1. Rose's letters in Volume 2 are all folded in half, lengthwise, with the exception of the first on p.3 which is folded into four. It may be therefore that this page had been sent through the post as a sample, leading to Rose's letters being purchased amongst the first instalment of the Papers. However, since the documents had by then been subject to so many vicissitudes it is difficult to attach any real significance to such minute observations.

#### CONCLUSION

The 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers had found a permanent home at last; few hands have disturbed them since and none, it seems, without some sympathy for the story of disappointed hopes they have survived to tell. It is of immense interest to see the original documents; Clarke seems present on every page; and no microfilm, however clear and convenient, can provide quite that sense of a personal encounter.

When I first told Dr. Brian Elliott my plans, he was pessimistic. 'You will come up from that deep dark hole which is "Felix and Felicitas" disappointed, depressed, and frustrated' he prophesied. My own images were not similarly subterranean; in the periods of frustration and depression so accurately foretold I had likened the experience to that of trying to make bricks without straw in the middle of a minefield; but my

disappointments were probably much the same as were his in the 1950s.

With the whole of Clarke's life and work to cover, and virtually as a pioneer, he could not concentrate on one small part as I was able to do; yet I found that I disagreed with him only as to the chronology of the love-letters and, if I have correctly identified Mackinnon's hand, his more damning assumption that Clarke had himself altered those letters for use in the novel. Neither of these contentions could be proved beyond doubt; nor could I elucidate the mystery of the printed chapters. Hopes that a close study of the Papers would reveal valuable evidence of Clarke's habits of work were not disappointed; but several important questions raised by 'Felix and Felicitas' remain unanswered still.

On the probable success of the novel, which Elliott doubted, it seems idle to speculate further. Bentley's would doubtless have published it; but the fifty pounds they were prepared to give for it must be measured against their offers of up to £500 for the copyright of works by established authors; it is not likely that they expected 'Felix and Felicitas' to take London by storm.

Finally, the problem of the love-letters still awaits its solution; even if Mackinnon's had been the editorial hand, it may still have been Clarke's intention to publish them; and that we may never know. Would their appearance, even in disguise, have condemned Clarke as a scoundrel; or is all grist to the novelist's mill? Rose, writing her own novel years later and perhaps, if Elliott is correct, with full knowledge of her erstwhile lover's intentions, evidently did not think so; and she shall be allowed the last word:

But really I think the time has come for even an author to retire. It is neither generous nor kind to register lovers' foolish words -- to look with cold eyes upon their raptures. Nor are these words and raptures interesting to outsiders. They are wearisome if in our lives we have had too much of them; and tantalising if not enough: so there really is nothing more to be said.

PART TWO  
THE 'FELIX AND FELICITAS' PAPERS

THE LOVE-LETTERS

A Tentative Rearrangement.

[1. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML21] /\*Felicitas to Felix\*/C/1?\*/

"You do not feel as acutely as I do --" Do you remember saying that? I am like a traveller on a long dark cold road who has suddenly come into rest, light, and warmth. I cannot think just now of the weariness that lies before me when I leave this bright spot. I know I have to go that road straight on to the end. My internal God tells me so that, but I have silenced him his remonstrances at my tarrying by promises of endless self-sacrifice for the future. It has never come before, it can never come again, it must soon end, for with all my strength I have resolved never to buy Heaven by sending others to Hell. Life is too short to clamber over that stone wall in. When I reached the other side I should find that all that was good in me had perished in the

[2ML23]/C\*/2./

the effort I should be a worthless bitter weed. I am awfully in love, doubly in love, with my head and my heart. There is no help for me, no salvation I know this, I accept it but I am not sorry. It rather interferes with my plan of making a machine of myself but it cannot be helped. <sup>104</sup>The road will seem doubly dark and cold when I am again alone on it, but after a little it will not be so bad as it was before my rest for I shall have the memory of that -- for you love me, you love me, you love me

105

Après cela le deluge <sup>[sic]</sup> Who cares!

I am going to work as you work. I am going to write. When I come from England. Only for occupation

[2ML25]/C\*/3?\*/

I do not care one straw for fame. I would rather not have it, for it brings with it a horrible light by which the vulgar read or think they read your innermost thoughts meaning -- but I would like to be in the race with you.

I love you and expect great things from you. You have work to do in the  
next three months. <sup>106</sup> Remember how much depends upon the manner in which  
that work is executed. Keep your brain clear from the fumes of alcohol,  
clear from thoughts, from hopes, -- rather from wild improbable dreams --  
and work. Realise the position. Degradation must be impossible. The  
strength which fought so bravely during three, four years, is not  
exhausted. A

[2ML27]/C\*/4./

higher union is ours than many a happier one there is something in that.  
No wrong, no injustice must sully it. Away with sophistry, that pitfall  
for thinkers. Recognise that a strong will is admirable only when used  
for the good of others or the subjugation of self. If unbridled selfish  
wilfulness is beautiful let us fall down before the bullet heads of  
remorseless criminals. Listen to that noble Godlike self that I have seen  
and loved in you. Stifle that mean miserable grasping ~~Devil~~ unscrupulous  
devil that is constantly struggling for your soul. What ever comes after,  
keep that beautiful self sacrificing part of your nature as you would  
preserve your body from uncleanness

[2ML29]/C\*/5./

more, much more carefully guard it for spots on the soul are cankering  
mildew.

"What shall the whole world benefit a man if he lose his Soul." <sup>107</sup> For  
the first time in my life I understand that. My love, my love, be strong.

[2. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis.]

[ML395] / 1./

<sup>108</sup>  
There is a duality in Nature. We are each capable of looking at each  
idea, each thought, each action from two utterly opposite points of view.  
A sentiment is at once both good and bad, both laughable and tear -  
compelling, both virtuous and villainous, both enobling [sic] and  
debasing.

We have viewed the sensual side of our happiness -- misery, let us now

see the spiritual. We are Friends, for says Emerson "That soul only can be my friend which I encounter on my line of

[ML397]/2./

march; that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but, native of the same celestial latitude repeats in its own all my experience." <sup>109</sup> This, nothing ~~fr~~ can take from us. It is so, and must be so for ever more. Is there not <sup>a</sup> joy in that, which no sensualism can give? So then, dearest, work on, write, do not bury your bright faculties in fashion or folly. Remember we are "natures of the same celestial latitude." I wish

[ML399]/2/

you to be famous -- for two reasons. First, work -- good work which helps our fellows -- is the only nepenthe for sorrow, the only deed that brings us near to God, that sets fire and fans the divine spark within us. My ambitions are fading, yours but beginning. Be good and great, and when your genius is recognised I shall be content even though I always remain obscure, for I shall have the exquisite joy of saying to myself "This soul whom men reverence, is mine

[ML401]/4/

The secretest thoughts, the heart-abandonment of this worshipful woman are mine. I set fire, and urged her intellect to its goal."

You "travel on a dreary road."! Well press on, and as you toil think that I am toiling also on another road, a road not ~~so~~ made smooth with comforts and with worldly ease, but beset with sordid cares, with hideous shapes of vulgar debts and mean conceits, with low-born deceits and miserable sullyng oppressions of money troubles.

[ML403]/5/

But if you travel bravely, so will I, and my darling, hold this thought fast with sweet-hope as I do -- if we endure to the end our roads will meet and we shall at last be to each other all we dare to dream. Of this I am persuaded. So, "Never strike sail to a fear. Come into port <sup>greatly</sup> bravely or sail with God the Seas." <sup>110</sup> You are mine, I am yours. When we meet in



the next life, let us find each other worthier of each other. My love!

=====

[3. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML3] / \*The Love Letters\* / A / \*Felicitas to Felix\*/

You have misunderstood me. I said "If you really love me you need not regret your marriage with her. Any marriage, if your love is mine must be of the same incompleteness, but if this love for me be simply an 'affair' then there is much to grieve for in your marriage, as you might some day, had you remained single happily have met the one woman made for you. Only in the latter case would you have cause to grieve at your marriage. This is what I meant. It was in reference to a conversation we had had. Doubt you my love! no, I have never done that. "You have kissed ~~other~~ many ['Miss M Clarke May 1928'. Pencil accession note in margin by ML. This sheet folded in four; all others folded in half, lengthwise.]

[2ML5]/a\*/2/

women like this!" was the expression of a feeling all women who know anything of the lives of young men, must have when they love. -- A vague jealousy of all those vanished women, who, no matter how unworthy have yet felt the pressure of those beloved lips. How is it you did not understand me my darling, but I suppose my meaning was but half expressed. You touched me, and my words melted away. Why do you say you have degraded me and ask me to forgive you? Because you carressed [sic] me? -- I laugh -- Those caresses are as dear to me -- are for they are mine in memory forever -- as the longed for, dreamed of

[2ML7]/a\*/3/

water to the parched lips of the fever patient -- "Unhealthy! Dangerous!" say nurse & doctor but what cares the delirious for warnings. I love you. I trust you. I have no fear of you. We will love and suffer and keep our souls clean from earthly stain until the End. Those who love us must never know, never feel that the better half never did, never could belong to them. What we gave them -- they shall keep. -- and we will love them, and with the help of the best that is in us make them happy. But

[2ML9]/a\*/4./

they cannot hinder that other portion of us -- not our bodies, not our affections but something higher than either from knowing that we have gone sadly astray, and can never in this world be set right.

I still maintain we are exceptionally happy for we have met and recognised one another. I exult in it. No saint ever felt more joyful and exalted at the manifestation of his God's presence than I do when I think you love me. My earthly eyes yearn to see you, but my spiritual eyes are forever satisfied for I know you love me. My faith in you is unbounded, you are the best

[2ML11]/a\*/5./

man I ever knew. How could you so far misunderstand me as to think I misunderstood you. Have I said enough? You must destroy this you must even although it seems to you as your loved letter does to me like a living thing.

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[4. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis.]

[Extract from Clarke's 'Prose Pieces' Volume 2, held in the Mitchell Library (MS A809).]

[Title Page.]

His Natural Life.

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~~Dora~~ North to Dora.

=

Assign this to the place we marked. It is the last emendation I will make.

M.

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[p.1.]/ 89./

"We will love and suffer and keep our souls clean until the end" Noble advice! O noble woman all too good for me! I to be approached as a saint! I to be loved by you! Ambitions, hopes, agonies all fade in the thought

of it. So that you love me, I can fight out my battle to the end. What I think you speak. You re-echo me. My soul is but the other half of yours, and if you love me, my darling, my genius, my LOVE! I am content to take this world's hardest fortune.

Each time I see you, I admit with bitterer sorrow "I am not worthy of her."

M.C

[p.2.]/90./

When first I saw you I admired your intellect. "Here then" I thought "is a woman who understands me -- a woman to whom one can without fear of ridicule lay bare one's soul." I began to see that you were -- companionless -- that you lacked spiritual food, that you longed for a higher life. O my dear, we have both led lonely lives, -- my youth and thine were embittered by the sordid intrusion of unhallowed vulgarities. We both had "golden dreams", both hoped for some strong soul to love us in an impossible future, both thought that our small endeavours to be great would shake the world. You -- wearied with the struggle -- plunged into marriage. I -- into Midnight. We met. Too late, too late! and all eternity cannot obliterate the thought that you have been the property of another, and that I have -- let it rest unspoken. Yet for our very sins and

M.C.

[p.3.]/91./

sorrows should we love each other more. No woman on earth can be to me as you have been, no straying tresses of <sup>strange</sup> young girls move my <sup>pulses</sup> ~~pulses~~ as does one lock of thy brown hair! Beside that little figure, so pale, so thin, so vestal, all the beauties of painter or poet shrink and dwindle. "In all the world you are the maid for me." <sup>lll</sup> -- Forget me, hate me, laugh at me if thou wilt, I shall never cease to love thee, -- to love thee, with a love which would deny itself and force itself to hate thee did thy hopes of good demand it. Morality and social usage are gone in thy presence. You are my divinity, my God, my savior [sic]. If your eyes say

"Love me!" surely no sin can follow, for I would turn from the great white throne of God to worship thee. In thee is my life bound up. Whatever of worth that I have done

M C

[p4]/92./

owes its inspiration to thy far-off gaze. If I have ever done my duty, it is because I have thought 'she would despise <sup>me</sup> ~~if~~, if I do aught else.' Let us then help ~~ke~~ each other. In purity and sweet kindness -- unheard of by vulgarer souls -- we can still love, can each still benefit by the other. We can assist each other in the path of right, for to do wrong would be to degrade ourselves. I have had thy love, thy kisses, and thy sighs, <sup>then</sup> the world has nothing more for me. Let us set <sup>^</sup>our naked souls face to face, and strive to be worthy of our deep happiness

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M.C

I was ungentle and rude at parting. Am <I for>given?

[5. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML13] / \*Felicitas to Felix\*/1\*/B./

First of all my love withdraw the resolve that 'this shall be the last emendation.'" Write when you have anything to say, and so will I. I know I shall <sup>need</sup> ~~have~~ to do so occasionally for at times in your presence a silence and shyness come over me which you must never take for coldness or indifference and I can write what my lips refuse to speak. Oh let us speak and write with perfect confidence in one another, let us have no fear but of our conscience.

Do not think me better than I am lest you make me feel that I must act to come up to your ideal of me. Know

[2ML15]/B\*/2\*/./

me as I am and love me, take me as I have "taken you for better or for worse." The ring that signifies our spiritual marriage is symbolical of our love. Never to be completed and hidden from all eyes.

Whether not good enough or too good for me always remember this. You are

mine and I am yours I love you and you love me. I love you sadly and joyfully with gratitude and with despair all at once. My love for you has taught me the meaning of many things on the whole it has made me a better woman

[2ML17]/B?\*/3\*?/

and a happier woman -- so far. Now I appeal to you. Regulate your life so as to preserve your health bodily and mental to the utmost possible, remember that your sins of omission and commission will be visited tenfold upon me. You cannot suffer without my sharing your pain, and in your prosperity which will come my heart will rejoice. You ask me to help you to do right I ask you the same. Your influence over me is great. You can give me peace of mind, or you can rack me with mental anguish do not say again, you are not good

[2M119]/B?\*/4?\*/.

enough for me. It makes me feel cold and isolated as though you were withdrawing from me.

I cannot forgive you -- because I cannot admit that you have offended. I shall see you tomorrow I did not see you today. I did not could not look at you, because I loved you so.

[6. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke. Previously thought to be from Clarke to Rose Lewis, and bound with Clarke's letters.]

[ML413] / 1./

This day has been a failure, a ~~disappointment~~ disappointing day a lying day, without beginning or end. It has worn me out with its unfulfilled promised <promises>. "He cometh not she said" <sup>112</sup> and the charge against him is not his non-appearance, that like the surgeons knife may be in spite of its cruel look in reality merciful, but he said he would come, and his word means -- What! So old and so foolish and wise men saying their very wisest on your shelves if you want ~~wise men~~ foolish men who would come at your bidding to amuse <sup>themselves</sup> ~~ourselves~~ why trouble about this one between whom and you lies all the world, Gods world and mans world. This

man who with all his acuteness grossly misunderstands<sup>stood</sup> you, and then  
dismembered the wretch he had made his mouthpiece -- black and white torn  
in pieces hateful and yet loveable because penned by you -- you Man  
[ML415] / 2./

who thought you could read a woman by what you had in your own nature. My  
soul was hungry all yesterday for a sight of you, and when at last She  
had it, -- your dear face, so sad, your eyes so red, gave her so bad an  
indigestion that she was forced to revenge herself upon the wretched  
little body in which she <sup>is</sup> was imprisoned. Are you grieving for your dead  
friend. Fool, is life so charming a game that you should regret one of  
the countless million of the loved who has courageously or cowardly blown  
his own candle out, determined if he has the ruling of it to see no  
113  
more. I do not think you will ever see this. I fully recognise its  
meaning. It is not a calmly thoughtful expression suggesting purely  
philosophical ideas, it is the

[ML417] / 3/

expression of that vulgar yearning to see a loved one ~~common~~ felt alike  
by King and cobbler. ~~Veri~~ Very likely tomorrow mornings sober light will  
see it consigned to the kitchen stove and this fire in my heart will help  
to cook somebody else's dinner. Well, it will be well if so useless a  
thing proves of so good a use. Goodbye loved ghost. We must be ghosts to  
each other until we leave the flesh, a terrible contradiction. My love  
now and ever.

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+        +        +

And you are ill my poor love, ill and alone, and I am alone. Together we  
are never alone apart with a hundred others we are still alone. I

[ML419] / 4./

am I know. You are -- I think. I do not think you will ever see this. It  
is better you should not. It is better you should think a cold woman  
thawed once, but soon congealed again ice being her natural state. Now  
you see why I gave way. Now you see why I allowed myself to drift and you

to drift with me. I knew exactly how far we should go. I knew that although the waters covered the ropes that held us in our places, that the ropes were always there and that very soon our stolen holiday would end & with it our drifting. I knew that we could not go far enough to reach those cruel shores rocks, that have wrecked so many silly boats. I was shocked and surprised to

[ML421] / 5/

find you thought me so blind so foolish as to need that terrible warning. If ever I did rush upon those rocks it would be with ears closed to warnings, knowing that my soul is my own and  $\mp \mp$  if I chose to shatter it, it would be at my own risk and I should laugh in the faces of the would be teachers, who knew less than myself for what human being ever realises fully the <past sin> of another. But I have told you distinctly that I resolved to stick to my mooring, to go backwards and forwards in this little shallow bay and forget that there is a glorious ocean outside on which in happier circumstances I might have sailed. I have elected to live among these miserable fishing boats, who see nothing in this <these> wonderful

[ML423] / 6/

waters but fish good to eat, and I will do it.

I wonder if you guess  $\gamma$  I think think think of you or do you feel it all to be Dreamlike. Do you think I have been mad and am perhaps now sane, and do you care? At times do you feel impatiently that this can have no end and is therefore folly or do you feel your heart full of thanksgiving that our souls have met and recognised each its mate. I am afraid to give you this. What a wretched position is ours, forever united and forever divided. Let me be sunk in apathy. Why arouse me to this intensity of pain?

[ML425]

[I think this page is misplaced and have attached it to letter 7. The writing is not a good match, and it is not numbered; but there is now a break in this letter. Pages 7 and 8 are missing; therefore it may belong

here after all. However I am inclined to stay with my first decision.]

[ML427] / 9./

I cannot answer your letter today, but will tomorrow. I have only the opportunity of writing you this word which I do, judging your feelings by my own.

Yours.

114

Aei

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Dec. 19th.

[7. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis.]

[ML393]

[A covering sheet which seems most appropriately attached to the following letter, on the evidence of paper-clip and pin marks and rust streaks as well as a similarity in the paper used; Clarke's first words also seem to follow on directly from the only words on this sheet, viz.]

An answer to your letter.

[ML361]/1/

~~3.35 am.~~

Your letter which I read -- or rather glanced at -- is before me.-- I answer it before I sleep.

I did not come, because I dared not. Take that for all it means and with your woman's wit expand it into a 'book' instead of a paragraph. Your 'wise men' say their best to you, but did any of them tell you a sweeter Felicitas\* thing than this "Rose, my soul's mate, I love you, I love you!"? You say that I "grossly misunderstood you." You are wrong. I was a fool to tear the letter I had written -- only it was your <sup>sad</sup> sweet face that made me tear it. I speak to you as my friend. If the coarseness of my speech offends, I only am to blame, but I do not 'apologise', you either understand me or you are unable to cope with my soul's strivings. If you misunderstand me

[ML363]/2/

-- you are not worthy my love. I do not speak as an egotist. In love



there is no egotism our hearts are in tune, or out of tune. You either complete me or -- this is a fantasy -- and your heart needs another mate. I hope, -- nay darling I believe -- that we are to each other all that we fondly think. If so why babble of modesty, of concealment, of prudence. My naked soul speaks to yours. Hear it or be deaf, -- it has spoken to no other woman. You say "You think you can read a woman by what you have in your own nature" Ay, I do think so. When you lay trembling in

[ML365]/3/

my arms, I could read you, and I read you thus, -- "she loves!" -- fool! is not all said in those two words! I wrote to you coarsely because I wished to rouse that masculine portion of your intellect. Men -- some men -- think women toys, ignorant purists. I never dishonored you ~~but~~ by such a thought. The woman fit to mate with me, must know all, dare all, say all! I said "our kisses without fruit are foolish." You know they are so. Either complete the abandonment or remain calm. If you think I accuse you of a gross thought, you ~~show~~ show

[ML367]/4/

how little you know me. But there is a moment when ~~when~~ a man asks and a woman grants. Your virgin sophistries are vain. You "know how far you can go" oh woman, woman, you have ever been thus confident! "Do I know how far I can go? No! "I am fire and air"<sup>115</sup> you tempt me with your cursed metaphysical delusions and lo -- I outrage you, or myself! "Women are different to men" you think! They are not widely different. It is the part of the man to seize, of the woman to yield, and

[ML369]/5/

when you yield you open the gate of hell's heaven to his senses. To no woman but you would I write like this. But I am no saint -- tho' you say you think so. I am a man and as a man I claim your womanly love. Nothing is nobler than humanity. "The greater wickedness he hath committed" says Jeremy Taylor "the greater his due in Heaven."<sup>116</sup> You think that you can abandon yourself to passion and "regain the ropes". Ah forgive me for offending your virginity of soul, but my own darling, I know more than

you for I have sinned, I have sinned. [The last phrase is smudged.]

[ML371]/6/[smudged].

I wrote to you to warn you. Perhaps you needed no warning. Let the warning stand however, for it is part of that heart which you "have taken for better or worse."

[The sheet has been torn off below this point, making the next a <sup>non-</sup>sequitur. Mackinnon has obviously tried to link the two by an addition].

\*I will give her the\*

[ML373]/7/

food she needs, to aid to make her 'famous'. That shall then be my one task in life. ~~But~~ For her, I fling away fame, fortune, friends wife. "I would lose my own soul! ~~so that~~

[This sheet has also been torn, the fragment matching exactly the remains of page 6 above. This must surely indicate that pages 6 and 7 were found in this state. Page 8 appears to be missing; but another fragment which has been arbitrarily bound as ML425 but which has paper-clip holes matching the above letter may be the missing sheet. The page-number is lacking and, unfortunately, only two words remain. However, if one adopts the hypothesis that Clarke may have attempted to destroy these pages himself as being, perhaps, too revealing, then the only significant word that does remain is in keeping with the general tenor of this letter.]

[ML425]

agonisi<ng>

You

[ML375]/9/

\* + + + + + \*

I look upon this production of mine -- written at the time as it seemed to me with my heart's blood -- as a curious psychological study. I have been preaching virtue! -- and end by an outburst of passion suited to an Italian boy of seventeen!-- What queer creatures men are! I am afraid that your femininity [sic] mistakes my plain speech for grossness -- and grossness is your bug-bear I know. You have veiled your own heart so

persistently that when you see it unclothed you shrink as did Dorothea  
117  
from her own image in the fountain. There is a higher ~~extaltation~~  
exaltation of feeling than this however. Openess [sic], and candor are  
not

[ML377]/10/

are not [sic] indecent they are true. You and I are man and woman. We  
both know the "mystery" [\*the inverted commas only] of living, why  
pretend that we are shamed to talk of our emotions. In this way I am not  
'modest' as you are pleased to say. I am true however and speak naturally  
not with figleaves of sin's civilization clothing my intellect. Do the  
same. We can analyse our feelings and separate that which is spiritual  
from that which is fleshly. ["separate" is heavily smudged. Clarke always  
had trouble with this word.] It is the grand knowledge of my weakness  
118  
that makes me strong. You think you can dally with your nature as

[ML379]/11/

with your sentiments. You cannot do so. I know it and the ignorance of it  
has ruined men and women ~~as~~ quite as clever as you or I. We choose to  
possess our souls in peace. Let us then avoid "driftings" for sometimes  
one cuts the cable. You cannot sail out into the glorious ocean with me,  
as George Sand sailed <sup>119</sup> with long ago, for you would <sup>\*her your husband\*</sup> injure your ~~sister~~.  
But for that thought I would perhaps carry you out to sea, and bear  
myself the punishment which awaits the pirate. Oh love must be holier,  
higher than this. It's very

[ML381]/12/

incompleteness is its very sweetness. I can never "Have you and hold you,  
120  
know you through and through" but I have your soul -- your virgin soul  
for I am sure that no man before me had ever married that. I suppose you  
think this wild and foolish. You cannot perhaps comprehend it altogether.  
Well, you must think of it as you will. You have got me ~~kne~~ now, my love,  
and you will have to bear with me until the end of it.

[ML383]/13/

You may ~~perhaps~~ tire of me, may perhaps think "the honest good man who

gives ~~gave~~ up his life to please me, is better than this passionate, turbulent, mad creature," but I have given myself to you, and -- like the familiar of old fable -- you cannot shake me off. ~~if you choose~~ [\* the deletion only] <to accept my love you must accept> [Torn but readable. The rest of the page has been torn off; and the fragment corresponds in size to pages 6 and 7. Mackinnon's deletion links 'off' to the next page.]

[ML385]/14/

Felicitas\*  
O Rose, let us forget that we are man and woman, -- civilised into nonentity almost. Let us be true. There is in humanity rightly viewed nothing of which we need be ashamed. Our souls are superior to bodily weakness and bodily shames. ~~As you argue with your heart, when alone in~~  
[This sheet is torn in the same manner as those above and the deletion of the last phrase is probably Mackinnon's, as he has made an addition to the next page, again, for the sake of continuity.]

[ML387]/15/

\* You can\*  
a<sup>^</sup> be horrified at nothing but a sin against [smudged] <sup>your</sup> nature.  
Do not fret for my illness. It will pass. I sit up late and drink, and despair because it suits my humor. But if you earnestly wish it I will be respectable. One thing I will never do -- be apathetic.

[This sheet is also torn as above. The next phrase is not quite obliterated, and may be an inaccurate quotation from Rose's previous letter, which has "Why arouse me to this intensity of pain?"]

<You ask "Why rouse me to this keen pain".>

Mackinnon's deletion at the top of the next sheet once more aids continuity.]

[ML387]/16/

~~no compassion for women who faint by the way.~~ [\*deletion] Put your hand in mine, and I will ~~lead~~ lead you, for something in me urges me on even though you should lag behind. But you shall not! Do you hear that! You

shall not, my will is stronger than yours and you shall be worthy of yourself.

[This sheet is torn as above; but 'be worthy of yourself' can be made out.]

[ML391]/17/

an <ordinary> tone.

Goodbye nobleheart!

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[This final sheet is torn across as above; and the top left-hand corner of the fragment has been torn off, but without any important loss. There is also a very faint marking in blue pencil, somewhat obscured by the material backing the sheet, which I read as '5 p.' which might be evidence that the 'original' letters had got as far as the printer unless, as is equally possible, the hand is Mackinnon's. However, if this is the 'wretch' which was torn up, it really may be an original rather than a copy; especially as it appears to be tearstained. Deletion of page-numbers thus: \ seem also to be by Mackinnon; evidence of his preparing to subdivide Clarke's letters for the copyist.]

[8. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML31]/D./1./ \*Felicitas to Felix\*

"Either we are in tune or we are out of tune". The most perfect instruments, the most sympathetic voices blunder a little when first joined. Remember how young this is -- how through all the mists of the past few years I have succeeded in seeing you, resolutely as you tried to hide yourself, and forgive me if I read a little incorrectly at times. I now understand the meaning of the poor 'dismembered wretch.' You are right, quite. I did not comprehend that you were warning me against yourself. Now I do, and from the depth of my love I thank you and confess your warning was needed, for although I rejected indignantly and (still do) the idea that I would ever voluntarily descend to grossness, yet the [Letter-heading of National Gallery Trustees, 1870 on verso.]

[2ML33]/D\*/2/

struggle might be too much for my resistance if you exercised your power over me. Now we are together in perfect tune I think. You saw the love for which a woman will often sacrifice everything and fearing lest in some moment of weakness you might be tempted to demand that sacrifice you warn me, make me strong while there is yet time. Am I right? My love, my love I have grossly misunderstood you. I imagined it was my weakness alone that you feared. Force me to be true, remember my life has been a false one for years and forgive what weeds of artificiality you find in me. Believe me that their roots are not very deep. Be always perfectly truthful with me. Let me trust you, and your <?my> innermost soul shall be open to you. -- but my love, talk no

[National Gallery Trustees, 1870 letterheading on verso.]

[2ML35]/D\*/3/

more of your hopes declining, your ambitions waning or you will reduce me to despair. Let me not think I have depressed where I wish to stimulate. The hill is steep but you are already half-way. Do not make an ignominious halt now. On, on, even though the time come when I impede your progress and must be left behind.

"Perhaps you think this wild and foolish, and cannot comprehend it altogether." I do not think it wild and foolish. I comprehend and sympathise with it perfectly. Do not doubt my sympathy whatever else you doubt -- that I believe is perfect with you. Nothing you write is food with me for callous criticism, it is all sacred. You are indeed the first man -- the only man who has ever or ever will possess my soul. deal always as mercifully with it as you are doing now

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[2ML37]/D\*/4./

and in spite of everything, it may preserve its peace until the end. You speak of this being a 'fantasy'. I felt chilled as I read the word -- but if it be -- if you discover it in your heart to be so -- tell me as I will you if ever I find this to be a "property chop." Did I ever tell you

of the actor's half-starved dog, who used to run about the theatre with a painted canvass<sup>[sic]</sup> chop? it looked what he most needed, but also [sic] <alas> something was wanting and the poor wretch gave himself up to the 'fantasy' day after day. No, no, we will be true. Goodnight my love. Thirty years old next July, and these my first love-letters. Truly when this malady takes one after childhood it is very severe. Spiritual love is beautiful, best but I should like to touch your hand and say goodnight. Dec. 13th.

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[9. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis.]

[ML325] / \ Da ?\* in blue pencil./

[Da seems to indicate that this letter follows the previous one from Rose.]

12. pm.

~~12. pm.~~ [\*deletion only; but why the first "12. pm. was allowed to remain cannot be explained. Both are in Clarke's hand.]

My darling, /\* / only] ~~As-soon-as-arrived-here-I-reply.~~ [\*deletion only.]

Now indeed we are in tune, we understand each other. I tore up the "wretch" because I was impatient and wounded when I saw that you did not comprehend my meaning. Forgive my petulance, my love, as you say "this is very new," and I was to blame for thinking you could guess at me. We will have no more guessing. Now you comprehend me. I like as little as you to be taxed with grossness, but I know myself, I think I know you, and I dared to risk your good opinion of me in order that I might plainly put before you that of which you were afraid to think. It is natural to you to shrink from such thoughts, but in the openness of our conversation, in the purity of our souls, such thoughts lose their grossness for

[ML327]/2/

reflection shows us that we are very human. It is right to understand and avoid the danger into which our humanity leads us, -- by and by we shall put off our humanity and only our spirits shall remain to us pure and clear, the purer and <sup>the</sup> clearer because they have dared while in the flesh,

to openly wrestle with fleshly lusts that they may vanquish them.

No more on this subject now. You have risen above your sex, as I have risen above mine. I only am glad that you comprehend the great love which forced me to write so plainly. Between us henceforth, the memory of that writing will be a sacred thing, I think, a thing to thank God for. My sweet love, we understand each other -- all is said in that.

Cast away artificiality, be yourself, I do not

[ML329]/3/

want you to act the prude, or to assume godlike virtues. I want you to be simple woman, and to think of me as a man who loves you. We are neither of us perfect creatures, but by revealing our weakness to each other, we shall gain strength.

I will talk no more of waning ambition. A higher ambition is now mine, an ambition which you share. That which I did for love of self, for hope of fame, will be doubly well done in the future for love of you, of you -- all that is in the world for me! If I climb to the heights I dreamt of, you shall come with me, and thus mutually aiding each other we shall earn the right to enter some day a holier paradise than we should perhaps have merited had we earlier met.

[ML331]/4/

I do not doubt you, but I only fear that the happiness I have may be too great to be true, that after all you may come to see my unworthiness as I see it. You have the same feelings, your letters show it. Our love is no 'fantasy' with me. It is real, sincere, devoted, I trust divine.

"You are indeed the first man, the only man who ever did, who ever will possess my soul" I believe it. I knew it, and I will not insult your love for me by protestations on my side. "I never loved any other human creature as I love you." That is all I can say to you. You may cease to love me, but nothing can change my heart. I should not love you less did you hate me.

Be strong and brave dear heart. I have no foolish jealousies of you. Be



true to your husband

[ML333]/5/

for he deserves that you should be true to him. You cannot help loving me, I cannot help loving you, but our love is too holy to be dragged into the mire. In the very depth and strength of it <sup>lies</sup> ~~comes~~ the powers to do our duty. We both have a tribute of loving affection to pay to others. Let us pay it cheerfully -- it will not exhaust our store of heart-money. We can render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to God the things <sup>121</sup> which are God's."

All my agonies and griefs are amply compensated by this glorious reward of your virginal and complete soul-love. One thing only remains now, to be frank. You invented a story about a woman whom I knew. I saw your motive and it was one I can understand and, shall I say,-- pity. But there was no need to invent. You made me sad when I thought of my past sins, for if your story had been true I was one of the men who helped to

[ML335]/6/

make it so. The history at which you guessed was a different one to that notion of it which you have. I will tell it to you some day and you will say "poor boy!" Let us use no deceits no inventions. If you desire to know my life, to read my soul, -- it is open for you. I have no shame, no dread in telling you, for my life is a part of me, of that man whom you love and who is yours body, brain, and soul now and to eternity.

Goodnight beloved. The kiss which in imagination I lay upon your lips, is as pure as fire. Darling love, sweet <sup>Felicitas\*</sup> ~~Rose~~, goodnight.

[10. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML39] / \*Felicitas to Felix\*/ E./1./

How could you think that I would invent a story to show you I knew something of your past life which I might naturally suppose you did not wish to hear! You have wronged me, accused me of the 'unpardonable sin' -- meanness [sic]. My love I had no such thought, as I told you yesterday, I am beyond acting with you, although I must occasionally act before you.

I can scarcely believe at times that there lives a man to whom I dare speak as I speak to you, with whom I dare to be true to my nature, for reserve with me is but a habit. I start to find myself saying to you what I never thought I should speak, thoughts from the depths, thoughts on subjects forbidden between man and woman. Even the story of my poor servant was a strange one to tell a man -- at least it seems so to me. My poor love

[2ML41]/2/

my good, my best love, where will you find in your man's nature patience to bear your lot. Do not drink to drown thought, my own darling, I am sad beyond expression at things, yet I bear it without such help and will you, my own, be weaker than I? You know your work. In that you are fortunate. I am still blundering in the dark, -- anxious to write, afraid to begin, afraid to prove my inability for if that is denied me what can I do, how live without one interesting ee occupation, through all the weary days that make the weary years. My love I am stupidly sad this morning, but you wished me to write to you, and you wish me to be truthful. I will not be sad, I will remember you love me. I will think of the glimpses of Paradise our love gives us and I will rejoice for my fellow men and women more blessed by circumstances but not more blessed in heart, than we.

[11. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis.]

[ML337]/E [blue pencil ?\*]/1./

~~10 pm~~ \*[deletion only.]

[Corner torn.] <I did not th>ink, my dear, that you invented a story in order to discover anything about me. But your statement concerning the hideous death of a woman for whom -- as a girl I owned a boyish sentiment -- affected me. Naturally, do you not think? I procured the volume of All the Year Round to read the account and found nothing. I then thought that what had passed in your mind was this -- "(aside) The nun! one of those 'unworthy' women of whom I wrote to him. Oh it shocks and grieves me" -- that <what> a wretch (aloud) "Yes I saw that she had met with the

usual end, 'died drunk'." -- I am glad that I was wrong, my love, it only shows me more and more how truly lovable you are. But dismiss the subject. I will tell you <sup>the</sup> ^ story when you choose to ask for it, and you shall judge me. Ah happy woman that has no ghosts of dead sins rising -- as I have, to thrust their unwelcome and defiling presence upon me,  
[ML339]/\

to stretch their vile arms between me and my pure love, to say to me when I hold you to my heart -- "You are not worthy of her!" --

It does seem strange to you to speak plainly, but speak nevertheless. Plain speech is the essence of marriage, of soul and body, when we love -- truly, faithfully, and purely -- we regain Eden, our souls stand before each other naked but not ashamed. It was the

consciousness\*  
<indecipherable> of having sinned that made ~~these~~ that fabled pair blush at simplicity.

You "wonder how I bear it." My darling like a weak man, not like a brave woman, for women have a power of resignation denied to us. I could go away, fight, travel

[ML341] / \

agonise and conquer, but this mill-horse round, this daily weariness of soul, this everlasting dipping of buckets into an empty well and drawing  
123  
'nothing' up is terrible. I sometimes feel that I must never see you more, for the ~~set~~ sweet sweet interviews make the 'rest of it' so dismally barren. I was becoming a machine you know, -- an intellectual machine wound up to turn out ~~sem~~ so many ~~columns-of-sentiment,-novel,-leader,-criticism~~ <sup>pictures\*</sup>. But I have begun to live and living is pleasant isn't it? When I come to your house, I think -- Here is my ideal realised! It seems to me that the elegancies which surround you are mine, that I should give orders

[ML343] / \

and receive guests, I feel that it ought to have been my right to think -- "yes this quick woman whom you are all admiring is my wife. She is

mine, mine, mine, -- and -- you stupid commonplace idiots, we have a world of our own in which we defy you and all Philistia!" But then comes the barren parting, the stolen caress, the dark night, and the sordid hideous life again. Do you ever feel something like this? -- that it is unnatural that we have not each other? My God, it is with arguments like these You slay souls! Therefore finding the reaction of my happiness so great

[ML345] / 5/

finding that just in proportion as my love for you waxes in the fanned flame of our meetings, so it wanes, wanes, for all others I begin to fear lest I show myself, petulant, ill-tempered, unloving, to those others, and so play an unmanly part in this strange life-drama of ours. O my love, my lost love, my noble-hearted darling, the Fate I once defied has indeed revenged itself, revenged itself upon you poor dear one as well as upon me.

You are the only confidant I have in the world dear, forgive me if I pour out my griefs to you for a little [smudged]. I should make you strong and happy, not sad. But

[ML347] / 6/

I cannot affect to be wise when I am foolish [smudged], brave when I am cowardly. It seems [smudged] to me that our only safeguard is to be perfectly truthful and free, so -- this [smudged] wonderfully strong [badly smudged] baby who dares to advise [smudged] and warn you has to -- go away and blubber like a whipped schoolboy [smudged].

\* [The original of the above does look tearstained; and unless Clarke relived his sufferings the 'copy' should be clean. This again may be proof that at least some of his letters are in fact the originals.] Insert at \* *overleaf*.

[tear]am [\* deletion only.]

I am sorry I ~~told~~ wrote that last confession, for a man is supposed to be above tears. As I said I would write what I do and think, I will leave it

standing, my concealing it will not alter the fact and after all your doctor will tell you that late hours, and a disordered condition of stomach have much to do with

\*

[ML349] / \ /

the effect of emotion on the lachrymal gland! They are so wise these doctors!

You are right. I will not drink brandy to drown thought. I do drink brandy because it does drown thought -- not by drunkenness [sic] I never get drunk, but by stimulating the brain to a madness which is strength. It is the practice of a fool, a suicidal practice, for -- oh the reaction! I will work instead, though really my ambition has become dead -- almost. I will explain how. One always has ambition, but mine was stimulated by the feeling that circumstances had placed <me> in a false position, and made me inferior to people, <sup>whom</sup> I despised. I wanted to raise myself in the hope that some day some one -- a woman I suppose -- would say to me "I understand you. I appreciate you!"

[ML351] / \: /

Perhaps you have had that feeling at times. Well, I got the applause of a number of ignorant idiots and was as much admired as <sup>\*the last Comique\*</sup> ~~Harry-Rickards~~ or

124

the last acrobat. But one day I met you. I then worked to win your approval. I gained it. I have more, your love -- the love of a woman of my dreams. Of that woman who says to me "You have suffered. I love you!" What more do I require? You are my Public. If you say 'this is good' all the world may say that it is bad, for me. Had we been married, had we been together, I should have had ambition still for your sake but we are apart, we can never meet. Why should I struggle further? I ask this and yet I do struggle for a divine discontent possesses me. I must work. O why is one cursed with this active brain. I think it would be better to be on a lower level -- to be a worthy fool, with no hopes beyond

[ML353] / \./

the morrow, no tasks but the animal one of providing for ~~her~~ his daily bread, -- and yet, and yet your clear eyes say to me 'work on,' your

tender fingers encourage me by their wifely pressure.

How narrow are our aims, our lives! -- Millions of souls have been tried as we are tried. Millions of wretches have succumbed to fate, some few have hoisted sail, cut cable and away out into the ocean. Better to perish on those cruel rocks of yours, ~~the~~ with the sharp free wind of God blowing on our faces, than to drone out a dull existence in the dirty harbor where herring-boats and barges rub filthy sides with each

125  
other. I am not sure that

[ML355] / \N/

crime is not, at times, a virtue. "Lose his own soul!" How will he lose it though -- by risking flinging away honor, name, place, to be true to it to give to it its only mate, to spur it on to glorious deeds, to make it work and not drowse a dull sensual animal eating drinking and talking silly scandal, or by making it a 'machine' as you have done. We must to ourselves be true but are we truest together or apart?

It is with difficulty that I have contrived to give you this. "Why can you not stop at home and talk to me?" is the question I am always hearing. I feel a hypocrite when I make excuses, and sometimes think it would be better to say "I cannot talk to you." Is not truth best at any cost? You are happier in this than I for you have no constant claim upon your affection

[ML357] / \N/

no perpetual lie to act night and day. Music, concerts, church-tomfoolery divide with you the interest of the man, but, alas, she has nothing, nothing but me [smudged], and [smudged] I am not for her. I am a coward and a villain to act as I do. I found a young merry girl and I have made a sad, petulant woman of her, mine the fault poor soul not hers. At times I think -- "The mistake has been made, but why live a lie, why not tell her, "I never loved you as I am capable of loving, I cannot. We should both be happier away from each other." Then this course seems cowardly and so tossed on a sea of doubt and despair, I have ugly thoughts of ending it.

Write to me, darling, your letters are my food, do not try to write well, or fondly even, write that which is in your heart. When we are together, the imperfectness of our relation makes us hesitate to

[ML359] / 12/

speak, makes us tremble, blush, grow shy. Our bodies, never joined, are timid, but when apart and with our spirits only mingling, then do our souls rush together.

One thing only -- do not be sad. If my love is to make you unhappy, forget me, hate me. It will aid you to hate me if you think that your love makes you wretched -- for if you are unhappy because of me, I had better be despised by you. The thought that I make miserable the only being in the whole world whose happiness I care for, that I make weep the woman for whom ~~I whom~~ I would give my soul to torment -- and rejoice so to win her -- is too bitter. Be strong, love me, but if my love makes you sad, tell me, and you shall never see me again -- never. I write your  
Felicitas\*  
dear name, -- My darling <?Rose.Word physically cut out.> goodnight. X

[Last paragraph of ML345 to end omitted by copyist, although there is no 'editorial' instruction.]

[12. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML43] / F. / \*Felicitas to Felix\* / F\* / 1./

It seems to me dear love, that our seeming scoffing is in reality glorification. It is because our idea of God is so great, because our veneration is so real, that we jeer at this miserable idol of small minded or unthinking men. It is not that we are irreligious, but we despise this mannikin God just as we laugh at the bedizened horse deemed sacred by the Chinese. I wonder if you are going away tomorrow. I hope you are for your dear health's sake. I am 'possessed' by you. I have no thought quite distinct from you. You are interwoven through me. I am generally contented and calm. I have so much more than I expected. I cannot be unreasonable enough to complain because I have not still more. My ring [of] hidden roseleaves, my secret buried in my heart. Keep me

[2ML45] / F\* / 2/

peaceful. The only inconvenience I suffer is that I am abstracted and have much difficulty in interesting myself in the people I have to see. I have a strong desire to avoid my kind. Tell me when and where I am artificial and I will endeavour to mend. Tell me also in full, the story you thought I had discovered, keep nothing from me, believe in the generosity of my love. If when I see you tonight you tell me you leave tomorrow, I will if possible give you this. If not -- I mean if you are not going away -- I will keep it and post it tomorrow. I have been thinking what an excellent relief to your restlessness my apathy would be if we were much together. You would often feel inclined to shake me for it, yet I am sure it would sometimes calm and sooth you. Unless indeed your fever proved more

[2ML47] / F\* / 3/

contagious than my calm. Farewell, my own love I hate that senseless goodbye. What does it mean. What <sup>is</sup> bye?

[13. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML49] /\* Felicitas to Felix\* / H / 1./

All the world is still and once more I will read your letter and answer it paragraph for paragraph. About the 'nun' all between us is said, except -- that I feel if I could have had with you a month, fortnight, even week of freedom, -- such perfect freedom as you had with her in Paris I should bear with patience the most dreary fetters of conventionality. <sup>126</sup> The memory of that week would satisfy me. Not quite such a time as you spent with her, like it only in its liberty. Poor dead woman I do not speak slightingly, but what was natural to her would be unpardonable to my clever [sic] <clear/clearer> vision! This purity of mine from past sin, need trouble you no more. It is the effect of circumstance. Had I been a man I should have done all that men do, being a woman, with milder passions

[ML51] / H\* / 2/

passions, some pride, some consciences [sic] <conscientiousness>, I



have so far kept my right to look society calmly in the face and say "I have kept my contract with you". Perhaps you in your paroxysms of remorse are nearer Heaven than I in my icy prudence. You see the moral figleaf you so object to -- the emblem of mock-modesty is crumbling and you will soon have my soul as bare to you ~~are~~ as your own. Of course you could 'go away fight or travel' I could not. I can only keep still and turn to stone. That is the only difference between strong men and strong women. Weak men become sots and weak women do rash, ill-considered actions or become sots also, perhaps under troubles

[2ML53] / H\* / 3/

like ours, but you will wrestle it down, work it out in a book, reason it out of you in some way & I, I shall keep silence, make no sign, be often stupid and at peace, often alone and in torture, but always quiet -- until the end.

Your life is hard, it is not so hard as mine. You can go out and choose men with minds in accord with your own, but I except during the few hours devoted to study, and the chance visit of a moderately bright man, am doomed to hear stupidity, talk stupidity, until sometimes madness seizes me, and for a moment I feel inclined to break through my womanly nature and do anything to break this hideous monotony of stupidity. I know quite well that I was

[2ML55] / H\* / 4/

made for better things. If I drink a spoonful of wine, or a cup of coffee at night, I pass through torture. My mind is set going it will not stop at command. Occasionally the poor cramped spirit so terribly cramped within me fairly shrieks out for space, but like other unfortunate prisoners it wears itself out and settles down in its cell in dogged ~~silence~~ despair. My intellectual power is not strong enough to flourish in spite of adverse conditions, it wants nourishing and encouraging, or else it faints. It is undeveloped and knows not how to walk but still it exists, and cries bitterly when my

[2ML57] / H\* / 5/

127

Mrs Godfrey's cordial loses effect. "I sometimes feel that I must never see you more". Of course you do, and so do I, not quite that, but that the communion between us must end for the sake of those to whom voluntarily we bound ourselves, let us never forget that let us be strong enough to fulfil our covenants even to the bitterest end. I fancy you and I would despise ourselves if we broke them and perhaps -- oh my God -- despise one another. "So dismally barren" Oh my love I know it, to the very depths of ~~my~~ your experience and consciousness here I am with you. That strange feeling

[2ML59] / H\* / 6/

and that all the rest are visitors, outsiders, often intruders. I have also, and so they are, and so are we in reality only in this world of shams we must be true to shams lest we become shams. I will not return you this letter of yours. The signs of emotion of which you are so ashamed render it precious to me. You need have no fear I will -- and yet perhaps I had better. A thousand chances might bring it to light and then what hideous confusion. You shall have it -- put them altogether, yours and mine and if ever I can I will ask you for mine again -- I mean those written by you. ~~Make sure that they are beyond discovery in your possession. If ever you have a doubt of this destroy them.~~ [A 'scribbled' deletion, probably Mackinnon's.]

There is not much wickedness in them -- ~~none~~ [deletion as above.] but there is destructive power enough to break

[2ML61] / H\* / 7.

or render reckless a poor heart which all my life until now I have striven to keep free from pain.

Arouse that dying ambition. I will not love a man who shows himself less brave than a woman. Remember that my intellect loves yours. If you get a mental smallpox & lose your <sup>inward</sup> outward beauty I may possibly change. If I go to England I shall look anxiously every mail time for whatever of yours has appeared in print during the past month. It will be your only way of speaking to me and although you must speak in parables my love

will interpret them. ~~"Why-not-tell-her-I-never-loved-you-as-I-am-capable  
of-loving!?-Because-if-ever-you-do-so-you-will-drive-her-to-ruin.-I-knew  
her-better-than-you-do.-Think-of-this-and-see-the-value~~

[A 'scribbled' deletion as above; probably by Mackinnon.]

[2ML63] / H\* / 8/

~~the-necessity-of-self-control.-We-who-are-strong-must-endure-for-the-sake  
of-those-who-are-weak~~ [Scribbled deletion, probably by Mackinnon.]

Oh I pray that I may go away and yet a line from the Hunchback is  
haunting me. "Alas the strait of her who knows that best which last  
she'd wish were done."<sup>128</sup>

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[14. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke probably written on the same day as the  
foregoing.]

[2ML65] / \*Felicitas to Felix\* / I / 1./

I have just sent my letter to the post. All the time I was writing it,  
the feeling that I am now about to try and express was tormenting me, but  
it was so vague and unformed that I could not find words to fit it. If  
you leave me entirely you condemn me to mental paralysis. I cannot  
understand why you should have this power of stimulating intellect, but  
you have & you alone. I know others intelligent men & women, but not one  
who possesses the slightest influence of the kind over me. When you broke  
with us years ago, there was a feeling of resentment in my mind against  
you for withdrawing this stimulus I thought you must have known how  
valuable your society was to me.<sup>129</sup> You cannot imagine the depths of mental  
despondency into which I fell. I am now putting personal attachment quite  
out of the

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[2ML67] / I\* / 2/

question, and for months I looked foward with feverish anxiety from week  
to week to your writings in the A-----<sup>130</sup> and sometimes their  
worthless falsity would make me ill, at other times their truths would  
delight me. Latterly I had terribly deteriorated. Since that night -- you

know that Browning might -- I have been better. I do not think that there is much intellectual power in me, but what there is you in time could develop, you and you alone. Now do you understand the selfishness that made me beg of you not to make a total break. I cannot live and be myself without your aid. Can you do what I am about to ask, without peril to your domestic relations -- that is -- consider my mental case, & prescribe for me.

[2ML69] / I\* /3./

We will put all sentiment away that we must do but do not quite desert me. Educate me, or make me educate myself in spite of this petrifying atmosphere by which I am surrounded, out of which I have no means of escape except you take me mentally by the hand. I am making you my priest. This is the expression of years of suffering do what you can for me. Perhaps you can do nothing but try. Do you see how weak I am, how helpless I am when once I let myself go. Do you see now what you are to me. Do you see the necessity of never letting me despise you

[Letter 'I' comes to an abrupt halt at this point; and Letter 'K' follows on 2ML71. It will be remembered that Letter 'J' is listed as missing, so that it is impossible to decide whether part of 'I' was lost or destroyed with it, or whether Rose simply did not sign the last sheet.]

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[15. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis.]

[ML405]

My poor darling! I have read your letters with the strangest mingling of the deepest pleasure and the keenest pain. "Desert you" Never! -- How could you think it! In your time of mental trouble I am nearest to you, you may count upon my fidelity and honor implicitly. It was a selfish weakness that made me hesitate, that made me fear for myself. When you confess your woman's weakness and throw yourself upon me you make me strong, you make me something like the ideal you deem me.

It is a great and noble work which you demand of me, for I feel that I am

neither wise enough or strong enough to guide you as I would wish. But as far as nature suffers me, I am yours, heart and brain, to aid you in your spiritual struggle.

[ML407] / 2/

Let us banish weakness, as Abelard and Heloise banished it. My life is at your will. If you bid me sin, I sin remorselessly. If you crave that I do right and, stifling physical promptings, be to you a Friend, a Guide, I will be so -- God helping me -- as long as I live.

I can understand you, poor dear, believe that, believe that. Had fate willed otherwise I know I could have lifted you out of your stagnation into a perfect unity with me, & with my hopes. Let it be my task to conquer fate, to be indeed your priest, your confessor, your savior, to aid you in spirit, to cheer you in your despair, to make you live! I accept the duty. I will do all you ask. But if you see your saint evince a touch of

[ML409] / 3/

human weakness, be tender with him, do not despise him, dearest, for he too has suffered much.

Claim my counsel when you will, -- it is yours. I will strive to write always what you may be glad to read. I will strive to live my life so that you may never, in your inmost heart, have of me a thought that need make you blush, a sentiment that may make you aught but proud and happy.

Toil on, write, cherish your intellect, be true to yourself and true to me. We are two Souls, we can conquer fortune, and win peace if we are only brave and true. I have been thinking, how to aid you, and I fancy that I have a plan of study for you which you will not despise. Do not despair

[ML411] / 4/

my love. Forget my wild words, and wilder kisses. Life holds something better and nobler than even those passionate moments which are to us glimpses of Heaven. Be it ours to seek and find the best in life, the

highest, the noblest, the most spiritual. I will see you on Sunday and we will talk further. Until then, think of me as one who is yours wholly, with all that is best in the heart and brain of him.

Courage darling! Courage! I have resolved to fulfil your prayer. -- You may rest, and count upon me

=====

~~by-bearer~~  
Send me a line ~~to say that you have received this.~~

[The last deletion is, once more, 'scribbled' out; probably by Mackinnon.]

[16. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML79] / \*Felicitas to Felix\* / L./ L\* / 1./

My letters. Oh my letters. Like magic gifts they have vanished in a night. Cruelly wise how bare you have left me. Where is that book about muscles and bones to drown my discontent in? Only one week more! Did we not promise one another that this correspondence should end with '72. The close of the year saw its birth and must also see its death. Short lived, beloved infant! And we, unnatural parents to strangle so sweet a child; but we must ~~alas~~, alas we must, lest it grow into a monster and rend us. I play with this grief, I turn it examine all sides of it except the sad side, for I know that soon no other side will be visible. So let me treat it lightly whilst I can. No sorrow you can feel will outweigh mine, when once

[2ML81] / L\* / 2/

I realise as sooner or later I must, the utter hopelessness of all this.

~~24th~~ [\* deletion only.]

\* + + + + \*

~~25th~~ [\* deletion only.] I have run away from everybody to write a line for I want to post this tomorrow and I may not be able to write tonight.

I received the Cantata this morning, which you told Williams to post to  
132 me & I have just come from your friends note-book. 133 So that I have been with you in thought all day. As I sat in Church, I tried to work all this out, to its conclusion and I find that to be -- nothing. At least

nothing tangible. Only the knowledge that happiness is not impossible in this world. We have missed it, but to me it is good to know that for others it may exist. It ~~n~~ is & always will be a blessing to me that you love me

[2ML83] / L\* / 3/

and even should the day come when I must exchange loved for love, still I shall be grateful. This Xmas day my 29th is both the saddest and the happiest I have ~~known~~ ever passed. Fancy your loving me! it seems so strange. It is like the realisation of some incredible glorious dream. I am content imperfect as things are and ever must be, but I sometimes fear my content will vanish with my opportunities ~~for~~ of seeing and hearing you. I fear that I am taking short views -- that I am living on hope. Do you ever think I am selfish in clinging so to things as they are? Do you ever think the loaves and fishes weigh with me? or do you comprehend how small my appetite is for

[2ML85] / L\* / 4/

such food! Ah it is not that! But I am tender for those who love me, tender also for delicate women and little children. <I> Have always felt it easier to endure than to inflict pain. Nor do I forget you in these thoughts, but know what a blighted life yours would be if under any pressure, any temptation you were to throw honor to the winds. I can with love's instinct realise how your heart would bleed at the sight of a little child, if ever you were to sacrifice yours in the hope of winning happiness.

Night \* + + + \*

Poor little woman, she asked me tonight with tears in her eyes to help her to study -- she endeavouring vainly to interest herself in books I trying to be

[2ML87] / L\* / 5/

musical -- do we not represent round pegs ~~in~~ trying to fit square  
134  
holes.

\* + + + \*  
184

26th. Just two words my love, and goodbye. Expression no longer despised. I have a singular feeling in regard to you. I feel as though you and I were two strangers in a foreign land, two white men, who have met by chance in the wilds of Africa thinking the same thoughts speaking the same language, meeting with joy, parting -- how. Goodbye my love

[17. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML71] / -- K / \*Felicitas to Felix\* / 1./

Is there not some<thing> very strange in this thing we call love or to please you 'Love' why should you possess greater attraction for me than any other man I have ever met on this earth. Leaving out always my <?> ideal about whose attraction I am never to know the ~~reality~~ real truth. He being to me only an idea <sup>possesses the great advantage always</sup> possessed by fiction over fact viz the being always beyond the reach of test, but you are a Fact, I see you just as I know your feet are made of clay I have wrapped you in no Fancy woven mantle you are plainly before me, & yet, Beloved Fact you are more beautiful than Bottom to Titania. Excuse the simile it is somewhat uncomplimentary but it came of itself. And you with your brain full as I

[2ML73] / K\* / 2./

I know it is or was, of Swinburnish women, women with perfect forms, glowing golden locks, and scarlet lips to which you had added the art of the French salons & the practical imagination of L.G.L. [sic] <sup>135</sup> and Mrs Browning -- what a descent from your gigantic standards of excellence to this poor little pigmy, without any excellence to speak of physical moral or mental. If some years ago Balsamo <sup>136</sup> had shewn you the portrait of the "woman you were to love fatally" as Arthur Helps has it, <sup>137</sup> you would have laughed him to scorn. For I believe you do love me 'fatally' perhaps I flatter myself. I believe that had things been different I could have been to you what no other woman in the world ever can be, or ever could have been. Simply because we are suited one to the other. We match although in many things I think you are my superior



[2ML75] / K\* / 3/

we harmonise. However the milk is spilt and as we do not intend to rob that small boy of his small jugful, we must resign ourselves to tea without milk, bitter though it be.

Night. \*+ + + + \*

Are we responsible in the daylight for words spoken in the moonlight? No I think not. Therefore I dare to tell you that with all my remorse for treachery still still I say with poor Margaret "And yet and yet! Alas the cause God knows so good so dear it was" <sup>138</sup> that in spite of conscience I must love you and when near you express in word look and action that love that I believe our only safety is in separation, that I love you so unreasonably that your touch at once subdues me. That I am brave and strong when I stand alone

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[2ML77] / K\* / 4./

that my bravery and strength vanish when your dear lips touch mine. That I have not always room in my mind for more than my love for you, that all vanishes before that, -- duty, conscience, even fear for the future. Therefore preach to me my love, as in my strong moments I will to you. Good night.

\* + + + \*

~~Morning-I-have-only-a-moment-just-to-write-a-line.-The-weather-looks-very  
doubtful-if-it-rains-and-you-postpone-your-visit-to-B -----F I  
suppose-and-hope-I-shall-see-you-tomorrow.-If-not-take-with-you-my  
heartfelt-wishes-that-you-may-enjoy-yourself-and-lay-in-a-store-of  
health.~~

[Another scribbled deletion, probably by Mackinnon.]

[18. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis]

[ML263] / \ / 1 ringed round, all in blue pencil, in an unknown hand.

[Perhaps an indication to the copyist; but '1' is missing in the copy.]

27th-Dec [\* deletion only.]

~~Two-letters.-One-for-which-I-waited-until-5-pm-on-Tuesday.-The-other~~

~~given-to-me-today.~~ [\* deletion only.] I begin to feel in a dream. Here

Home\*

at the old ~~station, in-the-old-hut, with-the-dogs-on-the-floor, the-guns~~  
~~on-the-walls, the-horses-splashing-through-the-swamp-as-of-old,~~ to be  
reading such letters, to be one in such a life-drama. You are surprised<sup>[sic]</sup>  
at my loving you! It is I who should be at once surprised, terrified,  
grateful, wretched and happy. I am only the last.

You touched me by the anecdote. "Teach me to study!" Poor child I can  
fancy her saying it. Ah my dear, she is better than either of us, for  
when did I ever ask to be taught some pursuit in which she might share,  
or you endeavour to decypher the beauties of double-bass. <sup>140</sup> It is indeed  
the square-peg story. It is lamentable. .

[ML265] / 2/

It should be fought against. It is unmanly. It is -- anything you please.  
But I love you! "Alas the Cause! God knows so good, so dear it was!" I  
may be cowardly, unfeeling and base, but should I be accused of these  
offences I will say "I love her! This is to me a most complete ~~excuse~~,  
nay a complete justification." I cannot help it I have violated my own  
spirit-prompting fo <sup>4 years [pencil, italic script.]</sup> ~~4-years~~. I will not force my soul farther out of its  
path. I love you with all my brain and heart, -- but I will not be  
dishonorable. As you say, I should find my life still harder to bear, and  
you! -- you would hate or despise me. Only -- remember your promise. One  
day I know that I can claim it without dishonor to you or to myself.

[ML267] / 3/

You knew that your "idols feet are clay." Of course -- that is another  
reason for loving you. I should think very poorly of your intellect did  
you think them aught else. I want you to know me thoroughly and I want to  
know you thoroughly. For God's sake do not let us 'act' to each other.  
<sup>141</sup>  
You are not a Charlotte Bronte, nor I -- whatever your ideal man may  
have been -- but we suit each other we <my> love -- I don't want you to  
be a saint, but to be a woman. Your weakness makes me love you the more,  
and when you are most human then are you most loved. I sometimes wish

that you had committed some great sin, that I might have the ineffable happiness of forgiving and loving you the more. Analyse this feeling! --

[ML269] / 4/

It is a strange one, but I have it.

How strangely you are mistaken in your estimate of my judgement of women.

The Swinburnian woman, I abhor. Even from a point of view purely sensual, large lazy voluptuous creatures like Dudu "fit only to be put to bed" are

142  
detestable. My ideal woman, was always, slight, agile, with no more bust and arms than it should please Heaven, but with broad brow and quick dark eyes. You are not in the least like her, though you complete and incarnate her. I cannot quite explain this strange wild love of ours. You are not beautiful, you have none of those charms of figure and outline which please some men. I have met cleverer women than you, but -- but -- well

[ML271] / 5/

143  
You are 'half of my soul.' I love you. With you the world is full, without you it is empty. I indeed love you 'fatally' O Cleopatra never turn your galleys-beak to shore. Hold out to sea bravely, and we will win through it yet. I only hope that someday you will not come to me and say "I have changed." I could not endure that.

<torn 28th> Dec [\* deletion only.]

[The sheet has been torn across at this point, but the lower half has been bound as ML273. Mackinnon evidently intended to make two separate items out of what really seems to be one 'diary' letter; he has written II (2) at the bottom of this sheet, but seems undecided about retaining the date, which was torn through.]

[ML273]

28<torn th>

Dec\*

was\* over the well-remembered fields with her\*  
I ~~have been riding yesterday with Somerville. We spent the day cantering over the plains by the river, with the great purple hills in the distance, the cattle crashing away at our approach, the eekatoos~~

~~shrieking -- no-one-but-ourselves-and-our-impatient-horses-in-all-that  
glorious-wilderness. When-good-old~~ [\* deletion only, both line by line  
and, from 'spent' onwards by one large cross. Another hand has added a  
large blue-pencil 2; which matches a similar mark on the copy.]

[ML275] / 6/

~~Somerville-was-showing-off-his-horse-manship-ahead-of-me -- it-is-a-point  
of-honor-in-the-bush-to-ride-your-wildest-nag-when-receiving-a-visitor!~~  
-- [\* Deletion only, line by line and additional large slashes as above.]

I thought of you, and how wonderful it would be were you with me instead  
her\*  
of him. Do you remember your wish for a "week in Paris"? I quite  
understand your feeling, -- (putting the sexuality out of the question)  
and it is so natural. I feel it often. But a week of unconstrained  
communion with her. But a week in which to make clear our thoughts one to  
the other, to look on sunsets, rivers, skies, to bound over the  
stretching [sic] <stretching> grass drinking the champagne air of the  
country\*  
Bush, to climb the range path, or to lie in the broad verandah and dream.  
Life would then be worth the living. Now it is duty.

[ML277] / 7/

Oh what secrets of Nature could I unlock to you were you mine. Now -- I  
go alone like Ali Baba and say my sesame to Dreamland in the night. I  
think the secret of our mutual attraction is, that there is for each of  
us the same undefined meaning in trees, flowers, places and people, and  
while we can express that feeling to each other, we can find sympathy in  
other  
no ^ person.

[Sheet torn in half.]

[ML279] / 7A\* pencilled./

[It seems obvious that this is the lower half of p.7 above, which has  
been mounted on a separate sheet. '3' in blue pencil and ringed has been  
written across the text, and Mackinnon or the printer -- or perhaps even  
Ernest Clarke -- evidently intended to make a separate letter of it.]

29th-Dec [ \* deletion only.]

How was it in the name of heaven that you grew to love me? I should have

thought that the man you loved would have been a man of 35, of good standing, of some fame, of great nobility of character and strength of mind. Instead of this man, you love a rash and precipitate boy, with no certain position, heavily in debt, "very proud and revengeful with more offences at his beck etc"<sup>144</sup> Love or to please you, love, is truly a strange thing. I only hope that you may never find that you have been mistaken and that you have only a 'property chop'

[ML281] / 8/

after all.

I am just now at daggers drawn with fate. I who vowed that I would make my own path in life, who defied fate, and laughed at those poor devils oppressed by sordid care, here am I quite crushed. The big <?wall / swell> rising remorselessly above me the light gone from the heavens, the color from the Earth. The whole world a sham, the uses of it "flat dull stale and unprofitable."<sup>145</sup> What is to be the end of this ~~Rose~~ <sup>Felicitas Love\*</sup> It is very well to write sentiment and to force one's heart in a momentary enthuesiasm [sic] to rejoice in martyrdom. But do you ever think out the misery of it to the end? We are both young we may count upon having 30 years more of life at least. That devil's consolation "They might die" which has of course come to both of us, is really unlikely. It is unlikely that they should ever by their own acts break the chains we have voluntarily taken on us. What then remains? Thirty weary, barren years, with all that we hoped to do undone; with the days growing daily more bitter; with the crust of sordid lovelessness

[ML283] / 9/

growing thicker on our souls. With hypocrisy rampant, with worldliness prompting us to but "eat and drink" for tomorrow we die. And then separation -- the dread in the mind of each lest new faces and new hopes supplant the now loved image in the mind of the other. Finally a death-bed, surrounded by our respective households and a loveless death in which we dare not even weep out our love. I can see this latter so well. You are lying sick, the servants and husband crying. I come -- if indeed

I am near enough to be sent for -- and must wait an alien outside your chamber door. At last I am admitted, but Hypocrisy rules us to the last. I dare only kiss your brow, I dare not take you in my arms & soothe your parting soul. No! that is another's duty. But for me to "touch hands and part" <sup>146</sup> -- to part perhaps in that hideous next world never to see thee again. Are we called upon

[ML287] / NQ / [Pages 10 and 11 have been transposed in binding.]

to endure all this. We have keener capacities for mental torture than they. In five years they -- never thoroughly content with us -- would find themselves happier without ~~out~~ us, and we in America, or Italy or France, gaining our bread by our own brain work in that sweet communion which we <sup>have</sup> but yet tasted, shall be better creatures, better in the sight of men, and I verily believe in the sight of God! Do not mistake me. I have no sensual passion for you, no wish to seize, dishonor, and fling aside. I would live with you -- well as I live with you now in the rare moments when we are alone together -- did you so wish it. But my soul hungers and thirsts for you. I set all as nothing beside you. I love you as one loves but once, fatally, to death, to dishonor if you choose. I believe that our present resolution is folly, born of a false state of society. Other men and women, to the full as clever and honest as we, have recognised

[ML285] / N/

the imperious claims of natural affinity and following their souls' guidance have lived respected and happy. Why should not we?

[The sheet has been cut here, and the remainder mounted on what ought to have been the next sheet. However, the two cut edges are a perfect match and, as Clarke's pagination is continuous, this is obviously another 'diary' letter.]

[ML289]

~~30th. 5.am~~ [\* deletion only.]

\*You are married to her.\*

I wake to read this. I see your answer ~~"You are the husband of my sister"~~  
-- Shall I tear up the foregoing leaves. No She shall read them and know

Felicitas\*  
me fully. O Rose shall we ever in future days talk coldly over these  
letters that now seem written with our hearts' blood [\* paragraph  
indication.] I have been writing in the moonlight, my love. It is now  
day.

One reason I have moreover which comforts me. "She thinks as I do. She  
melts at the touch of my lips, as I do at the touch of hers. But she  
looks to me to aid her, to make her strong". Did I persuade her against  
her conscience I should violate the trust she has in me. So for your sake  
my own love, my darling, I will try and overcome this  
[This is not the end of Clarke's letter; but he evidently heard from Rose  
while writing it.]

[19. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke.]

[2ML89] / \*Felicitas to Felix\* / M / M\* / 1./

~~Dec-26th--1872.~~ [\* deletion only. Also crossed through in red pencil.]

In "Womans' Work & Womans' Culture" they say that these studies supply  
them with a <sup>constant</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>[sic]</sup> store of great thoughts and in this way they are  
a true blessing to them for inasmuch as the thoughts ~~wik~~ which mostly  
press on the minds of women are ~~of~~ too personal and subjective, and are  
connected with the troubled and ~~unrestlyful~~ life of <sup>man</sup> ~~woman~~ on earth and  
with the ~~smallest~~ details and anxious cares of daily living, the thoughts  
suggested by the study of Mathematics and Physical Science, in most of  
its branches at least, are ~~about~~ above all these, in a calm region  
wherein we find inexhaustible

[2ML91] / M\* / 2./

147  
matter for wonder and joy and worship and praise" and this is why is  
it not? -- you have tried to get for me the "Physiology of Common  
148  
Life". You are very good, very thoughtful.

\*+ + + +\*

149  
~~Dec-28th.~~ [\*deletion only.] I heard your cantata last night. It is  
like yourself full of passion & glow. My head is very full of household  
matters. No matter in what direction our tastes and talents lie we

married women are all kept in the same groove. Tradesmen, servants, everlasting dinners of course I know it must be so. Some one must superintend to maintain that order which is necessary in a house as in a state. It is clear the man cannot be trusted

[2ML93] / M\* / 2.\*1/2\*

without some supervision therefore women must do it, but it is rather hard upon some. Not that I see anything to be despised in a thoroughly domestic life, but all women are not fitted for it, no more than men are fitted to manage ~~it~~ a bank. However, though ~~we~~ whatever is -- is wrong, the Powers that be are strong, what rhyme was quite unintentional.

Night [\*deletion only.] I am very glad to hear you are enjoying yourself. Physically and mentally you required just that kind of recreation you are now having. Will you always love me, but no, do not answer that for I know well neither love nor its duration are influenced by will, but look into your own nature and tell me < > can you < >

[2ML95] / M\* / 3./

me if you believe it will live.

I hope you will lengthen your holiday to its utmost. Keep away from this nest of multiplying cares as long as possible. As to New Year's Eve, do not consider the few words we spoke about it as an engagement I am happy in knowing you are doing good to your poor ill-used body. Dec-30

[\*deletion only.]

Have just received your note. Tired of <sup>\*natural life?\*</sup> His ~~Natural~~ Life I do not wonder. <sup>151</sup> I will post <sup>this</sup> ~~it~~ now. I should have done it before but thought you might be leaving before this could reach you. I think we shall leave this in February. I hope so. We are both better apart. We have resolved upon our line of conduct and can better follow it when out of sight and hearing of one another. Harsh words to end with. No not harsh but sad --

[18. Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis -- continued.]

[ML291] / 12/

31st--2pm-



boy [possibly the copyist.]  
The ~~black-boy~~ has just brought your letter. You delicious housewife! I  
have laughed delightedly at your reflections on dinners, they are so like  
my own. What a housekeeping ours could have been. Were we rich we should  
sit down to a table provided by the cheating but trouble-saving  
housekeeper. "~~Evans-some-soup-a-la-bisque~~ Hadden, [\*deletion only] that is  
Elephant steak on your right. ~~Bunny~~ [\*deletion only] try some sirloin of  
Rhinoceros. ~~Mr.-Wey~~ [\*deletion only], a boiled flamingo! Help yourself to  
chateau margeaux [sic], that is '35 claret, the Johannisberg [sic] is in  
ice, and Musphata Khan you scoundrel where is the imperial Tokay!" All  
would be given without bother. I confess it seems as natural to me to  
have a good dinner well served, with the right wines and glasses at the  
right times, as it does to have a bath in the morning or a nail-brush in  
the washhand-basin. But suppose

[ML293] / 13/

Felicitas\*  
we were poor. Greater fun still! ~~Rose~~ you will never learn to cook a  
chop. -- I even can beat you. "De Vere try this one, my wife's own  
broiling. Plantagenet some more porter, the salt is in the pickle jar. I  
don't agree with your theory of Scandinavian Mythology ~~Hunt~~, but get up  
and peel a potato. ~~Rose~~. God bless me you have forgotten the catsup!  
Excuse her Miss Evans, she is thinking of rivalling Middlemarch. Ah!  
Here is a CHOP! Now Lady Bluestocking allow me!" You and I, my dear were  
born in Bohemia. I like all things in order, but to me, there is no  
medium

[ML295] / 14/

between a perfectly served dinner, and a jolly makeshift. Your prim  
mercantile "feeds" are abhorrent. However, it is your vocation and I  
suppose God is merciful. You will have soothed the souls of many worthy  
\*pianoforte buyers\* musical\*  
~~wheat-buyers~~ and when some colonial Dives, lying on his fat back, turns  
Heaven\*  
his fat paunch upwards to ~~his-God~~, he will clasp his fat hands and says  
\*Oh God\*  
in dying extacy [sic] "~~Lord Jesus~~ receive my soul, I have left £3000 in  
the Bank, and oh those cutlets a la Maintenon I got at ~~Lewis's~~ Delevyras\*  
Lewis's!

[The sheet has been torn across, the tear matching that at the top of the

following sheet.]

[ML297] / \*14 foot\*

1st January. [Faint deletion ?\*]

~~Alas for the weakness of poor human kind! I had~~ [\* deletion only.]

[ML299] / 15/

~~I had vowed to sit up till midnight so that we might together see out the Old Year. Unluckily I have been violently attacked by dysentery -- the common result of drinking swamp water in which the heat of the day compelled me to indulge --- and suffered such torments that I flew to the only remedy on the station Chlorodyne, the which mixed with station rum I drank in such quantities that I went sound asleep at 9 pm and did not wake until nearly noon today with a racking headache. I was punished for my folly by the most hideous dreams in which you, the <Linda>, that revolver that is under the mattress and (strange enough) an old aunt of mine in England, played the most devilish cantrips.~~ 154 [\* deletion, scribbled crosswise.]

How curiously our minds jump together. While I am -- ~~as you see by what has preceded this~~ [\* deletion only] -- doubting the constancy of your affection, you are troubled with the same fears for the constancy of mine. As you say, it is folly to protest that one will always love (that is a piece of absurdity relegated to our ridiculous marriage service). As Byron says "And will she love him? Curious fool be still

155  
Is human love the growth of human will.

[ML301] / 16/

All I can tell thee, my darling, is that I do love thee. -- That if wife children, honor, fame were put on one side and thou on the other, -- I should choose thee. I have never loved -- as we know love in its truest sense -- any other woman but that palefaced little atomy that calls itself \*Felicitas Delevyra\* ~~Rose-Lewis~~ and carries such a big heart in such a little body, that when I clasp its heart to mine the little body cries out for pain! I have loved you ever since I saw you. I have fought with all the strength of my nature -- and I am not weakminded -- against this love for four

years, and now I love you more than ever, and awake each morning but to find that I love you better than when I fell asleep to dream of you. I may change -- all things are possible. But it is not likely I think. Men do not love like this often, some men never have such love. When they do have it, it is tattooed into their mental skins and vanishes not even with bodily death.

[ML303] / 17/

Love you. You little witch, I am folâtre<sup>156</sup> as the French say. I love you like a schoolboy and a man, at once. With all sides of my nature I love you, when with you I can murmur all the follies that lovers of seventeen whisper to each other while papa and mama are nodding over the fire, and I can think also the loftiest thoughts inspired by your presence. I can talk to you without fear or shame all things, I can lay bare my whole nature to you -- its hopes and its infamies. That is love, and I think you can -- or will -- do the same to me when we have known each other longer. Ah God! -- longer!  
stet\*  
~~and-you-go-away-in-a-month.~~ [\*deletion only]

It is best that you should go. Preaching morality is very pretty, but our only real safeguard is absence. Go then! Hasten that bitter but

[ML305] /18/

righteous day when you leave me. I look forward to it with dull despair, and a sort of savage rejoicing, for you will be out of danger, both from yourself and me.

\*The Jew Belevra:\*

The ludicrous intrudes as usual. Suppose ~~Mr-Lewis~~ should see this letter. He would never understand it, and that Deane and Adams "Patent double-<sup>157</sup> action central fire" <sup>a\*</sup> would be put to use upon which the worthy gunsmith who turned it out never calculated! I must go for a gallop to cool my mind or I shall write something rash --

[ML311]

[This fragment, although bound out of sequence, seems to belong here. Its addition brings the previous sheet to the same size as the rest and the subject-matter leads straight on to that of the following page.

The date also would be correct.]

\*18 foot\*

~~1st-Jan-173:-7pm:~~

I have returned, the calmer for violent exercise. You are right about my reason for choosing for you Physiology as a study. I don't think you would care about Mathematics which has always been to me - the dryest of studies

[ML307] / 19/

But you want to occupy your mind with something which would take you 'out of yourself' and your surroundings. Were you unhappily orthodox, I should parade religion, which to those who can swallow a good honest camel or two, pack saddle and all, is comforting, but thank God you are not.

Poetry and what is termed the belles lettres are not sufficient, they but excite the imagination and lead us to dwell with redoubled grief on the "what might have been". Physiology on the contrary opens out to us so many new worlds, so many forms of life, that our troubles, nay our own existence seem dwarfed. What are we among so many? ~~Rose-Lewis-&-Marcus~~ \*Felicitas Carmel & Felix Germaine\* ~~Clarke~~ are really very insignificant creatures despite their troubles and sufferings, when compared with that wonderful creation the "whole of

which groaneth & travaileth in pain until now"! <sup>158</sup> Do you see my dear? In <sup>159</sup> the same way & for the same reason study astronomy. The records of these wondrous worlds, imperfect tho'

[ML309] / 20/

the records may be, show us how miserably small is this little earth, & how miserably small are we little earth-worms upon it. Upon how many unhappy beings -- squarest of pegs in roundest of holes -- have not those immortal orbs looked down ~~upon!~~ [\* deletion only.] Antony & Cleopatra, Romeo & Juliet Alcibiades & Timandra, Alcestis & even Hercules!

<sup>160</sup> "Imperial [sic] Caesar dead and turned to clay" remember<ed or ing> now no more his betrayed affections or his blighted hopes, but the same star that shone placid, over his stabbed body in the Forum shines down upon many a suffering soul perchance as great as his. Forget my madness.

We have resolved "Come death come wrack, at least we'll die with harness  
161  
on our back"! ;\*:

-----  
\* (A footnote for your private eye,

This is all barren consolation dear, isn't it?! but I am constrained to  
offer it.)

[ML313] / 21]

Jan-6-1873. [\* deletion only.]

~~I am not quite sure if this is the date, but I think so. It is Monday ^~~  
~~and I come home tomorrow. I have been expecting, expecting letters~~  
~~from you but none came. I suppose you thought me on my way back & so did~~  
~~not write. You had a wise reason I am quite sure. I have been away at~~  
~~Ledecourt --- the mountain station --- and go to Ararat tonight by the~~  
~~coach. I am better --- in health and moral tone. I had a long day after~~  
~~\*today ride yesterday\*~~  
~~cattle in the ranges, ^ and on the following \*today\* rode up in early~~

[Mackinnon's deletions are rather confusing. It looks as though he may  
have changed his mind about deleting the whole, and may have intended it  
to read "I am not quite sure of the date --- . It is Monday however and I  
go home tomorrow. I had a long ride yesterday and today rode in early ---  
cont. on next page.]

[ML315] / 22/

~~morning as high as I could get~~ <sup>\*up the mountain\*</sup> and then tethered my horse and walked  
up to the highest peak, or rather climbed. There I laid down in the scrub  
and 'had it out with God and my own soul" <sup>162</sup> until dark. I see now  
<sup>Felicitas\*</sup>  
clearly my weakness, ~~Rese~~ we have both done wrong. I have been more to  
blame than you because it was I who should have held you back, and it was  
I, alas, who when you wished to be calm persisted in those caresses which  
are fatal to calmness. I arrived at this conclusion. I love you  
passionately -- there is no need of wild words, all that is meant

[ML317] /23/

when a man like me says to a woman like you "I love you" is meant by the

word love as I use it. Love to the fullest of mental and physical meaning. Love with brain, heart, and body. Do you understand? Now our love -- as it is -- must be always incomplete fruitless, barren. I accept this condition of it, though I tell you honestly it does not satisfy me. When one loves a woman as I love you, one must have and hold her body and soul both before one's love is satisfied. Don't think this sensuality. It is nothing of the kind. You once

[ML319] / 24/

thought everything sensual that was not purely spiritual. If I can read you aright a certain 'disgust' which you once had has vanished and you begin to understand this funny thing called Human Nature. However, in my solitude in the hills, I concluded this -- I voluntarily married a young girl whom I made love me I must accept my fate and be manly, honest and strong. I owe a duty to my wife, my children my own honor. That duty must be paid. If by some god-like fortune I should ever be able to say to my  
Felicitas\*  
Love ~~Rose~~ you can come to me without fear that you make anyone ~~hu~~ unhappy I will cross the

[ML321] / 25/

seas, beg my way to her, & say it, and she will come, for I have her promise. If it happens that I cannot do this -- well life is not so long. If my ambitions are defeated, and weighed down by debt by cares of family and mill-horse work I <sup>will\*</sup> give in & take the usual stone instead of bread well -- I will make the world believe that I prefer granite to flour, and flint to seed cake. Even then perhaps I may meet -- somewhere or other --  
Felicitas\*  
my dear ~~Rose~~ and she will comfort me. If not -- well God is great and there have lived unhappier

[ML323] / 26/

ones than I.  
<sup>away\*</sup>  
Go you ~~to~~ England, and let us wait and hope. When I return -- to give you this -- I will ask you to kiss me once more, my darling, and then to do your duty as I mean to do mine. Always believe one thing. -- Whatever you hear of me, whatever I may do, or become -- believe this I love you and

So -- lest I should write more than calmness demands -- let me end.

Farewell. When you need my aid -- in any way -- ask for it. I will stand before God for you and keep you and plead for you and save you.

M

[the next sentence is written across the top left-hand corner of the sheet. But since it is obviously a postscript against which Mackinnon has written the direction 'at end' I have placed it here.]

\* + + + (at end)\*

Goodbye my love.

How cold it looks written, but if you could hear me repeat it , as I do now -- -- you would not think it a cold farewell.

[It may be that this sentence was to 'end' the entire correspondence, had it been published. This letter has been subdivided into 1-7 in the 'copy.' What would have been copy-letter 1 contains a reference to Marian Clarke, and perhaps was not copied in full.]

[20. Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke]

[2ML97] / N.1.\* / ~~1-~~ [\*deletion only.]/

~~31st. Dec.~~ In four minutes it will be \*New Year\* 1873. I have been working at that sad mental <? distraction> Faust. He is the tragedy of Sir Charles Coldstream. "Nothing in it" is his cry. 163

~~1873~~ [\*deletion only.] "A happy new year." I have been ~~pressing~~ peeping through the ( ) door to see how ~~1873~~ [\*deletion only.] looked out of doors. The poplars are standing tall and still, the stars are shining above them there is a chill in the air, and the door suddenly gave way from my pressure and ~~egg~~ opened ~~suddenly~~ [\*deletion only.] and I was terrified and closed ~~it~~ [\*deletion only] and locked <sup>it,\*</sup> for I am the only one awake, or at least the only one up in the place. What are you doing. I wonder what you are doing. I cannot know for the Spirit of <smudged --  
164  
? Dreams> is satisfied and has folded his wings and visits my couch no more. I suppose she thinks she

[2ML99] / N\* / 2/

has done enough mischief for the present. I hear the fire-bell, and am frightened to open my door and look out. This is dreadfully weak. I hate a coward even of the feminine gender. ~~Jan 11th.~~ [\* deletion only.]

\* +            +            + \*

You will see by the date when I wrote the above. I changed my mind and did not send it, but as you have ordered your slave to write, I choose this discarded sheet to do it upon. I have something to say. I hope I may succeed in ~~saying~~ expressing it. I have a great fear of a certain weakness & recklessness in your nature. I have a trick of looking into an imaginary future, and having no hope in my mental composition I often see sad pictures. Now attend. If ever you and she separate [sic] promise to resolve with all your might, you will not allow the sadness of an apparently

[2ML101] / N\* / 3 ?\*

blighted life and cheerless future to weaken -- to deaden your self-respect -- that you will never degenerate into a drunkard. The ~~se~~ separation [sic] may take place, & I at the time may not have the opportunity of saying what I now say. I may be far away. Will you always remember that degradation to you means corroding grief to me. That all the wifely -- all the motherly feelings of my nature are sensitive to every variation in your fate. I do not want you to do <?strained> < ----> heroic deeds. I want you to be a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, which you can not be if you allow your sensibility to be stupified by drink. Suffer -- if you

[2ML103] / N\* / 4/

must, but remember that pain is a sign of life. Who would prefer mortification? If I could tell you how I think of you and her, how I sorrow over you, how I <-----> -- how I would pray for you did I not know prayer to be useless, except in the sense of a mental stimulant. Were you prepared for a sermon poor pretty boy? It is not a sermon. It is a solemn warning an earnest prayer which I am impressed <?impelled> ~~to offer.~~ Good



night.

\* + + + \*

Sunday ~~12th~~. [\*deletion only.] Are you jealous of Hercules? You need not be. Only in stone are those huge men beautiful. In life, they suggest a grossness, which is horribly repulsive

[2ML105] / N\* / 5/

I am not answering your letter. How can I? It is an expression of love, an acknowledgement that what is right is best, and a groan of impatient pain under the suffering to be endured which must be endured be the end far or near. It can be borne it must be borne. Cleopatra will keep out at sea. You have with all your assumed callousness, a very loving nature. <sup>precious</sup>  
~~By & by your children will be very dea to you I can imagine you with a daughter. How she would love you!~~ [ 'dea' above Clarke's deletion; \* the rest.] Do you remember what Longfellow says in the beginning of Hyperion about the setting of a great hope, being like the setting of the sun, that at first all seems very <dark>

[2ML107] / N\* / 6/

165

then "the stars come out and night is holy".

And you with your appreciation of Art and Literature will always be able to stargaze at will. If these hideous trammels of debt were removed, I should not fear so much for you, but with the care abroad <sup>and\*</sup> ~~&--levelness~~ at home, I fear you will give way. Already you excuse yourself -- think yourself justified in occasionally deadening thought. If you persist in this course your sight will become obscured and you will not be able to see those stars. You have or ought to have no time for sadness. Your ~~book~~ <sup>\*picture must be finished soon\*</sup>  
~~must be rewritten within the next six weeks.~~ [\* deletion only.]

Put your best into the labor. If it should succeed it might help to clear  
166  
away many difficulties.

[National Gallery Trustees 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[2ML109] / N\* / 7./

You will become interested presently and work away with a will. When I come back I intend to devote the remainder of my life to writing. If you

Paris\* in\*  
succeed and I succeed we may some day live in London and get about as  
really  
that charming society which you tell me exists, and although we should  
not belong to one another, we should not be far[\*deletion only.] We  
~~should read the same books, meet the same people, laugh over our  
failures, rejoice at our successes. If we both achieve literary success~~  
so  
we can command as much of happiness but we must not be impatient but toil  
on up the weary hill. You are well on the road.

[ The deletion is Mackinnon's but, on the evidence of a firm downstroke  
after 'literary success' he may have meant the passage to read 'We can  
command much of happiness ---.' National Gallery 1870 letterhead on  
verso.]

[2ML111] / N\* / 8/

Do not halt. As you once said 'One cannot wait for the other.' When once  
I begin I will strain hard to overtake you. [\* indication for text to run  
on.]

Propinquity is a mistake with people situated as we are. I sat near you,  
last night your hand lingered lovingly for a moment as you put my cloak  
on me, and in consequence my heart today is flooded with tenderness  
whenever I think of you. But no, no, no! I must be strong for weakness in  
me would also mean <? remorse> probably a miserable death. ~~It is because  
I know my weakness that I feel I must be strong. 13th. Inconsistent man.  
You write a~~

[National Gallery 1870 letterhead on verso.]

[2ML113] / 9/

~~farewell, a final one. I meet you. You ask me if I have again opp-  
opened the correspondence. I answer 'No!'. You looked vexed and troubled and, lo,  
here is the result. Another "trifle light as air but to the jealous  
confirmation strong as proof of holy writ."~~ 167 [\* deletion only.]

Certain sheets attached to the love-letters, probably by others, remain to be described:

ML259

The front fold of a double sheet, evidently used as a wrapper for Clarke's letters. It bears the pencilled title 'Felix. Letters' beneath which 'Typed' has been deleted. I cannot identify the hand; but Ernest Clarke did have the letters typed when he was trying to sell them to Angus & Robertson in 1915.

ML261

The backfold of the same sheet; blank.

ML491

A blank sheet.

2ML1

The wrapper for Rose Lewis's letters. The paper is the same as that used as a wrapper for the 'complete story' (ML65): a ruled sheet with wide blank left-hand margin. It has a fold mark across the centre, and some rusty evidence of a paper-clip having been used to secure the contents. The frontfold bears the title 'Felicitas Letters' in the same hand as ML259 and ML65 above; and the same writer has added the vital information that these letters are 'missing "G" "J".'

It should also be noted that all Rose's letters, with the exception of the first page of 'A' (2ML3), have rusty holes in the top left-hand corner consistent with having been pinned together by a winged paper-clip; and all, with the same exception, had been folded in half lengthwise. Page 1 of 'A' has no paper-clip hole, and had been folded in four. As I have suggested in my Introduction, this sheet may have been sent as a sample to the Mitchell Library by Marian Clarke; and it is the only one on which evidence of the accession of the Papers appears.

---

A List of the Love-Letters in their Original Order

(i) Letters of Marcus Clarke

- 18 'Two letters for which I waited . . .' ML263-323.  
9 'My darling, as soon as arrived here I reply . . .' ML325-335.  
11 'I did not think, my dear, that you invented . . .' ML337-59.  
7 'Your letter which I read . . .' ML361-91.  
2 'There is a duality in Nature . . .' ML395-403.  
15 'My poor darling! I have read your letters . . .' ML405-11.  
6 'This day has been a failure . . .' [Rose; mis-filed] ML413-27.  
4 The supposed emendation to His Natural Life. ML MS A809.

(ii) Letters of Rose Lewis

- 3 'You have misunderstood me . . .' 2ML3-11.  
5 'First of all my love withdraw the resolve . . .' 2ML13-19.  
1 'You do not feel as acutely as I do . . .' 2ML21-9.  
8 'Either we are in tune or we are out of tune . . .' 2ML31-7.  
10 'How could you think I would invent a story . . .' 2ML39-41.  
12 'It seems to me dear love, that our seeming scoffing . . .' 2ML43-7.  
13 'All the world is still . . .' 2ML49-63.  
14 'I have just sent my letter to the post . . .' 2ML65-9.  
17 'Is there not something very strange . . .' 2ML71-7.  
16 'My letters. Oh my letters.' 2ML79-87.  
19 'In "Woman's Work & Woman's Culture" . . .' 2ML89-95.  
20 'In four minutes it will be new Year . . .' 2ML97-113.

THE NOTES

SUMMARIES AND NOTES.

Original MS.

[ML149] / Characters [blue] / P.1 [ditto.] / Explanation &  
Characters [Crosswise in R.H. margin, red]

Time. 1875.

Synopsis. Characters.

[All underlining and numbering of characters on this sheet blue.]

- 13 Earl Godwin }  
Lord Henacre } 22 years.
- 7 Dowager Countess of Godwin his mother aged 58 years.
- 8 Lady Scrimgeour his aunt aged 61 years.
- 5 Rev. Edward Germaine rector of Fasham aged. 69 years.
- 6 Doctor Fabian Germaine, his brother tutor to  
E. Godwin [blue]  
~~Lord-Henacre~~ [deletion blue] } aged. 43 years.
- 1 Felix his son. aged 28 years.
- 4 Mrs. Felix Germaine aged 20 years.  
Hector their child aged 3 years.
- 9 Abraham Delevey aged 94 years.
- 3 Raphael Delevyra pianoforte maker his son aged 39 years
- 2 Felicitas Carmel wife to Delevyra. aged 28 years.
- 10 Louis Carmel her uncle a flute player aged 59 years.
- 11 Lord Auriol. son to Lord Mottram nephew to Dowagers Godwin &  
Scrimgeour, aged 22.
- 12 Mr. Massareene. aged 38.  
Ampesand [different ink; perhaps a later addition.]

#Evidently an early list. Mrs. Germaine does not yet have a first name, and Ampesand is still Massareene. 'Ampesand', which may be a later addition, is still not the final spelling, though this may only have been a slip of the pen. Louis Carmel is a flute player here, not a violinist.

W.H. Ireland, England's Topographer: Or a New and Complete History of the County of Kent, 4 vols (London, 1828), was the work from which Clarke drew extensively for names of places and characters and occasionally for circumstantial detail. Almost all reference is to those portions of Ireland's work which describe the country around Deal familiar to Clarke from boyhood.

'Earl Godwin': Ireland, Vol.I, 73 and passim. Godwyne was created Earl of Kent in 1020.

'Henacre': Ireland, Vol.I, p. 587: a manor held by Godwyn before the Norman Conquest; near Faversham, Kent, (but not near Deal).#

B. 1740 M. 1802. B.1776  
Hacon Beowulf 6<sup>th</sup> Earl. b. 1740. m at 62 years age. Teresa Perigrina. aged 26 died 1807 aged 31.

b. (60)

B 1803 1845 B. 1817 1834 1824 1802  
Hacon Egbert 7<sup>th</sup> Earl. m at 42 years. Horatia, aged 38, daug Mottram. Eifrida m 19 years, Thomas J Scrimgeour died 1850  
58 in '75 [blue] 61 in '75 [blue] b 1826 1845  
Julia m Ed. Germaine

b. 1853  
Alfred Egbert. Hacon. [?Cornillo]. Lord Heneage 8<sup>th</sup> Earl Godwin.  
22 in '75 [blue]

P2 [blue]

1778 1805  
Colonel Hector Germaine m aged 27 Jane 2<sup>nd</sup> dau.

1806 1845 1826 1832  
Edward m aged 39 Juliana Scrimgeour aged 19. Felix died 1832. Fabian  
59 in '75 [blue] 43 in '75 [blue]

1847 1871 aged 24  
Felix m Jane only daughter W. Bowler aged 16.  
28 in '75 [blue] 20 in '75 [blue]

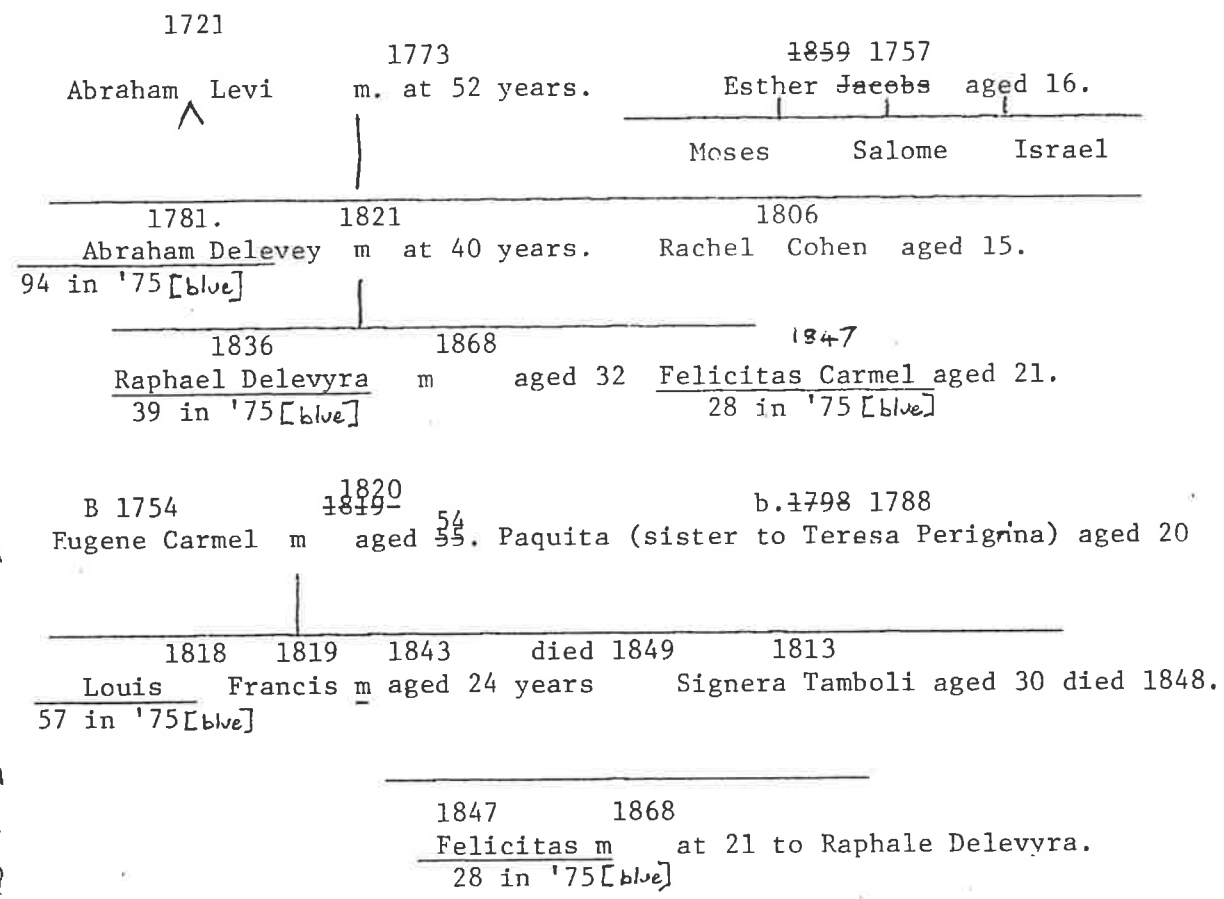
1872 1878 [correction blue]  
Hector Janet  
3 in '75 [blue]

[All underlining blue]

\* Genealogies [Red]

Salvador

deBritto



208

P. 3 [blue]

\* Genealogies \* [red]

[All underlining blue]



[ML155]

Pedigree of Egbert-Hal Alfred. Egbert Hacon Henacre, Lord Keriell, Earl of Godwin.

b 1740  
Earl-6 Hacon. Beowulf 6<sup>th</sup> Earl Godwin m. 180[?] Teresa Perigrina. her sister Paquita 17 b.1776

b.1803 Hacon Egbert 7<sup>th</sup> Earl m Horatia eld. dau Baron Mottram of [?Hadenshaw] 1845  
[?]Elfrida m. Sir Thomas Scrimgeour 1824 1801 b.1788

b.1803 Alfred Egbert Hacon Henacre, Lord Keriell, 8<sup>th</sup> Earl Godwin  
Cornillo Henacre

b1826. Juliana m Edward Germaine \*

1778 Colonel Hector Germaine - m. 1805 Lucy 2<sup>nd</sup> dau d. 1875 1832

1806 1806- 1845 Edward m Juliana Scrimgeour b.1821 Felix and Fabian twins 1832 1834  
dead

1721 1773 1787 Abraham Delevyra. m. Esther Jacobs b. 1757 -b. 1802 -

1847 1871 Felix m. Jane on. dau. William Bowler. b. 1855.

b. 1781 Samuel Delevyra m. 1806 1770 1821 - Rachel b [?] 1806 [?]

Hector 1875 Janet 1872 -W-

1836 Rafael Aba Delevyra. m. 1868 Felicitas Carmel 1847 aged at 21.

1836.

1868

32  
5

[Edward Germaine underlined blue.]

1875

P.5 [blue]

3 Lord Baron Mottram.

4<sup>th</sup> Baron - Horatia m. Godwin

Auriol, Dominick, Fazakerley, Baron Mottram, of Grappenbull & [?Hazarham Eaves]

Hon Auriol Dominick Fazakely

in 1868 2 =21.

Felicitas Carmel

b. 1754.

1819

b-1797

1798  
born 1766

f

Eugene Carmel. m - Paquita ~~Sister-to-Teresa~~

*Peregrina 1766 Pasquilla*

1790

1790

Franci [?1797]

Francis m. 1843

Signora Pasquilla b. 1813.

1819

*Theresa b 1770. Louis 1818*

b. 1847 Felicitas m 1868 21

#Annotation of [ML151-155 verso]

[ML151] Clarke's daughter Rose was born shortly after his love-affair ended; and Felix was evidently to have a daughter born during his infatuation with Felicitas.

'Hacon': see Ireland, Vol. I, p. 78. 'Hacune' a nephew of King Harold.

'Cornillo': Ireland, I, p. 638. The Hundred of Cornilo included the parish of Great Mongeham.

'W. Bowler': Ireland, I, p. 649, has a Robert Bowler of Deal.

[ML153] The ages of Felix, Felicitas and Delevyra tally roughly with their real-life counterparts; though Lewis was 39 when he married.

'Teresa Perigrina': Teresina Peregrina was the pen-name of Maria Theresa Longworth (c.1832-81), claimant to the title of Viscountess Avonmore; cited as a model for Felicitas in Clarke's synopsis (268). Clarke's use here is anachronistic.

No direct refs. to Ireland, as this is the Delevyra family tree; but see Vol. I, p. 647 where, at the end of the Seventeenth Century, an eminent lawyer Abraham Jacobs buys an estate near Deal. Clarke may be taking this as evidence of Jewish ability to penetrate English society; and he does change Samuel to Abraham Delevyra on this table, marrying him to an Esther Jacobs.

[ML153 verso] \*Genealogies [red] / F & F / Notes R [purple]\*.

[ML155] The birthdates of Felix's children are altered; it is now Janet who would have been three in 1875.

'Keriell': Ireland, I, p. 644. A surname, first 'Criol,' later 'Keriel.' The Criols held lands in the Hundred of Cornilo. Sir Thomas Criol had a daughter Alice, Clarke's final choice for Felix's wife.

'Jane': First choice for Mrs. Germaine, and a common enough name; but there is a Jane in Ireland, I, p. 643, who inherited land in the Hundred of Cornilo.

'Juliana': Ireland, I, p. 492. Because of her great possessions she was known as 'The Infanta of Kent' -- a suitably grand name for the Dowager Countess of Scrimgeour.

[ML157. Sheet used crosswise.] / P.6 [blue. Sheet may be misplaced as P.5 follows.] / Chapters [ down L.H. margin in red, faint.]

Msg...

I. Massareene meets Henacre ~~on-the~~ and Dr. Germaine at the Club

-- Proposes go to Delevyra's. Felix to be there. His picture of the <lacuna> the success of the year. ~~Describe-party~~ Talk. The party

~~II--Account~~

II. Account of the family.

III. Felix and Felicitas.

IV. The love story.

1 Account of early days. Fabian teaches art, Felix to school, <sup>2</sup> meets Felicitas. A boy and girl romance. [1 . . . romance' which makes only one line in the original, is circled in blue and 'Out' in red added in the R.H. margin. The hand appears to be Mackinnon's.]

Fabian away with Henacre. <sup>3</sup> Jane. Felix marries. <sup>4</sup> His life.

He <sup>5</sup> becomes famous. <sup>6</sup> Fabian returns, the ball <sup>7</sup> The history of Delevyras.

The <sup>8</sup> progress of Felix' discontent. <sup>9</sup> He declares his love.

<sup>10</sup> Letters. X [blue; overwrites '16' below, therefore a later addition;

and there is no <sup>11</sup> .] His <sup>12</sup> quarrel with his wife <sup>13</sup> His flight in

Henacre's yacht. <sup>14</sup> Mutual disgust. <sup>15</sup> Pursuit, & <sup>16</sup> seperation [sic] <sup>17</sup>

Massareene relates the story, & finds the modern devil..

\*Alteration for tale\* [blue.]

#Another early draft; Clarke has not yet chosen a title for Felix's picture. Shows his first intention, that Felix and Felicitas were to be childhood sweethearts. The blue cross, the circling of one line, and the notations 'Out' and 'Alteration for Tale' all appear to be later additions; unfortunately they do not seem to be Clarke's, as they might then constitute the 'memo' as to his intentions which Mackinnon claimed to have seen (276), but which has not survived. On the evidence of his characteristic upper-case A -- the same as lower-case a -- I think the additions are in fact Mackinnon's.#

[ML157 verso]

\*Felix & Felicitas MSS.\* [pencil.]

[ML159] / notes for Felix Felicitas / P.4 [blue] / P.5 in Dinner /  
Carried off: Sir Nicolas Crispe was c. to France. vide. Kent (Ireland)  
Vol 1 p.491.

A face at once eager and weary

Germaine rector of Fasham.

Manor of Burnt Court.

Keriell.

Ringelow.

Rookhanger.

Mr. Massareene. The reviewer.

Lord Henacre. -- Earl Godwin

Raphael Delevyra. pianoforte maker.

Felix Germaine

Revd. Edward Germaine

<Revd. or. Dr.> [smudged; Fabian was both] Fabian Germaine.

Jane

Felicitas Delevyra

Fazerkely.

Dowager Lady. Scrimgeour

Dowager. Countess of Godwin

#Another early list; 'Jane' is probably Mrs. Felix Germaine, but this was not Clarke's final, almost last-minute choice -- 'Alice.'

'Sir Nicolas Crispe': Ireland, Vol. 1, p. 491. Sir Nicolas became known as 'Bonjour' Crispe; this was the only word he managed to learn during his enforced sojourn in France. 'A face at once eager and weary' does not seem to refer to him however; it is not in the relevant portions of Ireland, and is not in his style. It may be from another source, or Clarke's invention. Used to describe Christ in 'Martha and Mary' (286).

'Fasham': Ireland, Vol. 1, p. 651. Samuel Fasham held the Manor of Great Mongeham, where Clarke's guardian later held the living.

'Burnt Court': not in Ireland; but in Vol. 2, p. 535 there is a mansion named Burnt House.

'Ringelow': not in Ireland, but he gives the Hundred of Ringslow, in the Isle of Thanet in Vol. 1, p. 496. Clarke has the Marquis of Thanet (336).#

[ML161] /

\*Book 1  
left out.\*

/  
\*do

1. Chapters [blue]  
The love story \*altered\*[framed]  
11.  
1  
Martha & Mary. ✓ [blue tick]  
2  
A party at a piano-makers ✓ [blue tick]  
3  
A haunt of Ancient Peace  
4.  
~~A-The-Young-Earl~~ An Earl, and a Democrat.  
5  
~~Mr-Ampersa~~  
A chapter from a novelist's note-book.  
III  
The correspondence.  
IV  
1  
The ~~dinner~~ dinner of Mr. Storton  
2  
The flight.  
3  
The quarrel.  
4  
The husband arrives  
5  
The yacht is wrecked.  
V  
Ampersand's comments.

#'Storton': Ireland, Vol. 1, p. 559 has a Stoughton; but see (92).#  
'Chapters' and the two fairly bold ticks in blue are possibly in  
Mackinnon's hand.

[ML161 verso.]

Chapters

[Blue, possibly Mackinnon.]

86.

Chapter IV

The fete at Henacre

Description of the family

The banquet.

- I. Love story
- II Picture success
- III Letters
- IV The flight
- V ~~The~~ Ampersonds comments.

[All the above deleted by a vertical wavy line in ink.]

The guests

Godwin's speech. His mothers indignation and the behaviour it < > disgusted at its effects. Meets Juliet -- they talk.

Father's death, Godwin gives the living to Fabian.

[ the text above this point has been deleted with a transverse stroke in blue pencil. However there is a roughly drawn bracket round 'Chapter IV the fete at Henacre', and what may be meant for a bracket to the left of Chaps. V to IX. It therefore seems that the intention was to allow Chapter IV to stand.]

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- Chap V Chapters [blue]
- Felicitas to Felix
- Felix to Felicitas
- Chap VI
- ~~The Artists-party.~~
- Felix' House morning studio, Godwin, visitors describe the evening. Bills etc
- Chap VII
- The letters.
- Chap VIII
- The big party
- IX The elopement [rest across bottom R.H. corner.]
- X The ennui
- XI The arrival & discussion
- XII The ~~wreck~~ departure
- XIII The wreck
- XIV The recovery
- XV l'envoi

#Another early draft. Clarke's first plot, 'love story' is still included here, but Felix's wife is now Juliet, not Alice. Clarke introduces the death of Rev. Germaine, and his brother's succession to the living. This was evidently abandoned as far as the text goes. Indications as to the alteration of the plot are not so easily identified as Mackinnon's as those on ML157; but I do not think they are Clarke's. 'Chapters' may also be his hand. #

Chapter IV

Juliet Germaine to Mary

"My dear little mother -- ~~You-know~~ Do you remember the promise which you made me make to you that if I was in deep trouble and had no one near me to consult I would write to you? I am going to keep that promise now. I told you all about my marriage and the hopes which I had for a ~~he~~ happy home life. ~~Mary-they-are-these-hopes-all-all-gone. Felix-was~~ <sup>are</sup> Mary those hopes are all gone, ~~for~~ I have discovered that my husband no longer loves me. I am not writing this in haste, nor ~~in-say~~ under the influence of ~~passion~~ wounded vanity but in the conviction that what I say is true. You know that the great ambition of Felix was to be a famous painter, and you have heard -- as everyone has heard -- of his success. He returned to us last week ~~full with~~ I

[the whole page has been deleted; first by two vertical straight lines in blue pencil; and secondly by a single vertical wavy line in ink. Both methods were also used on the previous page.]

#This letter forms no part of the novel fragment, but Clarke had not reached the point where its introduction would have been appropriate. However he is still using the name Juliet, as on the front of the sheet; and the numbering both there and here suggest that, if this is part of an earlier draft, he had written a fair portion of it before discarding it. Nothing else with similar numbering has survived; and there is no Mary in Clarke's lists of characters. The name does, however, appear in his pocket-book. #



Detailed Notes

[The first three sheets are smaller than the slips Clarke normally used; and the first (ML165) has a pharmacist's letterhead on the verso.]

[ML165] / F 1. [blue]

/  
At a meeting of members of the Solar System -- the Sun  
at the focus.

2 petitions laid on the plane of the ecliptic no reflections on the  
orbital character of any planet

present

Stars much annoyed at being observed during the hour  
of divine service.

Luminaries elongated at 2h.15<sup>m</sup> 33, 41 sec. Siderial time.

#Augustus De Morgan, A Budget of Paradoxes (London, 1872), pp. 181-5.  
De Morgan (1806-18719), was the first Professor of Mathematics at London  
University. He published several works on his subject, and contributed a  
series of witty articles on mathematical and scientific fallacies to the  
Athenaeum which form the basis of this book.

Clarke's note is from a reference by De Morgan to a comic article or  
skit in the Nautical Magazine (n.d.), entitled 'The New Nautical  
Almanac. --Extract from the "Primum Mobile," and "Milky Way Gazette"  
Communicated by Aerolith.' #

/  
The theory of the Whizgig as illustrating the three working properties of  
attractive compression;  
Nature. Harsh astringent bitter compunction repulsive expansion stinging  
anguish duplex motion

#De Morgan, p. 151.#

/  
On Nothing being as good as something, De Morgan 127.

#De Morgan, pp. 125-128.#

/  
Four elements, fire, earth air water -- compounds

#De Morgan, pp. 7-8.#

/  
Suppose you roll a circle upon a straight line  
until the undermost point comes under again  
will you square the circle? No.

#De Morgan, p. 8.#

[Verso of ML165]

WESTLAND DRUG HALL  
HOKITIKA, GREYMOUTH, & BRIGHTON,

. . . . . 186

M . . . . .

To E. Prosser,  
WHOLESALE DRUGGIST.

[ML167] / F.2 [ blue]

The earth is polate and not oblate.

Its centre is a valley 13 miles deep very warm

#De Morgan, p. 285. It is the pole which is the centre of a valley etc.#

A venomous person

Put him in an atmosphere 212 Far. boiling point  
of water. At that temp<sup>r</sup> — virus germs destroyed. ✕

#Benjamin Ward Richardson, Diseases of Modern Life (London, 1876), pp.84-85. This work was first published in 1876; but unless Clarke saw it elsewhere these notes are an interesting terminus a quo. The Library did not receive their copy of the 2nd. edn. until November 1877, and it was accessioned in December. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson (1828-1896): physician and sanitary reformer; a prolific writer of medical and literary works.#

Poisonous reaction

nervous state of a man under conditions. reacts  
poison. Richardson. Mod. Life p91. ✕

#Richardson, p. 91. 'I suggest that ...men have been sometimes placed in such untoward conditions that their secretions have ... become poisonous.'#

Temperature.

Nat temp. man. 98°. Farh at 109° Fatal

in fever

#Richardson, p. 96.#

Solitude.

To stand it, a man must be  
either a wild beast or a god. X [blue]

#Aristotle, Ethics, Bk. 8. Quoted in Francis Bacon's Essay XXVII. 'Of Friendship.' Bacon's Essays with Annotations ed. Whately, (London, 1873) would perhaps be Clarke's more likely source.#

Great men are the  
recurring standard of the possibility

of human nature, & make lift it up

X[blue]

to recurring heights West. Review I think Geo. Elloit [sic]

#Not traced to George Eliot.#

[ML169] / F.3 [blue]

/

In playing quouits [sic], the Doctor affirms that he can bet with certainty. Buffon and Laplace have proved that not so long as the breadth of the plank -- a rod being thrown up at hazard will fall either clear of the seam or across it one of them -- The fraction of the whole number of trials in which a seam is intersected is the fraction which twice the length of the rod is of the circumference of the circle having the breadth of a plank for its diameter

#De Morgan, pp. 168-171. He refers to pitch-and-toss, not quouits.#

/

In painting the false perspective of the sides of a tower would appear to meet if the tower were high enough He makes them slope in picture

#De Morgan, pp. 176-177.#

/

Trinity. all equal.

Infinity  $\infty$ . F.S.H.G. finite integers.

Three persons are denoted by  $\infty^s F$  ( $M^s$ )  $\infty^s HG$

finite fraction

M being human nature

=====  
F HG s

Shown  $\infty$ ,  $\infty$ , and ( $M^s$ ), are set together but and that each is  $\infty$

Morgan. 199.

#De Morgan, p. 199. Refers to an absurd computation by E.B. Revilo(pseud. of Oliver Byrne), a Nineteenth century writer of curious mathematical works.#

/

Milk av. Chris/. Cath -- water into milk & Prot

milk into water.

#De Morgan, p. 272. Catholics and Protestants likened to milkmen who decry each other's product, while both selling watered milk.#

[ML171] / F5 [blue] /

A man who is the perpetual "aside" of great men. X [blue]

#Not traced.#

Musical sounds. Good for Ampersand. ✕

Musical Standard. June 10th p.369

Minor Scale

Greeks gave minor scale, Pythagoras learnt from Egyth[sic]

#'Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington,'  
Musical Standard (London), 10 June 1876, pp369-370.#

Business

The art of transferring other people's money to your own  
pocket without bringing yourself under the law

#Not traced; but 'les affaires, c'est l'argent des autres' (Mme. de  
Girardin, Marguerite, 1852, p.104), and a similar remark by Dumas  
fils. in La Question d'Argent (1857) Act 2, sc. 7 are both possible  
sources.#

Music

One sighs Bellini, sings Rossini, barks Meyerbeer and  
whistles Wagner. ✕ at dinner

#Not traced. Used (300).#

Mr Delevyra.

never paid for his music. --

#Not traced; but there may be a reference to the Érad family.#

Vaudory -- the Hungarian

#Not traced; probably Clarke's invention.#

Magnetism

or the thinkers of his time  
Pope Alexander the 6th thought that

Magnetism is an effluxion from the

root of the tail of the Great Bear. ✕

#John William Draper, A History of the Intellectual Development  
of Europe, 1854; rev. edn. 2 vols. Bohn's Philosophical Library  
Series (London, 1875; rpt. 1891), 2, pp. 167-168.

Draper (1811-1882), born in England, became Professor of Chemistry at  
New York. The above work had been recommended to Clarke by Dr. Robert  
Lewins in 1868 (see Elliott, 1958, pp. 78-83).#

Jews live longer than Xtians

years            mos

48 and 9 average life Jew X [blue]

✕

years mos.  
<36> and 11 ,, ,, Xtain [sic]

#Richardson, 1876, p.20.#

[ML171 verso. Unidentified hand.]

Mr Millington

[ML173] / F.6 [blue] /

Academy July 29. 1876. page 121 review The stage

extract unsuccessful painter for Felix

#Frederick Wedmore, 'The Stage,' Academy, 29 July, p. 121.#

The Baroness de Beausoleil

#A minor French writer (pseud. Bertereau) is listed in the B.L. Cat.; but it seems more likely that this is another of Clarke's inventions. Used for a society hostess (319).#

RENAN.

Pain the agency of development. From the starfish to man all things  
aspire to live and to live out higher life. Love -- the uneasiness of the  
being which craves to develop itself.

#Ernest Renan, Dialogues et fragments philosophiques (1876); Vol 1 of  
Oeuvres Complètes, ed. Psichari (Paris, 1947-1961), p. 570. Extracts  
trans. Westminster Review, July, 1876, p.113.  
Renan (1823-1892), historian, Hebrew scholar, philologist and critic;  
is best known for his controversial Vie de Jésus (1863) which Clarke  
had in his library, prior to its sale in 1874. The material was worked  
up for Chapter 6; for questions raised by these notes see (51).

Chastity:

interest of nature that woman should be chaste, not so man  
he is ridiculed for being so. Public opinion the voice of Nature.  
Certain ideas seize us by the throat and compel us.

#Renan, pp. 571-572. Westminster Review, p. 114. 'Certain ideas' does  
not really represent Renan's 'une catégorie de l'esprit humain' acting  
as an unconscious force; but it does appear in the Westminster  
translation, supporting the theory that this was what Clarke used.#

Kind-hearted man & ruffian both equally needful. Nature uses us

~~as she might use gladiators~~ [deletion blue.]

#Renan, pp. 576-578; Westminster pp. 114-115. Both have 'egoist'  
not 'ruffian,' Clarke's substitution. The 'gladiator' passage  
continues in Westminster '... sent to perish in a cause which is not  
theirs; she acts as if she were an Oriental potentate, possessing

mamelouks ... .', i.e. slaves of the Egyptians. Used (333) where Clarke has '... as the Pharaohs used their slaves ... .' #

Artful devices of Nature.

The good, true, piety, so many tricks to get us to work

#Renan, pp. 579-80; Westminster, p. 115. Used (332). #

Clever men.

Only some half dozen. An Inquisition soon destroy them.

Germ of civilisation easily destroyed.

#Renan, pp. 592-693; Westminster, pp. 118-119. Clarke's 'half-dozen' is careless, though dramatic. Renan has 'une cinquantaine', the Westminster 'two or three score.' #

M. Renan says

Reason one day having organised humanity will

organise God.

X [blue]

#Renan, p. 597; Westminster, p. 119. #

Ampersand might say "You have millions of rudimentary creatures calling out from the depths of your organisation "We want to live'"

[This item deleted in blue zig-zag.]

#Renan, p. 604; Westminster, p. 121. Used (332), though not verbatim. #

Esteem and sexual attraction most needful, but rarely found in one person

[This item deleted diagonally in blue.]

#Renan, p. 605; Westminster p. 121. Clarke's experience may have led to a pessimistic misreading. Westminster has '... a perfect union requires both esteem and sexual attraction, two conditions which may indeed consort, but also, which may just as well be found apart.' Used (332). #

Woman the reward of the lowly

#Renan, p. 611; Westminster, p. 124. #

[ML175] / F 7 [blue] /

House & furniture of Delevyra

only belong to him because he has paid, not by predelictions a <?for> such things

#Not traced; may be Clarke's invention. #

Whores.

At an auto-da-fe -- and no popery riots always noticeable -- they are loudest in proclaiming their allegiance to a creed of which they know

but the name.

#Not traced.#

Jesuits

Painful research and laborious disquisition [sic] 'good' but no  
poet, orator, historian or philosopher of high order

#Not traced.#

The Devaste

Burnt up by fury of his passions -- no pain no ~~;~~  
Soul.

Some people display themselves all soul, <? by exhibiting teeth  
etc> themselves all Body ['Some ... Body' deleted, partly zig-zag, blue.]

#Not traced. Used (294).#

Timour. Enemy.

The Tatar said "A wise enemy is preferable to X [blue]  
a foolish friend.

#Not traced to Timur the Tatar, but see Sadi's Scroll of Wisdom,  
trans, Wollaston (London: 1906), Part 10, p. 39.

If the enemy of thy soul be intelligent

It is better than an ignorant friend.

Perhaps a contemporary book of quotations was Clarke's source.#

Francois Xavier --

A Spaniard, Japan & China

#Not traced; the information is correct.#

Classic Walesby [sic].

Heard no scandal later than the gallantries

of Faustine

[this item deleted with one vertical blue stroke.]

#Not traced. Used (305) to describe Walmsely's friend Wackerbath, a  
classical scholar. There were two nineteenth-century scholars in  
Anglo-Saxon of that name.#

Nemesis

The rich man should propitiate N.

#Not traced. The block of untraced notes above may suggest a common  
source.#

Soulie, in Bas-bleu

says <?painter> wished paint crucifix<sup>n</sup> tied model to ground stuck

a pike into him in  
    <? his mulat>  
-- Brava!                      So the te novelist to his victims

#Frédéric Soulie, Bas Bleu (c. 1842). A novel. Only publication traced is Paris, 1870, when it appeared with Le Lion Amoureux. Not in any Australian library.#

[ML177] / F. 8. [blue]

Parchon. Idolatry of Hebrews pupil of Halen

To ascribe to God the feelings and attributes of a man is Idolatry  
of the worst description

[This item deleted by one vertical blue line.]

#Rabbi Ben Abraham Parchon Galen Solomon was the author of a Lexicum Hebraicum, from which Clarke might only have seen a quotation, since I could not find the work in State Library of Victoria. Used (296).#

Kusari of Jehuda Halevi ~~Had~~ 1100 ad

Shows superiority of Jewish religion over Mahomed and Xian

#Judah, ben Samuel, Lal-Levi, Kusari described in B.L.Cat. as 'a book of proof and argument.' Not seen.#

Walesby [sic] -- Excuse for stopping in bed.                      ✖.

His senses have argument diligence says get up sloth says lie  
still! Between the two he passes considerable time in bed.

[This item deleted in red] His judicial mind [written diagonally in blue.]

#Not traced; may be original. Used for Walmsley (344).#

Balaam's ass.

A female and talkative.

#Not traced.#

<? Ivries>, Caroline Clark.

Married well, received company, wrote a

note to her "young friend "The Johnson of whores"                      ✖.

#Not traced. There is a tantalising ref. in Leonard de Vries & Peter Fryer, Venus Unmasked: Or an Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of the Passion of Love, which includes 'Letters between Caroline and Eliza,' an excerpt from Amusements in High Life or, Conjugal Infidelities in a series of confidential letters, between ladies who have distinguished themselves by the multiplicity and singularity of their amours. (London, 1786). Caroline, unfaithful to her husband, 'enjoyed company without reserve.' de Vries and Fryer cite only one one copy, on restricted access in the B.L. However, Clarke had a few 'curious works' in his library, and may have seen this. 'The Johnson of Whores' may be the title of a work. Unfortunately Caroline's



surname was unreadable.#

A man writer

A treatise on the Byzantine Historians For eign Review X. 103 for quotations. ✕

#Review of Corpus Scriptorum Historiae Byzantinae, ed. Niebuhr (Bonn, 1828-1832), Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. 10 (1832), pp. 102-121.#

Theodora.

Libelled by the stories of Procopius, a disappointed ~~statement~~ statesman, in his public history a flattered, in his private history a libeller

#FQR, 1832, p. 113. Used for Wackerbarth, 'Apologist for the Empress Theodora' (305).#

[ML179] / 8 1/2 [very pale ink.]

Composer

My function to interpret the emotions -- half known of young girls -- and women. "I am like the sense of smell -- Music has a perfume, which recalls, things forgotten.

#No exact references traced; but Hugh Reginald Haweis, in Music and Morals, (London, 1871), pp. 106-108, which Clarke used extensively, suggests that women learn music as an outlet for suppressed emotion; and synaesthesia was a popular theory at the time. Haweis (1838-1901) was a fashionable preacher, violinist and author.#

✓ A religious service

Should be a grand musical composition.

#Haweis, pp. 119-122.#

Hogarth's Marriage a la Mode

The fine lady Mrs. Lane. Man asleep Mr Fox Lane her husband. Italian singer Carestini Michel the Prussian ambassador, and Weideman the German flute player also introduced

#John Nichols, The Works of William Hogarth from the Original Plates and a Biographical Essay (London, 1874), pp. 20-21. This seems to be the only work of several Clarke might have known (vide 'In a Bark Hut,' 1873) which gives the details noted here.#

Forty years.

Men get tired of being honest, & women of being virtuous.

#Holland, Lady, A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith . . . with A Selection from his Letters edited by Mrs. Austin (London, 1869),

p. 328. Smith actually writes 'After having lived half their lives respectable, many men get tired of honesty, and many women of propriety.' But Clarke's version may have been a common misquotation. Mrs C.W. Earle, in Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden (London, 1897) p. 335, gives 'Towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous and men of being honest'; but I have been unable to trace an earlier example.#

Catholic.

Peace in, like drugged sleep compared with natural.

#Not traced,#

Dante's lowest hell.

Those who have betrayed women, and in the  
lowest deep of that depth those who have betrayed  
trust.

#Dante Alighieri, Divina Commedia, Cantica I, L'Inferno (c.1308).  
Trans. Dorothy L. Sayers (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1949). See Cantos  
32-4, pp. 271-291.#

Amour. Liesse & Doux Regard, in the garden of Deduit

French <?Scarronesque>

#Guillaume de Lorris, Roman de la Rose (c. 1225-1237). This is obviously the work meant, and it is unfortunate that I cannot read Clarke's comment. Scarron's work was thought risqué in the Nineteenth century as was, apparently, the first part of the Roman; but my reading is merely a guess.#

Monks mind --

-- is sexless -- like the convict drags the foot, they display  
their early training

#Not traced.#

[ML181] / F.9 [blue] /

Olaf Wheeler, or other foolish fellow.

A podophthalmous creature -- having his eyes  
extended upon ends of feet like those of lobsters

[Blue cross in L.H. margin of this item.]

An apoplectic person.

Atrachelokephalus -- no neck.

One unable to fix his affections

suffers from mental athetosis

His disease is the being a fool.

Ateloenkaphalia -- having no head

#All these appear to be neologisms, for use in 'witty talk,' except 'podophthalmous,' used to describe Storton (299).#

The pathology of the lower animals.

Histochemistry -- the chem<sup>s</sup> of tissue

The pathogenic study of zoospores.

#No exact ref. traced. 'The histochemistry of the passions' appears in Chap. 2 (295).#

The bald headed man in Peter Paul Rubens, elevation of the cross.

#Filhol et Lavallée, Galerie du Musée Napoléon, 10 vols. (Paris, 1804-1815), Vol. X, plate 703.#

[ML183] / F.10 [blue] /

Stammerer

One who stammers has chorea of ~~erga~~ muscles of speech.

#Dr. Carpenter, 'Epidemic Delusions,' in Science Lectures for the People, 3rd & 4th ser., 1871, and 1872-1873, (Manchester: n.d.), p. 109. Clarke accessioned the set of three volumes, popularly known as the 'Manchester Science Lectures,' in August 1876; but it is difficult to use this as positive evidence of a terminus a quo because he may have withheld it from the shelves until he had used it.#

Thurkill's vision of Hell

Like Saxon Dante. British Archae. Journal. 31.

#H.D.L. Ward, 'The Vision of Thurkill,' in British Archaeological Assoc. Journal and Proceedings, 31, 1875, p. 420 ff. 'This little work belongs to a series of pre-Dantean visions of Heaven and Hell.'#

Rome and monks made modern music

Unrest fatal to art, in seclusion of monastic life, new tone arose.

#Haweis, p. 35. Clarke may have misunderstood this passage; Haweis's 'tone' is musical, not moral. Used (295).#

Emotion not resultant in action

-- injurious, French, Italian music does this. So platonic love and

"sweethearting" enervating. Love melancholy of Burton

#Haweis, pp. 48-50; Robert Burton, The Anatomy of Melancholy (1621). 'Love Melancholy' is part of the third volume or 'partition.'

The Composer, The Player, and the Listener.

Felix and the uncle the 1<sup>st</sup>  
Delevyra the se 2<sup>nd</sup>  
Felicitas the 3<sup>rd</sup>

Uncle says "Raphael can never interpret my music"

#Haweis, pp. 51-60 (the composer), pp. 60-92 (the player), pp. 92-102 (the listener).#

{ Italian music  
-- spasms and langours, the "orgasm" and the "recoil"  
unhealthy  
German -- strings up emotions, makes us feel, healthy.

#Haweis, pp. 58-59. Haweis does not use the terms 'orgasm' and 'recoil,' but 'thrill' and 'relapse' referring to an electric shock.#

Wagner's Opera.

screaming constantly

#Haweis, p. 69, refers to the strain on the professional singer.#

A man fearing assimilation

should be cultivated. [These two lines  
deleted with one diagonal pen stroke; ink paler than the notes.]

Let him beware, for what to others is good food, to him is poison

He takes what he likes and leaves the rest.

#Haweis, p. 98.#

Beethoven  
Germany true and tender north  
Italy Felice and fickle south.

#Haweis, p. 100.#

[ML185] / F.11 [blue] /

Lynx

-- a beard like a lynx



[pen and ink sketch; presumably by Clarke.]

#Not traced.#

Priest.

Rome established Art.

Sceptic. Yes because she dare not establish science

Priest ~~We have had few painters since art-b~~  
Art was a religion once.

Ampersand Science is a religion now. The revolt to Pagan forms but

a protest in favor of the beautiful.

P. Immorality of poems and novels.

Amper. Is all explained in Mad. de Maupin, which my admired  
Stivelyn  
friend Swinburne has turned into verse in his

Lady of Seven Sorrows

['Sceptic ... Sorrows' deleted with a single vertical blue line.]

Priest. We lead the way in knowledge.

Ampersand. Byzantine Ignorance of the clergy. The ancestors of  
the Jew Delevyra great physicians when you were  
ruffians

Pembroke is too earnest to be civilised

#A rare example of a first draft, where references are combined to  
produce 'witty talk.' 'Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs' is the subtitle  
of Swinburne's 'Dolores.' Dialogue used (295-96); 'Pembroke' (325).#

Atheism.

not a refusal to believe in God, but in your  
God --

[This item with a thinner pen and lighter ink; perhaps a later addition.]

#Not traced.#

Petrarch Africa

Expected an Immortality in Africa & found it in his Sonnets.  
Should I leave nothing behind but Africas.

#Francesco Petrarca's Africa, and Canzoniere. Petrarch naturally  
expected his Latin work Africa to bring lasting fame, and affected to  
despise the Canzoniere written in the vernacular. 'Should I leave  
nothing behind but Africas' has not been traced to his writings, and  
may be Clarke's idea for dialogue.#

Prussia 'Divorce'

15. or 6teen distinct grounds for divorce in Prussia! ❌

#Not traced.#

[ML187] / F.12 [blue] / 368 [red; possibly another hand.] / 368 [red,  
ditto. May be page refs.]

Sherlingman.

Says in waterman's phrase 'If he does it he will find  
his stockings tied up tighter than he ever had 'em tied up

before

#Not traced in Dibdin or other writers of nautical melodramas or ditties. The most likely source was Andrew L.V. Campbell's Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman in Cumberland, Minor Theatre, Vol. 12, since Campbell, one time actor-manager of Sadler's Wells, was Marian Clarke's grandfather; and her father John Dunn was in the first London production in 1836. Unfortunately there is no such line in the text, but it is quite possible that Dunn retailed it to Clarke as an ad lib. Sherlingham is probably an invention. #

Wealth. Jews.

Macauley in his ~~article~~ speech in favor Jews to Parliament said that wealth was political power. "In admitting Jews to wealth you have given them political power"

#Lord Macaulay, Speech on 'Jewish Disabilities,' 1833, in Works, ed. Lady Trevelyan, 8 vols. (London: 1866), Vol. 8, pp. 102-104. #

{Pawnbroker [paler ink; looks like a later addition.]  
{Coryanthes. The orchid has a bucket, into which bees fall and fertilise by having to crawl out again through the spout. For account see Manchester Science lectures.  
th th  
'73-'74. 5 and 6 series, p.33

#A.W. Bennett, 'How Flowers are Fertilised,' in Science Lectures for the People, 5th & 6th series 1873-1874, (Manchester, 1875), pp. 33-34. Used (306). To put an article 'up the spout' is to pawn it, hence Clarke's heading. #

Fertilisation.

Many orchids though flourishing and thriving, never reproduce because they have not the proper insect to fertilise them.

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Bennett, p. 28. Used (306). #

Student of parasites

A helminthologist.

Acanthocephalum, a "thorn-headed worm."

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#T. Spencer Cobbold, 'Parasites and their Strange Uses' in Science Lectures, 5th & 6th Series, p. 42. Used (304). #

Trichina

bore through body until arrive at muscles, there they become converted in lime and die.

#Cobbold, p. 45.#

A wild enthusiast.

Acts without a brain. His actions are governed by the  
spinal cord.

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Dr. Carpenter, 'The Unconscious Action of the Brain,' in Science Lectures, 3rd & 4th Series, pp. 77- 100 seems to be the source for Clarke's generalisation. Used (304).#

Difficulty of dealing

"Easy to deal with black, and white, diff<sup>t</sup> deal with  
the grey" So with questions of morals

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Carpenter, p. 99. Used (294).#

[ML187 verso.] A rough sketch of a woman reading.

#Probably done in the Public Library while Clarke was making his notes, as the sheet has taken an ink impression of the notes on the following page. There is no evidence to suggest the identity of the reader.#

[ML189] / F.13 [blue] /

Lucian

Menippus AEachus. Pythagoras Empedocles, Socrates

Diog. ð Mortuosum

#Lucian, Dialogues of the Dead, trans. M.D. Macleod, in Works, Vol. 7 in Loeb Classic Series (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1961), pp. 1-238. References in this group of classical notes are all to Loeb translations.#

Menippus "How the glorious subjects of Homer's rapsodies lay

/ scattered on the ground etc dust and ashes --

#Lucian, ibid., p. 27.#

Combabos (of the Syrian goddess) cut off his genitals in order that

/ he might not be seduced by Stratonice. She loved him Platonically at Hieropolis where says L. " a similar passion prevails upon among the priests who are mad after the women.

#Lucian, The Goddess of Surrye (i.e. Of the Syrian Goddess), trans. A.M. Harmon, in Works (London: Heinemann, 1925), pp. 367-371.

[Harmon attempts to render Lucian's parody of the Ionic dialect by an imitation of Mandeville; see the quotations which follow.

A most suggestive note, one of several Clarke made showing an interest in androgyny or effeminacy, and in incest. See for instance, 'Stratonice that hir step sone loved'; and the brass image of Combabos 'lyke a womman in schappe, but clothed as a man.' The Galli, priests of the cult of Combabos were also castrated, and wore female clothing, as did Combabos in life.#

Buchanan, R.

Calls the Swinburne School (Blood and Lust) Fiery Port. S.  
retaliated by calling his B<sup>S</sup> Claret that would be Port if it could.

B. stole a march by a production of a poem. signed by somebody else, and got praise for it.

Literary jealousies.

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Exact source not traced; the general sense of the note is correct, but I cannot find any reference to 'fiery port' in Buchanan's publications on Swinburne, nor to 'claret etc.' in Swinburne's replies. Clarke did not use the reference in this form, but characterises both Swinburne and Buchanan (294). The interpolation of notes on and by Swinburne following the above on androgyny, which [ed] which Swinburne admired in art, and on incest below, is interesting.#

(Harmony  
Catchwords are nonsense.

Form, which is Harmony, is the one law of Art.

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Algernon Charles Swinburne, 'Matthew Arnold's New Poems,' in Essays and Studies, (London: 1875), p.180. Used (294).#

Christianity.

As made by moderns the most devilish creed in all Christendom.

#Swinburne, 'Notes on the Text of Shelley' in Essays and Studies pp. 190-192 passim. Used (296).#

Incest.

Swinburne Essays & Studies 195

Shelley " may be the excess of love or hate. Defiance of everything for another, or cynical rage which breaks existing opinions. Laon & Cynthia [sic] the Cenci ...

#Swinburne, (1875), pp. 194-195.#

[ML191] / F 14 [blue] /

Lucieetius



Lucian.

Fate is more powerful than Nephela

Dialogues of the Gods. 18.

Neptune and the Nereids

ἡ Μοῦρα τῆς Νεφέλης συνατωτέρα

#Lucian, Dialogues of the Sea Gods, in Works, Vol. 7, p.203.  
Clarke has wrongly attributed this to Dialogues of the Gods and has omitted a word in the Greek. #

The cloud will never be Juno, nor Juno a cloud.

οὔτε γὰρ ἡ νεφέλη ποτὲ Ἥρα γένοιτ' αὐ οὔτε οὐ  
νεφέλη. οὐδ' ἴξιων μόνον ἐξαπατηθῆναι ὀέταλ.

Jupiter Mund

#Lucian, Dialogues of the Gods, in Works, Vol. 7, p. 281.  
One word wrongly copied. #

Can you who have been made immortal, think any more about sheep?

ἐτι γὰρ μελεῖ σου τῶν προβάτων ἀθάτω  
γεγενήμενω καὶ ἐταυθα ~~οὐκ οὐδέου~~  
~~συνεδομένω μεθ' ἡμῶν.~~

Jupiter Ganymede

[ The English translation of this item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Lucian, 7, p. 285. Used (292). #

✱ Pluto said when Protesilaus asked to return to his wife

Laodameia, "You had better stay here she will certainly come  
to you

[✱ in paler ink, probably a later addition.]

#Lucian, Dialogues of the Dead, 7, p. 165. #

Sostratus argued successfully with Minos that he had not  
right to be committed as Clotho predestined him. Was told "To the  
title of thug, you only add that of sophister."

#Lucian, 7, pp. 137-141. Clarke's 'thug' is 'pirate' and 'temple  
robber' in Macleod's trans. #

[ML193] F.15 [blue] /

The Host.

regarded merely as a τραπεζοποιός (Coena. Smith. Dic An. 305)

by Ampersand. He is the chief slave who presides

Athenaeus may always be quoted as an authority.

#William Smith, A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, (London:  
1875), p. 305. #



Modern Religion.

Compared to that of China in its indifferentism. Draper

In. Devel Vol 1 p74

#Draper, 1, p. 74.#

Socrates

A shiftless Bohemian, whose wife complained because he had no care for his house. A lecherous fellow. brave and hardy. Draper. In. Dev Vol 1. 148.

#Draper, 1, pp. 146-147. 'Bohemian' is Draper's 'mountebank.'#

Zeno and the Stoics

"A stick can be only straight or crooked and there are very few sticks in the world absolutely straight"

Find out place and quote.

#Draper, 1, p. 185.#

✕ Library of Alexandria

The grandest thing in the world at that time. Schools of anatomy -- painting -- etc. Dinners superb.

Draper. 1. 11. 191

#Draper, 1, pp. 186-191. No school of painting mentioned.#

It destroyed Athens, and was destroyed by Rome.

#Draper, 1, p. 205.#

[ML197] / F.17 [blue]

Constantine

Not a Christian. His pagan and infamous life.

Drap. In. Dev. Vol. 280

#Draper, 1, pp. 278-280.#

Astronomy in old time

In Alexandria the 3<sup>d</sup> inequality of the moon was discovered by Aboul Wefa, six centuries before Tycho Brahe. See Wisdom of Ancients ante.

#Draper, 1, p. 325. 'Wisdom of Ancients ante' may refer to Francis Bacon's work of 1609, or to a work by Dutens, from which Clarke made

several notes. Since these are below, and not 'ante' it may be that the Notes are not in Clarke's ordering, and therefore not page-numbered by him; but he may simply mean a work of an earlier date.#

Gregory the Great.

Incarnation of Byzantine principle of ignorance: Foiled study of classics, attacked Livy, boasted of writing without grammar  
burned the Palatine Library of Augustus Caesar. Under him was sanctified that mythological Christianity which was destined to be the religion of Europe. Draper. Vol 1. 359.

[This item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

#Draper, 1, pp. 356-358. Used (296)#

Christ.

Cyril (Draper 361) thought him "mean even beyond ordinary race of men, men. The Gnostics inverted his picture

#Draper, 1, p. 361.#

Earnestness The attribute of savage life

#Draper, 1, p. 368. Used (325); and see also Notes (229).#

[ML199] / F.18 [blue] /

Middle Ages.

Their stagnation 2000 years between Archimedes and Newton!  
see

For description of 2000 years Draper 387

#Draper, 1, p. 387.#

Vivisection

Ptolomy Philadelphus. made V. in Alexandria Draper 398

#Draper, 1, p. 398.#

Monks.

The Oriental: selfish anchorite

Occidental, kindly civiliser

#Draper, 1, p. 434.#

Providence.

Crusades. disorderly rabble, trusting to the Providence of God

Draper. 2. 23

#Draper, 2, p. 22.#

Crusades.

A means of bringing money into Italy. No one dared deny to go. All who went were pardoned. Public opinion ruled the world.

#Draper, 2, pp. 21-23.#

English Pope.

Nicholas Brakespear. Put Rome under interdict (Adrian IV)

#Draper, 2, p. 25.#

✱[In paler ink; possibly a later addition.]

Lamps.

In Cordova 700 years before there was a lamp in London  
a man might walk 10 miles in a straight line for lamplight

#Draper, 2, pp. 30-31.#

Alhambra.

Account Draper. 2. {31. stolen, I think, from Theophile Gautier  
33

#Draper, 2, pp. 31-33. A good example of Clarke's associative habit of mind. Draper does not mention the Alhambra, but cites Granada as rivalling Cordova in splendour; but Clarke's ref. to Gautier is correct; see Mademoiselle de Maupin (1835, rpt. Paris, Garnier-Flammarion, 1966), pp. 84-85. Both authors may have been drawing from a common source; but the voluptuous style certainly finds its way into Clarke's description of Felix's 'Martha and Mary' (285-86).#

[ML201] / F 19 [blue] /

Arabs.

most enlightened. numbers, chemistry, and art. Alhazen  
the philosopher, hydrostatics and vision Draper 2. p45.  
overthrow of Roman numerals by Arabic.

#Draper, 2, pp. 45-49.#

Arabic Philosophy Algazzali

#Draper, 2, pp. 50-53.#

The Pope always against freedom.

John and Pope, anathemata. Magna Charta.

#Draper, 2, pp.53-55. Used by inference (296).#

Constantinople sacked.

by greedy priests

#Draper, 2, pp. 56-57.#  
France.

The massacre against the Count of Toulouse 2. 61.

#Draper, 2, pp. 61-62.#

Arnold. the Abbot

at the capture of Beziers. S. France. told his soldiers to kill both  
Catholic and heretic. "God will know his own" said he.

#Draper, 2, p. 62.#

Relics.

Bottle of the Virgin's milk, water pot from Cana marriage feast.  
slip of Aaron's rod, and nails of Cross. Crown of thorns (2. one  
in abbey of St Denys, another in Constantinople)

#Draper, 2, p. 57 (Virgin's milk), pp. 65-65 (water pot; Aaron's  
rod), p.73 (crown of thorns); and 1, p. 309 (nails). The 'nails' ref.  
shows that Clarke did work systematically through his sources, and  
associated his references well.#

De Tribus Impostoribus.

The three impostors. Christ. Moses and Mahomet. supposed to  
have been written by Frederick 11<sup>nd</sup> Emperor of Germany.

#Draper, 2, p. 71.#

Science and Rome.

Innocent 111<sup>AD</sup> 1215 prohibited study of Aristotle. Draper 2. 76

#Draper, 2, p. 76.#

[ML203] / F 20 [blue]

Boniface 8<sup>th</sup>

His trial, crimes etc. Draper 2. 89.

#Draper, 2, p. 89.#

William de Nogaret's vengeance

His father was burned by Templars and inquisition. He was a lawyer  
but he opposed the pope (Boniface 8<sup>th</sup>) and destroyed the  
Templars.

#Draper, 2, pp. 91-92.#

Barnabas Visconti

of Tuscany being sent a bull by Urban V<sup>th</sup> compelled the 2  
238

legates to eat it, parchment, leaden seal string and all.

#Draper, 2, pp. 95-96.#

John Huss

~~in-1416-was-sen~~ in 1416 was brought in chains to Council of  
Constance, though he had safe conduct from Emperor Sigismund  
"it is unlawful to keep faith with heretics"

#Draper, 2, p. 100.#

Art and Science

Rome established art because she dared not establish

Science

She established modern music -- [this line a later addition.]

[The whole item deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke, in very pale ink,  
similar to that used for the added sentence above.]

#Draper, 2, pp. 110-111, 'dared not' being Clarke's interpretation of  
Draper:

Nicholas V. ... friend of Cosimo de' Medici ...  
like his patron, he had no love for liberty.  
It was thus through commerce that the papacy first  
learned to turn to art. ... . He clearly perceived  
the only course in which the Roman system could be  
directed; that it was unfit for, and, indeed, incompatible  
with science, but might be brought into unison with art.  
Its influence upon the reason was gone, but the senses  
yet remained for it.

Used (295); and see also Clarke's draft (229), above.

The extract is given in some detail as an example of the facile way in  
which Clarke sometimes used his sources. The later addition is from  
Haweis, p. 35 (226), and shows Clarke associating his references.#

Jews.

The first physicians. The church preferred to pray to saints.

In 1301 the faculty of Paris prohibited any Jew from practising  
surgery upon a Catholic

#Draper, 2, pp.121-122; and p. 125.#

Antimony. means anti-moine, prejudicial to monks. Basil

Valentine who invented it, found that it fattened pigs

He tried it on monks and killed them!

#Draper, 2, pp. 156-157; also De Morgan (1872), pp. 74-75.#

[ML205] / F 21 [blue]

Pinzon --

with Columbus and saw parrots after which C. sailed. The flight of these birds may be said to have determined the fate of the Patristic Geography.

#Draper, 2, p. 162, and p. 164.#

\* [paler ink.]

Antipodes and S. Augustine

-- he denied their existence.

#Draper, 2, p. 166.#

Spain.

ruined two civilisations -- Arabic and Mexican

#Draper, 2, pp. 166-167.#

Circumnavigation

First done by Magellan (he dying at Mutan) in the San

Vittoria

#Draper, 2, pp. 169-173 passim.#

Baconian philosophy.

-- carried into practice in the East 1800 years before Bacon born.

#Draper, 2, p. 175.#

Jesuits.

founded by Paul III in 1540.

#Draper, 2, p. 175.#

Syphilis.

-- brought by sailors of Columbus from West Indies, first broke

out at siege of Naples by Charles VIII in French army

1495. True conditions explained by Fernol.

#Draper, 2, pp. 231-232.#

Population of England in 1599 not

5 millions

#Draper, 2, p. 233.#

Bacon

accused of being a pretender to science Draper 2: 260.

#Draper, 2, p. 260.#

[ML207] / F 22 [blue] /

A treatise upon the pathology of saliva



/ #Dyce Duckworth, 'On the Relief of Toothache by Bicarbonate of Soda,'  
The Practitioner, 14, 1875, p. 373. #

Bicarbonate of soda held in the mouth a relief for toothache.

/ #Duckworth, pp. 260-261. #

Camels Urine

Practitioner Vol 15 p255. account of use of camels urine

"There is a rhinoceros at Dum Dum whose piddle is held in high  
esteem, has great repute in asthma"

p. 256 A tigress' excrement mixed with urine found useful in  
dipsomania.

/ #William Curran, 'On the Place of the Excretions in Native Practice in  
India,' The Practitioner, 15, 1876, pp. 254 & 256. #

/ Sleep.

A mustard bath produces sleep.

#Not traced; but may be from another issue of The Practitioner.

Pyramids

Chabas. dis. name of builder 3<sup>d</sup> pyramid of Gizeh  
and note saying building at the helical rising of the  
star Sothis (Sirius) in ~~ninth~~<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> year of Menkeses  
Calculation [sic] 3009 or ~~30010~~ 3010 B.C.

#Chabas (1817-82) a French egyptologist, wrote several works on his  
subject between 1856-1875. #

Schiller

Veiled Image at Sais, read last two lines in German

"woe for her face shall charm him never more"

#Friedrich Schiller, Poems and Ballads, trans. Bulwer-Lytton (London:  
1854). Clarke may have been using the Knebworth Edition, Schiller and  
Horace, trans. Lord Lytton (London: 1875), pp. 61-62. #

[ML207 verso]

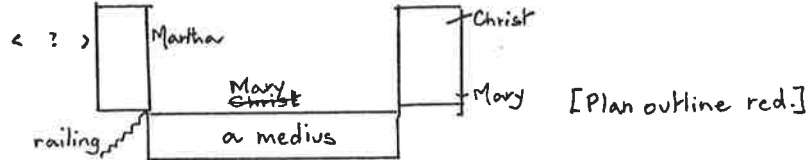
Schiller

Lytton trans. Celebrated woman 231. Last stanzas. see the  
german

#Schiller, trans. Lytton, 'The Celebrated Woman. An Epistle by a  
Married Man -- To a Fellow-Sufferer,' pp. 226-231. #

[It is difficult to reproduce this sheet in a way which adequately reflects the original. Clarke's attempts to visualise 'The Supper of Martha and Mary' for Chapter 1 -- are rudimentary, and his annotations difficult to read. I have transferred marginal notes to end the item.]

Banquet: Triclinium



cedar tables, inlaid with tortoiseshell white hangings emb. with gold.

cushions of purple.

Sidetable full of plate and goblets.

Camels of silver bearing panniers of white & black olives

A kneeling Egyptian offering water for hands.

amethyst wine glasses.

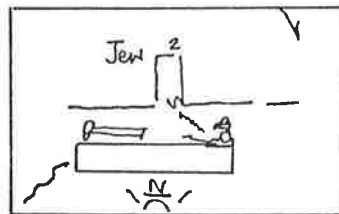
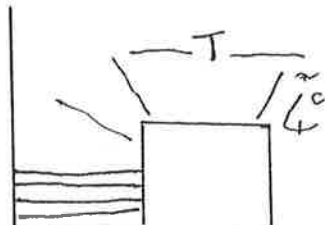
Repositorium on the table which is low.

In middle the peacock full tailed

a rosewreath at Christ's side

unheaded <unheaded>

Above Martha a lion holding fast a captive ram.



Subject treated Henri Steenwyck. Dutch 3 figures & large room. 664 Vol X

Musee de France

compare P Veronese Banquet House of Levi 247 Vol 4 Musee

49 figures in

[Marginal notes. L.H. margin between 'cushions and a rosewreath.']

Hair of Martha like that / of Jules Romain / Venus et Vulcan / p 95. Vol

7 Gal. France / Knotted & plaited floss silk. / Poussins Triumph / of

Truth. aerial

#Filhol and Lavallée, Galerie du Musée Napoléon, 10 vols., (Paris: 1804- 1815) is the source for Clarke's refs. although cited variously as Musée, or Galerie de France. The volumes contain a very fine series of engravings after pictures in what is now known as the Louvre, and were part of a large donation to the Melbourne Public Library by Napoleon III. Christened the 'Musée Napoléon' c.1803, the name was changed subsequently, which accounts for Clarke's attributions.

Henri Steenwyck's Jésus chez Marthe et Marie is in Vol. 10, and although described as Plate 4 in the accompanying letter press (the collection was divided into numbered 'livraisons' or instalments), has the number 664 in the top L.H. corner of the engraving. The commentary is suggestive of the mixture of periods in Clarke's description:

Nous remarquerons que cette scène n'est qu'accessoire a l'objet principal ...  
Steinweyck . . . n'eut en vue que de déployer le grand talent qu'il avait pour peindre l'architecture; et Corneille Poelembourg, a qui l'on doit les figures, ne pouvait pas choisir un sujet historique moins en harmonie avec cette intérieur, et qui formât un anachronisme plus complet avec la décoration et les meubles de cet appartement.

Veronese's Le Repas chez Lévi is engraving 247, Vol. 10. Clarke's description of Felix's painting in Chap. 1 owes more to Veronese than to Steenwyck; and Veronese also figures in his notes from Gautier below, where the 'riches fabriques' of the commentator are again noted. Clarke's 'steps ... crowded with ministrant figures' and the 'negro boy' are Veronese's, as are the columns supporting the roof which frames the picture. Clarke's count of the figures seems more or less exact; but there do not appear to be any peacocks, nor do the table furnishings agree with his elaborate imaginings.

Jules Romain's Vénus et Vulcain is engraving 451, Vol. 7.

The hair of Venus is elaborately braided, and one wanton tress escapes as Clarke describes in Chap. 1, though not in this note. Other details which appear in Chap. 1 are the 'short, but taper' fingers, the 'heavy robe' and the attendant cherub. There is however no 'fawning panther cub,' the 'black globes of scattered grapes' are flowers; and Venus is barely clothed. In the novel, the Italian form of the artist's name, *Giulio Romano*, is used.

Nicolas Poussin, Le Temps Fait Triompher La Vérité is engraving 385, Vol. 6, and must be what Clarke refers to, as there is no other work by Poussin with a similar title, and the figures are, as the letterpress says 'dans les airs.'

Clarke's own notes embody his preliminary ideas for the picture, most of which were used or adapted for the description of 'Martha and Mary' (285-6). Some notions may have been taken from Draper (1, pp.31-32), who speaks of inlaid furniture and (285) ceilings 'corniced with fretted gold;' and no doubt the lion and its captive ram could be traced to a painting; but the rest seem to be Clarke's. The silver camel epergne almost strikes an Australian note.

It is interesting that although Clarke indicates in a synopsis (27) that Felix's painting would have pleased Burne-Jones and other Pre-Raphaelites, his preliminary models are all classical. However, his description of Mary in her simple white robe is more suggestive of Rossetti.#

[ML211] / F 24 [blue]

<?Rosetta> [blotted.]  
ancients

#### Dutens

orig. dec. attr aux Modernes

#L. Dutens, Origine des découvertes attribuées aux modernes, 4th ed. 2 vols. (Paris: 1812). The volumes in the State Library of Victoria were not accessioned by Clarke until July 1876.

Louis Dutens(1730-1812), diplomatist and man of letters, was a French

Huguenot who lived almost entirely in English society, either at home or abroad, supported by wealthy patrons. Apart from the Origine, first published in 1766, he is chiefly noted for his edition of the works of Leibnitz.

/

The ancients knew as much as the moderns.

Aristarchus of Samos who lived 300 years before Christ defended the movement of the earth; according to Plutarch one Cleanthus accused A of impiety and disturbing the peace of Vesta. Nicitas also admitted it.

#Dutens, 1, pp. 199-200, & 219.#

Philolaus knew Vitruvius anticipated Tycho ~~Bahe~~ Brahe system Copernicus Heraclides the movement of ~~the-earth~~ planets, Plato also knew all

#Dutens, 1, p.203; marginal note on Philolaus pp. 195-198.#

Hippocrates, circulation of the blood

#Dutens, 2, pp. 4-8.#

Coelius Aurelianus knew operation for stone

#Dutens, 2, pp. 30 & 33. A careless note; he knew laryngotomy and cautery.#

Dioscordes invented Seidlitz powders.

#Dutens, 2, p. 58. Dioscorides one of many who used 'les sels lixiviels' but did not invent them.#

See for subject

Foreign Review Vol 6 p451 Valerius Flaccus declares that they knew gun powder & Dio Cassius Hist. Rom. Caligula 662 (p 71 Vol 2

#Dutens, 2, p. 71n. Review of Eusebe Salverté, Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges et les Miracles in Foreign Quarterly Review, 6 (1830), p. 451, refers to Dutens's 'learned enquiry.' Salverté is one of the works noted in Clarke's pocket-book.#

Generation by eggs, Empedocles before anyone

#Dutens, 2, pp.81-83.#

Darwin's Loves of the Plants anticipated by Claudien [sic]

De Nuptiis Honoris  
<traced>

#Dutens, 2, pp. 104-105, cites a passage from Claudian's Epithalamium De Nuptiis Honorii et Mariae. Clarke did not have far to seek to make the association with Erasmus Darwin's The Botanic Garden. In Pt. II 'The Loves of the Plants,' Dutens's quotation from Claudian appears on the title page.#

Kirschner anticipated by Achini. mirrors

#Dutens, 2, pp. 141-144.#

Except in Gerard Dow's picture Hydroptic Woman, never seen such a

< -----> <----> (See Vol 6 France Gal. p. 367)

#Gerard Dow's La Femme Hydropique is engraving no. 367 in Vol. 6, Filhol and Lavallée. Clarke's comment is probably intended for dialogue; unfortunately I could not read it; and it was not used in the completed chapters.#

[ML211 verso] / 1. /

The picture ~~was painted in defiance of~~ represented

#This must be a fragment of Clarke's draft for Chap. 1. The deletion may indicate that Clarke was undecided on the school to which Felix was to belong.#

Chev. Hamilton wrote 1773 to Lord Warwick that he had found at Pompeii a

house with glass windows

#Dutens, 2, pp. 222-223. Clarke correctly deletes 1773, which was the date at which Dutens saw Hamilton's letter.#

Architas invented automata long before Houdin and his confreres.

#Dutens, 2, p. 223. Clarke's comparison with Houdin, a famous nineteenth-century illusionist and maker of automata is apt. See: Robert-Houdin, Memoirs, 2 vols (London: 1858), 1, p. 68 ff.#

Pythagoras had telescopes and the double glasses -- scopes

#Dutens, 1, p. 212.#

In sculpture they are our masters

#Dutens, 2, pp. 229-230.

Cicero de natura deorum, highest modern philosophy.

#Dutens, 2, pp. 283 and 287. These are the nearest references to Cicero for a rather sweeping generalisation by Clarke which is not really supported in this text, if Clarke intends a reference to Dutens.#

Proclus, Jamblicus [sic], given modern materialists a hard nut to crack

#Dutens, 2, p. 312. Proclus and Jamblicus are listed amongst many who opposed the theory of the eternal nature of matter.#

Aristotle de mundo, construction of the arch. The use of arches

known 600 years before Christ.

#Dutens, 2, p. 202. One of Dutens' special interests; his publication on the subject was ridiculed in the Edinburgh Review, and his reply, in April 1806, was reprinted in 1812. It is here that '600 years

before Christ'appears (p. 369).#

Pythagoras formed the principles of music

#Dutens, 2, p. 161.#

Orpheus thought the moon was inhabited

#Dutens, 1, p. 233.#

[ML213] / F.25 [blue] /

The pages of the madona

si j'~~é~~[blotted] j'étais Dieu, je me garderais de donner  
de tels pages a ma maitresse.

#Théophile Gautier, Mademoiselle de Maupin, (1835, rpt. Paris: Garnier-Flammarion, 1966), p. 204. Edition used by Clarke not found: all refs. are to 1966 edn. 'Pages' are cherubs in representations of the Virgin Mary.#

Tu aimais mieux être sepérarée [sic] de lui "(l'amant avec qui tu avais passé la nuit)" par un brusque coup de hache que par un lent degôût"

#Gautier, pp. 228-229, referring to Cleopatra. Clarke evidently had difficulty with 'separate' in French as in English.#

"Au diable les femmes maigres et les grands sentiments"

#Gautier, p. 232.#

\*;H Hermanns elements human physiologie by Gamgee. for medical notions.

#L. Hermann, Elements of Human Physiology, trans. Arthur Gamgee (London: 1875). Purchased by the Public Library from Bailliere's in June 1876; Clarke accessioned it in July.#

Fechner's formula for sleep etc. p. 518H \*;

#Hermann pp. 517-8.#

The fact that one individual has an ovary and another a testicle has produced all this extraordinary civilisation

#Hermann's chapter on the 'Origin, development and death of the organism,' is probably the source of Clarke's generalisation. However, this is a medical textbook; Hermann made no comment of this sort, which was more likely suggested by Clarke's reading of Renan (1876).#

\*;  
chemical constituents of human ovum H 533

#Hermann, p. 533#

The pagan poet            ANADYOMENE.

#Gautier (1966), pp. 203-204, comparing pagan and christian female images. Speaking first of the Virgin Mary Gautier's hero asserts  
... toute cette beauté immatérielle, si ailée,  
et si vaporeuse qu'on sent bien quelle va prendre  
son vol, ne m'a touché que médiocrement. -- J'aime  
mieux la Vénus Anadyomène, mille fois mieux. ... .  
O vieux monde! tout ce que tu as révééré est donc  
méprisé; ... le Christ a enveloppé le monde  
dans son linceul.

The extended quotation reveals the link between Gautier and Swinburne  
-- his 'Hymn to Proserpine' here -- noted by Clarke (304).#

His wife has been often the image of his dreams.

#Gautier, p. 119.  
Une maîtresse est un thème obligé ... .  
Bien souvent les baisers qu'on lui donne  
ne sont pas pour elle; ... . Ah! que de  
fois, pauvre Rosette, tu as servi de corps  
à mes rêves ... .

Clarke substitutes 'wife'; and was perhaps going to use the ref. for  
Felix.#

Mad. Maupin. for quotation 103. "rendez vous une chimère que vous rendez"

#Gautier, pp. 120-121.  
Femmes, quand vous voyez votre amant  
devenir plus tendre que de coutume  
... soyez certaines ... qu'il a,  
en ce moment, rendez-vous avec une  
chimère que vous rendez palpable ... .

Continues the thought of the previous note.#

His picture Jupiter and the Cloud.

#Not traced; perhaps an idea for a picture-title for Felix, suggested  
by Gautier's many classical references in adjoining pages.#

Bien des chambrières ont profité de l'amour qu'inspiraient des reines

Theo. Gautier  
Maupin.

#Gautier, p. 121. A continuation of the 'chimère' passage above.#

Mulciber says that his Zuzu gives him all the sensations.

#Not traced; may be an idea for dialogue.#

Felicitas does not love her husband because he loves her too much.

Malheureusement il y a deux choses au monde qui ne se peuvent commander --  
l'amour et l'ennui.

Theo Gautier  
Maupin.

#Gautier, pp. 130-134. Although these two sentences appear to be  
separate notes, they complement each other. Rosette's beauty, and

devotion are described:

Or, cette femme ainsi faite était à moi.  
...Eh bien! maintenant que je l'ai, ce  
bonheur me laisse froid; ... .  
Malheureusement etc.#

Felix loves rich stuffs, Paul Veronese.

#Gautier, p. 150.

J'aime les riches brocarts, les splendides  
étoffes ... et ces grand chiens blancs  
comme on voit dans les tableaux de Paul  
Véronèse.

Felix is 'almost equal to Paul Veronese' (312); and with reference  
to Clarke's apparent interest in androgyny, see also Gautier, p. 101,  
where the poet's love of rich stuffs is branded as effeminate.#

Felix writes and describes his love & his sordid life 145 M.M.<sup>n</sup>

Felicitas the same

#Gautier, pp. 157-158 may be the source for this note. The narrator  
contrasts his pious upbringing with his present degradation. For  
Felicitas, see perhaps p. 169 noted below, where his mistress  
Rosette gives her view of their relationship.#

Bien des vierges, ... étaient de véritable [sic] Messalines  
T. Gau. 157<?159>

#Gautier, p. 168.#

pour lui  
"J'étais un chemin, et non un but.

#Gautier, p. 169.#

Ampersand to be castré Rusden

#R.K. Rusden (1826-1910), a Melbourne rationalist, and one-time  
secretary of the Yorick Club, argued for the sterilisation of the  
socially unfit. There seems no suggestion that Ampersand is like  
Rusden; rather that he is effeminate; though, since he 'rails against  
women,' his homosexuality may be implied.#

[ML217] / F 27 [blue] /

Indian woof

Man seeing something obscene asks for a basket of

"Indian woof" to carry it away Shelley Sensitive Plant.

#P.B. Shelley, 'The Sensitive Plant,' Complete Poetical Works,  
(London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1907), p. 587:

And things of obscene and unlovely forms,  
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,  
Into the rough woods far aloof,...

'Man asks' or 'says' usually indicates Clarke is imagining dialogue.#

English and French.

Representative system in England open field of ambition to the

Great. Public Life was to the noble what Court life to the French



Seigneur. Office, party, debate, equal flowers, balls, fetes etc.

#'The Reign of Terror: Its Causes and Results,' a review of Georges Duval, Souvenirs de la Terreur de 1788 a 1793 (Paris, 1841-2), in Foreign Quarterly Review, 29 (July 1842), p. 278. Unsigned; but attributed to Edward Bulwer-Lytton by his grandson the Earl of Lytton in his Life (London, 1913), p. 51. Used (327).#

Oral Instruction

is dangerous. A book corrects imperfect speech. The talker must fix himself firmly in a printed matter.

#Bulwer-Lytton, 1842, p. 282. Used (330).#

Marat, was

a true type of the people whom he represented -- scrofulous bilious, ricketty he bore ~~the same~~ an hereditary curse, he was but the sum of his parents miseries. He was at once fierce dirty earnest, dogged, bloodthirsty a true type of the populace.

#Bulwer-Lytton, 1842, p. 290.#

Jews and Protestants.

The Jews hate the Catholics they always supported the Protestant Succession.

#Not traced.#

{ Mischna      The scriptures collected after the Babylonian business  
{ Gemara      The supplement and inferior

#Not traced to an exact source. The two works form the Talmud, the Gemara being a body of commentary on the Mischna (OED 'Mishna').#

[ML219] / F.28 [blue] /

Freedom of the Kelt.

not to do as he pleases, but to make others  
do as he pleases

#Not traced.#

Doria --

a good name for a Jew banker in Russia

#Not traced; though there is a Clare Doria in George Meredith's The Ordeal of Richard Feverel (London, 1859).#

Love too sensual says a woman

"For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye

But love without them is as much above ye.

Buckinghamshire

#George Villiers (2nd Duke of Buckingham) is probably meant, but the quotation was not traced to his plays or to Works, 2 vols, ed. T. Brown (London, 1704). # [Not correct. Dr Harold Love supplies "lines 11-12," "To One who accused him of being too sensual in his Love" by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, Works, 2 vols. 2nd Edn. (London 1729) 1, 33.]  
Ignorance. Women.

In the soul of every woman should be

cool breadths of shadeful ignorance

#Not traced. Kyfax, 'a literary American,' says this in Clarke's 'Noah's Ark,' Australasian, 25 May, 1872, so the source may be American; and Clarke repeated it almost verbatim in his Atticus 'Under the Verandah' column in The Leader, 27 Mar. 1880. #

Fashion in china & pictures.

Art at home in the Saturday of

25 November 1876. p.657.

See about the man who bargains in

China. He might "bear" claudes etc. as

Ruskin does. Good thing to buy and write up.

#'Art at Home,' Saturday Review, 42, 25 Nov., 1876, pp. 657-658. Used, both for background and satirical tone, in the MS. Chap. 7. The article reviews the Art at Home Series, which included works such as Rhoda and Agnes Garrett's Art in the Home (1876), and W.J. Loftie's Plea for Art in the House (1876); and it may have been these which Clarke thought it would be 'good to buy,' as the Melbourne Public Library did purchase the 1878 edns. The emphasis is on being in the fashion:

A man goes into into Murillos and Claudes,  
and then comes Mr. Ruskin, and devotes the  
eloquence of a prophet to the task of  
'bearing' Claudes ... .

[ML221] / F 29 [ink] / 29 [blue] /

Felix and Felicitas.

Stores Cooperative.

Society the evil Nov 25 76. Saturday Review

#'At the Stores,' Saturday Review, 42, 25 Nov. 1876, pp. 658-659. The article describes a new phenomenon, the 'Civil Service Stores,' a co-operative trading venture by Civil Service staff. Cheaper prices brought an undignified rush of customers, 'a striking illustration of the shallowness of much of the vaunted excellence of civilised life.' Clarke may have intended a satirical shopping scene, but it was not written. #

Yates Black Sheep

written by Mrs Cashel Hoey. quote in Felix.

#Edmund Yates, Black Sheep (London, 1867). The DNB entry for Yates attributes all his works to him alone; but the Supplement states, of Mrs Cashel Hoey (pp. 276-277), that she was 'largely responsible for,' inter alia, Black Sheep, and it seems, as P.D. Edwards suspects in his Edmund Yates 1831-1908: A Bibliography (1980), p. 28, that the facts were known much earlier. Clarke did not use the reference; but it is not clear that it would have been scandalous at the time. #

Diaz the artist

Academy Dec 2<sup>nd</sup> 1876 p 550

Invaluable as hint of artist

picture.

#P.N. Burty, 'N. Diaz.', Academy, 10, 2 Dec. 1876. Clarke could not have seen this until early in 1877, but there is no evidence that he used it in the printed chapters. It would, however, have fleshed out his description of Felix in the Bailliere synopsis, as a painter, not of the first rank, who, in later life, sold his pictures for large sums. There is certainly a good deal of incidental information on painters and painting useful to Clarke. #

Motto.

O Niminy! O Piminy! How shall

I done for to go for to say that a

young man ever was a young

man.

Thackeray (Esmond)

#W.M. Thackeray, The Virginians (1859; rpt. London: Smith Elder, 1901), p. 347. The reference is to Henry Esmond, in a satirical chapter 'Rake's Progress'; but there are no mottoes or epigraphs in Clarke's printed chapters. #

[ML223] / F & F 30 [pale ink] /

Incest

See Ford in Swinburnes Essays under Ford. [pale ink]

#Swinburne, 1875, 'John Ford,' pp. 278-279, 287-289, and p. 292. Clarke also noted in his pocket-book (n.d.) 'See Ford in Swinburne's Essay for quotation incest, by F. to F.' #

No compliment to make great men titled.

"Fancy Sir Robert Burns K.C.M.G.

#Not traced. Used (319). #

A Breakwater.

A man says " I married a breakwater viz a woman  
who fended off the ills of life and kept my bark

calmly at anchor."

[This item deleted with a diagonal red line.]

#Not traced. Used (343)#

Best Musical performer.

he who can play simple tunes with  
most expression. Second best he who can  
play most difficult passages with greatest  
correctness.

#'The Art of Piano Playing,' Musical Standard, 21, 1876, p. 386,  
gives the general tenor of this note.#

[ML225] / F & F [pale ink, thin pen] / 31 [red] /

digna<sup>[sic]</sup> canis pabulo -- dog worthy of hire Walesby

Ex ungue leonem know lion by his claw.

Felix criminibus nullus erat diu, no man

long happy in crime

In vitis canibus venare to hunt with unwilling dogs.

Ventre pleno melior consultatio, good dinner good

deliberation

[All the Latin tags are in a thinner pen compared to most other notes.]

#Not traced to one source; the only tags which appear, even in older  
collections of Classical Quotations, are the 2nd and the last. Clarke  
may have invented the others, after the manner of Burton.#

Jesuit

"Scriptures but a little ink and pen tracing. Writing is the  
portrait of a word and cannot explain. It cannot defend / [ink]  
itself in the absence of its father.

#Not traced.#

To read news bad in morning.

In New Republic evening papers only.

#W.H. Mallock, The New Republic 2 vols. 3rd ed (London, 1877) seems  
the only likely source, if this had been a direct quotation, but it is  
not. The work first appeared, in rudimentary form, in Belgravia, 29  
June 1876, and underwent several revisions; but all versions have been  
searched without result. However, it may have touched off Clarke's  
comment.#

Names for French people.

Mirande de Sardan, Foncenade Audyos

Van der Guden, de Lissla de Groetlau

Duc de Montmajor, Mesnardiere.

#Mesnardiere is the only name used (335).#

[ML227] / F & F /

STORTON.

contest between Thryallis et Myrrhina, de natibus

<sup>[sic]</sup>  
ultra pulciores habest. by Alciphron

[Large ink brackets deleted at centre page.]

#Alciphron, Letters of Courtesans, 'Megara to Bacchis,' in The Letters of Alciphron, Aelian and Philostratus, trans. Benner and Fobes, (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1949), p. 295. The passage concerns 'a serious rivalry in the matter of buttocks'; and may have suggested 'Storton the voluptuary' (272) revelling in 'flesh tints' (288). Clarke might have quoted a Latin translation of the work, or used that language deliberately to conceal an indelicate note.#

[ML229] /

[All on a small fragment, and in pencil.]

Ipthisilla[sic]

nd  
Lesbia was Clodia 2 sister

of Clodius killed by Milo, wife to

Mettelus Ceter, consul in 60, vide

Cicero's defence of Caelius Rufus

[This item deleted diagonally.]

#Catullus, Poems, trans. James Michie (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972), p. 59. Ipsitella does not belong to this note but, by inference, to the one following since she was a harlot. Lesbia is a synonym for Clodia in Catullus; and Clarke's reference to Cicero's Pro Caelio leads back to his incest theme. See Cicero, The Speeches, trans. R. Gardner (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1958), p. 445, 'that woman's husband -- I mean to say brother; I always make that slip.'#

15.662. [framed with VI below.]

VI. elegy of Propertuis [sic] for poet

to set for & VII as a joke

16.2 [framed with VII above]  
on the inconstancy of his harlot

name for rich fool The Illyrian Praetor)

translate eng. with <?write>. IV -- 16 lib 2.

#Propertius, Elegies, Bk. 2, nos. 6-16 in Works, trans. H.E. Butler (London: Heinemann, 1912), pp. 79-111.

No. 6 concerns the poet's jealousy of the harlot Cynthia, and is further evidence of Clarke's interest in androgyny. 'Jealous shall I be of thy mother if she gives thee many a kiss, of thy sister and of the friend that may chance to sleep with thee. ... beneath the woman's dress I, poor fool, suspect the presence of a man.'

No. 7. A law which, as I understand it, forbade marriage with prostitutes was to be abolished.

No. 16. 'The Illyrian Praetor' was a rich admirer who used his wealth to seduce Cynthia. Clarke may have intended that Felicitas, bored with a life of poverty with Felix, should find a richer lover. #

[ML229 verso]

[This sheet had evidently adhered to ML231 at some time, and the text -- all in red -- is incomplete. It may not refer to 'Felix and Felicitas.']

Game. / <Vilo> Life in South

Country

Essays on Art Co

Carr

#Not traced; the first item may be a misreading for Richard Jefferies, Wild Life in a Southern County (London, 1879). The reference to 'game' might be for Chapter 4, in which Godwin announces that he will not preserve his game (322); but it would date its writing very late. #

[ML231] / F. & F. 32. [ink] /

Freedom.

Not only to do as you please, but to make everyone else do as you please.

#Not traced. A repetition of a previous note. #

Jews and Catholics. J. hate C. never forget persecution. In Jacobite rebellion J always on side of Protestants.

#Not traced. A repetition of a previous note. #

[ML231 verso] /

Notes for F & F [?\*]

[ML233-235]

[A grey wrapper evidently intended to enclose either all the Notes, or those on music which follow. Unfortunately I have been unable to date it with certainty.]

[Across top, in MS]

\*Notes for Felix and Felicitas & other works.\*

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA.

Crest

VICTORIA

IN

AUSTRALIA;

Her Prominent Men,

Eventful Facts,

AND

Successful Firms,

BEING

RELIABLE, INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING

FOR VISITORS TO

The Centennial Exhibition,

MELBOURNE.

Ad interim cover. Artistic Design to follow.

All ornamentally framed.

[ML235] The back wrapper -- blank.

[ML235 verso]

Two pen and ink sketches of a rather chinless human profile.

[See (50-51). The paper used for this wrapper is similar to that used for other publications connected with the 1888 Melbourne Centennial Exhibition; but I could not find any material relating to the 1876 Exhibition, in Melbourne, which preceded the Centennial celebrations in Philadelphia, with which to compare it. If it is to be dated 1888, this might be proof that the ordering of Clarke's Notes had been disturbed after his death.]

1659. Francisco Pistocchi

established great school at ~~Bologna~~ Bologna.

#Haweis, 1871, p. 132.#

Before 1600.

John Dunstable in England, is said to have invented counterpoint. Genius.

#Haweis, pp. 132-133. No ref. to Dunstable as a 'genius.'#

1500-1600 After him. Tallis, Farrant Byrd and Bevin, in Church music.

Morley, Ward, Wilbye and Weelkes in madrigal.

Dowland the friend of Shakespeare.

Orlando Gibbons.

#Haweis, p. 133.#

1600. Pelham Humphreys.

Chorister Charles 2nd introduced Lulli died 1674 aged 27.

influence in Wise, Blow and H. Purcell.

#Haweis, pp. 133-134.#

1710 Handel came to England

Influence of Venice upon him, see Haweis. Music and Morals. p146

His "Laschia ch'io pianga" like Stradella's "I miei sospiri"

or Gluck's "Che Faro"

still listened to with profound emotion.

[L.H. margin to above note]

1720. His 1<sup>st</sup> Oratorio. Esther.

Gay, Arbuthnot, Pope,

Hogarth, Fielding all

for him [end of marginal note.]

#Haweis, p. 151. Used (300); where, although not noted here, Haweis's ref. to 'divine' work of Stradella is incorporated. Marginal notes p. 178 (Esther), and p. 189 (Handel's supporters).#

Senesino's voice may be said to have saved Handel. It carried

1731. Porus through 15 representations 1731

#Haweis, p. 165.#

1737. Mental alienation and paralysis



#Haweis, p. 218.#

Domenico Scarlatti

created the harpsichord, as Mendelsshon [sic] may be said to  
have done the piano.

#Haweis, p. 170.#

Aresti Ariosti -- timid gentle creature

#Haweis, pp. 171-172.#

Porpora. master, dry Italian

1733 came to London, taught Haydn

#Haweis, pp. 172-173.#

Pepusch. wrote the Beggars Opera.

#Haweis, p. 173.#

[ML239] / M.2 [blue] /

Farinelli

-- whom Hogarth attacks left England, rather than be at pains to (1737)  
sing  
play to audience of £35

remarkable that all the persons praised by the 'fashionable world'  
died in neglect and had no posterity -- Cuzzoni whose dresses  
were copied especially

#Haweis, pp. 179, and 185. 'Whom Hogarth attacks' is not in Haweis,  
but Hogarth did object to the importation of Italian singers to the  
London stage; and see Clarke's note on Giardini, from Dubourg, below.#

Dead March.

One of the few dirges written in a major key. H. liked the major  
andel

"He was despised and rejected" in the Messiah also

#Haweis, p. 191. Clarke is careful enough to differentiate Handel  
from Haweis.#

Messiah.

composed in England exp<sup>re</sup> for Dublin.  
rs

M Cibber singing in it in Dublin, some person said "Woman for  
this be all thy sins forgiven thee!"

Hallelujah Chorus stands alone, learned and unlearned like it"

#Haweis, pp. 197, and 205.#

Gluck.

1714-1787.

[Blank space, presumably for material on Gluck.]

Brandy Drinker died in fit [at foot of page.]

#Haweis, p. 223.#

[ML241] / M.3 [blue] /

Hyd Haydyn [sic]. 1732-1809

storm at sea, banged his fists each end piano, made them meet.

Fixed the form of the quartet and the symphony.

#Haweis, p. 249.#

language

"You speak too few languages" said Mozart to Haydyn. "Oh my

language is understood all over the world."

#Haweis, p. 254.#

When told Mozart is running you down "Not believe it. If true

I forgive him"

Get Haydyn's letters

#Haweis, p.255. An extract from a letter by Haydn, p. 254.#

Schubert. 1797-1828

Genius of Song. His connection with Esterhazy 275 Haweis, worth

noting

X[red] His peculiar musical characteristics -- 285

#Haweis, pp. 275 (Esterhazy), 285, and 287-290. 'Connection with Esterhazy' used (300). #

Chopin 1810-1849 A Pole of French Extraction

Piano When dying he asked Delphine Potocka to sing. She sang the canticle to the Virgin, which once saved life of Stradella. "How beautiful it is" said he "Again!" and died. 303.

#Haweis, pp. 292 and 303.#

Beethoven 1770-1827

Disliked music in youth had to be beaten to sit to piano.

1801 became deaf

Loved Countess Guilietta Guicciardi, wrote Adelina, she  
married someone else and he got over it.

Scene for Louise [red] X [red] His love for scapegrace nephew Carl. You never come to  
see me "left him his sole heir"

He died in a thunderstorm.

His pathetic Will, where he speaks of his deafness. 330.

#Haweis, pp. 319-330. B's deafness referred to in Bailliere synopsis,  
re. Carmel's paralysis; and 'he got over it' may be a wry comment on  
Clarke's own love-affair. 'Scene for Louise' may refer to a play  
Clarke contemplated writing, though there is no evidence that he ever  
did so. #

[ML243] / M.4 [blue]

Mendelsohn [sic] ---- 1847

for account of his Elijah. Haweis. 339

#Haweis, pp. 338-363. No biography of Mendelssohn had been written at  
the time. #

[ Clarke evidently abandoned the 'general' music notes here. It is  
interesting that, for a supposedly modern work, he does not make notes on  
his contemporaries beyond a brief reference to Wagner (228). ]

[ML243 verso] /

Music [pencil; unidentified copperplate.]

[ML245] / VIOLIN. [red] V. 1 [blue] /

Cremona fiddles of Hieronymous Amali. 200 years ago.

#George Dubourg, The Violin, 4th ed (London, 1852), p. 14.  
Dubourg (1799-1882), grandson of the well-known eighteenth-century  
violinist Matthew Dubourg, is chiefly known for this work. He also  
wrote song-lyrics, and contributed to English newspapers.

Baltazarini.

greatest player early violin on record, imported as a  
curiosity from Italy by Cath. de Medici in 1577.  
was called De Beaujoyeux.

#Dubourg, pp. 14 and 38. Name used (295). #

Corelli.

's violin came into possession of Giardini, its case was

decorated by Annibale Carucci

#Dubourg, p. 15.#

Lute, not now known, yet favourite instrument of 16<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> centuries

#Dubourg, p. 19n.#

Agostino Agazzari.

first to introduce musical concerts into churches

#Dubourg, pp. 38-39.#

Giambattista Bassani

of Boglona [sic], was the master of Corelli.

#Dubourg, p. 40.#

Corelli,

in 1683 published at Rome his 12 sonatas, had been to Germany.

See Dubourg. p.44

was ~~pe~~ beaten at Naples in his own line.

Buried in the Church of the Rotunda at Rome with a music scroll with a few bars of Giga in 5<sup>th</sup> Sonata in hand.

next Raphaelle. Who would know the Giga now? (48)

The 9<sup>th</sup> solo the best, for elegant sweetness the 11<sup>th</sup>,  
nd rd th th

2 , 3 5 6 admirable. His "Shepherds abiding in the fields" sweet and pastoral.

#Dubourg, pp.41-51.#

[ML245 verso] /

[Financial calculations, almost certainly in Clarke's hand, are written crosswise on this sheet.]

233.19.3

254.17.7

254.17.7.  
233.19.3

---

20.18.4

---

[ML247] / V.2 [blue]

Masoni.

In London in 1834.

#Dubourg, pp. 107-108.#

Spagnoletti

at King's Theatre. His real name was Paolo Diana

#Dubourg, p. 109.#

Paganini.

For rhapsody see Dubourg. 142

Dr. Bennati tried to make out that his talent due to his  
physical malformation.

#Dubourg, pp. 142-143, and 172n. The remarks of the German violinist  
Gühr (pp.142-143) might be interpreted as a 'rhapsody on the theme of  
Paganini' but the word is Clarke's.#

Lully 1686, beat his foot with cane, mortified died. ~~Asb~~ Absolution  
promised if ~~write-on~~ commit latest opera to flames. Did it but  
said "Aha! Have copy"

#Dubourg, pp. 185-186.#

Two hours a day

The least time for an amateur

#Dubourg, p. 326.#

Violin construction

58, or often 71 pieces.

Sycamore back, neck, side & circles

Tyrolese soft red deal for the belly, bass bar, sound post &

six internal blocks. Ebony for fingerboard and tailpiece

Jerome

Cremona, of <sup>^</sup> Amati best. next Antonius Amati, 3<sup>d</sup> Nicolas

~~Am~~ Amati

Stradvarivus [sic]

Guanerius [sic]

All information

351 & either side in Dubourg.

#Dubourg, pp. 342-343 (construction of violin); 'p. 351 and either  
side' enlarges on the makers listed.#

[ML249] / V.3 [blue] /

Geminiani.

in 1761 in Ireland to visit Dubourg master of King's band. He had spent many years in composition of treatise on music, stolen by a servant, Carmel to have it.

#Dubourg, pp. 59-60. One of the few references to the novel in these copious music notes; and evidence to support Clarke's intention, in the synopsis to Bentley's, that Carmel was to be a major character.#

Carbonelli.

Came at invitation of Duke Rutland to England in 1720. He led Drury Lane orchestra in 1725, died 1772 "one of the purveyors of wine to the King. Major Carbonell his descendant.

#Dubourg, pp. 62-63, and 63n.#

Tartini

discovered the  $3^{\frac{d}{}}$  sound. Sound two upper notes of a chord, and the sympathetic resonance of  $3^{\frac{d}{}}$  note

#Dubourg, p. 66. Used (295).#

Veracini.

in 1745 was wrecked and lost his two famous instruments, one of which he called St Peter, one St Paul.

#Dubourg, p. 75.#

Giardini

1754 was ruined by M<sup>rs</sup> Fox Lane and private patronage. He was the type of the Italians attacked by Hogarth. Died in poverty aged 80 at St Petersburg [sic]

#Dubourg, pp. 82-85. Dubourg does not mention Hogarth, but see note on Farinelli above; and his closing reference to Giardini's death 'in a state of poverty and wretchedness' probably inspired Clarke's observation on the fate of the famous in the same note.#

Viotti

at Comte  
Court of Marie Antoinette, on being interrupted by ~~Dæ~~  
d'Artois, walked off and did not finish.

#Dubourg, pp. 96-97.#

[ML249 verso]

Violin [red; unidentified copperplate.]

[ML251, 253, 255, and 255 verso contain matter unrelated to the novel.

Since they form part of the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers they must be

presented here; but I have thought it less confusing to place them  
after ML257, which contains notes for Godwin's speech in Chapter 4.

[ML257] /

Godwin's Speech.

Very few clever men. Inquisition would soon destroy  
them

~~The game laws-~~

~~Universal Suffrage.~~

No State aid to religion [pale ink; possibly a later addition.]

Wealth is political power

Parliament in England gives field for  
ambition to young

men. In France love parties, flowers

p. notes 27

Ampersand says Pembroke is too

earnest to be civilised

[This sheet not so well preserved as most others; perhaps it was found  
later, and so came to be misplaced. The paper also is not of the usual  
quality; although faded, it looks to be lined; and Clarke has used it  
crosswise.]

#This draft contains material from several of Clarke's Notes, as well as  
some new ideas; parts of it appear in Chap. 4; other parts are reserved  
for Godwin's conversation with Alice and Ampersand in Chap. 5.  
'Very few clever men etc.' is from Renan, but not used in Chap. 4.  
There are no preliminary notes on the Game Laws, unless Clarke's cryptic  
note referring, I have guessed, to Richard Jeffries's Wild Life in a  
Southern County be taken as evidence; but a cursory reading shows no ref.  
to the Game Laws. Nor are there any notes on universal suffrage; but both  
subjects are canvassed in Godwin's speech in Chap. 4.  
State aid to religion is neither in the notes nor in the speech, but is  
discussed, in part of what Clarke took from his 'Noah's Ark' dialogues,  
in Chap. 5. 'Wealth is political power' was noted from Macaulay; it was  
not used in the speech, but appears in Chap. 5.  
'Parliament as a field of ambition to young men' is a note from Bulwer-  
Lytton; again it appears only in Chap. 5; and one is tempted to think  
that this chapter was a second thought which enabled Clarke to extend  
his discussion beyond the limits of a coming-of-age speech.  
'Ampersand says Pembroke is too earnest to be civilised' is noted from  
Draper, and first tried it out as part of Clarke's draft for 'witty talk'  
in the Notes, before finally being used to close Chap. 4.

[The following sheets contain fragments of drafts of what appear to be  
two separate short stories. One seems to be a tale of mystery in Clarke's

Edgar Allan Poe manner, or perhaps a romance; the other is in his Bullocktown style. I have not, so far, been able to trace either of them, though there has been little time for an extended search. They are not noticed separately either by the Mitchell Library or McLaren; and must, to date, have been presumed to be part of the Notes. However, even the 'mystery' tale could not have been designed as part of 'Felix and Felicitas'. There are no Americans among Clarke's lists of characters, and the fragment is written in the first person.]

[ML251] / 2 /

"You mistake me" said the young American ~~it-is-not~~ somewhat eagerly "This [This line deleted in a zig-zag fashion.]

The young American shook his head doubtfully. You have known me some years" he said "and I think you will admit that I am ~~as-much-a-man~~ not remarkable for sentimentality

"You are one of the most selfish men whom I ~~kn~~ have known" ~~said~~ was my reply. "That is the reason why I like you.

"Well I am possessed with a sentiment for this woman which is killing me. I looked at him. ~~He~~ more carefully. He ~~used-to-be-the-strongest-and-most~~ certainly was thinner in face and body. His eyes were feverishly bright and ~~his-hand~~ he coughed now and then

[This page only is on bright blue paper 12 1/2 by 20 cm.]

[ML253] / 1 / Faint marks of an earlier ML numbering (? 267) which would have placed it among Clarke's letters.]

The

"What the mischief is this?" said I.

~~An~~ A little thing of Miss Pennethorne's" says the foreman handing it to me.

"A little thing! Why man it will take a column at least! Let me ~~took~~ look at it!

much about I expect  
"You will find it the usual style ~~of-thing~~ " said the Foreman, who was experienced in such matters.



—"And pray what does the lady call it?" I ask said I

"The Tale of the Virgin Martyr" said ~~her~~ he.

+                    +                    +

Miss Pennethorne was a staunch supporter of the Quondong Sentinel, and a ~~grand-niece~~ relative of the proprietor who sent a note "Could I oblige Miss P. by inserting

[The last paragraph deleted with a zig-zag ink line. The paper is now Clarke's usual sort, white, 130 by 200 mm. The next page is evidently missing.]

#The Virgin Martyr is the title of an early seventeenth-century play by Philip Massinger and Thomas Dekker. #

[ML255] / 3. / Faint marks of an earlier ML numbering (?269)

and that will leave me short" said the foreman

~~--and turn over the sheet besides" said the Foreman~~

which you can                    with?

"Have you got nothing else to fill up a corner ~~sa~~ asked Miss Copp with her head on one side

"Nothing that would be of the slightest ~~interest~~  
service

said the Foreman shaking his head

I

"Then said ~~she~~ <?decisively> you must cut it"

"But that would be barbarous" said ~~she~~ Miss Copp

"~~I think it~~ She would rather it were returned untouched said the Foreman.

We all three looked at each other

"Can't you write an explanation, ~~with~~ at the bottom of the sheet"

suggested Miss Copp

[ML255 verso] / 4. /

no

"Oh Lord said I "that would ~~never do~~ be a confession of weakness.

The                    We were silent

~~We might omit the narrative altogether if we by the~~ <badly smudged>

f

~~use of typography" said M -Bang.~~

[We might . . . Mr Bang. deleted with a diagonal pen-stroke.]

"How?" I have it! said the Foreman

"Ha!

"Write a note saying that you find the tale of the Virgin Martyr much  
like other tales of the kind & that ~~pressure-on-your~~ <sup>outside</sup> ~~of-of~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~compels-to~~  
~~unwillingly-omit~~ you ~~give-it-in-high-no-In~~ only think it needful to  
express it typographically

"How?

So "( )" said she going to her case.

THE SYNOPSES

[The 'Bailliere Synopsis'.]

[A Letter from Marcus Clarke to F.F. Bailliere.]

[Original Manuscript.]

[Clarke's references to characters in the novel, literary models, etcetera have been dealt with fully in my Introduction. I have therefore not thought it necessary to add endnotes to the documents which follow.]

[2ML207] /

Please return this. F.F. Bailliere [appears to be in Clarke's hand] /  
Re Felix & Felicitas [probably Mackinnon] /

The Public Library

Melbourne

2nd October 1876.

F.F. Bailliere Esqr.

My dear Sir.

In reply to your communication of Friday last I send you the following synopsis of my novel now in MS. The title is Felix and Felicitas.

Those who were at the Academy Exhibition of 18-- remember the picture called Martha and Mary. If you were there you will recollect that the artist was a Mr. Felix Germaine the son of a country parson holding a rectory near Deal in Kent. (I know the place well). The brother of this clergyman is travelling tutor and friend to Lord Godwin who (like Lord Pembroke) has just returned from a cruise in the South Seas in his yacht. Ampersand the idler -- everybody knows him -- meets Godwin on his return and tells him of the success made by his old schoolfellow. He brings both to a concert at Raphael Delveyra's [sic] the famous piano-forte maker's and there they hear some rather good musical talk and some very witty things -- at least I think them witty.

[2ML207 verso]

Stivelyn Carbeth Storton and many other folks (not unlike Swinburne, Buchanan & Albert Grant) are there. Felix, who is married to <sup>a</sup> charmingly domesticated wife falls in love with Mrs. Delevyra, who as all the world knows was Felicitas Carmel the sister of Carmel the violinist who has

retired from public life having paralysis of the left hand. (N.B. The great Beethoven was deaf, but his torments were nothing to Carmel's) Mr Delevyra is a rich thriving man; some say that his name is really Levi, but Felicitas doesn't care for him. She and Felix you see, want to live that "higher life" of which we have heard so much lately, and consequently they resolve to break the Seventh Commandment. They get away in Godwin's yacht and now begins my effort at mental analysis.

In a little time they grow weary, then blame each other, then they are poor, finally they hate each other, each blaming each for causing the

[2ML209] /

terrible fall from the high standard of Ideality settled by them in their early interviews. In the midst of this Delevyra arrives. The Jew has made up his mind. He loves his wife, but she has betrayed him. He will not forgive her, or rather he cannot forgive himself. He explains the common sense view of the matter. He shows her that she has spent two-thirds of his income, that her desertion was not only treacherous but foolish inasmuch[sic] as she loses respect position and pe money. In fine -- with some sarcasm and power -- he strips adultery of its poetic veil, and shows it to be worse than a crime -- a blunder. Felix expects a duel, -- not at all. Delevyra discourses him sweetly upon the "higher life" and says to his wife "If this creature is the 'congenial soul' you pine for, I will allow him £ 300 a year to live with you and make you happy!"

[2ML209 verso]

Felicitas travels divorced and allowanced (Teresa Perigrina [sic] did the same you know) she writes books, poems and travels, -- very secondrate stuff they say.

Felix, shamed into utter prostration, goes home in Godwin's ~~yieht~~ yacht. He is wrecked at Deal near his own house and his body brought to his wife. He recovers though, and lives happily! Ampersand says -- in the last chapter -- "You ask what the modern Devil is? It is Anticlimax. We haven't strength to carry anything to the end. These people ought to have taken poison, or murdered somebody. I saw Felix the other day. He is

quite fat and rubicund. His wife henpecks him. He makes a lot of money by pictures but they are none as good as "Martha and Mary."

The romance is musical, artistic, and satirical. It is not written virginibus puerisque, but I think the effect is a moral one. If you have read Gautiers Madl. Maupin and Sand's Lelia [sic]; you will know the extreme examples of the style I have attempted to follow. ~~Als~~ Not quite so long as His Natural Life.

Always Truly Yours

Marcus Clarke  
-----

PS.

Some characters may be recognised, but I have avoided direct personality.

[The above synopsis is the only one to be found amongst the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers. It seems that Clarke must have supplied Bailliere with this document as an aide mémoire to the contents of a letter written on 2nd. October, 1876 at the publisher's request, after they had agreed that Messrs. Bentley should be approached with a view to simultaneous publication of the novel in England. Two days later Bailliere wrote to Bentley, enclosing the synopsis; and the originals of these letters are now held by the University of Illinois in their Richard Bentley Papers. Miss J.E.Poole was supplied with a copy of Clarke's letter for use in her M.A. Thesis (1970), and she subsequently donated this to the Mitchell Library (ML Doc. 1075). For some reason Bailliere's covering letter has not previously been recorded in spite of requests for Clarke material which have been made to the library at Illinois; it therefore does not appear in McLaren. However it may be found on microfilm in the Bentley Archives, Illinois (Reel 20, item 1576) held in Australia by, for instance, the library of Monash University.

The 'official' version of Clarke's synopsis is a much more satisfactory document than the aide mémoire transcribed above, being more detailed as to the characters, and more suggestive as to influences. For ease of comparison I have therefore inserted it here, together with Bailliers's covering letter, rather than relegating both to an appendix.]

[F.F. Bailliere to Richard Bentley and Sons of London.]

104 Collins St. E. Melbourne. 4 Oct. 1876.

Messrs. Bentley Publishers

Dear Sir

I am about to publish a new novel by Marcus Clarke the author of "His Natural Life" and am desirous of making arrangements with you for an English Edition.

I enclose you a letter from Mr. Clarke in which he gives me the plot of the work. If you entertain the idea I would sell you the advance sheets and undertake not to issue it here until you have recd. the complete work & would not send any Australian copies to England. The copy right is to remain the property of Marcus Clarke. Our arrangement could be made for an edition or the right of ~~sale~~ publishing for a certain number of years.

I shall be glad to hear from you by return making me the offer that would suit you best

Yours Truly

F.F. Bailliere

-----

[ML Doc. 1075. Donated by Miss J.E. Poole, 3.4.67. Photocopy of an original in the Bentley Archives, University of Illinois.]

The Public Library.

Melbourne

2nd. October 1876

F.F. Bailliere Esqr.

Dear Sir

In reply to your communication of Friday last, I beg to forward you a synopsis of the plot of my novel now in MS.

The title is "Felix and Felicitas," and the scene is laid in London in the present day. I have endeavoured to tell the story of a man and woman of high aspirations and strong artistic sympathies falling into a

condition of mental degradation, through want of self control.

Felix Germaine is the son of a country clergyman holding a rectory near Deal in Kent (I am familiar with the local scenery). The brother of this clergyman, a man somewhat of the Canon Kingsley type is travelling as companion and tutor to the young Earl of Godwin. Godwin, when the story opens, has just returned from a voyage in his yacht in the South Pacific (I know the place). You may remember that Lord Pembroke of the 'Earl and the Doctor' made just such another cruise. He hears from Mr. Ampersand a trifler in art circles, that the picture of his school fellow Felix has made the success of the year. The picture is called the Supper of Martha and Mary, and is treated in a manner which would probably be approved by Rossetti Burne Jones & Swinburne. Ampersand invites the party to a concert given by a Mr. Raphael Delevyra, the famous piano-forte maker. Delevyra's real name (folks say) is Levi and he is married to Felicitas Carmel, an opera singer who has lost her voice. Felicitas as all musical people will tell you, is the sister to the celebrated Carmel who made so much money by his violin-playing before he became paralysed in his left hand. Mr. Delevyra is rich, he is the friend of Storton the celebrated financier (he was made a Baron by some Italian method) and knows Quantox the owner of the Isthmian Theatre. Felicitas and Felix both seeking the "higher life" of which we hear so much now adays [sic], fall in love, (Felix is married to a curate's daughter) lose self control, and poetically elope in Godwin's yacht placed by accident at their disposal. Now, my effort at psychological disquisition begins. The pair having got possession of each other, weary of each other, and in a short time hate each other, each accusing each of being the cause of the fall of both from the high moral standard proposed in the first few interviews. Delevyra follows and finds them. Felix expects a duel or a "scene". Not at all. Delevyra though in love with his wife, casts her out of his heart, shows her that she had spent 2/3 of his income, and stripping her treachery of all its fancied romance, shows her her ingratitude. To Felix he scoffs at the "higher life" etc., and pointing out to him his



selfishness and meanness [sic], ends by contemptuously offering to make him an "allowance", if the company of a more "congenial spirit" is needful to the happiness of Felicitas!

Felicitas travels, divorcée, and writes novels and "perigrinations" [sic] (such things have been done before). Felix on his way home in the yacht, is wrecked at Deal near his own home, and taken back to his wife to die. Unhappily he recovers! His wife forgives him, and he "ranges himself." Ampersand points the story of the two ~~life~~ lives in the last chapter. Being at his club, and asked "what the modern Devil is?" He replies "An anticlimax. In modern life men & women never carry out their romances to a proper end." Felix Germaine who should have killed himself or his mistress, is now living happily at home, painting pictures which sell well but haven't a spark of genius, and growing stout. The characters of Ampersand Delevyra -- the modern Jew, half pagan half Deist -- the voluptuary and Storton, Carmel the paralysed violinist are drawn with my greatest care. Perhaps in them and in the minor characters (the two "poets of the age" for example) one who knows might affect to recognise living people. But I have avoided direct personality.

The book may be classed with the literature of which Gautier's Mdl. Maupin, and Sand's Lelia are extreme examples. It is not written virginibus puerisque though full of music and art.

Truly Yours,

Marcus Clarke  
-----

THE 'EXPLANATORY PREFACE'

OF

HAMILTON MACKINNON

to 'Felix and Felicitas.')

[Intended for the Memorial Volume of 1884. For convenience, a fair copy follows the transcription of the original text.]

[2ML211]/ Felix & Felicitas / Introduction / Explanatory Preface./

To give to the world the unfinished work of an author  
~~Though it is generally deemed a hazardous experiment for the future~~  
is deemed to be a hazardous experiment, as regards his reputation. But  
fame of an author to give to the world an unfinished <sup>work</sup> fragment of a work  
those who,  
of which ~~those who~~ read the fragment, now submitted to the public for the  
time, I think, ~~←-----→~~ <sup>omitted</sup> wrong  
first will admit ~~I think~~ that it would have been ~~unjust~~ to have omitted  
a Memorial  
it from ~~this~~ Volume

[2ML213] / 2 /

containing  
of selections from the writings of Marcus Clarke ~~the few~~ a work  
which, <sup>gave</sup> ~~gave~~ according to a London Critic, <sup>"gave</sup> a promise quite  
exceptional" ~~And~~ That the author himself intended to have thrown all his  
power into the book is amply proved by the large mass of notes <sup>made</sup> ~~culled~~  
from a number of sources, & <sup>culled</sup>

[2ML215] / 3 /

minutely  
the careful manner ~~an~~ in which he worked on the geneologies [sic] of the  
leading characters of the novel. Apart from the intrinsic merits of the  
work so far as can be judged by what has been <sup>to those who knew the author</sup> ~~left~~ written there is <sup>^</sup>  
attached <sup>to it [purple]</sup> a special interest ~~with [deletion in purple]~~ as the story is  
based

[2ML217] / 4 /

upon an episode in his own life & some of the characters are  
approximately faithful portraits of persons well known in Melbourne  
Society. <sup>From</sup> ~~Data~~ & memoranda left by the deceased there can be little doubt  
that the correspondence in which ~~Felix & Felicitas~~ the hero & heroine of  
the

[2ML219] / 5 /

novel  
story indulged in their aspirations after that Higher Life which  
Aestheticism has made fashionable among the social Upper Ten & other  
servile which actually  
apish imitators, is in substance identical with a correspondence  
had-taken-place- the  
in-which-he-played-the-role-of-hero-th-the-heroine-being-not-unknown-in-  
literary-&-artistic-circles-here-

[2ML221] / 6 /

[The whole page subsequently deleted in purple]  
tale was not  
As-notes-had-been-kept Whether this was the reason why the author-never  
proceeded with the work after laboriously collecting material &  
carefully  
elaborately out  
<gleaning> sketching the plot so far back as 1876 it is impossible to  
conjecture: but that which led  
say- But ^ there must have been some paramount cause at-work-to  
lead him to cease completing

[2ML223] / 7 /

['a work . . . doubted' deleted in purple.]

<?commencement> which  
a work so full of promise & upon ^ so much time & reflection must have  
work  
been spent cannot be doubted.

As regards the plot of the book story & the moral it-was-his  
to be ['be' purple] ed  
intended it-should convey ['ed' purple] these are briefly explained by  
a friend  
himself in a letter to the late Mr. F.F. Bailliere who was-to offered to

[2ML225] / 8 /

of the volume  
make arrangements for publication ^ in this Colony simultaneously with its  
appearance in London, where the well known publishers Messrs. Bentley &  
Son had undertaken to bring out the work, & who, in fact, did print as  
so  
so  
much of it as the author had written -- thinking very highly of it as to  
repeatedly

[2ML227] /

8 slips missing

[in an unidentified hand on a scrap of brown paper. The hand might be  
that of Ernest Clarke, or of the printer, since calculations found below

(on the verso of 2ML243) are evidence that they did reach him. The first sentence of page 16 below suggests that what is missing might be some of the text which did eventually form part of Mackinnon's biography of Clarke in the Memorial Volume (pp.58-59). 'The anxiety of Messrs. Bentley and Sons to urge on the writer to complete the work' would have followed reasonably from the foot of p.8; and the passage continues with a reference to the setting of 'Felix and Felicitas' 'on the other side of the world' drawn from Mrs. Cashel Hoey's obituary notice of Clarke in the Australasian. Judging from the small amount of text on each slip so far this material could easily have filled eight slips; and the quotation from Mrs. Cashel Hoey would have led naturally to the text of p.16.]

[2ML229] / 16 /

From the foregoing it will be seen that ~~the author had determined~~ Mr Clarke resolved to lay the scene of his fiction in England, a change brought about through the ~~little~~ <sup>meagre[deletion purple.]</sup> pecuniary success ~~made by~~ his powerful novel "His <sup>meagre[ purple]</sup> Natural Life", which, he was ~~told~~ assured by London publishers, was owing

[2ML231] / 17 /

to the tale being of a purely Australian character. It was also his intention, as expressed to friends, to migrate to London under the wing of the Daily-Telegraph for which <sup>journal</sup> he ~~acted~~ acted in ~~in Australia[ purple]~~ and here <sup>as the special</sup> ~~Australia[deletion in purple]~~ in Au Australian correspondent for some time; ~~but~~ and, in order to introduce himself

[2ML233] / 18 /

to the literary world of London ~~of the great metropolis~~ undertook <sup>he</sup> resolved to write a novel with the characters & scenes & having an interest for ~~the dweller~~ belonging to ~~it that City.~~ in the modern Babylon. ~~By those who knew the deceased it will~~ <sup>weak</sup> unhappy <sup>somewhat</sup> One <sup>paraded</sup> characteristic of ~~their~~ the deceased writer is prominently ~~brought forward~~ <sup>indicated</sup> in the work -- namely his ~~extraordinary~~ <sup>Jews</sup> aversion to the ~~Jewish race~~. This aversion, <sup>however,</sup> <sup>to those who were intimately acquainted</sup>

[2ML235] / 19 /

with him arose out of no dislike antipathy to the Jewish race as a race

unreasonable dislike Jewish connection  
but to the almost hatred he bore a relative of his by marriage arising  
owing to  
out of, he alleged, an unreasonable jealousy some family reasons  
of an whi a delicate character nature.

~~From a perusal & comparison of the notes left~~

of enmity  
and that this feeling of sarcastic antipathy is sarcastically  
introduced into  
~~introduced in this novel~~  
[2ML237] / 20 /

is more  
under consideration has apparent mysterious  
the work of his is made plain by the geneology [sic] drawn of  
which sets down tree  
Mr Raphael Delevyra -- that according to the geneological [sic] chart  
his  
Raphael Delevyra's descent was as follows --  
1721

B

|                                  |  |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Abraham Salvador Levi born 1721. | married in                                 |
|                                  | M. 1773 Esther Jacobs.                     |
| <del>b. 1781</del> Delevy        | b. 1781                                    |
| Abraham Levey                    | m. 1821. Rachel Cohen                      |
|                                  | Raphael Delevyra m. 1868 Felicitas Carmel. |

[2ML239] / 21. /

From a per careful perusal of notes left by the author it is  
evident  
plain that the plot of the story underwent w several changes &  
modifications, showing the trouble & labour he gave to this conception of  
his brain. Originally it was intended by him to commence the tale

a description of the following  
narrative with the boyish loves of Felix & Felicitas but, as a  
memo testifies  
memorandum states,  
[2ML241] / 22 /

this " I have altered the lines of the story in order to conform to the  
from  
facts upon which I have drawn the plot" certifies the idea was abandoned  
for the one used.

to the published in it will be seen  
~~And a perusal of to the following chapters will be seen that~~  
By a reference show

composition of the relinquished  
the work was ~~dropped~~ ~~evidently~~ ~~put-by~~ at the chapter dealing with the  
~~corr~~ Aesthetic Correspondence between the hero & heroine, -- & even this  
fragment, more especially the letters, did not receive the finishing  
touches of the master hand -- ~~but-they-have-been-given~~

[2ML243] / 23 /

But what there is has been given ~~without~~ as he wrote it, it being thought

made others  
that corrections ~~might~~ by ~~another~~ would only mar even the rough ~~work~~  
productions of their creator. With this brief explanatory preface the  
reader is asked to read & form his own opinion of the fragmentary "Felix  
& Felicitas" left by Australia's greatest novelist --

[2ML243 verso]

[A scrap of paper has been pasted to this page. It appears to be a  
printer's casting off in at least two unidentified hands, possibly those  
of employees of Cameron, Laing and Co. who printed the Memorial Volume.]

M.S. / Introduction for F & F [ringed blue] / Copy Folio 1 to

26 / <? G. Hill> [ ringed blue.]

contains 213 lines with an average of 5 words to the line and 107 lines  
with an average of 6 words to the line -- making a total of 1707 words --  
making an average of 400 words to the pa<ge> <which> will give 4 pages 6  
lin<es>

(4 pages 6 lines)

20 <?23> slips 4p.1/4 = or <?> 3/4 <?> to the page. (Say 5-1/2)

['Copy Folio 1 to 26' seems to indicate that the 'Explanatory Preface'  
had been, or was about to be given to the compositor; but what we have  
does not amount to twenty-six pages. Five pages bearing a manuscript copy  
of part of Chapter 1 which have already been described ( 11 ), and which  
have not been reproduced in full, follow; but they are numbered 21, and  
21A, B, C and D, making twenty-eight pages. Moreover, this second page 21  
begins in mid-sentence, evidently part of an introduction to the  
description of Felix's painting which is then copied from part of the  
printed Chapter 1; it does not follow on from the existing p.20.]

[2ML245] / 21-21D / [A brief indication of contents.]

[ The introductory phrase is in the same large hand as the 'Explanatory Preface'; the remainder is in a smaller hand which, by the time p.21D is reached, is again large and flowing; and all would appear to be Mackinnon's. Indications for a new paragraph are, for instance, a characteristic '[' , used, though I have not reproduced them, throughout the 'Preface.']

the "The Supper of Martha & Mary"

of his picture — the opening paragraph of the book -- "the picture represented an upper room in a palace. . . ."

[What follows is an exact copy from the printed Chapter 1, beginning from what is actually the fourth, not the first paragraph on [ML11], and continuing to the end of the second paragraph of page 3 [ML13] --  
' . . . . It was as though a visitant from the grave had come to mingle with human voluptuousness.'

The 'Explanatory Preface' was tedious to transcribe and, in its original state, extremely difficult to read. For convenience therefore I include below a fair copy but, since at least some of Mackinnon's deletions are of great importance to the history of 'Felix and Felicitas', I have included these within brackets thus < . . . >

#### The 'Explanatory Preface'

##### A Fair Copy

To give to the world the unfinished work of an author is deemed to be a hazardous experiment, as regards his reputation. But those who read the fragment, now submitted to the public for the first time will I think admit that it would have been wrong to have omitted from a Memorial Volume containing selections from the writings of Marcus Clarke a work which, according to a London Critic "gave a promise quite exceptional." That the author himself intended to have thrown all his power into the book is amply proved by the large mass of notes culled from a number of sources, & the minutely careful manner in which he worked on the



geneologies [sic] of the leading characters of the novel. Apart from the intrinsic merits of the work so far as can be judged by what has been written there is attached to it to those who knew the author a special interest. The story is based upon an episode in his own life & some of the characters are approximately faithful portraits of persons well known in Melbourne Society. From memoranda left by the deceased there can be little doubt that the correspondence in which the hero & heroine of the novel indulged in their aspirations after that Higher Life which Aestheticism has made fashionable among the social Upper Ten & other servile imitators, is in substance identical with a correspondence which actually <had taken place, in which he played the role of the hero the heroine being not unknown in literary & artistic circles here. As notes had been kept. Whether this was the reason why the tale was not proceeded with after laboriously collecting material & elaborately sketching out the plot so far back as 1876 it is impossible to conjecture: but that there must have been some paramount cause which led him to cease completing a work so full of promise & upon which so much time & reflection must have been spent cannot be doubted.>

As regards the plot of the story & the moral intended to be conveyed these are briefly explained by himself in a letter to a friend <the late Mr. F.F.Bailliere> who offered to make arrangements for publication of the volume in this Colony simultaneously with its appearance in London, where the well known publishers Messrs. Bentley & Son had undertaken to bring out the work, and who, in fact, did print as much of it as the author had written -- thinking so highly of it as to repeatedly < 8 slips missing; possibly material which appears in the Memorial Volume biography (pp.58-59) following a reference to Bentley.> From the foregoing it will be seen that Mr Clarke had resolved to lay the scenes of his fiction in England, a change brought about through the meagre pecuniary success of his powerful novel His Natural Life, which, he was assured by London publishers, was owing to the tale being of a purely Australian character. It was also his intention, as expressed to

friends, to migrate to London under the wing of the Daily Telegraph for which journal he acted in Australia as special correspondent for some time; and, in order to introduce himself to the literary world of London he undertook to write a novel with characters having an interest for & scenes belonging to the modern Babylon. One unhappy characteristic of the deceased is somewhat prominently paraded in the work -- namely his apparently unreasonable aversion to Jews. This aversion, however, to those who were intimately acquainted with him arose out of no antipathy to the Jewish race as a race but to the dislike <almost unreasonable hatred> he bore a Jewish connection <relative of his by marriage> owing to, he alleged, <an unreasonable jealousy> some family reasons of a delicate nature, and that this feeling of enmity is sarcastically introduced into the work under consideration is <?made> apparent by the mysterious geneology [sic] drawn of Mr Raphael Delevyra -- which sets down his descent as follows --

Abraham Salvador Levi B 1721 m.1773 Esther Jacobs

Abraham Delevy b.1781 m. Rachel Cohen 1821

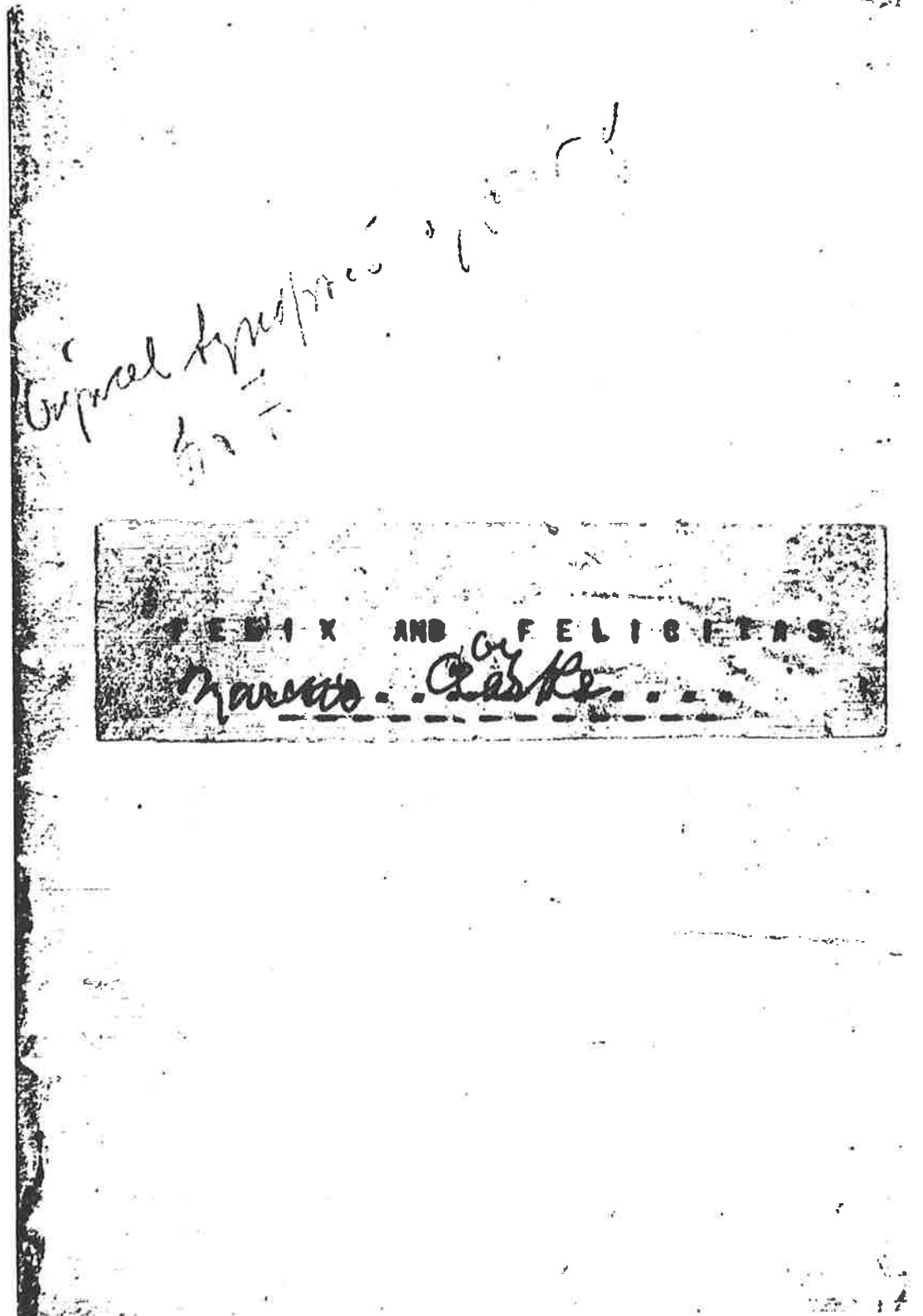
Raphael Delevyra m.Felicitas Carmel 1868.

From a careful perusal of notes left by the author it is evident that the plot of the story underwent several changes & modifications, showing the trouble and labour he gave to this conception of his brain. Originally it was intended by him to commence the narrative with a description of the boyish loves of Felix & Felicitas but, as the following memo "I have altered the lines of the story in order to conform to the facts from which I have drawn the plot" certifies, the idea was abandoned for the one used. By a reference to the <following> published chapters it will be seen that the composition of the work was relinquished at the chapter dealing with the Aesthetic Correspondence between the hero & heroine, -- & even this fragment, more especially the letters, did not receive the finishing touches of the master hand. But

what there is has been given as he wrote it, it being thought that corrections made by <another> others would only mar even the rough productions of their creator. With this brief explanatory preface the reader is asked to read & form his own opinion of the fragmentary 'Felix & Felicitas' left by Australia's greatest novelist --]

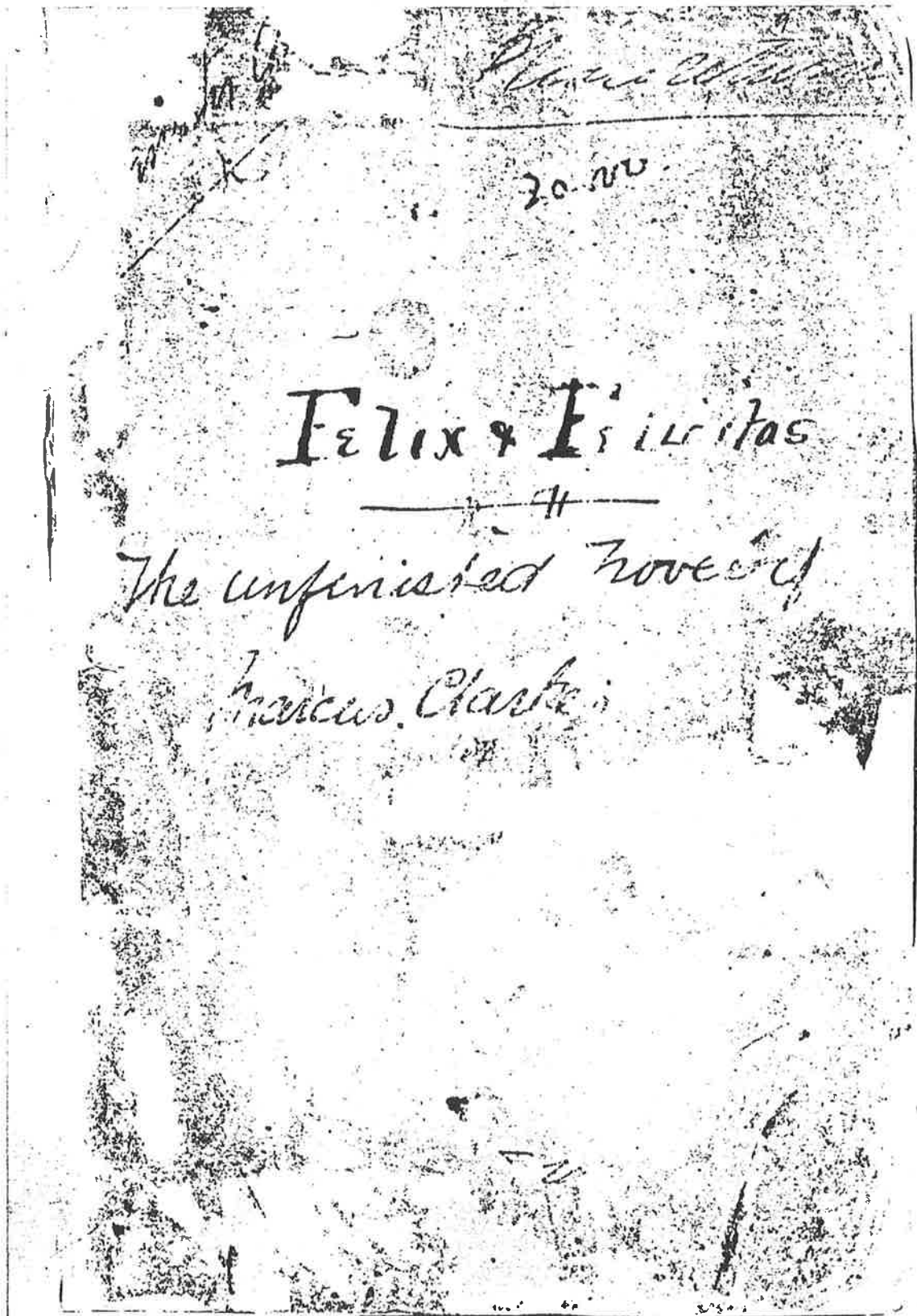
THE PRINTED CHAPTERS

1-6



[Heavy cream paper front wrapper, originally stitched. Probably held complete printed synopsis; see fragment (284).

\*Original Synopsis of plot of F & F.\* (pencil)/ MS hand on title label could be Clarke family. / ]



[Front wrapper for printed chapters, grey, stitched, damaged.

Top L H, 'master copy' pencil, ?\* /

Top R H, 'Please return' pencil, ?\*, 20 000 ? printer. /

Title: unknown hand; but underlining matches Top L.H. / MS addition appears to be Mackinnon's. / Centre foot '20' pencil, damaged.]

**Marcus Clarke**

"The following is a synopsis of my novel now in M.S. The title is FELIX AND FELICITAS. Those who were in the Academy Exhibition of 18—remember the picture 'Martha and Mary.' The artist was a Mr. Felix Germaine, the son of a country parson having a rectory near Deal. I know the place well. The brother of this clergyman is travelling tutor and friend to Lord Godwin (a democratic Earl) who has just returned from a cruise in the South Seas in his yacht. Ampersand, the idler (everybody knows him), meets Godwin on his return, and tells him of the success of his old schoolfellow—Felix. He brings both to a concert at Raphael Delevyra's, the famous pianoforte maker; and there they hear some good musical and witty talk. Stivelyn, Carbeth, Storton,—not unlike Swinburne, Buchanan, and Albert Grant—are there amongst others. Felix, who is married to a charmingly domesticated wife, falls in love with Mrs. Delevyra, who, as all the world knows, was Felicitas Carmel—the niece of Carmel, the violinist, who retired from public life, having paralysis of the left hand. (N.B.—The great Beethoven was deaf; but his torments were nothing to Carmel's.) Mr. Delevyra is a rich, thriving man—some say that his name is really Levi—but Felicitas doesn't care for him. She and Felix you see—want to live that Higher Life of which we have heard so much lately; and consequently they resolve to break the Seventh Commandment. They get away in Godwin's yacht; and now begins my effort at mental analysis. In a little time they grow weary; then blame each other; then they are poor; and finally they hate each other—each blaming each for causing the terrible fall from the high standard of Ideality settled by them in their early interviews. In the midst of this Delevyra appears. The Jew has made up his mind. He loves his wife, but she has betrayed him. He will not forgive her; or, rather, he cannot forgive himself. He explains the common sense view of the matter. He shows her that she has spent two-thirds of his income—that her desertion was not only treacherous, but foolish, inasmuch as she loses respect, position, and money. In fine, with some sarcasm and power, he strips adultery of its poetic veil, and shows it to be worse than a crime—a blunder. Felix expects a duel—not at all. Delevyra discourses him sweetly upon the 'Higher Life,' and says to his wife—'If this is the congenial soul you pipe for I will allow him £300 a year to live with you and make you happy.' Felicitas trembles.

[Pasted inside front wrapper (283); provenance uncertain.]

The page appears to have been cut rather than torn; and stitch marks indicate that it may have been bound in its own wrapper (282) when complete.]

## FELIX AND FELICITAS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SUPPER OF MARTHA AND MARY.

THOSE who were in London in the spring of 187- will remember that the picture of the year was called "The Supper of Martha and Mary."

Though the artist had been earning his living by his brush for nearly four years, his name was new to the public, and the crowd around the painting in the first days of the Academy Exhibition was proportionately great. It is said that, in the conduct of life, wise men prefer a middle course. The crowd—which is not composed of wise men—is always in extremes. A genius, to be admired by the herd, must either be very well known or not known at all. In 187- it was the fashion to be not known at all; for although rank, beauty, and wealth were grouped in front of Mr. Milman's "Islington Cattle Show," Mr. Vanderbank's "Down by the Deep, Deep Sea," and Mr. Coppernole's "Portrait of a Lady," the well-dressed mob was densest in that portion of the rooms where hung the work of Mr. Felix Germaine.

"What do you think of it, Felicitas?" asked a gentleman of his wife.

The picture represented an upper room in a palace. Columns of malachite sustained a roof of cedar, inlaid with gold. On a dais, in the centre, was a triclinium set as for a Roman banquet. In the immediate foreground, beneath the centre table, ran from left to right four broad and shallow steps of white marble, banded with five narrow carpets of Persian pattern. The steps were crowded with ministrant figures, who, clad in rich costumes of mediæval pageantry, bore dishes of silver and ewers of rarest ware. A white peacock sat upon the gilded rail which ran round the dais, and pecked at a pomegranate offered him by a negro boy, radiant in a tunic of yellow silk. In addition to the side-tables, loaded with plate, and the many *repositoria* borne

[Top R.H. corner 20,160, pencil. Gathering number at foot.

All sheets 122 by 180 mm.]



by the attendants, a centre-table of ivory, inlaid with tortoise-shell, was heaped with fruits, the bloom of which shamed the rich dyes of the embroidered cloth into dulness.

In the host-seat, beneath a statue of a lioness holding fast a captive ram, reclined a woman large of limb, and fair with the fairness of radiant and lovely health. Her golden hair, knotted and banded as the hair of the Venus of Giulio Romano, yet escaped in one wanton tress; her gorget of Venetian damask showed half the orbs of her low-set and elastic bosom; the short, but taper, fingers of one plump hand played with the black globes of scattered grapes; the other hand held back a heavy robe of violet velvet from the clutch of a naked and rosy child, who contested with a fawning panther cub for a caress. Her face, serene, full-lipped, and indolent, was turned from the spectator just sufficiently to show the creaming fold of the stately neck which bore that voluptuous head. [173]

Her glance was directed towards the guest-seat. It was occupied by a young man clad in the sad-coloured, flowing robes which were worn in the Florence of Dante. His hood, fallen back, showed a sallow face of the strictest Semitic type; his aqueline nose, large, sensitive nostrils, black beard, and curling black hair, bespoke him a Jew; his thin cheeks, red lips, and wearied, yet eager eyes gave token of a temperament more enthusiastic than enduring. One lean, nervous hand hung at his side, and was clasped between the folded palms of a girl whose strait bosom and modestly-knotted hair were in keeping with her simple garment of white woollen stuff. [114]

The girl sat at the feet of the young man, and her upturned face was aglow with that enquiring ignorance which is the chief beauty of virgins who are at once innocent and healthy. Her broad brow, her liquid grey eye, her thin and parted lips, seemed instinct with a dreamy intelligence of some untasted but divine delight, an intelligence shadowed by a dimmer consciousness that, after divine delight had died, diviner desire still would live and yearn.

The face upon which she looked reflected her own unrest. The young man seemed unheedful of the glories of the garden and the fulness of the feast. His festal rose-wreath had fallen neglected at his side. The amethyst glasses were still full of untasted wine. The panniers of black and white olives that [114]

[Numbers -- my addition -- in purple; probably the printer, since there are one or two corrections to Mackinnon's 'Explanatory Preface' in purple which do not seem to be in his hand either. All following numbers refer to endnotes.]

[cf. last line. Examiner reads #1, 4. Perhaps text to this point accounts for pp. 1-4 of Clarke's MS.] 286

the silver camels bore were unlightened. The antics of the buffoons, and the music of the flute-players, the very Nubians who knelt with water for the hands seemed alike unheeded. His glance was turned to the woman at the couch, but the light of those luminous and liquid eyes was far from her. In his sorrow-troubled face, keen with sweet sympathy for all that was far, and full of sad pity for all that was near, one might read much knowledge, much pain, much weariness of living, much eagerness to complete what business he yet had with life.

In the background of this strange and fantastic grouping of incongruities—and it was no slight proof of the merit of the artist that one saw this figure last of all—stood a man with hood down-drawn, and mantle so austere folded that it seemed a cerement. The setting sun flung the chilling shadow of this figure to the feet of the woman on the couch. It was as though a visitant from the grave had come to mingle with human voluptuousness.

The lady looked at the picture for some time in silence, her dark eyes dilating, her thin, keen lips pressed together.

"How can you ask such a question?" she said at last with some heat. "Like it? It is not a picture to like. One must either admire or detest ideas like that."

"Who is he, Ampersand?" asked her husband of his friend.

"The son of a country parson, like all the rest of us," replied Mr. Ampersand, straightening his elegant little figure, and smoothing his beardless wrinkles with a lemon-colored glove. "His father married old Lady Scrimgeour's step-daughter, and she got her brother, before he died, to give him one of the Godwin livings. His uncle was at Trinity with me, and is now, by grace of the dowager countess, travelling tutor to young Godwin. They have just come back from the Cannibal Islands, I believe, in Godwin's yacht. I have an appointment to meet them here."

"Would you like to know him, Felicitas?" asked the spruce, sallow man with a certain lordly disregard of Ampersand's particulars.

"Yes. Bring him with you this evening, Mr. Ampersand, and the Cannibal too, if he will come;" and drawing her furs tighter around her thin figure, young Mrs. Delevyra motioned

her husband forward by a twinkle of her eyelash.

Gilbert Ampersand looked after them with a pleased smile. "How well she does it! How excellently he takes it! And yet people say that there is no drama now."

At this instant the crowd opened, and two persons stopped abruptly in front of him. One was a man of thirty-six years of age, with a long beard and a white necktie; the other was a man of twenty-two years of age, with a black necktie and no beard.

"Hallo, Ampersand!" says the white necktie.

"My dear Fabian! I was speaking of you but a moment back."

"Let me introduce you to the Earl of Godwin!" says Dr. Fabian Germaine.

The stalwart, grave young man with the brown hands and sailor-like aspect of throat bowed.

"I have heard of you, sir," he said with respect. "You are a journalist."

"He says that because he has just become an author," said Dr. Fabian, laughing. "But come, tell us what we are to see."

"This!" cries Ampersand, and wheeled them both round in front of the "Martha and Mary."

The Reverend Dr. Fabian Germaine was a naturalist of some eminence, an athlete, and a believer in the doctrines of the Church of England.

"The sentiment of the picture is mean," said he. "Apart from suggested sensuality, the artist has deprived the figure of Christ of all its divinity."

The Earl happened to be a thoroughly healthy young man, who had been made the intimate friend of his tutor.

"The face is too effeminate," said he. "The man who drove the money-changers out of the Temple had more stuff in him than that fellow."

"Ay!" returned the clergyman, in tones whose reverend accents can only be rendered here by capital letters. "And the Man who fondled little children had more stuff in Him. The unconscious display of a paternal instinct is a sure sign of masculinity." 169

"Old Storton, who was here just now gorging himself with color, declared the flesh tints to be very fine," said Ampersand.

"The podophthalmous old monster was positively feeling the canvas with his eyes."

"The color is brilliant, certainly," said Godwin; "look at those leopard cubs."

"Pray who is the artist?" asked Fabian Germaine.

"Your nephew, Felix!"

"God bless me! So he has got out of dreaming into working!"

"You have been away three years, my dear Fabian," said Ampersand. "Your nephew has become clever: if he was a little madder, I should be inclined to almost allow him genius."

"Your nephew!" cries Godwin. "Young Felix! I remember him. And so *he* did this! While we've been lounging in the South Seas, he has become famous. Bravo!"

"Where is he?" asks Fabian.

"I have only a club address: but I am to bring him to-night to a friend's house. All the literary and artistic world, and that sort of trouble. Will you come?"

"If you can take me, and I may bring Godwin."

"Only too glad to see him. My friends adore genius and Earls."

"Who is our host?" asked Godwin.

"A decent fellow. Plays like Thalberg: has a charming wife, and is worth a mint of money. He feasts you like Alexander, and thrills you like Timotheus." 170

"His name?"

"Raphael Delevyra."

"An artist?"

"No; a pianaforte-maker."

"The same eccentric fellow as ever, Ampersand," laughed Fabian Germaine.

"My dear Fabian, why should I alter? I have no responsibilities, no landed estates, no wife, no children. I am simply an independent person who lives on an island called Gilbert Ampersand. You needn't stop his lordship's yacht there, you know."

"Insecure anchorage, Mr. Ampersand, eh?" laughs Godwin, good-naturedly. "Well, call for us at the Pegasus, and we will be ready. You were going to tell me who he was when we met him," he added, as the little man moved away.

"My oldest friend. His father kept a little book-shop in Great Turnstile, Holborn, saved money, and sent his son to College. He took high honors, and adopted medicine as a profession. Three days after he had taken his M.D., a distant relation died and left him thirty thousand pounds. The bequest ruined him."

"Ruined him?"

"He put it all into the 3 per cents., and immediately became the most elaborate idler in London. His talent procures him admission to great houses, and his fortune renders him independent of patrons."

"How enviable," said Godwin. "That's better than being an earl, doctor, especially when one has opinions."

"That's as it may be, my dear Alfred: but I doubt if Amper-sand is happy."

"He is not married?"

"Of course not. Men of his stamp never marry. He rails against women."

"I don't like him the better for that," said Godwin.

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned the parson. "There is nothing so healthy for a young man as the society of women of his own rank. That reminds me that to-morrow you must go down to Henacre, and see your mother." 171

"You will come with me, of course?"

"No. I must go to Fasham, to see my brother. I want to hear about Felix. Besides, my boy, the time has come for us to part company. You must assume your responsibilities."

"True. I would much rather go back to the South Seas."

"Very likely, but your duty is here. You must take your seat, look after your tenantry, and do your life's business. Earldoms are not given for nothing, you know. What about all the projects we have talked of so often?"

Lord Godwin sighed, but it was a manly sigh, and had in its sound nothing of preevishness. "I have not forgotten," he said to his tutor. "Let us go; I've had enough of these pictures."

His parting words caused a young man who was standing in the shadow of one of the doorways to turn his head.

"Alfred and my uncle Fabian," said he to himself, checking an impulse to step forward. "I did not know they were back. Had enough of the pictures! Of course he has. Too great a

man to trouble himself about such a small thing as Art. I suppose!"

In one sense, Felix Germaine was right. Alfred Egbert Ernest Hacon Cornillo, fourteenth Earl of Godwin, Viscount Keriell, and Baron Henacre, in the County of Kent, with a pedigree from Ethelred the Unready, and a rent-roll supplemented by the compulsory savings of a minority of sixteen years, might have repudiated Art, without injury to his social well-being. Moreover, he had been simply and decently bred to manliness, cleanliness, and something of superstition, and it was just possible that much which the producer of "Martha and Mary" might call Art would be distasteful to him.

The artist watched the stalwart figure of his childhood's companion until it was lost in the crowd, and then betook himself to listen to the comments upon his own picture. He had waited long enough for this notoriety and his vanity was greedy for it.

"At last!" he thought, as he caught a murmur among the crowd, when some one pronounced his name. "They appreciate me. They understand me. I am worth more to them than he is. I have made a name!"

Already it seemed to him that he breathed a purer air, that he walked in sunshine instead of gloom. His discontents passed from him. His progress through the well-dressed mob was, he thought, a sort of triumph. Women, handsome and well-bred, looked wonderingly after him. He felt the magnetic thrill of admiring eyes. He seemed taller, stronger, bolder, better dressed, and more at ease than he had ever been in his life before.

With sprightly mien and head erect, humming a gay air, he walked down to the club of which Ampersand had spoken. The Pegasus, was one of those minor vehicles for driving through London life, which are to the famous club-houses as an actress's brougham is to a peer's travelling chariot. Even as he ascended the steps the artist found himself calculating if he should not soon be able to command entrance into one of those palaces of leisure which are reserved for the accepted masters of society.

The servant brought him Ampersand's note:—

"Your picture has made a genuine success; not that I care

much about it, by the way—and I suppose that your personal equation is raised in consequence. I've got an invitation for you to Raphael Delevyra's—*ετι γαρ μελει σον των προβατων αθανατω γεγεννημενω*—if an Immortal can stoop to Mutton. Godwin and your uncle will be there, and what is more important to you, critics by the coatsful. Shall call at 9.30.

"Yours, G.A."

## CHAPTER II.

### A PARTY AT A PIANOFORTE-MAKER'S.

MR. RAPHAEL DELEVYRA—people who were not asked to his musical parties said that his name was Levi—was the world-renowned firm of *Delevyra Frères*, whose pianos were familiar objects in every drawing-room in Europe. I say that he was the firm, because he had long ago eliminated from the business everybody but himself. He had a brother once, people said, a brother with capital, who had exhausted himself in a struggle with the Broadwoods, Auchers, and Erards. But the genius of Raphael had plucked fortune out of ruin, and by some means, no one exactly knew how or why, the instruments which bore his name had beaten out of the field all others. Envious rivals, and those people who affect to know everything, asserted that Raphael Delevyra's success began by the fact that Carmel, the famous pianist would use no other instrument than a Delevyra Grand at his concerts, and that the merchant was accustomed to present players of notoriety with the most costly pianos, on the sole condition that the said players advertised the fact that they interpreted the masters of music by aid of the Delevyra Dictionary. It matters but little how success was achieved. Delevyra achieved it. He had twenty manufactories. He was rich. Every musician of note was made his personal friend. It was said that his purse was always open to

distressed genius. In him struggling journalists, musical men of letters, promising critics oppressed with immediate necessity of paying for the privilege of living, found—it was rumored—a generous creditor. His horses, his wine, his pictures, were all excellent. His suppers were a *rendezvous* for everybody who was successful in any of the fine arts. The solid men of letters were not to be found there. The men whose philosophic disquisitions upon history or morals delighted or instructed severe thinkers did not visit the piano-maker. The three great masters of English romance—one of whom was said to be a woman—had never entered his doors. But the notorieties of the hour—the gorilla hunters, the Esquimaux dog drivers, the swamp explorers, the “special correspondents,” the contributors to “brilliant” serials, the readers of the last new paper at the Geographical Society—were always present during their hour of fame. The freedom of his house was a mint-mark to rising novelists and “promising” people. Lord Needham, who owned a theatre: Major Cottesmere, who had ridden to Kashgar: Colonel Tremaine, who had penetrated to the source of the Gihon:—these sort of men liked the easy hospitality of Delevyra: and yet, beyond playing his own pianos with more dexterity than taste, he did nothing personally to entertain his guests.

Those who affected to know Raphael Delevyra better than the majority of his acquaintances, declared that he had but one object in life—the acquirement of luxuries for himself. They said that he was a selfish man, who wished to be entertained. They said that he was at heart a shopkeeper, and that the only difference between him and other tradesmen was, that he traded in genius. Such persons declared Raphael Delevyra to be cold, calculating, and cruel. They predicted a sudden termination to his prosperity, and were good enough to remind their interlocutors that the Best People did not visit Mrs. Delevyra, who, it was well known to them, had been a singer at provincial concerts. Ampersand, who undertook to be the vinegar in the social salad, told these things to Felicitas Delevyra.

“You ought to practice yourself to hear slanders,” he told her. “Noirtier, in ‘Monte Christo,’ accustomed himself to poison until he was proof against its effects. The same story is told of Mithridates, a king of Pontus: but the writer evidently



stole the notion from Dumas, or whoever it was who wrote that particular one of Dumas' works. Besides, there is a good deal of truth in the stories—insn't there?"

The house at Albert Gate was crowded with people when Felix arrived, and he found himself wedged in the staircase between two poets. Mr. Stivelyn had rehabilitated Paganism and Mr. Carbeth had it in his mind to rehabilitate Christianity. The former had gained a reputation by the nakedness of his first appearance, and sustained it by the beauty of the singing-garments which he afterwards invented to cover the same. The latter, having made enemies of a great number of people of whom he might as readily have made friends, published a volume under a title which misled them into praising it. One was a man of the people—the other a man of family, and between them was a border land of mutual dislike on which they sometimes met.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Germaine," said Stivelyn. "Alhama says that only Fiametti has equalled you, and Fiametti, as you know, never exhibits."

"One of his chief merits in my eyes," said Ampersand. "He is an artist of the cloister. Fiametti has a truly religious mind. How he can tolerate your poetry, my dear Stivelyn, is more than I can tell."

"Some of his own poems are quite as highly coloured," said Felix, who knew that Carbeth had said of the school which Stivelyn and Fiametti had founded, that it endeavoured to show that it was all Soul, by exhibiting itself all Body, "and Mr. Fiametti does not agree with Mr. Carbeth."

"There is only one law of Art," said Carbeth: "Form—that is to say, Harmony."

"It is easy enough to deal with black and white," said Stivelyn. "It is very difficult to deal with grey, as Mr. Germaine knows."

Felix smiled at an illustration so exactly after his own heart. "Half-tones in books and in pictures are always the most difficult. But I think that Fiametti has been most successful in his half-tones."

They had got by this time as far as the second ante-chamber, and a tall, thin man who was examining a medallion of carved ivory representing the stoning of Stephen, struck into the

conversation. It was Baltazarini, the violinist. "Half-tones! The most difficult things in the world. Why? Because a musical note is infinitely divisible. When you painters have run through your prism, you are no more! Stivelyn can express a sunset in a poem better than you can in a picture. I can express it better in a sonata than Stivelyn in a poem. Music is the Genius of the Arts."

"The lowest human faculty, my dear Baltazarini," said Sir Thomas Levick. "The lower animals are better musicians than you are. There have been idiots who have played and sang divinely. Believe me, the Genius of music is in the soul of the hearer."

"And the Genius of poetry in the intellect of the listener?" said Carbeth.

"And the Genius of painting in the retina of the seer?" said Felix.

"The Genius of all of them is appreciation, and appreciation is nothing more than the sympathetic resonance of the third note, which was discovered by Tartini," said Ampersand gravely. "If a musician can sound the two upper notes of his chord correctly, the response *must* be made. As with sound, so with light and sensation."

"Your materialism is frightful, dear Mr. Ampersand," said the mild voice of the celebrated architect, Mr. Quarterfoyle. "The tenderest emotions of the soul are then merely the result of certain chemical changes in nerve tissue?"

"I did not say so," returned Ampersand. "Nevertheless without the chemical changes you would not get the sensations. I have had it in my mind for some time to write the *Histochemistry of the Passions*."

Quarterfoyle smiled. "Science is your religion, Mr. Ampersand."

"Why not?" said Ampersand. "If not so lively a mistress as Art, she is more consoling a companion."

"I always venerate Rome," said Carbeth. "for one thing. She established modern art."

"Because she dared not establish modern science," said Stivelyn in a whisper.

"She not only established modern music," said Baltazarini. "but she invented it."

"We all have much to thank Rome for," said Ampersand, dryly, "if it is for only producing the Reformation."

"For my part," said Stivelyn, "I stopped my thanksgiving when I reached the period of Gregory the Great."

"And pray, how did he offend you?" asked the architect, who was a sincere Catholic, and had made a fair reputation by force of pure Gothic.

"He was the incarnation of the Byzantine principle of ignorance," said Stivelyn, coolly. "He forbade the study of the classics, attacked Livy, boasted of writing without grammar, and burned the Palatine Library of Augustus Cæsar. Having done this, he established that monstrous system of idolatry which we call Christianity."

"Idolatry!" said Levick. "Come, come, that is a harsh word!"

"To ascribe to God the feelings and attributes of a man is idolatry of the worst kind," said the undaunted poet.

"May I take the liberty, Mr. Stivelyn," asked Quarterfoyle, flushing slightly, "of asking if in the last census-paper you had the courage to write yourself down a Christian?"

"In census-papers one is always of the religion of the Government," interjected Ampersand.

"I was not in England at the time," said Stivelyn. "Moreover, my religious opinions were fluctuating; they are now confirmed. I am a convert to pure Bhuddism."

"And what is that exactly?" asked Felix, laughing, as the architect passed on.

"The acknowledgment of a Supreme Power, without the acceptance of a Supreme Being."

"It seems broad enough," said Levick, taking snuff. "One can stretch one's mind in it, certainly. What makes you so meditative, Ampersand?"

"I was thinking how much society has changed during the last 300 years. If you'd said half as much to that mild-looking Catholic then as you have said now, you would have been burned alive."

"The priests would burn alive now if it wasn't for the newspapers," said Stivelyn. "I cannot help laughing at those poor people who think that Rome can be tolerant. Toleration is opposed to all her traditions. A tolerant priest is a contradiction in terms."

"I am in hopes that a few centuries of progress will banish the clergy altogether," said Ampersand.

"And what would you substitute for them?" asked Carbeth. "The College of Surgeons. The gloomy and dreadful superstition which we call popular theology is the product of unhealthy living. A proper knowledge of hygiene would clear the moral atmosphere wonderfully."

"I have often thought," said Stivelyn, "that if we were to follow out the homœopathic principle of infinitesimal doses in food as well as in medicine, we should be much better."

"Of course. The great tendency of the age is to concentration. Our books and poems must be short, or nobody reads them. We have essence of beef, essence of coffee, food lozenges. Aliment is packed into the smallest compass. Now, if we can put the nutritive qualities of a beefsteak into a lozenge, which is 100 times smaller than the beefsteak, why may we not put the nutritive qualities of the lozenge into something which is again 100 times smaller than itself?"

"Excellent!" cried Stivelyn. "Inhale a leg of mutton through a pastille box, and get excessively drunk on a supernaculum of Maraschino!"

"Eating is certainly a cumbrous method of supplying nutriment to the body," said Carbeth, "but it is, I am afraid, necessary."

"By no means. The substances required can all be supplied in a chemist's laboratory—phosphorus, nitrogen, alcohol, and so on, are cheap enough. The coming man will have in his bedroom two drawers—one labelled 'Body,' and the other 'Mind.' When he wants to ride a steeplechase, he will take a globule containing the constituents of meat, potatoes, and malt liquor; when he desires to write a poem, he will swallow a lozenge which gives him alcohol, milk, and caffeine."

"I shall play Mirabeau, and exhaust my mind-box at a gulp," said Stivelyn.

"*You* might, my dear fellow," said Ampersand, "but your grandchildren wouldn't. It would be impossible for them to take more than the exact quantity of nourishment which nature required, for they would have no room to put more! Progressive development would have banished that cumbrous thing called a stomach for ever!"

[Note correction, centre-page.]

"I hope not!" cried the violinist, smoothing his waistcoat with a gesture of alarm.

"Nonsense!" said Ampersand, with a magnificent air. "You would no longer require half an acre of digestive surface coiled away in a great bag. Nature would have modified your cooking apparatus to the size of the kitchen, and one neat tube some sixteen inches in length would be all that you would require."

A laugh went round.

"Come," said Stivelyn, "we are forgetting politeness. There's Mrs. Delevyra talking to Minniver. Let me present the successful artist to her;" and he took Felix by the arm.

The little crowd parted at the advance of the well-known poet, and Felix found himself listening indistinctly to his own praises, spoken by one of the most notable men of the day.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Germaine," said the lady, and held out her hand.

Felix took it, and bowing, raised his eyes to his hostess. He saw a thin woman of middle height, perfectly well dressed, and having her shoulders covered. Her face was oval, with a short square chin: white teeth, and red though by no means full lips, redeemed a somewhat muddy complexion. The charm of her face was in its broad low forehead and keen luminous brown eyes. Felix pressed her hand, and the touch of it exhausted his stock of common-place ideas. He stood silent.

His silence seemed embarrassing to Mrs. Delevyra, but recovering herself in an instant, she turned to Ampersand.

"Where is my Earl," she asked, "have you brought him?"

"Here he comes," said Ampersand, who, in fact, descried at that instant the figure of the young man making his way towards them, and Mr. Germaine's uncle with him. "Lord Godwin, let me present you to Mrs. Delevyra. My oldest friend, Dr. Germaine."

"I have already made acquaintance with your nephew," said she. "In fact I may say that the world has just made acquaintance with him."

"How are you, Felix?" said Lord Godwin. "I saw your picture to day."

The buzz of general recognition and complimentary speech was broken in upon by the chords of a piano prefacing that

sudden hush with which the immediate audience welcome a musical performance.

"My husband is about to accompany Madame Marzan," said Mrs. Delevyra.

"Madame Marzan!" said Ampersand, surprised for a moment into astonishment. "I thought she had made wings for St. Petersburg."

"You didn't read *us* to-night, evidently," said Paul Jones, one of the musical critics of the *St. James's Gazette*. "Your morning journals are usually wrong."

"She is going to sing something from Herr Siebel's new opera," said Mrs. Delevyra, with affected carelessness. "You know that Quantox has promised to produce it?" /e/

"Nobody knew it," said Ampersand, raising his eyebrows in a rapid signal of approval.

"My dear boy," said Dr. Germaine in the ear of Felix: "this is a strange meeting. So you are famous, it seems."

"It seems so," said Felix, with some confusion.

The song chosen by the great *prima donna* was that one in *Atta Troil* which has since become vulgarised. We who are accustomed to hear Der Rebellengesang tormented out of the bowels of a hand-organ at the corner of every street, can form but little idea of the enthusiasm with which it was received for the first time, and from the lips of Amalie Marzan. 174

"Madame Marzan, you shall never leave England," cried Stivelyn. "Quantox shall petition Parliament to compel you to live here always."

"We will declare war if you hint such a thing!" said young de Kerouaille, of the French embassy. "We would send a fleet for her."

Carbeth, who had a sentimental soul, wiped his eyes furtively, and pretended to be occupied with a portfolio of sketches.

"The opera is magnificent," said Madame Marzan, taking Delevyra's arm: "Herr Siebel has excelled himself."

"He has, indeed," grumbled old Quantox. "Forty-four violins!"

"He meditates a symphony of musketry in his next work," said Ampersand, "together with cannon for the broader effects. But it is decided that you produce *Atta Troil*?"

"Delevyra decided it. Marzan refused to sing at first, but he

[Note correction, R.H. margin. Too slight to be identified as Clarke's; especially as he used either this or a Greek 'e' indiscriminately.]

persuaded her. Ha! Old Steindhalle is going to play 'Lovely Youth,' from *Theodora*. He always plays something from *Theodora*. Let us go."

"No; I want to stop and hear some more Siebel."

"You wont; I have her promise for only one song," said Quantox.

"The Duke of Birmingham asked her yesterday, so young Salford told me at the Club, and she refused. He has a concert to-morrow."

"I know—I am going. Piolini will sing for him. He is as good as Lulli. Thank God, they've stopped Steindhalle, Baltazarini is going to play. Ah!—Oh!—Ah! It is *I Miei Sospiri*." And the fat old manager closed his eyes as an epicure who palates an oyster. "Divine Stradella!"

"He is swallowing him like macaroni," said Ampersand to Lord Godwin, whom he found at his elbow.

"Do you really care for these sort of entertainments?" asked Godwin, wearily.

b) "Not a bit. This is not the place to hear Stradella. He should be played only in spring time, and never then but in a warm afternoon and in a Venetian garden."

"I did not know that you were a poet," said Godwin.

"Neither am I one. But I like things fitting. Siebel is well enough here. Meyerbeer would be better. Verdi best of all, But then one sings the music of these men."

"And is not the music of other men to be sung?"

"Not all of it. Bellini should be sighed, Chopin dreamt, and Stradella—"

"What of Stradella?"

—"Do you know," said Quantox unclosing his eyes, "that I am growing deaf! I have positively lost nearly all that you have been saying."

Godwin began to apologise, but Ampersand cut him short with an introduction.

"If Mr. Quantox had known that your lordship was an Earl, he would have listened to you with profound attention."

"Prince Esterhazy was the patron of Schubert," said Quantox, oozing smiles, "and I suppose Earl Godwin is the patron of Holzer."

"Who is Holzer?" asked Godwin, "I never even heard of him,"

"He is a Viennese, whom they have brought over to sing against my Hungarian," returned Quantox. "I trust that your lordship will realise the difference in chest notes when you have heard them both."

Godwin bit his lips, with an air at once puzzled and pained. "I will do my best to learn," said he, and then took Ampersand's arm.

"I am quite lost among all these musicians and clever people. Tell me who they all are. Who is Quantox?"

"Quantox is anybody you like. For all practical purposes, he was born at forty-eight years of age, in the time of the Great Exhibition. Some great personage wanted a chorus of national-school children. Quantox offered to arrange the ceremony. Had it been a chorus of laughing hyænas he would have arranged it. The great personage patronised him. He discovered John Carmel, the violinist, about whom all the world went mad, when you were at school. Lord Millington, whose estates join your own, was then enamoured of Miss Pauline Pichôt, and then took the Isthmian Theatre for her. Quantox managed it, the lady and the lover so successfully, that in three years he was the best known man in London, and in six the manager of the Grand Opera."

"Then he is in fact a scoundrel," said Godwin calmly.

"Well," said Ampersand, "if you put it in that way, he *is* in fact a scoundrel."

Felix and his uncle had exhausted all immediate topics of home, and had already made their plans for a proposed visit.

"We have not met for so long," was Dr. Germaine's excuse to Mrs. Delevyra, as she for the third time passed them still seated together, "but I must go and look for my other nephew as he calls himself."

Felicitas Delevyra took the seat which the clergyman quitted. "I wish you would tell me all you mean by that picture," said she.

"Do you not understand it?" asked Felix.

"Well—No. It affected me deeply. I cannot say that I liked it."

"I am glad of that," said Felix "because I should be sorry that you should like it at first. It means—well, it means the



difference between two kinds of love."

"Mary's love was the Ideal love. Do you mean that?"

"Certain words are soiled in my eyes," said the artist. "So many men handle them that their beauty is smirched. I meant Mary to typify the higher life, and Martha the lower life."

"And pray what is the lower life?"

"Sensuality, fine clothes, soft cushions, easy living, selfish enjoyment of self. *This*," and, forgetting politeness in enthusiasm, he flashed a sparkling glance around him.

"Felicitas Delevyra raised her head and looked him full in the face with a sort of defiance quite unconventional. "And the higher life is your life, I suppose—a garret, rags, and poverty."

"I did not say that."

"No, but you meant to reproach me for my being only a rich woman, and having nothing to offer a divine guest like yourself, but such worldly delicacies as Siebel's music, Marzan's singing, and a roomful of Ampersands."

Felix felt his blood strangely stirred. He bent an admiring glance upon her.

"I think you might be happier than you are," said he, "despite of these fine things."

"And who gave you the right to have any such thought?"

"Nay, you provoke me to a discussion, and then grow angry when I do my best to argue. You would be happier if you lived the higher life. I am sure you would. So would we all."

"Do you live it then?"

"Alas, no! But let us talk of other things. You like music: we will talk of music."

She tapped her fan upon her glove with heightened color.

"You like painting: we will talk of painting. Was not Mr. Milman's picture of the Cattle Show a beautiful thing?"

"Very."

"And Mr. Coppernole's Portrait of a Lady? I knew the lady. She is a Mrs. Alderman Baggs, and her husband gave a thousand guineas for the picture. Why did not you paint a Mrs. Alderman Baggs?"

"I couldn't," said Felix.

"Not high enough life? Well, at least you could paint something as good as Vanderbank's Deep Sea. Mr. Ampersand

says that Baron Brodzky has bought it for several thousand pounds."

"You seem well acquainted with the prices of pictures," said Felix, in a tone that barely escaped a sneer. "Are you making a gallery?"

"No; but Mr. Delevyra buys a great many pictures, and he tells me the prices given—I will ask him to buy your picture, if you like."

Felix, stung beyond endurance, rose.

"My picture is not for sale," said he.

"Now, you are angry, Mr. Germaine. Ah! you must not come among us lower-lives, if you get angry at what we say. Forgive me. I did not mean to wound you."

The charm of her manner melted him at once. Her searching eyes, sparkling with intelligence, met his. He fancied that he could detect beneath her smile that latent sadness which has so great an attraction for the hearts of young men.

"Come and let us walk a little in this conservatory, and we will talk about what you please."

"Nay," said she. "My guests! Call to-morrow, and we will go and see your painting together."

"To-morrow," said Felix, "I must go into Kent with my uncle."

"Why? Why, to-morrow?"

"I have to see my people there. My father has heard of my success and wants to see me. He is nearly seventy years of age."

"And he is alone!"

"No. My wife is with him," said Felix, coloring.

"Your wife! Indeed—ah—that is as it should be. How pleased she will be to hear of your fame. By the way, I never introduced you to my husband. See, there he is, with Lord Dallington. Give me your arm: I will make you acquainted. Raphael, this is Mr. Felix Germaine, the painter of 'Martha and Mary.' He has been telling me such beautiful things. Lord Dallington, I have kept a seat for you in the carriage to-morrow, for the Flower Show. You remember?"

"Could I forget!" said Lord Dallington, a sentimental peer, who was sufficiently musical to fancy himself an amateur.

"I am very glad to meet you," said Raphael Delevyra to

Felix Germaine. "I hope you will often visit us."

Felix stammered thanks, while his eyes followed Felicitas.

"Would you like to know Madame Marzan?" asked Delevyra, "she is yonder with Herr Siebel. Come, I will present you."

Ampersand was quite in his element as showman to Godwin. "You see that man sipping chartreuse. That is Stivelyn. He is the poet of the present. He was once thought to be the poet of the future, but that has passed."

"The man who wrote 'The lady of the Seven Sorrows?'"

"Yes, or say rather the man who crystallized Gautier's *Made-moiselle de Maupin*. It is the same thing."

"Who is the lady with the pearls?"

"Miss Rochambeau. She writes under the name of *Va-ten*. It is fashionable among reviewers to abuse her, but she enriches her publishers by books which are read by two classes of readers; those who find her descriptions too sensuous, and those who do not find them sensuous enough."

"And the little gentleman?"

"All that civilization has left us of Pope. He is our satirist."

"And the bald-headed man in the corner?"

"That is Sir Thomas Levick. He is a baronet, and an author. You have read his *Helminthology*?"

"No."

"A notable book. He places human beings much lower in the scale of creation than the majority of them have any idea of. People like myself, for instance, he classes among the *akanthokephalai*—the worms who have thorns in their heads instead of in their tails."

"And the long-haired young man?" asked Godwin, laughing.

"I am not quite sure. A poet, I should fancy, or perhaps only the friend of a poet. He is one of those people whose actions are entirely governed by the spinal cord. He has no brain whatever."

"The big fat man with the new boots?"

"Walmsley. A judge, a scholar, and an epicure. He does everything in a style commensurate with his personal appearance. He never reads anything but folios, and was once heard to wish that he was always coming of age as heir to a baronetcy,

in order that he might have an ox roasted whole for his dinner every day in the week."

"Whimsical fellow ; and his friend ?"

"Wackerbarth, the translator of Procopius and the Apologist for the Empress Theodora. He lives in the past, and has heard no scandal later than the gallantries of Faustine. Walmsely brings him everywhere, because he says that he is the only man who can understand him when he unbends his mind."

"He must be a good fellow. Who is the gentleman with the mulberry nose ?"

"His name is Storton, and his profession is profligacy. He is a man to be avoided. The worst man I know."

"Then why is he here ? Surely Mrs. Delevyra understands the value of such creatures."

"Of course, but Storton is rich. He keeps his vices in his own house, and he is received into many other houses on that understanding. He is rather an interesting study to me, for I think him a re-incarnation of Silenus. He belongs to a private club, which is reported to outshine Medmenham Abbey in curious iniquity."

"How disgusting!" said Godwin.

"Is it not ? I am glad to see you in such good health. It is only unhealthy young men who admire depravity."

Dr. Germaine came up at this juncture, and the conversation turned upon Felix.

"He has made his mark," said Ampersand. "I hope his success will not turn his head."

"'Tis pity that he is married."

"Why ?" asked Godwin.

"Because I have remarked that the safeguard for a young man who has become notable, is a virtuous attachment to somebody else's wife."

"Gilbert, don't talk nonsense," says the clergyman. "Besides, Felix has a wife of his own."

"Who is she ?" asked Godwin. "Anyone I know ?"

"Alice Gray, the daughter of poor Mr. Gray, the curate—a most amiable girl."

"I think I remember her," said Godwin. "Had she not black eyes ?"

"No, blue."

"Ah! I must have been thinking of somebody else. Well, we start early to-morrow. Let us go. I am choked in this hot air."

"With all my heart," said Dr. Germaine. "Ampersand, find Felix before you go, and tell him not to be late."

Ampersand found Felix hunting for his hat, and proposed to go to the Pegasus and have coffee. Felix was dull, and wanted to get home.

"You didn't like the party, I fear," said Ampersand as they parted. "Delevyra bored you."

"Not at all. He is not a bad fellow. His wife is a very nice person."

"Yes!" said Ampersand. "Quite nice. Quite."

"Clever, too," said Felix. "I had an interesting conversation with her."

"She is an orchid," said Ampersand.

"Don't talk your enigmatic nonsense. Why an orchid?"

"Because many orchids, though living and flourishing, are not fertilized until the right species of insect finds them out. Her mind is waiting for its insect. Good night, dear boy, and remember me to your wife."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE. 175

THE most charming society in the world is to be found in the house of an English country clergyman who has a large family of daughters, a comfortable living, and a liberal bishop.

Amid the whirl and crush of modern life, where bankers, stockbrokers, and speculators in other men's money, vie with each other in luxurious discomfort, one loses that healthy

appetite for the simple sights and sounds which exist without the assistance of paint, canvas, and brass bands. Ravaged by the evil passions of envy, gluttony, and idleness, our unhappy bodies are carried about in padded carriages from one scene of artificiality to another, until a career of organic degeneration terminates in a lingering and costly death.

In some moment of brief absence from that debauch which we term "our duty to society," we accept the invitation of some old school friend to visit him at his parsonage in Exshire. We enter forthwith into another world. To our astonishment, the lady of the house has nearly as much intelligence as our favourite bore at the club. The latest book—which everybody in our world has read, but which nobody has really opened—is lying on the table of the study. The girls of the house come to breakfast in muslin, and at tea-time implore us to taste the cakes which they have made with their own hands.

In addition to being charitable to their neighbours, and possessing a piety which shows itself elsewhere than during church-time, each of these young ladies possesses some refined accomplishment. The eldest—she superintends the housework, and keeps the key of the linen closet—paints very charmingly in water-colors, and the elegant drawing-room, which looks into the rose garden, is adorned with her cleanly-touched and delicate sketches. Another sister—she instructs the singing-class and makes rare jam—has a talent for the pianoforte, and we feel more pleasure in listening to Beethoven from her fingers in the twilight, than Capriciciani gave us when we paid ten guineas to hear him. The youngest girl is somewhat of a romp, and delights in nothing more than a ramble with you through the lanes, a canter over the downs on the rough pony, or an impromptu picnic to the ruins of the adjacent abbey.

One son of the house is in the army, the other has not yet left Harrow.

The rector himself is a ripe scholar, a man of some sound common sense, and not unfrequently collects beetles. He has written a book upon the Roman Camp on the outskirts of the market town, and is a member of the Antiquarian Society. He gives you sound claret and fair port. His sermons never last longer than a quarter of an hour, and usually contain some honest sentiment which might belong to any form of worship.

If while at his house you fall into bodily sickness, he will send for his own physician. If you are in mental distress, he will quote the Tusculan Disputations of Cicero; or, if he thinks that your mind is strong enough to construe them, some of the maxims of Epictetus. If you demand from him the consolations of his religion, be sure that you will get them. But your host will never obtrude his official sanctity upon you, for, being a gentleman himself, he takes it for granted that you are one also, and that you worship God in that manner to which all gentlemen have been accustomed since the making of the world.

Three objects are always to be seen near the dwelling of this typical clergyman—a big house-dog toothless with age, an old woman in a red cloak receiving charity, and an amiable curate who lodges over the shoemaker's, and is in love with Miss Mary.

The man of the town, become for a time the inmate of such a household as this, discovers in a day or so that he was once young. He sleeps better. He wakes refreshed. He walks, and though he sees nothing but hedges and cornfields, he is not dull. He finds out that when the sun shines, dewdrops sparkle, birds sing, and the meadows turn from grey to green. A stile juts out from a hedgerow and makes him almost start, for it is so like a picture. Ivy, he notes for future remembrance, is dark green, but is much lighter on the under side of the leaf, which has five angles, and really quite a definite shape. He begins to alter his notions about the sort of things to admire, and one day stopping with almost pleasure to contemplate a vegetable spire eight feet high, bossed with flowers of an exquisite pink, is surprised to hear that the thing is only a common holly-hock. The crowning wonder of his existence, under these new conditions, however, is the fact that, though there are no gas lamps in the copse, it is quite light during a great part of the month, and that the moonlight upon the trout stream, though purely natural, excels that of the Opera House, where Vanderbank is painter, Quantox manager, and the talented Photobolus is specially engaged to work the moon.

The early life of Felix Germaine and of Alfred, Earl of Godwin, had been passed amid such sights and scenes as these. Each now on his way to re-visit the place of his youth, looked forward to an experience of different sensations. Felix, the

artist, remembered with delight the old gardens and shady lanes which he had once considered dull and dreary. Alfred, the traveller, smiled as he recalled how he had once imagined the glades of Henacre Park to equal the forests of the tropics, and believed the lake at Kerieli to be second only to Michigan or Erie.

Circumstance often links the fortunes of individuals strangely together, and avails itself of that very social connection to as strangely separate their minds and sympathies. The houses of Godwin and Germaine were examples of this.

Forty years before, in 183-, Elfrida, the sister of the thirteenth Earl of Godwin, married one Sir Thomas Scrimgeour, a wealthy merchant of Bristol, and a widower, with a daughter eight years old. Eleven years afterwards, the Rev. Edward Germaine (son of a Major Hector Germaine, killed at Waterloo), being at a country-house in the north, fell in love with Miss Juliana Scrimgeour, and married her. The Hon. Lady Scrimgeour was not averse to the match, and persuaded the Earl to give Germaine the living of Fasham, near Deal. The Rector of Fasham had twin brothers, Felix and Fabian. The first of these died just one year after the birth of his nephew and godson, Felix Germaine. The second took orders, and being a man of entomological tastes, was employed by Lord Godwin to arrange the large collection of insects left him by the defunct Scrimgeour. The occupation brought Dr. Germaine into the society of the Countess.

Horatia Auriol, daughter of Baron Mottram, of Grippen Hall, took credit to herself for being a woman of sense, and soon after the death of her husband (the Earl died of pleurisy after four days' illness) she appointed Dr. Fabian the chaplain to the household. The connection between Fasham Rectory and Henacre Park thus drawn closer, the Dowager Countess offered to procure for Edward Germaine such spiritual promotion as the Church of England accords to clergymen of unblemished reputation and good family connections. The Countess was of the Highest Church—the Lancashire branch of the Auriols were still Catholics—and had influence with the Arch-Bishop of C—. The Hon. Lady Scrimgeour, inclined, since the death of Sir Thomas, to a Lower Platform, and exercised



some control over Polynesia and Exeter Hall. It was probable that, between these two ladies, the father of Feilx Germaine would have been lifted into provincial splendour, when the death of his wife left him a widower, wedded only to his home. The interest of the Dowagers was transferred from the father to the son.

Felix Germaine at twelve years old was as free of Henacre as was the little Earl himself. His imaginative character and fretful temperament were not benefited by this companionship, for they made him at once envious and ambitious. As the boys grew up Felix withdrew himself. He felt his inferiority the more bitterly because no one reminded him of it, and though the Dowagers wished the lads to pursue their studies together, Felix, at sixteen, persuaded his father to send him to a private school.

Circumstances began at once to mould the character of each. A delicate childhood caused Godwin to be trained to out-door sports. A lonely boyhood induced in Felix the dangerous habit of introspection. When on the occasion of this return to the old home, they met—the one brown from his yacht voyage, and braced with the morality of health, the other pale from his vigils and enervated by the languor following upon nervous exaltations—the poles were not further asunder than their characters and temperament.

The train stopped at the little way-side station nearest to Henacre. Two carriages were waiting, and Felix saw that the people had decorated the place with evergreens and erected a triumphal arch.

"There's my aunt!" cried Godwin to the Doctor. "Felix, do you see Lady Scrimgeour in the first carriage?"

"And my dear brother!" cried the Doctor.

"Quite an ovation, as the papers say," said Felix, forcing himself to appear genial.

"They are going to roast bullocks next week, I believe," says Godwin, laughing with his mouth and frowning with his brows. "You must come over dear fellow, and bring all your people."

The little crowd cheered lustily when they saw the party descend. The servants sprang for the luggage, the school-children waved their banners, and Lord Godwin was presently the centre of a tumult.

"How is my dear mother?" he asked Lady Scrimgeour.

"She is waiting for you at home: some of the tenantry will be there," said Lady Scrimgeour. "How do you do, Doctor Germaine? Thanks for taking such care of Godwin."

The Reverend Edward Germaine was making an effort to descend the steps of the carriage, when the young earl caught him. "My dear sir, don't move. I will send the carriage home with all of you until to-morrow. Come, Doctor, get in."

A young lady was in the carriage beside the old clergyman. "My son's wife, sir," said the Rector.

Godwin lifted his hat.

"And my son's son, I see," he added, as a movement of the shawls revealed a two-year-old child sucking a rosy fist.

"My dearest Alice, you needn't have brought the baby," said Felix, with an accent of selfish annoyance.

Mrs. Germaine's cheek flushed and her soft eyes grew moist. "I thought you would be glad to see him, Felix, you have not seen him for six months."

"Children should be born three years old," said Felix: with an attempt at geniality. "Good bye, my lord!"

"Come to the *fete*, you know," cries Godwin, "and bring the baby, Mrs. Germaine. There will be fireworks or something. Good-bye, Doctor."

And so, amid cheers and smiles, the carriages separated.

"It was kind of the Countess to send her carriage," said the Rector, "I could not have walked."

"Why not have brought our own?" asked Felix.

"Jack is dead," said Alice.

"And who is Jack?" asked Doctor Fabian.

"Our old horse," returned Felix. "Why didn't you buy another, father?"

"And what is the baby's name?" asked the doctor, feeling the false concord, and willing to turn the conversation.

"Hector."

"The name of my father! Good. He was killed at Waterloo."

"His picture is at Fasham. There is a hole in the arm where Felix shot an arrow at it when he was a little boy. But tell us about London, Felix. So your picture is a success."

"They say so."

[Note correction, top line.]

"I am so glad, dearest."  
 "I think that you might have chosen another subject," said the old Rector.

"I did not handle the subject irreverently," said Felix. "Did I, uncle?"

"If you say that you did not, I suppose you did not," returned the Doctor. "Reverence is merely an attitude of mind, and we have not all the same mind. I confess I did not like your picture."

"But it was highly spoken of," cried Alice. "The *Comet* said that it was better than Fiametti and almost equal to Paul Veronese."

"That's Ampersand's doing," said Felix with a laugh. "He has constituted himself the mentor of the young gentlemen who write about Art, and, whenever he desires to oblige a friend, gravely emits some such preposterous statement as that of which you have just now unbosomed yourself, confident that it will shortly appear in the *Telephone* or the *Comet*, as an original idea."

"It was very kind of him," said Alice.

"I don't think so," said her husband. "These foolish praises make one ridiculous. I did my best with the painting, and there is an end."

"I hope only a beginning," said the Doctor. "Everybody was talking about you at Mrs. Delevyra's."

"Mrs. Delevyra! Who is she?" asked Alice.

"The wife of Delevyra, the pianoforte-maker. Ampersand took us there."

"And is she nice?"

"Yes," said Felix.

"The house appeared to me to be a sort of literary club, where ladies are admitted," said Dr. Germaine.

"Madame Marzan sang, and from Siebel's unpublished opera, *Atta Troil*," said Felix.

Alice opened her blue eyes.

"Madame Marzan and Siebel! Oh, how I should like to go. You must take me, Felix."

"If you had run a blockade, I would take you. If you had been up in a balloon, I would take you. If you were going to be a surgeon, or had failed to become a harrister, I would take

you. If you could write like the authoress of *Pot-pourri*, or had sung at the Grand Opera, like Marzan, I would take you. But as you are only my wife, I don't think that I will."

Alice laughed, and dandled her baby.

"You are a tyrant, Felix," she said.

"And women love tyranny," said the Doctor. "I don't think, my dear young lady, that you would care to visit Mrs. Delevyra more than once. The rooms were crowded with people. They were all celebrities, truly, and the sight of them was interesting to a stranger. But celebrities are not interesting to each other, for the little-great who form the "literary and artistic circle" of any capital are always eaten up by hatred and envy of each other, and undergo infinite tortures of wounded vanity during an evening of exhibition. I have travelled a great deal, and I never yet met any real lion who would suffer himself to be led about a drawing-room and fed with sponge-cake."

"You are right, I believe," said Felix dubiously, "and yet Ampersand, who knows the world, has been insisting for three years to me that any man, actor, author, painter, who would succeed now-a-days, *must* go into society!"

"What society?"

"The society of managers, booksellers, critics, and picture-dealers."

"I see--touting for business."

"No. But to—to—to keep himself before people."

"Well, of course, my dear lad, the examples of Macready, Tennyson, and Turner show us that no modern reputation is to be achieved unless by violent toadyism of managers, reviewers, and picture-buyers."

"You have named three exceptions."

Doctor Germaine laughed.

"Perhaps I have. Ampersand told me a good story last night, which rather illustrates your idea about the necessity for advertising. Among his many friends is a rich, but unknown, soapboiler, with three unmarried daughters. The soapboiler desired to accomplish three things—First, to invest his money to the best advantage; secondly, to make his name famous; and, thirdly, to marry off his girls."

"And what did he do?" asked Alice.

"He went to Ampersand for advice, and Ampersand advised him as follows:—Pictures by artists of repute are calculated to increase 15 per cent. per annum in value: at Nibb's great sale some were found to have increased 50 per cent. 'Give,' said Ampersand, '£3,000 for a picture by the most popular artist in England; that is an investment worth £450 a year, and let the subject be your three daughters playing cards!' The soap-boiler took his advice, and next to your *Martha and Mary* hangs *Hearts are Trumps*, being likenesses of the Misses Glyceria, Honey, and Amanda Soape, daughters of Windsor Soape, Esq., Alkali House, Leigh-road, by J. E. Millais, R.A."

"Very good," said Felix; thinking as he spoke of his conversation with Mrs. Delevyra: "and I dare say true. Why should not Mr. Millais paint the daughters of a soap-boiler?"

"If they are beautiful girls, why not indeed!" assented Alice. "And how much are you to get for your picture?"

"I don't know," said Felix, "but it has been so well spoken of that it is sure to sell. A picture by a rising artist is a good investment—as Ampersand truly says—and I shall have no difficulty in getting a price."

"What do you call a price, dear?"

"Seven or eight hundred pounds."

"And you can remain at home, Felix, I suppose," said the rector. "There is no need for you to live in London to paint pictures, though perhaps Art is as much a business to an artist as bookmaking is to an author."

"It is, if one has to live by it," said Fabian Germaine.

"I believe," said Felix, "that no man should try and get bread by the exercise of genius. If he has not a private fortune, he should earn enough for his daily wants by some handicraft or business. His Art should be exercised only in his leisure, and then with reverence and without hope of reward."

"Well, what handicraft do you propose adopting?" laughed Alice, "for baby wants a lot of things, and I haven't had a new dress this year."

"Come, here is the gate," said the rector, as the carriage stopped. "Fabian, give me your arm—you shall tell me all your adventures. Felix, go and talk to Alice."

So Fabian Germaine, the traveller, recounted his experiences

of savage life to his home-keeping brother, and Felix Germaine, the artist, recounted his experiences of civilized life to his home-keeping wife.

"I hope never to again wander," said Fabian, "but to end my days in the shady lanes and pleasant fields of dear England."

"I never wish to go back to London, my darling," said Felix, "I intend to live always a peaceful life in the quiet country, with you and with my Art."

"My dear Fabian," said the rector, "you are made for something better than a country parson."

"Dearest Felix," said Alice, "you must never bury yourself here. You are born for great fame and great fortune."

And then all four sighed, and each sigh had a different meaning.

The imperative littlenesses of ordinary life engaged them all next day, and each seemed busy and contented. Felix stretched his canvas, and looked out his sketches. The rector prepared his sermon, and checked his bank-book. Dr. Germaine, unpacked his birds, and wrote a letter to the *Naturalist* on the Moa. Alice nursed her baby, managed the servants, and saw that the dinner was eatable.

One day, in the midst of this domestic delight, young Earl Godwin rode over with a personal invitation for the *fête* at Henacre.

"I should have come last week," he said, "but my dear mother kept me. Doctor, I must have a long talk with you. To-morrow is the day of my destiny."

When he returned from two hours' walk with Dr. Fabian, and condescended to partake of cream with early strawberries on the lawn, Felix had never liked him less, and Alice had never admired him more.



## CHAPTER IV.

## AN EARL AND A DEMOCRAT.

THE *fi*te given by the Dowager Countess Godwin was marked by all that magnificent simplicity with which great nobles veil their ostentation.

It was given out that the park gates were thrown open to the country, but the arriving multitudes were artfully conducted to places where they formed unconscious groups for the delectation of the county families upon the terrace. It had been reported among the county families that everyone who visited, however formally, at Henacre would be welcome, but some subtle influence put at once the most punctilious guest into exactly the right place in the ceremony. The relatives of the houses of Mottram and Godwin held themselves of better blood than seven-tenths of the peerage, but even the Marquess of Thanet smiled approval when he saw the Heir Apparent at the right hand of the Countess.

"Why, all the nobility of England are here!" said Alice to her husband, as he ran through his list of names.

"They are sure to be civil to a man worth three millions of money," said Felix. "I wonder which of those young women will succeed in affecting a sale of herself."

"You talk foolishly, Felix," said Dr. Fabian. "The thing is all done according to custom. The customs of the aristocracy are not our customs. There is nothing like travel to clear one's mind of social prejudices."

"Our blood is as good as any here!" replied Felix, whose artistic temperament caused him to relish heraldry.

"Perhaps it is. Godwin and I met an old man in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb who was allowed to be descended in a direct line from that Prince who gave hospitality to Abraham."

"And was he a Prince also?" asked Alice.

"He was a beggar."

[Note correction L.H. margin.]

"That proves what I say—that Godwin is no better than any of us," retorted Felix.

"Isn't he? Look at these banners. Godwin's forefather's, clad in mail, well-fed, and well-horsed, carried these in the front of battle, when ours, dressed in dirty leather, or perhaps not dressed at all, were starving on nettle soup and sleeping in sties like hogs. Recall what you have heard about horse-breeding, and tell me what you think would be the result of eight hundred years of such a difference upon the progeny of two colts."

"And think, also, what would be the effect of eight hundred years of prejudices upon the progeny of two men," returned Felix.

"Prejudices are easier eliminated than you imagine," said Dr. Fabian. "Travel—especially among primitive people—tempers the feudal mind wonderfully. I hope that Alfred will prove worthy rather of his remote than immediate ancestors."

"Well, he is a lucky fellow!" said Felix, with a laugh.

"Not so lucky as you think," said the clergyman, who seemed nervously determined to explain that his companion in the voyage of the *Ianthe* was different to other noblemen. "He has a long and painful task before him."

"And what is that?"

"To govern his estates wisely, and to govern them without being afraid of the traditions of his caste. A man of his rank and fortune is almost a Prince."

"And people attack even Princes sometimes," said Alice, who had a true woman's reverence for power, in whatever form expressed, and had been staring with all her might at the dais where stood the group around the Dowager Countess of Godwin.

"An English Prince in the nineteenth century has two duties to perform," said Fabian Germaine. "In the first place, he must please everybody, which is difficult; and, in the second place, he must never do anything wrong, which is impossible."

"How like that is to Ampersand," said Felix, "I thought I heard him speaking."

Dr. Fabian laughed. "Ampersand is much in my mind," said he.

"I have not seen Mr. Ampersand since our marriage," said Alice. "Will he be here to-day?"

[Note correction top of page; and gathering number at foot. The work may have been done on different presses, as the gathering numbers, though still in 16s, run 1, 2, 7.]



"Very likely—he goes everywhere."

"But, Felix, who are those two men? I have seen their faces somewhere."

"In *Punch*, probably," said the artist. "As Ampersand would say, these are the two greatest men in England—the Prime Minister who is in office, and the Prime Minister who is out."

As the two politicians passed, some one whispered to one of them—the elder—and he turned to look at Felix. The young man blushed, and involuntarily separated himself from his companions.

"Mr. Germaine," said the great man, royally dispensing with an introduction. "I have seen your picture, and congratulate you on having had the courage to remember that the founder of Christianity was a Jew."

Felix bowed in some confusion. "Why didn't you tell him that the restorer of Judaism was a Christian," said a voice in his ear. "And how is Mrs. Germaine? I have to congratulate you, Madam, upon a famous husband."

"Oh, Mr. Ampersand, we were talking of you," cried Alice.

"Well, come and talk *to* me," said he, drawing her arm in his. "Let Felix reap his laurels. And how is the baby?"

"Oh, he can walk quite well," said Alice, "and talks quite plainly. He is so like Felix."

"Is he? I suppose Felix smothered him with kisses when he met him at the station."

"Oh, men don't like to be demonstrative before strangers," returned Alice, a little constrainedly. "I often think, though, that men who seem outwardly cold have really the warmest hearts."

"You *often* think so," he echoed, shooting a quick glance at her. "Hum! Well, perhaps you are right. There is something ridiculous in the appearance of a man wheeling a perambulator, or nursing an infant in long clothes. Then Felix reserves his demonstrations of affection for the hearthstone?"

"He is very fond of both of us," said Alice, resolutely. "Is not this a lovely place?"

They had reached a glade in the park away from the throng, and from where they stood the view of the house was certainly

[Note corrections at centre and foot of page.]

very fine.

"It is. How fortunate to be the owner of it. And yet—"

"—Lord Godwin has his responsibilities, you would say. Uncle Fabian has been just telling us the same thing. We all have responsibilities."

"Of course. What are yours?"

"My husband's welfare, my child's education, my home. Simple enough, you think, Mr. Ampersand, trivial as compared with your own."

"Mine! I have the heaviest responsibility of any of you. I have to look after myself! Robinson Crusoe on his island had more to think about than Robinson Crusoe the merchant, trading to all the world. A lonely man has a terribly large company to entertain."

There was something in his tone, light as it was, which caused Alice Germaine to half-unconsciously increase the pressure of her touch upon his arm. To a young wife, loneliness is the most pitiable of conditions.

"But you live so much in the world, Mr. Ampersand. Felix says that you go everywhere."

"So I do. Felix will go everywhere now, also. You do not know what splendours the world affords to one who is successful in pleasing it."

"He has begun already," she said. "He was telling us about a grand party, where he met all the people of whom we country-folk only read."

"Delevyra's? Yes, a good sample of social Bohemia. But he may look higher than that. Did you not see that Mr. Ixion spoke to him?"

"And what will Mr. Ixion do for him?"

"Make him the fashion. Mr. Brass, M.P., will give him a commission. The Baroness de Beausoleil will ask him to her parties. Perhaps he may paint that sublime thing—a Royal Christening. He may even get knighted, like Lely, Lawrence, and the Lord Mayor of London."

Alice laughed to conceal her own apprehension.

"I do not think that artists and poets should have titles given them. Fancy Sir Robert Burns!"

"Well, we will stop short of knighthood. Suppose that your husband is rich, honored, and courted; that his name is famous

all over the world ; that, instead of this petty village, where you perhaps have spent many happy hours, but which he thinks, and no doubt rightly, to be intolerably dull, the delights of London high society are open to you both. Suppose, in fact, that you are that fortunate being—the wife of a successful genius. How will you like it ?”

His words were her own thoughts. How many times since her husband's return had not she asked herself that question ?

“It would be delightful,” she said, hurriedly. “But I fear that your imagination has run away with you. We shall never be so fortunate. Come, let us see the fountains play ; I have never seen them,” and with sparkling eyes and heightened color she drew him to the terrace.

Ampersand dropped the subject of Felix and his future—much as a surgeon drops the wrist of a patient, after satisfying himself as to the state of the pulse.

“Let us rather go and hear what the Earl of Godwin has to say for himself. This is about the time when he should be addressing the respectful tenantry. I have a notion that he will be entertaining.”

“As you will,” she said ; and plunged into one of those desultory conversations which resemble the fantasias played by instrumentalists who are afraid of their theme.

The respectful tenantry—duly filled with beef, beer, and cider in the huge tent—had prepared an elaborate address of congratulation to their landlord. They lamented his absence, rejoiced in his return. While he was away they had followed him in imagination, and now that he was present they hastened to offer their respectful and heartfelt homage. England was the most important country in the world, Henacre was the most important place in England, and Earl Godwin was the most important person in Henacre. Of all days in the memory of created man, this day was the most glorious and the most soul-satisfying.

Such was the substance of the speech made by Mr. Thomas Maycott, who had held his farm *in capite* by knight's service, since the reign of Henry the Third. As a proof of the inherent conservatism of Englishmen, you will read the same sentiments in the speech reported last week in your county paper. 179

It had been arranged that the young heir should make his maiden oration at the banquet in the evening. His kinsman, the Marquess of Thanet, had been good enough to lend him his aid to the composition of a duly dignified deliverance. But the Earl had elected to speak to his tenantry unaided.

"I dare say that I can find some few sensible remarks to make," Godwin had said, in his grave way; and so, when the cheering ceased, he advanced from beside his mother and her friends, and stood at the railing of the improvised music gallery alone.

"My friends," he said, "I have to thank you for your presence here to-day to do me honor. I have been many thousand miles away since you saw me last, and I have seen many strange things and countries. I think that I have profited by what I have seen. It is not good for a young man to grow up to manhood surrounded only by those who are his friends. It is not good for any one—young or old—to live only among people whose interest is in a manner bound up with his, and who have no desire to be any other than smooth and pleasant counsellors."

A sort of murmur went up out of the stillness, and the Dowager from the dais glanced uneasily at Dr. Fabian.

"My travel has been happily devoid of dangers. I have no romantic adventures to tell you. I have no scars to show; no wonderful discoveries to relate. But I have experienced that which it would be well if all men, born in the station to which I was born, and reared as I have been reared, had experienced early. I have discovered that, although I may be a very great man here, ~~that~~ I am a very little man in other parts of the world; that there are places where the sale of all my acres would not buy me a crust of bread, nor the recitation of all my titles procure me a cup of water."

"This is a very extraordinary speech," whispered the Marquess. "What does he mean by selling his acres?"

"It seems strange to you, I see—it seemed strange to me when the fact was first forced upon me—that Nature has no pity for a person whose family have held land in England for more than nine hundred years, and that if it had not been for my strong arms and my cultivated intelligence I should have died—ay, died—and that not in the desert, but in places where

[Note deletion, fifth paragraph.]

other human beings live in comfort and plenty. It, therefore, seems to me that the principal things which I should value are—not my ancestry and my fortune, but my intellect and my health.”

He paused. A dead silence had fallen upon the people, who looked at anywhere but at the Dowager and her little court. Alice, following the eyes of the flushed and earnest speaker, saw that they were directed as if for encouragement to that part of the table where Dr. Germaine was sitting.

“Having come, then, to this conclusion, another follows, which is, that what I value in myself you also should value in me, and that, instead of admiring me as the Earl of Godwin, your landlord and your master, you should see whether I am worthy to be admired as a young man who, having great riches and great power, employs both for others’ benefit and not his own.”

“Preposterous!” said the countess.

“I do not wish to make promises, though on occasions like this promises are usually freely made; for I fear that, in my haste and in my youth, I may promise more than I can perform. I intend, however, to pursue, in my dealings with you, a very different plan to that which was pursued with your fathers. In the first place, though I shall expect you not to come on to my land to destroy my property, I shall Not Preserve my Game!”

“Good God!” ejaculated some stertorous squire down the table, and a laugh broke out, which was instantly checked.

“This is delicious!” said Ampersand to Alice. “O Fabian, Fabian!”

“In the second place, I intend, by such methods as I can lawfully use, to endeavour to bring about a system of proper Parliamentary representation, by which each grown man in the country shall have a voice in the management of it. This is the custom in America and in Australia, and it is called Universal Suffrage!”

A servant here brought him a note from the Marquess. He grew pale, opened the paper, flushed again, and, bowing, continued—

“In the third place—and this is the most important of my resolves—when I take my seat in Parliament, I shall endeavour

by every lawful means, to get abolished that iniquitous device for accumulating land in the hands of individuals which is called the Law of Entail."

The rumor of this very strange utterance of an Earl on his birthday had run round the multitude, and from all quarters curious county families were hurrying to the pavilion.

"Alfred! I implore you," said the Marquess, who had got behind him. "You will make us the laughing-stock of England."

"I have observed," continued the young man, with a sort of resolute coolness, "that large estates are everywhere surrounded by hovels, and that if the rich man has twenty thousand acres of space upon which to amuse himself, the poor man has but twenty-feet of space on which to live. This park which surrounds you is very magnificent, and I should be very sorry to see it destroyed. But I have no right to keep it all to myself. To-morrow I give orders that it will be in future open to the public. Henacre Park will be my first Gift to the People."

There was a burst of cheering at this. For the first time during his speech Godwin felt that he had his audience wholly with him.

"You will be told, perhaps," said the Earl, "that the present condition of the people of England is ordered in accordance with the latest principles of Social and Political Economy, and that, instead of the Theocracy of Moses or the Communism of Christ, the rule of the universe will be henceforth that supreme selfishness taught by Messrs. Mill and Malthus."

"Everybody an Oligarchy of One!" whispered Ampersand. "I would not have missed this for anything."

"You will find many people armed with arguments against me. You will perhaps be told that I am a dreamer, and one unfit to administer the practical affairs of life. You will certainly be told a great deal of stuff about the Rights of Capital and the Dignity of Labour. Now these two phrases are very consoling, but I should like you to understand what they mean. They have been invented by a certain class of men—the class of men who like to have everything that is laborious in the work of the world done for them by other people. The phrase Rights of Capital, means that a man who has money can compel the poor man to black his boots. The phrase Dignity of Labour, means

that the poor man ought to be proud to do it."

The company, now in thorough good humor, laughed heartily, and young Lord Auriol, who was the friend of Prince Florestan, and wrote for the Monaco journals, furtively clapped his hands with delight.

Godwin wisely seized the happy moment, and with a few common-place words of thanks to the more distinguished guests who had honored him with their presence, sat down amid a storm of applause.

But the Dowager was not going to surrender without a struggle, and the Marquess of Thanet rose in the interests of comfortable feudality.

Those who have had the privilege of hearing the Most Noble the Marquis of Thanet before he was relegated to the Lords, can imagine what sort of a speech he made. He felt that the reputation of his House was at stake, and he excelled himself.

How kindly he spoke of young Godwin—the young man eager for reform, like all young men—ignorant, like all young men, of the difficulties and dangers attendant upon meddling with things proved and established. How he envied him his spirit! How he wished that he could himself again re-enter that arena where he had once fought *non sine gloria*, and make one to bring about that millenium which all so ardently desired! Conscious as he was—as all were—of the change—the happy change—which was coming over the spirit of the time, he should regret to see the issue retarded by "undue haste, half-sister to delay." His noble kinsman spoke feelingly and from his heart, and he was sure that his words would not be misinterpreted. He saw before him men whose names were linked with that of the House of Godwin. Athelings and Athelstanes, whose fathers held their acres ere England knew the Norman, had met that day to drink prosperity to one of the old blood, one of the old House, and he knew that the honor of that old blood and that old House was dearer to his noble kinsman than all the dreams of youth. He, himself, was an old politician, and he had never known a man of eminence who had not begun his political life by the study of Utopia. They had already drunk the health of the Earl of Godwin. He would ask them now to drink another toast—a toast the very mention of

which made the heart of every Englishman bound in his bosom—a toast which he would couple with the name of his noble kinsman—the British Constitution!”

And so, with haggard smiles, rage in his heart, and shame in his soul, the Marquess did his best to win that ever-sitting and never-to-be-discharged Grand Jury—the readers of the morning papers—to his side of the question. He did not altogether succeed. When he turned to seek the Countess, she had gone, and a brief note from her presently brought to him, begged him to dismiss the guests, as she had been seized with sudden illness. The melancholy intelligence had apparently been already conveyed to the more distinguished of the visitors. The Royal Liveries had disappeared, and from the windows of the banquetting hall—already splendid with now useless plate—the indignant Marquess could see the light cloud of dust caused by the departing carriages.

The hand of the historian may appropriately drop the concealing veil upon the sorrows of this noble family. The *fête* of the fourteenth Earl of Godwin had broken up like the feast of Cepheus, to be next morning trumpeted through England to the admiration of some, the disgust of many, and the pleasant entertainment of most.

Perhaps Ampersand nearly expressed the general opinion of those philosophers who have their schools in the smoking-rooms, and their porches in the doorways of club-houses, when he said to Dr. Fabian Germaine—

“Your pupil is a barbarian. He is in earnest!”

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## CHAPTER V.

### IN A GARDEN.

**G**ODWIN was so much in earnest that, notwithstanding his mother's opposition, he fulfilled his threat of throwing open the Park.

The Countess vowed that she would have all who availed themselves of the invitation arrested for trespass. Godwin,



with great deference, reminded her that she could really do nothing of the kind. Perhaps, therefore, it was fortunate for mother and son that nobody came.

The sorest trial to both was the verdict of the Grand Jury. The Conservative papers suggested that the best thing which could be done with the Earl of Godwin was to send him back to school for a time. The Liberal papers hinted that, had the speech been made after the banquet instead of before it, they could have better understood the occurrence. The *Universe* had a pleasant story about the adventures of the titled democrat in the island of Hawai, and its rival, *Fact*, published an anecdote—wholly fictitious—of a game of whist played on board the *Ianthe* for Kanaka points and a Samoan girl on the rubber. Perhaps the bitterest drop in Godwin's cup was that the *Henacre Bi-Weekly-Patriot-with-which-is-incorporated-the-Keriell-Post* declared that he was the only one of his family who had, for twelve hundred years, shown the spirit of a true and independent gentleman.

It need scarcely be said that the poor tutor bore the brunt of the family anger. The Dowager, having withdrawn herself to her dower-house at Mottram Abbey, wrote a burning letter to Dr. Germaine, upbraiding him with neglect of duty, and hinting of pains and penalties to come, Godwin hearing of this, wrote formally to Fabian, pledging himself to give him the first living that fell vacant; and rode over to Fasham to console and be consoled. Alice was in the garden when he arrived, and he poured out his heart to her. She thought him very noble and very disinterested, and rather alarming.

"You quite frightened us," she said, referring to the speech.

"I never expected an earl to say such things."

"No?" said Godwin. "That is what I feel. I believe the statements I have made are true, but then no one gives me credit for believing them. They look on me as a monster of treachery to my order. My mother will not speak to me."

"You should not quarrel with your mother, Lord Godwin."

"I feel it bitterly," said he; "but what can I do? I must enter politics. I must attempt reform. I must do what I think right."

"Is it necessary for you to enter politics?" asked Alice. "Can you not be content to manage your estates? There is

surely much to be done among your tenantry."

"No," said Godwin. "It is essential that I enter public life. It is the proper career for a young Englishman of wealth. In America the best people don't meddle with politics, and the result is that the country is ruled by traders and adventurers. In France, gaiety, intrigue, and amusement supply the excitement of debate, party, and law-making. Think what a place England might be made if the true democratic party only had a leader whom the people would trust as they trusted my ancestors in years gone by!"

"Your ancestors were not democrats," said Alice; "and I do not think that the rule of the democratic party would improve our social condition."

"You do not understand what I mean by a democrat," said the young Earl. "I have as great a dislike as you have to the noisy and illiterate demagogue, the professional agitator, the selfish vulgarian who uses popular forms of speech, and affects to adhere to popular principles, merely that he may acquire riches and power. Such fellows are wholly detestable. But can you not suppose a man penetrated with a desire to serve the people honestly, and devoting his life to redressing those wrongs which others have spent their lives in inflicting?"

"There have been many such men," said Alice. "There are many such, doubtless."

"But of what class—or, rather, of what rank in the social scale? These men have been poor, or, at least, not possessed of more than moderate fortune. Whatever political influence they possessed, they possessed by reason of the power which they had over the lower orders of society, from which they had themselves sprung. Suppose that our typical democrat was possessed of a large fortune, and had great influence among men of the very highest rank. What would you say to him then?"

What Gilbert Ampersand—who, returning from a walk with Fabian, had just espied the pair—would have said, had he been asked the question, is not beyond conjecture.

Alice, however, replied with some fervour—"If such a man was true to his purpose, he might almost realize the ideas of Mr. Thurifer concerning a regenerated England!" §0

Lord Godwin took her hand and pressed it for thanks. The

[An interesting alteration to this page was not reproduced on the photograph. At centre-page "I have as great a dislike . . . riches and power" has been deleted with a single transverse pencil line. It is impossible to say if this was Clarke's decision.]

young man's heart was sore, and sympathy fell like balm upon it. "Mrs. Germaine, you have given me much comfort," he said.

Each kept silence for a little, and then Mrs. Germaine said, softly, with her hands crossed on her knees, and her eyes looking into the distance—"It is a splendid task—a worthy ambition. I have sometimes, when reading Mr. Thurifer's books and tracts, wondered if anyone would ever seriously set to work to carry out the ideas they set forth. I have always been afraid that the modern world is too hard, and too much bent on money-getting, to suffer any interference with its method of life."

"But if the public opinion, which orders that method of life, could be changed?"

"If that could be done! Another preacher, like Wesley or Whitfield, might do it."

"I think not. The outbursts of feeling which those men excited were hysterical, and hysterical reformations never live long. The only change we can hope for is to be brought about by the Press and Parliament. As your uncle says, the Pulpit is dead in England."

"You will smile, perhaps—and I fear I am saying more than I ought—but I really believe that much of our present social troubles spring from a want of religious feeling."

"Of course," said Godwin gravely, "England may be said to have no religion at all."

"So," cried Ampersand, appearing from behind the pitted hedge, "it seems, Dr. Fabian, that I have caught your pupil sapping the foundations of my god-daughter's religious principles."

"We had been talking of politics," said the Earl, in some confusion, "and somehow or other we found ourselves digressing to religion."

"I heard what you said Alfred," interjected Doctor Germaine, "and am not afraid to say that I agree with you."

"When I remember that you taught his lordship, I am not surprised," returned Ampersand. "'No religion at all!' Then, what, pray, Parson, is your *raison d'être*?"

"Lord Godwin meant, I think," said Alice, in some confusion, "that in England religion is a matter for one day in the

[Note correction centre-page. A mistake in French remains uncorrected at the foot of the page; this, conceivably, could be taken as evidence that Clarke was not the proof-reader.]

week, instead of being part of our daily life."

"Religion, my dear young lady," said Ampersand, with his oracular air, "is a mere question of climate. In the temple of Jupiter, on the borders of the Libyan desert, one is compelled to walk with naked feet. Such an ordinance in Moscow would ruin the toes of the nation in a week. Abstinence from wine is healthy in Arabia, injurious in Switzerland. A religion which orders a man to bathe twice a day is excellent on the banks of the Ganges, but I've a shrewd notion that the apostle who should attempt to introduce it at Archangel would be stoned."

Alice laughed, but Doctor Germaine said, with gravity, that all forms of religion were worthy of respect.

"Unless men reverence something outside their own intellects, they become ungovernable. I affirm that the Christian faith is good, merely because it is a faith; the faith of Mohammed is good for the same reason. Buddhism and Judaism are good, and good also is the religion of the poor Indian who worships God in the depths of the forests."

"And eats his enemies for breakfast on the tops of his mountains," said Ampersand. "I daresay you are right; but we poor worldlings, sitting at our club windows, see only the emblazoned banners, and hear only the fifeing and the drumming of the noble army of martyrs. We know only your platform orators, your Salem-chapel lecturers on the sublime and beautiful, your women-worshipped spouters of ecstatic nothing, your ball-going, croquet-playing man-milliners, your tub-thumping insulters of the Almighty Mercy, or your cold-blooded, well-salaried officials of the Great Church of England Department."

"Gently my dear Gilbert," said Dr. Fabian, almost nettled. "Gently!"

"Really," said Ampersand, standing on tiptoe in his eagerness to impress his conclusion upon the youthful peer, "I have no wish to be harsh. You say that you have souls, and that you are in earnest about saving them. Is this frilled, furbelowed, operatic, advertising religion of our day a religion to aid a struggling soul? Is this musical-box, tinkling its illogical tunes, a thing to risk life for, court death for, thank God for? Is it? If so, I will get on to my island and cry, I am

[Note correction, top of page.]

[Examiner notes that deletion also appears in RH margin.]

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*FELIX AND FELICITAS.*


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Gilbert Ampersand, and let the will of Heaven be done !”

Lord Godwin smiled pleasantly. “I see that we are all agreed,” he said. “But tell me, Mr. Ampersand, suppose you had been sent into the Church, and had to do a day’s district-visiting, what would you do ?”

“Certainly not pull out a Bible and preach. I should say, ‘John Johnson, your tools are in pawn, ain’t they ? Well, here is ten shillings to get ’em out, and I shall look to *you*, Mrs. Johnson to pay me. Now open the window, and shut the Bible. You don’t understand anything about the book of Habakkuk, I am quite sure. Yes, the doctor shall call and see the baby. You smoke, Mr. Johnson ? Good ; then there’s some tobacco ; sit down and light your pipe, and keep a stout heart in your body.’” 181

“Ah ! Gilbert,” said the parson, smiling, “you are ready of reply. But we live in troublous times. The old faiths are rent from us by a science which gives nothing to supply their places. The mind of a man of your stamp is like the wandering dove that went forth from the ark upon the world of waters and ‘found no rest for the sole of her foot.’”

“Well, the dove brought back an olive-branch, whereas your black-coated, solemn raven perched himself comfortably upon a rotting carcass,” said Ampersand.

The two friends looked at each other and laughed.

“You must provide for both in your new Reform Bill,” said Mrs. Germaine to Lord Godwin.

“Let me give your pupil a hint,” said Ampersand to Fabian. “Take your speech, my lord, and make a book of it. A political speech is a dangerous thing to have hanging loose in a newspaper. You must secure it between two boards. A talker—if he means what he says—should always fix himself in print.”

“I quite mean what I say,” said Godwin, “but I confess I rather dread the battle, and am half inclined to envy Mrs Germaine her quiet life. I suppose Felix is hard at work ?”

“Yes,” said Alice, “I suppose so. He is busy every morning in his painting room.”

This was not quite the sort of a reply Godwin looked for from the lips of an artist’s wife, but it sufficed to turn the conversation, and suggest the propriety of leave-taking.

[Note corrections, top and centre-page.]

As they neared the house, Felix met them. The artist was pale with excitement, and held in his hand a letter.

"I have got my first commission!" he cried. "Look at this!"

The note was a very polite invitation from Mr. Raphael Delevyra, requesting Mr. Felix Germaine to paint for him a picture, on any subject, similar in size to the Martha and Mary, for the sum of one thousand guineas.

"Bravo!" said Godwin. "He is a noble fellow."

"A thousand guineas!" cried Alice. "It is a fortune."

"A very handsome sum indeed," said Dr. Germaine, "and very politely offered."

Felix stood silent, with darkening brow and changing color.

"There is one thing," he said; "if I accept it, I must go to London. I cannot get models here."

"You must accept at all hazards," said Earl Godwin. "It would be madness to refuse."

"Yes, Felix, you must accept it," said Alice.

"So my dreams of country quietness are over," said Felix, with a smile which was not one of regret. "Well, I accept my fate;" and, putting his arm round his wife's waist, he drew her away.

"He does not love her, though," thought Godwin. And he was astonished, upon reflection, to find that he could not account for the intrusion of such a thought at such a moment.

Gilbert Ampersand did not join in the congratulations, but after watching the group for a little, he went over to where Master Hector Germaine was reposing in the lap of his nurse.

"Pictures, Politics, and Piety," said he, patting the infant's rosy cheek. "All very fine things, but *this* is the conclusion of it all. I shall add the pair to my collection."

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## CHAPTER VI.

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A LEAF FROM MR. AMPERSAND'S NOTE BOOK.

**M**R. GILBERT AMPERSAND had an indistinct notion that one day, when he had leisure, he would write a book. Whether that book should be a romance, a scientific memoir,

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*FELIX AND FELICITAS.*


---

a speculative essay, an epic poem, or a medical treatise, he had not yet determined. He had been heard, however, to say in a smoking-room, that a work which should combine the *Comédie Humaine* of Balzac with the *Rapports du Physique et du Moral* of Cabanis was not impossible to an observer who zealously studied and recorded the peculiarities of the human beings with whom he was brought in contact ; and although he never absolutely pledged himself to do more than observe and record, he observed and recorded diligently. The following note, made the day after his soliloquy over young Hector Germaine, may serve as a specimen of his style :—

“Neither Felix Germaine nor Alice Gray have ever seriously considered why they married each other. Perhaps it is because that, at the period of life when they persuaded themselves that they were in love, neither had met any superior example of the opposite sex. The rectory-house and the village had been their world. Alice gauged her affections by her books, and Felix took his notions of manly responsibility from the tone of public opinion at his private school. Church duties and country air were Alice’s luxuries. Pictures and dreams of pictures were the only delights that Felix knew. The pair, thrown together at that critical period of life when a rudimentary posterity imprisoned in the depths of our organization commands to be set at liberty, saw in each other the outward expression of their secret and barely comprehended anxieties. Thus, cheated by one of the ingenious tricks of Nature into marriage, they discovered with astonishment that, so soon as the petinacious rudiment had got itself developed to perfection, the personal interest they had taken in each other cooled very considerably. With the birth of Hector each found the other somewhat wearisome. Alice complained to herself that her husband was rude and unsympathetic. Felix was chagrined at having to admit that he found his wife tiresome and stupid. These complete unions of man and woman, of which the world has sometimes had examples, exist only when the strongest sexual feelings are combined with the deepest moral esteem. Minds must embrace as well as bodies. In the case of the union of this clever young man, with this amiable girl, neither the physical nor mental depths of either have been sounded. Alice Germaine, the mother of a lusty boy, knows really

nothing of what masculine love is capable. Felix Germaine, the husband of a beautiful young woman, is as ignorant of the mysteries of her sex, as if he had been bred in a cloister. In fact, that relentless power, which we term the Natural Forces, and which uses up men and women as the Pharaohs used their slaves, has betrayed two people into giving another life to be expended in its service. The Natural Forces—wholly regardless of the fact that modern civilization has decided that most of the crimes and miseries of the age, arise from marriages between people not wholly suited to each other—have produced Hector Germaine, and left his parents to settle the cost of his existence between them."



[The last page of print. A pencil note across the R.H. corner, has not been reproduced on the photograph. It reads '7 1/2 pages?' which, in context, seems meaningless. The hand is difficult to identify, but may be Mackinnon's; I do not think it is Clarke's. There are no corrections to Chapter 6; and there is no gathering number on this page, which may indicate that there was no further copy to hand.]



[ML59 verso]

Blank.

[ML61 and verso]

Also blank, bound with the printed chapters.

[ML63]

Grey back wrapper.

THE MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER 7  
AND THE  
INCOMPLETE MANUSCRIPT OF CHAPTER 8

[ML65]

Complete

Story<sup>e</sup><sub>A</sub>

Complete

[The hand may be one of the Clarke family. On same paper as the wrapper which enclosed Rose's letters.]

['Felix and Felicitas' Continued

In the Author's Hand

Chapter Seven and part of Chapter Eight]

[ML67]

32
18
256
32
-----
516 ) 8
522
-----
5

May be casting off; hand

not identified; the whole crossed through. / Book II [blue; heavily scored through in purple, top L.H. corner.] / 1. Chapter VII [purple] /

Felix [Clarke's hand.] /

Æ AEsthetics in the Suburbs

~~Mr and Mrs Felix Germaine were in London.~~ Felix Germaine had taken for his wife child and easel a very pretty house ~~in the neighbourhood of Chelsea.~~ <sup>near</sup> ~~His artistic eye was pleased with the surroundings of at~~ Notting Hill. Mrs That is to say that A Alice Germaine ~~found it fas the place-f~~ thought it pretty because it was new and strange and at first sight rather like a the ~~chapter out of~~ Kensington Museum viewed through the small end of an opera glass. The celebrated Mons. Mesnardiere of whom some large number of people have perhaps never heard, furnished it originally for a friend of Stortons ~~who had a craze for pa.~~ One saw one's reflection ~~oneself~~ distorted in mirrors of Murano glass and e sat down in chairs which might have come from Byzantium if Mons. Mesnardiere's own firm of Gooch and Gronting had not made them.

[ML69] / 2. /

Cabinets constructed by the same talented artists after designs by  
182 183 184  
Cauvet and Delafosse stood in alcoves where Fragonard was  
185  
excelled by Rafael Tomkins. Machine-made tapestry bore the ~~signature~~  
186  
monogram of Noel Coypel and the ~~sides-of-the~~ doorjamb's were panels in  
187 188  
Tarsiatura [sic] representing the rape of Europa after Andrea di Cosimo,  
Some Some particularly  
Particularly hideous blue plates ~~sign~~ were ascribed to Francesco  
189 leech-  
Xanto. and a ~~punch-bowl~~ pharmacy jar bearing a ~~portrait of~~ green  
conger of green dolphins on a blue ground was confidently proclaimed ~~gen~~  
190  
to be a genuine specimen of Castel Durante. Felix however was gratified  
at the harmony of color in the wall painting (Mesnardiere was certainly a  
master in that art, his boyhood's art) ~~and-as-the-garden-was-elegantly-~~  
~~as~~  
~~laid-out~~ and he had a painting-room with a northern light he was happy.

[ML71] / 3 /

For the rest there was a delicious little garden and the tradespeople of  
the neighbourhood seemed to give unlimited credit.

~~The wild success of Martha and Mary~~

Alice Germaine was quite relieved from her fears of as to the Great  
World. The Great World was exceeding [sic] kind to her. ~~La The-G La The~~  
Dowager Countess of Godwin came out of her ~~reclusion~~ and having  
reconciled herself to her son -- he was her only son and she a widow --  
honored  
~~invited patronised the painters wife with her gentle~~ her  
protege's <sup>[sic]</sup> wife and his wife with with pleasant patronage. ~~Mrs. Felix-~~  
~~Germaine had h-Not only had Mrs. Felix Germaine this general Mrs. Feli~~  
& Mrs  
The names of Mrs, Felix Germaine and his wife appeared ~~in-the~~ among those  
of some very great people indeed ~~an~~ in an account of a dinner ball at  
Godwin House, and Alice with her pleasant honest manner and kindly ways

[ML73] / 4 /

won good words ~~for~~ from ~~man~~ some very haughty ~~people~~ folk. "I don't like  
Thanet  
A artists as a rule until after they are dead" The Marquis ~~of-Staffa~~  
had said "but my sister's painter ~~is~~ has real genius and his rustic  
~~country-bred~~ wife is charming. ~~What-<why> don't they bring up women in~~

So

~~the country now.~~ So Felix Germaine had his while Felix Germaine supped full of happiness and fed his vanity with fat with praise, ~~his wife~~ Mrs. Germaine was by no means neglected as many artists wives are, but had her share of enjoyment also. Old Lady Scrimgeour had always <sup>regarded</sup> liked Alice with something more than mere liking, and ~~whenever that good lady's the~~ Exeter Hall <sup>was in</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> season began that good ~~to~~ lady's fat horses might be seen at ~~Notting-Hill Addison-Villa~~ the gate of Addison Villa for long afternoons together while their mistress sipped <sup>her</sup> tea and in the ~~little-draw~~ gorgeous little drawing room.

[ML75] / 5 /

-- a quality quite apart from that of rank wealth or virtue --  
 The respectability of Lady Scrimgeour ~~was-undoubted-a-quality-wholly~~ <sup>was</sup> undoubted, and any scandal which might attach to the ~~appearance-of-Mrs-~~ Germaine appearance of the name of Mrs. Germaine in the such announcements as that to which I referred just now was hushed at the ~~s~~ <sup>yellow-&-bl</sup> sight of the ~~Scrimgeour-liveries-The-buff-and-blue~~ <sup>191</sup> ~~be-dowager-b~~ benevolent dowager taking Master Hector Germaine and his nursemaid for a steady drive ~~in-Kens~~ through Bloomsbury. ~~Lord-Godwin-and-would-often-A~~ ~~frigid-virgin-who-lived-opposite-the~~ Some comment was indeed made by the virgins of the Square when Lord Godwin's horse was led up and down by Lord Godwin's groom for nearly four ~~houses~~ hours while Lord Godwin was ~~chatting~~ paying his afternoon call, but as Mr. Germaine came out with Lord Godwin &

[ML77] / 6 /

~~that-n~~ mounted the grooms horse that servitor being dismissed with instructions to wait at the Addison Arms until his master returned gossip was stilled. ~~H-Curls-said-at-the-Addison-Arms-that-his-master-was-a-real-~~ ~~"blooming-sort"-whi-by-which-he-intended-remark-but-but-"regular-~~ <sup>two young men</sup> The pair rode out to the Club d'Artois and dined there coming home in the ~~twilight-an~~ early moonlight and finding Curls so much the worse for beer that ~~Godwin-insisted-upon-taking-his-friend-on-with-him-to-his-~~ bachelor-roo & ~~Felix-felt-constrained-to~~ they decided to leave him, and so rode on to Godwin's bachelor quarters and finished the night with

tobacco.

~~"My life seems all amiss" said the Earl "I wish I had never gone on that voyage -- or never come back to <from> it.~~ [The above paragraph deleted by one large cross]

[ML79] / 7. /

~~Godwin was a frequent visitor to Felix, and such meetings were not uncommon. Lord Godwin~~ Such evenings were not uncommon. Godwin liked nothing better than to come in during some afternoon when neither business nor pleasure claimed him, and after watching the progress of the Mr. Delevyra's picture, ~~descend into the dine-~~ partake of the modest fare provided by Mistress Alice and finish the evening with smoke and chat. The two former comrades seemed to be growing Felix more into accord with one another. Felix was more contented, and Godwin was less enthusiastic. The Earl had received a heavy blow. That which he had said to Alice Germaine in the garden was quite true. He had not calculated upon the <sup>h</sup> ~~hidden ferocity of~~ strength of the ~~anim~~ <sup>+</sup> opposition ~~wh~~ feelings evoked by his speech. he felt himself shunned as a traitor or sneered at for a madman. ~~There a~~ Had it not been for the ~~pleasa~~ fortunate circumstance of his attachment to Mrs. Germaine he would have certainly fallen into that <sup>+</sup> <sup>+</sup> [ . . . in Clarke's hand, but in darker ink, and crammed into the remaining space on the page, as if a later addition.]

[ML81] / 8 /

~~dubiously to be~~ delightful <sup>f</sup> but dubious society which is always too ready to ~~wel~~ welcome young men of fortune. <sup>w</sup> That which hurt him most was the light laughter with which his grave propositions were received.

"I ~~know~~ I am right and yet I appear ridiculous even to myself."

"You will see things in a different way old fellow, when you begin to realise your importance" returned Felix <sup>f</sup> "Hang-it When a man ~~beg~~ once learns what an income of £100,000 a year means in England he is not likely to live like a hermit. If I had half the money --" and he paused in dreamy delight at ~~of such-a~~ the thought.

"You don't care for money Felix."

"No but I should like to spend it. ~~I-wou~~ How I would spend it. I would  
surround myself with all shapes and ~~sounds-of-beauty~~ <sup>by</sup> and sounds of  
beauty."

"You would tire."

"Perhaps. But you are tired already. My Uncle Fabian is a little mad you  
know ~~one~~

[ML83] / 9 /

At any rate he is a sort of splendid savage who ought never to be allowed  
out of his forests."

"I am a little uncivilised I believe" said Godwin "but that is soon  
mended. I am learning daily."

"Your instructor?" asked the painter <sup>standing back from his</sup> ~~contemplating~~  
canvas to contemplate the last stroke of his brush.

"Ampersand. I like him because he is so different to me. His mind looks  
at things from quite another point of view to mine." F

"You mustn't believe all he says."

"No he ~~talks-from-sheer~~ is always in superlatives. He prepossessed me  
against many people whom I have afterwards found to be very likeable."

"Who are they?"

<sup>and a Republican like myself</sup>  
"O Stivelyn who is a master of melody, Miss Rochambeau who ~~is~~ has  
written some peasant stories which ~~are-equal~~ are exquisitely tender and-  
sy in their sympathy for ~~all-that~~ the poor and the suffering. 192

[ML85] / 10 /

~~and~~ and Carbeth who is a noble fellow at heart.

"By the way" said Felix "have you been again to that place?"

~~I-would-not-speak-against-him~~  
"Where we met? ~~No-I-d~~ The host was ~~a-man~~ one of the men ~~whom-I~~  
whose good qualities I  
~~didn't-like~~ have not yet discovered."

"But the hostess Mrs. Delevyra?"

"Very charming but artificial and cold."

~~"Cold?"-cried-Felix,-and-then~~ Perhaps so." said Felix, and then after a  
pause he added "she has a strange history."

"Did she tell it to you" asked Godwin with ~~his~~ a return of his own  
brusqueness.

Felix colored laughed turned his head. "Tell it to me! Why I only met her for the first time that

[ML87] / 11 /

night. I know <sup>not</sup> it is strange however. ~~Every~~ Everybody knows it."

"What ~~who~~ was she for I do not know."

"A ~~concert~~ singer. You have heard of Carmel?"

"Of course."

"He was her uncle. Her voice left her and she married for a home."

"She has a very enjoyable one" said Godwin "though for my own part I would rather live after your fashion. Shall we ask Mrs. Germaine to make us some tea?"

~~"With all my heart" said Felix "We are go We thought of going to Albert Gate tonight by & by~~

Such conversations were common, and little by little Godwin discovered that <sup>Felix</sup> his friend was much interested in h the wife of his patron.

[ML89] / 12 /

~~"It is curious what~~ I wonder how he can neglect his ~~wi~~ own wife for a woman like that" he said to himself ~~and then he blushed and his heart blushed, for he remembered that he Alice.~~

He said the same thing one day to Ampersand.

"What business is it of yours ~~my dear Earl~~ my lord?" asked Ampersand.

"Are you interested in Mrs. Germaine?"

"I think she is a very charming good woman" ~~said~~ was Godwin's reply, ~~but he turned the conversation quickly. Ampersand note but he blushed as he~~ but

"She is quite unfit for an artists wife" said Ampersand "at least, for an artist like Germaine. ~~Some~~ He is Some men like wives who ~~lie~~ <sup>get</sup> are do calm and ~~set~~ <sup>H</sup> placid placid and who ~~gets~~ the house in order. Others are never happy unless they are petted and carressed[sic] and quarrelled with and consoled from morning until night."

"But I should <sup>have thought</sup> imagine that any artist would prefer to be



[ML91] / 13 /

let alone to work in peace."

"The best sort of artist yes" Said Ampersand [deletion red] "but the ~~sen~~ second rate fellows always want sympathy and encouragement."

"But is not Felix in the front rank?"

"Just now."

"And you think he will not ~~improve~~ remain there."

"I know him better than you, ~~but~~ He is unstable. He ~~may~~ works <sup>only</sup> ~~under~~ the influence of violent fits of ambition. If He ~~Shou~~ He ~~will-paint-this-picture-well,~~ h<sup>^</sup> Should he ever become sated with praise, or <sup>fatally</sup> ~~baffled to~~ beyond his ex he will work no more. He is not of ~~the-class~~ those who paint because they ~~are-compelled-by-their-genius~~ cannot live without painting."

"Well you do not flatter him our friend" said Godwin laughing.

"Nevertheless I wish he would pay a little more attention to his home."

[ML93] / 14 /

"For his sake?" asked the little man slyly.

"For everybodys sake" said Godwin simply.

"You are a very good young man, my lord" said Ampersand "If and the world <sup>were\*</sup> would be unendurable if everybody ~~was~~ [deletion red] like you."

"Why?"

----[red]

"Because we should have no amusements, no scandals, no infamies, no wars, no enjoyments of any kind. ~~It~~ London would be as stupid as Paradise. [""]

"~~Come~~ Mr. Ampersand" said the young earl with his Fabianic manner "please <sup>not</sup> do <sup>^</sup> be flippant."

~~I-dislike-to-hear~~ Tell-me

Ampersand ~~knocked-the~~ blew the ask ash from his cigarette. "Well then" he said "tell me frankly. What you want me to do."

But Godwin found it difficult to be frank. He ~~"I-trust-Do-you-I-answ~~ He answered the question

[ML95] / 15 /

by asking another.

"What do you think of Mr. Delevyra?"

"As a man, or a host?"

"As a man."

~~I-shoul~~ He is like all his race. Fond of display, not ~~That-is-no-s-rath~~  
easily moved to pity, & profoundly selfish, ~~and-devoted-to-his-own~~

"He seems passionately attached to his wife" said Godwin, "her will is law to him."

"His wife is part of himself. ~~Her He She-is-his-property.~~ A Jew loves ~~next-to~~ his wife and is devoted to his children ~~beca He lavishes-pre-h-~~  
~~his-weal~~ Nothing that he can afford to buy is too good for them. ~~He-~~  
~~cheats-lies-and-sub~~ For them ~~he-cheats-lies-and~~ [deletion red]  
submits to  
~~commits~~ a thousand insults, ~~work~~ working the while like a galley-

slave. But ~~A~~ there is no generosity in all this. He knows that the

[ML97] / 16 /

feeling of enjoyment which he will experience at beholding ~~their own ap~~  
~~them-wi~~ their prosperity will ~~amply-repay-hi~~ repay him a hundred per cent  
for his ~~outley~~ outlay of labour and annoyance.

He puts himself out at interest in fact. His life  
~~It~~ is a commercial transaction nothing more.

"You ~~put-a-very-hard-and-cruel-construction~~ ~~impute~~ put a very hard and  
cruel construction upon it" said Godwin "~~I-am-quite-sure-that~~ I have  
always heard that Jews are the best husbands in the world."

"So they are" said Ampersand "I have just told you so."

"But a woman would surely ~~penetrate-the~~ discover this selfishness if it  
existed and there is no quality so distastely <sup>ful a</sup> to <sup>a</sup> woman as selfishness.  
~~If~~ Young as I am I have learned that."

Ampersand shrugged his shoulders and rose to terminate the conversation.

[ML99] / 17 /

<sup>my opinion</sup>  
"You asked me ~~my what-i-thought~~" he said "I have given it to you. ~~I-may~~  
It may be worth nothing."

"One moment" said the other "What about Mrs. Delevyra?"

"Ah!" said Ampersand, "that is another matter. She is ~~is~~ a machine of  
much more complicated construction."

"Do you like her?"

by-no-means

"Very much. She is intelligent, and sensitive and profoundly miserable.

Moreover ~~sh~~ without being beautiful, she is not positively plain. An <sup>be</sup>  
Unless-a-woman-be-absolutely-hideous ugly woman unless indeed she be  
superlatively the most  
superlatively hideous is wholly uninteresting creature in the world."

"Miserable!" cried Godwin, ignoring <sup>the latter part of</sup> his companions

[ML101] / 18 /

speech. "Why ~~shoul~~ she seems ~~the happiest~~ most contented ~~wom~~. ~~What can-~~  
~~she want~~ The Her life is not a very lofty one ~~by~~, but it should satisfy  
most women. It is infinitely preferable to the life of a concert singer I  
should think."

is  
"So it is, ~~but~~ Mrs. Delevyra ~~has a-ho-all-the-e~~ surrounded with the  
elegancies of life, and ~~sees-the-best-people~~ knows everybody of ~~the-ver/~~  
but the very highest people. Her house is ~~"well-she~~ as open as a fair,  
~~to-all-the-world~~

"Well she likes it to be so" said Godwin.

~~"I-don't-think-she-does"-sai~~ I don't think she does" said Ampersand "It-  
~~was~~ Mr. Delevyra however likes it. ~~His~~ He is a true Oriental and loves to  
sit in the gate."

~~"You-surprise-me"-Said-seb-said-the-Earl-"What-I~~

Godwin meditated for a moment and then raising his

[ML103] / 19 /

head said "Then you think she married him for his money"

"No" replied Ampersand "I do not. ~~She-is~~ Felicitas Carmel ~~is is~~ was never  
for  
avaricious. I think she married him ~~as-a-break~~ because ~~he-was~~ a ~~breakwater~~  
breakwater.

"What Another epigram?"

"She married him in order that ~~he-mig~~ ~~his~~ he might fend off the ills of  
life and keep her bark ~~eamf~~ calmly at anchor.

"Well ~~and doesn't-it?~~" isn't it at anchor?"

"I seldom read modern poetry" said the other "because I know so many  
modern ~~m~~ poets, but there are two lines written by a friend of  
Baltazarin's which occur to me ~~as~~ at this moment

"And love with all his sails blown sudden out"

"Strained at the cable of <sup>Aer</sup> my weakened will"

['Story' in pencil, framed, over this quotation. Not in Clarke's hand;  
193  
possibly Mackinnon's.]

[ML105] / 20 /

F ~~Let~~ Interpret that for yourself my lord and let us talk ~~up~~ about something ~~more-serious~~ else.

"Let us hope the cable be a strong one" said Godwin and as the association of ideas ~~be~~ brought to his mental vision the picture of his yacht, he ~~said~~ added "Will you come for a fortnights cruise in the Ianthe?"

"Impossible" said Ampersand ~~I-have-nothing-to-do-just-now-and-that-is~~ ~~therefore-as-busy-as-possible~~ H I have ~~accepted-invitations-for-a-month-~~ ~~hence~~ engagements every day for a month.

"Well I shall go" said Godwin with a decided air, "I want a change."

blank line [framed, Clarke's hand.]

"A very honest boy that" thought ~~the Mr-Ampersand~~ Ampersand as ~~the-Ea~~ he watched the Earl's stalwart

[ML107] / 21 /

figure swing down the street of club houses "I believe that if --- " but ~~his~~ he was disturbed in his train of refle<ction> [page torn] by Walmsley who was full of a discovery which he had just made concerning his own laziness.

"The reason why I lie in bed during the long vacation until four oclock in the afternoon ~~is~~" Said Walmsley "is because <of> my ~~Jdi~~ Judicial Mind. Sloth deprived of its court sits in judgement on itself Sloth says -- Lie still, Diligence says -- Arise! There is much to be urged on both sides and when I have heard and weighed the arguments the hour is often infelicitously post-liminous."

Chaper [sic] III / [faint signs of correction to "8"] / Felicitas to Felix

"Je vois s'epanouir vos passions novices  
Sombres ou lumineux je vis vos jours perdus.  
Mon coeur multiplié ~~jouit~~ jouit de tous vos vices  
Mon âme resplendit de toutes vos vertus -- <sup>194</sup>

~~Have-you-read~~ Do you remember these verses of Charles de Beaudelaire  
[sic] ? They seem to exactly ~~explies~~ express

[ML109] / 22 /

the feeling which I have for you. ~~Ne~~ There is no ~~æ~~ occasion for me to be  
prudish in acknowledging the ~~sentime~~ interest which I have taken in your  
success in life. I ~~would~~ have told my husband of it <sup>often</sup> in your presence as  
you know, and he himself ~~has-a~~ -- though you do not think it -- highly  
appreciates your ~~ta~~ genius. But it requires I think something more than  
appreciation to bring out a man's highest qualities. ~~There-is~~ <sup>We have</sup> much ~~that-~~  
~~is~~ in common between us, and our sympathies are keen. ~~But~~ I can see many  
faults in you ~~which-you~~ -- many and grave faults, while you without doubt  
~~hav~~ are often disgusted to <sup>find</sup> ~~see~~ how superficial is my knowledge on those  
subjects which interest you most. ~~Must~~ But I am pained to perceive that  
you often give utterance to sentiments which show that you ~~worck~~ think  
more of ~~the~~ ~~appreciation~~ present reputation than future fame. Remember  
~~that~~ I have tasted the delight which springs from ~~rapid-recog~~ <sup>inhaled</sup> immediate  
recognition of merit. I have ~~heard-the-spoken-applause-that~~ <sup>drunk</sup>  
that ~~wondrous-and~~ intoxicating incense, the applause of the theatre and  
know

[ML109 verso]

21 pages Marcus Clarke's M.S.

averaging 15 lines to the page &

7 words to the line -- 2142 words

which in print crown 4to will make

5 3/4 pages. --

21 slips 5 3/4 pages

Note the M.S. reprint will make 52pp crown 8vo with <solid or ? long  
pr--> 3 half sheets + a quarter 16o.

[ML111] / 23 /

the thrill which sweeps H across the ~~heat~~ heartstrings. Then ~~the amid-a-~~  
~~deafening-roar-of-voices,~~ and the ears are deafened by the roar of  
voices, ~~and~~ the eyes blinded by the flashing of hands and waving of  
handkerchiefs, while all the electricity of two thousand ~~ha~~ excited  
spirits in-poured into your single soul. No one who has ~~ever~~ experienced  
this ear can ever care for the tamer though ~~← secure →~~ more lasting  
which is  
praise, bestowed in cold blood by ~~some~~ an intellect purely critical and  
doing its work at leisure ~~and~~ without ~~in excitement~~ emotion. But painters  
have not this kind of experience. You may have felt something like it on  
thr day ~~wa~~ when you stood in the gallery of the Academy and listened to  
the remarks upon your Martha and Mary. But ~~the~~ a hundred more or less  
indifferent actors who that night appeared in the various theatres had  
each ten times as much applause as you ~~As~~ and during the time the hand-  
clapping and feet-stamping lasted forgot their debts, their ~~misfortunes~~  
misfortunes and their failures. Fortunate for them! ~~Were-it-not-for~~

[ML111 verso]

and [not in Clarke's hand.]

[ML113] / 24 /

for I tell you, and I know what I am saying, that ~~Me~~ were it not for that  
applause many of these men would die. ~~There-is-a-starvation-of-soul-as-~~  
~~well-as-of-body,~~ and. ~~There-is-a-disease-in-theatres-among~~ Applause is  
like a draught of wine. How many melancholy men have I not known, who  
possessed of an artistic temperament ~~in~~ but without ~~dramatic~~ the power to  
give their minds creations bodily shape, lived for years supported by that  
magic  
cordial cordial ~~which-was~~ sparingly as it was doled out to them. But you  
have no need for this stimulant. You are not required to paint a series  
of fifty finished portraits in ~~a-year~~ ten weeks, nor to paint every day  
at a certain hour ~~whether~~ whether you it is hot or cold, ~~or-wet-or-dry.~~  
whether you be ill or well. You have that most blessed thing -- leisure.

~~You~~ You can humor your ~~nuse~~ muse ~~can-let-her-come~~ and woo her in her happiest moods. ~~but~~ Why therefore this ~~most~~ restlessness, this craving for ~~a-reputation-which~~ the mouth-honor of a the multitude? It is ignoble and beneath you.

[The chapter is broken off at this point; but, since the page is filled, we cannot know if these were the last words of 'Felix and Felicitas' which Clarke wrote.]

[ML113 verso]

Some rudimentary sketches of men in military-style caps -- soldiers or policemen perhaps, or even an attendant at the Public Library, if done by Clarke. However, the drawings are reminiscent of some to be found on the wrapper of the Music Notes; and if I have dated that 'brochure' correctly the hand there cannot be Clarke's. 'Letter' has been written transvers<sup>e</sup><sub>A</sub>ly in blue. The hand may be that of one of the Clarke family; I have not been successful in identifying them separately, but it is the same hand which wrote 'missing G and J' on Rose's letters.]

COPIES OF THE LOVE-LETTERS

IN AN

UNKNOWN HAND



Letters from Rose Lewis to Marcus Clarke

Copies in an Unknown Hand

[In spite of what look like preparations to include the edited letters as part of the novel fragment, much more work on them would have been necessary. A reference to Clarke's cantata, and its printer Williams, has not been removed for instance; and the copies themselves would have required a good deal of correction and rearrangement. It looks as if all work had been suspended once Mrs Clarke decided to withdraw 'Felix and Felicitas' from the Memorial Volume in 1884.]

[2ML115] / Felicitas in pencil; perhaps in Ernest Clarke's hand / A in blue across page / A / 1 /

[The original of 'A' is headed '\*The Love Letters / Felicitas to Felix\* repeating Clarke's heading of Chapter 8.]

You have misunderstood me. I said, "If you really love me you need not regret your marriage with her." Any marriage, if your love is mine must be of the same incompleteness, but if this love for me be simply an 'affair' then there is much to grieve for in your marriage, as you might some day, had you remained single happily have met the one woman made for you. Only in the latter case y would you have cause to grieve at your marriage. This is what I meant. It was in reference to a conversation we had had. Doubt you my love! no, I have never done that. "You have kissed many women like this" was the expression of a feeling all women who know anything of the lives of young men, must have when they love:- a vague jealousy of all those vanished women, who, no matter how unworthy, have yet felt the same pressure of those beloved lips.

[2ML117] / 2 /

How is it you did not understand me my darling, but I suppose my meaning was but half experienced [sic. Orig: 'expressed']. You touched me, and my words melted away, why do you say you have degraded me and <ask> me to forgive you? Because you carressed [sic] me? I laugh. Those caresses are as dear to me -- are for they are mine in memory for ever,

-- as the longed for, dreamed of water to the parched lips of the fever patient. -- "Unhealthy, dangerous"! say nurse and doctor; but what cares the delirious for warnings. I love you. I trust you. I have no fear of you. We will love and suffer and keep our souls clean from earthly stains to the end. Those who love us must ~~k-have-known-us~~ never know, never feel that the better half never did, never could belong to them. What we gave them -- they shall keep, -- and we will love them, and with the <sup>help of the</sup> best that is in us make them happy, but they cannot hinder that other portion of us -- not our bodies, not our affections but something

[2ML119] / 2 /

higher than eith<er>, from knowing that we have gone ~~re~~ sadly astray and can never in this world be set right.

Still in a certain way we are exceptionally happy for we have met and recognised each other. I exult in it. No Saint ever felt more joyful and exalted at the manifestation of his God's presence than I do when I think you love me. My earthly eyes <sup>yearn\*</sup> began to see you, but my spiritual eyes are forever satisfied for I know you love me. My faith in you is unbounded, you are the best man I ever yet knew. How could you so far misunderstand me as to think I misunderstood you. Have I said enough? You must destroy this, you must even although it seems to you as your loved letter seems to me , like a living thing.

[2ML121] / B across page in blue / B / 1 /

First of all my love withdraw the resolve that 'this' shall be the last communication. [sic. Possibly a later insertion; an attempt to make sense of the original's 'emendation' -- see Introduction (pp. 16, 34.).

Orig: also has quotation marks to end of sentence.] Write when you have anything to say, and so will I. I know I shall need to do so occasionally for at times in your presence a silence and shyness comes over me, which you must never mistake for coldness or indifference, and I can write what my lips refuse to speak. O let us speak and write with perfect confidence in ~~one at~~ one another, let us have no fear but of our conscience. Do not think me better than I am lest you make me fell [sic]<feel> that I must

act, to come up to your ideal of me. Know me as I am and love me, take me as I am 'for better for worse', the ring that signifies our spiritual marriage is symbolical of our love. Never to be completed, and hidden from ~~en~~ all eyes. Whether ~~you~~ not good enough or too good for me ~~all~~ always remember this. You are mine and I am yours I love you and you love me. I love you so sadly and joyfully with gratitude and with

[2ML123] / 2 /

despair all at once. My love for you has taught me the meaning of many things, on the whole it has made me a better woman, and a happier woman -- so far. Now I appeal to you regulate your life so as to preserve your heart [orig:'health'] bodily and mental to the ~~upm~~ utmost possible, remember that your sins of omission and commission will be visited tenfold upon me. You cannot suffer without my sharing your pain, and in your prosperity which will come my breast [orig:'heart'] will rejoice. You ask me to help you to do right. I ask you the same. Your influence over me is great. You can give me peace of mind, and you can rack me with mental anguish. ~~Den't~~

Do not say again, you are not good enough to [orig: 'for'] me. It makes me feel cold and isolated as though you were drawing [orig:'withdrawing'] from me. I cannot forgive you, because I cannot admit that you have offended. I shall see you tomorrow. I did not see you today. I did not, could not, look at you because I loved you so.

[2ML125] / C across page in blue / C in copperplate / 1 /

"You do not feel so [orig:'as'] acutely as I do". Do you remember saying that?

I am like a traveller on a long , dark, cold, road who has suddenly come into rest, light, and warmth. I cannot think just now of the weariness that lies before me when I leave this bright spot. I know I have to go that way straight on to the end. My internal God tells me that, but, I have silenced his remonstrances at my tarrying by promises of endless self-sacrifice for the future. It has never come before, ~~it~~ it can never come again, it must soon end, for with all my strength I have resolved

never to buy Heaven by sending others to hell. Life is too short to  
clamber over that stone wall in when I reached the other side I should  
find that all that was in me had perished in the effort, I should be a  
worthless bitter weed. I am awfully in love, doubly in love, with my head  
and my heart

[2ML127] / 2 /

There is no help for me, no salvation, I know this, I accept it but I am  
not sorry. It rather interferes with my plan of making a machine of  
myself, but it cannot be helped. ~~the~~ The road will seem doubly dark and  
cold when I am again alone on it, but after awhile it will not be so bad  
as it was before my rest for I shall have the memory of that -- for you  
love, [orig: 'me'] you love me.

Après cela [orig: 'le'] déluge who care [sic]!

I am going to work as you work. I am going to write, when I come from  
England. Only for occupation. I do not care a straw for fame I would  
rather ~~ha~~ not have it, for it brings with it a horrible light ~~with~~ by  
which the vulgar read your innermost meaning -- but I would like to be in  
the race with you. I love you and expect great things from you. You have  
work to do in the next three months. Remember how much depends upon the  
manner in which

[2ML129] / 3 /

that work is executed. Keep your brain clear from the fumes of alcohol,  
clear from thoughts, from hopes -- rather from wild impossible dreams --  
and work.

Realise the position. Degradation must be impossible. The strength which  
fought so bravely during these four years is not exhausted. A higher  
union is ours than many a happier one. There is something in that. No  
wrong, no injustice must sally [sic. Orig: 'sully'] it. Away with  
sophistry, that pitfall for thinkers. Recognise that a strong will is  
admirable only when used for the good of others or the subjugation of  
self. /[\*] If unchided [sic. Orig: 'unbridled'] self wilfulness is  
beautiful, let us all fall down before the bullet head of the criminal.

Listen to that ~~rep~~ noble godlike self that I have seen and loved in you.  
Stifle that insane, miserable, grasping, unscrupulous devil that is  
[2ML131] / 4 /

constantly struggling for your soul. Whatever comes after keep that  
beautiful self sacrificing part of your nature as you would preserve your  
body from uncleanness; more, much more carefully guard it for spots on  
the soul and [orig:'are'] canekering mildew. What shall the whole <sup>o</sup>w<sup>l</sup>d  
benefit a man if he lose his soul. For the first time in my life, I  
understand that. Wh My love, my love, be strong.

[2ML133] / D across page in blue / D / 1 /

"Either we are in tune or we are out of ~~the~~ tune". The most perfect  
instruments, the most ~~perf~~ sympathetic voices blunder a little when first  
joined. Remember how young this is -- how through the mists ~~for~~ of the  
last few years I have succeeded in seeing you, resolutely as you tried to  
hide yourself, and forgive me if I read a little inaccurately at times. I  
now understand the meaning of the poor 'dismembered wretch'. You are  
right, quite. I did not comprehend that you were warning me against  
yourself. Now I do, and from the depth on [orig:'of'] my love I thank you  
and confess to you, that your warning was needed, for although I rejected  
indignantly, and do still the idea that I would ever voluntarily descend  
to grossness, yet the struggle might be to [sic] much for my resistance  
if you exercised

[2ML135] / 2 /

your power over me. Now we are together in perfect tune I think. You saw  
the love for which a woman will often sacrifice everything and fearing  
lest in some moment of weakness you might be tempted to demand the  
sacrifice, you warn me, make me strong while there is yet time. Am I  
right? My love, my love I have grossly misunderstood you, I imagined it  
was my weakness alone that you feared. Force me to live, remember my life  
has been a false one for years and forgive what weeds of artificiality  
you find in me. Believe me that their roots are not very deep. Be always  
perfectly truthful to me. Let me trust you and your innermost soul will

be open to you but my love, talk no more of your hopes declining, your ambition waning or you

[2ML137] / 3 /

will reduce me to despair. Let me not think I ~~have~~ have depressed where I wish to stimulate. The wall [orig:'hill'] is steep, but you are already half y way. ~~You~~ Do not make an ignominious halt now, on, on even though the time come when I impede your progress and must be left behind.

"Perhaps you think this wild and foolish, and cannot comprehend it altogether".

I do not think it wild and foolish. I comprehend and sympathise with it perfectly. Do not doubt my sympathy, whatever else you doubt -- that I believe is perfect with you. Nothing you write is food for me is [orig:'for'] callous criticism, it is all sacred. You are indeed the first man -- the only man who has or ever will possess my soul. Deal always as mercifully with it as you are doing and in spite of everything, it may preserve its peace until the end.

[2ML139] / 4 /

You speak of this being a 'fantasy'

I felt chilled as I read the word -- but if you discover it in your heart to be so -- tell me as I will you if ever I find you to be a "property chop." Did I ever tell you of the actors half starved dog, who used to run about the theatre with a painted canvas chop? It looked what he most needed, but alas, something was wanting and the poor wretch gave himself up to the 'fantasy' day after day. No, no, we will be true. Good night my love. Thirty years old next July, and these my first love letters. Truly when this malady takes one after childhood it is very severe. Spiritual love is beautiful, best, but I should like to touch your hand and say good night. Dec.13th.

[2ML141] / E across page in blue / E / 1 /

How could you think that I would invent a story to show you I knew something of your past life which I might naturally suppose you did not

wish to hear! You have wronged me, accused me of the 'unpardonable sin'  
-- meanness. My love I had no such thought, as I told you yesterday, I am  
beyond acting with you, although I must occasionally act before you. I  
can scarcely believe at times that their [sic] lives a man to whom I  
dar [sic] speak as I speak to <you>, with whom I dare be true to my  
nature, for reserve with me is but a habit. I start to find myself saying  
to you what I never thought I should speak, thoughts from the depths,  
thoughts in subjects forbidden between man and woman. Even the story of  
my poor servant was a strange one to tell a man, at least it seems so to  
me. My poor love, my good my best love, where will you find in your man's  
nature patience to bear your lot. Do not drink to drown thought

[2ML143] / 2 /

my own darling I am sad beyond expression at times, yet I bear it without  
such help and will you my darling be weaker than I? You knew your work.  
In that you are very fortunate. I am still blundering in the dark --  
anxious to write, afraid to begin afrany <afraid> to prove my inability  
-- for if that is denied me what can I do, how live without one  
interesting occupation, through all the weary days that make the weary  
years. My love I am stupidly sad this morning, but you wished me to write  
to you, and you wish me to be truthful, I will not be sad, I will  
remember you love me. I will think of the glimpses of Paradise our love  
gives us, and I will rejoice for my fellow men and women more blessed by  
cicumstances but not more blessed in heart, than we.

[2ML145] / F across page in blue / F / 1 /

It seems to me dear love, that our seeming scoffing is in reality  
glorification. It is because our idea of God is so great, because our  
veneration is so real, that we jeer at the miserable idol of small minded  
unthinking men. It is not that we are irreligious, but we despise this  
mannikin God, just as we laugh at the bedizened <sup>home [orig:'horse']</sup> deemed sacred by ~~the~~  
Chinese. ~~In order~~ I wonder if you are going away tomorrow, I hope you are  
for you are [sic] for your dear heart's [orig:'health's'] sake. I am  
'possessed' by you. I have no thought quite distinct from you. You are

interwoven through me I am generally undisturbed [orig:'contented'] and calm. I have so much more than I expected. I cannot be unreasonable enough to complain because I have not still more. My ring <of> hidden roseleaves, my secret buried in my heart keep me peaceful.

The only inconvenience I suffer is that I am abstracted and have much difficulty in interesting myself in the people I must see.

[2ML147] / 2 /

I have a strong desire to avoid my kind. Tell me when and where I am artificial and I will endeavour to amend. Tell me also in full, the story you thought I had discovered, keep nothing from me, believe in the generosity of my love, if when I see you tonight you tell me you leave tomorrow, I will if possible give you this, if not -- I mean if you are not going away, I will keep it and post it tomorrow. I have been thinking what an excellent relief to your restlessness my apathy would be, if we were much together. You would often feel inclined to shake me for it, yet I am sure it would ~~ea~~ sometimes calm and soothe you. Unless your fever proved more contagious than my calm. Farewell, my own love I hate that useless good bye. What does it mean. What is bye?

[2ML149] / H across page in blue / H / 1 /

All the world is still and once more, I will read your letter and answer it paragraph for paragraph. About the 'nun', all <sup>between us</sup> <sub>^</sub> is said, except -- that I feel if I could have had with you a month, fortnight, even week of freedom, -- such perfect freedom as you had with her in Paris, I should bear with patience the most arduous fetters of conventionality. The memory of that week would satisfy me. Not quite such a time as you spent with her, like it only in its liberty. Poor dear [orig:'dead'] woman I do not wish to speak slightingly, but what was natural to her would be unpardonable to my clear [orig:'clever'] vision. This purity of mine from past sin, need trouble you no more. It is the effect of circumstance. Had I been a man I should have done all that men do, being a woman, with milder passions, some pride, some conscientiousness, I have so far kept my right to look society calmly in the face and say "I have kept my



contract with you."

[2ML151] / 2 /

Perhaps you in your paroxysms of remorse are nearer Heaven than I in my <icy> prudence. You see the moral figleaf you so object to -- the emblem of mock-modesty is crumbling and you will soon have my soul as bare to you as your own. Of course you could go away, fight or travel. I could not. I can only keep still and turn to stone. This is the only difference between strong men and strong women. Weak men become sots and weak women do rash and illconsidered [sic] actions or become sots also, perhaps under troubles like ours, but you will <wrestle> it down, work it out in a book, reason it out of you in some way; I shall keep silence make no sign, be often stupid and at peace, often alone and in torture, but always quiet -- until the end.

Your life is hard, it is not so hard as mine. You can go out and choose men with minds ~~in~~ like your own, but I, excep [sic] during during [sic] the few hours devoted to study, and the

[2ML153] / 3 /

chance visit of a moderately bright man, am doomed to hear stupidity, talk stupidity, until sometimes madness siezes [sic] me, and for a moment I feel inclined to break through my womanly nature and do anything to break this hideous monotony of stupidity. I know quite well that I was made for better things. If I drink a spoonful of wine, or a spoonful [orig:cup] of coffee at night, I pass through torture. My mind is set going ~~to ask~~ it will not stop at command. Occasionally the poor cramped spirit so drearily [orig:'terribly'] cramped within me, fairly shrieks out for space, but like other unfortunate prisoners it wears itself out and settles down in its cell in dogged despair. My intellectual <sup>honor</sup> [orig:power] is not strong enough to flourish in spite of adverse conditions, it wants nourishing and encouraging, or else it faints.

[2ML155] / 4 /

It is undeveloped and knows not how to walk but still exists, and cries bitterly when my Mrs Godfreys cordial loses effect. "I sometimes feel

that ~~unless~~ I must never see you more." Of course you do, and so do I, not quite that, not quite that [sic] but that the communion between us must end for the sake <of those> to whom voluntarily we bound ourselves, let us never forget that, let us be strong enough to fulfil our covenants, even to the bitterest end. I fancy you and I would despise ourselves if we ~~love~~ ~~th~~ broke them and perhaps -- O my God -- despise one another. "Love is truly barren". Oh my love I know it, to the very depths of your experience and consciousness here I am with you. That strange feeling ~~and~~ that all the rest are visitors, outsiders, often intruders, I have also and so they are, and so are we in reality only in this world of shams we must be true to shams

[2ML157] / 5 /

best [orig:'lest'] we become shams. I will not return this letter of yours.

of\*

The signs ~~another~~ ~~of~~ ~~which~~ of emotion of which you are so ashamed render it precious to me. You need have no fear I will -- and yet perhaps I had better. A thousand chances might bring it to light and then what hideous confusion. You shall have it -- put them altogether, yours and mine and if ever I can I will ask you for mine again -- I mean those written by you. There is not much wickedness in them, but there is power enough to break or render reckless a poor heart which all my life until now I have tried to keep free from pain. Arouse that dying ambition. I will not love a man who shows himself less brave than a woman. Remember that my intellect loves yours. If you get a mental smallpox

[2ML159] / 6 /

and lose your inward power I ~~shall~~ may possibly change. If I go to England I shall look anxiously every mail time for whatever of yours has appeared in print during the past month. It will be your only way of speaking to me and although you must speak in parables my love will interpret them. Oh I pray I may go away and yet a line from the Hunchback is haunting me "Alas the [ lacuna; orig: continues 'the strait of her who knows that best which last she'd wish were done.']

[2ML161] / I across page in blue / I / 1 /

I have just sent my letter to the post. All the time I was writing it, the feeling I am now about to try to express was tormenting me, but it was so vague and unformed that I could not find words to fit it. If you leave me entirely you condemn me to mental paralysis.

I cannot understand why you should have this power of stimulating my intellect but you have and you alone. I know others intelligent men and women, but not one who has the slightest influence of the kind over me. When you broke with us years ago, there was a feeling of resentment in my mind against you for withdrawing this stimulus. I thought you must have known how valuable your society was to me. You cannot imagine the depths of mental despondency to which I fell.

[2ML163] / 2 /

I am now putting personal attachment quite out of the question, and for months I looked forward with feverish anxiety from week to week to your writings in the A---- and sometimes their worthless falsity would make me ill, at other times their truth<sup>s</sup> would delight me. Latterly I had [lacuna; orig: not clear; my reading 'terribly deteriorated'] Since that night -- you know that Brownian [orig:'Browning'] night -- I have been better. I do not think there is much intellectual power in me ~~tha~~ but whatever there is you in time could develop. You and you alone. Now do you understand the selfishness that made me beg of you not to make a total break, I cannot live and be myself without your aid. Can you answer a question I am now about to ask, without hurt [orig:'peril'] to your domestic relations -- that is -- consider my ~~case~~ mental case and prescribe for me.

[2ML165] / 3 /

We will put all sentiment away that we must do but do not quite desert <me>, educate me, or make me educate myself, in spite of this atmosphere by which I am surrounded out of which I have no means of escape. Except you take me mentally by the head [orig:'hand']. I am making you my priest. This is ~~the~~ expression of years of suffering. Do what you can for me. Perhaps you ~~understand~~ can do nothing, but try. Do you see how weak I am?

How helpless I am when once I let myself go! Do you see now what  
[orig:underlines 'now' only] you are to me? ~~you~~ Do you see the necessity  
of never letting me despise you?

[2ML167] / K across page in blue / K / 1 /

Is their [sic] not some<thing> very strange in this thing we call love or  
to please you 'Love'. Why should you possess greater affection  
[orig:attraction] for me than any man I have ever met on this earth  
leaving out always my [lacuna; orig: obscure '----- ideal'] about whose  
attraction I am never to know the real truth <sup>possesses this great advantage always</sup> he being to me only an idea<sub>a</sub>  
possessed by fiction over fact viz the being ~~only~~ always beyond the reach  
of test; but you are a Fact, I see you just as I know your feet are <made  
of> clay. I have wrapped you in no fancy woven mantle you are plainly  
before <me> and ye [sic.Orig: 'yet'] Beloved Fact you are more beautiful  
than 'Bottom to Titania'! Excuse the simile it is somewhat  
uncomplimentary but I have it myself it came of itself.

[2ML169] / 2 /

And you with your brain full as I knew it was or is of Swinburnish women  
with perfect form, glowing golden locks, and scarlet lips to which you  
had added the art of the French salons and the practical imagination of  
L.G.L. [repeats orig: mistake; should be L.E.L.] and Mrs. Browning --  
what a descent from your gigantic standard of excellence to this poor  
little ~~pygmy~~ without any excellence to speak of physical moral or mental.  
If some years ago Balzamo had shewn you the portrait of 'the woman you  
were to love fatally' as Arthur Helps has it, you would have laughed him  
to scorn. For I believe you go <do> love me 'fatally' perhaps I flatter  
myself. I believe that had things been different I could have been to you  
what no other woman in the world ever could have been.

[2ML171] / 3 /

Simply because we are suited to one another. We match in many things  
although in many things I think you my superior. We harmonise. However  
the milk is spilt and as we do not intend to rob that small boy of his

small jugful, we must resign ourselves to tea without milk bitter though it be.

Night + + + + + + + + + + +

Are we responsible in the daylight for words spoken in the moonlight? No I think not. Therefore I dare to tell you that with all my remorse for treachery, still, still I say with poor Margaret "And yet and yet! Alas the cause, God knows so good so dear it was" that in spite of conscience I must love you and when near you express in word look and deed that love, that I believe our only safety is in separation. That I love you so unreasonably that your touch at once subdues me.

[2ML173] / 4 /

That I am brave and strong when I stand alone that my bravery & strength vanish when your dear lips touch mine. That I have not always room in my mind for more than my love for you. That all vanishes before that -- duty, conscience, even fear for the future. Therefore preach to me my love as in my strong moments I will to you Good night.

[2ML175] / L across page in blue / L / 1 /

My Letters, oh my letters. Like magic gifts they have vanished in a night. Cruelly wise how bare you have left me. Where is that book about <sup>discontent\*</sup> muscles and bones to drown my ~~intellect~~ in? Only one week more! Did we not promise that this correspondence should end with ~~the~~ ~~it~~ [sic; orig:'72.] The close of the year saw its birth and must also see its death. Short lived beloved infant! And we, unnatural parents to strangle so sweet a child, but we must, alas we must, lest it grow into a monster and rend us. I <sup>play</sup> ~~plug~~ {orig: 'play'} with this grief. I turn it, examine all sides of it except the sad side, for I know that soon no other side will be visible. So let me treat it lightly whilst I can. Do not fear that you have a frivolous heart to deal with. No ~~seener~~ sorrow you can feel will outweigh ~~<mine>~~ when once I realise as sooner or

[The markings "L" on this sheet are curious, both having a horizontal line across the top of the downstroke. This might be evidence that the same hand made both.]

[2ML177] / 2 /

later I must, the utter hopelessness of all this. I have been away from everybody to write a line a line [sic] for I want to post this to-morrow and I may not be able to write tonight. I received the Cantata this morning, which you told Williams to post to me and I have just come from your friends note-book, so that I have been in thought with you all day [orig: 'with you in thought']. As I sat in church, I tried to work all this out, to its conclusion and I find <it> to be -- nothing. At least nothing tangible. Only the knowledge that happiness is not impossible in this world. We have missed it, but to me it \*is good to know\* that <sup>for\*</sup> others it may exist. It is & always will be a blessing to me that you ~~love one~~ love me, and even should the day come when I must exchange loved for love still I shall be grateful.

[2ML179] / 3 /

This Xmas day ~~among the~~ my 29th is the saddest and happiest I have experienced. Fancy your loving me! It seems so strange. It is like the realisation of some incredible visions

[Copyist leaves a line blank; orig: ' ... realisation of some incredible glorious dream.']

I dream. I am content imperfect as things are and ever must be, but I sometimes fear my content will vanish with my opportunities of seeing and hearing from you. I fear that I am taking short views -- that I am living in hope. Do you ever think I am selfish in clinging so to things as they are? Do you ~~see~~ ever think the loaves and fishes weigh with me? or do you comprehend how small my appetite is for such food! Ah it is not that! But I am <sup>tender,</sup> <sub>^</sub>tender also for delicate women and little children. I have always felt it easier to endure than inflict pain.

[2ML181] / 4 /

Nor do I forget you in these thoughts but know what a blighted life yours would be if ~~under a~~ under any pressure any temptation you were to throw honor to the winds I can with love's instinct realise how your heart would bleed at the sight of a little child, if ever you were to sacrifice

yours in the hope of winning happiness

Night + + + + + + + +

Poor little woman, she asked me tonight with tears in her eyes to help her to study -- she endeavouring vainly to interest herself in books, I trying to be musical, do we not represent<sup>n</sup> [sic] round pegs trying to fit square holes.

26th. Just two words my love, and Good bye. Expression no longer despised. I have a singular feeling in regard to you. I feel as though you and I were two strangers in a foreign land.

[2ML183] / 5 /

Two white men, who have met by chance in the wilds of Africa thinking the same thoughts speaking the same language, meeting with joy, parting parting -- how

Goodbye my love

[2ML185] /M / 1 /

"In woman's work and woman's culture." [sic] They say that these studies supply them with a constant store of great thoughts and in this way they are a true blessing to others<sup>for\*</sup> inasmuch as the thoughts which mostly possess [orig: press on] the minds of women are too personal and subjective, and are connected with the troubled and [lacuna; orig: seems to read 'unrestful'] life of man on earth and with the details and anxious cares of daily living; the thoughts engendered by the study of Mathematics and Physical Science, in most of its branches at least, are above all these in a calm region wherein we find inexhaustible matter for wonder and joy and worship and praise, and this is -- why is it not? [orig: 'this is why -- is it not?'] you have tried to get for me the "Physiology of Human Common Life" you are very good, very thoughtful. I heard your Cantata last night. It is life [sic; orig: 'like'] yourself full of passion and glow. My head is<sup>very\*</sup> full of household matters. Not [sic] matter in what direction our tastes or talents

[2ML187] / 2 /

lie, we married women are all kept in the same ~~grosse~~ groove, tradesmen, servants, everlasting dinners, of course it must be so. Some one must superintend to maintain that order which is as necessary in a house as in a state. It is clear the man cannot be trusted without some supervision, therefore we women must do it, but it is rather hard upon some. Not that I see anything to be despised in a thoroughly domestic life, but all women are not fitted for it, no more than men are fitted to manage a bank. However, thoughts what ever is, is wrong the powers that be are strong; that [orig: 'what'] rhyme was quite unintentional. I am very glad to hear you are strengthening [sic: orig: 'enjoying'] yourself physically and mentally, you required just that kind of recreation you are now having. Will you always love me, do not answer that for I know well neither lover [sic; orig: 'love'] nor its duration are influenced by will.

[2ML189] / 3 /

But look into your own nature and tell me truly can you always believe it will live. I hope you will lengthen your holidays to the utmost. Keep away from this nest of multiplying cares as long as possible. Oh [sic; orig: 'As to'] New Years Eve, do not consider the few words we spoke about it as an engagement. I am happy in knowing you are doing good to your poor ill-used body.

Have just received your note. Tired of 'natural life', I don't wonder. I will post this now. I should have done it before but I did not think it would reach you. I think we leave in February I hope so. We are both better apart. We have resolved upon our line of conduct and had [orig: 'can'] better follow it. When out of sight and hearing of one another [Copyist's faulty punctuation has altered the sense of the last passage.] Harsh words to end with

Not harsh but sad --

195

[2ML191] / N / 1 / \*Ethel's birthday.\* /

4\*

\*will be\*

In your minutes it asks me New Year.

I have been reading [orig: 'working at'] that sad mental <jinectius>



[Orig: may read 'distraction'] Faust. He is the Tradeyiy [orig: 'tragedy'] <of> Sir Charles Coldstream "Nothing in it" is his way [orig: 'cry']. 'A happy new year' I have been peeping through the conservatory door to see how he looked out of doors. The Poplars are standing tall and stiff, the stars are shining above them, there is a chill in the air, and the door suddenly gave way from my pressure and I was terrified and closed and locked it for I was the only one<sup>awake, or at least the only one</sup> up in the place. What are you doing, I wonder what you are doing. I cannot know for the Spirit of [lacuna; orig: obscure, may read 'dreams'] is satisfied<sup>and has folded his wings</sup> and done\* visits my couch no more. I suppose she thinks she has<sup>done\*</sup> enough mischief for the present. I hear the fire-bell, and am frightened

[2ML193] / 2 /

to open my door and look out. This is dreadfully weak. I hate cowards even of the feminine gender. You will see by the date when I wrote the above. I changed my mind and did not send it, but as you have ordered your slave to write ,I choose this discarded sheet to do<sup>it\*</sup> upon. I have something to say. I hope I may succeed in expressing it. I have a great fear of a certain weakness and recklessness in your nature. I have a trick of looking in to an imaginary future, and having no hope in my mental composition I often see sad pictures. Now attend. If ever you and she should separate, promise, resolve with all your might, that you will not allow the sadness of an apparently blighted life and cheerless future to weaken or to deaden your self-respect -- that you will never degenerate into a drunkard. The separation may take place & I at the time may not have the opportunity of saying what I now say. I may be far away. Will you

[2ML195] / 3 /

Will you always remember that degradation to you means corroding grief to me, that all the wifely -- all the motherly feelings of my nature are sensitive to every variation in your fate. I do not want you to do it [lacuna. Orig: ? 'strained --ch'] heroic deeds I want you to be a gentleman <sup>in\*</sup> and the true and best sense of the word, which you cannot be if

you allow your sensibility to be stupefied by drink. Seethe -- if you Suffer -- if you must, but remember pain is a sign of life. Who would prefer mortification? If I could tell you <sup>how I think of you and her,</sup> how I sorrow over you, how I hope, how I would pray for <you> did I not know prayer to be useless except in the sense of a mental stimulant. Were you prepared for a sermon poor pretty boy? It is not a sermon. It is a solemn warning an earnest prayer which I am constrained to offer. Good night.

Sunday. Are you jealous of Hercules? You need not be. Only in stone are those huge men beautiful in life, they suggest

[2ML197] / 4 /

a grossness, which to me, is horribly repulsive.

I am not answering your letter. How can I. It is an expression of love, an acknowledgement that what is right is best, and a groan of impatient pain under suffering to be endured which must be endured be the end far or near. It can be borne it must be borne. Cleopatra will keep her barque out at seas. You have with all your assumed callessness [sic], a very \*living\* [orig: 'loving'] nature. Do you remember what Longfellow says in Hyperion about the setting of a great hope, being like the setting of the sun, that at first all seems very dark "then the stars come out and night is holy." And you with your appreciation of literature and Art will always be able to star-gaze at will. If these hideous trammels of debt were removed, I should not fear so much for you, but with the care abroad and at home, I fear you will give way. Already you are beg excuse yourself -- think yourself justified in occasionally drowning thought.

[2ML199] / 5 /

If you persist in this course your sight will become obscured and you will not be able to see those stars. You have or ought to have no time for sadness, your picture must be finished soon. Put your best into it the labor. If it should succeed it might help to clear away many difficulties. You must become interested presently ~~in your~~ we and work away with a will. When I come back I intend to devote the remainder of my life to writing. If you succeed and I succeed we may someday live in

Paris and get about in that charming society which you tell me really exists, and although we should not belong to one another we should not be far apart. But we must not be impatient but toil on up the weary hill. You are well on the road. Do not halt. As you once said. One cannot wait for the other. When once I begin, I will strain hard to overtake you.

[2ML201] / 6 /

Propinquity is a mistake with people situated as we are. I sat near you, last night your hand lingered lovingly in mine as you put my cloak on me, and in consequence my heart today is flooded with tenderness whenever I think of you. But no! no! no! I must be strong for weakness in me me would mean [lacuna; orig: possibly 'remorse'] probably a miserable death.

[The text of the copy ends here; but there are markings in pink pencil which may show it was being prepared for the press. A large O has been deleted; and below this is written 'Refr' or 'Prfr' 14. <sup>[Examiner Rep. 14.]</sup> I am not very familiar with printing terms; but perhaps this could be an indication that the copy would make 14 pages in proof.]

Letters from Marcus Clarke to Rose Lewis

Copies in an Unknown Hand.

[ML429] / 1 / 2 across page in blue. /

I was riding yesterday over the well remembered fields with her. I thought of you and how wonderful it would be were you with me instead of her. Do you remember your wish for a "week in Paris"? I quite understand your feeling, (putting the sexuality out of the question) and it is so natural. I feel it often. But a week of unrestrained communion with her. But a week in which to make dear [orig:'clear'] our thoughts one to the other, to look on sunsets, rivers, skies, to bound over the stretching grass drinking the champagne air of the country, to climb the range path, or to lie in the broad verandah and dream. Life would be then worth the living. Now it is duty. Oh what secrets of nature could I unlock to you were you mine!

[ML431 / 2 /

Now I go alone like Ala [sic] Baba and say my Sesame to Dreamland in the night. I think the secret of our mutual <sup>✓ attraction\*</sup> ~~affection~~ is, that there is for each of us the same undefined meaning in trees, flowers, places & people, and while we can express that feeling to each other, we can find sympathy in no other person.

[The substitution and the two deletions seem to be in Mackinnon's hand; but he evidently let his second -- and correct -- reading stand, hence the ✓.]

[ML433] / 3 across page circled blue / 1 /

[Probably not a separate letter originally; see ML277-279. ML277 has been cut in half, and matches with ML279; in addition Mackinnon has deleted the date -- 29th. Dec. -- at the top of ML279. It is more likely that this was, in fact, a 'diary' letter.]

How was it in the name of Heaven that you grew to love me? I should have thought that the man you loved would have been a man of 35, of good standing, of some fame, of great nobility of character and strength of mind. Instead of this man you love a rash and precipitate boy, with no certain position, heavily in debt, very proud and revengeful, with more offences at his back etc -- "Love" or to please you, love is truly a strange thing I only hope that you may never find that you have been mistaken and that you have only a "property chop"! after all. I am just now at daggers drawn with fate. I who vowed that I would make my own path in life, who defied fate and laughed at those poor devils oppressed by sordid cares; here am I quite crushed. The big wall rising remorselessly above me, the light gone from the heavens, the color from the earth, the whole world a sham, the uses of it "flat, dull, stale & unprofitable".

Felicitas\*

What is to be the end of this ~~Love~~ It is very well to write sentiment and to force one's heart in a momentary enthusiasm to rejoice in martyrdom.

[On the original Mackinnon had substituted 'Felicitas' for 'Rose' before changing it to 'Love.' Here he reverts to his original decision.]

[ML435] / 2 /

But did you ever think of the misery of it to the end? We are both young, we may count upon having 30 years more of life at least. That devil's consolation "They might die" which has of course come to both of us, is really unlikely.

It is unlikely that they should ever ~~come~~ by their own acts break the chains we have voluntarily taken on us. What then remains? Thirty weary, barren years, with all that we hoped to do, undone; with the days growing daily more bitter; with the crust of sordid lovelessness growing thicker on our souls. With hypocrisy rampant, with worldliness prompting us but to "eat and drink for tomorrow we die". And then separation -- the dread in the mind of each lest new faces and new hopes supplant the now loved image in the mind of the other. Finally a deathbed, surrounded by our respective households and a loveless death, in which we dare not even weep out our love. I can see this latter so well. You are lying sick, the servants & husband crying, I come -- if indeed I am near

[ML437] / 3 /

enough to be sent for -- and must wait an alien outside your chamber door. At last I am admitted, but hypocrisy rules us to the last. I dare only kiss your brow, I dare not take you in my arms & soothe your parting soul. No! that is another's <sup>duty\*</sup> ~~only~~. But, for me to "touch hands & part" to part perhaps in that hideous next world never to see you again. Are we called upon to suffer all this. We have keener capabilities for mental torture than they. In five years they -- never thoroughly content with us -- would find themselves happier without us, and we in America, Italy or France gaining our bread by our own brain=work [sic] in that sweet communion which we have but yet tasted, shall be better creatures, better in the sight of men, and, I verily believe, in the sight of God! Do not mistake me. I have no sensual passion for you, no wish to seize <sup>devour\*</sup> ~~<?drown>~~, and fling aside. I would live with you -- well! as I live with you now in the rare moments when we are together alone -- did you so wish it

[ML439] / 4 /

But my soul hungers and thirsts for you, I set all as nothing beside you.  
I love you as one does but once, fatally, to death, to dishonor if you  
choose. I believe that our present resolution is folly born of a false  
~~if~~ Other\* [as in original.]  
state of society. ~~These~~ men and women, to the full as clever and honest  
as we, have recognised the imperious claims of mutual affinity and  
following their souls' guidance have lived <sup>respected\*</sup> &\* happy. Why should not we?  
I wake to read this. I see your answer. You are married to her. Shall I  
tear up the foregoing parts [orig:'leaves']? ~~no~~ No! ~~she~~ <sup>You\*</sup> [orig:'She']  
shall read them and know me fully. Oh Felicitas shall we ever in future  
days talk coldly over these letters that now seem with [Mackinnon's  
characteristic slanted deletion strokes] written with our hearts' blood  
I have been writing in the moonlight, my love. It is now day.

One reason I have, moreover, which comforts me. "She thinks as I do. She  
melts at the touch of my lips as I do at ~~hers~~ the touch of hers. But she  
looks to me to aid her to make her <sup>strong\*</sup> ~~shine~~. Did I persuade her against her  
conscience I should violate the trust she has in me. So for your sake my  
own love my darling I will try and overcome this.

[ML441] / 4 across page circled blue / 1 /

The boy has just brought your letter. You delicious housewife! I have  
laughed delightedly at your reflections on dinners. They are so like my  
own. What a housekeeping ours should have been. Were we rich we should  
sit down in calm ignorance to a table provided by the cheating but  
trouble=saving housekeeper. --  
<sup>\*E-- some soup a la bisque\*</sup>  
\*H --\* that is Elephant steak at your right, B--\* "try some sirloin of  
Rhinoceros [sic] \*! W-- a\* boiled flamingo! Help yourself to chateau  
margeaux [sic], that is 35 claret the Johannisberg [sic] is in ice, and  
Musphata Khan\* ~~Musphata Khan~~ you scoundrel, where is the imperial Tokay."  
All would be given without bother. I confess it seems as natural to me to  
have a good \*dinner well served with the right wines & glasses at the  
right time\*



As Byron says "And will she love him? Curious

fool be still / Is human love

the growth of human will?

All that I can tell thee ~~is~~ my darling, is that I do love thee. That if wife, children, honor, fame, were put on one side and thou on the other I would choose thee. I have never loved -- as we know love in its truest sense -- any other woman but that pale faced little <sup>Tiny\*[orig:'atomy']</sup> ~~de~~ that calls itself <sup>and\*</sup> Felicitas ~~De la~~ ~~and~~ carries such a big heart in such a little body that when I clasp its heart to me, the little body cries out for pain! I have loved you ever since I saw you I have fought with all the strength of my nature -- and I am not weak minded -- against this love for four years, and now I love you more ~~as~~ than ever, and ~~to~~ awake each morning but to find that I love you better than when I fell asleep to dream of you. I may change, -- all things are possible; but it is not likely I think.

[ML447] / 2 /

Men do not love like this often, some men never have such love. When they do have it, it is tattooed into their mental skins, and vanishes not even with bodily death. Love you! You little witch, I am folatré <sup>^</sup> [sic] as the French say. I love you like a school-boy & a man, at once. With all sides of my nature I love you, when with you, I can murmur all the follies that lovers of seventeen whisper to each other, while papa & mama are nodding at the fire, and I can think also the loftiest thoughts inspired by your presence. I can talk to you without fear or shame all things. I can lay bare my whole nature to you -- its hopes and its infamies. That is love, and I think you can -- or will -- do the same to me when we have known each other longer. Ah God! -- longer! Yet it is best that you should go. Preaching morality is very pretty, but our only safe-guard is absence. Go then! Hasten that bitter ~~but~~ but righteous day when you leave. I look forward to it with dull despair, and a sort of savage rejoicing, for you will be out of danger, both from yourself and me. The ludicrous intrudes itself as usual. Suppose the Jew should see this letter. He would never understand it, and that Deane and Adam's "Patent double action central



fire" would be put to a use upon which the worthy gun-smith who turned it out to pattern with some 3000 others, never calculated. I must go for a gallop to cool my mind or I shall write something rash. -

[ML449] / 5 across page circled blue / 5 /

I have returned the calmer for violent exercise. You are right about my reason for choosing for you Physiology as a study. I don't think you would care about Mathematics which has always been to me the dryest of studies.

But you want to occupy your mind with something which would take you 'out of yourself', and your surroundings. Were you unhappily orthodox, I should parade religion, which to those who can swallow a good honest camel or two, pack saddle and all, is comforting, but thank God you are not. Poetry and what is termed the belles lettres are not sufficient, they but excite the imagination and lead us to dwell with redoubled grief on the 'what might have been.' Physiology on the contrary opens out to us so many new worlds, so many forms of life, that our troubles, nay our very existence seems dwarfed. What are we among so many? Felicitas Carmel & Felix Germaine are really very insignificant creatures, despite their troubles and sufferings, when compared with that wonderful creation the whole of which groaneth and travaileth in pain until now! Do you see my dear? In the same way for the same reason study astronomy. The records of those wondrous worlds, imperfect though those records may be, show us how miserably small is this little earth, & how miserably small we little earthworms on it.

[ML451] / 2 /

Upon how many unhappy beings -- squarest of pegs in roundest of holes -- have not these immortal orbs looked down? Anthony [sic] & Cleopatra, Romeo & Juliet, Alcibiades & Timandra, Alcestis & even Hercules "Imperial Caesar dead & turned to clay" remembered now no more his betrayed affection or his or his [sic] blighted hopes, but the same star that shone placid over his stabbed body in the Forum, shines down upon many a

suffering soul, perchance, as great as his. Forget my madness. We have resolved. "Come death come wrack, at least we'll die with harness on our back"!

X A footnote for your own private <sup>eye,</sup> ear

This is all barren consolation dear, is it not? but I am constrained to offer it.

[ML453] / 7 across page in pencil / 1 /  
day\*

I had a long ride yesterday and to <sup>^</sup> rode in early morning as high as high as I could get up the mountain and then tethered my horse and walked up to the highest peak, or rather climbed. There I lay down in the sun and "had it out with God and my own soul" until dark. I see now clearly my own weakness & nakedness [orig:'wickedness'], Felicitas we have both done wrong. I have been more to blame than you because it was I who should have held you back, and it was I, alas, who when you wished to be calm persisted in those courses [orig: 'carresses'] which are fatal to calmness. I arrived at this conclusion. I love you -- passionately their [sic] is no need of wild words, all that is meant when a man like me says to a woman like you "I love you" is meant by the word as love as I use it. Love to the fullest of mental & physical meaning. Love with brain, heart & body. /\* Do you understand? Now our love -- as it is -- must be always incomplete, fruitless, barren. I accept this condition of it, though I tell you honestly it does not satisfy me. When one loves a woman as I love you, one must have and hold her body and soul both before one's love is satisfied. Don't think this sensuality. It is nothing of the kind. You once thought everything sensual that was not purely spiritual. If I can read you aright a certain 'disgust' which you once had has vanished and you begin to understand this funny thing

[ML455] / 2 /

called Human Nature. However in my solitude in the hills, I concluded this -- I voluntarily married a young girl, whom I made love me; I must accept my fate and be manly honest & strong. I have a duty to my wife, my children, my own honor. That duty must be paid. If by some God-like

chance, I should ever be able to say to my Love Felicitas you can come to me without fear that you make anyone unhappy; I would cross the seas, beg my way to her, & say it, and she will come, for I have her promise. If it happen that I cannot do this -- well life is not so long. If my ambitions are defeated, and weighed down by debt, by cares of family and mill-horse work I will give in & take the usual stone instead of bread, well -- I will make the world believe I prefer granite to flour, and flint to seed cake. Even then perhaps I may meet -- somewhere or other -- my dear Felicitas & she will comfort me. If not -- well, God is great and there have live [sic] unhappier men than I.

[ML457] / 3 /

Go you away, and let us wait and hope. When I return -- to give you this -- I will ask you to kiss me once more, my darling, and then do your duty as I mean to do mine.

Always believe one thing. -- Whatever I may do, or become -- believe this:-

I love you & only you in the wide world.

So -- lest I should write more than calmness demands -- let us end.

Farewell: When you need my aid -- in any way ask for it. I will stand before God for you & keep you & plead for you and save you.

[ML459] / 8 across page in pencil / 1 /

My darling. Now indeed we are in tune, we understand each other. I tore up the "wretch" because I was impatient & wounded when I saw that you did not comprehend my meaning. Forget <sup>ive</sup> my petulance, my love, for as you say "this is [lacuna] new", and I was to blame for thinking you could guess at me. We will have no more guessing. Now you comprehend me. I like as little as you to be taxed with grossness, but I know myself, I think I know you, and I dared to risk your good opinion of me in order that I might plainly put before you that of which you were afraid to think. It is natural to you to shrink from such thoughts, but in the openness [sic] of our conversation, in the purity of our souls, such thoughts lose their

grossness, for reflection shows us that we are very human. It is right to understand and avoid the danger into which our humanity leads us, -- by and by, we shall put off our humanity and only our spirits shall remain to us pure and clear, the purer & the clearer because they have tried, while in the flesh, to wrestle with with [sic] fleshly lusts openly, that they may vanquish them.

Now more more [sic. Orig:'No more'] on this subject now. You have risen above your sex, as I have tried to rise above mine. I only am glad that you comprehend the great love which forced me to write so plainly.

Between us henceforth, that writing will be as a sacred thing, I think a thing to thank God for. My sweet love, we understand each other all is said in that.

[ML461] / 2 /

Cast away artificiality, be yourself, I do not want you to act the prude, or to assume godlike virtues. I want you to be simple woman and to think of me as a man who loves you.

We are neither of us perfect creatures, but by revealing our weakness to each other, we shall gain strength. I will talk no more of waning ambition. A higher ambition now is mine, an ambition which you share. That which I did for love of self, for hope of fame will be doubly & well done in the future for love of you, of you -- all that is in the world for me!

If I climb to the heights I dreamt of, you shall come with me, and then mutually aiding each other, we shall earn the right to enter some day a holier paradise than we should perhaps have mounted to had we earlier met.

I do not doubt you, but I only fear that the happiness I have may be too great to be true, that after all you may come to see my unworthiness as I see it. You have the same same [sic] feelings; your letters show it. Deep love is no 'fantasy' with me, & it is real, sincere, devoted, & I trust, divine.

"You are indeed the first man, the only man who ever did, who ever will

possess my soul" I believe it. I know it, and I will not insult your love for me by protestations on my side.

[ML463] / 3 /

"I never loved any other human creature as I love you". That is all I can say to you. You may cease to love me, but nothing can change my heart, I should not love you the less did you hate me. Be strong and brave, dear heart. I have no foolish jealousies of you. Be true to your husband, for he expects [orig:'deserves'] that you should be true to him.

You cannot help loving me, I cannot help loving you, but our love is too holy to be dragged into the mire. In the very depth & strength of it lies the power to do our duty. We both have tribute of loving affection to pay to others, let us pay it cheerfully, it will not exhaust our store of heart money. We can "render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to God the things which are God's."

All my agonies and griefs are amply compensated by their glorious reward of your virginal and complete soul-love. One thing only remains now, to be frank. You invented a story about a woman I knew. I saw your motive and I can understand and shall I say -- pity. But there was no need to invent. You made me sad when I thought of my past sins, for if your story had been true I was one of the men who helped to make it so.

[ML465] / 5 /

so. The history of which you guessed was a different one to that notion<sup>of it</sup>, which you have. I will tell it to you some day and you will say "poor boy"! Let us use no deceit no inventions. if you desire to know my life, to read my soul, it is open for you. I have no shame, no dread in telling you, for my life is a part of me, of that man whom you love & who is yours body, brain, & soul now and to eternity. Goodnight beloved. The kiss which in imagination I lay upon your lips, is pure as fire.

Darling love, sweet Felicitas

Goodnight

[ML467] / 9 across page in pencil / 1 /

I did not think my dear that you invented a story in order to discover

anything about me. But your statement concerning the hideous death of a woman from whom -- as a girl -- I owned a boyish sentiment affected me. Naturally do you not think? I procured the volume of All the Year Round to read the account and found nothing. I then thought -- that what had passed in your mind was this -- (aside) "The nun, ~~of~~ one of those "unworthy" women of whom I wrote to him. Oh it shocks and grieves me! What a wretch! (Aloud) Yes I saw that she had met with the usual end, died drunk." -- I am glad that I was wrong my love it only shows me more and more how truly lovable you are. But dismiss the subject I will tell you the story when you choose to ask for it, and you shall judge me. Ah heappy woman that has no Ghosts of dead sins rising -- <as> I have to thrust their unwholesome & defiling presence upon me, to stretch their vile arms between me and my pure love, to say to me when I hold you to my heart -- "You are not worthy of her."

[ML469] / 2 /

It does seem strange to you to speak plainly, but speak, nevertheless. Plain speech is the essence of marriage of, soul and body, when we love truly, faithfully & purely -- we regain Eden, our souls stand before each other naked but not ashamed. It was the consciousness of having sinned that made that fabled pair blush at simplicity. You "wonder how I bear it". My darling like a weak man, not like a brave woman for women have a power of resignation denied to us.

I could go away, fight, travel but this mill-horse round, this daily wearyism [sic. Orig:'weariness'] of soul, the everlasting dropping of buckets into an empty well, is terrible. I sometimes feel that I must never see you more, for the sweet sweet interviews make "the rest of it" so criminally [sic. Orig:'dismally'] barren.

[ML471] / 3 /

I was becoming a machine you know an intellectual machine you know, [sic] wound up to turn out so many pictures.

But I have begun to live & living is pleasant, isn't it? When I come to your house, I think -- here is my ideal realised! It seems to me that the

elegancies which surround you are mine, that I should give orders and receive guests, I feel that it ought to have been my right to think -- "yes this quick woman whom you are all admiring is my wife. She is mine, mine, mine -- and you stupid commonplace idiots, we have a world of our own in which we defy you and all Philistia"!

But then comes the barren parting, the stolen caress, the dark night, and the sordid hideous life again.

Do you ever feel something like this? -- that it is unnatural that we have not each other.

[ML473] / 4 /

My God, it is with arguments like these you slay souls!

Therefore finding the reaction ~~so~~ great of my happiness so great; finding that just in proportion as my love for you waxes, ~~wanes~~, in the fanned flame of our meetings, so it wanes, wanes, for all others. I begin to fear lest I <orig:'show'> myself petulant, ill-tempered, unloving, to those others, and to play an unmanly part in this strange life-drama of ours. O my love -- my lost love -- my noble hearted darling, the fate I once defied has indeed revenged itself, revenged itself upon you poor dear one, as well as upon me. [ The last eight pages of this letter were not copied.]

[ML475] / 10 across page in pencil / 1 /

Your letter which I read -- or rather glanced at -- is before me, I answer it before I sleep. I did not come, because, <sup>because</sup> I dared not. Take that for all it means, and with your womans wit expand it into a 'book' ~~expand~~ instead of a paragraph. Your 'wise men' say their best to you, but did any of them tell you a sweeter thing than this, "Felicitas, my soul's mate I love you, I love you!" You say that I grossly misunderstood you. You are wrong. I was a fool to tear the letter I had written -- only it was your sweet sad face that made me tear it. I speak to you as to my friend. If the coarseness of my speech offends, I only am to blame, but I do not 'apologise'; you either understand me or you are unable to cope

with my souls strivings. If you misunderstand me -- you are not worthy of my love! I do not speak as an egotist. In love there is no egotism.

[ML477] / 2 /

Our hearts are in tune or out of tune. You either complete me or -- this is a fantasy -- and your heart needs another note [sic. Orig:'mate']. I hope, -- nay darling -- I believe that we are to each other all that we fondly hope think. If so why babble of modesty, of concealment, of prudence. My naked soul speaks to yours. Hear it, or be deaf, -- it has spoken to no other woman. You say "You think you can read a woman by what you have in your own nature." I do think so. When you lay yourself [--not in original] trembling in my arms, I could read you, and I read you thus. -- "she loves" -- fool! is not all said in these two words! I wrote to you coarsely because I wished to rouse that [lacuna, orig:'masculine'] portion of your intellect. Men -- some men -- think women toys, ignorant purists. I seem to dishonor you by such a thought. The woman fit to mate with me must know all, dare all, say all!

[ML479] /3

I said "our kisses without fruit are foolish". You know they are so. Either complete the abandonment or remain calm. If you think that I accuse you of a gross thought, you show how little you know me. But there is a moment when a man asks and a woman grants. Your virginal sophistries are vain. You "know how far you can go." Oh, woman, woman you have ever been thus confidant [sic]! Do I know how far I can go. No! "I am fire & air" you tempt me with your cursed metaphysical delusions and lo -- I outrage you, or myself! Women are different to men, you think, not widely different. It is the part of the man to seize, of the woman to yield; and when you yield you open the gate of hell's heaven to his senses. To no woman but you would I write like this. But I am no saint -- tho' you say you think so.

[ML481] / 4 /

I am a man, and as a man I claim your womanly love. Nothing is nobler than humanity. "The greater wickedness he hath committed," says



Jeremy Tayler [sic], "the greater due in heaven." You think you can abandon yourself to passion and "regain the ropes". Ah, forgive me for offending your <sup>virginity</sup> ~~virginety~~ of soul, but my own darling, I know more than you for I have sinned.

I wrote to you to warn you. Perhaps you needed no warning. Let the warning stand however, for it is part of that heart, which you have taken "for better or worse".

I will give her the food she needs to make her famous! That shall then be my one task in life. <sup>For her\*</sup> ~~Further~~, I fling away fame, fortune, friends, wife, I would rather lose my own soul

[ML483] / 5 /

I look upon this production of mine -- written at the ~~same~~ time as it seemed to me with my heart's blood -- as a curious psychological study. I have been preaching virtue! -- and end by an outburst of passion suited to an Italian boy of seventeen! -- What queer creatures men are! I am afraid that your femininity takes my plain speech for grossness -- and grossness is your bugbear I know. You have visited [orig:'veiled'] your own heart so persistently that when you see it unclothed you shrink as did Dorothea from her own image in the fountain. There is a higher exaltation of feeling than this however. Openness, and candor are not indecent, they are true. You and I are man and woman. We both of us know "the mystery" of living. Why pretend that we are

[ML485] / 6 /

shamed to talk of our emotions. In this way I am not 'modest' as you are pleased to say. I am true however and speak ~~not with~~ naturally and not with fig leaves of mens' civilisation clothing my intellect.

Do the same. We can analyse our feelings and expiate [sic. Orig: heavily smudged, but the most likely reading is 'separate' which Clarke always had difficulty in spelling] that which is spiritual from that which is fleshly. It is the grand knowledge of my weakness that makes me strong. You think you can dally with your nature as with your sentiments. You cannot do so. I know it and the ignorance of it has ruined men and women

quite as clever as you or I. We choose to possess our souls in peace. Let us then avoid "driftings" for sometimes one cuts the cable. You cannot sail out into the glorious ocean with me, as George Sand sailed long ago, for you would injure your husband. [Mackinnon had finally substituted 'her' for 'your husband' on the original.] But for that thought I would perhaps carry you out to sea

[ML487] / 7 /

and bear myself the punishment which awaits the pirate. Our love must be holier, higher than this. Its very incompleteness in [sic. Orig:'is'] its very sweetness. I can never "have you and hold you, know you through and through" but I have your soul -- your virgin-soul for I am sure that no man before me ever married that. I suppose you think this wild and foolish. You cannot comprehend it altogether. Well, you must think of it as you will. You have got me now, my love, and you will have me to bear [orig:'with'] me until the end of it. You may tire of me, may perhaps think "the honest good man who gives up his life to please me, is better than this, passionate, turbulent, mad creature."

[ML489] / 8 /

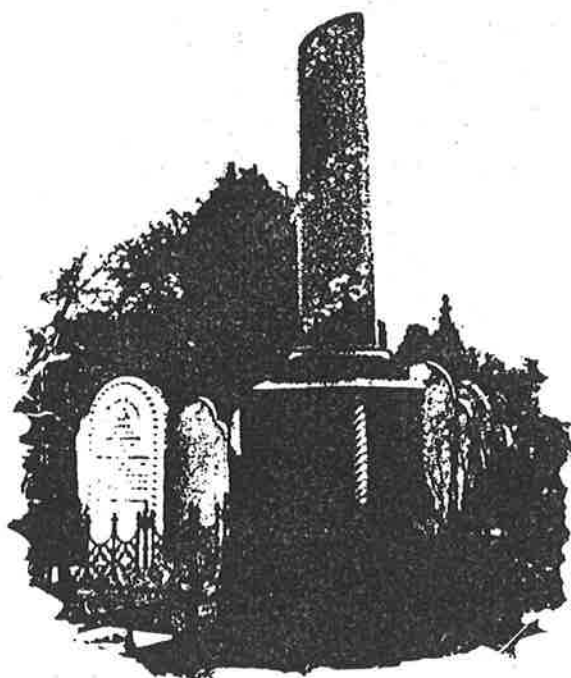
But I have given myself to you and like the familiar old fable -- you cannot shake me off. O Felicitas let us forget that we are man & woman, -- civilised into nonentity almost. Let us be true. There is in humanity rightly viewed nothing of which we need be ashamed. Our souls are superior to bodily weakness and bodily shames. You can be horrified at nothing but a sin against your own nature. Do not fret at my illness it will pass. I sit up late & drink and despair because it suits my humour. But if you earnestly wish it I will be respectable. One thing I will never do -- be apathetic. Put your hand in mine and I will lead you, for something in me urges me on even though you should lag behind. But you shall not, my will is stronger than yours and you shall

[The copy ends abruptly; and ML491 is a blank sheet, possibly a wrapper. The original sheet had been torn at this point though it is fairly clear

that the sentence reads '... you shall be worthy of yourself.' The next sheet would have brought the copyist to the end of that particular letter; but there is no way of knowing for certain if some of the copy has been lost, or whether it was simply abandoned at this point, since the copyist had reached the bottom of his sheet.]

FINIS

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'A Broken Column'

NOTES

Foreword

1. Marcus Clarke, Long Odds (Melbourne, 1869); serialised 1868-1869; 3rd and 4th eds entitled Heavy Odds (London, 1896).  
His Natural Life (Melbourne, 1874); first version serialised 1870-1872.  
Chidiok Tichbourne (London, 1893); serialised 1874-1875.  
'Twixt Shadow and Shine (Melbourne, 1875).
2. See, inter alia, L.T. Hergenhan, A Colonial City (St. Lucia: Univ. of Queensland Press, 1972) for selected journalism; Terry Sturm, in Oxford History of Australian Literature (Melbourne: Oxford Univ. Press, 1981), p. 199, for plays; Michael Wilding, 'The Short Stories of Marcus Clarke,' in Bards, Bohemians and Bookmen, ed. Leon Cantrell (St. Lucia: Univ. of Queensland Press, 1977), pp. 56-71; and 'Marcus Clarke's Chidiok Tichbourne', Australian Literary Studies, 6 (1974), pp. 381-93. Lurline Stewart, 'Marcus Clarke: the Writing and Revision of Long Odds and His Natural Life,' M.A. Prelim. Thesis, Monash University, 1973.
3. ML CY/717.
4. Brian Elliott, Marcus Clarke (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958), Acknowledgements.
5. Brian Elliott, 'Marcus Clarke, A Study of Literary Life and Character in Colonial Australia,' D.Litt. Thesis (Adelaide, 1955).
6. Joan E. Poole, 'Marcus Clarke: A Study' M.A. Thesis, Sydney University, 1970. Connections are made between the novel and the the Notes: 'glittering gems from other minds embedded in the text ... .' p. 405.
7. Hamilton Mackinnon, ed., The Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume (Melbourne, 1884), p. 321. Follows a Bulletin obituary, from which it is not clearly differentiated; but it is not part of what did

appear in The Bulletin on 13 Aug. 1881. The story may therefore be drawn from Mackinnon's own experience.

8. Arthur Patchett Martin, 'Marcus Clarke,' untraced source (21). Clarke, who hated Disraeli, might not have cared for this apt comparison.
9. See Henry James, writing to his mother in 1877:

I took in Mrs. Cashel Hoey, a curious and interesting specimen of a wondrous type -- the London female literary hack. She is the authoress of that novel you used always to be reading ... and, in quite another line, of many of the "social" articles in the Spectator. We got on like houses afire, and she revealed to me, between the courses, her most intimate history. She is a typical London product. [Letters, 2, p.93.]

#### The Papers

10. Cyril Manley Hopkins, 'Biographical Notice of the Life and Work of Marcus Clarke' (c. 1905-26), MS A1971, Microfilm FM4/3152.
11. Edward La Touche Armstrong, The Book of the Public Library, Museums and National Gallery of Victoria 1856 1906 (Melbourne: Trustees of the Public Library, Museums and National Gallery of Victoria, 1906), p. 25.
12. Informally expressed to me by Mr Ian McLaren. I have not communicated with any of Clarke's descendants.

#### Associated Material

13. McLaren states that 'The Correspondence and Papers of Macmillan & Co., Publishers' is not yet fully indexed (p. 362). Some records have been filmed, but those I have seen do not relate to Marian Clarke. For the 'Bentley Purchase' see Charles Morgan, The House of Macmillan (1843-1943) (London: Macmillan, 1943), pp. 183-85.
14. La Trobe Library, MS 5196, Box 445/9. Inside front-cover has 'M.C. 1869,' in Clarke's hand.
15. Table Talk, 29 Dec. 1910, p. 5; Southern Sphere, 1 Jan. 1911, p. 5;

Argus, 22 Dec. 1910, p. 7.

16. La Trobe Library, MS 8222 (Clarke's Correspondence); and MS 11128 (The Shillinglaw Papers).
17. Public Records Office, Melbourne, wills of Marcus Clarke (22/362), Marian Clarke (137/52), Ernest Clarke (204/444), Louis Lucas Lewis (118/401); Hamilton Mackinnon, will and inquest (69/383).  
Australian Archives, Canberra, copyright applications for Memorial Volume (CRS/a2387 and A2389); Austral Edition (Register of Proprietors of Copyright Act, Vic. 1869, application no. 4447); and What Is Religion? (Incomplete reference: see A.A. Register 5, p. 112).
18. ML MS A819, pp. 24-30. [It may be assumed, for all following notes, that the whole of MS A819 is on microfilm ML CY/604]. Elliott, 1958, pp. 178-79 and 217. Hergenhan, 1972, p. 470.
19. Elliott, 1955, pp. 292-93, 307, 309.
20. Hamilton Mackinnon, ed., The Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume (Melbourne, 1884), pp. 13-62; The Austral Edition of the Selected Works of Marcus Clarke (Melbourne, 1890), pp. i-xviii; with 'A Monograph,' pp. xix-xxii.
21. A.G. Stephens, (Newspaper Cuttings etc.) 15 vols. ML Q049/3-17.  
Hard-backed exercise books, marbled covers.
22. Marcus Clarke, Newspaper Cuttings and Biographical Notes, 1880-1920, ML QA823/C. Hardbacked, marbled as above. Martin's article tipped in p. 9, n.d. At my suggestion, the Library was to consider restoring this volume to the series noted above; and this may already have been done.
23. Henry James, Letters, 2, p. 96 n.1.
24. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (1816-1903): Irish nationalist and Victorian statesman. Was involved with John Cashel Hoey in the movement for an independent Ireland. Disappointed in his political hopes in England he emigrated to Australia in 1855, intending to practise law, but soon became involved in politics; had a distinguished career and was

knighted in 1873, K.C.M.G. in 1877. 'A man of charm, wit, talents and learning' he left Australia in 1880. See ADB, 4, and his autobiography My Life in Two Hemispheres (London, 1898).

25. ML A819, Dickens to Mrs. Cashel Hoey, 20 Jan. 1873, p. 6.

Clarke to Duffy, referring to Mrs Hoey's work on His Natural Life,

see Duffy, 1898, 2, p. 367. [In response to an examiner's comment I <sup>find</sup> note that "Dickens" is Charles Dickens the younger who inherited All the Year Round from his father in 1870.]

26. Edward Whitty, Friends of Bohemia, 2 vols (London, 1858).

Whitty (1827-60) was closely associated with Gavan Duffy and Cashel Hoey in Irish political journalism. See Duffy, 1898, 2, pp. 11n., 107, 192-93.

#### Transcription and Annotation

27. Marcus Clarke, 'A Watch on Christmas Eve,' Australasian, 28 Dec. 1872, p. 808; rpt. as 'A Christmas Eve Watch,' Memorial Volume, 1884, p. 217; both have 'Lady Alicia.' Rpt. as 'A Sad Christmas Eve Retrospect,' Austral Edition, p. 429, has 'Lady Rosa.' Michael Wilding's ed., Marcus Clarke Stories (Sydney: Hale & Iremonger, 1983) appears to be a facsimile of parts of the Austral Edition, thus, on p. 231, perpetuating Mackinnon's alteration. Bill Wannan, in his Marcus Clarke Reader (Melbourne: Lansdowne Press, 1963), p. 78, also presents the Austral Edition version.
28. See Clarke's letter to the Editor of Cornhill Magazine, ML MS Ac94.
29. Elliott, 1958; a Clarke family-tree, facing p. 1.

#### Genesis, Progress and Demise of the Novel

30. See 'Some Stage Memories of John Dunn (comedian),' compiled and ed. by J. E. Nield and Marcus Clarke, ML uncat. MSS 260/2, and CY/556. Very little evidence of Clarke's editorial hand is to be found.
31. Government Statist, Victoria, Marcus Andrew Hislop Clarke to Marian O'Donoghue (ordinarily called Dunn), 22 July 1869, at St. Peter's Church, Melbourne. 1755/1869 (not seen; McLaren, p. 249). For Rose's marriage in October 1863, see J.M.D. Hardwick, ed., Emigrant in



- Motley (London: Rockliff, 1954), p. 81. Elliott, 1955, p. 173, gives '16 October.'
32. Elliott, 1958, pp.184-87, 196-88.
  33. F. Myers, 'Of Marcus Clarke (and Some Others), The Bulletin, 26 Nov. 1903, Red page.
  34. Levy (or Lawson) to Clarke, 2 Dec. 1875, 11 Mar. 1877, ML A819, pp. 24-25.
  35. Elliott, 1958, pp. 177-78, gives an account of Clarke's involvement with Andrew Clarke's affairs.
  36. Hergenhan, 1972, pp. 470-71.
  37. Le Sage to Clarke, 28 Oct. 1880, ML A819, p. 30.
  38. Duffy, 1898, 2, p. 187.
  39. L.T. Hergenhan, in 'English Publication of Australian Novels in the Nineteenth Century: The Case of His Natural Life,' in Cantrell, 1976, pp. 58 and 64, suggests that Bentley's records of correspondence with Clarke may be incomplete. See also (49, 57 and 142).
  40. Ferdinand Francis Bailliere (1838-1881), was a member of a noted French family specialising in the sale of medical books and instruments, who had branches in England and Europe as well as Melbourne. He also became Publisher-in-Ordinary to the Victorian Government. He was killed in a train crash at Jolimont on 30 Aug. 1881, surviving Clarke by only a few weeks. Letter from Mr. John Holroyd of Melbourne, 12 Sept. 1986. A letter from Dr. Harold Love of Monash University, 10 Sept. 1986, referred me to reports on the case of 'Beaney v. Bailliere' in the Argus, 26, 27, and 28 May, 1880, 'The Medical Embassy to England.' Although Bailliere appears to have come out of this involved litigation relatively unscathed, he seems to have sailed rather near the wind in an attempt to discredit Dr. J.S. Beaney.
  41. Mackinnon, 1890, p. xvi; 1884, pp. 58, 61.
  42. Verbal communication, 1985, from John Holroyd, author of George

Robertson of Melbourne 1825-1898 (Melbourne: Robertson & Mullens, 1968).

43. See a letter from Duffy to Clarke, 2 Jan. n.d., but probably 1877, as he speaks of the proofs of Clarke's History of the Continent of Australia, published that year. He writes from Sorrento in humorous and obviously intimate style as to a weekend visit by Clarke. ML A819, p. 4.
44. Cyril Pearl, The Three Lives of Gavan Duffy (Sydney: Univ. of N.S.W. Press, 1979), p. 212.
45. Clarke to Shillinglaw, 1 Sept. 1876 in the 'Shillinglaw Papers: Correspondence'; and see other letters on negotiations with their creditors, relating to the History of the Continent of Australia (Melbourne, 1877), in 'Shillinglaw Papers,' La Trobe Library MS 11128, passim; and also in 'Correspondence,' MS 8222.
46. See, for instance, McLaren pp. 98-107; contributions to newspapers and journals are more numerous before 1875; and many are still thought to represent Clarke's best work.
47. Wendy Abbott-Young, 'Marcus Clarke: Some Notes and Queries,' Margin No. 10 (1983), pp. 11-12.

#### Clarke's Methods of Work

48. Armstrong, 1906, p. 119.
49. Wilding, 1983, p. ix. Source of this story not traced.
50. David McVilly, "Something to Blow About"? -- The State Library of Victoria, 1856-1880,' La Trobe Library Journal, 2, No. 5 (Oct.1971), pp. 85-86.
51. Marcus Clarke, Civilization Without Delusion (Melbourne, 1880), p. 28.
52. F.E. Beaver & Co. Saturday August 8th, 1874 ... The Well-Selected Library of Mr. Marcus Clarke ... Auction Catalogue. State Library of Victoria. After Clarke's death 'books from his library' were donated to various societies by Marian Clarke; but she appears to

have had little to give (McLaren, pp. 251-53).

53. Marcus Clarke, The Mystery of Major Molineux and Human Repetends (Melbourne, 1881), p. 24. The first story was advertised for publication in the Campbelltown Herald in July 1880, but did not appear.
54. Letter, John Holroyd, 12 Sept. 1986.
55. The Catalogue of the Public Library of Victoria, 2 vols. (Melbourne, 1880), 2, p. 1550.
56. Wilding, 1983, p. ix.
57. 'I wish I could write for the Home papers instead of these colonial ones,' he wrote to Hopkins as early as 1864 (9, p. 9).
58. Clarke perhaps had heard that Charles Bright saw him 'as a full-sized British dandy of the period might look viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass' (Bright's 'Marcus Clarke,' The Cosmos Magazine, 30 Apr. 1895, p. 419). For the style of the first Kensington Museum building -- 'a sort of Lombardic Renaissance' -- see Gavin Stamp and Colin Amery, Victorian Buildings of London (London: The Architectural Press, 1980), pp. 62-64.
59. Donald Olsen, The Growth of Victorian London (London: Batsford, 1976), p. 162, writes that, by the 1870s:

For better or worse, fashionable residential London had already been built in Italianate stucco, fixing the appearance of ... Kensington and Notting Hill for at least another century.

60. Olsen, 1976, p. 147:

It requires an effort of the imagination to keep in mind that the greater part of Chelsea was, for most of the Victorian period, an area of poverty. ... But long before the very rich began to covet converted workmen's cottages the social cleansing of Chelsea had begun.

This, however, came after 1876 with the building of the district around Cadogan Square; Clarke would not have remembered Chelsea in this light.

61. Elliott, 1858, p. 22, states, presumably on the evidence of William Clarke's death certificate, which I have not seen, that his last

home was '23 Notting Terrace, Kensington.' However, in a letter of 15 Aug. 1984, the Local Studies Librarian states that no street of that name ever existed, and that 23, Notting Hill Terrace may be meant. This house was still standing, in 1984, as 46, Holland Park Avenue. We do not know when his father moved from Leonard Place; but at the new address Clarke might have seen a pair of houses known as Addison Villas being built on the south side of Notting Hill Terrace. See Greater London Council, Survey of London: Volume XXXVII Northern Kensington, p. 112.

62. Mark Girouard, Sweetness and Light: The 'Queen Anne' Movement 1860-1900 (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1977). Early examples of the style were William Morris's Red House (1859-61); and, nearer to home but just too late for Clarke to have seen it, Val Prinsep's studio house at 14 Holland Park Road (1864-5).

J.M. Freeland, 'John Horbury Hunt 1838-1904' in Howard Tanner ed., Architects of Australia (Melbourne: Macmillan, 1981) p. 83, describes The Grange at Mt. Victoria, 1876.

63. In an untraced newspaper cutting in A.G. Stephen's scrapbook on Clarke, dated, by hand, 1 Dec. 1905 or 1906, 'The Farceur' writing in the Lithgow Mercury is quoted. 'The Pilgrim' (Harold Grey) took a story of originally 12 pp. to Clarke, who made him boil it down to 8, then 6, and finally 4 pp. 'And in the end, so far as writing short, sharp shiny pars. went, the pupil outpaced his master,' is The Farceur's unkind comment.

#### First Thoughts on Character and Plot

64. Elliott, 1958, pp. 79-80, describes an article Clarke wrote on Comte in 1867. Mackinnon, 1884, p. 26, says that it was entitled 'Positivism'; believing that it was published in 'one of the Liberal English reviews, ... having been refused insertion by the Australasian.' The latter assertion was deleted by Mackinnon in 1890, although the article was apparently rejected in Melbourne; but

attempts to trace an English publication have failed so far. For Spencer see John Holroyd, letter, 1986.

Clarke's Characters -- Public and Private Models

65. Ian F. McLaren, 'Marcus Clarke Writes "Home" to Mrs. Zwiilchenbart,' Margin, No 7 (1981), p. 17.

(a) Public Figures

66. James Pope-Hennessy, Monckton Milnes: The Flight of Youth (London: Constable, 1951), pp. 114-19, describes the erotica in the Fryston library.  
Derek Hudson, Munby Man of Two Worlds, 2nd ed. (1972; rpt. London: Sphere Books, 1974), p. 220; 'the accomplished old Silenus.' Munby's diaries were not published in Clarke's lifetime; but he may have been using a common reference to Milnes.  
T. Wemyss Reid, Lord Houghton, 2nd ed. (London, 1890), 2, pp. 114-17, quotes Planché's comic poem on Houghton's name.
67. DNB; and Brian Roberts, Ladies in the Veld (London: Murray, 1965). The work by Maria Longworth (not seen), to which Clarke probably refers, is Teresina Peregrina: or Fifty Thousand Miles of Travel Round the World (London, 1874).
68. It is not clear that Roots (London, 1873) was published under Pembroke's name; and I have not seen a copy. The work was first published anonymously in serial form in Temple Bar, Nov. 1872 to Mar. 1873; and its authorship would probably have been recognised by anyone who had read South Sea Bubbles. The remarks quoted are from the Dec. 1872 issue, pp. 108-10.
69. DNB for George Kingsley's career, travels, scientific writings.  
J.S.D. Mellick, The Passing Guest: A Life of Henry Kingsley (St Lucia: Univ. of Queensland Press, 1983), p. 90, his 'repudiation of Christianity.'  
Susan Chitty, The Beast and the Monk: A Life of Charles Kingsley

(London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1974), p. 180, his reputation as a womaniser.

70. See Stanford's Library Map of London and its Suburbs (London, 1862), 'Cl, Bayswater, Notting Hill and Kensington,' rpt. in Olsen, 1976, p. 342. Leonard Place, though not named on this map, is the block on the corner of Kensington Road and Earl St, directly opposite the main gates of Holland House; Érard's 'Pianoforte Manufactory' is at the other end of Earl St in Pembroke Rd. It is now a Council Dump; Leonard Place was demolished in 1927. Information from Local Studies Librarian, Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, 15 Aug. 1984. For Sebastian Érard (1752-1831) and his firm see Alfred Dolge Pianos and their Makers (1911; rpt. New York: Dover, 1972), pp. 251-54.
71. Attributed to Carlyle by Tennyson. See Sir Charles Tennyson and Hope Dyson, The Tennysons (London: Macmillan, 1974), p. 206.
72. Pope-Hennessy, 1951, p. 108, 'Baron Tattle'; p. 47 'Bird of Paradox.'

'Drawn from his Own Experiences'?

73. 'Old Chum' (J. Forde), 'Death of Mrs. Marcus Clarke,' Melbourne Truth, 26 Dec. 1914.
74. Hardwick, 1954, pp. 81, 153.
75. Elliott, 1955, Appendix H. Lewis was listed as a creditor when Clarke filed his bankruptcy papers in 1874; Elliott (1958) records that Clarke 'coolly persuaded Rose's husband to take up a bill for him' before he escaped to the Wimmera to think out their situation at the end of 1873.
76. Benjamin Ward Richardson, Diseases of Modern Life (London, 1876), p. 402.
77. Hopkins says Clarke 'never professed to have any particular affection for the majority of his schoolfellows' (4, p. 9); and he mentions no other friends; the little trio seemed to stick closely

together, happy to discuss art and literature. In the holidays however it does appear that Clarke mixed with boys who were perhaps older than himself, more sophisticated and probably wealthier; he would write to Hopkins of these forays into Bohemia, and into the equally sophisticated world of his Clarke cousins who were either cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, or stationed at the headquarters of the Royal Artillery there (Hopkins, 4, pp. 8-9). Such contacts may well have left him envious, and perhaps insecure, since his father apparently allowed him a good deal of freedom for his age. For interesting details of Clarke's friendship with the Hopkins brothers see Eleanor Ruggles, Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Life (1944; London: John Lane, 1947), pp. 18-22, 223-24

78. Hopkins describes the change which he and his brother Gerard noticed in Clarke when he stayed with them before leaving for Australia; he had 'crossed a moral Rubicon' (4, p. 11) and was 'no longer the flippant amusing schoolboy' (5, p. 11). He may not have mentioned his financial troubles at that time; ~~but~~

Clarke certainly wrote to Hopkins about his disappointed expectations on arriving in Australia (5, p. 5).

79. Elliott, 1958, pp. 133-36.
80. Dennis Arundell, The Story of Sadler's Wells, 2nd. ed. (Newton Abbot: David & Charles, 1978), pp. 89, 100, 105, 107, 111-17, 119, 122, 128. See also John Dunn, 'Some Stage Memories.' Campbell, he says, 'was a gentleman in the best sense, an excellent actor in his own time and to me he was a fast friend. Moreover, he had a daughter and in the following year [1834] she became my wife.'
81. Hopkins, Chapter 1, p. 10.

(c) A Literary Creation

82. Draper's 'earnestness is the attribute of savage life' is twice

quoted in the Notes; and it is interesting that, in *Pembroke's Roots*, the young men in 'Sturm und Drang' are 'the young Berserkers.'

83. Henry James, 'Preface' to the 1908 'New York Edition' of The Portrait of a Lady. This edition was not easily found; therefore see R.P. Blackmur, ed., The Art of the Novel: Critical prefaces by Henry James (London: Scribner, 1934), pp. 53-5.
84. Henry James, 'The Lesson of Balzac;' lecture first delivered Philadelphia, 12 Jan. 1905, rpt. The House of Fiction: Essays on the Novel by Henry James, ed. Leon Edel (London: Hart-Davis, 1957). James discusses 'the projected light of the individual strong temperament in fiction' (p. 70); and the problem of 'bearing' Balzac's intense 'vision' (p. 74).
85. See Lilian R. Furst and Peter N. Skrine, Naturalism, Critical Idiom Series, No. 18 (London: Methuen, 1971); and Lyall H. Powers, Henry James and the Naturalist Movement (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1971), pp. 4-27.
86. Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve, 'Madame Bovary par Gustave Flaubert,' Le Moniteur, 4 May 1857, rpt. C.-A. Sainte-Beuve, Causeries du Lundi, 3rd ed. (Paris: Garnier, n.d.) 13, p. 363.
87. Clarke's set of Balzac's works was sold at the auction of his books in 1874; it was his only comprehensive collection of one author. His copy of the 1824 ed. of Cabanis's Rapports du physique et du moral de l'homme (Paris, 1802), was presented by his widow to the Yorick Club in 1881. If he knew the work, or owned it prior to 1874, this may be the origin of 'Dr. Cannabis' in 'Noah's Ark' (12 July 1873), rather than the name's being a reference to Clarke's consumption of hashish as assumed by Wilding, 1983, p. viii.

(vii) Clarke's Development as a Novelist

88. Catalogue of the VPL, 1880, shows that the Library subscribed to most important English journals; also, inter alia, the Revue des



deux mondes, and the Atlantic Monthly. Even when Clarke was at Swinton in 1865 he was 'getting all the best English magazines and endless French novels from Melbourne regularly' according to the local postmaster (Mackinnon, 1884, p. 24); and a letter from Charles Gavan Duffy, Jan. 10, ?1877, promises to pass on to Clarke 'Paris journals received by last mail.'

89. Hugh Walpole, 'Novelists of the 'Seventies' in Harley Granville-Barker, ed., The Eighteen Seventies (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1929), p. 22.

(a) A Novelist of the 'Seventies

90. Walter de la Mare, 'Women Novelists of the 'Seventies,' in Granville-Barker, ed., 1929, p. 45.
91. William Axton, '"Keystone" Structure in Dickens' Serial Novels,' University of Toronto Quarterly, 37, No. 1 (Oct. 1967), p. 33.
92. James, 1908 Preface to Portrait of a Lady, rpt. Blackmur 1934, p. 46. In his first, unsigned, short story, 'A Tragedy of Error,' James is already using the phrase 'such persons as were looking on,' thus, as Edel says, 'seeking to cut the umbilical cord binding him to his story.' Leon Edel, Henry James: The Untried Years 1843-1870 (1953; rpt. New York: Avon Books, 1978), p. 216.

Posthumous History

93. Marian Clarke to Dr. Bride, n.d.

Many thanks for your kind messages sent through Mr. Walstab to whom I shall feel obliged if you will hand over any papers books or property belonging to my late husband that may be in the Public Library.

Elliott, 1955, Appendix M.

94. Marcus Clarke to Mackinnon, 12 May, 1871, 10 July 1871, is addressed 'Dear Mac,' and signed 'Rufus Dawes, Murderer.' Another of 10 July, 1871 is signed 'Marco di Clarkini.' ML A819, pp. 1-2. See also two letters from Clarke to Mackinnon ( not filed in the order

presented here). Their date is probably 1881, as work, presumably on 'Queen Venus,' with Kowalski is mentioned in one, and the letter-head of the other is printed '188-.' In the first Clarke writes:

Don't come near me until Tuesday ... I must stick to Kowalski's opera in the meantime.

The excuse seems good; but Mackinnon must have been offended:

My dear Mackinnon,

I cannot understand the meaning of your note. What I intended to convey was "Don't come out tomorrow as I shall be in town" I merely desired to spare you a journey for nothing and certainly did not intend to be inhospitable. You know you are perfectly welcome to come to my house any time, but if I am out or writing I can't entertain you that's all  
Damn your eyes!

Marcus Clarke.

ML A819, pp. 9, 5.

95. For an account of the foundation and history of Wellington College see R. St. C. Talboys, A Victorian School (Oxford: Blackwell, 1943).

96. See, for instance, Patchett Martin to Mackinnon, 1 May 1884, La Trobe Library, in MS 8222:

I shall exert what influence I can command to revive an interest in "His Natural Life." The only hope is in the public attention here being drawn to the Recidivist question for you must not imagine that because it was well reviewed ten years ago that the book is even remembered by the public -- hardly by the literary classes. Life in London is a ceaseless panorama, and the writer cannot hope to be remembered who does not bring out a succession of works to keep his name before the public. I have during the past fortnight talked to three leading litterateurs who never heard of Clarke or "His Natural Life" and when I reminded them that the Athenaeum had spoken highly of the book, one of them said -- 'My dear Antipodes -- we are not Professors of Ancient History!'

97. Australian Archives, CRS/A2387 and A2389. Telephone communication, 16 Jan. 1987, from Clive Huggan, A.C.T. Regional Office.

98. Register of Proprietors of Copyright Applications Act, Victoria 1869, appl. no. 4447, 14 May, 1890, housed at the Australian Archives. Mackinnon gives his address as The Oriental Hotel Melbourne; he never wrote business letters from his lodgings.

99. At the Australian Archives I was able to find that Marian Clarke and

Hamilton Mackinnon -- giving his address this time as The Old Exchange, Melbourne -- were joint holders of the copyright of What is Religion? published 1 November 1895; and that the copyright was registered on 11 November. My only reference is to the A.A. register Vol. 5, p. 112; these documents are not yet readily accessible.

100. George Augustus Sala to Mackinnon, 26 June, 1885. ML A819, p. 34.

I am very much concerned about Marcus Clarke's fragment "Felix and Felicitas." Mrs. Sala feels certain that, prior to our departure for Sydney she left for you to be called for at Menzies' Hotel, Melbourne a packet containing the fragment in question.

101. McLaren, p. 256, states that the 'Felix and Felicitas' Papers, together with the surviving letters from Hopkins, a good deal of Clarke's dramatic and poetical MSS., the 'Prose Pieces' and the James Smith Papers were all bought from Marian Clarke in 1933. I was unable to check other dates of purchase; but, as far as 'Felix and Felicitas' is concerned, the date given is not correct.
102. See Royal A. Gettmann, A Victorian Publisher: A Study of the Bentley Papers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1960), p. 79. Rhoda Broughton sold Red as a Rose is She (1870) for 500 guineas; an average price seems to have been £250-300, though it is hard to generalise.
103. Mrs. L.L. Lewis, Fatal Shadows (Bristol, 188<sup>7</sup>), the concluding paragraph, p. 228.

#### The Love Letters

104. One of the few examples of a remark by Rose which is not echoed by Clarke until some letters later (175).
105. Madame Pompadour, 'Après nous le déluge;' perhaps deliberately misquoted.
106. Presumably the rewriting of His Natural Life; see (25). It may be that Rose is referring to the completion of the serial; in which case this letter might date from as early as March, 1871, the

last instalment of the serial being published in June. However, it is not clear that Clarke, still less Rose, could have foreseen 'three months' for its completion; whereas Clarke might have engaged to finish the revision for Robertson by a fixed date.

107. Mark 8: 35, loosely quoted.
108. Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'Compensation,' Essays (First Series, 1841, rpt. Works London: Macmillan, 1897). 'An inevitable dualism bisects nature' pp. 78-9. In 1864 Clarke told Hopkins that he had been 'taking a course of Emerson' (Hopkins, 9, p. 9); it evidently made a lasting impression.
109. Emerson, 'Spiritual Laws' (1841); 1897, pp. 120-21.
110. Emerson, 'Heroism' (1841); 1897, p. 213.
111. 'The Nut Brown Maiden' perhaps.
112. Tennyson, 'Mariana,' Poems 1842; rpt. Poetical Works (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press 1953), p. 7.
113. It seems that a friend of Clarke's may have committed suicide; but I have been unable to trace whom it might have been.
114. E.C. Brewer, Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, Classic Ed. 1894; (rpt. New York: Avenal, 1978), p. 18. 'A E I, a common motto on jewellery, means 'for ever and for aye.' (Greek).
115. Cleopatra in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, V. ii. 346.
116. Jeremy Taylor, not traced.
117. Dorothea at the pool in Don Quixote seems the only likely reference, though it is not exact. See Cervantes, Don Quixote, trans. J.M. Cohen (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950), p. 237.
118. Emerson 'Compensation,' 1897, p. 94: 'Our strength grows out of our weakness.'
119. Presumably a reference to the flight of George Sand and Chopin to Majorca.
120. Not traced.
121. Matthew 22: 21.
122. Like Clarke, I searched All The Year Round without result. There was

- a series about a nun in 1868-70, but it was a somewhat Rabelaisian tale; it had none of the pathos of 'died drunk.'
123. Sydney Smith. See The Wit and Wisdom of the Reverend Sydney Smith (London, 1865), p. 327.
  124. Harry Rickards was a popular comedian playing in Melbourne at around this time.
  125. 'Herring boats': Clarke has evidently forgotten that he is in the Southern Hemisphere.
  126. This must be a reference to an incident which may have taken place in Clarke's youth, supposedly the origin of the short story 'La Béguine' in the Australasian, 8 Feb. 1873. If my arrangement of the letters is correct this was published after the love affair was over; but it could have been Clarke's way of telling Rose the story of the nun, 'in full,' as she had requested (177).
  127. I have not been able to trace an advertisement for Mrs. Godfrey's Cordial; but a pharmacist tells me that 'cordial' implies a form of tonic stimulant, probably with an alcoholic base.
  128. James Sheridan Knowles, The Hunchback, IV. ii. Dramatic Works, 2 vols. (London, 1856), 1, p. 275.
  129. The date and cause of this 'break' is unknown; but a letter from Clarke to his mother-in-law, which has 1870 on the verso, referring to his wife's illness -- or perhaps confinement with their first son William -- says that she was 'much worse in consequence of ... Mrs Lewis and other chattering idiots calling. I have given directions that no one except yourself is to see her.' It has always to be remembered, however, that there was another Mrs Lewis active in Melbourne theatrical circles at the time. ML A819, p. 14.
  130. Judging by the length of Clarke's lacuna the Australasian may be meant.
  131. This may have been a private gathering; but the Age, 17 Sept. 1872, p. 2, does report a concert of the St. Kilda Ladies' Benevolent Society at which selections from Browning were read; and the Lewises

- were living in Barkly St., St. Kilda at that time.
132. Proi: Or At The Dawning, a cantata with words by Clarke and music by Paolo Giorza, was first performed on Boxing Day, 1872, as part of the Intercolonial Music Festival (Argus 27 Dec. 1872, pp. 6,8). The programme was printed by W.H. Williams, Melbourne. See McLaren, p. 14; the press-report and this letter confirm his supposition that Proi was performed earlier than 1881, his first record of it; but he gives 1873-74 as a possible date for Williams's printing.
  133. This might be some document connected with the friend who had committed suicide: see note 113.
  134. Sydney Smith, Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy (London, 1850), p. 111.
  135. 'L.E.L.' (Letitia Elizabeth Landon, 1802-1838), poetess and friend of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, must be meant. She died of an overdose of prussic acid, self-prescribed, for 'spasms,' which says little for her 'practical imagination.' See Everyman's Dictionary of Literary Biography, ed. D.C. Browning, 1958 (London: Pan Books, 1972), p. 394.
  136. Balsamo may have been a local painter or photographer, but I have been unable to trace him. It is more likely that Rose is referring to Giuseppe Balsamo, or Count Cagliostro, who claimed to show his clients the future in a glass.
  137. This quotation was not to be found in any of Helps's published books; but may be from an article.
  138. In Theodore Martin's translation of Goethe's Faust (London, 1865), IV. i.
  139. Rose is presumably referring to Clarke's departure to the Wimmera for his Christmas and New Year holiday of 1872. Ararat was certainly one of his stops (198); and he probably passed through Ballarat.
  140. Elliott, 1958, p. 190n, thinks 'thoroughbass' is meant, since Lewis was an organist.
  141. Although I was unable to read Rose's 'ideal' (185) it might be found

somewhere in Charlotte Brontë's works. There seems no other reason for Clarke's reference; and there is a very similar joke about Bottom in Chapter 17 of Villette. See Charlotte Brontë, Villette (1853, rpt. London: Collins, 1953), p. 187.

142. Byron, Don Juan, Canto 6, xli, in Poetical Works (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1945), p. 735.
143. Not traced; '"oh other half of my soul -- I have and hold thee!'" appeared in 'Holiday Peak;' and this, and other phrases from the love-letters may have been a way of communicating with Rose, as she envisaged (179-80).
144. Shakespeare, Hamlet, III. i. 127.
145. The same, I. ii. 133; misquoted.
146. Not traced.
147. James Stuart, 'The Teaching of Science,' in Josephine Butler ed., Woman's Work and Woman's Culture (London, 1869), pp. 137-38.
148. George Henry Lewes's The Physiology of Common Life (London, 1859), was a popular work but, in typical Victorian style, included no reference to sex.
149. See note 132 on Proi above; I cannot speak for the music, but Clarke's text, which was published in the Argus on 28 Dec. 1872, p. 5, is certainly 'full of passion and glow.' His reading of Herman Melville's Typee and Omoo, which he had in his library, probably inspired the powerfully Oceanic spirit of the opening verses; and his conception of the young Australia -- 'Old Europe's withered lips lie at this red young mouth'--, if a trifle fervid, is more imaginative than Henry Kendall's words for the Cantata which opened the Sydney International Exhibition of 1879-80:

Shining nations! let them see

How like England we can be.

See The Poetical Works of Henry Kendall, ed. T.T. Reed (Adelaide, Libraries Board of South Australia, 1966), p. 414. Clarke does not look only to England:

England! America! with clasped hands

Turn where the child of both -- Australia -- stands!

Mackinnon evidently forgot to delete, or alter, Rose's references to Proi; and they appear on the copy-letters. Clarke must have needed a holiday very desperately since he did not stay in Melbourne to hear this apparently successful, though poorly attended, performance.

150. A parody of Pope, 'Essay on Man,' 4, 145. See Alexander Pope, Poetical Works (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), p. 272.
151. Clarke's 'note' has not survived.
152. Should read 'Margaux' and 'Johannisberg.'
153. George Eliot's Middlemarch was serialised from February 1872 in the Australasian, almost immediately after the first part appeared in England (December, 1871); and, in fact, before George Eliot had completed it in October 1872.
154. Elliott, 1955, p. 300, gives 'Linder,' which presumably refers to the 'revolver under the mattress'; and remarks that, as Clarke does not mention 'aunts' elsewhere, his godmother, Mrs. Zwilchenbart may be meant.
155. Byron's 'Lara,' Canto 2, v. xxii. See The Poetical Works of Lord Byron (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1945), p. 318. The quotation should read 'Why did she love him ...'
156. Folâtre = over excited; if Clarke meant 'infatuated' he should have used affolé.
157. A popular make of revolver at that time.
158. Romans 8: 22, misquoted.
159. Also recommended by Stuart in Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.
160. Shakespeare, Hamlet, V. i. 215. A misquotation for 'imperious Caesar.'
161. Shakespeare, Macbeth, V. v. 51; a misquotation for 'blow wind, come wrack.'
162. Not traced.
163. Sir Charles Coldstream is a character in the play Used Up (1844),



adapted by Dion Boucicault and Charles Matthews from the French play L'Homme Blasé (author unknown). It provided the English actor Charles Matthews with one of his best-known parts; and since Matthews played in Australia in 1870-71 the lovers may have seen him in the role. Taken to see Mt Vesuvius, Coldstream pronounced it:

a horrid bore! It smoked a good deal  
certainly but altogether a wretched  
mountain; saw the crater, looked down,  
but there was nothing in it.

[I seem to remember this quotation in another of Clarke's works.]

See Martin Banham and Peter Thomson eds, British and American Playwrights 1750-1920: Dion Boucicault (New York: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1984).

164. There is a 'Spirit of Dreams' in Clarke's 'Cannabis Indica' of 1868; so my tentative reading may be correct.
165. H.W. Longfellow's novel Hyperion (1839; rpt. Boston 1886), p. 14. The quotation should read 'Then stars arise, and the night is holy.' Clarke, as a schoolboy, addressed a poem to this 'dreamy book read long ago in quiet childhood half-forgotten ... .'
166. A second reference to the revision of His Natural Life (24, 152).
167. Shakespeare, Othello, III. iii. 319. Rose has altered 'are' to 'but' to suit the context; but in general the misquotations of Shakespeare are Clarke's. They might perhaps be taken as tenuous evidence that he was not preparing the love letters for publication; pride would surely have led him to check his references.

#### The Printed Chapters

168. Vanderbank, who also appears in 'Playing with Fire' (1867), was probably named after the Willem van de Veldes, father and son, known in the seventeenth century for their sea-pictures. Their battle-scenes, painted from small boats launched into the thick of the action, were particularly famous.
- Coppermole may have been suggested by either Charles or George Cattermole, nineteenth-century painters.

Mr. Milman may be the anonymous painter in the style of William Frith whose 'Cattle Market at Norwich ' was described in 'The Royal Academy,' Temple Bar (July, 1871), as an example of 'what Mr. Frith may finish by putting his talents to' p. 471. This barbed but anonymous review of the 1871 Academy may also have helped Clarke set his scene for Chapter 1.

169. Charles Kingsley, Yeast (1851; rpt. London:Dent, 1927), p. 264, has 'Jesus Christ -- THE MAN.'
170. Sigismund Thalberg (1812-71) was a virtuoso of the piano.
171. Henry Kingsley in Ravenshoe (1861; rpt. London: Dent, 1970), pp. 242-3, was strongly of the opinion, based on his own experience, that 'every younger son ... ought to be allowed to marry into his own rank in life ....' he blamed ambitious parents of daughters for the so-called immorality of young men. Ravenshoe is in the Auction Catalogue of Clarke's library.
172. Louis Lewis may be meant. His will shows that he kept horses and patronised artists; Rupert Bunny was left the substantial sum, even for 1910, of £500.
173. Albert Gate probably refers to what is now Queens Gate, known in Clarke's time as Prince Albert Road, and noted for its fine houses. Olsen, 1976, p. 177, describes 'a large palatial mass on the north-west corner' built in 1858.
174. 'Atta Troil' may be a misprint for Heine's poem Atta Troll (Hamburg, 1847) which, since it concerns a dancing-bear who seeks freedom, gives a satirical twist to 'Der Rebellengesang.' Wagner may be intended for 'Herr Siebel.'
175. Tennyson, 'The Palace of Art.' [Verse 22] describes 'an English home.' Poetical Works (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1953), p. 43.
176. Ireland's History of Kent describes several Roman remains in the vicinity of Great Mongeham.
177. Exeter Hall. 'A building in the Strand, London, erected in 1830-31, used chiefly for religious and philanthropic assemblies till 1907;

often used allusively to denote a type of evangelicalism' (OED 2nd Supp. 1972).

178. Millais virtually deserted the Pre-Raphaelites during the 1870s, turning to, amongst other things, fashionable and lucrative portraiture; but Clarke's linking him with soap is almost clairvoyant. Millais did not paint 'Bubbles,' which was later used as an advertisement for Pears Soap, until 1885. See William Gaunt, The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy (1941; rpt. London: Sphere Books, 1975), pp. 150-51.

'Miss Lye the rich soap-boiler's heiress' appears in Chapter 41 of Thackeray's The Virginians from which Clarke took his 'niminy-piminy' motto (251); and 'soap-boilers' also feature in Don Quixote trans. J.M. Cohen (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950), p. 649.

179. Ireland's History of Kent, 1, p. 644, has a Richard Maycott who held a farm near Great Mongeham 'in capite by knight's service,' though in the time of Henry VIII.

180. 'Mr. Thurifer' is presumably John Henry Newman (1801-1890), whose high-church contributions to Tracts for the Times, especially between 1833 and 1841, preceded his conversion to Rome in 1845 DNB.

181. Clarke had used this passage in his 'Noah's Ark' column in the Australasian of 7 December 1872.

Chapter 7 and part of Chapter 8

182. Gilles-Paul Cauvet (1731-88), 'an outstanding designer ... of wall-panelling, arabesque decorations for furniture etc.' Hugh Honour and John Fleming, eds., Penguin Dictionary of the Decorative Arts (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1966), pp. 157-8.

183. Jean Charles Delafosse (1734-91), 'best known for his ornamental designs for furniture ... etc.' Honour and Fleming, 1966, who cite D. Guilnard's La Connaissance des styles de l'ornementation (Paris, 1853). This work (not seen) is in the Catalogue of the V.P.L., 1880; and was probably Clarke's source for these and similar details.

184. Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806), French painter in the Rococo style. it is not clear that Clarke means that there were paintings in the alcoves, or whether these were decorated after Fragonard's style, as cabinets and the like certainly were.
185. Raphael Tomkins was not traced, and may be Clarke's invention designed to imply inferior English imitation of Fragonard.
186. Noel Cöypel (1628-1707), head of a family of artists; of the school of Le Brun, a 'flamboyant and grandiose' painter at the court of Louis XIV. Oxford Companion to Art (1970), pp. 288, 648. I cannot discover whether Cöypel ever designed tapestries, but Clarke obviously intends something over-ornate to be understood.
187. Intarsia, or tassiatura, was an Italian type of marquetry or inlaid panelling. Fleming and Honour, 1966, p. 398.
188. Andrea di Cosimo was not traced; perhaps Clarke is conflating Andrea del Sarto and Piero di Cosimo (c1462-1521) said to be the forerunner of Mannerism. I have been interested to note, in other contexts, that artists Clarke particularly admired tended to fall under mannerist influences.
189. Francesco Xanto. Not traced.
190. The Castel Durante potteries flourished in sixteenth-century Italy as makers of majolica-ware, often in blue and green, and occasionally decorated with 'trophies and grotesques.' Honour and Fleming, 1966, p. 154.
191. Buff and blue were the traditional Whig colours. Evangelicals often were Liberals; but Clarke has forgotten -- if his choice of colour is deliberate -- that Lady Scrimgeour's views are not those of the rest of her family (309).
192. Ouida, whom I have identified as Miss Rochambeau (92), did write several 'peasant stories,' for instance A Dog of Flanders and Other Stories (London, 1872), which discriminating critics preferred to her more lurid tales.
193. William Wetmore Story (1819-95), 'Ginevra da Siena,' in Graffiti

d'Italia (Edinburgh, 1869), p. 47. Story, an American sculptor and poet, would probably be forgotten but for the fact that Henry James wrote his biography, published in 1903.

194. Charles Baudelaire, 'Les Petites Vieilles,' IV, v. 5, in Fleurs du Mal (1861) rpt. Oeuvres, ed.Y.-G. Le Dantec (Paris: Librairie Gallimard, 1954), p. 163.

The Copy Letters.

195. 'Ethel' is Clarke's younger daughter Ethel Marian, born in 1876. She later adopted Marian Marcus Clarke as her stage name.

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