

WALTER DE LA MARE

MEMOIRS *of* a MIDGET



WALTER DE LA MARE

Memoirs of a Midget



WITH A PREFACE BY
ANGELA CARTER

Oxford New York Toronto Melbourne
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

1982

Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

London Glasgow New York Toronto
Delhi Bombay Calcutta Madras Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Singapore Hong Kong Tokyo
Nairobi Dar es Salaam Cape Town
Melbourne Auckland

and associates in
Beirut Berlin Ibadan Mexico City Nicosia

Copyright The Estate of Walter de la Mare 1921
Introduction © Angela Carter 1982

First published by Collins Sons & Co Ltd 1921
First issued as an Oxford University Press paperback 1982

*All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without
the prior permission of Oxford University Press*

*This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way
of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired or otherwise circulated
without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover
other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition
including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser*

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

de la Mare, Walter
Memoirs of a midget.—(Oxford paperbacks)
I. Title
823'.912[F] PR6007.E3
ISBN 0-19-281344-7

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

de la Mare, Walter, 1873-1956.
Memoirs of a midget. (Oxford paperbacks)
I. Title.
PR6007.E3M38 1982 823'.912 81-18968
ISBN 0-19-218344-7 (pbk.) AACR2

Printed in Great Britain by
Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press) Ltd
Bungay, Suffolk

TO
THE MEMORY
OF MY MOTHER

A wild beast there is in Ægypt, called orix, which the Ægyptians say, doth stand full against the dog starre when it riseth, looketh wistly upon it, and testifieth after a sort by sneeing, a kind of worship. . . .—Philemon Holland.

“Did’st thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o’er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison. . . .”—John Webster.

“Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words; the heavens are gracious. . . .”—Thomas Kyd.

PREFACE

BY ANGELA CARTER

Memoirs of a Midget presents itself as the first-person account of the early life, in particular the tempestuous twentieth year in the life, of a Victorian gentlewoman who has the misfortune to be, although pretty and perfectly formed, of diminutive size. This year includes death, passionate infatuation, some months as a lion of high society, suicide, and attempted suicide. It ends in temporary madness. This summary gives the impression of melodrama yet *Memoirs of a Midget* seduces by its gentle charm and elegant prose. It may be read with a great deal of simple enjoyment and then it sticks like a splinter in the mind.

Miss M.'s fictional autobiography is introduced with the nineteenth-century imitation-documentary device of an editor's preliminary note. Here the reader learns something of Miss M.'s life after the end of her own narrative, and of her—not death, but vanishing. She has, she explains to her housekeeper in a note, been 'called away'. Called away, perhaps, to a happy land where all are the same size as she, where she is not a stranger in a world designed for clumsy giants with sensibilities of a cruel clumsiness to match.

For Miss M. is always a stranger in *this* world. She, literally, does not fit in. The novel is a haunting, elegiac, misanthropic, occasionally perverse study of estrangement and isolation. Miss M. herself describes her predicament: 'Double-minded creature that I was and ever shall be; now puffed up with arrogance at the differences between myself and gross, common-sized humanity; now stupidly sensitive to the pangs to which by reason of these differences I have to submit.' She may stand as some sort of metaphor for the romantic idea of the artist as perennial stranger, as scapegoat and outcast—the artist, indeed, as perpetual adolescent, with the adolescent's painful sense of his own uniqueness when alone and his own

inadequacy when in company. In some ways, the novel is about making friends with loneliness, which is not quite the same thing as growing up. And, of course, it is impossible for Miss M. to grow up.

The narrative is imbued with that romantic melancholy which was de la Mare's speciality in both prose and poetry. The novel has all the enigmatic virtues of repression; what is concealed or disguised speaks more eloquently than what is expressed.

Walter de la Mare evaded some of the more perilous reefs of literary criticism in his lifetime by simply casting a spell of charm over his readers. He also liked to suggest elements of religious allegory, which is as good as putting up a 'No Trespassers' sign. Kenneth Hopkins, in a British Council pamphlet on de la Mare published in 1953, entirely abandons discussion of *Memoirs of a Midget*, claiming that 'the work is its own interpretation'. The adjectives, 'beloved' and 'magical' were frequently applied to de la Mare's work; his poetry for children, in particular *Peacock Pie* and his anthology, *Come Hither*, remain beloved cornerstones of the middle-class nursery. Nevertheless, the middle-class nursery is a rapidly dwindling constituency and his reputation as poet and writer for adults has softly and silently vanished away since his death in 1956.

Yet, in 1948, Faber issued a *Tribute to Walter de la Mare on his Seventy Fifth Birthday* which contained contributions from J. B. Priestley, Vita Sackville-West, Dover Wilson, J. Middleton Murry, Laurence Whistler, John Masefield, C. Day Lewis, Lord David Cecil and, among others, not Uncle Tom Cobby but Marie Stopes, of all people. De la Mare was the court magician to the literary establishment and, at least after his middle age, enjoyed the pleasantest but most evanescent kind of fame, which is that during your own lifetime.

It seems unlikely his reputation as a poet will revive. His metrically impeccable verse tinkles along and embarrasses. His fiction is another matter. His output of novels and stories is uneven, his range extremely limited, but *Memoirs of a Midget* is a minor but authentic masterpiece, a novel that clearly set out with the intention of being unique and, in fact, is so; lucid,

enigmatic, and violent with the terrible violence that leaves behind no physical trace.

Memoirs of a Midget was first published in 1921; it was not the work of a young man. De la Mare was born in 1873 and, in his fiction, remained most at home, as most of us do, in the imaginative world of his youth and early middle age. Victoria is still on the throne of Miss M.'s England, a queen who, as Miss M. notes, is not *that* much taller than herself. The novel was instantly successful, brought de la Mare a vastly increased readership and drew from its admirers curious tributes in the shape of teeny-tiny objects, miniature Shakespeares and so on, suitable for the use of Miss M. Russell Brain (*Tea with Walter de la Mare*, Faber, 1953) describes a cabinet-full of these wee gifts in the writer's home.

These gifts tell us something important about de la Mare's readership; it was particularly susceptible to the literary conjuring trick because it wanted to believe in magic. The writer seduced his readers, not only into believing in the objective reality of Miss M., but into forming a sympathetic identification with her little, anguished, nostalgic, backward-looking figure, lost in a world she has not made. Perhaps she was an appropriate heroine for the English middle-class in the aftermath of World War I; she is both irreproachable, lovable and, as an object for identification, blessedly oblique.

At the time of the publication of *Memoirs of a Midget*, de la Mare had been earning his living as a man of letters for thirteen years; was an established poet in the Georgian style, in which he remained; a critic (*Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination*, 1919); and had published several novels, the most significant of which are a death-haunted book for children, *The Three Royal Monkeys* (1910), and *The Return* (also in 1910).

The Return is about the demonic possession of a dull suburban householder by the perturbed spirit of an eighteenth-century French rake and suicide. It is extraordinary, given such a plot, that so little should happen in the novel. Like *Memoirs of a Midget* it is about estrangement. The hero spends the novel in a state of intense alienation from himself, partly because the revenant boasts an infinitely more complex and attractive personality than its host; and, indeed, it is a notion

to make the mind reel—that of Dagwood Bumstead possessed by, say, Casanova. No wonder de la Mare scares himself. It is as if, having invented the idea of demonic possession as a blessing in disguise, de la Mare shies away, terrified, from the consequences, perhaps because he knew he wanted to make evil attractive, but not *all that* attractive. It is a problem he faces again, and deals with more successfully, in the character of Fanny Bowater in *Memoirs of a Midget*, where he seems more at home with the idea that a sexually manipulative woman is inherently evil.

The Return is not a good novel; it is blown out with windy mystification and can hardly have satisfied de la Mare himself since he spent the next decade concentrating on poetry and short stories; he perfected his use of language until his prose is music as plangent as that of Vaughan Williams or Arthur Butterworth, composers with whom he shares an interest in the English lyric. Some of these short stories, 'The Almond Tree' and 'In the Forest' for example, achieve a high gloss of technical perfection that deflects attention from the cruelty of the content, which in both these stories is the brutal innocence of children.

Later stories retain this high surface sheen upon an internal tension of terror, often a psychological terrorism, as in the remarkable 'At First Sight', from a collection aptly titled *On the Edge* (1930). Here a young man's family drive an unsuitable girlfriend to suicide. But all is done gently, gently, over the teacups. This young man suffers from a startling affliction; he is physically incapable of raising his head, of looking up, without suffering intense pain, so his sight is confined to a limited, half-moon shaped segment of the ground before him. This circumscribed, painful but intense vision is somewhat similar to de la Mare's own.

These stories are 'tales' in the nineteenth-century sense, highly structured artefacts with beginnings, middles, and ends and a schematic coherence of imagery, not those fragments of epiphanic experience which is the type of the twentieth-century short story. He sternly eschewed modernism, with the result that his fiction has more in common with that of, say, Borges, especially in its studied 'literariness', than with his own contemporaries who are, of course, the great moderns—

Joyce, Lawrence, Kafka. I can find no evidence that de la Mare liked, or even read these writers. Here the analogy with the hero of 'At First Sight' is almost distressing.

Even, or especially, in his most adult and cruellest writing, he shares some qualities with certain Victorian writing for children—George MacDonald's *The Princess and the Goblin* and Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market* come to mind—in which the latent content diverges so markedly from the superficial text that their self-designation as 'fairytales' seems to function as a screen, or cover, designed to disarm the reader.

De la Mare is a master of *mise-en-scène*. He is one of the great fictional architects and interior designers; he builds enchanting houses for his characters and furnishes them with a sure eye for those details of personality that are expressed through everyday objects. His ability to evoke mood and atmosphere, especially that of the English countryside in its aspect of literary pastoral, are related to this talent for *mise-en-scène*. The countryside often functions as a backdrop that partakes in the action, as the gardens do in *Memoirs of a Midget*. This quality of romantic evocation, of soft reverie as scenery, combined with the solid, conventional, middle-class milieu in which his most horrible stories take place, both domesticates, normalizes, the terror at their heart, and gives it a further edge.

He has a tremendous and, as if self-protective, enthusiasm for cosiness. There is scarcely a novel or a short story of his that does not involve an elaborate tea-time; tea, that uniquely English meal, that unnecessary collation at which no stimulants—neither alcohol nor meat—are served, that comforting repast of which to partake is as good as a second childhood. However, at certain of his tea parties—especially the one in 'At First Sight', and at several of Miss M.'s own—the cosiness only augments the tortures that are taking place, until the very crockery takes on the aspect of the apparatus of despair and it chinks like the chains of prisoners.

Nevertheless, this deliberate, cosy homeliness sometimes deflects the thrust of his imagination, an imagination which is permitted to operate only without reference to any theories of the unconscious.

This is important. De la Mare constantly invokes the 'imagination' but he does not mean imagination in the sense of

the ability to envisage the material transformation of the real world, which is what the graffitistes of May 1968 meant when they wrote, 'Let the imagination seize power', on the walls of Paris. No. For de la Mare, the imagination is a lovely margin, a privileged privacy in the mind—'that secret chamber of the mind we call the imagination', as Miss M. herself puts it. To read de la Mare's imaginative prose is to begin to understand some of the reasons for the tremendous resistance the English literary establishment put up against Freud, that invader of the last privacy.

This is an imagination that has censored itself before the dream has even begun. It is, of course, all traces of sexuality that must be excised especially rigorously. As Kenneth Hopkins says in his British Council pamphlet: 'if his [de la Mare's] characters kiss, he seldom tells'. This process of censorship means that the imagery arrives on the page in disguise and then, lest even the disguise give too much away, the writer must revise the structure which contains the disguised imagery, while the material world recedes ever further away until it is itself perceived as unreality. 'Death and affliction, even Hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness'; that offensive epitaph on the mad Ophelia could be applied to Miss M.'s narrative, did not de la Mare's imagination, perhaps because of the extraordinarily narrow range in which he permitted it to operate, retain its own sinister integrity.

In this theory of the imagination, the 'inner life' is all that is important but, although de la Mare was a great admirer of William Blake, he could scarcely have concurred with him that 'All deities reside within the human breast'. The 'inner life' is perceived as though it was a gift from outside, as though the imagination is the seat of visitations from another, lovelier world, from, in fact, that Other World which forms the title for the scrapbooks of poetry assembled by the anagrammatic Nahum Tarune in the fictional introduction to de la Mare's anthology, *Come Hither*.

It goes without saying that de la Mare's idea of the poet as somebody with a special delivery service from one of those spirits who, in Plato, operate like celestial telegraph boys, speeding messages from the Other World of real forms to this world of shadows, is directly at variance with the idea of the

poet as privileged, drunken lecher which directly superseded it; both represent a mystification of the role of poet. Nevertheless, there is a suggestion it is one such spiritual messenger from the Other World who calls Miss M. away at the last, strengthening her possible role as metaphoric artist.

De la Mare's homespun neo-Platonism, filtered through Shelley, Coleridge, and the seventeenth-century neo-Platonists such as Traherne and Vaughan of whom he was particularly fond, gives him enormous confidence in the idea of the imagination as a thing-in-itself, an immaterial portion of the anatomy for which, in a profound sense, the possessor is not responsible; the possessor witnesses the work of the imagination but is not engaged with it. From this conviction comes the consolatory remoteness of his fiction from human practice, even when his characters are engaged in the most mundane tasks, like travelling in railway trains or eating breakfast; all seems as if frozen in time. There is a distance between the writer and the thing, feeling, or sensation he describes that removes it from everyday human actuality; in addition, literary devices, like saying of the taste of a fruit, 'I can taste it on my tongue now . . .', do nothing at all to reproduce the sensuous actuality of eating a nectarine. If you have ever eaten a nectarine, however, perhaps it will make you remember.

De la Mare's prose is evocative, never voluptuous, and it depends on a complicity of association with the reader for it to work as he intends. This community of association depends on a response of glad recognition to certain words—'old-fashioned' is one. It always means good things in de la Mare. So does 'reclusive' and, with the implication of a deprecating smile, 'bookish'. And to live in a remote house in the country with a large garden is to be half way towards a state of grace.

A common set of literary associations is important, too. Sir Walter Pollacke recognizes Miss M. as a kindred spirit when he hears her recite the anonymous sixteenth-century poem, 'Tom a Bedlam': 'The moon's my constant mistress, And the lovely owl my marrow . . .' Conversely, when Fanny Bowater quotes Henry Vaughan in a tone of facetious mockery, it is a sign of the blackness of her soul. To have a small, choice library in which Sir Thomas Browne and the metaphysical poets are well represented, with access to a good second-hand

bookshop in a nearby country town takes one a little further towards bliss.

All this inevitably raises the question of social class. De la Mare's fiction most usually moves within a very narrow band of English society, characterized by phrases like 'a modest fortune', 'a small private income', 'comfortable circumstances' . . . sufficient to enable one to pick up the odd first-edition Herrick. In *Memoirs of a Midget* he quite innocently and, as it were, accidentally, manifests a kind of snobbery not unlike Jane Austen's, in which the aristocracy, typified by Mrs Monnerie, 'Lord B.'s sister', is, like the Crawfords in *Mansfield Park*, cynical, corrupt, and vicious, while the lower-middle and working class—Miss M.'s landlady, Mrs Bowater, and her nursemaid, Pollie—are good-hearted stereotypes whose fictional execution uses techniques of physical idiosyncrasy derived from Dickens. (Jane Austen, of course, simply doesn't mention the lower classes.)

The rigid Procrustean bed of the middle class is that on which his fictions, these nightmares of bourgeois unease, are dreamed.

There is a caricature by Max Beerbohm of de la Mare staring fixedly across a fireplace at a grim, black-clad old lady sitting unresponsive in an armchair opposite: 'Mr W. de la Mare gaining inspiration for an eerie and lovely story.' It is one of the most perceptive, and wittily unkind, criticisms of de la Mare that could be made. Let his fancy meander whence it pleases, may his antennae be never so sensitive to messages from the Other World, there is a nanny inside him slapping his hand when it wanders to the forbidden parts of his mind.

However, repression produces its own severe beauties. Out of this terrified narrowness, this dedicated provincialism of the spirit, emerges a handful of pieces of prose with the most vivid and unsettling intensity, work which disquietingly resembles some of that which the surrealists were producing in France at the same period, operating from a rather different theory of the imagination. Indeed, it would be possible to make a claim for *Memoirs of a Midget* as the one true and only successful English surrealist novel, even though de la Mare would have hotly denied it. That he didn't know what he was doing, of course, only makes it more surrealist; and more baleful.

And I should say that Miss M. herself, in her tiny, bizarre perfection, irresistibly reminds me of a painting by Magritte of a nude man whose sex is symbolized by a miniature naked woman standing upright at the top of his thigh.

Miss M.'s size, in fact, is nowhere given with precision. It seems to vary according to de la Mare's whim. At five or six years old, she is small enough to sit on the lid of a jar of pomatum on her father's dressing table; she feeds butterflies from her own hand. This suggests a smallness which is physically impossible. Later, when she learns to read: 'My usual method with a common-sized book was to prop it towards the middle of the table and then seat myself at the edge. The page finished, I would walk across and turn over a fresh leaf.' This method has not much changed by the time she is twenty, except now she sprawls between the pages. At that age, she still has difficulty in descending staircases and, at her twenty-first birthday, can run down the centre of a dining-room table while, a few weeks later, she can travel comfortably in a disused bird-cage. However, earlier that year, on holiday, driving a goat-cart, she is disguised as a ten-year-old and though a grown woman the size of a ten-year-old child would be distinctly on the smallish side, she would scarcely be a midget; Jeffrey Hudson, the court dwarf of Charles I, was forced to retire when he reached the dizzy height of three feet nine inches.

Miss M.'s actual size, therefore, is not within the realm of physiological dimension; it is the physical manifestation of an enormous *difference*.

The midget child is a sort of changeling. Her mother treats her as a 'tragic playmate' rather than a daughter, and her father, affectionately embarrassed by her existence, effectively abandons his paternal role and makes no financial provision for her on his death. She is an anomaly. For their own sakes as well as hers they keep their daughter isolated from the world and their deaths leave her vulnerably inexperienced, besides newly poor. In diminished circumstances, you might say.

Yet Miss M.'s childhood is itself a magic garden, in which, like Andrew Marvell in *his* garden, she is alone and hence in paradise. Almost all of '*Memoirs of a Midget*' takes place in Kent, the 'garden of England', and, as it happens, de la

Mare's own home county; and Miss M. is most herself in a garden. When she is accompanied it is scarcely ever by more than one person. These country gardens, far from the habitations of common humanity, are almost always a little neglected, the 'wild gardens' of the English romantic imagination, nature neither dominated by man nor dominating him by its ferocity, but existing with him in a harmonious equality. The paradisial garden of childhood is that of Stonecote, her parents' house, to which, after the vicissitudes of her twentieth year, she will return and into which, taking only 'a garden hat and cape', she eventually, according to her editor, disappears, possibly accompanied by a Platonic angel.

But the garden of Stonecote is also where Miss M. first learns the stark and irrevocable fact of mortality, when, as a child, she encounters there a dead mole. 'Holding my breath, with a stick I slowly edged it up in the dust and surveyed the white heaving nest of maggots in its belly with a peculiar and absorbed recognition. "Ah ha!" a voice cried within me, "so this is what is in wait; this is how things are;" and I stooped with lips drawn back over my teeth to examine the stinking mystery more closely.'

It is a mole, a blind creature that lives in the earth, who conveys the existence of a 'stinking mystery' in this world. Without the power of inward vision, the mole exists only in its corruptible envelope of flesh.

After her father's death and the expulsion from this primal Eden where Miss M. has been an infant Eve without an Adam, she takes a room with the very grim and black-clad woman from Beerbohm's drawing, the stern, kind, and irretrievably 'literary' Mrs Bowater, a mother or nanny surrogate. Here, Miss M. meets, not Adam, but Lilith. Fanny is Mrs Bowater's daughter . . . 'her voice—it was as if it had run about in my blood and made my eyes shine'. Fanny, who is lower class in spite of her beauty and cleverness, works as a teacher; she arrives home for Christmas, she is cognate with ice, snow, cold. Miss M's most passionate meeting with her takes place on a freezing, ecstatic night when they go stargazing together, in the wild garden of the abandoned house of Wanderslore nearby.

This garden, untenanted, uncared for, is the garden of

revelation. In this same wild place she meets the dwarf she calls Mr Anon, who falls in love with her. In this same garden, Miss M. will later think of killing herself. In *Memoirs of a Midget* gardens function in the rich literary tradition that starts with the Book of Genesis, places of privilege outside everyday experience in which may occur the transition from innocence to knowledge. In yet another garden, that of the country house of her patroness, Mrs Monnerie, Miss M. conducts her last, fatal interview with Fanny, when Fanny announces her intention of destroying her.

Miss M.'s sado-masochistic relation with Fanny is central to the novel. Fanny, typical of the *femme fatale*, enslaves through humiliation. She writes her supplicant letters addressed to 'Dear Midgetina', and Miss M. replies signing herself with the same name, so that Leslie Fiedler (in a discussion of the novel in *Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self*, New York, 1978) thinks 'Midgetina' is Miss M.'s given name. But it sounds more like a nickname callously bestowed and gratefully received—she is grateful for any attention from Fanny. For Miss M.'s anonymity is exceedingly important to de la Mare, I think.

Fanny's indifference is irresistible: 'I might have been a pet animal for all the heed she paid to my caress.' Later, Fanny will turn on Miss M. after a final declaration of love: 'Do you really suppose that to be loved is a new experience for me; that I'm not smeared with it wherever I go?' She is *la belle dame sans merci* in person, the cruel dominatrix of Swinburne and Pater, a *fin de siècle* vamp disguised as a landlady's daughter. Or, rather, stepdaughter, for Fanny is a changeling, too; unknown to her, Mrs Bowater is her father's second wife. No blood of common humanity runs in Fanny's veins. She reminds Miss M. of mermaids and, sometimes, of snakes. She drives a love-sick curate to cut his throat for love of her. She is woman as sexual threat.

Fanny forces Miss M. to see herself as a freak, an aberration, an unnatural object. She promises ironically: 'Midgetina, if ever I *do* have a baby, I will anoint its little backbone with the grease of moles, bats and dormice, to make it like you,' quoting an ancient recipe for the commercial manufacture of dwarf beggars and entertainers, as if Miss M.

had herself been made, not born. The account of Miss M.'s enslavement by Fanny burns with pain, although Fanny is far too motivelessly malign for any form of naturalist fiction; she is simply, emblematically, a *femme fatale*, or, perhaps, a bad angel.

When Fanny accidentally meets Miss M.'s friend and would-be lover, her casual description of him—'a ghastly gloating little dwarfish creature'—makes Miss M. see how Mr Anon must look to *other people*, and so wrecks her own image of him.

This question of the definition of identity recurs throughout the novel. Miss M. describes Fanny's charm: 'she's so *herselfish*, you know'; Fanny is powerful because she knows who she is. But Fanny uses all her power to define Miss M. as a deviant: 'Why was it that of all people only Fanny could so shrink me up like this into my body?' This problem is not altogether resolved; on the last page of her narrative, Miss M. says: 'We *cannot* see ourselves as others see us, but that is no excuse for not wearing spectacles.' Yet the last words of the novel are a plea to her editor, to whom she dedicates her memoirs, to 'take me seriously', that is, to see her as she sees herself. This unresolved existential plea—to be allowed to be herself, although she is not sure what that self is—is left hanging in the air. The suggestion is that Miss M. exists, like Bishop Berkeley's tree, because the eye of God sees her.

In another night interview between Fanny and Miss M. in the garden at Wanderslore, Fanny says: 'There was once a philosopher called Plato, my dear. He poisoned Man's soul.' With that, Fanny declares herself the eternal enemy; she has denied idealism. And something very odd happens here; Fanny goes off, leaving Miss M. calling helplessly after her, 'I love you.' They have been, apparently, quite alone. Then up out of nowhere pops the 'gloating, dwarfish creature', Mr Anon himself, to murmur to Miss M. how 'they'—that is, other people—'have neither love nor pity'. She runs away from his importunity as Fanny has run away from hers; but this is only one of several places in the text where Miss M., believing herself alone in the garden, discovers Mr Anon is there, beside her. At last she decides he has been watching her secretly since she first discovered Wanderslore, just as the eye of God, in her