

sense of the collapse of all values. There is an active 'fifth column' in the most sanguine humanist who must acknowledge the existence on a wide scale of debased living, crude relationships, lack of roots, etc. Yet the notion of what fine living, human relationships, continuity might be, the ideal of a civilization is not lost. If the two novels under review are not followed by an embodied 'statement of positives', a felt contrast between what is and what might be, we must classify M. Sartre along with Dos Passos, if not with Céline. 'L'existentialisme', as a fundamental attitude in the works under review, 'n'est pas un humanisme'

H. A. MASON.

GEORGE ELIOT (III)

THE other character of whom pre-eminently it can be said that he could have been done only by someone who knew the intellectual life from the inside is Lydgate. He is done with complete success. 'Only those' his creator tells us, ' . . . who know the supremacy of the intellectual life—the life which has a seed of ennobling thought and purpose in it—can understand the grief of one who falls from that serene activity into the absorbing soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances'. Lydgate's concern with 'ennobling thought and purpose' is very different from Dorothea's. He knows what he means, and his aim is specific. It is remarkable how George Eliot makes us feel his intellectual passion as something concrete. When novelists tell us that a character is a thinker (or an artist) we have usually only their word for it, but Lydgate's 'triumphant delight in his studies' is a concrete presence: it is plain that George Eliot knows intimately what it is like, and knows what his studies are.

But intensely as she admires his intellectual idealism,¹ and horrifyingly as she evokes the paralysing torpedo-touch of Rosamond, she doesn't make him a noble martyr to the femininity she is clearly so very far from admiring—the femininity that is incapable of intellectual interests, or of idealism of any kind. He is a gentleman in a sense that immediately recommends him to Rosamond—he is 'no radical in relation to anything but medical reform and the prosecution of discovery'. That is, the 'distinction' Rosamond admires is inseparable from a 'personal pride and unreflecting egoism' that George Eliot calls 'commonness'. In particular, his attitude towards women is such as to give a quality of poetic justice to his misalliance: 'he held it one of the prettiest attributes of the feminine mind to adore a man's pre-eminence without too

¹The medical profession, he believes, offers 'the most direct alliance between intellectual conquest and social good'.

precise a knowledge of what it consisted in'. This insulation of his interest in the other sex from his serious interests is emphasized by our being given the history of his earlier affair with the French actress, Laure. As a lover he is Rosamond Vincy's complement.

The element of poetic justice in the relationship is apparent here (they are now married):

'He had regarded Rosamond's cleverness as precisely of the receptive kind which became a woman. He was now beginning to find out what that cleverness was—what was the shape into which it had run as into a close network aloof and independent. No one quicker than Rosamond to see causes and effects which lay within the track of her own tastes and interests: she had seen clearly Lydgate's pre-eminence in Middlemarch society, and could go on imaginatively tracing still more agreeable social effects when his talent should have advanced him; but for her, his professional and scientific ambition had no other relation to these desirable effects than if they had been the fortunate discovery of an ill-smelling oil. And that oil apart, with which she had nothing to do, of course she believed in her own opinion more than she did in his. Lydgate was astounded to find in numberless trifling matters, as well as in this last serious case of the riding, that affection did not make her compliant'.

The fact that there is nothing else in Rosamond beside her egoism—that which corresponds (as it responded) to Lydgate's 'commonness'—gives her a tremendous advantage, and makes her invincible. She is simple ego, and the concentrated subtlety at her command is unembarrassed by any inner complexity. She always knows what she wants, and knows that it is her due. Other people usually turn out to be 'disagreeable people, who only think of themselves, and do not mind how annoying they are to her'. For herself, she is always 'convinced that no woman could behave more irreproachably than she is behaving'. No moral appeal can engage on her; she is as well defended by nature against that sort of embarrassment as she is against logic. It is of no use accusing her of mendacity, or insincerity, or any kind of failure in reciprocity:

'Every nerve and muscle in Rosamond was adjusted to the consciousness that she was being looked at. She was by nature an actress of parts that entered into her *physique*: she even acted her own character, and so well, that she did not know it to be precisely her own'.

If one judges that there is less of sympathy in George Eliot's presentment of Rosamond than in her presentment of any other of her major characters (except Grandcourt in *Daniel Deronda*), one goes on immediately to note that Rosamond gives sympathy little lodgment. It is tribute enough to George Eliot to say that the destructive and demoralizing power of Rosamond's triviality

wouldn't have seemed so appalling to us if there had been any animus in the presentment. We are, from time to time, made to feel from within the circumference of Rosamond's egoism—though we can't, of course, at any time be confined to it, and, there being no potential nobility here, it is implicitly judged that this case can hardly, by any triumph of compassion, be felt as tragic.

To say that there is no animus in the presentment of Rosamond is perhaps misleading if one doesn't add that the reader certainly catches himself, from time to time, wanting to break that graceful neck, the turns of which, as George Eliot evokes them, convey both infuriating obstinacy and a sinister hint of the snake. But Rosamond ministers too to our amusement; she figures in some of the best exchanges in a book rich in masterly dialogue. There is that between her and Mary Garth in Book I, Chapter XII, where she tests her characteristic suspicion that Mary is interested in Lydgate. The honours go easily to Mary, who, her antithesis, may be said to offset her in the representation of her sex; for Mary is equally real. She is equally a woman's creation too, and equally feminine; but femininity in her is wholly admirable—something that gives her in any company a wholly admirable advantage. Her good sense, quick intelligence and fine strength of character appear as the poised liveliness, shrewd good-humoured sharpness and direct honesty of her speech. If it were not a part of her strength to lack an aptitude for emotional exaltations, she might be said to represent George Eliot's ideal of femininity—she certainly represents a great deal of George Eliot's own characteristic strength.

Rosamond, so decidedly at a disadvantage (for once) with Mary Garth, is more evenly matched with Mrs. Bulstrode, who calls in Book III, Chapter XXXI, to find out whether the flirtation with Lydgate is, or is not, anything more than a flirtation. Their encounter, in which unspoken inter-appreciation of attire accompanies the verbal fence, occurs in the same chapter as that between Mrs. Bulstrode and Mrs. Plymdale, 'well-meaning women both, knowing very little of their own motives'. These encounters between women give us some of George Eliot's finest comedy; only a woman could have done them. And the comedy can be of the kind in which the tragic undertone is what tells most on us, as we see in Book VIII, Chapter LXXIV, where Mrs. Bulstrode goes the round of her friends in an attempt to find out what is the matter with her husband:

'In Middlemarch a wife could not long remain ignorant that the town held a bad opinion of her husband. No feminine intimate might carry her friendship so far as to make a plain statement to the wife of the unpleasant fact known or believed about her husband; but when a woman with her thoughts much at leisure got them suddenly employed on something grievously disadvantageous to her neighbours, various moral impulses were called into play which tended to stimulate utterance. Candour

was one. To be candid, in Middlemarch phraseology, meant, to use an early opportunity of letting your friends know that you did not take a cheerful view of their capacity, their conduct, or their position; and a robust candour never waited to be asked for its opinion. Then, again, there was the love of truth . . . Stronger than all, there was the regard for a friend's moral improvement, sometimes called her soul, which was likely to be benefited by remarks tending to gloom, uttered with the accompaniment of pensive staring at the furniture and a manner implying that the speaker would not tell what was on her mind, from regard to the feelings of her hearer'.

The treatment of Bulstrode himself is a triumph in which the part of a magnificent intelligence in the novelist's art is manifested in some of the finest analysis any novel can show. The peculiar religious world to which Bulstrode belongs, its ethos and idiom, George Eliot knows from the inside—we remember the Evangelicalism of her youth. The analysis is a creative process; it is a penetrating imagination, masterly and vivid in understanding, bringing the concrete before us in all its reality. Bulstrode is not an attractive figure:

'His private minor loans were numerous, but he would inquire strictly into the circumstances both before and after. In this way a man gathers a domain in his neighbours' hope and fear as well as gratitude; and power, when once it has got into that subtle region, propagates itself, spreading out of all proportion to its external means. It was a principle with Mr. Bulstrode to gain as much power as possible, that he might use it for the glory of God. He went through a great deal of spiritual conflict and inward argument in order to adjust his motives, and make clear to himself what God's glory required'.

This looks like a promise of satire. But George Eliot's is no satiric art; the perceptions that make the satirist are there right enough, but she sees too much, and has too much the humility of the supremely intelligent whose intelligence involves self-knowledge, to be more than incidentally ironical. Unengaging as Bulstrode is, we are not allowed to forget that he is a highly developed member of the species to which we ourselves belong, and so capable of acute suffering; and that his case is not as remote from what might be ours as the particulars of it encourage our complacency to assume.³ When his Nemesis closes in on him we feel his agonized twists and turns too much from within—that is the effect of George Eliot's kind of analysis—not to regard him with more compassion than contempt:

'Strange, piteous conflict in the soul of this unhappy man who had longed for years to be better than he was—who had taken his selfish passions into discipline and clad them in severe robes, so that he had walked with them as a devout squire, till

now that a terror had risen among them, and they could chant no longer, but threw out their common cries for safety'.

George Eliot's analysis is of the 'merciless' kind that only an intelligence lighted by compassion can attain:

'At six o'clock he had already been long dressed, and had spent some of his wretchedness in prayer, pleading his motives for averting the worst evil if in anything he had used falsity and spoken what was not true before God. For Bulstrode shrank from a direct lie with an intensity disproportionate to the numbers of his more indirect misdeeds. But many of these misdeeds were like the subtle muscular movements which are not taken account of in the consciousness, though they bring about the end that we fix our mind on and desire. And it is only what we are vividly conscious of that we can vividly imagine to be seen by Omniscience'.

Here he is, struggling with hope and temptation, by the bedside of his helpless tormentor:

'Bulstrode's native imperiousness and strength of determination served him well. This delicate-looking man, himself nervously perturbed, found the needed stimulus in his strenuous circumstances, and through that difficult night and morning, while he had the air of an animated corpse returned to movement without warmth, holding the mastery by its chill impassibility, his mind was intensely at work thinking of what he had to guard against and what would win him security. Whatever prayers he might lift up, whatever statements he might inwardly make of this man's wretched spiritual condition, and the duty he himself was under to submit to the punishment divinely appointed for him rather than to wish for evil to another—through all this effort to condense words into a solid mental state, there pierced and spread with irresistible vividness the images of the events he desired. And in the train of those images came their apology. He could not but see the death of Raffles, and see in it his own

'His doubts did not arise from the possible relations of the event to Joshua Rigg's destiny, which belonged to the un-mapped regions not taken under the providential government, except perhaps in an imperfect colonial way; but they arose from reflecting that this dispensation too might be a chastisement for himself, as Mr. Farebrother's induction to the living clearly was.

'This was not what Mr. Bulstrode said to any man for the sake of deceiving him; it was what he said to himself—it was as genuinely his mode of explaining events as any theory of yours may be, if you happen to disagree with him. For the egoism which enters into our theories does not affect their sincerity; rather the more our egoism is satisfied the more robust is our belief'.

deliverance. What was the removal of this wretched creature? He was impenitent—but were not public criminals impenitent?—yet the law decided on their fate. Should Providence in this case award death, there was no sin in contemplating death as the desirable issue—if he kept his hands from hastening it—if he scrupulously did what was prescribed. Even here there might be a mistake: human prescriptions were fallible things: Lydgate had said that treatment had hastened death—why not his own method of treatment? But of course intention was everything in the question of right and wrong.

‘And Bulstrode set himself to keep his intention separate from his desire. He inwardly declared that he intended to obey orders. Why should he have got into any argument about the validity of these orders? It was only the common trick of desire—which avails itself of any irrelevant scepticism, finding larger room for itself in all uncertainty about effects, in every obscurity that looks like the absence of law. Still, he did obey the orders’.

Here is the commentary on his move to square Lydgate:

‘The banker felt that he had done something to nullify one cause of uneasiness, and yet he was scarcely the easier. He did not measure the quantity of diseased motive which had made him wish for Lydgate’s goodwill, but the quantity was none the less actively there, like an irritating agent in his blood. A man vows, and yet will not cast away the means of breaking his vow. Is it that he distinctly means to break it? Not at all; but the desires which tend to break it are at work in him dimly, and make their way into his imagination, and relax his muscles in the very moments when he is telling himself over again the reasons for his vow. Raffles, recovering quickly, returning to the free use of his odious powers—how could Bulstrode wish for that?’

It is a mark of the quality of George Eliot’s presentment of Bulstrode that we should feel that the essential aspect of Nemesis for him is what confronts him here, in the guise of salvation, as he waits for the death he has ensured—ensured by disobeying, with an intention that works through dark indirections and tormented inner casuistries, Lydgate’s strict ‘doctor’s orders’:

‘In that way the moments passed, until a change in the stentorous breathing was marked enough to draw his attention wholly to the bed, and forced him to think of the departing life, which had once been subservient to his own—which he had once been glad to find base enough for him to act on as he would. It was his gladness then which impelled him now to be glad that the life was at an end.

‘And who could say that the death of Raffles had been hastened? Who knew what would have saved him?’

Raffles himself is Dickensian, and so is Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, the auctioneer, to say which is to suggest that, while adequate to

their functions, they don't exhibit that peculiar quality of life which distinguishes George Eliot's own creativeness. There is abundance of this quality in the book as a whole; we have it in the Garths, father, mother and daughter, the Vincy family, Mr. Farebrother, the Cadwalladers, and also in the grotesquerie of Peter Featherstone and his kin, which is so decidedly George Eliot and not Dickens.

The weakness of the book, as already intimated, is in Dorothea. We have the danger-signal in the very outset, in the brief Prelude, with its reference to St. Theresa, whose 'flame . . . fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weakness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self'. 'Many Theresas', we are told, 'have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action . . .'. In the absence of a 'coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul' they failed to realize their aspiration: 'Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood . . .'. Their failure, we gather, was a case of 'a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity . . .'. It is a dangerous theme for George Eliot, and we recognize a far from reassuring accent. And our misgivings are not quieted when we find, in the close of the Prelude, so marked a reminder of Maggie Tulliver as this:

'Here and there a cygnet is reared uneasily among the ducklings in the brown pond, and never finds the living stream in fellowship with its own oary-footed kind. Here and there is born a Saint Theresa, foundress of nothing, whose loving heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness tremble off and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centring in some long-recognisable deed'.

All the same, the first two chapters make us forget these alarms, the poise is so sure and the tone so right. When we are told of Dorothea Brooke that 'her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might fairly include the parish of Tipton, and her own rule of conduct there', we give that 'parish of Tipton' its full weight. The provinciality of the provincial scene that George Eliot presents is not a mere foil for a heroine; we see it in Dorothea herself as a callowness confirmed by culture: she and her sister had 'both been educated . . . on plans at once narrow and promiscuous, first in an English family and afterwards in a Swiss family at Lausanne . . .'. This is an education that makes little difference to Maggie Tulliver—who is now, we feel, seen by the novelist from the outside as well as felt from within. Dorothea, that is to say, is not exempted from the irony that informs our vision of the other characters in these opening chapters—Celia, Mr. Brooke, Sir James Chetham and Mr. Casaubon. It looks as if George Eliot had succeeded in

bringing within her achieved maturity this most resistant and incorrigible self.

Unhappily, we can't go on in that belief for long. Already in the third chapter we find reasons for recalling the Prelude. In the description of the 'soul-hunger' that leads Dorothea to see Causaubon so fantastically as a 'winged messenger' we miss the poise that had characterized the presentment of her at her introduction:

'For a long while she had been oppressed by the indefiniteness which hung in her mind, like a thick summer haze, over all her desire to make her life greatly effective. What could she do, what ought she to do? . . . The intensity of her religious disposition, the coercion it exercised over her life, was but one aspect of a nature altogether ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent: and with such a nature struggling in the bands of a narrow teaching, hemmed in by a social life which seemed nothing but a labyrinth of petty courses, a walled-in maze of small paths that led no whither, the outcome was sure to strike others as at once exaggeration and inconsistency'.

Aren't we here, we wonder, in sight of an unqualified self-identification? Isn't there something dangerous in the way the irony seems to be reserved for the provincial background and circumstances, leaving the heroine immune? The doubt has very soon become more than a doubt. When (in Chapter VII) Dorothea, by way of illustrating the kind of music she enjoys, says that the great organ at Freiberg, which she heard on her way home from Lausanne, made her sob, we can't help noting that it is the fatuous Mr. Brooke, a figure consistently presented for our ironic contemplation, who comments: 'That kind of thing is not healthy, my dear'. By the time we see her by the 'reclining Ariadne' in the Vatican, as Will Ladislav sees her—

'a breathing, blooming girl, whose form, not shamed by the Ariadne, was clad in Quakerish grey drapery; her long cloak, fastened at the neck, was thrown backward from the arms, and one beautiful ungloved hand pillowed her cheek, pushing somewhat backward the white beaver bonnet which made a sort of halo to her face around the simply braided dark-brown hair'

—we are in a position to say that seeing her here through Will's eyes involves for us no adjustment of vision: this is how we *have* been seeing her—or been aware that we are meant to see her. And in general, in so far as we respond to the novelist's intention, our vision goes on being Will's.

The idealization is overt at the moment, finding its license in the surrounding statuary and in Will's rôle of artist (he is with his German artist friend). But Will's idealizing faculty clearly doesn't confine itself to her outward form even here, and when, thirty or so pages further on, talking with her and Causaubon, he reflects, 'She was an angel beguiled', we are clearly not meant to

dissociate ourselves or the novelist. In fact, he has no independent status of his own—he can't be said to exist; he merely represents, not a dramatically real point of view, but certain of George Eliot's intentions—intentions she has failed to realize creatively. The most important of these is to impose on the reader her own vision and valuation of Dorothea.

Will, of course, is also intended—it is not really a separate matter—to be, in contrast to Casaubon, a fitting soul-mate for Dorothea. He is not substantially (everyone agrees) 'there', but we can see well enough what kind of qualities and attractions are intended, and we can see equally well that we are expected to share a valuation of them extravagantly higher than any we can for a moment countenance. George Eliot's valuation of Will Ladislav, in short, is Dorothea's, just as Will's of Dorothea is George Eliot's. Dorothea, to put it another way, is a product of George Eliot's own 'soul-hunger'—another day-dream ideal self. This persistence, in the midst of so much that is so other, of an unreduced enclave of the old immaturity is disconcerting in the extreme. We have an alternation between the poised impersonal insight of a finely tempered wisdom and something like the emotional confusions and self-importances of adolescence.

It is given us, of course, at the outset, as of the essence of Dorothea's case, that she is vague in her exaltations, that she 'was oppressed by the indefiniteness which hung in her mind, like a thick summer haze, over all her desire to make her life greatly effective'. But the show of presenting this haze from the outside soon lapses; George Eliot herself, so far as Dorothea is concerned, is clearly in it too. That is peculiarly apparent in the presentment of those impossibly high-falutin' tête-à-tête—or soul to soul—exchanges between Dorothea and Will, which is utterly without irony or criticism. Their tone and quality is given fairly enough in this retrospective summary (it occurs at the end of Chapter LXXXII): 'all their vision, all their thought of each other, had been in a world apart, where the sunshine fell on tall white lilies, where no evil lurked, and no other soul entered'. It is Will who is supposed to be reflecting to this effect, but Will here—as everywhere in his attitude towards Dorothea—is unmistakably not to be distinguished from the novelist (as we have noted, he hardly exists)³.

There is, as a matter of fact, one place where for a moment George Eliot dissociates herself from him (Chapter XXXIX):

'For the moment Will's admiration was accompanied with a chilling sense of remoteness. A man is seldom ashamed of feeling that he cannot love a woman so well when he sees a certain greatness in her; nature having intended greatness for men'.

³—Though, significantly, it is he alone who is adequate to treating Rosamund with appropriate ruthlessness—see the episode (Chapter LXXXVIII) in which he 'tells her straight' what his author feels about her.

What she dissociates herself from, it will be noted, is not the valuation; the irony is not directed against that, but, on the contrary, implicitly endorses it. To point out that George Eliot identifies herself with Will's sense of Dorothea's 'subduing power, the sweet dignity, of her noble unsuspecting inexperience', doesn't, perhaps, seem a very damaging criticism. But when it becomes plain that in this self-identification such significant matters of valuation are involved the criticism takes on a different look.

'Men and women make such sad mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener still for a mighty love'.

—The genius of George Eliot is not questioned, but what she observes here in respect of Rosamond Vincy has obvious bearings on her own immature self, the self persisting so extraordinarily in company with the genius that is self-knowledge and a rare order of maturity.

Dorothea, with her 'genius for feeling nobly', that 'current' in her mind 'into which all thought and feeling were apt sooner or later to flow—the reaching forward of the whole consciousness towards the fullest truth, the least partial good' (end of Chapter XX), and with her ability to turn that current into a passion for Will Ladislav, gives us Maggie's case again, and Maggie's significance: again we have the confusions represented by the exalted vagueness of Maggie's 'soul-hunger'; we have the unacceptable valuations and the day-dream self-indulgence.

The aspect of self-indulgence is most embarrassingly apparent in Dorothea's relations (as we are invited to see them) with Lydgate, who, unlike Ladislav, is real and a man. Lydgate's reality makes the unreality of the great scene intended by George Eliot (or by the Dorothea in her) the more disconcerting: the scene in which to Lydgate, misunderstood, isolated, ostracized, there appears, an unhopd-for angelic visitation, Dorothea, all-comprehending and irresistibly good (Chapter LXXVI):

"'Oh, it is hard!'" said Dorothea. "I understand the difficulty there is in your vindicating yourself. And that all this should have come to you who had meant to lead a higher life than the common, and to find out better ways—I cannot bear to rest in this as unchangeable. I know you meant that. I remember what you said to me when you first spoke to me about the hospital. There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that—to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail".

"'Yes'", said Lydgate, feeling that here he had found room for the full meaning of his grief . . .

"'Suppose'", said Dorothea meditatively. "Suppose we kept on the hospital according to the present plan, and you stayed here though only with the friendship and support of the few, the evil feeling towards you would gradually die out; there would

come opportunities in which people would be forced to acknowledge that they had been unjust to you, because they would see that your purposes were pure. You may still win a great fame like the Louis and Laennec I have heard you speak of, and we shall all be proud of you", she ended, with a smile'.

We are given a good deal in the same vein of winning simplicity. Such a failure in touch, in so intelligent a novelist, is more than a surface matter; it betrays a radical disorder. For Lydgate, we are told, the 'childlike grave-eyed earnestness with which Dorothea said all this was irresistible—blent into an adorable whole with her ready understanding of high experience'. And lest we shouldn't have appreciated her to the full, we are told that

'As Lydgate rode away, he thought, "This young creature has a heart large enough for the Virgin Mary. She evidently thinks nothing of her own future, and would pledge away half her income at once, as if she wanted nothing for herself but a chair to sit in from which she can look down with those clear eyes at the poor mortals who pray to her. She seems to have what I never saw in any woman before—a fountain of friendship towards men—a man can make a friend of her" '.

What we have here is unmistakably something of the same order as Romola's epiphany in the plague-stricken village; but worse—or at any rate, more painfully significant. Offered as it is in a context of George Eliot's maturest art, it not only matters more; it forces us to recognize how intimately her weakness attends upon her strength. Stressing the intended significance of the scene she says, in the course of it:

'The presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us: we begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we too can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character'.

This is a characteristic utterance, and, but for the illustration we are being offered, we should say it came from her strength—the strength exhibited in her presentment of Casaubon, Rosamond, Lydgate and Bulstrode. It is certainly her strength as a novelist to have a noble and ardent nature—it is a condition of that maturity which makes her so much greater an artist than (to take up the challenge of Francophil modishness) Flaubert. What she says of Dorothea might have been said of herself:

'Permanent rebellion, the disorder of a life without some loving reverent resolve, was not possible to her'.

But that she says it of Dorothea must make us aware how far from a simple trait it is we are considering, and how readily the proposition can slide into such another as this:

'No life would have been possible for Dorothea that was not filled with emotion'.

Strength, and complacent readiness to yield to temptation—they are not at all the same thing; but we see how insidiously, in George Eliot, they are related. Intensely alive with intelligence and imaginative sympathy, quick and vivid in her realization of the 'equivalent centre of self' in others—even in a Casaubon or a Rosamond, she is incapable of morose indifference or the normal routine obtuseness, and it may be said in a wholly laudatory sense, by way of characterizing her at her highest level, that no life would have been possible for her that was not filled with emotion: her sensibility is directed outward, and she responds from deep within. At this level, 'emotion' is a disinterested response defined by its object, and hardly distinguishable from the play of the intelligence and self-knowledge that give it impersonality. But the emotional 'fulness' represented by Dorothea depends for its exalting potency on an abeyance of intelligence and self-knowledge, and the situations offered by way of 'objective correlative' have the day-dream relation to experience; they are generated by a need to soar above the indocile facts and conditions of the real world. They don't, indeed, strike us as real in any sense; they have no objectivity, no vigour of illusion. In this kind of indulgence, complaisantly as she abandons herself to the current that is loosed, George Eliot's creative vitality has no part.

F. R. LEAVIS.

[To be concluded with *Daniel Deronda* and *The Portrait of a Lady*].

GOETHE'S 'FAUST' AND THE WRITTEN WORD

(III) *THE SECOND PART (CONCLUDED)*

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

THIS classical Sabbath (roughly fifteen hundred lines of miscellaneous verse) makes the Germanic Walpurgis Night of the *First Part* seem in retrospect as sober and respectable as a drawing-room comedy. The mythical figures which float along the Pharsalian plains range from sphinxes, griffins, giant ants, pigmies and the Cranes of Ibycus to Nereus, Seismos and Chiron, not to mention droves of dryads, sirens, lamiae, and two quarrelsome and rather boring ancient philosophers. The verse is always in character (in as far as dorids and dryads have any character), and the reader with a taste for Greek myth and legend and 'unnatural history' will find plenty here to interest him. But the reader interested in Faust will find next to nothing to suit his