



Henry Kingsley

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Henry Kingsley¹

JUST over a hundred years ago Henry Kingsley, short, stocky, threadbare, a fringe of whisker at his jawbones, returned to London after five years spent in Australia. During his long absence no word had come through from home, and he walked the streets hesitating even to knock on the door of his father's rectory at St Luke's, Chelsea, for fear that he might find his parents dead. He was then twenty-eight, and a failure.

Bad luck had dogged him since babyhood, when an elder brother and sister had rolled him into a pond in a wheelbarrow in the vain hope of disposing of him permanently. After attending King's College School in London, he had gone up to Worcester College, Oxford, in 1850, at a time when most undergraduates of his social class were finding their studies only what they had already learned at school. Like many others, Henry Kingsley threw himself into athletics and dissipation. He bet that within fifteen minutes he could run a mile, row a mile, and trot a mile; and he won the bet. He won the diamond skulls

¹For some years I have found the collecting and reading of nineteenth-century English novels an agreeable adventure in a field happily far removed from the center of my professional interests. Having finally succeeded in assembling a complete collection of the first editions of Henry Kingsley's writings (see Plate I), with a few hitherto unpublished letters, I celebrate the centennial of his first novel by giving the collection to Harvard, and by adding one more to the existing studies of his life and works, together with appendices providing the texts of the letters and a brief catalogue of the books.

Totally ignored by his sister-in-law, Frances Grenfell Kingsley, in her massive work on her adored husband Charles, *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life* (London, 1877), and given only the most perfunctory sketch by Leslie Stephen in the *DNB*, Henry Kingsley received scant attention in his own century. Clement Shorter wrote a brief memoir, 'A Note on Henry Kingsley,' which appears as an introduction to a reprint by Ward, Lock & Co. of *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn* (London, 1894). He predicted that public interest would in the future care more for Henry than for Charles, but time has not proved him a good prophet. A. T. Quiller-Couch noticed the new edition in the *Speaker* for 9 February 1895, in an appreciative essay, 'Henry Kingsley' (reprinted in *Adventures in Criticism*, London, 1896, pp. 137-146), expressing his strong dislike for Charles and his equally strong admiration for Henry. In the United States, Charles Kingsley's son, Maurice, contributed a lively reminiscence of his uncle Henry to a periodical published by Charles Scribner, who was about to begin the reprinting of the novels on this side of the

at Henley. He smoked continually; he drank too much; he led his fellows at riots and bonfires; he formed at least one romantic attachment for a young man. He ran into debt. What episode actually ended his Oxford career we do not know, nor does it much matter: all the elements of disaster were there. No doubt many men did without penalty all or most of the things he did, but he somehow got into trouble, and left Oxford and England in 1853.

In Australia, he labored in the gold fields without finding much gold. He joined the Sydney Mounted Police, and hunted bushrangers, but he was not hardened enough to adopt the practice of shooting them out of hand, and resigned. He drove cattle, drifted back to the gold fields again, and took to wandering about on horseback as a 'sundowner,' Australian for a tramp. Finally, he began a novel. Thomas Alexander Browne ('Rolf Boldrewood'), whose own *Robbery under Arms* was to make him famous, reports that Kingsley worked for almost a year on his book while living as a guest near Melbourne on

Atlantic ('Personal Traits of Henry Kingsley,' *Book-Buyer*, XI, 1895, 727-731; see also the biographical sketch by Laurence Hutton in the same issue, pp. 723-725). A very sympathetic treatment, from the Australian point of view, is provided in Desmond Byrne, *Australian Writers* (London, 1896), pp. 90-130.

Essays by Lewis Benjamin ('Lewis Melville'), *Victorian Novelists* (London, 1906), pp. 239-279, and G. W. E. Russell, *Selected Essays on Literary Subjects* (London, 1914?), pp. 153-160, were followed by George Saintsbury's attempt, not very successful, to come to grips with the problem of Kingsley's decline in quality: 'On Writing Out and Henry Kingsley' (*New World*, November 1919; reprinted in *Collected Essays and Papers*, London, 1923, II, 344-358). Michael Sadleir wrote a fine study, 'Henry Kingsley: A Portrait' (*Edinburgh Review*, CCXL, 1924, 330-348), later reissued much shortened for the centennial of Kingsley's birth in 1930 (*Times Literary Supplement*, 2 January 1930, pp. 1-2; reprinted in substantially this form in Sadleir's *Things Past*, London, 1944, pp. 1-15). With Sadleir's convincing argument that Kingsley had alienated his conventional relatives by his drinking, S. M. Ellis took issue, giving his book, *Henry Kingsley 1830-1876* (London, 1931), the subtitle 'Towards a Vindication.' But Ellis' chief merit is that he established the facts of Kingsley's life. He also printed the previously unpublished correspondence between Kingsley and his first publisher, Macmillan. Una Pope-Hennessy, in her excellent life of Charles, *Canon Charles Kingsley* (London, 1948), printed an additional very important letter. W. E. Buckler, 'Henry Kingsley and "The Gentleman's Magazine"' (*Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, I, 1951, 90-100) published correspondence with regard to Kingsley's novel *Mademoiselle Mathilde*. Angela Thirkell wrote an appreciation, *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, V (1950), 175-187. These are all the works known to me that deal with Henry Kingsley at any length. He is listed in E. Morris Miller, *Australian Literature from Its Beginnings to 1935* (Melbourne, 1940), I, 408-411. In the notes that follow references to these works will be abbreviated.

the estate of a man named Mitchell;² and Browne's daughter remembers that it was her father who first urged Kingsley to write, and who gave him the letter of introduction to Mitchell that made it possible.³

When the Chelsea rectory door opened, Henry Kingsley learned that his parents had moved to Eversley in Hampshire, leaving a curate in charge. At Eversley Henry's brother, Charles Kingsley, seven years older, was rector, and by now deservedly a great celebrity. Violently anti-Catholic, Charles Kingsley dwelt lovingly in verse and in drama on the fleshly trials incident to clerical celibacy, and on the morbid agony of tortured martyrs. He oscillated between fits of deep depression and inaction, when he felt himself 'de-magnetized,' and great spurts of vigorous 'muscular Christian' activity, political, scientific, literary. By 1858 his early passion for social justice, which had led him to declare himself a Chartist and to write *Alton Locke* (1850) and *Yeast* (1851), had cooled. It had brought him much unfavorable criticism — even a kind of ostracism — as had the alleged indecency of *Hypatia* (1853). But he had atoned for all this, and for the first time had won the literary approval of the world, and of his own highborn and ambitious wife, with the explosively patriotic *Westward Ho!* (1855), a kind of recruiting tract for the Crimean War, in which Kingsley consciously allowed all his repressed bloodthirstiness to well to the surface. When he went rabbit shooting in those days, he wished the rabbits were Russians: 'Oh! for one hour's skirmishing in those Inkerman ravines and five minutes with butt and bayonet as a *bonne bouche* to finish off with!' ⁴ Dyaks in Borneo, Chinese at Canton, mutinous sepoys in India: he wanted to massacre them all as a fit punishment for their defiance of England.

His wife's concerted campaign among her exalted connections to bring him preferment seemed on the point of success, when his ne'er-do-well brother Henry reappeared, in old clothes, penniless, and speaking with an Australian accent; and, what was worse, bringing with him the almost completed manuscript of his novel. Charles at once generously proclaimed it better than any of his own work, introduced Henry to his own publisher, Alexander Macmillan, and sank into one of his deepest fits of depression. While he had been shooting rabbits and writing letters of complaint about the drains and the mildew in the

² Rolf Boldrewood, *Old Melbourne Memories* (Melbourne, 1884), p. 121.

³ Ellis, p. 49, n. 1.

⁴ Pope-Hennessy, p. 139.

rectory at Eversley, Henry had not only been hunting down men but outplaying Charles at his own game, the writing of novels.

It took the whole first volume of Henry's novel, *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn* (1859), and much cumbersome plot-machinery to move his main characters to Australia. Once there, however, they lived in a world wholly new to the English novel reader. Curiously enough, Kingsley avoided the gold fields, scene of his own most important Australian experiences, and set the story in a period before the gold rush of the early fifties. Bushrangers and blackfellows, convicts and kangaroos, bush fires, shipwrecks, earthquakes, cannibalism, and murder charmed the public and the critics. Sam Buckley's wild cross-country ride on his wonderful horse Widderin was to become a great set piece of English descriptive writing, swift, sure, and breathless. Another episode, the sad story of a search for a child lost in the bush, was later to be issued separately as a Christmas tale for children.⁵ Yet despite all the action in the novel, the reader retains the impression of an idyllic recreation of Devonshire in the wilderness, a transfer of the agreeable aspects of English country-house living to a new environment. Though strange beasts and savage natives surround the pioneers, and violence threatens from every hand, they all have plenty of 'money in the bank, claret in the cellar, and race-horses in the paddock.' Kingsley shut his eyes to the rawness and crudity that other men saw in Australian life, and so won the gratitude of many sensitive colonials.

Marcus Clarke, whose novel *His Natural Life* (1874) would vividly depict the convict settlements, wrote apologetically in 1869 explaining that he had set his own novel *Long Odds* in England because *Geoffry Hamlyn* was already 'the best Australian novel that has been, and probably will be,' adding that 'any attempt to paint the ordinary squatting life of the colonies could not fail to challenge unfavourable comparison with that admirable story.' Rolf Boldrewood himself, who had encouraged Kingsley, was so pleased with *Geoffry Hamlyn* that he 'never ceased reading it over and over again, and always went about with a volume in his pocket to read some passage to a friend.' Boldrewood's family used to attribute his own power of description to his study of Kingsley: indeed, *Robbery under Arms*, together with *His Natural Life* and *Geoffry Hamlyn*, became one of the classic nineteenth-century trio of stories of Australia. At the end of the century, one Australian critic, Adam Melville, was still calling *Geoffry Hamlyn*

⁵ See Appendix B, item 13, and Plate IIb.

'more finished in regard to portraiture and dramatic effect' than *Robbery under Arms*, while another, Desmond Byrne, hailed Henry Kingsley as 'the first to describe in fiction the rural life of the country, to recognise the beginning of an aristocracy of landholders, and to commemorate the pervading spirit of cheerful confidence to which so much of the rapid early development of Australia was due.' He did admit that some readers complained that Kingsley had made pioneer life seem too much like a prolonged picnic.⁶

This faint adverse criticism deepened into mockery and vigorous dislike with Joseph Furphy, who under the pseudonym of 'Tom Collins' wrote in the late 1890's his aggressively anti-English and 'offensively Australian' novel, *Such Is Life*, first published in 1903. Here he attacks Kingsley head-on:

Those whose knowledge of the pastoral regions is drawn from a course of novels of the *Geoffry Hamlyn* class, cannot fail to hold a most erroneous notion of the squatter. . . . My diary . . . might have compelled me to introduce . . . any type conceivable . . . except the slender-witted, virgin-souled, overgrown schoolboys who fill Henry Kingsley's exceedingly trashy and misleading novel with their insufferable twaddle. There was a squatter of the Sam Buckley type, but he . . . went to beggary; and, being too plump of body and exalted of soul for barrow-work, and too comprehensively witless for anything else, he was shifted by the angels to a better world — a world where the Christian gentleman is duly recognised, and where Socialistic carpenters, vulgar fishermen, and all manner of undesirable people, do the washing-up.

But Furphy also satirizes Kingsley more subtly, introducing as one of his own characters a Mrs Beaudesart ('Mother Bodysark,' the cattlemen call her), who is said to be the daughter of Henry Kingsley's own hero Sam Buckley:

Her father, Hungry Buckley, of Baroona [the Buckley estate in *Geoffry Hamlyn*] — a gentleman addicted to high living and extremely plain thinking — had been snuffed-out by apoplexy, and abundantly filled a premature grave . . . after seeing Baroona pass, by foreclosure, into the hands of a brainy and nose-y financier.

⁶ Marcus Clarke, *Long Odds* (Melbourne, 1869), preliminary unpagged leaf; also cited by Morris Miller, I, 408. Boldrewood, unpublished letter of his brother-in-law Cecil Darley, quoted in Keast Burke, *Thomas Alexander Browne (Rolf Boldrewood): An Annotated Bibliography, Checklist, and Chronology* (Studies in Australian Bibliography — No. 5; Cremorne, N. S. W., 1956), p. 57. Adam Melville, cited in George Nadel, *Australia's Colonial Culture* (Cambridge, Mass., 1957), p. 108. Byrne, *Australian Writers*, p. 107.

In short, the Kingsley hero was doomed to failure. Despite three aristocratic marriages, his daughter is now reduced to the level of housekeeper on a station. Here she tyrannizes over the maids, and talks to them in purest mid-Victorian:

"Of course, brought up as you have been, you can't be expected to have the manners we look for in the servants of a well-conducted household; so when I consider it my duty to instruct you in the decencies of life, you mustn't take it ill."

Furphy's impatience with *Geoffry Hamlyn* reflects the stirrings of the new Australian nationalism, eager to be done with the snobberies of the mother country: the trouble he takes with his attack (and Mrs Beandesart plays a large role in his novel) itself unwittingly reflects the degree to which Kingsley had stung him. Indeed, by including in *Such Is Life* his own account of a child lost in the bush, Furphy seems to be saying that he can beat Kingsley at his own game. Yet his view of *Geoffry Hamlyn* by no means prevailed in Australia: Sir George Otto Trevelyan — who himself had read some eight or ten times apiece both *Geoffry Hamlyn* and Kingsley's other Australian novel, *The Hillyars and the Burtons* — remembered that Alfred Deakin, the Australian statesman, had referred to these two works with great emphasis as 'the Charter of Australia.'⁷

Once Macmillan had launched *Geoffry Hamlyn* in the customary three volumes, Henry Kingsley moved into a comfortable cottage near Charles's rectory, and began a new novel, *Ravenshoe*, which ran serially in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and appeared in book form in 1862. Dedicated to Charles 'in token of a love which only grows stronger as we both get older,' *Ravenshoe* is the story of a great old Catholic English family, which has taken the wrong side in every crisis of English history, and is now far gone in decay. At every turning point in its own affairs, the family priests have intervened, concerned only for the church's revenues. The younger son, Charles, the hero, has a Protestant mother, and is educated as a Protestant, while his elder half-brother Cuthbert is brought up as a Catholic by Father Mackworth, the conventional slimy and treacherous priest of the Victorian Protestant nov-

⁷ Tom Collins, *Such Is Life* (Chicago, 1948), pp. 204-205, 260, 265. A portion of the first quotation is also given in Nadel, *Australia's Colonial Culture*, p. 108. Sir George Otto Trevelyan on Alfred Deakin, letter to the *Times Literary Supplement*, 21 June 1923, p. 422. On Furphy, in addition to the sketch of his life by C. Hartley Grattan in the 1948 edition of *Such Is Life* just cited, see Miles Franklin, *Joseph Furphy* (Sydney, 1944).

elist. Riotous living at Oxford brings down rustication upon Charles Ravenshoe, who voices to a friend a lament the more poignant because it is surely Henry Kingsley's own:

"You're going to spend the best years of your life, and ruin your health, to get a first. *A first! A first!* Why that miserable little beast, Lock, got a first. A fellow who is, take him all in all, the most despicable little wretch I know! If you are very diligent you may raise yourself to *his* level! And, when you have got your precious first, you will find yourself utterly unfit for any trade or profession whatever (except the Church, which you don't mean to enter). What do you know about modern languages or modern history? If you go in the law, you have got to begin all over again. They won't take you in the army; they are not such *muffs*. And this is what you get for your fifteen hundred pounds! . . . I shouldn't care if I *was* a waterman. I'm sick of all this pretension and humbug; I'd sooner be anything than what I am, with my debts, and my rustication, and keeping up appearances. I wish I was a billiard marker; I wish I was a jockey; I wish I was Alick Reed's Novice; I wish I was one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. Hang it! I wish I was a cabman!"⁸

Bits and pieces only a little less shopworn than now compose the plot of *Ravenshoe*: infants are changed in the cradle; illegitimate children turn out to be legitimate, and in the end illegitimate after all. But the drama and immediacy of the scenes in the Crimea, the limpid beauty of the descriptions of Devonshire scenery, and the real attraction of the hero's character wholly redeem the book. There is a good warmhearted priest to balance the wicked one; but somehow Henry Kingsley felt that this was not amends enough, and he even makes his villainous Father Mackworth undergo an unexpected, unmotivated, and quite incredible change in character, and emerge in the end as repentant and almost saintly. Though this twist in the plot weakens *Ravenshoe*, it yet proclaims the author's independence from his brother Charles, who clung to the end of his days to the simple view that Catholics were liars, and never understood what had hit him in his famous controversy with Newman.

With a jug of rum and water at his elbow, smoking pipe after pipe, Henry Kingsley sat up each night until six in the morning, writing steadily. In 1863 he produced *Austin Elliot*, in 1864-65 *The Hillyars and the Burtons*. The former manages to be both perfunctory and absurd. The latter has an over-elaborate and mechanical plot and several unbelievable main characters. But its poignant reminiscent pas-

⁸ *Ravenshoe*, I, 99.

sages about Old Chelsea, where the Kingsley children had passed their early years, and its lively scenes in Australia, this time at the gold fields, help to make it readable, and have kept it alive. Both novels were well received; Henry Kingsley seemed established.

But the thought of Charles as a competitor was never far from his mind. In 1863, he wrote Macmillan to confide in him the secret that Charles was again planning to write 'a high fellooting historic novel . . . Scene Babylon, Time Nebuchadnezzar.' He professes delight:

He will make a fine thing of it you may depend. It is his especial line. . . . I am glad he has got out of the absurd idea that it was *infra dig.* to write novels.

Then he takes credit for urging his brother on:

A man who has forced his way to the front rank by literature must not throw literature overboard. It won't do. Besides, with his literary reputation, it is actually wicked not to make use of that reputation to increase his fortune. I told him so some time ago, and now the heaven has worked.

But one can still keenly feel his uneasiness:

I should be glad if he wrote his book from end to end and published it all at once; for these reasons. 1st. It will rather take the wind out of my sails if he starts at once in your Magazine. 2nd. That two brothers writing two novels at one and the same time in one Magazine is a new and astounding spectacle to gods and men. And 3rd. That his book will be far too good to be parcelled out into monthly doles. I should almost wish now that we had kept my book back, sooner than that we should clash.⁹

Yet, however much Henry Kingsley may have felt Charles to be a rival and a threat (and in fact nothing more was ever heard of Nebuchadnezzar), he was comfortable and well-off financially. His mother, who came to live with him in 1860 after her husband died, skillfully managed his affairs. Indeed, he was jolly and exuberant, even boisterous. Thirty years later, his nephew Maurice Kingsley, Charles's son, remembered with delight what a fund of slang — 'Bürschen, Bargee, Parisian, Irish, cockney and English provincialisms' — Henry drew upon to entertain the children at Eversley, solemnly appearing on the lawn with a gun under his arm to be photographed, declaring:

"My dears, I likes to be took as a country squire in me preserves, and divvle a soul but yerselves knows I can't hit a barn, and me preserves is in the back kitchen closet."

⁹ Ellis, pp. 121-122.

or telling wonderful stories of children, Irishwomen, and cockneys:

He was the only man, I believe, who ever knew by heart the famous "Irish Court Scenes" — naughtiest and most humorous of tales — unpublished of course, but handed down from generation to generation of the faithful. Most delightful was an interview between his late Majesty George the Fourth and an itinerant showman, which ended up with, "No, George the Fourth, you shall not have my Rumptifoozle!" What said animal was, or the authenticity of the story, he never would divulge.¹⁰

But at this point in his career, Henry Kingsley made the mistake against which literally hundreds of his fellow novelists were always warning their impecunious young male readers: he fell in love with and married a penniless governess, Sarah Mary Kingsley Hazelwood, his own second cousin. Nature promptly proceeded to imitate art. The new Mrs Kingsley came complete with rapacious mother, equally penniless; apparently both of them were bad managers, and so too was Henry, whose affairs were now taken out of his mother's competent hands. Neither Mr nor Mrs Charles Kingsley liked Henry's choice, and, since Charles had been steadily moving ahead in the great world (Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, 1859; Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 1860; tutor to the Prince of Wales, 1860-61), it is unlikely that they much regretted the new couple's departure from Eversley for a house of their own at Wargrave, Henley-on-

¹⁰ Maurice Kingsley, *Book-Buyer*, pp. 729-731. I am happy to be able to shed some light on the grave question: What is a Rumptifoozle? In Charles Dickens' magazine, *Household Words*, for 11 March 1854 (IX, 69-75), the leading article is a satirical sketch called 'The Bottle of Hay,' anonymous, but actually by George Augustus Sala (reprinted in his *Gaslight and Daylight*, London, 1859, pp. 122-135), in which the former proprietor of a pub scornfully reports the efforts of his successor to modernize the place. Among other 'improvements,' the new landlord, Fishtail, has hired a giant as barman, and is reproached as follows:

'You'd better have a dwarf, Fishtail . . . P'raps a Miss Biffin would suit you, or a pig-faced lady for a barmaid. What do you think of a "What is it?" or a spotted girl? You had better have a Rumptifoozle, and put my old house on wheels, and hang my old portrait outside for a placard, and stand at the door yourself and cry, "Walk in, walk in and see the Rumptifoozle, two thousand spots on his body, no two alike; two thousand spots on his tail, no two alike; grows a hinch and a half every hanimal year, and has never yet come to his full growth; the Rumptifoozle which the proprietor wouldn't sell to George the Fourth, saying: 'No, George the Fourth, you shall not have our Rumptifoozle; for the Rumptifoozle has a foot like a warming-pan, and a body like the keel of a vessel, and a tail that would astonish a donkey.'"¹¹ (*Gaslight and Daylight*, p. 134.)

The Rumptifoozle also appears among the birthday presents given to the little prince in Henry Kingsley's *The Boy in Grey* (1871). But the pitfalls of scholarship are such that as soon as one problem is settled a new one is raised: What is a Miss Biffin?

Thames. Now, in 1864, with *The Hillyars and the Burtons* still running in *Macmillan's*, began the long struggle against improvidence and eventual poverty. Henry Kingsley had only twelve more years to live; it would be a period of frantic drudgery, of worry, even of shame.

In the letters to Macmillan there now begins to sound the note from which they are never again free:

May I draw . . . on my salary?

The fearful expense of pulling a sick wife about the country, literally to save her life, and setting up a new house, have superinduced an alarming financial crisis, and left me without any money at all. I suppose that one's first year is always a squeeze, but to be forced into extravagance by the doctors is too hard. However, I can see my way quite clear if I can tide over Christmas.

I have invested every available farthing I could get hold of in this house . . . You see what a fix I am in. . . . I *am* pinched . . . Do you think you could make it safe for me to present a cheque at Child's by Wednesday? There is a carpenter wants his money, not to mention others. Poor Sarah has a sad cough.

Could you let my debt to you stand a little longer, and pay me . . . as we go on? — for I am without the "ready." . . . If I could only get free again I'd give two of my fingers. What did for me was the fearful expense of starting and furnishing my place. I was an awful lot to the good at one time, but it has all melted like snow. . . . We are going to let our house and go to France, to save money.

We have had another wretched disappointment, and Doctor A. Massey forbids the wife to move for a time. I believe that these miscarriages are worse than confinements. . . . He blames me very much for bringing her up to him. How was I to have him here at a guinea a mile? Do you think you can lend me £35 out of your private pocket?

The responsibility of having so much depending . . . ages a man very fast.

Do you think I may have £12 by Friday morning? I want to send the wife to London and have only two pounds.

I will . . . write to Strahan and tell him to pay the money he owes me to you instead of to me, if you could possibly pay £22 for me to-day . . . If it was anything but the interest on a mortgage, to prevent them foreclosing, I would not trouble you . . .¹¹

These laments and others like them stud the pages of the letters between 1864 and 1869.

¹¹ Ellis, pp. 125, 134, 146-148, 165, 174, 179, 181-182, 183-184.

Through it all Kingsley was literally slaving. Not only did he produce four full-length novels — *Leighton Court* (1867), *Silcote of Silcotes* (1867), *Mademoiselle Mathilde* (1868), and *Stretton* (1869) — but also a series of crisp and prejudiced essays on English literary figures (warm toward Thackeray, whom he had always admired and had met in his youth, hostile to Swift and Pope), and another series of articles on travelers from Marco Polo down to eighteenth-century explorers in Australia, worked up with much labor from the primary sources, and issued as a collection under the name of *Tales of Old Travel* (1869). Only this collection and the first two of the four novels were published by the old family friend Macmillan, sure sign that confidence in Kingsley's literary capacities was waning together with his credit. Some reviewers were kind, especially to *Leighton Court*, a rather tame and insipid story of country life, and a few also to *Silcote of Silcotes*, into which Kingsley poured all his energies and all his hopes.

In it, he asks the reader to believe that Squire Silcote, an intelligent former barrister, has retreated from the world because he suspects — without any evidence — that his first wife had been unfaithful to him and tried to poison him. Contrived and stilted, *Silcote of Silcotes* none the less contains passages of headlong violent conversation, quite improbable yet sometimes showing a curious power, like the dialogue between the squire and a farmer's daughter, who has been a lady's maid, and so educated above her station:

"The fact is, that this boy of yours behaved very pluckily last night. I want to better him. I will take him into the stable as a helper, and he will rise. It is a provision for him. These Cockney servants I get from Reading never stay. . . . He will be stud-groom, and will be provided for for life. Will you let him come?"

"No. Let him stick to his sheep. I, you see, know more of domestic service than most, and my answer is, 'No.' Let him freeze and bake on the hillside with his sheep. Let him stay up late with his team, and then get out of his warm bed in the biting winter weather to feed them again at four. Let him do hedge and ditch work on food which a Carolina negro would refuse; let him plough the heaviest clay until the public-house becomes a heaven and a rest to him; let him mow until the other mowers find him so weak that he must mow with them no longer, lest he ruin the contract; let him reap until his loud-tongued wife can beat him at *that* — for he must marry, O Lord, for he must marry, and in his own station too; let him go on at the plough tail; among the frozen turnips, among the plashy hedge-sides, until the inevitable rheumatism catches him in the back, and the par-

ish employs him on the roads to save the rates; and then, when his wife dies, let them send him to the house, and let him rot there and be buried in a box: but he shall not be a domestic servant for all that, Silcote. I know too much about that. We have vices enough of our own, without requiring yours." ¹²

Kingsley retained the power of writing beautiful descriptions of the English countryside, at their best comparable with anything the prose of the nineteenth century has to offer:

Down below in the valley, among the meadows, the lanes, and the fords, it was nearly as peaceful and quiet as it was aloft on the mountain-tops; and under the darkening shadows of the rapidly leafing elms, you could hear, it was so still, the cows grazing and the trout rising in the river.

Nor did his sure touch fail him when he wanted action:

'He turned to the left out of the Bell Yard, and broke into a gallop. Then I saw that he was going to try the sands that night, and I cried out, like a man in the falling sickness, "The tide's making! the tide's making!" Perhaps he did not hear, at all events he did not heed. I ran, but what was the good of that? I heard him only a few minutes, but I ran on, guessing which way he had gone; and all I could find of him was the way that the deer stood gazing as he had startled them.' ¹³

Yet the reader can trace the decline in his powers almost from novel to novel. *Mademoiselle Mathilde*, which he himself liked next best to *Ravenshoe*, is hard to read today, and *Stretton* almost impossible. A wild feverishness, of which one can see traces even in his earliest works, now begins to dominate the conversations of his characters. Discursive and incoherent, the dialogues in *Stretton* are as preposterous as the plot, which, of all things, depends on another mix-up between babies. Kingsley repeatedly intrudes his own remarks into the narrative, no longer in the confidential manner of Thackeray's asides, as in *Ravenshoe* — though even these affect the modern reader unpleasantly — but as one purveying irrelevant information. 'One of my neighbours,' he writes, apropos of nothing, 'a commoner, has £20,000 a year; another, just in sight, has £60,000; another, also a commoner, within four miles, has just died worth £5,000,000.' ¹⁴ *The Athenaeum*

¹² *Silcote of Silcotes*, I, 103-104.

¹³ The first of these is from *Stretton* (I, 2), the second from *Leighton Court* (I, 239). They were selected by Sadleir to make this same point (*Things Past*, pp. 11-12), and I find I cannot improve on his choices.

¹⁴ *Stretton*, I, 119.

reviewer harshly called *Stretton* 'a flimsy and tedious book,' with 'no trace of the vigour and buoyant spirit which redeemed the faults of the author's early volumes,' and found 'in the exaggerations of burlesque . . . all the most disagreeable and insincere qualities of a writer who, in his better days, was altogether innocent of presumption and charlatanry.' Kingsley was urged to dismiss the 'notion that he is clever enough to write good novels with his left hand.'¹⁵ Sensitive as he was to criticism, Kingsley seems to have found this review and others like it almost unbearable. In 1869 he made a break, and accepted the editorship of a newspaper, the *Daily Review*, of Edinburgh.

He loathed the work, and in less than a year seized on the opportunity presented by the Franco-Prussian War to go out to France as a war correspondent. He shook off at once the lethargy and fatigue of which he had bitterly complained in his letters to Macmillan, and rejoiced in action. Once again, in his war correspondence, his prose takes on muscle and nerve, as for eight weeks he records, almost with delight, the gruesome sights and sounds of the French rout and of the battlefields on which they left their dead.¹⁶ Pro-German, like his brother Charles (who was so proud of being a Teuton that he even attributed to 'our Teuton race' the invention of marriage for love),¹⁷ Henry was none the less deeply moved by the French disaster, which he laid at the door of Napoleon III. Here again he showed himself wiser and more moderate than his brother, who congratulated his German friends on the victories, and felt that great good for Europe was sure to come of them. On Henry Kingsley's return, his paper dismissed him, and, since he had a three-year contract, he had to get Charles and Macmillan to arbitrate the matter. But the upshot was that he went back to London, on his own again.

All the time he had kept the fictional pot boiling: no fewer than three short novels appeared in 1871, including the strange work for children, *The Boy in Grey*, an irritating and baffling little allegory, in which unexpected animals constantly materialize from nowhere, rather as they do in *Wonderland*, which Kingsley greatly admired. He tried hard to imitate Lewis Carroll, but had little talent for good nonsense. Yet *The Boy in Grey* contains some simple and charming lyrics, including the song of the blackbird and Mary Magdalen:

¹⁵ *Athenaeum*, 5 June 1869, pp. 759-760.

¹⁶ Ellis, pp. 200-265, prints the war correspondence.

¹⁷ Frances Kingsley, II, 94-95.

Magdalen at Michael's gate
 Tirded at the pin;
 On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
 "Let her in! Let her in!"
 "Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,
 "Know'st thou thy sin?"
 "It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
 "Let her in! Let her in!"
 "Yes, I have seen the wounds,
 And I know my sin."
 "She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,
 "Let her in! Let her in!"
 "Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,
 "Nought save sin."
 And the blackbird sang, "She is sorry, sorry, sorry.
 Let her in! Let her in!"
 When he had sung himself to sleep,
 And night did begin,
 One came and opened Michael's gate,
 And Magdalen went in.

These verses, not unlike some of Blake's, reveal an unsuspected talent in Kingsley. The learned folklorist, historian, and astute critic of letters, Frederick York Powell, once urged Jack Yeats to illustrate them, commenting that the poem was Henry Kingsley's 'best thing,' and adding, 'It used to make me cry when I was a boy, and it makes me feel uncommon creepy even now.'¹⁸

But except for an occasional flash of beauty, the work of these years is pedestrian at best, much of it rescued unwillingly from discarded manuscripts. The year 1872 saw the publication of a novel, a collection of short stories, and a book for boys. Money troubles were worse than ever. Macmillan was refusing credit, and the patience of Charles, now Canon of Chester, was exhausted. Determined to stake everything on another novel, Henry wrote in 1871 to Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), whom he hardly knew, begging for help:

In 1865, I had lost everything, since then I have been making a severe and terrible struggle to put matters right. I have nearly succeeded, and should in fact be comfortable with £200. But I have been writing against time in the newspapers for an income and have been republishing things out of my

¹⁸ Oliver Elton, *Frederick York Powell: A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings* (Oxford, 1906), I, 379.

portfolio which in better times would never have seen the light at all. *This will not do.* People naturally suppose that I have written myself out, whereas the simple fact of the matter is that these later things were all written before my hand was as good as it is now. The only new novel in four years is *Oakshott Castle*, which Macmillan and Bentley competed for without looking at it, (Macmillan saw the first chapter) Macmillan has got it, and I am to finish it off by March. Meanwhile I am unable to live. Macmillan's firm will not back me on with any advance on a novel not yet written, and my only hope of making a fine thing of it is to appeal to some member of the literary guild of which I am a humble member for temporary assistance. *My brother* is quite out of the question. Pray never hint to him about this letter. As my wife and I sat with blank faces looking at one another and wondering what would become of us, she said suddenly, 'Write secretly to Lord Houghton and ask him whether he will help us over the style [!]. Tell him in a manly way how you are situated and how you refused to relieve yourself of your difficulties by law, but insisted on working them off, then ask him what he can do for you.' I have done so.

£40 would be a perfect godsend to us now my Lord: we shall inherit about £12,000 in a few years: *I could not undertake to repay such a loan out of my next novel*, but I could bind myself to do it within a year. If you could help to keep me alive and slightly free from worry until *Oakshott Castle* is done, I honestly venture to think that you would have served literature by £40. Whatever you do let the secret of this application remain in your own bosom. How bitter it has been to make it even to *you*, you may guess.¹⁰

Lord Houghton sent £30.

Charles Kingsley soon discovered that application had been made to Lord Houghton, but at first assumed that it had come from Mrs Henry Kingsley and had been made to the Royal Literary Fund. He wrote to Houghton:

I have reason to believe that my brother's wife, Mrs. Henry Kingsley has been in communication with you on a subject on which she is wont to have communications with many persons and that you have behaved with your accustomed kindness and generosity. If this be so let me entreat you not to do so again or to entertain any proposal either from her or from her mother Mrs. Hazelwood (who is equally likely to trespass on your good nature) without referring to me, who am intimately acquainted with the true state of my most industrious, but most unhappy brother's affairs, and also have known all about these two women for some 20-30 years.

¹⁰ This and the following quotations from correspondence with Lord Houghton in Pope-Hennessy, pp. 265-267, who printed the correspondence from the Houghton papers in the possession of the Marchioness of Crewe. This correspondence was unknown to Ellis and other earlier writers on Henry Kingsley.

Lord Houghton answered that he personally had lent the money to Henry Kingsley, and that he found it hard to understand why Henry's writings did not bring him in enough to live on. Charles Kingsley answered:

You had a right to express your astonishment that his writings do not provide him with the needful comforts of life. The only persons who can solve the mystery are the two women who have both him and his earnings in their power.

Let me entreat you to tell me the amount of what you were so kind as to lend him. My honour and conscience will not be satisfied until it is repaid.

These letters illuminate some mysteries but create others. It is clear that in 1865 Henry Kingsley had chosen not to go into bankruptcy, and thus 'relieve himself of [his] difficulties by law,' but to work off his debts. It is clear that Charles Kingsley considered his sister-in-law and her mother unscrupulous harpies. But where *had* Henry's earnings gone? And from whom did he expect to inherit £12,000? He could count on no such sum on his mother's death; and in fact when she did die in 1873 he inherited far less; for on his own death in 1876 he left only £450. Was the £12,000 a hallucination arising from his own constant preoccupation with money? Or did he really write, or intend to write, £1200, the sum he himself mentions in an earlier letter to Macmillan as the amount he expected to inherit when his mother died? ²⁰ Charles was thinking of Mrs Henry Kingsley's dunning letters, according to his daughter, when he wrote the final verses of his poem, 'The Delectable Day':

Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day;
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler
To-morrow again have their way.²¹

And a brief pathetic note in one of Henry Kingsley's letters to Macmillan, written in 1872, reveals that a quarrel had now interrupted the old intimacy:

Tell me about Charles. They say he is ill, some say very ill, but my mother never mentions it. Do let me know.²²

²⁰ Ellis, p. 147.

²¹ Ellis, p. 100.

²² Ellis, p. 187.

'We have been so united,' Henry had written of his family only five years earlier;²³ now the unity had been shattered. Charles became Canon of Westminster in 1873, traveled and lectured in America, and died in January 1875. No reconciliation apparently took place.

Neither Lord Houghton's £30 nor three grants from the Royal Literary Fund could meet Henry's difficulties. To Macmillan, who had agreed to publish *Oakshott Castle* when it was finished, he wrote in 1872:

I am therefore poor as ever. . . . If you were to advance me £100 on my MS., it seems to me that you are secured in case of my death, and that it is pre-eminently my interest to gain a fresh lease of popularity by making it the best thing I have ever written. It is not altogether easy to write at one's best with eternal small bothers about one. I have written nothing new lately, I have not written a new novel for more than two years, though I have published some things out of my portfolio.

Think this over, and buy me, body and bones.²⁴

And to Macmillan's editor, still in 1872:

Strain a point for me and let me have twenty-five pounds more, and then you shall not hear one word of me until *Oakshott* is in your hands. We cannot draw a farthing just now, and the doctors have ordered Mrs. H. to Hastings.²⁵

When *Oakshott Castle* appeared, the reviewers asked whether Henry Kingsley had gone mad. Lord Oakshott is presented as a whimsical and fantastic but high-minded nobleman, a great poet, an effective orator in the House of Lords, and an immensely successful speculator on the stock market. His likeness to Daddy Warbucks is enhanced by his having an adopted child who is stolen from him early, but who of course turns up in the end. Kingsley himself repeatedly has his other characters refer to Oakshott as a lunatic; but there is little choice among the personages for lunacy. The adopted daughter, Dixie, insists on talking in London a truly British version of Wild West slang, which she has learned on a secret trip to America ('They speak that way about the Lakes,' Lord Oakshott explains):

"You cut up stairs presently, and fie yourself out for Mrs. Rickaby's Pow-wow."

"Dixie!" said Lord Oakshott.

²³ Ellis, p. 167.

²⁴ Ellis, pp. 186-187.

²⁵ Ellis, p. 188. 'Mrs. H.' is probably the ominous mother-in-law, Mrs Hazelwood.

"Well, hoss," said Dixie.

"You said you would not."

"Well, then, I won't; only if you don't go up and rag out, I will kick up the most immortal old tar river Jerusalem break-down ever you heard. Molasses to a pineapple! I'll burst the railings of your lot."²⁶

The plot depends on unmotivated and irrational loves and hatreds, and on externals such as Oakshott's entirely fortuitous involvement with the Camorra, while the favorite Kingsley family device of a shipwreck off the Devon coast is brought in no less than three times. One is hardly surprised when, in a phantasmagoric final scene at a party, there enter Kingsley's own favorite characters from earlier novels, Charles Ravenshoc, now Lord Ascot, Austin Elliot, Tom Silcote, and others.

In *Oakshott Castle* we are witnessing the complete collapse of his talent, and perhaps of his reason. Kingsley thought the critics most unfair:

Oakshott was two years in hand, and fast and furious as it looks, was very carefully thought out. It is not more fantastic nor half as improbable as *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Oakshott is exactly what I should be if I had got the money. In my late miserable poverty I amused myself by thinking what I should be if I was rich. The result was Oakshott, a greater fool even than myself. Surely that is legitimate fiction.²⁷

The obsession with wealth — most of the characters in his last works are enormously rich, and wildly generous — and the trials of his own poverty had driven Henry Kingsley near the edge, perhaps over it. An American correspondent wrote Lord Houghton at about this time that a lecture of Charles Kingsley in New York 'ought to make a temperance man even of his mad novelist brother.'²⁸ Here is the clear suggestion that drink too was playing its part in bringing about Henry Kingsley's destruction.²⁹

Less than three years remained to him now. Slightly eased financially after his mother's death, he was able to leave London for a cottage in Cuckfield, Sussex. Knowing of his own serious illness, he went to Charles's funeral in January 1875. Incredible though it seems, he wrote

²⁶ *Oakshott Castle*, II, 251.

²⁷ Ellis, p. 189.

²⁸ Pope-Hennessy, p. 281.

²⁹ Compare the comment of William Tinsley, one of Kingsley's publishers, that Kingsley 'stayed often very long in Bohemian haunts, or anywhere where there were boon companions and the right sort of liquor to keep good wit rolling' (*Random Recollections of an Old Publisher*, London, 1900, II, 118).

three more full-length novels in his last two years, and posthumously there appeared a collection of literary essays, *Fireside Studies*, and a children's book, *The Mystery of the Island*. One of the novels, *Reginald Hetherege*, marks a slight improvement, especially in its scenes set in Australia; the less said of the other two, *Number Seventeen* and *The Grange Garden*, the better. On 24 May 1876, he died of cancer, aged forty-six. His wife survived him by forty-six more years. She wrote a novel of her own, tried to get money from the Royal Literary Fund, and worked actively for temperance. Her behavior, we are told, 'was eccentric and often antagonistic to the townspeople,' but she 'preserved her forceful and assertive character to the end.'³⁰

For the most part Henry Kingsley's later fiction stands as a melancholy monument to the havoc that Grub Street can work. But even among these hurried efforts the reader sometimes stumbles on an arresting passage, or even a whole story. Such, for example, is 'Jackson of Paul's' (1871),³¹ in which Kingsley returned for his scene to the Oxford of his youth. His theme is the love between two young men, Jackson and Deverest:³²

The two boys had that boy-love for one another which I hope none of our readers have forgotten in the turmoils of life: there is no love except the love of a good woman which surpasses it in purity and in the incitement to noble deeds.

When Jackson first meets Deverest's sister, Lady Edith,

he saw the friend of his heart, his boy-love, transformed into a beautiful young woman, the flash of whose eyes sent his blood tingling about his ears. The creature he had loved best in the world had been Lord Edward, and he was repeated in his sister. It was all over at once: there was no mistake about it: that woman or death — that woman or ruin.

When Edith accepts another man, Jackson leads a riot in college and is rusticated. When Deverest is killed in the Crimea, Jackson

³⁰ Ellis, p. 110, n. 1.

³¹ First published in the *Dark Blue* for 1871; then in Volume II of *Hornby Mills* (1872); reprinted in *The Boy in Grey and Other Stories and Sketches* (London, 1895). The quotations that follow are taken from *Hornby Mills*, II, 42, 46-47, 78, 79-80, 86.

³² Sadleir (*Things Past*, p. 4) dismissed the affection as mere 'David-and-Jonathan sentiment.' Yet ironically enough Ellis, Kingsley's defender against Sadleir, remarks (p. 37) that 'there was undoubtedly a strain of homosexuality in Henry Kingsley, though he was possibly unaware of it, for the subject had not received much scientific examination at this period.' It is a curious 'vindication' that brings forward so much graver a charge than the alleged attacker had ever leveled.

broke out into a passion of tears and said, "That I should be floundering here . . . while my love lies dead."

When Jackson goes to see Edith (her fiancé has also been killed), her father, Lord Eyre, asks him:

"Did you love him as you said?"

"I only loved her through him," said Charles, very quietly. "I loved him before I ever loved her. My darling lies out on the Crimean hill-side, but his sister lives, and loves me as I loved him."

"He was your Xenos," said Lord Eyre, bending his head down.

"He was more than any Xenos to me, my lord: and if you will let me go to her I will be more than a husband to her."

And after Jackson and Edith have married:

He had loved the boy so dearly that he had a double love for his sister. There is no cloud between them. Sometimes in the winter's night he will awake and say to her, "Edward must be lying cold to-night." And sometimes, when they are walking together in spring-time, she will say to him, "I wonder how brave the irises look on Edward's grave." And there, if you please, is the whole of my little romance. He loved the brother with the love of a boy, and now he loves the sister with the love of a man.

No doubt, Henry Kingsley did not fully understand all that he was writing. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that his theme was hopelessly *vieux jeu*. Indeed, 'Jackson of Paul's' finds a startling exact twentieth-century analogue in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), whose hero, Charles Ryder, has an intimate friendship at Oxford with Sebastian Flyte, beautiful, effeminate, and noble, and later meets his sister, Julia:

Her voice was Sebastian's and his her way of speaking. . . . She so much resembled Sebastian that, sitting beside her in the gathering dusk, I was confused by the double illusion of familiarity and strangeness. . . . I felt her to be especially female as I had felt of no woman before. . . . As I took the cigarette from my lips and put it in hers, I caught a thin bat's squeak of sexuality, inaudible to any but me.⁸⁸

When Ryder and Julia embark on a love affair, she says, of Sebastian:

"You loved him, didn't you?"

"Oh yes. He was the forerunner."

Julia understood.

When Ryder follows Julia to Capri, her father says of him:

⁸⁸ Quotations from the American edition (Boston, 1945), pp. 75-76, 257, 278, 303.

"He seems to have a penchant for my children. However, bring him here. I think we have the room."

And later, Ryder remarks:

I had not forgotten Sebastian. He was with me daily in Julia; or rather it was Julia I had known in him, in those distant, Arcadian days.

Nor is it only the identity of theme between 'Jackson of Paul's' and *Brideshead Revisited* that links Kingsley and Waugh. The atmosphere that surrounds Waugh's Catholic noble family, the role of the priests in all the intimate concerns of his personages, the sense of being alien to the English nobility because of their membership in something so much older, the very ruin that Catholicism brings them: all this recalls *Ravenshoe*. Waugh's dialogues sometimes strangely echo Henry Kingsley's in pace and manner. With loving attention to detail, both Waugh and Kingsley evoke, in a thoroughly English way, the idyllic beauty of the great houses, *Brideshead* and *Ravenshoe*, and the surrounding country with its sights and sounds and smells. Both are fascinated by noble families in decline, and by their splendid mansions as they crumble into decay. In twentieth-century idiom, and with all its twentieth-century sophistication, *Brideshead Revisited* is a Henry Kingsley novel.

Out of the mist that conceals the men of nineteenth-century England from our view Henry Kingsley looms up as a gifted, stubborn, and unfortunate man, a misfit. A man of action, he none the less disliked the harshness of the active periods of his own life. He was too poor and perhaps too dissipated to take his place as a comfortable member of his class, but he strove to conform to his public's desire by giving it highborn heroes behaving perfectly splendidly. Despite his sensitivity, he cadged from his publishers, his relatives, and even his distant acquaintances. He was so beset by worry that it is a wonder that he did not throw away his pen and take altogether to the bottle. Yet he stuck doggedly to his writing, under pressure no doubt increased in some measure by the sense of competition with Charles.

From that competition some, like Justin McCarthy, who knew them both, felt sure that Henry emerged the winner. McCarthy assures us that Henry would have made his place as a novelist without any aid from his brother's popularity. He contrasts Charles's 'antiquated, feudal' devotion to rank ('difficult to bear without strong language') with Henry's 'touch of something like genius,' and suggests that Henry's

'oddities of manner and peculiarities of accent' may have been 'deliberately adopted with some strange heroic idea of bearing personal testimony to the fact that a man was "a man for a' that," and that the ways of West End civilisation are not essential as a certificate of character to one of nature's gentlemen.'³⁴ In Henry Kingsley's manners, as in his treatment of his Catholic characters and in his sympathies for the French, we may perhaps discern traces of his determination to assert himself against, even to defy, the smugness, toadyism, hysteria, and obscurantism of his brother. Most of those who have found Charles repellent despite his undoubted power have developed an affection for Henry, and argue convincingly that his novels at their best are far greater works of art than any by Charles.

Simple, direct, bluff, humorous, a little disreputable, loving children and never having any, enjoying ease and praise and never getting much of either, Henry Kingsley was one of the many artists defeated by the problems of survival and creation in Victoria's England. Though the decline in his powers was melancholy indeed, he understood and could portray love, honor, loyalty, bravery, foolhardiness, and their opposites, no mean catalogue of human qualities. His most perceptive admirer, Michael Sadleir, has well called him 'the prose-laureate of wasted beauty.' *Geoffrey Hamlyn, The Hillyars and the Burtons*, and particularly *Ravenshoe* will always find an audience that will discover with delight and surprise their vigor and lyricism.

APPENDIX A: UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Of the following nine letters the first has for some years been in the Harvard Library. The other eight form part of the present collection. Except for Nos. 1 and 2, all come from the last five years of Kingsley's life, while Ellis has few from this period, and none at all after 1873. As a group, including the two from Mrs Kingsley, they seem to me to add to the pathos of the story.

I

121. Marina
St Leonards-on-Sea
Febry 21, 1859.

Gentlemen,

I beg to inform you that I accept your offer of £50 for the first sheets of

³⁴ Justin McCarthy, *Reminiscences* (London, 1899), II, 271-273.

my novel. Messrs Macmillan & Co of Cambridge have promised to see that you receive them in good time.

The title of the book will be "The reminiscences [sic] of Geoffry Hamlyn" The book will consist of 900, to 1000 pretty closely printed pages. Nearly I expect the same size as "Two years ago", my brothers book, or perhaps a little larger.

It may not be uninteresting to say that the principal scenes in the book are laid in Australia, where I have resided some years.

The book is now as good as completed, and will probably be ready in *May*.

With best wishes believe me

Your obed^t Serv^t
Henry Kingsley

Should any further communication [sic] be necessary please address Eversley Winchfield Hants as I am moving.

Note: This letter is addressed to Ticknor and Fields of Boston, Massachusetts, and refers to the American publication of *Geoffry Hamlyn*. Henry's comparison of the length of his forthcoming novel with that of Charles's last may reflect his constant effort to measure himself against his brother. The Harvard Library has the original Ticknor and Fields cost books for this period. In volume 3 of the series an entry on page 89 dated 26 May 1859 includes, among the disbursements incidental to the publication of the first edition, the item of £50 (\$250.00) for the early sheets referred to in this letter. Harvard also has two copies of the first American edition.

2

Wargrave,
Henley on Thames.
[no date]

Dear Masson

I know your extreme goodnature too well not to trespass on it. I feel sure that you will help me in this little matter.

Will you ask your *Hebrew* Professor these two questions for me, and get him to answer them at his earliest convenience.

1st On what evening will the Jewish New Year commence in *our* year 1878?

2^d The Hebrew word Neched in Isaiah XIV. 22. is translated "nephew". Can it be translated "cousin?" If there is a distinct word for "cousin" what is it?

Pray convey my apologies to the Professor for troubling him on such trivial subjects but I feel sure he will lend his hand to an attempt to expose a certain kind of fanaticism to ridicule.

We are invaded here with a perfect flood of prophetic Balderdash. I thought the thing was dead and buried long ago, but no. It has rizen [sic]

from the grave (the flood, I beg to remark, how about the catachresis?) and I have mislaid all my arrows and buried my tomahawk. Do help me. Perhaps it would save you trouble just to send this note on. If you do I beg him to accept my apologies.

My wife desires kind remembrances to you and to Mrs Masson. How cheerful the American war looks; whether you regard it through Northern or Southern spectacles. The rogues have fallen out, but you and I have not come by our due yet.

Yours ever sincerely
Henry Kingsley

NOTE: The letter is written to David Masson, Professor of English Literature at University College, London, first editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and author of *The Life of John Milton*. Since the Kingsleys moved to Wargrave after their marriage in July 1864 (Ellis, pp. 66, 68), and since the American Civil War came to an end on 9 April 1865, the letter must have been written between these dates. Just what 'prophetic Balderdash' Kingsley wanted to combat I do not know. The penciled notation '5638 7^h Sept'

 on the first page of the letter seems to indicate that the Hebrew Professor supplied the answer at least to Kingsley's first question. The views expressed on the American Civil War were repeatedly put forth in Kingsley's letters of this period.

3

24 Bernard St
Sunday. [no further date]

Dear Mr Bentley

I am afraid that I have forgotten to tell you that the novel of mine, part of which you have in hand, will now that it is being rewritten, run to three volumes. I am afraid that I cannot do it in less without packing too closely.

Very truly yours
Henry Kingsley.

PS. I have about a volume and a half done. I am glad that the *Athenaeum* praises my last story "Old Margaret" so well for I care for no one if I have the *Athenaeum* with me.

NOTE: The letter is addressed to George Bentley, publisher. A penciled note on the front page, presumably in Bentley's hand, reads 'July 29 — 1871 I first saw Henry Kingsley in this month,' and this dating is confirmed by the date of the *Athenaeum* review of *Old Margaret*, which appeared in the issue of 22 July 1871, p. 109. The review does call the book 'very readable,' and praises the interest of the setting (fifteenth-century Flanders), but also criticizes Kingsley adversely for 'regarding the fifteenth century through nineteenth-century spectacles.' But it is much more favorable than the *Athenaeum's* reviews of Kingsley's other novels. Their reviewer liked *Geoffry Hamlyn* only moderately well; *Ravenshoe* and *Austin Elliot* were not reviewed at all, and the others uniformly

darned. The novel Kingsley is writing to Bentley about is *Oakshott Castle*, for which he claimed that Bentley and Macmillan 'competed' without seeing it (see the letter to Lord Houghton cited above, p. 209). In the end, Macmillan published the work (1873).

4

29, Fortess Terrace,
Junction Road,
N.W.
[no date]

Dear Sir

Proofs of Ben Jonson will be with you on Monday. They have come on me like a thunder bolt. Every word has to be verified for we must make no mistakes. Clowes has printed the first paragraph so that I dont know it myself and must go to the London Library to verify it.

Ever yours
Henry Kingsley.

Note: 'Ben Jonson' refers no doubt to the sketch, 'The Master of the Mermaid,' which appeared in *Fireside Studies* (I, 264-322), published posthumously in 1876 by Chatto & Windus. But Clowes was not the printer of this book, nor did it appear until many months after Kingsley had left Fortess Terrace, where he lived from 1873 to late in 1874. I think the letter is addressed to the editor of some periodical (I have not traced which), in which the sketch made its initial appearance. This conjecture is borne out by letter No. 5. The present letter is written on mourning stationery; Kingsley's mother died in 1873.

5

Cuckfield
Tuesday. [no further date]

My dear Sir

I have just heard from Chatto to say that you insist on the copy right of all my papers unless he pays you twenty guineas. I am of course utterly upset as I looked to recoup you either from the Canada money or by giving over my Sir Frances [sic] Drake and the Siege of Colchester in lieu of the two articles which you kindly gave me. I have only got £50 for the book altogether and if I had sent you £20 out of that I should have had nothing to live on. I earnestly beg that you will allow me to arrange matters like this for I no more look to making another farthing out of the book than I do of flying. I only publish it because it may do my name good, I thought it would have been out by last August, but the quantity was found utterly insufficient, and I could not move it from where it was.

Yours very truly
Henry Kingsley.

NOTE: I think this letter was written to the same editor as the last. It suggests that Kingsley found himself caught between this man and Chatto, who eventually published *Fireside Studies* in book form. The Cuckfield address dates it sometime between the move there late in 1874 and Kingsley's death on 24 May 1876.

6

Cuckfield

Thursday [no further date]

My dear Sir

I am indeed pleased that my extreme care has been crowned with success, I think that you will like the story better the more you see of it.

Our friends, the Miss Shelley's [sic] (sisters of Percy B Shelley of glorious memory) are very anxious to see the story and as they will talk of it and the Magazine in their set I should be very much obliged if you will let them have as much as is published of it and continue to send it chalking up the expense behind the door to me. I wish I dared write an article on these two old darlings with their diamonds, their pictures, there [sic] reminiscences of their brother and others. Every thing about them is perfect from their carriage horses to their bell handles, but do not conceive that they are in any way related to the two old ladies of the Grange. They are the two ladies of Llangollen

Very truly yours
Henry Kingsley

Miss Shelley Elcot House,
First Avenue
Queens Gardens
Brighton

I want *very much* the proof of the chapter in which Mr Struan appears: they have not been sending me *duplicates* lately, so I am dependant on my note book. Still I have got the story so well in hand that Duplicates are not *necessary*, only in small matters they would save your printers bill.

Note: This letter is mounted in Volume I of Kingsley's last novel, *The Grange Garden* (Item 20 in Appendix B). The Cuckfield heading and mention of 'the two old ladies of the Grange' show that this letter refers to this book, published by Chatto & Windus in 1876. I have not traced the periodical in which it first appeared and to whose editor this letter was written. Date: sometime in 1875. At this moment, both Kingsley and his publisher were obviously pleased with the novel, which does indeed start rather well, but later collapses hopelessly. The 'two ladies of Llangollen,' Kingsley's models for his two leading characters, were Lady Eleanor Butler (1745?-1829) and Sarah Ponsonby (1755?-1831), who withdrew in the 1770's to live together in solitude at Plasnewydd in the vale of Llangollen, where various distinguished visitors sought them out, and they themselves achieved fame as 'the most celebrated virgins in Europe.'

7

Cuckfield
February 18.

Dear Sir

Many thanks. I will write to you more at length on Sunday. I am in an awful state of anxiety about my new book which is out tomorrow

Very truly yours,
Henry Kingsley.

Note: The addressee is unidentifiable, but the date must be 18 February 1876, just over three months before Kingsley's death. The book is *The Grange Garden* (publisher's catalogue in first edition dated March 1876). The 'awful state' was, alas, justified.

8

Attrees
Cuckfield
30th April
1876

Dear Mr Bentley,

Would you mind sending my husband a few interesting books? He is unable now to do anything but read and is daily getting weaker. You possibly may have heard of his illness, he knows he is in a very dangerous state but the doctors do not wish him to know the nature or hopelessness of his disease. It is cancer in the windpipe and at the roots of the tongue. He is most patient even in the worst suffering. He has been ill for over two months but only three weeks ago the serious nature of his illness was ascertained.

The nearest station is Hayward's Heath L.B. & S.C. Ry —
Please excuse me asking you.

Y^s truly
S M K Kingsley

Note: This was written to George Bentley less than a month before Kingsley's death.

9

Attrees
Cuckfield
4th July

Dear Mr Bentley,

I shall like very much to have a notice of my dear husband in the pages of 'Temple Bar' I have been very unwell or would have sent you some 'notes' earlier, and I can only do so now by a very great effort —

I do not know whether the enclosed will supply what you wish, of course I leave them to you to omit or supply wherever [sic] you wish & will give any further information I can —

I trust you are better — I feel the emptiness of the house more & more and have in addition to my sorrow much pecuniary trouble — But I would not have Hal back to the suffering & trials of this world

Y^s very truly
S M K Kingsley

Note: Written on mourning stationery, and surely to be dated in 1876, six weeks after Kingsley's death. The notice seems not to have appeared in *Temple Bar*; the 'notes' referred to were not with the letter when acquired.

APPENDIX B: CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

My collection of Henry Kingsley is not quite as complete as the splendid collection formed by Michael Sadleir, fully described in his *XIX Century Fiction* (Cambridge, 1951), I, 194–197, and now in the Library of the University of California at Los Angeles. Though I have all the titles in original cloth, I lack the true first-issue bindings of two: *The Boy in Grey* and *Reginald Hetherege*, and the true first (American) edition of *Hetty*, of which Harvard has a rebound copy. Nor is the condition of the books in general nearly as fine as that of Sadleir's. However, the three presentation inscriptions, including the two to Kingsley's mother (in *Austin Elliot* and copy I of *Silcote of Silcotes* — see Plate IIa), together with the signature of Kingsley's wife in *Number Seventeen* and the letters printed above, give my collection a rather more intimate character than his. As Sadleir found before me, Kingsley is exceptionally difficult to complete, even among difficult Victorian authors. As a result of my experience, I would query some of Sadleir's rankings in his table of 'Comparative Scarcities' (I, 379), promoting my two missing first-issue bindings (never seen) to top rank, and demoting *Austin Elliot* (seen five times) at least one notch.

Rather than follow Sadleir's practice of listing alphabetically by title, I have arranged the books chronologically, in the order of publication, and the same procedure has been observed in the photograph of the collection shown in Plate I. I omit full bibliographical detail, giving the Sadleir number for each title, and adding whatever bibliographical comment seems appropriate, with full descriptions only of two first American editions not in his collection.

1. THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFRY HAMLYN, 1859. Sadleir 1360.

Copy I: First issue.

Copy II: Differs from first issue in dating of advertisements: Volume I '31.10.59,' Volume III '12.6.60'; advertisements also include this

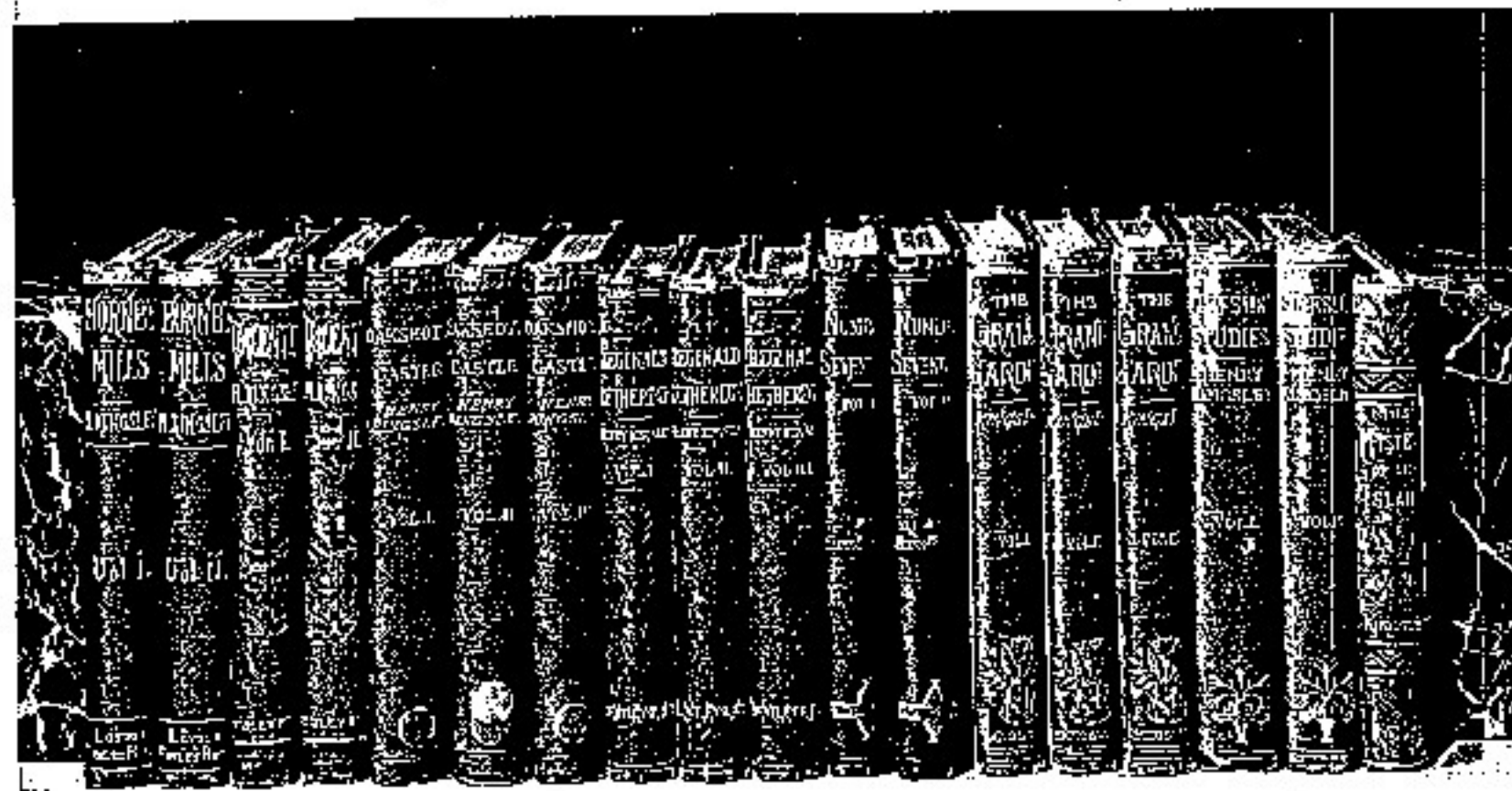
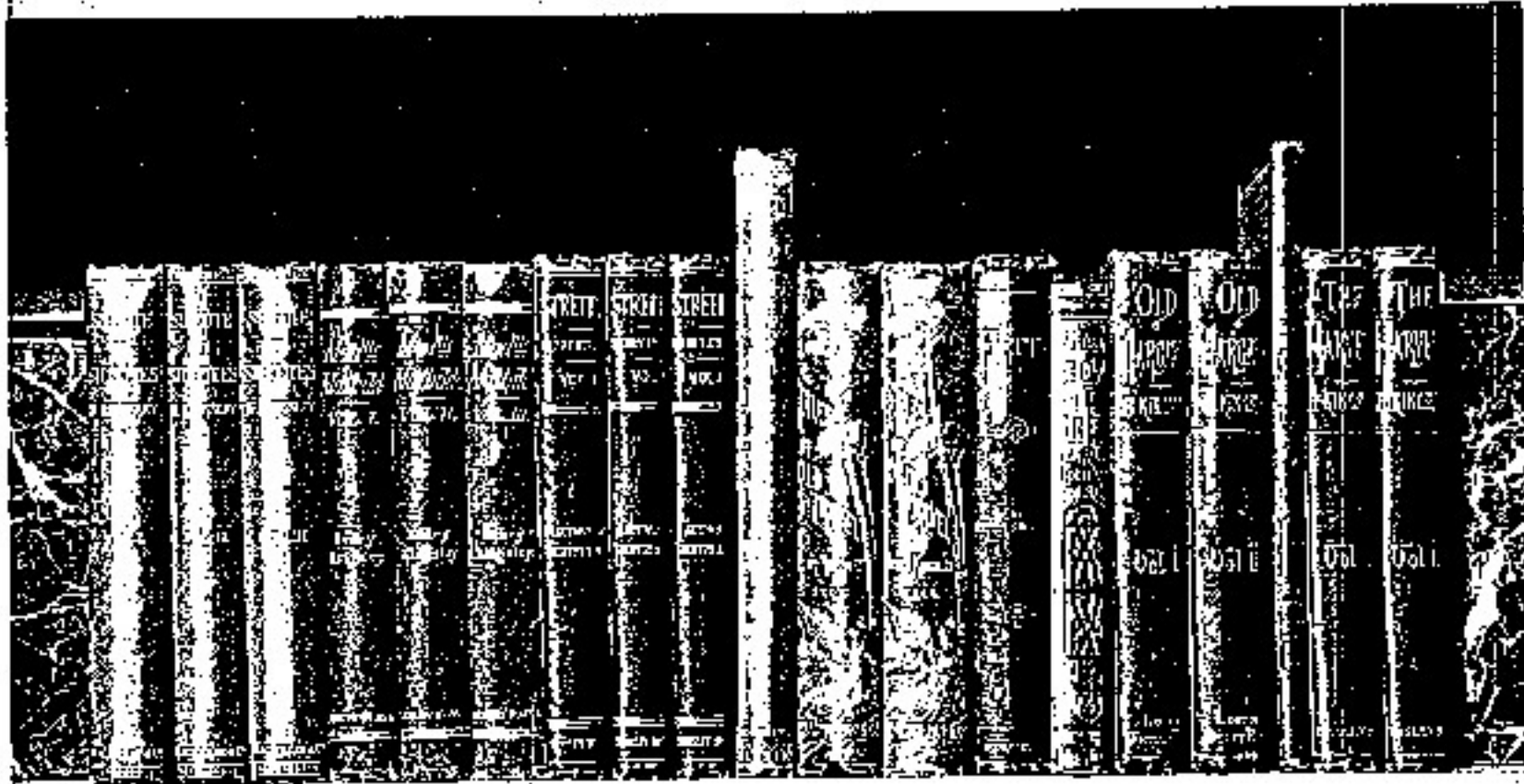
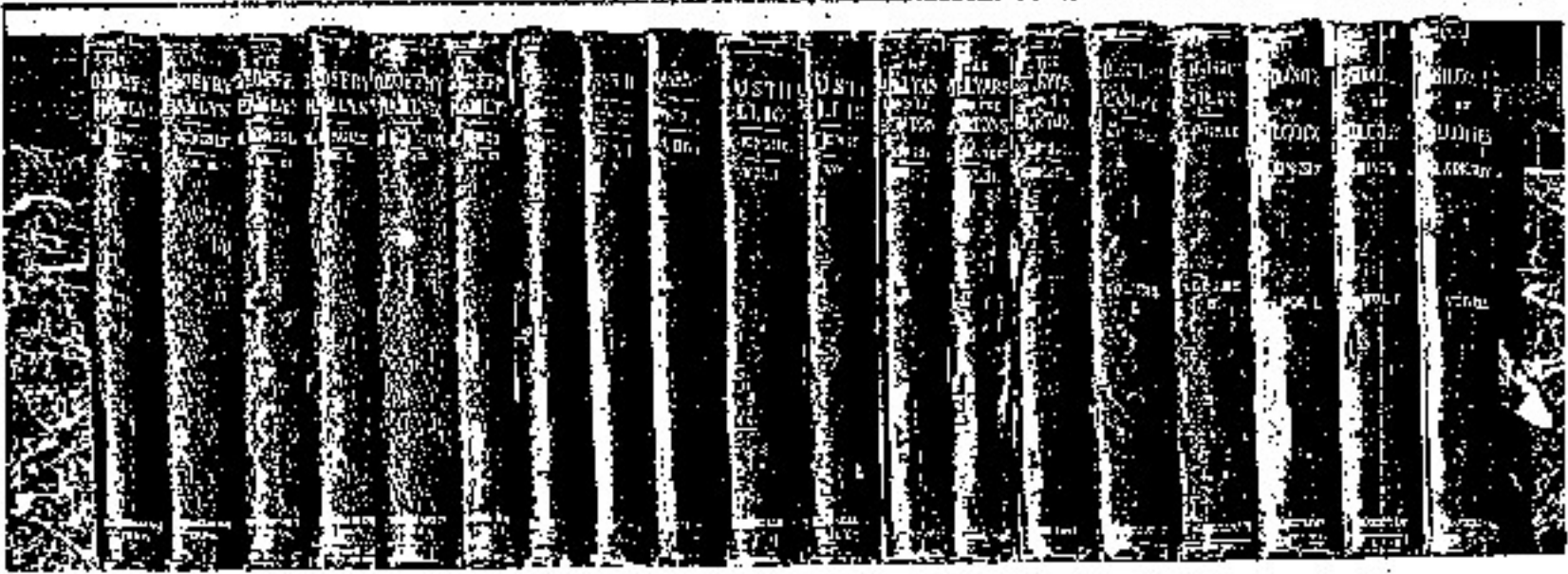


PLATE I

FIRST EDITIONS OF HENRY KINGSLEY

To my dear Mother,
 Believing that there is
 not one sentence in it, of which
 she would disapprove, I send
 this book with love and duty.
 Henry Kimpsey

PLATE IIa
Silcote of Silcotes, 1867, INSCRIPTION IN VOLUME I

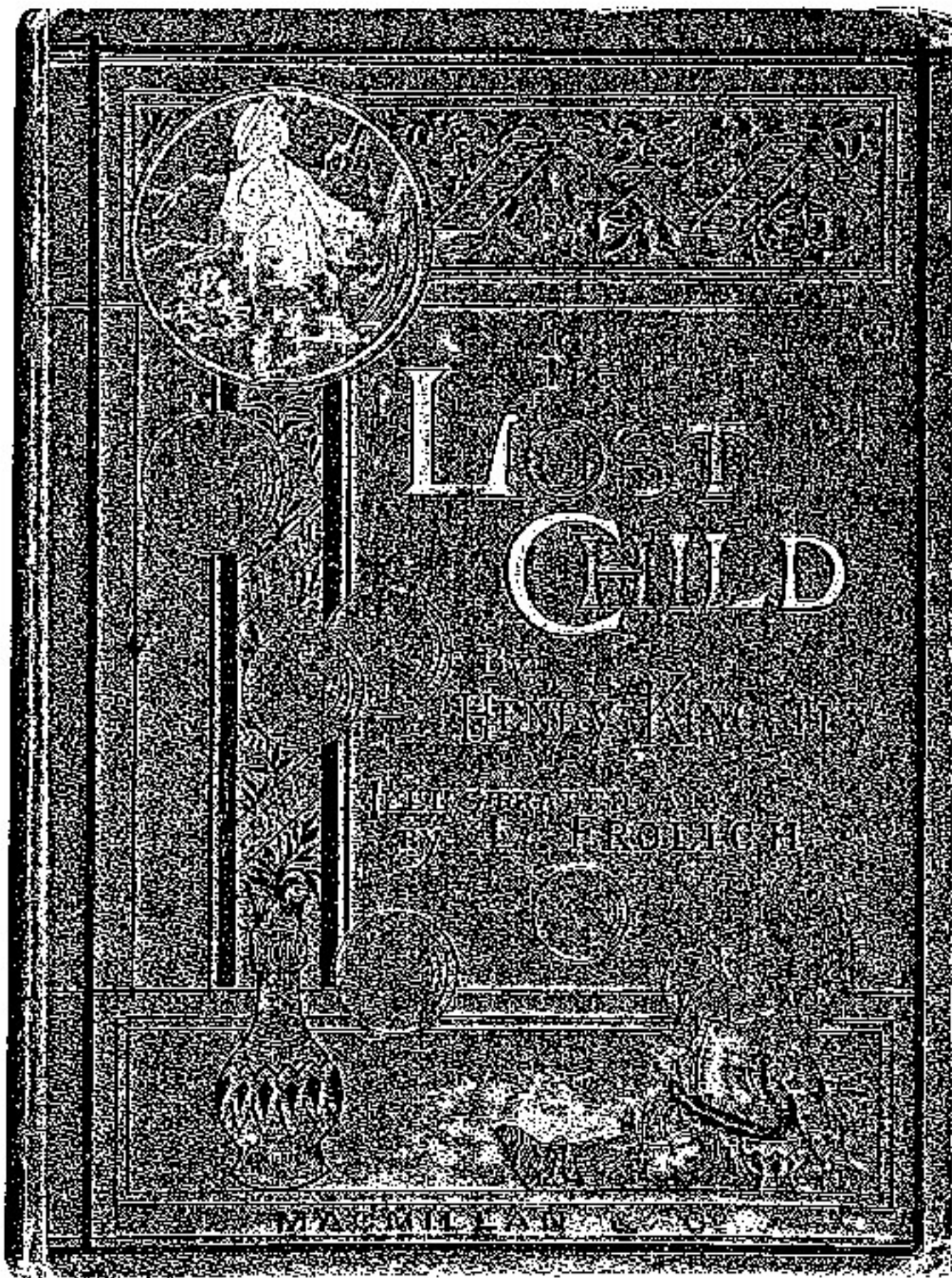


PLATE IIb
The Lost Child, 1871, UPPER COVER

book and quote the *Athenaeum* review. There are also differences in the brasses from which the spines were lettered and in the spacing of words on the spines, as follows:

rule between author's name and volume number: $7/16$ inch in earlier issue, $5/16$ inch in later issue

space between author's name and following rule: $1/8$ inch in earlier issue, $1/16$ inch in later issue

space between rule and volume number: $3/32$ inch in earlier issue, $1/16$ inch in later issue

space between 'Vol.' and 'I. [II., III.]': $5/32$ inch in earlier issue, $1/16$ inch in later issue

height of letters in 'Macmillan & Co.': $1/16$ inch in earlier issue, $3/32$ inch in later issue

Buff instead of pale yellow end papers.

Bookplate of George Merryweather in each volume.

2. RAVENSHOE, 1862. Sadleir 1359.

Ink signature: 'Marshall' on end paper of Volume I. Spines worn at head and foot.

3. AUSTIN ELLIOT, 1863. Sadleir 1344.

The last signature of Volume II, T, had its pages misnumbered 273-285. This has been changed in each page in pencil in the author's hand to 259-269, 271-272 (270 being inadvertently skipped); in all the other four copies of the first edition that I have seen the pages were numbered correctly.

Presentation copy: 'To my dear Mother Henry Kingsley' in ink on end paper of each volume. Armorial bookplate of Gardner in each volume.

4. THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS, 1865. Sadleir 1350.

Deep cream end papers, instead of chocolate, as in Sadleir.

Armorial bookplate of George Merryweather in each volume. A shabby copy, but the only one I have ever seen.

5. LEIGHTON COURT, 1866. Sadleir 1352.

Bookplates of Thomas Carlyle and Hugh Walpole in each volume. Kingsley had originally intended to incorporate 'Mrs. Carlyle's story' into this novel (Ellis, p. 134). What he meant I do not know, but this copy at any rate belonged to Carlyle.

6. SILCOTE OF SILCOTES, 1867. Sadleir 1362.

Copy I: 36 pages of advertisements, on text paper, in Volume I, instead of 48 on thinner paper, in Sadleir and Copy II.

Presentation copy: 'To my dear Mother. Believing that there is not one sentence in it, of which she would disapprove, I send this book with love and duty. Henry Kingsley' on half-title of Volume I (see Plate IIa). Armorial bookplate of Gardner in each volume. Spines badly worn.

Copy II: Armorial bookplate of Harry Smith Edwards and book label of Michael Sadleir in each volume. Blind stamp of W. H. Smith & Son, Strand, on front end paper of Volume I. Very fine. Bought at the auction of Sadleir's books at Sotheby's, 17 November 1958.

7. MADEMOISELLE MATHILDE, 1868. Sadleir 1354.

8. STRETTON, 1869. Sadleir 1363.

Copy I: Sadleir's royal-blue sand-grain cloth.

Copy II: First American edition. 8vo. New York, Leypoldt and Holt, 1869.

Maroon sand-grain cloth, blocked with publisher's monogram in gold on front cover, blocked and lettered in gold on spine; dark green end papers.

Pp. (ii) + (250) + leaf of advertisements. Frontispiece and three illustrations in text, uncaptioned, of which three are signed 'W. Thomas Sc.'

Printed in double columns.

Ink inscription on front flyleaf: 'F. and M. Gale May. 1874'.

9. TALES OF OLD TRAVEL, 1869. Sadleir 1364.

Copy I: The sixth illustration, 'The Desertion of Robert Everard,' bound at page 324 instead of at page 243, as called for in List of Illustrations.

Presentation copy: 'Charles Anderson with kindest regards of the author Henry Kingsley' on verso of frontispiece.

Copy II: First American edition, almost identical, even to publisher's catalogue, but with cancel title-page reading 'London and New York' instead of 'London' and without printer's name and address on verso. Front cover blocked in blind instead of gold, and with an

additional blind-blocked reproduction (reduced) of the vignette on the title-page, not included in the cover-blocking of the English edition. The sixth illustration bound at page 243. Binders' ticket of Burn & Co., as in Copy 1.

10. HETTY, 1871. Sadleir 1349a.
First English edition, two years later than the first American.
Ink signature: 'Augusta Marsden' on front end paper. Blind stamp of W. H. Smith & Son, Strand, on front end paper and half-title. No binders' ticket.
11. THE BOY IN GREY, 1871. Sadleir 1345.
Sadleir's secondary binding. No advertisements at end.
12. OLD MARGARET, 1871. Sadleir 1358.
13. THE LOST CHILD, 1871. Sadleir 1353.
Ink inscription: 'Beatrice Maude Lowthorpe from her affectionate Papa — January 1. 1872.' on half-title.
The front cover of this scarce little book has been reproduced in Plate IIb as an example of juvenile binding style of the seventies (size of original 9 1/4 by 6 7/8 inches).
14. THE HARVEYS, 1872. Sadleir 1348.
Royal-blue sand-grain cloth, thus a variant from the Sadleir copy in brown, otherwise identical.
Ink signature: 'Mrs T. R. Barker The Edge' on title-page of Volume II.
15. HORNBY MILLS; AND OTHER STORIES, 1872. Sadleir 1351.
Signature R1 signed.
16. VALENTIN, 1872. Sadleir 1365.
17. OAKSHOTT CASTLE, 1873. Sadleir 1357.
Front cover of each volume stamped in blind: 'File' within rectangle; small printed label pasted to cover of each volume, reading 'Specimen Copy. Macmillan & Co.' The label on Volume I also bears the added words in ink: '3 vols 31/6.'
18. REGINALD HETHEREGE, 1874. Sadleir 1361.
In a secondary binding differing from Sadleir or Carter (*Binding*

Variants, London, 1932, pp. 41-42): dark green basket-weave cloth, blocked in black and gold.

19. NUMBER SEVENTEEN, 1875. Sadleir 1356.

Publisher's catalogue at the end of each volume dated 'September, 1875.' Sadleir's were undated.

Ink signature: 'S. M. K. Kingsley Cuckfield' on front end paper of each volume. This is Henry Kingsley's wife, Sarah Mary Kingsley (Hazelwood) Kingsley. The hand is identical with that of the two letters from her printed in Appendix A.

20. THE GRANGE GARDEN, 1876. Sadleir 1347.

No binders' tickets.

Ink signature: 'M. C. Lakeman' on front end paper, half-title, and first page of text in all three volumes. Mounted in Volume I is letter No. 6, printed in Appendix A.

21. FIRESIDE STUDIES, 1876. Posthumous. Sadleir 1346.

Nail hole in spine of Volume I.

22. THE MYSTERY OF THE ISLAND, 1877. Posthumous. Sadleir 1355.

Brown diagonal-fine-ribbed cloth (Sadleir's was olive-green; he also records a copy in red). This is the only copy I have ever seen. It was found for me, just before I wrote this article, by R. A. Brimmell of Long Ditton, Surrey, and although it is battered, and the front free end paper has been torn out, I am delighted to be able to list it here, and to record my gratitude to Mr Brimmell for making the collection complete at the last moment.

Note: Harvard also has copies of the first American editions of *Geoffry Hamlyn*, *Ravenshoe*, *Austin Elliot*, *The Hillyars and the Burtons*, *Leighton Court*, and *Silcote of Silcotes*, all published by Ticknor and Fields; this firm's manuscript cost books, at Harvard, provide information on the dates and costs of printing.

ROBERT LEE WOLFF

Corrigenda

IN the preceding issue of the BULLETIN, XIII, 1 (Winter 1959):

Page 37, line 21, should read, in 11-point type and with paragraph indentation:

Little Pope (who is much yours) informs me of a Storie book, which he

Page 128, lines 25-27, should read:

By conversion of dates, it would appear that *The Sultan & the Dervish* was issued A.D. 1925 or 1926.

List of Contributors

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