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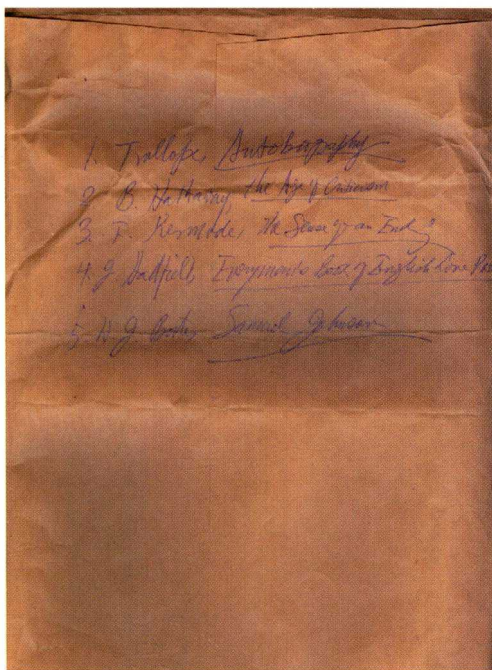
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this matter once to her with all possible delicacy, and she "was very sorry" they had not been returned—which was not very satisfactory. Can you suggest anything?...I would give anything in reason to have the books back—I have hardly any I should be so sorry to have lost. Except indeed the book so many years detained by Gabriel Rossetti...Hope's "Costumes of the Ancients"...But "God do so unto me, and more also" II Samuel 19.13...if ever again I lend anything more valuable than money to a woman or an artist(37)...—not being fit objects for the Platonic sympathies of Messrs Sadstone and Freedman or the Christian sympathy of Mr Carlyle, but no more Bulgarians than we are "Galileans"...Nich—el and I cannot comfortably sleep two in a small bed, like Socrates and Alcibiades on a certain occasion commemorated by the chaste pen of the inspired Plato...to the immortal honour of the old Bulgar's "continence" ...I have just picked up here at least one quarter (I believe) of its market value a book which will at least make your mouth water (liberally) even if it produces no further physical effect on your too Paphian(40) temperament; the Contes de La Fontaine with Fisen's palates...a book now priceless, since the original plates were destroyed a year or two since by that son of bitch run mad with the itch, whom she dropt in a ditch with no clouts to his breech, which may Beelzebub switch, M.Louis Veilliet How these dear Christian brethren of the Bulgar tribe do hate all art which pays sexual homage to women only!...I may not be able to command the same prices, but I am resolved to command the same respect, for my works as the Poet Laureate(41)...I have lately been shown some erotic correspondence and Platonic poetry of Burns which are simply sublime—superhuman—supersatirical.

To the Editor of the "Athenaeum": In the 40th line of the last scene of the 3rd act of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" I find a reference which hitherto has never been verified, and yet without such verification leaves the passage inapprehensible to all readers who may not have Lucan at their fingers' ends (Pharsalia, IX.763-788)(42).

To Lord Houghton: I have consequently been preached at or verbally wish—ed by a pedagogic parson the Rev. F.(luncky) W.(horsen) Farrar (qu. Fellater?) in public before a numerous congregation of both sexes(45)...As Gray said of his Greek studies—"I take prose and poetry together like bread and cheese" P. Teynboe & F. Whibley, ed., Corr., I, p.277 (72)...De Sade at his foulest was to Zola at his purest as "moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine" (Tennyson's "Locksley Hall", 152 in the fac—ulty of horrifying and nauseating the human stomach and the human soul (73).

To John Nichol: The fetid Flunkivall...the Viet Volunteer of the Shm Shakespeare Society....I must also send my guinea-mite, of course. But is not the millionaire Tennyson's subscription too awfully shabby even for a Laureate?(89)

To Wm. Rossetti: my subscription to the "Keats Memorial Fund"—zero and serie— not to say, seriatim...F—xt—a Borman (ce non-Bormone a tout—out, —st-ne)(90).

From J.Nichol: I quite agree with you, of course, that translation without loss, especially in poetry, cuts two ways(94)...Water-Closet Smith's Walt—er Chalmers Smith wish is to drain everything to himself(99).

To E.Gosse: As the defunct Forster and Browning were colleagues of all

fair, and you away?/How could the trees be bounteous, flowers so gay?/Could they remember but last year, /How you did then, they your delight, /The sprouting leaves /Which saw you here, /And called their fellows to the sight, /Would, looking round /For the case, stand in vain, /Deep back from their silent tasks again, (142) /... /But we can bless their roof for ever, /Since you're gone, /The earth here the only /Fair and shine alone, /You did their natural rights invade, /Wherever you did walk or sit, /The thickest boughs could make no shade, /Although the sun had granted it, /The fairest flowers could please no more, /Near you, /Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do. /... (143)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Power to the Glow-worms: To living lamps, whose dear light, /The midnight gloom /Does all so late, /And, studying all the summer night, /Her matchless songs does meditate; /Ye country comets that portend no war, /Nor prince's funeral, /Shining unto no higher end, /Than to presage the grass's fall; /Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame /To wandering swarms above the way, /That in the night have lost their way, /And after foolish fires do stray; /Four courteous lights in vain you waste, /Since Jullians here is come, /For she and you hath so dispensed, /That I shall never find my home. (155)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Beauty's Excellence: Gaze not on swans, in whose soft breast /A full-hatched beauty seems to nest; /For snow-white falling from the sky /Sovers in its virginity, // Gaze not on roses, though new blown, /Grazed with a fresh complexion, /For lilies, which no subtle bee /Durst robbed by kissing chemistry, (156) // Gaze not on that pure lily way, /Where Night vies splendour with the Day; /Nor pearl, whose silver walls confine /The riches of an Indian mine, // For if my Euphrates appears, /Swans routine dis, snow melts to tears, /Roses do blush and hang their heads, /Pale lilies shrink into their beds; /The Milky Way rides post to shroud /The bearded glory in a cloud; /And pearls do climb into her ear, /To hang themselves for envy there, // So have I been starry big with light, /Ere lanterns to the moon-eyed Night, /Which, when Sol's rays were once displayed, /Sunk in their sockets, and decayed.

Nicholas Hooker

To Amanda walking in the Garden: And now what monarch would not gander he, /My fair Amanda's stately gait to see? /How her feet tempt! how soft and light she treads, /Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds; /Yet from their sweet green pillows everywhere /They start and gaze about to see my fair, /Look at you flower vnder, how it grows, /Sensibly: how it opens its leaves and blows, /Puts its best R. Baster clothes on neat and gay, (159) /Amanda's presence shakes it holiday! /Look how on tiptoe that fair lily stands, /To look on thee, and court thy whiter hands; /To gather it! I saw in yonder crowd— /That tulip bed of which Dame Florate's proud— /A short dwarf flower did enlarge its stalk, /And shoot an inch to see Amanda walk, // The broad-leaved sycamore, and every tree, /Shakes like the trembling aspen, and bows to thee, /And each leaf proudly strives, with its fresher air /To fan the curls that tresses of thy hair, /Now and then, with his wealthy thigh, /Mistakes his hive, and to the lips doth fly, /Willing to treasure up his honey there, /Where honey-crooks so sweet and plenty are, /Look how that pretty modest columbine, /Bends down its head, to view those feet of thine! /See the fond position of the strawberry, /Creeping on the earth, to go along with thee! /... (160)

Edwin Thomas

Under the willow shades they were, /Free from the eye-sight of the sun, /For no intruding beam could there /Peep through to spy what things were done; /Thus sheltered, they unseen did lie, /Sneering on each other's eyes, /Defended by the willow shades alone, /The suns that they defied, and cooled their own, /Whilst they did chance unspied, /The conscious willows seemed to smile, /That they with privacy

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"Theocracy may have written more pungent social satire, Tennyson may be a greater poet, John Ruskin may be a greater critical biographer, Cardinal Newman may have a more splendid style," etc. (22). "Tennyson may be a greater critical biographer, Cardinal Newman may have written more pungent social satire, John Ruskin may be a greater poet"—so far so good, the Demagogue-Langueur of our day must have been accurately and adequately reported, but surely my fellow-reporters have been guilty of grave and inexcusable negligence in omitting to transcribe the sentences which followed. Mr Gladstone may be a greater provocateur, Benjamin Stoddard (who is also called Mithras) may be a greater panegyrist, Mr. South may be a greater public nuisance, Mr. Russell may have been a greater oratorist... myself may be a greater—the last word, it appears, you findably owing to the sunny and generous emotion of the many-gifted speaker(23).

To Wm. Rossetti: I am...writing to ask whether you have observed in Victor Hugo's stupendous and transcendent poem on God the amazing coincidence of thought and even of expression with our own (and I may especially say "our own") Blake; and particularly with "Anguries of Immeasurability"... The Blakiness of "Bliss" is simply marvellous(24).

To Theodore Tilton: May I thank for your letter and the magazine just arrived. At this point I was obliged to break off, jump out of (33) window, and run through the garden and adjoining copse to see from the edge of a meadow the sight of a superb sunset...I resume my pen for this bright five minutes' gap to say... (34).

To Edmund Gosse: Nabok's "The Chalked Valentines" can't be worse than "that good man Stoddard's" published excerpts for the conception of what Mithras calls "An artificial maid," declared virgin! (The Phoenix, II. 115-179) (42).

To Ellen Lynn Linton: It is not my part to strip and whip (in allusion to Withers' satires Abuse Strip and Whipt) the pusill submission of that poor little Lady Burton....Of course she has befouled Richard Burton's name by like a harp...If you thought fit...to expose and chastise her unscrupulous profanation of his name and fame, it would not be "like two cats spitting at each other" but like one noble specimen of that wildest and lawfiest of creatures springing and setting her paw—with all the inexpressible grace which beautifies and glorifies her strength and fierceness—on a furtive though audacious rat(46).

To Mary Macgregor Singleton: In your too kind inscription you speak of "the greatest living poet." Surely you must have meant to address it to Mr. Leconte de Lisle... (47).

To the Editor of the "Academy": [A propos of William Mitre's Autobiograph—ical Notes of the Life of William Mitre] Scott: "The poison of the parasite is the stings of seers at night." The apology comes a little too late...and the apology comes halting after time on so fragile a crutch, it should at any rate be straight-forward, honest, and ingenious. Reverse each one of these three epithets, and you will find the three most appropriate to Mr Mitre's attempt at half-hearted apology of impossible self-exculpation(48)...But my late have successfully assumed the disguise of a drive—ling idiot to impose on the credulity of Tarquin: Mr Mitre must not have—said, that legendary sample with any chance of success... must congratulate him on his double failure to do the thing to which he attempted as an idiot, and in the attempt to play the part of an equivocator(49).

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beauty of that ravine, fused with some deep personal perception to make it the most potent spot poetically that Tennyson ever knew. As he was to write in The Princess, nearly two decades later, "O how ab-
of the valley" (120). A Miss Barker remembered "I never saw a more Spanish looking man as I saw him" (121). They arrived in Liverpool in time to take the first train that ever ran between that city and Manchester, on 20 September, in their hurry to get aboard the crowded train they were unable to see the wheels because of the press of spectators on the platform, and the near-sighted Tennyson could not see them later in the dark, so that he assumed they were running in grooves. The result of his myopia was a line composed that night which became one of his most famous when it was ultimately embedded in "Locksley Hall": "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change." (121). In a letter to William Brookfield, "Hullo! Brooks, Brooks, for shame! what are you about - musing and brooding and dreaming and optimising for yourself out of this life into the next?" (123) "Awake, arise or be for ever fallen. Shake yourself you Owl of the turret you! come forth you cat-a-mountain---you shall cease no more could---. Is there not cakes and ale? Is there not toddies? Is there not bacchus? Is there not pipes? Smoke negrofoot an thou wilt but in the name of that is near and dear to thee I pray thee take no opium--- it were better that a millstone were hung about thy neck and that thou wert thrown into the Cam." In spite of his joking language, there was no mistaking the horror Tennyson felt of opium addiction, and it did not come only from experience with his father. By 1874 Charles had become a hopeless addict of the drug. (124) For some deeply felt reason Tennyson was reluctant to meet Wordsworth. He was modest about inflicting himself upon the greatest of living English poets, but five years later Speeding was to find him equally difficult to bring to Wordsworth. (126)

Ch.3: When Douglas Heath complained that his aetel was less than immaculate, Tennyson only muttered good-naturedly, "H'm, yours would not be so clean as mine if you had worn it a fortnight." (128) In a strikingly Hamlet-like gesture, he slept the night in his father's own bed soon after his death, hoping that his ghost would appear and confirm the continuity of life after death. A half century later he said, "A poet never sees a ghost." Charles Tennyson was coverly ashamed of not having gone to see his brother and he wrote apologetically to Mr. Hawneley: "I was unable to attend in person, I would however have broken through all my business, were it of use or comfort to my poor father." William Tennyson, aware of the hypocrisy in the last sentence, charitably changed (132) the final words, in his Memoir of his father, to "my poor brother's widow." (133) Old Mr Tennyson's happiness with the young Tennysons contrasted bleakly with the openhandedness he constantly displayed to his son Charles. For 40 years the shifts of the young Tennysons had irritated that uncle and grandfather. A great deal of money had gone down the drain in the education of the three eldest sons, and of whom had taken a degree. (135) It was the great surgeon Benjamin Brodie who prescribed the milk diet that Tennyson took for six months which he claimed was as beneficial that he was enabled to see the reflection of moon-

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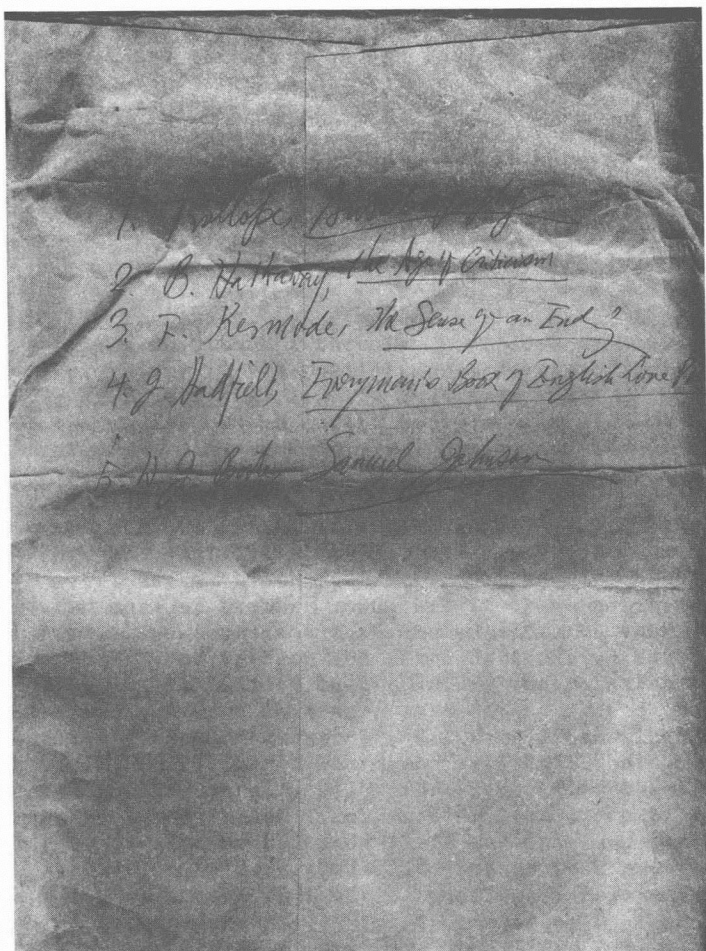
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Mrs Brown to Isa Bladen on Orley Farm: "What a pity it is that so powerful & idiomatic writer should be so incorrect grammatically, & scholastically speaking! Robert inserts on my path down such phrases as these: 'The Cleve we had distant from Orley two miles though it could not be driven under five's' 'one rises up the hill?' 'No good as him'; 'No sleeping' More acknowledgments than he would like learned at Harrow."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"The Oxford Trollope"

Preface: From the mere number of books ^{has} one might have thought that Trollope must have been writing all the time, at home, in railway carriages, on board ship. But no! he hunted at least twice a week, and played whist at his club whenever he could go there in the afternoon. And always he was endeavouring something for the common good, whether it was his novels, or postal deliveries, or pillar-boxes, or international copyright, or international postal treaties(xii). It was the aspirants to literature whom Trollope most consciously wished to encourage and direct by his own example(xiv). It has been my pleasant task to bring for the first time a printed text of the Autobiography into accordance with § Trollope's manuscript, now in the British Museum, The first edition of 1883 needed to be altered in 544 places(xviii)—Frederick Page.

Ch. I: It will not be so much my intention to speak of the little details of my private life, as of what I, and perhaps others round me, have done in literature; of my failures and successes such as they have been, and their causes; and of the opening which a literary career offers to men and women for the earning of their bread. And yet the garrulity of old age, and the aptitude of a man's mind to recur to the passages of his own life, will, I know, tempt me to say something of myself.... That I, or any man, should tell everything of himself, I hold to be impossible. Who could endure to own the doing of a mean thing? Who is there that has done none? But this I protest;—that nothing that I say(1) shall be untrue.... My boyhood was as unhappy as that of a young gentleman could well be.... That large farm was the grave of all my father's hopes, ambition, and prosperity(2).... We all regarded the Lord Northwick of those days who had leased us the farm as a cormorant who was eating us up(3).... I was only seven... and was not even allowed to run to and fro between our house and the school without a daily purgatory.... I remember well... Dr Butler... stopping me in the street, and asking me, with all the clouds of Jove upon his brow and all thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a boy as I!... He must have known me had he seen me as he was wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly. Perhaps he did not recognise me by my face(4).... On one occasion, four boys were selected as having been the perpetrators of some nameless horror. What it was, to this day I cannot even guess; but I was one of the four, innocent as a babe, but adjudged to have been the guiltiest of the guilty(5).... With a stupid boy's slowness I said nothing.... I remember their names well, and almost wish to write them here(6).... I and my brother, Thomas Adolphus, have been fast friends... Few brothers have had more of brother hood. But in those schooldays he was, of all my foes, the worst. In accordance with the practice of the college, he was my tutor; and his capacity of teacher and ruler, he had studied the theories of Draco(8).... My college bills had not been paid, and the school tradesmen who administered to the wants of the boys were told not to extend their credit to me. Boots, waistcoats, and pocket-handkerchiefs... were closed luxuries to me.... I became a Pariah.... I was big, and awkward, and ugly, and, I have no doubt, skulked about in a most unattractive manner. Of course I was ill-dressed and dirty(9). ...What right had a wretched farmers' boy, reeking from a dunghill, to sit next to ...the sons of big tradesmen who had made their ten thousand a-year? The indignities I endured are not to be described.... My tutor took me without the fee; but when I heard him decalre the fact in the pupil-room before the boys, I hardly felt grateful for the charity(12).... It seemed to me that there would be an Elysium in the intimacy of those very boys whom I was bound to hate cause
t be

they hated me(17)....I feel convinced in my mind that I have been flogged oftener than any human being alive....I am now a fair Latin scholar,--- that is to say, I read and enjoy the Latin classics, and could probably make myself understood in Latin prose. But the knowledge which I have, I have acquired since I left school,---no doubt aided much by that groundwork of the language which will in the process of years make its way slowly, even through the skin(18).

Ch. 2: Though my mother was a writer of prose, and revelled in satire, the poetic feeling clung to her to the last. In the first ten years of her married life she became the mother of six children, four of whom died of consumption at different ages....My brother Tom and I were left to her,---with the destiny before us three of writing more books than were probably ever before produced by a single family....She had loved society, affecting a somewhat liberal rôle, and professing an emotional dislike to tyrants(21)....A Italian marquis who had escaped with only a second shirt from the clutches of some archduke whom he had wished to exterminate, or a French prolétaire with distant ideas of sacrificing himself to the cause of liberty, were always welcome to the modest hospitality of our house. In after years, when marquises of another caste had been gracious to her, she became a strong Tory, and thought that archduchesses were sweet. But, with her, politics were always an affair of the heart....Her heart was in every way so perfect...that (had) generally got herself right in spite of her want of logic....The poets she loved best were Dante and Spenser. But she raved also of him of whom all such ladies were raving then, and rejoiced in the popularity and wept over the persecution of Lord Byron(22). When she published her book on America in 1832 she was already fifty...She had never before earned a shilling. She almost immediately received...two sums of £400 each within a few months....The Domestic Manners of the Americans had a material effect upon the manners of the Americans of the day, and that effect has been fully appreciated by them...Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing point. If a thing were ugly to her eyes, it ought to be ugly to all eyes,---and if ugly, it must be bad. What though people had plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet up on the tables and did not reverence their betters?(24)....Book followed book immediately....Of the mixture of joviality and industry which formed her character, it is (10) most impossible to speak with exaggeration. The industry was a thing apart, kept to herself. It was not necessary that anyone who lived with her should see it. She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused. But her joviality was all for others. She could dance with other people's legs, eat and drink with other people's palates, be proud with the lustre of other people's finery....She had much, very much, to suffer...she was extravagant, and liked to have money to spend(25)....The house and furniture were all in the charge of the ~~her~~ sheriff's officers....Some china, and a little glass, a few books, and a very modest supply of silver...were being carried down surreptitiously, through a gap between the two gardens, on to the premises of our friend Colonel Grant. My two sisters, and the Grant girls were the chief marauders. To such forces I was happy to add myself for any enterprise, and between us we cheated the creditors to the extent of our powers, amidst the anathemas, but good-humoured abstinence from personal violence, of the men in charge of the property(27)....There were two sick men in the house, and hers were the hands that tended them. The novels went on, of course....I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son....The work of doing it with a troubled spirit killed Sir Walter Scott. My mother went through it *unsatisfied in strength (29)*

in strength, though she performed all the work of day-nurse and night-nurse to a sick household;—for there were soon three of them dying(29)....It was about this period of her career that her best novels were written(31).... She continued writing up to 1856, when she was seventy-six years old,---and had at that time produced 114 volumes....With considerable humour, and a genuine feeling for romance,...she was neither clear-sighted nor accurate; and in her attempts to describe morals, manners, and even facts, was unable to avoid the pitfalls of exaggeration(33).

Ch.3: My clerkship in the General Post Office. On a salary of £600 a year I was to live in London, keep up my character as a gentleman, and be happy. That I should have thought this possible at the age of nineteen,...does not surprise me now;---but that others should have thought it possible, friends who knew something of the world, does astonish me(35)....I was asked to copy some lines from the Times newspaper with an old quill pen, and at once made a series of blots and false spellings. "That won't do, you know," said Henry Freeling to his brother Clayton. Clayton, who was my friend, urged that I was nervous, and asked that I might be allowed to do a bit of writing at home and bring it as a sample on the next day. I was then asked whether I was a proficient in arithmetic....I had never learnt the multiplication table...."I know a little of it," I said humbly, whereupon I was sternly assured that on the morrow, should I succeed in showing that my handwriting was all that it ought to be, I should be examined as to that little of arithmetic(36)....I was seated at a desk without any further reference to my competency. No one condescended even to look at my beautiful penmanship....The rule of the present day is that every place shall be open to public competition, and that it shall be given to the 'best among the comers. I object to this that at present there exists no known way of learning who is best, and that the method employed has no tendency to elicit the best. The method pretends only to decide who among a certain number of lads will best answer a string of questions, for the answering of which they are prepared by tutors who sprung up for the(37) purpose....A member of the House of Commons, holding office, who might chance to have five clerkships to give away in a year, found himself compelled to distribute them among those who sent him to the House....As what I now write will certainly never be read till I am dead, I may dare to say that no one now does dare to say in print,---though some of us whisper it occasionally into our friends' ears. There are places in life which can hardly be well filled except by "Gentlemen"(39)....It may be that the son of a butcher in the village shall become as well fitted for employments requiring gentle culture as the son of the parson. Such is often the case. When such is the case, no one has been more prone to give the butcher's son all the welcome he has merited than I myself; but the chances are greatly in favour of the parson's son. The gates of one ^{the} class should be open to the other; but neither to one class or to the other can good be done by declaring that there are no gates, no barrier, no difference(40). ...I had already made up my mind that Pride and Prejudice was the best novel in the English language,---a palm which I only partially withdraw after a second reading of Ivanhoe, and did not completely withdraw bestow elsewhere till Esmond was written(41)....I commenced my quarrels with the authorities there by having in my possession a watch which was always ten minutes late....Colonel Maberly certainly was not my friend...Years have gone by, and I can write now, and almost feel, without anger....I was treated as though I were unfit for any useful work(44)....I admit that I was irregular. It was not considered to be much

in my favor that I could write letters---which was mainly the work of our office---rapidly, correctly, and to the purpose. The man who came at ten, and who was always still at his desk at half-past-four, was preferred to me, though when at his desk he might be less efficient. ... In one part of the building there lived a whole bevy of clerks. These were gentlemen whose duty it then was to make up and receive the foreign mails. There was supposed to be something special in foreign letters, which required that the men who handled them should have minds undistracted by the outer world(45). Their salaries, too, were higher than those of their more homely brethren. I was always on the eve of being dismissed. On one occasion, in the performance of my duty, I had put a private letter containing bank-notes on the Secretary's table. The letter was seen by the Colonel, but had not been moved by him when he left the room. On his return it was gone. "The letter has been taken," said the Colonel, turning to me angrily, "and by G--! there has been nobody in the room but you and I." As he spoke, he thundered his fist down upon the table. "Then," said I, "by G--! you have taken it." And I also thundered my fist down;---but, accidentally, not upon the table(46). On this movable desk was a large bottle full of ink. My fist unfortunately came on the desk, and the ink at once flew up, covering the Colonel's face and shirt-front. Then it was a sight to see that senior clerk, as he seized a quire of blotting-paper, and rushed to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink; and a sight also to see the Colonel, in his agony, hit right out through the blotting-paper at that senior clerk's unoffending stomach. At that moment there came in the Colonel's private secretary, with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room. A young woman down in the country had taken it into her head that she would like to marry me,---and a very foolish young woman she must have been to entertain such a wish. There was a correspondence,---if that can be called a correspondence in which all the letters came from one side. At last the mother appeared at the Post Office. My hair almost stands on my head now as I remember the(47) figure of the woman walking into the big room in which I sat with six or seven other clerks, having a large basket on her arm and an immense bonnet on her head. The messenger had vainly endeavored to persuade her to remain in the ante-room. Walking up to the centre of the room, she addressed me in a loud voice: "Anthony Trollope, wehn are you going to marry my daughter?" ... With that money-lender, I formed a most heart-rending but a most intimate acquaintance. In cash I once received from him £4---for that and the original amount of the tailor's bill[£12] which grew monstrously under repeated renewals, I paid ultimately something over £200. ... The peculiarity of this man was that he became so attached to me as to visit me every day at my office. For a long period he found it worth his while to walk up those stone steps daily, and come and stand behind my(48) chair, whispering to me always the same words: "Now I wish you would be punctual." ... I accompanied her Majesty[the Queen of Saxony] around the building, walking backwards, as I conceived to be proper, and often in great(49) peril as I did so, up and down the stairs(50). I remember throwing out of the window in Northumberland Street, where I lived, a volume of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, because he spoke sneeringly of Lycidas(53). I was 26. My salary in Ireland was but £100 a year; but I was to receive 15 shillings a day for every day that I was away(58) from home, and sixpence for every mile that I travelled. The same allowances were made in England; but at that time travelling in Ireland was done at half the English prices(59).

Ch. IV: There had clung to me a feeling that I had been looked upon always as an evil, an encumbrance, a useless thing. ... But since the day on which I set my foot in Ireland... Who has had a happier life than mine? (60)...

I had then lost my father, and sister, and brother, --- have since lost another sister and my mother; --- but I have never as yet lost a wife or a child (61). Before a year was over, I had acquired the character of a thoroughly good public servant (63). I have ever since been constant to the sport, having learned to love it with an affection which I cannot myself fathom or understand. I am very heavy, very blind, have been --- in reference to hunting --- a poor man. And I have passed the greater part of my hunting life under the discipline of the Civil Service. Nothing has ever been allowed to stand in the way of hunting, --- neither the writing of books, nor the work of the Post Office. I have dragged it into many novels, --- into too many no doubt, --- but I have always felt myself deprived of legitimate joy when the nature of the tale has not allowed me a hunting chapter (64). A gentleman, County Cavan had complained bitterly of the injury done to him by some arrangement of the Post Office. He had written many letters, couched in the strongest language (66). "But what am I to say in my report?" I asked. "Anything you please," he said. "Don't spare me, if you want an excuse for yourself. Here I sit all day, --- with nothing to do; and I like writing letters" (68). My marriage was like the marriage of other people, and of no special interest to any one except my wife and me. Many people would say that we were two fools to encounter such poverty together. I can only reply that since that day I have never been without money in my pocket (71). On my arrival there as a bachelor I had been received most kindly, but when I brought my English wife I fancied that there was a feeling that I had behaved very badly to Ireland generally. When a young man has been received hospitably in an Irish circle, I will not say that it is expected of him that he should marry some young lady in that society; --- but it certainly is expected of him that he shall not marry any young lady out of it. I had given offence, and I was made to feel it. I knew that my mother did not give me credit for the sort of cleverness necessary for such work. My mother, my sister, my brother-in-law, and, I think, my brother... had not expected me to come out as one of the family authors. There were three or four in the field before me, and it seemed almost absurd that another should wish to add himself to the number. (74). I can with truth declare that I expected nothing from my first book. And I got nothing. I never asked my questions about it. No word of complaint passed my lips. In Ireland no one knew that I had written a novel. But I went on working (75). I would neither ask for nor deplore criticism, nor would I ever thank a critic for praise, or quarrel with him, even in my heart, for censure. To this rule I have adhered with absolute strictness, and this rule I would ~~recommend~~ recommend to all young authors. What can be got by tout-ing among the critics is never worth the ignominy. The same may of course be said of all things acquired by ignominious means. *Facilis descensus Avernii*. There seems to be but little fault in suggesting to a friend that a few words in this or that journal would be of service. But any praise so obtained must be an injustice to the public, for whose instruction, and not for the sustentation of the author, such notices are intended. And from such mild suggestion the descent to crawling at the critic's feet, to the sending of presents, ... is only too easy (77).

Ch. V: As a literary man, Mr John Forster was not without his faults. That which the cabman is reproted to have said of him before the magistrate is quite true. He was always "an arbitrary cove" (83). The idea that I was the unfortunate owner of unappreciated genius never troubled me (85). I was introduced to Mr John Murray (86), and proposed to him to write a handbook for Ireland. He asked me to make a trial of my skill, and to send him a number of pages, undertaking to give me an answer within a fortnight after he should have received my work. At the expiration of nine months from the date on which it reached that

that time-honoured spot it was returned without a word, in answer to a very angry letter from myself. I insisted on having back my property,---and got it. I need hardly say that my property has never been of the slightest use to me(87)....I think that I did stamp out that evil(90),...and I believe that many a farmer now has his letters brought daily to his house free of charge(91)....In the course of this job I visited Salisbury, and whilst wandering there on a midsummer evening round the purlieus of the cathedral I conceived the story of The Warden....No one at their commencement could have had less reason than myself to presume himself to be able to write about clergymen(92)....I never lived in any cathedral city,---except London, never knew anything of any Close, and at that time had enjoyed no peculiar intimacy with any clergyman. My archdeacon, who has been said to be life-like,...was...t the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness. It was such as that, in my opinion, that an archdeacon should be,---or, at any rate, would be with such advantages as an archdeacon might ~~be~~ have; and lo! an archdeacon was produced who has been declared by competent authorities to be a real archdeacon down to the very ground(93)....The critics of the Times added to his praise a gentle word of rebuke at my indulgence in personalities,---the personalities in question having reference to some editor or manager of the Times newspaper(99)....As I had created an archdeacon, so had I created a journalist....If Tom Towers was at all like any gentleman then connected with the Times, my moral consciousness must gain have been very powerful(100).

Ch. VI. My time was greatly occupied in travelling, and the nature of my travelling was now changed. I could no longer do it on horseback(101)....I passed in railway carriages very many hours of my existence. Like others, I used to read,---though Carlyle has since told me that a man when travelling should not read, but "sit still and label his thoughts."....I made for myself a table~~t~~, and found after a few days' exercise that I could write as quickly in a railway-carriage as I could at my desk. I worked with my pencil, and what I wrote my wife copied afterwards. In this way was composed the greater part of the Barchester Towers....My only objection to the practice came from the appearance of literary ostentation, to which I felt myself to be subject when going to work before four or five fellow-passengers(103)....I received my £100, in advance, with profound delight....I am well aware that there are many who think that an author in his authorship should not regard money,---nor a painter, or sculptor, or composer in his art....A barrister, a clergyman, a doctor, an engineer, and even actors and architects, may without disgrace follow the bent of human nature, and endeavour to fill their bellies and clothe their backs.... They may be as rationally realistic, as may the butchers and the bakers; but the artist, ^{and} the author forget the high glories of their calling if they condescend to make a money return a first object. They who preach this doctrine...require the practice of a so-called virtue which is contrary to nature, and which, in my eyes, would be no virtue if it were practised. They are like clergymen who preach sermons against the love of money, but who know that the love of money is so distinctive a characteristic of humanity that such sermons are mere platitudes called for by customary but unintelligent piety(105) , , , , we know that the more a man earns the more useful he is to his fellow-men. The most useful lawyers, as a rule, have been those who have made the greatest incomes,---and it is the same with the doctors. It would be the same in the Church if they who have the choosing of bishops always chose the best man.... It is a mistake to suppose that a man is a better man because he despises money(106)....Take away from English authors their copyrights, and you would

very soon take away also from England her authors....A man devoting himself to literature with industry, perseverance, certain necessary aptitudes, and fair average talents, may succeed in gaining a livelihood, as another man does in another profession....Over and above the money view of the question, I wished from the beginning to be something more than a clerk in the Post Office. To be known as somebody,---to be Anthony Trollope if it be no more,---is to me much. The feeling...[a] that which has been called the "last infirmity of noble mind." The infirmity is so human that the man who lacks it is either above or below humanity(107)...."It is for you," said Mr Longman, "to think whether our names on your title-page are not worth more to you than the increased payment."...I did think much of Messrs. Longman's name, but I liked it best at the bottom of a cheque(109)....The plot of *The Three Clerks* is not so good as that of the *Macdermots*....The passage in which Kate Woodward, thinking that she will die, tries to take leave of the lad she loves, still brings tears to my eyes when I read it. I had not the heart to kill her....In it I introduced a character under the name of Sir Gregory Hardlines, by which I intended to lean very heavily on that much loathed scheme of competitive examination, of which at that time Sir Charles Trevelyan was the great apostle. Sir Gregory was intended for Sir Charles(111).At the Pitti Palace in Florence I encountered an Englishman, who asked me:

"Where is it that they keep the Medical Venus?"(113)....The telegraph-wires had only been just opened to the public by the Austrian authorities. There was a train at six, reaching Verona at midnight, and we asked some servant of the hotel[in Milan] to telegraph for us, ordering supper and beds. The demand seemed to create some surprise....When we reached Verona, there arose a great cry along the platform for Signor Trollope. I put out my head and declared my identity, when I was waited upon by a glorious personage dressed like a beau for a ball, with half-a-dozen others almost as glorious behind him, who informed me, with his hat in his hand, that he was the landlord of the "Due Torre"....There were three carriages provided(114) for us, each with pair of grey horses....We were not allowed to move without an attendant with a lighted candle....The landlord had never before received a telegram(115).

Ch. VII: During a terribly rough voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria, I wrote my allotted number of pages every day. On this occasion more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state room....Labour, when not made absolutely obligatory by the circumstances of the hour, should never be allowed to become spasmodic....I found it to be expedient to bind myself by certain self-imposed laws(118)....According to the circumstances of the time...I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about 40. It has been placed as low as 20, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, may page has been made to contain 250 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have every word counted as I went....I have prided myself especially on completing my work within the proposed time,---and I have always done so(119)....It has the force of the water-drop that hollows the stone. A small daily task, if it be really daily, will beat the labours of a spasmodic Hercules. It is the tortoise which always catches the hare. The hare has no chance....I have known authors whose lives have always been troublesome and painful because their tasks have never been done in time....I have done double their work---though burdened with another profession,---and have done it almost without an effort(120)....There are those who think...that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till---inspiration moves him....To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting(121)...