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Contents: Dick Clancey Issue

Articles

GEORGE BILGERE: 'Lines for Dick Clancey' 29

JEANNE COLLERAN: 'In Memory of Richard Wallace Clancey' 30

PAUL BETZ: 'Irreverent Glimpses of the Poet Laureate: Three Informal Portraits of William Wordsworth' 32

FREDERICK BURWICK: 'Death and Revisitation in *The Prelude*: Cartmel Priory and Furness Abbey' 37

BRUCE GRAVER: 'Disturbed with Joy' 50

DUNCAN WU: 'Adventures with Dick Clancey' 56

JOHN POWELL WARD: 'Dick Clancey: A Brief Memoir' 62

Society Notes and News from Members

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES 64

DUNCAN WU: 'In Memoriam – Robert Woof' 66

Editor's Note

Inasmuch as all the articles in this issue were commissioned, I wish to thank each contributor. Every individual whom I contacted consented, eagerly, to provide a personal tribute, a creative work, or a critical essay concerning a shared interest or some aspect of Dick's research with which they are familiar.

Lines

for DICK CLANCEY

And so spring comes to Cleveland
Like a late train that does not carry you
Back to sunsets above Lake Erie's
Enormous thaw, the blue floes
Cracking and groaning below us
As we walked along the narrow path
Leading from your lakeside pad,
The cozy, book-filled apartment
A lifetime teaching Wordsworth and the Bard
Had finally let you afford.

After our weekly dinners together
Full of good talk, and Mozart rising
From that ancient thing
You proudly called "Mein Plattenspieler,"
We did our brisk mile
Down to this stony promontory
Where the ice rode the lake's shoulders,
The sun glittered on the city,
And I would not let you leave
Until I'd heard some *Tintern Abbey,*
Declaimed above the wind,
Sonorous and mock heroic,
Turning serious toward the end.

Now I'm standing here alone, old friend.
Dinner was a quiet affair,
Lacking only poems and music
And your sudden laughter.

And so I say to the breaking lake
That I have felt a presence
That disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime—
But there my memory fails me.

Speechless, I stay a little longer
Though the wind off the lake is bitter.
Despite the spring's arrival
The weather still feels like winter.

—George Bilgere

In Memory of Richard Wallace Clancey

By JEANNE COLLERAN

WHEN I JOINED THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AT JOHN CARROLL, my alma mater, I became re-acquainted with many of my former teachers. Most of them, it seemed to me, had changed little. Except for Dick Clancey. When had he become a Romanticist? During my undergraduate years, he taught Eighteenth Century Literature; when had he migrated to the Nineteenth? We are what and whom we teach, I thought, and Dick *belonged* to the Neoclassical Age. He embodied the virtues of that age: he was orderly, decorous, witty, and learned. He was a conversationalist, like Johnson, a moralist, like Swift, and an urbane gentleman, like Steele. He belonged in coffeehouses, not daffodil fields.

I soon found that it was not only Dick's subject area that had shifted: he had also changed as a teacher. Back in my time, Dick was, truth be told, a little frightening. In class he was formal, reserved, and rigorous. We felt his disapproval. I was "Miss Colleran" then—no student had a first name in Dick's class—and we could all be checked by a cocked eyebrow and pursed lip. We respected him, so we never spoke to him. When I visited his class as a colleague, my jaw dropped. Dick had become a pedagogical contortionist. He would do anything to draw half-answers from reluctant lips, transform them into small pearls of insight, and give them back to their owner. His natural high energy level tripled in the classroom: he cajoled, declaimed, mimicked, persuaded. Far from the somewhat distant teacher I had remembered, Dick was like an enthusiastic uncle who won't let you leave the room without pressing a rolled-up dollar in your hand. His sternness had utterly evaporated into an irresistible combination of erudition and kindness. And he was obviously very happy, content to be where and what he was: a gifted teacher.

Dick Clancey was older than almost every member of our department by about two decades. No matter: few of us could keep up with him. He bounded up steps and bustled down hallways. He was, of course, an esteemed member of the University: he had won the Distinguished Faculty Award, published *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong*, and seemed to cross the Atlantic every other month to give lectures in England. But in our hallways, we thought of Dick as the one who held the department together. His method was simple: he befriended every one of us. He also tried to fix most any difficulty that came along—teaching extra classes, taking on extra advisees, interviewing new faculty members, even replacing our ancient department refrigerator. His absolute courtesy, especially to students, became an implicit standard. When I chaired the Department, he sent me several beautiful and elaborate flower arrangements; the cards were always signed, "Your friends in the Department," but of course I knew the identity of the source who refused to be thanked. Sometimes, our (then) relatively young department tried his patience as we unpacked our new graduate school "isms" and seemed perilously close to throwing out the Great and the Beautiful. We never actually did, of course, but I know that if it were not for his unfailing courtesy, Dick would like to have asked a few of us why we thought our courses belonged in a Department of Literature rather than a Department of Sociology. The closest Dick and I ever came to an argument was when he decided to join me in hearing a lecture by Homi Bhaba at the MLA in San Francisco. I hadn't invite Dick; I knew he wouldn't like the entire panel, and I wasn't in the mood to defend them. But he decided to come along, and after a somewhat tense discussion, we dropped the subject. That night, Dick told our interviewing team

that there was no use being in San Francisco if we didn't go for drinks at the Top of the Mark Hopkins. And so we did, watching, of all things, a tango dancing exhibition. I learned two things that night: Dick valued the academic argument, but he valued his friends more.

Dick Clancey was a funny combination of austerity and commotion. He was personally abstemious, always punctual and formally dressed. He sat on a hard wooden chair in his office behind an orderly desk on which lay neat piles of student papers sheathed in protective plastic. He lived so simply that he was able to store books in his completely unused (and very clean) oven. Yet, his old friend, Lou Pecek, speaking at his funeral, reminded us that Dick also enjoyed a fuss. He loved that his birthday was roundly celebrated, and he enormously enjoyed hosting lavish dinners. He happily gave guided tours of Cleveland's gilded age past to our visitors, and he never missed a season of the Cleveland Orchestra. He was a funny combination of scrupulousness and merriment, perhaps best illustrated in the tale of the time he turned himself in to the police who had failed to give him a ticket for running a red light. The tale is often repeated among his friends—one of the fables of Dick's life that we all know—because he told it on himself.

When given the dark diagnosis of his cancer, Dick was neither scrupulous nor over-wrought. He took the sentence bravely and straightforwardly. I expected stoicism when I went to bid my friend goodbye. Instead I found something deeper: simplicity. I think his calmness must be what holiness looks like when all the layers of activity and energy and striving—all the fuss of living, all that getting and spending—are peeled away. Coleridge noted that his friend Wordsworth strove for an "austere purity of language"; I believe this austere purity is what drew Dick to his long years of study and scholarship about Wordsworth. It was a virtue he admired, and a virtue he possessed.

I taught along side Dick Clancey for fifteen years. I miss him every day.

John Carroll University

Irreverent Glimpses of the Poet Laureate: Three Informal Portraits of William Wordsworth

By PAUL BETZ

WORDWORTH'S PORTRAITS ALMOST INVARIABLY REFLECT HIS STATURE as England's poet of nature, a figure of great dignity and moral standing. His appointment to the Laureateship in 1843 merely set the seal on a reputation long established. Sir Robert Peel, who was instrumental in Wordsworth's acceptance of the Laureateship, aptly summarizes this reputation in his letter of condolence to William Wordsworth, Jr., on his father's death:

> It is seldom that the tomb has closed on such a combination of great genius, with high principles and spotless conduct.[1]

Under these circumstances, it is slightly surprising that any portrait departed from the general reverence; but three (all by amateurs) did so. This brief article is provoked by the recent discovery of a second copy of one of these. It provides an opportunity to reproduce all three of the amusing portraits, and for contrast an example of the conventionally dignified variety.[2]

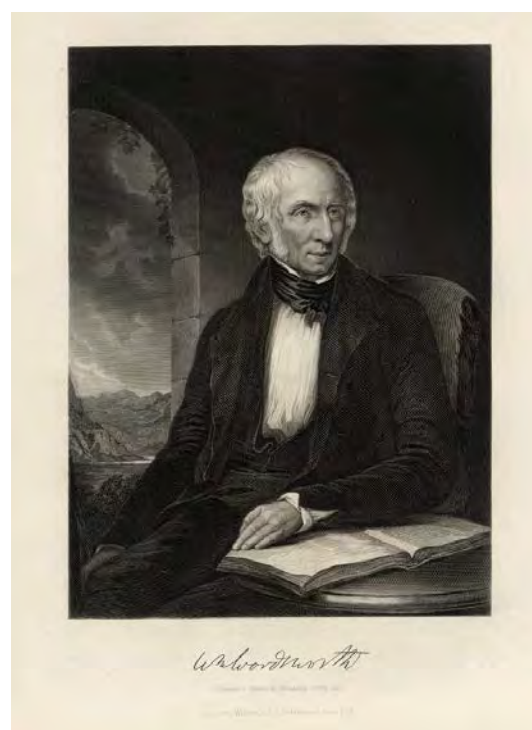

Figure 1. Margaret Gillies, later engraving of 1839 portrait

The Poet's portrait by Margaret Gillies is one of the best of the conventional sort.[3] The engraving reproduced here, published in New York, is based on a watercolor on ivory painted by Miss Gillies during her visit to the Wordsworth home at Rydal Mount in 1839. The formally-dressed Poet, interrupted while reading, looks up with an expression of high seriousness. Through a stone arch, not at all appropriate to the location, can be seen a picturesque Lake District view with gathering storm clouds.

[1] Sir Robert Peel to William Wordsworth, Jr., 24 April 1850; P. Betz Collection.

[2] The four Wordsworth portraits, as well as the Peel letter, are from my collection. I wish to thank Carol Anne Rosen (of the IBM Corporation) for assistance, Daniel Rosen (of Walter Reed Army Medical Center) for technical support, and Mark L. Reed (of the University of North Carolina) for vital information.

[3] For further information about this portrait and the others then known to her, see Francis Blanchard's *Portraits of Wordsworth* (George Allen & Unwin Ltd), 1959. It is still the standard work on this subject.

John Peter Mulcaster, an amateur with a sense of humor, is responsible for the first departure from the serious norm. About this man we know little beyond what can be guessed from the portrait; although he is mentioned in a legal document of 1843 as a brewer of Blaydon in the County of Durham, and in another of 1871 as a trustee of the Gateshead and Hexham Turnpike Road. He was probably vacationing in the Lakes when he made the sketch which served as the model for this appealing, quite unsophisticated watercolor. Blanchard (see note 3) was unaware of this copy of the watercolor but does reproduce another, although (as with all reproductions in her *Portraits of Wordsworth*) it is in black and white.

The newly-discovered copy of the Mulcaster portrait, reproduced below in its attractively muted color, was auctioned over eBay in January 2006 by a Lancashire dealer in antiquarian books.

Figure 2. John Peter Mulcaster, Wordsworth and Li'le Hartley strolling away, 1844

It is one item in a slim Victorian sketching album which contains in addition various pencil sketches and watercolors of uneven merit, some dated 1881 through 1883. The copy in Blanchard is described as "without provenance" but is labeled "After a sketch from the life made in 1844 by John Peter Mulcaster" (171-2). The present copy provides some further information. It is inscribed in ink:

> Wordsworth & Hartley Coleridge on[?] Rydal Lake[.] Copy of one by John Peter Mulcaster who made it from a sketch from the life in 1844.
>
> Mary E. Mulcaster
> 19th Sept. 1900

A penciled footnote signed M.E.M. explains: "J.P.M. my father." Although Blanchard does not mention this, the copy she reproduces is signed "M.E.M" at the bottom right. It would seem, therefore, that both known copies were made by the artist's daughter from the now-lost original watercolor which he had made in turn from "a sketch from the life in 1844." The album itself was first owned by "Kate E. Mulcaster / July 28th 1881. / Leicester," and she seems to have produced most of the art; it was later inscribed "given by Mother to Blanche – May 2nd 1894." As implied by these dates, Mary E. Mulcaster would seem to have given the portrait (which is on thin cardboard 13.7 cm wide by 19.0 cm high, not attached to the album) to Blanche, probably another relative.

The portrait, of course, is a dual one of Wordsworth and S.T. Coleridge's son Hartley, and much of its charm is in the relationship implied. "Li'le (little) Hartley," as he was known locally, and the much taller Wordsworth, are seen from the rear as they stroll along the road at the side of Rydal Water. Hartley seems to be holding on to Wordsworth's arm, possibly for stability as the younger man was much given to strong drink. Both innocent and brilliant, incompetent in the practical affairs of life, Hartley inherited some of his father's talent but a double measure of his weaknesses. As a precocious child he partly inspired Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight" and Wordsworth's "To. H.C., Six years Old" and, perhaps, the "Intimations" Ode. After he was deprived of his Oriel fellowship for intemperance, he moved to the Lakes where the Wordsworth family often looked after him until his death in 1849, the year before Wordsworth's. Hartley Coleridge was himself a minor poet, although his landlord when he lodged at Nab Cottage in Rydal told Canon Rawnsley that Hartley was also Wordsworth's ghost writer: he "helped him a deal, I understand, did best part of his poems for him, so the sayin' is" (173).[4] (Another strange view of Wordsworth's method of composing poetry, offered by a former servant at Rydal Mount, was that he "went humming and booing about and she, Miss Dorothy [Wordsworth], kept close behint him, and picked up the bits as he let 'em fall, and tak 'em down, and put 'em together on paper for him" (162). That the locals preferred Hartley to Wordsworth is easy to understand. Wordsworth was serious and somewhat remote, was not a drinker, and his "potry was real hard stuff' (185). Hartley had a sense of humor not far short of that of his father's old friend Charles Lamb; he enjoyed bantering and drinking with working people in the neighborhood pub, and his poetry tended to be the sort "w' a li'le bit pleasant in it, and potry sic as a man can laugh at or the childer understand" (184-5).

[4] H.D. Rawnsley, "Reminiscences of Wordsworth among the Peasantry of Westmoreland," in *Transactions of the Wordsworth Society*, ed. William Knight (No. 6: ca. 1884).

Wordsworth's affection for the endearing although eccentric and irresponsible Hartley was recognized by Rawnsley's respondents, however. The very situation memorialized by John Peter Mulcaster is mentioned by two of them. A second former servant at Rydal Mount had "seen [Wordsworth] many a time takking [Hartley] out arm i' arm for a talking" (189). The landlord of Nab Cottage already cited recalled that Wordsworth "would come often in the afternoon and have a talk at the Nab, and would go out with Hartley takin' him by t' arm for long eneugh" (173).

A second amusing portrait, unknown to Blanchard but described in 1990 in a journal now difficult to obtain[5], depicts Wordsworth in profile, wearing an overcoat, scarf, and cloth cap with visor and ear flaps. It was first sketched in pencil, then finished with brush and ink. It is laid down on a front endpaper of a copy of Wordsworth's 1850 *The Prelude* which has been rebound in a handsome Doves vellum binding and which belonged to Kate Holiday, wife of painter and designer of stained glass Henry Holiday (1839-1927). Kate has annotated the book, and three interesting letters are associated with it; but the relevant feature here is the portrait. It is on a sheet of wove paper 13.4 cm wide by 19.0 cm high, watermarked "R BARNARD/1823." Beneath the portrait, "WW" is written in pencil, as is "JB del." (the monogram may possibly be "TB"). Despite scrutiny of various sources, the identity of the artist remains a mystery. Most likely, like Mulcaster he or she was a moderately talented amateur (there were many such at the time), perhaps on a sketching tour of the Lake District during a very cold spell. The portrait's chief virtue may be its irreverent, slightly ironic informality.

Figure 3. J.B., Wordsworth dressed for heavy weather, ca. 1823

[5] Paul F. Betz with Richard S. Tomlinson, "Wordsworth Dressed for Heavy Weather," in *The Friend: Comment on Romanticism*, Wordsworth Trust America (Vol. I: 1990), 5-10. The portrait is reproduced on the cover.

There is a final portrait which deserves mention and reproduction here, principally because Blanchard classifies it and the Mulcaster drawing as “pleasantly humorous sketches” (97). Jane Pasley, daughter of the Wordsworth’s neighbor Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, was about 18 in 1845 (Blanchard 172) when she drew the poet full length in profile slouching in a chair. The drawing survives as a slightly later etching by John Bull. Wordsworth’s legs are crossed at the knees, his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, and his left hand in his trouser pocket. The posture is odd; but perhaps the young artist found hands difficult to draw, as some amateurs do. Humor is certainly present here, but one suspects it may be unintentional.

That Mulcaster, Pasley and (probably) J.B. were all amateurs may have freed them in some measure from the burden of convention a professional artist might have felt when portraying the great. Their amusing, informal, off-guard glimpses of Wordsworth may serve the Poet at least as well with the modern viewer as does the high seriousness of his many depictions as visionary poet.

Figure 4. Jane Pasley, Wordsworth without hands, 1845

Georgetown University

Death and Revisitation in *The Prelude*: Cartmel Priory and Furness Abbey

By FREDERICK BURWICK

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.
(*The Prelude* [1805] I, 305-6)[1]

AT BOTH THE WORDSWORTH SUMMER CONFERENCE and the Wordsworth Winter School, there were moments that belonged exclusively to Richard Clancey. Among these moments were the visits to Hawkshead, when Dick spoke of Wordsworth's school years with such detailed intimacy that it seemed almost as if he had been the poet's classmate; and the visits to Furness Abbey, when Dick would stand amidst the ruined columns and recreate for his attentive auditors the grand enterprise of the Cistercean monks who had constructed the now fallen architectural monument, and of the dangers of Wordsworth's schoolboy adventure there, especially the gallop across the treacherous sands of the Leven's estuary. Without notes, Dick spoke as if inspired by the historical richness of the place. No, strike that "as if"—he was inspired, and he inspired those of us who listened to him. Those who knew Dick remember the light he radiated over his study of Wordsworth's school years, even into the dark corners where death and danger lurked.[2] In full appreciation of Clanceyan light, this paper examines the Furness Abbey episode and the confrontation with death in Wordsworth's *Prelude*.

The encounters with death in *The Prelude* are frequent. Among his earliest recollections is the adventure as a five-year-old child, coming upon the site "where in former times / A man, the murderer of his wife, was hung / In irons" (Two-Part Prelude [1799], I, 308-10; cf. *Prelude* [1805] XI, 288-9). Or, again, as schoolboy exploring Esthwaite Lake, witnessing right before him the corpse of a drowned man rising up from the water. It is the month after his ninth birthday, and he has just been sent to Hawkshead School. Exploring the paths, brooks, and shores of Esthwaite, he crosses

> One of those open fields which, shaped like ears,
> Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's lake.
> Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
> I saw distinctly on the opposite shore,
> Beneath a tree and close by the lake side,
> A heap of garments, as if left by one
> Who there was bathing. (Two-Part Prelude [1799], I, 264-70)

[1] William Wordsworth, *The Prelude. The Four Texts (1798, 1799, 1805, 1850).* Ed. Jonathan Wordsworth (London: Penguin Classics, 1995). Quotations, as noted parenthetically, are from *The Prelude* [1805] and *The Two-Part Prelude* [1799].

[2] Richard Clancey, *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong: Education, Rhetoric and Poetic Truth* (Houndsmills and London: Macmillan Press; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1999).

The initial response is one of curiosity. Where is the swimmer whose clothes have been left upon the shore?

> Half an hour I watched
> And no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake
> Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
> And now and then a leaping fish disturbed
> The breathless stillness. (Two-Part Prelude [1799], I, 270-74)

When no swimmer appears, forebodings of his fate increase with the descending gloom of night. On "The succeeding day," the boy returns to the spot and witnesses the search:

> There came a company, and in their boat
> Sounded with iron hooks and long poles.
> At length the dead man, mid that beauteous scene
> Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
> Rose with his ghastly face. (Two-Part Prelude [1799], I, 275-79)

Although the boy distinctly remembers the vision of the "ghastly face" as the dead man rises up before him, his response is not one of haunting fears. He has adopted, rather, a stoic matter-of-factness about the universality and inevitability of death. "I might avert," the poet says,

> To numerous accidents in flood or field,
> Quarry or moor, or mid the winter snows,
> Distresses and disasters, tragic facts
> Of rural history that impressed my mind
> With images to which in following years
> Far other feelings were attached. (Two-Part Prelude [1799], I, 280-85)

The dead man is seen rising from the lake in the episode immediately preceding the "spots of time" in which he confronts the hangman's gibbet and in which his Christmas holiday is darkened by his father's death. In the sequence of the Goslar narrative of 1799, there is an apparent logic to the placement of this passage. The cumulative effect, as the episodes acquire increasing soberness and seriousness in their reverberations, is diffused in 1805 when the concluding episodes are relocated in Books V and XI. In 1799 the sight of the dead man rising up from the lake was contained within the child's inevitable encounter with other "tragic facts / Of rural history." Less credible is the argument with which he tries to justify its presence in the Book on Books (*Prelude* V, 474-81). Even if we did not know that Wordsworth originally offered a very different explanation of the child's ability to come to terms with this sight of the corpse rising up, the insistence that "fairyland" and "romance" provided the desired inoculation would be a strange recommendation: Death won't upset you if you read lots of romantic fiction.

Another prominent recollection of death is the account of the "The Boy of Winander" (*Prelude* V, 389-422). Wordsworth represents the dialogue between self and nature as the game the boy plays in his "mimic hootings to the silent owls / That they might answer him." When the game succeeds, it creates a "concourse wild / Of mirth and jocund din." When this excitement

subsides, however, the boy experiences in the silence and calm an even more profound dialogue with the natural world:

> in that silence, while he hung
> Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
> Has carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
> Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
> Into the bosom of the steady lake. (*Prelude* V, 406-13)

The lake, which had "received" the sky, has itself been absorbed, together with the entire "visible scene," into the boy's mind. The union of mind and nature, subject and object, has also been re-enacted through the memory. Although Wordsworth has suppressed the autobiographical identification with this boy of the past, his conclusion evokes the power of remembering the past. Just as the boy once "hung / Listening" to nature in silence, the poet has "stood / Mute, looking at the grave," awaiting the response, the communion with the past.

Years later (in the Fenwick note of 1842), with confusion of name and date, Wordsworth implies that he had in mind a boy who died while he was at Hawkshead Grammar School. As originally conceived, in the manuscript draft (MS JJ) written shortly after his arrival in Goslar in October 1798, Wordsworth wrote this as a first-person narrative, with he himself blowing his mimic hootings at the owl. It was, in other words, an autobiographical childhood episode composed along with those accounts of boat-stealing and ice-skating that were woven into Part One of the 1799 draft. He has not merely distanced himself by changing the episode to the third person, he has literally pronounced this child, this former self, dead and buried. Why has he disowned his own childhood identity? The answer may lie in his struggle to reconcile the "two consciousnesses." That sense of the twenty-eight or thirty year-old poet monitoring the thoughts and perceptions of the ten or twelve year-old child brings with it an awareness of profound difference and change. The "two consciousnesses" can be brought into dialogue only when the mind of the adult can reach across the abyss between present and past. Often, that endeavour is baffled by an elegiac sense of loss, by awareness of too vast a difference. Thus Wordsworth has given each of the "two consciousnesses" a discreet identity, and with its concluding lines made the reflection explicitly elegiac, as the adult listens to the silence of the grave just as the child once listened to the silence of the lake.

At once the most personal and the most poignant of the confrontations with death in *The Prelude* is the death of his father. Originally set forth in the remarkable poetic exposition of the "spots of time" (Two-Part Prelude, I, 288-374), the account of the return from Hawkshead to Cockermouth for the Christmas holidays, 1783, was first composed during the winter months in Goslar, 1798/99. The key passages on death written in Goslar undergo radical recontextualization in *The Prelude* of 1805. The account of the drowned man's corpse in Esthwaite, as well as of the boy of Winander are moved to Book V of *The Prelude*. The two "spots of time" episodes, on the hangman's gibbet-irons and on the death of his father are moved to Book XI, where they are made to serve as touchstones on restoring the imagination. Carefully structuring this recontextualization, Wordsworth elaborates his earlier definition of "spots of

time" (*Prelude* XI, 257-78; Two-Part Prelude I, 288-96). He continues with the childhood recollection of hangman's gibbet and the sight of the girl and the Penrith Beacon (*Prelude* XI, 278-316; Two-Part Prelude, I, 296-327). He inserts another recollection of the Penrith Beacon, where he met with Dorothy and Mary (*Prelude* XI, 317-22; cf. *Prelude* VI, 240-46). He then returns to his draft of 1799 and repeats the story of waiting for the horses at Hawkshead and his father's death (*Prelude* XI, 344-88; Two-Part Prelude, I, 327-70). The inserted cross-reference to the later recollection of the Penrith Beacon emphasizes that remembrance of the event and revisitation of the place are linked together. As he declares at the close of the second "spot of time," revisitation is crucial:

> The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
> And the bleak music of that old stone wall,
> The noise of wood and water, and the mist
> Which on the line of each of those two roads
> Advanced in such indisputable shapes –
> All these were spectacles and sounds to which
> I often would repair, and thence would drink,
> As at a fountain. (Two-Part Prelude, I, 363-70)

In addition to the composition of the formative passages on childhood and schooldays that evolved into *The Prelude*, the winter in Goslar was also the period of the elegiac poems on "Matthew" and "Lucy." There were, of course, other deaths deeply felt by Wordsworth. In 1778, when he was eight years old, he had lost his mother (*Prelude* V, 256-60). His brother John died in February, 1805 (see "Elegiac Stanzas").

Death is nowhere more ghastly in *The Prelude* than in the rampant carnage of the "Bloody Reign of Terror" (*Prelude* X, 329-80). That grisly episode, "a lamentable time," "a woeful time," "most melancholy . . . time" (X, 355, 357, 368) is followed by a sense of relief and happiness on receiving the news, "That this foul tribe of Moloch was o'erthrown / And their chief regent levelled with the dust" (X, 468-9). This day, Wordsworth states, "was one which haply may deserve / A separate chronicle" (X, 470-1). Report of the death of Maximilien Robespierre (1758-94) is contrasted to the poet's reflections on the death of William Taylor (1754-86), his beloved teacher at Hawkshead. The several other encounters with death, summarized in the previous pages, are those that are perhaps most familiar to readers of *The Prelude*. Richard Clancey, however, made a point of emphasising the specific conjunction of the death of Robespierre and the death of Taylor.[3] In the pages that follow, I intend to pursue the implications of Clancey's telling insight.

In Book Second Wordsworth describes the great monument of the historical past and historical change: Furness Abbey, the ruins of the once grand monastic community of the Cistercians which flourished in the Twelfth Century. Unlike Tintern Abbey, which remains unseen while Wordsworth composes his lines a few miles above, Furness Abbey is made the very centre of his boyhood adventure, and its architectural features are delineated with faithful detail (II, 99-144). Because the stable keeper, a "cautious man," might deem the Abbey "too distant" for his horses, the boys would employ "sly subterfuge," pretending some nearer goal.

[3] Clancey, pp. 154-57.

More than the distance, the danger in crossing the Leven sands would have increased the stable keeper's alarm. The young boys would spend the day riding their horses through the "the antique walls / Of that large abbey" (1805, II, 109-10), marvelling at the grand Corinthian pillars and the stone effigies of the "cross-legged knight, / And the stone-abbot" (II, 124-5). Time, historical and immediate, transitory and enduring, is crux in Wordsworth's description of Furness Abbey. The stone ruins resists but cannot defy the ravages of time. In their midst is heard the song of an "invisible bird" that, like Keats's Nightingale, seems to transcend mortal limitations:

> So sweetly mid the gloom the invisible bird
> Sang to itself that there I could have made
> My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there
> To hear such music. (II, 132-35)

As Robert Burns observed, "Nae man can tether time and tide."[4] Lingering at the Abbey might have fatal consequences, for the most precarious part of this adventure was the gallop back across the Leven sands. The approach to Furness Abbey lay across the wide estuary of the Leven. J. C. Dickinson describes the difficulty of this approach:

> This lengthy journey was most exacting and by no means free from danger. Safety dictated that it be made around the time of low water, which was not always correctly calculable beforehand, whilst, of course, there was no media of any kind to allow the traveller to check his timing, though the priors of Cartmel and Conishead are each known to Have been responsible for ringing bells in time of danger. [. . .] an unwary traveller might be caught by the tidal bore which sweeps powerfully up the estuary a couple of hours before high water. Fog might suddenly arrive (especially between October and April), the channel might change its course unexpectedly, and unusual weather conditions alter the all-important time of high water.[5]

After having made it safely across the three-mile expanse at low tide, young Wordsworth and his friends risked danger in tarrying too long at Furness. They might well be added to the annual lists of those travellers who perished when overtaken by the rapid onrush of the rising waters. Wordsworth records nothing of the danger, only the splendour and exultation of the crossing, "when, / Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea, / We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand" (II, 142-4).

The estuary is crossed, the years pass, and the boy grows older. The tutelary spirits of nature no longer haunt his environment unsolicited. He must call upon and confirm their presence:

> Oh, ye rocks and streams,
> And that still spirit of the evening air,
> Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
> Your presence (II, 138-41)

[4] Robert Burns, "Tam o'Shanter" line 67.
[5] J. C. Dickinson, *The Priory of Cartmel* (Milnthorpe, Cumbria: Cicerone Press, 1991), pp. 113-14.

In the aftermath of the boat-stealing episode with its vision of the mountain rising against him as chastising spirit, he said that “huge and mighty forms that do not live / Like living men moved slowly through my mind / By day, and were the trouble of my dreams” (I, 425-27). Wordsworth, the mature poet committed to recreating the past, cannot negotiate image less scenes. He must fill the landscape of his boyhood with concrete images and, by weighing what he feels now against what he might have felt then, he must appraise the “two consciousnesses” and validate the “spots of time” as “seed time.” He is conscious that as he grew older his response to nature grew weaker and less spontaneous. As an adult he must consciously seek those moments of reciprocity, yet the memories of his childhood experiences continue to inform the endeavour.

At the beginning of Book X, Wordsworth tells of his return to England, departing from Orleans and revisiting Paris, the now “fierce metropolis,” at the end of October 1792 (X, 7). He describes the events of the months preceding his departure: the imprisonment of King Louis XVI on 10 August 1992; the mob violence that broke out in Paris, September 2-6, with the news that Verdun had fallen to the Austrian and Prussian troops led by Herzog Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Braunschweig; the jubilation when the tables were turned at Valmy and the Revolutionary Army forced the retreat of the invading forces, September 20, 1792. He comments on the establishment of the Republic (X, 24-37). He passes the Temple where the king and his family are imprisoned (X, 42). In his room he ponders the events of the September massacres (X, 60-82)–quoting the passage in which Macbeth agonizes over his crime of killing his king. Macbeth, still bloody from the deed, has heard the voices of his guilt:

> Methought I heard a voice cry, ‘Sleep no more!
> Macbeth does murther sleep’—the innocent sleep,
> Sleep that knits up the ravell’d sleave of care
> [. . .]
> Still it cried, ‘Sleep no more!’ to all the house;
> ‘Glamis hath murder’d sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more--Macbeth shall sleep no more.’ (II.ii.32-4, 38-40)

The entire city of Paris is caught up in the same regicidal guilt:

> . . . I seemed to hear a voice that cried
> To the whole city ‘Sleep no more!’ (X, 76-7)

The regicide itself was to follow two and half months after Wordsworth’s return to England. The Girondists rally against the Jacobins, accusing Danton of collusion in the September Massacres and Robespierre of power mongering. Still in Paris on the eve of his departure, Wordsworth is witness to the accusations levelled by Louvet against Robespierre (X, 83-106). Speaking as an eye-witness and as an Englishman ready to return to his own country, he calls (knowing that it is a hopeless cause) for other nations to aid the new Republic, “to do / For France what without help she could not do” (X,123-24). Wordsworth regrets his own limitations (“little graced with powers / Of eloquence even in my native speech”) and posits his ideal of the poet who can assume the role of leadership. Such a poet could champion the cause of liberty beyond mere national boundaries, “Transcendent to all local patrimony” (X, 139). Although he has suppressed all mention of Annette Vallon whom he has left in her final month of pregnancy, he records the

financial circumstances that compelled his departure (X, 188-201). Back in England, he persisted as an active partisan for the principles of liberty and equality. He subscribed to the political movement to halt the slave trade (X, 201-10). Although frustrated with the delay with which news from France reported in England, he continues to follow the events. With the trial and execution of the King, January 21, 1793, Girondists no longer have a tenable claim in constitutional monarchy. On February 1, France declares war on England; on February 11, England counters with its own declaration of war against France. Wordsworth's hope for returning is effectively blocked. Robespierre assumes power in July 1793, and the Girondist leaders are executed in October.

In describing Robespierre's Bloody Reign of Terror, Wordsworth's metaphor for the guillotine as the plaything of a compulsive child is grotesque and horrific (X, 329-44). He is haunted by nightmares of the carnage, in which he imagines himself called "Before unjust tribunals" (X, 377). In telling of Robespierre's fall, Wordsworth indulges in two significant backflashes: the first refers back to the period he had narrated in Book VI; the second, a complex example of the involutions of childhood "spots of time," recalls the Furness Abbey episode from Book II. In the midst of the Terror, Wordsworth struggles to remind himself of the hopes of the revolutions: "the desert has green spots, the sea / Small islands in the midst of stormy waves" (X, 440-1). He recollects his journey across France with Robert Jones during his last Cambridge vacation in the summer of 1790. On that occasion, 90 kilometers southeast of where they had docked at Calais, they passed through Arras and saw only the joy of the newly claimed liberty (VI, 355-64). The florally decorated Arras was the town from which Robespierre came as representative in the National Assembly. Wordsworth is compelled to contrast that former joy with the present temper of ruthless persecution (X, 448-61).

Wordsworth then recounts the moment (X, 466-69) when he received the news that Robespierre was dead. The bloodiest of executioners had himself been executed at the guillotine on July 28, 1794. "Few happier moments," he declares, "have been mine / Through my whole life." The news comes to him, he says, as he returns from a day spent at Furness Abbey across the Leven Sands, rekindling the memory of his childhood adventure. To emphasize the revisitation, he repeats the very lines (II, 143-4) with which he concluded his earlier account:

> Thus, interrupted by uneasy bursts
> Of exultation, I pursued my way
> Along that very shore which I had skimmed
> In former times, when (spurring from the Vale
> Of Nightshade, and St Mary's mouldering fane
> And the stone abbot) after circuit made
> In wantonness of heart, a joyous crew
> Of schoolboys hastening to their distant home
> Along the margin of the moonlight sea,
> We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand. (X, 557-66)

"Over the smooth sands / Of Leven's ample estuary" (X, 474-5), midway between Furness Abbey and Cartmel Priory, Wordsworth's thoughts are on the past rather than the present. Amidst the "pastoral vales" and "happy fields" he has known from childhood, he recognizes an abiding permanence, a "fulgent spectacle, / Which neither changed nor stirred nor passed away"

(X, 486-7). In the churchyard of Cartmel Priory he finds the grave of William Taylor, "honoured teacher of my youth" (X, 492). At Taylor's own request, his stone is engraved with "Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray":

> His merits, Stranger, seek not to disclose
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
> There they alike in trembling Hope repose
> The bosom of his Father and his God.[6]

Reflecting on these verses, and on the teacher who had encouraged his early attempts, Wordsworth gains a renewed sense of his poetic calling:

> And when I saw the turf that covered him,
> After the lapse of full eight years, those words,
> With sound of voice and countenance of the man,
> Came back upon me, so that some few tears
> Fell from me in my own despite. And now,
> Thus travelling smoothly o'er the level sands,
> I thought with pleasure of the verses graven
> Upon his tombstone, saying to myself
> 'He loved the poets, and if now alive,
> Would have loved me, as one not destitute
> Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
> That he had formed when I at his command,
> Began to spin, at first, my toilsome songs.' (X, 502-14)

Because he has already visited at Cartmel Priory the grave of William Taylor, Wordsworth's mind is filled with thoughts of his Hawkshead years as he crosses the Leven sands and hears the news of the day – "*Robespierre was dead*" (X, 535).

In this juxtaposition of the death of Taylor and the death of Robespierre, Clancey argues, the political is subverted by, and rendered subservient to, the poetic. Clancey acknowledges that "Typically and appropriately, Books 10 and 11 of *The Prelude* are read for their political meaning,"[7] but he is more sympathetic to the emphasis on Wordsworth's reassertion of nature of

[6] Inscription on gravestone in the churchyard of Cartmel Priory: "In Memory of the Rev[d] William Taylor A. M. Son of John Taylor of Outerthwaite, who was some Years a Fellow of Eman[nuel] Col[lege] Camb[ridge] and Master of the Free School at Hawkshead. He departed this Life June 12 1786 aged 32 Years 2 Months and 13 Days.

> His merits, Stranger, seek not to disclose
> Or draw his frailties from their dead abode.
> There they alike in trembling Hope repose
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

[7] Clancey, p. 154. As example of the political reading, Clancey cites Richard Gravil, "'Some other Being': Wordsworth in The Prelude," *The Yearbook of English Studies*, 19 (1989): 127-143; Gravil, Clancey asserts, "speaks of Wordsworth's creating a 'Robespierrean *alter ego*' (emphasis his), a self-presentation related to 'other

poetry and the poetry of nature.[8] In order to find his way out of the disillusion and despair fostered by the ruthless power struggle of Robespierre and his Jacobin followers, Clancey states, the poet needed the sense of hope and promise provided by William Taylor and Dorothy Wordsworth: "Taylor, as it were, lays the groundwork and Dorothy at the appropriate moment moves to save her brother."[9]

Elated by the news of Robespierre's death, Wordworth responds with "joy / In vengeance and eternal justice" and sings a "hymn of triumph" (X, 539-40, 543). Robespierre, who claimed that "Rivers of Blood" were necessary to "cleanse the Augean stable" has himself been washed away in that river (X, 547, 548). Like other commentators on *The Prelude*, Clancey recognizes the importance of the "vows" and the "dedicated spirit" in Book IV (340-45) and on the imagination restored in Book XI, but for Clancey the central moment in the "Poet's Calling" is the visit to Taylor's grave in Book X. The moment has its dramatic power in the opposition of the two events:

> Wordsworth claims that nature and Taylor are recounted as 'A separate Record' to emphasize the importance of the day when Wordsworth's faith in the French Revolution is renewed. Wordsworth invests so much in the text of his enhancement that ironically his epideictic contextualization itself becomes such eloquent poetry that Robespierre and politics seem to slip into the background. [...]
>
> Ultimately it is Wordsworth's dramatic account of his visit to Taylor's grave which dominates the passage. Here, very much like the dim and then powerfully epiphanic encounter with the discharged soldier, the pausing at Taylor's grave seems incidental at first—Wordsworth has offered it as an example to serve *another* purpose. Quickly Taylor commands the passage. Wordsworth is so detailed that it is like a spiritual vision. Wordsworth's emotional focus becomes so direct that he almost speaks to Taylor. There is a special kind of dialogic intensity [...] all elements are intensely fused. Wordsworth acts as he moves on his way from Taylor's grave to the Leven Sands, but it is Taylor who has moved up and poignantly absorbed Wordsworth's and our imaginative vision. It is his voice we especially hear—he is both directly and indirectly quoted by Wordsworth. We hear Wordsworth respond as he expresses the hope that he has fulfilled Taylor's encouraging charge to him as a schoolboy.[10]

Readers of *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong* quickly learn to appreciate and trust Clancey's attention to the rhetorical nuances of *The Prelude*. As in "The Boy of Winander" passage, Clancey notes the doubling of the dialogue. There, the dialogue between the boy and nature is replicated in the dialogue between the mature poet and the grave. Here, the very words of the

manifestations of Wordsworth's revolutionary persona, the Solitary of *The Excursion* and Oswald in *The Borderers* ...'" (129).

[8] Clancey, pp. 154-5. Clancey cites, Carolyn Springer, "Far from the Madding Crowd: Wordsworth and the News of Robespierre's Death," *The Wordsworth Circle* 12 (Autumn 1881): 243-5. Springer, writes Clancey, "summarizes the main events and features of Book 10 relative to Wordsworth's hearing about the death of Robespierre. She points out that instead of immediately giving an account of the news of Robespierre's death, Wordsworth promises to give the day 'A separate Record', (514) 'but then prepares that record through an intricate digression into the layers of memory associated with it' (Springer 243)."

[9] Clancey, p. 155.

[10] Clancey, p. 156-7.

teacher are remembered, then his voice is heard again in the lines from Gray, and echoed yet again in the poet's own "whispering" reassurance of his teacher's abiding presence: "He loved the poets, and if now alive / Would have loved me, as one not destitute / Of promise" (X, 510-12).

In contrast to the "clearly recollective narratives and lyrical celebrations" of the poet's "vows" in Book IV, Clancey interprets the account in Book X of the visit to Cartmel Priory, Furness Abbey, and the crossing of the Leven sands as "vividly immediate." In this moment, Clancey declares, "Taylor reconfirms him as a poet."[11] As the poet goes on to discuss the French Revolution, does this "presence of Taylor" continue to dominate? Certainly Clancey's main point can be granted: just as the earlier Furness Abbey episode expresses an exultation of freedom for the schoolboy (Two-Part Prelude, II, 118-20, 130-39), the revisitation provides an apt analogue to the partisan enthusiasm for the revolution he now feels at the death of Robespierre. The episode of crossing the Leven Sands, however, is not merely an apt analogue, it is one of the most stunning revisitations in *The Prelude.*

As Wordsworth moves on in the second half of Book X (567-1038; = 1850 Book XI), the political realities again threaten the poet's sensitivity and creativity. With the response to the report that "Robespierre was dead," he had joyously re-evoked that "spot of time" in which the Hawkshead schoolboys raced their horses across the Leven Sand. He now declares his confidence in the virtue of the young Republic to prosper in spite of the ineffectual policies of the Government (X, 567-92). This declaration of faith, however, is doubly compromised: compromised, first, by his awareness at the time that the famine continues unabated, the national economy is a shambles, and the new currency circulated by the Government is worthless; compromised, additionally by his retrospective knowledge that the Republic is doomed: "everything was wanting that might give / Courage to those who looked for good by light/ Of rational experience" (X, 569-71). Wordsworth endeavours to hold together disparate strands of narrative. On the political level, he wants to explain the circumstances in France that allowed Napoleon to rise to military power, to crown himself emperor (December 2, 1804), to destroy the hopes for a constitutional republic granting liberty and equality to the masses. On the personal level, he wants to explain why his poetic faith, that the "Love of nature leads to the love of mankind," although thoroughly shaken by those events, had not been demolished. His difficulties in holding on to the public and private dimensions of his narrative are evident in such passages as: "juvenile errors are my theme" (X, 637) and "I must return / To my own history" (X, 657-8). He had erred in his optimism, not in his principles.[12]

In no other book of *The Prelude* are the entanglements of present and past more insistent and intrusive; in no other do the subsequent revisions produce as many contradictions and inconsistencies. His shift in attitude about the French Revolution is addressed in the metaphor of the shield of two metals: prospect and retrospect (X, 662-65). These lines were used to introduce one of the few passages (X, 689-727) on the French Revolution from *The Prelude* to be published during Wordsworth's lifetime: "French Revolution. As it appeared to enthusiasts at its commencement."[13] These lines recollect and defend the restored enthusiasm that he had felt in the summer of 1793. But they were written in the autumn of 1804, after the short-lived Peace of

[11] Clancey, p. 157.
[12] Wordsworth describes his own philosophical principles in contrast to those set forth in William Godwin's *Political Justice* (1793).
[13]Published in *The Friend* (26 October 1809), and again in the *Poems* of 1815.

Amiens (1802) had failed and at a time when Napoleon had readied his troops at Boulogne for invasion. Five years later, when Coleridge published this passage in *The Friend*, the Napoleonic Wars had grown more aggressive. Nelson had been victorious against the French Navy at Trafalgar (October 1805). But the French had won at Vienna and Austerlitz (Nov. & Dec. 1805), at Jena and Auerstedt (October 1806), at Prussian Eylau and Friedland (June 1807). Although Wellesley led a successful campaign against the French occupation in Portugal and Spain, the Convention of Cintra, in which the British agreed to repatriate the French Army, allowed the French to reconnoitre and return. Wordsworth's pamphlet on the *Convention of Cintra* (published May 1809) denounces the British betrayal of the freedom-fighters in the most vigorously outspoken political prose of his entire career.[14] When Wordsworth's lines on the French Revolution were published in October 1809, readers had ample grounds for discriminating between pro-revolutionary as opposed to pro-Napoleonic French zeal.

Because of the historical complexity of his narrative, Wordsworth doubles back (X, 659-769), and retells the story that he had already told (X, 227-306) concerning the events leading up to the declaration of War between France and England in February 1793. It is a political story, but for reasons that he chooses not reveal, it is also a personal story. Once his way back to France and Annette has been effectively barricaded, he hints at his hostility to Pitt's government as a "passion over-near ourselves" (X, 640). His twice-told tale, however, provides the "main outline" of his "condition" up to the time that war was declared. The war was a British betrayal of freedom, "What had been a pride, / Was now a shame" (X, 768-9). Too, by declaring War, Britain forced France into a military offensive which made it inevitable that the fledgling government of the Republic would be commanded by a military leader. Napoleon, whose rise began with the his victory at the Siege of Toulon in the fall of 1793 and his defeat of the Royalist Campaign at Paris, May 1795, went on to lead his successful expeditions in Italy (1796/97) and against the British in Egypt (1798/99). The ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity are subverted by the Napoleonic lust for power (X, 791-96).

At this juncture, Wordsworth reasserts that he has not abandoned his principles. He remains a firm believer in the revolutionary cause. Unlike William Godwin, a "false prophet" who revised his *Political Justice* (1793; 2nd ed. 1795) to adapt to the changing tenor of political opinion, Wordsworth insists that he has stuck to his original tenets (X, 796-804). And in the ensuing verse paragraph, he repudiates both the premises and the arguments of Godwin's *Political Justice* (X, 805-29). The personal difficulties he experienced at Cambridge and in London seem like minor setbacks, mere testing grounds, for the ultimate crisis that he experiences upon his return from France. He confesses to Coleridge his despair at this time (X, 878-904), and to Coleridge he also acknowledges his gratitude for having assisted his return to his original sense of dedication and purpose (X, 904-20). This support has upheld him in that time of degeneracy, degradation (X, 921-30), even in that hour of "the last opprobrium," when Napoleon summons Pope Pius VII from Rome to Paris "to crown an Emperor," a moment which Wordsworth compares to "the dog / Returning to his vomit" (X, 934-35).

The events that occurred during the two years following the death of Robespierre lay ten and eleven years in the past as he writes his Book on the restorative power of the imagination. His separation from Annette, too, was a matter settled upon when he travelled to France during the

[14]Clancey, "Wordsworth's *Cintra* Tract: Politics, the Classics, and the Duty of the Poet," in *Rhetorical Traditions and British Romantic Literature*, ed. Don Bialotosky and Lawrence Needham (Bloomington IN: Indiana University Press, 1995), pp. 79-93.

Peace of Amiens in the summer of 1802. He and Dorothy crossed from Dover to Calais where they spent a month with Annette and Caroline. On 4 October 1802 he was married to Mary Hutchinson. Work on *The Prelude* had ceased with the Two-Part Prelude of 1798-1799. It was not until January 1804 that he commenced the effort to expand the narrative poem into a Five-Book version, which he no sooner completed, March 1804, than he went on assembling what became the Thirteen-Book Prelude. On 2 Dec, 1804 Napoleon crowned himself emperor. Wordsworth drew from an event that had just been reported in the news (X, 930-940). Book X was completed before Christmas, 1804. On February 5, 1805, Wordsworth's brother John drowned when his ship sank off Portland. This personal loss contributes to the tone with which he opens Book XI.

The two Books on the Imagination, XI and XII, and the Book of Conclusion, XIII, were completed during April and May. Wordsworth drew from the material that he had set aside from the Two-Part Prelude of 1799 and the fifth book of the Five-Book Prelude of 1804. Book XI opens with a recapitulation of the emotional crisis and its attendant depression and disappointment (XI, 1-7). A structural attribute of the elegy is to lament death and loss, but also to counter the sense of defeat with a reaffirmation of life. The whole of *The Prelude*, with its repeated confrontations with death, repeats the basic elegiac structure again and again. In Book XI, the poet reaffirms the joy and the "correspondent breeze" of the Glad Preamble and the ministry of nature with which he began the poem (XI, 7-14). The ministry of nature and the "fair seed-time" of childhood that aroused and nurtured the imagination had provided the subject-matter of his Goslar poetry. He reaches once again for the Goslar drafts and borrows from one of them (MS 18A) the introductory lines from "Nutting," which were not used when that poem was published in *Lyrical Ballads* (XI, 15-21). Once more he calls upon that nourishing sense of communion between mind and nature to restore the sense of balance and harmony which political and personal struggles have cast atilt (XI, 31-36) The story that he has told in the previous books, he here declares to Coleridge, revealed how that original genial nurturing was undermined by the "overpressure of the times" (XI, 47). The worst of the "disastrous issues" was the evidence that man's ignobility—vicious cruelty, ruthless passion—could outweigh all potential nobility (XI, 74-84). His tenets were not abolished, but he lost his ability to uphold them with the passionate fervour he once felt (XI, 85-95). The crucial question, Clancey insists, is the elegiac question: whence does the poet derive his reaffirmation of life in the face of loss. In Wordsworth's words: "What then remained in such eclipse, what light / To guide or cheer?" (XI, 96-7).

When Wordsworth refers to "a maid / Who, young as I was then, conversed with things / In higher style" (XI, 198-200), he is again drawing from the poetry written in Goslar. These lines, composed along with "Was it for this" during his first month in Goslar, were originally addressed to his sister Dorothy:

> For she is nature's intimate, and her heart
> Is everywhere. Even the unnoticed heath
> That o'er the mountain spreads its prodigal bell
> Lives in her love

In its original conception, the poem opened "I would not strike a flower"—in contrast to that other Goslar poem of this same period, "Nutting," in which Wordsworth recollects acting with

voluptuous and savage impulse, but is called to repent that violence in the closing lines addressed to his sister. The love and sweetness that Dorothy radiated upon "everything she looked on," is now transplanted as praise for Mary Hutchinson. In the Penrith Beacon passage of Book VI (240-46), he had already described Mary at Dorothy's side. Here in Book XI, at the very point in which he is to re-introduce the original Penrith Beacon "spot of time" from the Goslar draft of the Two-Part Prelude, she is once again conjured as invisible companion to the poetry that was written during the cold winter months which he and Dorothy spent in their rented rooms above Frau Depperman's linen shop.

To restore, then, to Dorothy the praise that was originally bestowed upon her, without subtracting the tribute that the poet wants to give to his wife, we ought to recognize the inherent plurality of line XI, 223: "Even like this maid" is a composite image Dorothy and Mary, "Even like these maidens." It is their co-presence, he now claims in May 1805, which educated his senses and guided a spontaneous impulse that "loved whate'er I saw" (XI, 225). A "diviner influence" directs his thoughts: "I worshipped then among the depths of things / As my soul bade me" (XI, 233-34). In line XI, 242, he repudiates the "degradation" recounted in XI, 152-198. He regrets the sad effect "Of custom that prepares such wantonness / As makes the greatest things give way to least," and the "passionate sounds" that drowned out "The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes" and rendered them "inaudible." (XI, 244-5, 248-50). This "wantonness" and "degradation" are dismissed and the creative power of imagination reaffirmed:

> I had felt
> Too forcibly, too early in my life,
> Visitings of imaginative power
> For this to last: I shook the habit off
> Entirely and for ever, and again
> In nature's presence stood, as I stand now,
> A sensitive, and a *creative* soul. (XI, 250-56)

Wordsworth thus prepares the setting in Book XI to reassert the remarkable poetic exposition of the "spots of time" (Two-Part Prelude, I, 288-374) first composed during those winter months in Goslar: the confrontation with death at the hangman's gibbet, Beacon (XI, 278-316) and at the Christmas holiday of 1783 (XI, 344-88).

Just as the crossing of the Leven sands intervenes in the account of the visit to Taylor's grave and the news of Robespierre's death, the two encounters with death in Book XI are separated by thoughts of Dorothy and Mary at Penrith Beacon (XI, 317-22; cf. Book VI, 240-46). In arguing the pivotal role of William Taylor, Clancey adds that the sense of commission he received from his teacher merged with the "salvific ministry" of his sister. "The Poet's Calling" was nurtured by both. Wordsworth addressed similar thanks to Coleridge: "Thou wilt assist me as a pilgrim gone / In quest of highest truth" (XI, 391-2). Wordsworth's tribute to Coleridge may be readily repeated by the many students, colleagues, and friends of Richard Clancey.

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Disturbed with Joy

By BRUCE GRAVER

MY ESSAY HAS ITS ORIGINS IN TWO FAMILIAR PASSAGES from "Tintern Abbey," both of which relate joy to a perception of the nature of things. The first ends the second verse paragraph: "While with an eye made quiet by the power / Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, / We see into the life of things."[1] The second passage comes some forty lines later in the poem: "And I have felt / A presence that disturbs me with the joy / Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime / Of something far more deeply interfused..." (ll. 94-97). In the first passage, Wordsworth asserts that joy, working in concert with harmony, has the power to quiet the organs of perception, producing a "serene and blessed mood" (l. 42) that enables deeper, more comprehensive cognition. In the second passage, something rather different is described. Joy is part of an emotive response to the sublime; it disturbs, rather than calms or quiets; it is specifically evoked by the "elevated thoughts" the sublime sense or presence generates. This joy is also cognitive, but here cognition is a product of distress or disturbance, rather than contemplative serenity, and it is right to question whether a perception produced by disturbance has the same validity as one that is the product of harmonious calm. Yet most readers of the poem would agree that the perception, in both cases, is the same: "the life of things," "a motion and a spirit that ... rolls through all things" (ll. 50, 101, 103). Can Wordsworth have it both ways?

We can begin to understand what Wordsworth is doing here by examining the various discourses about emotion that were available to him. Burke's *Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*[2] obviously is important, but just as important—indeed, I will argue far more important—is classical Stoic analysis of emotional experience, presented in the works of Cicero and Seneca that were familiar to him from early youth. The Stoic writers provide a systematic account of emotional experience that can serve as a model for understanding how Wordsworth treats particular emotions, whether fear, as in *Peter Bell*, grief, as in "The Ruined Cottage," or maternal love, as in "The Mad Mother." It is especially important that we give joy this kind of analysis: it and grief are at the emotional centers of most of his poems. Joy surprises, quiets, and disturbs in Wordsworth's poetry; it also makes possible the years that bring the philosophic mind. But what, precisely, *is* joy, according to Wordsworth, and how do we understand and judge its effects?

We can begin to find answers to these questions by looking at the third and fourth books of Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, where the Stoic view of the emotions is given its fullest expression. According to the Stoics, emotions are the result of judgments or beliefs. Thus emotions are cognitive, in that they invariably have ideational content. If, for instance, someone we love dies, we feel grief because we believe that death itself is an evil and that this death has harmed us in some way; if someone threatens us with death, we feel fear if we believe death is evil, and if we believe them likely to carry out the threat. The problem with emotion, from the Stoic point of view, is that these judgments are usually made too hastily, or are based on false

[1] William Wordsworth, *Lyrical Ballads, and Other Poems 1797-1800*, ed. James Butler and Karen Green (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1992) 116-20, ll. 48-50.

[2] Edmund Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, ed. Adam Phillips (Oxford and NY: Oxford University Press, 1998).

premises, and the resulting emotions are irrational. In order to avoid irrational behavior, the Stoic attempts to discipline affective response so that judgments are based on right reason, rather than irrational impulses of the mind.[3] In the case of grief, the belief that death is an evil must be addressed, and in the *Tusculans*, which were written largely as therapy for Cicero's own incapacitating grief for his daughter Tullia, Cicero offers a number of methods for correcting false beliefs, including logical argumentation, rhetorical persuasion, and various meditation techniques (M. Graver in Cicero 2002, xiii-xv). The professed aim is to eradicate emotions, or failing that, to blunt their force. Only by so doing can human beings hope to live well.

The chief method of discipline, and perhaps the most important part of Cicero's discussion, is his classification of the various emotions, which constitutes a major part of *Tusculans* IV. By understanding the nature of individual emotions, and their relationship to each other, Cicero believes we can better learn to control our responses to potentially emotive events. Following Zeno, he defines emotion as a "movement of the mind contrary to nature," or "a too-vigorous impulse." These impulses arise from beliefs about what is good and evil.

> Those arising from goods are desire and gladness, gladness being directed at present goods and desire at future goods; while those arising from evils are fear and distress, fear being directed at future evils and distress at present ones.
> (Cicero 2002, 43)

Emotions arising from perceived goods elevate or elate the mind; those arising from perceived evils lower or contract it. Into these four categories—desire, gladness, fear, and distress—all the common emotions can be classified. Thus pity is "distress over the misery of another who is suffering unjustly;" anger is "desire to punish a person who is thought to have harmed one unjustly," and vainglory is "pleasure which exults and makes a display of arrogance" (Cicero 2002, 45-46). But whatever the emotion, Stoics believe them to signal a "loss of control, which is a rebellion in the mind as a whole against right reason." Emotions are "reason's enemy, ... throwing [the mind] into disturbance and riot" (Cicero 2002, 46-47). Therefore, they must be eradicated.

But where does joy fit into this schema, and what does that tell us about "Tintern Abbey"? For Cicero in the *Tusculan Disputations*, joy is not an emotion at all, and is contrasted with its emotional equivalent "unbridled gladness." "There are two ways we may be moved as by the presence of something good," he writes.

> When the mind is moved quietly and consistently, in accordance with reason, this is termed "joy"; but when it pours forth with a hollow sort of uplift, that is called "wild or excessive gladness," which they define as an "unreasoning elevation of mind."
> (Cicero 2002, 44)

Joy (*gaudium*) in such a case is, by definition, rational; it is an affect of a motion of the mind that accords with reason, and hence with nature. Cicero uses the Stoic term *boulesis*, or "volition," to describe this kind of mental action (Cicero 2002, 44); Greek Stoics more regularly used the term

[3] Cicero, *Cicero on the Emotions: Tusculan Disputations 3 and 4*, ed. and trans. Margaret Graver (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2002) xix-xxiii.

"*eupatheia*," "good emotion" or "proper feeling," to describe it (M. Graver in Cicero 2002, 136). Eupathic joy is an affective response to right moral decisions or accurate perceptions of the nature of things, and it contrasts with unbridled gladness (*effrenata laetitia)*, which is the reaction of the immature or foolish to perceived pleasure. Even when this gladness is directed at genuine goods, it is dangerous, because it throws the mind into a state of uncontrolled elation or elevation. Seneca expands on this idea in the *Moral Epistles*. "Believe me, true joy is a serious matter," he counsels Lucilius.

> Do you think that it is with a relaxed and cheerful countenance that one despises death, opens his home to poverty, reins in pleasure, and rehearses the endurance of pain? One who is pondering such things is experiencing a great joy, but hardly a soft or seductive one. This is the joy I want you to possess: you will never run out of it, once you learn where it is to be found.... Cast aside those things that glitter on the outside, those things that are promised you by another or from another, and trample them underfoot. Look to your real good, and rejoice in what is yours. What is it that is yours? Yourself; the best part of you. (Seneca, *Moral Epistles* 23, 4-6, in M. Graver 2007, Chapter 2)[4]

The truly wise person, the Stoic sage, is in a constant state of joy. But few would lay claim to this degree of wisdom. As Seneca elsewhere admits of himself, most people are in the process of seeking wisdom, a process of constant self-discipline and self-discovery. That is why so much Stoic writing takes the form of therapeutic counseling: those somewhat further on the path toward wisdom take it upon themselves to serve as guides to others, partly to help, and partly as a means of sharpening their own powers of self-control.

In "Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth preserves the Stoic distinction between emotion and eupathic affect. This is first evident when he compares his past and present responses to nature. The joy of the "serene and blessed mood" corresponds almost exactly to the quiet, consistent movement of the mind "in accordance with reason," characteristic of Stoic wisdom. To "see into the life of things" is to experience, if only for a few moments, Stoic *eupatheia*. On the other hand, the passionate response to nature of his youth, with its "glad animal movements," "aching joys," and "dizzy raptures" (ll. 75, 85-6), is *effrenata laetitia*, gladness wild and unbridled, like the roe to which Wordsworth compares himself. What is more, his emotive responses seem self-contradictory and confused. Desire for what he loves seems more like flight "from something that he dreads" (l. 72); the "sounding cataract" haunts "like a passion" (ll. 77-8); joys are "aching," bringing pain as well as pleasure, and a far cry from the kind of joy Seneca and Cicero describe. We can measure Wordsworth's psychic growth by comparing these passages with the meditative calm of the opening verse paragraph, where not even the apples "disturb" "the wild green landscape" (ll. 12-15). The frantic physical exertions of the past have given way to repose, and an eye that moves from a fixed point steadily, and perceptively, through the natural world. Similarly, the distinction between emotion and *eupatheia* is evident in Wordsworth's "exhortations" (l. 147) to his sister that close the poem. Here William plays Seneca to Dorothy's Lucilius, looking forward to the time when her "wild ecstasies" will mature into a "sober pleasure" (ll. 139-40). This will happen, he believes, when her "mind has become a mansion for all lovely forms," her "memory a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies" (ll. 140-

[4] Margaret Graver, *Stoicism and Emotion* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, forthcoming 2007).

43), counseling her both to discipline her emotive responses, and to discover, like Lucilius, that which is truly good, that best part of herself. And her maturation will strengthen his own: nothing, he asserts, "shall ... disturb our cheerful faith that all which we behold is full of blessings," and nature will lead them "from joy to joy" (ll. 133-135, 126). As a result of experiences such as this, and the bonds they form between human beings, both William and Dorothy can look forward to a future in which their perceptions, and their affective responses, are more in accord with nature than they are on July 13, 1798, the fictive date of the poem.

Thus far, Wordsworth follows the Stoic discourse on emotion very closely, openly invoking both its ideas and its characteristic vocabulary. But, as I noted above, the way Wordsworth experiences joy in the present is problematic, at least from a Stoic point of view, and here we can begin to see some of the ways in which he is modifying and departing from the Stoic model. "And I have felt a presence," he writes, "that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused...." Joy, at least the eupathic joy of the Stoics, does not disturb: it results from a quiet, consistent movement of the mind, in accordance with reason. When Wordsworth presents joy as a disturbance, he admits that his usual state of mind is unsettled, and when he specifies joy as an affective response to the sublime, he indicates what the source of his instability might be: Edmund Burke. For Burke, the normative response to the sublime is fear and distress; in Burkean terms, Wordsworth's joy is abnormal. But in Stoic terms, to respond to natural phenomena with fear or distress is an irrational impulse: the joy that Wordsworth feels is the response of the wise, but it comes in fits and starts that disrupt his otherwise flawed perceptions. That is, Wordsworth is suggesting that his usual experience of joy is far short of ideal Stoic *eupatheia*: it interrupts and disturbs typical emotive responses, with some of the same force as emotions themselves. Even the eupathic joy of his "serene and blessed mood" is not wholly a Stoic consistency, in that it occurs only in moments of particularly intense meditation, when the body is "laid asleep" (l. 46). And afterwards Wordsworth's faith in those moments of joy is not unwavering: he is concerned that it may be "a vain belief" (l. 51). Wordsworth needs a way to guarantee the validity of the eupathic joy he believes himself to have felt, so that he can look forward to sustaining it, somehow, in the future.

His solution marks his most radical departure from Stoic thought. For Wordsworth refuses to reject emotional experience. Rather, the more powerfully emotional an experience has been, the deeper an impression it makes on the memory, and the deeper the impression, the more opportunity one will have to return, in thought, to the memory itself and understand its genuine significance. Using this Lockean model of memory and mind, Wordsworth develops a meditative technique for disciplining emotional experience that turns on its head an ancient meditative technique for relieving mental pain: the pre-rehearsal of future ills. Following the Cyrenaics, Cicero recommends the pre-rehearsal of future ills (*praemeditatio futurorum malorum*) as a means of strengthening ourselves against extreme mental pain. To avoid extreme grief, for instance, we should spend time regularly imaging the death of our children, or parents, or a spouse, or friends, and rehearse how we should respond (Cicero 2002, 24-28). Pre-rehearsal works very well for those facing torture, or attempting to overcome a phobia, such as fear of airplane flight. But to spend one's time meditating on the possible death of loved ones seemed, even to Cicero, a bit morbid. Wordsworth may have pre-rehearsal in mind when he suggests to Dorothy that "neither evil tongues, / Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men" shall "disturb our chearful faith" (ll. 129-130, 134-135). But rather than pre-rehearse sneers, or imagine the possibility that the two of them may, someday, be separated, Wordsworth charges

her to remember “That on the banks of this delightful stream, / We stood together” (ll. 151-2). That is, we can sustain ourselves best against mental pain by concentrating our thoughts on past moments of emotional intensity, deriving from them “life and food / For future years” (ll. 65-6). In “Tintern Abbey” it is a past moment of intense pleasure; we know from *The Prelude* that moments of intense pain can be just as valuable. For Wordsworth, there can be no *eupatheia* without intense emotions, which imprint themselves so deeply in the memory that he can, again and again, return to them and “drink, / As at a fountain”[5] (*Prelude* 1805, XI, 383-384).

I would like to close by turning to another familiar passage, so familiar that we have probably stopped thinking about it, where Wordsworth also invokes the Stoic distinction between emotion and *eupatheia*.

> I have said that Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility; the emotion is contemplated till by a species of reaction the tranquility gradually disappears, and an emotion, similar to that which was before the subject of contemplation is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. (“Preface” to *Lyrical Ballads,* in Wordsworth 1992, 756)

In light of Stoic emotion theory, this passage takes on a new significance, and it is a significance we need to explore, if we are to understand the aesthetics, and the moral psychology, of Romantic emotion.

Postscript

I first met Dick Clancey in the early 1980s, when I was finishing my dissertation at the University of North Carolina. Mark Reed, my director, called me into his office, holding a letter in his hand. “Bruce,” he said, “a scholar is coming to consult with you about your work.” And a month or so later, Dick knocked on my office door, invited me and my wife to lunch, and we talked for hours about Hawkshead Grammar School, the teaching of Latin, lecture notes at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and Wordsworth’s translations. There was a boyish joy when Dick talked about scholarly things that I had never seen before, and have seen but rarely since, and for a graduate student increasingly worried about the “so-what?” factor of his research, it was a much-needed boost.

We kept in touch regularly: dinners at MLA, longish letters about Wordsworthian things, promises to get together at conferences or in England that we were never able to keep, and Christmas cards every year. I wrote comments on at least two drafts of *Wordsworth’s Classical Undersong*, and reviewed it for the BARS newsletter. Dick’s last note was a thank-you card for the review, a little guarded, perhaps a little bit hurt, because I faulted him for being so generous to others that he obscured the originality of his own ideas. As if generosity could be a fault in the most generous man I have ever known.

[5] William Wordsworth, *The Prelude 1799, 1805, 1850*, ed. Jonathan Wordsworth, M. H. Abrams, and Stephen Gill (New York: W. W. Norton, 1979); in Wordsworth 1979, 436.

I knew something was wrong when, the next Christmas, the card didn't come. The following September, I saw his name in the MLA "In Memoriam" list, and understood. I am grateful, very grateful, to Rick Tomlinson for giving me the opportunity to offer this tribute to Dick's memory.

Providence College

Adventures with Dick Clancey

By DUNCAN WU

I FIRST MET DICK AT THE WORDSWORTH SUMMER CONFERENCE IN 1987, when he gave a paper on Horatian echoes in Wordsworth's Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*—a paper ultimately published in the present journal.[1] It combined elegance and erudition with a self-effacing modesty that served only to underline one's awareness of what a fine scholar he was. Indeed, the very fact that he was giving a paper was in itself a mark of his lack of self-importance, for he was more than sufficiently eminent to be given a one-hour lecture spot at the Conference as opposed to the mere twenty minutes allowed for each paper. But so far as I am aware, he never requested promotion to those starry heights, and was content to remain among the ranks of humble paper-readers for years.

Dick's papers were masterpieces of insight and close reading, informed by decades of study of Latin and Greek authors. He would recognize classical tropes and constructions where to the uninformed eye no such thing was discernible. The paper on Horace and Wordsworth's Preface is typical: it lavishes much care on a detailed examination of Latin texts, placing them alongside Wordsworth in order to show how, as Dick puts it, 'each poet has laid out an elaborate process-structure or schema and then declares that he is to be considered a poet to the degree he has mastered this schema'.[2] In many particulars, as he illustrates, Wordsworth and Horace took the same virtues for granted in their account of what makes a good poet.

Although Dick's work was always of the very highest standard, he sometimes found it difficult to publish, despite his appearances at the Wordsworth Summer Conference and Wordsworth Winter School, where his papers were usually well-received. His unforced modesty led him invariably to attribute this to his competence as an academic writer, indicating on more than one occasion that he had come late to the business of writing academic analyses of literature. Such was his obvious intellectual prowess, particularly in the field of the classics, I found this difficult to credit. Indeed, so far-fetched was it that I rarely bothered to dispute it; I just accepted what Dick said as part of his self-effacing nature, without ever imagining that it was true. And yet, on searching the archives for evidence of his work before the article published in the *Charles Lamb Bulletin* for October 1989, I find nothing. That he had indeed come late to the business of writing and publishing his thoughts on literature underlines his essential reluctance to put himself forward—something that lasted until the end of his life.

Dick may have been surprised when I got in touch with him, but he was an obvious colleague to befriend, as several mutual acquaintances pointed out. My doctoral thesis, an edition of Wordsworth's poetry and prose between 1785 and 1790, depended on a full survey of the poet's classical education, something that I was ill-equipped to deal with on my own. I decided also, at the same time, to compile a list of the books read by Wordsworth between 1770 and 1799, and that would embroil me in a number of subjects that Dick had already begun to explore. The most obvious of these was the Hawkshead Grammar School library. Dick had made friends with the guardian of the School, John West, and made a number of forays into the library to examine its holdings. This was a tricky matter, because there were a number of restrictions on access to the library. During the

[1] See Richard W. Clancey, 'Wordsworth, Horace, and the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, *CLB* NS 68 (October 1989) 131-38.
[2] Ibid., p.136.

summer of 1989, while at the Wordsworth Conference, we made the journey to Hawkshead by taxi—Dick insisted on paying—and were allowed into the library where John West showed us some of the books. But it was a short visit, and we were unable to look at any of the books on our own. In late October that year, I set out again, this time alone. I spoke at length to Dick beforehand on the phone, and he earmarked several books on his list which he said I should examine were I to be given the chance. This was quite remarkable. For one thing, I had been unaware that there *was* a list, but Dick had somehow 'found' a catalogue of the library--typical of his resourcefulness. Moreover, he mentioned to me a number of titles he thought I should examine, none of which I would otherwise have bothered with: one of them was Juvenal's *Mores Hominum, the Manners of Men, Described in Sixteen Satyrs* translated by Sir Robert Stapylton (London, 1660).

My plan was to do the whole thing as a day-trip—the cheapest, if not the least exhausting option. I got up very early, cycled to Oxford railway station, and jumped on the milk-train going north. I was in Windermere by mid-morning and ordered a taxi to take me straight to Hawkshead Grammar School. The taxi seemed to take hours to wind its slow way through the fells, and what made it worse was that (not surprisingly, given the time of year) it was raining hard, so that I constantly had the feeling that the car would be swept off the roads before I had been able to fulfil my appointed task.

I left the taxi at the coach park, arranging for it to pick me up an hour and a half later, and sprinted to the Grammar School. John West was busy with several tourists who wished to be shown various relics and when he was finished he kindly allowed me half an hour in the library on my own. I had to tell him in advance which books I wished to look at, among which were the clutch of no-hopers (as I thought) recommended by Dick. As it transpired, none of the books I had listed myself proved to be of the slightest relevance to my work—nearly all of them having been donated to the library after Wordsworth's time at the school. But Dick's handful of books were all interesting in one way or another. Most exciting of all was the Juvenal. It was one of those books in which the boys had been in the habit of scrawling their names. On page 327 I found that of Wordsworth's close friend Fletcher Raincock (dated 6 December 1782)—and then, most exciting of all, that of Wordsworth on the right-hand margin of page 227, probably entered at around the same time.[3] The signature was cropped during rebinding, and at some point someone had attempted to erase it, but I could discern enough to indicate that Wordsworth had once used it. Somehow Dick had guessed that this book was known to the poet. It was his discovery.

I remember leaving the Grammar School barely able to speak, so excited was I. I dashed across the road to the telephone kiosk by the coach park, and phoned Dick in Cleveland, using what change I had in my pocket. As the rain clattered onto the kiosk I told him the news. He was as thrilled as I was. 'I suspected that Wordsworth might have used the Stapylton Juvenal', he wrote to me later that day, 'John West showed me the Raincock autograph. I never dreamed that Wordsworth might have signed the book too, thinking that John West would surely have caught the item.'

Dick's correspondence, which was frequent even in pre-e-mail days, was a constant companion during much of my work. We would keep each other apprised of our labours, and his *bon mots* often amused me as I continued to list Wordsworth's books. Here he is in November 1989 on young Wordsworth's translations of Virgil: 'His constant use of a translation in his study of the classics enabled him all the more readily to use the material for his own purposes, to master the texts as it

[3] See my *Wordsworth's reading 1770-1799* (Cambridge, 1993), p.79.

were. It is as though he had read Harold Bloom.' And here he is, commenting on one of Wordsworth's textbooks which he had examined earlier in 1989 in the Swarthmore College library:

> This is a much used and dirty text, but with so few scribblings in it and apparently three signatures. I think that this shows that textbooks were passed readily among members of a family and possibly sold to other boys, thus the restraint in the scribbling. I've seen too many student texts to believe otherwise.

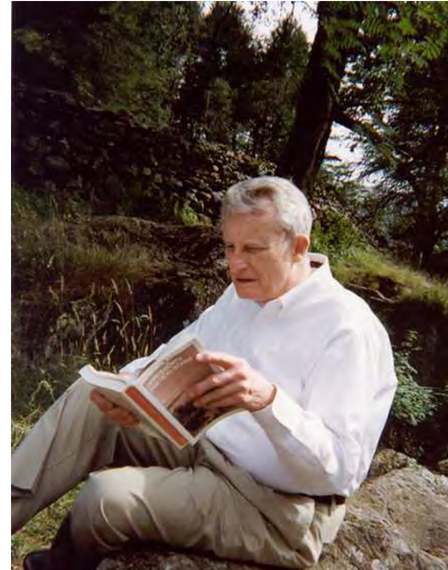
So far this brief memoir has concerned itself almost entirely with Dick's research, but there was another, and in some ways more important, side to his professional life—his teaching. Those who attended the lectures he delivered on his frequent visits to Grasmere and London will have glimpsed something of the great teacher he was, but that was only a glimpse. His colleague and friend George Bilgere has described him as 'inspirational' and I can think of no better word for his essential quality. I was fortunate enough to see him with his students at John Carroll University when I spent a short period there in 1998, and the intensity of the affection felt for him was symptomatic of his commitment to the job. Generations of students at John Carroll from the 1960s onwards were fortunate enough to be tutored by him, including the present Academic Vice-President of the University, David LaGuardia, and the warmth of feeling for him is evident in the tributes paid to him by friends, family and colleagues on the JCU website.[4]

As a writer, Dick's finest achievement was his book, *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong: Education, Rhetoric and Poetic Truth* (Macmillan, 2000). It was many years in the making, distilling a wealth of learning into its 200-odd pages. If its conclusions are only slowly being assimilated into the mainstream of Wordsworth criticism, that is because it was far ahead of its time. Dick managed to discover more about Wordsworth's early education than any previous scholar. In *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong* Dick traces Wordsworth's education to its source—his teachers. Take for instance the chapter on James Peake, the Mancunian who brought the teaching practices of Manchester Grammar School to Hawkshead. Why should that be important? Because Peake's specialism was mathematics, and that explains why Wordsworth excelled in the subject to the extent that, had he wished, he could easily have earned an honours degree at Cambridge. No less important is Dick's argument that, as he puts it, 'Wordsworth's classical undersong is Horatian, vatic, philological and Aristotelian.'[5] He proceeds to demonstrate the truth of this through an analysis of Wordsworth's most important poem, *The Prelude*. His generosity of spirit is evident on every page of this book, which is filled with references to the work of others in the field.

Dick Clancey on tour in the Duddon Valley, 11 August 1999

[4] See http://www.jcu.edu/news/remembering_dick_clancey.htm and http://www.jcu.edu/news/richard_clancey.asp.

[5] R. W. Clancey, *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong: Education, Rhetoric and Poetic Truth* (Macmillan, 2000), p. 127.



Dick reading from the Duddon sonnets while on tour in the Duddon Valley, 11 August 1999

I have two much-cherished memories of Dick, both connected with escapades into the Cumbrian hinterland. The first dates from 11 August 1999 and the Wordsworth Summer Conference. That day, a changeable one in meteorological terms, I took three scholars—Mary Wedd, Constance Parrish and Dick—for a drive down the Duddon valley. Our route took us into Little Langdale, and then up the Wrynose Pass. Dick hadn't done this before, at least not in a car, and he enjoyed the views from the top. We then motored across Furness Fell and followed the Duddon towards Broughton. For anyone who hasn't done this journey before, it is a delight, and Dick was thrilled with it. We stopped at a clearing just before the village of Seathwaite and read to each other from Wordsworth's Duddon sonnets, before stopping to look round Seathwaite church and take tea at the local inn.

We stopped again at the small village of Ulpha, where we looked round the church, and then around the graveyard, which is bounded by steep descents towards the gathering floods of the Duddon. It seemed a good moment to read Wordsworth's sonnet:

Dick in front of Ulpha church, Duddon Valley, 11 August 1999

The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! Could it yield no more
Than mid that wave-washed Churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

The second foray dates from 5 August 2001, when we gathered once again—Mary, Constance, me and Dick—for a more ambitious enterprize: to Wast Water, a tucked-away part of the Lake District that neither he nor I had previously visited. We set out at lunchtime on a drive that took us over the Wrynose and Hardknott Passes, within sight of Crinkle Crags and Bowfell, and finally up the western shore of the lake. It was no great distance as the crow flies, but we were not flying, committed instead to a jammed, endlessly winding country road. The nature of the terrain dictated that it be taken slowly, and we resigned ourselves to a lengthy drive. It must have

been close to mid-afternoon by the time we reached our destination—the small settlement of Wasdale Head, at the bottom of steep Wasdale Fell leading up to Great Gable. We parked close to the local inn, and got out of the car.

Dick above the banks of Wast Water, 2001

The difficulty of getting here put off many others, so that it was comparatively quiet for the Lake District in high summer. The sun shone brightly on the empty streets of the small village as our four-strong delegation from the Wordsworth Conference headed into town to liven things up. Cumbria was at that time in the grip of the foot-and-mouth outbreak (fatal to cattle and sheep), and in order to walk anywhere it was necessary to douse one's boots in the buckets of chemicals placed at regular intervals along the paths. Dick entered into the spirit of the exercise, dousing his boots thoroughly, and we followed suit. We followed the track that led up the valley some way before turning back and walking round the small church, little more than a hut. It was a perfect summer afternoon, and the sheer pleasure of sharing this remarkable spot with three extraordinary people from the academic otherworld of the Wordsworth Conference is a pleasure I shall remember for the rest of my life. On our way back, returning up the Hardknott Pass—a much more demanding drive than the outward journey—the Pass was choked not just by cars but by hundreds of cyclists, most of whom were walking their cycles up the side of the mountain on the road. This presented an interesting challenge to the automatic gearing system in my Nissan Micra, to which I'm relieved to say it rose magnificently.

Dick cleaning his boots in chemicals designed to ward off the spread of foot-and-mouth disease, Wasdale Head, 2001

That evening we commemorated our survival when Dick took us out for dinner at the Langdale Chase Hotel. It was one of those serene, balmy evenings you sometimes get in the Lakes during the summer, and afterwards we walked outside and enjoyed the views.

Dick returned to London after the Conference and convened a further dinner at 'Rules', the restaurant in Maiden Lane founded in 1798. He kindly invited me, along with Mary Wedd, John Powell Ward and Nick and Cecilia Powell, and on this occasion we shared the expense. When he returned to Cleveland, he wrote me a letter in which he remembered our various adventures.

> What a wonderful day when we had in Wast Water. I'll never forget the views and the stark wonder of the lake as it lay before us with such solemn authority. Thank you too for the excellent photographs. I can hardly believe how clearly we and all the scenery came out. You even made me look presentable. The photographs will always be special; they bring back a

very special time as nothing else can. It is the same for the fine day two years ago when we followed the River Duddon. I am especially grateful for your coming to dinner at Rules. What a wonderful time we had! I'll always think of it as our 'immortal dinner'.

Wordsworthians on tour at Wasdale Head, 2001. From left to right: Duncan Wu, Constance Parrish, Dick Clancey, and Mary Wedd

Dick was an extraordinary man. His academic work is of major importance to anyone concerned with the classical antecedents of Romantic period poetry, and the popularity of his lectures at the Wordsworth Winter School and the Charles Lamb Society reflected the respect accorded to it. More important, though, as those who knew him were aware, he was one of the most generous-hearted people any of us are likely to know. He gave full credit to his critics, and often gave more credibility than he should have done to colleagues who understood less about literature than he did. Far from being faults, however, these facets of his character were what made him such a formidable and perceptive critic in his own right, not to mention a steadfast and dependable friend. He is much missed.

St. Catherine's College, Oxford

Dick Clancey: A Brief Memoir

By JOHN POWELL WARD

I FIRST MET DICK CLANCEY ON EUSTON STATION as we waited to travel to Grasmere for the 1980 Wordsworth Conference. He told me he was from Cleveland, Ohio. He was dressed in black and I remember thinking he seemed like a priest. We got talking, sat together on the journey, and talked a lot at the conference, too. It was my first time, but not Dick's, and he was friendship and kindness from the start.

He stayed with us a number of times in later years. (He invited us to Cleveland, too; alas, we never made it that way round.) Dick always brought presents, often books of superb photographs of North American scenery and landscape. Sarah's favourite memory of him is when he sat in the garden with a group of our elder son's school friends. Despite being well over double their age he integrated totally, asked about all their work, interests, and plans, and was main focus of both attention and delight. His hospitality to us at hotel or restaurant when he was researching in London seemed limitless.

We also took him to a Lords cricket test match. All England's wicket-taking that day was by lbw or catches, and Dick never really grasped the point of the stumps. Another time he stayed with us in Wales and we made the long drive out to St. Davids. Remarkably, a garage-attendant, one of the cathedral choristers, and a barman at our Sunday lunch restaurant, were all the same person. Dick was understandably puzzled by Wales's seeming current labour shortage. He also knew much about British cathedrals generally and about St. Davids' famous son, the twelfth century archbishop of Wales, Geraldus Cambrensis.

Dick's gentleness and modesty were of his essence. That made the appearance of *Wordsworth's Classical Undersong*, his book on the poet's grammar school education, an even greater pleasure to all who knew him. It took a very long time to write. For years I don't think it ever occurred to Dick to write a book at all. He was first of all a teacher, a person for and with others. But when the seed of the idea grew, it absorbed him more and more as he went into the subject deeper. This was surely because it tapped his great and lasting classical interests, and the result was the unique mix he gave us, with Mancunian pedagogy and Horatian poetics woven into the characteristic Wordsworthian growth of the poet's own mind and calling. The book became and remains a natural complement to Ben Ross Schneider's *Wordworth's Cambridge Education*, which Dick much admired. Dick's death was a deep shock and we miss him sadly still.

THE CORINITHIAN SHEPHERD'S AIR
(*after the blinding of Oedipus*)

Within this work and absent tense
Is probability or name
As though totality or word
Changed all about remains the same
Finite, while reassessing day
Kept the same thing by the same way

Whose scenery is function of
The new-age jets they travel in
So the barbed bramble-hedge of love
And stark left-open gate of sin
Are fantasies, all fantasies;
After the shower, wet open skies.

In the one gap wherein exists
What all formed intellect can't reach,
There capers in our verbal wastes
The silences around the speech,
Wider than justice, taller than pain,
Not this weather, not that rain;

The subdivided particle
Merely a fraction of what was,
And with all knowledge we can cull
There to attend its greater voice.
Yea though I walk, the dark jew's song
Echoed about his wandering.

Horton Kirby, Kent

In Memoriam – Robert Woof

By DUNCAN WU

ROBERT WOOF DIED OF LUNG CANCER in November 2005. He was a long-term member of this Society, known to many of us personally. For three decades he led the Wordsworth Trust to the eminent position it now holds, and was an eloquent proselytiser not just for the cause of the poet after whom the Trust is named, but for that of countless writers and artists, past and present, including many contemporary practitioners whom he encouraged to contribute to the life of the Trust.

He was born in Lancaster and educated at its Grammar School. After reading English at Pembroke College, Oxford, he went on to write his doctoral thesis, 'The Literary Relations of Wordsworth and Coleridge, 1795-1803: Five Studies', under the supervision of J. R. MacGillivray at the University of Toronto in 1959. Too little has been said about it and it is worth redressing the balance here. At the time, Robert's thesis was a staggering scholarly achievement. It contained, among other things, the best-informed and most accurate attempt thus far to locate the precise moment of Wordsworth and Coleridge's first encounter; the most detailed analysis of *The Borderers* and *Osorio*; the first detailed breakdown of Wordsworth and Coleridge's contributions to *The Morning Post* (a subject of major importance)[1]; and the first informed discussion of Wordsworth's Commonplace Book. It was a treasure trove of scholarly erudition and insight, and it is a shame that it was not published at the time of its completion, for its valuable contribution to Wordsworth scholarship would much sooner have entered the mainstream of critical discourse had that happened. Such was its achievement that anyone with a serious scholarly interest in these two great poets during the period covered by the thesis would still profit by a reading of it today, 45 years after its composition.

Robert Woof in the Dove Cottage garden with Caroline Wu, spring 2004.

Robert's academic record is a distinguished one. After holding a Lectureship at Toronto he became Lord Adams of Ennerdale Fellow at the University of Newcastle in 1961, a Lecturer the following year, and Reader in 1971. In 1974 he became Honorary Keeper of Collections at what was then the Dove Cottage Trust in Grasmere, and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer in 1978. Important though those titles are, they fail to do justice to the impact he had. Under his guidance the Trust acquired many important manuscripts, artefacts,

[1] This formed the basis for Robert's article, 'Wordsworth's Poetry and Stuart's Newspapers: 1797-1803', *Studies in Bibliography* 15 (1962) 149-89.

drawings and paintings which would come to form an outstanding collection of materials relating to Romantic culture. And under him the Trust would begin planning for its future – most obviously it would begin acquiring property in Town End and plan new museum and library facilities for the storage of its collections. That endeavour was triumphantly achieved with the completion of the Jerwood Centre, opened by Seamus Heaney on 2 June last year.

Robert's life was unbelievably full. I knew him principally in his role as Director of the Wordsworth Trust, but he was also a member of the Arts Council (1982-88) and Chairman of Century Theatre (1991-2) and English Touring Theatre (1993-2000). Not only that, but between 1970 and 2004 he seems to have been responsible for writing (or co-writing) and publishing no less than 21 books and pamphlets on subjects ranging from Lake District artists to English Poetry throughout the ages. The catalogues he wrote for the remarkable exhibitions he curated at the Wordsworth Museum are monuments to his erudition – valuable resources for any scholar of the Romantic period, essential to any academic library.

I prize Robert's critical and scholarly writings, and remember discovering what a rich trove of expertise they contained during my time as a postdoctoral Fellow in Oxford. I pursued him through the pages of *Studies in Bibliography* and the *University of Toronto Quarterly* – marvelling over his analysis of 'Sara Hutchinson's Poets', 'Coleridge and Thomasina Dennis', and 'John Stoddart, "Michael" and Lyrical Ballads'.[2] One of the most valuable of his articles remains 'John and Sarah Stoddart: Friends of the Lambs', which he published in the present journal in 1984.[3] His marvellous 1088-page volume, *William Wordsworth: The Critical Heritage* (Routledge, 2001) (reviewed *CLB* NS 118 (April 2002) 64-5) is a major contribution to Wordsworth studies. It brought together many long-forgotten, and some never-seen, observations on Wordsworth's poetry taken from a wide range of sources, some of them manuscript, prefaced and annotated by Robert.

What impressed me most about Robert was his absolute commitment to the cause of poetry, and generosity of spirit when explaining to others the significance of the Trust's work, its holdings, and the poetry that inspired it. It didn't matter whether you were a scholar or a member of the general public: he used his learning to bring literature to life, happy to share with others the fruits of his work. One of the great pleasures of the Wordsworth Conferences and Winter Schools was the experience of listening to him as he spoke about the various exhibits and acquisitions made by the Trust. It was no dry, academic experience: the effect on his hearers was electrifying. No one who heard him came away unmoved by what he said, or unimpressed by the urgency with which he said it. It was as if the literature was the most important thing in the world, and that may well have been the most valuable lesson he could have offered us.

St. Catherine's College, Oxford

[2] See *Studies in Bibliography* 19 (1966) 226-31; *University of Toronto Quarterly* 32 (1964) 36-54; *Ariel: A Review of International English Literature* 1.2 (1970) 7-22.
[3] See *CLB* NS 45 (January 1984) 93-109.

Society Notes and News from Members

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

In Memoriam - Robert Woof

Many members of the Society were present at the National Portrait Gallery, London, on 28 March for an evening in memory and celebration of Robert Woof CBE, Director of The Wordsworth Trust, who died on 7 November 2005. Hundreds of Robert's and Pamela's friends heard a series of moving addresses and poems from Pamela Woof herself; the poet laureate, Andrew Motion; the president of The Wordsworth Trust, Jonathan Wordsworth; the poet, Tony Harrison; the writer and broadcaster, Melvyn Bragg; and the poet and Nobel laureate, Seamus Heaney. Lord Smith of Finsbury, chairman of The Wordsworth Trust, presided and spoke about The Robert Woof Memorial Fund which the Trust has established.

Birthday Luncheon

The Society's annual Birthday Celebration Luncheon was held, as usual, at 14 Prince's Gate on Saturday 18 February. A record number of members and guests attended, and, again as has become usual, the weather was kind enough to permit drinks before lunch to be taken on the garden terrace in bright sunshine! Two Grecians represented Christ's Hospital and said Grace before and after meat. A pheasant casserole was served, followed by chocolate espresso cake, fruit compote, cheeses and coffee. Professor J.R. Watson presided over the proceedings and proposed the toast of The Immortal Memory. A superb lecture on Leigh Hunt followed from Professor Nicholas Roe, our guest of honour, and a wonderful afternoon was rounded off by tea. The Chairman informed the meeting that he had been telephoned by the Royal College at 14 Prince's Gate at 8 o'clock the previous evening to say that the lift at the building had broken down and would be unnavailable, so that the building would be non-compliant with the Disability Discrimination Act and the lunch might have to be cancelled. He had replied that there were no lifts in Lamb's day, and in any case the Society members were 'a tough lot'. His faith in them was borne out on the day!

The Charles Lamb Pub

Members familiar with David Wickham's Elian Booklet No.2, "Charles Lamb's London", or who have themselves visited Islington, will be aware that opening out of Duncan Terrace and Colebrook Row lies Elia Street. Here, at No.16, there has long been a public house. Late last year its new owners renamed it "The Charles Lamb Public House and Kitchen". As this implies, food is now served, and members are strongly recommended to take this opportunity to visit a particularly attractive area of Lamb's London and sample the fare at "The Charles Lamb" with its new (portrait) signboard.

Hazlitt Day School 2006

This will take place on 3 June this year at the Mary Sunley Building, St Catherine's College, Oxford. Speakers include Gregory Dart, Philip Davies, Tom Paulin and Sybil Oldfield. Registration is £38 and £25 (seniors and students), which includes morning coffee (twice), a delicious lunch at St Catherine's, and afternoon tea. A wonderful opportunity to celebrate the genius of a great essayist in pleasant academic surroundings with like-minded souls. For further

details, contact Caroline Taylor at the English Faculty at Oxford, caroline.taylor@ell.ox.ac.uk. Tel: 01865 281149; Fax: 01865 271054, or go to http://www.english.ox.ac.uk/Hazlitt2006/index.htm for a downloadable registration form.