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The City University of New York
Ph.D., 1976
Literature, comparative

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"Pastoral" and "Rustic"
in the Country Novels of
George Sand and George Eliot

by

Thelma Jurgrau

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Comparative Literature in partial fulfillment of the requirements for for degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York.

1976

This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Comparative Literature in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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Acknowledgments

An award of the American Association of University Women for the year 1973-1974 made possible the writing of this thesis. I am deeply indebted to Professor Ruth Z. Temple, who directed this work. Her illuminating guidance, tact and thoroughness were exemplary. To Professors Katherine Rogers and Henri Peyre, I owe thanks for careful readings and suggestions. I am grateful also to the librarians of the City University Graduate Center, who have always been cooperative.

Many colleagues and friends have been generous with their time and effort. Among these are Susan Ebert and Henry Krawitz. I wish especially to thank Charlotte Hirst, for her willing labors, and David Galler, for his patience and encouragement. I am most appreciative to my children, who cooperated admirably, and to my parents, who have been constant in their support.

This thesis is dedicated to the memory of my husband, Howard B. Jurgrau.

Preface

This study derives and departs from a rather [illegible] careless literary habit--that of linking the two authors, George Sand and George Eliot. The sources of interest in women's rights have accounted for a recent printing of their novels. In a 1976 article, "Women's Lit: Profession and Tradition," Ellen Moers sees the two writers primarily as women writers who, among others from Jane Austen to Gertrude Stein, left a powerful impression on their readers.[1] Around the turn of the century, the women's movement evidently had different goals. Mary Jacobus, in 1981, shows them as writers whose works substantiated the role of women as builders and keepers of morality and morale.[2]

We shall see that Sand's and Eliot's contemporaries anticipated the connection based on sex and profession. Obviously, the similar pseudonyms also quickly became a point of connection, as did the morally suspect condition of their private lives. Most critics of this century have avoided any attempt to link the Georges through their fiction. But French-writing critics, such as Marcel Girard and Paul Van Tieghem, in the thirties, were aware of literary connections between them.[3]

Such critics as the latter give us the clue that a more important way to pair the novelists--one that focusses on the work rather than the life--would seem to be a comparison of their treatments of a common mode. This linking, too, was anticipated in Victorian times. As Professor Moers points out, "Victorians knew but we have forgotten" that La Petite Fadette was "the inevitable source" of The Mill on the Floss and that "Sand was mistress of the rustic novel, which George Eliot domesticated to English taste."[4] Contemporary criticism of their novels customarily considers the topic of pastoral--itself a fashionable one--

but much more remains to be said.

An ancient invention, the pastoral mode has evolved through all genres and ages, weathering extreme critical climates, until presently it exists as a complex of meanings. I have recently seen the word used in a travel brochure to describe an idyllic vacation, as well as by a contemporary novelist to describe his novel about seedy, but special, characters. Those who use it casually as a synonym for outdoor nature or the country, do so perhaps out of a twentieth century concern over environmental pollution through technology. Since a certain amount of nostalgia has also come to be associated with the term, the use of pastoral nowadays has a built-in implication of longing for lost greenery that expresses a universal state of mind. Those who use the word to make a value judgment regarding a way of life are also following a convention of older pastoral, that of creating a temporal or spacial distance to regain perspective on present problems. Not only has the term itself (like baroque) received all sorts of extensions and redefinitions but modern taste for precise definition requires that other terms, long loosely associated with pastoral, such as idyll, rustic or champêtre, must now be discriminated from it.

To link Sand and Eliot has long been a commonplace of criticism. But on what literary grounds? Very slight. The one that holds out most promise is the pastoral mode. I wish to inquire into the validity of comparing these two novelists for their handling of this mode. This will involve, first, an attempt to see how the term pastoral, and its ancillary, rustic, have been applied to the two Georges, what critics presently see as components of the pastoral and rustic modes and what the terms originally signified, in order to establish a set of general

characteristics by which to measure the works in question. Then it will be necessary to analyze the country novels of both writers for "pastoral" elements, having first seen how these novels grew out of the writers' experience. I hope that my conclusions will at once shed some light on literary terminology and contribute to the literary comparison of these novelists from their two different traditions. I shall begin by glancing at the convention of linking Sand and Eliot and the reality on which it is based.

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Chapter 1

The Linking of the Georges: Critical Convention and Reality

Critical Convention: Personal and Literary

A survey of the views of late nineteenth century critics shows that both the French and the English automatically link these two novelists. Even Turgeniev, when praised in the seventies by Henry James, senior, replied that he considered himself in a second or third place compared with Dickens, George Eliot or George Sand.[1] They are linked in many ways--on a personal as well as a literary level. The name of the other comes up for contrast or comparison when the works of one are evaluated, and apparently the temptation to mention one in the context of the other derived from certain actual and certain presumed similarities and parallels. Among the first, none is more inescapable than their sex. I shall sample the characteristic linkings and then proceed to examine the facts behind the convention.

Typical of those who are offended by what they consider to be an immodest attitude in a female writer is the anonymous critic whose article on The Mill on the Floss appeared in the Saturday Review of April 14, 1860:

> There is a kind of love-making which seems to possess a strange fascination for the modern female novelist. Currer Bell and George Eliot, and we may add George Sand, all like to dwell on love as a strange overmastering force which, through the senses, captivates and enthralls the soul. They linger on the description of the physical sensations that accompany the meeting of hearts in love. Curiously, too, they all like to describe these sensations as they conceive them to exist in men. We are bound to say that their conceptions are true and adequate. But we are not sure that it is quite consistent with feminine delicacy to lay so much stress on the bodily feelings of the other sex.[2]

Discussion of the male mask each wore was another way in which

critics saw fit to link the two Georges, and even those who came to praise could balk at a seen-through masculine disguise. The publication of Felix Holt in 1866 was the occasion of the following statement by George Stovin Venables, a prolific critic and lawyer, in the Edinburgh Review: "The great writer /George Eliot/, who, like Madame Dudevant /George Sand/, adopts the ungraceful disguise of a masculine pseudonym, has . . . happily returned to her own region of provincial English life. . . ."[3]

Among those who took note of the similar morally-suspect conditions of their private lives is Jane Carlyle, who is said to have remarked in answer to her husband's accusation that the Frenchwoman's novels were erotic, that "England had small right to cast the first stone across the Channel when she had a George of her own right there in London."[4]

Even the physical appearance of the two women became a basis for comparison. Carles Eliot N rton, on a visit to the Priory in 1869, describes "an odious vulgarizing portrait" which he felt bore a likeness to Eliot. Comparing it to Couture's drawing of Sand, he says:

> The head and face are hardly as noble as George Sand's but the lines are almost as strong and masculine; the cheeks are almost as heavy and the hair is dressed in a similar style, but the eyes are not so deep and there is less suggestion of possible beauty and possible sensuality in the general contour and in the expression. Indeed one rarely sees a plainer woman; dull complexion and dull eyes, heavy features.[5]

George Eliot's reputation for homeliness, however, made some observers more lenient. The impression of John Fiske, for example, was not unfavorable:

> She is not a 'fright' by any means. She is a plain-looking woman, but I think not especially homely. I see no reason why her photograph should not be circulated about. She is much better-looking than George Sand. She isn't a blooming beauty, of course; you don't expect that at fifty-two; but

> her features are regular, her nose is very good, her eyes are a rich blue and very expressive, her mouth is very large, but it is pleasant in expression. Her hair is light and profuse, and she wears a lovely lace cap over it--and looks simple, frank, cordial and matronly.[6]

The fact that George Eliot's career as a novelist began twenty-six years after Sand's dictates the critical focus on the former, with the latter irresistibly added for flavoring. But even among admirers of Eliot's literary achievement, it is impressive how often Sand is brought into the picture as a foil for her sister novelist, and rarely does she suffer in the comparison.

Among Eliot's champions in France, only Émile Jonveaux is mildly disparaging to his countrywoman when he makes a virtue of Eliot's conscience at the expense of George Sand;[7] Alexandre Weil intends high praise for Eliot when he designates her "the George Sand of England;"[8] Edmund Schérer contrasts the eloquent style of Sand with the more contained one of Eliot;[9] Brunetière prefers Eliot on the grounds of what he considers objectivity, and we know that he generally condemned writers of the Romantic school.[10] The extreme position of Robert du Pontavice de Heussy, who declares Eliot's novelistic talents unapproachable by any female writer in France, including George Sand, is balanced by that of Jules Lemaître, who notes with distress the air of Protestant conscience in Eliot's novels, quite unlike the typical French atmosphere of Sand and finds the work of the Englishwoman superfluous on the illogical ground that the qualities the public and critics have admired in her exist in the novels of Sand.[11]

The foregoing is not meant to suggest that Eliot enjoyed a large French audience. Indeed, it is the conclusion of John Philip Couch,

whose study provided the above information, that the English writer was rather neglected in France.

This is less surprising than the fact that Eliot was not preferred to Sand in her own country. We have seen the reservations of Venables, on the grounds of masculine disguise, and of Jane Carlyle, on grounds of the gap between private and public morality. Among those who praise Eliot's literary accomplishments, only the effusive personal reaction of a young Fellow at Trinity College, Frederick Myers, claims precedence for Eliot over Sand.[12] Sidney Colvin praises both, but is especially tender to Sand.[13] A trio of well-known critics prefers Sand's so-called surrender to romantic inclinations compared with Eliot's puritanical tendency to mete out punishment for excessive sensuality in her characters: Edward Dowden is the first to complain about her moralizing endings compared to her French counterpart;[14] Ruskin deplores the author's assumed halo, as well as what he takes to be her Naturalism, countering that "Sand is often immoral; but she is always beautiful;"[15] William Henley treats her stern moral attitude with still greater diffidence when he declares that "Herself, too, has been variously described . . . as George Sand plus Science and minus Sex."[16]

In the year of George Sand's death, Henry James dramatizes three recurrent points of view on the two novelists:

> Constantius. . . . . The story of Deronda's life, his mother's story, Mirah's story, are quite the sort of thing one finds in George Sand. But they are really not so good as they would be in George Sand. George Sand would have carried it off with a lighter hand.
> Theodora. Oh, Constantius, how can you compare George Eliot's novels to that woman's? It is sunlight and moonshine.
> Pulcheria. I really think the two writers are very much alike. They are both very voluble, both addicted to moralizing and philosophizing à tout bout de champ, both inartistic!

> Constantius. I see what you mean. But George Eliot is solid and George Sand is liquid. When occasionally George Eliot liquifies,--as in the history of Daronda's birth, and in that of Mirah,--it is not to as crystalline a clearness as the author of Consuelo and André. Take Mirah's long narrative of her adventures, when she unfolds them to Mrs. Meyrick. It is arranged, it is artificial, old-fashioned, quite in the George Sand manner. But George Sand would have done it better. The false tone would have remained, but it would have been more persuasive. It would have been a fib, but the fib would have been neater.
> Theodora. I don't think fibbing neatly a merit; and I don't see what is to be gained by such comparisons. George Eliot is pure and George Sand is impure; how can you compare them? . . .[17]

Not only does James manage more than his contemporaries to focus directly on the works of Sand and Eliot (probably because as a novelist he would consider that this is where critical attention belongs), but, through the voices of his characters, he approximates for us examples of criticism typically directed toward both writers. Pulcheria speaks as an aesthete who resents them because they digress from their subject; Theodora makes clear that, because the briters in question are women, the moral situations presented in their fiction are subject to special scrutiny; while Constantius, in spite of his Jamesian circuitousness, expresses the common preference for the French author.

If the world-wide esteem in which Sand was held by late nineteenth century critics seems exaggerated compared to her quasi-dormant literary status today, one need only remember how, according to Dostoievsky's personal recollections, Sand assumed first place among a whole constellation of new writers who rose to fame in Russia in the mid-nineteenth century. In the words of the Russian novelist: "Even Dickens . . . was perhaps less popular with our public. I am not even speaking of Balzac. . . ."[18]

Sand's fiction, especially her country novels, became part of the standard library for children of middle-class French families growing

up in the early twentieth century. Marcel Proust was one of these, and his use of François le Champi at the beginning and end of A la recherche du temps perdu indicates to what an extent the work of the Frenchwoman was impressive in the formation of one of France's greatest novelists.

Eliot's literary reputation declined somewhat, as did that of other Victorian novelists, during the early decades of the twentieth century, when readers lost patience with their old-fashioned tone characterized by the sermonizing interruptions of the undisguised author-narrator. Virginia Woolf's essay on Eliot, published in 1925, remarks on the decline: "At what moment, and by what means her spell was broken it is difficult to ascertain. . . . She became one of the butts for youth to laugh at, the convenient symbol of a group of serious people who were all guilty of the same idolatry and could be dismissed with the same scorn."[19] The sympathetic note on which the Woolf essay ends, however, is prophetic of the shift which Eliot's reputation would take. By the fifties, her fame had fully revived; now Eliot's intelligent voice once again commands great interest and respect, as does the scope of her intellect. The editor of a recent critical anthology notes that criticism of her work has been steadily produced for a century, and, while one rarely encounters unqualified praise, "Today her reputation stands as high as it did a hundred years ago."[20]

The decline in Sand's reputation as a novelist (and the rise in Eliot's) can be dated approximately to the mid-thirties, if the following observation of literary historian and critic, Albert Thibaudet, in 1938, is accurate:

> Comparez George Eliot à George Sand: les romans de celle-ci nous paraissent aujourd'hui d'un intérêt secondaire, bien qu'ils ne méritent pas la profondeur de dédain injurieux où on les a capricieusement laissé tomber. Mais les dix volumes de mémoires et surtout l'abondante Correspondance gardent encore dans leur masse diffuse la présence, le mouvement et le feu de la vie. La destinée littéraire de George Eliot fut exactement inverse.[21]

As Sand's novels were less read, so did the linking of the two novelists subside. An exception is Marcel Moraud's study, in 1933, of French Romanticism in England, wherein the critic devotes a chapter to Sand's influence which he finds demonstrable in both the life and work of George Eliot.[22] But, as Thibaudet points out, it is the fascinating life of Sand which makes her memorable today.

The summary bibliography in Pierre's Salomon's 1953 monograph confirms Thibaudet's indication that by the mid-thirties the number of literary studies of Sand's work had declined to what can only be termed a mere trickle and remained in that state for about twenty years.[23] A French bibliography and an international one show that over the past fifteen years her work has elicited steady but sparse reaction; for example, during the sixties there are fewer than a dozen references to Sand and among these only half are to her work.[24] The slight rise in interest discernible by 1969 may be attributed to Georges Lubin in France, who has undertaken the monumental task of editing her letters, and by last year had published nine volumes of over a thousand pages each, which brought him only up to 1850. In 1970, his two-volume edition of Sand's Oeuvres autobiographiques appeared, which contains Histoire de ma vie as well as travel notes and journals.

The first half of the seventies reflects this livelier interest with about twice as much critical production as in the previous decade. Each year, several new books appear in France surveying the highlights

of her life and work, or focussing on a particular friendship or love affair where newly discovered correspondence has shed a different light, or looking over the special relationship she had with her region of Berry. Life studies in the form of films, plays and books have been constant and indeed seem to be waxing. In this country there have been at least two new biographies of Sand within the past three years.[25] These, plus the recent television series depicting her life from its more sensational angles, testify to the fact that the Sand personality has lost little of its magnetism.

However, about half the articles which currently appear relate specifically to an aspect of her fiction, or to a comparison of her work with that of another novelist.[26] As of 1972, fourteen of Sand's novels were in print in France.[27] The popularity of the rustic trilogy is especially worth noting, with eleven new editions of La Mare au Diable and La Petite Fadette and three of François le Champi available in paper and hard cover. Her autobiography, travel notes and correspondence are also available in several editions. This may not be impressive if one remembers that her fictional oeuvre consists of over sixty novels and about ten plays. By the same token, the scholarly interest in Sand may seem paltry compared to the dozens of articles and books published each year on George Eliot's novels.

It is not surprising that as interest in Sand is reawakened the linking of the two novelists again becomes apparent. In the sixties their names are joined by such critics as K. A. Mackenzie,[28] Patricia Thomson,[29] and Paul Blount,[30] who note the strong personal attraction which Sand held for Eliot, without making any direct claims for literary influence. It remained for enthusiasts of women's literature, such as Ellen Moers,

in the present decade once again to unite the two for their sex, their male pseudonyms, their unconventional lives, their literary achievements as well as for a similarity in their works.[31]

One may therefore conclude regarding the critical convention of linking the Georges, that it has come full circle to focus on the personal as well as the literary level, with perhaps this difference: that, when Eliot was first introduced, it was by way of the already notorious Sand, whereas, today, the name and novels of the Frenchwoman appear to enter on the wings of the English one.

Reality: George Eliot's Attraction to George Sand and to France

What were the actual relations between the two and how far may they be legitimately linked? These will be the objects of my investigation next. First,--the actual effect of the older on the younger writer. Blount summarizes his chapter on them as follows: "Although Sand may have given little thought to Eliot, it is evident that Sand was often in Eliot's thoughts and at a time when the French George had a great influence on the destiny of the English George."

Eliot's biographer, Gordon Haight, gives Sand credit for being especially nourishing in Eliot's development toward the end of 1846, when the heavy work of translating Strauss' Das Leben Jesu was being done: "Her guano was chiefly George Sand: Lélia, Spiridion, Jacques and the Lettres d'un voyageur are mentioned about this time but we know that she also read François le Champi, La Petite Fadette, Le Meunier d'Angibault, Consuelo, Mauprât and Indiana."[33]

Haight bases this statement on various letters, from 1845 on, from Mary Ann Evans to her good friends, the Brays and the Hennells. That

these friends worried over the attraction is apparent from the teasing comment to Sara Hennell on Feb. 4, 1849: "Send me the criticism of Jacques . . . only beware there are not too many blasphemies against my divinity."[34] She seems to be trying to allay their fears with this comment made shortly thereafter:

> I should never dream of going to her writings as a moral code or text-book. I don't care whether I agree with her about marriage or not--whether I think the design of her plot correct or that she had no precise design at all but began to write as the spirit moved her and trusted to Providence for the catastrophe, which I think the more probable case--it is sufficient for me as a reason for bowing before her in eternal gratitude to that 'great power of God' manifested in her--that I cannot read six pages of hers without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results--(and I must say in spite of your judgment) some of the moral instincts and their tendencies--with such truthfulness such nicety of discrimination such tragic power and withal such loving gentle humour that one might live a century with nothing but one's own dull faculties and not know so much as those six pages will suggest.[35]

Eliot's involvement with the Westminster Review, and subsequently with George Lewes, served to further warm her enthusiasm for Sand. The fact that Lewes was writing an article for that Review ("The Lady Novelists"), which was to appear in July 1852, undoubtedly prompted the following request of June 2, 1852: "I must beg you to send me George Sand's works (tomorrow or Friday if possible) . . . and Miss Austin's [sic] 'Sense and Sensibility.'"[36] More and more, the future novelist seems to come under the influence of Lewes. The following effusive comparison of Charlotte Brontë to George Sand, in a letter of March 5, 1853, is an example:

> I want to know what you think of 'Villette.' Lewes was describing Currer Bell to me yesterday as a little, plain, provincial, sickly-looking old maid. Yet what passion, what fire in her! Quite as much as in George Sand, only the clothing is less voluptuous.[37]

It is difficult to know where the opinion of Lewes leaves off and that

of Marian Evans begins, but one is sufficiently struck by a note of self-identification with the plain façade of her English counterpart to feel that she too imagines herself to be a sister of the Frenchwoman. Within the same year, the relationship with Lewes had deepened, according to Haight.[38]

Among critics who take special notice of the three-way relationship, Marcel Moraud goes furthest when he claims that "si son esprit n'eût pas été saturé des idées romantiques de George Sand sur l'amour et le mariage,"[39] she would perhaps have hesitated to form the unconventional union with Lewes. Blount feels that Moraud's is an extreme position; however, he, too, considers Eliot's praise of Jacques as "evidence of Sand's influence on her in the step she finally took with Lewes."[40] Patricia Thomson, particularly susceptible to the George-triangle, calls her 1963 article "The Three Georges," and points out that it was the intention of Lewes to make the perfect woman novelist out of George Eliot, "a sort of amalgam of the best aspects of Jane Austen and George Sand."[41]

There is no doubt that Eliot was impressed with Sand's work before coming into contact with Lewes, just as Lewes was before he met the novelist-to-be. Indeed, when in France in 1847, he tried in vain to have a meeting with the writer he had so ardently defended from Victorian castigation.[42] But he preferred the romantic side of Sand, manifested in her passionate defense of unconventionality, to the side which took up social causes. Once Sand relinquished her controversial heroines, Lewes objects that her works may be more moral, but they are more commonplace as well.[43]

Since Eliot's fiction does not at all take off from the romantic side of Sand, one doubts that Miss Thomson's hypothesis is fruitful.

If Lewes was helpful in nurturing the novelist in Marian Evans, it was with sufficient sensitivity to the Englishwoman's individual talent to know that a Lélia could not have been one of her potential characters. As far as her attitude toward marriage is concerned, Sand's standards undoubtedly affected those of the young Englishwoman by confirming the attitudes she met when she arrived in London in 1850 to write for the Westminster Review and became acquainted with the Chapman circle at 142 Strand. Lewes was not the first of Eliot's married lovers, if we are to believe Haight's inferences regarding John Chapman and his behind-the-scenes editor.[44] Nor was the situation in the Chapman household unique, if we follow Haight's story of the Lewes-Hunt ménage.[45] The reputation for strait-lacedness that accrues to Victorians probably should not be considered pervasive, certainly not in the liberal circles toward which Marian Evans was inclined. There is, therefore, no point in making a stronger case than actually existed for the connection between Sand and Eliot, which clearly was a complex of influences on the young Englishwoman, and which the relationship with Lewes reinforced. And as subsequent references in Eliot's letters and Lewes' diaries confirm, their affection for Sand's novels and plays continued for the rest of their lives.

Although George Eliot is often more closely identified with German language and literature because of her translation of Strauss, as well as for her travels in Germany with Lewes when he was collecting material for his book on Goethe, the fact is that Eliot early on had a case of Francophilia. She started studying French at age thirteen and we know that her progress must have been rapid since she won the First-Year Prize, a copy of Pascal's Pensées. On the first page of her school notebook, she spells her name Marianne, which probably reflects her recent introduction to

French.[46] This is the book which contains her first try at prose fiction, an eight-page beginning of a story called "Edward Neville," reminiscent of Scott's Waverley novels. From the 1850's on, she was to sign "Marian" on all of her correspondence, instead of the juvenile "Mary Ann," which transition seems to reflect her interest in France.

During April 1849, at the peak of her father's illness and the strain of caring for him night and day, she signs "Marianne" to a letter to her dear and supportive friends, the Brays, then crosses it out for the old "Mary Ann." It was with Cara and Charles Bray that she made her first trip abroad directly after her father's death in June 1849, and one may easily imagine that there had been conversations planning such a trip a few months earlier; such talk might have reawakened the girlhood interest in her Frenchified nom de plume, Marianne.

Their trip began five days after the funeral; after two months of touring France and northern Italy, the Brays left the twenty-nine year old Mary Ann in Geneva in July. She remained at the same pension until October, where she became friendly in her reserved way with a series of well-bred continental boarders, including a Marquise de St. Germaine, who took it upon herself to improve the young woman's appearance with a new, softer hair-style. For this and other courtesies, the Englishwoman composed a poem consisting of three sentimental quatrains, which show how, in spite of flaws and awkwardness, she could unloose her romantic side in this language of poignant associations.[47]

From October until March 1850, she remained in Geneva at the home of the D'Albert-Durades, where she felt so welcome that Madame became "Maman."[48] M. D'Albert-Durade, a painter who sketched her, took her on long walks and later accompanied her home to England. They carried on

a long and familiar correspondence for the rest of her life, in which Eliot was given the name of "Marian" or "Minie," alternatively.[49] As Gordon Haight tells us: "One permanent result of her Swiss sojourn was to change the spelling of her name from Mary Ann to Marian."[50] From the spring of 1851 on, specifically in her correspondence with John Chapman, she used "Marian" more and more, until she became "Marian" to all after September.

A glance at George Eliot's reading list would show a predominance of English; with Lewes she also read a great deal in German. But Haight's biography attests to the fact that her French reading was maintained at a steady pace all her life from the time of the Pascal First Prize, and included historical works by Michelet and Renan, literary works by Sainte-Beuve, Zola, Balzac and Turgeniev in French translation. However, her favorite after George Sand was Rousseau--namely Confessions, Emile and La nouvelle Héloïse.[51]

French was the exclusive means of communication when she and Lewes met Liszt in Weimar, and Eliot identifies herself with her idol when she describes that meeting to Charles Bray: "When I read George Sand's letter to Franz Liszt in her 'Lettres d'un voyageur,' I little thought that I should ever be seated tête-à-tête with him for an hour, as I was yesterday and telling him my ideas and feelings."[52]

From early on, Eliot quotes from Molière to substantiate a life-long mistrust of doctors, and her links to French theater accrue when in Geneva she attends a performance of Sand's novel-turned-play, which she enthusiastically describes to the Brays: "Her 'François le Champi,' une comédie, is simplicity and purity itself. The seven devils are cast out."[53] But from the time she met Lewes, French theater became a special interest;

they rarely missed French performances in London, especially when a fine actor was involved (she mentions Rachel, Lemaitre, Stella Colas, Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt),[54] and were interested in seeing all English adaptations of current French plays because of Lewes' activities in that field. An example is Sunshine through the Clouds, adapted from La Joie fait peur by Mme. Emile du Girardin, which Eliot describes to Cara Bray as "a wonderfully original and beautiful piece . . . which makes one cry rather too much for pleasure."[55] When in Paris, and their trips were frequent over the more than twenty years they lived together, almost every evening was spent at the theater. A typical mention is one in a letter from Lewes to Elma Stuart in 1874: "We enjoyed our stay in Paris very much. . . . we went every night to the French theater and saw nobody!"[56]

A special area of Eliot's appreciation of the French literary world is made known to us in her review of Sainte-Beuve's Portraits de femmes (1844), Jules Michelet's Les Femmes de la Révolution (1854) and Victor Cousin's Mme. de Sablé: Etude sur les femmes illustres et la société du 17e siècle (1854). Predictably, she leads us to a George Sand crescendo at the end of a famous line of French women writers when she says that

> to this day, Madame de Sévigné remains the single instance of a woman who is supreme in a class of literature which has engaged the ambition of men; Madame Dacier still reigns the queen of blue-stockings, though women have long studied Greek without shame; Madame de Staël's name still rises first to the lips when we are asked to mention a woman of great intellectual power; Madame Roland is still the unrivalled type of the sagacious and sternly heroic, yet lovable woman; George Sand is the unapproached artist who, to Jean Jacques' eloquence and deep sense of external nature, unites the clear delineation of character and the tragic depth of passion.[57]

As she continues, the combination of French literature and French women seems to inspire Eliot to such hyperbole that one fears her sense of

fairness toward her own countrywomen has been completely corrupted:

> One may say, at least with regard to the women of the seventeenth century, that their writings were but a charming accident of their more charming lives, like the petals which the wind shakes from the rose in its bloom. And it is but a twin fact with this that in France alone woman has had a vital influence on the development of literature; in France alone the mind of woman has passed like an electric current through the language, making crisp and definite what is elsewhere heavy and blurred; in France alone, if the writings of women were swept away, a serious gap would be made in the national history.[58]

She speculates that the primary cause perhaps

> lies in the physiological characteristics of the Gallic race; the small brain and vivacious temperament which permit the fragile system of woman to sustain the superlative activity requisite for intellectual creativeness; while, on the other hand, the larger brain and slower temperament of the English and Germans are, in the womanly organization, generally dreamy and passive.[59]

(George Sand would not have agreed with such a generalization, for she considered herself to have a "caractère plus lent et plus rêveur" than Balzac, who had "l'esprit plus analytique."[60])

The second reason Eliot gives for the eminence of women in French literary history is sociological and sheds light on her previous denial to her friends that George Sand's morals were attractive to her. Furthermore, it makes one wonder how Eliot could forget that most members of French society would have challenged such a statement:

> A secondary cause was probably the laxity of opinion and practice with regard to the marriage-tie. Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defence of French morals, most of all in relation to marriage! But it is undeniable, that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling, and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual attraction, tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men, and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama.[61]

It must be borne in mind that Eliot wrote the above lines in October 1854, just a few months after she and Lewes established their liaison. In July

of 1854 they had gone off to the Continent to "begin a new life."[62] Before Lewes, there had been a few men in her life with whom it is likely that something more than friendship existed: the elderly Dr. Brabant and John Chapman, both of whose homes she lived in until complaints from their wives drove her out; M. D'Albert-Durade, in whose home she stayed in Geneva and with whom she spent two months in England. All of these men were married and involved in the arts or literature, i.e., intellectuals. So that, in spite of her "heaven forbids," there was a far greater appeal for her of what she conceived of as a special French permissive concept of marriage than she could openly admit in Victorian England.

Eliot's admiration extended to French politics. Her interest in French history began early when she read the novels of G. P. R. James, who wrote such imitations of Scott as Richelieu (1829) and The Life and Times of Louis the XIV (1838).[63] Much later she was to enjoy Carlyle's French Revolution.[64] France is "la grande nation" in a letter to a young man friend, John Sibree, the subject of which, in that year of 1848, is the revolution. She joins him in his happiness about it in the effusive style which characterized her letters to him: "I am all the more delighted with your enthusiasm because I did not expect it. I feared that you lacked revolutionary ardor. But no--you are just as sans-culottish as I would have you."[65]

Reality: Superficial Resemblances--Their Choice of Pseudonym; Their Attitudes to Religion, Art, Music

It is unlikely that Eliot's various attractions to France and George Sand inspired her own unconventional "marriage." Yet, as we

have seen, it constitutes a resemblance between them which became grist for the comparatists' mills. Nor did Eliot's interest in France and George Sand necessarily account for her own early radicalism. Yet, if one does not look too closely, there seems to be a resemblance in the fact that each was part of a social and political avant-garde. André Maurois summarizes Sand's political development as follows:

> In her girlhood she had been a republican, from hatred of the 'old countesses,' and, as her mother's daughter, a friend of the People. Equality of possessions she accepted in principle, though she understood it rather as a 'general right to happiness' rather than as a splitting up of property, 'which would make men happy only at the cost of turning them into barbarians.'[66]

At the age of thirty (1835), she met Michel de Bourges, who preached "the ending of inequality with violence,"[67] and out of affection for him she did finally adopt at least his colors if not his doctrine.

In the same year, she met the Abbé Lamennais, who believed he had been marked out to achieve the regeneration of the Catholic church for the purpose of supporting the new democracy. A year later, she met Pierre Leroux[68] and adopted his "religion of humanity," which had already interested her for several years. His idea was based on the progressive evolution toward perfection of the entire human race--society being bound to religion for its wholeness. Louis Blanc completed the quartet of George Sand's revolutionary influence. She met him ten years later (1846), and was in complete sympathy with his communistic version of socialism.[69] Indeed, she was deeply hopeful of his carrying off a successful revolution in 1848.

The novels Jacques (1834) and Spiridion (1838), to which George Eliot refers as most worthy of admiration, are, according to K. A. McKenzie, elaborations of Leroux' principles; this critic feels that the philosoph-

ical doctrine of human solidarity is definitely an area of resemblance between George Sand and George Eliot:

> The interdependence of men, especially of the humble of all ages, was a favourite theme of George Eliot's. There is no need, of course, to suppose that she derived it from the French social philosophers, directly or through George Sand, but the idea was congenial and welcome in its fictional dress.[70]

In discussing George Eliot's political development, Gordon Haight says: "It is impossible to overestimate the importance" of Eliot's meeting with the Hennell family and Charles Bray early in 1842, shortly before her twenty-first birthday. Not only did this meeting result in a revision of her pietistic attitude, but Eliot's naturally charitable instincts were also enlightened to incorporate Charles Bray's

> consuming thirst for reform. Every philanthropy found him on its side. Education, labour relations, cooperatives, freedom of religion, freedom of speech, public health, extension of the ballot--these were only a few of the causes he supported in the most practical way. Intellectually he was bold rather than profound. Enthusiasm out-weighed judgment in his acceptance of Robert Owen's socialism or in his devotion to phrenology.[71]

Later in 1850, in London, during her association with John Chapman and the Westminster Review, she read and met a majority of the liberal thinkers of the time. The review's main supporter, Edward Lombe, an eccentric expatriate, wished to give religious freethinkers and political socialists a place to publicize their beliefs. Haight notes that "London was swarming with refugees from the 1848 revolutions, many of whom gravitated toward this center of enlightened radicalism."[72] Some representative guests at 142 Strand were Karl Marx, Ferdinand Freiligrath--the revolutionary poet, Pierre Leroux, Louis Blanc and Mazzini, and it is knownthat Eliot had long talks with at least the last four. (Mazzini had also received the sympathetic support--as had Leroux and Blanc--of Sand.)

Sand and Eliot both broke with organized religion after an interlude of passionate involvement, yet each remained responsive to certain religious images. Eliot had two re-creations of Christ, a twenty-inch high cast of Thorwaldsen's The Risen Christ standing in her study, and on the wall an engraving of Delaroche's Christ.[73] During the hardships of her Strauss translation, "only the sight of her Christ image and picture made her endure it."[74]

Sand recalls being strongly moved by a painting by Titian, Jesus in the Olive Garden:

> Ce tableau était placé vis-à-vis de moi, et à force de le regarder je l'avais deviné plutôt que compris. Il y avait un seul moment dans la journée où j'en saisissais à peu près les détails, c'était en hiver, lorsque le soleil sur son déclin jetait un rayon sur la draperie rouge de l'ange et sur le bras nu et blanc du Christ. Le miroîtement du vitrage rendait éblouissant ce moment fugitif, et à ce moment-là j'éprouvais toujours une émotion indéfinissable, même au temps où je n'étais pas dévote et où je ne pensais pas devoir jamais le devenir.[75]

Of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, George Eliot said: "All other art seems only a preparation for feeling [Its] superiority."[76] La Vièrge of Holbein became George Sand's model for Jeanne; George Eliot's heroine of Middlemarch, Dorothea Brooke, is modelled on Saint Theresa.[77]

Renaissance art was especially appealing, but they were familiar with more recent work and referred to it in discussions of aesthetics. Eliot was particularly taken with the Flemish school of painting. When she and Lewes were in Munich in 1858, she mentions Rubens as the one who

> more than anyone else makes me feel that painting is a great art and that he was a great artist. His are such real, breathing men and women--men and women moved by passions, not mincing and grimacing and posing in mere apery of passion! What a grand, glowing forceful thing life looks in his pictures--the men such grand bearded grappling beings fit to do the work of the world, the women such real mothers.[78]

Her work in progress at this time was Adam Bede, specifically chapter

seventeen, "In Which the Story Pauses a Little," where she pleads the case for realism: "It is for this rare precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings."[79] David Teniers, the third master of the Flemish school after Rubens and Van Dyke,[80] was another favorite whom she praises in her review article of July 1856: "Where, in our picture exhibitions, shall we find a group of true peasantry? What English artist even attempts to rival in truthfulness such studies of popular life as the pictures of Teniers or the ragged boys of Murillo?"[81]

George Sand uses another work of Holbein, Le Laboureur (1554), as a departure point for her novel La Mare au Diable (1845), rejecting "la satire douloureuse," where the death figure is the only relief for a lifetime of labor. "Non," she says, "nous n'avons plus affaire à la mort mais à la vie."[82] Indeed, she goes on to abandon the vision of illustrious painters, who put on canvas the sufferings of humanity:

> Albert Dürer, Michel-Ange, Holbein, Callot, Goya ont fait de puissantes satires des maux de leur siècle et de leur pays. Ce sont des oeuvres immortelles, des pages historiques d'une valeur incontestable, nous ne voulons pas dénier aux artistes le droit de sonder les plaies de la société et de les mettre à nu sous nos yeux; mais n'y a-t-il pas autre chose à faire maintenant que la peinture d'épouvante et de menace?[83]

Among her contemporaries, Sand was acquainted with many painters, but had the good sense to sit for portraits by her friend Delacroix.

Music was important in the lives and works of both Sand and Eliot. Both had a talent and facility on the piano. Sand, for many years, collected the folk songs of her native Berry. Many of her friends were professional actors, singers and musicians: Marie Dorval, Chopin, Pauline Viardot. Eliot wrote intelligently on opera and uses musical activity in an important way in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," The Mill on the Floss, Daniel Deronda and Middlemarch. A singing career is the basis for the

plot of Sand's Consuelo; in her rustic novels, singing and dancing are common motifs and in Les Maîtres sonneurs, the plot revolves around piping skills and contests. Both women were acquainted with the pianist-composer Franz Liszt, and Sand considered herself among his closest friends.

Both women were eager travellers and had fond memories of the city of Geneva. They were both raised in the provinces, but were acquainted with life in the capital cities. Both claimed kinship with the philosophy and literature of Rousseau. And, last but not least, both had a fondness for the name George.

The name George Sand was invented in two parts: "Sand" came from her first collaborator, Jules Sandeau, whose name they shortened when they wrote Rose et Blanche (1831). When she went on to write Indiana, she substituted George for Jules. Her own explanation is as follows: "Je pris vite et sans chercher celui de George qui me paraissait synonyme de Berrichon."[84] The explanation which Georges Lubin gives is related: "Il faut à notre avis se référer à l'etymologie: Georges c'est l'homme de la terre (cf. Géorgiques). La population Berrichonne de 1832 est essentielement composée de paysans."[85] He notes further that a few of the earliest editions showed the typical French spelling, Georges. But Sand was firm and consistent in using her own version, which leads me to speculate on another reason for the choice. "Georgeon" is a name which inspired the greatest terror among natives of Berry, in central France, where Sand grew up. This rustic demon is the devil himself, who got the name when he was defeated in a battle with Saint George. Sand describes how the peasants' fear extended to a taboo against the writing of the name on any material whatsoever.[86] It is not difficult to imagine Aurore Dupin, in the childish habit of tempting fate, tracing

out the letters with her finger and perhaps stopping just short of the last one or two.

Eliot's explanation for her adoption of the name was: "George was Mr. Lewes' Christian name,"[87] but considering all that I have said about the attraction the Frenchwoman had for her and for Lewes, I venture the suggestion that Sand was also in her mind when she chose the name George.

Reality: Differences--Life, Self-conception, Ideas, Working Style, Temperament, Last Impression.

Despite the various superficial resemblances, and the attraction of Sand for Eliot, is it really possible, as Thibaudet claims, that A vingt ans elle [George Eliot] eût probablement écrit comme George Sand"?[88] He suggests this following the observation that Eliot, like Rousseau, was a late starter in novel writing. The fact is that at age twenty (1824), George Sand (still Aurore Dupin Dudevant) was the wife of the Baron Dudevant, whom she married in September 1822, mother of a one-year-old son, and had no writing pretensions. She had already had what she was later to call "le plus beau moment de ma vie" when "je vis en m'éveillant ce petit être endormi sur mon oreiller;"[89] while Eliot at age twenty (1839), was the last of Robert Evans' children still living at home with her father, keeping house for him, busy with the study of church history, languages, bazaars and charity deeds. The thought of love was a frightening glimmer to her:

> Every day's experience seems to deepen the voice of foreboding that has long been telling me, 'The bliss of reciprocated affection is not alloted to you under any form. Your heart must be widowed in this manner from the world, or you will never seek a better portion; a consciousness of possessing the fervent love of any human being would soon become your heaven, therefore it would be your curse.'[90]

Sand published her first book at the age of twenty-seven (1831), in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. She had left the Baron the year before, after having a second child and two love affairs, and moving to Paris. Jules was then the third of a parade of lovers which continued over the rest of her life.

At the same age, twenty-seven-(1846), Eliot, still very much involved in clarifying her own position regarding the Church, had completed the enormous labor of translating Strauss' three-volume critical examination of the life of Jesus, which was to have a profound influence on religious thought in nineteenth century England. She was still ten years away from the thought of her first published fiction; on the personal side, she had moved to Coventry with her father, had the mildly scandalous incident with Dr. Brabant, and, after a brief spark of attraction, rejected the marriage proposal of a young painting restorer. She was still eight years away from her decision to live with the married George Lewes, which liaison was exclusive for the twenty years that it lasted. Eliot's recuperation from "Strauss-sickness"[91] was aided by reading Sand and Rousseau, and, as we have seen, defending them against the charges of immorality which her close friends brought. One might say that she was gaining courage for her later tries at liberation, but, in the meantime, was still heavily burdened both by the authority of her father and by her religious problems.

George Sand would go on, in 1832, to publish two novels (Indiana and Valentine) under her own new pseudonym, and to begin Lélia. At the same time, the quantity of her love affairs proliferated to include Prosper Merimée and Alfred de Musset. By the age of thirty-two (1838), Sand had managed to effect a legal separation from Dudevant and had held on to her children

in spite of threats and kidnapping. The affair with Musset was disrupted when, during his illness in Italy, she was indiscreet enough to allow the doctor to comfort her. From Musset she went on to Michel de Bourges, Didier, Mallefille and Chopin. During this time she had published about a dozen novels.

By the same age, Eliot had lost her father after arduous nursing care, had returned from a year abroad and had moved to London, where she had a minor involvement with John Chapman and a major one with the Westminster Review which he was publishing. In October 1851, she writes to Charles Bray from London: "My only real lasting trouble is my own emptiness."[92]

Getting back to Thibaudet's suggestion, it seems quite clear that Eliot would not have written a romantic novel of the Sand type either at age twenty or twenty-seven, and by age thirty-two was further away than ever from it, considering the differences in their lives and careers. Despite the attraction of liberation, rebellion and revolution which France and George Sand stood for, the innate conservatism of George Eliot forbade its imitation.

I would say that there were basic temperamental differences between the two that are, in a minor way, epitomized by their reactions to hot weather and cold, notwithstanding the differences of their respective climates. George Eliot remembers with indelible clarity, from the age of five, suffering from the cold; she mentions her reluctance to take the baths at Brighton in a letter to Sara.[93] Compare this to the description of an impetuous, overheated George Sand plunging into the river from time to time, fully clothed, to cool off.[94]

An essential difference between them must be their self-conceptions. George Eliot frequently expresses discontent with her appearance; to Cara, in 1843, regarding the Brabants: "The people here are all so ugly! almost as ugly as I am;"[95] to the Brays and Sara from Geneva, in 1849: "All the world says I look infinitely better [with a new hair-style] so I comply; though to myself I seem uglier than ever--if possible;"[96] to Cara from London, in 1851; "Dame Fortune is kinder to me than Dame Nature."[97] On the other hand, one rarely finds in the personal writing of Sand a reference to her own appearance. Her opinion of over-concern with oneself is clear from the preliminary portion of her autobiography: "J'ai toujours trouvé qu'il était de mauvais goût non seulement de parler beaucoup de soi mais encore de s'en entretenir avec soi-même."[98] The danger of talking about oneself for Sand, however, would not be self-deprecation as in Eliot's case but, as she says: "Qu'on s'habitue à parler de soi, on en vient facilement à se vanter, et cela, très involuntairement sans doute, par une loi naturelle de l'esprit humain, qui ne peut s'empêcher d'embellir et d'élever l'objet de sa contemplation."[99]

To trace these differences in self-esteem back to childhood incidents is beyond the scope of this work. However, it should not be out of the way to speculate on certain general explanations for such contrasting self-evaluations where pairing has become almost a cliché. For example, it would be accurate to think of Eliot as dominated by patriarchal tendencies, Sand the opposite. The strong influence of Robert Evans on his daughter and her dependence on him pervade her biography and letters. Here is a typical example: "I and father go on living and loving together as usual, and it is my chief source of happiness to know that I am one item of his."[100] But the carping attitude of this patriarch toward his

sensitive daughter is even clearer from the observation of friend Cara to Sara: " . . . he takes opportunities now of saying kind things to Mary Ann contrary to his wont. Poor girl, it shows how rare they are by the gratitude with which she repeats the commonest expressions of kindness."[101] At the age of twenty-four, when George Sand already is a wife and mother of two children, George Eliot is still required to ask her father's permission to remain at the home of friends longer than she had planned.[102] An example of how this reverence was transferred onto other father-figures is the following statement written to Sara after the breach in her friendship with old Dr. Brabant: "If I ever offered incense to him, it was because there was no other deity at hand and because I wanted to have some kind of worship pour passer le temps."[103] Her biographer devotes a whole chapter to her need for the presence of a male figure and calls it "Someone to Lean Upon."

George Sand's knowledge of her father came to her through his mother, for he died when she was only four. She heard, for example, how, as a child, he was so spoiled he would ring for a servant to retrieve a dropped pencil. And while she admired his later maturation into a devoted son and husband, her basic father-image is one of a youth:

> Mon père est mort à trente ans: dans mes vagues souvenirs comme dans le souvenir tendre et presque enthousiaste de ses amis, il reste donc à l'état de jeune homme, et moi, qui me fais vieille, je vois en lui, par la mémoire et l'imagination, un enfant comme mon fils, lequel approche déjà de l'âge que mon père avait à la fin du consulât, quand je vins au monde.[104]

Authority figures for Sand were mostly women; the double security and jeopardy of grandmother and mother, both of whom fought over her and cared for her, seem to have resulted in two related tendencies: one, maternalizing, and the other, rebellion. They go hand in hand as she explains how her patrician father, whose correspondence she cherished,

never said one word against "les idées mères de la Révolution."[105] Sand had the reputation of being as much mother as mistress to her lovers, many of them younger than she. Devoted to her children in a way which meant both mental concern and physical attention--her son Maurice and his family lived with her at Nohant until she died--she was less successful in holding on to her daughter, but gave her great support until their break, which resulted from Sand's inability to stand by and watch Solange lead a dissolute life. Sand nevertheless continued to give financial support to Solange and her sculptor husband, and never let their conflict affect the terms of her will. One may speculate that her daughter learned feminine strength (or rebellion) from her maternal example.

The concept of revolution permeated all areas of Sand's beliefs. Tracing back her noble heritage on her father's side, she points out all the enlightened grandparents who even then believed in equality for all, in spite of their rank. About her grandmother, who survived the Revolution and raised her, she proudly tells:

> Quand la Révolution commença à gronder, ma grand-mère, comme les aristocrates éclairés de son temps, la vit approcher sans terreur. Elle était trop nourrie de Voltaire et de Jean-Jacques Rousseau pour ne pas haïr les abus de la cour. Elle était même des plus ardentes contre la côterie de la reine, et j'ai trouvé des cartons pleins de couplets, de madrigaux et de satires sanglantes contre Marie-Antoinette et ses favoris.[106]

Her idea of equality is basic; she claims never to have even understood or entertained the idea of inequality. From the lowest of beggars to the highest of kings, she was convinced "par mon instinct, par ma conscience, par la loi de Christ surtout,"[107] that God had marked no one either for nobility or slavery. Her theory is that equality goes back to primitive times in nature, on which she bases her religion of humanity. As she writes to her new friend Marie d'Agoult in 1836, in an attempt

to explain her guiding principles of life:

> Se jeter dans le sein de mère Nature; la prendre réellement pour mère et pour soeur; retrancher stoiquement et religieusement de sa vie tout ce qui est vanité satisfaite; résister opiniâtrement aux orgueilleux et aux méchants; se faire humble et petite avec les infortunés; pleurer avec la misère du pauvre et ne pas vouloir d'autre consolation que la chute du riche, ne pas croire à autre Dieu que celui, qui ordonne aux hommes la justice, l'égalité; vénérer ce qui est bon; juger sévèrement ce qui n'est que fort; vivre de presque rien, donner presque tout, afin de rétablir l'égalité primitive et de faire revivre l'institution divine: voilà la religion que je proclamerai dans mon coin et que j'aspire à prêcher à mes douze apôtres sous le tilleul de mon jardin. [108]

Her interpretation of the French Revolution as the outer manifestation of Christian principles, although a rationalization, is consistent with her generally inspired, idealistic personality. There was always at work within her the attempt to make an integrated whole out of nature, religion, society and then art. She maintained these ideals into old age; her correspondence with Flaubert shows how she constantly attempted to counter his insidious disillusionment, and while he was never persuaded to come over to her hopeful side, he always reacted to the largesse of her love:

> Ah! dear, good master, if you only could hate! That is what you lack, hate. In spite of your great Sphinx eyes, you have seen the world through a golden color, That comes from the sun in your heart; but so many shadows have arisen that now you are not recognizing things any more. Come now! Cry out! Thunder! Take your great lyre and touch the brazen string: the monsters will flee. Bedew us with the drops of the blood of wounded Themis. . . . [109]

Sand is as proud of the republican branch of her background as of the noble one, but for different reasons which belie any prejudice against marriage: "Or, si mon père était l'arrière-petit-fils d'Auguste IIe, roi de Pologne, et si, de ce côté, je me trouve d'une manière illégitime, mais fort réelle, proche parente de Charles X et de Louis XVIIIe, il n'en est pas moins vrai que je tiens au peuple par le sang, d'une

manière tout aussi intime et directe; de plus, il n'y a point de bâtardise de ce côté-là."[110]

In George Eliot we see much more of a tendency toward fragmentation of personality and shifting of opinion over the years. Her early admiration of revolutionary ideas was quickly given a definite boundary outside of the English terrain; she discarded her youthful pietism for a rejection of the Church; she reversed her opinions from adulation to disgust for the poet Edward Young; the same is true for the work of Hannah More; from an innate anti-Semitism she became strongly interested in Zionism. Undoubtedly, the strong split that she felt between her writer self and her personal self is another difference between the two women. Once George Sand adopted her pseudonym, she became George for all, friends and business acquaintances alike, whereas Eliot always remained Marian to her friends, was always surprised to be accepted on masculine terms and wore the male mantle awkwardly. Her father, although holding an extremely respected and responsible position as a steward, was still in the situation of a domestic to the aristocratic families for whom he worked; hence she had diffieulty reconciling her social position in any direction, up or down. She was a snob when it came to artistic taste. She says to Sara, who painted: "How an artist must hate the noodles that stare at his picture with a vague notion that it is a clever thing to be able to paint."[111] And she had a general distaste for nobility which can be observed in her descriptions of the ducal palace in Weimar.[112]

One of Eliot's earliest literary creations is an elegy for a writer named Macarthy. The speaker of the piece, in extolling the dead man's

virtues, seems to be expressing George Eliot's feelings as well:

> The unsightly condition of the masses--their dreary ignorance--the conventional distortion of human nature in the upper classes--the absence of artistic harmony and beauty in the details of outward existence, were with him not merely themes for cold philosophy, indignant philippics, or pointed satire; but positively painful elements in his experience, sharp iron entering into his soul. Had his nature been less noble, his benevolence less God-like, he would have been a misanthropist, all compact of bitter sarcasm, and therefore no poet. [113]

Perhaps the most vivid contrast between Sand and Eliot is shown in their different attitudes toward Jean-Jacques Rousseau. For Sand, Rousseau had the status of a poor relative. She remembered that her grandfather was done out of the price of a theater ticket by Jean-Jacques, who was at the time the secretary to her great-grandfather. Then she remembers the egotism of Rousseau in the story of her grandmother meeting the already famous recluse with all the emotional sobs and reverence on grandma's side and on Rousseau's as well. She criticizes the vanity of his Confessions because in her opinion, "cette manière de s'accuser n'est pas humble, et le sentiment public ne s'y est pas trompé." [114] What she does admire Rousseau for, predictably, are his revolutionary ideas of primitivism and equality.

Eliot on the other hand felt that the genre of autobiography was more influential on the formation of character than any other kind of reading and is reported to have told Ralph W. Emerson, when he asked her what had first awakened her to deep reflection,"'Rousseau's Confessions.'" [115] Not that Eliot was blind to the idea that Rousseau had faults, but for her they were different than for Sand:

> For instance it would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's view of life, religion, and government are miserably erroneous--that he was guilty of some of the worst bassesses that have degraded civilized man. I might admit all this--and it would be not the less true that

> Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has awakened me to new perceptions, which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me--and this not by teaching me any new belief. It is simply that the rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim 'ahnungen' in my soul--the fire of his genius has so fused together old thoughts and prejudices that I have been ready to make new combinations.[116]

The attraction toward the confessional mode is altogether consistent with the need for authority in Eliot's personality. She tells Sara regarding the virtues of writing: "But it may be said how are we to do anything toward the advancement of mankind? . . . those who can write, let them do it as boldly as they like and let no one hesitate at proper seasons to make a full confession (far better than profession)."[117] The point is when one confesses one needs an authority; when one professes one is the authority.

I find that the various contrasts and differences are carried through in their styles of working as well as on a personal level. It must be quickly acknowledged that no one ever wrote with the same flow as George Sand, at least if Zola's description is as true as it sounds:

> Quand elle commençait un roman, elle partait d'une idée générale assez obscure, confiante en son imagination. Les personnages se créaient sous la plume, les événements se déroulaient; elle allait ainsi, tranquillement, jusqu'au bout de sa pensée. Il n'y a peut-être pas en littérature un second exemple d'un travail aussi sain, aussi exempt du fièvre. On aurait dit une source d'eau qui coulait toujours avec un égal murmure. La main garde un mouvement rythmé, l'écriture était grosse, calme, d'une régularité parfaite, le manuscrit souvent ne portait pas la trace de la moindre rature. Il semblait que quelqu'un dictait et que George Sand écrivait.[118]

She is knownto have worked every night from before midnight until early dawn, sipping milk, which discipline confounded some of the men in her life, especially the writers. An imaginative description of her life early in the affair with Musset, based on Confessions d'un enfant du siècle

is given by André Maurois:

> George, serious-minded and punctual, was concerned to deliver her novel on time, and would jump out of bed in the middle of the night to work, while Alfred slept like a dormouse. When he woke, she would read him a lesson, as formerly she had done with Sandeau, for she was as much, or more, a schoolmistress than a lover. Laughingly on these occasions he protested. 'I had worked all day,' he said, 'and by the evening had produced ten lines and drunk a bottle of brandy. She, on the other hand, had polished off a litre of milk and written half a volume.' [119]

It is part of her work legend that if she completed her novel before sunrise, she would simply start a new one and write until her time was up. In proof of such industriousness is the evidence that by the end of 1833, having made her writing debut only two years earlier, she had published four novels--including Lélia and Indiana--about ten short stories and divers articles. By 1841 her working habits are so firmly established that she can complain to Carla Marliani how terribly tired she is, how she cannot work her usual hours, how she is a coffee and tobacco addict, and how, instead of stimulating her, they put her to sleep.[120] The facts are that Sand worked constantly against deadlines to support a large family, handling most of the business details as well. Under such circumstances there was little chance for revision, and occasionally one finds a character mentioned early in a novel who never shows up again (e.g., Tiennet's mother in Les Maîtres sonneurs). But such slips are rare, if only because of her tendency to keep things simple.

Clarity of idea and feeling seems to be uppermost in her style in letters and articles as well as in her fiction. And when inspired by a particular subject, she is able to sustain an exalted feeling without ever getting muddy or heavy. Sand's correspondence with Flaubert, which flourished during the last ten years of her life (1866 to 1876), is characteristically full of personal details, plans for meetings and

advice on how to subdue his spleen; it is equally full of impersonal statements on universal subjects. Often her arguments with him on the role of the writer take off from ordinary subjects and rise to a crescendo of sincere rhetoric typical of her public personality:

> But one writes for all the world, for all who need to be initiated; when one is not understood, one rejoices and continues. There lies the whole secret of our persevering labors and of our love of art. What is art without the hearts and minds on which one pours it? A sun which would not project rays and would give life to no one.[121]

There is nothing comparable in George Eliot's correspondence to that of Sand and Flaubert. It is true that Eliot had a special correspondence during her last six years (1872 to 1880), but it was with a young woman, Elma Frazer Stuart, who seems to have had an unexceptional life, whose problems were of a mundane nature and who did not inspire anything but the appropriate reactions from her extraordinary correspondent. Among the literati Eliot had few correspondents, and although Charles Dickens was a personal admirer and acquaintance, almost all letters came through Lewes. The fact that Lewes handled all of her business affairs removed her as possible recipient of much interesting correspondence. He very generously did this and other chores to leave her free for writing, but also because she was (unlike Sand) extremely sensitive to any criticism about her work. Therefore, her letters are characterized by personal details and comments, and only occasionally does she rise to a statement of general interest. This is true in her life-long correspondence with Charles Bray, one of the first intellectual friends she acquired as a young adult. The following excerpt from a letter to him may be compared to the Sand quotation for style and content:

> I can't tell you how much melancholy it causes me that people are, for the most part, so incapable of comprehending the state of mind which cares for that which is essentially human in all

> forms of belief, and desires to exhibit it under all forms with loving truthfulness. Freethinkers are scarcely wider than the orthodox in this matter--they all want to see themselves and their own opinions held up as the true and the lovely. On the same ground that an idle woman with flirtations and flounces likes to read a French novel because she can imagine herself the heroine, grave people, with opinions, like the most admirable character in a novel to be their mouthpiece. If Art does not enlarge men's sympathies, it does nothing morally.[122]

The style is typically convoluted, the message veiled and the spirit depressed and heavy.

Nevertheless, George Eliot can certainly not be faulted for negligence either in her private correspondence or public writing. She was diligent and productive, and she labored over her style, combining the kind of discipline which Sand showed in her habitual but easy writing, with a driving aim toward perfection in form and content. No wonder she could not share Sand's casual attitude toward public opinion. There was too much at stake for Eliot to remain a detached observer, as Sand was able to do. This, too, shows in their different styles.

The contrasting ideals and intentions of the women regarding their art may be inferred from the examples quoted and will be discussed at greater length in chapter two. For now, it is sufficient to point out that while Sand inclined to egalitarian idealism, Eliot is an elitist and a realist. Though both writers seem to meet on the moralizing function of art, they differ in their perspective--Eliot's from on high, like a preacher's, Sand's on an equal level, like that of a common sufferer, without the condenscension of the pulpit. An important revelation for Eliot was the fact that ethical considerations do not disappear when one gives up orthodox religion; the devil did not, as she thought he might, fill the void. It became her life-long obsession to prove that one could remain ethical without the restraints of

the church. As a result, the moral issues sometimes appear to loom larger than the human ones. Although she recognized in Sand that quality of wisdom which could have liberated her from the burden she undertook in order to improve mankind, her own emotional needs and confusions prevented her from sharing Sand's less tortured perspective. The reminder which Sand gave to Flaubert could as well have been directed to Eliot:

> You have too much knowledge and intelligence, you forget that there is something above art: namely, wisdom, of which art at its apogee is only the expression. Wisdom comprehends all: beauty, truth, goodness, enthusiasm, in consequence. It teaches us to see outside of ourselves, something more elevated than is in ourselves, and to assimilate it little by little, through contemplation and admiration.[123]

To sum up, the differences between Sand and Eliot are more profound than the similarities which often serve critics as bases of comparison. The events of their lives promoted, in the Frenchwoman, a propensity toward romance, and in the Englishwoman, an accretion of reserve. Temperamentally, Sand was always radiating warmth, while Eliot seems to have been in constant search for a hearth. There may be a connection between such divergent temperaments and the fact that Eliot suffered from a shortage of mothering (and a heavy dose of paternalism), while Sand had, if anything, a surplus of the maternal in her background. While Sand seems to have followed a single, integrated line in the evolution of her ideas, Eliot seems to have shifted over the years, in a way which indicates less stability. Less self-concerned, the Frenchwoman found less troublesome the kind of doubts about beauty and ability which the Englishwoman struggled with. This allowed the former the freedom to go outside herself in social commitments as well as general objectivity, while the latter became more isolated as time went on, in spite of great

professional success.

Eliot had never possessed a robust physique (a further contrast to the vigorous health of her French counterpart), and by the time she reached her sixties, there are signs of deep emotional as well as physical strains. The death of Lewes in 1878, which left her so immobilized as to prevent her attending the funeral, was the chief blow to her stability; her publisher, John Blackwood, died within the year, which meant that Eliot had lost another of her pillars. The private personality withdrew further, notwithstanding the many who came to comfort her, including some whose names still impress today--the Burne-Joneses, Benjamin Jowett, Leslie Stephen, Herbert Spencer, the Darwins.[124] Only John Cross, the young banker who had taken charge of her investments seven years earlier, was able to be effectively consoling; their marriage in the spring of 1880 was a great shock to Eliot's few close friends. Notwithstanding a brief flight into health during their Italian honeymoon, Eliot's worn out physical condition was unable to combat the sore throat which attacked as usual in the winter, and she died on December 22, of the same year.

Compared to the telescoping of Eliot's later life, Sand's appears to have kept expanding and radiating outward. As she approached the age of seventy, and began to suffer from an anemia-induced fatigue, she allowed her hectic writing schedule to subside, but her life was nevertheless filled with all forms of activity centered especially around children. She took charge of the educstion of her granddaughters, danced with them and her grandnephews at the carnival celebrations, put on marionnette shows,and musicals in the fall, gave parties for her friends and neighbors every Sunday, and held an annual New Year's masquerade dance and supper.

Nor was her love of family travel diminished; their summer trips were lengthy and exerting, and included mountain climbing. Such sociability was enhanced by visits from admirers foreign and domestic. As Goethe's was in Weimar, her home at Nohant was a place of pilgrimage for many an adulator, including the young Matthew Arnold.

Perhaps the contrast between Eliot and Sand is nowhere more clearly exemplified than in a description of their funerals, each illustrative as well of a different national mode. Although the desired burial in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey was denied to Eliot on the grounds of her antagonism to Christian dogma, Gordon Haight's re-creation of that icy December day testifies to the esteem in which she was held:

> Slush lay on the ground, and the floor of the chapel was red with mud. The chief mourners, Cross, Charles Lewes, Isaac Evans--reunited with his sister at last in death--and his son, the Reverend Frederick Rawlins Evans, Cross's brother Willy, his three brothers-in-law Albert Druce, Henry Bullock-Hall, and Francis Otter, gathered at Cheyne Walk for the long drive in mourning coaches behind the hearse to Highgate. A score of close friends were in other carriages; Spencer Congreve, Pigott, Robert Browning, Burton, Harrison, Gurney, George Howard, Locker, Roland Stuart, Vivian Lewes, Kegan Paul, William Blackwood, Joseph Langford, the family lawyers and Cross's business partner. They were joined by many private coaches along the way. Among the distinguished men the newspapers noticed were Sir Theodore Martin, Tyndall, Colvin, Oscar Browning, Beesly, Du Maurier, Millais, Lyulph Stanley, Hamilton Aidé, Thomas Woolner, Ralston, Lehmann, Edmund Yates, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Lord Arthur Russell, Sir Henry Thompson, T. H. Huxley, Lionel Tennyson, Sir Lewis Pelly, Sir Henry Maine, George Goschen, John Morley, Sir Charles Dilke, and Sir John Lubbock. Though the newspapers list only Miss Alice Helps and Lady Colville among those present, from other accounts we know that there were as many women as men at the ceremony.[125]

The description of Sand's village funeral indicates that the mourners were impelled by more than esteem for a great writer, although perhaps the difference between French and English temperaments, as well as the season (June 8, 1876), accounts for some of the effusion:

> Flaubert, Renan, Dumas fils, le prince Napoléon étaient là. Hugo avait envoyé un message: 'Je pleure une morte et salue une immortelle . . . Est-ce que nous l'avons perdue? Non. Ces hautes figures disparaissent, mais ne s'évanouissent pas. Loin de là. On pourrait presque dire qu'elles se réalisent . . . La forme humaine est une occultation. Elle masque le vrai visage divin qui est l'idée. George Sand était une idée; elle est hors de la chair, la voilà libre; elle est morte, la voilà vivante. Patuit dea . . .' Pour Renan, elle fut l'incarnation de toutes les espérances du siècle: 'Ce don admirable de tout comprendre et de tout exprîmer était la source de sa bonté . . . Ses oeuvres sont vraiment l'écho de notre siècle . . . Le siècle n'a pas ressenti une blessure dont son coeur n'aît saigné, pas une maladie qui ne lui aît arraché des plaintes harmonieuses. Ses livres ont les promesses de l'immortalité parce qu'ils seront à jamais le temoin de ce que nous avons désiré, pensé, senti, souffert.'
>
> Flaubert pleura à son enterrement 'comme un veau,' écrivit-il à Tourgueneff: 'Pauvre chère grande femme . . . Il fallait la connaître comme je l'ai connue pour savoir tout ce qu'il y avait de féminin dans ce grand homme, l'immensité de tendresse qui se trouvait dans ce génie . . . '[126]

The eulogies confirm the sharp differences between the novelists which I have been emphasizing. Eliot's are characterized by admiration, respect and awe. Leslie Stephen's opinion that Eliot was "the greatest woman writer who ever won literary fame"[127] is representative. On the other hand, the effect of Sand's death brought this response from Dostoievsky:

> L'une des plus sublimes et des plus belles représentantes de la femme, une femme presque unique par la vigueur de son esprit et de son talent, un nom devenu désormais historique, un nom destiné à ne jamais tomber dans l'oubli, à ne pas disparaître dans l'histoire de l'humanité européene . . . C'est en apprenant sa mort que j'ai compris seulement toute la place que ce nom occupait dans ma vie, tout l'enthousiasme et l'adoration que j'avais voués à ce poète et combien je lui devais de joie et de bonheur.[128]

an indication that George Sand, the human being, was as sorely missed as George Sand, the writer.

Chapter 2

Pastoral Prelude: Early Life of the Two Authors and Their Formation of Values

Aside from the general connections between George Sand and George Eliot, there is a further link: pastoralism. The production by each of a series of country novels is considered by many critics to be the result of their "pastoral" childhoods. It will be interesting now to compare the biographical factors which relate to their separate excursions into the pastoral world and to see what emergent ideals found their way into the aesthetic goals of each writer.

J. W. Cross, briefly married to George Eliot prior to her death, was her first and most benevolent biographer. He marked the year of Eliot's birth, 1819, as a time in history when "the nation was still suffering acutely from the reaction after the excitement of the last Napoleonic war." Actually, Waterloo had taken place four years before; the peace treaty signed by the great powers in Vienna was destined to last among them for almost forty years, so that her birthdate may be seen as the beginning of an idyllic era in England. In an attempt to situate that memorable year in literary history, Cross joins the ranks of those critics I discussed earlier, who irresistibly link the two. For a moment, Mr. Cross seems to be switching Georges as he focusses picturesquely on Sand:

> The last of Miss Austen's novels had been published only eighteen months, and the first of the Waverley series only six years before. Thackeray and Dickens were boys at school, and George Sand as a girl of fifteen, was leaving her loved freedom on the banks of the Indre for the Couvent des Anglaises at Paris.[1]

The image of George Sand that Mr. Cross gives us is especially noteworthy for it points up the high esteem in which Sand was still held in 1884, eight years after her death--to be put on a par with England's best known writers, and not only women writers. For Cross, her character clearly bore automatic association with both liberty and literature. He seems to be setting the stage for coming parallels in the life of Eliot.

If George Eliot was born into an idyllic era, Sand was born into a period of strife and government upheavals, the last several of which were still taking place in 1830 and 1848, and having a direct effect on her career. Sand's birthdate, 1804, marked the beginning of the Empire under Napoleon, an empire destined to turn Europe into a battlefield for the next ten years. While the Revolution of '89 was known to her only through talk and letters exchanged by her father and grandmother during the grandmother's exile, she was to know firsthand the campaigns in which her father took part as an officer in Napoleon's army. Sand recollects how, as a child of four, they left Paris and arrived after a memorable journey at Madrid, to be near her father during the battle at Bayonne, how they had traveled behind the lines and how "Ma mère, portant un enfant dans son sein, un autre dans ses bras, n'avait que trop de sujets de crainte."[2] Notwithstanding their luxurious quarters at le palais du prince de la Paix, the effects of their displacement soon became apparent. George Sand dates her first revelations of "la vie du sentiment" (p. 575) to her mother's confinement from which came a blind, infant son. Her mother never lost the conviction that the Spanish doctor had pressed his thumbs into the eye-sockets of the newborn baby and hissed through his teeth: "'Celui-là ne verra pas le soleil de l'Espagne!'"(p. 579).

Her view of elaborate uniforms through the marble balustrades impressed her:

> Ces hommes cuivrés, avec leurs turbans et leur riche costume oriental, formaient des groupes que je ne pouvais me lasser de regarder. Ils amenaient boire leurs chevaux à un grand bassin situé au milieu de la place, et c'était un coup d'oeil dont, sans m'en rendre compte, je sentais vivement la poésie. (p. 572)

Then she recalls a game she played with a rabbit, for lack of other friends, posing it and herself in theatrical stances before the cheval-glass. Another game was to reproduce the colors of the sunset before her closed eyes, and a third was the discovery of her own voice echoing back to her from the deserted square. Such were her baroque amusements, soon offset by tragic incidents.

After a two-month stay in the summer heat of Madrid, they left for the long journey to Nohant in a calash under unforgettable conditions:

> Ce que je me rappelle le mieux, c'est l'état de souffrance, de soif, de dévorante chaleur et de fièvre, où je fus tout le temps de ce voyage. Nous avancions très lentement à travers les colonnes de l'armée. (pp. 579-80)

She goes on to talk about a view of "une vaste plaine couverte de débris informes assez semblables, en grand, au carnage de poupées, de chevaux et de chariots," which reminded her of the game she used to play, in miniature, with her cousin Clothilde; then the experience of "une faim excessive, maladive, presque animale"; and then "la gale," (p. 581) or scabies, that unbearable skin itch which her infant brother and her mother caught from her. Whenever possible, they stopped at a clean-looking inn where she was bathed, then doused with sulphur, outside and in, leaving her with still another ineradicable impression.

The journey took six weeks and included a narrow escape from drowning when the sloop carrying them and all their possessions across

the Bay of Biscay hit a reef and began to take on water. One will never know whether her fever and delirium warped her recollections, or whether the reassuring actions of father and mother so secured her, but the four-year-old child claims never to have experienced the least bit of fear through all these encounters.

The foregoing details make it possible to realize what a haven her grandmother's house at Nohant must have seemed to her. She had undoubtedly heard her father speak of it with longing; his letters to his mother, Madame Dupin de Francueil, during his soldiering years, show that for him Nohant was a working concern, but also a focal point of country beauty and restfulness. Her record of her father's feelings confirms its qualities as a retreat:

> . . . mon père y vint chercher de douces heures de repos à travers les agitations de sa vie. Ces sillons de terres brunes et grasses, ces gros noyers tout ronds, ces petits chemins ombragés, ces buissons en désordre, ce cimetière plein d'herbes, ce petit clocher couvert de tuiles, ce porche de bois brut, ces grands ormeaux délabrés, ces maisonnettes de paysan entourées de leurs vertes chènevières, tout cela devient doux à la vue et cher à la pensée quand on a vécu si longtemps dans ce milieu calme, humble et silencieux. (p. 122)

The small estate, purchased by her grandmother after her return from exile in 1794, had a net yearly income of frs. 15,000. in its best times. George Sand's description minimizes the visual beauty of the property, located at the center of the Noire valley, on flat land, among large wheat fields. However, she praises the "grand horizon bleu et quelque mouvement de terrain," which provide "une vue magnifique." (p. 122) The description of Sand's very first visual impression of the house shows the mixture of social classes--together with livestock--which characterized it for her:

> Le château, si château il y a (car ce n'est qu'une médiocre maison du temps de Louis XVI), touche au hameau et se pose au bord de la place champêtre sans plus de faste qu'une habitation villageoise. Les feux de la commune, au nombre de deux ou trois cents, sont fort dispersés dans la campagne; mais il s'en trouve une vingtaine qui se resserrent auprès de la maison, comme qui dirait porte à porte, et il faut vivre d'accord avec le paysan, qui est aisé, indépendant, et qui entre chez vous comme chez lui. Nous nous en sommes toujours bien trouvés, et, bien qu'en général les propriétaires aisés se plaignent de voisinage des ménageots, il n'y a pas tant à se plaindre des enfants, des poules et des chèvres de ces voisins-là, qu'il n'y a à se louer de leur obligeance et leur bon caractère. (pp. 122-123)

It must be remembered that before the palace at Madrid, Aurore had lived only in "petites chambres" (p. 585) in Paris. Her grandmother had not yet accepted the fact of her son Maurice's marriage to Sophie Delaborde, partly because of the very devoted mother-son relationship, partly because Sophie had been a camp follower with an illegitimate child (Aurore's stepsister Caroline), and partly because she was the daughter of a fowler. No wonder that there was an imposing effect on the small girl when they entered the courtyard and she met her aristocratic grandmother for the first time:

> Elle me parût très grande, quoiqu'elle n'eût que cinq pieds, et sa figure blanche et rosée, son air imposant, son invariable costume composé d'une robe de soie brune à taille longue et à manches plates, qu'elle n'avait pas voulu modifier selon les exigences de la mode de l'Empire, sa perruque blonde et crêpée en touffe sur le front, son petit bonnet rond avec une cocarde de dentelle au milieu firent d'elle pour moi un être à part et qui ne ressemblait en rien à ce qui j'avais vu. (p. 585)

This elegant elderly woman, who had been raised as a lady of the French nobility, had survived the Revolution, had cried with Rousseau and been amused by Voltaire, was destined to provide the balance to the emotional, fiery, fiercely loving and hating Sophie. Madame Dupin de Francueil became, like Nohant, a symbol of comfort and peace from the moment she

took her feverish, scabrous granddaughter into her luxurious bed:

> Ce lit et cette chambre, encore frais à cette époque, me firent l'effet d'un paradis. Les murs étaient tendus de toile de Perse à grands ramages; tous les meubles étaient du temps de Louis XV. Le lit, en forme de corbillard avec de grands panaches aux quatre coins, avait de doubles rideaux, et une quantité de lambrequins découpés, d'oreillers et de garnitures dont le luxe et la finesse m'étonnèrent. Je n'osais m'installer dans un si bel endroit, car je me rendais compte du dégoût que je devais inspirer, et j'en avais déjà ressenti l'humiliation. Mais on me la fit vite oublier par les soins et les caresses dont je fus l'objet. (p. 586)

Such opposing characters as her mother and grandmother could not for long remain peaceful under the same roof, but the tragic accidental death of Maurice Dupin--thrown from a horse just a few months after their arrival, and this in the wake of the death of the blind infant--brought mother and wife into a closer bond for several years than might otherwise have been the case. However, George Sand's early life was characterized by the conflict between them. Her mother had agreed to leave the girl's education and upbringing to the grandmother, who had the means for it, especially since she had her other daughter, Caroline, to consider. But each separation from her adored mother was torture for the young Aurore. So, when she entered the Couvent des Anglaise, she was no novice at relinquishing freedom, as Cross implies. Indeed, she willingly left Nohant for Paris, because, in her naïve way, she still hoped to spend more time with her mother. Already established was the seesawing pattern of her life--alternating between the confining eighteenth century aristocratic formality which was her grandmother's way of raising her, under the tutelage of Deschartres who had been her father's tutor, and the escape into rustic chores and games with the neighbor peasants and their children--always associated in her mind with the spirit of her mother, Paris and the People.

The solution to what seems to be a paradox in such a connection between the peasants of Berry and the people of Paris was arrived at through her socialistic tendency to idealize the working classes of both city and country. Sand used her country novels, written thirty years later, to glorify such types, lacking sometimes in means of support or representation, and turn them into worker-heroes, exemplifying independence and dignity. However, by that time in her life (the 1840's), having solidly established her professional existence from a Parisian base--and that base shaking with the tremors of revolution--Nohant became the place of escape: the tranquil setting which she wished to immortalize as a background in her novels.

In contrast to the variety and sharp relief of incidents which Sand had experienced before the age of five is the placidity of George Eliot's life at the same age, as described by Cross:

> We can imagine the excitement of a little four-year-old girl and her seven-year-old brother waiting on bright frosty mornings to hear the far-off ringing beat of the horses' feet upon the hard ground, and then to see the gallant appearance of the four greys, with coachman and guard in scarlet, outside passengers muffled up in furs, and baskets of game and other packages hanging behind the boot, as His Majesty's mail swung cheerily round on its way from Birmingham to Stamford. Two coaches passed the door daily--one from Birmingham at 10 o'clock in the morning, the other from Stamford at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. These were the chief connecting links between the household at Griff and the outside world. Otherwise life went on with that monotonous regularity which distinguishes the country from the town.[3]

The short introductory chapter in which Cross describes the youthful influences and environment of George Eliot is probably, in spite of its idealizing tendency, as accurate a picture as we have. It is therefore worth noticing that the word he uses most frequently to describe her first nineteen years is "monotonous." Cross describes Griff,

the farmhouse which Gordon Haight calls "delightful" and "roomy,"[4] as having a quality of "remoteness--difficult for us to conceive now with our railways, pennypost and telegraphs . . ." located on less than "exhilarating surroundings. There are neither hills nor vales--no rivers, lakes or sea--nothing but a montonous succession of green fields and hedgerows . . . ."[5] After describing her housekeeping and studying schedule, he sums up:

> But it requires no great effort of imagination to conceive that this life, though full of interests of its own, and the source from whence the future novelist drew the most powerful and the most touching creations, was, as a matter of fact, very monotonous, very difficult, very discouraging. (p. 17)

Then he reminds us that a certain amount of tedium may be constructive:

> No doubt the very monotony of her life at Griff and the narrow field it presented for observation of society, added immeasurably to the intensity of a naturally keen mental vision, concentrating into a focus what might perhaps have become dissipated in more liberal surroundings. (p. 18)

In the little sketch Cross draws for us of brother and sister watching for the coach to pass, we have a rare instance of Eliot's attachment to a contemporary. Her brother Isaac, three years older, was the object whom she trailed, imitated and served, putting aside her dolls to carry his fishing poles. The idyllic state of being a little sister is commemorated in her "Brother and Sisten Sonnet." But Isaac took her reverence for granted, showing a distinct lack of appreciation for it when he allowed her to be replaced in his affections by a pony. Such insensitivity from an older brother is not unique; George Sand records a parallel situation when her half-brother, Hippolyte, gave her up upon receiving his first pair of riding boots. This seemingly normal rejection is, however, given a great deal of weight as a "deeply felt crisis"[6] by Cross because, in his estimation, even then she showed the already

mentioned "absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her, and to whom she should be all in all" (p. 8).

Gordon Haight calls her feeling for Isaac "the dominating passion of her childhood" and finds its importance to George Eliot confirmed in the relationship of Tom and Maggie Tulliver in The Mill on the Floss, where Maggie dreams of an ideal world, where Tom "liked no one to play with him but Maggie . . . was never angry at her . . . liked her to tell him tales . . . loved her more even than she loved him, so that he would always want to have her with him . . . ."[7]

Insofar as other playmates were concerned, Gordon Haight reminds us that by age ten Mary Ann Evans "would rather talk to grownup people, than play with children" (p. 128). This is very much in keeping with the little sister position she held in the family. The two children from Robert Evans' first marriage were much older and married. Sister Chrissey, of the same mother and father as Mary Ann and Isaac, was five years older, and the favorite of all her aunts, being always neat and tidy compared to Mary Ann, who, again like Maggie, suffered from "rebellious hair."[8] Over the years, the sisters developed a close and sympathetic relationship, with the younger constantly worrying over Chrissey's rapidly growing family (nine children in all) and her constant state of exhaustion. Eliot told Cross that she had had Chrissey in mind when delineating the character of Celia, sister of Dorothea Brooke in Middlemarch, where the sister relationship is based more on familial ties than on any intellectual affinity.

Eliot's mother is by far the least illuminated figure in the picture of the immediate family, although Cross as a "Victorian" biographer does his utmost to create a benevolent image of her as a "woman with an unusual

amount of natural force--a shrewd practical person" reminiscent of Mrs. Poyser's type in Adam Bede. He seems to be trying hard to say something nice when he credits her with an "affectionate, warmhearted nature,"which caused her children to be "thoroughly attached to her" (p. 7).

We know that by the time Mary Ann was born, Mrs. Evans was ailing in health and had to send five-year-old Chrissey off to school, while the two younger ones spent part of every day at a neighbor's cottage. This further explains Mary Ann's dependence on Isaac. Apparently, even as a tiny girl, she was deprived of mother contact. Gordon Haight finds that "the very paucity of comment about her mother is suspicious," and he suggests that there might be a link between George Eliot's drift toward Evangelicism and the need to expiate her guilt over her mother's death.[9] Be that as it may, certain of Eliot's mother characters--e.g., Mrs. Tulliver in The Mill on the Floss--are creatures whose maternal instincts seem distinctly underdeveloped.

Perhaps to make up for some of the shortcomings which his wife's illness inflicted on the youngest child, Robert Evans took a more active role in her upbringing, often including her in part of his busy working day. According to both biographers, Mary Ann spent a good deal of time going about the countryside with him as he pursued his daily business of collecting rents, seeing to repairs, inspecting property, arranging for the sale of produce and attended to other details for which a land agent is responsible. The esteem he received, as well as his physical strength, must have given her a strong sense of security in his presence. While he was attending to his jobs, she would be "left prattling with the servants in the kitchen."[10] An early pride in her abilities seems to have

stemmed from such youthful experiences. Cross writes that when very young Mary Ann

> became possessed with the idea that she was going to be a personnage in the world. . . . When she was only four years old she recollected playing on the piano, of which she did not know one note, in order to impress the servant with a proper notion of her acquirements and generally distinguished position.[11]

It was very important for her to remind those who needed it of the status of her father's position. When described by a journalist as a "'self-educated farmer's daughter,'" George Eliot defended herself and her father with this description (which fits Adam Bede, as well):

> My father did not raise himself from being an artisan to be a farmer: He raised himself from being an artisan to be a man whose extensive knowledge in very varied practical departments made his services valued through several counties. He had large knowledge of building, of mines, of plantations, of various branches of valuation and measurement--of all that is essential to the management of large estates. He was held by those competent to judge as unique amongst land agents for his manifold knowledge and experience, which enabled him to save the special fees usually paid by landowners for special opinions on the different questions incident to the proprietorship of land. . . . So far as I am personally concerned, I should not write a stroke to prevent anyone, in the zeal of antithetic eloquence, from calling me a tinker's daughter: but if my father is to be mentioned at all . . . my piety towards his memory calls on me to point out to those who are supposed to speak with information what he really achieved in his life.[12]

Such pride was doubtless fully justified, and the bristling tone must have resulted from a series of such slights, for in all the fine places to which her father took her, she clearly noted the social differences and the inequality in living conditions and manners that resulted from them--"differences which had a profound significance for such a sensitive and such an intellectually commanding character, and which left their mark on it."[13]

Arbury Hall was a far more imposing structure than Nohant. It is

significant that Gordon Haight begins his biography of George Eliot with a description of it:

> Arbury Hall, the seat since 1586 of the Newdigate-Newdegate family in Warwickshire, stands squarely in the middle of the great park, reflected in two pools--the ancient fishponds of the twelfth-century monastery. Under old oaks and beech trees the drive stretches for nearly a mile from the round twin towers of North Lodge before turning through the gate at the imposing brick stables, built in the 1670's by Sir Richard Newdigate, partly from the designs of his friend Sir Christopher Wren, who may have advised in the rebuilding of the chapel at the north-each corner of the house. Beginning in 1750 [various owners] rebuilt the huge hollow square of the Tudor house, vaulted the cloister in the inner court, added oriel windows, turrets, pinnacles, and castellated battlements in Gothic style and the exquisite fan-vaulted plaster ceilings exactly as they remain to this day.[14]

That her father had sole responsibility for 7,000 acres of the Arbury lands, devoted his major energies toward their upkeep and the family which inherited them, yet had a clearly inferior rank, must have been at least a source of puzzlement, then of resentment, than of ambition, to the thoughtful child, and then the revolutionary-minded young woman. The manor houses which loom behind the farm houses in her fiction, have just such a disquieting effect.

Obviously, her father's work did not always permit him to take Mary Ann along, nor did Mrs. Evans' deteriorating health permit her to stay at home. School then became a necessity. At the age of five, she joined her sister at Miss Lathom's school, where they were boarders for three or four years, sometimes coming home on Saturdays. We see the origins of her suffering from the cold when Cross cites Eliot's recollections of "the difficulty of getting near enough to the fire in winter to become thoroughly warmed," as well as "the susceptibility to terror"[15] which she experienced at that time. Notwithstanding such unpleasant associations, schooling became a source of great satisfaction for the

girl as her unique aptitudes emerged. And it was no wonder that education--the great potential equalizer between classes--became the channel through which her ambitions were directed. Later on, when her reputation as a learned young lady spread in the neighborhood, she was invited to borrow books freely from the great library at Arbury Hall.[16] At age nine, Mary Ann entered Mrs. Wallington's school, where she received a great deal of needed sympathetic support and affection from a young teacher, Maria Lewis, and this resulted in a long friendship and correspondence, as well as a strong taste of Evangelicism. By the age of thirteen, she had mastered everything offered there and her father was advised to send her to the larger, better-known school of the Misses Franklin in the town of Coventry. Her provincial origins accompanied her, with the weekly visits of her father and a cartful of fresh dairy products and produce from the farm, eagerly awaited by the other more citified girls. While the serious religious education continued, the more worldly subjects--literature, music, French, German, art, history, composition--entered. There were girls from as far off as America and India, but Mary Ann was still exceptional among them; she was known as "the best performer in the school" although she suffered agonies of shyness; she was far in advance of the rest in composition. "With her chameleon-like nature she soon adopted their religious views, with intense eagerness and conviction,"[17] Cross informs us, "and became a leader of prayer meetings amongst the girls" (p. 14).

But soon the growing puritanical zeal came into conflict with the pleasure she was receiving from her more sensuous studies and from her increasing pride in her scholastic achievements. She was at odds with her enjoyment from listening to music or from novel-reading; dressing up

became a vanity; society, a danger. A clue to this self-denial lies in her description of Maggie which Cross points out was probably very much like that of Mary Ann at thirteen:

> A creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that dies away and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it. No wonder, when there is this contrast between the outward and the inward, that painful collisions came of it.[18]

At that age of transition, when physical beauty becomes an obsession with most girls, Mary Ann was more aware than ever of what she considered to be her ugly looks; it was a neat psychological trick to turn self-hatred into a virtue by attaching it to one's religious beliefs. She was, however, unable to bear the attention of others for fear that her appearance would halt the praise she desired, deserved and received on the grounds of her inner beauty. She herself traced her superior moral development to her training in the Franklin School, but I daresay the prettier girls emerged less developed in this sense. That she was popular and respected by them for her mental superiority was confirmed by the name she received in Patty Jackson's "language of flowers" adopted in her future correspondence with some of the girls. Patty "signed her letters Ivy, signifying constancy, and chose the name Clematis or Mental Beauty for Mary Ann, who in turn christened Maria Lewis Veronica, Fidelity in Friendship."[19]

Three years later, Mrs. Evans took a turn for the worse and Mary Ann's school days were over. At the age of sixteen, when Aurore Dupin had just begun a formal course of study, Mary Ann's was done; she took on the job of housekeeping for her father and brother at the red brick farmhouse on

the Arbury estate. This situation continued until Isaac married in 1841; then she and her father, leaving Isaac and his wife in the house at Griff, moved to the much larger town of Coventry, where a new phase of her life began, during which she tried to shake free from her ties to father and church. But even before any radical changes in ideology took place, the marriage of her brother seems to have sparked a whole new romantic spirit expressed in the letter to Maria Lewis in which she announces the wedding, beginning with the following pastoral-type day-dream, then rude awakening:

> Somnophilus was rowing his bark down the bosom of a glassy stream and saw in the distance a fair garden on its banks whose edge presented all manner of bright flowers and luscious fruits as if for the acceptance of the river nymphs. Suddenly his eye sparkled in the anticipation of gathering a rich store of these beauties, that seemed to have none of the coyness of earth, and he almost forgot his oars, as he gazed and dreamed till time and distance vanished and imagination seemed like actual enjoyment--when lo! his neglected bark struck against the shore and roused the visionary--where is the fair garden? lost in the distance behind him, and the ground he touches is but a marsh bordered with flags![20]

Pessimistic prophecy of disillusionment for a young bridegroom, inspired by a younger sister's jealousy? Shattered fantasy of a child whose playmate in pleasure was gone for good? Perhaps; but in any case, a clear recognition of the sharpness and pain of reality.

After the move, the distance from Coventry to Griff inspired Mary Ann to propose to a school friend a correspondence called "Letters from a Town Mouse to a Country Mouse," the first of which begins "Dear Rusticus," and includes a paragraph which shows a new freedom of imagination:

> Towzer's nose pushes itself against my fingers, and then my fingers wander about his rough coat as I write. I am in the country, without the trouble of packing up; I see the autumn berries, I snuff the peculiar freshness of the autumn air between the hedge rows in the green lane, and the new

> soil the plough is turning over in the next field; or I wrap my cloak round me and enjoy the December hoar frost that defines every lingering brown leaf on the brambles or the young oaks; or I please myself in detecting the very earliest spring buds, and the delicate hints of colour on the bough tips; or I hear the swirl of the scythe as I watch the delicate grasses trembling under the eager flight and restless alighting of the humming insects; or I stand entranced before the glory of form and colour in the ripe full-eared corn.[21]

Ten years later, the move to an even larger city, London, prompted her to write to Charles Bray:

> I get nothing done here, there are so many distractions--moreover I have hardly been well a day since I came. I wish I were rich enough to go to the coast and have some plunges in the sea to brace me. Nevertheless, do not suppose that I don't enjoy being here. I like seeing the new people, etc. and I am afraid I shall think the country rather dull after it.[22]

Dull or not, those early years spent primarily in the country, were engraved deeply on Eliot's mind and emerged in her novels with a clarity that shows the strength of the impression. As Haight remarks: ". . . throughout thirty years in London, her yearning for blue sky, orchards full of old trees and rough grass, hedgerow paths among endless fields haunted her always."[23] Her vision of the land was always affected by the detached eye of her overseer father, and her letters show far more attraction to terrains that were suitable for cultivation than to those that offered more romantic views of the mountains or the sea.

The cultivation of land was as natural in the mind of George Sand. One of the first things her mother did when they arrived at Nohant was to fence off a corner of the large garden as her own; within that, Hippolyte, Aurore and her friend Ursule, each had his own little garden. By the age of thirteen, when she had achieved an unusual physical strength, she transferred her efforts to assisting with all the heavy agricultural jobs--sowing, ploughing, harvesting--which went on all around her each

season. Her description, drawn from memory thirty-five years later, idealizes the experience of how she would join the young animal herders on their pastoral chores:

> Je savais dans quel champ, dans quel pré, dans quel chemin je trouverais Fanchon, Pierrot, Liline, Rosette ou Sylvain. Nous faisions le ravage dans les fossés, sur les arbres, dans les ruisseaux. Nous gardions les troupeaux, c'est à dire que nous ne les gardions pas du tout, et que, pendant que les chèvres et les moutons faisaient bonne chère dans les jeunes blés, nous formions des danses échevelées, ou bien nous goûtions sur l'herbe avec nos galettes, notre fromage et notre pain bis.[24]

The children in La Petite Fadette are clearly based on such recollections, even to the use of the names Fanchon and Sylvain.

All Sand's contacts with the land seem to have been happy and sociable. The communistic principles which she later espoused were based on her early acquaintance with the pleasures of labor as well as on her adverse reaction to the aristocratic stance of Deschartres in his instruction on the advantages and responsibilities of property. The fact is that most of her georgic activity went on behind his back. Her "beloved freedom" to plunge into such happy labor was always coming into collision with the walls of class, wealth and manners--all of which she spurned. Yet, she could never let the property go. It became a haven once again when her writing apprenticeship in Paris was over, and she chose to make it her home finally (though excursions were numerous), with son, daughter-in-law and, eventually, two grandchildren, who all lived there under apparently harmonious conditions notwithstanding the political turmoil going on all around them. This idyllic locale became incorporated in the rustic novels, beginning in 1846 with La Mare au Diable, which series won for her the title "la bonne dame de Nohant."[25]

From the foregoing discussion, already apparent is that Sand's country childhood brought out her vitality and optimism, while Eliot's experiences inclined her toward a melancholy realism. How these early influences found their way into creative imagination, aesthetic theory and ethical beliefs will now be considered.

Writing as an adult, Sand looks back on that time, in spite of war, tragedy and serious conflicts, as a golden one:

> Il faut croire que la vie est une bien bonne chose en elle-même, puisque les commencements en sont si doux, et l'enfance un âge si heureux. Il n'est pas un de nous qui ne se rappelle cet âge d'or comme un rêve évanoui, auquel rien ne saurait être comparé dans la suite.[26]

For Eliot, however, happiness comes after childhood is over; when twenty-four years old she writes to Sara Hennell:

> One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy. . . . I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest. . . . Childhood is only the beautiful and happy time in contemplation and retrospect--to the child it is full of deep sorrow, the meaning of which is unknown. Witness colic and whooping cough and dread of ghosts, to say nothing of hell and Satan and and offended Deity in the sky who was angry when I wanted too much plum cake. Then the sorrow of older persons which children see but cannot understand is worse than all. All this, dear Sara, to prove that we are happier than when we were seven years old, and that we shall be happier when we are forty. . . .[27]

Eliot's vision of happiness, at the end of a progression leading ever upward, is confirmed when, two years later, her acceptance of Sara's invitation to visit is expressed in terms of pastoral bliss:

> Shouldn't I like to fleet the time away with thee as they did in the Golden Age--after all our toils to lie reclined on the hills (spiritually) like gods together, careless of mankind. Sooth to speak idleness--and idleness with thee is just the most tempting mirage you could raise before my mind's eye--I say mirage because I am determined from henceforth to believe in no substantiality for future time, but to live and love the present of which I have done too little.[28]

This Epicurean resolution is unusual and does not last, but it is

characteristic of the Eliot of the mid-1840's when she allowed the puritanical veil to be lifted and to show certain dreams and desires. The general circumstances surrounding this new freedom were, as mentioned earlier, the influence of the Brays and Hennells, her completion of the Strauss translation and her reading of Sand and Rousseau. But the more specific signs were the loving friendship with Sara, her new male interest, John Sibree, and a flowering into print with her first sketches and impressions grouped together as "Poetry and Prose, from the Notebook of an Eccentric," and published in Charles Bray's Coventry Herald between December 1846 and February 1847.

The correspondence with Maria Lewis had become synonymous with unpleasant duties, religious enthusiasm and self-abnegation; it came to an end during 1846, when

> Miss Lewis . . . reproached her with seeming to take too much interest in somebody--of the opposite sex; whereto she angrily: 'It might as well be said that you have an interest or are interested in your friendship for me.'[29]

Eliot's letters to her new friend Sara, ten years her senior, show a greater intellectual affinity and a much greater freedom to express affection: "Beloved Achates," "Dearest Lalla," "Cara Sposa," "Meine Geliebte," and Liebe Weib" were some of the salutations, and the letters are equally expansive. There were times, however, when there were recriminations for lack of attention; one of these seemed to be when Eliot allowed her correspondence with John Sibree to take over her writing time.

It was to Sibree that she had exposed her unguarded feelings about revolution. It was Sibree who opened up the world of ancient Greece, introduced her to the romances of Xenophon and probably set before her a new potential for her imagination to explore.[30] A student of religion,

he was interested in her translation of Strauss; she encouraged--indeed was stimulated by--his questions and self-revelations. Their discussions led to a loss of certainty in his faith and his abandonment of the ministry, for which his father and mother blamed her. When he left England, her final letter to him was written in a tone of disappointed longing:

> O the bliss of having a very high attic in a romantic continental town such as Geneva--far away from morning callers, dinners, and decencies; and then to pause for a year and think 'de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,' and then to return to life, and work for poor stricken humanity and never think of self again.[31]

Besides a yearning for retreat and distance associated with pastoralism, her expression shows the opposite urge of self-blame and denial. Also evident is Eliot's inability to control the pattern in her relationships with certain men--what Haight calls "an intellectual friendship drawn by over-ready expansiveness into feelings misunderstood."[32]

The end of the stimulating correspondence with Sibree saw a revitalization of the one with Sara and she once again projected some of her deeper feelings and ideas about life into it. The hope for happiness which she had expressed in pastoral terms is now visibly diminished and replaced by a much smaller one--the hope for acceptance of reality which, for her, inevitably means unhappiness or punishment:

> Alas for the fate of poor mortals which condemns them to wake up some fine morning and find all the poetry in which their world was bathed only the evening before utterly gone. . . . It is so in all the stages of life--the poetry of girlhood goes--the poetry of love and marriage--the poetry of maternity--and at last the very poetry of duty forsakes us for a season and we see ourselves and all about us as nothing more than miserable agglomerations of atoms. . . . This is the state of frustration--the self-abnegation through which the soul must go and to which perhaps it must again and again return, that its poetry and religion, which is the same thing, may be a real everyflowing river fresh from the windows of heaven and the fountains of the great deep--not an artificial basin with grotto work and gold fish.[33]

Her alignment is now clearly away from the artifice--illogically symbolized by goldfish--which she had entertained in her brief speculations on a Golden Age.

The attraction-repulsion with regard to the pastoral mode is seen in her little prose essays which in many ways reiterate, but also contradict, the passages quoted. The piece called "The Wisdom of the Child" embraces what she claimed were Rousseauistic principles, i.e., the simplicity of the child is to be cultivated to achieve wisdom in the adult. In a direct contradiction to her letter to Sara where she wrote of the unhappiness of childhood--when God got angry because she was greedy--she now writes:

> The child which abstains from eating plums, because grandmamma forbade, is their superior in wisdom; it exercises faith and obedience to the law--two of the most ennobling attributes of huma ity, which these philosophers have cast off.[34]

Her large goal in this tiny sketch is to set a standard of grandeur to which humanity might attain; although she disclaims that she seeks a state of divinity--"not anything superhuman"--for her ideal, she nevertheless hopes that "he baptizes and hallows them all /his frail human emotions/ with the chrism of the diviner soul within him. . ." (p. 21). This can be done if, in her opinion, mankind takes the example of the child who, in its simplicity, has the qualities which most delight, "self-renunciation, submission to law, trust, benignity, ingenuousness, rectitude--" (p. 20). Through this strange and paradoxical coupling of childlike simplicity and wonder with adult knowledge and will power, she encourages the creation of a superior type who, without the aid of an organized church, would behave himself and control his appetite for plums.

The sketch called "How to Avoid Disappointment" is an interview with a painter who presents his life's expectations with the goal of the title in mind. In the same vein as the first, this essay proposes a humanism which needs no church but substitutes art instead, aiming "to live for the good, the true, the beautiful which outlive every generation and are all pervading as the light which vibrates from the remotest nebula to our own sun" (pp. 18-19). This piece concludes with the wistful question, "who would not have some purpose in life as independent in its value as art is to the artist?" (p. 19). It is not surprising to see Eliot make this substitution of art for religion. It is in keeping with the need for some higher authority; it is also understandable that she came to value the distance of the artist, for her own inability to banish self-doubt had become a serious impediment to her strong desire to see the world around her minutely and accurately. Taking on the ideal of distance is exactly what led to the eventual profession of writing and, as will be shown later, is one of the pastoral elements in her fiction.

The piece called "Hints on Snubbing" reiterates some of her resentment over class distinctions yet ends with a remark that exemplifies a detached and ironic view:

> We have no warrant, however, to suppose that a faculty for snubbing is given to any other races than the terrestrial, since we have express authority for the fact, that the archangel Michael, on a very remarkable occasion, abstained from snubbing the devil. (p. 29)[35]

The sketch, "A little fable with a great moral," also propounds the importance of distance for human happiness--this time in a pastoral allegory about how two Hamadryads, whose lifespans are as long as those of the trees they inhabit, react to the aging process; the first enjoys

the natural world only through her own reflection, which eventually leads to bitterness at the changes of age and death, while the second "only cared about watching the heavens as they were reflected. . . . She was always looking farther off into the deep part of the lake" and "died without knowing that she became old." Knowing Eliot's own problems about self-image, I would hazard a personal interpretation of this essay: the future novelist was attempting to give up the narcissistic side of herself "which went on giving her an uglier and uglier picture" for the self-forgetful one, which--unlike the rude awakening of her former pastoral creation, Somnophilus--"fell into a gentle sleep . . . and had been carried up to live in a star from which she could still look down on her lake that she had loved so long" (p. 22), by consciously choosing the perspective of distance; but, as usual, the view is from above, far-removed from human reach. The contrasting hamadryads anticipate such figures as Hetty and Dinah in Adam Bede.

From a young age, one of George Sand's favorite pastimes was to make up stories. She relates how her mother, who had no servants and feared for the child's attraction to the fire, made a kind of playpen for her of four chairs, which enclosure inspired that "je composais à haute voix d'interminables contes que ma mère apelait mes romans."[36] Evidently, not only was the romantic seed already planted but the one of serial writing, too, for she recalls her aunt inquiring:

> 'Eh bien Aurore, est-ce que ton prince n'est pas encore sorti de la forêt? Ta princesse aura-t-elle bientôt fini de mettre sa robe à queue et sa couronne d'or?' -- 'Laisse-la tranquille,' disait ma mère, 'je ne peux travailler en repos que quand elle commence ses romans entre quatre chaises.' (p. 542)

Her upbringing and education, while mildly deficient on the formal side, at least until she went to the convent,[37] encouraged a great deal

of freedom of imagination. One of the principles of child-rearing to which Sand became dedicated from her own experience was the lack of fear regarding the spreading of untruth; she claimed that humanity learns early enough on its own to disbelieve miracles. Her own experience was with a mother who believed in God as a comfort and joy, never as a threat or a fear:

> Elle ne se mettait donc nullement en peine de me présenter comme vraies ou comme emblématiques les notions de merveilleux qu'elle me versait à pleines mains, artiste et poète, qu'elle était elle même, sans le savoir, croyant dans sa religion à tout ce qui était beau et bon, rejetant tout ce qui était sombre et menaçant, et me parlant des trois Grâces ou des neuf Muses avec autant de sérieux que des vertus théologales ou des vierges sages.[38]

Her vivid memory for impressions of her childhood reading probably results from such permissiveness of fancy. She recollects her pleasure in learning to read the fairy tales of Perrault and d'Aulnoy at Nohant and the Abrégé de mythologie grecque, but because the myths had their occasional bloody moments, she preferred the happy endings of the fairy tales. However,

> . . . les nymphes, les zéphyrs, l'écho, toutes ces personnifications des riants mystères de la nature tournaient mon cerveau vers la poésie, et je n'étais pas encore assez esprit fort pour ne pas espérer parfois de surprendre les napées et les dryades dans les bois et dans les prairies. (p. 618)

and these images become part of her dreams as she imagined their disappearance and reappearance among the patterns of her wallpaper, while lying in bed each night. From early on, her imagination took on an idyllic setting with classical and neo-classical figures weaving in and out.

Another well remembered book was a utopian novel, Les Battuécas, by Mme. de Genlis, about a small tribe living in a valley in Spain,

surrounded by impassable mountains, thriving on the fruits of their own natural resources. As Sand recalls: "C'est une petite république champêtre, gouvernée par des lois d'un idéal naïf. On y est forcément vertueux. C'est l'âge d'or avec tout son bonheur et toute sa poésie" (p. 628). The young hero finds a path leading out of this paradise and suffers many severe trials once in the confusing world at large. One of his great shocks is to discover that the flowers worn by his beautiful seductress are artificial. This makes him lose faith in the reality of the woman herself. Sand vaguely recalls that he finds his way back to his valley "et recouvre sa vertu sans retrouver son bonheur car il a bu à la coupe empoissonée du siècle" (p. 628). All of the pastoral factors--the land of sheltered innocence contrasted to the evils of civilization, the naïve hero, the poetic tone--left a strong impression.

Sand recalls how nightly readings by her mother of Veillées du Château by the same author set her imagination working in fantasies of nature--enchanted palaces and gardens; birds of silver, gold and purple; great blue mountains--which she projected on the green silk screen.

During the years spent solely at Nohant from 1814 to 1817, when Aurore was being tutored in the various conventional subject, the only ones which really interested her were music and literature and what she considered their adjuncts, history and geography. The confusing method employed in her study of history--sacred history and profane, side by side--resulted in her inability to distinguish between what was true and what was false. Nor was there ever given to her, she complained, a reason for learning beyond "savoir pour savoir" (p. 801),or because "il n'est pas permis d'ignorer," or to become capable "de causer avec les personne instruites" (p. 800). Furthermore, she claims never to

have wanted consciously to rebel, being of a particularly docile nature; therefore she did her best even with subjects which bored her:

> . . . j'appris par coeur des milliers de vers dont je ne comprenais pas les beautés; le latin, qui me paraissait insipide; la versification qui était comme une camisole de force imposée à ma poétique naturelle; l'arithmétique qui était si opposée à mon organisation que, pour faire une addition, j'avais littéralement des vertiges et des défaillances. Pour lui /Deschartres/ faire plaisir aussi, je m'enforçai dans l'histoire. (p. 802)

In history, however, her submissiveness was finally rewarded, for she conceived of it as pure romance and began to color her reports of her readings and "même . . . orner un peu la sècheresse de certains fonds" (p. 802). Without altering the facts, she took advantage of an insignificant figure, "obéissant à un besoin invincible d'art" (p. 803), to develop the character and his role in the plot. And while on some days she simply copied word for word her report of historic events, on her more poetic days she allowed her imagination to bring the whole dry history to life.

This first writing experence inspired her toward the age of twelve to try some "descriptions, une de la vallée Noire, vue d'un certain endroit où j'allais souvent me promener, et l'autre d'une nuit d'été avec clair de lune" (p. 806). But in spite of her grandmother's praise she remembers how dissatisfied she felt with her efforts to reproduce reality either physical or psychological:

> J'avais dès lors un sentiment que j'ai toujours conservé; c'est qu'aucun art ne peut rendre le charme et la fraîcheur de l'impression produite par les beautées de la nature, de même que rien dans l'expression ne peut atteindre à la force et à la spontanéité de nos émotions intimes. (p. 806)

While she venerates the masters of fiction, she claims that ". . . ils ne m'ont jamais rendu ce que la nature m'a donné . . ." (p. 806). Notwithstanding its most sublime manifestations, and unwilling to give up any

of them, she nevertheless insisted on qualifying art as eternally impotent and incomplete compared to its model, nature; which is not, of course, to say that one does not keep trying; she claims that each of her efforts in later life aspired to approach life, though each came up against the same frustration.

It is difficult to know exactly what is responsible for her insistence on the unbridgeable gap between nature and art, or on a need to undervalue art as compared to life. (The dissimilarity of George Sand's attitude to George Eliot's rejection of art on puritanical grounds must here be underscored.) But we can suggest two possibilities: the sheer quantity of "reality" she had already experienced was overwhelming; and the fact that her mother never took her writing too seriously; both of these seem to have resulted in a healthy grasp of the distinction between reality and illusion. What kept up her written output was ". . . le besoin d'inventer et de composer" (p. 808); that is, she wrote to satisfy a personal need for expression.

The other longing Sand felt had to do with the fact that no one had taught her any religion and she decided that one was necessary, especially after reading Tasso's La Jérusalem delivrée and L'Iliade. The primitive Christianity symbolized by Tasso's heroine, Clorinde, and the pagan deities who participate behind the scenes in Homer embodied for her "des esprits romanesques" (p. 810). Not that she could ever believe in the supernatural, or in the divinity of Jesus: both her enlightened grandmother and her early childhood in Paris precluded any superstitiousness. But she was nevertheless fond of the idea of faith. Her first real creation resulted f om the search for such a "dieu-homme" (p. 811), as well as from the need to vent her ever-active imagination.

The logic was this:

> Puisque toute religion est une fiction, faisons un roman qui soit une religion ou une religion qui soit un roman. Je ne crois pas à mes romans, mais ils me donnent autant de bonheur que si j'y croyais. D'ailleurs, s'il m'arrive d'y croire de temps en temps, personne ne le saura, personne ne contrariera mon illusion en me prouvant que je rêve. (p. 812)

One night, the name and form of this god came to Aurore: Corambé, a combination of the purity and goodness of Jesus, the beauty of Gabriel, the grace of the nymphs and the poetry of Orpheus; less austere than the Christian God but more spiritual than the Greek gods and very often in the guise of a woman " . . . car ce que j'avais le mieux aimé . . . c'était ma mère" (p. 813). Each "livre ou chant" of her story portrayed Corambé undergoing a new trial, exemplifying one of his phases of humanity, surrounded by a new group of personages each time, all of them good; she never allowed the evil ones actually to appear, although the results of their work were evident in "des images, des désastres et des tableaux de désolation" (p. 813). Corambé consoled and healed unceasingly and single-handedly:

> Je le voyais, entouré d'êtres mélancoliques et tendres qu'il charmait de sa parole et de son chant, dans des paysages délicieux, écoutant le récit de leurs peines et les ramenant au bonheur par la vertu. (p. 813)

Coincidentally, she used her recreation time, every day from noon to two at the dairy, to allow her story in the form of a hallucination to take over. While she helped Marie and Solange care for the lambs, gather the eggs, pick fruit in the orchard, chop off the branches for forage, her novel grew:

> Mon imagination faisait d'une butte de trois pieds une montagne, de quelques arbres une forêt, du sentier qui allait de la maison à la prairie le chemin qui mène au bout du monde, de la mare bordée de vieux saules un gouffre

> ou un lac, à volonté; et je voyais mes personnages agir, courir ensemble, ou marcher seuls en rêvant, ou dormir à l'ombre, ou danser en chantant dans ce paradis de mes songes creux. La causette de Marie et de Solange ne me dérangeait nullement. Leur naiveté, leurs occupations champêtres ne détruisaient rien à l'harmonie de mes tableaux, et je voyais en elles deux petites nymphes déguisées en villageoises et préparant tout pour l'arrivée de Corambé, qui passerait par là un jour ou l'autre et les rendrait à leur forme et à leur destinée véritables. (pp. 814-815)

The character of Corambé became so meaningful and real to her that Aurore eventually built a secret temple for him, along the lines of the grotto her mother had constructed for the children a few years earlier, where she brought offerings and, since to kill animals or even insects seemed unworthy of the ideal of sweetness which her idol represented, she brought to the altar all sorts of birds, butterflies and beetles; whereupon she freed them "aprés avoir invoqué le bon génie de la liberté et de la protection" (p. 820). She kept the location a secret, and from the moment other eyes saw it, she considered that Corambé no longer lived there:

> Les dryades et les chérubins l'abandonnèrent, et il me semble que mes cérémonies et mes sacrifices n'étaient plus qu'une puérilité que je n'avais pas prise moi-même au sérieux. Je détruisis le temple avec autant de soin que je l'avais édifié. Je creusai au pied de l'arbre et j'enterrai les guirlandes, les coquillages et tous les ornements champêtres sous les débris de l'autel. (p. 821)

But all of these ornaments of nature remained intact, buried as they were for thirty years, until Sand reached another stage in her life when it was once again time to resurrect her pastoral deities. In François le Champi, the main character brings to mind this early creation, as do Madeleine and Sévère remind us of "nymphes deguisées en villageoises."

The final influence of her country childhood on her later rustic novels were the stories of the hemp-dressers, told on autumn evenings as the hemp was gathered and dried. Although, as she said, "J'ai raconté ces scènes rustiques dans mes romans" (p. 836), she admitted that she

could never have duplicated the quantity and variety of tales, both marvelous and foolish, which portrayed so truly the essence of the localities and professions of those who told them.

Thus far, I have examined the general ideas of Sand and Eliot on how to relate art to life as these may reflect aspects of pastoral revealed in their works. What emerges as the chief contrast is Sand's tendency toward idealization and Eliot's toward realism. The general tendencies of Eliot toward elitist realism--in contrast to Sand's egalitarian idealism--were already pointed out in chapter one. Sand's comment to Flaubert on art (see p. 34) shows that there are no class barriers in her attitude toward her audience; she feels she has as much chance of being understood as not; that the process of art is not unlike that of nature, where there is a reaction for every action; and that the artist has nourishing and purifying powers, as well as, by implication, their opposites. Knowing what we already do about Sand's character, it is no surprise to hear the hopefulness in her tone; whether or not art is actively for didactic purposes, at least the effect of art may be improvement of the audience.

This is in contrast to Eliot's comment to Charles Bray (see pp. 34-35) where she deems most people incapable of comprehending her desire to portray "all forms of belief . . . with <u>loving</u> truthfulness" for the purpose of enlarging men's sympathies. Clearly then, her version of a realist writer is one who may alter the facts of life to suit his edifying purpose. Indeed, she distinguishes between "frank idealization,"[39] where the artist communicates his transforming intentions to the audience, but where the subject matter is still true to reality, and that intolerable kind of idealization, which changes features as they exist

in reality; Trippel's bust of Goethe (1787) and Danneker's bust of Schiller (1794), for example.

However, Eliot would never have accepted Sand's theory of overt idealization, which not only proposes "frank idealization" but actively opposes truth to reality:

> . . . le roman serait une oeuvre de poésie autant que d'analyse. Il y faudrait des situations vraies et des caractères vrais, réels même, se groupant autour d'un type destiné à résumer le sentiment ou l'idée principale du livre. Ce type représente généralement la passion de l'amour. . . . il faut idéaliser cet amour, ce type, par conséquent, et ne pas craindre de lui donner toutes les puissances dont on a l'aspiration en soi-même, ou toutes les douleurs dont on a vu ou senti la blessure. Mais, en aucun cas, il ne faut l'avilir dans le hasard des évènements; il faut qu'il meure ou triomphe, et on ne doit pas craindre de lui donner une importance exceptionnelle dans la vie, des forces audessus du vulgaire, des charmes ou des souffrances qui dépassent tout à fait l'habitude des choses humaines, et même un peu le vraisemblable admis par la plupart des intelligences.[40]

This concept of idealization is carried through from the heroic type projected above down to the laboring classes. As Sand suggested in a letter to the proletarian poet, Charles Poncy, in 1844:

> . . . poétiser, ennoblir chacque genre de travail, tel qu'on l'entend aujourd'hui, ce serait faire une oeuvre grande, utile et durable. Ce serait enseigner au riche à respecter l'ouvrier, au pauvre ouvrier à se respecter lui-même. . . . Le Postillon, le Forgeron, le Maçon, le Laboureur, le Boulanger, le Jardinier, le Fossoyeur, etc., etc., quelle foule inépuisable de types variés et qui tous pourraient être embellis ou plaints par le poète. Il faudrait faire aimer toutes ces figures, même celles dont le premier aspect repousse.[41]

It is precisely on the subject of re-creating the laboring classes that Eliot makes more stringent her requirements for realism, thus providing the greatest contrast in ideology (aesthetic and social) with Sand:

> How little the real characteristics of the working classes are known to those who are outside them. . . . Even one of the greatest painters of the pre-eminently realistic school . . . placed a pair of peasants in the foreground who were not much more real

> than chimney ornaments. . . . Rather than such cockney sentimentality as this, as an education for the taste and sympathies we prefer the most crapulous group of boors that Teniers ever painted.[42]

Eliot is most convincing as a proponent of truthfulness in art; the implication of her statement is that the audience which is given a picture of countryfolk in their true (and unpleasant) natural state will somehow have their own tastes and sympathies expanded and be improved.

Undoubtedly Eliot is aware that such improvement fosters moral elitism, because it rests on recognition of a moral superiority which, paradoxically, requires a constant example of baseness to triumph over and which encourages a pessimistic attitude toward improvement. But whether or not she is aware of it, the conflict exists between her didacticism--based on an ideal of human perfectibility--and her aesthetic principle--based on a truthful portrayal of human fallibility--and is precisely that kind of conflict which typifies other aspects of her life already discussed.

The relationship of pastoral to idealization and realism will be discussed further in chapter three. In the meantime it is sufficient to point out that practitioners of the pastoral mode have traditionally eschewed the realistic representation of the commonplace, relishing instead the frequently artificial depiction of the higher orders of humanity. An examination of how each novelist deals explicitly with pastoral confirms the contrast between them--that the idealist, Sand, consciously accepts the pastoral tradition, while the realist, Eliot, expresses anti-pastoral convictions.

The closest Eliot came to a direct statement regarding pastoral intentions was in her review essay,"The Natural History of German Life," where she castigates that type of art which treated subjects according

to literary convention rather than as observed from life:

> The painter is still under the influence of idyllic literature, which has always expressed the imagination of the cultivated and town-bred, rather than the truth of rustic life. Idyllic ploughmen are jocund when they drive their team afield; idyllic shepherds make bashful love under hawthorn bushes; idyllic villagers dance in the chequered shade and refresh themselves, not immoderately, with spicy nutbrown ale. (p. 269)

She proposes instead a more realistic vision, for "no one who has seen much of the actual ploughmen thinks them jocund." Her prescription is, first,to take the distant approach:

> Observe a company of haymakers. When you see them at a distance, tossing up the forkfuls of hay in the golden light, while the wagon creeps slowly with its increasing burthen over the meadow, and the bright green space which tells of work done gets larger and larger, you pronounce the scene 'smiling,' and you think these companions in labour must be as bright and cheerful as the picture to which they give animation. (p. 269)

but,then,to come closer and get the 'low-down!:

> Approach nearer, and you will certainly find that haymaking time is a time for joking, especially if there are women among the labourers; but the coarse laugh that bursts out every now and then, and expresses the triumphant taunt, is as far as possible from your conception of idyllic merriment. That delicious effervescence of the mind which we call fun, has no equivalent for the northern peasant, except tipsy revelry; the only realm of fancy and imagination for the English clown exists at the bottom of the third quart pot. (p. 269)

Her vision has gone from the idyllic to the naturalistic, while, true to type, the vantage point remains morally elevated, in contrast to the sunken object of her vision.

Sand frequently expressed her pastoral intentions. One of the clearest examples is in the Preface to <u>La Petite Fadette,</u> the third novel in the rustic trilogy, written on the crest of a wave of disillusionment with the political situation after the failure of the revolution in 1848:

> . . . revenons à nos moutons, c'est-à-dire à nos bergeries. Te souviens-tu qu'avant la révolution, nous philosophions précisément sur l'attrait qu'ont éprouvé de tout temps les esprits fortement frappés des malheurs publics, à se rejeter dans les rêves de la pastorale, dans un certain idéal de la vie champêtre d'autant plus naif et plus enfantin que les moeurs étaient plus brutales et les pensées plus sombres dans le monde réel?[43]

And, then, in the Preface to the 1851 edition of her country novels under the single title, Veillées de Chanvreur, she defines the "roman de moeurs rustiques":

> . . . il a existé de tout temps et sous toutes les formes, tantôt pompeuses, tantôt maniérées, tantôt naives. Je l'ai dit, et dois le répeter ici, le rêve de la vie champêtre a été de tout temps l'idéal des villes et même celui des cours.[44]

Summing up regarding the two novelists as potential breeding ground for the pastoral mode, I conclude that Sand embraced it consciously; it was not unnatural for her to do so considering her happy youthful and continuing exposure to the country and its occupations, as well as to Europe's largest capital cities, both in war and peace, and inheritance of eighteenth century manners and literary traditions. As progressive as her political ideas may have been, her literary intentions remained true to the romantic tradition already regarded as old-fashioned by the emerging schools of Realism and Naturalism. Indeed, Sand wrote in conscious reaction to such writers as Sue, Balzac and Zola.

In George Eliot, however, we seethe more mode n conflict that manifests itself in attraction as well as rejection of pastoral and pastoralism. Insofar as pastoral stands for Renaissance refinement, it is rejected for its artificiality. Insofar as pastoral stands for a romantic infatuation with nature--a concept which she could easily have received from such of her favorites as Rousseau and Wordsworth--it is rejected for lack of self-discipline and conformity to social

conventions. Insofar as pastoral stands for Epicurean sensuality and love, it is attractive. Here, however, certain of Eliot's deeper reticences forbade her to accept wholeheartedly the leisurely, pleasureful qualities which coincide with such a mood. The emotional deprivations of early childhood, despite the personal familiarity with the world of the country, are somehow never made up.

As was shown in Chapter one, there are certain general similarities between George Sand and George Eliot, but the deeper differences far outweigh them; this is also true with regard to pastoral elements in their lives and literary intentions. The superficial resemblances are their country childhoods, a golden dream of happiness in friendship and love, the use of art as a substitute for religion (or a form of paganism), and the hope of creating an ideal god-like character as a model for the betterment of humanity. However, here too, the differences go far deeper than the similarities, and result in an entirely different "pastoral" novel. How these novels are comparable though dissimilar, how they reiterate or contradict the tendencies and expressed intentions of Sand and Eliot, and how they fit into an established pastoral tradition, will be discussed in parts two and three. First, however, it will be necessary to define the term pastoral, and its relative, rustic, and to trace the development of the pastoral mode in France and England as it had assumed fictional formulation by the time of their writing.

Chapter 3

Terminology and Tradition: Rustic and Pastoral

An example of the literary resemblance based on rustic elements in the novels of Sand and Eliot, which was supposedly more noticed by Victorians than by twentieth century critics, occurs in an anonymous Saturday Review article of 1876. This reviewer finds Sand's "fatal defect" to be that "She has scarcely any sense of humour of the sort that moves laughter."[1] This statement is made specifically with regard to those novels which depict "rustic" life and characters, where the critic feels that Eliot's creations, such as Mrs. Poyser, Aunts Glegg and Pullet and Bob Jakin are more successful than Sand's "clowns."[2] However, the critic prefers to conclude the comparison of the Georges on common ground, "namely, the tender recollections of childhood, the love of the homely landscape familiar from early years, 'the sky with its fitful brightness, the furrowed and grassy fields, the well-remembered bird-notes' of Loamshire or of Berry."[3]

Sidney Colvin, in the same year, comments on the similarity of subject in their country tales, but points out what he considers Sand's superiority in conveying an integration of nature with character:

> George Sand, in one class of her novels, has invested with an imperishable charm the country scenery and country life of her native province of Berry. George Eliot has almost done as much for certain corners of the English midlands. A book like the "Mill on the Floss" contains pages . . . of description as perfect . . . as anything in "François le Champi," "La Petite Fadette," or the rest of that delightful group. But, except the beautiful "Weaver of Raveloe," no tale of George Eliot's has the same art and unity as these, none leaves us with the same charmed and touched impression, and none is written with the same skill for contriving and chaining together situations of natural beauty and emotion.[4]

A similar comparison is noted by Swinburne the following year regarding

The Mill on the Floss: "The first two-thirds of the book suffice to compose perhaps the very noblest of tragic as well as of humorous prose idyls in the language. . . . [They] have all the intensity and all the perfection of George Sand's best work. . . ."[5] Five years later, Leslie Stephen is impelled to bring in the name of the French writer to his countrywoman's advantage in an obituary article on Eliot, and in so doing he refers to the similarity of country settings:

> We have neither the country idyl of the sentimentalist which charms us in some of George Sand's stories of French life, but in which our enjoyment is checked by the inevitable sense of unreality, nor the caricature of the satirist who is anxious to proclaim the truth that base passions and grovelling instincts are as common in country towns as in court and city. Everything is quietly set before us with a fine sense of its wider relations, and yet with a loving touch, significant of a pathetic yearning for the past, which makes the whole picture artistically charming.[6]

In a book which appeared twenty years later, Stephen picks out the same novel as Colvin did for special mention in comparison to Sand: " . . . in a comparison of George Eliot with French writers much would have to be said of George Sand, whom she had read with such enthusiasm, and in whose stories of French country life we may find the nearest parallel to Silas Marner."[7] On the previous page, Stephen refers to the "rustic" world of Silas; in the chapter on Adam Bede he uses the same word to describe the world of Mrs. Poyser. Yet a third Victorian, Mathilde Blind, remarks the resemblance of Silas Marner to two of Sand's country novels:

> The exquisite picture of Eppie's childhood, the dance she leads her soft-hearted foster-father, are things to read, not to describe, unless one could quote whole pages of this delightful idyl, which for gracious charm and limpid purity of description recalls those pearls among prose-poems, George Sand's 'François le Champi' and 'La Mare au Diable.'[8]

While the critics who use the word "rustic" do so as if they were pointing to the country (as opposed to city) setting, those who use the word "idyll" are trying to convey something more than a specific place

or set of characters. It is a particular mood which they intend to distinguish, which also seems to be intended by those critics who use the word "charm" to describe the impression of these novels. Perhaps the attempt of a turn-of-the-century literary theorist will elucidate the question of terminology. Martha Hale Shackford, in trying to define such related but confused words as "pastoral," "idyll," "bucolic," and "eclogue" points out that "idyll" stands for form while "pastoral" stands for content, and that it is possible to have idylls which are not pastoral--indeed they exist among the Idylls of Theocritus. As an example of a modern idyll she mentions Paul and Virginia, in spite of the remark which follows, that, according to general usage, an idyll is "a brief poem or story where some simple sort of happiness is dramatically presented, where no tragic elements enter."[9] She goes on to give the following definition:

> Idyllic means free from dissatisfaction. The idyll calls for no great endeavor, no lofty motives, no self-searching and discipline. It is the only sort of writing whose end is to make us enamored of life. In it we have always a charmed atmosphere, some suggestion of satisfying happiness. An idyll is a picture of life as the human spirit wishes it to be, a presentation of the chosen moments of earthly content.[10]

The frequency with which the word "idyll" is used to describe the Berrichon novels of George Sand, especially around the turn of the century, confirms Miss Shackford's interest in the term, as well as her definition. An article published in Brussels in 1877 refers to these novels as idylles.[11] A French literary historian calls them "de véritables idylles,"[12] in 1897, and in 1900, Emile Faguet categorizes the genre as idylle[13] in his study of nineteenth century French literature. Edward Dowden, in 1904, credits Sand with innovation when he says: "The genuine idyll of French peasant life was new to France."[14] Two histories of French literature

published in America in the early 1920's use the term "idylls" to describe the novels in question, but the author of one, Kathleen T. Butler, also uses the original French term, "romans champêtres" which she paraphrases as "idyllic stories."[15] "Romans champêtres"[16] is the typical designation by later French literary historians, among them René Doumic (1915), Léon Levrault (1932), and René Jasinski (1966). L. Vincent, whose work forcusses on these novels, uses "romans champêtres" interchangeably with "idylles rustiques" and "romans pastoraux,"[17] thus confusing the issue almost beyond repair.

As we saw earlier, the word "rustic" is favored by those Victorians who note the similarity of setting and mood in the work of George Sand and George Eliot. Henry James, too, refers to Sand's "rustic tales"[18] in an article on Sand in 1893. In this century, Albert Thibaudet uses the designation "la trilogie rustique,"[19] and Philippe Van Tieghem refers to "le roman rustique"[20] in a 1949 history of French literature. A recent (1967) history for the first time categorizes Sand's novels as "romans paysans,"[21] implying dissatisfaction with the older terms.

We shall see in part two of this study that Sand herself classified the Berrichon trilogy as "romans champêtres" and located them in the French pastoral tradition. Her acquaintance, the critic Sainte-Beuve, knew this when he described the three novels in one of his "Causeries de Lundi" (18 février 1850) as coming from "cette veine pastorale;"[22] he notes that Sand had a "dessein pastoral" (p. 352) as early as the novel Jeanne (1844), that La Mare au Diable is a "charmante idylle" (p. 355) and only the first step on "la voie pastorale" (p. 362) along which François le Champi and La Petite Fadette follow. He makes note of the "demi-rustique" (p. 363) style, which Sand cultivated especially in La Petite Fadette, and concludes: "Voilà donc, grâce a Mme. Sand, notre

littérature moderne en possession de quelques tableaux de pastorales et de géorgiques bien françaises" (p. 367). He confirms Sand's touch with antiquity by pointing out her debt to Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, Theocritus' Idylls, as well as a resemblance between La Petite Fadette and "le joli roman de Daphnis et Chloé (p. 364), and further finds traces of the same tradition in France from Rousseau to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Chateaubriand. Of the descriptive words which we have seen used, the only one Sainte-Beuve does not employ is "champêtre," for which he seems to substitute "géorgique," both words suggesting land cultivation.

There is logic behind the various terms employed by Sainte-Beuve which is confirmed by dictionary meanings. "Pastoral," according to Le Robert, is related to shepherds, or to the literary convention of using aristocratic characters as shepherds, while "rustique" pertains to agriculture, peasants and country life. The single synonym they have in common is "champêtre," which Sand wisely chose to bridge the implied "class" distance between "pastoral" and "rustique." "Idylle" is defined in Littré as a short work in which the subject is ordinarily "pastoral," or relative to "des objet champêtres," again totally appropriate to describe Sand's country novels, which Littré uses as examples.

The terms "rustic" and "idyll" are applied to Eliot's country novels not only by Victorians; a current historian, Lionel Stevenson, calls Silas Marner "a rustic idyl in the Wordsworthian tradition with roots deep in folk legends."[23] But as discussions of Eliot's novels proliferate toward the present time, the word "pastoral" is used more and more in connection with these novels. Irving Howe refers to the early novels as "the pastoral fiction of George Eliot;"[24] for Graham Hough, Eliot became "the great novelist of the traditional sanctities of pastoral England."[25]

Walter Allen, in his short critical history of the English novel, calls Adam Bede "the finest pastoral novel in English,"[26] which concurs with V. S. Pritchett's appellation, "our supreme novel of pastoral life."[27] Regarding The Mill on the Floss, it is pointed out by Ian Milner, as Swinburne had done almost a century before, that "the opening chapter . . . breathes a personal nostalgia for the child's world of pastoral idyll."[28] The same critic says regarding Silas Marner: "Charm there is. . . . Yet something else emerges . . . that defines the tale and its quality as art equally with the charm of the pastoral scenes or the narrative grace."[29]

As forecast by Victorian critics, Silas Marner, of all Eliot's novels, receives the designation most frequently. U. C. Knoepflmacher notes that "Silas' regeneration through feeling occurs in a pastoral world which is not only hazier than Shepperton . . . but even more stylized than the Hayslope which had buoyed up Adam Bede."[30] In the same vein, Jerome Thale finds that "Even in his desolation Silas is seen against a pastoral landscape."[31] John Holloway considers the predominant note to be "a certain drab pastoralism,"[32] while it occurs to Lilian Haddakin that "the strain of realistic pastoral, typified by the scenes at the Rainbow Inn, has been remarked no less than the strain of fairy-tale."[33]

One can detect that the word pastoral is being used with qualifications in the last two examples. Both Haddakin and Holloway are trying to make the pastoral category broad enough to cover Eliot's constant tendency toward realism. This phenomenon is corroborated by John Bayley's essay on George Eliot called "The Pastoral of the Intellect," in which the critic applies to all the novels (not only the early, country novels), the term "historic pastoral." By this he means the various framing and

distancing devices Eliot uses especially through the medium of time.[34]

To sum up, the terms "idyll" and "rustic" have been used most frequently by their English contemporaries to describe both Sand's and Eliot's country novels. The former term implies brevity of form and happiness of mood for a generally charming effect, while the latter term indicates a rural setting and characters, often inspiring humor in its readers. When used in combination, the terms imply the idealization of a rural situation. The insistence of Miss Shackford that "pastoral" be reserved for works related to shepherds and the conventions followed by Theocritus seems to have been understood by her contemporaries, who therefore prefer "rustic."

In France the terms "pastoral" and "champêtre" were generally used interchangeably with "idylle" and "rustique" of Sand's trilogy. "Paysan" is the latest of the descriptive terms, which indicates a greater desire for precision.

More recently, the term "pastoral" has replaced the others in criticism pertaining to Eliot's early novels in ways which imply a broader usage of that word than literary critics and theorists such as Miss Shackford had given it before the twentieth century. I will now go on to examine the terms "rustic" and "pastoral" as used by historians of the genres, who search for more careful definitions.

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Looking for a valid and productive, yet limited, comparative subject, Paul Van Tieghem undertakes to examine "le roman rustique"[35] in Switzerland, Germany, France and England, from 1840 to 1860, including Sand's

La Mare au Diable and La Petite Fadette and Eliot's Adam Bede among the exemplary novels. It is his contention that the expression "roman rustique" did not even exist before 1840 because a "romanesque" (p. 697) standard for the novel was prevalent which precluded such simple subjects as the events and emotions of country life. "Le romantisme n'était guère favorable à l'observation patiente et exacte des humbles réalités villageoises" (p. 700). Nevertheless, this scholar notes that the genre had its antecedents in antiquity, primarily in the Idylls of Theocritus (rather than those of Virgil) where "la vie rustique y est indiquée avec un réalisme parfois assez accentué" (p. 698). He distinguishes between this original version as "l'idylle naïve" and "l'idylle galante," (p. 698), which while ostensibly a Renaissance imitation of it, had lost all contact with actual country life. To the "roman pastoral" (p. 698), of which Daphnis and Chloe is the antique exemplar and Sannazaro's Arcadia the "modern" one, Van Tieghem attributes only vague influence (p. 699); as it evolved in the eighteenth century, through Gessner and Florian, it remained, even more than the idyll, "incurablement idéaliste et conventionnel" (p. 699).

The "poème rustique" (p. 699), which appeared in England in the eighteenth century (The Deserted Village of Goldsmith, for example), was just a small step toward the truthful depiction of country life which Van Tieghem considers to be a basic tenet of the rustic novel, but was more often concerned with small town bourgeois class, rather than peasants. The same is true, this critic feels, of novels like La Nouvelle Héloise, where country life remains in the background. Other steps on the progression to the rustic novel were, according to

Van Tieghem, Restif de la Bretonne, Walter Scott, Balzac and George Sand, all of whom used peasants in their work at least as minor elements prior to 1840. The historical novels of Scott, with their attention to minute detail, were particularly conducive. "De ce grand mouvement vers la vérité de la vie quotidienne le roman rustique a pris naissance" (p. 701).

When it comes to Sand, Van Tieghem recognizes that in reaction to Balzac, she allows none of the harshness of peasant life to enter her rustic novels, which are situated in the removed, agrarian countryside of Berry where old customs and superstitions are still practiced. She is rather concerned with painting the interior reality in the form of the feelings of her peasants, especially in the realm of love. What adds to the rustic elements and local color are the simple, unified tone and the reconstructions of the Berrichon dialect.[36]

Like Sand, Eliot is interested in the psychology of her characters but on a broader canvas; her realism, according to Van Tieghem, is more pronounced; details of life and work abound; descriptions of customs bring to mind her predecessor, Sir Walter Scott (p. 18). This comparatist notes the variation in language of Adam Bede, from the narrator's cultivated tone to the readily accessible dialect of her characters, as especially interesting. He seems to have abandoned some of his critical faculty, however, when he claims that Eliot is not didactic but rather full of personal reflections (p. 18).

What finally confronts Van Tieghem is that the rustic novel has the unusual tendency toward opposite values--optimism and pessimism--terms which he prefers to idealism and realism, "car un certain réalisme est commun aux deux tendances."[37] This critic once again surprises by placing

both Sand and Eliot on the side of optimism, which he equates with the fact that both authors turn away from vice and cruelty, giving the impression that society is sound at its foundation. He concludes his three-part article with the following declaration of similarity regarding the well-spring of their novels: "Dans George Sand et dans George Eliot, c'est la rencontre du talent remarquable de ces deux romancières avec un rare connaissance des paysans de leurs provinces respectives et avec une vue optimiste de l'humanité" (p. 275).

Rudolf Zellweger's book on the rustic novel in Switzerland, Germany and France, from 1836 to 1856, declares that "l'honneur d'avoir créé le roman rustique proprement dit, d'avoir fait du paysan le centre de l'action, revient tout entier à George Sand."[38] After weighing the possibilities of influence on Sand from her readings and conversations with other writers, Zellweger decides that the dominating impulse behind the production of the rustic trilogy was her deep attachment to the region of Berry. (Van Tieghem, too, had suggested that one might look for the origins of the rustic novel in the biographies of the novelists.)

This literary historian reminds us that novels with a socialist theme preceded the rustic ones not only of Sand but of Auerbach and Gotthelf. "D'une façon générale, il semble que le paysan occupe un peu dans le roman après 1848 la place qu'y avait tenue l'ouvrier dans les années précédentes" (p. 124). In La Mare au Diable, for example, a novel devoted exclusively to portraying the authentic peasant milieu, the vague idealism of Sand's earlier novels is transformed into a real sympathy for the country folk.

Unlike Van Tieghem, Zellweger is less concerned with refining terminology than with describing the novels themselves. In referring to Sand's

rustic trilogy, he uses "idylles" (p. 119), "rustiques" (p. 122), and "champêtres" (p. 125) interchangeably, also pointing out that "l'élément pastoral est vraiment dominant" (p. 122). On the other hand, Zellweger makes it clear that he shares with Van Tieghem the requirement that the rustic novel be based on truth to reality (p. 127). Notwithstanding her tendency to idealize her Berrichon types, he feels that the fact that Sand creates simple laborers out of first-hand knowledge and observation of this reality permits her to fulfill such a requirement. Like Van Tieghem, Zellweger makes special mention of Sand's success in reproducing a form of dialect which adds to the rustic qualities of her novels.

Paul Vernois, the third and final historian of the rustic novel, is not a comparatist but deals basically with French endeavors in the genre. He declares his position vis à vis pastoral when he says: "La pastorale lointaine n'est donc point une simple contrefaçon de la littérature rustique valable: elle en a des traits essentiels et c'est avec raison que le sens commun traduit le mot idylle par amourette, alors même qu'il signifie d'abord 'tableau champêtre.'"[39] This common theme of the expression (or retention) of sensual love unites Daphnis and Chloe with "romans pastorals" such as Astrée, Estelle and Paul et Virginie.

The fact that the countryside was not a fictional subject in France from the time of the Revolution to the 1830's is noticed by Vernois as it was by Zellweger, their explanation, reminiscent of Van Tieghem's, being that French Romanticism preferred more lyrical or exotic subjects (p. 26). Those novels of political or social theses which were produced in France in the early 1840's are credited by Vernois, as Zellweger had

done before, with reviving the idea of the rustic novel. But neither Balzac nor Sand, two practitioners of "le roman rustique social" (p. 28), succeeded in their attempts, the former because of his lack of sympathy for "la classe deshéritée" (p. 28), and the latter because of her "idéalisme mystique" and "idéologie naivement optimiste" (p. 29), more appropriate to her subsequent novels.

Vernois finds in the prefaces to Sand's rustic trilogy a profound awareness of the antitheses built into this complex genre. I make special mention of what he calls "L'orientation des thèmes vers les bergeries ou la peinture sociale" and "le heurt d'une sympathie qui idéalise et d'un réalisme exclusif de toute poésie" (p. 36), which highlight the traditional connection between the genres of ancient pastoral and nineteenth century rustic, as well as the conflict between them on an aesthetic and class level, and the tenuous balance between idealism and realism remarked by both Van Tieghem and Zellweger.

The other observation this critic makes in common with Van Tieghem and Zellweger is Sand's concentration on the emotional life of her characters, which leads her to successfully combine the rustic elements with the psychological ones in the country novels. The four particular elements which Sand mingles in the novels in question--idyllic, social, psychological and rural--are considered by Vernois, who goes on to trace the history of the genre through the twentieth century, to be the base for those who continued in her wake (pp. 40-41).

What emerges in a summary way from this examination is the general agreement among the three literary historians that the rustic novel requires the element of realism at least in the form of accuracy of observation of detail of the country landscape and characters it depicts, as well as an interest in local customs and superstitions. A subtle

class consciousness, a legacy from the social thesis novel which preceded it, is also a factor. While Vernois and Zellweger consider that a balancing idyllic element is a condition for the success of the genre, Van Tieghem allows for a broader spectrum of values from pessimistic to optimistic. This is consistent with the attitude of the first two that the rustic novel derives directly from the pastoral tradition, while Van Tieghem, recognizing its pastoral antecedents, nevertheless sees the rustic novel as an innovative genre. All three note Sand's special concern with the subject of love as it affects the psychology of her characters.

My previous discussion of the brief essay of Martha Hale Shackford showed that interest in defining pastoral was already being generated in the early twentieth century, and that her definition was descriptive, based on Theocritus' Idylls. In 1905, W. W. Greg published his comprehensive history of pastoral which is still considered a standard work on the subject. He focusses mainly on the Renaissance example of pastoral, on which he bases his definition, but goes beyond merely describing the genre to determine the values behind it. According to his interpretation, there is an unbridgeable gap between traditional pastoral and the Berrichon novels of Sand, and, by association with Hardy, those of George Eliot:

> . . . pastoral literature must not be confounded with that which has for its subject the lives, the ideas and the emotions of simple and unsophisticated mankind, far from the center of our complex civilization. The two may be in their origin related, and they occasionally, as it were, stretch out feelers towards one another, but the pastoral of tradition lies in its essence as far from the human document of humble life as from a scientific treatise on agriculture or a volume of pastoral theology. Thus the tract which lies before us to explore is equally remote from the idyllic imagination of George Sand, the gross actuality of Zola, and the combination of simple charm with minute and essential realism of Mr. Hardy's sketches in Wessex.[40]

Yet Greg sets up a standard definition of pastoral based on a city-versus-country attitude, which, though unexpressed, seems to underlie the rustic definition as well: "What does appear to be a constant element in the pas-

toral as known to literature is the recognition of a contrast, implicit or expressed, between pastoral life and some more complex form of civilization" (p. 4). By the same token, Greg's observation that "the reaction against the world that is too much with us" (p. 6), is a keynote of pastoral in literature, must also be extended to rustic, where writers consciously retreat from embroiled town life for their settings.

Greg carries further this idea of the awareness of an author of the gap between the complex reality of life and the illusionary world he is creating when he says that

> The pastoral, whatever its form, always needed and assumed some external circumstances to give point to its actual content. The interest seldom arises directly from the narrative itself. In Theocritus and Sannazarro this objective point is supplied by the delight of escape from the over-civilization of the city; in Petrarch and Mantuan, by their allegorical intention; in Sacchetti and Lorenzo, by the contrast of town and country, with all its delicate humour; in Boccaccio and Poliziano, by the opening it gave for golden dreams of exquisite beauty or sensuous delight; in Tasso, by the desire of that freedom in love and life which sentimental philosophers have always associated with a return to nature. In all these cases the content per se may be said to be a matter of indifference; it only receives meaning in relation to some ulterior intention of the author. (p. 67)

Here Greg seems to be demanding a great deal of faith on the part of the reader, since none of the authors he mentions is explicit as to his intentions. Even if Greg means those intentions which are implied in the work, one would still have to question the critic's interpretation of them. While it is probably true that Theocritus wrote some of the Idylls under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus in Alexandria in the third century B.C., there is nowhere in these short poems the expression of discontent with city life. Furthermore, it is clear from the Idylls that Theocritus was writing about settings and describing places personally familiar to him. Scholars conjecture that some of these poems use actual acquaintances, as well as the author, as characters; and the fact that the Greek poet chose to write in the Doric dialect (spoken in his birthplace, Syracuse, and in a country

place of sojourn -- Cos) indicates a certain realism as well as a possible rejection of the Attic language of literature.

Nevertheless, Greg consistently denies to pastoral any attribution of what is realistic, thereby sharply distinguishing it as a genre from the novel:

> The coarse realism that gave life and vitality to the novel, that characteristic product of middle-class cynicism and humour, finds no place in the pastoral of literary tradition. The conventional grace of the pastoral could offer no material to the novel. It is true that when we speak of the bourgeois spirit of the novella on the one hand, and the 'ideal' pastoral on the other, it is well to remember that the author of the Decameron also wrote the first modern pastoral romance. . . . Nevertheless the tendencies, though sometimes united in the person of a single author, yet keep distinct. Both alike had become a fashion, both alike followed a more or less conventional type. The novel remained coarse and realistic; the pastoral, whatever may be said of its morality, remained refined and at a conscious remove from real life. (p. 66)

While the main thrust of Greg's concern lies in poetry and drama, he briefly discusses the prose narrative of Longus in a way that includes it within the pastoral canon: "The romance of Daphnis and Chloe is the last word of a world of sensuous enervation toying with the idea of vernal freshness and virginity. It is a genuine picture of the purity of awakening love, wrought with every delicacy of sentiment and expression, and yet in such manner as by its very naiveté and innocence to serve as a goad to satiated appetite" (p. 12). He considers that it had little influence on the mainstream of pastoral, which had already been established prior to its popularity in the sixteenth century, yet he links it to a nineteenth century French fictional work: "Longus' romance finds its true descendant, as well as its closest imitation, in a work that achieved celebrity on the eve of the French revolution, that masterpiece of unreal and sentimental simplicity,

Saint-Pierre's Paul et Virginie" (p. 12). That "love in vacuo is the beginning and the end of pastoral romance" (p. 194) is the conclusion of Greg regarding what he considers to be the fruitlessness of subject matter of such works as l'Astrée. (I take particular note of these landmarks in French literature for they will be brought up in my later discussion of the French pastoral tradition as it applies to George Sand.)

Mia Gerhardt returns to the method of descriptive analysis for her definitions of pastoral in 1950. Like Greg's, her primary focus is on the heavy continental production of pastoral in the Renaissance, which she categorizes by its dependence on ancient models, use of pagan mythology, pervasive love themes, preoccupation with death, gravity as opposed to humor, and general serenity of mood.[41] But she rejects Greg's emphasis on nostalgia as the primary inspiration behind pastoral (p. 292) as well as the notion of retreat as crucial to the concept (p. 293), claiming that a primary source of pastoral lies in "l'actualité" albeit a disguised and anti-realistic one:

> On trouve donc ici un point de contact avec la réalité, mais une réalité aristocratique et urbaine, non point campagnarde. C'est la préoccupation de l'actualité qui introduit dans la pastorale des éléments d'ordre contemporain: mondain, religieux ou politique, auxquelles le vêtement pastoral sert alors de déguisement transparent déterminé par la mode, la prudence ou la tradition littéraire. Grâce à ce déguisement, la présentation de l'actualité dans la pastorale devient, elle aussi, anti-réaliste: la vraisemblance et la ressemblance sont sacrifiées à la convention élégante. (p. 292)

It follows from Miss Gerhardt's insistence on this one tenet of pastoral--the active rejection of the realistic--that she too sees a sharp division between pastoral and rustic: " . . . le genre rustique exigeait du réalisme, conventionnel et à demi parodique il est vrai [here the scholar is referring to such pre-Renaissance versions of rustic as the French pastourelle,

characterized by a tone of amused condescension toward country life/, mais qui le rendait pourtant impropre, par définition, à être incorporé dans la pastorale" (p. 293). The fact that pastoral traditionally revolves around the aristocracy is further noted, plus the concomitant condition of leisure which surrounds the characters. She reminds the reader that the principal occupation of shepherds is never described: " . . . préciser les soins que réclament brebis, chèvres et vaches, ce serait peindre des scènes par trop humbles et évoquer dans l'esprit des lecteurs des détails d'un réalisme fâcheux" (p. 295).

As far as the major subject of pastoral is concerned, Gerhardt sees "l'expression de l'amour" (p. 296) as the constant element in the whole genre; but, more important tha subject in characterizing pastoral, is treatment, which is always based on a certain artificiality. The fact that the poet takes his inspiration from literature rather than life (a symbol of liberation for the Renaissance poet, she feels) is the key to the value system implied by the genre. The willing adoption of literary conventions behind which the poet chooses to hide, confirms for Gerhardt a rejection of subjectivity and self-confession, and a capacity for deliberate detachment typical of Renaissance pastoral. This critic eschews further speculation on the motives which would inspire the desire to create such distance between poet and subject as she finds characteristic.

It is possible to trace pastoral beyond the Renaissance scope of Greg and Gerhardt in the history of eighteenth century pastoral theory of J. E. Congleton, who discusses the three divergent paths the genre took in England.[42] Stemming from the French neo-classicist, Rapin,

Alexander Pope defended imitation of the antique form of the genre on the grounds of its superiority. Following in the Cartesian thinking of Fontenelle, Samuel Johnson rejects neo-classical rules as to the composition of pastoral, including its conventions and all the artificiality they engender, for a standard that may be subjected to empirical confirmation, that is, country life as it exists in actuality. The third strain consists of the pre-Romantics, who follow in the path of the rationalists by enlarging the preference for realistic characters and events, simultaneously claiming that Theocritus himself was concerned with describing the simple life as it appeared to him.

Congleton upholds the anti-realist definition of pastoral proposed by Greg and Gerhardt when he claims that "When the Romantic critics pushed pastoral theory into the realm of realism, they exceeded the bounds of the genre" (p. 315). He might have added that in exceeding the bounds of pastoral, they arrived at rustic, because an overview of the historians of pastoral and rustic examined here shows that the proscription against realism, which characterizes traditional pastoral, dovetails with its specific requirement in the rustic genre.

Gerhardt differs with Greg on two counts: she allows for the idea of "réalisme pastoral" in the modern novel, while Greg repudiates such a connection; she repudiates the implications of a value system behind pastoral that rejects the actual world, which Gred propounds. While Gerhardt finds the expression of love to be the constant element of all pastoral, Greg finds this subject to be a mainstay only of pastoral romance; for him the constant is the country setting conceived of as a retreat.

Since there is general agreement that pastoral eschews the realistic, critics who wish to ascribe the pastoral label to George Eliot are called upon to explain away her realism. Expression such as "realistic pastoral" or "drab pastoralism" show the need for this kind of equivocation. Michael Squires is one such critic. In his doctoral dissertation, "The Pastoral Novel: Studies in George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and D. H. Lawrence," he gives the following rationale for his terminology:

> We are accustomed to associating the words 'pastoral' or 'pastoralism' with thoughts of artificiality, stylization, simplification, idealization, convention, idyll, romance. Such thoughts are often legitimate responses to traditional pastoral. . . . But we must regard the pastoral novel as a variation or version--a mutation--of traditional pastoral. It is a hybrid of the pastoral impulse and the realistic novel.[43]

Pursuing the line of reasoning that the impulse did not die with traditional pastoral, but was successfully adapted to a new set of conditions in which a realistic bias was imposed on it, Squires takes exception to Congleton's conclusion and sees traditional pastoral as going through an evolution via realism.

Once the tenet of realism is allowable in pastoral, other equally contradictory elements become acceptable. The concept of work is one which Squires claims was added to the world of traditional pastoral through attitudes like Wordsworth's in "Ode to Duty," which developed into "the glorification of work . . . common to all the Victorians who preached earnestness--Carlyle, George Eliot, and Ruskin in particular" (p. 95).

Seeing the important role leisure plays in the original conception of pastoral, it must be clear how essentially different is Squire's interpretation, and of course the features attending leisure are altered, such as class and occupation. To show how far Squires goes in shedding the original qualities of pastoral, one need only observe his attitude toward Hetty Sorrel, the focal point of sensuous love in Adam Bede, about whom the critic says "In her love of money, she is an anti-pastoral figure" (p. 85). One can only wonder why Squires draws the line at money when he has already admitted work into his pastoral domain.

Justification for thus enlarging the category with characteristics which conflict with the core of pastoral is claimed by Squires through the ideas of such twentieth century critics as William Empson, the first to expand the value system Greg grafted onto pastoral, to include "versions"[44] beyond those produced in the Renaissance and its overflow into the eighteenth century. In his unorthodox critical performance dating back to the 'thirties, he yokes together under the rubric of pastoral, such heterogeneous items as As You Like It, proletarian literature, The Beggar's Opera and Alice in Wonderland. His conception of pastoral as a process of "putting the complex into the simple" (p. 22) was a signal for other such yokings into new patterns, thus expanding the ancient genre along the lines of philosophy rather than form. In other words, he discards the necessity for formal conventions: shepherd becomes the Idea of Simplicity, which can then be expanded into Worker, Beggar, Child or Criminal, always, however, maintaining the larger meaning. Hence the idea of pastoral acquires symbolic overtones. The Idea of Complex, on the other hand, always implies the knowing mind at work behind the facade of Simplicity, the sophisticated voice beyond the "tone of humility normal to pastoral" (p. 19).

Hence the idea of pastoral acquires another dimension: that which is apparent on the surface always implies its hidden opposite. Empson's idea that the pastoral attempts to "reconcile some conflict between the parts of a society" (p. 1) is responsible for future sociological approaches, while his statement that "good proletarian art is usually Covert Pastoral" (p. 6) leaves the door open for later critics to make political interpretations part of the pastoral picture. When Empson points out that the use of myths in proletarian literature "is not as simple as it looks" (p. 16), disciples are inspired to combine pastoral notions with ritualistic ones. Mock-pastoral (such as The Beggar's Opera) opens up a new version, which he calls "realistic sort of pastoral," which "gives a natural expression for a sense of social injustice" (p. 16). And child-oriented literature, fantasies, fairy-tales and fables become fair pastoral game as Empson pronounces Alice in Wonderland to be of that ilk.[45]

Squires also takes the work on pastoral of Renato Poggioli as permission for his own expansion of the genre. "Poggioli successfully analyzes pastoral into various types and so helps to prepare the way for a study like the present one."[46]

The difference between Empson and Poggioli is that Poggioli's vision is an individual, psychological one in contrast to Empson's tendency toward socialization. Like Greg and Gerhardt, he goes back to traditional pastoral for his reference points; like Greg, he searches beyond the works for their motivation. But Poggioli notes that when ancient writers chose a rustic setting, there was no rejection implied toward the city, that the idea of the city is related to heaven, that the idea of being civilized comes from there.[47] Because he remembers the pagan

origins of the mode, his definitions, unlike Empson's, seem to remain in touch with their base, even though he sees pastoral as an evolving mode with contempory expression; for example, all attempts to Christianize pastoral are seen as failures by him (p. 147). For Poggioli, pastoral is generally about more or less ordinary people, in a pleasant natural setting; it has a small scope, is private and aristocratic. The values generated are classical and idealistic. Here specifically, it pursues serenity and rejects what is counter to it--work, ambition, wealth.

Poggioli is aware of such hidden antitheses as Greg notes (see p. 88) and uses them to create the categories to which Squires refers. The pastoral of innocence is examplified by the elderly shepherd in Tasso's Gerusalemme liberata, who has given up the attraction of court life for the obscurity and poverty of a rustic community. The pastoral of happiness, exemplified by the Ameto, is based on the drive toward consummation of the erotic impulse. This category of pastoral is brought up to date when Poggioli says: "Thus many writers of our time have used the pastoral dispensation to justify the claims of homosexual love" (p. 144); Gide's Corydon is the illustration he gives.

Poggioli goes on to expand the ideas in this first essay into two others. While he sees the category of pastoral of friendship as an outgrowth of the pastoral of happiness, he poses another category as opposite to both friendship and happiness, the strain which identifies unhappiness with unrequited love. This category is called pastoral of solitude when it results in rejection of man's love for woman, but when it repudiates love for any object other than the subject itself, he calls it pastoral of the self.

His third essay expands from the psychological approach to view the individual pastoral types of his previously-established categories in situations of social injustice, from the biblical Naboth, to Meliboeus of Virgil's First Eclogue, to Don Quixote's lofty speech to the goatherds, to the Baucis and Philemon episode at the end of Goethe's Faust (Part II).[49] And, since literary history admittedly does not end with Goethe, Poggioli goes on to see a revival of the ideal of social justice, which he has pinpointed as a pastoral ideal, in revolutionary ideology starting with Rousseau and the Utopians, then disillusionment once again with Dostoievsky and the modern Russian poet, Sergey Esenin, who finds that even the humblest village of the Russian countryside no longer holds the prospect of Arcadian interpretation.

The larger ramifications to be drawn from the pastoral view of the social order were already given in Poggioli's first essay: "While creating quasi-pastoral utopias, the modern world destroyed the conventional and traditional pastoral through four cultural trends that arose together and partly coincided. These were the humanitarian outlook, the idea of material progress, the scientific spirit, and artistic realism."[50] Yet Poggioli feels that the pastoral ideal survives in more prosaic forms where primitivistic sentiment stands in for it. He allows for unban pastorals, as Empson does, which still exhibit an underlying yearning for solitude or retreat. Like Empson, he locates a conversion of pastoral into modern fables or fairy tales in works with a childish or animal perspective, such as Lawrence's The Fox, Tolstoy's Kholstomer and Alain-Fournier's Le Grand Meaulnes. And he finds in such works as Gogol's Old-Fashioned Landowners and Tolstoy's Domestic Happiness cases of the inversion of the pastoral dream, or inverted pastoral.

I have dwelt on Poggioli's theories of pastoral because he seems to strike a compromise between the historians and the more radical views of critics like Empson. But notwithstanding his categories which allow for a branching out beyond strictly conventional pastoral, his projection of the genre into modern forms does not contradict the original values of serenity, leisure, retreat, idealism and happiness. What stands out as perhaps questionable in Poggioli's work is the willingness (which he shares with Empson) to see in traditional pastoral a vehicle for social criticism. That he allows the pastoral ideal to drift as far as self-confession seems to go too far; that he, like Empson, assumes that a moral purpose must be served by the mode; that he pays far more attention to character than to setting, thus ignoring the important role of nature as a factor in traditional pastoral; that he over-emphasizes the importance of the role of old age in a genre that traditionally focusses on youth; and that he never discusses the paradigm of pastoral prose, Daphnis and Chloe, claiming that all pastoral is essentially lyrical. If he had, he might not have emphasized the wishful and frustrated aspect of love as much as the active eroticism one finds in it.

Poggioli seems to rival Empson in his influence on the recent trends of pastoral theory. Along with Squires, Robin Magowan, the writer of a dissertation comparing the country novels of Sand to those of Fromentin and Jewett, interprets Poggioli's category of the pastoral of the self to trace the development of pastoral as it leads to George Sand:

> As Poggioli has shown, Rousseau, by taking Narcissus or the Adolescent as the pastoral hero, not only created the new genre of the confessional novel, but at the same time elevated pastoral into a major genre, gave it a richness and amplitude of expression it had not previously known, even during the Renaissance. For by making the pastoral hero identical with the nature that had formed him, Rousseau

> gave the romantic writers leave to render character under the guise of describing external nature. . . . It was Sand who first attempted to combine the two traditions of the utopian and confessional novels.[51]

Nor does this critic consider "confessional pastoral" a contradiction to the statement which he made ten pages earlier: using the triple marriage at the conclusion of As You Like It as a sign of Shakespeare's ability to play one ideal of the good life off against another, Magowan says: "It is this ability to achieve perspective that makes pastoral of all forms of non-personal literature that closest to criticism" (p. 9).

It is my contention that critics such as Squires and Magowan have been misled in their definitions of pastoral by the theories of Empson and Poggioli, which tend to extend the boundaries of the genre to a contradictory point. It seemsto me that that has occurred when Squires is forced to justify the inclusion of the work ethic in his definition of pastoral and when Magowan has to incorporate Renaissance critical perspective and Romantic self-confession and Utopianism into a single heading called pastoral.

Pastoral has come to stand for a host of opposing categories: artificial as well as natural; exile as well as society; solitude as well as community; simple as well as complex; labor as well as leisure; rustic as well as aristocratic. Nor do investigators of the pastoral mode, as well as the others who use the term in relation to Sand and Eliot, indicate an awareness of the category of the rustic novel that could conceivably be a more appropriate candidate for the label of the country novels of the two Georges. Since the practitioners and theoreticians of pastoral as the nineteenth century approached tend to claim the ancient authority of Theocritus for the imposition of realism on the

genre, and since historians of the rustic novel claim possible descent from the ancient pastoral narrative of Longus, I intend now to examine these basic works to ascertain how and whether pastoral and rustic are related and what characteristics of pastoral and rustic may be derived from them.

*

Once again I have occasion to refer to Martha Hale Shackford's essay on the pastoral idyll. It is possible, according to this critic, for an idyll to exist with or without pastoral attributes. When pastoral subject matter is added to the form of the idyll, the result is one of a series of conventional monologues, dialogues or singing matches in which the participant(s) is a shepherd who is versed in singing. Love may be declared, a challenge delivered, gifts offered, wagers laid, umpire appointed, meeting-place chosen. The topics of the songs vary from love and lovers to beauty, happiness or death, and make a great appeal to all the senses.[52] The critic has arrived at this description by observing how the Greek originator handled the form.

More recently, Thomas Rosenmeyer's book length study of the Idylls attempts to correct the latitude and generality of Empson and Poggioli.[53] His initial method is a process of elimination by which he decides, first, what pastoral is not: it "eschews descriptions of nature" (p. 15); it has no dramatic development, action or peripety; it is neither epigrammatic, Hesiodic nor Horatian. Such negative definitions are followed by tentative suggestions as to what the actual qualities are: it can verge on epic or dramatic; it has an affinity for Epicurean Hedonism; its prevalent mood is one of detachment; it is part of the broad category of "idyll."

The values which Rosenmeyer decides may be culled from the genre in the hands of Theocritus are simplicity, leisure and freedom. The first is apparent on a structural level, in the organization of the Idylls as a series of successive units, and in its plain diction and loose syntax. Simplicity is also the key word in character conception where "lack of insight, deficiency in logic, naïveté" (p. 54) dominate. Under the heading of simplicity is also the disengaged tone of pastoral lyricism. "Unlike the subjective, 'confessional' lyricism of the archaic poets, the mood of Theocritean pastoral is public; the authorial reticence is comparable to what we find in drama and epic" (p. 63).

Rosenmeyer sees the second value, leisure, or otium, as the literary counterpart of the Epicurean philosophy, where the goal of calm is to be sought. His interpretation of Lucretius is that "the present is all" (p. 70). This is illustrated in the Idylls by the frequent location in time at the noon hour, which represents a state of suspension to Rosenmeyer's way of thinking. Theocritus' conception of the shepherd's life as one of leisure without hardship and work seems, according to this critic, to be based rather on literary associations than reality, going all the way back to Homer's "Shield of Achilles" passage in the Iliad, as well as on the Epicurean ideal. Love, the ever-important element in pastoral, is "the animating force which enlivens otium" (p. 85), but (unlike Renaissance pastoral) it can never be the grand passion which "shackles and blinds the lover. On the other hand it condones . . . a sexual union which liberates and cleanses even if the sex has to be bought" (p. 81). Rosenmeyer insists, in other words, that love in classical pastoral must be handled by a balance somewhere between consummation and despair, otherwise it

would undo the benefits of otium and dispel the mood of noonday peace.

The third value implied by Theocritean pastoral is freedom, which brings up the economics of pastoral and the social status of its workers. The question arises whether the pastoral shepherd is the owner of his flock. But, whether he is or not, Rosenmeyer points out that, although there are exceptions, "he does not look upon his flock as chattel and instruments of profit, but as associates in pleasure and happiness" (p. 102). The critic notes that although Renaissance pastoral characters show strong awareness of their "place," the pastoral of Theocritus "does not admit class distinctions or pride of race" (p. 104), for those would destroy the otium of the setting. This, too, is connected with the paratactic psychological structure of Theocritus' pastoral, where each creature contributes its special powers with democratic emphasis: none is merged or subsumed; the result is an equality in clarity. Once again, Rosenmeyer relates this characteristic of freedom to the values of the Epicurean garden: "Intimacy without deference, amiability, courtesy and fellow feeling rather than cultivation of the self" (p. 105), and points out how all of these qualities are vital corollaries of pastoral.

Rosenmeyer observes how nature is used in one of two ways in pastoral elegy: either as dying with the person lamented, or as refreshing and consoling, or restorative, and that this poetic tendency is universal. But he denies that this indicates a oneness of man with nature: "It is precisely because man is regarded as essentially different from his surroundings that grief can be assuaged by closing the gap between the two" (p. 114).

There are other characteristics which this critic notes which are rather ingredients than values, but which reiterate and substantiate the

major values. Music, for example, is equivalent to a "natural event," a way the hersdman has of "pleasing himself" (p. 166), and shares in the freedom of the pastoral setting. The necessary ingredient of humor hearkens back to the detachment value originally stressed as a general major characteristic of pastoral. The pleasance, or place where pastoral exists, echoes the criteria of simplicity, freedom and leisure; the grove's main objective is liberation; it has little weight or complexity, nor is it overburdened with detail. Rosenmeyer sees that the tradition of the pastoral lyric was about to enter a new phase when the trees themselves became the recipients of tales of pastoral love: "In the end there were hardly enough trees to accommodate the dolorous or resigned messages gouged into them. The rapprochement of pastoral romance and epistolary novel encouraged the fad further" (p. 203).

The disdain in which Rosenmeyer holds other than lyric manifestations of pastoral should not deter us from pursuing our objective, which is to find a set of criteria whereby to measure pastoral and rustic in the nineteenth century novels of a French and English writer. Certain disparities between classical and Renaissance pastoral must already be apparent. Earlier we noted Van Tieghem's distinction between "l'idylle naïve" and "l'idylle galante." The latter brought with it a complexity and an artificiality unknown to Theocritus, both of which indicate a shift in class focus from the simple herding life to the complicated game-playing of courtly life. Another disparity is clearly the change in attitude toward love from the direct, sensual and natural approach

of Theocritus to the circuitous sentimentalized version in the Renaissance. Greg found Daphnis and Chloe an earlier manifestation of sentiment combined with sensuousness.

Pastoral form already in the Idylls shows inherent tendencies to evoke other genres beside the lyric; its original hexameter verse form has made for a traditional association with epic (but Theocritus' use of the Doric dialect counters any true epic pretensions); and the fact that it is usually written in dialogue, or implied dialogue, form gives it a natural resemblance to the dramatic. The fact, too, that it is associated with detachment of tone on the part of the narrator leads it out of the lyric category into the other less subjective ones. But those earliest associations of the word "pastoral" with lyric poetry, reverberating especially from such terms as "idyll," "eclogue," and "elegy," as they originated in the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Virgil, should not obliterate the fact that ancient Greek literature has also left us a prototype for pastoral fiction. Daphnis and Chloe although neither lyric, epic nor dramatic, must be examined for elements which might appear in subsequent pastoral novels such as the Sand and Eliot which I intend to examine.

Daphnis and Chloe is a unique example of a Greek story with a pastoral setting; it is attributed to the author Longus, whose material and stance place him somewhere between the beginning of the second century A. D. and not much later than the beginning of the third, with the rhetoricians known as Sophists.[54]

There is general agreement among translators and editors of the indebtedness of Longus to Theocritus, who had written perhaps three hundred

years earlier. Moses Hadas ascribes the idyllic atmosphere of Dahpnis and Chloe to Theocritus and claims that the influence of that poet is palpable in names and incidents as well.[55] Concurrence of such influence is found in J. M. Edmond's introduction (p. viii), and in a note (p. xi) where the editor points out the connection between the two authors through mime, since Theocritus' poems were known as dramata boukolika, and the word drama or dramatikos is applied to these romances by Photius (which further emphasizes the tendency of pastoral specimens to wander their their enclosing genres.

The similarities and contrasts between Theocritus' Idylls and Longus' Daphnis and Chloe must be correlated if we are to acquire a set of definitive characteristics. To begin, what Rosenmeyer considers a key ingredient, detachment, is an important factor in both works. In the case of the Idylls, Theocritus achieves detachment by presenting his characters through their dialogues, or implied dialogues, allowing them to reveal their own conditions and concerns, all within the limited range of their pastoral state. The tales his shepherds tell are usually referred to as songs, singing and piping being a major motif in Theocritus and Longus. The stories are sometimes personal and sometimes about friends, sometimes hearsay, but all are placed within the objective frame of the singing contest. The rewards range from a new-carved cup, rubbed with beeswax, to a refreshing draught of goatsmilk and wine. Such prizes are as frequent in the Idylls as the offerings to Pan and the nymphs are in Daphnis and Chloe. There is an example of the kind

of distancing Theocritus uses to create the mood of detachment in Idyll VI, "A Country Singing Match," in which Damoetas, in his friendly contest with the neatherd Daphnis, assumes the role of the monster Polyphemus, explaining the apparent coolness he is showing to his beloved Galatea on the grounds that it is a ploy to excite her love, which is, of course, non-existent.

Longus narrates the story of Daphnis and Chloe with the distance of age and sophistication from the youth and naïveté of the protagonists. Indeed it is this very distance between knowledge and innocence which creates the slender thread that holds the plot suspended, for the boy and girl have simply to learn the facts of life, from the first kiss to the consummation of the sex act with which the story ends. The author relies on the fact that his readers, like himself, are more advanced than the main characters.

Another distancing device which Theocritus and Longus use (as Homer did) is the digressive description of artifacts. The wooden cup in Idyll I, which is offered to Thyrsis for a song, is described in great detail; each of the three carved pictures hints at another story, but these are not connected with the song that Thyrsis sings. In the Prologue to Daphnis and Chloe, Longus describes a series of paintings which he saw in a Lesbian grove, for which he claims his story is the written equivalent. This entrance to the story through a literal frame, as well as the device of having various characters interrupt the narrative with stories extraneous and distracting to the plot--Philetas describing his exquisite garden wherein he encountered Eros; Lamon relating

the origin of the Pan pipes; Daphnis explaining, metaphysically, the phenomenon of the echo--serve to keep the reader at a distance from the characters and to remind him that his involvement is with art.

Such narrative devices are distracting in Daphnis and Chloe, in contrast to the individual dialogue-poems of the Idylls, for Longus has a plot, albeit slight, to unfold: the foundlings, with their rich ornaments, are discovered by separate herders, Daphnis being suckled by a ewe, Chloe by a she-goat; they are raised together, conscientiously tend their flocks together, fall in love, search for physical ways to express and satisfy their love, and finally, after Daphnis gets a love-lesson from an "older woman," they get married and supposedly live happily every after. A critic reminds us that

> the pastoral of Longus is a pastoral from the point of view of the city. The discovery of the children's city origin is regarded as a happy event and produces the dénouement. The visit of the city folk [is] most elaborately prepared for... . . The whole story has an urban enveloping action at the beginning and at the end, in the exposure and the restoration of the children.[56]

Despite the unifying action, there is enough interruption through the conventional use of discrete episodes to recall the catenary fashion in which the Idylls are constructed. But the static mood which was fostered in Theocritus is sacrificed as Longus fills in his main action with additional adventures: Daphnis falls into a wolf trap and is saved by Dorcus and Chloe; Daphnis is kidnapped by pirates and is saved by the supernatural tricks of Pan; so is Chloe; Daphnis' goats are responsible for a near war between the Mytileneans and the Methymneans; Lamon's garden is vandalized. Nevertheless, as Wolff further points out,

these adventures

> have for Daphnis and Chloe no consequences beyond temporary distress; unlike the corresponding incidents in the other Romances, they do not put the lovers in any new situation or set afoot any fresh train of adventures. After each interruption the pastoral goes on as peacefully as before; indeed the interruptions serve an artistic purpose, in deepening by contrast the charm of the quiet life. (p. 124)

Still another method of detachment both Theocritus and Longus use is the way in which they refuse to create sympathy between reader and character even unto the event of death. This will be seen later as part of the Epicurean attitude that death is a natural end to life. And, as we saw earlier, the pastoral elegy in Idyll I intends to assuage grief rather than provoke it. This is true in Daphnis and Chloe as well. The reader cannot possibly sympathize with the main characters over Dorcon's death (the only death in the story) because the reader knows what the naive couple do not, that it was he who, dressed in wolf's clothing, nearly raped Chloe. The fact that he was hacked to death by the same pirates who kidnap Daphnis without harming a hair on the hero's dark curly head is presented matter-of-factly: Dorcon was defending his cattle, and so the pirates carved him up; Daphnis, baby that he is, simply allowed himself to be dragged off, "lamenting . . . and calling loud . . . on the name of Chloe" (Bk. I, p. 53). Dorcon's funeral is described in a brief paragraph as Daphnis and Chloe accompany the relatives in planting and decorating the grave, pouring libations and breaking Pan-pipes, while the cows moo pitifully for their dead master. The pathetic fallacy, inaugurated by Theocritus in Idyll I, is here carried to absurdity by Longus.

The closest the author gets to possible tragedy is when war between the Mytileneans and the Methymneans seems inevitable; ships are dispatched, fields of plunder are taken, the infantry and cavalry are mobilized, and three thousand five hundred of them are sent off by land under the command of the general, Hippasos. But by the next paragraph, the wise general, having quickly marched against the city itself instead of wasting time robbing the farmersand shepherds of their livestock, is greeted by a herald with overtures of peace, for something incredible has happened: their enemies have realized how trivial the quarrel is and are anxious to restore all the plunder and enjoy peaceful communications once again.

Longus' disposal of death and war with neat dispatch has the effect of mocking the epic form. We observed that the hexameter verse pattern of the Idylls brought reminiscences of the epic form into Theocritean pastoral; digressive descriptions of artifacts and recitations of a character's pedigree, as they emerge in the pastoral works at hand, seem to mildly parody the use of such devices in the epic. The use of singing contests parodies the use of physical combat to further mock epic pretentiousness. This tendency carries over into character creation.

Theocritus' use of dialogue becomes the main means of character creation and although the range of characters is limited to the requirements of a pastoral ambiance, the results are simple, but credible, characters. An example is the bantering conversation in Idyll IV, between the goatherd Battus and Corydon, standing in for the oxherd Aegon, who has gone off to take part in the athletic games. Battus teases the other from what he considers is his superior position, until he suddenly

cries out in pain that a thorn is in his foot; Corydon removes it with the mocking admonishment: "O what a tiny wound to overmaster so mighty a man."[57]

Longus, who must sacrifice dialogue to plot-furthering narration, creates characters based on conventional requirements. Love, with a capital "L," is the motivating force; that is to say it comes from outside, in the guise of Eros; less realistic than Theocritus' creations, emerging as more type than individual, the characters in Daphnis and Chloe are still not yet the artificial, masked variety which later appear in European Renaissance pastoral works, and are heirs rather to Virgilian pastoral than to Theocritean.

The plot implies that the hero will undergo a learning process; this requires him to have characteristics opposite to the strong man and lover he is to become. And so, mock-hero Daphnis bursts into tears on innumerable occasions of frustration, whether in bravery or love, but his feelings are always strong and clearly drawn. As in primitive art, there is no shading; we know who is kind and who is cruel. There is also a symmetry which is worked throughout the entire composition. The extreme reactions of the characters are usually motivated by unrequited passion: when Dorcon realizes that Chloe will not return his love he puts on a wolfskin and lies in the underbrush waiting to attack her when she is bringing her flock to the spring; Lampis destroys the carefully nurtured flowers in Lamon's garden because Chloe is unresponsive to him; when Gnathon, the parasite, finds that Daphnis will have nothing to do with his attempts at seduction, he begs to have Daphnis as a slave bursting into tears, kissing the feet of his master, and threatens: ". . . when I have filled my paunch with meat, I'll take a dagger and kill

myself at Daphnis his/sic/ door" (Bk. IV, p. 213).

Longus maintains a uniform simplicity and clarity of characterization, at the same time paying attention to the insertion of a physical or psychological detail which makes for a sharply outlined picture and promotes the pastoral qualities of stillness and detachment. Chloe observes Daphnis washing at the spring: " . . . his hair was long and black, and his body all brown and sunburnt, insomuch that the one seemed to have taken colour from the tother/sic/" (Bk. I, p. 27); Chloe relates to Daphnis the whole story of

> how she scuttled up to Dorcon, how the cows had been accustomed, how she was bidden to play on the pipe, and that their friend Dorcon was dead; only for shame she told him not of that kiss. (Bk. I, p. 27

Daphnis observes Chloe:

> . . . for the first time he marvelled at her hair golden as fire, and her eyes great and gentle like the kine's, and bethought him that her face was truly as white as the milk of his goats. (Bk. I, pp. 36-37

Even those characters associated with the city are drawn typically, in keeping with the pastoral ideal of simplicity: the master is a wise judge in determining the true origin of Daphnis, and a sentimental parent when he discovers that Daphnis is his own son. The mistress has the proper touch of condescension in her admiration of Daphnis' skills as a shepherd and musician. Their son, Astylus, is the ingenuous young squire. Indications that the city is a place where life might not be so simple are in the characters of Gnathon and Lycaenion, but both are conventional types, the parasite and the older woman, probably borrowed from Roman comedy. They broaden slightly the gently humorous tone by which Longus unifies the many disparate elements and resemble the light touch of Theocritus. Humor is one of the minor motifs along with animals, music, story-telling, contests, all of which enhance the pastoral quality.

(Indeed the plot and language of Daphnis and Chloe are so simple, and the moral direction so clearly pointed toward the education of a young man, that it is reasonable to speculate that Longus wrote it with the practical function of teaching the Greek language under the gentle cover of romance. But, although the book as a love-making manual is directed toward the young man, it is very considerate of the young girl and her parents, so far as physical protection and niceties of courtship are concerned.)

There is a distinct alteration in the shepherd type from Theocritus to Longus and once again it is the requirements of narrative which exact it. A prime characteristic of the Theocritean shepherd, according to Rosenmeyer, is his freedom and independence, there being no important distinction between master and slave; this tenet supports the principle of leisure which, as we have seen, is also a crucial aspect of the pastoral outlook for Theocritus. The characters in Daphnis and Chloe are very much part of a class structure, first on the slave side, and after the revelation of their true lineage, on the master side. But more noteworthy is the fact that both main characters are slaves to their destiny, which is predicated on their nobility of birth as well as on the fact that they are entirely in the hands of Eros, who controls their meetings, the growth of their love, their escape from dangers, and indeed their entire fate. Unlike Theocritus' shepherds, they are totally without freedom of will; once struck by the arrow of Love, they are obsessed with relieving the wound.

According to a recent interpretation of the role of Eros by F. C. Christie, Longus resolves the tension between Eros and art on which Theocritus grounded his work. For Longus the only cure for love

is sexual satisfaction, while, as we saw, for Theocritus love is held in a state of suspension. Christie thinks that if Eros is not conceived of as a hostile force, there is no such tension, and that in Daphnis and Chloe, Longus characterizes Eros as "cosmic artificer and cosmic shepherd," the chief causative factor of all:

> Eros and art have therefore been drawn into a higher unity by Longus' adoption of the cosmogonical Eros who is both the instigator of natural passion and the master of all the arts necessary to promote it in the world. . . . The implications for the pastoral of such an innovation are significant. The burden is no longer on the shepherd-poet to bring harmony and beauty out of his experience, because there is already a pre-existing source of this in the god of love himself. In Eros, therefore, Longus has created a synthesis of two poles of this creative tension in the Theocritean aesthetic and has molded them into a new ideal with important implications for the possibility of mutual love and stable marriage.[58]

The fact that Longus needs a reasonable time structure within which to place his plot elicits the solution of following the seasons: Books One and Two cover summer and fall; Book Three, winter and spring and Book Four, summer and fall. This enables the author to fortify the pastoral motif insofar as following the seasonal changes makes for changes in the chores and life style of the characters, but, on the other hand, this seasonal movement interferes with the stationary, leisurely impression of pastoral life as the standard set in the Idylls. The values which coincide with otium--rumination, unpretentiousness, relaxation, privacy--are, in Daphnis and Chloe, tempered with a budding, class-conscious materialism, i.e., a hectic worldliness enters the picture especially with regard to wedding plans, and wealth is given more importance as the story reaches its climax. The structure, based as it is on seasonal changes, reinforces the pervasive use of natural motifs. Unlike Theocritus, who shunned long descriptions of nature and who limited himself to the use of a grove as a background, Longus needs many

more backgrounds to accommodate his characters. There are woods, caves, gardens, seashore, and the foliage and animal life that goes with each. If Theocritus attached any value to nature, it was an an ideal to be imitated. Hence when Thyrsis and the goatherd exchange compliments on their musical abilities, the criterion appears to be how closely the music of each corresponds to the sounds of nature: "something sweet is the whisper of the pine," or "sweetly . . . as the resounding water that gushes down from top of yonder rock" (Idyll I, p. 9).

The other important function nature fulfills is to support the emotions of the characters, as in Idyll I, when Thyrsis sings of how all of nature will weep when Daphnis dies. Longus' concept of nature is similarly humanized, but more earthy; it goes almost to the point of exaggeration as it propels the passions as well as the seasons. For not only is it used as a reflection of man's artistic creativity as in Theocritus, but as a reinforcement of the lovers' moods:

> Now besides this, the season of the year inflamed and burnt them. For now the cooler spring was ended and the summer was come on, and all things were got to their highest flourishing, the trees with their fruits, the fields with standing corn. Sweet then was the singing of the grasshoppers, sweet was the odour of the fruits, and not unpleasant the very blating of the sheep. A man would have thought that the very rivers, by their gentle gliding away, did sing; and that the softer gales of wind did play and whistle on the pines; that the apples, as languishing with with love, fell down upon the ground; and that the Sun, as a lover of beauty unveiled, did strive to undress and turn the rurals all naked. (Bk. I, p. 45)

Animal analogies are frequent: Lampis is like a pig when he destroys the flowers in Lamon's garden; Dorcon attacks Chloe attired in a wolfskin, waiting in the brush. The usual implication is that human beings should be superior to animals. But Longus also shifts the position by suggesting that it is part of the shepherd's simple mentality to use even the animals as an authority for his own behavior:

Lamon takes the infant Daphnis home "conceiving shame within himself if he should not imitate the kindness and philanthropy he had seen even in that goat" (Bk. I, p. 13), and Dryas takes the baby Chloe home because he learns "mercy and love from the sheep" (Bk. I, p. 17). Therefore, animals, which are to be both emulated and disparaged, are a measure of human behavior. Daphnis and Chloe try unsuccessfully to follow the example of the ewes and rams in their lovemaking and Daphnis cries bitterly in his frustration to think that an ox knows more about love than he does.

To sum up the correlation of pastoral criteria from Theocritus to Longus, they both value the detached point of view--objective, disengaged, removed from their less sophisticated characters; they both value simplicity--structural, syntactical and as a trait in their characters, the limited nature of whose capacity reinforces the disengaged tone of the narration, enhancing the public, non-lyrical mood. They both value "the moment"--when time stops and functions of body and place take over, although Longus is pressed by the exigencies of plot to push on with his story. They both value the leisure that accompanies the moment of stillness. Neither Daphnis nor Chloe, in spite of repeatedly cutting green leaves for their animals to eat, ever seems overworked; their chores are rather like minor motifs, cool, peaceful interludes which separate the heated attempts at love-making.

The particular criterion which Rosenmeyer culls from Theocritus--that in order not to dispel the static, leisurely mood of otium, love in classical pastoral works exists in a state of perfect suspension between consummation and despair--is precisely what Daphnis and Chloe act out; in other words, what exists in the pastoral lyric as

a pervasive mood, becomes a moving but balanced plot line in pastoral narrative.

There is an apparent divergence of values between Longus and Theocritus with regard to the characteristic of freedom not only as related to the lack of free will on the part of Longus' lovers, but in the societal context as well. Theocritus' shepherds seem free of social differences, whereas class and wealth distinctions are built into Longus' work. But here again the prose writer seems more impelled by the needs of his genre to create a world or an image of society that is somewhat based on reality, rather than to promote any particular social ethic. Considering the fact that Lamon's status as a slave is not mentioned until the final Book IV, directly preceding the impending visit of the master, which event is crucial to the dénouement, the distinctions in rank appear quite unimportant. On the other hand, once the master element enters, class is a factor to contend with. Only after the revelation takes place and Daphnis and Chloe are matched in class and wealth as well as in all their pastoral attributes are we told that they return to the same kind of democratic existence they had before their social standing was revealed; complexities of rank and riches are evidently dispensable only in the simpler, more joyous land of sheep, goats, fruit and milk. Mr. Christie's conclusion that in Daphnis and Chloe Eros is shown as a cosmic proponent of domestic bliss confirms this difference in the importance of social elements from Theocritus to Longus.

Just as Rosenmeyer makes a convincing case for the Idylls having a philosophical base in Epicurus, so it is possible to see Longus as following in the same tradition through the reinterpretation of Epicurus by Lucretius in De Rerum Natura. Considering the earliest possible date

of Daphnis and Chloe as about 100 A.D., there is a gap of at least one hundred fifty years from Lucretius (ca. 96-55 B.C.) to Longus. But if we consider that Lucretius' reiteration of Epicurus, two-hundred years after Epicurus' death (270 B.C.), is a sign of the vitality of the latter's philosophy, there is no reason not to allow that Daphnis and Chloe is a continuation of the same Epicurean tradition, especially in view of certain possible connections which follow.

Mytilene, the scene of Daphnis and Chloe, was the actual site of Epicurus' early teaching career before he established his permanent school in Athens. Basic to both Epicurus and Lucretius is the wish to dispel the fear men have of the gods:

> And this is the first of Nature's basic principles:
> nothing can ever be produced by the gods from nothing.
> For indeed a mighty terror holds mankind in chains,
> because they see things happen on earth and in the sky
> whose causes they have not the power to understand,
> and so men think that they are done by divine control.
> Therefore, when we see that nothing can come from nothing,
> we shall better understand what we are seeking:
> the origins from which all things can be created
> and how they all are made without the help of gods. (ll. 149-154)[59]

While the will of Eros is pervasive in Daphnis and Chloe, it is always benign. The role of the other gods is kept to a minimum, with Pan presiding in a somewhat bumbling and dramatic fashion. The story is told how Pan invented the Pan-pipes because a beautiful singer successfully avoided him by disappearing into a marsh. In his angry search, he cut down the reeds, then got the clever idea to join them together with wax--tying "unequal quills, because their love was so unequal" (p. 117). This explanation of tonal differences based on lengths of pipe shows a typically Lucretian concern for finding a logical explanation for physical phenomena. The grain of truth is, however, embedded in one of Longus' typically and intentionally unimpressive mythologies, that is to say

the story is told for the sake of story-telling, not for convincing the reader that anything but that lone lesson in the physics of sound is true. Another typical example is Daphnis' explanation to Chloe of the phenomenon of the echo. As Longus begins this episode, it is clear that he understands the physical nature of an echo very well:

> For a hollow valley below received into itself that shrill sound as into an organ, and by an imitating voice rendered from itself all that was said, all that was done, and everything distinctly by itself; by itself the clattering of the oars, by itself the whooping of the seamen; and certainly it was a most pleasant hearing. The sound coming first from the sea, the sound from the land ended so much the later by how much it was slower to begin. (Bk. III, c. 15)

Evidently, by the time Longus wrote Daphnis and Chloe, the Lucretian explanation of the echo was well-digested:

> So one voice must be split up into many voices,
> since it divides itself into many separate ears,
> imprinting clearly on each the shape and sound of the word.
> But some voices do not fall upon any ears,
> and these are dispersed to the winds and thus completely lost.
> But some strike on solid objects and bounce back,
> deluding our ears with the imitation of a word.
> If you understand this fact, you can give the reason
> for yourself and others too: why, in lonely places,
> the rocks and crags return the shapes of words in order
> when we seek our wandering friends in the shady mountains,
> calling them with loud voices in all directions.
> I have seen places give back six or seven echoes
> when you shout only once: so did hill to hill
> reverberate the words and echo and re-echo. (ll. 565-579, p. 115)

The myth that Daphnis tells Chloe by way of an explanation is the traditional one of how, owing to Pan's anger, the nymph's daughter, Echo, is torn to pieces and her limbs scattered about the whole earth by shepherds and goatherds maddened by Pan. Immediately following Lucretius' explanation quoted above is a reference to the false explanations of superstitious folk of the very type that Daphnis uses with Chloe:

> These are the places the neighbors imagine to be haunted
> by goat-footed satyrs and nymphs, and then come tales of fauns,
> who with their nocturnal noises and jolly games

> are thought to break the silent stillness of the night,
> with resonant strings and sweet and plaintive melodies
> that come from the pipes touched by the players' fingertips.
> And farmers in the neighborhood all stop and listen,
> while Pan is shaking the pine-leaves covering his head,
> half human, playing the reedy pipes with curving lips,
> to keep a constant flow of melody in the woods. (Bk. IV, 580-589, pp. 115-11

The cruelty of Longus' myth is reminiscent of the illustration which Lucretius uses, of Agamemnon's sacrifice of his daughter at Aulis, to show how men should neither fear nor respect gods who require such cruelty of men. (Bk. I, 84-100, p. 4)

Furthermore, all the "miracles" performed by Pan to rescue Daphnis or Chloe from dangers are more ludicrous than awesome, and when Daphnis and Chloe are swearing oaths of love to one another, Chloe rejects Pan as inappropriate to keep love's faith since he is an incurable skirtchaser. Better to swear by her herd of goats, she says.

The only deity whom Lucretius mentions with any sympathy is, predictably, Venus. The poem begins with an introduction in her praise in which Lucretius converts her into the goddess of nature--and a proper deity for this didactic poem of epic proportions which celebrates nature, the creation and the universe. Longus admits only Venus' son into the destinies of Daphnis and Chloe. As has already been pointed out, Eros is in total charge of the fate of the lovers.

Longus' seasonal structure, containing the appropriate herding and harvesting chores, illustrates the Lucretian concept that all things are produced from "specific seeds" (Bk. I, 189, p. 6) and grow during their special seasons, and that man, as part of nature, may leave his mark on nature--"cultivated soil is better than uncultivated" (Bk. I, 208-209, p. 7). Of prime importance for classical pastoral theory is that the general aspect of Lucretian nature, although occasionally given to the wild and isolated landscape, is a benevolent one:

> And so nothing returns to nothing, but everything
> returns when broken into its component atoms.
> Lastly, raindrops disappear when Father Aether
> throws them down into the lap of Mother Earth.
> But fresh new crops arise, the branches on the trees
> put on new leaves, becoming heavy with their fruit;
> and hence comes nourishment for men and animals;
> hence we see happy cities flourishing with children,
> and leafy woods a-twitter with the songs of fledglings;
> hence fat and weary cattle in rich pasture-lands
> lie down to rest their bodies, and a mildy stream
> flows from their swollen udders; hence the newborn calves
> frolic gaily on shaky legs through the tender grass;
> their baby minds are drunk on undiluted milk.
> So things do not completely die, as they seem to do
> since Nature always re-creates one thing from another,
> and nothing can be born save by another's death. (Bk. I, [illegible], p.)

From the last three lines we see that it was the Lucretian ideal to rid men not only of their fear of the Gods and their superstitions, but of the fear of death as well, by pointing out the unreality of an after-life and the balance between life and death which Nature requires; at the same time, Lucretius emphasizes the pleasures of each moment of existence in both sensation and knowledge, which is based on sensation or perception. Surely these are the main paths on which Longus directs his characters, rarely giving a thought to anything but life and its perpetuation. Longus treats death only once, in Book I, when Dorcon, dying, begs a kiss from Chloe in return for which he tells her how to save Daphnis by playing a tune on his pipe: "Thus spake Dorcon and received his last kiss; and together with the kiss and his voice, breathed out his soul. But Chloe, taking the pipe and putting it to her lips, began to play and whistle as loudly as possibly she could" (Bk. I, p. 55). So that while we saw all of nature anticipate the grief of Daphnis' death in Idyll I, in Daphnis and Chloe we see that nature (Chloe's kiss), aided by art (Dorcon's pipe), creates a balance whereby death (Dorcon's) is a means to save life (Daphnis'). The attitudes of both Longus and Theocritus, in true Epicurean tradition, tend to assuage rather than provoke the fear of death.

The foregoing comparison of the Idylls and Daphnis and Chloe has, I think, shown that there are strong reasons for connecting them, especially on a philosophical level. The fact that Longus imposes a social structure around his pastoral nucleus is determined by his narrative requirements. Therefore, I propose to use Daphnis and Chloe as a model for pastoral narrative against which to measure future attempts in the genre.

As far as criteria are concerned, one would expect a pastoral novel to have a frame-like structure where the outside world, with concerns of money, class, power or struggles of a worldly nature, enters momentarily for contrast, pointing up the enclosed, protected, Arcadian setting. This setting would be primarily a natural one, outdoors; a pleasance, a garden or any form of locus amoenus, showing the taming hand of man.

A fable-time based on the passage of the seasons, perhaps emphasizing the fertile ones, would be a corollary. However, the larger time structure should give the feeling of timelessness or removal from worldly, historical time. It follows that the general mood emanating from a pastoral story should be tranquil, with a limited range from melancholy to joyous, from elegiac to jubilant, but never broadly comic; this is in keeping with its narrow scope.

The narrative tone shows the importance of detachment to the pastoral mood; it is distant and benevolent, that of a fond ancestor to his child-like characters, whose voices range from lamenting to boisterous. The characters might be various country types, especially herders, with special focus on the youthful lovers, but including old people, children, animals and mythological creatures. They are motivated simply--by surface rather than in-depth characterization.

For such characters, the appropriate action is domestic as opposed to epic; that is making love, not war. Their conflicts are of an intimate, not cosmic, nature. Their favorite activity is a form of play that includes the various rituals pertinent to their daily lives--eating, drinking, dancing, singing, piping, story-telling, love-making, nurturing, herding--all of these associated with leisure, happy sociability and making life orderly.

The surface texture of the story reflects these variations in activity and therefore includes much dialogue, especially in contest form or love exchanges; the third person narration allows second and first person interruptions, as well as insertions of songs, poems, stories, dreams, morals, adages, and myths. Descriptions of outdoor nature are interwoven with those of character and plot.

Behind these characteristics lies the conviction of optimism. Nature is seen as good and provident toward human beings who follow an essentially happy, pleasurable course in their education into adulthood, society, life and its reproduction. All human urges are satisfied with the final wedding, aesthetic, ritualistic and ideological.

As the genre evolves in the Renaissance, it acquires a refinement of these basic characteristics. The retreat aspect of the setting is emphasized, sometimes implying an active rejection of court or city life. The time movement backwards to a Golden Age introduces a new element of mystical ia. The characters are not actually in touch with an earthly existence; they are aristocrats wearing the masks of country people. But essentially the pro-vita philosophy is similar.

The rustic novel, I think, may be seen as an outgrowth of the original prototype in various ways. Longus does not at all omit the in-

clusion of realistic details to enhance the condition of his characters. Indeed, he relishes them. Money enters the story when Daphnis is sent to a wrecked ship in search of treasure. His guidepost is a rotting dolphin which emits a foul stench. After being initiated into the mysteries of sex by Lycainion, Daphnis is warned by her explicitly to expect blood when he initiates Chloe. When Lamon prepares the estate for his master's visit, he purges the springs and carries the manure out of the yard, so that the smell will not offend. When Lampis ravages the garden, only the muddy ground is left,and the bees hover over the torn flowers like flies over a wounded carcass. Quantities of milk, cheese, fruit, wine and roast meats are devoured on various occasions. The outdoor setting, seasonal time, domestic plot, country types, are also comparable.

Where the prototype of pastoral diverges from rustic is in its revelation of Daphnis and Chloe as aristocratic. The protagonists of the rustic genre are really peasants. This basic difference places a different emphasis on the concepts of work and leisure. As work takes a larger role in the rustic novel, so do money and privation. When agricultural labor is presented in the rustic novel, and treated in a realistic manner, it admits the potential to question nature's reliability, thus opening the way for pessimistic as well as optimistic conclusions. As we saw, Van Tieghem points out such divergent tendencies in the rustic novel. One may conclude that when a rustic novel exhibits an idealistic point of view, it can be considered as having evolved from the original pastoral mode.

Armed as we now are with formal definitions, and with a knowledge of each author's inclinations, I shall go on to apply the criteria for pastoral and rustic to the country novels of George Sand and George Eliot.

Chapter 1

The Pastoral Tradition in French Fiction

During the Middle Ages, the writing of pastoral in Europe went underground. As W. W. Greg puts it, " . . . though it nowhere actually disappeared, /it/ is reduced to the merest trickle."[1] Warner Patterson concurs when he says that French pastoral does not derive directly from the pastourelle.[2]

Where, then, does l'Astrée (1607), which has been called the first French novel,[3] and an undisputed pastoral work, have its origin? The chief source[4] is Montemayor's Diana Enamorada, published in Spain in about 1560 and translated into French in 1578. It combines the pastoral story of the shepherd Sireno's love for a nymph, kept from fruition by many obstacles, with a background story of war in the chivalric manner. Prior to Montemayor's pastoral narrative was the Arcadia of Sannazarro, which appeared in Italy in 1504 and was translated into French in 1544. This was purely pastoral, with no admixture of chivalry, and, Greg tells us, was fashioned after the Ameto of Boccaccio, even though the latter preceded it by one hundred fifty years. It was Boccaccio who established for future Renaissance pastoral narrative the interwoven form of prose and verse, as well as the setting of what Saintsbury calls a "purely sensual and pagan paradise in which love with all its pains and raptures reigns supreme."[5]

Other continental sources which fed into l'Astrée were the chivalric Orlando Furioso of Ariosto; Books I through XII of Amadis of Gaul, translated from the Spanish during the 1540's; Tasso's pastoral Aminta, and Cervantes' Galatea. There had actually been minor French romances

in the pastoral mode which preceded l'Astrée: Belleforêt's La Pyrénée - et Pastorale Amoureuse (1571) and Les Bergeries de Juliette (1585) of Nicolas de Montreux, but during the sixteenth century the pastoral mode in France was primarily still expressed in poetic and dramatic forms.

Of equal influence, according to Patterson, were the classical sources, among them Theocritus' Idylls, Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics and the Greek romances of Longus, Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius, all of which were available to the French audience by the latter half of the sixteenth century. Bishop Amyot's translation of Daphnis and Chloe appeared in 1559. However, F. M. Warren doubts whether the simple Greek story had much impact on such Renaissance creations as l'Astrée:

> The novel of Longus, in spite of the attention it received from humanists and admirers of classical antiquity, did not modify at all in renascent Europe the trend of pastoral writing. It was too simple, too calm, too unromantic, to appeal to the warriors of Henry IV or the navigators of Queen Elizabeth.[6]

Therefore, to sum up the origin of l'Astrée, it represents a form of pastoral new in the tradition of French literature, based on a reworking of classical pastoral ideas, colored by Italian and Spanish conceptions, with an admixture of ideas from the continental chivalric tradition.

The briefest look at Honoré d'Urfé's masterpiece shows a prolixity which illustrates how untenable the comparison is with Longus' story. A total of more than five thousand pages, it consists of five volumes, each containing twelve books, which appeared, after perhaps fifteen years of preparation, in installments beginning in 1607, 1610 and 1619. When d'Urfé died in 1625, he left a completed fourth part, which his secretary Baro published in 1627, together with his own conclusion. The dominant love story, that of Celadon and Astrée, thwarted by parental objections, must remain secret. Other complications include the rumors, spread by

a rival, that Celadon is unfaithful, his banishment by the uncompromising Astrée, his attempted river suicide, his rescue unknown to Astrée by three nymphs, the infatuation of the Princess Galathée with him, his protection by the druid priest Adamas, his disguise as a daughter of Adamas named Alexis and his subsequent friendship with Astrée in this disguise, the invasion of the country by traitors, the defense under Adamas' direction, the complex stratagem whereby Celadon abandons his disguise as Alexis to come back from the dead to Astrée, the mortification of Astrée who remembers all her intimacies with her 'girlfriend' Alexis, Celadon's second banishment by her, his attempt at self-sacrifice at the fountain of lions and unicorns, the miracle of his salvation through fidelity, Astrée's yielding, and their reconciliation and marriage.

This single love story, however, would not have been sufficient to comprise the bulk of the work. In addition, there are dozens of other lovers, exhibiting a spectrum of amorous behavior, whose stories are told in the form of individual narratives, letters and sonnets. All the characters are in the guise of shepherds, shepherdesses or nymphs, but are actually young men and women of the aristocracy, with seemingly little else to do but play at love. As d'Urfé himself states in his address to Astrée:

> . . . si l'on te reproche que tu ne parles pas le langage de villageois, et que toy ny ta troupe ne sentez guères [sic] les brebis ny les chèvres, responds leur, ma bergère, que pour peu qu'ils aient connoissance de toy, ils sauront que tu n'es pas, ny celles aussi qui te suivent, de ces bergères nécessiteuses, qui pour gagner leur vie conduisent leurs troupeaux aux pasturages, mais que vous n'avez toutes pris cette condition que pour vivre plus doucement et sans contrainte.[7]

The formalized behavior of the lovers and the conventions to which they must adhere are dictated by the chivalric code evolving through

the Renaissance Platonic influence, which had already been set forth in Montemayor, where the love situation of each lover is analyzed according to established laws of love, judged, and sentenced with the most honorable and refined standards of behavior as a guide. According to the twelve tables of the laws of love set forth in l'Astrée, the lover must love infinitely and uniquely, with constancy and altruism, always conscious of his honor and hers--even if it should turn out to be less than he gave her credit for. He must never utter his desires, must love all that she loves, be with her always at least in thought, be prepared to sacrifice all to the honor of her love, and never entertain the idea that their love could have an end. L'Astrée came from and promulgated this tradition. As Saintsbury says: ". . . nothing did so much to create and spread the rather rococo notion of pseudo-Platonic love in France through Europe, as the Astrée itself."[8]

Nothwithstanding their disguises and d'Urfé's Arcadian setting in Forez on the river Lignon (which honors the seat of his own ancient family)in the timeless era of the fifth century A.D., his contemporaries knew that "de grands personnages du temps seraient cachés derrière les héros du roman."[9] That the figure of Astrée is actually Diane de Chateaumorand, d'Urfé's sister-in-law and later his wife, seems certain from the heading to Volume III, in which he mentions her name; nor is there any doubt that he was depicting himself in the character of Celadon, as other poets in the pastoral tradition had done before him.[10]

D'Urfé seems to have conceived the idea for l'Astrée during the French civil wars, when he sided with La Ligue against the King under the leadership of the Duc de Nemours. When, in 1595, d'Urfé was taken prisoner, Diane de Chateaumorand paid his ransom. Nemours died shortly

thereafter, the league of noblemen crumbled, and d'Urfé was persona non grata until he and Diane married in 1600 and he regained the favor of the French court. The spirit of l'Astrée may therefore be seen in the context of the fatigue of civil war and the relief resulting from the re-establishment of peace by the firm authority of the king. As the commentator on l'Astrée writes: "C'est la paix que célèbre et que fait aimer le roman de d'Urfé; le farouche ligueur fait amende honorable."[11] The fact that Volume II is dedicated to Henry IV confirms that good relations had apparently been restored.

L'Astée differs from the original Greek pastoral novel mainly in its complexity of plot, but also in its domination by a single class. It is by a nobleman, for a court audience, and about aristocrats in disguise acting out a complicated dance of love according to a multitude of rules which can be tested in an infinitude of variations. The use of shepherd garb, Arcadian setting and timeless ambience are simply conventions culled from antique forms of pastoral where they have a closer connection with reality.

In Daphnis and Chloe the class of characters ranges from simple country rustics of all ages to the upper-class city persons who enter only peripherally to explain the mysterious origin of the foundlings. The activities of the characters, though they consist primarily of frustrated love-making, include a broader spectrum than in l'Astrée--herding, eating, drinking, dancing, singing, piping, contests, story-telling, harvesting--all presented in the context of sociability. They differ as well in narrative tone, for the French Renaissance version of pastoral is disguised autobiography. The young hero takes himself and love plights seriously; his complaints are directed against an established

culture which inhibits true love through parental control of a child's choice of mate. Longus' narrator is removed from his characters through age and class. He presents them in a benevolent tone; he is amused, but untouched, by the foibles which are causing their tears. L'Astrée and Daphnis and Chloe are similar in their variety of texture, as well as in their general structure and scope. In both, the outside world, concerned with money, war, class, power, etc., enters only as a frame, for contrast, emphasizing the enclosed, protected setting in which little of an epic nature could take place. Furthermore, despite their many layers of refinement, the meanings inherent in both are similar; the basic theme of education from innocence to knowledge in the ways of love implies a pro vita optimism, a belief in the deeper impulses of human nature, and a confidence in its natural origins. Both end in marriage. In both disillusionment seems to lie behind the need for reiteration of faith in humanity.

L'Astrée was enormously popular and bred many imitations in its own time. By the eighteenth century, however, it was reproached on the grounds of indecency, verbosity and artificiality. According to Magendie, it was hardly read, "sauf par Rousseau,"[12] until, little by little, interest in it returned in the latter part of the nineteenth century. We have seen how George Sand had occasion to refer to the mannered bergeries and the Lignon in her preface to François le Champi (1847). As she noted later in Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré (1858):

> Il ne faut pas trop se moquer de l'Astrée, et même il faut voir avec intérêt la vogue de ce livre. C'est, au milieu des turpitudes sanguinaires des guerres civiles, un cri d'humanité, un chant d'innocence, un rêve de vertu qui montent vers le ciel.[13]

One historian, Léon Levrault, sees the line of pastoral novel going directly from d'Urfé to Sand when he claims that ". . . ses paysanneries sont uniques dans un pays où l'on n'avait eu encore que l'Astrée."[14] But historians generally find Rousseau to be an intermediary. Saintsbury makes the connection from d'Urfé to "the better side of Jean Jacques a full century later,"[15] in his discussion of the development of the sentimental novel. The kindred sentimentality which emerged from l'Astrée to meet the emotional soul of Rousseau is traced back to Montemayor by Warren:

> . . . the sentimentality of Diana has developed into the sensibility of La Nouvelle Héloise, and . . . the appeal to romantic passion, which was sounded from the Tagus to the banks of the Lignon, found its lasting echoes among the hills which shut in the blue waters of Lake Geneva. The melancholy of Sireno, who loved the wife of another, is repeated in the longings of St. Preux and in the despair of Werther. While all the heroes of the romantic school in literature renew, in their complaints, the refrain which wooed in vain the cruel beauties who pastured their flocks by the pleasant brooks which watered the tablelands of Leon and Castile. [sic][16]

The implied connection made above between the lovers' passion and the natural surroundings is made explicit by Henri Coulet:

> La poésie du souvenir, la mélancolie, la rêverie, les plaintes, s'accorde avec le cadre agreste qui trouve ici sa raison d'être, comme le lac et les montagnes dans La Nouvelle Héloise: rapprochement d'autant plus légitime que, comme Rousseau, d'Urfé retrouve ses émotions personnelles dans le paysage où se déroule le roman.[17]

However, a distinction must be made here between the unpredictable, irresistible force of nature as a vast, uncontrollable power to which the lovers must eventually succumb in La Nouvelle Héloise and the controlled, conventionalized version of nature in the Renaissance pastoral, where it is everpresent but mentioned only in passing. It is as refined as the lovers and, although Celadon addresses his complaints to the river Lignon, it is with the implied irony that the river cannot really help.

The tragic conclusion of Rousseau's novel, I think, also interferes with its placement in the pastoral category.

A characteristic of the romantic writer--and Rousseau is one--is, according to N. H. Clement, a lyrical interpenetration of the writer and nature, whereas the bucolic mood--typified by cultivated fields, gardens and sunlight--is rather a classical stance.[18] From Rousseau to George Sand is a logical step in the progression as Clement finds many aspects of romanticism in the Frenchwoman; he likens her descriptions of nature to Saint-Pierre's and Walter Scott's (who excluded lyricism from their depictions of nature, thereby setting an example for realistic description), claiming: "There is no interpenetration in Sand, but she poetizes nature."[19]

Two recent writers of doctoral dissertations consider that Rousseau is connected with pastoral not only on the grounds that his landscape descriptions were exploited for purposes of personal revelation, but also because he saw the country as a place where the ills of the city could be corrected. Christie McDonald Vance finds that in La Nouvelle Héloise Julie and Wolmar create a pastoral utopia at Clarens which serves as a positive balance for the anti-pastoral, evil city of Paris.[20] Robin Magowan sees George Sand as an heir to Rousseau's attitude toward the country on both grounds.[21]

Though the influence of l'Astrée on Sand is slight, that of Rousseau is not, where indebtedness exists on many counts including pastoral. Sainte-Beuve claims that Sand's characters "take on the features of a certain idealism which puts them in the Rousseau tradition."[22] Thibaudet calls her "Fille spirituelle de Rousseau" in the sense that her novels have an autobiographical aspect, while those scholars who

are interested in Sand's regionalism establish the connection with Rousseau through her research into folklore. L. Vincent, in her study of the role which the region of Berry plays in Sand's work, finds that "C'est toujours à Rousseau qu'il faut revenir quand on veut retrouver le véritable initiateur de George Sand." Along with Rousseau, Vincent cites Bernardin de Saint-Pierre as an author whom the young Sand adored, claiming that "Paul et Virginie . . . faisaient ses délices. Les charmes de la vie primitive et champêtre firent sur elle une vive impression."[23] Rudolph Zellweger, who studies the origin of the rustic novel, also finds in Sand an "ancienne et fervente disciple de Rousseau" who tries in her idylls to recall "le paradis perdu de la vie primitive."[24] The theorist Paul Vernois, in his concise summary of the evolution of the rustic genre, indicates a connection between Rousseau and Sand:

> Le genre souvent tenté, plus rarement réussi, voyait au surplus ses traditions mal établies. Celles-ci, ébauchées avec les idylles de Théocrite, égarées dans la préciosité Européene du XVI^e siècle ou française du XVII^e, s'embarrassaient de préjugés philosophiques ou de mièvreries rêveuses au XVIII^e, se métamorphosaient au contact des oeuvres Allemandes et Suisses pour se confondre finalement avec un retour aux folklores provinciaux, chers à l'imagination romantique.[25]

Vernois does us the favor of reminding us that writers like Saint-Pierre and Florian in the mid-eighteenth century were re-reading Daphnis and Chloe for their pastoral inspiration; Florian, this critic claims, revises the French idea of pastoral into one to which Sand could subscribe. In Florian's Essai sur la pastorale, inserted as a foreword to the novel Estelle (1788), Florian suggests that a pastoral novel should imitate the verisimilitude of drama by simplifying the amount of action, an excess of which made l'Astrée unbearable, and limiting distances to those reasonable enough for characters to travel.

He proscribes the use of magic or of any character unconnected with the shepherds and shepherdesses. He emphasizes the tradition of the virtuous, sensitive hero, the mixture of prose and poetry, and the feeling of love for a particular setting.[26] According to Vernois:

> . . . le roman rustique . . . avec G. Sand . . . reste étrangement fidèle à l'idéal florianesque. Le genre prend pour cadre le village, pour sujet une idylle d'adolescents et célèbre tantôt modestement, tantôt sur le mode majeur le charme du pays natal et les douceurs d'un terroir, qu'il s'agisse du Berry ou des hautes solitudes de l'Escandorgue. . . .après Estelle où l'on assistait à la tonte des moutons et au départ d'un troupeau pour la montagne, la Pastorale purement irréele, indifférente aux scènes de la vie champêtre, était définitivement abandonée. G. Sand était donc encore fidèle à Florian en inclinant discrètement ses idylles au réalisme, ouvrant par là une voie féconde à tous ses successeurs.[27]

It must be made clear that if Sand is, as Vernois claims, in the Florian line, it is unacknowledged. She herself refers to "le Lignon de Florian,"[28] in the preface to François le Champi, thereby telescoping two centuries of French pastoral by placing d'Urfé and Florian in the same category of artificial pastoral. Otherwise Sand does seem to fit in with Florian's revisions of pastoral theory, as does Saint-Pierre.

Paul et Virginie, with its sensitive adolescent main characters, whose naive feelings are couched in language which, if relatively simple, is also consciously literary, and its richly detailed picture of exotic nature, follows Florian's advice. Philosophically, Saint-Pierre and Rousseau are in the same camp as regards their views of the corruption of civilization and the need to return to a primitive condition for the purpose of purification. They also share the seriousness that such a vision implies, which emerges in the tragic turn both novels take, and which is out of keeping with the usual pastoral ending.

It is interesting that Vernois is not the only critic who revives Longus at this juncture in the history of pastoral, for as we saw Greg states:

> Longus' romance finds its true descendant, as well as its closest imitation, in a work that achieves celebrity on the eve of the French revolution, that masterpiece of unreal and sentimental simplicity, Saint-Pierre's Paul et Virginie.[29]

Sand refers to "les bergers de Longus jusqu'à ceux de Trianon," as representative of "la vie primitive" or "la vie pastorale" toward which men have always aspired, especially in tumultuous times.[30] Therefore, along with d'Urfé, Rousseau, Florian and Saint-Pierre, we must--among Sand's French progenitors in the genre of so-called pastoral fiction--also count the Greek originator, Longus, and, by implication his ideological forebear, Theocritus.

It should now be possible to examine Sand's individual rustic novels, as well as her expressed pastoral intentions regarding each one, to see how close she comes to fulfilling these and how her achievements in the rustic genre are related to her sources in that tradition. Before attempting this, however, I shall briefly examine the work that immediately precedes the rustic trilogy--the socialist novels--for connections.

*

From December 1, 1840, when the keynote of her socialism was first sounded in Le Compagnon du tour de France, to October 1845, when she wrote La Mare au Diable, Sand produced--aside from more characteristic works like Consuelo (1842) and La Comtesse de Rudolstadt (1843)--a series of novels, sketches and articles which promoted the ideas of Pierre Leroux. In November 1841, the Revue indépendante came into being under the directorship of Sand, Leroux and Louis Viardot after Sand's break with the

Revue des Deux Mondes, which had refused to publish Le Compagnon. In their new journal Sand published Horace and "Mouny Robin" in 1841 and "Dialogues familiers sur la poésie des prolétaires" in 1842. By the end of that year, financial difficulties effected a change in the directorship of the Revue indépendante, but Sand continued her collaboration with it. In 1843, her short polemical work, "Fanchette," appeared, which publicized the plight of foundlings and was based on an actual case in the Berry area.

In 1844 Sand published her first attempt at regionalism, Jeanne, which brings to light many Berrichon customs and superstitions, with an attempt to give them anthropological significance, against an accurately projected landscape of the area. The fact that much of the novel takes place in a town of this region, and that the heroine, a poor shepherdess, is given the artificial characteristics of a druid priestess combined with Joan of Arc, makes its mood different from that of her next three rustic novels. In September of the same year, another journal was founded under Sand's inspiration, though not her actual leadership: the Eclaireur de l'Indre, which published four of her articles on the subject "La politique et le socialisme." Two more novels of socialist persuasion appeared in 1845: Le Meunier d'Angibault and Le Péché de M. Antoine. Leroux had, in the previous year, collaborated in a double enterprise: printing and agriculture. The result was the Revue sociale which published excerpts from Sand's preface to La Mare au Diable in December 1845. The text published by Leroux differs from the manuscript text and the printed one, which are more or less the same. The editors of La Mare au Diable speculate:

> Les corrections, plutôt malheureuses, sont dues, semble-t-il, à P. Leroux, qui, plus encore que le style, a voulu corriger, ou du moins préciser les idées. G. Sand n'en tiendra guère compte lorsqu'elle publiera La Mare au Diable dans Le Courrier français, du 6 au 15 février 1846.[31]

These events seem to signal a diminution of the Sand-Leroux liaison.

Sand's biographer, Wladimir Karénine, whose four volumes appeared during the first quarter of this century, does not mention the above details. She condemns the traditional division of Sand's work into three or four distinct categories, claiming that from Valentine (1832) on, Sand's work, including the socialist novels, contains descriptions of rustic types and manners.[32] Jeanne is an example, this author finds, of the overlapping of socialist and rustic categories.[33] Karénine further contends that Sand's motive, to escape from the actual catastrophic events of 1848, although stated by Sand herself in the Preface to La Petite Fadette, was not really behind the inspiration for these novels:

> . . . l'effroi qu'ils produisirent et le désir d'oublier la sanglante actualité dans l'idylle champêtre, ne sont aucunement les vraies causes de la genèse de ces romans.[34]

Nor does the biographer give an alternative motivation.

On the other hand, Rudolph Zellweger finds it possible to separate the rustic trilogy from what preceded it on the following grounds:

> . . . les oeuvres consacrées uniquement au monde champêtre et notamment la 'trilogie rustique' qui est aujourd'hui le plus solide titre de gloire de George Sand, constituent dans l'ensemble de son oeuvre un groupe à part et /que/ ce sont elles exclusivement qui méritent le titre de nouvelles villageoises; là seulement, cadre, personnages, langage et atmosphère sont berrichons et rien que cela.[35]

My examination of the rustic novels will also consider the question of socialism and how Sand handles it within the rustic context.

Chapter 2

La Mare au Diable[1]

George Sand begins La Mare au Diable, the first novel in the rustic trilogy, in an unorthodox way: two short chapters, "L'Auteur au Lecteur," and "Le Labour," precede the story itself for the dual purpose of bringing into the spotlight the anonymous man who works the soil and of giving him a name: ". . . arrachons, s'il se peut, au néant de l'oubli, le sillon de Germain, le fin laboureur" (p. 25). Although written as part of the story, these eighteen pages were doctrinal enough to have been published separately, with Pierre Leroux's editing, in the Revue sociale. Such a mixture of political and fictional rhetoric illuminates the way in which Sand's creative mind worked at this time; using her actual political interests to arouse her readers, she then offers fiction to satisfy them. It is creditable that the transition from the world of actuality to the world of imagination does not jar. Still, these eighteen pages stand apart as a prologue--albeit one with a socialist message--, a partial frame outside the world of the story itself.

They are balanced at the close of the novel by an appendix, consisting of forty-four pages and divided into four parts: "Les Noces de Campagne," "Les Livrées," "Le Mariage," and "Le Chou." This nether side of the frame is a world-on-the-wane epilogue documenting the four main rituals connected with the Berrichon wedding ceremony, in which the author declares herself historian of the mores of Berry, the region she loves, because ". . . hélas, tout s'en va" (p. 132).

These last four parts were not conceived by Sand as part of the original novel, and she explains their presence in a letter to her editor at the Corrier Français:

> La Mare au Diable vous a été entièrement racontée, un si mince sujet ne demandait pas de plus amples développements. Mais, ainsi que je vous l'avais annoncé j'ai cédé à la fantaisie de décrire les bizarres cérémonies du mariage chez les paysans de mon endroit; et puisque vous avez eu la bonté de désirer les connaître, je vous envoye cet exposé fidèle d'une notable partie de nos anciennes coutumes rustiques, d'origine gauloise. (p. 427)

Since descriptions of local customs and superstitions are traditionally part of pastoral or rustic, one can interpret Sand's appendix as a proper addition to the story.

Considering that together the prologue and epilogue add up to sixty-two pages, or more than half the total number of pages of the story, they merit careful examination in relation to it. Surrounding the one-hundred-four-page story, they act as a protective outer setting for the charming pastoral miniature within: they form a more realistic world of complex events and customs than the simple love story they contain; they provide further variation in formal texture from the description, dialogue and story-drama they surround, and yet they are actually connected with the story because they sustain the threads of character, plot and theme.

Introduced in the prologue, Germain, the refined ploughman, becomes the central figure in the story proper. A twenty-eight-year-old widower, he will conduct a local search for a new wife and mother for his three little children, the success of which will be attested in the wedding ceremonies described in the epilogue. George Sand imagines, as she introduced us to Germain:

> . . . un noble sujet pour un peintre. . . . un jeune homme de bonne mine conduisait un attelage magnifique: quatre paires de jeunes animaux à robe sombre mêlée de noir fauve, à reflets de feu, avec ces têtes courtes et frisées qui sentent encore le taureau sauvage, ces gros yeux farouches, ces mouvements brusques, ce travail nerveux et saccadé qui s'irrite encore du joug et de l'aiguillon et n'obéit qu'en frémissant de colère à la domination nouvellement imposée. C'est ce qu'on appelle des boeufs fraîchement liés. L'homme qui les gouvernait avait à défricher un coin naguère abandonné au patûrage et rempli de souches séculaires, travail d'athlète auquel suffisaient à peine son énergie, sa jeunesse et ses huit animaux quasi indomptés.
>
> Un enfant de six à sept ans, beau comme un ange, et les épaules couvertes, sur sa blouse, d'une peau d'agneau qui le faisait ressembler au petit saint Jean-Baptiste des peintres de la Renaissance, marchait dans le sillon parallèle à la charrue et piquait le flanc des boeuf avec une gaule longue et légère, armée d'un aiguillon peu acéré. (pp. 18-19)

Sand closes the final chapter with a description of Germain at dawn, as the last wedding guests are straggling home, a companion to the picture she gave us in the prologue:

> Alors, tandis que ceux-là regagnaient leurs demeures, silencieux et trébuchants, Germain, fier et dispos, sortit pour aller lier ses boeufs, laissant sommeiller sa jeune compagne jusqu'au lever du soleil. L'alouette, qui chantait en montant vers les cieux, lui semblait être la voix de son coeur rendant grâce à la Providence. Le givre, qui brillait aux buissons décharnés, lui semblait la blancheur des fleurs d'avril précédant l'apparition des feuilles. Tout était riant et serein pour lui dans la nature. Le petit Pierre avait tant ri et tant sauté la veille, qu'il ne vint pas l'aider à conduire ses boeufs: mais Germain était content d'être seul. Il se mit à genoux dans le sillon qu'il allait refendre, et fit la prière du matin avec une effusion si grande que deux larmes coulèrent sur ses joues encore humides de sueur. (p. 175)

For all the diversity of subject and tone, not only is the thread between frame and story sustained, but the disparate prologue and epilogue are unified through Sand's double portrait of Germain. In the first, eight newly-broken oxen, under Germain's careful domination, are uprooting age-old stumps from the earth, while the angelic Pierre applies the goad, in this picture of the constructive energy of man controlling with grace and ease the savage elements of his environment--enhanced by

the respect with which Sand treats the animals and the land; in the second, after three days of energy expended in earthy celebrations, Germain kneels in his furrow in submission and gratitude to Providence. The earth, the dignity and energy of the animals and the laborer, their youth, the angelic beauty of the child and that of the skylark which correspond to the love in Germain's heart, the feeling of tradition, are all contiguous. And both pictures are surrounded by music: once the obstacle in his path has been unearthed by the animals, "Puis la voix mâle de ce jeune père de famille entonnait le chant solennel et mélancolique que l'antique tradition du pays transmet" (p. 20), and after Germain makes his peaceful morning prayer, Sand concludes the book: "On entendait au loin les chants des jeunes garçons des paroisses voisines, qui partaient pour retourner chez eux, et qui redissaient d'une voix un peu enrouée les refrains joyeux de la veille" (p. 175).

These matched portraits have an ideological function besides their structural one: they are a strong retort to the picture which actually inspired La Mare au Diable. As Sand tells us at the outset, it is Holbein's figure of Death, a skeleton armed with a whip, pursuing and striking the emaciated horses of an old, ragged ploughman, which she wishes to gainsay with her picture of the vitality of Germain. And not only Holbein, for she would refute Durer, Michelangelo, Callot and Goya with her rhetorical question whether art has not anything better to portray than the threatening and the terrible. True to her upbringing, she rejects the fear and egotism which such representations engender and has no objection to embellish reality:

> Nous croyons que la mission de l'art est une mission de sentiment et d'amour, que le roman d'aujourd'hui devrait remplacer la parabole et l'apologue des temps naifs. . . . L'art n'est pas

> une étude de la réalité positive; c'est une recherche de la vérité idéale, et Le Vicaire de Wakefield fut un livre plus utile et plus sain à l'âme que Le Paysan perverti et Les Liaisons dangereuses. (p. 12)

Sand's artistic intentions are clear, and they have a pastoral ring: in the search for an ideal, to create characters gentle and pleasing in a novel comparable to the parables and fables of simpler times, and to imbue her book with a sensitivity and love that will be beneficial to the reader--all this as an antidote to the figure of Death.

Death is, of course, no stranger to pastoral literature. In the First Idyll of Theocritus the shepherd Thyrsis sings the story of dying Daphnis, and, as we saw in chapter three of part one, Longus, too, entertains the elegiac mood briefly. In Renaissance pastoral, death plays a greater role but still a minor one. Sand seems to fall into the same tradition as she presents us with Holbein's memento mori, and then subtly weaves the motif into the story itself.

As the story begins, Germain is in the midst of a mock-serious conversation with Père Maurice, who announces to him that it is time to find a new wife: two years have passed since Catherine died, and the work of caring for his three children is hard on the other women in the house. The reasons he gives are practical: "Nous n'aimons pas à voir des enfants malsoignés; et quand on pense aux accidents qui peuvent leur arriver . . ." (p. 27). Germain concurs; in true Berrichon fashion he wishes to please his father-in-law, but his memories of his good wife, so ideal, stand in his way:

> J'avais une brave femme, une belle femme, douce, courageuse, bonne à ses père et mère, bonne à son mari, bonne à ses enfants, bonne au travail, aux champs comme à la maison, adroite à l'ouvrage, bonne à tout enfin; et quand vous me l'avez donnée, quand je l'ai prise, nous n'avions pas mis dans nos conditions que je viendrais à l'oublier si j'avais le malheur de la perdre. (pp. 27-28)

And Père Maurice, who has a replacement in mind, agrees with Germain's sentiment, though with mild impatience: ". . . je sais que tu as aimé ma fille, que tu l'as rendue heureuse, et si tu avais pu contenter la mort en passant à sa place, Catherine serait en vie à l'heure qu'il est, et toi dans le cimetière!" (p. 28). Therefore, just a short way into the story, Holbein's dreadful skeleton has been transformed by Sand into a beautiful young woman who must serve as a model of comparison with whomever Germain considers as a replacement.

Catherine is a recurrent motif. The replacement Père Maurice has in mind is also called Catherine, which causes Germain some anxiety: "Oui, ça me fera plaisur d'avoir à dire ce nom-là: Catherine! Et pourtant si je ne peux pas l'aimer autant que l'autre, ça me fera encore plus de peine, ça me la rappellera plus souvent" (p. 31). Apparently, the job of finding a new wife, especially one outside his own village, strikes Germain as more difficult than uprooting century-old stumps; nevertheless, the ingenuous young ploughman attempts to overcome his resistance and obey. He plans a trip (which will make up the next six chapters--the body of the story) the following day, Saturday, after a partial day of work, to nearby La Fourche to visit the widow Catherine Guérin. Marie, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a poor neighbor, La Guillette, rides along with him as she is going in the same direction, to Les Ormeaux, in order to take a job tending sheep for a farmer there. Shortly after they start out, they find little Pierre in their path, asleep in a ditch. Evidently, still of an age where parental obedience is not considered mandatory in Berry, Pierre has disregarded his father's wishes and tried to meet him in order to go along on this special event. The three of them, on the spirited mare, La Grise, make their way into the woods in

the late afternoon and before long, owing to the fog around la mare of the title, have quite lost their way. Marie tries to keep their courage up with conversation; they talk about Catherine and how much they cried when she died; they begin to cry once again, and when Pierre awakens, he asks for an explanation of all the talk of a new mother. He remembers his dear mother:

> . . . je l'ai vu mettre dans une belle boîte de bois blanc, et que ma grand'mère m'a conduit auprès pour l'embrasser et lui dire adieu! Elle était toute blanche et toute froide, et tous les soirs ma tante me fait prier le bon Dieu pour qu'elle aille se réchauffer /sic/ avec lui dans le ciel. Crois-tu qu'elle y soit, à présent? (p. 73)

But in the child's mind, Marie has already done enough for him to be considered a replacement, having interceded with Germain to take him along, wrapped him in her wool cape, offered her assistance in case the new wife does not like children, given him her hidden store of bread, made him a soft bed in the woods, prepared a fire and cooked a partridge for them, and helped him say his prayers. Before falling asleep, he verbalizes the idea which is forming in Germain's mind and the reader's as well:

> . . . ouvrant ses grands yeux bleus, et les tenant fixés vers les branches pendant une minute, il parut rêver tout éveillé, ou être frappé d'une idée qui avait glissé dans son esprit durant le jour, et qui s'y formulait à l'approche du sommeil. --Mon petit père, dit-il, si tu veux me donner une autre mère, je veux que ce soit la petite Marie. (p. 75)

Once the possibility is expressed, Germain's spirit comes to life; his head is filled with speculations; he wants to know what Marie's marriage prospects are; how she feels about older men, and is chagrined when she falls asleep in the middle of their talk. He cannot understand how he never noticed all her virtues and even compares her to advantage with his dead wife:

> Elle n'a pas beaucoup de couleur, mais elle a un petit visage frais comme une rose de buissons! Quelle gentille bouche et quel mignon petit nez! elle n'est pas grande pour son âge, mais elle est faite comme une petite caille et legère comme un petit pinson! . . . Et puis, quel air doux et honnête! comme on lit son bon coeur dans ses yeux même lorsqu'ils sont fermés pour dormir! Quant à de l'esprit, elle en a plus que ma chère Catherine n'en avait, il faut en convenir, et on ne s'ennuierait pas avec elle. C'est gai, c'est sage, c'est laborieux, c'est aimant, et c'est drôle. Je ne vois pas ce qu'on pourrait souhaiter de mieux. (pp. 80-81)

The part of Germain which died with Catherine comes to life once more as he contemplates the lovely young girl asleep next to his son, and for a moment the innocent purity of the scene is in danger of exploding under Germain's newly aroused passion.

A second attempt to get back on the path is frustrated, and they end up at the campfire again. Germain, who is hugging Marie to protect her from the cold, can no longer contain himself and he blurts out a marriage proposal, which she refuses. Trying to convince Marie that he is not detestable, he once again has recourse to call on his dead wife: ". . .j'ai rendu ma Catherine heureuse, elle a dit devant Dieu à son lit de mort qu'elle n'avait jamais eu de moi que du contentement, et elle m'a recommandé de me remarier" (p. 88). This connection between the first wife, Catherine, and the wife-to-be, Marie, is maintained until the end of the story when, in the epilogue, Germain places the ring on Marie's finger and affirms to her that it is the one she asked for: ". . . celle que ma Catherine avait au doigt lorsqu'elle est morte. C'est la même bague pour mes deux mariages" (pp. 162-163).

Just before the ceremony, Sand suggests a further metamorphosis of Holbein's figure of Death when she describes Marie's wedding dress, adding regretfully that, unlike Marie, brides no longer have "dans leur toilette cette fine fleur d'antique pudicité qui les faisait ressembler à des vierges d'Holbein"(p. 162). At the very moment, then, when Germain's

happiness is fulfilled, the wedding ring serves as a reminder that even in Arcadia, Death must receive his due.[2] Not only has Sand transformed him into quite another figure than the cruel skeleton of Holbein, but she has also rejected the death's head of artificial pastoral, which casts a bitter feeling over the sweetness of Arcadia. Sand's use of the symbol is casual: death, to her characters, is neither awful nor melancholy, but a natural part of life. What is more appropriate for Germain, whose life is as straight as the furrow he ploughs, than that one of the rare rites of passage in his life should evoke another?

The remaining thirty-six pages of the story, compared to the long night in the woods, seem more crowded with characters and events than the novel heretofore. Sand employs the next three short chapters as a contrast to what has gone before, and they take place in broad daylight in a new and rich village. The widow Catherine and her father live in such a substantial house that Germain thinks: ". . . il s'en fallait de peu qu'on ne la prit pour une maison de bourgeois" (p. 94). It is more impressive still if compared to the "chaumière pauvre" (p. 38) where Marie and her stepmother live. Père Léonard invites Germain to join the other "épouseurs" in the manner of a merchant showing off his stock, telling him, "C'est une femme qui vaut la peine d'être disputée," and calling to his daughter, ". . . en voilà un de plus!"(p. 96). This frank, but vulgar, introduction offends the refined ploughman, who tends to view such matters more seriously; thus, the handsome, vigorous Germain stands out even more sharply in contrast to the three louts who are being entertained by Catherine:

> L'un avait plus de quarante ans et était quasi aussi gros que le Père Léonard; un autre était borgné et buvait tant qu'il en était abruti; le troisième était jeune et assez joli garçon; mais il voulait faire de l'esprit et disait des choses si plates que cela faisait pitié. (p. 98)

Catherine herself, though still youthful despite her thirty-three years, has all the characteristics which Sand disliked, and of which Marie is devoid. As her sobriquet--la lionne du village--implies, she has pretensions to elegance and is dressed ornately--too frivously for a widow, the narrator claims. Germain is made to echo Sand's feelings:

> Cette recherche d'habillement et ces manières dégagées la lui firent trouver vieille et laide, quoiqu'elle ne fût ni l'un ni l'autre. Il pensa qu'une si jolie parure et des manières si enjouées siéraient à l'age et à l'esprit fin de la petite Marie, mais que cette veuve avait la plaisanterie lourde et hasardée, et qu'elle portait sans distinction ses beaux atours. (p. 97)

Rather than be taken as part of the widow's ridiculous entourage, but not inclined to forego Sunday mass, Germain hangs back to talk with Père Léonard. We see a new side of Germain now, which signifies his growing education in the ways of the world. When we saw him first in conversation with Père Maurice, he showed an ignorance of business matters as well as innocence in affairs of the heart. Now he speaks frankly, but inoffensively, to her father about the daughter's habits, pretending that the purpose of his visit has been misunderstood, and that, in reality, he came to buy a pair of oxen. In this way he hopes to avoid the ill feeling of both elders. While wandering over the pastures of Père Léonard, he keeps watching for Marie and Pierre, not only for practical reasons, but, as Sand tells us, to re-establish his own self-assurance, which has been shaken by this short journey a dozen kilometers from home:

> Tout ce qu'il venait de voir et d'entendre, cette femme coquette et vaine, ce père à la fois rusé et borné, qui encourageait sa fille dans des habitudes d'orgueil et de deloyauté, ce luxe des villes, qui lui paraissait une infraction à la dignité des moeurs de la campagne, ce temps perdu à des paroles oiseuses et niaises, cet intérieur si différent du sien, et surtout ce malaise profond que l'homme des champs épreuve lorsqu'il sort de ses habitudes laborieuses,

> tout ce qu'il avait subi d'ennui et de confusion depuis quelques heures donnait à Germain l'envie de se retrouver avec son enfant et sa petite voisine. (p. 104)

Clearly, for all his naïveté, Germain is more refined (Sand would have us believe) than the society of the larger village of La Fourche, which he rejects instinctively. This little scene of corruption which Sand offers us, is a contrast to the purity of the life and people of Belair, where Germain and Marie come from, and which stands for Nohant.[3] The two scenes which follow reinforce this contrast of false and true values, and reduce still further the scope of pastoral element in the story to the locality of Belair.

Seeing no sign of girl and child in the fields, Germain makes inquiries. He finds out from a shepherd that the new shepherdess has already quit and that Le Maître, her employer, does not usually spend the day at the farm, but unlike the ploughman, has the leisure to ride around the countryside on his horse. Next, the dairyman tells him, snickering, that the young girl and the child have run away to La Fourche. But, when Germain hurries back, he finds no one at the widow's house except the servant, who tells him that, not knowing them and being responsible for "une maison riche," she sent Pierre and Marie away. Germain angrily rejects the values of this wealthy establishment: "C'est une laide coutume. . . et j'aimerais mieux être pauvre que de vivre comme cela dans la crainte. Adieu, la fille! Adieu à votre vilain pays!" (p. 106).

As he rides furiously toward home to find them, the farmer from Les Ormeaux joins him. Partially disarmed by the farmer's explanation of how the young girl left her purse behind and how he wishes to pay her the day's wages, Germain agrees that they ride on together in search, until he notices Pierre hiding in a nearby clump of broom. With coaxing

Marie too crawls out of hiding and runs to Germain for protection, clearly in great fear of the farmer. Realizing the implications of her fear, the ever-wiser Germain gives Marie a very realistic appraisal, apparently looking for signs of lost virginity: ". . . elle était pâle, ses vêtements étaient déchirés par les épines où elle avait couru, cherchant le fourré, comme une bîche traquée par les chasseurs. Mais il n'y avait ni honte ni désespoir sur sa figure" (p. 112).

Once again rising to a worldly occasion, he shrewdly tells Marie to walk over and talk to the farmer in order to give him the benefit of the doubt and observe his behavior. When the farmer offers her a gold coin in exchange for secrecy, Marie throws it in his face and gives him a forthright retort, which, at the same time, echoes the Sandian values of Germain, stands in contrast to the simpering manner of the widow, and shows Sand's distinction between the well-guarded Belair and the looser morals elsewhere:

> Je vous remercie beaucoup, et vous prie, quand vous repasserez par chez nous, de me faire avertir; tous les garçons de mon endroit iront vous rece voir, parce que chez nous, on aime fort les bourgeois qui veulent en conter aux pauvres filles! Vou verrez ça, on vous attendra! (p. 113)

Sufficiently convinced of the events which must have transpired, Germain now challenges the farmer to dismount from his horse and answer to him. A fight ensues in which he pins the other man to the ground and demands an apology to Marie. Trying to minimize the insult, the farmer suggests that they drink a pint together, but the infuriated Germain pushes his face to the dirt in this incident of violence that, in all of the rustic novels, stands alone; he warns him to leave, punctuating his anger by breaking the lecher's holly staff over his knee and tossing the pieces into the woods. Now Germain's physical strength has been

asserted in Marie's behalf just as her domestic talent had helped him the day before. Furthermore, in contrast to the farmer, Germain seems most virtuous despite his lapse of the previous night, while Marie's vulnerability and modesty become even more pronounced when contrasted with the showy behavior of the widow.

The return to the farm at Belair, Germain's lament, his confession to his mother-in-law, her intercession and Marie's positive response, take place over the next fifteen pages, during which the winter passes. This compression of time is once again relaxed as we approach the epilogue, which, as was noted, spans three days and terminates during the same winter, while the frost is still on the bushes. The important action in this last part of the story is contained in Germain's style of courtship--a contrast to what had passed for that ritual in La Fourche. Marie's reaction to it has also modified.

True to the first feelings of love which Marie stirred in him with her campfire in the woods, Germain's affection for her now grows unaided by any further prompting. He shows it by refilling La Guillette's woodbin and emptying sacks of potatoes and wheat into her larder, without leaving any trace of the giver. Marie is not ignorant of his generosity, although she still chooses not to recognise it.

Until now, we know Marie to be an exceptional girl: patient, kind, resourceful, brave, virtuous, honest, and generally worthy of Germain on a moral level. But we do not know for certain how she feels about him or what really motivates her to accept or reject him. We can assume that Germain has taken on an aura of manliness in her eyes since he acted in her behalf toward the farmer; but we can also assume, from the attractive picture of Germain which Sand has given us from the outset, that Marie cannot be totally without good feeling toward him:

> Germain n'avait réellement que vingt-huit ans; et quoique, selon les idées de son pays, il passât pour vieux au point de vue du mariage, il était encore le plus bel homme de l'endroit. Le travail ne l'avait pas creusé et flétri comme la plupart des paysans qui ont dix années de labourage sur la tête. Il était de force à labourer encore dix ans sans paraître vieux, et il eût fallu que le préjugé de l'âge fut bien fort sur l'esprit d'un jeune fille pour l'empêcher de voir que Germain avait le teint frais, l'oeil vif et bleu comme le ciel de mai, la bouche rose des dents superbes, le corps élégant et souple comme celui d'un jeune cheval qui n'a pas encore quitté le pré. (p. 43)

By setting Germain apart from the typical peasant who would show the wear and tear of ten years of labor, Sand frankly reveals her device of idealizing her main character. In spite of the age difference, the reader is more than willing to consider Germain an appropriate match for Marie. If one compares Sand's portrait of Marie (see above p. 144) one notes that they are particularly matched in pastoral beauty, which consists of freshness and resemblance to the world of creatures.

Yet, there is an obstacle, which Marie undoubtedly feels, although she is too modest to express it, and which Mère Maurice is subtle enough to divine, and that is the difference in economic status. Germain's family is wealthier than Marie's, which, in many peasant homes in Berry, might preclude marriage. And we have seen that Père Maurice, when advising Germain on the qualities of a proper wife, suggested that she be not too young, not too pretty and not too poor--three stipulations which automatically disqualify Marie. But once "les chefs du famille" approve of the match, Marie is willing to judge Germain in a new light.

Germain, however, is still unable to believe he has a chance, and Marie has been rendered speechless by an excess of emotion, unable to come to his aid. He continues at length, putting all his qualties in a negative light. He confesses his intention to embrace her the night they spent in the woods, and how he had dreamt of her every night since,

and continues, as if in a dream. Finally, seeing her eyes filled with tears and expecting reproaches momentarily, he gets up to leave, whereupon she finally blurts out the key words: ". . . vous n'avez donc pas deviné que je vous aime?" (p. 130).

As with the night scene in the woods, Sand has used her space alotted to the love story in a special way, spotlighting the scene, emphasizing its importance as a theme as well as plot, while the shorter, more crowded scenes recede into the background. The education of a pair of innocent lovers into the traditional ceremonies of their society is a crucial factor in any novel with pastoral intent.

It is no coincidence that in the last paragraph of the story, as Germain has Marie in his arms for the first time and is in danger once again "de devenir fou" (p. 130), Pierre gallops in on a horsey-stick, with his little sister riding behind, and whips his imaginary horse with a willow twig. As Sainte-Beuve has observed: ". . . le petit Pierre reparait dans toutes les situations décisives et vient clore les choses; c'est l'ange, je l'ai dit, c'est le médiateur et comme le lien entre la première femme et celle qui sera la seconde."[4] The virtues of Marie are accentuated by Pierre's presence on the trip to La Fourche, just as the passions of Germain are held in check for the same reason. As we saw, it is Pierre who first expresses the idea of having Marie for a mother. The morning after that long night, they part at the fork in the road; as Germain trudges off sadly to see the widow, Pierre offers reassurance: "Sois tranquille, mon père, je lui ferai dire oui: la petite Marie fait toujours ce que je veux" (p. 93).

The indulgence with which Pierre's naughty behavior is treated and his resistance to being refused, are meant to signify someone who knows

that he has a special role and may be indulged. The timeliness with which Pierre arrives reminds us of a deus ex machina, while his age and his angelic appearance cannot help but recall for us Eros, traditional matchmaker and aide to lovers in pastoral literature. Indeed, our first view of Pierre shows him holding an arrow-like tool, with which he imitates his father's goading of oxen. Unlike the classical Eros, however, Pierre both incites and controls the passions, in keeping with the Sandian conception of her prudent Berrichon types.

Germain and Marie are sufficiently naïve to qualify for a pastoral label, but they guard their innocence with a wise ferocity which is more appropriate to the rustic label. L. Vincent informs us that Sand is accurate in transmitting Berrichon customs and that chastity is a strong tradition in the region. The patron saint of Berry is Saint Solange, who, according to the medieval legend, had her head split rather than submit to le droit du seigneur.[5] Rustic elements are not uncommon in the ancient pastoral tradition which, as mentioned before, is more realistic than the French pastoral tradition.

Animals, as well as children, usually play roles in pastoral literature, especially in that of antiquity, and here too Sand falls within that tradition. The wife-quest is begun with a description of the young mare, La Grise, on the way to La Fourche, neighing as if in farewell to the old mare that remains behind in the pasture:

> La Grise était jeune, belle et vigoureuse. Elle portait sans effort son double fardeau, couchant les oreilles et rongeant son frein, comme une fière et ardente jument qu'elle était. En passant devant le pré-long elle aperçut sa mère, qui s'appelait la vieille Grise, comme elle la jeune Grise, et elle hennit en signe d'adieu. La vieille Grise approcha de la haie en faisant resonner ses enferges, essaya de galoper sur la marge du pré pour suivre sa fille; puis, la voyant prendre le grand trot, elle hennit à son tour, et reste pensive, inquiète, le nez au vent, la bouche pleine d'herbes qu'elle ne songeait plus à manger. (p. 46)

Their almost human relationship makes Germain think of Pierre, whom he had left behind, crying. Like the shepherd in Daphnis and Chloe, Germain questions whether the animal is not kinder than he. Animal sentiment is another motif which was introduced in the prologue, where Sand's view of a pair of oxen reminds her of a strong and characteristic sense of brotherhood between a pair of animals: should they be deprived of each other, the remaining one--even with a new partner--refuses to work, will not eat and, eventually, dies of hunger. The word which Sand uses for this relationship--l'amitié--indicates the kind of idealization she is prone to ascribe to natural phenomena of this kind. This aside on the psychology of separated oxen is balanced by one on the psychology of migrating cranes in the epilogue, where they remind her of "pèlerins ailés" whose cries are like "d'âmes tourmentées" (pp. 137-138).

Not only are animals anthropomorphized, but people are frequently described in terms of animals or vegetation. We have seen that Germain's physique is like that of a young horse and that Marie is like a small quail, as light as a lark, and with a complexion like a primrose. Such descriptions reinforce the purity and gentleness with which Sand's characters are imbued. The secondary characters from Belair, in the sketchy aspect in which Sand presents them, are also modest and gentle enough to qualify for the same appellation: Père Maurice, with his delicate prodding of Germain; La Guillette, with her fears that she will be separated from Marie, and Mère Maurice, whose matchmaking at the end of the story forms a symmetry with that of her husband. There is nothing of the grotesque or caricatural about any of them, even though each is brought into the action only once.

This is not the case with those who live outside the untouched district. Père Léonard, the widow, the farmer, have been typified as having certain unappealing traits and qualify rather as town characters whose villages and lives reflect more worldly values. The relative materialism of the three latter, almost-bourgeois characters contrasts strongly with Père Maurice's minor concern over money. Here, perhaps, the idealizing tendency of Sand is again in evidence, for it is clear from his first conversation with his son-in-law that Père Maurice has a healthy, peasant attitude toward "les bonnes affaires" (p. 32); he is worried that Germain is not interested in the family accounts; if Germain were, he would understand how important it was to bring a wife who had "ses écus" (p. 35) into the family. He is also reluctant to offer poor Guillette the necessary money it would take to get her through the winter without parting with Marie, and is relieved that she does not ask. The fact that "le chef du famille" eventually comes to disregard the money question, placing Germain's happiness in love first, is due to the intervention of the Sand-like Mère Maurice, who imposes one of the tenets of the pastoral ideal on his more rustic world.

The matter of labor, with which Sand begins in the prologue to the story and which she treats so polemically, also recedes--like money--into the background, although the fact that Germain has an occupation is never totally forgotten. But for the story itself it is not important since three-fourths of the action takes place during the worker's leisure hours, late Saturday and Sunday, and, even in the remaining action, he is seen only after work. This is a Sandian compromise with the pastoral requirement that lovers have enough leisure time to express pertinent inclinations, as well as her reason for greater space allotment

when the lovers are together. It is debatable whether a laborer, especially an agricultural one, is a proper hero for a pastoral. T. Rosenmeyer makes a distinction between the pastoral mood and the Hesiodic or georgic one: ". . . the lighter tone of pastoral . . . owes next to nothing to the experience of farmers and herdsmen alike."[6] One might say that Sand uses the three sheep which Marie tends on the communal pasture to acknowledge the debt to pastoral literature in a work which includes the more rustic theme of labor.

Sand maintains simple pastoral trappings within the plot itself by limiting the scope of the action to Germain's remarriage, and by keeping her main characters innocent and her background figures sketchy. Her method is to let her characters speak for themselves, in all their purity. Half the story consists of dialogue between them, or monologues. Although they reveal all their conscious motives, the reader is aware of their limitations and the distance between himself and Sand on the one hand, and the seemingly superficial characters on the other. But it is, as in Daphnis and Chloe, a benevolent distance with clear alignment of the author's values with those of the main characters.

Furthermore, the most evil of her characters, the lecherous farmer, is never allowed to act out his wicked intentions; nor is his prompt punishment out of proportion to the fright he arouses in Marie. Sand has even prepared us for the seduction attempt to come, when in the second chapter of the story proper, La Guillette tells Père and Mère Maurice how the farmer had passed and seen Marie guarding her three sheep. In a tone reminiscent of that ever-present danger in pastoral literature--the disguised wolf--the farmer offers her a better job:

> 'Vous n'êtes guère occupée, ma petite fille . . . et trois moutons pour une pastoure, ce n'est guère. Voulez-vous en garder cent? je vous emmène. La bergère de chez nous est tombée malade, elle retourne chez ses parents, et si vous voulez être chez nous avant huit jours, vous aurez cinquante francs pour le reste de l'année jusqu'à la Saint-Jean.' (pp. 40-41)

While the central characters--in relation to the idea, action and dialogue of the story--fit into the pastoral mood, there is a tempering of that mood when Sand furnishes us with the background of her native Berry and the customs of its inhabitants. It is in this area that actuality shades pastoral idealization and moves it toward rustic realism. At such times, the author's voice intrudes upon the pastoral mood. For example, once it is settled that Germain will pay a visit to the widow, Sand intervenes to explain Germain's reticence, attributing it to his way of life:

> Germain avait toujours vécu sagement comme vivent les paysans laborieux. Marié à vingt ans, il n'avait aimé qu'une femme dans sa vie, et, depuis son veuvage, quoiqu'il fût d'un caractère impétueux et enjoué, il n'avait ri et folâtré avec aucune autre. Il avait porté fidèlement un véritable regret dans son coeur, et ce n'était pas sans crainte et sans tristesse qu'il cédait à son beau-père; mais le beau-père avait toujours gouverné sagement la famille, et Germain, qui s'était dévoué tout entier à l'oeuvre commune, et par conséquent, à celui qui la personnifiait, au père de famille, Germain ne comprenait pas qu'il eût pu se révolter contre de bonnes raisons, contre l'intérêt de tous. (pp. 36-37)

This explanation serves the pastoral ideal of innocence of the hero, but has the additional effect of making Germain a character with rustic roots, as well as placing in a favorable light a primitive form of communal life. Its sensible tone contrasts with the naïve one of the characters.

When it is agreed that Marie will ride along with Germain, Sand again intervenes, this time to explain:

> Dans notre monde à nous /here Sand means among city-folk/ pareille chose ne viendrait pas à la pensée d'une mère confier une fille de seize ans à un homme de vingt-huit; . . . Mais la chasteté

> des moeurs est une tradition sacrée dans certaines campagnes éloignées du mouvement corrompu des grandes villes, et, entre toutes les familles de Belair, la famille de Maurice était reputée honnête et servant la vérité. Germain s'en allait chercher femme: Marie était une enfant trop jeune et trop pauvre pour qu'il y songeât dans cette vue, et, à moins d'être un sans coeur et un mauvais homme, il était impossible, qu'il eût une coupable pensée auprès d'elle. (p. 44)

Such interventions are numerous, but always serve the purpose of the story as well as Sand's intent as culture historian and/or polemicist. As we have seen in the prologue, she is able to weave all these strands together smoothly.

Once their journey is in progress, the three main characters stop off at an inn, "chez la Rebec," which Vincent tells was the authentic name of the proprietor.[7] In the chapter entitled "Dans la Lande" all the place names are actual; the terrain, distances and climate are accurate and the view from the inn, likewise. The meal they eat is, typically, meatless--"une omelette de bonne mine, du pain bis et du vin clairet" (p. 56), and they eat it in characteristic fashion:

> Les paysans ne mangent pas vite, et le petit Pierre avait si grand appétit qu'il se passa bien une heure avant que Germain pût songer à se remettre en route. La petite Marie avait mangé par complaisance d'abord; puis, peu à peu, la faim était venue; car à seize ans on ne peut pas faire longtemps diète, et l'air des campagnes est impérieux. (p. 57)

It is in this chapter that we are first introduced to the heartland of the story--la mare au diable--and in spite of the potentially romantic fog and moonlight, the first description of it has a realistic ring, for Sand is describing an incident similar to an actual one in her childhood,[8] in which she and her family were lost in La Brande:

> Ce qui l'empêchait alors de s'orienter, c'était un brouillard qui s'élevait avec la nuit, un de ces brouillards des soirs d'automne que la blancheur du clair de lune rend plus vagues et plus trompeurs encore. Les grandes flaques d'eau dont les

> clairières sont semées exhalaient des vapeurs si épaisses que, lorsque la Grise les traversait, on ne s'en apercevait qu'au clapotement de ses pieds et à la peine qu'elle avait à les tirer de la vase.(p. 59)

The natural description is limited to those elements which confuse them and bar their way (natural effects, rather than supernatural ones): the thickening fog, the hidden moon, the vaporous path--and these take a subordinate place to the facts that La Grise trips in the mud, they are scratched by low-hanging branches, and Germain loses his hat. Such realism, however, does not keep the naïve Germain from saying: "Je crois que nous sommes ensorcelés" (p. 60).

Considering the pastoral intention of the author, landscape descriptions are inconsistent with that mood. The following one, in Sand's economic way, serves several purposes: occurring after Germain has restrained his passion, it signifies both the new spark of feeling and the coldness in which it will dwell for a while, but, more important, it reinforces the element of folklore and superstition which Sand has begun to chronicle as part of her rustic picture of the world of Berry:

> Enfin, vers minuit, le brouillard se dissipa, et Germain pût voir les étoiles briller à travers les arbres. La lune se dégagea aussi des vapeurs qui la couvraient et commença à semer des diamants sur la mousse humide. Le tronc des chênes restait dans une majestueuse obscurité; mais, un peu plus loin, les tiges blanches des bouleaux semblaient une rangée de fantômes dans leurs suaires. Le feu se reflétait dans la mare; et les grenouilles, commençant à s'y habituer, hasardaient quelques notes grêles et timides, les branches anguleuses des vieux arbres hérissées de pâles lichens, s'étendaient et s'entre-croisaient comme de grands bras décharnés sur la tête de nos voyageurs; c'était un bel endroit, mais si désert et si triste, que Germain, las d'y souffrir, se mit à chanter et à jeter des pierres dans l'eau pour s' étourdir sur l'ennui effrayant de la solitude. (pp. 82-83)

By superimposing her point of view on that of Germain, Sand succeeds in conveying Germain's uneasiness as well as her own objectivity. At the

same time, the transition from romantic to realistic landscape description seems to be contained in such an example.

Sand gives us another rustic view of this ghostly setting on the following day, when Germain is anxiously returning to Belair in search of Marie and Pierre. At the moment when all the suspicions of Germain and the reader have been aroused to the possibility of foul play, Sand undercuts the reader's anxiety by briefly introducing a new character, La Vieille, a deaf old woman gathering firewood from the camp of the previous night. (As the editors tell us, "C'est la sorcière traditionelle, à la fois comique et un peu effrayante" (p. 108).) In a humorous scene, in which she mishears his questions, La Vieille informs Germain of all the legendary dangers which exist within the atmosphere of that bedeviled pool which made them lose their way twice the night before. Combining Christian and pagan superstitions, the witch expresses the actual Berrichon versions, making Germain more nervous than ever:

> C'est un mauvais endroit, et il ne faut pas en approcher sans jeter trois pierres dedans de la main gauche, en faisant le signe de la croix de la main droite; ça éloigne les esprits. . . . on y avait planté une belle croix; mais par une belle nuit de grand orage, les mauvais esprit l'ont jetée dans l'eau. On peut en voir encore un bout. Si quelqu'un avait le malheur de s'arrêter ici la nuit, il serait bien sûr de ne pouvoir jamais en sortir avant le jour. (pp. 108-109)

The presents which Germain delivers in secret to La Guillette's cottage during the winter are accepted by her in a similarly nervous manner. She cautions Marie to say nothing about "le miracle" because people will think she is a sorceress: "Elle pensait bien que le diable s'en mêlait, mais elle n'était pas pressée de se brouiller avec lui en appelant les exorcismes du curé sur sa maison; elle se disait qu'il serait temps, lorsque Satan viendrait lui demander son âme en retour

de ses bienfaits" (pp. 120-121). Such rustic amplifications of the pastoral story line are frequent enough to prepare the reader for the long epilogue, in which the story, although maintained, recedes while the description of Berrichon wedding customs overshadows it.

In "Les Noces de Campagne," Sand warms to her task of relating in detail to her "lecteur ami" (p. 131) what a country wedding, specifically the one of Germain and Marie, is like, and she tells it from her own experience: (". . . j'eus le plaisir d'assister il y a quelques années" (p. 132).) She describes the approach of the fiancés amid gun shots, barking dogs and bagpipes, trailed by their respective families and godparents; she focusses especially on the modest demeanor of the bride, happy but not self-satisfied.

Père Maurice officiates. He attaches to the mantles of the guests a laurel branch ornamented with ribbons, and then distributes to each a small cross made of two tied ribbon ends--a red one for the bride, blue for the groom. These are the invitations and must be worn to the wedding. Sand describes the arrival of the musicians, "avec leur instruments ornés de long rubans flottant" (p. 135), the particularly local music they play, and its idiosyncratic rhythm. She then describes how the home of Marie is prepared for "les livrées." A long aside follows about Le Chanvreur, the village hempworker, the role he will play in the rituals, and his history as the village storyteller; a further digression depicts the migration of cranes, which adds to the mood of his ghost stories. Sand is clearly enjoying her task, writing from her own rich store of memories, and establishing the mood for the curious customs she will relate.

In "Les Livrées" there is a ritual barricade of Marie's house--to be attacked by the bridegroom's party with Germain in the lead of his hardiest

companions. A symbolic contest is performed, with the ritual leaders of the village each taking a side: the gravedigger speaks for Germain's party, pleading for entry to the bride's house on the grounds of hunger, weather, fatigue, etc.; Le Chanvreur replies for Marie's side, rejecting every plea with accusations of insincerity. The culmination of the contest is a singing match, with Germain presenting "les livrées" to Marie as each item is mentioned in song--an apron, ribbons, a dress, lace, a silver cross, one-hundred pins--all refused until the only acceptable present is offered, "un beau mari" (p. 153).

Once the house is entered (in part three, "Le Mariage"), there is a ritualistic tug-of-war at the hearth for the spit, which brings into play all the muscular power at hand. As Sand describes it, "L'énorme broche de fer fut tordue comme une vis sous les vigoureux poignets qui se la disputaient" (p. 155); the thick parts of the roasted goose are eventually strewn over the floor. A ceremony follows in which Germain tries to pick out Marie from four identical figures, each draped in white. Having found her on the first try, he embraces her, lifts her in his arms, and the party begins.

The next morning the celebration continues with a procession to the church for the marriage ceremony, with all the regional costumes described in detail. Symbolically, the bride is purchased for thirteen pieces of silver. The remainder of the day is spent in feasting.

During the third day (described in part four, "Le Chou"), there is a long satyr-morality play in which some of the duties and dangers of married life are presented. A couple, dressed in rags, who are called Le Jardinier and La Jardinière, and are dedicated to cultivate and guard the sacred cabbage, perform a pantomime play of drunkeness, hostility

and lamentation in which the whole company joins. Each episode of anger is played out until it is resolved into love once again; each new bout of the husband's drunkeness brings the wife's complaints, her discouragement, her going astray, his jealousy, his attempt to beat her, the neighbor's intervention, the couple's reconciliation--which Sand sees as an ancient lesson, "un enseignement naif, grossier même, qui sent fort son origine moyen âge . . ." (p. 169).

The author takes time to question the esteem in which the repulsive peasant is held in relation to the sacred cabbage which is a symbol of matrimonial fertility. He alone is invested with the privilege of tending it, and she speculates on the origin of the custom in ancient pagan worship:

> Sans doute il y a là un mystère antérieur au christianisme, et qui rappelle la fête des Saturnales, ou quelque bacchanale antique. Peut-être ce paien, qui est en même temps le jardinier par excellence, n'est-il rien moins que Priape en personne, le dieu des jardins et de la débauche, divinité qui dut être pourtant chaste et sérieuse dans son origine, comme le mystère de la reproduction, mais que la licence des moeurs et l'égarement des idées ont dégradée insensiblement. (p. 170)

The largest cabbage is dug up with much ceremony, placed in a basket on a bed of earth amid trinkets, and now entry is sought enthusiastically into the house of the newly married couple through ritualistically imagined obstacles, until the basket containing the huge vegetable is placed at the highest point of the house. The entire ceremony of the cabbage is then repeated, and when both baskets are properly placed, the elders make a prayer for "un beau petit enfant avant la fin de l'année" (p. 174). More dancing, singing and eating till midnight end this third day of nuptial celebration.

The shift from pastoral to rustic mood is at its most pronounced in the above-described epilogue fertility ritual. The element of time,

mentioned earlier in connection with the novel's structure, is also used atypically of the pastoral tradition, but very much in conformity with the rustic, or specifically regional, tradition of Berry. We learn from La Guillette that she and Marie had considered a separation at the time of Saint Jean, or June 24, the day traditionally assigned to hiring domestic help in the area, but could not bear to be parted in spite of the need for money. When she explains this to Père Maurice the story has just begun and it is the time of Saint Martin, or November 11, the alternate date for those who found no work in June. The time of year is reiterated in the autumn night scene described above. The time of the wedding, end of winter and before Lent, is also decided by practical considerations, and in Sand's realistic tone:

> C'était en hiver, aux environs du carnaval, époque de l'année où il est séant et convenable chez nous de faire les noces. Dans l'été on n'a guère le temps, et les travaux d'une femme ne peuvent souffrir trois jours de retard, sans parler les jours complémentaires affectés à la digestion plus ou moins laborieuse de l'ivresse morale et physique que laisse une fête. (p. 132)

Such handling of time diverges from that of ancient pastoral, where the mood and feelings of the Greek characters coincide with the changing seasons--the wedding taking place when all of nature blossoms forth. But it is closer to the seasonal feeling of that genre than it is to the eternal spring of Renaissance pastoral. The same discrepancy is true of Sand's handling of landscape, which is too natural to fit into the traditional pastoral style of grove or locus amoenus.

There is, however, a link between the nature deities to whom Daphnis and Chloe give their due and the superstition and customs of the Berrichons, and Sand notes, with regard to the cabbage charade, its possibly pagan origin. Then, there is further resemblance in the naïve attitude

of the lovers toward these deities and superstitions. The secondary characters, however, participate with gusto in all the rituals. The modesty of the main characters makes them withdraw from the more obvious fertility rituals, and leads us to suspect that their innocence has been altered by Christian restrictions, compared to their uninhibited Greek counterparts. The lovers, nevertheless, are special characters who stand out from their more rustic neighbors and this holdstrue in ancient pastoral as well. In both Sand and Longus, rustic and pastoral characteristics merge at the point where rituals come into play. Sand, however, withdraws the story-line from her account of the rituals to the extent that her tone becomes that of an authority on customs, rather than a storyteller.

The overt expression of the author's pastoral intentions in La Mare au Diable is her creation of a naïve character, simple in his ideas, pure in his values, childlike in his innocence, sensitive to love, and in harmony with nature which is good to him. She is also pastoral in the basic themes which lie behind the character's actions, but the actual conventions have all been "naturalized." The basic themes are the same. There is fertility--love is sparked and fed until it ignites into marriage and reproduction. Then, maturation--Marie grows up to the point that she can accept giving up her childhood through marriage; Germain grows up to reconciling death with life. While the rustic theme of labor is used by Sand to introduce her story, it is labor in the service of life and vitality, not the political cause with which she polemically began. Indeed all of the rustic elements serve to substantiate these two major themes. And Germain grows up in still another way: the single regret Sand has for the laboring man is that he is not

an artist: " . . . hélas! cet homme n'a jamais compris le mystère du beau" (p. 23), she comments in her prologue. The reason for this is that "il lui manque la connaissance de son sentiment" (p. 24). Sand has corrected this single shortcoming. The Germain whom we see praying in the furrow the morning after his marriage is very much alive to the beauties and mysteries of life. Sand has succeeded in making Germain's belief in nature and providence coincide with her belief in beauty and art. Germain's education has included initiation, through love, into consciousness of the harmony of life around him.

In La Mare au Diable Sand fulfills her expressed intentions: triumphant Death is transformed through her patient, pro vita characters. The work is reminiscent, in its diminutive scope and benevolent tone, of older parables and fables; its effect is one of charming optimism. Coming, as it does, at the end of a series of openly socialistic novels, it is surprisingly unpolitical, placing the socialism aside for greater concentration on the folk elements, first attempted in Jeanne, within a rustic context which has pastoral sources and overtones.

Chapter 3

François le Champi

A particularly tumultuous set of events intervened between La Mare au Diable and the second novel of the rustic trilogy, written in 1847. Sand's relations with her rebellious daughter Solange approached critical proportions when the latter's engagement to Fernand de Preaulx (chosen by her mother) was broken, and a quick marriage made with the sculptor Jean-Baptiste Clésinger. Sand's disapproval of her new son-in-law led to a violent scene between him, her son Maurice and herself, in which blows were exchanged. This new situation gave the coup de grâce to her already declining relationship of nine years with Chopin. Although he had disapproved of Clésinger, the composer sided with the couple once they were married. These shocks were compounded by a third: the engagement of Sand's ward Augustine Brault to Théodore Rousseau, which Sand had carefully arranged, was thwarted when Solange spread rumors about Augustine to Théodore's family.

By November, however, calm had returned to Nohant. Maurice and his friend Victor Borie were working on an expurgated edition of Rabelais under Sand's supervision. She had a new marriage project in mind for Augustine. In December 1847 she wrote to Charles Poncy that she had come through "la plus grave et la plus douleureuse phase de ma vie."[1]

Although Sand's relationship with Leroux's circle was on the wane she was still deeply involved in radical politics, the culmination of which erupted in the revolution of February 22, 1848. Publication of François le Champi had already begun in December 1847, but was then halted

on February 14, 1848 by the serious political situation and did not resume again until March 14. It was also during April 1847 that Sand began writing Historie de ma vie. Delving into her own life was compatible with the pastoral impulse which had already inspired one novel. No doubt the focussing in La Mare au Diable on the places and people of her youth caused other memories to surface, which nourished her autobiographical impulse. François le Champi abounds with personal analogies.

The plot, in which a six-year-old foundling, taken in by a young wife and mother, grows up to fall in love with and marry her, can be seen as an expression of the strong oedipal relationship which existed between Sand and her son Maurice, who supported her in all her familial and household crises. She had in the same year already examined the theme of mother-son love in a sketch, "Le Piccimino." Victor Borie became her lover during that eventful year. The transposition of real people into fictional characters does not seem at all far-fetched in the case of François le Champi, with Sand as the motherly, but still young, Madeleine Blanchet; Victor as the loyal, hardworking François and Maurice as the devoted, but frail, young son, Jeannie. What lends further credence to such an interpretation is the character of the corrupt husband, Cadet Blanchet, whose insensitivity, dissipation and adultery make him an accurate image of Sand's divorced husband, Casimir Dudevant. The fact that Madeleine has only one child, a son, may signify the break with Solange.

The way in which the story is told--by invented narrators, one of whom is Le Chanvreur, introduced in the epilogue to La Mare au Diable, rather than by Sand herself--makes this roman à clef theory still more plausible, if we assume that she would be reluctant to narrate a story in which she was herself a disguised character.

The unconventional form of the first of the rustic novels is replaced by a sixteen-page "Avant-Propos" followed by the one-hundred-eighty-three page story. Although there is no direct connection between preface and story, the former is worth examining for its discussion of the function of art, and the artist in relation to nature, which picks up the thread of a motif suggested in the prologue and epilogue of the previous novel. In this preface we find the most extensive discussion in any of her works of Sand's pastoral intentions.

Primarily a dialogue between the author and her old friend, François Rollinat,--two civilized types, an artist and an attorney--the preface has a lush outdoor setting for the conversation on a moonlit autumn evening, in which the main problem--an old one for Sand--is introduced: can the artist through observation, knowledge, craft and tradition reproduce the beauty which lies all around him, as if calling to him for its expression? The opening description is itself a challenge to the reader to decide how successful such an effort may be; Sand brings to it all her skill:

> C'était une soirée d'automne tiède et doucement voilée; nous remarquions la sonorité de l'air dans cette saison et ce je ne sais quoi de mystérieux qui règne alors dans la nature. On dirait qu'à l'approche du lourd sommeil de l'hiver chaque être et chaque chose s'arrangent furtivement pour jouir d'un reste de vie et d'animation avant l'engourdissement fatal de la gelée: et, comme s'ils voulaient tromper la marche du temps comme s'ils craignaient d'être surpris et interrompus dans les derniers ébats de leur fête, les êtres et les choses de la nature procèdent sans bruit et sans activité apparente à leurs ivresses nocturnes. Les oiseaux font entendre des cris étouffés au lieu des joyeuses fanfares de l'été. L'insecte des sillons laisse échapper parfois une exclamation indiscrète; mais tout aussitôt il s'interrompt, et va rapidement porter son chant ou sa plainte à un autre point de rappel. Les plantes se hâtent d'exhaler un dernier parfum, d'autant plus suave qu'il est plus subtil et comme contenu. Les feuilles jaunissantes n'osent frémir au souffle de l'air, et les troupeaux paissent en silence sans cris d'amour ou de combat. (pp. 204-205)

Notwithstanding the successful reproduction of the scene's poetic beauty, Sand decides that the words on the page can never equal its actual beauty; therefore, asks Rollinat, is it not better to give up the false intellectual way of apprehending through reproducing, for the simpler more direct apprehension of the peasant? This question goes a step further than Sand had in the prologue to La Mare au Diable, where she would have agreed to exchange her life for that of the peasant if she could keep her artist's perceptions of beauty. Here, however, she lets Rollinat convince her that primitive man has a similar capacity for enjoyment of nature: "Du moment qu'il fut homme, il comprit et sentit autrement /que la brute/" (p. 210), and that he would exchange his "vie factice" for "la vie primitive" (p. 206) of the peasant under certain conditions:

> . . . le paysan qui ne sait pas lire, celui à qui Dieu a donné de bons instincts, une organisation paisible, une conscience étroite; et je m'imagine que, dans cet engourdissement des facultés inutiles, dans cette ignorance des goûts depravés, je serais aussi heureux que l'homme primitife rêvé par Jean Jacques. (p. 210)

Sand understands this dream and goes a step further by replying that "le paysan le plus simple et le plus naïf est encore artiste; et moi je prétends que leur art est supérieur au nôtre" (pp. 210-211); to which Rollinat adds the reason "parce qu'il s'inspire davantage de la nature, qu'il est en contact plus direct avec elle" (p. 211). This, then, they decide, must be the goal of her art: the revelation of that special "monde naïf" (p. 212).

Sand immediately recognizes that there is nothing new about such an ideal; that she herself has attempted it, and that the history of "bergeries" is a long one:

> J'ai vu et j'ai senti par moi-même, avec tous les êtres civilisés que la vie primitive était le rêve, l'idéal de tous les hommes et de tous les temps. Depuis les bergers de Longus jusqu'à ceux de Trianon, la vie pastorale est un Eden parfumé où les âmestourmentées et lassées du tumulte du monde ont essayé de se réfugier. L'art, ce grand flatteur, ce chercheur complaisant de consolations pour les gens trop heureux, a traversé une suite ininterrompue de bergeries. (pp. 212-213)

She sees this pastoral impulse as one which rises in proportion to the depravity of the mores of the time, ". . . se faisant pures et sentimentales d'autant plus que la société était corrompue et impudente" (p. 213). Furthermore, she rejects these old forms of pastoral as inappropriate for her own time:

> Tous ces types de l'âge d'or, ces bergères, qui sont des nymphes et puis des marquises, ces bergères de l'Astrée qui passent par le Lignon de Florian, qui portent de la poudre et du satin sous Louis XV et auxquels Sedaine commence, à la fin de la monarchie, à donner des sabots, sont tous plus ou moins faux, et aujourd'hui ils nous paraissent niais et ridicules. Nous en avons fini avec eux, nous n'en voyons plus guère que sous forme de fantômes à l'Opéra, et pourtant ils ont régné sur les cours et ont fait les délices des rois qui leur empruntaient la houlette et la panetière. (pp. 213-4)

However, she is reminded by Rollinat that the way in which contemporary literature (Balzac is meant here) would have replaced such artificialities is equally ineffectual because of its brutality:

> . . . le théâtre, la poésie et le roman ont quitté la houlette pour prendre le poignard, et quand ils mettent en scene la vie rustique, ils lui donnent un certain caractère de réalité qui manquait aux bergeries du temps passé. Mais la poésie n'y est guère, et je m'en plains; et je ne vois pas encore le moyen de relever l'idéal champêtre sans le farder ou le noircir. (p. 215)

The heart of the problem lies in the language, Sand explains, for the civilized reader would be at a loss to understand a re-creation of the peasant who speaks "comme il parle", and if her peasant speaks as the reader speaks, he will lose all verisimilitude. Trying to be helpful, Rollinat reminds her that the latter mistake was made with her heroine, Jeanne. He feel that La Mare au Diable was a more successful

attempt to solve the problem, but that even there the author showed her hand too often. The solution he suggests is twofold: to imitate the style of the traditional rustic veillée, which they recently witnessed, where Le Chanvreur told stories until two a.m., spelled by the curé's servant, Mère Monique, and to translate the language of these peasant narrators as if she had a Parisian on her right, who understood only modern French, and a peasant on her left, who had to make sense of it; in other words, "parler clairement pour le Parisien, naïvement pour le paysan" (p. 217). Rollinat promises to oversee the project and perhaps find a solution whereby art might enter into the mystery of primitive simplicity and communicate to a universal audience the charm inherent in nature.

The expressed intentions here are to reproduce the pastoral ideal without either artificiality or brutality; to regain the "poetry" in rustic literature without losing the truth; to recreate the primitive world in all its purity and sentimentality in order to console the civilized world for the loss of these human attributes, and also to reach a wider audience with its idealistic message.

Sand has organized the story of François le Champi along the lines of a Bildungsroman--i.e., we see the growth of the hero from the time he is found, an undernourished and sickly child, until he reaches healthy adulthood at age twenty. A little less than one-third of this span, from age six to seventeen, is narrated by Mère Monique, a "paysanne un peu cultivée" (p. 216). During this time in his life, the influence of Madeleine on François is dominant. François has already learned to accept suffering and to be helpful from his early years of poverty with his first foster mother Zabelle. From Madeleine he experiences real

kindness when she gives Zabelle her warm cape for him, when she surreptitiously makes sure there is extra soup every day to cure his fever, and when she offers to "buy" him to save him from being sent away. The narrator is also solicitous of François and maternally proud of his physical courage:

> C'est ainsi que François le Champi fut élevé par les soins et la bon coeur de Madeleine la meunière. Il retrouva la santé très vite, car il était bâti, comme on dit chez nous, à chaux et à sable, et il n'y avait point de richard dans le pays qui n'eût souhaité d'avoir un fils aussi joli de figure et aussi bien construit de ses membres. Avec cela, il était courageux comme un homme; il allait à la rivière comme un poisson, et plongeait jusque sous la pelle du moulin, ne craignant pas plus l'eau que le feu; il sautait sur les poulains les plus folâtres et les conduisait au pré sans même leur passer une corde autour du nez, jouant des talons pour les faire marcher droit et les tenant aux crins pour sauter les fossés avec eux. (pp.229-230)

Madeleine teaches him, together with her son Jeannie, to read from La Vie des Saints, thereby spiritually reinforcing his innate gentleness just as she furthers his physical growth. The decline of Cadet Blanchet is used as a foil to François' growth, as the insensitive "rougeot" of a miller goes about ruining himself. The relationship Madeleine has with François and Jeannie prevents her from suffering the usual effects of a husband's debauchery. By the same token, Mère Monique proudly describes to us how happily the orphan's life is working out under Madeleine's aegis, as he receives communion and goes to work at the mill, serving Blanchet at very low wages with a conscientiousness unusual for a child his age:

> Quand François se vit tout à fait au service de Madeleine et du cher petit Jeannie qu'il aimait tant, il se trouva bien heureux et quand il comprit qu'avec l'argent qu'il gagnait, la Zabelle pourrait payer sa ferme et avoir de moins le plus gros de ses soucis, il se trouva aussi riche que le roi. (p. 254)

A year after Zabelle dies, François confesses to Madeleine that from the moment that Zabelle wished to send him away and Madeleine

offered to buy him he has loved her best but his single complaint is that he does not get embraced the way Jeannie does. From then on, they adopt new rituals of physical affection. The voice of the elderly woman narrator, servant to the curé, casts a veil of innocence over the relationship as she brings the story to a state of serenity which we realize will be shattered soon enough by the energies germinating beneath the hero's consciousness, as well as by the outer complications which are in store for both François and Madeleine.

The turning point is reached in chapter seven, where François expresses dissatisfaction that Madeleine does not recognize the extent of his love, for otherwise she would be happier than she seems. The narrator breaks off her story just after she tells us how François' responsibilities at the mill have become so extensive that he must occasionally go to Dollins, the home of Blanchet's mistress, Sévère. Mère Monique's pretext for not wanting to continue with the story is fatigue and loss of memory, but Le Chanvreur, "un paysan inculte" (p. 217), accuses her of having "un coeur de poulet, comme toutes les dévotes, aux histoires d'amour" (p. 273), when events begin to frustrate the hero. This brief conversation between the narrators is augmented by an interruption from a member of the group names Sylvine Courtioux, a young girl who suddenly responds to the idea that the story of the foundling will now include matters of love.

The new narrative voice of Le Chanvreur appears and, with added vitality and relish, describes an attempted seduction of François by Sévère, whose name, he advises, "n'était pas bien ajusté sur elle" (p. 273). The reader is once again reminded of the fresh narrative voice as the seductress is described: "Elle était encore très belle femme et très

avenante, vive quoique corpulente, et fraîche comme une guigne" (p. 274), followed by François, in his god-like purity and coiffure: "Lui, il était déjà grand, bien bâti; il avait la peau blanche, même en temps de moisson, et des cheveux tout frisés qui étaient comme brunets à la racine et finissaient en couleur d'or" (p. 274). Then, Le Chanvreur jocularly asks: "Est-ce comme ça que vous les aimez, dame Monique? les cheveux, je dis, sans aucunement parler des garçons" (p. 275). The new spirited tone of the second narrator--in contrast to the prior sedate one--is not completely stabilized until the seduction scene is over and François is safe, for the curé's servant thinks she has a vested interest in the hero's well-being and interrupts: "Je crois . . . que vous pourriez passer un bout de l'histoire. Ce n'est pas bien intéressant de savoir toutes les mauvaises raisons que chercha cette mauvaise femme pour surprendre la religion de notre champi" (p. 279). But the new narrator assures her that he will keep the tenor of his audience in mind. Le Chanvreur teasingly expresses discomfort about relating the story of such a chaste young man, for he interrupts once again with a self-conscious comment: "Je ne dis point que j'eusse été aussi sage que lui dans la rencontre; mais enfin sagesse ne nuit point, et puis je dis les choses comme elles sont. Ce gars était aussi comme il faut qu'une fille de bien" (p. 283).

He then proceeds to describe how Sévère falsely accuses François before Cadet Blanchet; how the latter insists that Madeleine dismiss François, and how Madeleine unhappily breaks the news that he must leave. When Madeleine kisses François goodbye, Le Chanvreur feels called upon to relate that, although an outsider observing the scene would have thought Cadet Blanchet had reason to be jealous, the Virgin Mary herself

would have found no sin in Madeleine's behavior. And Mère Monique rejoins: "Ni moi, non plus" (p. 298).

Le Chanvreur now tells of their separation, explaining how Madeleine falls into despondency and a mild fever insidiously grips her, while François, so depressed for a while that he is unable to work, begins to revive under the good care of his new employer, Jean Vertaud and Vertaud's daughter Jeannette. At this low point in the fortunes of François and Madeleine, the narrator breaks the story-telling vigil, while the author herself emerges as if to tuck everyone into bed:

> '. . . mais voilà qu'il se fait tard, messieurs mes amis, et je m'endors sur mon histoire. A demain; si vous voulez, je vous dirai le reste. Bonsoir la compagnie.' Le chanvreur alla se coucher, et le métayer, allumant sa lâterne, reconduisait la mère Monique au presbytère car c'était une femme d'âge qui ne voyait pas bien clair à se conduire. (p. 305)

As this central point in the story is reached, the narration becomes stabilized as third-person with an occasional omniscient interruption, but without a specified character. This helps to prepare the reader for a surprising event which will necessitate a change in François' plans. We are conducted speedily through the three years which François spends away from Cormouer, in Aigurande, where Jeannette falls in love with him, and we discover how he cannot reciprocate, how he finds himself rich, and how he hears of Cadet Blanchet's death and asks permission to return to Cormouer.

François' trip and his arrival are described at length, as is the mute state into which he falls when he sees the weakened, sleeping Madeleine once again. The silent mood is broken as an old servant enters and recognizes François, while at the same time the impersonal mood of the narration is once again disturbed as the previous narrator complains of the misuse of Le Chanvreur's word "secousse" as a metaphor

for a moment in time. An argument ensues with Mère Monique defending the language against such impurity, while Le Chanvreur presents his poetic stand so eloquently that he convinces himself that unless she is ready to continue the narrative she had better not question him again.

The narration returns to a smooth course once again. François supervises the restoration of Madeleine's health, the mill, and all her business matters, and goes through another love complication. This time it is with Mariette, the sister of Cadet Blanchet, who arrived after his departure. Minor interruptions in the narration occur only to remark upon François' successes. The energy which the hero now gives to his various jobs is accompanied by a growing awareness of his sexual love for Madeleine and an equivalent sadness at her lack of response.

It takes the intervention of the good Jeannette Vertaud to find the solution to François' unrequited love by revealing this love to Madeleine. When they are finally united, Le Chanvreur can put his concluding flourish to the story, after informing us that a double wedding with a single celebration will take place at Aigurande, whose details would take too long to tell. The inference is that Sand does not wish to duplicate the four chapter description of "Les Noces" with which she concluded La Mare au Diable.

While maintaining the spirit of a traditional rustic narrator, Sand has rendered his idiom accessible to us, her more cultivated readers. But, as shown, she has artfully worked out relationships between the narrators and their parts of the story which reinforce their personalities, as well as those of the characters. Her intention to create "un monde naïf" is thus supported from outside as well as within, as it were. Just

as Sand was in La Mare au Diable, so are both narrators in François - le Champi, benevolently parental toward their favored characters, tempering their suffering and keeping them from harm. As they are fiercely protective toward the innocents, so are they punitive toward the immoral, maintaining a strict demarcation between both worlds, with the outer one represented by the evil intrigues of Cadet Blanchet and Sévère which perpetuate the complications in the love and money relationships. The inner world of Madeleine and François, where all energies are directed toward unity in love and simplification in life, is Sand's own goal at this unusually stormy period in her life.

Although there is a broad gap between the purity of Madeleine and François and the evils--fraud and adultery--of their opponents, the watchful eye of the narrator minimizes the power of such evils. As is characteristic in pastoral, we are dealing with a miniature world where the effects from outside are heard only from a distance and therefore cannot contaminate the protected place. For example, when François leaves Aigurande to return to Cormouer, we learn that an ex-soldier replaces him--a most distant reverberation of war in the outside world. The only real entry from far away into the lives of the characters is François' mysterious legacy, but since this seems, at first glance, to have no connection with the rest of the story other than as a device-from-on-high serving to further the happiness of the characters involved, it appears to be less related to the idea of the corrupt world outside than to the conventional side of fiction. As in La Mare au Diable, within the miniature world, Sand sets up two categories of characters: those who further vice and those who maintain virtue; but in François le Champi the central location of the mill at Cormouer is not the protected place

that Belair was. Nor is it an agricultural scene, but rather one of growing industry. The evil Sévère comes from Dollins, outside Cormouer, but the refined Vertauds come from Aigurande, even further away, which turns out to be the idealized place when the main characters go there to celebrate their marriage. They are apparently in greater danger of losing their innocence in Cormouer than would be the case in Belair.

Although Sand has not endowed Cormouer with the aspects of the pastoral retreat for her innocent characters, she has created a special place, which becomes associated with the growing love of Madeleine and François. That is "la fontaine," where Madeleine, having to do the laundry for her own well cared for baby, finds François, who is apparently too simpleminded to answer any of her questions except his given name. Here the spring is like a baptismal font. When Cadet Blanchet insists on François' dismissal because Sévère, in revenge, has suggested that he could afford to be jealous of François, Madeleine takes the youth to the spring to break the bad news. Her arguments finally lift him from despair at their coming separation, and he takes further courage from the setting which he has come to associate with her and with God, as though it were a sacred grove.

On François' return from Aigurande through the icy winter landscape, he finds the river thoroughly frozen; as he approaches the Blanchet meadow he does not expect to see the spring, "mais comme les arbres et les buissons n'avaient pas de feuilles, il vit reluire au soleil l'eau vive qui ne gèle jamais parce qu'elle est de source" (p. 329).

When Madeleine naïvely tries to convince François that Mariette cares for him, thinking that he loves the young girl, François runs to the spring to cry. Then, Madeleine, filled with chagrin at the

revelation that Mariette will marry a friend of Sévère, runs to the spring to console François.

Finally, when Madeleine is apprised of François' love by Jeannette, the lovers face each other, filled with emotion but unable to express it. François suggests, "allons à la fontaine, peut-être y trouverais-je ma langue" (p. 402). Predictably, the spring, which has become coincident with the ever-flowing source of love in François' heart, helps: "François retrouve le courage de parler, en se souvenant que c'était là qu'il avait vu Madeleine pour la première fois, et là aussi qu'il lui avait fait ses adieux onze ans plus tard. Il faut croire qu'il parla très bien et que Madeleine n'y trouva rien à répondre, car ils y étaient encore à minuit et elle pleurait de joie, et il la remerciait à deux genoux de ce qu'elle l'acceptait pour son mari" (pp. 402-403).

Water, as a source of cooling purification for a lover's passions, as an echoing consolation for a lover's tears, as a mysterious place where special spirits abide to unloose a lover's tongue--all lie within the traditional pastoral devices for the purpose of enhancing the innocence of the lovers. Thus, Sand's use of "la fontaine" as it corresponds to the lovers' retreat in conventional pastoral is more artful than the haunted swamp in La Mare au Diable.

The world Sand has created is removed in time as well as space from the complexities of city life. As in the first of the rustic novels, no attempt is made to place the story in historic time; there are no dates and only once is a month (May) mentioned. Ritual holidays are used to denote the passage of time. When Madeleine tells François that they must be separated, she uses the time of year to support her case: "C'est demain la Saint-Jean, il faut que tu ailles te louer, et pas trop près d'ici, car

si nous étions à même de nous revoir souvent, ce serait pire dans l'idée de M. Blanchet" (p. 293). The time which François then spends in Aigurande is dated by each Saint John's day, as is his salary. However, François le Champi spans about fourteen years compared to less than a year in La Mare au Diable, giving Sand a chance to expand on the seasonal aspects typical in the pastoral conception of time.

An elaborate winter landscape is described by Sand when François is on his way home, but he travels overland so quickly that "il ne sentit pas la froidure" (p. 327)--this in contrast to Madeleine, whose health has deteriorated so that she is the very soul of winter. Her illness has made her "blême," "assoupie" (p. 332), and so "chétive" and "fluette" (p. 339), that she is practically without substance; but François, "planté sur ses pieds comme un jeune chêne" (p. 345), is like the seed of life that has arrived to revive dying mother nature. Once François returns from Aigurande, there is greater concentration of time. A little less than half the novel, seventy-two pages, is devoted to the less than a year period during which François, at age twenty, reaches maturity in love equal to that which he has reached on other levels. In this second half of the story, there are three seasonal portraits: the early morning winter voyage of François mentioned above; the midday spring scene between Sévère and Mariette in the meadow, with François overhearing them, and the early evening sunshower in early summer, directly before the dénouement, all of which are symbolic of the hero's progress in the fulfillment of his love. If we then include the evening scene in autumn with which the preface opens, we see that Sand has managed to include all four seasons, at four different times of day, in her infrequent portraits of nature. If such an exemplary calendar is actually

inadvertent on Sand's part, one must conclude that she has a fine sense of seasonal time working even unconsciously.

Once again, as in La Mare au Diable, the innocents appear sharply drawn in contrast to the knowing ones. But, in the second rustic novel Sand has been more artful in her symmetry. For every evil character there is a good one. Sand has set up a one-to-one correspondence of such contrasts. The wicked old mother-in-law is balanced by the good-hearted Zabelle, and both characters die within the first half of the story; the dissipating miller, Cadet Blanchet, who ignores his wife and child, is offset by the hard-working miller, Jean Vertaud, devoted to his daughter; the foolish Mariette, by the sensible Jeannette; and Sévère, the plump repository of sin, by the frail and saintly Madeleine. All of these characters have an effect, to a greater or lesser extent, on François who is central and who, alone, has no counterpart in evil. The young Jeannie, however, playing a similar role to that of little Pierre in La Mare au Diable, is usually present whenever François is with Madeleine. Even at age fifteen "le jeune gars couchait toujours dans la même chambre que sa mère" (p. 351). He is their angelic shadow, lending an air of innocence to all their meetings and furthering their love in a passive way. Mention of Jeannie, as the story comes to an end, parallels that of Pierre, and indicates that his presence was a mild, but necessary, ingredient in the final wedding scene:

> Et Jean Vertaud voulut que François et sa femme, et Jeannie, qui était bien content de tout cela, avec tous leurs amis, parents et connaissances, vinssent faire chez lui comme un retour de noces, qui fut des plus beaux, honnête et divertissant comme jamais je n'en vis depuis. (p. 403)

The major part of François' education is dedicated to guarding his chastity. As we saw, when Le Chanvreur took over the narration, François

journeyed forth into the world, having had only the maternal influences of Zabelle and Madeleine before that. His first episode with Sévère, in which she tries many tricks to keep him with her for the night, simply makes his rush home to Madeleine, "sans avoir ouvert l'oreille grand comme un pertuis d'aiguille à ses honnêtetés" (p. 282). When Jeannette falls in love with him, his decision is not quite so clear, for she is a person of means as well as of good character, and he is flattered. But François is true to his own instinct for fidelity without yet realizing the nature of his love for Madeleine. His next lesson comes from Mariette, whose youth and beauty match his own: ". . . une belle et jolie jeune fille, vermeille comme une aube de printemps et réveillée comme une linotte . . . " (p. 331). But, as the description reveals, Mariette's spring-like aura is out of keeping with the winter mood. François finds her to be lacking in kindness, helpfulness and gratitude toward her sick sister-in-law, and, still worse, to be attracted to prodigality.

François' unusual diligence in guarding his virtue is one of the conventions Sand insists on in her main characters in the romans champêtres. Germain, too, is a guardian of chastity, his own and Marie's, and as we saw, this trait is part of the actual Berrichon tradition. The refined ploughman and the foundling also have in common a certain shyness or speechlessness, which is used to vary the quality of their innocence. There is, however, something different about François. His muteness is used by Sand to support the picture she is building up of him as an impassioned, suffering and mysterious figure--not unlike her youthful fantasy of Corambé--a picture which at times inspires more of romantic awe than pastoral simplicity. From the earliest descriptions of François, there are contradictions in his appearance; in spite of the

fact that he is dirty, ragged and primitive looking, "il avait des yeux magnifiques" (p. 223), and "sa jolie figure fut très pâle" (p. 224). This line of contradiction is pursued when Zabelle tells Madeleine of François exceptional character: ". . . cet enfant-là, voyez-vous, est d'un coeur comme on n'en trouve guère; ça ne se plaint jamais, et c'est aussi soumis qu'un enfant de famille; c'est tout le contraire des autres champis, qui sont terribles et tabâtres, et qui ont toujours l'esprit tourné à la malice" (p. 228).

Although François is rapidly developing his manly physical strength, the narrator informs us that, oddly, his personality is not acquiring the aggressiveness that goes along with it. And although François' good-natured sweetness is apparent from his actions, reinforced as it is by Madeleine's example, he remains predominantly withdrawn. Yet, he amazes her one day, when she scolds him for letting Jeannie pull his hair, by replying: ". . . j'aime mieux souffrir le mal que le rendre" (p. 238). From then on, Madeleine acquires a certain awe of him. At the thought of sending François away, Zabelle's heart is as heavy as if she had committed "un péché mortel" (p. 239). She has the feeling that the child is "plus instruit de son sort qu'il était" (p. 243), as she tries to explain to him why she must send him to the orphanage.

What also seems to be exceptional in François, according to the narrator, is his great capacity for love, inexpressible in words. At the thought of leaving Zabelle, he is so inconsolable that he throws himself on the grass, tearing out clumps and tossing about as if he were epileptic; he beats his head so hard on the stones that he becomes bloody and Zabelle fears for his life. When Madeleine passes and intervenes, the orphan suddenly becomes eloquent in his pleas to remain with them,

culminating his surprisingly long speeches with the threat that, rather than be sent away, "j'aime mieux me jeter dans la rivière" (p. 246). Madeleine is so moved by the episode that she responds in equally exalted fashion:

> On me tuera si l'on veut, j'achète cet enfant-là, il est à moi, il n'est plus à vous. Vous ne méritez pas de garder un enfant d'un aussi grand coeur, et qui vous aime tant. C'est moi qui serai sa mère, et il faudra bien qu'on le souffre. On peut tout souffrir pour ses enfants. Je me ferais couper par morceaux pour mon Jeannie; eh bien, j'en endurerai autant pour celui-là. Viens, mon pauvre François. Tu n'es plus champi, entends-tu? Tu as une mère, et tu peux l'aimer à ton aise; elle te le rendra de tout son coeur. (p. 247)

Usually the essence of tranquility, Madeleine is behaving in a most unusual way; indeed, with a display of surprizing strength, she lifts the boy and carries him across the bridge on the way home. She is forced to stop when his weight becomes too much for her, but suddenly remembers the story of Saint Christopher, who, carrying the child Jesus across the river, was also forced to stop. When they discover that François has fainted, both women try to revive him in an effort that seems as inspired by maternal feeling as religious fervor:

> Elles le couchèrent sur leurs genoux, au bord de l'eau, lavèrent ses blessures et en arrêtèrent le sang avec leurs mouchoirs; mais elles n'avaient rien pour le faire revenir. Madeleine, rechauffant sa tête contre son coeur, lui soufflait sur le visage et dans la bouche comme on fait aux noyés. Cela le reconforta, et dès qu'il ouvrit les yeux et qu'il vit le soin qu'on prenait de lui, il embrassa Madeleine et la Zabelle l'une après l'autre avec tant de coeur qu'elles furent obligées de l'arrêter, craignant qu'il ne retombât en pamoîson. (p. 249)

The sexual feelings which seem to be lurking just behind the maternal and religious ones come closer to over actions as François grows up. One instance occurs when he asks Madeleine for physical expressions of her love for him. Madeleine's willingness to hug him inspires a response confused by sexual overtones:

> L'enfant se jeta au cou de Madeleine, et devint si pâle, qu'elle en fut étonnée et l'ôte doucement de dessus ses genoux en essayant de le distraire. Mais il la quitta au bout d'un moment, et s'enfuit tout seul comme pour se cacher. (p. 256)

When Madeleine asks for an explanation of his tears, his answer shows how he has managed to unite all his various feelings under one cover: ". . . je ne sais pas pourquoi je pleurais. Vrai, je n'en sais rien, car je suis content comme si j'étais en paradis" (p. 257).

The exhibition of innocent characters in the grip of passions they do not understand is one of the tensions which the pastoral mood typically creates. In classical pastoral the characters are simply ignorant: Daphnis and Chloe do not know how to perform the sex act; they would if they could and indeed are always trying. In Renaissance pastoral, however, love-making goes on in a veiled way. Consider the intimacies of Celadon, disguised as Alexis, with Astrée. In François le Champi, however, Sand exaggerates the saintliness of her main characters because of the age difference and the relationship between them. As it was, Karénine, among others, reacted with discomfort to the evolution of Madeleine from mother to wife: ". . . son amour pour le garçon qu'elle avait élevé en même temps que son petite Jeannie, nous choque et nous parait presque criminel."[2]

As François grows up he gets more experienced with women and, as we have seen, he learns very well how to extricate himself from situations. The motif of François as a saint is maintained and elaborated. When he makes his return journey to Cormouer, he has a vision "qu'il voyait Madeleine devant lui s'imaginant aussi entendre comme une petite voix faible qui l'appelait en aide" (p. 327). This image hurries him on so that he does not think of the cold, eating, drinking, or taking a breath during his six hour, early morning walk, until he arrives at

the cross near the end of his journey: "Quand il fut là, il se mit à genoux et embrassa le bois de la croix avec l'amitié d'un bon chrétien qui retrouve une bonne connaissance" (p. 327). When he arrives at the mill, he finds a fairy tale picture of a more secular cross: "Il vit la vieille roue du moulin, toute noire à force d'âge et de mouillage, avec des grandes pointes de glace qui pendaient aux alochons, menues comme des aiguilles" (p. 329). Then the change in landscape strikes him, with its chopped-down trees like martyrs to the cause of the dead miller's debts, ". . . rouge comme sang de chrétien, le pied des grands vergnes fraîchement coupés" (pp. 229-230). The church-like silence of the scene is emphasized as the dog begins to bark, then is quiet in recognition of him--a silence which is exchanged for his own muteness at the bedside of the ailing Madeleine, and is broken only after Madeleine recognizes him: "Approche, approche, mon fils; je demandais tous les jours au bon Dieu la grâce de te donner ma bénédiction" (p. 339).

From this point, François becomes involved in a more worldly kind of education; he plans a way to retrieve Madeleine's lost property from Sévère, he manipulates Mariette into furnishing Sévère with information which will force her into a difficult financial situation and assure that she will accept his offer of repayment of Madeleine's debts. Although Sand maintains the mantle of purity around Madeleine, François has emerged from his monk's cloth, at least in the area of finance.

However, Sand is insistent on keeping up the image of François as a saint until the very end; once again, he is returning home from Aigurande, this time hopeful that the intercession of the Vertauds will end his lamentable state of unrequited love; as the sun sets on this day in early summer François is caught in a sudden shower:

> La nuée s'égouttait sur les buissons et les merles chantaient comme des fous pour une risée que le soleil leur envoyait avant de se cacher derrière la côté du Grand Corlay. Les oisillons, par grand'bandes, voletaient devant François de branche en branche, et le piaulis qu'ils faisaient lui rejouissait l'esprit. Il pensait au temps où il était tout petit enfant et où il s'en allait rêvant et baguenaudant par les prés, et sifflant pour attirer les oiseaux. Et là-dessus il vit une belle pive, que dans d'autres endroits on appelle bouvreuil et qui frétillait à l'entour de sa tête comme pour lui annoncer bonne chance et bonne nouvelle. Et cela le fit ressouvenir d'une chanson bien ancienne que lui disait sa mère Zabelle pour l'endormir, dans le parlage du vieux temps de notre pays:
>
> Une pive
> Cortive,
> Anc ses piviots,
> Cortiviots,
> Livardiots,
> S'en va pivant
> Livardiant,
> Cortiviant. (pp. 398-399)

In spite of François' success in worldly matters, this image--reminiscent of Saint Francis of Assisi--reminds us again of his innocence, piety and empathy with nature, especially as it is adorned by his infant song.

François' unusual qualities are enhanced by the mystery surrounding his birth. When living in Aigurande, he receives a surprise visit from the curé, who informs him that his real mother wishes him to have a legacy of four-thousand francs, under the condition that her identity be kept secret. He has to identify himself to the curé as "François dit la Fraise, nom qu'on lui aurait donné à l'état civil où il avait été présenté comme champi, à cause d'une marque qu'il avait sur le bras gauche. . .".(p. 318). This element of mystery seems far more appropriate to Sand's early romantic novels than to the present one and we may question its efficacy. Not that such romantic elements do not fit the pastoral mood; we have seen that the foundlings of Longus

are of exceptional parentage, as are the princes disguised as shepherds in Renaissance pastoral. Here, however, it jars us because of the rustic, egalitarian atmosphere in which the foundling motif is established.

The principle of socialism, which Sand claimed had become instinctive with her,[3] is manifest also in François le Champi, but her usual approach of championing a particular occupation has been altered. The work of the hero is less important than his condition as an orphan.

In the preface of 1852, Sand claims to have raised several foundlings of both sexes "qui sont venus à bien au physique et au moral" (p. 203). We know that already in 1843 Sand occupied herself with the actual case of an orphan girl, Fanchette, who was placed in a foster home but kept returning to the nuns at La Châtre, only to be sent away again. Finally, the mother superior put her on a coach to Aubusson where the driver, according to his instructions, abandoned her on the road one mile before the town. Sand and her friends were scandalized by the incident and conducted a search for the child, who was found only after six weeks. Sand took up a collection for her, and placed her with a poor, but honest woman of Nohant, who would also benefit by caring for the orphan. Prompted to publicize the plight of such unfortunate children, Sand wrote two articles, telling the story, in the Revue indépendante (October 25 and November 25, 1843).

Zabelle, like the foster mother Sand found for Fanchette, cares for François "pour avoir tous les mois quelques pièce d'argent blanc et pour faire de lui son petit serviteur" (p. 226). The narrator tells us at the outset what kind of living François had in store if he had been the usual foundling:

> L'emploi de François, jusqu'à ce qu'il eût gagné l'âge de la première communion, devait être de garder ce pauvre troupeau sur le bord des chemins, après quoi on le louerait comme on pourrait pour être porcher ou petit valet de charrue, et, s'il avait de bons sentiments, il donnerait à sa mère par adoption une partie de son gage. (p. 226)

When François first questions Madeleine as to whether it is bad to be a foundling, Madeleine replies it is not, because it is not the child's fault. When François pursues the issue of fault, Madeleine explains, ". . . c'est la faute aux riches" (p. 261). But the socialistic tone is softened by the child's reply: "Ah, . . . Pourtant il y a de bons riches, puisque vous l'êtes, vous madame Blanchet; c'est le tout de se trouver au droit pour les rencontrer" (p. 261).

Sand's ideas regarding the importance of kindness in raising children are aired frequently in relation to foundlings. When Zabelle informs her of the boy's exceptional disposition, Madeleine's reply is: "Si celui-là est bon, c'est que vous êtes bonne pour lui soyez-en assurée" (p. 228). Also, the narrator points out that if François had been raised like other foundlings, he would detest society. But he had the good fortune not only not to have been maltreated by Zabelle, but to have met the humane Madeleine, and thus has exceeded the potential of all other children: " . . . un champi, qui rencontre de l'amitié est meilleur qu'un autre enfant, de même qu'il est pire quand il se voit molesté et avili" (p. 263).

The foundling motif is used by the author to elaborate upon the art and nature question first raised in the preface as to the potential of the primitive peasant for becoming an artist. In taking the child abandoned to nature, whose parentage is unknown, and nurturing it with the most humane values, Sand's idealism expects to see a child evolve

as upright as François. But, just to convince us perhaps, she adds the ingredient of an actual, mysterious mother, who, though not present, is rich, of noble spirit, and ever-vigilant of her child's whereabouts. In sum, François is like the primitive man, "rêvé par Jean-Jacques," whom Rollinat envied in the preface.

As if to balance this idealizing point of view, the foundling motif also acts as a focal point for indicating a great many supersitions. Foundlings have a "bonheur du sort" (p. 230), which allows them to undertake the most dangerous games with impunity. Foundlings are born thieves, says Mère Blanchet when she tells Zabelle she will have to get rid of François (p. 240). Madeleine's servant advises her not to kiss the boy because he is a foundling and that she herself would not kiss him for any amount of money (p. 258). Cadet Blanchet, after getting his way in having dismissed François, offers Madeleine this consolation: "C'est le diable qui met ces enfants-là dans le monde, et il est toujours après eux" (p. 299). Mariette shows her prejudice when informed who François is: "Comment, . . c'est un champi? Il a pourtant un air bien honnête" (p. 343). François is clever enough to use the servant's superstition to his own advantage when he wants her opinion of Mariette: ". . . tu dois savoir qu'un secret est bien placé dans le coeur du champi" (p. 347). Even Jean Vertaud, François' enlightened employer, is shocked when François reveals that he came from the orphanage. This gives the hero a chance to speak in behalf of foundlings:

> Pourquoi ne l'auriez-vous jamais pensé? --Vous ne répondez pas, mon maître? Eh bien, moi, je vais répondre pour vous. C'est que, me voyant bon sujet, vous vous seriez étonné qu'un champi pût l'être. C'est donc une vérité que les champis ne donnent pas de confiance au monde, et qu'il y a quelque chose contre eux? Ça n'est pas juste, ça n'est pas humain; mais enfin c'est comme ça, et c'est bien force de s'y conformer, puisque les meilleurs coeurs n'en sont pas exempts, et que vous même. . . . (p. 311)

The attitude of the characters toward foundlings divides them into two further categories: the superstitious, unenlightened, rustic, background characters and the socially idealistic main characters. This is a departure from Sand's character conception in La Mare au Diable, where the lovers, exceptional to the outside world, embody their own little community's deepest moral and social principles. The lovers in François - le Champi stem from some of Sand's earlier romantic conceptions precisely because of their alienation. Madeleine, at age twenty and after only three years of marriage, is observed by a friend of her husband to have passed her prime. "Je lui trouve un air triste comme quelqu'un qui souffrirait ou qui aurait de l'ennui" (p. 232), he says of her, and we think of the unhappy marriages of her earlier heroines, Indiana and Consuelo, as well as Sand's own.

The mystery regarding François' parentage, his secret legacy and his strange muteness are all part of the romantic paraphernalia; the saintly allusions, too, belong in this category, as do the various echoes of courtly love conventions--e.g., the tendency toward fainting shown by François when Zabelle tries to send him away; Madeleine's fainting spell after Cadet Blanchet's tirade; the illnesses of François and Madeleine, accompanied by fever, which have their love-related causes; the emblematic pallor of complexion, which coincides with the purity of the protagonists; the contrasting redness of Sévère's complexion and Mariette's "tout en feu" (p. 370); and the final blush of Madeleine as knowledge of the quality of François' passion rises into her consciousness. Finally, the knightly attitude of François toward Madeleine is epitomized when he expresses to her, at the height of their Platonic love, his wish that she would be made happy by the knowledge of his devotion:

> Je dis que je souffrirais toutes les peines que peut avoir un homme vivant vie mortelle, et que je serais encore content en pensant que Madeleine Blanchet a de l'amitié pour moi. Et c'est pour ça que je disais tout à l'heure que si vous pensiez de même, vous diriez: François m'aime tant que je suis contente d'être au monde. (p. 271)

These reverberations of Romanticism, however, are then tempered. For example, the melancholy of Madeleine is purged somewhat by the story-book quality Sand gives to her suffering. Contrasted with her two penny-pinching living mates, Cadet Blanchet and his witch-like mother, Madeleine is like a saintly version of Cinderella. The fairy tale aura comes from the feeling that the main characters have special benefactors intervening in their destiny, who will guard them against harm. That is why when Cadet Blanchet threatens that if François does not leave immediately "de l'assommer et de le moudre comme grain" (p. 287), it carries as much weight as the threat of the giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk." Even though Madeleine is "petite et mince comme un brin de jonc" (p. 245), her courage lets her stand up to the "grande et forte" Zabelle; and when Cadet Blanchet is on the rampage and looking for François, Madeleine dares to fight him and take his bâton, throwing it in the river, and only then does she eloquently protest her innocence.

Madeleine's vigor is proportional to the needs of François. When she and François are parted, her health fails. Just as François' real mother watches over him at a distance, he keeps a vigil over Cormouer when he is in Aigurande, inquiring about the Blanchets whenever he is able. As we have seen, his return is tied to her dramatic recovery. When François' inability to reveal his love to Madeleine reaches critical proportions, Sand brings in a surrogate fairy-godmother, Jeanette - Vertaud, to plead his case. By giving the characters themselves the

power to act as special benefactors for each other, Sand avoids the grosser artificiality of intervention from outside. But her conception of what may be considered natural behavior is sometimes very idiosyncratic. For example, Madeleine still needs the assurance of François that he is truly in love with her since she no longer has "idée de ce qu'elle pouvait paraître aux yeux d'un homme" (p. 401). Predicably, François "retrouva le courage de parler . . ." (p. 402), and just as François has grown from a forlorn child into a man, Madeleine has grown from a forlorn wife into a still more fully mature woman, in what Sand seems to consider a natural progression, one at least parallel to her own experience.

Just as Sand has expanded her conception of pastoral from that in La Mare au Diable to include romantic and folk-tale elements, so, as her preface forecast, she has used the full conception of conventional pastoral in a more conscious way. A deception is required on François' part: the coquette, Mariette, is being used by him as an unwitting messenger to regain Madeleine's land from the usurping Sévère. At this point, the novel has reached an uncharacteristic complexity in that the pretty, young Mariette appears to be a far more suitable match for François than Madeleine.

Now, Sand sets up a situation to test the extent of François' love for Madeleine by seeing whether the younger woman holds a natural appeal for him. The development of Mariette has been brief. She is a pivotal figure between the influences of innocence (Madeleine) and corruption (Sévère). It is at the moment when the coquettish side of Mariette wins out that Sand chooses to depict the following pastoral encounter between Sévère and Mariette, with François eavesdropping in the bushes:

> Un jour elle en ouvrit son coeur à sa mauvaise amie, la Sévère. C'était dans le patural qui est au bout du chemin aux Napes. Il y a par là un vieux pommier qui se trouvait tout en fleur, parce que, depuis que toutes ces affaires duraient, le mois de mai était venue et la Mariette étant à garder ses ouailles au bord de la rivière, la Sévère vint babiller avec elle sous ce pommier fleuri. (p. 375)

The dialogue which ensues between the two consists of Mariette's confession of her love for François; Sévère's feigned disdain at the notion of her marrying a foundling; Sévère's insinuation that François is in love with Madeleine, but that she will keep him only until someone richer comes along; Sévère's suggestion of a quick marriage of Mariette to Jean Aubard (of Sévère's choosing), and Sévère adds the warning that if Mariette does not hurry, people will think that François is the lover of both Madeleine and Mariette and then no one will want to marry the young girl. Mariette's reaction shows how susceptible she is to manipulation:

> 'C'est dit,' fit la Mariette en cassant son bâton de bergère d'un grand coup contre le vieux pommier. 'Je vous donne ma parole. Allez le chercher, Sévère, qu'il vienne ce soir à la maison me demander, et que nos bans soient publiés dimanche qui vient.' (p. 378)

The artificiality of the bourgeois coquette in shepherdess garb, her pastoral pique, the complexity of the love triangle which has reached intrigue proportions, the mixed emotions of the sequestered François, the locus amoenus setting--all link this unique scene in the story with Renaissance pastoral like l'Astrée. In her preface Sand had rejected such pastoral as inappropriate for her time, yet she uses a version of it here, as if to illustrate her very comment through the characters who stand out so sharply in their petty decadence from the natural setting.

The author's values are reiterated through François' attitude toward artificial symbols when he is leaving Aigurande. Having developed an affection for his employers and being sensitive to the feelings of

love Jeanette has for him, he does not wish to leave without giving her some token. As he departs at dawn, he considers leaving a flower against her window, "mais c'était le lendemain des Rois; la terre était couverte de neige, et il n'y avait pas une feuille aux branches, pas une pauvre violette dans l'herbage" (p. 326). Next, he considers tying the bean, which he had won the night before in the Twelfth Night cake, into a handkerchief and leaving it on her window sill to show her that she would have been his choice if she had come to the supper: "Une fève, ce n'est pas grand'chose,' se disait-il, 'c'est une marque d'honnêteté et d'amitié qui m'excusera de ne lui avoir pas su dire adieu" (p. 326). However, he rejects this idea as appropriate only for young coquettes who wish to be loved even when they do not respond. Reaching maturity and becoming responsible for his own actions, he finds it necessary to reject the pastoral tokens which are, here, symbolic of artificiality, saying to himself, "Non, non François . . . il faut vouloir ce qu'on veut et se faire oublier quand on est décidé à oublier soi-même" (p. 326).

As we have seen in La Mare au Diable, Sand's conception of pastoral is associated with natural instincts. She uses the motif of nurturing to this end in both novels. As young as she is, Marie already knows how to take care of children. In François le Champi, mothering is a major theme: Madeleine, when we first encounter her at the spring, is laundering her baby's clothes; she must rush home to nurse him, yet her heart goes out to the neglected-looking François. The care of animals is also considered part of everyday life. Zabelle's livelihood comes from "un petit lot de brebiage [which, the footnote tells us, is the "nom générique s'appliquant au moutons, aux brébis et aux agneaux"] et une douzaine de poules . . ." (p. 226), and the foundling's job, when he is twelve,

will be to watch this little flock. As he grows bigger, he becomes adept at taming wild foals (p. 230). Madeleine sends her flocks and and her goat to the fields to be watched by Jeannie when she wants to be alone with her troubles (p. 289). At nightfall, Jeannie "ramenait ses bêtes en chantant," and, as mother and child go home, they are comforted by the sound of the oxen returning from the day's labor. Jeannie, who is "pas plus méchant comme une agneau" (p. 300), is Madeleine's consolation when François leaves. It is to Mariette's moral detriment (as conceived by Sand) that she uses her shepherdess' job to run away to Sévère: "Si bien que la petite mettait son callot sur l'oreille, et, sous couleur de conduire les ouailles aux champs, elle les laissait sous la garde de quelque petit pastour, et allait faire la belle en mauvaise compagnie" (p. 364). Related as it is to the foundling theme, nurturing, too, is a mark of social consedence. Madeleine speaks for the author when she says, "On peut souffrir tout pour ses enfants" (p. 247).

As in La Mare au Diable, animals are humanized. Here, too, they function on the side of virtue. The mare which François rides, with Sévère behind, is reluctant to go into the woods at the woman's urging, as if sensing her motive of seduction. When she tells François to come down from the horse to help her in her sham search for her lost purse, he replies: "Il faut bien que je tienne la jument . . . car elle pense à son poulain, et elle se sauverait si on la lâchait" (p. 280), as if the mare were an example from which Sévère should draw a moral lesson.

When François returns from Aigurande, he speaks first to the black and white dog, which is described to suggest the mood and season, and which recognizes him before the human beings do. Animal metaphors are frequent and they simultaneously simplify and enrich the characterizations:

Cadet Blanchet bellows "comme un taureau" (p. 286); Madeleine retreats to her secluded, overgrown little peninsula "comme une poule d'eau dans son nid" (p. 289), and Mariette, who is "piqué de la mouche de la coquettrie" (p. 362), laps up compliments "comme une mouche du lait" (p. 364). As we have seen, such characterizations are appropriate to both simple pastoral and rustic moods.

The points where these moods diverge are the numerous occasions when greater realism enters the novel. As in La Mare au Diable, we again confront an actual landscape. An example of the accuracy of detail and objectivity of tone in the landscape description, and the way in which it is inserted in the story itself, occurs when Le Chanvreur resumes his narration after ceasing for the night:

> Il y avait environ trois ans que François demeurait au pays d'Aigurande, du côté de Villechiron, dans un beau moulin qui s'appelle Haut-Champault, ou Bas-Champault, ou Frêchampault, car dans ce pays-là, comme dans le nôtre, Champault est un nom répandu. J'ai été par deux fois dans ces endroits-là, et c'est un beau et bon pays. Le monde de campagne y est plus riche, mieux logé, mieux habillé; on y fait plus de commerce, et quoique la terre y soit plus maigre, elle rapporte davantage. Le terrain y est pourtant plus cabosse. Les rocs y percent et les rivières y ravinent fort. Mais c'est joli et plaisant tout de même. Les arbres y sont beaux à merveille, et les deux Creuses roulent là dedans à grands ramages, claire comme eau de roche.
>
> Les moulins y sont de plus de conséquence que chez nous et celui où residait François était des plus forts et des meilleurs. (p. 306).

The only fictional name in the story is that of the central Cormouer, which derives, according to the editors, from the great ash tree which shades the mill, but which is a real place located on the banks of the Vauvre, a bit south of Mers, the canton in which Aigurande is located. L. Vincent, who has investigated the area first-hand, has a detailed map in her stury of Sand's work in relation to Berry, which shows how exact the geography is in both rustic novels, with one minor exception:

"Sauf la localité de Presles et la croix de Plessys que je ne puis mettre à leur place, tout est conforme à la situation des lieux."[4] Therefore, aside from the use of "la fontaine" as the special place associated with the high points in her main characters' lives, Sand's other landscape descriptions are realistic.

Due to its partially autobiographic sources, the novel approaches realism whenever it deals with the marriage of Cadet and Madeleine Blanchet. We learn that in the beginning the miller tolerates his wife's fostering of the foundling because he is "encore très amoureux" (p. 231), but four years after the wedding, when his friend notices that she has lost her bloom, he becomes more concerned with "la cherté du blé;" notices "qu'on mangait trop de pain," and holds Madeleine responsible for the "gaspillage" (p. 233). Sand herself is filtered through the narration as she comments on Madeleine's weak behavior: "Madeleine aurait dû se fâcher et leur tenir tête, mais elle ne sût que pleurer" (p. 233), which results in further estrangement between husband and wife. Part of the reason for their marriage's failure has to do with the rustic temperament and living habits of Cadet Blanchet:

> Elle s'était laissé marier, à seize ans, à ce rougeot qui n'était pas tendre, qui buvait beaucoup le dimanche, qui était en colère tout le lundi, chagrin le mardi, et qui, les jours suivants, travaillant comme un cheval pour réparer le temps perdu, car il était avare, n'avait pas le loisir de songer à sa femme. Il était moins malgracieux le samedi, parce qu'il avait fait sa besogne et pensait à se divertir le lendemain. Mais un jour par semaine de bonne humeur ce n'est pas assez, et Madeleine n'aimait pas le voir guilleret, parce qu'elle savait que le lendemain soir il rentrerait tout enflambé de colère. (p. 235)

As the years pass and Blanchet spends less and less time at home, Madeleine's unrealistic reaction--treating him with patience and kindness in spite of his cruelty--prevents the situation from becoming sordid.

The fact that nine years have passed and Blanchet can still fly into a jealous rage when Sévère arouses his suspicions, is connected with the pride of possession which is part of his rustic background; as the narrator tells us, "il craignait . . . que les jeunes meuniers de Guérin ne vinssent à se gausser de lui et de sa jalousie . . ." (p. 284).

The miller's obsessive personality--penny-pinching on one hand and prodigality on the other--results, realistically enough, in the devaluation of his property and the loss of his assets. François, in contrast, is the ideal worker and economizer. As a laborer, he follows in the furrow of Germain, as it were. Whereas Sand was the spokesman for the worker in La Mare au Diable, in François le Champi the hero himself illustrates her ideal. We have seen with what conscientiousness the young François approached his job at the mill. By the time of his departure, Blanchet is totally dependent on his good offices. And when François has been working for Vertaud for three years, his employer eulogizes his talents in a long speech, in which he tells of his gratitude for the foundling's loyal service, honest, hard work and good sense, all of which he finds "savant pour un homme de campagne" (p. 308). When, after Blanchet's death, François decides he must leave Aigurande and return to Cormouer, it is with the utmost deference that he informs Vertaud of his decision, offering to come back when needed, to find a replacement and to give up his wages since the last Saint John's day.

François' altruism regarding money has very little to do with the secret legacy which has fallen to him during this time. As we have seen, he was also willing to serve the Blanchets for nothing. This could be called a characteristic of the Sandian ideal of "noble workman."

However, it is also part of that ideal for a man to gain the independence to maneuver in all wordly situations, while maintaining his own moral integrity. Therefore, when it becomes necessary for François to take over all the problems of Cadet Blanchet's depleted estate, he rises to this occasion, too, going completely outside the pastoral domain in his new activities and into that of peasant practicality.

Chapter nineteen is devoted to a history of Blanchet's financial situation; how Sévère claims to be a creditor of Madeleine in the amount of two-thousand francs, and how the inheritance of Madeleine and Jeannie is reduced to the bare furnishings of the dilapidated mill due to the miller's wastefulness. François conceives of a practical plan--using his own inheritance--by which to save Madeleine's dwelling and business, and becomes very shrewd in his dealings with Sévère:

> 'D'abord savoir si les billets souscrits par Blanchet à la Sévère n'ont pas été extorqués par ruse et gueuserie, ensuite faire un coup de commerce sur les terres vendues. Je sais bien comment ces affaires-là se conduisent, et, d'après les noms des acquéreurs, je mettrais ma main au feu que je vas trouver par là le nid aux écus.'(p. 352)

The narrator explains that Blanchet had parcelled out his property at a low price to all buyers, making Sévère the recipient of the interest, and that many poor people, tempted by the fertile land, have indebted themselves and had difficulty paying their mortgages, which has made Sévère complain. These problems become the occasion for a narrative aside on the meaning of owning land, what a temptation it is, and how the social system operates against the small owner who labors over the land but is constantly in danger of losing it.

François' problem is twofold: not only does he wish to buy back Madeleine's land at a good price, without ruining any of the small tenants,

but he also wishes to gain the upper hand over Sévère and her clique by interfering with their speculative practices. What worries him is getting the land parcels back, because of "cette chaude fièvre du paysan qui ne veut pas se départir de sa glèbe" (p. 355). The idea of the peasant's attachment to his property inspires another narrative aside, realistic in its philosophical, but bitter, tone of the liberated peasant who has no illusions about the upper classes or about his own:

> Connaissez-vous ça, la glèbe, enfants? Il a été un temps où l'on en parlait grandement dans nos paroisses. On disait que les anciens seigneurs nous avaient attachés à cela pour nous faire périr à force de suer, mais que la Révolution avait coupé le câble et que nous ne tirions plus comme des boeufs à la charrue de maître; la vérité est que nous nous sommes liés nous-mêmes à notre propre areau, et que nous n'y suons pas moins, et que nous y périssons tout de même.
>
> Le rémède, à ce que prétendent les bourgeois de chez nous, serait de n'avoir jamais besoin ni envie de rien. Et dimanche passé je fis réponse à un qui me prêchait ça très bien, que si nous pouvions être assez raisonnables, nous autres petites gens, pour ne jamais manger, toujours travailler, point dormir, et boire de la belle eau clairette, encore si les grenouilles ne s'en fâchaient point, nous arriverions à une belle épargne, et on nous trouverait sages et gentils à grand' plantée de compliments. (pp. 355-356)

Thus, having informed the reader of the difficulties and injustices involved, Sand makes it possible for François to engage in a little deception, i.e., his frightening the landholders with the lie that Sévère and the other creditors are on the verge of foreclosing their mortgages, which causes them to sell their land to him at a good price.

Madeleine's business affairs continue to dominate the plot as François' relationship with Mariette develops. Peasant values struggle against bourgeois ones in the young girl, as François explains to her in clear business terms all the details of the unfair money hold Sévère has over her brother's estate, hoping she will relay his offer to the older woman. François' shrewdness succeeds: Sévère understands his

inferences in the way he intends, and demands immediate repayment of her debts; François pays the debt with his own money, and then angers Mariette purposely so that Sévère will be led to revenge herself by collecting the credit notes which he now has on hand to return to her.

Not only has François restored Madeleine's health and solvency, but he has also put the mill back into operation:

> . . . le moulin était en état; la glace cassée et fondue d'autour de la roue, la machine graissée, les morceaux de bois réparés à neuf, là où il y avait de la cassure. Le brave François travailla jusqu'à deux heures du matin, et à quatre il était déjà debout. (p. 349)

His mechanical ability is all the more impressive as we remember how great his panic was at the first sight of the coach on which Zabelle was going to send him away: "Il crut que la diligence était un gros animal toujours courant qui allait l'avaler et le dévorer" (p. 241). His talents are out of keeping with the usual preoccupation of the pastoral hero, but completely in conformity with Sand's own romanticized socialistic ideal.

François le Champi lacks the detailed concentration on Berrichon customs which we saw in La Mare au Diable. In the latter, it was Sand's voice which enthusiastically made an objective report of the eating habits, emphasis on chastity and wedding customs; in François le Champi, the narrative is maintained in the rustic tone of her story-tellers. She suffers an occasional stylistic lapse, however, as, for example, when we are told that François is learning to read. The reading habits of the country folk are then described in what sounds more like the didactic voice of the author than that of the narrator:

> Les gens de campagne ne lisent pas vite; si bien que les deux livres qu'ils avaient suffisaient pour les contenter. Quand ils avaient lu trois pages dans la soirée, c'était beaucoup, et quand le livre était fini, il s'était passé assez de temps

> depuis le commencement, pour qu'on pût reprendre la première page, dont on ne se souvenait pas trop. Et puis, il y a deux manières de lire, et il serait bon de dire cela aux gens qui se croient bien instruits. Ceux qui ont beaucoup de temps à eux, et beaucoup de livres, en avalent tant qu'ils peuvent et se mettent tant de sortes de choses dans la tête, que le bon Dieu n'y connaît plus goutte. Ceux qui n'ont pas le temps et les livres, sont heureux quand il tombent sur le bon morceau. Ils le recommencent cent fois sans se lasser, et chaque fois, quelque chose qu'ils n'avaient pas bien remarqué leur fait venir une nouvelle idée. Au fond, c'est toujours la même idée, mais elle est si retournée, si bien goûtée et digérée, que l'esprit qui la tient est mieux nourri et mieux portant, à lui tout seul, que trente mille cervelles remplies de vents et de fadaises. (p. 265)

As if to re-establish the voice of Mère Monique, Sand concludes the passage with this comment: "Ce que je vous dis là, mes enfants, je le tiens de M. le curé, qui s'y connait" (p. 265).

Control over the narrative voice is the way in which Sand intends to maintain the tone appropriate to her version of a roman champêtre suggested in the preface. To this end, she minimizes the tonal distance between the language of her characters and her narrator in order to clarify the world for which she strives--one that lies between traditional pastoral and rustic realism. The language she has devised for her peasant narrators abounds in proverbs, archaisms and homely expressions of Berrichon extraction, as well as her own coinage. She also includes many bird, insect and animal images and metaphors in order to create a world as close as possible to nature. Just how successful she is has been debated,[5] but there is no doubt that the extent to which she reproduced dialect was revolutionary in the novel, especially considering the difficulty of shedding the tough skin of official French, which she discusses in the preface: ". . . c'est pour moi une cause de désespoir que d'être forcé d'écrire la langue de l'Académie, quand je sais beaucoup mieux une autre" (p. 212). Most studies concur that her mixture of real dialect with artful imitation results in a

"literary" language; that the artist dominates the philologist, but that the artist has a keen ear for linguistic effect.[6]

Let us summarize the comparison of the author's first two rustic novels. In both, when Sand is impelled to inform the reader factually of the idiosyncracies and customs of her Berrichon folk, the mood of her pastoral world is broken, and this is also true regarding her objective landscape descriptions. Another element which destroys the pastoral mood in François le Champi is François' involvement in the world of finance in the second half of the story.

Certain similarities exist regarding the types of characters in both books, which seem to reflect a Sandian predilection. An example is the age difference between the lovers in both stories and the fact that the love affairs are unconventional, thus removed from the typically young love of pastoral. Also particularly Sandian is the fact that in both works the main female characters show themselves to be more outspoken and forthright than is usually the case in pastoral.

Inherently pastoral is the fact that in both novels the scope of evil is restricted; the main characters mature, either literally or in the sense that they go from innocence to knowledge; both children and animals figure importantly as reinforcements of innocence, and marriage is used to terminate both stories. The quality of the pastoral mood varies from La Mare au Diable to François le Champi insofar as the fertility theme, so pronounced in the former, is played down in the latter in order to make more credible the innocence of the lovers. In fact, Sand so insists upon the innocence of the lovers in François le Champi, as well as their saintliness, that this in itself effects a tone which is more appropriate to artificial pastoral, or even romance, than to

Sand's intentions as expressed in the preface. The use of a particular place in nature, associated with the lovers, a systematic use of seasons to coincide with the moods of the main character, and a pervasive use of dialect, also serve to place François le Champi closer than La Mare au Diable to the line of "l'idylle galante."

Finally, the death motif, so important in La Mare au Diable, does not exist at all in François le Champi--even though three of its secondary characters die (Mère Blanchet, Zabelle and Cadet Blanchet)--since none of these allows for quite as heightened an elegiac ambience as the dead wife does in La Mare au Diable.

Chapter 4

La Petite Fadette

La Petite Fadette was written quickly in 1848, the same year that saw publication of François le Champi. It was begun in July; completed in August; December 1st its first installment appeared, and January 31, 1849, its last. From the onset of the revolution, February 22, 1848, toward which Sand's efforts and those of her party had led, her political activities increased, with frequent trips to Paris from Nohant.

The month of March saw the publication of a "Lettre à la classe moyenne" (March 3), two "Lettres au peuple" (March 7 and 19) and a "Lettre aux riches" (March 12). The Minister of the Interior, her friend Ledru-Rollin, requested that she produce a series, Bulletins de la République, which appeared from March 13 to May 16, under her editorship. She founded a weekly, La Cause du Peuple, which had three issues—April 9, 16 and 23. In the sixteenth of the Bulletins, which appeared on April 15, she suggested that in case the coming elections did not result in a Republican majority, the party should have recourse to illegal action to remain in power; thus, she was connected with a plot that was discovered a day later, which had intended to eliminate moderate elements in the government and which brought about the arrest of various of her fellow socialists, including Leroux. The explosive article had the further effect of producing a demonstration against her in her own territory of Nohant on April 24. She returned there from Paris only on May 17, after the arrest of her compatriots.

Karénine tells how the orphans of the area showed their gratitude to her at this time, when she was threatened with violence, by stationing themselves about her property as guards.[1] From May 2 to June 11, she was still collaborating on the newspaper of Thoré, La Vraie République, but a diminution of political activities followed as she settled in Nohant for the summer with Maurice, Victor Borie and their friend, Lambert. Hence she was no longer in Paris during the June uprisings and could have written, as Sainte-Beuve claims she did, to a mutual friend: "Vous pensiez donc que je buvais du sang dans des crânes d'aristocrates: eh! non, j'étudie Virgile et j'apprends le latin."[2]

By the end of July, Sand wrote to her publisher and friend, Jules-Pierre Hetzel, editor of Le Spectateur républicain, that she was in the process of writing "une espèce de Champi" for his publication; two weeks later, she wrote to him that it would be finished within a fortnight; that although she preferred the title Les Bessons, he could choose La Petite Fadette if he wished.[3] Hetzel's journal ceased publication on September 7, but evidently a new publisher was found--Le Crédit, a paper of moderate republican views, which began serial publication on December 1.

The preface to La Petite Fadette[4] bears witness to the havoc of those early months of 1848, for Sand uses the occasion to dedicate the story to "nos amis prisonniers; puisqu'il nous est défendu de leur parler politique, nous ne pouvons que leur faire des contes pour les distraire ou les endormir" (p. 38). Picking up the themes and manner of the foreword with which she introduced François le Champi, she constructs another dialogue with her friend Rollinat, beginning with a reference to the previous work:

> 'Te souviens-tu,' me dit-il, 'que nous passions ici, il y a un an, et que nous nous y sommes arrêtés tout un soir? Car c'est ici que tu me racontas l'histoire du Champi, et que je te conseillai de l'écrire dans le style familier dont tu t'étais servi avec moi.' (p. 33)

However, in the dialogue that follows, Sand shows an unusual degree of disillusionment, brought on by the violence through which she and her countrymen have lived, and which neither philosophical distance nor consolatory nature can dispel:

> Mais, tandis que nous contemplons l'éther et les astres, tandis que nous respirons le parfum des plantes sauvages et que la nature chante autour de nous son éternelle idylle, on étouffe, on languit, on pleure, on râle, on expire dans les mansardes et dans les cachôts. Jamais la race humaine n'a fait entendre une plainte plus sourde, plus rauque et plus menaçante. Tout cela passera et l'avenir est à nous, je le sais; mais le présent nous décime. Dieu règne toujours; mais à cette heure, il ne gouverne pas. (pp. 34-35)

Even art has lost its power of consolation:

> L'art vivra bien sans nous. Superbe et immortel comme la poésie, comme la nature, il sourira toujours sur nos ruines. Nous qui traversons ces jours néfastes, avant d'être artistes, tâchons d'être hommes; nous avons bien autre chose à déplorer que le silence des muses. (p. 35)

As a last resort, Rollinat reminds her of "le chant du labourage" (p. 35), and as Sand listens through the stillness to this variation on an ancient sacramental theme, her dream of the union between art and nature is revived. The idea that life is short, but art endures, is again more palatable. She remembers how uplifting the sound of the human voice, the songs of birds, the noise of insects, the wind's murmuring, nature's silence can be. She would like to carry the sound of "ce langage furtif" (p. 36) to the ears of socialist prisoners, martyrs to the cause of social progress, to let them escape, figuratively, from their abysmal circumstances. Persisting in her social viewpoint, she finds in such art the essence of communism, for its enjoyment knows no class distinctions. From this

source of comfort which she has found once again in ancient natural expression, she makes the leap--as she had done in the preface to François le Champi--to pastoral in the "revenons à nos moutons" appeal already quoted earlier in part one of this study. Once again the device of the hempworker-narrator is brought up, and Sand immediately falls into the regional mood of her fiction while still in the preface:

> 'Le chanvre trempe encore dans la rivière, et ce n'est pas même le temps où on le dresse en javelles, qui ressemblent à de petits fantômes rangés en bataille au clair de la lune, le long des enclos et des chaumières. Mais je connais le chanvreur; il ne demande qu'à raconter des histoires, et il ne demeure pas loin d'ici. Nous pouvons bien aller l'inviter à souper; et, pour n'avoir point broyé depuis longtemps, pour n'avoir point avalé de poussière, il n'en sera que plus disert et de plus longue haleine.' (p. 37)

After listening to her tale, Rollinat suggests that she write it down and consider it a continuation ". . . avec La Mare au Diable et François le Champi, à une serie de contes villageois, que nous intitulerons classiquement Les Veillées du Chanvreur" (pp. 37-38). The only difference in the expressed intention this time is one of degree: to produce a version of pastoral still more naïve, still more childlike and perhaps still more consoling for even greater hardships of life.

The title, La Petite Fadette, aptly chosen by Hetzel, gives us the first indication of the miniature world to which the novel will be devoted. The microcosm into which we enter at the outset is diminutive with a vengeance. Witness the concluding sentence of the first chapter:

> De cette manière toute la famille grandit et grouilla bientôt au soleil, les petits oncles et les petites tantes avec les petits neveux et les petites nièces, qui n'avaient pas à se reprocher d'être beaucoup plus turbulents ou plus raisonnables les uns que les autres. (p. 46)

The attention Sand pays to minute details in the presentation of the

twin boys, Landry and Sylvinet; the restricted scope of the plot, which tells how they grow up and apart; the space devoted to child-like amusements; the narrow range of moods; the shyness of the characters; the frequent and carefully deployed use of animals and animal images, and the intimate effect of the many nicknames are various ways in which she establishes her microcosmic conception. More than one-fourth of the story takes place prior to the twins' adolescence; the balance, during that time. This emphasis on youth is unique in La Petite Fadette among the novels of the rustic trilogy. This is the single book in which both lovers are of conventional pastoral age.

The dual, and occasionally triple, narrative device of François le Champi has been replaced in La Petite Fadette by a single narrator, Le Chanvreur, whose benevolently possessive tone could be that of Sand herself--hence closer in tone to the narrative voice in La Mare au Diable. When, for example, having been warned by the wise midwife Mère Sagette, to guard against the twins' constant closeness, the Barbeau parents try for three months to prevent it, the narrator comments indulgently, as though outside the situation: "Trois mois, c'est beaucoup, en campagne, pour observer une chose contre la coutûme" (p. 48). Since it is more practical to grant the boys their great inclination to be together and to dress them alike, the attempt is given up. The narrator adopts a rustic participant's role as well, however, when he informs us of the practical reasons for the later separation of the twins:

> Nous avons eu, dans nos pays, une suite de mauvaises années, tant pour les vimaires du temps que pour les embarras du commerce, qui ont délogé plus d'écus de la poche des gens de campagne qu'elles n'y en ont fait rentrer. Si bien que le père Barbeau n'était pas assez riche pour garder tout son monde avec lui et il fallait bien songer à mettre ses bessons en condition chez les autres. (p. 51)

It is also as a participant that he explains terminology and customs with which the reader may not be familiar, such as how the peasants like to give "de sornettes et sobriquets" to inanimate things as with the name "la Bessonière" (p. 60) for the Barbeau house, or "la guenillière" (p. 158) for the church porch where the beggars stay, or how, in the country, "on n'est jamais savant sans être un peu sorcier" (p. 82), and what the subtle differences are between "les fées," "les follets," "les fadets," "les fades," and "les farfadets" (p. 83). But it is as a participant who wishes to be regarded with as much respect as the schoolmaster who, after due study, calls them "les météores" (p. 111), and denies any supernatural connection. The author and narrator coincide whenever a generalization regarding the psychology of a character is made, as, for example, when speaking of how those unfortunate ideas which seize the minds of children (like suicide in Sylvinet's case) can recur if they receive too much attention (p. 131), or how there really is such a thing as innate talent (like Fadette's remarkable gift of observation; p. 174).

Instead of a pair of lovers dominating the novel, as in La Mare au Diable and François le Champi, in La Petite Fadette the action is shared three ways--by Fadette and a hero, split, as it were, into twins. The novel is accordingly organized into three corresponding parts: the first-third dealing with Landry's growth away from Sylvinet; the second with Fadette's influence on Landry and her own transformation, and the third with Sylvinet's reconciliation and belated development. The central Fadette section contains the love story--the core of the pastoral mood--and is flanked by the outer sections which are occupied with the development of the twin motif.

During the time of the deepening love relationship--and only then--Sand makes us aware of the seasons passing. The first impression that the reader receives of Fadette is when Landry goes to her grandmother's cottage in a desperate attempt to learn from the old wise-woman where to look for his twin, who has vanished. Although the season is not mentioned, we may infer that it is spring from the sudden wind gusts that presage a brief storm, the rushing water, the river's high level and the banks thick with grass.

This first meeting is anything but romantic as Fadette teases Landry: "Au loup! au loup! Le vilain besson, moitié de gars qui a perdu son autre moitié!" (p. 85), and he responds by striking out and missing the quick-moving, tiny girl whom the narrator compares to a cricket. However, they make a bargain: if Fadette will direct him to Sylvinet, Landry promises grandly that there is neither "de poule ni de poulette, de chèvre ni de chevrillon" (p. 89) with which his parents would not part. Their liaison is finalized: "Eh bien! nous verrons ça, Landry,' dit la petite Fadette en tendant sa petite main sèche au besson, pour qu'il y mit la sienne en signe d'accord, ce qu'il ne fit pas sans trembler un peu, car, dans ce moment-là, elle avait des yeux si ardents qu'on eut dit le lutin en personne" (p. 89). Thus the seed of love is planted. More than a year goes by, during which Landry becomes more manly and larger than his twin. Both boys are now fifteen. Landry leaves his employers, the Caillauds at La Priche, on the eve of Saint Andoche, feast day of the patron saint of his home village, La Cosse.

It is at the end of September, the narrator tells us, that season when night falls quickly and, as we saw in La Mare au Diable, peasant superstitions are accentuated:

> Landry n'avait jamais peur de rien en plein jour; mais il n'eut pas été de son âge et de son pays s'il avait aimer à se trouver seul la nuit sur les chemins, surtout dans l'automne, qui est une saison où les sorciers et les follets commencent à se donner du bon temps, à cause des brouillards qui les aident à cacher leurs malices et maléfices. (p. 106)

On this particular night, he walks quickly and sings to scare off any evil spirits. At the ford near Roulettes, where Fadette and her little crippled brother Jeanet live with their grandmother, he finds himself in darkness and in much deeper water than he had expected, and, although he keeps sight of the light in the Fadet cabin, he cannot find a shallow place to cross the river. Again he tries, using the light as a guide, and nearly drowns. When he realizes that it is a sprite which is misdirecting him, he quits the river and lies down on the grass, shivering with cold and fear. Hearing Fadette's thin, sweet voice singing a folk song about sprites and their pleasures, he finds her and warns her about the will-of-the-wisp, offering to take her across. She assures him that the sprite is not nearly so wicked as he imagines, but only plays tricks on the fearful ones; and, as she leads him across the river, she sings a variation on her previous verses, while the sprite follows behind. Thus, at their second meeting, it is autumn. The seed of love is nurtured.

The occasion also becomes one where their differences over Landry's failure to keep his bargain are resolved, for he now agrees to her truly elfin demand: three <u>bourrées</u> after mass, two after vespers, and two more after the angelus, making seven; and to dance no other <u>bourrée</u> with anyone else at the next day's festivities. His failure would let her know that, besides being ungrateful and cowardly, he is also unable to keep his word.

The next three chapters are devoted to the celebration, during which Landry not only honors his commitment to Fadette, but learns to

enjoy it as well. The subsequent three chapters occur within a day of the festival and consist of Landry's gradual enchantment with Fadette as she reveals herself in all her misfortune, intelligence, kindness and eloquence. The following Sunday, at church, reveals Fadette's metamorphosis from an unkempt, bizarre-looking child into a pretty young girl and Landry's open commitment to her later that day. Fifty-four of the story's two-hundred-three pages have been devoted to these several autumn days, and we learn in one brief sentence that as their love develops, fall and winter pass.

It is during the winter, "où les nuits sont si froides qu'on pourrait difficilement causer d'amour en plein champs" that Landry and Fadette discover a good retreat in "la tour Jacot," but "quand les temps était doux," they walk among "les tailles" which, the narrator explains, are new growths of woods from last year's cutting (like their growing love), with which the countryside is strewn (p. 176).

During one beautiful spring Sunday (two years after their first meeting), Sylvinet overhears a dialogue between the lovers and, although he does not know to whom his brother is speaking, his old anxiety over separation is re-aroused. The reader is alerted that the climax of Sylvinet's pain will be reached when his twin's love affair blossoms fully--and overtly.

The action is now accelerated as Landry and Fadette are discovered at their retreat by Cadet Caillaud and Madelon, Landry's former love interest. The latter, spiteful at having lost Landry's affection, reveals the lovers' secret. There is a confrontation of Landry by Père Barbeau before the whole family, and the boy is accused of consorting with an undesirable person. At the suggestion that Fadette might be

pregnant, Landry, who has been the essence of self-control during this inquisition, fulminates, and enters into the new situation of being an alien in his own family.

Fadette takes it upon herself to leave the neighborhood temporarily, in order to show the Barbeaus the basic maturity behind the young couple's love for one another. Landry learns the news only when his friend, the younger Caillaud son, greets him "comme il menait la cuve pour la vendange" (p. 190), and we realize that Sand has subtly tied the separation of the lovers to harvest time--early fall. This association is reinforced when Landry tries to console Jeanet for his sister's absence with "une grappe de beaux raisins" (p. 197) from the basket he is carrying from Mère Caillaud to Mère Barbeau.

The lovers do not meet again until the following autumn, when Mère Fadet takes ill and dies, and Fadette returns from Chateaumeillant. In spite of the sadness of the occasion, the heavy rainfall, the cold autumn night, Landry and Fadette feel happier than ever to be reunited. During "une demi-année" various events occur which facilitate their union: Fadette comes into an inheritance; she cures Sylvinet of his melancholy and the younger Barbeau sister becomes engaged to Cadet Caillaud, thus making a double wedding celebration possible, which takes place sometime in the spring, although Sand makes no special mention of the season. Therefore, as in <u>François le Champi</u>, despite a seemingly casual attitude toward the seasons, and despite an implicit rather than explicit indication, the connection has been made between the development of love and the seasonal cycle, in what may be considered a concession to pastoral convention.

A similarly implicit treatment is employed in Sand's use of landscape. As far as the geography is concerned, L. Vincent is convinced that, as in La Mare au Diable and François le Champi, the places referred to are actual, even though, in this novel, the names are not. Vincent informs us that since "La carte la plus détaillée ne renseignant pas sur la plupart des lieux indiquées . . . c'est donc sur place qu'il faut les chercher;" this scholar's theory maintains that Sand has used Nohant itself as the specific location and changed certain names, "ne voulant pas souligner les personnages qui étaient peut-être en jeu."[5] She places them all cartographically by terrain and distance, which is very much in keeping with the descriptions themselves. For example, when Père Barbeau takes Landry to his new employer for the first time, Sand provides a broad sweep of dawn landscape which makes the characters seem diminutive:

> . . . le père Barbeau emmenait Landry à travers pres et pacages du côté de la Priche. Quant ils furent sur une petite hauteur, d'où l'on ne voit plus les bâtiments de la Cosse aussitôt qu'on se met à la descendre, Landry s'arrêta et se retourna. Le coeur lui enfla, et il s'assit sur la fougère, ne pouvant faire un pas de plus. Son père fit mine de ne point s'en apercevoir et de continuer à marcher. Au bout d'un petit moment, il l'appela bien doucement en lui disant: 'Voilà qu'il fait jour, mon Landry; dégageons-nous, si nous voulons arriver avant le soleil levé.' (p. 58)

When we are told that Landry was holding back his tears "grosses comme les pois" (p. 58), the land is made to appear especially unfeeling. The method of straightforward description as a background for or contrast to the sentiment of the characters is consistent. When the dejected Sylvinet wanders around his and Landry's old playing haunts,

> il retrouve sur le riot qui sort du bois au temps des pluies, et qui était maintenant quasiment tout asséché, un de ces petits moulins que font les enfants de chez nous avec des grobilles, et qui sont si finement agencés qu'ils tournent au courant de l'eau et restent là quelquefois bien longtemps, jusqu'à ce que d'autres enfants les cassent ou que les grandes eaux les emmènent. (p. 66)

The most extensive topographical description occurs when Landry goes in search of his twin. Here the objectivity of desciption becomes a necessary metaphor for the odd view:

> C'était une grande coupure que la rivière avait faite dans les terres en déracinant deux ou trois vergnes qui étaient restés en travers de l'eau, les racines en l'air. Le père Barbeau n'avait pas voulu les retirer. Il les avait sacrifiés parce que, de la manière qu'ils étaient tombés, ils retenait encore les terres qui restaient prises en gros cossons dans leurs racines, et cela était bien à propos; car l'eau faisait tous les hivers beaucoup de dégâts dans sa joncière et chaque année lui mangeait un morceau de son pré. (p. 79)

Interestingly, the particular spot on which Landry's search focusses is where the river has made a great gash in the land. Sand emphasizes this--perhaps as symbolic of the twins' growing apart--as she continues the description of Landry's vain search; "il se trouva tout seul dans la coupure" (p. 80) and, being careful, he examines the banks, looking for footprints or "un petit éboulement" of the land. A detailed description of the terrain follows which includes such fine points as the traces of a dog on the crushed grass "comme si Finôt . . . s'y fut couchée en rond" (p. 80). As Landry gazes at the river "avec des yeux tout gros de larmes" (p. 81), Sand causes the landscape to become involved in his mood: "La rivière coulait bien tranquillement, frétillant sur les branches qui pendaient et trempaient le long des rives, et s'en allant dans les terres, avec un petit bruit, comme quelqu'un qu rit et se moque à la sourdine" (p. 81). And finally, in true pastoral tradition, Landry lifts his voice to complain to the river:

> 'Cette méchante rivière qui ne me dit mot . . . et qui me laisserait bien pleurer un an sans me rendre mon frère, est justement là à plus creux, et il y est tombé tant de cosses d'arbres depuis le temps qu'elle ruine le pré, que si on y entrait on ne pourrait jamais s'en tirer. Mon Dieu! faut-il que mon pauvre besson soit peut-être là, tout au fond de l'eau, couché à deux pas de moi, sans que je puisse le voir ne le retrouver dans les branches et dans les roseaux, quand même j'essaierais d'y descendre!' (p. 81)

Sand has actually deviated very little in the realistic land descriptions typical of her other two rustic novels; their infrequency is not necessarily unusual in a novel which purports to be pastoral. However, there are those who attribute to Sand a paucity of nature description due to lack of ability.[6] I would rather question why such descriptions are not missed. The reason is that nature is pervasive. In all three rustic novels, most of the action takes place out-of-doors. This is especially true in La Petite Fadette. Nature is so much a part of action, that it no longer falls within the limits of the category "landscape description." The daily lives of the characters take place mainly in the open air; Landry works in the fields, out with his team of oxen all day; Fadette roams the meadows and woods in search of herbs and roots for her natural medicine; Sylvinet takes his animals out to graze; Madelon cuts leaves for her sheep; the games and festivals occur outdoors, and the lovers go indoors only when the weather forces them.

Furthermore, natural description is buttressed by the plethora of animals, birds, insects and vegetation, as well as metaphoric language using such natural life. For example, the twin babies croon "comme deux merles dans une branche" (p. 51), and later, Sylvinet's instinct leads him after Landry "comme un pigeon qui court après sa pigeonne," and, when he finds him, rubs against him "comme un oiseau se pousse dans le nid . . . pour se rechauffer" (p. 63). Likewise, Fadette is "un enfant très causeur et très moqueur, vif comme un papillon, curieux comme un rouge-gorge et noir comme un grelet" (p. 83). Many more similar examples may be found.

As the children grow up, the pervasiveness of natural life in the novel diminishes and other themes are expanded. But nature, another guise

of which is fertility, both begins and ends La Petite Fadette, as it did La Mare au Diable. Plenty is the attribute of Père Barbeau's establishment, with his two fields of rich land, his wagons full of wheat, his first-quality fodder, well-built house, garden, vineyard and orchard "où le fruit abondait tant en prunes qu'en guignes, en poires et en cormes" (p. 41). To his three children have been added a pair of identical twins. Mère Barbeau, though no longer so young, nurses the twins without any shortage of milk, and two years after their weaning, gives birth to the sixth child. By this time, the eldest daughter has had her first child, thus linking the generations through natural function into a chain of fertility. At the novel's conclusion, Sand tells us that Landry and Fadette go on to have "les beaux enfants" (p. 240).

This is not to say that the novel ends on entirely the same note of fertility with which it began. The author needs to complete the frame she has started to set up in the preface, where she writes of "ces jour néfastes" (p. 35), when France was in political and social upheaval. Therefore, the provident children of Landry and Fadette are taught from early on "à être affables et compatissants pour ceux que n'étaient ni riches ni choyés" (p. 240). Furthermore, in addition to their own pretty house, Fadette has one built

> à l'effet d'y recueillir tous les enfants malheureux de la commune durant quatre heures par chaque jour de la semaine, et elle prenait elle-même la peine, avec son frère Jeanet, de les instruire, de leur enseigner la vraie religion, et même d'assister les plus nécessiteux dans leur misère. (p. 240)

As we have seen in François le Champi, Sand has a great faith in nurturing and proper education as a long-range solution to the problems of the world. In La Petite Fadette, Fadette and Jeanet are examples of under privileged orphans. Being a Sandian heroine, Fadette, through

innate intelligence and strength, together with Landry's affection, rises above the meanness of her situation. Jeanet, who has the added misfortune of being crippled, takes longer, but also eventually overcomes it, when his grandmother dies and his wicked behavior no longer results in her beatings. In the case of Sylvinet, Sand has a chance to expand upon her nature-versus-nurture theme: the reader witnesses the growth of one twin and the simultaneous decline of the other. Sylvinet is Jeanet's counterpart as one whose crippled condition--albeit emotional--brings on physical illness, but the author is always at hand with her child-rearing theories to account for Sylvinet's retardation. His care in the hands (literally) of Fadette is the most pronounced example of the validity of nurturing, combined with a simplified version of psychotherapy: confessing the awful truth. So effective is Sylvinet's cure that it gives him the courage not only to leave his secluded quarters in the Barbeau house, but to go out into world and into the army. This is highly unusual for a Berrichon, as the narrator informs us: "Comme les mâles ne sont pas trop nombreux dans les familles de chez nous, et que la terre n'a pas plus de bras qu'il n'en faut, on ne voit quasiment jamais d'engagement volontaire" (p. 241).

In a brief coda, Sand makes the single historic reference in all of her rustic novels: "C'etait le temps des grandes belles guèrres de l"empéreur Napoléon" (p. 242), and tells us of the progress of Sylvinet as a good soldier--his discipline, courage and rise to the rank of "capitaine" in ten years. This concluding reference to the real, though altered, outside world completes the frame with which Sand began, contributing an appropriate mood of nostalgia to the otherwise idyllic ending.

With the exception of this reference to Sylvinet, the outside world

hardly enters the removed setting of La Petite Fadette. Landry travels on foot from the Barbeau house at La Cosse to his employer's at La Priche, and somewhere between them is Les Roulettes, the woods where the Fadets live. References to the outside world are quite covert; a peddlar comes to the Barbeau house and the twins choose identical purple ties; Fadette's mother had "suivi les soldats" (p. 104) after the birth of Jeanet, leaving her children and husband, who died of worry and shame; and Fadette tends her flocks on a road called "la Traîne-au-Gendarme," whose history is supplied by the narrator:

> . . . un gendarme du roi y a été tué par les gens de la Cosse, dans les anciens temps, lorsqu'on voulait forcer le pauvre monde à payer la taille et à faire la corvée, contrairement aux termes de la loi, qui était déjà bien assez dure, telle qu'on l'avait donnée. (p. 150)

Fadette's time away from her locale is spent in Chateaumeillant, an actual place and a relatively large town, but we never see her there. We merely learn that in the city Fadette has improved her appearance as well as her usefulness, serving a wealthy, retired nun--a noblewoman--assisting her in curing the sick, preparing medication, and even learning "de plusieurs beaux secrets que sa maîtresse avait appris dans son couvent, avant la révolution" (215). The opposite of corrupt, the town is more a place of refinement, a finishing school, for Fadette, making her more than eligible for the Barbeau family. Sand shows here none of the urban prejudice associated with pastoral. Her emphasis is rather on the plain beauty of the miniature village setting, with its simple inhabitants and problems--but simple only compared to what Sand has already informed us of, and her contemporary readers knew only too well, the complex historical time through which they were living.

One thing in the novel that is far from simple is its texture. As we have noted, in La Petite Fadette as well as in the others, there are many variations in the tone. Some of the character descriptions and situations evoke the atmosphere of a fairy tale, as, for example, the dancing bargain Fadette makes with Landry and the transformation in her physical appearance--enhanced by the narrator's description of a bizarre dream Landry has after making his promise to Fadette, and the description of the outlandish costume she wears to the Saint-Andoche feast.

As in the other two novels, there is no shortage of dialogue--Sand's main device for revealing her innocent characters. In La Petite Fadette the dialogue becomes more pointedly pastoral since there are three main characters, all of whom engage in contest-like conversations. An example is the argument which Sylvinet and Landry have over whose animals and farm are better, the Barbeaus or the Callauds:

> 'Te voilà bien épris de ces grands boeufs; tu ne penses plus à nos petits taurins qui sont si vifs et qui étaient pourtant si doux et si mignons avec nous deux, qu'ils se laissaient lier par toi plus volontiers que par notre père. Tu ne m'as pas seulement demandé des nouvelles de notre vache qui donne du si bon lait, et qui me regarde d'un air tout triste, la pauvre bête, quand je lui porte à manger, comme si elle comprenait que je suis tout seul, et comme si elle voulait me demander où est l'autre besson.'
> 'C'est vrai qu'elle est une bonne bête . . . mais regarde donc celles d'ici! tu les verras traire, et jamais de ta vie tu n'auras vu tant de lait à la fois.'
> 'Ca se peut . . . mais pour être d'aussi bon lait et d'aussi bonne crême que la crême et le lait de la Brunette, je gage bien que non, car les herbes de la Bessonnière sont meilleures que celles de par ici.'
> 'Diantre! . . je crois bien que mon père échangerait pourtant de bon coeur, si on lui donnait les grands foins du père Caillaud pour sa joncière du bord de l'eau!'
> 'Bah! . . il y a dans la joncière des arbres plus beaux que tous les vôtres, et tant qu'au foin, s'il est rare, il est fin, et quand on le rentre, c'est comme une odeur de baume qui reste tout le long du chemin.' (pp. 71-72)

The typical bantering and teasing among the children is highlighted by

Landry and Fadette's first meeting, and his bargaining for her help to find Sylvinet. Landry tries to tempt Fadette with the offer of his new knife, which cost ten sous at the last fair, but, though attracted, she suggests his little white chicken instead. This he cannot promise since it belongs to his mother, but he consents to ask for it. She is skeptical: "Oui-dà! . . et si j'avais envie de votre chebril à nez noir, la mère Barbeau me le donnerait-elle aussi?" (p. 88).

When they meet again after more than a year, they have another exchange which is equally contest-like. This time she accuses him of ingratitude and cowardice, while he tries to defend himself. He is always characterized by a certain heaviness or clodishness, but admirable in motive and tenacity. In contrast, she is small, quick but equally well-developed morally. In this instance, he confesses to not understanding her, and really insults her by insisting that she exact something from him that will relieve him of his obligation to her. Thus, through their childish contests, they begin a dialogue which will evolve to become expressive of love.

In François le Champi, we have seen how Sand uses a childhood song to vary the texture in the description of François among the birds and make it as lyrical as possible. Singing figured in La Mare au Diable in a background if not textural way, as part of the traditional wedding music, the ploughman's chant and the distant songs of laborers. In La Petite Fadette, the examples of singing and chanting are more frequent, as they are more appropriate to its childlike atmosphere. The night when Landry is shivering with fear and cold, unable to find the shallows in the river, he hears Fadette's singing:

> Fadet, Fadet, petit fadet,
> Prends ta chandelle et ton cornet;
> J'ai pris ma cape et mon capet;
> Toute follette a son follet. (p. 110)

As Fadette leads him through the ford, she varies the last line:

> J'ai pris ma cape et mon capet.
> Toute fadette a son fadet. (p. 111)

After having saved him, and made her point, she concludes her song:

> Irends ta leçon et ton paquet,
> Landry Barbeau le bessonnet. (p. 116)

As Germain does in La Mare au Diable, Landry tries to ward off the evil spirits through singing on his way back to La Cosse, "car on sait que le chant de l'homme dérange et écarte les mauvaise bêtes et les mauvaises gens" (p. 107). The next night, after leaving the festivities early, Landry is returning to La Priche without fear because of the distant bagpipes.

Name-plays, on Fadette's name in particular, are another form of musical language which Sand employs to define mood and vary texture. The narrator tells us that her name is really Françoise, which is why her grandmother calls her Fanchon, the diminutive, while the youngsters of the neighborhood call her "la petite Fadette," partly because of her family name, Fadet, but also because of her reputation as a child with magical powers. The narrator explains that "On appelle aussi fades les fées auxquels . . . on ne croit plus guère" (p. 83). She is also called "le grelet" not only for her movement, but for her constant chirping. The night of his promise to dance with her, Landry dreams of Fadette and hears her even in his dream: " . . . elle lui criait, en voix de grelet, une chanson qu'il ne pouvait comprendre, mais où il entendait toujours des mots sur la même rime: grelet, fadet, cornet, capet, follet, bessonet, Sylvinet" (p. 120). This pastoral litany is not unique in the novel. On the day of the feast, after Landry has fulfilled his promise to dance seven bourrées with her, the other youngsters gather around to

tease her: "Voyez donc la grelette qui croit charmer Landry Barbeau! Grelette, sautiote, farfadette, chat grillé, grillette, râlette . . ." (p. 126). Earlier in the chapter, Sand had enumerated the musical names of Madelon's three swains: "Madelon partit avec Pierre Aubardeau; suivie de Jean Aladenise et d'Etienne Alaphilippe . . ." (p. 124).

Thus far, the devices mentioned whereby Sand controls and enriches the texture of her novel have all been for the ear. Perhaps this is due to a natural inclination toward the oral tradition. Pierre Salomon claims:

> George Sand excelle à conter. Elle est plus conteuse que romancière. . . . Elle a obtenu dans le roman champêtre sa plus grande réussite, précisement parce qu'elle y reprend, d'une façon consciente, les procédés habituels aux conteurs populaires, dont elle possédait instinctivement le secret.[7]

However, it would be remiss not to mention some of the striking visual descriptions with which Sand varies the novel's surface. We have seen such tableaux at the beginning and end of La Mare au Diable. They also occur in François le Champi in the constantly changing portraits of Madeleine and François as he grows from son into lover. In La Petite Fadette they assume a more fantastic quality. An example is the portrait of the morose Sylvinet, gone into hiding in the thickets of the riverbank, sitting

> comme une souche, les yeux fixés sur le courant de l'eau, la figure aussi pâle qu'une fleur de nape, la bouche à demi ouverte comme un petit poisson qui baille au soleil, les cheveux tout emmêlés par le vent, et ne faisant pas même attention à son petit agneau, qu'il avait rencontré égaré dans les prés, et dont il avait eu pitié. Il l'avait bien pris dans sa blouse pour le rapporter à son logis; mais, chemin faisant, il avait oublié de demander à qui l'agneau perdu. Il l'avait là sur ses genoux, et le laissait crier sans l'entendre, malgré que le pauvre petit lui faisait une voix désolée et regardait tout autour de lui avec de gros yeux clair, étonné de ne pas être écouté de quelqu'un de son espèce, et ne reconnaissant ni son pré, ni sa mère, ni son étable, dans cet endroit tout ombragé et tout herbu, devant un gros courant d'eau qui, peut-être bien, lui faisa't grand'peur. (p. 90-91)

Landry's dream is also startling in its visual effect:

> . . . il vit la petite Fadette à califourchon sur le fadet, qui était fait comme un grand coq rouge et qui tenait, dans une de ses pattes, sa lanterne de corne avec une chandelle dedans, dont les rayons s'étendaient sur toute la joncière Et alors la petite Fadette se changait en un grelet gros comme une chèvre. . . . (p. 120)

The outlandish outfit which Fadette proudly wears to the feast is the kind of description which Sand relishes and knows when to use:

> Elle avait une coiffe toute jaunis par le renferme, qui, au lieu d'être petite et bien retroussée par le derrière, selon la nouvelle mode du pays, montrait de chaque côté de sa tête deux grands oreillons bien larges et bien plats; et, sur le derrière de sa tête, la cayenne retombait jusque sur son cou, ce qui lui donnait l'air de sa grand'mère et lui faisait une tête large comme un boisseau sur un petit cou mince comme un bâton. Son cotillon de droguet était trop court de deux mains; et, comme elle avait grandi beaucoup dans l'année, ses bras maigres, tout mordus par le soleil, sortaient de ses manches comme deux pattes d'araneIle. Elle avait cependant un tablier d'incarnat dont elle était bien fière, mais qui lui venait de sa mère, et dont elle n'avait point songé à retirer la bavouette, que, depuis plus de dix ans, les jeunesses ne portent plus. (pp. 121-122)

This is reminiscent of the various costumes of the bridal party described in La Mare au Diable. The mixture of tonal textures and the alternations of narrative and dialogue in their different variations fall within the interwoven prose and verse of French pastoral and Greek pastoral as well, while the chain-like structure of sentences by which Sand builds her paragraphs brings to mind Theocritus' method in The Idylls.

The above description of Fadette is not only visually compelling, but, more importantly, reveals Fadette's lack of awareness of the fashion--her naiveté and lack of self-consciousness in wearing what to her is beautiful--always a virtue in Sand's female characters and in the line of Marie and Madeleine Blanchet.

Fadette, too, has her foil, Madelon, who provides the contrast in coquettishness and egotism that the widow does in La Mare au Diable, and

Mariette in François le Champi. In La Petite Fadette, however, all sins are less pronounced, probably due to the juvenile milieu which Sand cultivates here especially. Whereas in the other rustic novels the evil characters have a coterie, here Madelon is a single, small force with which Fadette must contend. When Madelon spreads the news of Fadette's and Landry's secret meetings, the Barbeau family, especially Père Barbeau becomes the obstacle which young love must overcome, but, since Sand has presented them as fine peasants from the outset, the reader has little doubt that the good sense of Fadette will eventually be communicated to them.

The rustic values of hard work, money and social propriety are embodied in both the Barbeau and Caillaud families. The motif of fertility which we have seen illustrated in the first chapter of La Petite Fadette goes hand in hand with those of hard work and profit. Just as Père Barbeau has twins, he has two fields "qui lui donnaient la nourriture de sa famille et du profit par dessus le marché" (p. 41). The idea that the proper care and nurturing will result in abundance implies the further idea that plenty will result in wealth, but always through labor and careful management. However, bad times come even in the country; the twins are separated and Landry, the stronger, is sent to work on the Caillaud farm.

Landry's maturation is measured in proportion to his ability to work, an important attribute for all of Sand's heroes. He is robust and has a natural propensity for husbandry. Sylvinet, in contrast, becomes jealous of his brother's expanded activities outside their home. Just as the reader comes to associate Landry with the sunlit fields, honesty and openness, Sylvinet (like his name) seems more a forest creature, melancholy, introverted and of delicate health--an effect that implies the

the growth of one at the expense of the other, a situation constantly encountered in nature. Sylvinet is moody; he inclines toward daydreaming, and has insatiable longings. Sand explains the psychology of this romantic type very well, showing how he has been especially indulged and has come to identify with his mother. Indeed, he seems too neurotic to be a simple peasant; he resembles much more the aristocratic type one finds in Renaissance pastoral, which Sand rejects, just as she rejects Sylvinet as one of its symbols.

The industrious Landry has the greater measure of her sympathy as he grows into the stronger, more handsome brother (although he was younger by several minutes) reinforcing his masculine side of which his father is more and more proud "à la vrai manière des gens de campagne /qui/ estimait la force et la taille avant tout" (p. 99). On the other hand, Landry's education is not complete until he learns about the importance and power of love. This happens when he first becomes aware that he is under the spell of Fadette. For the first time his work suffers and his more feminine side emerges: ". . . il était obligé de se forcer pour travailler, car, ni les grands boeufs, ni la charrue reluisante, ni la belle terre rouge, humide de la fine pluie d'automne, ne suffisaient plus à ses contemplations et à ses rêvasseries" (p. 157). But work is the important measure even in Sylvinet's case. When his illness recurs after he overhears Landry talking to a secret beloved, his work, too, is affected, in a more complex way. As a peasant, he feels that work is good for him; he also knows how much it means to his father and, therefore, he forces himself to it. The result is total exhaustion. However, his concern with work does not prevent Père Barbeau from retaining[a] humane view of his weaker son:

> 'Ce ne sera jamais un fort ouvrier, disait le père Barbeau; mais il fait ce qu'il peut, et quand il peut, il n s'épargne même pas assez. C'est pourquoi je ne veux point le mettre chez les autres; car, par la crainte qu'il a des reproches et le peu de force que Dieu lui a donné il se tuerait bien vite, et j'aurais à me le reprocher toute ma vie.' (p. 179)

The match between Fadette and Landry, along with those in the other two novels, is unconventional on a class level. The rustic society does not accept these combinations on face value. Even after Fadette's transformation in appearance and behavior, the rustics still have their doubts about her. In a charming series of speeches by the village elders seated one afternoon soon after the Saint Andoche festival under the nut trees, Sand shows their rustic sanity and optimism as they discuss the various young people in the community and what their destinies are likely to be. "La raison vient . . ." (p. 166) is their favorite expression. However, all their comments conclude with doubt about the success of a match between Fadette and someone of the Barbeau clan, implying that the latter is too substantial to accept anyone as poor and of such unfortunate circumstances.

Sand has resolved such inequality before in La Mare au Diable, where Marie's virtues and Germain's love for her compensate for her poverty. In François le Champi, the deus ex machina inheritance solves the problem. The inheritance which Fadette receives is a little less artificial, coming as it does from the death of her miserly grandmother for whom she has worked, not the long lost mother who keeps a constant, if distant, vigil.

The problem of inheritance is one in which Sand's socialism permits a compromise--it is acceptable as long as the money is used for a worthwhile cause. As we have seen, François pays Madeleine's debts and makes

the mill a profitable business once again; Fadette uses her inheritance to start a school for poor children. On the other hand, Fadette's inheritance is also the means through which she gains satisfaction over the Barbeau family, who have always looked down on her family. Fadette brings her hoard to Père Barbeau, ostensibly for his financial advice, and pretends to be unable to count above one hundred, so that Père Barbeau, perspiring and impressed, does it for her, making a note that the grand total--forty-thousand francs--is one-third more than his own total worth. Fadette is delighted that she may now never be accused of wishing to exploit Landry. Here Sand works subtly, showing a humorous comprehension of Père Barbeau's inability to resist the attraction of gold, without becoming critical of him, while Fadette has her sweet revenge.

In both François le Champi and La Petite Fadette, Sand shows a concern and respect for money. As we have seen in the former, François informs Madeleine that rich people (like herself) can also be nice people. The retired nun who employs Fadette in Chateaumeillant would also fit into this category. By being indulgent toward a peasant's materialism Sand is consciously reacting against those rustic novels which tended to cloud the pastoral ideal with excessive realism. In François le Champi, she embroils her hero in money dealings which go on at length. In La Petite Fadette, however, there are no such involved business ramifications. The rustic ideal of work subserves the larger theme of growing up, while that of money subserves the happy ending of the love plot. As such, neither work nor money is a real hardship to the characters.

Vying in importance, in La Petite Fadette, with the theme of growing up, is that of superstition. We have seen this theme first introduced in La Mare au Diable in the figure of La Vieille and then connected to the

wedding customs which Sand relates in such detail. In François le Champi, this concern is submerged and pre-empted by the Christian-Romantic one. In La Petite Fadette, it returns to claim a predominant position in the novel, integrated as it is with the figure of Fadette.

The traditional sage-femme is introduced already in chapter one in the person of Mère Sagette, who has the paradoxical role of dispelling Mère Barbeau's superstitions that twins "se font tort l'un à l'autre, et presque toujours, il faut qu'un des deux périsse pour que l'autre se porte bien" (p. 43). The wise-woman assures her that if, as in her case, they are in good health, they have every chance to remain so. However, Père Barbeau has heard tell about separation problems that twins have which result in the death of one when the other leaves. (This belief echoes the one mentioned in the preface to La Mare au Diable, regarding the death of one of a pair of oxen.) Here, Mère Sagette has a good piece of advice: "Faîtes attention, dès que vos bessons commencèront à se reconnaître, de ne pas les laisser toujours ensemble" (p. 44). We have already seen how both the inclination of the twins as well as practicality prohibits their separation; therefore, they easily fall into the trap against which Mère Sagette has warned, especially since the curé himself advises Père and Mère Barbeau to disregard her warning on the grounds that what God has inspired through the laws of nature cannot be undone by men. Since it is easier to dress them alike, it must be all right. After their separation, Sylvinet's pain confirms the prophecy, and he himself shares the superstitious feeling when he imagines that the destruction of a little paper mill which Landry has built signifies some misfortune to his brother.

Fadette's grandmother is also a sage-femme. The narrator informs us

how she has successfully cured wounds, sprains, burns, deformities and illnesses. However, she has the tendency to put on a show of secrecy in her treatments. For this reason, and also because "dans la campagne on n'est jamais savant sans être quelque peu sorcier" (p. 89), the idea of natural medicine is linked with sorcery and superstition. Fadette has not only learned her grandmother's secrets, but she has also acquired a reputation for sorcery which she uses with relish. When Landry is anxiously looking for Sylvinet, she teases him with a scary prediction which causes a cold sweat and makes him certain that she is in league with the devil (p. 87). When he makes a bargain with her to help him find his brother, and following her instructions, finds him, he is astonished at what seems to be her special knowledge. He later thinks to himself:"'C'est pourtant vrai que le grelet m'a prédit que je le retrouverais avant que la pluie ait commencé. Tour sûr, cette fille-là en sait plus que nous!" (p. 94). But the narrator quickly explains all the ways in which Fadette could have legitimately known of Sylvinet's whereabouts, thus undercutting any aura of mystery about her intelligence. (pp. 94-95).

Later, we learn of Fadette's piety and her habit of reciting her evening prayers ardently and at length. Talk has it among the peasants, however, that her devotion is a decoy to hide her devilish activities. (p. 124). Landry's association with her at the feast is difficult for the others to accept--especially because of her satanic reputation. For this reason, the scene in which they gather around her and call her names is credibly ritualistic. They pull at her sleeve, trip her, knock on her large hat and turn her back and forth, and refer to her mother's having been a camp-follower with their calls, "Au grand calot, au grand calot à

la mère Fadet!" (p. 127). Landry is accused of having been enchanted: "'Elle t'a donc jeté un sort, mon pauvre Landry, que tu ne regardes qu'elle? ou bien c'est que tu veux passer sorcier, et que bientôt nous te verrons mener les loups aux champs'" (p. 127). The scene reaches its climax as Madelon uses an expression that confirms that a scapegoat ritual is in progress: '. . . on ne regarde si c'est une tête de chèvre ou une figure chrétienne (p. 128). Landry comes to Fadette's rescue just as her hat is knocked off and carried away, and her long black hair falls free. From that point, he is won over to her side. However, as his feelings of love for her grow in a way which is unfamiliar to him, he becomes ashamed of the power she seems to have over him and is still suspicious. He thinks to himself: "Il faut qu'elle soit charmeuse . . ." (p. 151). When he tries to defend her to his good friends at La Priche, they give him a dire warning:

> . . . c'est un enfant qui ne sait rien, et si tu as une bête malade, je ne te conseille pas de suivre ses remèdes, car c'est une petite bavarde qui n'a pas le moindre secret pour guérir. Mais elle a celui d'endormir les gars, à ce qu'il parait, puisque tu ne l'as guère quittée à la Saint-Andoche, et tu feras bien d'y prendre garde, mon pauvre Landry; car on t'appellerait bientôt le grelet de la grelette, et le follet de la Fadette. Le diable se mettrait après toi. Georgeon viendrait tirer nos draps de lit et boucler le crin de notre chevaline. Nous serions obligés de te faire exorciser. (p. 152)

The naïve spirit of this rustic prediction is underlined by the explanation by little Solange that Landry must have put a stocking on inside out and Fadette noticed.

The day in church, when Landry sees Fadette transformed into a clean, pretty, normal-looking girl, he is still convinced of her magic powers; "Elle est sorcière; elle a voulu devenir belle de laide qu'elle était, et la voilà belle par miracle" (p. 159). But this does not stop him from wanting even more to approach her.

The stigma of sorcery is finally removed when she returns from Chateaumeillant a "finished" young lady. Yet her greatest "cure" still awaits her. When she returns, the condition of Sylvinet has become so poor that they fear for his life. The Barbeau family has consulted doctors to no avail, for they feel that a sacrifice of one twin is required. Another wise-woman, La Baigneuse de Clavières, is consulted; she recommends a love affair, but this seems impractical. Fadette reduces Sylvinet's fever with a treatment that consists of "refraîcher avec ses mains et son haleine" (p. 219), the origin of which is unsure, according to the narrator, but which Fadette probably discovered by accident during her many chances to cure her sickly brother. All notion of deviltry is carefully dispelled by Sand as the narrator explains how Fadette feels herself "douée d'un certain esprit et d'une grande confiance dans la bonté de Dieu" (p. 220). The prayer Fadette utters shows that she is willing to offer herself up in exchange, like Jesus. The narrator gives an explanation for why Fadette did not use it in the case of her grandmother: since she has to try to align her will with that of God, it would have seemed against the laws of nature to use it in the case of an old woman.

In addition to her belief in God and nature, Fadette is clearly a good psychologist, as Sand describes her further treatment of Sylvinet. When he does not greet her and appears displeased to see her, she assumes the mantle of a commanding goddess and accuses him of wishing to die; this gives him a chance to let out his self-pity; then she accuses him of wickedness in a very harsh and angry tone, and of cowardice besides.

The psychotherapeutic session between Sylvinet (now formally addressed as Sylvain) and Fadette continues, culminating with Fadette's accusation

that behind his weakness is malice; that he is an egotist and an ingrate; when he accuses Landry of having maligned him, they get to the core of their argument for when she defends Landry as far more noble than his brother, Sylvinet accuses her of alienating Landry from him. She defends herself and counter-accuses him of being an enemy of God. This last is climactic; to be accused "d'être un païen" (p. 232) is too shocking to him. The argument culminates with a grand speech by Fadette about his ingratitude and his overindulgence which, on the one hand, explains the psychological workings of his neurosis or "fantaisie" (p. 234) as she calls it, and demands his improvement on the other. The chapter ends with a very thoughtful Sylvinet and an exhausted Fadette.

Sylvinet responds very well to this treatment and when Fadette returns he asks her forgiveness. She then gives him a series of orders about the importance of eating meat and getting up each day, in order to make his family feel better. He now will have to come to her if he wishes to continue the cure and she promises to extend her love to him to the extent that he puts himself into her submission. His one request is that they use the familiar form to one another, to which she agrees. Her faith in him gives him the strength to leave his bed and idleness. The reader, who has been present at these psychologically-sound sessions, knows that no magic occurred. It is merely a Sandian victory of nurture over nature. However, to the Barbeau family Sylvinet's improvement seems miraculous. It results in the extraordinary action of his enlisting in Napoleon's army, which we saw Sand describe in a coda toward the book's conclusion, and which may be considered a special triumph of the maturation theme. There is, however, a rational explanation even for this. As Mère Barbeau relates, it was due to his infatuation with Fadette, his

sister-in-law. And Père Barbeau connects it with the wise-woman's prophecy: ". . . la Baigneuse de Clavières a dit . . . que lorsqu'il serait épris d'une femme, il ne serait plus si affolé de son frère; mais qu'il n'en aimerait jamais qu'une en sa vie, parce qu'il avait le coeur trop sensible et trop passionné" (p. 243).

Thus, the subject of peasant superstition, linked with wisdom and natural medicine, closes the novel in which it has played such a pervasive role. Not only does Sand use it to accentuate the naïveté of her peasant characters, thereby highlighting the intelligence of Fadette by contrast, but also to emphasize the inherent wisdom in folk medicine. From early in life, Fadette has had a chance to develop her talent for observation by searching through the woods and fields for plants for her grandmother's medicines. Correspondingly, her misfortunes in losing her parents and her sympathy for her brother have directed her toward religion for comfort. Her pride and willpower have developed as a reaction to the alienated position she holds in the little community. All of these traits logically add up to the sum of her wisdom, but wisdom so unusual as to remove her from the category of pastoral heroine into that of the Sandian super-heroine. Marie and Madeleine share some of her strength in the face of attack, but are not quite so eloquent and not dedicated to a full career of curing and schooling the unfortunate. La Petite Fadette would be the closest of the three rustic novels in its approach to the pastoral ideal, if not for this discrepancy.

In her introduction to La Petite Fadette, Geneviève van der Bogaert makes some connections between the youthful Sand and her heroine:

> A considérer le premier portrait de la petite Fadette, on se rend compte aisément que George Sand a fait appel aux souvenirs de sa propre jeunesse. Elle fut jadis la petite fille à la peau trop brune qui jouait avec les garçons du village. Les yeux de la

> petite Fadette, qui seuls dans ce visage sans charme méritent de retenir l'attention, ce sont les yeux de la jeune Aurore. Le 'vilain grelet' a des allures garçonnières comme Sand, et comme elle le regard hardi et moqueur. . . . Quand nous apprenons que la petite Fadette grimpe aux arbres comme un écureuil, saute volontiers sur une jument sans bride ni selle, et la fait galoper . . . nous songeons aux récits tout pareils que George Sand a placés dans son Histoire de ma vie.[8]

One might do as well to indicate the psychological connection between Sand and Fadette, which is apparent in the author's strong identification with foundlings and orphans. As we have seen earlier, Sand lost her father at an early age and dreaded the thought that her mother would leave her, which eventually was the case. Her mother, too, had followed a soldier in Napoleon's army--her father--before she was born. And Sand was always eloquent in her defense of her. She was also raised by her grandmother, and had a brother whom she protected. Her grandmother also died in her youth.

All of these memories were surfacing during the composition of La Petite Fadette while Sand was simultaneously writing her autobiography. As we have seen, she began Histoire de ma vie in April 1847. By the end of October, she informed Hetzel that the first volume had been completed, which contained a history of her ancestors. On December 21, 1847 the contract for its publication was signed for an amount of money which gave Sand ample incentive to continue--one-hundred-thirty-thousand francs. By February 1848, she wrote to Hetzel: "Je travaille pour nous sauver . . ." also indicating that she had written a good deal of the second part, devoted to the history of her father as a child, up to the time he spent in the army of Napoleon, and she was delighted with her powers of remembering: "C'est presque un prodige comme mes souvenirs d'enfance se réveillent à mesure que j'approche de l'époque où je vais parler de moi."[9]

The political events of February 1848 put a stop to her memoirs, and it was not until June of that year that she took them up again. She begins the seventh chapter of the second part as follows: "Tout ce qui précède à été écrit sous la monarchie de Louis-Philippe. Je reprends ce travail le 1er Juin, 1848 . . . ."[10] In it, she brings the reader to the time of her birth, going on in the third part to deal with her childhood and youth, spent primarily at Nohant. Considering that she was in the process of writing La Petite Fadette in August 1848, one might easily conclude that both creations were concurrent and that the novel has many overtones of the autobiography.

In any case, to pursue the comparison of Sand with Fadette, the little natural souvenirs which Sylvinet collects from his games with Landry, hides and cherishes from time to time, remind us of the altar Aurore Dupin had built to her god, Corambé. Her own ambivalence as to whether to be strong in the face of her mother's rejection or to give in to her despair is epitomized by the twins, Landry and Sylvinet. Sand reveals herself when she claims Sylvinet is the luckier twin, being preferred by his mother.

The defense Fadette makes of her appearance, based on her circumstances of poverty, is a Sandian defense. All of Fadette's values are Sand's own, including anti-coquetry, which is expounded most in this novel, by questioning, with Sand's logic, the honesty and value of appearing beautiful to any but those who are special.

Sand's familiarity with natural medicine is recognizable in Fadette. The author's attitude toward doctors is revealed when she mentions their conflicting advice for Sylvinet and how much better it is for him that he avoids them. Sand's complaint about the possessiveness of Chopin's

love is heard in Fadette's diagnosis of Sylvinet's condition, and her ability to expend energy and eloquence in the service of a cause she loves is the wellspring for the character of Fadette.

The author's background of religion without fear enters when Fadette convinces Landry that one can be a good Christian without believing in Satan or fearing God. As Fadette explains to Landry:

> Il n'y a qu'un esprit et il est bon, car c'est celui de Dieu. Lucifer est de l'invention de monsieur le Curé, et Georgeon, de l'invention des vieilles commères de campagne. Quand j'étais toute petite, j'y croyais, et j'avais peur des malefices de ma grand'mère. Mais elle se moquait de moi, car l'on a bien raison de dire que si quelqu'un doute de tout, c'est celui qui fait tout croire aux autres, et que personne ne croit moins à Satan que les sorciers qui feignent de l'invoquer à tout propos. (p. 171)

Sand's explanation of her attitude toward the Berrichon devils is similar:

> . . . à l'epoque où je passais une bonne moitié de ma vie avec les pastours, je confesse que leur terreur m'avait gagnée, et que, sans croire précisément au follet, aux revenants, et à Georgeon, le diable de la vallée Noire, j'avais l'imagination vivement impressionnée par ces fantômes. Mais je n'étais pas de la race rustique et je n'eus jamais la moindre hallucination. J'eus beaucoup de visions d'objets et de figures dans la rêverie, presque jamais dans la frayeur; et même, dans ce dernier cas, je ne fus jamais dupe de moi-même. La tendance sceptique de l'enfant de Paris luttait encore en moi contre la credulité de l'enfant en général.[11]

Perhaps it is more than a coincidence that the pen name Sand chose resembles that of "Georgeon" which, according to Vincent, inspires the greatest terror among the Berrichons.[12] As suggested in part one, chapter one of this study, Sand's adoption of the name George evokes the image of the city child daring the country divinities, not unlike the character, Fadette.

Chapter 5

Summary on George Sand's Rustic Trilogy

In La Petite Fadette, Sand has gone too far with her insistence on the artistic nature of her rustic heroine. Fadette is, like Sand, too advanced in her ideas and rationalism to fit into "la race rustique." Since she starts from a position of knowledge, she does not have the same potential for education as her male counterparts.

Far more effective in this thematic line are those occasions when ordinarily tongue-tied characters like Germain, François and Landry transcend their rustic naturesand become eloquent artists momentarily, before going back to their usual occupations. At such moments, the rustic novel pushes beyond its own reality and becomes poetic. It is important to note, however, that such moments are inspired by the most basic emotions--the awakening of the sexual urge in Germain, the threat of separation from his mother in François, the enthrallment Landry feels in his budding love for Fadette. The combination of the simplicity of the character, overwhelmed by his natural feelings, being rendered eloquent and artistic, creates a pastoral mood. The voluptuousness which stands just behind the emphatic chastity of the characters is in keeping with the pastoral tradition. So, too, is the ennoblement of Sand's main characters (except for Fadette), whether it be through inheritance, mysterious parentage or sheer virtue.

Socialism, generally considered to be in conflict with the pastoral impulse which looks backward to a non-existent Golden Age, instead of forward to a possible utopia, recedes from Sand's life at this time of

historical disillusionment as she enters the retreat which becomes evocative of her own childhood in the rustic trilogy as well as in Histoire de ma vie. The details of her aristocratic lineage and the implied nobility of its illegitimate members (her grandmother, for example) were subjects about which she was writing in her autobiography; these might have broadened her socialistic view for in François le Champi and La Petite Fadette individual wealth and inheritance are presented positively, as is the aristocracy, at least in the cursory way it enters. Sand's particular form of socialism was transformed to fit the new genre. Her idea of equality expanded to include the potential of the peasant to be an artist, and of noble spirit if not blood. It is in this subverted way that her socialism enters the rustic novels, rather than by eulogizing the job of every laborer as she had done in the preceding novels.

In their covert voluptuousness and nobility Sand's rustic trilogy may be seen as aligned with French Renaissance pastoral from which tradition these novels evolved. We have already observed the ways in which Rousseau both follows and deviates from this tradition. Despite the connections which critics make between Sand and Rousseau, of all Sand's novels, the rustic ones least resemble his work. For all the autobiography that lies behind their inspiration, they are not overtly confessional. Marcel Moraud, who has studied the French Romantic movement in England, including George Sand and Rousseau among the prime influences, excludes Sand's "romans champêtres" from any discussions of Romanticism.[1]

In the foregoing analysis I have also pointed out how Sand's descriptions of nature eschew the dramatic landscape and the lyric interpenetration between character and setting typical of Romantic literature. Furthermore, Sand's conception of primitivism differs sharply from both

Rousseau's and Saint-Pierre's. Her native Berrichons have little resemblance to the sentimentalized peasant types of Rousseau; her Chanvreur has none of the artificiality of Saint-Pierre's Vieillard, and her familiar natural landscape has none of the pretentious exoticism of Saint-Pierre's. As far as Florian is concerned, Sand was moving along the lines of greater realism which he suggested, but was not aware of him as anyone other than an old-fashioned pastoralist whose work she had enjoyed reading at a young age. Nor do her novels conform to his prohibition of the intervention of outer forces.

The main area of difference between Sand's work and that of her so-called pastoral predecessors is that of tone. Her use of a narrator who is removed from the characters through age, wisdom and wit avoids the excessive sentimentality of her forebears and brings to mind the tone of classical pastoral. Sand is also closer to Longus and his ancestor, Theocritus, in her conception of a cyclical, benevolent nature, in the simplicity of her plot, and in her interest in rustic trappings and customs. The fact is that ancient pastoral was more realistic than Renaissance pastoral and what came after in imitation of it.

In spite of the fact that Sand is always associated with idealism, whether it be in politics or literature, there is no shortage of critics who speak for her talents on the side of realism. Kathryn Hildebran, who calls her doctoral dissertation "The Elements of Realism in the Novels of George Sand, 1832-1848," finds an ever-increasing tendency toward realism in Sand's novels, culminating in her socialist novels between 1840 and 1845. According to the criteria which this critic uses--descriptions of buildings and rooms, depiction of characters at work and meals, and the role of money and business--realism declines in the rustic trilogy.[2]

However, those critics who evaluate realism according to the accuracy of regional detail insist on the realism in her rustic trilogy as well. Vincent, who makes no distinction between pastoral and rustic categories, is impressed by the precision of Sand's portrayal of the Berrichons and their country. Zellweger, who considers the rustic genre to be a natural outgrowth of the pastoral mood, finds Sand to be a practitioner of realism controlled by good taste, which acts as a balance to the idealism with which she portrays her main characters. Notwithstanding the fact that her three rustic tales sin least of all her novels against verisimilitude, Zellweger finds their regional side subservient to Sand's preoccupation with the psyche of her rustic characters.[3] Van Tieghem, like Zellweger, finds Sand's primary motivation to be in depicting "les âmes des paysans, leurs caractères, leurs sentiments, et particulièrement l'amour qui germe et fleurit dans les coeurs rustiques. . . ."[4] However, the latter literary theorist considers pastoral a relic rendered useless through its artificiality, whereas Sand, he finds, depicts places, occupations and customs with sufficient fidelity to place her in the rustic category.

New editions of the rustic novels appeared in 1851 and 1852. Sand used these occasions to write second prefaces for each novel. The single idea which she reiterates in all of them is that of primitivism. In the Preface to La Mare au Diable (April 1851), she responds to those who claimed she had revolutionary intentions:

> Personne ne fait une révolution à soi tout seul, et il en est, surtout dans les arts, que l'humanité accomplit sans trop savoir comment, parce que c'est tout le monde qui s'en charge. .. . .. Je n'ai rien fait de neuf en suivant la pente qui ramène l'homme civilisé aux charmes de la vie primitive. (pp. 3-4)

In the Preface to La Petite Fadette (December 1851), she reiterates the necessity for the soothing function of literature at times of social stress:

> . . . la mission de l'artiste est de célébrer la douceur, la confiance, l'amitié, et de rappeler ainsi aux hommes endurcis ou découragés, que les moeurs pures, les sentiments tendres et l'équité primitive, sont ou peuvent être encore de ce monde. (p. 40)

And in the Preface to François le Champi (May 1852), she elaborates on the occasion for that novel, with a description of her meeting with a foundling in a lush natural setting:

> Le chemin aux Napes . . . est un casse-cou bordé d'un fosse, où dans l'eau vaseuse, croissent les plus beaux nymphéas du monde, plus blancs que les camélias, plus parfumés que les lis, plus pur que des robes de vierge, au milieu des salamandres et des couleuvres qui vivent là dans la fange et dans les fleurs, tandis que le martin-pêcheur, ce vivant éclair des rivages, rase d'un trait de feu l'admirable végétation sauvage du cloaque. (p. 202)

In the first two prefaces, the idealism with which Sand views "la vie primitive" is apparent. In the third preface, the beautiful white water lily in the slimy swamp is a symbol for the orphaned child in the teeming world, and, in its way, equally idealistic. However, this impulse toward nature, especially nature which is flooded with breeding and fertility, may well be a compensation for the recent destruction and bloodshed France had experienced. While its impulse is akin to that which inspired Longus and d'Urfé, the novels which resulted from that impulse, as we have seen, have few vestiges of traditional pastoral.

But "la vie primitive" was something Sand felt still existed, which could be reproduced from reality, and with which she felt herself to be on very close terms in Berry. A kind of realism resulted which, superimposed on the miniature pastoral core, altered the sources substantially enough to take the romans champêtres out of the original pastoral category into the new rustic one, more appropriate to Sand's own time.

Chapter 1

The Pastoral Tradition in English Fiction

As in the case of L'Astrée (1607), the sources of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia (1582) do not lie in the author's own literary tradition, but come rather from the continent--indeed are identical to the ones which inspired d'Urfé. Sannazzaro's Arcadia (1504) supplied at least the title of Sidney's work and, partially, the form. The Italian model is a collection of eclogues with short prose links, which seems certainly to have preordained Sindey's four sets of Eclogues that mingle prose and verse. Confirmation of this is found in the more specific examples of imitation which, according to Jean Robertson, are " . . . the double sestina, the singing match with its triple rhymes and the fictionalized portrait of Philisides, which is clearly modelled on Sannazzaro's self-portrait as Sincero."[1] W. W. Greg reminds us of Sannazzaro's debt to Boccaccio, his countryman of century and a half earlier. In the Arcadia

> there is everywhere visible the same artificiality of style which characterized the Ameto, but purged of its more extravagant elements and less affected and conceited than it became in the works of Lyly and Sidney. Like the Ameto but unlike its Spanish and English successors, the Arcadia is purely pastoral, free from any chivalric admixture.[2]

However, the major portion of Sidney's work is the prose narrative, written in five parts or "Books," which alternate with the Eclogue sections. For these, he turned to Spanish imitators of Sannazzaro, Jorge Montemayor and Gaspar Gil Polo, who wrote Diana (1524) and its continuation, Diana Enamorada (1564), respectively. According to Robertson, Sidney's first version, the "Old" Arcadia (1582), which I am using as the basis of my discussion, is thought to resemble the Gil Polo work,

while the partially revised "New" Arcadia (1590) was considered by its readers to be in greater debt to the earlier Montemayor work (p. xx). The five-part division is comparable as well to the classical five-act structure of early sixteenth-century Italian plays, which frequently contained intermezzi between the acts. If these inspired Sidney's use of Eclogues between the prose Books, Robertson points out that the Englishman integrated them far more firmly into his main structure (p.xxi).

The chivalric admixture in the Spanish and English pastorals to which Greg refers has also a common source with that of l'Astrée; that is the Amadis of Gaul, a Spanish romance written in the second half of the fifteenth century, but taken from Portuguese originals which go back to the twelfth century, the materials of the story being of earlier French origin. Robertson claims that the central situation of the Arcadia --that of the sojourn of the disguised princes, Pyrocles and Musidorus, in Arcadia--is based on the adventures of Agesilan and Arlanges in Book XI of the Amadis, and that Sidney also drew on the Amadis of Greece, a continuation of Book VII, as well as other minor parts.

The debt of Elizabethan fiction to Greek prose romances is amply documented by Samuel Lee Wolff,[3] but aside from the stock situations common to both genres, Robertson thinks that neither the Amadis nor the Greek romances supplied any real ethos behind the sentiment and emotions of the Arcadia

> with the possible exception of Longus' Daphnis and Chloe, which is both the only truly pastoral Greek romance and also the only one to combine a love story with the theme of good government; but it had no detectable influence on the Old Arcadia. (p. xxiv)

While the basis of Sidney's moral and political ideals which emerge in Book Five of the Arcadia is to be found in the Ethics and Politics of

Aristotle, they have been filtered through Sidney's French mentor in statecraft, Hubert Languet; a similar transposition takes place in Sidney's reflections on virtue, reason, beauty and love--all ultimately deriving from Plato's Symposium and Phaedrus--which probably reached him through such works as Castiglione's The Courtier, translated into English in 1561, and Elyot's The Governor (1531).

That the classical influences arrived only through the filters of Sidney's own time and place are further confirmed by J. J. Jusserand, who finds details of costume and furniture in the Arcadia to be "pure Renaissance, half Italian and half English," with which Sidney's travels on the continent familiarized him:

> Musidorus disguised as a shepherd, dresses his hair in such a way as to look much more like one of the Renaissance Roman Emporers at Hampton Court than like a keeper of sheep: we see him while receiving a lesson on the use of the 'sheephooke,' wearing a 'garland of laurell mixt with cypress leaves on his head.' The glowing descriptions of the private apartments of the heroes suit modern palaces better than Greek cottages; while representations of ladies recumbent on their couches are obvious reminiscences of Tintoretto or Titian, whose newly painted works Sidney had admired in Italy.[4]

Robertson concludes that the wide range of sources from which Sidney drew his materials makes it impossible to see the Arcadia as falling into any one category; that Sidney's intention was to fulfill the functions of heroic rather than pastoral poetry, and that Sidney's allowance for mixed genres in the Defence of Poesy (1580) permitted the mingling of pastoral details in the epic element. The main reason for her distinguishing the Arcadia from the other pastoral romances is that it contains no "magic healing centre" (p. xxxiv), such as the cave in Sannazzaro's work, the temple in Montemayor's, or the fountain in d'Urfé's. These, the editor finds, are a development from the benevolent oracle of Greek romances

with which Sidney's "oracle of menace" (p. xxxiv) is in contradiction.

While it is no doubt a critical service to illuminate the neglected heroic side of Sidney's work, it seems to me that the omission of one particular convention from Sidney's work should not be the reason for eliminating it from the pastoral category in which it is generally placed by historians of English literature. A brief look at the characteristics of this first English work in prose to rely so heavily on its pastoral predecessors will demonstrate how its main concern is congruent with theirs.

The plot revolves around a series of love relationships, all of which may in some way be deemed questionable. To avoid a dire-sounding prophecy, Basilius, head of state of Arcadia, goes into exile with his family, to a spot "where for his pleasure he would be recreated with all those sports and eclogues wherein the shepherds of that country did much excel" (Bk. I, 6). The motif of doubling is immediately apparent in the placement of Basilius, his duchess Gynecia and his daughter Philoclea in one lodge, while his older daughter Pamela is set up in a companion lodge with the trio of rustics as guardians, Miso, Mopsa and Dametas, a shepherd, his wife and daughter. To this country come the exiled princes, Pyrocles and Musidorus, counterparts in age and beauty to Philoclea and Pamela; the first falls in love with a painting of Philoclea. They go to the retreat of Basilius; one, disguised as an Amazon princess Cleophila (Zelmane in the revised version); the other, as the shepherd Dorus. Once the meeting of these groups is accomplished, the action becomes a tumult of love pursuits: Pyrocles, in female guise, pursues his objective, Philoclea, who responds but is confused as to the reason for his appeal; simultaneously, both Basilius and Gynecia fall in

love with him-her; the duke is ready to commit adultery in his attraction to this Amazon friend of his younger daughter; the duchess, seeing through his disguise with true womanly discernment, is struck by his youth and beauty into a state of maddened eroticism. Musidorus, who for a while remains the rational counsel to his smitten friend Pyrocles, is himself love-struck at the sight of Pamela; exchanges his royal robes, and, as Dorus, vies with her shepherd guardian for her custody, while the rustic wife and daughter find this new shepherd irresistible.

Sidney says of the disguised Musidorus that his mind "was wholly set upon pastoral affairs" (Bk. I, 54) making the word pastoral synonymous with love. Surely the same should be said of the author, as he goes on through the next four Books to weave his characters in and out of passionate situations fraught with compromises to propriety.

The variety of all these love situations might in itself be considered indecorous in a work termed pastoral: Gynecia in her ardent pursuit, pervaded by guilty love, is compared by Jusserand to the tragic heroines of Marlowe and Webster (p. 247); Basilius' unabashed pursuit of a disguised youth has comic overtones; Mopsa's treatment at the hands of Dorus, who sends her--wrapped in a red cloak--to the top of an ash tree, to await the granting of her any wish from Apollo, verges on farce. Yet, these are equalized by the more conventional love situations of the four young lovers and would not be out of place in the classical tradition, where, for example, we find Lycainion, the married older woman, seducing Daphnis; or Gnathon, the pederast, pursuing the young shepherd, and where humor at the expense of the love-sick is a sine qua non of pastoral.

The Eclogue portions of Sidney's Arcadia are nothing if not pastoral.

Considering how they mirror the events of the prose portions, they provide a tranquil stasis to the turbulent emotions which precede them. The first three of these pastoral diversions are for the benefit of the royal party, who are present as spectators, in which Pyrocles and Musidorus have a transitional role by being participants in the Eclogue entertainment. Here too, we have the mirroring motif as Arcadian shepherds, patterned after rustic types, have dialogues with stranger shepherd-princes of a more exalted class. Geron, the old shepherd; Mastix, the misanthropic one, and Dicus, the anti-love shepherd, are among the Arcadians, while the melancholy Philisides and the idealistic Strephon and Klaius come from abroad.

The first two Eclogues have the further plot-moving function of recounting the past adventures of the exiled princes. Each interlude is related to the Book it follows by way of theme: the first is concerned with unrequited love; the second, with the conflict between passion and reason; the third celebrates the lawful marriage of the Arcadian shepherd Lalus and his sweetheart Kala, in contrast to the consummation of the love of Pyrocles and Philoclea, out of wedlock, with which Book Three ends; and the last Eclogue combines elegies for Basilius (seemingly poisoned by Gynecia's love-potion, which was actually intended for Pyrocles), with the lament of unrequited lovers, and juxtaposes the subjects of sorrow and tranquility.

Just as Sidney expands the comic side of Renaissance pastoral compared to his predecessors and contemporaries on the continent, so too does he emphasize the serious side. It is here that one is rather likely to accuse him of going outside the tradition. A new seriousness emerges during Book Four, promulgated by the mourning for Basilius, which

leads to the primary concern in Book Five, with justice, to which end the royal foreigner, Euarchus, is introduced. Prior to this, serious questions are raised for dialectical purposes such as Philanax's long rational monologue in Book One arguing against Basilius' decision, inspired by the mysterious oracle, to withdraw from his subjects on the grounds that it is vain and presumptuous to try to read the future and to exert one's will against it; to give up one's leadership and to trust to rude simplicity which, though it appear to have the advantage of innocence, has the concommitant disadvantage of ignorance.

As the theme of governance takes over at the end of Book Four, Philanax and Timautus emerge as antagonists at the trial of the main characters: Gynecia, for the death of Basilius; Musidorus, for the abduction of Pamela; Pyrocles and Philoclea, for ignoring the law of Arcadia which "without exception did condemn all to death who were found in act of marriage without solemnity of marriage" (Bk. IV, 290). The deus ex machina that reveals Basilius to be alive puts a different disposition on the seriousness of these crimes. Furthermore, Euarchus is revealed to be related by blood to the disguised princes. But the tone of Sidney's work comes very close to being tragic in this final book. Only at the happy dénouement does it become clear that the seriousness of the love-induced situations has been a subject of debate from the beginning, when, for example, Basilius abdicates his duties toward his subjects for protection of his family, or Musidorus tries to persuade Pyrocles of the follies of sexual love compared to friendship or the value of chastity is debated by Basilius and the disguised Pyrocles.

Love in all its variations is the usual subject for discussion, but the fact is there are other more general ones: age versus youth; the merit versus the dishonor of suicide; Greek quantitative measure versus rhymed meter; the active life versus the contemplative one. Thus it seems that dialectic itself is a theme of Sidney's Arcadia as hinted at by the mirroring motif, and while the magic healing center may be missing, the dialectic acts as restorative to tranquility. If discussion of serious topics tends to temper the usual light pastoral mood, we must remember that this is not out of keeping with the melancholy nature of earlier pastoral heroes. In Sidney's work a new standard was set for pastoral literature in England which from then on could include more serious philosophical speculation and ethical evaluation among its more romantic aspects.

While it is true that the princes have occasion to exhibit their heroic abilities, the situations which warrant it are hardly of an epic nature. For example, Musidorus and Pamela are attacked by an outlaw band of rustics whom they rout easily; this attack is timed to interrupt Musidorus at a moment when his rapture at the sight of the sleeping princess is on the verge of erupting into rape. On another occasion the disguised Pyrocles saves fleeing Philoclea from an attack by an unconvincing lion. The revised version of Arcadia added more chivalric adventures to the plot but, in my opinion, only serves to make prolix an already complicated story, without altering the essential pastoral concern with love in all its aspects. As Euarchus reminds the protagonists, love has a higher side than the ill-governed passion which they plead as an excuse for their crimes: "That sweet and heavenly uniting of the mind . . . " (Bk. V, 407).

It is significant that Euarchus comes from outside of Arcadia to effect peace in that place. We have discussed the fact that pastoral is traditionally the view of a protected place from without. As Samuel Lee Wolff remarks about Daphnis and Chloe, "The pastoral of Longus is a pastoral from the point of view of the city . . . .The whole story has an urban enveloping action at the beginning and at the end."[5] This is a premise of pastoral which Greg noted in a general way when he said:"What does appear to be a constant element in the pastoral as known to literature is the recognition of a contrast, implicit or expressed, between pastoral life and some more complex form of civilization."[6]

The place which Sidney sets before us is characterized by "the moderate and well-tempered minds of the people;" one chosen by the muses as "their chiefest repairing place," on whose inhabitants they have bestowed "their perfections so largely . . . that the very shepherds themselves had their fancies opened to so high conceits as the most learned of nations have been long time since content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning" (Bk. I, 4). If the level of the Arcadian citizen is typically of such a lofty nature, the level of his leaders must be at least equal, which makes their seizure by the god of love still more impressive. The fact that within the Arcadian tranquility all manner of love erupts is not out of keeping with the pastoral tradition, which attempts to keep its focus on the minute examination of love as free of outside distractions as possible. Yet, these too are necessary, if only as controls in the experiment to test the exquisite reactions of lovers.

Especially in the Eclogue sections--used also to halt the galloping

love sequences--does the Arcadian nature of the population manifest itself. But even prior to the first interlude, Sidney describes the customs of the shepherds, to make them seem as credible as possible:

> But, of all other things, they did especially delight in eclogues; wherein sometimes they would content for a prize of well singing, sometimes lament the unhappy pursuit of their affections, sometimes, again, under hidden forms utter such matters as otherwise were not fit for their delivery. Neither is it to be marvelled that they did so much excel other nations in that quality since, from their childhood, they were brought up unto it, and were not such base shepherds as we commonly make account of, but the very owners of the sheep themselves, which in that thrifty world the substantiallest men would employ their whole care upon. And when they had practiced the goodness of their wit in those sports, then was it their manner ever to have one who should write up the substance of that they said; whose pen, having more leisure than their tongues, might perchance polish a little the rudeness of an unthought-on song. But the peace wherein they did so notably flourish, and especially the sweet enjoying of their peace to so pleasant uses, drew divers inward melancholies made weary of the world's eyes, to come and live among them, applying themselves to their trade; which likewise was many times occasion to beautify more than otherwise it would have been this pastoral exercise. (Ecl. I, 56)

The reasonable, quasi-historical tone which Sidney uses is typical of the prose portions of Arcadia, and is substantiated by the ornate description of landscape, clothing, furnishings, ornaments, which the author relishes, and which embroider the otherwise conventionalized characterization. Only in the case of Cynecia does the stock character come to life by virtue of the description of inner suffering which the author renders with sympathy. The prose descriptions alternate with dialogue, which often is transformed into dialectic, as already noted. The didactic comments of the author further vary the prose texture, while the Eclogue portions and inserted songs are alternations of typical Renaissance poetic forms.

Sidney's own aristocratic attitude overtly prevails in this story of noble characters, where the shepherds are not of the common variety

but are rich enough to "own their own sheep." Even so, distinctions are made between them and the royal personages. Musidorus discovers that his shepherd's disguise is not the most favorable way to appeal to Pamela--"A shepherd's either service or affection was but considered as from a shepherd" (Bk. II, 98); after he has won her love he reveals his identity, saying: ". . . for your honour it be known you went away with a prince and not with a shepherd" (Bk. IV, 313). The customs of the real rustics are portrayed as boorish, as is the mingling of the classes:

> Bacchus, indeed it was which sounded the first trumpet of this rude alarum, a manner the Arcadians had to solemnize their princes' birthdays with banqueting together as largely as the quality of the company could suffer--a barbarous opinion to think with vice to do honour, or with activity in beastliness to show abundance of love. (Bk. II, 126)

The low-class rebels are portrayed as rude and cowardly. Sidney uses the occasion of the insurrection to play on the paradox of a land of shepherds where a real sheep is never seen, by describing the villains who attack Musidorus and Pamela "as sheep who had but followed their fellows" and "so sheepishly had submitted" (Bk. IV, 307).

Greg says of Sidney's Arcadia: "In the first place the romance contains no really pastoral characters, the personae being all either shepherds in disguise only . . . or . . . burlesque characters of the rustic tradition."[7] This is not totally accurate. In the love interlude of Lalus and Kala there is an unusual idealization of this rustic bride and bridegroom which Sidney uses to highlight the lack of virtue and innocence of the noble couple:

> In going to church, great worship to Kala, so that all the parish said never a maid they knew so well waited on; and when dancing was about the May Pole, nobody taken out but she, and he after a leap or two to show her his own activity, would frame all the rest of his dancing only to grace her. (Ecl. III, 244)

The author drops some of his typical stylistic devices to make a simpler surface for this interim story situated at the very center of the book. Here, there is an overt aura of Christianity--in contrast to the affectation of paganism in the rest of the book--as the bride's purity and the bridegroom's devotion to her are extolled. The description of their modest surroundings and the reticent manners of the company has a hint of realism:

> And there under a bower was made of boughs (for Lalus' house was not able to receive them). They were entertained with hearty welcome, and everyone placed according to his age. The women (for such was the manner of that country) kept together to make good cheer among themselves, from which otherwise a certain painful modesty restrains them. . . . (Ecl. III, 245)

The same aim of simplicity and accuracy seems to be at work in Sidney's description of peasant topics of conversation, although a certain class condescension is also apparent: "But among the shepherds was all honest liberty; . . . one questioning with another of the manuring his ground and governing his flock. The highest point they reached to was to talk of the holiness of marriage. . . " (Ecl. III, 245). In this portion of the Arcadia, the only aristocrat is the stranger-shepherd, Philisides, a proxy for the poet. The song he sings, which he says "old Languet had me taught" (Ecl. III, 255), is a parable of how all the animals of the creation have given up some attribute to form man, who ends by killing them for sport, and might be seen as a criticism of his own class, especially in this atmosphere of rustic virtue. A far cry from realism, this episode is, nevertheless, as unusual for Sidney as it is for Renaissance pastoral in general, and even though its basic message is the virtue of lawful love--therefore in keeping with the story's main concern--one feels that in it the artificiality which pervades the book's style has been temporarily laid aside.

J. J. Jusserand would agree that Sidney's main purpose was pastoral and not heroic. This historian of the novel uses the poet's own words to minimize the mannered style of the Arcadia by pointing out its resemblance to the life of the time:

> Sidney . . . was delivering his 'young head' of 'many, many fancies,' and their main object was not politics, but love. He described it as it was known and practiced in his time. Most of the heroes in the Arcadia talk like Surrey, Wyatt, Watson, and all the 'amourists' of the century, like Sidney himself when he addressed another than Stella. The modesty of their characters is equal to their tenderness; valiant as lions before the enemy, they tremble like the leaf before their mistresses; they feed on smiles and tender glances; when they have to suffer a scarcity of this heavenly food they can only die.[8]

It is known that a good portion of Arcadia was written at Wilton, the estate of Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and that the descriptions of the landscape attempt to duplicate the exquisitely cultivated property.

In both its youthful and autobiographical aspects, it resembles other Renaissance pastoral prose. The same is true for its aristocratic vantage point. Formally, it partakes in conventional pastoral through its disguised shepherd characters, Arcadian setting, mingling of art and nature, prose and verse, and major concern with the subject of love. It differs from Classical pastoral in its heroic trappings, but these, too, are typical of the Renaissance version. Where it differs from the French model--l'Astrée--is in its overt example of a breach of chastity, its comic emphasis, its awareness of class structure, and its dialectical tendency which brings in a philosophical element. These, plus the varieties of love situations, make Sidney's pastoral unique.

As was the case with l'Astrée in France, the Arcadia became a standard book for the perusal of elegant readers, especially ladies, who

began to speak its language.[9] Ben Jonson in Every Man Out of His Humour (1600) indicates this trend when Fastidius Briske says of Saviolina's speech:

> Oh, it flowes from her like nectar, and she doth give it, that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that . . . she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choise figures in her ordinary conferences as any be i' the Arcadia. (Act II, Sc. 3)

Jusserand insists on the strong popularity of Sidney's book through the eighteenth century (p. 272), which, this scholar feels, is corroborated by Milton's castigation of it as "no serious book" but rather a "vain, amatorious poem."[10] Milton's outrage, typical of the anti-royalist point of view, is inspired by the fact that King Charles I had chosen to quote the prayer of Pamela from Book V of Sidney's Arcadia on the occasion of his beheading. Jusserand especially notes the influence of the Arcadia in France where he sees Sidney as a link to Florian and Chateaubriand (p. 283).

Another scholar of the novel, Francis Hovey Stoddard, sees a clear but slight connection between pastoral prose and the novel:

> The relation of the pastorals of the sixteenth century to the novels of the seventeenth is indirect; it affects the spirit rather than the method; but the melancholy sentimentality of the pastoral tale is the melancholy sentimentality of the early novel.[11]

Lionel Stevenson confirms such a link by noting the origin of the novel from two different literary strands: the pastoral of Sidney generating novels of a romantic, idyllic, idealistic or poetic type, while the picaresque of Nashe gathers a realistic, satiric and autobiographic type.[12] These divers strands led to Richardson, on the one hand, and Fielding, on the other, and converged in Oliver Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield (1766), the archetype of "middle-class domestic fiction" (p. 142).

A student of the pastoral novel, specifically those of Eliot, Hardy and Lawrence, makes the connection between Goldsmith's novel and the Arcadia; after describing the move of the Primrose family to a country retreat, M. Squires comments: "Innocent and beautiful, both landscape and neighbors are idealized in the tradition of Sidney's Arcadia."[13]

It is not surprising that Walter Allen, whose definition of fiction insists on the specificity of time and place, finds Sidney's Arcadia to fall short of being a novel:

> As a pastoral romance it is a superb example of the Elizabethan lack of the historical sense. Arcadia is, in fact, a dream world compounded of Sidney's knowledge of Christianity and classical antiquity, medieval chivalry, and Renaissance luxury. Almost intolerably prolix, it expresses, through a long tale in which nymphs and shepherds live side by side with princesses and kings, Sidney's conception of the knightly code.[14]

Nevertheless, he admits that pastoral is "one part of Elizabethan prose fiction" (p. 10). In the case of The Vicar of Wakefield, this critic is nonplussed by its success: "Its popularity, indeed, has been quite disproportionate to its achievement as a novel. . . . Its faults are gross. The plot is absurd, and the deus ex machina . . . is quite incredible" (p. 80). Allen feels that Goldsmith intended The Vicar of Wakefield as a primary example of "the problem of arbitrary irresponsible power" with Dr. Primrose meant as a figure of satire, "a specimen of foolish optimism" (p. 80). But that instead we read this novel as a "domestic idyll, and especially for the character of Dr. Primrose, that unworldly clergyman" and that Goldsmith's serious motives somehow turned out more like "a fairy tale, an idealized picture of rural life, with a delightful Quixotic comic character at the center" (p. 81).

Although his vocabulary leads his reader to make a connection in the fictional line between Sidney and Goldsmith, Walter Allen does not actually do so. Nevertheless, there are many parallels between the Renaissance pastoral and the novel which Sir Walter Scott "read in youth and age," Dickens "took to bed with him every night," and Goethe proclaimed "the greatest novel of his day."[15]

Like Basilius, the Vicar moves to a country retreat for the moral good of his family, where he claims to be head of state as he describes the daily routine to which the Primrose family adheres: "The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner" (p. 20). The Vicar also has two daughters whom he wishes to guard against corruption; the luxuriantly beautiful Olivia and the more sensible Sophia remind one of Philoclea and Pamela in age as well as looks. And in this well-intentioned move on the part of the pater familias lies the seeds of the family's undoing. The leisurely life of the Primrose family, surrounded by nature and art, is reminiscent of the Arcadian style:

> At a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat over shadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here, too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony. (p. 23)

The populace of their retreat consists of farmers "who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty" (p. 19), like Sidney's Arcadian shepherds. The suitors of Olivia and Sophia are

like the stranger-princes, first because of their aristocratic lineage, and also for their disguises. Mr. Burchell, like Musidorus, wears a costume which shows him to be less the nobleman than he is, and only at the end of the story is he revealed as Sir William Thornhill; as the judicious agent who makes sure all wrongs are righted, he resembles Euarchus of the Arcadia. Olivia's suitor does not love with the loyalty of Pyrocles, but his abduction of her is reminiscent of that event in Sidney's story, as is the final reconciliation of the four lovers, which ends in weddings in both stories. In order to accomplish this, however, Olivia must be brought back from the dead, just as Basilius was in the Arcadia. As Sidney took the role of a shepherd-poet in Arcadia, Goldsmith assigns to George, Dr. Primrose' son, his own adventures as actor, musician, teacher and writer--all leading to poverty--which resemble Goldsmith's own. Both Sidney and Goldsmith alternate their fanciful story-telling with discussions of serious subjects based on topics of their time, ranging from love to politics and more philosophical subject. Dr. Primrose defends the idea of monarchy much as Philanax had. The clergyman is also a champion of matrimony and monogamy; he ponders the fortuitious side of life and is a proponent of the optimistic point of view.

Unlike its Renaissance predecessor, the city hovers over the country retreat of Goldsmith's novel as a threatening cloud specifically when the Vicar and his family descend into the town prison, unable to pay their debts. In this prison section, the Vicar's "pastoralizing" becomes a triumphant metaphor for the genre, as if the shepherd were surrounded by picaros in a dark satiric world and trying to transform them into sheep--successfully.

One important difference between the Renaissance pastoral work and the eighteenth-century novel is the perspective of the author. Sidney's is a youthful one, caught up in the passions of his protagonists. Goldsmith's is that of the removed, older narrator (although he speaks in the first person), not unlike Longus, resulting in the view of the characters as naive. Therefore, at times the tone resembles that in Daphnis and Chloe, or what might be considered gently parodic of the epic-romantic elements in artificial pastoral. An example of such an attitude is the description of the family portrait, which might be termed a comic thrust at the ekphrasis convention. Another is the talent of Mrs. Primrose as a seer, who dreams of wealthy marriages for her daughters, while the girls have romantic omens: "They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true-love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup" (p. 51). Surely the "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" is another example of a device parodying pastoral conventions. For that matter, there are numerous textural variations--the insertions of ballads, fables, allegories, adages, proverbs and stories-within-stories--which seem to indicate a relationship with the older forms' mingling of prose and verse.

Of course, the major difference between the two works is the aristocratic condescension of the nobleman Sidney compared to the enlightened liberalism of the plebian Goldsmith, a pervasive difference principally manifest in the Vicar's attempt at rehabilitation during the prison episode. However, The Vicar of Wakefield is very far from a proletarian novel in its attitude toward labor, which is done by the Vicar and his family always with a great deal of ease and leisurely interlude.

The familial feeling which pervades The Vicar of Wakefield is another important difference, for, although Basilius goes into retreat to protect his family, the love-attractions in Arcadia become forces which supersede family loyalties as mother, father and daughter all become rivals for the affections of the disguised prince. Here Goldsmith's emphasis results from his social class and the public for whom he is writing. Both works of fiction, though they are separated by almost two centuries, have a similar concern with the education of their protagonists into maturity; an enjoyment of cultivation; an optimistic belief in human aoility and the ultimate beneficence of nature and providence.

While there are no grounds for connecting the country novels of George Eliot to the Renaissance pastoral of Sidney, there are certainly reasons to link the Englishwoman to Oliver Goldsmith. We have seen earlier in this study that there were few books in the Evans household but that The Vicar of Wakefield was one. That it was a lifetime positive influence on George Eliot is confirmed when as a writer for the Westminster Review, wishing to acquaint a contemporary novelist with what a novel should be like, she uses it as an example: "The Vicar of Wakefield, though we began to read it when we were eight years . . . is an inexhaustible as a really fine melody."[16] The first of Eliot's three stories which comprise Scenes of Clerical Life--"The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton"--when submitted to Blackwood was accompanied by the following comment from George Lewes: " . . . according to my judgment such humour, pathos, vivid presentation and nice observation have not been exhibited (in this style) since the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'"[17] And when, more than a year later, Eliot recalled her first venture into

fiction, the only admiring remark she could remember was that of a Rev. Mr. Swain, "saying that 'Amos,' in its charming tenderness, reminded him of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'"[18]

Eliot's second story, "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," was also compared to Goldsmith's novel, this time via another influential literary figure; a reviewer of Scenes of Clerical Life commented:

> The picture of Mr. Gilfil at this latter stage [viewing his life in retrospect] is charmingly painted with firm and effective touches, and, as Sir Walter Scott said of the Wakefield Vicar, though each touch serves to show that he is made of mortal mould, and is full of human frailties, the effect of the whole is to reconcile us to human nature.[19]

A reviewer of Adam Bede finds the same power of association which gives its charm to The Vicar of Wakefield in Eliot's first novel, by which is meant the retrospective vision to a time of repose that both authors convey.[20]

If Goldsmith's novel had what might be termed a pastoral influence on Eliot's country fiction through its benevolent tone, ear for humour, charming style and moral sanity, Sir Walter Scott's work may be said to have impressed her, also from her youth, with his romantic excitement and attraction to rustic life. Maggie explains to Philip Wakem in The Mill on the Floss how The Pirate affected her when she says: "For a long while I couldn't get my mind away from the Shetland Isles--I used to feel the wind blowing on me from the rough sea" (Bk. V, Ch. 1). The seal of parental approval was also given to this author as Mary Ann was requested to read to her father from Scott's novels,[21] a habit which her biographer tells us was carried over into her life with Lewes. When Lewes presented her with a set of the Waverley Novels in forty-eight volumes on the occasion of the New Year, 1860, Haight remarks that he

wrote on the flyleaf: "'To Marian Evans Lewes,The best of Novelists, and Wives, These works of her longest-venerated and best-loved Romancist [sic] are given by her grateful Husband 1 January 1860'" (p. 319).

According to Gordon Haight, it was also to Scott that Eliot attributes "the first unsettlement of her orthodox view" (p. 39), probably because of the Scotsman's tolerant attitude toward popishness, combined with high moral standards. By the time Eliot visited Scotland in October 1845, she had certainly read most of his fiction. Sara Hennell remarks on her enthusiasm on their six-day trip,[22] which gave her a chance to test Scott's accuracy of regional depiction. When Silas Marner appeared, the Saturday Review praised its portrayal of humble life, placing Eliot above Scott in that ability.[23]

When Walter Allen calls Scott "probably the greatest single influence"[24] on Eliot's fiction, he means as it is reflected in her tendency to deal with a world gone by, which, because it was finished and static, could be described with solidity and comprehensiveness like Scott's.

The fact that Scott's deep involvement was with portraying his own land and people, which he knew very well, must also be a factor in his influence on Eliot, who read and reread the biography of Scott by Lockhart; she undoubtedly identified with him, similarly writing under an assumed name about a familiar place. The concern with folk customs and supersition was also one she shared with him. The local color with which Scott masterfully imbues his fiction is further matched by his heir to the rustic novel. As we have seen, Paul Van Tieghem finds that in its concern with depicting the minutiae of the daily life of country folk, including dialect and other forms of local color, the rustic novel tends toward realism, in direct opposition to its antecedent,

the pastoral novel. Sir Walter Scott is cited by Van Tieghem as finding a place for peasants in his novels, thereby forming a link between the historical and the rustic novels, precursors to those of Eliot: ". . . tous deux localisés avec netteté, tous deux donnant une grande place aux tableaux de moeurs et à la vie des humbles."[25]

Whether the realistic detail of the rustic novel was a reaction against the vagueness of Romanticism, as Van Tieghem suggests, or whether the roots of regionalism, hence realism, lie in the Romantic movement, as Henry Auster claims,[26] Sir Walter Scott's novels exemplified both. George Eliot, on the verge of writing fiction, became deeply involved in such considerations.

Chapter 2

The Riehl Essay and "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story"

Earlier in this study (see pp. 71-72), I discussed Eliot's essay of July 1856[1] reviewing two books by Wilhelm Heinrich von Riehl--pioneering work in the description of German peasant culture--as exemplary of the theory of realism toward which she was evolving. In it she denounces the type of art which pictures peasants as though they "were not much more real than the idyllic swains and damsels of our chimney ornaments" (p. 268), insisting that:

> The selfish instincts are not subdued by the sight of buttercups, nor is integrity in the least established by that classic rural occupation, sheep-washing. To make men moral, something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass. (p. 270)

On the other hand, she has no objection to frank idealization, and is willing to accept those "Opera peasants whose unreality excites Mr. Ruskin's indignation . . ." (p. 270), since they fool no one. It is only in cases where a pretense to realism in art is made and then misrepresented that "a grave evil" is committed, because "Art . . . is a mode of simplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow men beyond the bounds of our personal lot" (p. 271); if misused, it perverts our sympathies towards a false object instead of a true one. "We want to be taught to feel, not for the heroic artisan or the sentimental peasant, but for the peasant in all his coarse apathy, and the artisan in all his suspicious selfishness" (p. 271).

Such a statement makes a contrast immediately apparent between Eliot's objectives and Sand's unwillingness to give up the crook to take up the scalpel. While Eliot considers Dickens to have achieved the "utmost power

of rendering the external traits" of his characters, she finds him lacking accuracy in depicting inner or psychological reality. More to her taste in portraying the "raw material of moral sentiment" (p. 270), are Scott, Wordsworth, Kingsley and the Swiss painter of popular life and historical subjects, Joseph Hornung, all of whom are more effective than hundreds of sermons towards linking the higher classes with the lower and "obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness" (p. 270).

Eliot wishes that some qualified person would do for the English peasantry the thoroughly objective and detailed job which Riehl has done for the Germans; she proceeds to outline the method and information in his books "as a model for some future or actual student of our own people" (p. 273). Among Riehl's conclusions which Eliot finds meaningful is the observation that the more we penetrate into the knowledge of a society in its details, the less we can generalize about all societies, i.e., the same social theory which emerges for Germany will not be indiscriminately applicable to England, France or Italy, and to apply it would be as wise as "Triptolemus Yellowley's [of Scott's The Pirate] application of the agricultural directions in Virgil's Georgics to his farm in the Shetland Isles" (p. 289). In other words, in the social sciences as well as in the sciences, there is a progression from the general to the special, or from the simple to the complex. Furthermore, just as biology has found the individual's environment a factor in the development of his character, so Riehl finds that geographical environment may be seen as influential on racial character. The relation of certain group traits to particular land and climate characteristics leads to the conclusion that certain racial elements are ineradicable; from this it follows that certain classes (the

aristocracy and peasantry) are, by nature, part of the historical culture. Therefore, in spite of the socialistic intention(inherent in Rousseau and Sand) to abolish the idea of aristocracy--whether it be one of wealth or one of talent--Eliot quotes Riehl's conclusions that "when they have turned the world into a great Foundling Hospital, they will still be unable to eradicate the 'privileges of birth'" (p. 296).

This recognition of the unique complexity of the individual, whether it be a person or a group, reinforces the importance Eliot gives to objective observation of detail at the inception of her essay, which may be seen as a statement of her own imminent intentions. The following expression of what would be required to bring the public to a more truthful, realistic understanding of society and how to improve it may be seen as a rejection of the pastoral mode--whether it appears from the peasant angle, as idealizing primitivism, or from the aristocratic angle, as artificial nostalgia:

> The tendency created by the splendid conquests of modern generalization, to believe that all social questions are merged in economical science, and that the relations of men to their neighbors may be settled by algebraic equations,--the dream that the uncultured classes are prepared for a condition which appeals principally to their moral sensibilities, --the aristocratic dilettantism which attempts to restore the 'good old times' by a sort of idyllic masquerading, and to grow feudal fidelity and veneration as we grow prize turnips, by an artificial system of culture--none of these diverging mistakes can co-exist with a real knowledge of the People, with a thorough study of their habits, their ideas, their motives. . . . If any man of sufficient moral and intellectual breadth, whose observations would not be vitiated by a foregone conclusion, or by a professional point of view, would devote himself to studying the natural history of our social classes, especially of the small shopkeepers, artisans, and peasantry,--the degree in which they are influenced by local conditions, their maxims and habits, the points of view from which they regard their religious teachers, and the degree in which they are influenced by religious doctrines, the interaction of the various classes on each other, and what are the tendencies in their position towards disintegration or towards

> development,--and if, after all this study, he would give us the result of his observations in a book well nourished with specific facts, his work would be a valuable aid to the social and political reformer. (p. 272)

It was several months later, in September 1856, that Eliot was inspired to write her first professional fictional work, Scenes of Clerical Life, three stories whose heroes are representative English clergymen portrayed against a full and familiar provincial background.

The first of these, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton" (January 1857), immediately joined the ranks of traditional English country fiction. George Simpson, Chief Clerk of Eliot's publisher, William Blackwood and Sons, could not resist sending her a note after reading it: ". . .what a charming tale it is!--and yet without any straining for effect or incident; it reminds me in its tender simplicity of The Vicar of Wakefield more than anything I have read for a long time."[2] As we saw on page 262, Eliot's own recollection of the reception of this first story was similar. Limited as the story is to a series of vignettes of the clergyman's life--ranging within its narrow domestic mood from the gentle humor of family situations to the sentimental tragedy of the death of the overworked, angelic wife--alternating with a kind of choral response of his typical parishioners, it may be seen as Eliot's first venture into the world of rustic fiction.

When "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton" was published, Eliot immediately contemplated a sequel, as her letter of Jan. 4, 1857 to William Blackwood shows: "It will lie . . . among quite different scenes and persons from the last--opening in Shepperton once more, but presently moving away to a distant spot and new people, whom, I hope, you will not like less than Amos and his friends."[3] It is in her

second story, "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," that Eliot expands her societal range beyond the clergyman to include landed gentry and peasants, making it possible to see it as an attempt, though fictional, to fulfill the need for a natural history of English social classes described in the Riehl essay, an attempt in miniature, which will be expanded still further in September of the same year, when Eliot first contemplates writing the novel Adam Bede, a much broader view of the same subject.

The fact that at the core of this second scene of clerical life is a love story is a further reason to connect it with its epic successor and to examine it in the light of its pastoral and rustic elements. The heroine, Tina, is the little seed, removed from the cultured continent, which has been transplanted to the English country retreat of Cheverel Manor, and who grows up "very much like the primroses, which the gardener is not sorry to see within his enclosure but takes no pains to cultivate" (p. 159).

To speak of the love story as the core of this second piece of short fiction is accurate not only because it is central to the story's action, but also from the point of view of its hidden aspect which, in turn, is integral to the larger outer shell of the story, which is expressed in the contrasting social levels. The love affair of Caterina Sarti, the seventeen-year-old orphan of a poor Italian musician, and Captain Anthony Wybrow, the young nephew and heir of Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel, who have brought Tina up as their household entertainer and pet, echoes back to Renaissance pastoral in its secrecy, its apparent inequality of rank, and the foreign aspect of the heroine, whose revealed parentage does not preclude the endowment of the mysterious aura of a foundling. Nor does Eliot fail to declare the passionate nature of their

love affair: "Gentle tones had led to tender words, and tender words had called forth a response of looks which made it impossible not to carry on the crescendo of love-making" (p. 164), a passion undercut by the fact that the Captain is, by nature, too selfish to love anyone. In his case, a physical fragility seems to prevent his full emotional responses:

> . . . nature had not endowed him with that capability. She had given him an admirable figure, the whitest of hands, the most delicate nostrils, and a large amount of serene self-satisfaction; but, as if to save such a delicate piece of work from any risk of being shattered, she had guarded him from the liability to a strong emotion. (p. 164)

In the case of Tina, a physical fragility coincides with the pet-bird upbringing and results in a moral fragility:

> . . . the little southern bird had its northern nest lined with tenderness, and caresses, and pretty things. A loving sensitive nature was too likely, under such nurture, to have its susceptibility heightened into unfitness for an encounter with any harder experience; (p. 158)

Her diminutive size permits constant comparison with the most delicate birds, young animals and flowers: a humming bird, a little yellow bantling, a kitten, a marmoset. She has the eyes of a fawn; she is Sir Christopher's little monkey, and Mr. Bates, the gardener, calls her a "paich-bloom, welly laike a linnet" (p. 161); he notices her "rare big faet . . . aboot the saize of a good big spoon" (p. 183). Tina's cherished possession is a little china box, given to her by Dorcas, the "merry rosy-cheeked damsel" (p. 160) who was her nursemaid before going off to marry Daniel, the coachman.

The aura of daintiness in which Eliot depicts the lovers is enhanced by the contrasting sturdiness of Anthony's rival, the young Reverend Maynard Gilfil of the title, wealthy ward of Sir Christopher, who, compared to Tina, might as well be a descendant of Polyphemus,

the love-lorn giant of ancient and neoclassic pastoral:

> It is the way with those tall large-limbed men, from Samson downwards. As for Tina, the little minx was perfectly well aware that Maynard was her slave; he was the one person in the world whom she did as she pleased with; and I need not tell you that this was a symptom of her being perfectly heart-whole so far as he was concerned, for a passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by fear. (p. 162)

Of all the primary characters, Maynard Gilfil remains the singularly stable one. Sir Christopher, for all his vast outer substance, emerges as having his own inner fragility, linked by heredity and association with Tina's and Anthony's. However, before the shattering incident of Captain Wybrow's death, the world of Sir Christopher is as pleasant as it is filled with the rich ornamentation of artifical pastoral:

> And a charming picture Cheverel Manor would have made that evening, if some English Watteau had been there to paint it; the castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark flattened boughs, the too formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel-walk winding on the right, by a row of tall pines, alongside the poor--on the left branching out among swelling grassy mounds, surmounted by clumps of trees, where the red trunk of the Scotch fir glows in the descending sunlight against the bright green of limes and acacias; the great pool, where a pair of swans are swimming lazily with one leg tucked under a wing, and where the open water-lilies lie calmly accepting the kisses of the fluttering light-sparkles; the lawn, with its smooth emerald greenness, sloping down to the rougher and browner herbage of the park, from which it is invisibly fenced by a little stream that winds away from the poor, and disappears under a wooden bridge in the distant pleasure-ground; and on this lawn our two ladies, whose part in the landscape the painter, standing at a favourable point of view in the park, would represent with a few little dabs of red and white and blue. (pp. 133-134)

This is but one of a series of tableaux which serves to halt the momentum of the action--one of the distracting devices Eliot uses as she alternates the dramatic movement of the story with the static paintings. The fact that Eliot calls special attention to her landscapes and portraits by comparing them to those of actual painters such as Watteau, points up the conscious use of art and artifice as a motif. Sir Joshua

Reynolds and Giovanni Barbieri, or "Guercino," as Eliot intimately calls him, are mentioned in relation to the massive redecoration which Cheverel Manor is undergoing as Sir Christopher restores its architecture from the "insipid imitation of the Palladian style" (p. 158), to its original Gothic. The renovation of the building coincides with the growing up of Tina; plans, material and workmen are brought from Italy, as is Tina. The frequent references to Italian Opera, the use of Italian phrases and the occasional French ones, add further ornamentation and lend a pagan air to the artificial one, buttressed still more by the references to Greek and Roman mythology. These last seem also to be included to give a pedigree to Tina, whose talent makes her heiress to a history of Greco-Roman culture.

The flower garden is yet another way in which the mood of artificial pastoral is stressed, especially as it relates to the heroine's state of mind:

> It seemed a gala where all was happiness and brilliancy, and misery could find no sympathy. This was the effect it had on Caterina. As she wound among the beds of gold and blue and pink, where the flowers seemed to be looking at her with wondering elf-like eyes, knowing nothing of sorrow, the feeling of isolation in her wretchedness overcame her, and the tears, which had been before trickling slowly down her pale cheeks, now gushed forth accompanied with sobs. (p. 141)

The sturdy Yorkshire gardener is one of several rustic characters who serves the plot by supporting Tina as she grows up or when she is in distress over her unfaithful lover. Mr. Bates, however, prefers the society of the servants at Cheverel Manor to the isolation of his little thatched cottage in the marsh. The description of him which follows illustrates how Eliot's ideas, germinating from the Riehl essay, grew in her fiction, specifically with relation to realistic portrait description

as practiced in the medium of painting, and how the individual painterly details remove her subject from the generalized notion of a north-country gardener:

> Mr. Bates was by no means an average person, to be passed without special notice. He was a sturdy Yorkshireman, approaching forty, whose face Nature seemed to have coloured when she was in a hurry, and had no time to attend to nuances, for every inch of him visible above his neckcloth was of one impartial redness; so that when he was at some distance your imagination was at liberty to place his lips anywhere between his nose and chin. Seen closer, his lips were discerned to be of a peculiar cut, and I fancy this had something to do with the peculiarity of his dialect, which, as we shall see, was individual rather than provincial. Mr. Bates was further distinguished from the common herd by a perpetual blinking of the eyes; and this, together with the red-rose tint of his complexion, and a way he had of hanging his head forward, and rolling it from side to side as he walked, gave him the air of a Bacchus in a blue apron, who, in the present reduced circumstances of Olympus, had taken to the management of his own vines. Yet, as gluttons are often thin, so sober men are often rubicund; and Mr. Bates was sober, with that manly, British, churchman-like sobriety which can carry a few glasses of grog without any perdeptible clarification of ideas. (p. 154)

Especially interesting is Eliot's insistence on Mr. Bates' sobriety, in the light of her earlier vision in the Riehl essay of the "northern peasant" for whom "the only realm of fancy and imagination . . . exists at the bottom of the third quart pot" (p. 269). In spite of Eliot's pretension to realism, this is an idealized version of the English peasant, the idealism of which is sustained in her later portraits of Dorcas and Daniel Knott, to whose farm in the village of Callam, Tina escapes. John Blackwood expresses this confusion between art and nature when he comments to Lewes after reading Chapter Nineteen of "Gilfil:"

> . . . the patois of Daniel and Dorkis stands too prominently forward in the scenes where the feelings are so highly wrought up. The effect of the farmyard scene is very happy and true. The picture reminds me strongly of the genuine English rural landscapes with which we are all familiar on canvas or in nature.[5]

The numerous children of the Knott family, the nephew of Maynard, who plays the special low tone on the harpisichord which signals Tina's

recovery, the description of Tina as a child, as well as the many domestic animals, some of them important enough to have names--Ruppert the bloodhound, Kitty the mare, Ponto the old brown setter--all add to the idyllic atmosphere not too unlike the one we saw in Sand's novels. That is not to say that Eliot's realistic intentions are completely discarded. The most impressive one is her use of dialect, which is pervasive and remarkable for its perfect pitch. Other concessions to realism occur in her house descriptions; for example, "that desirable homestead afforded by Daniel's description--'the prettiest place iver you see'--" which Maynard sees for the first time "through a small cow yard full of excellent manure" (p. 230); but in such descriptions the idyllic quality predominates over the realistic. The intermingling of both is exemplified in the description of the view from the room which Maynard's sister has prepared for Tina's convalescence:

> Contented speckled hens, industriously scratching for the rarely-found corn, may sometimes do more for a sick heart than a grove of nightingales; there is something irresistibly calming in the unsentimental cheeriness of top-knotted pullets, unpetted sheep-dogs, and patient cart-horses enjoying a drink of muddy water. (p. 239)

Insist as she may on "unsentimentality" Eliot does not escape it by adding a little mud to the water. The conventional details of her romantic love story, her use of nature and rustic detail as a background for it, both fit in with the English pastoral tradition.

What is at odds with this modd, as might have been predicted from the Riehl essay and from the previous discussion in part one of this study of Eliot's country childhood,is the attitude of the author herself which pervades the story. The way in which Eliot aligns the pastoral elements with fragility and the rustic ones with stability, is an excellent de-

vice for the integrating of character and plot, but it is also indicative of the values set forth in the story. Tina and Anthony, as delicate as the chimney ornaments denounced in the Riehl essay, are shattered like the china figurines they are, he the victim of his own narcissistic heart, she of the inability to transcend her sensitivity to pain. After initially recovering from the shock of Anthony's death, Tina marries the faithful, solid Gilfil. "But the delicate plant had been too deeply bruised, and in the struggle to put forth a blossom it died" (p. 243).

Sir Christopher, too, is shattered by the events which destroy his heir and the marriage plans for Anthony and Beatrice Assher:

> . . . a single day and night of grief had aged the fine old man. The lines in his brow and about his mouth were deepened; his complexion looked dull and withered; there was a swollen ridge under his eyes; and the eyes themselves, which used to cast so keen a glance on the present, had the vacant expression which tells that vision is no longer a sense, but a memory. He held out his hand to Maynard,who pressed it, and sat down beside him in silence. Sir Christopher's heart began to swell at this unspoken sympathy; the tears would rise, would roll in great drops down his cheeks. The first tears he had shed since boyhood were for Anthony. (p. 224)

Where in this sentimental description is echoed Eliot's call for an end to "aristocratic dilettantism?" When informed of the secret love affair after Tina's disappearance, he realizes how his own wishes have kept him from seeing what was going on all around him: "Poor dear little ones! God help me! I though I saw everything, and was stone blind all the while" (p. 225). Eliot would have us believe that Sir Christopher's realization of his own fault gives him strength to revive. Thus it is that the "good old times" are restored as the revitalized aristocracy is represented at the wedding, a year later, of Maynard and Tina:

> Last of all came a couple whom the villagers eyed yet more eagerly than the bride and bridegroom: a fine old gentleman, who looked round with keen glances that cowed the conscious scapegraces among them, and a stately lady in blue-and-white silk robes, who must surely be like Queen Charlotte. (p. 241)

The comment of old Mr. Ford, "a true Staffordshire patriarch," sums up the feudal attitude Eliot suggested was reprehensible toward this class: "Th' young men noo-a-days, the're poor squashy things--the'looke well anoof, but the' woon't wear, the' woon't wear. Theer's ne'er un'll carry his 'ears like that Sir Cris'fer Chuvrell" (p. 242). The fact that another heir--actually closer in line as son of the elder sister--is found to replace Anthony, is Eliot's way, finally, of acknowledging in spite of herself the power of the aristocratic family.

According to Gordon Haight, the Cheverels were modeled after the Newdegate family. Sir Roger Newdegate, cousin to Francis Parker, who brought Robert Evans and his family with him to Arbury when he inherited the estate, is said to have been the original of Sir Christopher Cheverel, and Arbury Hall equivalent to Cheverel Manor.[6] Therefore, Eliot speaks in her own voice when she comments on Sir Christopher's restoration project:

> 'An obstinate, crotchety man,' said his neighbours. But I, who have seen Cheverel Manor, as he bequeathed it to his heirs, rather attribute that unswerving architectural purpose of his, conceived and carried out through long years of systematic personal exertion, to something of the fervour of genius, as well as inflexibility of will; and in walking through those rooms, with their splendid ceilings and their meagre furniture, which tell how all the spare money had been absorbed before personal comfort was thought of, I have felt that there dwelt in this old English baronet some of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury, and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence. (p. 159)

In such a passage Eliot begins to approach the attitude she recommended in the germinal essay, as her ideas seem to echo Riehl's insofar as the persistence of the landed gentry and peasantry is concerned.

Eliot's attraction to the pastoral mode is apparent; a major portion of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" --character, plot and detail-- lies within the confines of that mood. However, in keeping with the anti-pastoral sentiment expressed in her essay, she turns her characters themselves into symbols of the artifice she would condemn, and makes them her victims. We will now go on to see how this attitude toward pastoral is expanded in Adam Bede.

Chapter 3

Adam Bede

The third story which completes Scenes of Clerical Life, "Janet's Repentance" (Oct. 1857), does not enter into this discussion since it has a town, rather than country, background and focusses more directly on a particular clergyman's efforts to convert and console the alcoholic heroine. However, a month before that story was completed, Eliot had written to Blackwood: "I have a subject in mind which will not come under the limitations of the title Scenes of Clerical Life, and I am inclined to take a larger canvas for it, and write a novel."[1] Shortly after "Janet's Repentance" was finished, the author had already found a setting as the novel begins to come alive in her mind: "My new story haunts me a good deal and I shall set about it without delay. It will be a country story--full of the breath of cows and the scent of hay."[2] Only a little more than a year has passed since July 1856, when the Riehl essay appeared. Her ideas regarding the importance of realism, especially as it relates to painting, are still very much in the ascendance. During the early stages of writing Adam Bede, she refers to reading Ruskin, who battles "against the falsity that paints what the painter does not see."[3] It was during the writing of "Mr. Gilfil" that Eliot complained to William Blackwood regarding prejudices against the school of Realism: "Anyone who detests the Dutch School in general will hardly appreciate fairly the merits of a particular Dutch painting!"[4] Shortly more than a year later, she has completed Book One of Adam Bede, and, having set forth all her thematic characters, writes Chapter Seventeen, "In Which the Story Pauses a Little," before going on to their development. Here, once again, she takes up the defense of Dutch painting.

In the Riehl essay, Eliot is impressed with that aspect of realism which is not afraid to deal with seamy subjects. She equates truthfulness with depicting the coarse peasant and the suspicious artisan. In Chapter Seventeen, she tempers this attitude slightly, while still insisting on the importance of truthtelling. Here, she acknowledges the subjective intermediary of the creative vision between the artist and his object, a concept similar to what she had tolerated as "frank idealization" in her Weimar essay, when she explains her efforts

> to give a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind. The mirror is doubtless defective; the outlines will sometimes be disturbed, the reflection faint or confused; but I feel as much bound to tell you as precisely as I can what that reflection is, as if I were in the witness-box narrating my experience on oath. (Bk. II, Ch. xvii)

Yet, once acknowledged, there is no further allusion to the individuality of that vision. Rather, she goes on still to speak of truth--her only goal--as a universal quality, if only because it is such an elusive one:

> I am content to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin--the longer the claws and the larger the wings, the better; but that marvellous facility which we mistook for genius is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real unexaggerated lion. Examine your words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings--much harder than to say something fine about them which is <u>not</u> the exact truth. (Bk. II, Ch. xvii)

Now, as an example of a model which has sought and embodies her goal, she mentions Dutch paintings "which lofty minded people despise," but which appeal to her for their "faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence" (Bk. II, Ch. xvii). She imagines as possible subjects an old woman "eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches

the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her" (Bk. II, Ch. xvii); or a village wedding "kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart-pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good-will" (Bk. II, Ch. xvii); insisting that her imagined lofty-minded adversary would find such subjects vulgar and ugly. But we note that these descriptions have already gone through her own defective mirror, the first softened by the noonday light, the second by a mood of contentment. Eliot also seems to be aware of this gap in her vision, for she goes on to define Art as "the faithful representing of commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them" (Bk. II, Ch. xvii); and since true heroes are rare, as is true beauty, such a picture, she expects, will be more truthful in that it is more frequent. Nor does she expect that such a picture will be embraced by those who "pant after the ideal," for they are never to be satisfied; but she hopes that since she has come to the conclusion "that human nature is lovable . . . by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar" (Bk. II, Ch. xvii), perhaps others will share her discovery.

Partially true to her intentions, she uses the device of a Dutch style painting through Adam Bede, as she had done to some extent in "Mr. Gilfil." The picture of Dolly Burge, late in the day, before the low-thatched house, feeding the chickens; the detailed portrait of Lisbeth Bede, looking out the doorway in the evening sunshine: the interior of Mrs. Poyser's kitchen, where the reflecting surfaces of

the pewterware highlight the oak and brass, and Dinah's hair and cheek as well, are but a few of the frequent tableaux in the Dutch style.

However the paradox in Chapter Seventeen is that Eliot's equation of truth with the commonplace, poor, ugly majority is by way of an apology for the "pagan" side of Mr. Irwine, Rector of Broxton and Hayslope. He is precisely one of her characters who is neither commonplace nor vulgar, being of a different class, background, education, culture, than his parishioners.

The point Eliot is making about Irwine, is that as a clergyman moyen spirituel, of a type more usual fifty years before, he might not seem zealous enough for her present readers, who are perhaps accustomed to more enthusiasm for reform inspired by the Evangelical movement active during Eliot's childhood. Indeed, the main character, Dinah Morris, is a Methodist preacher patterned after Eliot's aunt, as is the plot based on an incident related to Mary Ann Evans by that aunt.[5] The only link then between Mr. Irwine and Dutch painting would seem to be in Eliot's larger intention, to make them both lovable and to disseminate that attribute through her novel.

The paganism of Irwine, by which Eliot means a lack of orthodox spirituality, is emphasized. This character, introduced in Chapter Five, has just reappeared in Chapter Sixteen as Arthur Donnithorne, heir to the old Squire's large estate, arrives for a morning visit with distracting thoughtsof Hetty Sorrel on his conscience. But the atmosphere of enlightenment in Irwine's study does not provoke in Arthur enough guilt to elicit a confession of his strong attraction to the niece of the farmer Martin Poyser. Arthur gives no hint about what is really on his mind, and while Irwine's alert sensitivity makes a mental associ-

ation with Hetty, he is too much the gentleman (and perhaps not enough the clergyman) to mention it:

Elements in Eliot's description of Irwine's eighteenth-century room also point to her use of the appellation "pagan" in the next chapter:

> . . . the morning sun fell aslant on the great glass globe with gold fish in it, which stood on a scagliola pillar in front of the readyspread bachelor breakfast-table, and by the side of this breakfast-table was a group which would have made any room enticing. In the crimson damask easy-chair sat Mr. Irwine, with that radiant freshness which he always had when he came from his morning toilette, his finely-formed plump white hand was playing along Juno's brown curly back; and close to Juno's tail, which was wagging with calm matronly pleasure, the two brown pups were rolling over each other in an ecstatic duet of worrying noises. On a cushion a little removed sat Pug, with the air of a maiden lady, who looked on these familiarities as animal weaknesses, which she made as little show as possible of observing. On the table, at Mr. Irwine's elbow, lay the first volume of the Foulis AEschylus [sic], which Arthur knew well by sight; and the silver coffee-pot, which Carroll was bringing in, sent forth a fragrant steam which completed the delights of a bachelor breakfast (Bk. I, Ch. xvi)

We have noted earlier (see above p. 59), how Eliot made an association between gold fish and artifice; here too there is an implicit connection, enhanced by the Epicurean atmosphere. Irwine is the link between the aristocracy and the peasants, but though loved and respected by the latter, he is much closer in type to the former. The first picture Eliot gives us of the Rector is more explicit in its description of his luxurious yet threadbare way of life, indulging his beautiful, spoiled mother, who has just defeated him in a game of chess and who calls him "Dauphin," supporting his two weak, headachy but charitable spinster sisters, in unpainted, scantily furnished rooms with bare windows. As Eliot puts it: "You expect at once that the inhabitants of this room have inherited more blood than wealth" (Bk. I, Ch. v). Perhaps because of his dependence on his four "livings," Rev. Irwine must have more tact

than Rev. Gilfil, whose breeding is matched by money. Or perhaps it is because Maynard Gilfil is a rival in the Tina-Anthony love affair, whereas Irwine's involvement is strictly that of a churchman. Otherwise, the two clergymen are alike in their gently permissive attitude, devoid of long moral sermonizing. Eliot goes a little deeper into Irwine's enlightened education when she tells us:

> His mental palate, indeed, was rather pagan, and found a savouriness in a quotation from Sophocles or Theocritus that was quite absent from any text in Isaiah or Amos. But if you feed your young setter on raw flesh, how can you wonder at its retaining a relish for uncooked partridge in after life? and Mr. Irwine's recollections of young enthusiasm and ambition were all associated with poetry and ethics that lay aloof from the Bible. (Bk. I, Ch. v)

In "Mr. Gilfil" there is no clearly drawn line between the outside world and the country retreat of Cheverel Manor since the main characters are not secluded peasants and artisans; indeed the culture of the continent comes to the English countryside as Sir Christopher brings plans, material and workmen from Italy for his architectural project. In Adam Bede, there is a carefully established dichotomy between the central setting of rustic Hayslope and the outside world. Rev. Irwine, having travelled in France, having received a university education, is the link between them. In the Riehl essay, Eliot noted the ineffectiveness of the Protestant clergyman, who had been prevented from cultivating his land so that he might be as much of a scientific theologian as possible in order to pass on his cultivation to the peasant, compared to lower orders of the Catholic priesthood. She remarks from her own experience:

> . . . many of us can remember country districts in which the great mass of the people were christianized by illiterate Methodist and Independent ministers, while the influence of the parish clergyma. among the poor did not extend much beyond a few old women in scarlet cloaks, and a few exceptional church-going labourers. (p. 283)

I have shown that Eliot considered the way in which the peasant class reacted to its clergymen to be a center around which to accurately depict scenes of provincial life. This same ambition still exists in Adam Bede, and is carried out in the characters of Rev. Irwine and Dinah Morris, who tries to convert the people of Hayslope to her Methodist persuasion. Irwine hears of the reaction to Dinah's outdoor sermon when the parish clerk Joshua Rann, complains that "the Methodisses as is like to get th' upper hand i' th' parish, if your reverence an' his honour, Squire Donnithorne, doesna think well to say the word an' forbid it" (Bk. I, Ch. v). The clerk reports that his reverence has been called "a 'dumb dog' an' a 'idle shepherd'" (Bk. I, Ch. v). Irwine takes a cavalier attitude toward the evangelical menace: "We must 'live and let live,' Joshua, in religion as well as in other things" (Bk. I, Ch. v).

On the other hand, though the immediate response of the Hayslope peasants was strong--Bess Cranage, wrenching her earings from her ears and sobbing aloud at the thought of her vanity--Dinah Morris doubts her effectiveness. When Irwine draws her out as to her calling, she holds forth eloquently on what her town, Snowfield, or other bleak towns where factory or mining work goes on and there is a poor population, mean to her:

> '. . . I've noticed, that in these villages where the people lead a quiet life among the green pastures and the still waters, tilling the ground and tending the cattle, there's a strange deadness to the Word, as different as can be from the great towns, like Leeds, where I once went to visit a holy woman who preaches there. It's wonderful how rich is the harvest of souls up those high-walled streets, where you seem to walk as in a prison-yard, and the ear is deafened with the sounds of worldly toil. I think maybe it is because the promise is sweeter when this life is so dark and weary, and the soul gets more hungry when the body is ill at ease.' (Bk. I, Ch. viii)

to which Irwine replies: "Why, yes, our farm labourers are not easily aroused. They take life almost as slowly as the sheep and the cows" (Bk. I, Ch. viii).

It is interesting that when these two representative of the clergy are viewed as possible examples of Eliot's realism, it is Irwine who stands out as the truer figure. Notwithstanding his upper class affiliations, indeed because of them, his kind of religion is preferred by the rustics. The saintly Dinah cannot reach the Hayslopians though she is of their class. Eliot seems to imply a victory for rusticity when, by the end of the book, a more worldly Dinah joins the ranks of the villagers for good.

The landscape of Hayslope is presented to us early in the book through the eyes of a stranger who we later learn is a recruiting officer with the appropriate outer-world name of Captain Townley. Eliot gives us her usual full canvas (far fuller than Sand's and what was noted as typical of pastoral) with an emphasis on the natural luxuriousness of the district in contrast with the neighboring one, in which the church seems a sharp but minor detail, while the importance of the mansion is clear, if hidden from sight:

> That rich undulating district of Loamshire to which Hayslope belonged, lies close to a grim outskirt of Stonyshire, overlooked by its barren hills as a pretty blooming sister may sometimes be seen linked in the arm of a rugged, tall, swarthy brother; and in two or three hours ride the traveller might exchange a bleak treeless region, intersected by lines of cold grey stone, for one where his road wound under the shelter of woods, or up swelling hills, muffled with hedgerows and long meadow-grass and thick corn; and where at every turn he came upon some fine old country-seat nestled in the valley or crowning the slope, some homestead with its long length of barn and its cluster of golden ricks, some grey steeple looking out from a pretty confusion of trees and thatch and dark-red tiles. It was just such a picture as this last that Hayslope Church had made to the traveller as he began to mount the gentle slope leading to its pleasant uplands, and now from his station near

> the Green, he had before him in one view nearly all the other typical features of this pleasant land. High up against the horizon were the huge conical masses of hill, like giant mounds intended to fortify this region of corn and grass against the keen and hungry winds of the north; not distant enough to be clothed in purple mystery, but with sombre greenish sides visibly specked with sheep, whose motion was only revealed by memory, not detected by sight; wooed from day to day by the changing hours, but responding with no change in themselves--left for ever grim and sullen after the flush of morning, the winged gleams of the April noonday, the parting crimson glory of the ripening summer sun. And directly below them the eye rested on a more advanced line of hanging woods, divided by bright patches of pasture or furrowed crops, and not yet deepened into the uniform leafy curtains of high summer, but still showing the warm tints of the young oak and the tender green of the ash and lime. Then came the valley, where the woods grew thicker, as if they had rolled down and hurried together from the patches left smooth on the slope, that they might take the better care of the tall mansion which lifted its parapets and sent its faint blue summer smoke among them. Doubtless there was a large sweep of park and a broad glassy pool in front of that mansion, but the swelling slope of meadow would not let our traveller see them from the village green. He saw instead a foreground which was just as lovely--the level sunlight lying like transparent gold among the gently-curving stems of the feathered grass and the tall red sorrel, and the white umbels of the hemlocks lining the bushy hedgerows. It was that moment in summer when the sound of the scythe being whetted makes us cast more lingering looks at the flower sprinkled tresses of the meadows (Bk. I, Ch. ii)

The rich seductiveness of the Hayslope landscape, which Eliot paints in horizontal layers, with occasional vertical strokes, is made up not only of the cultivated hedgerows, grass and corfields of the manor and farm houses, but also of the more primitive, patchy hill formations which should protect it from the potential danger of the northern climate, just as the thicker wood down in the valley forms a curtain for the hidden Donnithorne mansion, each different geological and geographical formation prophetic of character and plot. It is clear why Dinah feels more at home in the stark region of Stonyshire.than in the "pagan" atmosphere of Loamshire, where Irwine belongs; Dinah's success with Bess is unique and shortlived; both the orthodox churchman and the reformer are ineffectual in averting the secret love affair which eventually leads to tragedy.

The scene where Rev. Irwine fails to capture Arthur's secret follows the one where Dinah fails to impress Hetty with the forebodings of doom the woman-preacher feels are in store for the lushly beautiful, morally underdeveloped younger girl.

The pastoral contrast between barren Snowfield and fertile Hayslope is parallel to the one of Dinah and Hetty. Remembering Eliot's early allegory about two contrasting Hamadryads (see above pp. 61-62), one, earthbound, enjoying nature only through her own reflection; the other, always looking outward toward others and upward toward heaven, they seem a prophecy for Hetty and Dinah. Eliot keeps a similar contrast running throughout the novel. A Sandian heroine, Dinah keeps busy constantly, caring for others, doing housework, sewing, while the one job Hetty has mastered is butter-making, which she resents--as she does all other work--for the damage it does to her hands. Dinah's maternal qualities make Hetty's uncaring attitude toward little Totty (their five-year-old cousin) more pronounced. Hetty's ambition is to become a lady's maid in order to come into contact with the aristocracy.

Eliot describes them in their adjoining bedchambers in the Poyser's attic: Hetty, "bent on her peculiar form of worship" (Bk. I, Ch. xv), adorns herself before her secretly-purchased red-framed looking glass: "She was going to let down her hair, and make herself look like that picture of a lady in Miss Lydia Donnithorne's dressing-room. It was soon done, and the dark hyacinthine curves fell on her neck" (Bk. I, Ch. xv). Eliot adds to the pagan picture with the mention of how strangely Hetty's great dark eyes touch one, "as if an imprisoned frisky sprite looked out of them" (Bk. I, Ch. xv); following this is a disillusioned comment about how most men--and Adam Bede is one--are foolish enough to assume

Hetty's temper and character to be as soft and pliant as her looks:

> Nature has written out his bride's character for him in those exquisite lines of cheek and lip and chin, in those eyelids delicate as petals, in those long lashes curled like the stamen of a flower, in the dark liquid depths of those wonderful eyes. How she will dote on her children! She is almost a child herself, and the little pink round things will hang about her like florets round the central flower; and the husband will look on benignly, able, whenever he chooses, to withdraw into the sanctuary of his wisdom, towards which his sweet wife will look reverently, and never lift the curtain. It is a marriage such as they made in the golden age, when the men were all wise and majestic, and the women all lovely and loving. (Bk. I, Ch. xv)

To this ironic prophecy Eliot adds the antithetical conclusion: "No: people who love downy peaches are apt not to think of the stone, and sometimes jar their teeth terribly against it" (Bk. I, Ch. xv).

Dinah, on the other side of the wall, enjoys the whole view from her bedroom window:

> . . . the first thing she did on entering her room was to seat herself in this chair, and look out on the peaceful fields beyond which the large moon was rising, just above the hedgerow elms. She liked the pasture best where the milch cows were lying and next to that the meadow where the grass was half mown, and lay in silvered sweeping lines. . . . she thought of all the dear people whom she had learned to care for among these peaceful fields and who would now have a place in her loving remembrance for ever. She thought of the struggles and the weariness that might lie before them in the rest of their life's journey, when she would be away from them, and know nothing of what was befalling them; and the presence of this thought soon became too strong for her to enjoy the unresponding stillness of the moonlit fields. She closed her eyes, that she might feel more intensely the presence of a Love and Sympathy deeper and more tender than was breathed from the earth and sky. (Bk. I, Ch. xv)

For Eliot, Dinah is apparently as beautiful as Hetty, in spite of the restraint the author uses in giving the reader anything but the most objective vision. The description of Dinah in Chapter Two, "The Preaching," is an example of how Eliot intends to convey the impression of Dinah's beauty without actually labelling it:

> She stood with her left hand towards the descending sun, and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober light the delicate colouring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening. It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounting by a rising arch of parting between smooth locks of pale reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two, above the brow, by a net Quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same colour as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of colour on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer could help melting away before their glance. (Bk. I, Ch. ii)

It is clear that feature for feature Hetty and Dinah are endowed with equal beauty, both comparable to flowers, but any loose ends that might appeal to the senses are carefully tucked away under Dinah's Methodist bonnet.

As pointed out earlier in relation to the Hamadryad sketch, Eliot was hard put to reconcile her own narcissism (based on conceit regarding the beauty of her inner resources) with her lack of conventional good looks; the characters Hetty and Dinah seem to act out the author's conflict. Dinah's departure from Hayslope occurs after Chapter Seventeen, and she does not appear again until Chapter Forty-Five, "In the Prison," to comfort Hetty as she awaits trial for the death of her infant. Yet, the reader receives constant reminders of her: when Mr. and Mrs. Poyser debate which girl is more beautiful; when Hetty puts on Dinah's cap to tease Adam, who criticized her adornment; when Lizbeth remembers her fondly; when Seth receives a letter from her; when she hovers over Arthur's birthday celebration as a refined ghost, showing up the more vulgar aspects of the girls present. Dinah returns to Hayslope

after Hetty's stay of execution, but only temporarily, for she feels her spiritual life will be quashed by "this life of ease and luxury in which I have all things too richly to enjoy" (Bk. VI, Ch. xlix).

The fact that Adam, keeper of the woods, loves first Hetty and then Dinah, reinforces the idea of their singleness and mythic origin. When Adam hears a light footstep moving a broom about his kitchen at dawn, he imagines Hetty's "dimpled face, with dark bright eyes and roguish smiles, looking backward at this brush, and a rounded figure just leaning a little to clasp the handle" (Bk. I, Ch. xi), but on seeing Dinah instead, he thinks: "It was like dreaming of the sunshine, and awaking in the moonlight" (Bk. I, Ch. xi). Adam's love for Hetty is always described in terms of the earth. As if he were the biblical Adam, he sees her as the tempting "bright-cheeked apple hanging over the orchard wall, within sight of everybody, and everybody must long for her!" (Bk. II, Ch. xix). But the love of Adam for Dinah is expressed in more ethereal terms of dawn, stars, moon and music--all of which seem not to be bound to the earth. When, toward the end of the novel, the couple meet to acknowledge their love on the hill outside Snowfield, the sky is an important part of the beauty of the scene, "the one grand charm it [Snowfield] possessed in common with all wide-stretching wood-less regions" (Bk. VI, Ch. liv). That Adam has left behind the woods with their memories of Hetty seems confirmed.

The love of Adam and Dinah, tempered by painful experience, is too spiritual and too mature to qualify for a pastoral label. Their November wedding, as crowded with well-wishers as it is, is far from the jubilant celebration typical of the pastoral mood:

> She was not in black this morning; for her aunt Poyser would by no means allow such a risk of incurring bad luck, and had herself made a present of the wedding dress, made all of grey, though

> to the usual Quaker form, for on this point Dinah could not give way. So the lily face looked out with sweet gravity from under a grey Quaker bonnet, neither smiling nor blushing, but with lips trembling a little under the weight of solemn feelings. Adam, as he pressed her arm to his side, walked with his old erectness and his head thrown rather backward as if to face all the world better; but it was not because he was particularly proud this morning, as is the wont of bridegrooms, for his happiness was of a kind that had little reference to men's opinion of it. There was a tinge of sadness in his deep joy; Dinah knew it, and did not feel aggrieved. (Bk. VI, Ch. lv)

Nor does it bring to mind the four-chapter description of the ritualized wedding in La Mare au Diable, where Sand is mainly interested in preserving a cultural phenomenon. Even the fact, learned in the Epilogue, that Adam and Dinah, living in Hayslope, have two children, that Dinah is "a bit plumper" after seven years of marriage, and has given up Snowfield and her preaching, does not alter the aura of restraint and self-control--albeit in rustic tranquility--in which Eliot leaves two of her main characters. The reason for this is that, more than Hayslope, Hetty Sorrel is the pastoral essence of Adam Bede; once Hetty leaves the village, it loses this quality.

The kittenish beauty of Hetty is not revealed until Chapter Seven, in aunt Poyser's dairy, as Hetty shows off her sparkling eyes, pouting lips, curving cheeks and arms to best advantage, while making up the butter, as the young Squire, who has expressed a special desire to see Mrs. Poyser's dairy, stands by admiring the performance. But there are ample references in earlier chapters to her as both Adam and Arthur hurry from their separate points toward the Hall Farm for a look at this special prize. Eliot consistently describes Hetty's beauty in pastoral terms, yet always calls a sudden halt as if to forestall the reader's total engagement with her:

> Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence--the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog. (Bk. I, Ch. vii)

We learn shortly thereafter that Hetty's dream world is limited to luxurious finery. It is easy enough for her to dismiss her rustic suitors--Luke Britton, for his slouch and dullness; Mr. Craig, the gardener, sensible enough, but knock-kneed with a queer sing-song in his speech; even the strong, clever carpenter, Adam Bede, leaves her unimpressed. But the rich world of the Donnithornes, with its carpeted furnishings, elegant clothing, exhilarating perfumes and fine manners, represented by Arthur, who is clearly attracted to her, becomes the source of her pastoral reveries:

> . . . for the last few weeks a new influence had come over Hetty--vague, atmospheric, shaping itself into no self-confessed hopes or prospects, but producing a pleasant narcotic effect, making her tread the ground and go about her work in a sort of dream, unconscious of weight or effort, and showing her all things through a soft, liquid veil, as if she were living not in this solid world of brick and stone, but in a beatified world, such as the sun lights up for us in the waters. (Bk. I, Ch. ix)

Hetty's naïveté with regard to the class difference between her and Arthur is explained by Eliot, first, on the grounds of sheer social distance: "The poor child no more conceived at present the idea that the young squire could ever be her lover, than a baker's pretty daughter in the crowd, whom a young emperor distinguishes by an imperial but admiring smile, conceives that she shall be made empress" (Bk. I, Ch. ix); then, as Arthur makes a stronger appeal, on the grounds of the difference in a girl's education in those earlier, simpler days:

> For three weeks, at least, her inward life had consisted of little else than living through in memory the looks and words Arthur had directed towards her--of little else than recalling the sensations

> with which she heard his voice outside the house, and saw him enter, and became conscious that his eyes were fixed on her, and then became conscious that a tall figure, looking down on her with eyes that seemed to touch her, was coming nearer in clothes of beautiful texture, with an odour like that of a flower-garden borne on the evening breeze. Foolish thoughts! but all this happened, you must remember, nearly sixty years ago, and Hetty was quite uneducated--a simple farmer's girl, to whom a gentleman with a white hand was dazzling as an Olympian god. (Bk. I, Ch. ix)

As early as these first events in the novel, Eliot's particular voice--at once ingratiating itself with the reader at the expense of her simple character and mildly warning--may be detected as a jarring feature in the pastoral mask she is constructing. This is in contrast to Sand, who would never conceive of a heroine toward whom such ambivalence could be manifested. The ambivalence arises from a change in Eliot's "aristocratic dilettantism" exhibited in "Mr. Gilfil," to a rising impatience with that class.

Compared to Hetty, Arthur is more enlightened. Not only has he had a classical education in keeping with his social level, but he has spent time in London. The culture of the town, its plays, art and books are familiar to him; he hums portions from The Beggar's Opera; nor is he a stranger to gambling, riding and hunting as befits his class and rank in the Loamshire Militia. From Rev. Irwine he has received more than one subtle warning regarding any acting-out of the historical license of the lord for his tenant's daughters.

Arthur's naïveté centers on the gap between his aspirations and his ability to fulfill them, i.e., ignorance of his own weakness of will, as well as how deeply the young girl will affect him. As Eliot explains, Arthur's vision of himself is idealized:

> He was nothing, if not good-natured; and all his pictures of the future, when he should come into the estate, were made up of a prosperous, contented tenantry, adoring their landlord, who would

> be a model of an English gentleman--mansion in first-rate order, all elegance and high taste--jolly housekeeping, finest stud in Loamshire--purse open to all public objects--in short, everything as different as possible from what was now associated with the name of Donnithorne. (Bk. I, Ch. xii)

However, the author is aware of the dangers inherent in his character when she makes the following quizzical remark:

> Whether he would have self-mastery enough to be always as harmless and purely beneficent as his good nature led him to desire, was a question that no one had yet decided against him; he was but twenty-one, you remember; and we don't inquire too closely into character in the case of a handsome generous young fellow, who will have property enough to support numerous peccadilloes . . . . (Bk. I, Ch. xii)

The woods, where Arthur contrives to meet Hetty on her way to the Chase for her weekly lesson in lace-mending from Mrs. Pomfret, his aunt Lydia's maid, are depicted by Eliot as a veritable pagan paradise as she more closely describes the wooded area of the Loamshire landscape which she showed us before at a distance:

> Arthur's shadow flitted rather faster among the sturdy oaks of the Chase than might have been expected from the shadow of a tired man on a warm afternoon, and it was still scarcely four o'clock when he stood before the tall narrow gate leading into the delicious labyrinthine wood which skirted one side of the Chase, and which was called Fir-tree Grove, not because the firs were many, but because they were few. It was a wood of beeches and limes, with here and there a light, silver-stemmed birch--just the sort of wood most haunted by the nymphs; you see their white sunlit limbs gleaming athwart the boughs, or peeping from behind the smooth-sweeping outline of a tall lime; you hear their soft liquid laughter--but if you look with a too curious sacrilegious eye, they vanish behind the silvery beeches, they make you believe that their voice was only a running brooklet, perhaps they metamorphose themselves into a tawny squirrel that scampers away and mocks you from the topmost bough. It was not a grove with measured grass or rolled gravel for you to tread on, but with narrow, hollow-shaped, earthy paths, edged with faint dashes of delicate moss-paths which look as if they were made by the free-will of the trees and underwood, moving reverently aside to look at the tall queen of the white-footed nymphs. (Bk. I, Ch. xii)

As the moment of their meeting approaches, Eliot's description warms more and more to the pastoral atmosphere as the "golden light"

of the "still afternoon . . . lingers linguidly on the upper boughs of the woods" (Bk. I, Ch. xii), while Hetty, aware of their first privacy, is "borne along by warm zephyrs . . . no more conscious of her limbs than if her childish soul had passed into a water lily, resting on a liquid bed, and warmed by the midsummer sunbeams" (Bk. I, Ch. xii). Their intimacy extends to Arthur's comforting arms around her, her tears of vexation having sprung forth when Arthur remarked that perhaps her swain, Mr. Craig, might expect to meet her on her trip home, while the author relishes the moment:

> Love is such a simple thing when we have only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles under our glance, as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning. Such young unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest; they mingle as easily as two brooklets that ask for nothing but to entwine themselves and ripple with ever-interlacing curves in the leafiest hiding-places (Bk. I,Ch. xii)

But only briefly, for the reader had already been forewarned that although this may seem like Arcadia, there will be a harder reality to contend with:

> Poor things! It was a pity they were not in that golden age of childhood when they would have stood face to face, eyeing each other with timid liking, then given each other a little butterfly kiss, and toddled off to play together. Arthur would have gone home to his silk-curtained cot, and Hetty to her home-spun pillow, and both would have slept without dreams, and tomorrow would have been a life hardly conscious of a yesterday. (Bk. I, Ch.xii)

Notwithstanding the reality, Eliot goes on to bring the lovers closer, intensifying the pastoral mood as they meet by arrangement later the same evening. This time paganism is combined with Hetty's visions of luxury, simultaneously buttressed by her ignorance of the impropriety of her desires:

> It was as if she had been wooed by a river-god, who might any time take her to his wondrous halls below a watery heaven. There was no knowing what would come, since this strange entrancing delight

> had come. If a chest full of lace and satin and jewels had been sent her from some unknown source, how could she but have thought that her whole lot was going to change, and that tomorrow some still more bewildering joy would befall her? Hetty had never read a novel; if she had ever seen one, I think the words would have been too hard for her: how then could she find a shape for her expectations? They were as formless as the sweet languid odours of the garden at the Chase, which had floated past her as she walked by the gate. (Bk. I, Ch. xiii)

Once again the tears come, this time because Arthur has not yet appeared. But he does and she is not even wise enough to mask her unhappiness, to which he is bound to respond through the narrator's peeping view:

> Ah, he doesn't know in the least what he is saying. This is not what he meant to say. His arm is stealing round the waist again, it is tightening its clasp; he is bending his face nearer and nearer to the round cheek, his lips are meeting those pouting child-lips, and for a long moment time has vanished. He may be a shepherd in Arcadia for aught he knows, he may be the first youth kissing the first maiden, he may be Eros himself, sipping the lips of Psyche--it is all one. (Bk. I, Ch. xiii)

After the excitement of this episode from which he feels enervated as if by the magic in the Grove, Arthur becomes a little more aware of the dangers of the situation, realizing how such an affair might affect "those excellent people, the Poysers, to whom a good name was as precious as if they had the best blood in the land in their veins" (Bk. I, Ch. xiii), and even if it could remain a secret, their feelings might become too strong, which would make parting difficult. After all, "No gentleman, out of a ballad, could marry a farmer's niece" (Bk. I, Ch. xiii).

Compare this scene to the night when Germain and Marie are lost in the woods, when the young widower's passion is also clearly conveyed. Not only is Marie protected by her innocent sleep, but also by the scruples of the refined ploughman, to say nothing of the presence of his son. Of course, had Hetty been with Adam, she too would have been protected. However, Eliot chooses to emphasize the complexities brought about by distinctions in the social hierarchy, which enhance the irrevoc-

able sweep of nature embodied in the feelings of Arthur and Hetty to fulfill its function. Time, through which nature relentlessly operates, is carefully apportioned from Chapter One to Chapter Twenty-One, or from June 18, 1799 at six p.m., as the workmen prepare to quit the Burge carpentry shop, for a full five days, through the night of Monday, June 24, as Adam leaves Bartle Massey's night school. Chapter Twenty-Two, "Going to the Birthday Feast," begins on the afternoon of July 30, exactly five weeks after the last episode. Dominating this chapter, which describes the preparations at the Poyser household and at the Chase, is an ominous quality which Eliot connects with the time of year. The mid-summer period becomes symbolic for the love affair:

> Nature seems to make a hot pause just then--all the loveliest flowers are gone; the sweet time of early growth and vague hopes is past; and yet the time of harvest and ingathering is not come, and we tremble at the possible storms that may ruin the precious fruit in the moment of its ripeness. The woods are all one dark monotonous green; the waggon-loads of hay no longer creep along the lanes, scattering their sweet-smelling fragments on the blackberry branches; the pastures are often a little tanned, yet the corn has not got its last splendour of red and gold; the lambs and calves have lost all traces of their innocent frisky prettiness, and have become stupid young sheep and cows (Bk. III, Ch. xxii)

Indeed, the whole idea of a celebration for "the heir" seems to hold an irony for the teller. Focus on Hetty shows her to have changed subtly, having received Arthur's gift--earrings--"a beautiful pair of gold and pearls and garnet, lying snugly in a pretty little box lined with white satin" (Bk. III, Ch. xxii) which she delights in looking at and trying on for a moment, since she cannot wear them publicly:

> One cannot even find fault with the tiny round hole which they leave when they are taken out; perhaps water-nixies, and such lovely things without souls, have these little round holes in their ears by nature, ready to hang jewels in. And Hetty must be one of them; (Bk. III, Ch. xxii)

As the Poyser family leaves for the evening on this most unusual holiday the fuss over locking up the house and the talk of thieves again evokes the question of Hetty's virginity, as though precautions are ironically being taken after the fact.

All clues lead to the conclusion that during the five-week period unaccounted for, Hetty and Arthur "carried on the crescendo of love-making." The description of the birthday feast goes on over the next five chapters, while Chapter Twenty-six, "A Crisis," occurs three weeks later, August 18, after the reaping of the wheat has begun. Eliot draws out the suspense of this ominous day of sun, wind and shadows, on which Adam--while contemplating his beloved trees for their special attributes--discovers Hetty and Arthur in the Grove and when Hetty runs off, challenges his lord and, after a fair fight (reminiscent of the one where Germain punishes the farmer for his approaches to Marie) knocks him unconscious. It is suggested that the harvest might be endangered by heavy rains and the high winds might blow the ripe corn from the husk and scatter untimely seeds. Eliot gets more explicit in this premonition when she questions the dependability of nature: "For if it be true that Nature at certain moments seems charged with a presentiment of one individual lot, must it not also be true that she seems unmindful, unconscious of another?" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxvii). By Chapter Thirty--which Eliot dates at the next Sunday, Adam has his first opportunity to see Hetty again and deliver the farewell letter which he required that Arthur write. Hetty's condition is now described by Eliot in terms of the vague, undeveloped pressures to which the young girl's "little brain" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxx) was limited: ". . . the uncertainty of the future, the possibilities to which she could give no shape, began to

press upon her like the invisible weight of air; she was alone on her little island of dreams, and all around her was the dark unknown water where Arthur was gone" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxx).

The descriptive device which Eliot uses consistently relative to Hetty is her association with fruit. This is entirely in keeping with the author's use of fruit as a symbol for the pleasure for which one pays dearly which we noted in her earlier letters and essays in the first part of this study (chapter two). We have seen Hetty's "plum-coloured stuff bodice" (Bk. I, Ch. vii) and her tempting apple cheeks; earlier, in Arthur's double-edged discussion with Adam, he makes the revealing statement: "'We may determine not to gather any cherries, and keep our hands sturdily in our pockets, but we can't prevent our mouths from watering'" (Bk. I, Ch. xvi). When Adam visits the Hall Farm, in Chapter Twenty, he must go through the farmhouse garden where trees, vegetables and flowers grow together in careless abundance, to find Hetty, who, startled, drops the basin with bunches of currants she has been gathering; when he leaves, she is seated at the window picking over them and cannot shake his hand "for hers were dyed and damp with currant juice" (Bk. II, Ch. xx). At the party, Hetty is continually annoyed by Totty, who climbs up on her to get to the plum pudding. By Chapter Thirty, Eliot uses the seasonal condition of the fruit to confirm that Hetty's secret love affair has a still deeper secret, as Adam and Hetty walk by the filbert tree, while the Poyser boys are "gathering unripe nuts" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxx).

Once the message in Arthur's letter is clear to her, Hetty has the further burden of keeping her pain a secret; the effect of this pain on the "pleasure-craving nature" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxi) is very powerful as she

attempts to reject misery, that foreign element, and cannot, because it is totally entwined in her pleasure dreams. This time, the reference to Hetty as "a cherry w' a hard stone inside it" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxi), made by Mrs. Poyser, suggests more to the reader than hard-heartedness. Since the reader has no definite information, and also because we have come to associate Hetty with fruit, Eliot's description of harvesting may be taken as analagous to Hetty's condition:

> The apples and nuts were gathered and stored; the scent of whey departed from the farmhouses, and the scent of brewing came in its stead. The woods behind the Chase, and all the hedgerow trees, took on a solemn splendour under the dark low-hanging skies. Michaelmas was come, with its fragrant basketfulls of purple damsons . . . . (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxi)

The betrothal of Adam and Hetty ends this autumn section, on Sunday, November 7, with the feeling that the happy pastoral time is definitely over for Hetty, as well as Hayslope, as all prepare to go indoors for the winter.

In Chapters Thirty-five to Forty-eight, Eliot does extensively what Sand rarely does: breaks the unity of place. When Fadette leaves her village, the reader does not go along but instead keeps the vigil with Landry at La Cosse. But Eliot pursues Hetty as she runs away from Hayslope to Windsor in search of Arthur, describing her arrival there after an arduous trip only to find his regiment gone, her return to Stonyshire, the trial at which the intervening events emerge of her having given birth, abandoned the infant, her sentence of execution by the jury and the stay of that sentence which Arthur, galloping in at the final moment, has managed to obtain. These nine chapters occur over a period of three carefully accounted for weeks which seem compressed by the overwhelming events, as the events of the first six chapters were

compressed into five days, but with a direct contrast in mood. As Hetty gets further from Hayslope, any pastoral quality still associated with her diminishes.

Chapter Thirty-five is dated the beginning of February--four months since the betrothal of Adam and Hetty--when Hetty's secret pregnancy has evidently reached proportions which she can no longer hide. Even though Eliot describes the February days as having "a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days of the year" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxv), the gladness of the earth brings to the narrator's mind reminiscenses of places outside of Loamshire, where the joy is cut by symbols of sorrow:

> I have often thought so when, in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire--the rich land tilled with just as much care, the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows--I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire; an image of a great agony of the Cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering appleblossoms, or in the broad sunshine by the cornfield, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below; and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the appleblossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from swift-advancing shame; understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the night fall on the lonely heath; yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness. (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxv)

Before Hetty leaves, all pastoral descriptions are tempered by a note of foreboding; after she leaves, dread becomes a reality instead of a prophecy. As the escape idea forms in Hetty's mind, Eliot leads her toward a gloomier landscape in the Scantlands:

> Farther on there is a clump of trees in the low ground, and she is making her way towards it. No, it is not a clump of trees, but a dark shrouded pool, so full with the wintry rains that the underboughs of the elder-bushes lie low beneath the water. She sits down on the grassy bank, against the stooping stem of the

> great oak that hangs over the dark pool. She has thought of this pool often in the nights of the month that has just gone by, and now at last she is come to see it. She clasps her hands round her knees and leans forward, and looks earnestly at it, as if trying to guess what sort of bed it would make for her young round limbs. (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxv)

Hetty's pagan quality is further enunciated when Eliot explains the reasons why "Religious doctrines had taken no hold on Hetty's mind" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvi). The image of Christ on the cross as a signpost for this juncture in Hetty's life is accurate, but only insofar as her coming agony is concerned. As Eliot imagines the crucifixion against a pubescent landscape it is an ironic comment on pastoral--the knowledge of sin and pain (Christianity) superimposed on innocent nature (paganism).

Once again in Stratford-on-Avon, she looks for "the sort of pool she had in her mind" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvii). All that day, she searches among fields, dreaming of a long pathway to a wood, "thinking that there was perhaps a pool in every hollow before she came to it" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvii), and finally, toward evening, finds one as she contemplates the practical aspects of suicide: "The pool had its wintry depth now; by the time it got shallow, as she remembered the pools did at Hayslope, in the summer, no one could find out that it was her body" (Bk. V. Ch. xxxvii). Realizing that she would also have to dispose of her belongings so that no trace of her might be found, she goes so far as to find five or six heavy stones to place in her basket, but her strong love of life prevents the commission of the act. She falls asleep instead, and upon waking in the middle of the night, manages to retreat from the pool to get to a remembered sheepfold. Her relief and delight are keen, especially in the light of her former attraction to luxury.

The reader's return to Hayslope after this momentous fortnight, all events of which Hayslope is ignorant, is therefore double-edged. As Adam leaves Hayslope in search of Hetty, Eliot once again specifies the day, Sunday, "the last morning in February" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxviii), and since Hetty has been gone for two weeks, we now know that it was on the fourteenth that she left. His awareness of the landscape now serves to reinforce the reader's questions about Hetty, who is no longer in focus. As his brother Seth walks with Adam for the first mile or two, "They heard the gurgling of the full brooklet hurrying down the hill, and the faint twittering of the early birds" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxviii). As Adam gets further from his village, Eliot's landscape description reiterates the pastoral aspects of Hayslope as a fertile retreat, although any conception of it as a protected place is now pervaded with irony, while the grim and stony town of Snowfield begins to be associated with Hetty's misfortunes:

> It seemed a very short walk, the ten miles to Oakbourne, that pretty town within sight of the blue hills, where he breakfasted. After this, the country grew barer and barer: no more rolling woods, no more bushy hedgerows; but grey walls intersecting the meagre pastures, and dismal wide-scattered grey stone houses on broken lands where mines had been and were no longer. (Bk. V, Ch. xxxviii)

This will be the last of Eliot's nature descriptions with relation to Hetty as the events leading to tragedy pile up, until a witness at her trial supplies the information of how he discovered Hetty's dead baby in the woods, under a nut-bush, among the "timber choppings put together just where the ground went hollow" (Bk. V, Ch. xliii).

Hetty's description of her misery when Dinah's presence finally softens her into a confession, culminates with the phrases: "I was so miserable . . . I wished I'd never been born into this world. I should

never like to go into the green fields again" (Bk. V, Ch. xlv). Her description of the act of child-murder is told with characteristic simplicity, enhanced by Hetty's direct relationship with nature:

> 'I came to a place where there was lots of chips and turf, and I sat down on the trunk of a tree to think what I should do. And all of a sudden I saw a hole under the nut-tree, like a little grave. And it darted into me like lightning -- I'd lay the baby there, and cover it with the grass and chips;' (Bk. V. Ch. xlv)

while her plea for mercy and peace is also made in terms of nature: " . . . do you think God will take away that crying and the place in the wood? . . " (Bk. V, Ch. xlv).

The final reminiscence of Hetty and her pastoral aura occurs as Adam enters the Grove, pausing before the beech trees--"that spot under the overarching boughs where he had caught sight of the two bending figures" (Bk. V, Ch. xlviii)--now a sign to him that his youth is over. Arthur happens once again on the same spot, and after a long bitter talk which ends with a new understanding between them, Eliot applies the final daub of pastoral hue as Arthur removes Hetty's "little pink silk handkerchief" (Bk, Ch. xlviii) from its hiding place, after Adam's departure.

Like Sand's heroes, both Arthur and Adam have matured during the nine months which have elapsed since the book first began, but not even Sylvain has gone through such bitter trials. Arthur has come squarely to face the consequences of his irresponsibility, while Adam has been greatly humbled from his hard shell of pride. But since neither was a typically naïve pastoral figure to begin with, one cannot consider their education typical of that mode. As pointed out earlier, Arthur comes into the story as a worldly young man, while Adam is described

from the outset as having the determined bearing of a soldier. His independence regarding his family and his work is a crucial part of his character, which seems to have left childhood behind long before his involvement with Hetty. His aspiration and efforts toward getting an education at night school are part of his ambitious anti-pastoral side. Only by the way in which he is touched by Hetty--in his daydreams--does he resemble a pastoral character. And when he discovers that Hetty never went to Snowfield as she said, to buy her trousseau items, he miserably sobs on his brother's neck, exposing himself as un unsuccessful lover several times--to his family, to the Poysers and to Rev. Irwine--when he tells the story of how Hetty must have run away from marriage with him.

Hetty is the only character who has a truly pastoral development, from innocence to knowledge. The hardships she undergoes as she leaves Hayslope for the first time quickly result in her learning

> that her home had been a happy one, that her uncle had been very good to her, that her quiet lot at Hayslope among the things and people she knew, with her little pride in her one best gown and bonnet, and nothing to hide from any one, was what she would like to wake up to as a reality . . . . (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvi)

She begins to care for little animals in a way she never had. She realizes "O what a large world it was, and what hard work to find her way in it" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvi), and by the time she is at the end of her journey she longs for what she had never thought of as special, the values of a rustic existence.

> The bright hearth and the warmth and the voices of home,--the secure uprising and lying down,--the familiar fields, the familiar people, the Sundays and holidays with their simple joys of dress and feasting,--all the sweets of her young life rushed before her now, and she seemed to be stretching her arms towards them across a great gulf. (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvii)

But the price of the education, under such bitter circumstances, can hardly come under the label of pastoral. Here, Eliot is true to the attraction-repulsion pattern to pastoral discussed earlier (see part one, chapter two). As in "Mr. Gilfil," the author constructs a doomed situation which masquerades temporarily as idyllic. Eliot is far more convincing in Adam Bede, where the built-in class differences hardly need elaboration, whereas the gap between Tina and Anthony has less basis in reality; the fragility of each of them must be emphasized for Eliot to make her point. Arthur, like Anthony, enjoys the reflection his mirror returns to him, but has far more substance in his idealistic plans for being a good landlord than has his earlier counterpart.

Tina's parentage, like Hetty's is vague; they are both orphans of a sort; they both have a special nature-given quality which sets them apart--Tina her voice, Hetty her beauty. They both fall in love naïvely with unattainable men, while loved by stable types who would save them from their folly; they both come to a tragic end (related to childbirth) as a result of their tendency to be transported into a pastoral dream world; they are both given diminutive properties by the author, along with what pretends to be sympathy but, as it turns out, is punishment. When Eliot writes, in Chapter Seventeen, that we could expect to be shown how kindly the light of heaven falls on commonplace things, she did not quite prepare us for the converse: how cruelly the wrath of heaven falls on exceptional things, especially exceptionally beautiful ones.

The cruel fate which besets each heroine is embodied in Eliot's attitude toward nature as it exists in time. This attitude is manifested early in "Gilfil," when we learn how Tina reacts to Sir Christopher's

having chosen a fiance for Anthony:

> The inexorable ticking of the clock is like the throb of pain to sensations made keen by a sickening fear. And so it is with the great clockwork of nature. Daisies and buttercups give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red sorrel, the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like emeralds set in the bushy hedgerows; the tawny-tipped corn begins to bow with the weight of the full ear; the reapers are bending amongst it, and it soon stands in sheaves; then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streaks of dark-red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-thrashed seed. And this passage from beauty to beauty, which to the happy is like the flow of melody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish--seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair. How cruelly hasty that summer of 1788 seemed to Caterina! (p. 165)

In Adam Bede, Eliot develops this germinal idea into a complete calendar through her attention to the details of time and season. The preponderance of scenes which take place at sunset or twilight, plus a number of sunrise and dawn scenes, indicates how prone the author is to those angled rays of the sun which lend a golden aura to her canvas. Although her occasional setting at midday is more in the pastoral tradition, she seems to prefer the variation of it which adds a quality of nostalgic sentiment, and which resembles that in Dutch painting. But her concept of nature in its seasonal changes as it relates to the mood of her characters has clear elements of the pastoral tradition. However, her specificity with regard to time seems more an attempt to fulfill the requirements of realism she has set for herself.

The fact that both "Gilfil" and Adam Bede are set back in time by over fifty years also has bearing on the pro-realism/anti-artifice, or what might more conveniently be called pro-rustic/anti-pastoral, attitude Eliot first expressed in the Riehl review. The short-story is set within a time frame that spans almost twenty years, from 1773, when

Tina is adopted, to 1790, when Maynard and Tina are married, with a concentration on the two years of Tina and Anthony's love affair, from 1788 to 1790, that is sixty-seven years earlier than the time in which Eliot was writing; while Adam Bede begins specifically "on the eighteenth of June, in the year of our Lord 1799" (Bk. I, Ch. i) and ends eight years later, in June 1807, or fifty years before the time of writing. One of the points Eliot makes regarding Riehl's picture of the German peasantry is that one would have to go back in time to find a comparable situation in England:

> In order to appreciate what Riehl says of the German peasantry, we must remember what the tenant-farmers and small proprietors were in England half a century ago, when the master helped to milk his own cows, and the daughters got up at one o'clock in the morning to brew,--when the family dined in the kitchen with the servants, and sat with them round the kitchen fire in the evening. In those days, the quarried parlour was innocent of a carpet, and its only specimens of art were a framed sampler and the best teaboard; the daughters even of substantial farmers had often no greater accomplishment in writing and spelling than they could procure at a dame-school; and, instead of carrying on sentimental correspondence, they were spinning their future table linen, and looking after every saving in butter and eggs that might enable them to add to the little stock of plate and china which they were laying in against their marriage. (p. 273)

Eliot's first attempt at the historical approach to fiction resulted, as we saw, in a sentimental or idealizing version of the English rustic, briefly represented by Dorcas and Daniel, their farmhouse and family. Adam Bede, too, has its moments of nostalgia, as for example when Eliot personifies Old Leisure, now gone where the spinning wheels, pack horses and slow wagons are gone, as a stout gentleman "who was free from that periodicity of sensations which we call post time" (Bk. VI, ch. lii).

However, in a larger measure, Adam Bede is devoted to expanding the picture in the Riehl essay, peopled by the farmer Martin Poyser; his industrious, sharp-tongued wife Rachel; their nieces Dinah and Hetty;

their children, Totty and her two brothers, and Martin's old father, in the setting of the Hall Farm. Even though Eliot is careful to state Riehl's conclusion regarding the impossibility of generalizing his research regarding the German peasant to other nationalities, she seems to find bases of comparison with her rustic characters in Adam Bede. She paraphrases Riehl regarding the existence of historical feuds among peasant families, the reasons for which have long been forgotten (p. 277). In Adam Bede, we learn that Hetty's family has forbidden her to encourage any civilities from the eligible young Luke Britton, for whose father Martin Poyser has a deep abhorrence:

> There was the same sort of antithetic mixture in Martin Poyser; he was of so excellent a disposition that he had been kinder and more respectful than ever to his old father since he had made a deed of gift of all his property, and no man judged his neighbours more charitably on all personal matters; but for a farmer, like Luke Britton, for example, whose fallows were not well cleaned, who didn't know the rudiments of hedging and ditching, and showed but a small share of judgment in the purchase of winter stock, Martin Poyser was as hard and implacable as the north-east wind. Luke Britton could not make a remark, even on the weather, but Martin Poyser detected in it a taint of that unsoundness and general ignorance which was palpable in all his farming operations. He hated to see the fellow lift the pewter pint to his mouth in the bar of the Royal George on market-day, and the mere sight of him on the other side of the road brought a severe and critical expression into his black eyes. . . . (Bk. I, Ch. xiv)

Another German peasant characteristic which Eliot has in mind in Adam Bede is the customary acceptance of the obligation of family ties which, as noted in the Riehl essay, are not necessarily accompanied by "tender affection:"

> That the aged father who has given up his property to his children on the condition of their maintaining him for the remainder of his life, is very far from meeting with delicate attentions, is indicated by the proverb current among the peasantry--'Don't take your clothes off before you go to bed.' (p. 280)

Eliot herself noted in 1884 that the proverb is common among the English farmers as well.[9] Such remarks serve to point up the affection, largely

unappreciated, that Eliot lavished on her father during his years of illness. As Eliot reminded one journalist (see above p. 50), she was not a farmer's daughter, but then neither do the Poysers, who are farmers, lack the tender affection toward old Martin, as the above description shows. In the case of Lizbeth Bede, mother of Adam and Seth--artisans rather than peasants--certain lacks of affection are discernible. The elderly woman shows a marked preference throughout the novel for the older Adam, who sometimes bristles at her complaining remarks, while the angelic Seth, who is treated by her in a most rejecting way, is filled with tenderness and patience. Therefore, in neither case does the coarser behavior of the German peasant actually become a model for Eliot, but rather a point of reference.

Eliot points out in the Riehl essay that the peasant is often healthier emotionally and physically than the more cultivated classes. To the peasant "headache is the least of physical evils" (p. 280), which remark brings to mind the sisters of Rev. Irwine, as well as the fact that this was one of Eliot's chronic complaints. However, none of these ladies seems to find the country a cure, indicating the importance of culture as well as environment in Eliot's conceptions.

Eliot paraphrases Riehl's claim that over-civilized types may be regenerated by a return to peasant life and that colonization presents such a possibility. We learn, at the end of Adam Bede, that Hetty was on her way back to Hayslope from the colonies when she died, but then she was not an over-civilized type; Arthur, on the other hand, who has been very ill, returns to Hayslope for recovery: " . . . the doctors say he'll soon be set right in his own country air" (Bk. VI, Epilogue). This use of the country may or may not provide an actual remedy, but it

has certain overtones of Rousseau, which are not quite in accord with Eliot's anti-primitivistic intentions.

Reverence for traditional customs results in political conservatism among German peasant, as well as in suspiciousness of outsiders, according to Eliot's interpretation of the Riehl material. The equivalent in Eliot's rustic company is evident at the harvest supper at the Poysers, when Mr. Craig delivers himself of his political opinions:

> 'But it's my opinion as there's them at th' head o' this country as are worse enemies to us nor Bony and all the mounseers he's got at's back; for as for the mounseers, you may skewer half-a-dozen of 'em at once as if they war frogs.' (Bk. VI, Ch. liii)

Martin Poyser, for all his common sense when it comes to running the farm, has his own prejudices:

> 'I don't know. Th' war's a fine thing for the country, an' how'll you keep up prices wi'out it? An' them French are a wicked sort o' folks, by what I can make out; what can you do better nor fight 'em?' (Bk. VI, Ch. liii)

The discussion culminates as Mr. Craig claims that "Bony's" cleverness comes from the fact that "he's no Frenchman born" (Bk. VI, Ch. liii), for the inferiority of the French is evidently legend:

> 'Why, it's a sure thing--and there's them 'ull bear witness to't--as i' one regiment where there was one man a-missing, they put the regimentals on a big monkey, and they fit him as the shell fits the walnut, and you couldn't tell the monkey from the mounseers!' (Bk. VI, Ch. liii)

which comment impresses Martin Poyser with its accuracy as though it was "an anecdote in natural history" (Bk. VI, Ch. liii). Adam, however, is exempted from the ignorance of that class by Eliot, when he comes to the aid of the French with irrefutable logic:

> You don't believe that. It's all nonsense about the French being such poor sticks. Mr. Irwine's seen 'em in their own country, and he says they've plenty o' fine fellows among 'em. And as for knowledge and contrivance, and manifactures, there's a many things as

> we're a fine sight behind 'em in. It's poor foolishness to run down your enemies. Why Nelson and the rest of 'em 'ud have no merit i' beating 'em, if they were such offal as folks pretend.' (Bk. VI, Ch. liii)

A further instance where the Riehl review provides peasant traits which are paralleled in Adam Bede (and which we noted coincidentally in Sand's rustic novels), is the use of proper names for purposes of dating: the Poysers date the leasing of their farm from Michaelmas, also the traditional time for "lads and lasses leaving c seeking service" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxiii); Lady-Day is considered a likely time for the old Squire to give the Poysers notice after Mrs. Poyser refuses to supply the manor house with her hard-earned dairy products. But, from the previous discussion of Eliot's careful use of calendar dates, it is clear that the holiday names are overshadowed.

The use of a narrow range of proper names for inhabitants of a district is noted by Eliot to have its counterpart in English counties. Examples in Adam Bede are Chad's Bess and Timothy's Bess, the wife of Sandy Jim, mother of Timothy's Bess's Ben, as opposed to Wiry Ben. All of these, however, appear only once, as they await Dinah's sermon on the Green, serving to add a special shading to the particular picture Eliot is composing.

The peasant trait which Eliot uses pervasively, like Sand, is dialect, spoken to a greater or lesser extent, in several varieties, by all but the educated characters. Adam's speech has a touch of dialect, which increases when he converses with his immediate family; Hetty has only the mildest hint, and her speeches are limited in quantity and have a childlike simplicity of ideation which tends to minimize the dialect. Eliot had already given indication of her talented ear when she briefly

colored the speech of her rustic characters in "Gilfil;" in Adam Bede this talent for dialect forms the texture of all the rustic scenes in the novel.

Out of a total of six book divisions in the novel, the first three, which encompass June and July, combine pastoral and rustic elements. Book Four is transitional, with the break of the love affair coming in the middle, simultaneously with the change of season to autumn. In this Book, the rustic elements begin to dominate, especially in Chapter Thirty-two, "Mrs. Poyser Has Her Say Out." Book Five, a good deal of which takes place outside of Hayslope, has a minimum of both elements, while in the concluding Book Six, all pastoral elements have disappeared, leaving only rustic ones.

It must be borne in mind that Eliot's expressed intentions are in the direction of creating a rustic ambience; the fact that pastoral elements emerge in the guise of Hetty and Hayslope is in spite of her intentions. When Rev. Irwine hints to Arthur of the dangers of an involvement with Hetty, it is to warn him against arousing her vanity, a condition which Irwine feels "would perturb the rustic drama of her life" (Bk. I, Ch. xvi). Eliot often expresses an awareness that that is the characteristic she wishes to depict, as if she were doing for the English peasant what Riehl had done for the German one. As the group gathers on the Green for Dinah's sermon, the narrator observes their idiosyncratic behavior:

> The men were chiefly gathered in the neighbourhood of the blacksmith's shop. But do not imagine them gathered in a knot. Villagers never swarm: a whisper is unknown among them, and they seem almost as incapable of an undertone as a cow or a stag. Your true rustic turns his back on his interlocutor, throwing a question over his shoulder as if he meant to run away from the answer, and walking a step or two farther off when the interest of the dialogue culminates. (Bk. I, Ch. ii)

The rustic group-settings are rare but memorable. When Adam is invited to stay at the Hall Farm for supper, he sees the following typical scene as he enters the house:

> The yard was full of life now: Marty was letting the screaming geese through the gate, and wickedly provoking the gander by hissing at him; the granary door was groaning on its hinges as Alick shut it, after dealing out the corn; the horses were being let out to watering amidst much barking of all the three dogs, and many 'whups! from Tim the ploughman, as if the heavy animals who held down their meek, intelligent heads and lifted their shaggy feet so deliberately, were likely to rush wildly in every direction but the right. Everybody was come back from the meadow; and when Hetty and Adam entered the house-place, Mr. Poyser was seated in the three-cornered chair, and the grandfather in the large arm-chair opposite, looking on with pleasant expectation while the supper was being laid on the oak table. Mrs. Poyser had laid the cloth herself--a cloth made of homespun linen, with a shining checkered pattern on it, and of an agreeable whitey-brown hue, such as all sensible housewives like to see--none of your bleached 'shop-rag' that would wear into holes in no time, but good homespun that would last for two generations. The cold veal, the fresh lettuces, and the stuffed chine, might well look tempting to hungry men who had dined at half-past twelve o'clock. On the large deal table against the wall there were bright pewter plates and spoons and cans, ready for Alick and his companions; for the master and servants ate their supper not far off each other; which was all the pleasanter, because if a remark about to-morrow morning's work occurred to Mr. Poyser, Alick was at hand to hear it. (Bk. II, Ch. xx)

It would seem that Eliot has used her picture of the English peasantry first presented in the Riehl essay (see above p. 309) as a basis for the one above. Eating habits, too, are noted by the narrator:

> Soon they were all seated--the two rosy lads, one on each side, by the pale mother, a place being left for Hetty between Adam and her uncle. Alick too was come in, and was seated in his far corner, eating cold broad beans out of a large dish with his pocket-knife, and finding a flavour in them which he would not have exchanged for the finest pine-apple. (Bk. II, Ch. xx)

But perhaps the most outstanding scene of rustic life in the novel is that of the harvest supper:

> It was a goodly sight--that table, with Martin Poyser's round good-humoured face and large person at the head of it, helping his servants to the fragrant roast-beef, and pleased when the empty plates came again. Martin, though usually blest with a good appetite,

> really forgot to finish his own beef tonight--it was so pleasant to him to look on in the intervals of carving, and see how the others enjoyed their supper; for were they not men who, on all the days of the year except Christmas Day and Sundays, ate their cold dinner, in a makeshift manner, under the hedgerows, and drank their beer out of wooden bottles--with relish certainly, but with their mouths towards the zenith, after a fashion more endurable to ducks than to human bipeds. Martin Poyser had some faint conception of the flavour such men must find in hot roast-beef and fresh-drawn ale. (Bk. VI, Ch. liii)

There follow individual descriptions of the laborers: half-witted Tom Tholer, nick-named "Tom Saft," whose random jests are quoted at sheep-shearing and hay-making times; Kester Bale, whose knees were bent so far outward that he walked "with a perpetual curtsy" (Bk. VI, Ch. liii), as if revering his own prodigious thatching skill that went into making the nearby bee-hive ricks; Alick, the shepherd and head man, rival to Kester. Eliot goes to Virgil's first Eclogue for a similar rivalry when she remarks: "When Tityrus and Meliboeus happen to be on the same farm, they are not sentimentally polite to each other" (Bk. VI, Ch. liii). She makes a further point of telling about big Ben Tholoway, the powerful thresher, who has been detected at various times pocketing his master's corn, as if to confirm what she said in the Riehl essay: "It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket" (p. 270). She interrupts the narrative to make a further generalization about her version of rustic fiction discussed in the first part of this study, which echoes directly back to the Riehl essay (see above p. 72):

> The bucolic character at Hayslope, you perceive, was not of that entirely genial, merry, broad-grinning sort, apparently observed in most districts visited by artists. The mild radiance of a smile was a rare sight on a field-labourer's face, and there was seldom any gradation between bovine gravity and a laugh. (Bk. VI, Ch. liii)

Obviously, the description above is not so grim as she promised in the Riehl essay.

The custom of toasting the master in the harvest song is portrayed as each man gets his turn to sing, but Eliot is quick to point out that, although a listener to the words might have thought otherwise, "all faces were at present sober" (Bk. VI, Ch. liii), a surprising comment in light of what she told us earlier about the humor of the English rustic not improving until he reaches the bottom of his third quart.

A direct paraphrase of Eliot's realism manifesto is heard when Adam, walking to work on a Monday morning, hears the laughter of the haymakers behind the hedges, which elicits the following comment from the narrator:

> The jocose talk of haymakers is best at a distance; like those clumsy bells round the cows necks, it has rather a coarse sound when it comes close, and may even grate on your ears painfully; but heard from far off, it mingles very prettily with the other joyous sounds of nature. (Bk. II, Ch. xix)

Eliot is evidently unwilling to elaborate on such coarseness, for neither character nor narrator comes close enough to hear more.

In spite of Eliot's original intentions to show the peasant in all his coarseness and vulgarity, the pictures she gives us are sketchy: Alick's sullenness is mentioned but not seen in action; Ben's thievery seems like a most minor crime; Tom's jests are never quoted. Eliot, for the most part, relies on abstract depictions of her tertiary characters. But such glancing over is intentional. The particular tone for treating her rustic characters varies from the one Eliot uses for her "pastoral" ones. There is no pretense of sympathy, but there is condescension; they are presented as odd but harmless, interesting in their oddity and likable if primitive.

Those peasants and workpeople whom we meet when Hetty travels to Windsor and back are not quite so blandly portrayed. The coachman rudely alludes to Hetty's good looks and the boyfriend she must have left at home, but is not unkind; the landlord at Stoniton gives her traveling advice which makes her despair at the difficulties of the journey, but he is accurate; the cloddish carter lets her rest on his woolpacks without charge; the clerk at Leicester gives her an itinerary of the towns she has to pass to get to Windsor; a carrier's cart which overtakes her and gives her free passage to Warwickshire, has a drunken postillion "who frightened her by driving like Jehu the son of Nimshi, and shouting hilarious remarks at her, twisting himself backwards on his saddle" (Bk. V, Ch. xxxvi); the coachman who takes her into Windsor refuses her gratuity when he sees how little money she has; the innkeepers, though they go through her pockets, give her an advance of three guineas on her jewelry and do not charge for her food and bed; the gruff old man who finds her in his sheepfold frightens her but refuses her offer of sixpence; the Stoniton widow takes her in for the night, feeds her, helps her give birth, clothes the baby and goes for medical help when she thinks Hetty has a fever. It seems remarkable that during this fourteen day adventure into a large town and back Hetty meets with so few fearful circumstances and so much good will. If there is so little corruption outside Hayslope, it is no wonder that the rustic types within that small paradise are so inoffensive.

So far as the rustic characters who play more important roles in the story are concerned, Eliot tends to be still more idealizing. Certainly Mrs. Poyser's rustic victory over the old Squire is a case in point. By the time her caustic tongue has come to rest regarding all

the injustices the landlord has perpetrated on his hard-working tenants, all the farm-hands and household-help bask in this bucolic triumph of the underdog:

> There are occasions on which two servant-girls and a waggoner may be a formidable audience, and as the Squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware that Molly and Nancy and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him--which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bull-dog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartette. (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxii)

The placing of this scene, directly after the one in Hetty's bedchamber, where she reads the parting letter from Arthur, would seem to be an underlying factor in the satisfaction Mrs. Poyser's revenge affords both reader and narrator, although it hardly makes up for the tragedy which lies in wait, nor does it minimize the heroic aspect of Rachel Poyser. As we are told on the occasion of the first visit of Rev. Irwine and Arthur Donnithorne, when Mrs. Poyser makes a low curtsy in greeting: ". . . in those days the keenest of bucolic minds felt a whispering awe at the sight of the gentry, such as of old men felt when they stood on tip-toe to watch the gods passing by in tall human shape" (Bk. I, Ch. vi).

The class differences which enter Sand's trilogy not at all but which are deeply ingrained in the fabric of Adam Bede are perhaps most outstanding in the five chapters of Book Three, a total of forty-two pages devoted to the birthday feast of the heir to the Donnithorne estate. As has been shown, there is an ominous quality beneath the sociable surface of the party which adheres to the triangular love theme, ill-fated because of class distinctions. The hierarchy is apparent from the seating arrangements Arthur has carefully established: a special table for the

old folks is prepared at the manor house; cottage tenants and farm-servants are to use the long tables laid for them in the stone cloisters of the old abbey which, as Irwine remarks, makes "a delightful dining room on a hot day" (Bk. III, Ch. xxii); Adam is to dine with the "large tenants" as a special honor at his appointment as keeper of the wood, that is to say, "upstairs," (Bk. III, Ch. xxiii), while his mother and brother dine in the cloisters below.

The argument over who is to sit at the head of the large tenants' table is settled by the schoolmaster, who decides in favor of "the broadest man" which turns out to be Martin Poyser. The gentry, including the Irwine family, are nowhere to be seen until dinner is over and it is toast-drinking time, when Martin proposes that they all drink to "our young Squire's health--three times three" (Bk. III, Ch. xxiv), pointedly differentiating between the young and old Squires; Arthur, however, with the grace of his class which only Irwine appreciates, proposes that they all drink the health of his grandfather, a proposal which is resented, though not without the narrator's approval:

> The farmers thought the young Squire knew well enough that they hated the old Squire, and Mrs. Poyser said, 'he'd better not ha' stirred a kettle o' sour broth.' The bucolic mind does not readily apprehend the refinements of good taste. (Bk. III, Ch. xxiv)

After dinner the gentry take their places under the white marquees on the lawn to watch the games: splendid Mrs. Irwine is to give out the prizes to the victors, who will (symbolically as well as actually) cross the fence from the park to the lawn over a temporary bridge. The evening dance, confined to the chief tenants, takes place in the entrance hall to the mansion; preparations for it are viewed with rustic awe:

> . . . the farmers' wives and daughters, as they peeped in, believed no scene could be more splendid; they knew quite well in what sort of rooms the king and queen lived, and their thoughts

> glanced with some pity toward cousins and acquaintances who had not this fine opportunity of knowing how things went on in the great world. (Bk. III, Ch. xxvi)

When the company is assembled, the gentry take their places on the carpet-covered dais "that they might look on the dancing like the kings and queens in plays" (Bk. III, Ch. xxvi). Strict formality is maintained as the farmers and their betters come together in specified order for the first dance--Mrs. Poyser invited by Arthur, Mr. Poyser by Aunt Lydia; while Rev. Irwine goes back to the abbey to see how the merriment of the cottagers is prospering.

There are numerous superficial details, unrelated to class, which also substantiate the rustic texture Eliot sustains, beginning with the description of the springless cart into which the entire Poyser household crowds (except for the men-servants, who are to arrive later, in shifts), while Martin drives slowly enough to exchange greetings with those on foot going to the same place. The populations of Broxton and Hayslope are invited, including aged men and women, who have not been so far from their homesteads in twenty years.

Musical accompaniment begins early in the form of church bells and club bands, which are part of the procession. The band of the Benefit Club, "capable of playing excellent jigs, reels and horn pipes," the grand band from Rosseter, "with their wonderful wind instruments and puffed-out cheeks," and Joshua Rann's fiddle "in case anyone should be of sufficiently pure taste to prefer dancing to a solo on that instrument" (Bk. III, Ch. xxv), are all on hand on the grass for the games as well as the dance afterwards. The country dance, which Eliot calls "the best of all dances" (Bk. III, Ch. xxvi), is captured in spirit even if the author cannot avoid casting a critical eye to the present in her nostalgic mood:

> Pity it was not a boarded floor! Then the rhythmic stamping of the thick shoes would have been better than any drums. That merry stamping, that gracious nodding of the head, that waving bestowal of the hand--where can we see them now? That simple dancing of well-covered matrons, laying aside for an hour the cares of house and dairy, remembering but not affecting youth, not jealous but proud of the young maidens by their side--that holiday sprightliness of portly husbands paying little compliments to their wives, as if their courting days were come again--those lads and lasses a little confused and awkward with their partners, having nothing to say--it would be a pleasant variety to see all that sometimes, instead of low dresses and large skirts and scanning glances exploring costumes, and languid men in lackered boots smiling with double meaning. (Bk. III, Ch. xxvi)

The contests begin with a sack-race--which Eliot characterized by showing Bess Cranage to be disappointed with her prize of a grim-looking grogram gown--and end with a donkey race, won by Bill Downes, the stone-sawyer, fortunate rider of the superior beast whose strength of mind forces a dead standstill just where the blows, applied by the young boys, are the thickest. Wiry Ben Cranage, who prides himself on his dancing, cannot resist an impromptu hornpipe to the fiddle of Joshua Rann, which Eliot describes with awareness of its comical aspects in the eyes of the gentry:

> Have you ever seen a real English rustic perform a solo dance? Perhaps you have only seen a ballet rustic, smiling like a merry countryman in crockery, with graceful turns of the haunch and insinuating movements of the head. That is as much like the real thing as the 'Bird Waltz' is like the song of birds. Wiry Ben never smiled: he looked as serious as a dancing monkey--as serious as if he had been an experimental philosopher ascertaining in his own person the amount of shaking and the varieties of angularity that could be given to the human limbs. (Bk. III, ch. xxv)

The rustic population of Hayslope, as Eliot portrays them, are far more admirable than their aristocratic masters. The author concentrates her vision on them and their ways. We have seen them in two instances of celebration--the harvest supper and the birthday party--and indeed Eliot insists on the happier side of peasant life in this novel, as

long as the setting is Hayslope. But, earlier in the novel, in Chapter Four, "Home and Its Sorrows," we find that even Hayslope has its pathetic inhabitants. Thias Bede, the father of Adam and Seth, is one. His addiction to alcohol has turned his wife Lisbeth, into an anxious, complaining mother and wife, and is responsible in part for Adam's quick temper and strong self-discipline. However, the reader never actually meets Thias, for he accidentally drowns on the way home from a night at the pub on the night the story begins. His death is the occasion for Eliot to elaborate on related superstitions and rituals.

Adam is, ironically, involved in completing the coffin which his carpenter father had left undone, when he hears a rapping on the house door, "as if with a willow wand" (Bk. I, Ch. iv), accompanied by the howling of the dog. When Adam looks outside, nothing is visible. He wonders why the sound recalled the image of a willow wand and remembers with a shudder how his mother told him that this was a sign of death. Like Sand, Eliot is interested to reveal how deeply planted are the roots of superstition:

> Adam was not a man to be gratuitously superstitious; but he had the blood of a peasant in him as well as of the artisan, and a peasant can no more help believing in a traditional superstition than a horse can help trembling when he sees a camel.(Bk. I, Ch. iv)

The incident is repeated, and Adam decides that if it should happen again he won't open the do r, reasoning,

> 'Maybe there's a world about us as we can't see, but th' ear's quicker than the eye, and catches a sound from't now and then. Some people think they got a sight on't too, but they're mostly folks whose eyes are not much use to 'em at anything else. For my part, I think it's better to see when your perpendicular's true, than to see a ghost.' (Bk. I, Ch. iv)

Eliot insists on credulousness within the developing rationalism of

Adam's personality. That Eliot was convinced that superstition was a realistic quality in Adam is confirmed when a change is suggested by John Blackwood for a new edition of Adam Bede in 1859. Eliot replied:

> . . . it was in Adam's peasant blood and nurture to believe in this, and that he narrated it with awed belief to his dying day. That is not a fancy of my own brain, but a matter of observation, and is in my mind an important factor in Adam's character.[10]

Eliot clearly means to maintain a pastoral distance from the tragic aspect of Thias' death as she describes how the two brothers discover their father drowned in the stream as they make their way to Broxton to deliver the coffin:

> . . . their road wound very pleasantly along lanes and across fields, where the pale wood bines and the dog-roses were scenting the hedgerows, and the birds were twittering and trilling in the tall leafy boughs of oak and elm. It was a strangely-mingled picture, the fresh youth of the summer morning, with its Eden-like peace and loveliness, the stalwart strength of the two brothers in their rusty working clothes, and the long coffin on their shoulders. (Bk. I, Ch. iv)

The bittersweet quality of the figure of death suddenly appearing in Arcadia, typical of pastoral paintings, is brought to mind here.

The event of the death is mentioned during the next five chapters but it is not until Chapter Ten that it takes the spotlight once again, this time in Eliot's detailed narration of the laying-out ritual, performed by Lisbeth, which also has the ring of accurate observation:

> Throughout the day, except in her occasional outbursts of wailing grief, she had been in incessant movement, performing the initial duties to her dead with the awe and exactitude that belong to religious rites. She had brought out her little store of bleached linen, which she had for long years kept in reserve for this supreme use. It seemed but yesterday--that time so many midsummers ago, when she had told Thias where this linen lay, that he might be sure and reach it out for her when she died, for she was the elder of the two. Then there had been the work of cleansing to the strictest purity every object in the sacred chamber, and of removing from it every trace of common daily occupation. The small window which

> had hitherto freely let in the frosty moonlight or the warm summer sunrise on the working man's slumber, must now be darkened with a fair white sheet, for this was the sleep which is as sacred under the bare rafters as in ceiled houses. Lisbeth had even mended a long-neglected and unnoticeable rent in the checkered bit of bed-curtain; for the moments were few and precious now in which she would be able to do the smallest office of respect or love for the still corpse, to which in all her thoughts she attributed some consciousness. Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence. And the aged peasant-woman most of all believes that her dead are conscious. (Bk. I, Ch. x)

As in the description of Adam's superstitions, the author adds her reasonable explanation, thereby removing any stigma of ignorance from the homely belief. Sand did something similar in her description of Landry captivated by the demon side of Fadette, while giving the reader all the material explanations for his "possession."

It is not until Chapter Eighteen that Thias' death is again taken up, this time for the funeral at the Sunday church service. The special occasion receives a comment that places it directly within the realm of rustic ideology: ". . . an old man, familiar to all the parish, had died a sad death--not in his bed, a circumstance the most painful to the mind of the peasant . . ."(Bk. II, Ch. xviii). As the funeral psalm is sung, each member of the Bede family entertains different thoughts:

> Lisbeth had a vague belief that the psalm was doing her husband good; it was part of that decent burial which she would have thought it a greater wrong to withhold from him than to have caused him many unhappy days while he was living. The more there was said about her husband, the more there was done for him, surely the safer he would be. . . . Seth, who was easily touched, shed tears, and tried to recall, as he had done continually since his father's death, all that he had heard of the possibility that a single moment of consciousness at the last might be a moment of pardon and reconcilement, for was it not written in the very psalm they were singing, that the divine dealings were not measured and curcumscribed by time? (Bk. II, Ch. xviii)

But Adam is for the first time unable to join in the singing, for he is burdened with thoughts of his own hardness and unforgivingness, arriving at the world-weary conclusion that sets him apart from his more rustic relatives: " . . . perhaps nothing 'ud be a lesson to us if it didn't come too late" (Bk. II, Ch. xviii). Nothing could be further from the attitude of Sand's heroes than such disillusionment.

The burial is described only cursorily, as some of the "rougher sort of workmen" such as the blacksmith, keep their distance from the grave "under the white thorn" (Bk. II, Ch. xviii), while the farm-laborers stand hatless as fellow mourners with the Bede family. The general statement can be made that Eliot treats death in a way which falls into the category of traditional pastoral as far as mood is concerned, with the addition of heavy rustic description of individual reactions.

The church-going ritual is described as the various members arrive and stand about the churchyard before services, as is their common practice:

> The women, indeed, usually entered the church at once, and the farmers' wives talked in an under-tone to each other, over the tall pews, about their illnesses and the total failure of doctor's stuff, recommending dandelion-tea, and other home-made specifics, as far preferable--about the servants, and their growing exorbitance as to wages, whereas the quality of their services declined from year to year, and there was no girl nowadays to be trusted any further than you could see her--about the bad price Mr. Dingall, the Treddleston grocer, was giving for butter and the reasonable doubts that might be held as to his solvency, notwithstanding that Mrs. Dingall was a sensible woman, and they were all sorry for her, for she had very good kin. Meantime the men lingered outside, and hardly any of them except the singers, who had a humming and fragmentary rehearsal to go through, entered the church until Mr. Irwine was in the desk. They saw no reason for that premature entrance,--what could they do in church, if they were there before service began?--and they did not conceive that any power in the universe could take it ill of them if they stayed out and talked a little about 'bus'ness.' (Bk. II, Ch. xviii)

The rustic variations in attitude toward the Sunday ritual are complicated by the deeply ingrained work habits of the people, as the following description suggests:

> You might have known it was Sunday if you had only waked up in the farmyard. The cocks and hens seemed to know it, and made only crooning subdued noises; the very bull-dog looked less savage, as if he would have been satisfied with a smaller bite than usual. The sunshine seemed to call all things to rest and not to labour; it was asleep itself on the moss-grown cow-shed; on the group of white ducks nestling together with their bills tucked under their wings; on the old black sow stretched languidly on the straw, while her largest young one found an excellent spring-bed on his mother's fat ribs; on Alick, the shepherd, in his new smock-frock, taking an uneasy siesta, half-sitting, half-standing on the granary steps. Alick was of opinion that church, like other luxuries, was not to be indulged in often by a foreman who had the weather and the ewes on his mind. 'Church! nay--I'n gotten summat else to think on,' was an answer which he often uttered in a tone of bitter significance that silenced further question. I feel sure Alick meant no irreverence; indeed, I know that his mind was not of a speculative, negative cast, and he would on no account have missed going to church on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, and 'Whissuntide.' But he had a general impression that public worship and religious ceremonies, like other non-productive employment, were intended for people who had leisure. (Bk. II, Ch. xviii)

Old Marin Poyser, too, feels exempt from church-going, and that "the cows would be milked the better if he stayed home on a Sunday afternoon to look on" (Bk. II, Ch. xviii). And as the Poyser family take their walk through the fields, Martin Poyser also has qualms about forsaking his daily labor:

> The damp hay that must be scattered and turned afresh tomorrow was not a cheering sight to Mr. Poyser, who during hay and corn harvest had often some mental struggles as to the benefits of a day of rest; but no temptation would have induced him to carry on any field-work, however early in the morning, on a Sunday; for had not Michael Holdsworth had a pair of oxen 'sweltered' while he was ploughing on Good Friday? (Bk. II, Ch. xviii)

Mrs. Poyser is quick to affirm that such labor would be a devilish activity: "'. . . you make but a poor trap to catch luck if you go and bait it wi' wickedness. The money as is got so's like to burn holes i' your pocket'" (Bk. II, Ch. xviii).

To this hard-working farmer's wife, the delineation between good and evil are very clear, and they culminate with her confidence that Old Squire Donnithorne and "Old Harry" are one and the same. Far more than his irresponsible young grandson is the cold old lord of Hayslope the unlovable character in the novel whose author forewarned her readers that she would tell of commonplace things, but in a way to communicate their lovability. The character of the old squire is not idealized by Eliot's defective mirror; he appears next to the rotund Martin as "a withered crab" next to "a prize apple" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxxii). His death is announced in an offhand way by a member of his own class, Mrs. Irwine, as she informs her son: "So the old gentleman's fidgetiness and low spirits, which made him send for Arthur in that sudden way, really meant something. I suppose Carroll has told you that Donnithorne was found dead in his bed this morning" (Bk. V, Ch. xl). The distant, untouched way in which this indulged matron relates the news is as characteristic of her as her far-sighted vision, which enables her to get a good look at some of the village folk from a distance, in contrast to the short-sighted eyes of the old squire. In Eliot's view, neither of them is able to see things as they are.

Rev. Irwine is too occupied with the news of Hetty's imprisonment and Arthur's role in the affair to respond at all to his mother's news; and the servants at the manor house would have been overjoyed at the old squire's death, had they not heard the bad news about Hetty just before. Eliot explains the hierarchical differences which are operating:

> They had the partisanship of household servants who like their places, and were not inclined to go the full length of the severe indignation felt against him by the farming tenants, but rather to make excuses for him; nevertheless, the upper servants, who had been on terms of neighbourly intercourse with the Poysers for

> many years, could not help feeling that the longed-for event of the young Squire's coming into the estate had been robbed of all its pleasantness. (Bk. V, Ch. xliv)

The clergyman, of all the gentry depicted to any extent, is the only one who has the sympathy of most of the rustics, possibly because his dignity has a threadbare quality. And like the primary characters, his development is internalized since he too bears a share in the guilt of the tragedy.

Rustic superiority is epitomized by the hero, Adam Bede, as his values are contrasted with those of Arthur. Work, the dominating force in Adam's life, begins the novel. It is through the heaviness of that concern that pastoral and rustic elements diverge. The fact that Eliot idealizes the workman--whose strong baritone accompanies the sound of his tools, while his Saxon physique does the work of several men without fatigue--makes it immediately apparent that Eliot has discarded one of the basic tenets of the pastoral ideal--leisure--and although it is true that much of the novel takes place after working hours and on Sundays, there is enough work ethic sentiment to make it an important motif. One of Adam's first speeches is a defense of work:

> '. . . there's such a thing as being over-speritial; we must have something beside Gospel i' this world. Look at the canals an' th' aqueducs, an' th' coal-pit engines, and Arkwright's mills there at Cromford; a man must learn summat beside Gospel to make them things, I reckon. . . . there's the sperrit o' God in all things and all times--weekday as well as Sunday-- an' i' the great works and inventions, an' i' the figuring and the mechanics.' (Bk. I, Ch. i)

Ironically, the first speech of Adam's rival-to-be is in praise of Adam's work:

> 'When I was a little fellow, and Adam was a strapping lad of fifteen, and taught me carpentering, I used to think if ever I was a rich sultan, I would make Adam my grand-vizier. . . . If ever I live to be a large-acred man instead of a poor devil with a

> mortaged allowance of pocket-money, I'll have Adam for my right-hand. He shall manage my woods for me, for he seems to have a better notion of those things than any man I ever met with; and I know he would make twice the money of them that my grandfather does, with that miserable old Satchell to manage, who understands no more about timber than an old carp.' (Bk. I, Ch. v)

However, the young squire spends his days in quite another manner; the reader first sees him visiting Rev. Irwine, the two of them riding out to the Hall Farm in search of a new hunting dog, and, after chatting with Mrs. Poyser and Hetty, travelling around the countryside on horseback. The fact that Arthur's arm is in a sling keeps him less active than usual, but his ordinary day--beginning at ten--finds him observing himself admiringly in his dressing room mirror as his valet ties the black sling over his shoulder, planning a fishing trip, and inspecting his stables. A clear contrast is Adam's marchingalong the lanes with his basket of tools over his shoulder as soon as the dew rises.

In Chapter Nineteen, "Adam on a Working Day," Eliot, in a tone which reveals her pride in the type and class, takes the opportunity to generalize on Adam's kind, wh , while not in the genius category, is still extraordinarily talented:

> He was not an average man. Yet such men as he are reared here and there in every generation of our peasant artisans--with an inheritance of affections nurtured by a simple family life of common need and common industry, and an inheritance of faculties trained in skillful courageous labour: they make their way upward, rarely as geniuses, most commonly as painstaking honest men, with the skill and conscience to do well the tasks that lie before them. Their lives have no discernible echo beyond the neighbourhood where they dwelt, but you are almost sure to find there some good piece of road, some building, some application of mineral produce, some improvement in farming practice, some reform of parish abuses, with which their names are associated by one or two generations after them. Their employers are richer for them, the work of their hands has worn well, and the work of their brains has guided well the hands of other men. (Bk. II, Ch. xix)

This eulogy brings to mind Eliot's letter, quoted earlier in this study

(see above p. 50), in which she defends her father's occupation; the character of Adam was indeed suggested to her by her father's early life, as she mentiones in her journal entry of November 30, 1858, where she tells the history of Adam Bede.[11]

Typical of Eliot's manner of fleshing-out a character is her description of Adam at work "as he stands on the scaffolding with the two-feet ruler in his hand, whistling low while he considers how a difficulty about a floor-joist or a window-frame is to be overcome" (Bk. II, Ch. xii); she asks her reader to start from his outward appearance: "Look at this broad-shouldered man with the bare muscular arms, and the thick firm black hair tossed about like trodden meadow-grass whenever he takes off his paper cap . . ."(Bk. II, Ch. xii); then listen to his sound, "with the strong barytone voice bursting every now and then into loud and solemn psalm-tunes . . ."(Bk. II, Ch. xii); then venture an interpretation as to what moves him: " . . . as if seeking an outlet for superfluous strength, yet presently checking himself, apparently crossed by some thought which jars with the singing" (Bk. II, Ch. xii). She concludes her description by offering sentimental speculations as to his psyche which effect an invisible softening of the inner character in contrast to his impressively hard exterior: "Perhaps, if you had not been already in the secret, you might not have guessed what sad memories, what warm affection, what tender fluttering hopes, had their home in this athletic body with the broken finger-nails . . ." (Bk. II, Ch. xii).

Adam's capacity for work includes the energy he exerts toward getting an education--another of his anti-pastoral traits which, however, illustrates the strong rustic reverence for learning. The night school of Bartle Massey is used by Eliot as another exemplary setting of rustic

labor, and as Adam enters, he is touched by the familiar sight: " . . . the rough men painfully holding pen or pencil with their cramped hands, or humbly labouring through their reading lesson" (Bk. II, Ch. xxi). Hence, notwithstanding her goals of objectivity, Eliot extends her partiality from her hero to his type.

It is pointed out to us what a struggle these grown men, excellent laborers and artisans, who earn good wages, have when it comes to brain work, but how they are nevertheless willing to make that struggle. Consider the stone-sawyer, who is inspired to learn to read out of rivalry with his cousin and a fellow sawyer; the brickmaker, a recent convert to Methodism, who wants to be able to read the Bible; a dyer, who is ambitious to learn about the strange secrets of color from books. Eliot sees the process of evolution in action as she observes them:

> It was touching to see these three big men, with the marks of their hard labour about them, anxiously bending over the worn books, and painfully making out, 'The grass is green,'-'The sticks are dry,'-'The corn is ripe'--a very hard lesson to pass to after columns of single words all alike except in the first letter. It was almost as if three rough animals were making humble efforts to learn how they might become human. (Bk. II, Ch. xxi)

Their teacher, who is patient with them out of will rather than natural disposition, has his limitations, which occasionally result in inspired scoldings, not unlike those of Mrs. Poyser to her maids. In fact, Bartle Massey's misogyny and Rachel Poyser's misanthropy enjoy a fierce confrontation, which the reader has been led to anticipate, at the harvest supper. The fact that Bartle considers Adam his best pupil and a receptive ear for his anti-female tirades, points up the side of Adam which is slowly being invaded by love dreams of Hetty.

The casual attitude which Arthur has toward Hetty--putting her on a level with his mare, Meg, at one point--contrasts strongly with the

deeper reverential feelings with which Adam thinks of her, and confers a greater nobility on the side of the rustic laborer, not unlike Sand's conception of Germain. Nor is it a discredit to Adam, in Eliot's eyes, that he still holds his younger master in esteem (as it would be to Sand):

> Adam, I confess, was very susceptible to the influence of rank, and quite ready to give an extra amount of respect to every one who had more advantages than himself, not being a philosopher, or a proletaire with democratic ideas, but simply a stout-limbed clever carpenter with a large fund of reverence in his nature, which inclined him to admit all established claims unless he saw very clear grounds for questioning them. (Bk. I, Ch. xvi)

Here, Eliot seems again to be using Robert Evans as the model for her hero; just as her father would speak out plainly to anyone regarding mismanagement of any sort, so would Adam. But the respect for rank was deeply ingrained due to the fact, as Eliot reminds us, "that Adam had the blood of the peasant in his veins . . ." (Bk. I, Ch. xvi). Arthur, on his side, enjoys the role of bountiful lord in relation to Adam: "I will not say," the narrator informs us, "that his love for that good fellow did not owe some of its force to the love of patronage: our friend Arthur liked to do everything that was handsome, and to have his handsome deeds recognised" (Bk. I, Ch. xvi).

The feelings of mutual respect between the rivals-to-be, as they are built up by the author, give that much more effect to the eventual confrontation in the grove. As that moment approaches, Eliot reiterates the quality of Adam's need of love and reverence: " . . . and he had no ideal world of dead heroes; he knew little of the life of men in the past; he must find the beings to whom he could cling with loving admiration among those who came within speech of him" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxvii). So that when Adam's rage at Arthur's lightness in attitude toward the tryst with Hetty finally erupts, we are able to appreciate his behavior as evolving from

deep sources. The description of Arthur in evening dress further highlights the insubstantiality of the young squire, in comparison with the solid laborer returning from work.

So far as their fight is concerned, it is quickly apparent who is superior: "The delicate-handed gentleman was a match for the workman in everything but strength, and Arthur's skill enabled him to protract the struggle for some long moments" (Bk. IV, Ch. xxvii). But Adam's first words to Arthur as he recovers consciousness ("'Do you feel any pain, Sir?'"; Bk. IV, Ch. xxviii), indicate that their roles are re-established.

It is at this crux that Adam shows his simple wisdom: unable to imagine Hetty implicated in any way for the cause of the affair, his feelings are as strong as ever, but he is now deeply troubled with a feeling of inferiority:

> 'Her head was allays likely to be turned,' he thought, 'when a gentleman, with his fine manners, and fine clothes, and his white hands, and that way o' talking gentlefolks have, came about her, making up to her in a bold way, as a man couldn't do that was only her equal; and it's much if she'll ever like a common man now.' He could not help drawing his own hands out of his pockets, and looking at them--at the hard palms and the broken finger-nails. (Bk. IV, Ch. xxx)

As the events in the novel confirm, Arthur's effects on Hetty--the forbidden breaking of the class barrier--are unalterable. She is lost to Adam forever; the surprising aspect is that Hetty's effect on Arthur is also unalterable. The rough workman, as it turns out, is more refined than his well-born master in that he recognizes the special effects of love, while Arthur, in the superficiality to which he seems born, learns too late that dallying with the farmer's niece and falling in love may be contingous, especially when the niece is a nymph in disguise.

Therefore, in spite of its appellation by V. S. Pritchett as "our supreme novel of pastoral life,"[12] Adam Bede may be considered as part of the pastoral tradition only so long as Hetty remains oblivious to the realities of English class barriers, i.e., until Adam, the emissary of real life, delivers Arthur's letter. The reader does not remain oblivious, however, because the narrator furnishes ample hints of the punishment to come. Furthermore, as Henry James discovered,

> there is something infinitely tragic in the reader's sense of the contrast between the sternly prosaic life of the good people about her . . . and the dusky sylvan path along which poor Hetty is tripping, lightfooted, to her ruin.[13]

Tragic may be too strong a term to use while the affair is still in its innocent stages, which, it must be remembered, is almost half the novel. It is surely no accident that the attraction between Hetty and Arthur takes place in late June when the season provides the perfect pastoral atmosphere, as does the setting in Hayslope, the perfect retreat according to all its physical attributes. Eliot intends the use of these conventions to evoke a pastoral mood. However, as in the model story, "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," she has an ulterior motive: having set the lovers up on sand, as it were, she intends to dissolve their footing and make their frailty a moral example. When viewed in retrospect, however--that is with full consciousness of the tragic dénouement--Hayslope no longer seems to resemble Arcadia, but rather Eden and its surrounding wilderness, and Hetty seems less a hamadryad than a Lilith, especially in her behavior toward her baby.

Thus does Eliot revenge herself on the artificiality of pastoral-type art for which she shows disdain in the Riehl essay. But, instead of supporting the criteria of realistic description which she proposed,

she tempers that attitude with her many side comments. Her personal asides contravene the effects of rustic as well as pastoral. Already in "Gilfil" the idealization of rustic life was manifested. In Adam Bede she tries to justify the benevolent portrayal of the commonplace and insists at the same time on the difficulty of truthful depictions. Her resolution of the apparent contradiction in this statement is to equate truthful with commonplace, using the example of Dutch painting as her model not only philosophically but also aesthetically. The many portraits and landscapes of rural types and settings in the novel substantiate this resolution.

However, it must be pointed out that the technique of verbal painting does not really serve any realistic purpose. Rather, it establishes an additional distance between narrator and subject, which weighs on the side of artifice. This is one factor in the defective mirror which Eliot claims she is aware of as her limitation and the reason for its use appears to be the author's unwillingness to present in other than a friendly light the rustic population and ambience, although the same beneficence is less extended to the landed gentry.

Since it is rural life which occupies the central position in the novel, and since this rural life is portrayed somewhat in the golden light of Eliot's affection, one might consider such a treatment as not inconsistent with the pastoral tradition. Certainly, insofar as content is concerned, this is true. The various rustic types, the elderly, the children, animals--involved in all their rituals--eating, drinking, celebrating, dancing, singing, churchgoing and other leisurely activities--a concentration on country concerns, with civilizations' problems far in the background, are all part of the mood, as is the removal in time, the varied texture and the use of dialect.

When it comes to formal considerations, however, Eliot breaks the mood of conventional pastoral by the cosmic scope of her novel, including the concern with class structure, by which she intends to simulate as much of the actual complexity of life as she is able. This includes the detailed time structure she follows and her method of depth-characterization. It is the shallowness of Hetty's character which makes her a plausible figure for pastoral. Here we have one of the major differences between the country novels of Sand and Eliot, that of scope. Sand's brevity is accompanied by a concomitant simplicity of character depiction, action, landscape and societal background. The many layers of landscape in Eliot are echoed by those of class as the author builds her novel both geologically and sociologically. The implication is a greater weight to the effects of nature than we saw exhibited in Sand, who allows nurture to win the day.

Nor is it possible to categorize Adam Bede as a typical rustic novel which would focus predominantly on the kind of peasant life which contains a larger share of physical hardship and a greater emphasis on work and money, because Eliot's vision is equally divided between inner and outer circumstances as they affect a character's moral development. Nor does she follow the dialectical tradition of Sidney and Goldsmith, for the ultimate meanings of her novel are pessimistic: the characters all learn that maturation means suffering; innocence evolves into guilt, not knowledge; nature is unpredictable in its potential for disaster, unmindful of human suffering, deceiving in its appearance of beauty, cruel in its temptations and uncontrollable in its energies--to all of which attributes human beings are subservient. A far cry from Sandian transcendance!

Chapter 4

The Mill on the Floss

We have seen how Eliot's varied and complex use of time in Adam Bede extends, in a minor way, toward the nostalgic as she describes a more leisurely era. The transience of childhood joys are also touched on briefly; Eliot claims that the actual joy that Adam felt in the presence of Hetty and the possibility of her love is too subtle to be remembered in detail, and therefore becomes part of a generalized memory, as do the joys of children:

> So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory: we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot; but it is gone for ever from our imagination, and we can only believe in the joy of childhood. (Bk. II, Ch. xx)

I venture to say that Eliot prefers to believe rather than remember the joy of childhood not because of any memory fault but because for her there was a dearth of joy, and her next novel reveals such a lack. Be that as it may; it is from the angle of nostalgia that she goes on in The Mill on the Floss to maintain a thread in the pastoral tradition. The way in which the author personified Old Leisure is taken up once again when Christmas holidays at the Tullivers are described:

> Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and colour with all the heightening contrast of frost and snow. . . . and if he has not learnt the secret how to bless men impartially, it is because his father Time, with ever-unrelenting purpose, still hides that secret in his own mighty, slow-beating heart. (Bk. II, Ch. ii)

But it must be made clear that a good part of this second work falls outside both pastoral and rustic categories; the home life of Tom and

Maggie Tulliver, the sibling pair whose fortunes are the subject of the book, verges on middle-class, which, according to Eliot's interpretation of Riehl, is less stable than the landed classes portrayed in Adam Bede:

> Riehl considers, in the first place, the peasantry and aristocracy as the 'Forces of social persistence,' and in the second, the bourgeoisie and the 'fourth estate' /day laborers/ as the 'Forces of social movement.' (p. 259)

Considering that instability is a crucial characteristic of the heroine, the family fortunes, and the motif permeating The Mill on the Floss--epitomized by the ever-present river--the germinal qualities of that essay must again be acknowledged. Such elements as ambition, commerce, money, class animosities and revenge--elements which radiate from Mr. Tulliver's downfall manifested in his cerebral stroke, long illness, recovery, then sudden death--are out of the boundaries of the pastoral and rustic modes, as is the suffering they engender. Tulliver's complaint early in the novel: " . . . if the world had been left as God made it, I could ha' seen my way and held my own w' the best of 'em" (Bk. I, Ch. iii), indicates the fallen nature of the world from which Eliot takes her cue.

Yet, neither Mr. Tulliver nor Tom is too far removed from the rustic condition, i.e., the attachment to the homestead and mill which have belonged to the Tulliver family for generations; Eliot had made such a connection with the literary rusticity of Scott in the Riehl essay:

> Perhaps the very worst result of that unreasoning persistency is the peasant's inveterate habit of litigation. Every one /sic/ remembers the immortal description of Dandie Dinmont's /Guy Mannering/ importunate application to Lawyer Pleydell to manage his 'bit lawsuit,' till at length Pleydell consents to help him ruin himself on the ground that Dandie may fall into worse hands. . . . The litigious peasant piques himself, like Mr. Saddletree /The Heart of Midlothian/ on his knowledge of the law, and this vanity is the chief impulse to many a lawsuit. To the mind of the peasant, law presents itself as the 'custom of the country,' and it is his pride

> to be versed in all customs. Custom with him holds the place of sentiment, of theory, and in many cases of affection. [Eliot's italics] (pp. 278-279)

For Eliot, the stubbornness of Tulliver in the face of the shrewd and powerful Lawyer Wakem, which leads directly to his illness and death, is a sign not only of Tulliver's ties to the peasantry, but also of the turning of such misguided inflexibility into unhealthy ambition: Tom is given a gentleman's education, sworn to avenge his father's losses, as well as recover the family pride, and--through a similar quality of persistence to his father's--learns Uncle Dean's banking business. Yet we are told that Tom's natural bent consists of discerning a pointer from a setter and that, left to his own inclinations, "he would have liked to be a tamer of horses [like the Trojan Hector], and to make a distinguished figure in all neighboring eyes" (Bk. V, Ch. ii); however, any such childish ideas of pleasure that Tom may have are sacrificed to redeem the property lost through Tulliver's obsession with the law. Considering that all these efforts are literally washed away in the final flood, Eliot may be pointing out certain dangers in societal shifts, on the one hand, and still greater ones, in altering of a natural inclination, on the other.

This would apply to Tom. But where Maggie is concerned, Eliot approves of renunciation, giving the flood a more mystical raison d'être. From the time we meet Maggie as a youngster of about ten, she is no stranger to suffering, bearing a heavy share of guilt, whether it be in relation to Tom, who holds her responsible for the death of his rabbits and therefore refuses to spend time with her; or to her mother, who blames her for her unmanageable hair and unkempt appearance. The

inability to be sure of their love is partially made up by the special support and affection her father shows her which, however, is cut off at the age of thirteen when he is crippled by a stroke. For Maggie, who, according to the author, has a more than usual hunger for love, the promise of a loveless, hopeless adolescence forecasts the later inappropriate love affair with Stephen Guest, her cousin Lucy's fiancé, which sweeps her on to ruination. This kind of suffering and deprivation, especially in relation to love, are strong antidotes to the pastoral mood, as are the social and psychological concerns which emerge more fully in this novel.

The fourth member of the family, Bessy Tulliver, who has more substance as one of the former Dodson girls than as the mother of Maggie and Tom, sets the tone of bourgeois aspiration as she lovingly polishes her furniture, protects her possessions, struggles to keep Maggie neat, deludes herself about her fading blond looks, and generally tries to keep pace with her more successful sisters: Jane Glegg, the ill-humored eldest, living frugally on her interest; Sophie Pullet, the hypochondriac, who cannot resist lavish millinery and is married to a gentleman farmer; and Susan Deane, whose husband has an interest in the great mill and shipowning business of Guest and Company, and whose daughter Lucy, with her bond curls and immaculate appearance, is a perpetual contrast to Maggie. In spite of the provincial humor which Eliot derives from these family relationships, their presence serves to accentuate the values of middle-class respectability and small-town mentality which add to Maggie's problems.

The setting of The Mill on the Floss, in close proximity to the town of St. Oggs, is still another example of how this novel veers away from

the pastoral ambience of Adam Bede. Having completed her first novel in November 1858, fourteen months from its inception, the new year found her doing research for her second novel. The earliest allusion to it is a brief mention in her journal, January 12, 1859: "We went into town today and looked in the Annual Register for cases of inundation."[1] From its inception, the river setting is crucial; later that year, she and Lewes would take a trip to Newark and Gainsborough to investigate the Trent as a candidate for the flood. But already in April, she writes to Blackwood that since January she has been contemplating "a novel as long as Adam Bede, and a sort of companion picture of provincial life . . ."[2] by which I think she means a contrast within the same broad format to the one of rustic life in Adam Bede.

The opening chapter, "Outside Dorlcote Mill," locates the Tulliver property on the broadening river within sight of the sea, where the black ships laden with lumber and coal are heading toward the town of St. Oggs, whose red roofs are visible as well from the mill's vantage. Eliot's view in the novel is generally directed to the busy riverfront while the pastoral setting remains as a backdrop:

> Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures, and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of last year's golden clusters of beehive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows; and everywhere the hedgerows are studded with trees; (Bk. I, Ch. 1)

The larger world of trade and industry, visible on the horizon, is never far from the events in the lives of the protagonists.

This conscious contrast in setting between The Mill on the Floss and Adam Bede is reiterated toward the end of Book One, when the reader is acquainted with St. Oggs through a visit to the Gleggs. Once again we

are reminded of the trading ships, but now with the additional details of what they carry away in exchange--products which might have come from Hayslope: " . . . the precious inland products, the well-crushed cheese and the soft fleeces, which my refined readers have doubtless become acquainted with through the medium of the best classic pastorals" (Bk. I, Ch. xii).

The historical description with which Eliot embroiders the town--the Roman legions, the Saxon hero-king, and "the dreadful heathen Dane, who was stabbed in the midst of his warriors by the sword of an invisible avenger, and who rises on autumn evenings like a white mist from his tumulus on the hill, and hovers in the court of the old hall by the river-side. . ." (Bk. I, Ch. xii), begins the aura of romance with which the novel's heroine will be surrounded. Added to it is the description of the Gothic arthitecture of the old hall begun by the Normans--the style which Victorians saw as "a continuation and outgrowth of nature" (Bk. I, Ch. xii)--and the remnant of the old chapel dedicated to the patron saint of the town. The legend of Ogg, son of Beorl, the boatman who earned a living ferrying passengers across the Floss, is a further enhancement of the romantic spirit: how a ragged woman and child who begged to be taken across one night during high winds were accomodated by Ogg, and how, once ashore, the woman turned into a radiant white figure, who blessed the boatman for not wrangling with the "heart's need" (Bk. I, Ch. xii). Even though this description occurs early in the course of events--before Tom goes off to school and before Tulliver loses his law-suit--it prepares the reader for the trials to come.

Eliot departs from the story briefly once again at the end of Book Three, after the downfall of Tulliver and his family, when all their

possessions are sold to conform with the bankruptcy process, and Tom's father requires that Tom write and sign a vow of vengeance in one of the few books left to them, the family Bible. Here Eliot expands her river legend to include the Rhone, whose "ruined villages . . . stud the banks in certain parts of its course, telling how the swift river once rose, like an angry, destroying god, sweeping down the feeble generations whose breath is in their nostrils, and making their dwellings a desolation" (Bk. IV, Ch. i); in contrast with "those ruins on the castled Rhine, which have crumbled and mellowed into such harmony with the green and rocky steeps, that they seem to have a natural fitness, like the mountain pine" (Bk. IV, Ch. i).

The author proceeds to associate the Rhine with the days of romance claiming that its castles thrill her with a sense of poetry as part of the "grand historic life of humanity" (Bk. IV, Ch. i), while the skeletone villages on the Rhone oppress her with the feeling of all that is "narrow, ugly, grovelling" (Bk. IV, Ch. i) in human existence. This halt in the story is akin to that in Adam Bede where, by reason of explanation of the paganism of Rev. Irwine, Eliot turns the reader's attention to her ideas on the commonplace in art. The introductory opposition of the lofty Rhine with the common Rhone, leads her to return to the sordid life of the Tullivers and Dodsons:

> . . . irradiated by no sublime principles, no romantic visions, no active self-renouncing faith--moved by none of those wild, uncontrollable passions which create the dark shadows of misery and crime--without that primitive rough simplicity of wants, that hard submissive ill-paid toil, that child-like spelling-out of what nature has written, which gives poetry to peasant life. (Bk. IV, Ch. i)

Furthermore, Eliot seems to have her rustics of Hayslope in mind as a contrast to the less poetic figures of St. Oggs, which leads her to

apologize for portraying such oppressive narrowness, with the excuse that it will help us understand Tom and Maggie's lot, and how their suffering helps raise them above the level of the generation before them "to which they have been nevertheless tied by the strongest fibres of their hearts" (Bk. IV, Ch. i).

Clearly then, Eliot sets out on a different aesthetic track than she had in the so-called companion piece. No longer concerned with poetizing the commonplace, she is now concentrating on what it may produce that is extraordinary, and to this end she creates a romantic atmosphere to balance the vulgar one, and to serve as a setting of temptation for her unusual heroine. This time her careful attention to detail will be used to buttress the reality of the dull world which engulfs the sensitive Maggie, instead of the rustic one of Hetty Sorrel.

Maggie's relationship with Philip Wakem, the deformed son of her father's enemy, is a crucial part of the romance element in The Mill on the Floss. Even as young teenagers, when they first meet at Kings Lorton--Rev. Stelling's school where Tom has his brief exposure to a classical education--Philip is old-looking, serious, melancholy, girlish, advanced in Latin and Greek scholarship and a talented artist and storyteller. Maggie looks forward to hearing his clever tales about which Tom has bragged, and feels a special tenderness for the fact that he is crippled:

> . . . she preferred the wry-necked lambs, because it seemed to her that the lambs which were quite strong and well made wouldn't mind so much about being petted; and she was especially fond of petting objects that would think it very delightful to be petted by her. (Bk. II, Ch. iv)

Philip immediately senses Maggie's character:

> What was it, he wondered, that made Maggie's dark eyes remind him of the stories about princesses being turned into animals? . . . I think it was that her eyes were full of unsatisfied intelligence, and unsatisfied, beseeching affection. (Bk. II, Ch. iv)

Their friendship is abruptly broken when Mr. Tulliver loses his lawsuit to Philip's father's client, but four years later, they meet again, after Maggie has come to accept the state of deprivation into which her life has fallen through the principle of renunciation; indeed the pleasure she takes in walking through the romantic setting called the Red Deeps, late in the month of June, when the dog-roses are in their glory, feels like an indulgence to her. As a child Maggie had "visions of robbers and fierce animals haunting every hollow" (Bk. V, Ch. i). Eliot compares the grown-up Maggie to the surrounding trees: "With her dark coloring and jet crown surmounting her tall figure, she seems to have a sort of kinship with the grand Scotch firs, at which she is looking up as if she loved them well" (Bk. V, Ch. i). Eliot's description of Philip, "the deformed figure . . . with frank eyes" (Bk. V, Ch. i), is reminiscent of a gnome, especially in the legendary setting she has created, and Maggie's response to him is an awakening of her old vanity and love of life as he shows her a miniature of herself as a child which he painted and tells her how she is even more beautiful now. His voice makes "sweet music to Maggie; but athwart it there came an urgent monotonous warning" (Bk. V, Ch. i). The sun has set and they face each other in the "faery evening light" (Bk. V, Ch. i). They talk of music and books and he tries to persuade her to take his copy of The Pirate; but Maggie, who has lost all her favorite books to the creditors, refuses this first temptation to return to the world of pleasure.

We find out several chapters later, however, that Philip and Maggie have been meeting for nearly a year in the same enchanted setting, and it is time for the long-awaited fulfillment of the childhood promise of a kiss. Philip's warning, "Don't look away from me to that cloven tree; it is a bad omen" (Bk. V, Ch. iv), reinforces the fairy-tale quality of the scene, which ends with an understanding of their engagement as Maggie stoops down "to kiss the pale face that was full of pleading, timid love--like a woman's" (Bk. V, Ch. iv), a kiss that seems more inspired to cure an enchanted prince than to awake the passions.

To give the omen credence, Tom discovers their secret meetings and exacts Maggie's oath to discontinue them. The unimaginative Tom, whose "superstitious repugnance to everything exceptional" (Bk. V, Ch. v), makes him even more offended by Philip's deformity than his name, is a foil for the romantic figure. Their meeting, with Tom playing bully, is a climax of the contrast between them. Eliot, who, as we saw in Adam Bede, typically uses such a method of opposition in her characterization, brings Philip back on the scene after Maggie and Stephen Guest have fallen in love, this time as a contrast to the manly Stephen, whose strong physical being has aroused in Maggie a desire to become dependent. Once again, Philip's prophetic powers are in evidence as the author reveals his dream of Maggie "slipping down a glistening green, slimy channel of a waterfall, and he was looking on helpless, till he was awakened by what seemed a sudden, awful crash" (Bk. VI, Ch. viii).

At the Charity Ball at St. Oggs, Philip watches, like a suspicious dwarf, for any revealing interaction between Maggie and Stephen, from a hidden corner of the fine old Gothic hall, which Eliot now has an opportunity to describe in detail as it remained from the age of chivalry:

> . . . its open roof and carved oaken rafters, and great oaken folding-doors, and light shed down from a height on the many-coloured show beneath: a very quaint place, with broad faded stripes painted on the walls, and here and there a show of heraldic animals of a bristly, long-snouted character, the cherished emblems of a noble family once the seigniors of this now civic hall. (Bk. VI, Ch. ix)

True to the fashion of romances, Stephen and Maggie are intent on repressing any sign of their forbidden love, and Stephen, aware of the spying Philip, tries to divert him by lightly calling attention to Maggie's expression as "' . ... of the savage-moody order to-day, I think--something of the fallen princess serving behind a counter'" (Bk. VI, Ch. ix).

With the best intentions on Maggie's side, the feeling which has been kindled cannot be doused. Maggie refuses all but the country-dance at the Park House ball--lavish home of the Guest family--then forgets "her troublous life in a childlike enjoyment of that half-rustic rhythm which seems to banish pretentious etiquette" (Bk. VI, Ch. x). But instead of restoring her to a more innocent and simple frame of mind, it warms her to a romantic affirmation of life, no matter what doom she seems (clairvoyantly) to detect: " . . . even the coming pain could not seem bitter--she was ready to welcome it as a part of life, for life at this moment seemed a keen vibrating consciousness poised above pleasure or pain" (Bk. VI, Ch. x). Thus, she leaves the hall in a trance, as Stephen bids, remarking: "'How strange and unreal the trees and flowers look with the lights among them. . . . They look as if they belonged to an enchanted land, and would never fade away:--I could fancy they were all made of jewels'" (Bk. VI, Ch. x). She responds to his gaze, turning her face towards him slowly, like a flower at the sun. But when he is moved by a mad impulse to shower her arm with kisses, she responds by glaring at him "like a wounded war-goddess, quivering with rage and

humiliation" (Bk. VI, Ch. x). Maggie tries to dispel the aura of enchantment by leaving St. Oggs for a visit to her father's poor, overworked sister, whose many children worship Maggie, in the village of Basset, the only inland setting in the novel, and for a moment we think we are back in Hayslope: ". . . over the old garden-wall the straggling rose-bushes were beginning to toss their summer weight, and the grey wood and old bricks of the house, on its higher level, had a look of sleepy age in the broad afternoon sunlight, that suited the quiescent time" (Bk. VI, Ch. xi). Stephen makes an unexpected appearance--like a knight--on his horse Tancred, pleading for her affection, and as she takes his arm, Maggie feels "as if she were sliding downwards in a nightmare" (Bk. VI, Ch. xi). He takes her to a side lane "all grassy and sheltered" to try to convince her that their feelings are "natural" and should therefore be followed, and "she opened her eyes full on his for an instant, like a lovely wild animal timid and struggling under caresses" (Bk. VI, Ch. xi), but her conscience wakes her from the quasi-pastoral moment:

> 'If life were quite easy and simple, as it might have been in paradise. . . . I mean, if life did not make duties for us before love comes--love would be a sign that two people ought to belong to *each* other. But I see--I feel it is *not so now*; . . . Love is natural; but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too.' (Bk. VI, Ch. xi)

Maggie decides to leave St. Oggs for good to avoid the great temptation, but before that, her cousin Lucy--unaware of the strong attraction between Maggie and her fiancé--wishes to indulge her in Maggie's great pleasure, boating (a pleasure which is in keeping with the motif of instability); this inspires another of Philip's prophetic remarks: "'Better than any sort of locomotion, I hope you mean. . . . else she will be selling her soul to that ghostly boatman who haunts the Floss only for the sake of being drifted in a boat for ever'" (Bk. VI, Ch. xiii).

A series of errors causes Stephen to arrive in place of Philip, and he and Maggie go down to the river in a trance. "Memory was excluded" (Bk. VI, Ch. xiii). They are enveloped in an "enchanted haze" which banishes past and future. She feels as if the tide were doing it all and is tempted to "glide along with the swift, silent stream, and not struggle any more" (Bk. VI, Ch. xiii). The next temptation is Stephen's suffering, a "more fatal" kind. And then, "there was an unspeakable charm in being told what to do, and having everything decided for her" (Bk. VI, Ch. xiii). As Maggie approaches the culmination of her passivity, Eliot remarks: "All yielding is attended with a less vivid consciousness than resistance; it is the partial sleep of thought; it is the submergence of our own personality by another" (Bk. VI, Ch. xiii).

Oddly, Eliot, who rarely misses a chance to make a discerning comment, neglects to point out how the adult Maggie's behavior resembles that of the child's. The reason for this neglect is probably related to the fact, soon to be discussed, that Maggie is a proxy for the author and is therefore seen with less objectivity than are the other characters.

Having rowed too far out, they are picked up by a vessel going to Mudport, whose prosaic name Eliot consciously flings out as the first of many slaps Maggie (like Hetty) will receive for her forgetfulness, which has now forced her to spend the night with this lover who has an understanding with her dearest cousin. Asleep on the deck, she awakes from a bad dream, tied to the legend of Ogg, which convinces her that she will be unable to continue in the passive direction in which she is heading:

> She was in a boat on the wide water with Stephen, and in the gathering darkness something like a star appeared, that grew and grew till they saw it was the Virgin seated in St. Ogg's boat, and it came nearer and nearer, till they saw the Virgin

> was Lucy and the boatman was Philip--no, not Philip, but her brother, who rowed past without looking at her; and she rose to stretch out her arms and call to him, and their own boat turned over with the movement, and they began to sink, till with one spasm of dread she seemed to awake, and find she was a child again in the parlour at evening twilight, and Tom was not really angry. (Bk. VI, Ch. xiv)

But Eliot is true to form. The novel's reality turns out to be even worse than the nightmare. Maggie's renunciation of Stephen, her return to St. Oggs, her ostracism, lonely room and final act of heroism, complete the set of romantic attributes with which Eliot endows her. Considering the concluding tragedy, one is faced with the question of whether Eliot did not have the same distaste for romantic figurines as she did for pastoral ones, that made her smash them with such ferocity; also, it is probably apparent by now that there are close connections between the romantic and pastoral modes due to their common rooting in idealization.[3] Eliot's own rationalization would have been that certain of nature's offspring are simply unfit to do battle with their more prosaic circumstances; Hetty would be a pagan (pastoral) version; Maggie, a Christian (romance) version. In this way the idea of the novels as companion pieces is borne out.

Since Eliot has drawn her heroine in such flowing, romantic garb, sustained by as well as drowned in an undercurrent of suffering, one might well question whether there is any rationale to ranking this second novel, as Henry Auster does, with the type of "purely rural novel, with its vein of pastoral sentiment" which flourished in England in the forties and fifties,[4] and whether Ian Milner is correct in his observation that " . . . the opening chapter . . . breathes a personal nostalgia for the child's world of pastoral idyll."[5]

To associate pastoral with sentiment is understandable in the light of the origins of the pastoral novel, and if Auster is referring to devices such as the use of animals or animal metaphors, The Mill on the Floss is replete with them.[6] The novel would also conform if Auster means by pastoral sentiment the kind of charm one finds in scenes such as Mrs. Tulliver cooking plumcakes, hot jellies and gravy in preparation for the visit of her relatives; or the description of the ornate farm of the Pullets, with its exotic fowl--including a peacock--, white railing, pebbled walks, glass case with stuffed birds, sweetmeats, books, prints and the music box with Ulysses and Nausicaa painted on it; or in the chapter called "A Duet in Paradise," where Lucy with her blonde ringlets, lap-dog and canaries is tête-à-tête with the perfumed Stephen, singing duets from Haydn's The Creation, with Lucy telling him that he does the "'heavy beasts' to perfection" (Bk. VI, Ch. i) and Stephen telling her: "We are Adam and Eve unfallen, in paradise" (Bk. VI, Ch. i). One must agree with Auster that pastoral details are present, but, having little to do with the main thrust of the action, they are expendable. Furthermore, such examples of pastoral sentiment do not make a category.

However, it would be correct to term The Mill on the Floss a rural novel in its concern with provincial characters and manners, a novel which illustrates the distinctions between rustic and other non-urban categories. We have seen Mr. Tulliver and Tom in the transitional process of evolving from rustic to provincial types. Eliot also provides pure examples. Luke, the mill-hand, is one; like the rustics in Adam Bede, he listens respectfully when Maggie tells him about her books; he comforts her when Tom's rabbits die, pointing out to her that "Things out o' natur' niver thrive" (Bk. I, Ch. iv).

Bob Jakin, Tom's rustic friend, is another; he knows many of nature's secrets but the differences between his station and that of the Tullivers is apparent in this explanation of Tom's attraction:

> It must be owned that Tom was fond of Bob's company. How could it be otherwise? Bob knew, directly he saw a bird's egg, whether it was a swallow's, or a tomtit's, or a yellow-hammer's; he found out all the wasps' nests, and could set all sorts of traps; he could climb the trees like a squirrel, and had quite a magical power of detecting hedgehogs and stoats; and he had courage to do things that were rather naughty, such as making gaps in the hedgerows, throwing stones after the sheep, and killing a cat that was wandering incognito. Such qualities in an inferior, who could always be treated with authority in spite of his superior knowingness, had necessarily a fatal fascination for Tom; and every holiday-time Maggie was sure to have days of grief because he had gone off with Bob. (Bk. I, Ch. vi)[7]

In spite of the fight between the boys and their divergent paths, it is Bob who appears after all the Tulliver possessions have been sold, claiming friendship via the gift of a pen-knife Tom had once made to him:

> 'Ay, ay, Bob Jakin--if Jakin it must be, 'cause there's so many Bobs, as you went arter the squerrils with, that day as I plumped right down from the bough, and bruised my shins a good un--but I got the squerril tight for all that, an' a scratter it was. An' this littlish blade's broke, you see, but I wouldn't hev a new un put in, 'cause they might be cheatin' me an' givin' me another knife istid, for there isn't such a blade i' the country--it's got used to my hand, like. An' there was niver nobody else gen me nothin' but what I got by my own sharpness, only you, Mr. Tom;' (Bk. III, Ch. vi)

Eliot, as usual, excels in the portrayal of the rustic, whose use of the language is so revealing of his kindly inner nature. The real purpose of the visit is generosity: Bob offers Tom nine sovereigns which he has earned as a packman and which Tom is unable to accept; but during the visit, Bob observes Maggie's tearful reaction to her empty bookcases, "with the pursuant gaze of an intelligent dumb animal, with perceptions more perfect than his comprehension" (Bk. III, Ch. vi). It is no surprise when he appears shortly after with several books for her, among

them Thomas à Kempis, which offers Maggie the only solution for her craving and deprived soul--renunciation of pleasure. It is Bob who offers Tom the possibility of earning money through trading, using Bob as a carrier, which eventually enables him to pay off his father's debts. When Tom takes Bob for a visit to the Gleggs to try to borrow some capital, Bob and Aunt Glegg go through a duel of bargaining over a piece of printed cotton fabric, which is a fine example of the conventional contest, where a true rustic is pitted against a true provincial, and here, too, rustic shrewdness is elevated to victory. It is to Bob Jakin and his family that Maggie goes when she returns to St. Oggs after her brief flight with Stephen, for it is the only place where she feels true compassion. Because of her sleepless nights, she is the first in the Jakin house to realize that the river is flooding, and alerts the family. Once again, as in Adam Bede, Eliot has idealized the rustic character, who, in this novel, stands out strongly among the more provincial types.

As noted before, most of the descriptions of nature revolve around flooding and river images; however, the occasional ones of a more pastoral quality are inspired by the presence of rustic characters. Maggie's visit to her relatives at Basset is an example. Another occurs when Bob Jakin appears; it is a spring afternoon "when chestnuts were coming into flower" and Maggie's concentration is broken by "the lark twinkling" (Bk. IV, Ch. iii). But the more ominous water images dominate the novel. The pessimistic asides on human nature corroborate this view. Early in the novel, Eliot points out how the decision regarding the type of education Tom will have falls to the incompetent authority of the auctioneer, Mr. Riley, thereby eliminating any logical connection between destiny and justice:

> Besides, a man with the milk of human kindness in him can scarcely abstain from doing a good-natured action, and one cannot be good-natured all round. Nature herself occasionally quarters an inconvenient parasite on an animal towards whom she had otherwise no ill-will. (Bk. I, Ch. iii)

That, in Eliot's view, nature is unthinking, is confirmed in various ways. When Tom aims to shoot a pea at an oblivious bluebottle sunning itself, Eliot wryly comments that "nature . . . provided Tom and the peas for the speedy destruction of this weak individual" (Bk. I, Ch. ix). When Rev. Stelling proceeds to teach Tom Latin, in spite of Tom's lack of propensity, Eliot compares the Reverend's "unerring instinct" with that of a beaver whose function to build will ignore the absence of water. Mr. Tulliver's lack of spirituality is explained by Eliot as due to a random quality in nature:

> Certain seeds which are required to find a nidus for themselves under unfavourable circumstances, have been supplied by nature with an apparatus of hooks, so that they will get a hold on very unreceptive surfaces. The spiritual seed which had been scattered over Mr. Tulliver had apparently been destitute of any corresponding provision, and had slipped off to the winds again, from a total absence of hooks. (Bk. IV, Ch. i)

Nor is nature a careful artisan. The novel's brief conclusion, which takes place five years after the flood, shows Eliot carefully detecting permanent faults:

> Nature repairs her ravages--but not all. The uptorn trees are not rooted again; the parted hills are left scarred: if there is a new growth, the trees are not the same as the old, and the hills underneath their green vesture bear the marks of the past rending. To the eyes that have dwelt on the past, there is no thorough repair. (Bk. VII, Conclusion)

We have already noted this anti-pastoral view of nature in Adam Bede, where it serves to temper with irony the otherwise pastoral aspects. In The Mill on the Floss its function is additive: as the hints of disaster accumulate, Eliot's vision of nature as the power which dooms by chance supports them.

It is true, as Milner says, that in the first pages of The Mill on the Floss one may pinpoint a motif of personal nostalgia for childhood on the part of the narrator, but whether this childhood is a pastoral idyll is another story. Tom returns from boarding school early in the novel to be greeted by his delighted little sister in what is superficially a pastoral mood:

> . . . he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered towards the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing tomorrow morning. (Bk. I, Ch. v)

but, shortly thereafter, he forbids her to go fishing with him when he discovers that she forgot to feed his rabbits. Her pleas and sobs are unavailing and the narrator feels with Maggie: "These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless" (Bk. I, Ch. v). It is then pointed out how quickly Maggie recovers, through her need to be loved, "the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature" (Bk. I, Ch. v), which forces her out of her unhappy self in search of affection. This, Eliot claims, differentiates children from adults, who learn to restrain this impulse as they get older. Happiness is recovered as Tom responds to Maggie's rubbing her cheek against his by offering her a bit of his plumcake, and the sharp movement from pastoral bliss to hell back to bliss is completed. The chapter ends with a typical example of the personal nostalgia with which Eliot attempts to hold at bay the sadder effects of Maggie's suffering:

> The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and

> the ground ivy at my feet--what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows--such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us, and transform our perception into love. (Bk. I, Ch. v)

The childish pattern of rapid alternation from pain to pleasure repeats itself with what seems to this reader to be a predominance of pain, with Maggie left weeping, punished or running away, while Eliot tries to avoid self-pity by explaining the phenomenon via the removed point of view of the adult:

> Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blent themselves irrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. (Bk. I, Ch. vii)

but the author pleads, simultaneously, for greater sympathy for children: "Surely if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of our children" (Bk. I, Ch. vii).

The idyllic moments are more and more fleeting and less and less frequent as the climactic event of Tulliver's failure approaches. Only two hundred of the book's five-hundred-forty pages have passed when Maggie, suddenly grown up at age thirteen, arrives at Kings Lorton with the bad news. Seeing Philip, she remembers her promise to kiss him and realizes: "The promise was void, like so many other sweet,

illusory promises of our childhood; void as promises made in Eden before the seasons were divided, and when the starry blossoms grew side by side with the ripening peach--impossible to be fulfilled when the golden gates had been passed" (Bk. II, Ch. vii). And as the chapter ends, with Tom and Maggie going forth into a world of sorrow, Eliot repeats the image: " . . . they would never more see the sunshine undimmed by remembered cares. They had entered the thorny wilderness, and the golden gates of their childhood had for ever closed behind them" (Bk. II, Ch. vii). So that, with more than three-fifths of the novel to come, the happiness of childhood (at best debatable) is over.

The only closeness between brother and sister now occurs at the bedside of their comatose father, but even this is rare as Tom is preoccupied with his plunge into the realities of manhood and for Maggie to do without the attention of both father and brother is a doubly unbearable punishment, worse than any of her childhood. Eliot again has recourse to the undeveloped memory in her explanation:

> There is no hopelessness so sad as that of early youth, when the soul is made up of wants, and has no long memories, no superadded life in the life of others; though we who look on think lightly of such premature despair, as if our vision of the future lightened the blind sufferer's present. (Bk. III, Ch. v)

The values of memory are reiterated through the narrative. Bob Jakin's memory of his friendship with Tom causes him to offer help. Tulliver's reminiscences about his youth and childhood help him recover his lost bearings. Maggie's feelings for Philip are strong because they have their roots in childhood; now that they have a store of memories, their friendship seems to her to be a "sort of sacred place, a sanctuary" (Bk. VI, Ch. vii). Tom, reminded of Maggie's history of good will, honesty and affection, relents in his restriction of her receiving visits from Philip, and brother and sister momentarily recover the directness

of their childhood emotions: "There was a little tremor in Tom's voice as he uttered the last words, and Maggie's ready affection came back with as sudden a glow as when they were children, and bit their cake together as a sacrament of conciliation" (Bk. VI, Ch. iv). In fact, Eliot tries to cloak the final tragedy in a golden moment of memory as the huge fragments of machinery rush toward Tom and Maggie, rowing into the flooded current at sunrise: ". . . brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one supreme moment, the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together" (Bk. VII, Ch. v).

Memory, then, is seen as a stabilizing factor for it fixes the past and gives a point of perspective against which to measure the present. Her use of memory offers no particular insights, but, as a distancing device, may be related to the typical tone of pastoral--removed but benevolent--as may the concurrent removal in time. In The Mill on the Floss, Eliot goes back "many years ago" (Bk. I, Ch. i), adopting an ancestral tone as she claims to have just emerged from a retreat in memory, where she saw the little girl with a white dog standing at the bridge before the mill, who becomes Maggie. Later on, we are given a more specific time reference as the male relatives discuss politics in the Tulliver parlor: the Duke of Wellington is criticised for his behavior at the Battle of Waterloo. The date, therefore, is close enough to June 18, 1815, to speak of it with warmth. We learn that "War and rumour of war had then died out from the minds of men . . ." (Bk. I, Ch. xii). Later, it is revealed that "Bony had not long been dead" (Bk, II, Ch. iv), bringing us to a time after 1821, and, in the same chapter, Rev. Stelling sits down to read one of Theodore Hook's novels, the earliest of which was published in 1826.

More than likely, Gordon Haight is accurate when he says: "There is good reason for reading autobiography in the childhood of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, who were born in the same years as they [Isaac and Mary-Ann Evans]."[9] Already in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" there is a hint of how Eliot's interest is drawn to "brotherly and sisterly familiarity" (p. 161) in the relationship of Maynard and Tina, where she seems to have combined traits of Adam Bede and Tom Tulliver in the character of Maynard, while allowing her fantasy to turn Tina into the dominating figure. Likewise, the gypsy motif first appears in this early story, when the author describes Tina as "dark and tiny, like a gypsy changeling" (p. 146); Maggie, too, has often been told she was like a gypsy and makes up her mind to run away to the colony of gypsies when she is in a particularly unhappy frame of mind; Chapter Eleven in Book One, "Maggie Tries to Run Away from Her Shadow," tells of Maggie's experience in Gypsyland. Eliot takes up the motif again in poetry ten year later in The Spanish Gypsy. The fascination seems to originate from a personal encounter; Haight mentions that Mary Ann was startled by the appearance of a gypsy in Griff when she wandered onto Gypsy Lane (p. 5).

The fact that the major passion of Mary Ann Evans' childhood was her love for her brother Isaac--their fishing trips, her complete dependence on him, their separations at school times, his unwillingness to be impressed by her cleverness--has been discussed earlier in this work (see above p. 48), and coincides with the relationship between Tom and Maggie. Their later estrangement because of her "marriage" to Lewes resembles Tom's coldness to Maggie over Wakem. The resemblance between author and heroine regarding the strong need to be loved, as well as the desire to lean, may also be noted.

Other resemblances between characters in The Mill on the Floss and those in George Eliot's family are Maggie's aunts, modelled after the four Pearson sisters of whom Mary Ann's mother was one. Haight claims that there is no doubt that Robert Evans, like Mr. Tulliver, was made aware that "he had raised himself socially by this match" (p. 2), and that the Pearsons, like the Dodsons, revered "whatever was customary and respectable" (Bk. IV, Ch. i); their critical eyes seem to be focussed on Maggie with verisimilitude. Although there is no resemblance between the Tullivers and Mary Ann's parents, the strong affection between father and daughter is similar, fortified by the sobriquet "little wench," and his pride in her cleverness. The poor, overworked sister of Mr. Tulliver reminds one of Eliot's older sister Chrissey, five years her senior, with her many children, financial difficulties and illness. The writing of The Mill on the Floss was hardly begun when Christiana Pearson Clarke died, on March 15, 1859, at the age of forty-five. The affection which Maggie has for her Aunt Moss may well be a commemoration of the author's feelings for her sister.

It has further been noted since the time of the novel's publication that the character of Philip Wakem resembles François D'Albert Durade, at whose home in Geneva Mary Ann stayed on her first trip abroad (see above pp. 13-14) and who became her translator and life-long friend. Haight mentions that the Brays made this connection based on D'Albert's paint' g (he had painted Mary Ann's portrait), his musical talent and a physical deformity.(p. 79).

Maggie's collection of books--Defoe's History of the Devil, Aesop's Fables and Pilgrim's Progress--duplicate those in the Evans household (Haight, p. 7). Her appreciation of Scott, too, is like the author's,

while her renunciation of pleasure is not unlike Mary Ann's conversion to evangelicism. The older Marian took spiritual comfort from Thomas à Kempis when her affair with Chapman worked out badly (Haight p. 91). The interest in scientific methods which Eliot acquired, especially when she shared in Lewes' biological research, crops up in the form of analogies in The Mill on the Floss, as, for example, when she compares Rev. Stelling's habits to those of a beaver. George Eliot would also have felt as Maggie deprived of her music.

Much of the landscape of The Mill on the Floss reflects the neighborhood of Coventry; the Round Pool is like the one where Tom and Maggie to to fish, and is one of the rare depictions of nature in the novel:

> . . . that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. (Bk. I, Ch. viii)

Haight notes that Dorlcote Mill was drawn from "vivid memory of Arbury Mill, close by her birth-place, with its great heaps of corn for little girls to slide upon and its family of 'fat, flour-dusted spiders'" (p. 302).

Eliot's journey down the Rhone River after the death of her father is echoed in the dejection present in her description at the opening of Book Four, "The Valley of Humiliation." Like Maggie, Mary Ann was a devoted nurse to her father.

Such are the direct connections between George Eliot's life and that of her heroine of her second novel. There are others which we may infer: when Maggie, deprived of her books, remembers Tom's school books may still be in his trunk, she hopes that "Latin, Euclid and Logic would surely be a considerable step in masculine wisdom--in that knowledge which made men contented and even glad to live" (Bk. VI, Ch. iii).

The honor that she imagines she will achieve for "Her surprising attainments" (Bk. IV, Ch. iii), resembles the kind of scholastic aptitude and exhibitionism in which Mary Ann Evans was encouraged. The high principles which prevent Maggie from running off for good with Stephen could be Eliot's own:

> 'There are memories, and affection, and longing after perfect goodness, that have such a strong hold on me; they would never quit me for long; they would come back and be pain to me--repentance. I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.'(Bk. VI, Ch. xiv)

Above all, the feelings of alienation from her family, in spite of what she felt to be her deepest sympathy for them, belong to both author and heroine.

This closeness of the narrator to her subject is manifested in two ways: the compassionate tone in which Maggie is presented and romanticized, and the nostalgic tone with which childhood incidents are portrayed, which result in a double view--the character's childhood and the superimposed adult view of it. It has been pointed out in the previous section on George Sand's novels how the pastoral impulse is related to the autobiographic one. Any investigation into one's own childhood memories of the country potentially approaches the pastoral vision.

The aesthetic problem here is that so much of the content of Maggie's life is composed of pain. Even when the pain is fleeting and its cause is humorous--as the haircut Maggie inflicts on herself--there is an aura of foreboding around it. Even when Tom's unforgivingness is childlike, it portends his later rigidity. All the incidents of Tom's and Maggie's childhood can be telescoped toward their adulthood, as the author erects a strong case for predestination and an even stronger one for determinism.

Yet, the way in which Maggie struggles against her own nature is indicative of Eliot's unresolved conflict and guilt over the power of the will, as are the moralizing asides out of place in a deterministic environment.

An interesting point in the Sand-Eliot comparison exists here in in the image each presents of herself to the reader. Both use an ugly-duckling motif. Fadette and Maggie each turn from a dishevelled, boyish creature into an appealing young woman. The difference is that in creating the ugly little sprite, Sand has minimized her attractiveness, while Eliot has endowed the grown-up Maggie with an irresistible magnetism in excess of her own appeal. Both are concerned that their proxy maintain an aura of virtue, but Eliot's way is through renunciation of happiness and pleasure; Sand's by fighting to keep the things one loves.

In The Mill on the Floss there is an advance in the psychological realism with which the main characters are portrayed--from Adam Bede, where the author self-consciously constructed her characters from outside in. In the second novel she enters directly into their perceptions in a frequent alternation of point of view from character to narrator. Regarding her intentions toward realism, in The Mill on the Floss she observes the tenets she set forth in the Riehl essay, by showing Maggie Tulliver's relatives in all their pettiness, rather than through the defective mirror which had glamorized the folk of Adam Bede, undoubtedly because of her profound familiarity with the material.

Eliot acquires, with her retreat into her memory, a distance in relation to her own pain, with the effect of reminding us that time heals

our wounds which seemed so incurable, a message which could conceivably have a pastoral ring until we realize that this can only be true for survivors, not for Tom and Maggie who perish. It is no consolation that the inscription on their tombstone reads: "In their death they were not divided" (Bk. VII, Conclusion), because they are not and never were in Arcadia.

Chapter 5

Silas Marner

The final chapters of The Mill on the Floss were dispatched to Blackwood on March 22, 1860, fifteen months after the novel's inception. Two days later, George Eliot left with Lewes for a trip to Italy, which was to provide the author with a subject for a new novel. April was spent in Rome, May, in Naples and Florence. By the end of June they were visiting the D'Albert Durade family in Geneva. Back in England, Eliot writes to her publisher on August 28, of plans for two novels: "When we were in Florence I was fired with the idea of writing a historical romance . . . period, the close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom. . . . But I want first to write another Enlish story. . . ."[1] Her next reference to this English story appears in her journal entry of November 28, where she gives it the title "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe;" the fact that progress has been slow--she is only at the sixty-second page--seems related to their move from Holly Lodge to London on September 26, for the idea came to her after the move, and "thrust itself between me and the other book I was meditating."[2]

A short work, "Brother Jacob," was written and published in the interim between The Mill on the Floss and Silas Marner. This forecasts the theme of theft in the later novel, but takes place in an allegorical setting--the town of Grimsworth--and is told by an atypical narrator, who has no sympathy for her abstract characters. It is further worth noting that during the time Silas Marner was germinating, several of Eliot's letters

show worries over the English peasantry:

> Is it not cheering to have the sunshine on the corn, and the prospect that the poor people will not have to endure the suffering that comes on them from a bad harvest? The fields that were so sadly beaten down a little while ago, on the way to town, are now standing in fine yellow shocks.[3]

and a week later:

> Alas! for the harvest, and for the poor people whose lot is so deeply affected by its failure. Here, after two or three weeks of sunshine, in which, I trust, a good deal of corn has been gathered in, we have again wet, wet, wet![4]

The move to the capital was regarded with an amount of trepidation by the author. In the letter quoted on the previous page she also writes how her correspondent's (Barbara Bodichon) description of Algiers "must make London and English green fields all the more enjoyable in their turn," while to Cara Bray she expresses hope that the chance to hear inspiring music may "counter-balance our loss of the wide common and the fields."[5] The letter to D'Albert also questions "how far a town life will be endurable to us."[6]

Perhaps the aggressive thrust of the idea for Silas Marner was in some measure an attempt to retain her country roots and her connection with a certain class of people, which (as we saw from the Riehl essay) she felt were the stable foundation of her own world, in the face of the ungrounded life of the city and travel toward which she was heading, while at the same time the seeds of romance with which she had also been nourished and which had already emerged in The Mill on the Floss, were thriving below the surface. This theory seems to be confirmed in a letter to Blackwood, who had found the first hundred pages of manuscript "sad." After the author reassures her publisher that the fates will be "mild" to her characters, she indicates that she has undergone a conflict

between the poetical aspects of the story, which she feels Wordsworth would have appreciated, and the humorous ones, both of which she would like to treat equally. This conflict is explained:

> It came to me first of all, quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen-weaver with a bag on his back; but, as my mind dwelt on the subject, I became inclined to a more realistic treatment.[7]

Aside from minor echoes, this is the single autobiographical link between Silas Marner and its author, a fact which also indicates her preparation to leave the country setting of her earlier novels. Before she does, however, she returns with added measure. Characteristic in her descriptions of Raveloe are the contrasts with what it is not, which we may now see as contrasting to the extensive description of Hayslope:

> Not that it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilisation--inhabited by meagre sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds: on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England. . . . nestled in a snug, well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion. . . . there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity. . . . (Ch. i)

With her negatives, Eliot is both reminding the reader of the broad sweep of landscape with which she introduced Adam Bede (only on the surface, 'Merry' England) and warning him not to expect the same scope or complexity. More of a retreat than Hayslope, Raveloe shares its fertility; also it is described in terms of contrast with the white-washed walls of Lantern Yard and the sectarian life from which Silas had come as an exile:

> . . . orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty; the large church in the wide churchyard, which men gazed at lounging at their own doors in service-time; the purple-faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. (Ch. ii)

And then it is further described as an example of "old-fashioned country life" (Ch. iii); in the nostalgic tone with which the narrator has referred to "Old Leisure" and "Old Christman," she explains how the village has withstood the elements of progress:

> Raveloe lay low among the bushy trees and the rutten lanes, aloof from the currents of industrial energy and Puritan earnestness: the rich ate and drank freely, accepting gout and apoplexy as things that ran mysteriously in respectable families, and the poor thought that the rich were entirely in the right of it to lead a jolly life; besides, their feasting caused a multiplication of orts, which were the heirlooms of the poor. (Ch. iii)

We are not to assume from this benign picture that Eliot's class allegiances have softened. But we can look forward to a more trusting attitude toward nature not unlike that we find in Sand's novels. The emphasis on the removal of Raveloe from the influences of modernity is an attempt to simplify the environment so that its effect may be more carefully assessed, for the point of this novel is to observe the re-integration into Raveloe society of the isolated weaver.

Silas has been living in Raveloe for fifteen years, at the beginning of this third country novel, all this time estranged from its natives, except by way of his labor with which he supplies linen to the neighboring households. His cottage in the Stone-pits, on unenclosed land bordering the quarry, is just as cold in contrast to the typical Raveloe landscape as Lantern Yard had been. Yet both places are barren of the influence of his childhood, when his mother acquainted him with her store of learning of natural medicine. Therapy through nature's medication is used by Sand to give Fadette stature; Eliot's use is more convoluted. During Silas' evangelical conversion, "his inherited delight to wander through the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot, began to wear to him the character of a "temptation" (Ch. i).

After fifteen years in the lush Raveloe setting, Silas is still feeling the effects of the harshness of his Lantern Yard experience--where he was betrayed by his best friend, falsely accused of theft and negligence and rejected by his betrothed and the community--which has left him as dehumanized as a spider, spinning all day at his loom and counting his gold coins at night. His life had shrunk away from the once familiar herbs "like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread, that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand" (Ch. ii). (The many river images which symbolized transience in The Mill on the Floss have apparently also been left far behind.) The theft of Silas' hoard initiates his return to the community--specifically to alarm the company habitually gathered at the Rainbow Tavern--which Eliot consistently sees in terms of his minimal relationship with nature: "Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us; there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud" (Ch. vii). But it is the second shocking event in Silas' life in Raveloe--the New Year's Eve appearance of the two-year old child on his hearth--that inspires the active return to the natural world of his own childhood:

> And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny mid-day or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and made remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling 'Dad-dad's' attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden birdnote, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again: so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph.

> Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit. (Ch. xiv)

Once Silas' faith in nature is reawakened, the way is clear to restore his faith in human nature; as he finds himself unable to punish Eppie for any of her misdeeds, he concludes: " . . . she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of!" (Ch. xiv). Once apprehended by the world of nature, Silas views his new vocation of child-rearing in terms of natural cultivation

> as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. (Ch. xiv)

The fate of Silas and Eppie continues in this tranquil way, flowering into full pastoral joy when a sixteen-year leap is taken by the author to arrive at Part Two. The bond, dimpled girl of eighteen, whose "hair ripples as obstinately as a brooklet under the March breeze" (Ch. xvi), expresses her creative urge to have a flower garden in order to make the Stone-pits "a deal livelier" (Ch. xvi). To this end, Aaron Winthrop, Eppie's playmate since childhood, now twenty-three year old gardener to the wealthy Godfrey and Nancy Cass, will be employed. Aaron's ability bodes well for the fertile union of the young couple, whose spring wedding is described in the book's Conclusion in terms of the village gardens:

> There was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfuls of fragrant milk. (Conclusion)

We learn in the novel's final paragraph that Eppie's own garden is larger than expected, "fenced in with stones on two sides, but in front there was an open fence, through which the flowers shone with answering gladness" (Conclusion), the enclosure emphasizing the importance of a pastoral idea of protection and cultivation in dealing with natural things, as well as the acceptance of the neighboring world.

The fact that Silas' land is unenclosed makes it part of a wilder, alienated environment, and also allows for the link between the weaver and the Cass family. Perhaps because there is no fence Silas' house is more accessible to theft by Dunstan Cass, who then wanders off in the evening mist to end up in the water-filled stone quarry and whose remains are found only sixteen years later. Surely it makes possible the entry of the little Eppie crawling through the snow to follow the dancing reflection of the firelight.

Thus it is that the destiny of Silas is intertwined with that of Godfrey Cass, brother of Dunstan. In order to keep his criminal brother from revealing a secret marriage, Godfrey supplies him with money and other favors. Dunstan is returning from an outing which resulted in the death of Godfrey's prized horse through carelessness--the horse which was to be sold to keep up the payments extorted by Dunstan--when he stumbles on Silas' unguarded treasure. Further, Godfrey is the father, through this secret marriage, of a little girl--the same one whose gold curls Silas myopically mistakes for his restored gold coins when he first sees the child on his hearth. The marriage which Godfrey is so desperate to keep hidden is to a barmaid in another town, into which he was manipulated also by Dunstan. When Mollie, the barmaid and opium addict, attempts to take a trip to Ravelce to reveal herself

and her baby to Godfrey's society, it is a snowy New Year's Eve. Intoxicated by opium, she is unable to complete her trip. Dunstan's disappearance, Mollie's death near Silas' cottage, Silas' taking in Eppie as his own child, all make it possible for Godfrey to keep his secret and win his heart's desire--the perfect example of the happy wedding of nature and art--Nancy Lammeter.

Just as Eppie wears the pastoral diadem in the second half of the novel, Nancy's presence in the first half exerts an occasional pastoral gleam on an otherwise dark terrain. Returning to a contrasting image which is familiar from her previous two novels, indeed from her youthful essays in writing, Eliot introduces Nancy as the bright moment in Godfrey's bleak daydreams:

> And yet the hope of this paradise had not been enough to save him from a course which shut him out of it forever. Instead of keeping fast hold of the strong silken rope by which Nancy would have drawn him safe to the green banks where it was easy to step firmly, he had let himself be dragged back into mud and slime, in which it was useless to struggle. (Ch. iii)

Nancy's presence at the traditional New Year's Eve ball at the Cass house is the occasion for Godfrey to further lament his error, especially as the author describes "the rustic beauty's toilette:"

> And it was really a pleasure--from the first opening of the bandbox, where everything smelt of lavender and rose leaves, to the clasping of the small coral necklace that fitted round her little white neck.
> Everything belonging to Miss Nancy was of delicate purity and natiness: not a crease was where it had no business to be, not a bit of her linen professed whiteness without fulfilling its profession; the very pins on her pincushion were stuck in after a pattern from which she was careful to allow no aberration; and as for her own person, it gave the same idea of perfect, unvarying neatness as the body of a little bird.
> It is true that her light-brown hair was cropped like a boy's, and was dressed in front in a number of flat rings, that lay quite away from her face; but there was no sort of coiffure that could make Miss Nancy's cheek and neck look otherwise than pretty; and when at last she stood complete in her silvery

> twilled silk, her lace tucker, her coral necklace, and coral ear-drops, the Miss Gunns could see nothing to criticise except her hands, which bore the traces of butter-making, cheese-crushing, and even still coarser work. But Miss Nancy was not ashamed of that, for while she was dressing she narrated to her aunt how she and Priscilla had packed their boxes yesterday, because this morning was baking morning, and since they were leaving home, it was desirable to make a good supply of meat-pies for the kitchen. . . . (Ch. ix)

The concluding sentences of the description are ones which are especially meaningful to those familiar with Hetty Sorrel's distate for work and the importance the author places on the rustic's acceptance of physical labor as one of life's values.

Notwithstanding these virtues, Nancy shares the punishment for which her husband-to-be is destined--a childless marriage--while the poor weaver's life is made richer and richer by the fruitful presence of the daughter Godfrey disowned. The disappointment, though deep, is tolerable, for it brings husband and wife closer and opens their capacities to sympathize with one another. (While the book ends on a triumphant note, one wonders why Eliot has seen fit to shatter the dreams of yet another heroine in a way that seems inconsistent with her desert.)

The character of Silas, an outgrowth of the gnomish figure which Eliot first developed in Philip Wakem, shares various traits with the young artist of The Mill on the Floss: the womanish quality of Philip is akin to the maternal side of Silas; Philip's introversion and hypersensitivity may be equated with Silas' indoor, asocial aspect, while the artistic talent of the former may be seen in a more primitive form in the healing, weaving and hoarding of the latter. But since Silas is epitomized by his lack of cultivation--at least in the first half of the story--all of these similarities may be seen only as in the process of evolution. A more substantial comparison may be made between their

physical attributes: a "certain pallid undersized" race of men is described on page one, "alien," "disinherited," "figure bent under a heavy bag," among whom is the weaver of Raveloe. Differing from Philip's handsomeness is the older weaver's myopic expression, with large protuberant brown eyes; his physical affliction is a tendency to cataleptic fits, when his eyes become set like a dead man's, his limbs stiff and his hands like iron, all of which enhances the aura of fear and mystery in which he is held by much of the Raveloe populace.

Matching Philip's seeming clairvoyance, Silas is, in fact, endowed with special knowledge of natural medicine which increases the awe of the natives. To them the weaver is a strange figure out of an unknown legend, as Fadette is to the Berrichons. It is, therefore, not inappropriate that his money mysteriously disappears and that a child mysteriously appears on his hearth. The theories which are developed to explain these events are equally romantic--a tinder box is discovered half sunk in the mud; a peddler who passed through the village a month before is recalled for his swarthy complexion and his use of a tinder box; whether the peddler wore earrings is debated, and the purchase from him of a pen-knife emerges as a clue.

The difference between the prophetic powers of Philip and those of Silas reside in the attitude of the narrator, who, in the second novel, allows the romantic element to dominate, but in Silas Marner undercuts it, as Sand did in La Petite Fadette, by showing the reader that Silas is other than what the superstitious folk imagine him to be. Unlike the Raveloers, the reader knows the misfortunes of Silas' past; that his trance-like states are due to an illness; that he is worn down by work and lack of pleasure and that his money was stolen by Dunstan Cass.

The reader also knows Eppie's story, as the Raveloers do not, of an opium-addict mother and an ashamed father. That both Silas and Eppie are foundlings, find one another, and through mutual need evolve a relationship based on simplicity, honesty and consideration, which the author calls "perfect love" (Ch. xvi), holds less awe for the reader than sentimentality, justifiable as the reward due each for his bad luck.

The distance which the narrator creates between her characters and reader, and between the characters themselves, is an essential factor in the creation of a pastoral mood, and is nowhere in the three country novels so emphasized as in Silas Marner. Eliot achieves this by elevating the importance of the theme of paganism in this novel compared to the others.

The author's interest in Christianity and its representatives goes back to her first essay into fiction. A primary concern in Scenes of Clerical Life, it becomes not quite secondary in the figures of Dinah and Rev. Irwine, and diminishes in The Mill on the Floss to the unsympathetic Rev. Stelling and the clergyman, Dr. Kenn, who has a role of consoler to Maggie only in the last thirty pages of the novel. The rector in Silas Marner is not even given a title. Mr. Crackenthorpe is merely mentioned as first having admonished Silas that his money was stolen probably because he never came to church, and then "enforced the doctrine by a present of pigs' pettitoes, well calculated to dissipate unfounded prejudices against the clerical character" (Ch. x).

In this novel, it is the primitive side of Christianity that comes to the fore. Silas' experiences with his religious sect in Lantern Yard are as fraught with superstition as those in Raveloe. When his catalepsy is first discovered, it is seen as a special election in the light

of Silas' exemplary life and ardent faith, but later is questioned by Silas' treacherous friend as being rather like a "visitation of Satan" (Ch. i). The use of a lottery as the deciding factor in Silas' guilt is a further example of the naïve beliefs to which the little group is prone, as is Silas' terrible disillusionment when the lots declare that he is guilty.

The phenomenon by which Silas loses his faith is explained by the narrator as due to an early stage in the development of man's intellect:

> In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. And poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men, when they fled thus, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity. It seemed to him that the power he had vainly trusted in among the streets and at the prayer-meetings, was very far away from this land in which he had taken refuge, where men lived in careless abundance, knowing and needing nothing of that trust, which, for him, had been turned to bitterness. The little light he possessed spread its beams so narrowly, that frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night. (Ch. ii)

In this way Silas' miserliness also is understandable, as gold becomes a substitute deity for him. Thus, when his treasure is stolen, he questions: "Was it a thief who had taken the bags? or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach which had delighted in making him a second time desolate?" (Ch. v), and on finding Eppie on the hearth, concludes: "Gold!--his own gold--brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze" (Ch. xii).

The narrator's habit of making Silas sympathetic to the reader extends to his superstitions as well. Early in the story we learn that Silas has lost most of the ties which bind him to his fellow human beings. Yet, when he breaks his brown water jug, "he stuck the bits together and propped the ruin in its old place for a memorial" (Ch. ii). In Part Two, Eliot, describing how this domestic deity has multiplied, concedes to polytheism an ancestral power: ". . . he loved the old brick hearth as he had loved his brown pot--and was it not there when he had found Eppie? The gods of the hearth exist for us still; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots" (Ch. xvi).

A form of paganism to which Eliot is antipathetic is the one practiced by the Cass brothers--Dunstan, who believes he is always lucky, and Godfrey, who always hopes for some turn in his fortune--:

> Favorable Chance is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in. Let even a polished man of these days get into a position he is ashamed to avow, and his mind will be bent on all the possible issues that may deliver him from the calculable results of that position. Let him live outside his income, or shirk the resolute honest work that brings wages, and he will presently find himself dreaming of a possible benefactor, a possible simpleton who may be cajoled into using his interest, a possible state of mind in some possible person not yet forthcoming. Let him neglect the responsibilities of his office, and he will inevitable anchor himself on the chance, that the thing left undone may turn out not to be of the supposed importance. Let him betray his friend's confidence, and he will adore that same cunning complexity called Chance, which gives him the hope that his friend will never know. Let him forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed Chance, which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The evil principle deprecated in that religion, is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind. (Ch. ix)

The fate of Dunstan, of whom Eliot disposes early, and Godfrey, whose lot is bittersweet, is in keeping with the author's disapproval of such shedding of personal responsibility. Godfrey is redeemed only through his

alliance with Nancy, whom he had wooed for four years "with tacit, patient worship" (Ch. iii), and whose voice is that of a "good angel, inviting to industry, sobriety and peace" (Ch. iii).

Compared to Silas' primitive notions and Godfrey's opportunistic ones of deity, Nancy's form of religion consists of not interfering with what seems providential. Eliot describes its origin in Nancy's orderly personality which we have already seen described (see above pp. 373-374). This is why Nancy cannot accept Godfrey's suggestion that they adopt Eppie, being convinced that a higher power is against their having a family. The author is predictably tolerant of Nancy's beliefs:

> It might seem singular that Nancy--with her religious theory pieced together out of narrow social traditions, fragments of church doctrine imperfectly understood, and girlish reasonings on her small experience--should have arrived by herself at a way of thinking so nearly akin to that of many devout people whose beliefs are held in the shape of a system quite remote from her knowledge; singular, if we did not know that human beliefs, like all other natural growths, elude the barriers of a system. (Ch. xvii)

As Nancy is instrumental in Godfrey's salvation, so is Dolly Winthrop to Silas' re-entry into Raveloe Christianity and, thereby, the human race. As a member of the community--wife of Ben the wheelwright--Dolly shares their attitude toward church going, that "to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with heaven, and get an undue advantage over their neighbors. . ." (Ch. x). On the other hand, arriving at Silas' door on Christmas Day to hear the sound of the loom, elicits her sad sigh. That Silas makes no distinction between laboring and holy days is seen by her as due to his losing track of time because he cannot hear the church bells, rather than any sacrilegous intent. Indeed, Dolly's gift to Silas of lard cakes, pricked with the letters I.H.S.--which she can neither read nor

interpret--, is significant of her ritualized notion of religion. Dolly's simple rationale for going to church, " . . . if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev my self up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last" (Ch. x), is senseless to Silas until Eppie arrives on the scene. As Dolly claims it is for the good of the child, both Silas and Eppie are christened at a double ceremony.

Eliot makes a point of showing how different the religious customs with which Silas was acquainted at Lantern Yard are from those at Raveloe.(At Lantern Yard there were no church bells, christening was called baptism, church called chapel, and the communal interpretations of the Bible's words replaced the authority of the rector.) She does this by way of illustrating the provinciality of each practicing religious group and its propinquity to more primitive forms of worship. But this is secondary to the point that the weaver is learning to trust Dolly. As he slowly relates his story to her, they puzzle through the unhappy events together, trying to clarify how "Them above" could have let Silas be "turned out for a wicked thief when you was innicent" (Ch. xvi). Dolly, enlightened one day during her chores, comes back with the explanation "as Them above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I've got--for I can't be anyways better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on" (Ch. xvi). Thus the principle of trust is extended from Dolly to the deities.

The principle of acceptance of whatever life brings, equips Dolly in the role of professional comforter as it does in her marriage. She accepts her husband's quart-pot and joke-telling by reason of the fact that it has pleased Heaven to make the male animal "naturally trouble-

some, like bulls and turkey cocks" (Ch. x).

Dolly's attitude toward Silas is, however, not typical of the rustic population of Raveloe. Eliot informs us at the outset of the novel how limited the peasant is, generally, in his acceptance of those matters with which he is unfamiliar through direct and repeated experience; how any worker who requires moving from one place to another is regarded with suspicion; how the ancestors of a person must be known if he is to be accepted; how rootless men, especially those with a skill, are suspected of having connections with the devil. Such ideas about the peasant were already confirmed in the author's mind four years earlier--before she considered writing fiction--in her review essay, where she tells us that, according to Wilhelm von Riehl, "The spirit of communal exclusiveness--the resistance to the indiscriminate establishment of strangers, is an intense traditional feeling in the peasant" (p. 282). Such mistrust of foreign faces extends as well to new ideas, which Eliot further claims tend to be feared as well: "The peasant has the smallest possible faith in theoretic knowledge; he thinks it rather dangerous than otherwise, as is well indicated by a Lower Rhenish proverb--'One is never too old to learn, said an old woman; so she learned to be a witch'" (p. 282). The author expresses a similar idea as she explains the suspicious attitude toward the weaver, who could "cure folks' rheumatism if he had a mind" (Ch. i), as well as use his loom with dexterity:

> Such strange, lingering echoes of the old demon worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the gray-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm, is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To

> them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment; their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. (Ch. i)

The weaver's fits are a further cause for disturbance among the ignorant population: ". . . the Raveloe lasses . . . declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again" (Ch. i). Hypotheses are developed to explain the ultimate meaning of Silas' condition and how it is necessarily connected with his fund of knowledge which enabled him to cure Sally Oates of a two-month pounding heartbeat:

> But there might be such a thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and in, like a bird out of its nest and back; and that was how folks got over-wise, for they went to school in this shell-less state to those who could teach them more than their neighbors could learn with their five senses and the parson. And where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from--and charms, too, if he liked to give them away? (Ch. i)

The weaver's presence and condition are the occasion not only of fear but of dispute as well, illustrative of the peasants "unreasoning persistency" (p. 278) referred to in the Riehl essay. Jem Rodney, the mole catcher, swears that he saw Silas standing as rigidly as death one evening, and Mr. Macey, the parish clerk, disputes the idea that Silas could remain standing during a fit. It is this tendency toward argument that is so pronounced in the series of chapters which take place in the Rainbow Tavern.

On the evening of the robbery, we find assembled at the "kitchen" more than the usual number of Rainbow frequenters, explained by the fact that the "parlor" crowd is off attending a birthday dance. The area of class differences becomes immediately apparent as one which engenders the typical difference in opinion as well as refreshment among Raveloe society:

> . . .several persons, who would otherwise have been admitted into the parlor and enlarged the opportunity of hectoring and condescension for their betters, being content this evening to vary their enjoyment by taking their spirits-and-water where they could themselves hector and condescend in company that called for beer. (Ch. v)

Eliot plunges us into the middle of a dialogue between Bob Lundy, the jovial but verbally retentive butcher, and John Dowlas, the naysaying farrier, in which the latter attempts to elicit from the former whether or not the red Durham cow the butcher purchased the day before came from the Lammeter stock, while Mr. Snell, the neutral landlord, stands by as arbiter amid the pipe-smoking customers. The debate shifts to the elderly clerk, Mr. Macey, who sarcastically defers to the younger deputy-clerk, Mr. Tookey, as more authoritative, having "learned pernouncing" (Ch. vi) and becomes a trio as Ben Winthrop joins in a non-sequitur accusation of Tookey's inability to hold a tune. The scapegoat, by this time, begins to show his chagrin, while the fire of his two adversaries becomes directed at one another as they vie for who can be funnier at Tookey's expense. Mr. Macey:

> 'You're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other fulks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself;' (Ch. vi)

Mr. Winthrop:

> '. . . as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens': your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music; it's no better than a hollow stalk;' (Ch. vi)

while the narrator informs us that, according to the standards of Rainbow humor, the "unflinching frankness" of Ben Winthrop's insult "was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram" Ch. vi). Mr. Snell again comes to the rescue as the wheelwright pursues the youthful clerk

by side-tracking to the subject of great musicians in Raveloe's history, which Mr. Macey takes over with the relish and complacence of the traditional story-teller, as usual "giving his narrative in instalments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent" (Ch. vi), with which custom Mr. Snell willingly obliges.

The story concerns the Lammeter family, their origins, animal stock and progeny, and focusses on a detail of the wedding ceremony of Mr. Lammeter and Miss Osgood in which a doddering clergyman put the crucial question to the couple in a contrary way, thus leaving Mr. Macey still in doubt about the legality of their marriage more than two decades after the fact. It is probable that this little aside of the parish clerk is meant to be kept in mind as an antidote to the perfection of respectability that emanates from the Lammeters. The story continues, with all the ritual pipe-puffing and questioning at the appropriate moments, and relates the origins of the Lammeter wealth, which leads to an aside on how the Warrens became Charity Land--a mildly Gothic tale of Mr. Cliff, a retired "Lunnon" tailor, who forced his sickly son to learn to ride in spite of his fear of horses, until the son died and the father went raving mad,while the stables remained haunted. Whereupon, the company skeptic, John Dowlas, takes his cue to dispute the verity of ghosts, making a ten-pound wager in favor of their non-existence. This is clearly a subject on which each habitué has an opinion, and they all join in the dispute.

Eliot uses the opportunity to have the ghostly figure of Silas enter with the news that he has been robbed. The suspicion with which Silas is viewed--this being the first occasion in fifteen years for his appearance in the Rainbow--vanishes quickly in the light of his distress.

As Macey observes: "'Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed'" (Ch. vii). The strangeness with which they have come to associate the weaver is slowly replaced by the interest in the robbery and the theories as to its solution (see above p. 375)

It is during these debates that Silas becomes acquainted with a more enlightened attitude toward the law than he had experienced in Lantern Yard. When Silas unthinkingly accuses the mole-catcher of the robbery, Mr. Macey, the elder who has automatically taken charge of the proceedings, awakens Silas' own memory of injustice with words: "'Let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up'" (Ch. vii). As Eliot had already realized in the Riehl essay and in relation to Mr. Tulliver: "To the mind of the peasant, law presents itself as the 'custom of the country' and it is his pride to be versed in all customs. Custom with him holds the place of sentiment, of theory, and in many cases of affection [Eliot's italics]'" (p. 279).

While the various theories develop, Silas becomes less and less strange to his neighbors, who benefit from his misfortunes through a new and fascinating topic of dispute. Not only at the Rainbow, but wherever there are conversations, one of two sides is taken up, as Eliot continues her depiction of the mock-epic quality of rustic life:

> The advocates of the tinder-box-and-peddler view considered the other side a muddle-headed and credulous set, who, because they themselves were wall-eyed, supposed everybody else to have the same blank outlook; and the adherents of the inexplicable more than hinted that their antagonists were animals inclined to crow before they had found any corn--mere skimming-dishes in point of depth--whose clear-sightedness consisted in supposing there was nothing behind a barn-door because they couldn't see through it; so that, though their controversy did not serve to elicit the fact concerning the robbery, it elicited some true opinions of collateral importance. (Ch. x)

Mr. Macey is first of the Raveloe population to overcome his fear of the weaver. He calls on him with a comforting message which the author loads with as much naïveté as good will:

> 'Come, Master Marner, why, you've no call to sit a-moaning. You're a deal better off to ha' lost your money, nor to ha' kep' it by foul means. I used to think, when you first come into these parts, as you were no better nor you should be; you were younger a deal than what you are now; but you were allays a staring, white-faced creatur, partly like a bald-faced calf, as I may say. But there's no knowing: it isn't every queer-looksed thing as Old Harry's had the making of--I mean, speaking o' toads and such; for they're often harmless, and useful against varmin. And it's pretty much the same wi' you, as fur as I can see.' (Ch. x)

We are told that the arrival of the child on Silas' hearth within a month caused no less talk than the robbery, but that in his determination to keep her he accrued further positive feeling. We learn that by the time Eppie is a grown girl, public opinion toward the weaver has evolved into respect if not complete acceptance. Eliot sees to it that Mr. Macey's faith in the justice of destiny comes to pass. As far as outer circumstances are concerned, not only is Silas' gold restored, but the thief is discovered to have been punished by the same god of chance whom he worshipped. And Silas' inner condition, too, is made whole, notably through the raising of Eppie, but also through the social habits he acquires--like pipe smoking--which he thinks would be beneficial to her in that it would render him more like the men of Raveloe. "By seeking what was needful for Eppie, by sharing the effect that everything produced on her, he had himself come to appropriate the forms of custom and belief which were the mould of Raveloe life" (Ch. xvi).

As the events of Silas' life are linked with the Cass family, so is the depiction of the peasant population balanced by that of the more genteel class. The rustic Rainbow scene is followed by the description of

the traditional New Year's Eve ball at the Red House of Squire Cass.

Unlike the sharply contrasting hierarchy of Adam Bede, the differences between the Raveloe folk and gentry are vast neither from the point of view of wealth nor title; as we have seen, all Raveloers live in an atmosphere of plenty, there is no manor house in the vicinity, and Squire Cass' title dies with him. Furthermore, even though the Squire can afford to "keep all his sons at home in idleness" (Ch. iii) and the family has "a monument in the church, and tankards older than King George" (Ch. iii), there is lacking in his household certain elements of refinement and courtesy, due to the absence of a woman. Nevertheless, the fact that he has no superiors in property in the immediate area gives him self-possession and authoritativeness which ordinary farmers in the parish, "every whit as refined as he" (Ch. ix), lack.

The gap between reputation and cultivation in the Cass household is more pronounced in contrast with the Lammeter family, whose pedigree is not so ancient on the paternal side, but in which property is accompanied by work and organized living, perhaps due to the presence of daughters instead of sons, but more likely to the erect backbone of the father.

The society at the New Year's Eve ball is described primarily in terms of these two families and their relatives, including the Osgoods and the Kimbles, and extends beyond that to the Rector and his wife, with the emphasis falling on the prospects of the match between Godfrey and Nancy. The chapter begins with the focus directly on Nancy as she appears on the pillion alongside her father, and follows her until she completes her toilette, when she is introduced to her aunt's visitors, the Miss Gunns, who are "taken by surprise at finding such a lovely face and figure in an out-of-the-way country place" (Ch. xi).

The author uses the opportunity for an aside on the provinciality of the neighboring townsfolk as she describes the inward criticism these guests are feeling:

> The Miss Gunns smiled stiffly, and thought what a pity it was that these rich country people, who could afford to buy such good clothes (really Miss Nancy's lace and silk were very costly), should be brought up in utter ignorance and vulgarity. She actually said 'mate' for 'meat;' ''appen' for 'perhaps,' and ''oss' for 'horse,' which, to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking. (Ch. xi)

The possible use of pronunciation as a class indicator--hence a form of snobbism--had already been declared in the Riehl essay, where Eliot pointed out how even English peasantry of her own era still showed signs of the same trait. There is an example which foreshadows the Miss Gunns:

> In our own day, setting aside the superior order of farmers, whose style of living and mental culture are often equal to that of the professional class in provincial towns, we can hardly enter the least imposing farm-house without finding a bad piano in the 'drawing-room' and some old annuals, disposed with a symmetrical imitation of negligence, on the table; though the daughters may still drop their h's, their vowels are studiously narrow; (pp. 273-274)

When the author takes the point of view of Nancy or Godfrey, the mood of the chapter verges on a pastoral concern with the intricacies of young love. Although Nancy has decided in her firm way that Godfrey is not for her, her feelings are contradictory. We know her self-reminders are weak, at least "while she was being lifted from the pillion by strong arms which seemed to find her ridiculously small and light" (Ch. xi). The description of the Cass parlor and the appearance of its young master, make her waver once again, in spite of her protestations:

> It certainly did make some difference to Nancy that the lover she had given up was the young man of quite the highest consequence in the parish--at home in a venerable and unique parlor,

> which was the extremity of grandeur in her experience, a parlor where she might one day have been mistress, with the consciousness that she was spoken of as 'Madame Cass,' the Squire's wife. (Ch. xi)

When the rest of the company is included, the focus still persists on the young couple; Nancy's blush at her own contradictory feelings is noted metaphorically by the Rector: "'Ha, Miss Nancy,' he said, turning his head within his cravat and smiling down pleasantly upon her, 'when anybody pretends this has been a severe winter, I shall tell them I saw the roses blooming on New Year's Eve--eh Godfrey, what do you say?'" (Ch. xi). This remark which, as the narrator tells us, was "held to be in excellent taste in old-fashioned Raveloe society" (Ch. xi), inspires the rejoinder of Squire Cass that even though "most things are gone back'ard in these last thirty years. . . . When I look at Miss Nancy here, I begin to think the lasses keep up their quality. . ." (Ch. xi). Nancy's resemblance to her mother is noted by Mrs. Kimble, and the doctor agrees. Here is yet another chance for the author to impart a local custom:

> Time out of mind the Raveloe doctor had been a Kimble; Kimble was inherently a doctor's name; and it was difficult to contemplate firmly the melancholy fact that the actual Kimble had no son, so that his practice might one day be handed over to a successor with the incongruous name of Taylor or Johnson. But in that case the wiser people in Raveloe would employ Dr. Blick of Flitton--as less unnatural. (Ch. xi)

Nor is it surprising to find a link with this aside on the peasant connection between the family name and the profession, to one in the Riehl essay between given names and localities:

> Many old baptismal names, formerly common in Germany, would have become extinct but for their preservation among the peasantry. . . ; and so firmly have they adhered to local tradition in this matter, that it would be possible to give a sort of topographical statistics of proper names, and distinguish a district by its rustic names as we do by its Flora and Fauna. (p. 276)

Conversation is diverted briefly to an exchange of wit between Dr. Kimble and Priscilla Lammeter, Nancy's older spinster sister, reminiscent in her sharp tongue and household efficiency of Rachel Hoyser. And it might well be noted how the difference in class level between the Lammeters of Silas Marner and the Hoysers of Adam Bede depends only on their quantity of property in relation to their neighbors, not on any special cultivation. The matrons, Mrs. Kimble and Crackenthorp, are the audience for the humor. But attention shifts back again to Nancy, when it becomes a question of who is to have her first dance. Godfrey must, of necessity, play a reticent part in all the joviality of which she is a center, which the reader knows to attribute to his more serious preoccupations, and yet the happy mood of the party is so well conveyed that we pity him for not being able to partake of it freely.

Once Solomon Macey, the fiddler brother of the parish clerk, arrives attention shifts again from the personal to the social as he utters the ritual wish for the New Year and plunges into "Over the hills and far away," in deference to Mr. Lammeter, who remembers it as his father's favorite. Eliot describes the traditional march as the dance begins:

> So, Solomon, holding his white head on one side and playing vigorously, marched forward at the head of the gay procession into the White Parlor, where the mistletoe-bough was hung, and multitudinous tallow candles made rather a brilliant effect, gleaming from among the berried holly-boughs, and reflected in the old-fashioned oval mirrors fastened in the panels of the white wainscot. A quaint procession! Old Solomon, in his seedy clothes and long white locks, seemed to be luring that decent company by the magic scream of his fiddle--luring discreet matrons in turban-shaped caps, nay, Mrs. Crackenthorp herself, the summit of whose perpendicular feather was on a level with the Squire's shoulder--luring fair lasses complacently conscious of very short waists and skirts blameless of front-folds--luring burly fathers in large variegated waistcoats and ruddy sons, for the most part shy and sheepish, in short nether garments and very long coattails. (Ch. xi)

One has the distinct feeling that not too many in this quaint procession would have found themselves in the front hall of the manor house on the occasion of Arthur Donnithorne's birthday party. Bearing this more egalitarian company in mind, the tendency which Sand enjoys of describing costumes in detail is also comparable here as part of the holiday ritual.

The entrance of the musician, one whose vocation traditionally allows for a passage through class barriers, gives Eliot the opportunity to show the relationship of the Rainbow frequenters to the gentry. We learn that "Mr. Macey and a few other privileged villagers . . . were allowed to be spectators on these great occasions . . . seated on benches placed for them at the door" (Ch. xi).

For a while our interest is diverted by the dispute between the parish clerk and the wheelwright as to the dancing skill of the company. Macey's favorite is Mr. Lammeter, who "beats 'em all for shapes," although he grudgingly gives the Squire credit for springiness and good stamping. He refuses to acknowledge Ben's remark about what a well-made woman Mrs. Osgood is; while Ben tries to still the loud voice of little Aaron who wants to know "how does that big cock's feather stick in Mrs. Crackenthorp's head?" (Ch. xi). But their dialogue soon turns back to the young couple, who at this point are leaving the parlor, with Macey criticising Godfrey for doing a poor job of courting, while Ben defends him.

The final scene of the chapter, which leaves Godfrey feeling reckless in his determination to get as much joy in Nancy's company as possible, shifts to the source of his troubles, the addict Mollie, on her way to the Red House in her dingiest rags, carrying her baby through the snow, with the intention of revenging herself on her rich, hand-

some, neglectful husband. By the time the scene shifts back to the Red House, Mollie has fallen unconscious in the snow, the child has crawled into Silas' cottage and Silas has run with her and the news to the Cass House, where the guests have enjoyed an early supper and are spectators at the dancing entertainment. The youngest son of the Squire is performing a hornpipe under the admiring gaze of the public--another point of divergence from Adam Bede, where the solo dancing is strictly a working class endeavor. As happened at the Rainbow, Silas' appearance puts an end to the festivities.

By keeping the couple under rustic surveillance, Eliot never allows the love relationship of Godfrey and Nancy to reach the sequestered passion of Maggie and Stephen, hence the mood remains light instead of serious. Besides, unlike Hetty's moral naïveté, Nancy's well developed code makes her a watchdog against any infringement of her chaste propriety. The guilt of Godfrey's hidden life with Mollie is also tempered by the decorous relationship to Nancy. The same technique is at work in the creation of Silas' situation; his legend consists of the romantic episodes of his wounding experience at Lantern Yard, his suffering in isolation and his miserliness. But once Eppie enters, the darker mood shifts to a regenerative pastoral one, sustained by the rustic influences of Dolly, Mr. Macey and the others.

In this way, Eliot's terminology for the contrasting elements in Silas Marner--legendary and realistic--may be interpreted. In the introductory section of the Riehl essay, she spoke out for the portrayal in painting of the "most crapulous boors" rather than artificial chimney ornaments; later in that essay she has occasion to translate Riehl in a similar vein:"'When our writers of village stories . . . transferred

their own emotional life to the peasant, they obliterated what is precisely his most predominant characteristic, namely that with him general custom holds the place of individual feeling'" (p. 280). In Silas Marner, of all her country novels, she tries to correct this error by emphasizing the ways in which life in Raveloe proceeds according to time-honored tradition, which is her version of realism. There is a difference between this interpretation and the one which evolved in literatary theory to describe the nineteenth century phenomenon in fiction where the essentials of daily life--work, money, food, housing, illness--were to be dispassionately described. In Adam Bede, her expressed concern was with a faithful rendering of the commonplace, which is closer to the conventional definition; but we have seen how her moral vision disposed of such portrayals in either a kindly or cruel light. Not that Eliot neglects the commonplace in Silas Marner. We learn about Silas' evenings:

> Supper was his favorite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door-key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his 'setting up' a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning. (Ch. v)

But the point of this description is actually to tell us how this use of a piece of twine caused him to leave his cabin in search of a replacement, resulting in an unlocked door and Dunstan's robbery. We certainly learn of the importance money has for the weaver, but this fact too informs us more about his fantasies than reality.

The one commonplace to which Eliot pays great attention is work. For Silas, after the shock of his expulsion from Lantern Yard, it is

salvation. As Eliot explains, "Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends in this way to become an end in itself, and so to bridge the loveless chasms of his life" (Ch. ii). But the author is also aware of the dangers of work as a mechanizing factor. Thus the kind of labor involved in raising Eppie--which embodies leisure for contemplation--is considered far more humanizing. The same distinction is made in the advice given to Nancy by her sister to raise her depressed spirits:

> 'There's nothing like a dairy if folks want a bit o' worrit to make the days pass. For as for rubbing furniture, when you can once see your face in the table there's nothing else to look for; but there's always something fresh with the dairy; for even in the depths o' winter there's some pleasure in conquering the butter, and making it come whether or no. My dear, . . .you'll never be low when you've got a dairy.' (Ch. xvii)

The class distinctions which Eliot portrays in Silas Marner, though they do not reach the complexity of those in Adam Bede, are certainly in accordance with the author's estimation of realism at least insofar as those coincided with Riehl's findings. The rustic members of Raveloe are depicted in a patriarchal setting, where the principles of society are in a state of constant debate in an ever-clarifying confirmation of the laws by which men live; while the more genteel society, while closer in their tastes to the rustics than they were in Adam Bede, includes the feminine counterpart and tends to focus on the individual, especially in its romantic involvements.

The author's occasional comments which bring in the economic factors outside of Raveloe add further verisimilitude to her picture:

> . . . there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming, in those war times, to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter-tide. (Ch. i)

The same kind of comment is also used by the author to impart a moral position:

> It was still that glorious war-time which was felt to be a peculiar favor of Providence towards the landed interest, and the fall of prices had not yet come to carry the race of small squires and yeomen down that road to ruin for which extravagant habits and bad husbandry were plentifully anointing their wheels. (Ch. iii)

and then, to embellish the character of the richest man in Raveloe as he pleads poverty to his son Godfrey:

> What with mortgages and arrears, I'm as short o' cash as a roadside pauper. And that fool Kimble says the newspaper's talking about peace. Why, the country wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Prices 'ud run down like a jack, and I should never get my arrears, not if I sold all the fellows up. (Ch. ix)

Here, the squire is exhibiting the same fear of peace as the farmer Poyser. The speech is still more telling as Eliot has informed us that Fleet, the deerhound, has just been tossed enough scraps of beef "to make a poor man's holiday dinner" (Ch. ix). However, since no one in Raveloe suffers from poverty, the biting effect of these insinuations is dissipated.

The areas in which the author could conceivably develop her class sympathies are played down. For example, the narrator refuses to give the details of Godfrey's unfortunate marriage: "It was an ugly story of low passion, delusion, and waking from delusion, which needs not to be dragged from the privacy of Godfrey's bitter memory" (Ch. iii). The same is true regarding the details of Dunstan's accident which results in the death of Godfrey's horse; this is passed over in the sentence: "Dunstan, however, took one fence too many, and got his horse pierced with a hedge stake" (Ch. iv). Nor do we learn how he falls into the water-filled quarry and drowns. Eliot consistently eschews any hint of Naturalism. Mollie's corpse is reported as "A young woman, but emaciated, with long, black hair. Some vagrant--quite in rags" (Ch. xiii).

And Godfrey's last look at her is passed over quickly:

> He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night. (Ch. xiii)

These are all areas where the author's vision could have easily crossed the line into a somber mood, but she is careful to avoid this. This robbery occurs in the space of two pages, "Hardly more than five minutes" (Ch. iv), and as soon as the news reaches the Rainbow, it becomes a domestic problem and is discussed endlessly, but theoretically.

Besides, Eliot chooses to endow the idea of poverty with nobility rather than Naturalism. As was noted in the Riehl essay: "Anything is easier to him [the peasant] than to move out of his habitual course and he is attached even to his privations" (p. 279). Eppie's loyal decision to remain with Silas rather than become part of the wealthy Cass household, is partially based on custom, but primarily on devotion to individuals:"'Thank you, ma'am--thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady--thank you all the same . . . I couldn't give up the folks I've been used to'" (Ch. xix). Her final speech against Godfrey's insistence on the claims of blood is a triumph for the poor working man over the privileged class: "'I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks, and their victuals and their ways. And . . . I'm promised to marry a working-man, as'll live with father, and help me to take care of him'" (Ch. xix). Thus, Eppie, while speaking out for her class in a very much Sand-inspired way, adheres to one of the tenets of pastoral fiction: the foundling, once enlightened as to her higher station, chooses to remain in the natural

surroundings of her childhood, especially as that choice includes her childhood sweetheart. The use of the foundling motif makes appropriate further comparison with Sand's novels. François is cared for by Madeleine, as Eppie is by Silas: each has a secret parent of good breeding; each is allowed to grow into admirable adulthood in a way confirming the value of nurture over nature.

It is by such graceful shifts in mood and plot from romantic to rustic to pastoral that Eliot maintains a delicate balance and lightness of tone (closer to Sand's) which was not apparent in the former novels. An important factor in the difference is the scope of Silas Marner, less than half as long as either Adam Bede or The Mill on the Floss. The author has relinquished, at least for the time being, the epic breadth of these companion pieces. In doing so, she has come closer to the pastoral ideal of diminutive size--that is eidolos, or little poems, which Theocritus established with his Idylls.[8] As their contemporaries were aware, the resemblance of Silas Marner to the rustic novels of Sand is more marked due to the smaller scope of Eliot's third novel. Still, the double-plot and varied social milieu are more complex than those in Sand's trilogy, as is the treatment of time.

Eliot's conception of time is balanced between the specific one of the story line and the seasonal one in the background. We have seen how in Adam Bede Eliot maintained a rigid control of the calendar, simultaneously using the seasons to coincide with her characters' moods. In The Mill on the Floss, such control is abandoned for an underlying organic sense of time which emerges with the characters' growth from childhood into adulthood. Eliot divides Silas Marner in half at the eleventh chapter, "The New Year's Eve Ball." Before that, the late

November season is consistent with the eerie events, while Christmas time already brings new warmth to Silas' life. After the New Year, the seasons quickly change to spring and summer as the weaver is occupied with cultivating his new flower. Once Part Two begins, signalling the final quarter of the novel, we are in a springtime setting from beginning to end, specifically a Sunday--traditional day of leisure now for Silas as well as the Raveloe population. Therefore, even though the novel spans thirty years if we include the flash-back to Lantern Yard, its main effect is that of Silas' winter desolation and his springtime exhilaration. Further in keeping with the pastoral tradition, it goes back into the past to those war times which for Eliot meant around the turn of the century, or nearly sixty years earlier than the time of writing, enough to keep the proper ancestral distance, as well as to go back to a seemingly simpler era.

The minor scope of this novel further enables Eliot to keep a careful control of structure, which maintains a balance throughout, not only with its focal points of time, but in character, plot and setting as well. We have already noted how Silas' fate is intertwined with that of Godfrey's, through the evil Dunstan and the child Eppie; the effects on each of a good woman; the double event of robbery and restoration in Silas' life; the symmetry between the Rainbow Tavern and the Cass parlor; Eliot also includes a visit to Lantern Yard in the book's final chapter, before the Conclusion, to balance the scene described in Chapter One.

Further in keeping with pastoral practice is Eliot's characterization by type, with the exceptions of Silas and Godfrey. And even in these cases the inner development is never so profound as that of Maggie. The various rustic types who make up the Raveloe population are more consis-

tent with the pastoral ideal as they engage in their ritualized activities of smoking, arguing, story-telling and celebrating, rather than in any particular herding or earthy occupation, and the plot, as it veers away from romantic mystery toward the open growth of love, may also be seen as part of the pastoral tradition, albeit always tinged with a rustic hue.

To this end, the use of animals and metaphors based on natural life, is also to be reckoned. From the material already quoted it should be apparent how pervasive these are, especially regarding the decline and rise of Silas on the scale of social evolution. Eliot does not restrict these to the natural setting of Raveloe. The pale-faced weavers, who live in Lantern Yard, have "unnurtured souls . . . like young winged things, fluttering forsaken in the twilight" (Ch. i); in confirmation of such transitoriness of town life, the trip of Silas and Eppie to that place reveals that the meeting place of Silas' sectarian life has turned into a factory. But the preponderance of such images have pastoral implications and revolve around Eppie as she creates her own down-lined nest:

> Servant maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. (Ch. xiv)

Naturally, Silas' stone cottage adds the presence of happy animal life: "a knowing brown terrier," "a tortoise-shell kitten" and a white-bosomed cat (Ch. xvi).

Once Eppie is an established part of Silas' household, his life holds the promise of happiness beyond that of re-absorption into a social milieu--the regeneration of his own childhood innocence through

a real repository of love. Eliot's usual nostalgic perspective is appended to include hope for the future:

> In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's. (Ch. xiv)

The extent to which this hope is fulfilled by the pro-vita ending is indicative of a break in attitude between this last country novel and the two which preceded it. For the first time, Eliot adheres to the optimistic conclusion mandated by pastoral characters. Both Silas and Eppie are initiated into life--Eppie to adulthood, Silas to society; pleasure is allowed to dominate their little world in which nature has shown itself to be malleable.

It is interesting to contrast the final images of each of the earlier novels with the garden of Silas Marner. In Adam Bede, our final picture is of Adam, Dinah and their children, standing before their pleasant house--formerly the Burge timber shop--bathed in the mellow evening light which seems to filter through the trials and suffering through which they have each travelled to get to this point of tranquility. Hetty, the pastoral character, has been expelled many times over from her Hayslope garden, while Adam and Dinah never seem to have gotten into it at all. The Dorlcote churchyard with its double grave is the final setting for The Mill on the Floss, which seems to signify both retribution and redemption in the atmosphere of Christianity, which from the beginning insists on the fallen nature of the story's characters. Paradise was non-existent even when the characters were children. But with Aaron and Eppie in the garden, Eliot ends on an Edenesque note for the first time.

A possible reason why Eliot is finally able to terminate on the hopeful note of youth on the brink of fertility may be her consideration of a change in scene from her familiar English countryside, which she wants to leave in a golden glow. Or, now that she is established as a writer of novels and knows that this will probably not be her last, the importance of "truth-telling" does not loom quite so large. Eliot's concern with truth and truthfulness in Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss reflects in part the nineteenth century tendency toward the inductive method in science which elevated the importance of collecting factual information, i.e., the accumulation of detail in order to get a proper picture. This concern also implies a particular perspective--both objective and removed, where the observed individual becomes part of his environment and species, and cannot be seen apart. Such a view may account for the narrator's surface attitude of tolerance, for no blame can be apportioned in cases of evil action if the individual is, theoretically, determined by his genes and his surroundings to behave in a certain way. This similarly reflects the contemporary historical point of view, which minimizes the role of the individual and will sacrifice individuals for the good of the larger group.

In strong opposition to these intellectual concerns, however, is Eliot's dramatic-theological side, where the character's psyche, i.e., conscience, will or passion, is a tangible, struggling thing. As soon as the individual character dominates the scene, the reader's sympathies are aroused and he begins to resent a narrator who pretends to be aloof. The way in which Eliot uses the painting metaphor reflects this problem. It helps her keep the distance which is crucial to her pessimistic philosophy, by presenting her scenes second-hand, so to speak, as word-

paintings. When the plot takes over, the characters climb out of their frames (and become far "truer" than the author's scenes) but they are forced back down or sacrificed along the way for the placidity of the larger picture. The paradox is that those characters who are seduced or seducible by their own will, like Hetty and Maggie, appear more truthful (psychologically) than the larger truth Eliot is aiming for, which turns out to be factual rather than ideal.

Having relinquished some of her concern with the commonplace and with the individual in her third country novel, and having substituted a version of realism which is based on the portrayal of peasant customs, Eliot can yield to some of the temptations of traditional English literature embodied in her favorites, Wordsworth, Scott and Goldsmith, as a result of which pastoral elements emerge in this predominantly rustic work not necessarily sought by the author.

Chapter 6

Summary on George Eliot's Early Fiction

Any attempt to justify Eliot's inclusion in the pastoral category reveals how difficult it is to find a sufficiently pure example of a novel in that mode to use as a paradigm. An examination of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia revealed it to be a fanciful mixture of heroic with love escapades, interspersed with dialectic as well as eclogues, containing comic and sentimental rustic characters among its conventional shepherds and princes, in an outdoor setting which resembles the cultivated park of the English estate as much as an Arcadian place of timeless beauty. Such a mixture may be explained by the requirements of the English audiences that a narrative have a certain amount of adventurous movement combined with its lyrical stasis, as well as a special appreciation of variety in character and mood. Then, Arcadia may be accepted as the original version of pastoral narrative which particularly suited the audience of Renaissance England.

Something similar may be said for The Vicar of Wakefield and its eighteenth century audience. On evidence, both Sidney and Goldsmith owe an important debt to Greek and chivalric romances for character and plot, and both mingle an interest in dialectic or a philosophical as well as sociological nature with their narrative. Furthermore, both authors use a natural English setting for contrast with the outside world.

Sir Walter Scott, who comes from a different literary tradition than the humanist Sidney, and the neo-classicist Goldsmith, brings to the novel a Romanticist's concern with the details of daily life of

the humble folk in the localities familiar to him from childhood, thus giving the rustic novel a viability it had not enjoyed prior to his writing. Although the pastoral work of Sidney and Goldsmith had treated rustic elements and even idealized them in specific but minor ways, Scott's more intense approach seems in no way indebted to either one, especially since other pastoral concerns are missing. However the romantic side of Scott which emphasizes atmosphere, idealization and adventurousness has common roots with that of Goldsmith and Sidney.

George Eliot is related to these separate strands which we might simply call the pastoral of Goldsmith and the rustic of Scott. To the latter she owes her pervasive use of dialect in all three of her country novels, and in the stories which preceded them, as well as the details of daily living, descriptions of costumes, houses, meals, customs of rustic life, which she is dedicated to paint with the accuracy of the Dutch painters. Just as in Scott, this attempt at realism is somewhat thwarted by ennobling intentions--the very ones which she advised other artists to avoid in the important review essay; the result is a rendering of the rustic in a picturesque way, rather than a strictly accurate one. Such unintentional idealization creates a shadowy area where it appears that Eliot is closer to a pastoral goal than may be the case.

On the other hand, whatever is calculatedly portrayed as idyllic, hearkens back directly to Goldsmith. In this category one would include the descriptions of Hayslope and Raveloe, especially as they are contrasted with other, less protected places; the amorous intricacies of the love affairs of Tina and Anthony, Hetty and Arthur, Maggie and Stephen, Nancy and Godfrey, the tranquility of the one of Adam and Dinah; and the hints of both in the young growing love of Eppie and Aaron. The use of

children and animals lends to the idyllic atmosphere of both Goldsmith and Eliot, and here I must mention Sand as well, for the charm of innocent creatures in the rustic trilogy must also have been noted by Eliot. The exception is The Mill on the Floss, where Eliot's study of the fragility of childhood happiness both erects and destroys the pastoral feeling. One might also bring in François le Champi for comparison as the least characteristic of Sand's rustic trilogy also because of a tendency to shift into the related camp of romance.

The way in which diverting romantic elements enter to threaten the blissful atmosphere is typical of all pastoral. Eliot's knowledge of Greek romance would have made her aware of such narrative techniques, which Sidney and Goldsmith shared. Such devices are more apparent in Adam Bede and Silas Marner than in The Mill on the Floss, where the romance elements are more related to those of the Romantic movement which rely rather on chivalric motifs, especially as Eliot apprehended them through Sir Walter Scott.

The narrative tone, too, can be seen as resembling that of Goldsmith, when Eliot regards her rustic characters with benevolent detachment, ever alert to the humor which their naïveté engenders. But while Goldsmith maintains this attitude toward all his characters--as Longus did--Eliot shifts her attitude toward her protagonists. Here, the distance she evokes is the historic one of Scott, which loses in humor and objectivity. At such times, the resulting sentimentality destroys the realistic rustic atmosphere she has created. At other times, she insinuates her own particular confusion between pleasure and pain into the characters of her young pretty heroines--Tina, Hetty, Maggie, Nancy--which destroys the idyllic atmosphere of traditional pastoral and tends

to question the essentially optimistic principle of that mood. Therefore, her tendency to interrupt the narrative, to reiterate the distance between teller and tale, because it usually has a veiled motive of false sympathy or hidden praise, breaks both pastoral and rustic moods.

In her conscious exhibition of class hierarchy, the digressions on philosophical and aesthetic problems, the more mellow generalizations regarding her characters' behavior, the variations of texture, Eliot fits into the contemplative, artful side of pastoral exhibited by her predecessors, Sidney and Goldsmith. In the personally guilt-inspired disasters to which she subjects her primary figures, and the judgmental attitude that belies the tolerance to which she pretends, Eliot is far more the inhibited Victorian than the Epicurean type which true pastoral demands.

Part IV

Conclusion

The factor held in common between the epitome of French pastoral narrative, l'Astrée, and English, the Arcadia, is a pre-emptive concern with love. Their resemblance to the Greek paradigm, Daphnis and Chloe, begins and ends with this concern. The simple and brief unity of the Greek love story, occasionally disturbed by a reverberation from the outside world, stands in bold opposition to the prolix love-plots of the Renaissance works.

In their conventional aspects, l'Astrée and the Arcadia are alike, with retrospective settings in time and place to an eternal springtime garden of a pagan world and courtier characters in thin shepherds' disguise which hides not a whit of their beauty and nobility, enhanced by artfulness in expressing their feelings in poetic form. Such conventions are not part of the world of Daphnis and Chloe, where the actual occupation of the young lovers is herding, where life is seasonal and located in a real place, where their artless expressions inspired by their naïveté are more credible. Yet, in the ancient example, the lovers are also placed in a setting which enhances their singular beauty, eventually revealed as aristocratic. By the same token, in the Renaissance works the conventional settings are based on those of the author's experience, as are the characters masks for existing persons known to and including the author. The point is that Longus' work is not as artless as it appears, while those of Sidney and d'Urfé are not so artificial, considering their own milieu.

The conventions which adhere to the Renaissance pastorals derive from sources common to Longus as well. The atmosphere, characters and lyricism of all pastoral originate in the Idylls of Theocritus, the Epicurean ambience of which is adapted by Longus into narrative form; Virgil's reworking of his Greek model in the Eclogues already shows signs of these conventions, as do the earliest continental pastorals in narrative form, Boccaccio's Ameto and its heir, Sannazzaro's Arcadia.

Subsequently other elements enter the purely pastoral but conventionalized Italian forms, some from antiquity, for example, the Greek so-called "romances" of Xenophon, Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius, and medieval ones such as the Amadis, a chivalric tale of continental origin. These first supplied Spanish pastoral narrative (Montemayor and Gil Polo) with heroic and adventurous elements, which then were passed on to the English and French examples with which we are concerned. To these must also be added the humanistic influences of Aristotle and Plato, which reached Sidney and d'Urfé through their contemporaries, as well as other current elements representative of luxurious Renaissance fashions in painting, costume and décor.

Considering the diversity of such influences compared to the simplicity of the Greek model, it is almost surprising that the original core of love not only persists, but does so in a reinforced way in Renaissance pastoral. I consider this to be a confirmation of the basic Epicurean ideal behind all pastoral impulses. Therefore, it may further be adduced that Renaissance pastoral narrative has in common with its progenitors an emphasis on domestic rather than epic situations, where the outside world of public concern and activity is

peripheral to the private feelings of the individual lovers--the mainspring of the action--which lead the protagonists to learn how to reconcile these feelings within the context of nature and society as it exists around them. The mandatory wedding with which pastoral stories traditionally end fulfills the optimistic requirement of this context.

The effect of the five-thousand page French version of pastoral is of surprisingly less diversity than the five-hundred page English one. The single love story of Celadon and Astrée is a unifying force, while the love intrigues of their numerous society act as variations on a theme, giving the total impression of an enormous serialized novel. Sidney's work, by contrast, is full of conflicting factors. There is a broader scope in character from the point of view of age, rank, behavior; in texture, including many verse forms, alternations of prose and verse, and parentheses; in subject matter, which ranges so far from love as justice and good government. Such variety, distracting as it may be from the unity of the central situation, supplies a degree of worldly reality which is entirely lacking from the French book, whose lengthy artificiality and affectation on restricted subject matter is unreal to a modern reader. Although both confirm that the highest form of love is Platonic, the English version gives full vent to the passions of the characters, while the French lovers--girdled by a strict code throughout--manage a veiled kind of amorous maneuvering.

As I have shown, there is considered to be a traditional line of French pastoral prose from d'Urfé to George Sand, which includes Rousseau, Florian and Saint-Pierre, but which is tied to that tradition neither through its conventions nor its ideology. In the case of Rousseau, it is the primary concern with the sentiments of the protagonists which

evokes the mood of l'Astrée. The great role which nature plays in La Nouvelle Heloïse, though not at all reminiscent of either classic or Renaissance pastoral settings, is further considered to be a link, as is his primitivistic introduction of rustic characters and settings. The same is said of Paul et Virginie, regarding the importance of sentiment and nature to that work. Florian's Estelle, the least influential of the line, was a conscious attempt of a theoretician who intended his novel to carry on the pastoral tradition by making it more realistically suitable to his audience.

It is at this juncture that critics introduce the more modern concept of the rustic novel to account for what appears to be a metamorphosis of the artificial pastoral of the Renaissance into a more realistic product palatable to post-Revolution readers. George Sand seems to comply with Florian's prescriptions by incorporating the more primitive aspects of pastoral life into her rustic novels; i.e., her characters watch real sheep in a real pasture. Once again, as disparate as the members of this line may be, also in relation to their sources, the one thing they have in common is their major concern with the dynamics of love.

The mask of decorousness which l'Astrée set as a standard was maintained by all but Rousseau, whose lovers exceed the bounds of propriety, and are eventually punished. Indeed, the modesty of Saint-Pierre's Virginie is so exaggerated that she drowns rather than remove her clothing and perhaps be saved, while Sand's main characters are fierce guardians of chastity compared with Renaissance figures, who seem more concerned with its appearance than its reality. In this way, the rustic protagonists achieve nobility of character based on virtue instead of

blood but nevertheless comparable to that of d'Urfé's idealized types. Also comparable is the unity of class--all aristocratic in d'Urfé, all peasant in Sand.

The traditional line of English pastoral prose is not so defined as the French one, with historians allowing only for the novel of sentiment (as practiced by Samuel Richardson) as a link to the Arcadia. Yet, it seems to me that, considering the diversity of Sidney's work and the domestic emphasis of Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield, a case may be made for connecting these works, especially as it is reinforced by their similar reliance on conventions from the Greek romances, among the foremost of which are those conveying the vicissitudes of love situations. Eliot joins them here in the dramatic ways in which her love plots move, in contrast to the simple development of Sand's love stories. The tendency to include a fuller picture of social strata is also shared with Sidney and Goldsmith by Eliot.

Sir Walter Scott, the transitional link to rustic novels in the English line, veers away from the pastoral tradition in his explicit regionalism whereby a picture of the humble folk of a particular locality familiar to him emerges in careful detail regarding place, costume, speech and mores. Yet, in this case too, it is possible to see an underlying connection between the romantic impulse behind Sidney and the Romanticist one behind Scott. Nor should it be overlooked that a strategic, if minor, incident in the Arcadia--the rustic wedding of Lalus and Kala--provides a somewhat realistic example for further development in in that genre.

Perhaps because the English line of pastoral narrative from Sidney to Eliot is less defined than the French one from d'Urfé to Sand, Eliot

herself does not discuss the pastoral tradition in relation to her work. The English author's aesthetics are stated in various places and her negative attitude toward pastoral may be inferred. The Riehl essay offers advice to artists to show the coarseness and evil in country life for the purpose of giving a whole, truthful picture, and at the same time rejects the idea of glorifying either the lives of peasants (Primitivism), or the aristocratic grandeur of the past (nostalgia). Following that, Chapter Seventeen of Adam Bede reiterates the importance of truthtelling, equating it with the commonplace and monotonous parts of daily existence, but this time emphasizing how it appears in a kindly rather than a brutal light. The Mill on the Floss combines these intentions to further Eliot's version of realism by portraying a romanticized heroine against a commonplace background, based on autobiographical reminiscences. Eliot's intentions regarding her third novel, Silas Marner, seem to stem from a need to maintain her country links, this time manifested in the recollection of a childhood incident appropriate to a form of legendary tale which she is inclined to treat realistically, i.e., consistently with her previous intentions. But the fact that all three country novels are inspired by Eliot's retreat into her childhood memories for setting and mood makes inevitable a certain amount of nostalgia.

As evidence of the seriousness of her attitude toward realism, there is in all three novels the pervasive presence of the Riehl essay, used to shore up her fictional effort with a more studious one, as if partially to create a sociological history of English country life as Riehl had done for Germany. Further confirmation of this seriousness is her frequent reference to the school of Dutch painting whose realism

in portraits, landscapes and genre painting she wants to emulate.

To a large extent, Eliot is true to these intentions. Her picture of country life in Adam Bede, folk customs in Silas Marner, and the meanness of aspiring middle-class values in The Mill on the Floss--and withal the use of pungent speech as part of her characterizations--are creditable forms of realism. She is equally true to the secondary goal, which was to treat the commonplace in a kindly light, for none of her novels ranges beyond general living to present severe hardship, vulgarity or illness. But, the attitude adapted from cultural history and painting, with which she hoped to promote her goal of realism, seems instead to place greater distance between her and her subjects. The effect is not unaesthetic, but it forces a deviation which results in the production of the opposite of her overt intention--an atmosphere more suggestive of traditional pastoral narrative.

George Sand, on the other hand, is aware of being part of that tradition, although she would alter it. The forewords of her three rustic novels are consistent in that they reject the disillusionment of war and death--the realities of her time--and offer instead the possibility of revitalization through art which has been stripped of its artfulness by a refreshing contact with nature. Her goal is to walk a thin line between two equal evils: the artificiality of the traditional bergerie, and the brutality of the realistic approach to depictions of rural life, both of which she hopes to avoid by taking her inspiration from the actual language and customs of the primitive countryfolk among whom she spent her youth.

Probably because Sand sees herself as part of an established tradition rather than as an innovator, and also because her intentions are

consistently idealistic, the French author comes closer to fulfilling them than the English one. The figure of triumphant Death which heralds the rustic trilogy as it appears in the introductory chapter to La Mare - au Diable is transfigured and vanquished thrice over when Eros emerges victorious in the series of weddings with which each story ends. Thus, ideologically, Sand fulfills the pastoral prescriptions and sheds the stigma of ugliness which she saw associated with current literary depictions of rustic life. The resulting works merit the label "idyllic."

The objectivity with which George Sand presents the landscape, language and customs of Berry, as well as the device of the rustic narrators, is a conscious and successful break with the artificiality which had accrued to traditional pastoral through the perpetuation of its conventions. Such a realistic presentation of country life is evidence of a reversion to ancient forms of pastoral with which Sand shows familiarity, or at least to a Rousseauistic belief in Primitivism which propounded the rustic purity of her characters in a way resembling the ideals of Theocritus and Longus.

Although Eliot consistently professes to be a proponent of the new school of Realism, she must have known that she was somehow rooted in the world of traditional English fiction. The fact that she was pleased to be compared to Goldsmith confirms this. Evidently, she took these roots so for granted that they are never mentioned as part of a statement of her intentions, although one wonders how she reconciled her professions toward realism with such a comparison. But, as we have seen, Eliot's realism is not of the brutal variety, and what is more, she allows for its tempering in certain cases. That is to say, she harbors her own form of Primitivism.

In all fairness it should be acknowledged that it is, I think, more difficult to accurately fulfill a goal of realism than idealism (as in Sand's case) since the latter seems to remain the same, while the former varies from age to age, so that what may be one generation's realism becomes another's fantasy. Nevertheless, the truthful details and complexity with which Eliot permeates her country fiction may certainly be seen as strong concessions to a faithful representation of life; when she comes closer to her subjects, especially when she reconstructs their thought processes, she leaves the reader with the feeling that a psychological realism has indeed been achieved.

On the other hand, the distances which George Eliot sets up between herself and her characters have the effect not only of modifying the degree of realism established, but also of evoking another dimension--that of an idealization akin to all pastoral. It would seem that distance, like its relative, absence, may have the effect of making the heart grow fonder. Furthermore, while Eliot is giving us the benefit of her moral edification, or of an aesthetic conception based on Dutch portraiture, the character under scrutiny recedes and loses reality for the reader, at the same time acquiring a veneer of artificiality reminiscent of the chimney ornaments she despised. A factor in this regard is the use of memory to bridge the gap between past and present, country and city, simple peasant or child and sophisticated narrator, adding yet another unintended pastoral dimension--that of nostalgia. Such anti-realistic factors occasionally increase the qualities of charm and humor and make tenable comparisons with Oliver Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield, as well as merit the idyllic label.

It has been shown that Sir Walter Scott was among Eliot's models for the particular kind of realism she considers viable; yet, the portrayal of humbler classes in their total milieu within a retrospective frame seems equally to support her tendency to drift away from realism, since in her case (unlike Scott's) there is no important historical engagement in the novels' situations. What came to supersede the need for precise details of the seamier side of life of her peasant characters was the need to expose their moral conditions. But here too there is a rather gentle treatment of those characters who represent the rustic race. However, in the case of the protagonists and the classes who are removed by various degrees from their touch with the land, the critical side of Eliot's vision emerges in a form of moral realism whereby the characters are placed in difficult circumstances which require ethical decisions often beyond their capacity.

Sand's use of distance is a far simpler one: the worldly narrator pursues a spatial retreat to a place less complex than the real one with which she and her readers are disillusioned. The time removal is non-specific. There is no attempt to transfer the techniques of one art-form to another, as Eliot does with painting, although Sand is inspired in reaction against paintings described in the introductory chapters to La Mare au Diable. Sand herself steps into the role of cultural historian on occasion in an unselfconscious digressive movement away from the action of the story, unlike the more aesthetic saturation of cultural history which usually appears in Eliot's novels with less distracting effect. On the other hand, the French novelist invents a country-style narrator in François le Champi, which is her attempt to promote the verisimilitude of the Berrichon district

and dialect to her city audience. As a result of this and other complications, this middle novel acquires a degree of artificiality lacking in the other two.

While Sand does not hesitate to deliver moralizing messages, these are usually part of her protagonists' characterizations and always coincide with her own ethical stance. Indeed, both Sand and Eliot share a dislike for coquettishness and vanity in their female characters (as well as an admiration for willingness to work). But in Sand, good and evil are strictly distinguished, with the majority force for good rarely in danger from the puny evil one, consisting of characters whose general dissipation is prophetic of their lack of strength to overcome good. This is in contrast to the ambiguous asides of the Englishwoman judging her characters--which create distance and distraction unfavorable to a pastoral climate--because the destructive forces in George Eliot's novels are far more formidable than in Sand's, all with money and power behind them.

As mentioned, distance between narrator and character may be a factor in the creation of a pastoral mood, but that distance is traditionally benevolent. In ancient pastoral the narrator is parental or ancestral; in Renaissance pastoral he is contemporary, but in both there is a fondness or sympathy between narrator and character. It is here that Eliot's moral realism interferes with her fulfilling the pastoral prescription. Eliot would be sympathetic toward her characters, that is to say she pretends sympathy, but her attitude of benignity at times seems feigned; she acts as though they are not to blame for their plights, as though they are not being judged, then dooms them. She allows them to be bad, on the grounds that that is true to life; then does not protect them from harm. Sand's sympathy, on the other hand, is consistent.

The Frenchwoman never allows her main characters to be bad, hence is always justified in keeping them from harm. Being protective of them, Sand makes them deserve her protection.

Both George Sand and George Eliot use the structural distancing of time and space which is typical of pastoral. Sand's removal from the contemporary world is more complete since most of her time references are simply seasonal, with only an occasional mention of an event which places the story in historical time. Eliot approaches this position in Silas Marner, the novel which most closely resembles those of Sand, but in The Mill on the Floss and Adam Bede there are important time allusions where the events of the real world--albeit one of the past--evoke discussions among the characters which reveal them in relation to such anti-pastoral concerns as war, money, power. Since these are peripheral, they only serve to highlight the separation of worlds which exists. Indeed, the naïveté with which the characters conceive historical events gives a further turn to the already heightened distance.

A jarring note in the otherwise pastoral approach to time is the specificity of Eliot's use of fable time in Adam Bede. Here, a carefully constructed calendar becomes a dominating factor in the events of the novel as the author insists on elaborating time of year with month, week, day and moment. In keeping with the author's intentions toward realism, this detailed use of time adds to the quality of the minute reconstruction of a commonplace subject.

Both authors give their novels sufficient time for the love stories to develop and for the characters to grow in relation to them. However, in Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss, these plots undergo unusual

complications and diversions in keeping with the complex layers of society with which Eliot permeates her first two novels. In her tendency to expand their breadth toward epic proportions, Eliot pursues a similar ambition to Sidney's and Scott's. The need to expound on familiar regional and personal details is at work in Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss, as well as the interest in contrasting the rustic population with other elements. For these reasons, the secondary characters in Eliot's novels are developed to a much greater degree than in Sand's. While Sand gives us sketches of neighbors and relatives of her protagonists sufficient to capture the type, the major representatives of the rustic race are the protagonists themselves. Any wealthier class that enters the picture, as for example the Widow Guérin or the farmer in La Mare au Diable, is petit bourgeois. In François le Champi this class comes in for some expansion what with the plot complications of Sévère's money machinations, but in La Petite - Fadette the class is uniquely that of the two rustic villages. Therefore, the miniature scope typical of ancient pastoral is a factor in all of Sand's novels.

Eliot's contrasts are more extensive and include the aristocracy as well as hardworking but prosperous farmers and artisans in Adam Bede, with families such as the Poysers portrayed in detail apart from the protagonists, who in many ways are conveyed as simply one of their family and class. This is true in The Mill on the Floss, where upper and middle class merchant families provide the major society in contrast with the bankrupt but aspiring Tullivers, which also includes the rustic Bob Jakin as well as Maggie's poorer farming relatives. Even in Silas Marner, where class separations are narrower, the commu-

nity still plays a major role with regard to the central characters. The epic scope of at least the first two of Eliot's novels is a factor which disturbs the generally limited scope of original pastoral.

This kind of complexity of milieu is also Eliot's way of substantiating her main characters, which are developed in far more rounded fashion than are George Sand's. The protagonists of Sand's novels show themselves mainly in conversation and partly in action, but almost never in thought. Their conflicts are simple and they are always motivated virtuously. Even in the more complicated love situation, in François le Champi, Sand has the characters very much in hand. This is in keeping with the surface (rather than in-depth) characterization of traditional pastoral. Eliot's main characters are impelled by so many forces, inner and outer, as to make it appear that the author herself has lost control over them. As mentioned however, she always returns in time for punishment or reward. Thus, the realistic depth with which the characters are created and which removes them from the pastoral category, does not itself come to fruition.

As we have seen, Sand's novels are set at a clear distance from her own citified milieu and that of her readers, but this is indicated in her prologues rather than through any city-country contrasts in the rustic trilogy. Even though Sand does not create an action whereby the city appears as a contrasting force to her country retreat--a factor on which many modern critics hinge their definitions of pastoral--there is always implicit a contrast between the innocent characters and the sophisticated audience for which they are being created; in other words, their simplicity is a creation resulting from a conscious exercise on part of the author familiar with and reacting against the complexities

of her own world. This kind of inspiration is typical of all pastoral--ancient, Renaissance and modern. George Eliot, on the other hand, enhances the retreat aspect of the settings, especially in Adam Bede and Silas Marner, through sharp opposition with other places. Hence the fertile aspects of Loamshire and Raveloe are made more lavish when set side by side with Stonyshire and Lantern Yard, a primary reason why recent critics call Eliot pastoral.

The landscape descriptions of both authors may be considered exemplary of the school of Realism. Considering that Sand comes out of the Rousseau line, her reliance on landscape description is surprisingly minimal; the fact that most of the action of the three rustic novels occurs out of doors is usually conveyed by a single phrase. Landscape details are limited to those required by the plot, while the actual terrain comes in for description on the rare occasion of a journey by a protagonist and is simply elaborated by place-names and locations. On the other hand, particular places take on added meaning when they are associated with the unravelling love-plot, as the haunted marsh where Germain, Marie and Pierre are lost in La Mare au Diable, the island thicket where Sylvinet hides, or the flooded stream where Landry nearly drowns in La Petite Fadette. Such treatment of natural description is not unlike that of ancient pastoral, where nature seems overwhelming to the naïve characters until they learn to understand it. The spring in François le Champi takes on more of the feeling of a sacred place for lovers, i.e., the conventional locus amoenus, which is found in ancient as well as Renaissance pastoral.

Eliot's setting descriptions are predictably diverse and add as much visual richness to her characters' background as the strata of

society surrounding them add a psychological dimension. In keeping with her tribute to the Dutch school of painting, certain of her landscapes are broadly executed, with images of village architecture nestled in the levels of terrain. Especially in Adam Bede there is a pervasive sense of the land and its produce; the author makes it known in all its aspects as it sets off the inhabitants of Hayslope. The hero of that novel is affected by his earthy surroundings in much the same way that he is by Hetty Sorrel, who is a proxy for the pastoral village. Nature and passion go hand in hand as well in The Mill on the Floss. Both novels incline toward a Rousseauistic belief in the over-powering effects of these elements. The limited range of landscape setting in Silas Marner resembles more the touches of Sand, without the pervasive use of the outdoors, while its quaintly picturesque quality is evocative of the work of Sir Walter Scott.

This last of Eliot's country novels is the single one which professes an optimism in the ability of human beings to control nature. Eppie, as she champions her foster-father, and Aaron, with his gardening prowess, symbolize a faith in the powers of cultivation missing from the first two novels, both of which leave their landscapes permanently ravaged (literally, in The Mill on the Floss) by the disastrous love situations of their protagonists. This reflection of a contemporary awareness of the grimmer side of nature, unfettered by forces benevolent to mankind, is at total variance with the tame environment of Sand's rustic novels, or, for that matter, with the restoration of tranquility prized by traditional pastoral. The concessions of Silas Marner in this direction seem less motivated by a change in ideological conviction on the part of the author than by a

need to reward the old weaver for a miserable past. The same is true of the ending of Adam Bede, which is structurally superfluous to the Adam-Hetty-Arthur triangle, but which serves the purpose of showing the wounded hero healed.

The result of this destructive vision of nature is to extend the mood of Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss beyond the range typical of the mode. As we have seen, the usual range of mood of pastoral characters may go from melancholy to joyous, but it eschews the broadly comic or tragic. Sand's characters fit in with this prescription; in dealing with both funerals and weddings, Sand is either casual or ritualistic, maintaining a fair balance between elegy on the one hand and jubilation on the other, so that these are minor tugs away from and back to a central mood of serenity. Eliot, in contrast, brings her characters to outright catastrophe in Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss; even in Silas Marner a certain naturalistic morbidity clings to Silas' rejection and exile. The barmaid, opium-addict, closet-wife of Godfrey Cass, who dies a few feet from Silas' doorstep, reminds us that there is a cruel world beyond the rustic tranquility of Raveloe. Such a figure would probably be unthinkable in traditional pastoral.

Other factors which disturb the serene pastoral surface in Eliot's country novels are the abundance of labor and laborers. Much of the interest of Adam Bede centers on Adam's carpentering and caretaking, or the management of the Poyser farm, while the exaggerated work habits of Silas give Eliot a chance to digress on the kinds of work which are more and less beneficial. Her sympathy is consistently on the side of the workman.

That labor and laborers are virtuous is undisputedly the claim of

George Sand as well, but in her rustic novels it is secondary to the concern with love. A paean to labor is delivered in her preliminary chapters to La Mare au Diable but in the story itself we see the ploughman at leisure. The broader scope of François le Champi allows the author to expand on the ableness of the orphan as he grows up into a conscientious worker. When François reaches his peak of productivity in working the miracle of restoring the Blanchet estate through a complex financial manipulation, Sand's novel leaves the jurisdiction of pastoral. But in La Petite Fadette the young Landry and Fadette resemble Daphnis and Chloe as they pasture their flocks while engaging in love-breeding talks. In all three novels, labor and money are at the service of love.

In spite of her absorption with the world of the worker, Eliot shows little interest in wealth in Adam Bede, except in the attraction of Hetty to the luxury of upper-class life. This is countered by the materialistic atmosphere of the companion provincial novel, The Mill on the Floss, where ambition for and concern with money are sufficient to remove it from both rustic and pastoral categories. Once again in the country in Silas Marner, money concerns are peripheral. In spite of Silas' obsession with gold, his miserliness is an indulgence of his fantasy, not an exhibition of grasping behavior. Since the characters in Adam Bede and Silas Marner, who represent the highest degree of wealth--Squires Donnithorne and Cass--are both deficient in character virtues, Eliot's attitude implies a criticism of the wealth that accrues without labor.

Neither author is willing to condemn the principle of inherited wealth. Indeed, Sand's socialism recedes during the period she is writing her rus-

tic trilogy, where the inheritance of Fadette and that of François make possible the happy dénouements of these novels. But both Eliot and Sand consider that an heir may absolve guilt through labor and good deeds. This is, of course, a radical departure from the aristocratic vantage point of Renaissance pastoral, where the leisurely ambience promotes--indeed compels--the growth of love.

The simplicity of Sand's society in her rustic trilogy keeps the occupations of her protagonists limited to farming and herding, with the expansion to milling in the second novel, all surely within the rustic realm. Therefore, since the major direction of her novels is toward the furtherance of love, she plans sufficient free time for the lovers around their working hours; many of the lovers' meetings are in the evenings, or Sundays, which is when a good portion of her novels takes place.

Since Eliot has in mind other sociological considerations besides the development of love in the three novels in question, her broader canvas is illuminated all times of the day, although she too is partial to the pre- and post-work hours of dawn and sunset. The questions of labor and leisure become much more complex for the English author since they reflect deep class differences as well as time differences. For Eliot there is irony in the fact that Arthur Donnithorne is free to visit Hall Farm in the afternoon to watch the buttermaking; and that Hetty is seduced on her way from lessons in lacemending which would aid her escape from the farming chores she disdains. So too is Maggie seduced on vacation from her job as a governess. In a converse way, leisure becomes a humanizing factor when Silas Marner is prevailed upon to interrupt his work by going to church on Sundays, or when Eppie's

needs take him from his loom into the fields.

The emphasis on rustic occupation in Sand's trilogy and in Adam Bede and Silas Marner requires the expansion of the non-work times, hence the frequent focus on the holiday celebrations in these works. Eliot weaves such events into the threads of her novels as in the case of Arthur's birthday party, where the class distance between Hetty and Arthur is staked out in contrast to their hidden intimacy. At the New Year's Eve party in Silas Marner, the ironies of Godfrey's situation, in love with Nancy but married to Mollie, are also brought out. But Eliot always gives in to her desire also to describe those ritual events unrelated to the story line; hence, the music, dancing and toast-drinking are depicted. The harvest supper in Adam Bede and the tavern scene in Silas Marner are occasions for pure ritual celebration and description, only tangentially related to the plots. And it is to Eliot's talent in portraying with credibility and richness such episodes that she owes her reputation as a rustic novelist. Especially in the debates among the Rainbow frequenters, their reversion to type, and their story-telling capacities, is a rustic atmosphere evoked. However, now and then, a tone of condescension makes us realize that the narrator feels a vast gap in intelligence between herself and her characters.

Sand has two memorable examples of ritual celebrations: the feast day of Saint Andoche in La Petite Fadette is very much woven into the fabric of the plot as Landry fulfills his promise to the witch-like Fadette to dance all bourées with her, and then inclines to give her his sympathy when she becomes a scapegoat. The wedding celebration described in the Epilogue of La Mare au Diable resembles an anthropoligist's

recording of a dying ritual. In the latter instance, Sand's attitude, in contrast to Eliot's, is objective. The characters appear as dignified participants in an ancient and valuable ritual, without strong yearning for lost innocence expressed by the narrator. ——————→ Otherwise, most of the descriptions of interrelationships among the characters comply with the depiction of happy sociability or minor familial worries usual in the pastoral mode, which rarely go deeply into an individual's thought or motivation.

To further this idyllic quality of societal health is the use of children and animals which, in Sand's case, is a simple alignment of such forces on the side of innocence and purity. Little Pierre promotes the love of Germain and Marie while he guards its chastity in La Mare au Diable. Jeannie does the same in François le Champi. A horse protects François from seduction. In La Petite Fadette, it is the youthfulness and naïveté of the characters which protects them, but also Fadette's advanced sense of morality.

George Eliot's treatment of such elements is predictably more complex. In Adam Bede, Little Totty is a factor that could have assured Hetty's innocence if the young woman had been more maternal; this is prophetic of the later abandonment of her infant. In The Mill on the Floss, the child Maggie veers from moments of joy to bitterly cruel unhappiness. The animals too are vulnerable; Tom's rabbits die of neglect. There seems to be no protection for innocence from harmful forces in these two novels. Even in Silas Marner Godfrey's horse is killed. It is only in this third novel, where Eliot has allowed for the nurturing of youth and beauty, that the innocent child grows into a force for love and life.

The motif of fostering which supports Sand's rustic trilogy in its development of the theme of education is allowed to flourish only in the last third of Silas Marner. Of all Eliot's characters in her country novels, only Eppie and Aaron are allowed a happy iniation into a life which promises more happiness. The forces "above," which Dolly Winthrop simply accepts without pretending to understand, have seen fit to allow the light of pleasure to shine on Silas' life, but, inspite of the optimistic ending, the happy vision is possibly transitory, as though the same forces could work to the characters' detriment just as well.

The basic meaning of the pastoral mode, that human beings are ultimately good and deserve protection and nurturing, that nature can be made to subserve the human cause, that the innocent do well to become initiated into the rites of their benevolent society, are all substantiated by Sand's rustic novels. But in Eliot's this is not the case. The larger scope which, of necessity, brings greater complexity and detail of character, plot and setting, as well as the innate pessimism of the English author, does not permit the mandatory pro-vita vision of pastoral.

This is tantamount to saying that the complexity of Eliot's vision certainly forbids her inclusion in the pastoral category. Even allowing the diversity in the Arcadia to remain as a paradigm of English pastoral narrative, there is too great a dichotomy between the humanist's essential faith in the forces of mankind and Eliot's despondent view. If the idyllic vision of Goldsmith is at times evoked by Eliot's flashes of comfortable narrative, it is only temporary. Neither is Sand a pastoralist considering her reaction against the artifice and puffery of

traditional French pastoral which she shows mainly by a lack of affectation in her tone. However, she comes closer to resembling the ancient Greek model because of her greater simiplicity and verisimilitude. In spite of her reputation, the French author is more of a classicist--and less of a Romanticist--than the English novelist, at least in the rustic trilogy. One might go on to generalize from the authors to the traditions from which they stem. There seems to be a greater awareness among French writers and critics that such traditions exist in their literature, and the practitioners seem content to take their places among its other writers. In England, writers seem rather impelled to use their traditions as springboards in what might be termed a romantic urge toward individual expression. The French tradition, therefore, oriented as it is toward the past, is ultimately conservative and classical compared to the English one.

To sum up regarding the categories "rustic" and "pastoral," critics disagree on the degree of realism allowable to qualify a novel for a rustic label; those who see this category as stemming originally from a pastoral impulse--and I would side with these--consider that its realism of regional description needs tempering with an idealizing vision of life. Another term which would therefore be in place by the same token would be "idyll," which similarly conveys an aura of simple happiness. The French term "champêtre," for which there is no English equivalent, allows for pastoral motifs to be included in a genre where rustic activities are the mainstay. Sand wisely used this term for her novels and is undisputedly part of such a category considering her objective descriptions of place and customs, combined with idealizations of the feelings of her lover-characters.

Eliot, in spite of her equal familiarity with the region she is describing, surrenders her objectivity when her descriptions of place become idealized, while the protagonists receive the brunt of her moral realism, weighed down by personal pessimism--a total inversion of the Sandian technique, as well as of the requisite optimism of the rustic category. One would therefore apply the label of pastoral or rustic only to certain aspects of George Eliot's complicated constructions in her first three novels, whereas George Sand's trilogy is rustic in its entirety and pastoral on occasion.

Such basic differences between the two authors--what might grossly be termed simplicity in Sand, complexity in Eliot--elicit totally different reactions from this reader. Eliot's prose evokes an active response, involving the reader's feelings with her detailed descriptions of characters' interiors and exteriors. At times one disputes the narrator's asides; at others one acknowledges their intelligence; but the interest is usually engaged. If the author did not keep such a firm hold on her reader, one would not so much resent the inconsistencies which arise due to manifestations of confusion within the author's psyche. In Sand's case a tight writer-reader relationship is non-existent. One ingests her rustic novels in a casual way. Feelings are disengaged for the reader is convinced the characters are in good hands. A minimum of tension is built up. What rather takes place is admiration as one watches a skillful writer tell a story in a charming style from which emanates an aura of warmth and wisdom. The country novels of Eliot are engrossing in their complex mechanics. The rustic novels of Sand may be ultimately more satisfying as they enrich from a distance which maintains a balance between what men are and what they might be.

The differences in their country novels have been observed as stemming from various causes, among them their childhood backgrounds, native temperaments and physiques, and literary traditions. But undoubtedly the fact that each was portraying a different variety of peasant must also account for their different products. The factors which they have in common with each other and with German peasants as well, if the Riehl essay is accurate, is that both French and English peasants are attached to their customs, are superstitious, and value work, physical strength and chastity. The differences are apparent from the novels. The English peasants as presented by Eliot do not warm to each other, are somewhat brutish in their manners and mentality, speak loudly, are politically insulated and generally honest. Sand's Berrichons are impressed by money and are tight-fisted, talkative, sometimes politically enlightened, quicker witted and far less in awe of their "betters" than their English counterparts. They also seem less rigid in regard to class barriers.

Notwithstanding the tendency of critics to link the two women writers in question, or the similarity of their having country childhoods, or the superficial resemblances of some of their fiction--they both praise georgic labor; they both condemn immodesty; they both deal with rustic customs and types, foundlings, children, animals and nature; they both limit the elements of violence and adventurousness, focussing rather on domestic issues; they both loom large over their characters--an analysis of their individual works has shown them to be largely dissimilar. That is to say, each writer has been affected by and has reacted to the pastoral mode in a vastly different way, but a way which nevertheless is revealing of her own nature and of the nature of that mode.

Notes - Preface

1 Ellen Moers, "Women's Lit: Profession and Tradition," The Columbia Forum, 15 (Fall, 1972; pp. 27-34), p. 27.

2 Mary E. Ponsonby, "George Eliot and George Sand," The Nineteenth Century and After, 50 (July-Dec., 1901), 607-616.

3 Marcel Moraud, Le Romantisme français en Angleterre: de 1814 à 1848 (Paris: Champion, 1933); Paul Van Tieghem, "Le Roman rustique," I-III, Revue des cours et conférences, 33 (mars, avril, mai 1932).

4 Moers, p. 33.

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The Linking of the Georges: Critical Convention and Reality

1 Quoted by Leon Edel in Henry James, Vol. II (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1953), p. 172.

2 Anonymous review, Saturday Review, 9 (April 14, 1860), 470-471, rpt. in George Eliot: The Critical Heritage, ed. David Carroll (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971, pp. 114-119), p. 118. This collection of essays includes that of another critic who bristles visibly at what he deems particularly feminine traits among novelists. In an essentially hostile article reviewing George Eliot's novels in Home and Foreign Review, 3 (Oct., 1863, 522-549, rpt. in Carroll pp. 221-250, p. 241) Richard Simpson, a journalist, Shakespearean scholar and convert to Roman Catholicism writes that

> a supreme passion is inconsistent with honour and delicacy either in men or women: and both the male and female characters of female novelists are liable to this defect . . . . they generally saturate their female characters with passion and sensuality. Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Centilivre, Madame de Staël, George Sand, the Countess Hahn-Hahn, Mrs. Inchbald, Currer Bell, Mrs. Norton, and George Eliot, simply misuse their sex.

Such attitudes seem to justify the assumption of masculine pseudonyms on the part of women novelists. The fact that Eliot's first novel received almost unanimous praise perhaps is related to public ignorance of her identity; once exposed as a woman, a new set of values seems to have been foisted on her.

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3 /George Stovin Venables/ Unsigned review, Edinburgh Review, 124 (Oct., 1866), 435-449, rpt. in Carroll (pp. 278-285), p. 278. Lest we delude ourselves that twentieth century critics have given up such sexist observations, the following remark of Harry Levin, "Janes and Emilies, or the Novelist as Heroine," in Refractions (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), p. 257, certainly made with no malicious intention, will serve to disabuse us:

> It may be a coincidence worth noting that in France and England alike the most articulate lionesses assumed the name of George. There was, indeed, something mannish about both George Eliot and George Sand; both of them achieved careers by flouting the domestic conditions of the day . . . for both Aurore Dupin and Marian Evans the masculine pseudonym was as much a requisite of a literary profession as a room of one's own and a bank account would be to Virginia Woolf.

4 Quoted by Townsend Scudder in Jane Carlyle (New York: Macmillan, 1939), pp. 351-352. Paul Groves Blount's study, "The Reputation of George Sand in Victorian England (1832-1886)," Diss. Cornell 1961, p. 122, shows that "the ethical problem dominated almost all criticism" of the Frenchwoman, with debate centering on Sand's outspoken discussions of marriage and female emancipation. The peak of anti-Sand sentiment was reached in the thirties when such Victorians as John Wilson Croker (in 1836) held Sand's early novels responsible for actual cases of illicit love, suicide and murder which had come into the French newspapers and courts at that time (pp. 55-59). Among the Frenchwoman's most ardent defenders was George Lewes, who, in 1844, seven years before he and Eliot met, maintained that Sand was a moral writer, that she never opposed marriage but only its abuses and that she treated adultery as the most serious of crimes (p. 86). It is no wonder then that when Eliot became a well-known novelist and was revealed in 1859 as a woman writing under a male pseudonym and living with the married Lewes, similar accusations of immorality were raised against her.

5 Gordon Haight, George Eliot: A Biography (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1968), p. 410.

6 Haight, pp. 467-468.

7 Emile Jonveaux, "Felix Holt le radical, par George Elliot /sic/," Le Correspondant, 69 (25 nov. et 25 déc. 1866), 617-618; cited by John Philip Couch, George Eliot in France (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1967), p. 24; in the well-documented study of Couch, to whose material I have freely helped myself, we learn that Jonveaux's abridgment for serial publication of Felix Holt in the ultra-conservative

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Catholic Le Correspondant was responsible for the general adoption of Eliot by French readers with family tastes. In a turnabout from his English counterparts, Jonveaux accuses Sand of having--in Couch's interpretation--"deviated from a more pious course in her earlier novels" compared to the exemplary conscience which dominates Eliot's novels.

8

Couch, on p. 38, describes Weil's enthusiastic account of Daniel Deronda, addressed in 1876 to an audience of French Jews in the Archives Israelites.

9

Edmond Schérer, "Revue de Daniel Deronda," Le Temps (6 mars 1877), p. 292, cited by Couch, p. 74. Schérer was chief literary critic for the newspaper Le Temps from 1861 to 1885. According to Couch's interpretation, Shérer says: "There are no moments of eloquence, no finished effects, as in George Sand; instead the style is 'plus contenu, son art plus sévère'" (p. 74). His enthusiasm for Eliot waxes a few years later as he discovers in her a combination of the disparate qualities of Balzac and Thackeray in their "social tableaux; Defoe, Dickens and Dumas for adventure stories; and George Sand and Rousseau for 'l'éloquence des passions'" (Le Temps (avril 1885), p. 240, cited by Couch, p. 82). However, when it comes to the subject of love, he simply cannot allow Eliot precedence over Sand; in this case he becomes chauvinistic for his country and his sex when he says, according to Couch: "To write convincingly about love the critic thinks one must either be a man or to have the talent, like George Sand, of being able to 'se désexiser'" (Couch, p. 82).

10

Ferdinand Brunetière, her most important champion, sees fit to praise Eliot at the expense of Hugo and Sand, whom he accuses, according to Couch, of "indiscreetly putting too much of themselves in their works" (p. 122). It was in defense of the English writer against the French Naturalists that Brunetière first brought Eliot's name to the attention of the French reading public. Zola had raised a cry against such respected and powerful publications as the Revue des Deux Mondes (Sand's publisher) for sacrificing Naturalism to moralism. They did this, Zola felt, by giving excessive attention to English fiction like that of George Eliot, which was tantamount to pandering to their readers' tastes for the George Sand tradition of "romancier" (Couch, p. 28). By faulting the French Naturalists for a dearth of sympathy, Brunetière was able to raise George Eliot as the prototype of English Naturalism, in which, the critic feels, sympathy is not sacrificed and yet objectivity is maintained. Another aspect of Brunetière's defense of Eliot has to do with what Couch calls "the danger of an excessive and undiscriminating admiration of the Russians" (p. 115) which the critic observed in 1888 and which prompted the following ecumenical question in Brunetière's "Les Nouvelles de M. de Maupassant," Revue des Deux Mondes, 3° per., 89 (1 oct. 1888), 693; cited by Couch, p. 115:

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> Ne pourrions-nous pas les admirer sans leur sacrifier tout à fait les nôtres? et quand je dis les nôtres, je veux dire aussi bien les Anglais, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte [sic], George Eliot, que Balzac et George Sand?

11

In Couch's words, de Heussy proclaimed that "no one of her sex in France, not even George Sand, can approach her in 'cette profondeur de pensée, cette netteté de vision, cette puissance d'observation, qui sont les traits distinctifs de l'écrivain anglais'" in "George Eliot," Le Livre, 10e année (jan. 1889), p. 16, cited by Couch, p. 110.

Lemaître, in 1894, expressed the climax of French impatience with foreign influences. Couch quotes Lemaître's virulent essay, "De l'influence récente des littératures du nord," Revue des Deux Mondes, 3e per., 126 (15 déc. 1894), 850; cited by Couch, p. 117, in which he finds one George to be enough:

> Il y a sans doute autant de bonhomie robuste et charmante, autant de goût pour la vie simple et les détails familiers, autant de complaisance et d'art à nous faire sentir, quelle qu'en soit l'enveloppe et la condition sociale, combien c'est intéressant et digne d'attention une âme humaine; il y a, je le veux bien, autant de tout cela chez le George d'outre Manche que chez le George français; je dis qu'il n'en a pas plus, parce que je crois que c'est impossible. Et ma grande raison, c'est que je le crois.

12

In his biography of Eliot, Gordon Haight quotes Myer's letter in which he compares her accomplishment to that of her female predecessors, including Sand (F. W. H. Myers to George Eliot, Dec. 8, 1872, Yale; Haight, p. 471):

> You seem now to be the only person who can make life appear potentially noble and interesting without starting from any assumptions. . . . others who have shown more or less of the same power of rising into clear air,--Mme. de Staël in Corinne, Mrs. Craven in Fleurange, George Sand in Consuelo--have all needed some fixed point to lean against before they could spread wings and soar.

13

Sidney Colvin, "Daniel Deronda," Fortnightly Review, 20 (July-Dec., 1876, 601-616), 614-615, claims that

> The art of fiction has reached its highest point in the hands of these two women. . . . George Sand excells in the poetical part of her art. George Eliot excels in the philosophical. . . . George Eliot, while she speaks much more to our understanding, never speaks to our imagination in so pure, single and harmonious a way as George Sand. . . . to each her own crown.

14
Edward Dowden, "George Eliot," Contemporary Review (Aug., 1872), pp. 403-422, rpt. in A Century of George Eliot Criticism, ed. Gordon S. Haight (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1965, pp. 64-73), p. 72; though generally sympathetic to Eliot, this critic remarks:

> Maggie returns to St. Oggs: Fedalma and Don Silva part: Romola goes back to her husband's house. We can imagine how unintelligible such moral situations, and such moral solutions, would appear to a great female novelist in France.

15
John Ruskin, "Fiction--Fair and Foul," Nineteenth Century, 10 (Oct. 1881), 516-531, rpt. in A Century of George Eliot Criticism, pp. 64-73. Ruskin insists (on p. 72) that The Mill on the Floss be labeled as "essentially Cockney literature,--developed only in the London suburbs, and feeding the demands of the rows of similar brick houses, which branch in devouring cancer round every manufacturing town," but his true colors emerge when he favors "the really romantic literature of France. Georges [Sic] Sand is often immoral; but she is always beautiful." The fact that Eliot had died the previous year perhaps freed Ruskin to express himself sincerely with regard to both women writers.

16
William Ernest Henley, Views and Reviews: Essays in Appreciation (London: Charles Scribner's, 1890), pp. 130-132, rpt. in A Century of George Eliot Criticism (pp. 161-162), p. 162.

17
Henry James, "Daniel Deronda: A Conversation," Atlantic Monthly, 38 (Dec., 1876), 684-694, rpt. in George Eliot: The Critical Heritage (pp. 417-433), p. 422.

18
Fyodor M. Dostoievsky, "A Few Words about George Sand," from The Diary of a Writer, Vol. I, trans. Boris Brasol (London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1949), pp. 344-350, rpt. in Aspects of Fiction: A Handbook, ed. Howard E. Hugo (Boston: Little, Brown, 1962, pp. 58-64), p. 60.

19
Virginia Woolf, "George Eliot," The Common Reader: First Series (1925;rpt. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1953, pp. 166-176), p. 166.

20
George P. Creeger, "Introduction," George Eliot: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. George R. Creeger (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice Hall, 1970), p. 1.

21
Albert Thibaudet, "Le Centenaire de George Eliot," Réflexions sur le roman (Paris: Gallimard, 1938), p. 91.

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22

Marcel Moraud, Le Romantisme français en Angleterre: de 1814 à 1848 (Paris: Champion, 1933), finds evidence of Sand's imprint on the formation of George Eliot's "esprit" from the youthful attraction of Mary Ann Evans to Sand as a romantic soul-mate and, later, in the religious and intellectual liberation which manifested itself in Eliot's life and work. Although he does not pretend to follow the influence of Sand on Eliot's work, this critic observes more than negligible traces of Romanticism in Eliot's first two novels (especially in the scene in The Mill on the Floss where Maggie and Stephen are carried out to sea in a rowboat), "et d'un romantisme qui s'apparente étroitement à celui de George Sand et de Rousseau" (p. 413).

23

Pierre Salomon, George Sand, Connaissance des Lettres 38 (Paris: Hatier, 1953), pp. 172-174.

24

Bibliographie des ourvrages en langue française parus dans le monde entier, 32-37 (Paris: Hachette, 1966-1971).

Zeller, Otto, et. al., comps. Internationale Bibliografie der Zeitschriftenliteratur aus allen Gebieten des Wissens. 1963-1975.

25

Samuel Edwards /pseud. for Noel Bertram Gerson/, George Sand: A Biography of the First Modern Liberated Woman (New York: McKay, 1972); Curtis Cate, George Sand (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1975).

26

A recent example is the article of J. V. Arnold, "George Sand's Mauprat and Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights" which appeared in the Revue de littérature comparée in 1972. Articles have appeared in Germany, Italy and Finland. More usual are articles that deal with Sand as a literary personality. Patricia Thomson has recently published two such articles: "Elizabeth Barrett and George Sand" and "George Sand and English Reviewers: The First Twenty Years." Both appeared in 1972, the first in Durham University Journal, 33, 205-219; the second in Modern Language Review, 67, 501-516.

27

Répertoire des livres de langue française disponible, 1972, Paris: France-Expansion.

28

K. A. McKenzie, "George Eliot and George Sand," Australasian Universities Language and Literatures Association Proceedings /2/ (1964), pp. 61-62. His is the single study of this century which I have found that deals solely and comparatively with Sand and Eliot. In a brief sketch of what was probably a more extended talk, this critic notices a negative reaction in the work of Eliot to that of Sand but agrees to a strong positive but personal influence.

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29 Patricia Thomson, "The Three Georges," Nineteenth Century Fiction, 18:2 (Sept., 1963), 137-150. The whole question of morality which is linked with sex in the minds of nineteenth century English critics, has been pretty much ignored in comparisons of the two novelists since the turn of the century. Of our present day critics, only Miss Thomson points out how both women lived outside the legal ties of marriage yet acted as moralists in their fiction.

30 Paul Groves Blount, "The Reputation of George Sand in Victorian England (1832-1886)," Diss. Cornell 1961. (See above p. 434, Note 4)

31 See Preface and Notes to Preface, p. 433.

32 Blount, p. 251. Blount's study devotes a chapter to the influence of Sand on Eliot. Some of the same material will be presented later in this chapter. However, owing to the publication of George Eliot's essays in 1963 and the definitive biography by Gordon Haight in 1968, I was able to go further than Blount in filling in the connections.

33 Haight, p. 59.

34 The George Eliot Letters, ed. Gordon S. Haight (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1954), I, 275; subsequently referred to as Letters.

35 Letters, I, 277-278.

36 Letters, II, 31.

37 Letters, II, 91.

38 Haight in Chapter V, "The Need to Be Loved," attempts to reconstruct the sequence of events which led to their union, which he speculates dates from mid-September 1853.

39 Moraud, p. 407.

40 Blount, p. 237.

41 Thomson, p. 143.

42 Haight, p. 130.

43 George Lewes, "George Sand's Recent Novels," Foreign Quarterly Review, 37 (April, 1846), 12-20.

44 Haight, in the second part of Chapter III, "High Attics,"

describes the ménage à quatre over which John Chapman presided during 1851 when Eliot came to live there as a boarder, with Chapman, his wife Susanna, and his mistress--governess to his two children--Elizabeth Tilley.

45

In April, 1850, Lewes' wife Agnes gave birth to a fifth son, whose father was Thornton Hunt, Lewes' colleague and friend, and whom Lewes registered as his own son. According to Haight: "There were no recriminations on either side. Agnes had merely followed her feelings; it was a principle they all accepted." Lewes continued to live with his wife and children. However, when Agnes bore Hunt a second child in October, 1851, Lewes ceased to regard her as his wife. Haight gives this account on pp. 131-132.

46

Haight, p. 12.

47

Letters, I (to Sara Hennell, Aug. 20, 1849), 299.

As tu vu la lune se lever
Dans un ciel d'azur sans voile?
Mille gouttes de rosée réflèchissent
Sa lumière, comme autant d'étoiles.

Un violet du printemps cueilles
Et le caches bien dans ton sein,
De la délicieuse odeur
Tu et tes vêtements seront pleins.

Ainsi lorsqu'une belle âme se montre
Elle revêtit tant de ses charmes:--
Ainsi son souvenir gardons
Quoique, hélas! il tire nos larmes.

48

Haight, p. 77.

49

Letters, III (to François D'Albert Durade, Dec. 6, 1859), 230.

50

Haight, p. 79.

51

Reference to Rousseau, p. 59; Sainte-Beuve, p. 118 and p. 505; Michelet, p. 349; Balzac, p. 428; Renan, p. 472; Turgeniev, p. 505; Zola, p. 505.

52

Letters, II (Aug. 16, 1854), 171.

53

Letters, I (Feb. 15, 1850), 330.

54

Rachel in Phèdre, Letters, II (to Cara Bray, June 13, 1853), 103; Rachel in Adrienne Lecouvreur, Letters, II (to Cara Bray and Sara Hennell, June 17, 1853), 103; Lemaître in Paillasse, Letters, II (to Sara Hennell, Sept. 22, 1856), 263; Stella Colas in Juliet, Letters, IV (to Sara Hennell, July 11, 1863), 92; Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt in L'Etrangère, Letters, VI (George Lewes to Charles Lee Lewes, June 15-16, 1876), 264; Coquelin in Tabarin, Letters, VII (to Charles Lee Lewes, June 10, 1879), 162.

55 Letters, II (June 28, 1854), 162.

56 Letters, VI (Oct. 26, 1874), 86.

57 George Eliot, "Woman in France: Madame de Sablé," Westminster Review, 42 (Oct., 1854), 448-473, rpt. in Essays of George Eliot, ed. Thomas Pinney (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1963), pp. 52-81; subsequently referred to as Essays.

58 Essays, p. 54.

59 Essays, p. 55.

60 George Sand, "Notice," Oeuvres: Jeanne (Paris: J. Hetzel, 1852), p. 1.

61 Essays, p. 56.

62 Pinney, ed. Essays, p. 52.

63 Haight, p. 15.

64 Haight, p. 30.

65 Letters, I (March 8, 1848), 252-253.

66 André Maurois, Lélia, tr. Gerard Hopkins (New York: Harper, 1953), p. 204. Maurois quotes from George Sand, Histoire de ma vie, IV, 328.

67 Maurois, pp. 204-205.

68 Maurois, p. 208.

69 Maurois, p. 330.

70 McKenzie, p. 61.

71 Haight, pp. 44-45.

72 Haight, p. 99.

73 Haight, p. 58.

74 Letters, I (Cara Bray to Sara Hennell, Feb. 14, 1846), 206.

75 George Sand, Oeuvres autobiographiques, ed. Georges Lubin (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), I, 948.

76 Haight, p. 264.

77 George Eliot, "Prelude," Middlemarch (New York: New American Library, 1964), p. vii.

78 Letters, II (to Sara Hennell, April 17, 1858), 451.

79 George Eliot, Adam Bede (New York: Washington Square Press, 1956), p. 173.

80 The Oxford Companion to English Literature, 4th ed., Sir Paul Harvey (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1967), p. 303.

81 George Eliot, "The Natural History of German Life," Westminster Review, 46 (July, 1856), 51-79, rpt. in Essays, ed. Pinney (pp. 266-299), p. 268.

82 George Sand, La Mare au Diable (Paris: Garnier, 1962), p. 8.

83 Ibid., p. 11.

84 Oeuvres auto., II, 139.

85 Lubin, "Notes," Oeuvres auto., II, 1336, nº 1.

86 George Sand, Legendes rustiques (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1877), p. 67.

87 J. W. Cross, ed., George Eliot's Life: as Related in her Letters and Journals (1885; rpt. New York: AMS Press, 1965), pp. 212-213.

88 Thibaudet, p. 93.

89 Oeuvres auto., II, 37.

90 Letters, I (to Martha Jackson, Oct. 20, 1840), 70.

91 Letters, I (Cara Bray to Sara Hennell, Feb. 14, 1846), 206.

92 Letters, I (Oct. 6, 1851), 365.

93 In the Index to Letters, VII, 437, Haight refers to fifteen instances of Eliot's dislike of cold as mentioned in her letters.

94 George Sand, Correspondance: 1812-1876 (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1882), II (à Mme. d'Agoult, 10 juillet 1836), 4.

95 Letters, I (Nov. 8, 1843), 165.

96 Letters, I (Aug. 20, 1849), 298.

97 Letters, I (Oct. .., 1851), 371.

98 Oeuvres auto., I, 7.

99 Oeuvres auto., I, 6.

100 Letters, I (to Martha Jackson, April 21, 1845), 189.

101 Letters, I (Cara Bray to Sara Hennell, Sept. 11, 1848), 272.

102 Letters, I (to Cara Bray, Nov. 20, 1843), 165.

103 Letters, I (Nov. 5, 1846), 225.

104 Oeuvres auto., I, 420.

105 Oeuvres auto., I, 421.

106 Oeuvres auto., I, 55-56.

107 Oeuvres auto., I, 1127.

108 Correspondance, II (à Mme. d'Agoult, 10 juillet 1836), 3.

109 Aimee L. McKenzie, trans., The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters (1921; rpt. New York: Liveright, 1949; to G. Sand, Sept. 3, 1871), p. 210.

110 Oeuvres auto., I, 15-16.

111 Letters, I (April 18, 1849), 281.

112 George Eliot, "Three Months in Weimar," Fraser's Magazine, 51 (June, 1855), 699-706, rpt. in Essays (pp. 82-95), p. 87.

113 George Eliot, "Poetry and Prose from the Notebook of an Eccentric," Coventry Herald and Observer, Dec. 4, 1846, p. 2b; Jan. 15, 1847, p. 2b; Feb. 5, 1847, p. 2bc; Feb. 12, 1847, p. 2ab; Feb. 19, 1847, p. 2ab, Essays, p. 15.

114 Oeuvres auto., I, 11.

115 Haight, p. 65.

116 Letters, I (to Sara Hennell, Feb. 9, 1849), 277.

117 Letters, I (Oct. 9, 1843), 163.

118 Emile Zola, "George Sand," Documents littéraires (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1912), pp. 216-217.

119 Maurois, pp. 171-172; the author quotes Alfred de Musset, Confessions d'un enfant du siècle, p. 227.

120 Correspondance, II (à Carla Marliani, 13 août 1841), 173.

121 A. McKenzie (to G. Flaubert, Oct. 1, 1866), p. 19.

122 Letters, III (July 5, 1859), 111.

123 A. McKenzie (to G. Flaubert, Dec. 8, 1874), p. 330.

124 Haight, p. 532.

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125 Haight, pp. 549-550.

126 Edith Thomas, George Sand (Paris: Editions Universitaires, 1959), pp. 125-126; the author quotes Hugo, Depuis l'exil, II, pp. 151-152 and Lettre de Flaubert à Tourgueneff, 25 Juin 1876 dans Correspondance, VII, p. 311.

127 /Leslie Stephen/ Unsigned obituary article, Cornhill, 43 (Feb., 1881), 152-168, rpt. in Carroll (pp. 464-484), p. 472.

128 Thomas, pp. 126-127; the author quotes Dostoievski, Journal d'un écrivain, 1876.

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Pastoral Prelude: Early Life of the Two Authors and Their Formation of Values

1 J. W. Cross, ed., George Eliot's Life: as Related in her Letters and Journals (1885; rpt. New York: AMS Press, 1965), p. 3.

2 George Sand, Oeuvres autobiographiques, ed. Georges Lubin (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), I, 566.

3 Cross, p. 5.

4 Gordon Haight, George Eliot: A Biography (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1968), p. 3.

5 Cross, p. 4.

6 Cross, p. 10.

7 Haight, p. 5; the author quotes passage deleted from ms. The Mill on the Floss.

8 Cross, p. 9.

9 Haight, p. 22.

10 Haight, p. 4.

11 Cross, p. 7.

12 The George Eliot Letters, ed. Gordon S. Haight (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1954), III, p. 168-169.

13 Cross, p. 18.

14 Haight, p. 1.

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15 Cross, p. 8.

16 Haight, p. 24.

17 Cross, p. 13.

18 George Eliot, The Mill on the Floss (New York: Harper & Row, 1965), p. 12.

19 Haight, p. 25; but in 1841, she rejects even this minor form of fancy, ending her letter to Maria Lewis as follows: "May I call you Maria? I feel our friendship too serious a thing to endure even an artificial name. And restore to me Mary Ann" (Letters, I, 116). She was not quite twenty-two years old; her brother had recently married; her tutor in French and German, Mr. Brezzi, whom she had confidentially called "all external graces and mental power" (Letters, I, 51), had made no attempt to reciprocate the attraction, and Mary Ann was feeling pessimistic about her love prospects.

20 Letters, I, 96-97.

21 Letters, I, 85-86.

22 Letters, I, 364.

23 Haight, p. 3.

24 Oeuvres auto., I, 823. Note how the names of her companions seem much closer to romance than reality in this recollected description.

25 Michelle S. Tourneur, "George Sand et Grenoble," Hommage à George Sand par H. Bonnet, et al. (Grenoble: Université de Grenoble, Publications de la Faculté des Lettres et Sciences Humaines #46, Presses Universitaires de France, 1969), p. 9.

26 Oeuvres auto., I, 529.

27 Letters, I, 173.

28 Letters, I, 209.

29 Haight, p. 62; the author quotes Sara Hennell's explanation to Edith Simcox according to Simcox Autobiography, a ms. journal kept by Simcox, 1876-1900, called "Autobiography of a Shirt Maker" (Bodleian: Eng. misc. d. 494).

30 Eliot writes to Sara Hennell, Nov. 5, 1846: ". . . I want to complete Xenophon's Works. I have the Anabasis -- and I might perhaps get a nice edition of the Memorabilia and Cyropedia. . ." (Letters, I, 225).

31 Letters, I, 261.

32 Haight, p. 52.

33 Letters, I, 264.

34 George Eliot, "Poetry and Prose from the Notebook of an Eccentric," Coventry Herald and Observer, Dec. 4, 1846, p. 2b; Jan. 15, 1847, p. 2b; Feb. 5, 1847, p. 2bc; Feb. 12, 1847, p. 2ab; Feb. 19, 1847, p. 2ab, rpt. in Essays of George Eliot, ed. Thomas Pinney (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1963), p. 20.

35 The archangel Michael told Satan he would leave his judgment to God; see Jude, 9.

36 Oeuvres auto., I, 542.

37 George Sand estimated her own education in her correspondence with Gustave Flaubert: "Since the beginning of my intellectual blooming, when, studying quite alone at the bedside of my paralyzed grandmother, or in the fields at the times when I entrusted her to Deschartres, I asked myself the most elementary questions about society; I was no more advanced at seventeen than a child of six, not as much! thanks to Deschartres, my father's teacher, who was a contradiction from his head to his feet, much learning and little sense; thanks to the convent into which they stuck me, God knows why, as they believed in nothing; thanks also to a purely Restoration surrounding in which my grandmother, a philosopher, but dying, breathed her last without resisting further the monarchical current.

Then I read Chateaubriand, and Rousseau; I passed from the Gospels to the Contrat social. I read the history of the Revolution written by the pious, the history of France, written by philosophers; and, one fine day, I made all that agree like light proceeding from two lamps, and I had principles. Don't laugh, very candid, childish principles which have remained with me through all, through Lélia and the romantic epoch, through love and doubt, enthusiasm and disenchantments. To love, to make sacrifices only to reconsider when the sacrifice is harmful to those who are the object of it, and to sacrifice oneself again in the hope of serving a real cause, love . . . not . . . personal passion, but love of race, of the widening sentiment of self-love, of the horror of the isolated moi" (Aimee L. McKenzie, trans., The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters (1921; rpt. New York: Liveright, 1949; pp. 261-262)).

38 Oeuvres auto., I, 541.

39 George Eliot, "Three Months in Weimar," Fraser's Magazine, 51 (June, 1855), 699-706, rpt. in Essays (pp. 82-95), p. 88.

40 Oeuvres auto., II, 161.

41 Correspondance, II (à Charles Poncy, 12 sept. 1844), 313-314.

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[42] George Eliot, "The Natural History of German Life," Westminster Review, 46 (July, 1856), 51-79, rpt. in Essays (pp. 266-299), p. 268.

[43] George Sand, "Préface I," La Petite Fadette (Paris: Garnier-Flammarion, 1967), p. 37.

[44] George Sand, "Notice," La Mare au Diable et François le Champi (Paris: Garnier, 1962), pp. 3-4.

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Terminology and Tradition: Rustic and Pastoral

[1] Anonymous Review, "George Sand and George Eliot," Saturday Review, 42 (Nov. 4, 1876; 561-562), 562.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Sidney Colvin, "Daniel Deronda," Fortnightly Review, 20 (July-Dec., 1876; 601-616), 616.

[5] Algernon Charles Swinburne, A Note on Charlotte Brontë (1877), rpt. in George Eliot: The Critical Heritage, ed. David Carroll (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971; pp. 163-165), p. 163.

[6] /Leslie Stephen/ Unsigned obituary article, Cornhill, 43 (Feb., 1881), 152-168, rpt. in Carroll (pp. 464-484), p. 472.

[7] Leslie Stephen, George Eliot (London: Macmillan, 1902), p. 111.

[8] Mathilde Blind, George Eliot (Boston: Roberts, 1885), pp. 194-195.

[9] Martha Hale Shackford, "A Definition of the Pastoral Idyll," PMLA, 19 (1904; 583-592), 586-587.

[10] Shackford, p. 587.

[11] J. Stecher, "Les Croyances berrichonnes et les idylles de George Sand," Revue de Belgique, 25 (1877), 98-113.

[12] E. Aubert, Littérature française (New York: Henry Holt, 1897), p. 117.

[13] Emile Faguet, Dix-neuvième siècle (Paris: Boivin, 1900), p. 395.

[14] Edward Dowden, A History of French Literature (London: Wm. Heinemann, 1904), p. 403.

15 Wm. A. Nitze and E. Preston Dorgan, A History of French Literature (New York: Henry Holt, 1922), p. 575, and Kathleen T. Butler, A History of French Literature, II (1923; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1966), 131.

16 René Doumic, Histoire de la littérature française (Paris: Paul Delaplane, 1915); Léon Levrault, Le Roman des origines à nos jours (Paris: Mellottee, 1932), p. 90; René Jasinski, Histoire de la littérature française, II (Paris: A. G. Nizet, 1966), 298; Wladimir Karénine, George Sand: sa vie et ses oeuvres, III (Paris: Librairie Plon, 1912), 637.

17 L. Vincent, George Sand et le Berry: Vol. II, Le Berry dans l'oeuvre de George Sand (Paris: Edouard Champion, 1919).

18 Henry James, "George Sand," French Poets and Novelists (London: Macmillan, 1893), p. 181.

19 Albert Thibaudet, Histoire de la littérature française (Paris: Stock, 1936), p. 242.

20 Philippe Van Tieghem, Histoire de la littérature française (Paris: Arthème Fayard, 1949), p. 468.

21 Paul Guth, Histoire de la littérature française, II (Paris: Arthème Fayard, 1967), 204.

22 C.-A. Sainte-Beuve, Causeries du lundi, I (Paris: Garnier, n.d.) 351.

23 Lionel Stevenson, The English Novel (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1960), p. 363.

24 Irving Howe, Thomas Hardy (New York: Macmillan, 1967), p. 77.

25 Graham Hough, "Introduction," The Last Romantics (London: Gerald Duckworth, 1949), xi.

26 Walter Allen, The English Novel (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1954), p. 258.

27 V. S. Pritchett, The Living Novel (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1947), pp. 91-92.

28 Ian Milner, The Structure of Values in George Eliot (Prague: Universita Karlova, 1968).

29 Ibid., p. 30

30 U. C. Knoepflmacher, George Eliot's Early Novels: The Limits of Realism (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1968), p. 230.

31 Jerome Thale, The Novels of George Eliot (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1959), p. 66.

32 John Holloway, The Victorian Sage: Studies in Argument (New York: W. W. Norton, 1953), p. 153.

33 Lilian Haddakin, "Silas Marner," Critical Essays on George Eliot, ed. Barbara Hardy (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1970), p. 59.

34 John Bayley, "The Pastoral of the Intellect," Critical Essays on George Eliot, p. 199.

35 Paul Van Tieghem, "Le Roman rustique," I, Revue des cours et conférences, 33 (mars 1932), 695-706.

36 "Le Roman rustique," II (avril 1932; 1-19), 11.

37 "Le Roman rustique," III (mai 1932; 264-275), 272.

38 Rudolph Zellweger, Les Débuts du roman rustique: Suisse, Allemagne, France, 1836-1856 (Paris: E. Droz, 1941), p. 117.

39 Paul Vernois, Le Roman rustique de George Sand à Ramuz (Paris: Nizet, 1962), p. 23.

40 Walter W. Greg, Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama (London, 1906; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1959), p. 3.

41 Mia I. Gerhardt, Essai d'analyse littéraire de la pastorale (Assen: Van Gorcum, 1950), p. 303.

42 J. E. Congleton, Theories of Pastoral Poetry in England: 1684-1793 (Gainesville: Univ. of Florida Press, 1952).

43 Michael Squires, "The Pastoral Novel: Studies in George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, D. H. Lawrence," Diss. Univ. of Maryland 1969, p. 2.

44 William Empson, Some Versions of Pastoral (1935; rpt. New York: New Directions, 1974).

45 Among critics in whom an Empsonian ring is detected are Frank Kermode, English Pastoral Poetry from the Beginnings to Marvell (New York: W. W. Norton, 1952); Harold E. Toliver, Marvell's Ironic Vision (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1960); John Lynen, The Pastoral Art of Robert Frost (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1960); Leo Marx, The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America (New York: Oxford: Univ. Press, 1964). Among Empsonians who find pastoral elements in Eliot's works are John Bayley, Lawrence Lerner and Ian Milner. Anthony G. Bradley's dissertation, "Pastoral in the Novels of George Eliot" (SUNY, 1972) begins by acknowledging acceptance of Empson's definition of pastoral.

46 Squires, p. 8.

47 Renato Poggioli, "The Oaten Flute," Harvard Library Bulletin, 11 (Spring, 1957; 147-184), 134.

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48 "The Pastoral of the Self," Daedalus, 88 (1959; 689-699), 697.

49 "Naboth's Vineyard or the Pastoral View of the Social Order," JHI, 24 (1963), 3-24.

50 "The Oaten Flute," 156-157.

51 Robin Magowan, "The Art of Pastoral Narrative: Sand, Fromentin, Jewett," Diss. Yale Univ., 1964, pp. 18-19.

52 Shackford, p. 587.

53 Thomas G. Rosenmeyer, The Green Cabinet: Theocritus and the European Pastoral Lyric (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1969), p. 6.

54 J. M. Edmonds, ed., Daphnis and Chloe by Longus, tr. George Thornley (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1916), xii; all subsequent references are to this edition.

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58 Frederick Charles Christie, "Longus and the Development of the Pastoral Tradition," Diss. Harvard Univ., 1972, pp. 204-206.

59 Lucretius, On the Nature of the Universe, tr. James Mantinband (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1965), p. 5; all subsequent references are to this edition.

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The Pastoral Tradition in French Fiction

1 Walter W. Greg, Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama (1905; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1959), p. 18.

2 Warner Forrest Patterson, Three Centuries of French Poetic Theory, II (1935; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1966), 771.

3 B. W. Wells, "Astrée, the First French Novel," Sewanee Review, 8 (1900), 179-190.

4 Maurice Magendie, ed., L'Astrée /Extraits/ par Honoré d'Urfé (Paris: Larousse, 1935), p. 8.

5 Greg, p. 43.

6 F. M. Warren, A History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century (1895; rpt. Folcroft, Penna.: Folcroft Press, 1969), p. 281.

7 D'Urfé, p. 18.

8 George Saintsbury, A History of the French Novel (1917; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1964), I, 166.

9 Magendie, p. 9.

10 Magendie, p. 10. "Il est certain qu'il s'est parfois dépeint lui-même sous les traits de Céladon. . . ." This would be in keeping with Sannazarro's fictionalized portrait of himself as Sincero in Arcadia, and with Sir Philip Sidney's of himself as Philisides in his Arcadia.

11 Magendie, p. 9.

12 Magendie, p. 11.

13 George Sand, Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré (Paris: Calmann-Levy, 1886), I, 277.

14 Léon Levrault, Le Roman des origines à nos jours (Paris: Mellotté, 1932), p. 92.

15 Saintsbury, p. 175.

16 Warren, p. 283.

17 Henri Coulet, Histoire du roman en France (France: Armand Colin, 1967), I, 150.

18 N. H. Clement, Romanticism in France (New York: Modern Language Association, 1939), p. 363.

19 Clement, p. 359.

20 Christie Macdonald Vance, "La Nouvelle Héloïse: A Study of the Pastoral Vision in Rousseau," Dissertation Abstracts, 30 (1970), 3438A (Yale).

21 Robin Magowan, "The Art of Pastoral Narrative: Sand, Fromentin, Jewett," Diss. Yale University 1964, pp. 18-19.

22 Sainte-Beuve: Selected Essays, tr. and ed. Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman (London: Methuen, 1965), p. 254.

23 L. Vincent, George Sand et le Berry: Vol. II, Le Berry dans l'oeuvre de George Sand (Paris: Edouard Champion, 1919), 11.

24 Rudolf Zellweger, Les débuts du roman rustique: Suisse-Allemagne-France, 1836-1856 (Paris: E. Droz, 1941), p. 133.

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25 Paul Vernois, Le Roman rustique de George Sand à Ramuz (Paris: Nizet, 1962), p. 17.

26 Vernois, pp. 24-25, quotes and summarizes Florian's essay and novel.

27 Vernois, p. 25.

28 George Sand, La Mare au Diable et François le Champi, ed. P. Salomon et J. Mallion (Paris: Garnier, 1962), p. 213.

29 Greg, p. 12.

30 François le Champi, pp. 212-213.

31 P. Salomon and J. Mallion, p. 408.

32 Wladimir Karénine, George Sand: sa vie et ses oeuvres, III (Paris: Plon, 1912), 373-374.

33 Karénine, p. 636.

34 Karénine, p. 638.

35 Zellweger, p. 122.

Notes - Part II, Chapter 2

La Mare au Diable

1 See Note 28 above. All subsequent references to these novels will be to this edition.

2 Erwin Panofsky, in his article "Et in Arcadia Ego," in Philosophy and History: Essays Presented to Ernst Cassirer, ed. R. Klibansky and H. J. Paton (Oxford: Clarendon, 1936), pp. 223-254; rpt. in Pastoral and Romance, ed. Eleanor Terry Lincoln (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1969), pp. 25-46, has discussed the various memento mori devices in relation to pastoral and how they maintain the elegiac mood.

3 Salomon and Mallion, note, p. 31.

4 C.-A. Sainte-Beuve, Causeries du lundi (Paris: Garnier, n.d.), I, 361.

5 Vincent, p. 209.

6 Thomas G. Rosenmeyer, The Green Cabinet: Theocritus and the European Pastoral Lyric (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1969), p. 21.

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7 Vincent, p. 181.

8 George Sand, Oeuvres autobiographiques, ed. Georges Lubin (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), I, 684-687.

Notes - Part II, Chapter 3

François le Champi

1 George Sand, Correspondance 1812-1876 (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1882), II, 374.

2 Karénine, p. 674.

3 Oeuvres auto., I, 8. Sand claims her socialism had become instinctive to her when she sets forth her reasons for writing her autobiography:

> Mon siècle a fait jaillir les étincelles de la vérité qu'il couve; je les ai vues, et je sais où en sont les foyers principaux, cela me suffit. J'ai cherché jadis la lumière dans des faits de psychologie. C'était absurde. Quand j'ai compris que cette lumière était dans des principes, et que ses principes etaient en moi sans venir de moi, j'ai pu, sans trop d'effort ni de mérite, entrer dans le repos de l'esprit.

4 Vincent, p. 85.

5 Alexander Herman Schutz, "The Peasant Vocabulary in the Works of George Sand," Univ. of Missouri Studies, 2, No. 1 (1927), 1-114. Schutz discusses the positive and negative responses of Sand's countrymen on pp. 11-12.

6 Schutz, p. 102.

Notes - Part II, Chapter 4

La Petite Fadette

1 Karénine, p. 676.

2 Sainte-Beuve, I, 352.

3 Geneviève van den Bogaert, ed., La Petite Fadette par George Sand (Paris: Garnier-Flammarion, 1967), p. 10, quotes Sand's letters to Hetzel.

4 See note 3 above. All subsequent references to La Petite Fadette will be to this edition.

Notes - Part II, Chapter 4

5 Vincent, p. 87.

6 Magowan, p. 30.

7 Pierre Salomon, George Sand, Connaissance des Lettres, No. 38 (Paris: Hatier-Boivin, 1953), p. 164.

8 Van den Bogaert, p. 20.

9 Lubin, Oeuvres auto., I, xviii. Lubin quotes this letter in his "Introduction."

10 Oeuvres auto., I, 465.

11 Oeuvres auto., I, 835.

12 Vincent, pp. 234-235.

Notes - Part II, Chapter 5

Summary on George Sand's Rustic Trilogy

1 Marcel Moraud, Le Romantisme français en Angleterre: de 1814 à 1848 (Paris: Honoré Champion, 1933), p. 358.

2 Kathryn Belle Hildebran, "Elements of Realism in the Novels of George Sand: 1832-1848," Diss. Univ. of Chicago, 1938, p. 224.

3 Zellweger, p. 132.

4 Paul Van Tieghem, "Le Roman rustique (Suisse-Allemagne-France-Angleterre)" II, Revue des Cours et Conférences, 33 (avril 1932), 1-19.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 1

The Pastoral Tradition in English Fiction

1 Jean Robertson, ed., The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia (The Old Arcadia) by Sir Philip Sidney (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1973), p. xx. All subsequent references to Roberson's "Introduction" and/or Sidney's Arcadia will be to this edition and will follow the quotation or paraphrase in either Roman numbers for Robertson's text, or Arabic numbers for Sidney's text.

2 Walter W. Greg, Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama (1905; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1959), p. 47.

3 Samuel Lee Wolff, The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1912). This author feels that the Greek romances made themselves felt in English fiction especially through Sidney's Arcadia, which remained popular throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He specifically names Richardson and Scott as influenced by Greek romances through the Arcadia (p. 463).

4 J. J. Jusserand, The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare, tr. Elizabeth Lee (1890; rpt. London: Ernest Benn, 1966), p. 244. Reference to Sidney from Bk. II, 99.

5 Wolff, pp. 122-123.

6 Greg, p. 4.

7 Greg, p. 150.

8 Jusserand, p. 245.

9 C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson, Ben Jonson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1927), III, pp. 476-477.

10 John Milton, "Eikonoklastes," Complete Poems and Major Prose, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (New York: Odyssey Press, 1957), p. 793.

11 Francis Hovey Stoddard, The Evolution of the English Novel (New York: Macmillan, 1923), p. 39.

12 Lionel Stevenson, The English Novel (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1960), p. 28.

13 Michael George Squires, "The Pastoral Novel: Studies in George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and D. H. Lawrence," Diss. Univ. of Maryland 1969, p. 55.

14 Walter Allen, The English Novel (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1954), p. 9.

15 J. M. Dent, "Introduction," The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith (London: J. M. Dent, 1908), pp. v-vii. All subsequent references are to this edition.

16 Gordon Haight, George Eliot: A Biography (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1968), p. 184. The author quotes from the July, 1856 quarter of Westminster Review.

17 The George Eliot Letters, ed. Gordon S. Haight (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1954), II, 269, Richmond, Nov. 6, 1856.

18 Letters, II, 409, Richmond, Dec. 6, 1857.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 1

19 /Samuel Lucas/, Unsigned review, The Times (Jan. 2, 1858), 9, rpt. in A Century of George Eliot Criticism, ed. Gordon S. Haight (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1965), pp. 1-2.

20 /Anne Mozley/, Unsigned review, Bentley's Quarterly Review, 1 (July, 1859), 433-456, rpt. in George Eliot: The Critical Heritage, ed. David Carroll (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971), pp. 86-103.

21 Haight, p. 21.

22 Letters, I, 201; Sara Hennell to Mrs. James Hennell, Edinburgh, Oct. 24, 1845.

23 Haight, p. 342. Quoted by Haight from the April 13, 1861 issue of Saturday Review, 369-370.

24 Allen, p. 257.

25 Paul Van Tieghem, "Le Roman rustique (Suisse-Allemagne-France-Angleterre), 1840-1860," Revue des Cours et Conférences, 33 (avril 1932, 1-19) 18.

26 Henry Auster, Local Habitations: Regionalism in the Early Novels of George Eliot (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1970), p. 22.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 2

The Riehl Essay and "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story"

1 George Eliot, "The Natural History of German Life," Westminster Review, 46 (July, 1856), 51-79, rpt. in Essays of George Eliot, ed. Thomas Pinney (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1963), pp. 266-299.

2 Letters, II, 300; enclosed in letter from John Blackwood to George Lewes, Edinburgh, Feb. 23, 1857.

3 Letters, II, 288; George Eliot to William Blackwood, Richmond, Jan. 4, 1857.

4 George Eliot, Scenes of Clerical Life, ed. David Lodge (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973). All subsequent references will be to this edition.

5 Letters, II, 322; John Blackwood to George Lewes, Edinburgh, April 28, 1857.

6 Letters, II, 457; in Note One Haight quotes from The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor by Lady Newdegate-Newdegate, 1898, pp. 229-231. For description of Arbury Hall, see above p. 51.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 3

Adam Bede

1
Letters, II, 381; George Eliot to John Blackwood, Richmond, Sept. 5, 1857.

2
Letters, II, 387; George Eliot to John Blackwood, Richmond, Oct. 17, 1857.

3
Letters, II, 422; George Eliot to Sara Hennell, Richmond, Jan. 17, 1858.

4
Letters, II, 292; George Eliot to William Blackwood, Richmond, Feb. 4, 1857.

5
Letters, II, 502-503; George Eliot Journal, Richmond, Nov. 30, 1858.

6
Eliot claims, erroneously, that the 18th of August is a weekday. Hetty goes to Mrs. Pomfret's on Thursday, according to the calendar the author set up earlier. However, if one continues Eliot's calculations, if the book begins on Tuesday, June 18th, August 18th must be a Sunday.

7
Eliot's calendar is once again askew, for by her original calculations Nov. 2nd would be a Saturday; even accepting Aug. 18th as a Thursday (Eliot's first error), Nov. 2nd would be a Wednesday.

8
Once again there is an error in Eliot's specifications of the calendar date with thecorresponding day of the week. Both the 14th and the 28th would occur on a Friday if she had stuck to her original calendar.

9
Hinney, Essays, note p. 80.

10
Letters, III, 60; George Eliot to John Blackwood, Wandsworth, April 27, 1859.

11
Letters, II, 503.

12
V. S. Pritchett, The Living Novel (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1947), p. 91.

13
Henry James, "The Novels of George Eliot," Atlantic Monthly (Oct. 18, 1866), 479-492, rpt. in A Century of George Eliot Criticism, ed. Gordon S. Haight (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1965), pp. 43-54.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 4

The Mill on the Floss

1
Haight refers to this journal entry in the biography, p. 302.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 4

2
Letters, III, 41; George Eliot to John Blackwood, Wandsworth, March 31, 1859.

3
This relationship is implicit in Pastoral and Romance:Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. Eleanor Terry Lincoln (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall,1969). Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg, The Nature of Narrative (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), p. 68, point out that Longus' Daphnis and Chloe mixes Theocritean pastoral with standard romance formulae.

4
Auster, p. 27.

5
Ian Milner, The Structure of Values in George Eliot (Prague: Universita Karlova, 1968).

6
Some of the animal metaphors are: Maggie - like a Shetland pony; a dark overgrown puppy; eyes like a wild animal; Lucy - like a kitten; Tom and Maggie share cake like two ponies; farmers - like bees; Bob Jakin has gaze of a dumb animal; fish metaphor applied to Mrs. Tulliver's misguided tactics; Tom has a dog Yap; Bob, a terrier Mumps; Lucy, a lapdog.

7
Maggie's childish jealousy is vaguely reminiscent of Sylvain's, but certainly gives no substantiation to Ellen Moers' hint that the brother sister relationship takes shape "from the abnormally close one of the twins in Fadette"("Woman's Lit: Profession and Tradition," Columbia Forum (Fall, 1972 , 27-34) 33).

8
The Oxford Companion to English Literature, ed. by Sir Paul Harvey, 4th ed. (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1967), p. 397.

9
Haight, p. 5.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 5

Silas Marner

1
Letters, III, 339; George Eliot to John Blackwood, Wandsworth, Aug. 28, 1860.

2
Letters, III, 360; George Eliot Journal, London, Nov. 28, 1860.

3
Letters, III, 342; George Eliot to Mme. Eugene Bodichon, Wandsworth, Sept. 5, 1860.

4
Letters, III, 348; George Eliot to François D'Albert Durade, Wandsworth, Sept. 18, 1860.

5
Letters, III, 342.

Notes - Part III, Chapter 5

[6] Letters, III, 347.

[7] Letters, III, 382; George Eliot to John Blackwood, London, Feb. 24, 1861.

[8] J. M. Edmonds, "Introduction," The Greek Bucolic Poets (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1912), p. xx.

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_____ Scenes of Clerical Life, ed. David Lodge. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973.

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