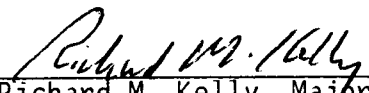
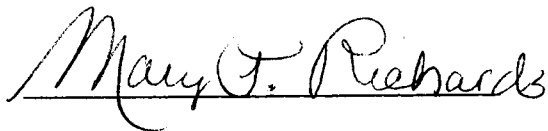


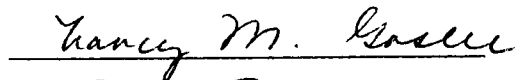
To the Graduate Council:

I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Elizabeth Anne Hait entitled "The City of Paris: A Shape and a Shaping Force in Selected Nineteenth Century British Fiction." I have examined the final copy of this dissertation for form and content and recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in English.


Richard M. Kelly, Major Professor

We have read this dissertation
and recommend its acceptance:







Accepted for the Council:


Vice Provost and
Dean of the Graduate School

✓

THE CITY OF PARIS: A SHAPE AND A SHAPING FORCE IN
SELECTED NINETEENTH CENTURY BRITISH FICTION

A Dissertation
Presented for the
Doctor of Philosophy
Degree
The University of Tennessee, Knoxville

Elizabeth Anne Hait

December 1985

Copyright © Elizabeth Anne Hait, 1986

All Rights Reserved

DEDICATION

For Bolivar Lee, Kenneth, Amy, and Barnaby

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to express my thanks to the members of my committee--Dr. Richard M. Kelly, Dr. Nancy M. Goslee, Dr. Mary P. Richards, and Dr. Albert H. Wallace--for their receptiveness to my dissertation and for their help and good advice. I would like to give special thanks to my director, Dr. Kelly, for recognizing the potential of this topic and for his continued interest in this dissertation; and to Dr. Richards for her unwavering support and confidence.

I would also like to express my gratitude to my father for introducing me to travel and giving me positive encouragement in all of my projects; to my mother for her support and for teaching me how to write; to my friends, especially Jane and Chad, for unselfishly and patiently listening to me and encouraging me; and to Amy and Barnaby for always being there.

ABSTRACT

This study is an examination of selected British travel journals and novels of the nineteenth century, in which the writers of the journals or the characters of the novels sojourn in the city of Paris. These journals and novels constitute a body of literature which is associated with both travel literature and urban literature, for the writers and characters journey to the Continent with the city of Paris as their destination. Once arrived in Paris, they begin another journey within the city, which often has mental or spiritual, as well as physical, aspects. The impressions and experiences of these British visitors are recorded in the travel journals, often quite imaginatively, and appear in the novels, shaped into a coherent story line.

In this study, these journeys within the city of Paris are traced from the arrival to the departure, and an analysis is made of the ways in which the different aspects of the journey are handled in the journals and in the fiction. Chapter I deals with the arrival, the first impressions of the city, the disembarkation from the traveling conveyance and location of lodgings, and the walks through the streets of Paris. In Chapter II the British visitor's reactions to the streets themselves as a stage upon which events take place are analyzed, as well as the landmarks that he visits. Chapter III focuses on his experiments and experiences with the French language, while Chapter IV shows him entering into the surface society

of Paris. In Chapter V, the British visitor moves past the surface society and deeper into the city, into the inner rooms, where he comes face to face with one or two other people or himself and learns about himself as a result of this confrontation. Finally, Chapter VI deals with the departure from Paris and the return to England, and with the effects of such a visit to Paris on the British traveler.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION.	1
I. THE ARRIVAL AND WALKING	6
II. THE STREETS AND THE LANDMARKS	57
III. THE LANGUAGE.	96
IV. THE SURFACE SOCIETY	121
V. THE INNER ROOMS	154
VI. THE RETURN.	192
CONCLUSION.	226
BIBLIOGRAPHY.	232
VITA.	242

INTRODUCTION

The city of light, the city of love, the city of art, the city of revolution--all of these epithets apply to the city of Paris. For many a British traveler of the nineteenth century, who decided to leave the shores of his native island and journey to the Continent, the capital of France was exceedingly attractive. It fascinated him, inspiring him to view as much of it as he could and then, in many cases, to record his impressions of the city. John Scott, a British traveler who visited Paris in 1814, admits that "Paris, which lately was the safest of all subjects for a writer to select, is now, probably one of the most dangerous" (1). Because so many Britons had traveled to Paris and written about their experiences, the British reading public, Scott believed, may have been overwhelmed by the large number of books on the subject. Yet Scott undertakes to write still another book about Paris, giving as his rationale that if the readers already know, from previous books, "the outward aspect of this remarkable capital . . . [they] may either be inclined to look a little beyond appearances into qualities, or be willing to give [the writer] the benefit of their recollections, and compare his conclusions with their own" (3). Scott is not the only writer who hopes in his description of Paris to look beyond the outward appearances and to determine the deeper significance of those sights that he sees. Thomas Holcroft, visiting Paris in 1802, records that his "intention was to study the place and the people" (1: 357), and he explains that "The man that

would mark the national character, must notice and narrate incidents, which appear to some too trifling to deserve being remembered. It is the accumulation of trifles that make the grand whole: like the grains of sand and the mountain" (1: 155). These trifles, accumulated by the British public that read the journals of the writers who traveled to Paris, often became assimilated into the national attitude toward Paris and then may have been used by novelists who set their stories, at least in part, in Paris. The experiences, as well as the impressions of these writers of journals, as they have become a part of the British culture, are often incorporated into the novels and give depth to the story line.

Both the writers of journals and the fictional characters in the novels provide for the reader their reasons for journeying from England to Paris. During the French Revolution and during most of the time that Napoleon was in power, France was largely closed off to British travelers. When at last Britons could obtain passports and enter France, they did so in great numbers. Curiosity about politics, morals, manners, and art induced people like John Carr, William Shepherd, John Scott, Thomas Holcroft, Bertie Greatheed, and others to travel to Paris in the early nineteenth century and then to write about their impressions and experiences in the city. The characters in Pelham, Paris Lions and London Tigers, and A Tale of Two Cities, novels all set before 1830, venture across the Channel either for personal reasons or for the sake of learning about and entering into Parisian society. And as they do, they too come into

contact with French politics, morals, and manners. The characters in Peter Ibbetson, Confessions of a Young Man, Trilby, and The Tragic Muse, novels set after 1830, view Paris less as a city of revolution and restoration, and more as a city of artistic experience. These characters, visiting Paris either for personal or vocational reasons, learn about French art and French attitudes toward art. Whatever their purpose for coming to Paris may be, most of these writers of journals and these fictional characters encounter similar obstacles, view many of the same sights, and go through similar stages of personal awareness during their stay in Paris. The impressions and experiences of these British visitors are recorded in the travel journals, often quite imaginatively, and appear in the novels, shaped into a coherent story line. The presentation of these obstacles, sights, and stages will be explored and interpreted as they occur in selected British journals and British novels of the nineteenth century.

The journals and novels to be discussed have in common the fact that they both deal with journeys; thus, they may be associated with travel literature.¹ But rather than exploring new continents or braving the high seas, these travelers have as their destination the city of Paris, a destination which places them in another tradition, that of the developing literature of the city. In this study, the actual journey to and from Paris does not play a part; it is the

¹For a comprehensive overview of travel literature and its relationship to the evolving novel up to 1800, see Adams.

journey within the city itself that is significant. And superimposed upon the physical journey within the city of Paris is the mental, or sometimes spiritual, journey that the characters in the novels make. In this study, these journeys within the city of Paris are traced from the arrival to the departure. Chapter I deals with the arrival, the first impressions of the city, the disembarkation from the traveling conveyance and location of lodgings, and the walks through the streets of Paris. In Chapter II the British visitor's reactions to the streets themselves as a stage upon which events take place are analyzed, as well as the landmarks that he visits. Chapter III focuses on his experiments and experiences with the French language, while Chapter IV shows him entering into the surface society of Paris. In Chapter V, the British visitor moves past the surface society and deeper into the city, into the inner rooms, where he confronts one or two other people or himself and learns about himself as a result of this confrontation. Finally, Chapter VI deals with the departure from Paris and the return to England, and with the effects of such a visit to Paris on the British traveler.

Although the experiences of an American in Paris and the effects of Paris on the American have been written about by such authors as Henry James and have been discussed by critics, the experiences of an Englishman in Paris during the nineteenth century have not been systematically treated. This study brings together for the first time a body of literature consisting of travel journals written by Englishmen who journeyed to Paris and of novels written

about English men and women who sojourned in Paris. Included in this study is one novel by Henry James, an American writer, because the principal characters in this novel are all English and because Henry James spent much time both in England and in France. As the focus of this study is on the British experience in Paris, the other novels of Henry James have not been included. This study does not purport to be or to include an exhaustive study of all of the secondary material written about each of the primary sources, but rather brings together these primary materials as a body of literature and studies them for the light that they can shed on each other.²

²For an historical survey of British attitudes toward France in the second half of the nineteenth century, as seen in works by British men of letters, see Campos.

CHAPTER I

THE ARRIVAL AND WALKING

In many studies of the novels of the city, the journey theme may be implied, for the characters usually, at some point in the novels, go out into the city, confront it, and explore it. In the novels written about British visitors to the city of Paris, the journey theme is both explicit and implicit. First of all, it is explicit because the novels usually echo the surface scenes from the journals of the time, describing various sequential stages in the journey, such as the arrival, the first impressions, the initial disembarkation and location of a hotel, and the first walks in the city. Both the journals and the fiction record similar events that take place during the day of the traveler, and if the fictional account leaves out a stage, it merely leaves it out; it does not replace that stage with an event that could not have realistically taken place. In addition, both the journals and the fiction express the ambivalent attitude of the British visitor toward the city of Paris--he is both enchanted and appalled by what he sees--and the differing degrees by which each visitor can or cannot adapt to his new environment. Secondly, the theme of the journey is implicit in this particular class of literature because the destination of the traveler--Paris--is not only the end of a literal journey across the Channel, but it is also the beginning of another journey through

which the character will learn about the city of Paris and about himself. In the journals of the time, the surface journey within Paris is readily apparent. The novels, however, often deepen the journey, add a mental layer to the physical journey, and use the walks through Paris as occasions for revelation of character or even as occasions for epiphanies.

The actual arrival at one of the gates of the city of Paris is significant for the traveler because it marks a threshold for him, the end of a long and usually uncomfortable journey and the beginning of the sojourn in the capital of France. In both factual and fictional accounts of the arrival, the ambivalent attitude of the visitor to Paris is evident. Some writers choose to omit this stage of the journey and begin their narratives within the walls of the city. In other narratives the arrival is glossed over, as in the case of Bertie Greatheed, who, in his journal, merely remarks, "no trouble at the gates" (3), but who was to be infinitely more concerned about being allowed to pass through the gates in the opposite direction some months later; or as in the case of the six-year-old Peter in Peter Ibbetson, who learns of his entry into Paris one evening at dusk after a long and tiring coach ride, when he hears his father say, "'Here's Paris at last!'" (12). The young boy's reaction to his arrival is to sleep for the next thirty-six hours.

The entry into Paris plays an understandably greater role in the journals and fiction that deal with revolutionary times. Arriving at the Barrier of Saint Denis in 1802, Thomas Holcroft, in his

journal, recalls his last visit to Paris, fifteen years before, when no barrier met his arrival. He explains that "This immense city, after the time I left it, had been surrounded by a wall. And for what purpose? That the inhabitants might not eat, or drink, till each article had been lawfully taxed" (1: 142). More recently, however, during the Revolution, "In the day of terror, when the sword was pointed at the throats of the innocent, the barrier gates were shut and these walls forbade escape" (Holcroft 1: 142). The walls of the city are not associated, for Holcroft, with security and protection from threatening forces, but with economic and political oppression. And most visitors to Paris were very much aware of the shifting function of these walls when peaceful times gave way to times of political upheaval.

The Norman Barrier and the Barrier of Saint Denis are two entrances to Paris mentioned by English writers coming to Paris from England. John Carr describes the Norman Barrier as "the grand entrance to Paris" (83), a structure consisting of two stone lodges on either side of the road, with iron gates between the lodges. The barrier, built in 1792, guards the road which leads from the Seine eastward through the Champs Élysées and straight to the Place de la Concorde, a distance of a mile and a half.

Though the Norman Barrier may have been "the grand entrance to Paris," the Barrier of Saint Denis to the north of the city was familiar to many English visitors and was highly suggestive of political oppression because of its historical associations with

battles and martyrs. In 1840, Thackeray's Mr. M. A. Titmarsh contemplates both the economic and the political functions of the barrier as he waits outside for permission to enter the city:

The diligence has reached a rude-looking gate, or grille, flanked by two lodges; the French Kings of old made their entry by this gate; some of the hottest battles of the late revolution were fought before it. At present, it is blocked by carts and peasants, and a busy crowd of men, in green, examining the packages before they enter, probing the straw with long needles. It is the Barrier of St. Denis, and the green men are the customs'-men of the city of Paris. (15)

John Scott, arriving at the same barrier in 1814, recalls the riots of August 10, 1793, when the French people stormed the cathedral of Saint Denis, the traditional burial place of French Kings and Queens, and destroyed the tombs of the royal dead (59-60). The feelings of an English visitor at the barrier to this city, especially in the early part of the nineteenth century, are thus not completely carefree in anticipation of a holiday, for the visitors usually seem to be aware of an element of risk in entering this volatile city. John Scott expresses the thoughts of uncertainty that occur to a person upon arrival: "Bloodshed, fickleness, and falsehood, are the overpowering ideas that rise in his mind. . . . he feels that he is entering where nothing is secure, or can afford security. This is the most horrible of all feelings; and Paris inspires it more than any other habitable spot on the Globe" (57). Scott goes on to remark that most people, even the Hottentots, have their own set of standards by which they govern their lives so that if a person comes to understand these standards, however alien they may be to his own,

then he will know how to conduct himself among these people and what he can expect from them; "But Paris does not present you with one system of opinions, or course of conduct, that has not . . . betrayed those to destruction who trusted to its popularity" (57). A Reverend Shepherd, visiting Paris in 1802, also has uneasy thoughts at the barrier. While waiting to show his passport, he reflects on those gates before him with which Robespierre once "hermetically sealed" (38) Paris in order to keep his victims from escaping.

In such descriptions of the barriers of Paris and the feelings of uncertainty which they evoke from the visitor may be found the elements of realistic description, suspense, and irony which Dickens, in A Tale of Two Cities, used to describe Charles Darnay's arrival at the gates of Paris. The scene begins at daybreak:

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

"Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, "are the papers of this prisoner?" (279)

In this, the first part of the scene, suspense is coupled with irony, for the reader knows that Darnay is a prisoner in his own country even though Darnay is as yet unaware of the fact. The uncertainty and the insecurity in Paris, mentioned by Scott, are evident here,

for on the day that Darnay left London for France, no restrictions had been placed upon returning emigrants, but by the time he arrived at the gates of Paris, the laws had been changed, and everyone was affected by these changes, no matter what the laws had been when he first set foot in France.

As the scene continues, Dickens creates the lapse of time during which Darnay's papers are examined and his fate decided, by describing what Darnay observes during that time:

[The guard] left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile, they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while ingress into the city for peasants' carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic and traffickers, was easy enough, egress, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A numerous medley of men and women, not to mention beasts and vehicles of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth; but, the previous identification was so strict, that they filtered through the barrier very slowly. Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off, that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together, or loitered about. The red cap and tri-colour cockade were universal, both among men and women. (279)

Darnay's contemplation of his situation and his surroundings takes about a half-hour. The scene described helps to increase the suspense of the "prisoner," and it will also serve to create suspense at the end of the novel when the characters are in such a hurry to escape from Paris. These long, slow-moving lines and minute inspections at the gate contrast with the rapid pace of the characters' exit from the city, and though Darnay sleeps during the escape, the reader remembers this earlier scene and feels even more strongly the urgency of the moment.

Finally, Darnay is admitted into the city of Paris, has crossed the threshold into a nightmarish world where the laws of logic to which he has been accustomed no longer function. He is escorted into the

guard-room, [which is] smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. The light in the guard-house, half derived from the waning oil-lamps of the night, and half from the overcast day, was in a correspondingly uncertain condition. (280)

The "uncertain condition" of the light in the guard-house signifies the uncertain condition of the prisoner. Soon, he is sentenced to La Force, where he will await trial as an aristocrat and an enemy of the people of France. In these few paragraphs, Dickens has used details from scenes that the English people were familiar with either through their reading of travel journals or through their own experience to create a suspenseful entry into the city of Paris for the character Charles Darnay.

Once past the barrier, the English visitors record their first drive through and first impressions of the streets of Paris as they make their way toward the center of Paris near the Tuileries, where most of them will find lodging. If the entrance is made from the west, the visitor has a grand prospect before him as he directly approaches the Place de la Concorde and the Palace of the Tuileries via the long and straight avenue of the Champs Élysées. If, however, he enters from the north through Saint Denis, he has a different first impression of the city. Arriving in broad daylight, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh records the following:

The street which we enter, that of the Faubourg St. Denis, presents a strange contrast to the dark uniformity of a London street, where everything, in the dingy and smoky atmosphere, looks as though it were painted in India-ink--black houses, black passengers, and black sky. Here, on the contrary, is a thousand times more life and color. Before you, shining in the sun, is a long glistening line of gutter,--not a very pleasing object in a city, but in a picture invaluable. (15)

Here, the writer uses one of the most common techniques of these journal writers: description of the unknown, or newly learned, by contrast with the known (Day 39). Throughout his visit the Englishman sees Paris in terms of London, Parisians in terms of English men and women, the other in terms of himself. This technique is for him a necessary means of making sense out of, categorizing, and judging a new environment. Titmarsh goes on to describe the houses that line the street down which he is traveling: "On each side are houses of all dimensions and hues; some but of one story; some as high as the tower of Babel" (15). Others also note the lack of uniformity in the heights and styles of architecture of the houses of Paris. The comparison of the height of some houses to that of the tower of Babel is unusual in this context, however, for allusions to Babel are usually made with reference to the rapid pace of spoken French and to the English people's difficulty in understanding the French language.

Arriving at dusk in 1814, John Scott describes his first impressions of the city on a more sombre note, remarking that

the long prospect up the narrow and dirty Rue du Fauxbourg Saint Denis, crowded with persons of the lower orders in strange costumes, [does] not remove from the Englishman, arriving in the dusk of the evening, the impressions which the town of Saint Denis occasioned. The lofty houses, on the

contrary, seem to frown blackly on him as he passes,-- and, glancing back his eye at the barrier, he almost shrinks to find that he is within it. He remembers that it used to be shut, to the destruction of numbers, at the sound of the Cannon and the Tocsin, those terrible signals of confusion and slaughter. (61)

Scott, too, notes the height of the houses along the street, and he personifies them, letting them add to his feelings of insecurity by their dark, frowning countenances. The same atmosphere is noted by Thomas Holcroft, who also enters the city after dark:

The streets reverberated; the reflecting lamps cast the broad shades of the massy stone buildings: they were so lofty that they concealed the skies; and we seemed to be winding through intricate and endless caverns. These are not fanciful pictures, but real impressions; such as the place is calculated to give. (1: 143)

To the imaginative writer of journals or of fiction, entering the city of Paris by night and winding through these streets to the center give rise to figurative descriptions, using personification, hyperbole, and metaphor.

It is not surprising, then, that Charles Dickens in A Tale of Two Cities should universalize and comment upon this experience of entering a city by night. At the beginning of the third chapter, entitled "The Night Shadows," he writes,

A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as

momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead: it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their inner-most personality, to me, or than I am to them? (44)

This passage occurs early in the novel, just after Jerry Cruncher has stopped the coach on the road to Dover and has given his message to Mr. Lorry; immediately after the passage, the author applies the established principle of inscrutability to the three heavily cloaked passengers in the coach, one of whom is Mr. Lorry. But the passage does more than merely establish this principle; it also announces several major concerns of the novel. First of all, the author writes of entering "a great city by night." Though Paris is not mentioned by name, the placement of this passage in the chronology of events would suggest that the "great city" is Paris, for the coach has just left London; the next city to be entered is Dover, not a great city; and the next great city to be entered is Paris. In addition, Mr. Lorry and Lucie Manette's arrival in Paris is not described, so this passage could serve as an anticipatory description of their arrival. The emphasis on secrecy and death in this paragraph foreshadows events that occur later, for most of the characters have their own secrets, and in a sense the novel is an account of a series of revelations

brought on by the stressful circumstances of the times.¹ Death, or the threat of death, is also a major concern of the novel. In addition, this passage introduces two metaphors whose vehicles are the book and the sea, and whose tenors are, in each case, a human being, but by extension may be a group of people or an entire city. The idea of reading a city is apparent in other writers of the period, such as Thomas Holcroft, and the use of the sea and metaphors associated with the sea and water² to portray the city of Paris, her movements and her moods, is evident in Thomas Carlyle's The French Revolution and pervades A Tale of Two Cities.³ This passage, not without its autobiographical overtones,⁴ accomplishes much in one paragraph, and noticeably picks up on the uncertainty and insecurity felt upon entering Paris, which are evident in Scott and Holcroft.

Though the British visitor has passed the barrier to the city and has noted his first impressions while he is still in his traveling conveyance, he may not be said to have begun his sojourn in Paris until he has alighted from this conveyance and secured a room in a

¹ Secrets and the revelation of secrets play an important role in A Tale of Two Cities. This fact is commented on by Vernier 69, Gallagher 134, Maxwell 212-13, Dunn 121, and Timko 186-87.

² For a discussion of the "sea voyage archetype," see Day 45.

³ Goldberg 120 notes that "Indeed, fire and water are the most persistent metaphors in both works."

⁴ For a discussion of the autobiographical aspects of this passage, see Johnson, "The Tempest and the Ruined Garden," 973-74.

hotel or an apartment. Those travelers arriving in a public coach may end their journey in the heart of Paris at the Messagerie, the terminus for the mail-coach service. In Paris Lions and London Tigers, Harriette Wilson humorously describes the arrival of the Callam family:

They arrived, at half past four o'clock, aux Messageries Royales, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, by the diligence, which comes safe to Paris, every day, token it does not overturn, between seven in the morning and seven in the evening. Frenchmen are not a bit particular for an hour or two. (17)

For the passengers arriving after a long, tiresome, dirty journey and stepping out of the coach into the courtyard of the Messagerie, with as yet no idea of where they will find a room or a meal, it is no wonder that the Messagerie seems to be "just about the most comfortless spot which can, reasonably, be imagined" (22). These passengers are immediately assailed by porters, representatives of various hotels, and drivers of fiacres, all hoping to lure a few coins from the purses of the exhausted and bewildered travelers.

Not all visitors to Paris, however, travel by mail-coach; some hire carriages or even transport their own carriages across the Channel. These travelers are able to drive directly to the hotel where they have arranged to stay. Whether they arrive at the main entrance of their hotel by fiacre or by their own carriage, most of the weary travelers are taken aback at their first night's accommodations. Unlike John Carr, who, upon his arrival at the Hôtel de Rouen, is shown into a charming suite of rooms overlooking the gardens of

the Palace of the Louvre (84), some travelers arrive only to learn that the hotel has not received their request for reservations. Such a situation occurred when the Duke and Duchess of Rutland arrived after midnight and at that time of night had to search for a room which they luckily found in a nearby, but not very comfortable, boarding house (8). Aware of the typical problems with hotels and the differences between the customs of English and French innkeepers and inns, Holcroft draws the following contrast:

In England, a man alights from his carriage, is ushered into a clean warm room, can order the kind of food he prefers, has a boot jack and slippers brought him, and a wholesome bed well aired in readiness. His wants must be uncommon, or they are all foreseen.

His wife and daughter have equal or superior attention paid to them: the civil mistress, or the clean maid, hasten to inquire what they can do to serve or oblige. . . .

In Paris, he that goes in his own carriage, and directs it to be driven to such or such a hotel, may chance to find none of the apartments vacant; and has another to seek. The other being found, a very small part of the conveniences of an English inn are at hand: they must be searched for in distant houses, and different streets. (1: 144)

Holcroft emphasizes the Englishman's expectations of cleanliness in the rooms of an inn and appropriate attention from the proprietors; unfortunately, most French hotels fall short of these expectations. Though these writers of journals voice their frustration at what they consider to be inadequate accommodations, they, for the most part, remain in Paris and, as soon as possible, seek better lodging, either in the form of another hotel, or if they plan a lengthy sojourn, in the form of a suite of rooms in a house. In fact, a theme that runs through these journals is the intermittent preoccupation with

finding new or better lodging. Usually, after some time spent searching, the visitors are satisfied and even quite pleased with the apartments that they have found. For example, Lady Blessington describes the house that she and her husband have rented:

It is situated in the Rue de Bourbon, but the windows of the principal apartments look on the Seine, and command a delightful view of the Thuillerie [sic] Gardens. It is approached by an avenue bounded by fir trees, and is enclosed on the Rue de Bourbon side by high walls, a large porte cochere, and a porter's lodge; which give it all the quiet and security of a country house. (1: 97)

The location of the hotel is often as important as its interior ambience, and the address of the hotel, even the name of the street where it is located, can give prestige to its inhabitants. Many street names, familiar to the English traveler, are mentioned again and again in the journals. As a rule, the English visitors in Paris find accommodations on the Right Bank, in the Rue de Rivoli or in nearby streets. Within easy walking distance are the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Champs Élysées, the Boulevards, the Opera, the Palais Royal, and most of the major theatres of Paris. Galignani's, the first English bookstore established in Paris, is located in the Rue de Rivoli and has a reading room furnished with English newspapers which these visitors often stop by to peruse in the afternoons. Some English people, however, especially later in the century, venture over to the Left Bank, intrigued by the old Faubourg Saint Germain with its stately houses or the Latin Quarter with its student element.

Though the names of many of the major streets of Paris have remained the same from the nineteenth century to the present, other streets have changed names, have been widened into avenues, or have completely disappeared, many during the Haussmann era.⁵ Du Maurier capitalizes on this fact in Trilby and often uses an imaginary street address as a comment on the character who lives on the street or frequents it. The studio where the Laird lives and where Taffy, Little Billee, Trilby, Svengali, and a host of others spend much of their time is located in the Place St. Anatole des Arts in the Latin Quarter close enough to the Seine to enable them to see the Île de la Cité from their window. Such a name cannot be found on a current map of Paris; however, in the immediate vicinity of the place described, just to the west of the Place St. Michel, is the Place St. André des Arts.⁶ From this location, a person could easily see the Île de la

⁵According to Reff p. 132, "Baron Haussmann [1809-91], [was] Napoleon III's master planner in the rebuilding and expansion of Paris in the Second Empire."

⁶It is not clear why du Maurier changed the André to Anatole in the name St. Anatole des Arts. Several saints with the name of Anatole, most having a variation in the ending of the name (Anatolia, Anatolius), are listed in The Book of Saints. One of these whose story has some similarities to Trilby's story is St. Anatolia, who died around 250 A.D. She was a "Roman maiden [who was] denounced with her sister Victoria, by their rejected lovers" (53), according to The Book of Saints. Her story is also told in The Roman Martyrology, where her sister is not mentioned but where more details of her life are given. Having cured many people and won them to Christ, she was judged and tormented, and finally she was "deliuered from a Serpent that was set vp^o her" (214). Trilby may be said, also, to have been delivered, finally, from a serpent, after suffering torments, for she was, at last, delivered from Svengali, whose real name was Adler, a name bearing a strong resemblance to the word adder. But despite the similarities, it is not certain that du Maurier had knowledge of this saint's life.

Cité, the Morgue, and the towers of Notre Dame, the view that du Maurier describes several times in the novel. The name St. André des Arts goes back at least as far as 1802, for Holcroft uses the name in his journal as an example of the misspelling of street signs in Paris: "The street, the true name of which is St. André des Arcs, is not only frequently printed but is labelled at the end of it St. André des Arts" (1:187). In a note he explains that the original name for the street, which runs into the "place" of the same name, referred to the fact that "men who made bows and arrows formerly inhabited that street" (1: 187, n.†). By the late 1850s, the time in which the early chapters of Trilby are set, the misspelling has become more appropriate to the area than the original name because of the large number of artists that inhabit the area.

The addresses of other characters reinforce what du Maurier has said about them. At the beginning of the novel, Svengali lives in "a roomy dilapidated garret, in the Rue Tire-Liard" (57). According to the Robert et Collins Dictionnaire, one of the meanings of tirer is associated with money: "tirer de l'argent de [quelqu'un]" means "to get money out of [somebody]" (663). In fact, the noun tire, when used in the phrase vol à la tire, means "picking pockets" (663). And liard is the French word for "farthing" (383). These two words together emphasize Svengali's poverty and are a direct comment on his habit of borrowing money from all of his friends (Trilby 65ff.). Another address that complements, literally, the picture of a character drawn in words and in lines by du Maurier is

the name of the street on which Trilby lives--la Rue Pousse-Cailloux. The compound word "pousse-cailloux" is another term, according to Le Petit Robert Dictionnaire, for "fantassin" (1502), meaning "foot soldier," or "infantryman" (Le Robert et Collins Dictionnaire 280). This word is doubly descriptive of Trilby, for the very first description of her in the novel combines both parts of the definition of the word, foot and soldier:

It was the figure of a very tall and fully developed young female, clad in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued netherwards by a short striped petticoat, beneath which were visible her bare white ankles and insteps, and slim, straight rosy heels, clean cut and smooth as the back of a razor; her toes lost themselves in a huge pair of male list slippers, which made her drag her feet as she walked. (15)

Thus, the name of the street on which Trilby lives is appropriate to her because of her dress and because of the emphasis placed on her feet throughout the novel.⁷

The address of the atelier where Little Billee studies painting may also be suggestive of the activities that go on within. Du Maurier explains that "Carrel's atelier (or painting school) was in the Rue Notre Dame des Potirons St. Michel, at the end of a large court-yard, where there were many large dirty windows facing north, and each window let the light of heaven into a large dirty studio" (76). Though many Parisian street names are long, this one is especially long, and its three major parts may serve as a comment on the action of the novel. First of all, Little Billee is obviously

⁷For the sexual implication of Trilby's feet, see Kelly 112.

in love with Trilby, but he idealizes her even though he knows that she poses as a model "in the altogether." He and his English friends respect her as one would respect Notre Dame, the mother of Christ. Even Gecko, at the end of the novel, mentions Trilby's "good smile like the Madonna's" (456). As long as Little Billee does not actually see Trilby posing in the nude, he can continue to idealize her. The second part of the street name, des Potirons, literally means "pumpkin[s]" (Le Robert et Collins Dictionnaire 509). But "potirons" is also a homonym for the two words "peau" and "tirons." The word "peau" literally means "skin" (476) though it is often used to describe a person's complexion. It does not, however, refer only to facial skin, and after 1845, the word acquired the derogatory connotation of "prostituée" (Le Petit Robert Dictionnaire 1384). Du Maurier, who was not only bilingual but also very well versed in the French argot (Whiteley 16), would probably have been aware of this connotation. "Tirons," a form of the verb "tirer," is appropriately used to indicate the location of an atelier, for one of its many meanings is "to draw" or "to paint," as in the phrase "se faire tirer le portrait" (Le Robert et Collins Dictionnaire 663). Together, the two words literally mean "let us paint skin," and they imply the painting of nude models that goes on in the studio. Little Billee is not opposed to painting the human body; but because he loves Trilby, he is opposed to her modeling. The third component of the street name, St. Michel, is also appropriate to the action that takes place in the atelier, for when Little Billee arrives one

day, after a short absence, he finds Trilby seated on the pedestal in the studio and posing in the nude for his fellow art students. He finally has to face Trilby's posing in the altogether, and the force of this reality drives him from the atelier. His idealization of Trilby ends, and this revelation, so to speak, casts him out of his paradise, just as the Archangel Michael casts out Adam and Eve in Paradise Lost. These three component parts of the street name, then, comment on the progress of Little Billee's relationship with Trilby and the impact of the scene at the atelier on this progress.

Finally, a street name reinforces the author's opinion of the British Philistines who inhabit Paris. After Little Billee leaves Paris, the circle of friends who met at the studio in the Latin Quarter gradually breaks up, and Taffy and the Laird become more and more conservative. Du Maurier writes that, at last, these two "had themselves proposed and seconded for the Cercle Anglais in the Rue Saint-n'y touche, a circle of British philistines of the very deepest dye; and went to hear divine service on Sunday mornings in the Rue Marboeuf!" (224). According to the Robert et Collins Dictionnaire, "de sainte nitouche" denotes an "air hypocritically pious" (602). The author can thus suggest the hypocrisy of these Englishmen and gently poke fun at them without actually calling them hypocrites. Du Maurier combines a fascination with the vivid street names of Paris (Peter Ibbetson 58) with a fluency in French to produce highly suggestive street names for the setting of Trilby.

Walking is the most common way of getting acquainted with Paris, for even though some people do employ carriages or fiacres, these methods of conveyance are usually reserved for the sightseeing trips to outlying areas, such as Versailles. The journals of visitors in Paris are filled with descriptions of walks, and the writers of fiction use the walk through Paris as a device for creating atmosphere, for advancing the plot, and for revealing character.

After the British visitor has established his address, settled in his hotel, and cleaned up a bit, his first desire is usually to leave his hotel and walk through the streets of Paris. Those who have taken hotels near the Rue de Rivoli are engulfed in history, almost from their first steps onto the pavement of Paris. Accounts of early impressions of Paris on these walks include descriptions of the Place de la Concorde (Scott), the Tuileries (Shepherd), and the Palais Royal (Carr). The visitors to these historical places find their minds flooded with memories of recent political events and often try to imagine exactly what happened and where, as they gaze around them. Though interested in the history of his surroundings, Holcroft also examines his own personal reaction to the city of Paris: "As I passed through the streets, I saw too many things to notice any one; but it was morning, and there was a single sensation that predominated over the rest: it was that of motion; things gliding with the quickness of shadows before my eyes" (1: 151). He is almost overwhelmed by the movement and the variety, by the innumerable objects, people, colors that flash before his eyes and

then disappear as he walks through the streets of the city, caught up in the flow of the crowd. Continuing his observations of his own and his family's first impressions of Paris, Holcroft writes,

It is pleasant to observe the workings of the imagination, at the first aspect of such a city. Though a native, Louisa [his wife] had left it at so early an age that it was almost as new to her as to Fanny [their daughter]. What a lively people they are! How quick their eye! How lightly they step! It is a charming place! So chearful, so animating? [sic] I feel myself in another world! Such were their continual exclamations.

It seems strange that sensations of such force should so quickly subside. In a few weeks, they become common place habits; and have lost that discriminating keen sensibility by which the traveller should be careful to profit while it is new, and at its height; or he will be equally unable to revive his own pleasures, or give pleasure to others. . . . may the wakeful powers preserve me from falling into the same lethargy! (1: 153)

The first walk through the streets of Paris is by no means the only walk reported on in the journals of the British visitors. These people often take great pleasure in recording the sights seen on a summer afternoon while they stroll through the streets. Many of the visitors maintain an air of detachment, of observation, even though they may be planning to stay in Paris for several months, or for even a year. Curious about the customs of the French, Bertie Greatehead, on a walk with a friend to Montmartre and back, comes upon a funeral in progress and decides to watch: "we passed a burying ground at the moment an interment was performing, so we went in to see the ceremony which consisted in letting down a rough wooden coffin into a grave without priest or service" (107). Their attention is focused on the ceremony, and not on the human aspect of the situation. Many travelers

see all of Paris in this way, as travelers, without ever actually getting involved with the French people or thinking about the effects that their experiences in Paris could have on their own lives or on the lives of others. While some visitors do get involved, others tend to view Paris as they would a museum.

The walk through the streets of Paris is an effective device for several of the novelists who use it to display the degree of detachment or involvement that the characters feel toward their surroundings or to provide a setting for and sometimes a comment upon the characters' encounters with the city itself, with other characters, or with themselves. In both Trilby and Peter Ibbetson, either the narrator or the main character describes walks through various sections of Paris. Like Holcroft, the narrator of Trilby has not lost his freshness of perception and seems to want to communicate to the reader the joy that the characters feel as they walk across the city. In order to capture the variety of the sights and as many details as possible, he describes their walks with long sentences that include lists of things seen and detail piled upon detail. An example of such a sentence is the following:

Then still arm in arm and chatting gayly, across the courtyard of the Louvre, through gilded gates well guarded by reckless imperial Zoaves, up the arcaded Rue de Rivoli as far as the Rue Castiglione, where they would stare with greedy eyes at the window of the great corner pastry-cook, and marvel at the beautiful assortment of bonbons, pralines, dragées, marrons glacés--saccharine, crystalline substances of all kinds and colors, as charming to look at as an illumination; precious stones, delicately frosted sweets, pearls and diamonds so arranged as to melt in the mouth; especially at this

particular time of the year, the monstrous Easter-eggs of enchanting hue, enshrined like costly jewels in caskets of satin and gold; and the Laird, who was well read in his English classics and liked to show it, would opine that "they managed these things better in France." (36)

Here, as in most such examples in Trilby, the emphasis is on description rather than on character development. Both the narrator and the readers can identify with and, because of the sumptuous details, savor the experience of the characters. Other descriptions of outings in Trilby include lists of place names which can be enjoyed as much for the sounds of the words in the names as for the associations that the names conjure up.

The same technique is evident in Peter Ibbetson, where Peter describes his walk through Paris and home to Passy, and then "from the heights of Passy" (61), he looks out over Paris, which lies before him, reflecting the light of the setting sun. Long sentences, two of which last an entire paragraph, list the sights that meet his gaze, and Peter comments, "Well I knew and loved it all" (61).⁸ In the previous pages, Peter has described his boyhood ramblings through old Paris, that is, the Île Saint Louis, the Île de la Cité, and the Latin Quarter, and the associations he draws between the various sights of Paris and the imaginative works that he has read. Besides letting Peter indulge himself in sweet memories of his past, the passage helps to establish Peter as a sensitive, imaginative boy, who is also aware of the darker side of old Paris: "Dark, narrow, silent,

⁸Kelly 74-77 discusses the different narrative styles employed in Peter Ibbetson.

deserted streets that would turn up afterwards in many a nightmare-- with the gutter in the middle and towerlets and stone posts all along the sides" (58).

Peter Ibbetson is not the only person to be aware of the nightmarish quality of walking through the streets of Paris. Especially during times of political upheaval does the English visitor in Paris sense danger when he walks abroad. Bertie Greatheed has written copiously about his outings in Paris, yet when France declares war on England after a brief peace in 1802 and Greatheed finds himself and his family trapped in the city, he voices his feelings of uncertainty: "I strolled across the corn fields behind our house and thought of Margate. In the evening too I sauntered across the Champs Elisées [sic] to the Seine. They were full of people playing at various games; all at home enjoying themselves, and all enemies to me, but that I was unknown" (168). He believes that his anonymity saves him from danger and pursuit. Another British citizen, Lady Blessington, writes of braving the dangers of the Revolution of 1830 in Paris. She gives a detailed account of venturing into the streets and actually climbing over a barricade in order to pay a visit to an elderly friend about whom she is concerned. Her description is suspenseful, but she does portray herself as an indomitable Englishwoman who refuses to cringe to the populace of France, and her attitude toward the French is similar to that of Miss Pross in A Tale of Two Cities.

The danger of walking through the streets of Paris is easily transformed into the theme of pursuit in fiction, a theme which has become characteristic of many novels set in the city.⁹ Whereas in du Maurier's novels the effect of motion is achieved in the succession of place names that carries the reader from one section of Paris, past familiar landmarks, to another section of the city, Bulwer-Lytton in Zanoni uses motion to create the feelings of danger and fear which accompany pursuit by sending his character not through familiar streets with familiar names, but through unfamiliar streets with no names at all. The emphasis is on evasion, on the labyrinthine quality of the streets. Giving the exact names of the streets through which the characters pass would slow the movement of the sentences, thus of the characters, and would work against the necessity for speed.

Toward the end of Zanoni, the English character, Clarence Glyndon, finds himself in Paris in July of 1794 when Robespierre is in power and sending people to the guillotine. On the day before Glyndon plans to escape from Paris, he is betrayed to Robespierre by a supposed friend who seeks revenge. Glyndon, walking through Paris, has no reason to suspect betrayal, yet in this city where, during the Revolution, paranoia runs high¹⁰ and no one is safe, he

⁹Fisher 380 discusses the theme of pursuit in city novels in general; he does not, however, mention Zanoni.

¹⁰Even after the Revolution, in 1802, Bertie Greatheed writes, "As for Nancy [his wife] I never saw her alarmed at government before, she is afraid of every word she says being reported, but I myself scarcely think it safe to write down these observations" (37).

suddenly senses that someone is following him: "Glyndon, mechanically turning his head, saw, close behind him, the stealthy figure of a man whom he had observed before, but with little heed, pass and repass him, as he quitted the house of Citizen C--. Instantly and instinctively he knew that he was watched--that he was pursued" (381).

Though he does not recognize his pursuer, "an icy chill shot through his heart" (381), and as he moves forward and stops, so does "the shadow" (382) that pursues him. Glyndon decides to confront the shadow, to shatter its anonymity, but when he does so, the person claims not to be following anyone. Knowing better, Glyndon asks the person to go on ahead of him, then slips into a narrow street. The description of the pursuit continues:

The next moment Glyndon plunged into a winding lane, and fled fast through a labyrinth of streets, passages, and alleys. By degrees he composed himself, and, looking behind, imagined that he had baffled the pursuer; he then, by a circuitous route, bent his way once more to his home. (382)

Bulwer-Lytton increases the suspense by twice letting Glyndon think that he is safe when, in fact, he is not. Here, another element characteristic of the city novel is introduced--the stranger,¹¹ sometimes identified later in a novel, sometimes not:

As [Glyndon] emerged into one of the broader streets, a passenger, wrapped in a mantle, brushing so quickly by him that he did not observe his countenance, whispered-- "Clarence Glyndon, you are dogged--follow me!" and the stranger walked quickly before him. Clarence turned, and sickened once more to see at his heels, with the same servile

¹¹Fisher 377-78 discusses the use of "the stranger" and "the shadow" in city novels, but he does not mention Zanoni.

smile on his face, the pursuer he fancied he had escaped. He forgot the injunction of the stranger to follow him, and perceiving a crowd gathered close at hand, round a caricature shop, dived amidst them, and, gaining another street, altered the direction he had before taken, and, after a long and breathless course, gained, without once more seeing the spy, a distant quartier of the city. (382)

Once again, Glyndon believes that he has eluded the pursuer, and the serenity of this unnamed "distant quartier" close to the quays of the Seine, where he can see that "The sun gilt a thousand spires and domes, and gleamed on the white palaces of a fallen chivalry" (382), lulls him into a false sense of security. When he looks around, however, "some thirty paces behind him, he beheld the spy" (382). Again the stranger, who is later identified as Zanoni, comes to Glyndon's aid, and while the spy turns his head for an instant to peer into a café, the stranger draws Glyndon into "the half opened gateway of the house immediately before him" (383). As long as Glyndon remains on the street, he is prey to the pursuer, but once he leaves the street and enters a house, he is safe; thus, the streets of Paris can at times be treacherous to the people who walk them.

In this pursuit scene, the main character, though involved with other characters of the story, loses the sense of detachment that he has felt walking through the streets. The fear and suspense result from the fact that this particular involvement is involuntary on Glyndon's part and that the involvement is with an unknown, a shadow that seems to have risen up from the streets and, as in a nightmare, keeps showing up as though both the shadow and the city were in league against him.

Not all meetings between a pursued person and a pursuer, however, produce such fear and suspense. The theme of pursuit, which may result in an encounter between two or more people on a Parisian street, can be manipulated by an author so as to produce a comedic effect. Harriette Wilson, in Paris Lions and London Tigers, produces just such an effect when she has Gustave, a French valet to a young dandy named Villers who is in love with Miss Mary Callam, pursue and encounter Miss Hannah Pure, the homely forty-two-year-old English maid (in both senses of the word) in the household where Miss Callam is visiting. Never having seen Hannah before, Gustave must recognize her as she leaves home on her way to market and must waylay her long enough to obtain information about Miss Callam's schedule to aid his master in setting up a "chance" encounter with the young English woman.

Instead of narrating the pursuit and the encounter solely from the pursued's point of view, Wilson begins the scene in the mind of the pursuer, Gustave, as he waits for Hannah to come through the door. When Gustave first recognizes Hannah Pure, the reader becomes aware both of his opinion of the object of his pursuit whom he must flatter, and of his resolve to serve his master at all costs: "C'est elle, sans doute. Messieurs les Anglais sont droles? Que veut-il que je fasse avec ça? N'importe, c'est une Anglaise toujours. He made up to her" (155). In order to obtain the necessary information, Gustave pursues Hannah's affection, first by flattering her in his broken English, then by setting up a parallel between his master's

desperate love for Miss Callam and his own for Hannah. To reinforce the parallel, he pulls out a gun and says that his master, who has "de letil broder of dis pistolet" (159), is ready to kill himself if he cannot have an interview with his love. Hannah, upset by the sight of the gun, readily tells Gustave where Miss Callam walks each morning. With his goal accomplished, Gustave, "en vrai Parisian" (159), utters one last gallant remark in hopes of letting Hannah down easily: "Et vous? ma belle! quand est ce qu'on vous trouvera seule?" (159). With this remark, a reversal takes place; the pursuer becomes the pursued; and a risible tension is created. Hannah, worried about the fate of her new-found lover and convinced that "Paris was, then, a lucky place for finding a husband" (161), refuses to let Gustave out of her sight. Gustave has to perform several adroit verbal maneuvers in order to escape from this potentially formidable pursuer. Because Wilson uses an omniscient point of view, the reader is aware of the progress of the two characters' thoughts in opposite directions, and a tension is created because of the reader's knowledge. Thus, instead of the original pursuer's capturing or losing his victim, he is at great pains himself to escape.

Wilson thus uses a brief walk on a Parisian street to set up an encounter between two minor characters in her novel. Though this encounter involves pursuit and has as its primary purpose the advancement of the plot, it also serves to create humor and to develop the two minor characters. From the beginning of the

conversation until the end, the street itself completely fades away so that the setting itself does not play an active part in the encounter. Gustave's French accent, however, does allow the Parisian setting to intrude upon the encounter.

Like Wilson, Henry James in The Tragic Muse uses walking through the streets of Paris as a device for advancing the plot of his novel and for revealing character. Each of the three walking scenes in the novel is handled in a slightly different manner in order to convey the impression of the characters that James wishes to create. Nick Dormer, a major character, appears in all three scenes, and James develops Nick through the interchanges that he has with Julia Dallow, with Peter Sherringham, and with Gabriel Nash, as Nick walks with each one through the streets of Paris.

In The Tragic Muse a walk through Paris may be the occasion for an exchange of ideas between two people. It is significant, then, that when Julia Dallow, a wealthy Englishwoman with a strong interest in politics but no real interest in art, and Nick Dormer, her prospective fiancé, who has a budding career in English politics, but who has a stronger interest in art, have the opportunity to walk in Paris, their walk is brief and superficial, for they do not really understand each other. Having dined at a restaurant on the Right Bank with Nick and his family, Julia, who is accustomed to taking charge of events, tells Nick when the two of them are finally alone: "'I don't want a carriage; I want to walk'" (109). When the two characters leave the restaurant to begin their walk, Paris does not

fade into the background as it does in Wilson's novel; rather it asserts itself:

On the pavement of the boulevard [Julia] looked up and down: there were people at little tables, at the door; there were people all over the broad expanse of the asphalt; there was a profusion of light and a perversion of sound; and everywhere, though the establishment at which they had been dining was not in the thick of the fray, the tokens of a great traffic of pleasure, that night aspect of Paris which represents it as a huge market for sensations. (109)

Julia, even though she is obviously not in her element, still asks Nick where they should go, insisting that she wants to walk. Here, the question of respectability comes up. Nick warns Julia that walking in Paris "'isn't particularly recommended to ladies'" (110), but learning that she wishes to walk anyway, perhaps to defy convention and take control of her situation, Nick suggests that they walk to the Bastille, the symbol of the Revolution, of freedom, and of the overthrow of established government. Several factors cause Julia, despite her apparent desire to walk, to suggest in return that instead of walking they sit at a café and look at the Madeleine. James gives Julia's surface motivation as follows:

Julia hesitated, on her side, still looking round her.
"It's too far; I'm tired; we'll sit here." (110)

Her excuse for not walking is that she is tired. But Nick's allusion to respectability has not escaped her, for she says, as they sit together at the café, "'we can look at the Madeleine; that's respectable. If we must have something, we'll have a madère; is that respectable?'" (110). In a way, she is mocking the code of respectability that she as an Englishwoman feels she must follow, but she

is also mocking herself for feeling that she has to bow to this code. Finally, she must feel that a walk to the Bastille, with all of its associations, would be inappropriate for the subject of conversation that she wishes to broach with Nick--his running for Parliament from her district. It is possible that Nick, by suggesting this particular destination for their walk, is attempting to inhibit a conversation which will force him to make a clear decision about his future. In any case, Paris has an active part in inhibiting their walking, and by extension their conversation, thus saving Nick from having to commit himself to a world of government at the expense of the world of art which he loves and which Paris represents for him. Later, when they walk down the Rue de la Paix to their hotels, Julia is quiet and merely states that she is "tired of Paris" (111). The fact that the two do not walk and talk together in Paris may foreshadow the eventual dissolution of their engagement and point out both Nick's need to be free and Julia's need to control.

James handles the walk that Nick and his cousin Peter Sherringham take in a slightly different manner. First of all, the walk actually does take place. The purpose of this walk is not so much direct character revelation as the establishment of the backgrounds and the friendship of the two characters.¹² The walk begins at the Place de la Concorde, where Nick surveys the Seine, the quays,

¹²Gordon and Stokes 81-82 note that "it is not until Chapter 5 that we are given twin biographies of Nick and Peter Sherringham, which also connect and contrast the young men, as their walk through Paris (to which these histories come as a coda) has already done."

and the "bright immensity of Paris" (79). He and Peter leave Nick's family in order to go off on "a ramble in search of old books and prints" (79); however, the bookshops of Paris are never mentioned, for in this scene Paris does fade into the background. The scene is divided into two sections, each of which begins with a reference to walking. In the first section, Peter asks Nick about his friend Gabriel Nash "as they walk[ed] together" (84). The conversation of the two men goes back and forth, turning from one subject to another, first relating Peter's passion for the theatre, then Nick's interest in art, then returning to the original subject of Gabriel Nash. Their conversation with its setting out, its crossings over, its turnings, and its returning to the subject of origin is not unlike a walk through city streets. This section ends, and the next begins, with a second reference to walking which is coupled with talking: "and the young men continued their walk and their gossip, jerking each other this way and that with a sociable roughness consequent on their having been boys together" (89). In the second section the narrator gives the family background of each young man and other pertinent information necessary to the story. After six pages of exposition, the narrator returns to the young men walking through Paris. He indicates that the two men do not completely understand each other by his expression of each man's attitude toward Paris. The thoughts of Peter, the diplomat, the cosmopolite, the resident of Paris, are as follows:

Nick Dormer's express enjoyment of Paris, the shop-windows on the quays, the old books on the parapet, the gayety of the river, the grandeur of the Louvre, all the amusing tints and tones, struck his companion as a sign of insularity; the appreciation of such things having become with Sherringham an unconscious habit, a contented assimilation. (96)

In this way, the narrator summarizes both Peter's thoughts and the walk itself. By mentioning the words "tints and tones," he also alludes to Nick's sensitivity to color and light, which will serve Nick well as an artist. The narrator also makes known Nick's thoughts about Paris at the end of the walk:

If poor Nick, for the hour, was demonstrative and lyrical, it was because he had no other way of sounding the note of farewell to the independent life of which the term seemed now definitely in sight; the sense pressed upon him that these were the last moments of his freedom. (96)

Thus, for Nick, Paris is synonymous with freedom¹³--freedom to enjoy and produce art and freedom from the duties of a statesman.

The most fully described walk that Nick takes in Paris, and the most important,¹⁴ is with Gabriel Nash, his old friend from Oxford, who is now a practicing aesthete. The walk is not aborted as is the walk with Julia, and it does not merely serve as a frame for authorial exposition as does a large portion of the walk with Peter. On the contrary, when Nick and Gabriel Nash walk through the streets, the two men and Paris and the process of walking all interact

¹³For a full discussion of freedom in The Tragic Muse, see Schneider.

¹⁴Gordon and Stokes 82 assert that "The immediate climax [is] reached in Chapter 9 in that walk with Nash to Notre-Dame [sic]."

in order to reveal Nick's true feelings about art and the effect that Nash and Paris have on him.

On this walk the two men move from the noisy English section of Paris into the older, more mysterious parts of Paris and then back out to the English section of the city. The walk thus begins on the Right Bank at a café near the Opera. Whereas the lights and the crowd of people on the boulevard inhibited Julia Dallow and caused her to seek shelter in a café, "the crush and confusion, the publicity and vulgarity of the place, the shuffling procession of the crowd, the jostle of fellow-customers, the perpetual brush of waiters" (180) all induce Nick to leave this dazzling, deafening section of Paris and seek the "quartiers sérieux" (180), where talk and reflection are possible. Nick, who has visited Paris many times before, knows the city and its different quarters with their different atmospheres. He has not spent all his time in only the fashionable sections of Paris where the British travelers tend to congregate. When Nick and Nash leave the café, they make their way down the Rue de la Paix, the same street down which Nick and Julia had previously walked when he was escorting her back to her hotel. But instead of concluding their walk and parting company, the two men cross the Rue de Rivoli, "passing beside the gilded railing of the Tuileries" (180).

Throughout the description of this walk, the play of light and dark in the city is significant. It is a reflection not only of the atmosphere of the different sections of Paris but of Nick's moods and attitudes. For example, the narrator describes the progress of their walk in terms of light and dark:

The beauty of the night--the only defect of which was that the immense illumination of Paris kept it from being quite night enough, made a sort of bedizened, rejuvenated day--gave a charm to the quieter streets, drew our friends away to the right, to the river and the bridges, the older, duskier city. (180-81)

Nick wishes to leave the bright publicness of the Right Bank for a while and enter the darker, more private sections of the city where he can delve into his more private thoughts and ambitions in order to share them with Nash. It is significant that as they pass the Tuileries, "the pale ghost of the palace that had died by fire hung over them awhile" (181), just as the "ghost" of Nick's late father seems to hang over Nick, forcing him into a public life in government to which he feels obligated but for which he feels ill suited.

As the two men move farther away from the brightness of Paris, the narrator describes the conversation of the young men, giving it the quality of motion, of walking:

They kept on and on, moving slowly, smoking, talking, pausing, stopping to look, to emphasize, to compare. They fell into discussion, into confidence, into inquiry, sympathetic or satiric, and into explanation which needed in turn to be explained. (181)

The mixture of walking and talking, traversing and conversing, helps to give the impression that Nick and Nash are walking out their thoughts. As they discuss Julia Dallow or Nash's "little system" for achieving happiness, their conversation is punctuated by such references to walking as "Before they had gone many steps Nick Dormer stopped short" (185), "taking his companion's arm" (186), "At this his companion stopped him short . . . under the lamps of the quay" (186), "He let his friend go on again, and he continued" (187), and

"as they proceeded" (189). These phrases and statements remind the reader that the characters are moving, and the reference to "the lamps of the quay" both marks their progress on their way to the duskier quarters of the city and contrasts with the bright lights of the Opera area. It is thus no surprise when Nick, in reaction to Nash's mention of the beautiful, remarks, "'Ah, the beautiful--there it stands, over there!'" (189), as he looks toward Notre Dame.

Having brought the two young men to the edge of this quarter of Paris, the narrator describes their progress in more detail:

They had come abreast of the low island from which the great cathedral, disengaged to-day from her old contacts and adhesions, rises high and fair, with her front of beauty and her majestic mass, darkened at that hour, or at least simplified, under the stars, but only more serene and sublime for her happy union, far aloft, with the cool distance and the night. Our young men, gossiping as profitably as I leave the reader to estimate, crossed the wide, short bridge which made them face toward the monuments of old Paris--the Palais de Justice, the Conciergerie, the holy chapel of Saint Louis. They came out before the church, which looks down on a square where the past, once so thick in the very heart of Paris, has been made rather a blank, pervaded, however, by the everlasting freshness of the great cathedral-face. It greeted Nick Dormer and Gabriel Nash with a kindness which the centuries had done nothing to dim. The lamplight of the great city washed its foundations, but the towers and buttresses, the arches, the galleries, the statues, the vast rose-window, the large, full composition, seemed to grow clearer as they climbed higher, as if they had a conscious benevolent answer for the upward gaze of men. (190)

In this paragraph, the two men cross the river, which serves as a threshold, and enter the "quartiers sérieux," the duskier part of Paris. Nick admires the cathedral of Notre Dame, not as a religious artifact, but as an example of a great created work of art, a finished product. Here, the play of light and dark is again evident.

Just as Nick's thoughts become clearer when he retreats from the brightly lighted sections of Paris, so the cathedral's façade becomes clearer as the "dusky vessel" (191) lifts its towers into the darkness; and Nick moves closer to declaring his preference for the private, quiet artistic life even with its dark side over the bright, noisy public life of a member of Parliament. The light that interests him is the kind of light that comes from within, that can clarify the darkness, for he remembers the "luminosity of [Nash's] boyish admiration" (192) for the grand and the beautiful which are for Nick "a wide and bright domain" (192).

The narrator then describes the farthest point of their walk, a small café in the Latin Quarter:

They crossed to the further side of the river, where the influence of the Gothic monument threw a distinction even over the Parisian smartnesses--the municipal rule and measure, the importunate symmetries, the "handsomeness" of everything, the extravagance of gaslight, the perpetual click on the neat bridges. In front of a quiet little café on the right¹⁵ bank, Gabriel Nash said, "Let's sit down" It was a friendly establishment and an unfashionable quarter, far away from the Grand Hôtel; there were the usual little tables and chairs on the quay, the muslin curtains behind the glazed front, the general sense of sawdust and of drippings of watery beer. The place was subdued to stillness, but not extinguished, by the lateness of the hour; no vehicles passed, but only now and then, a light Parisian foot. Beyond the parapet they could hear the flow of the Seine. Nick Dormer said it made him think of the old Paris, of the great Revolution, of Madame Roland, quoi! Gabriel Nash said they could have watery beer, but were not obliged to drink it. They sat a long time; they talked a great deal, and the more they said the more the unsaid came up. (192-93)

¹⁵The two men are actually seated at a café on the Left Bank, but perhaps James uses the words "right bank" (not capitalized) because when one faces the cathedral, as these characters are doing, the Left Bank is to one's right.

The atmosphere described is conducive to reflection and to revelation of unspoken ambitions; it contrasts with the atmosphere of the café from which they started their walk. In such an atmosphere as the Latin Quarter provides, far away from the responsibilities of England, far away from the "English" section of Paris, Nick can divulge his desire to be a painter, an artist:

"What I really want to do is to be a painter. That's the abject, crude, ridiculous fact. In this out-of-the-way corner, at the dead of night, in lowered tones, I venture to disclose it to you." (195-96)

The statement of his desire does not immediately change Nick into an artist, for he still must contend with his family, his friends:

"'You don't know the atmosphere in which I live, the horror, the scandal that my apostasy would inspire, the injury and suffering that it would inflict. I believe it would kill my mother. She thinks my father is watching me from the skies'" (199). And yet the mere fact of his having verbalized his desire makes that desire for Nick more nearly realizable. Though Nick later does run for Parliament and win, he then assesses his goals and his relationship with Julia; and he finally decides to give up his seat to pursue a career as an artist. This nocturnal walk through Paris and its accompanying discussion bring matters out in the open for Nick and give him support for future decisions. For the time being, however, the two young men "retraced their steps" (200) back to their hotels on the other side of the river.

This walk is an act of soul-searching for Nick. It is a chance for him to react to ideas and to sights in order to learn something about himself, to admit something about himself. As he moves into

the darker regions of the city, he also moves into the darker, less public, more hidden regions of his mind. The river serves both as a barrier which he sets between himself and England, and as a threshold for him over which he crosses into another world, a world of art. When he finally returns to Paris, years later, it is to this world, the Latin Quarter, the home and the workshop of artists, that he returns, rather than to the boulevards of fashionable Paris.

Other fictional characters have also found walking through the streets of Paris conducive to decision-making and to self-enlightenment which lead to changes in their lives. Some of these characters do not have the benefit of a companion with whom they can walk through Paris and against whom they can test their ideas. Some, while walking through the maze of streets, encounter only Paris and themselves and from these two encounters gain self-knowledge. One such character is Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. Having wandered aimlessly through Europe, devastated because of the loss of his love to his best friend, he at length finds himself in Paris, the city of revolution, where men dare to free themselves from their oppressive chains. Teufelsdröckh, in deep despair, writes:

"Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What art thou afraid of? . . . Death? . . . Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed

like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance."
(166-67)

Although critics note that Carlyle himself may have undergone a similar transformation in "'Leith Walk [Edinburgh]'" (Sartor Resartus 166, n. 3), he chose Paris as an appropriate place for his character Teufelsdröckh to have such an experience. Like du Maurier, Carlyle creates an imaginary name for the street on which the transformation takes place, Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer, which is indicative of Teufelsdröckh's state of mind at the time of his experience: like the biblical Thomas, he doubts, and his doubts and fears, coupled with his aimless wanderings and his lack of purpose in life, produce a life for him that is a hell. Though the mazy streets of Paris make the city an appropriate setting for one who is wandering both literally and figuratively in his self-made hell, the city is also an appropriate place for an "awakening."¹⁶ If the streets of the great city through which Teufelsdröckh wanders are "'hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace'" (Sartor Resartus 167), then the actual French capital is indirectly associated with the Babylon of biblical fame. This ancient city and the modern city share the general

¹⁶Harrold, in Carlyle and German Thought: 1819-1834 42, agreeing with Leopold, states "that Carlyle's experience was neither a 'conversion' nor a moment of important practical decision, but an awakening. It was evidently an awakening of his whole manhood against despair, a sudden realization of great inner resources with which to front a mechanical and hostile world."

reputation for harbouring sinfulness and wickedness. On the one hand, they represent a low point which may easily become a turning point in a person's life. On the other hand, the specific reference to Nebuchadnezzar's furnace calls up a particular incident where a dramatic transformation takes place. For just as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace and, joined by a fourth man, came to symbolize the whole man with his spiritual aspect added, so Teufelsdröckh enters a furnace of sorts, feels a purifying "'stream of fire [rush] over [his] whole soul'" (167), and begins his transformation. He, at that moment in Paris, does not achieve a complete transformation, but that moment is necessary, as such a moment was necessary for Nick Dormer, to burn away the old man and to start to refine the new man. And though that moment may seem to be the lowest point in his life, the editor later asks, "Was 'that high moment in the Rue de l'Enfer' the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said, Worship me, or be torn in shreds; and was answered valiantly [by Teufelsdröckh] with an Apaga Satana?" (185). The editor does not answer his own question; instead, he complains about the unorganized condition of the papers with which he has to work. But from that moment, Teufelsdröckh leaves the hell of the Everlasting No and moves into the Centre of Indifference from which he will emerge into the Everlasting Yea.

Sydney Carton, in A Tale of Two Cities, undergoes a transformation in the streets of Paris not totally unlike that of Teufelsdröckh. Though his actual moment of transformation at the end of one walk is

not so well documented as is Teufelsdröckh's, for Carton's is related in retrospect, the effects of this moment are made clear in the narration of a second walk through Paris. And foreshadowings of Carton's transformation are obvious in earlier portions of the novel.

When Carton first appears in Paris, several days before Darnay's execution, he has already experienced in Paris a transformation of sorts to which he alludes but which he does not explain. He surprises Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher who are talking with John Barsad (Solomon Pross), Miss Pross's newly rediscovered brother, outside a wine shop in a street near the Tuileries. Carton explains that he arrived the previous night and that while walking through the city he saw John Barsad, whom he recognized from Darnay's trial in London, leaving the Conciergerie. Following Barsad into the wine shop and overhearing his loud and boastful talk, Carton learned about Darnay's second arrest in Paris and about Barsad's function in the prison. Then Carton admits, "'And gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose'" (327). This purpose he does not explain right away, but from this reference it is obvious that the plan to try to substitute himself for Darnay has taken shape in his mind.

That Carton may attempt to reform himself and make his seemingly wasted life serve someone he loves is foreshadowed much earlier in the novel in a scene where the inebriated Carton, when he leaves Stryver's apartments and walks home through the city of London, experiences a vision of a bright, beautiful city:

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert. And wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the morning blast, as if the desert-sand had risen far away, and the first spray of it in its advance had begun to overwhelm the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with his wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away. (121-22)

Sydney Carton's negative state of mind at the beginning and end of this scene resembles Teufelsdröckh's negative attitude and his inability to act or to direct himself during the period of the Everlasting No. In his vision, Carton receives a glimpse of how an organized, useful life might be. The city in its two forms becomes an emblem for, first of all, Carton's life as it is--a wasted, dry, fruitless desert--and secondly, for Carton's life as it may be, indeed, as it later becomes--a flourishing, nourished, fruitful "fair city." Thus, the title of the novel, in addition to its other meanings, stands also for the two men that Sydney Carton is and for the two cities that may be seen within him, that serve as emblems for his two

selves.¹⁷ The fair city of his vision, the place where he can be productive of a great good, turns out to be, on a literal level, Paris.

The most important walk that Carton takes through the streets of Paris, or of any city, is the one he takes on the night before he exchanges places with Darnay. This walk contrasts on several points with the walk home from Stryver's in London, and because of these contrasts, it is apparent that Sydney Carton has undergone his transformation and has entered the fair city of his vision. When he left Stryver's, Carton had been drinking all night and was intoxicated, but when he leaves Mr. Lorry's apartment in Paris, after intimidating Barsad and then making a deal with him, Carton is in full control of himself. It is true that during his conversation with Barsad, Carton drank several brandies in rapid succession, but his purpose in doing so was to frighten Barsad, and he achieved his purpose. When he is sure of Barsad's aid, he drinks no more: "Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy, poured it slowly out upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped" (335). No longer does Carton drink to mask the fact that he is not living up to his potential; he now has a goal before him and a need to be aware of himself and of the world around him during his last hours on earth.

At this point in the novel, Carton begins his last walk through Paris, a walk that will last until sunrise the next morning. This

¹⁷Schwarzbach 178 and Welsh 135-36 refer to this passage and relate it to Carton's death in the very last scene of the novel. Neither, however, relates it to Carton's "two selves."

walk is the means by which he prepares himself and fortifies himself for the ordeal ahead. After leaving Mr. Lorry at Lucy's gate in the Faubourg Saint Germain and then lingering there for a few minutes, Carton begins his walk. On the first leg of his walk, Carton resembles a pilgrim going to visit a sacred place, for he first goes to the prison of La Force, across the Seine in the Marais district, where Darnay is incarcerated, and he sees where Lucy had stood day after day, hoping that her husband could catch a glimpse of her from a prison window. The street has meaning for him because Lucy had "trod on these stones often" (341). Though Dickens does not describe Carton's walk from Lucy's gate to the prison, he does give details of the route Carton takes to the chemist's shop, his next stop:

traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets--much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror--he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man. (341-42)

Though the description serves to create suspense and to comment on conditions in Paris during the reign of terror, the steep, difficult nature of the street may also be a comment on the steep, difficult nature of the hill that Carton climbs toward the city of his vision.

The next portion of the walk is closely related to Carton's thoughts. Dickens describes Carton's attitude at the beginning of this part of the walk as that of "a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end" (342), but as Carton proceeds, he finds a source of

strength for facing his ordeal as his mind wanders back to the time of his father's death, for the motion of his feet sets his memory in motion:

These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." (342)¹⁸

Carton has already, by his decision to sacrifice himself, shown evidence of the "honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance" (121) from his vision of the fair city, and now through his memory of this biblical promise, he gains the "Hope" (122) which he saw in that city, and he no longer despairs. This promise, which he repeats, mantra-like, over and over throughout the night, frees him in much the same way that Teufelsdröckh's questioning and defiance of death freed Teufelsdröckh.

As the walk continues, Dickens indicates that Carton's manner of seeing the world has undergone further change. Like Teufelsdröckh, Carton is now able to take an interest in people and things outside himself. Dickens describes Carton's thoughts during the walk in a way that recalls the description of the entry into a great city at night,

¹⁸These words are the first words in the Anglican service for the burial of the dead. Appropriately, they are to be spoken while walking to the grave: "The Priest and Clerks meeting the Corpse at the entrance of the Church-yard, and going before it, either into the Church, or towards the Grave, shall say, or sing, I am the resurrection and the life" [from The Book of Common Prayer].

and the thought of death hangs over both of these descriptions:

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revulsion had even travelled that length of self-destruction from years of priestly imposters, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding gaols; and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material, that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the Guillotine; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury; Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets. (343)

So interested in other people is he that when he sees a child trying to cross a muddy street, he picks her up and carries her across. He is no longer so preoccupied with himself and with trying to forget himself that he cannot see the needs of other people.¹⁹

Dickens again emphasizes that the biblical promise remains in Carton's thoughts constantly as he walks through the streets: "Now, that the streets were quiet, and the night wore on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but, he heard them always" (343). The repetition of the words becomes, in effect, a prayer, not so much of supplication but of confidence and hope.

¹⁹ Marcus 65 attributes this change in attitude to the fact that "Carton's love for Lucie has aroused the sympathetic capacity within his nature, and by caring for another, he finally emerges from the self-imposed prison of indifference. He is finally able to respond to those around him."

The words help Carton by filling his mind, leaving no room for fear or misgiving. They also give a sense of fulfillment to the novel, for the mention of "echoes" brings to mind the echoes that were so audible near the little house in Soho and that, according to Dickens, seemed to be coming from across the Channel. The echoes that once seemed so ominous have taken on a different quality, one of self-sacrifice and of hope for the future because of this sacrifice.

The descriptions of the passing of the night and the dawning of the day, which Carton experiences during his lengthy walk, are indicative of Carton's attitude toward the death that he will suffer and the new life that he hopes he will enjoy. As the night begins to wane, Carton is drawn to the very heart of the oldest part of Paris, to the bank of the Seine near the Île de la Cité. The descriptions of the sights that Carton sees are filled with references to death, and yet the references to the desert-like wasteland of the city in the earlier passage are noticeably absent:

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if creation were delivered over to Death's dominion. (343)

Though death is emphasized here, it is important to notice the words "looking like" and "seemed" in this passage in order not to give too much weight to the hopelessness of death, which indeed is not implied here. For if the night appears to die, the sun may also appear to be reborn:

But, the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long bright rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it. (343-44)

These words reaffirm the hope that Carton feels on this his last day. The river before him is bright and sparkling, like "the waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight" (122) in his vision, not "dark and dim" (121) as was the river in London. The bridge of light is a structure that would easily fit into his fair city with its "airy galleries" (122). And the sunrise here is glorious, not sad, because "the man of good abilities and good emotions, [is not] incapable of their directed exercise, [is not] incapable of his own help and his own happiness" (122), and will no longer allow his own problems to "eat him away" (122).

As he walks along the bank and watches the Seine, Carton begins to see the river²⁰ and other natural objects as the outward signs of deeper meanings, and he acquires a kind of transcendental sight:

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend, in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again, he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the sea.--"Like me!" (344)

He is at peace with himself to such an extent that he can indulge for a short time in refreshing sleep. And when he wakes, his eyes can

²⁰Robison 444 sees the river as a "Christian symbol of rebirth."

make symbolic sense of the eddy in the stream which is finally absorbed into the greater stream of life where it will accomplish its purpose in its movement toward the sea. As a seeming reinforcement to this realization about his life and death, Carton sees not another eddy, but "A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened colour of a dead leaf, [which] then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away" (344). In this scene, the dead-leaf sail is not hopelessly dead, but it is serving a purpose by causing the ship to move onward. Though the ship dies away to his vision, he knows that it is still moving on the stream even if he has been able to see it for only a brief portion of its journey. This sight, too, affects Carton in a positive way, for "As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life'" (344). With this thought, Carton ends his night-long walk through the streets of Paris and directs his thoughts and actions toward the business at hand, that of saving the life of Charles Darnay.

Thus, the walk through Paris can be a mental and spiritual as well as a physical journey for the British character. The streets, the sights, the sounds, the river--all can have a profound effect on his outlook and can, because they are the slightly different, out-of-the-ordinary phenomena of a foreign city where his sight is refreshed, change the way he perceives himself and his role in life.

CHAPTER II

THE STREETS AND THE LANDMARKS

Not only does the British visitor to Paris spend much of his time walking through the streets of Paris, but he also often stops to observe the streets and the buildings that line them. As he views these sights, he usually compares and contrasts them with the English streets and buildings so familiar to him, and in the differences between them he tries to pinpoint evidence of the character of the French people. Often the streets, but especially the buildings, remind him of events that have taken place in this most eventful of cities. Such sights as the Place de la Concorde, Notre Dame, and the Morgue, with their historical, religious, and secular overtones, fascinate the British visitor in Paris. These sights, well known to the British visitor, provide the novelist who sets his story in Paris with material that has a store of associations, and the novelist is able to incorporate or modify these associations to suit his purposes in his novel.

John Scott, visiting Paris in 1814, provides a detailed description of Parisian streets and contrasts them with London streets. He begins by characterizing the streets of London: "The best streets of the English metropolis owe their beauty to their possessing those qualities that raise ideas of opulence, comfort, reasonableness and general utility" (66). These streets, according to Scott, thus reflect the character of the English people. Parisian streets, however, present quite a different picture to the observer:

the Parisian Boulevarde [sic], on the other hand, is interesting in strong contrasts, picturesque in inconsistencies, grand in size, and overpowering through animation. The houses of Paris rise to twice the height of ours; they are of stone, and their architecture is generally elaborate. There appear here no signs of building rows by contract with the bricklayers, nor any necessity for prescribing by a law, what shall be the thickness of a party wall. Turn your eyes which soever way you will, they are met by broad fronts, decorated with friezes, cornices, pillars, pilasters, and balconies, and rising to a height that to a stranger seems stupendous. The chimneys, as the end of a mass of buildings presents itself, seem clustered turrets and battlements. (66-67)

Thus, even the major thoroughfares in Paris project the inconsistency that many British visitors find to be one of the salient national characteristics of the French people. Scott describes not only the Boulevards but the other streets as well:

The streets that open from the Boulevarde [sic], appear to dart into a peopled and swarming confusion and uncertainty:-- they promise to lead to something which cannot be foretold from their entrance, instead of being, like all the principal streets in London, self-intimators that they are lines of receptacles for trade and property, and regular domestic life. (67)

Thus, the appearance of the streets adds to the uncertainty and the insecurity that the British visitor feels when he enters this foreign environment.

The houses that line the streets of Paris contribute to the scene by adding to the atmosphere of uncertainty, for the station in life of the inhabitant of a house in Paris cannot be determined from the appearance of the house in which he resides. Scott elaborates:

[The] character of the French streets arises from their narrowness, as contrasted with the height of the massive

houses on each side, and other assemblages together of features, which, in England, are seldom or never seen grouping with each other. Thus, a grand gateway would prepare the English visitor for the mansion of a family of rank, were it not that the court to which it leads, is filled with litter and dirt, that the doors are open and filthy, and the persons who appear around them, ill dressed and in every way unsuitable. Has the house, then, been deserted by its original magnificence, and fallen, in a ruined state, into the possession of the needy, who herd in its dilapidated rooms? No, not so exactly; for a carriage waits to receive the inmate of the first floor,--a Marquis in an old coat, silk stockings, and a cross:--a cabriolet, (or one horse chaise) is in attendance for the occupier of the second,--a Colonel in a colored waistcoat and a regimental coat:--from the third, a person walks down in non-descript attire, which, however, indicates him to belong mostly to the military class, although, perhaps, at that moment, neither his profession nor his rank could be very easily defined:--a milliner with a band-box, trips from the fourth,--and some miserable dependant on the chances of the day, descends from the fifth. (67-68)

Despite the uncertainty that Scott deplores, an order of sorts does seem to exist in the house, in at least this house, for the higher the degree of the inhabitant, the lower the level which he inhabits. And although the house has not been given up entirely to the needy, it has been divided up into apartments, as was the once magnificent house of the Monseigneur in A Tale of Two Cities, where the Paris branch of Tellson's Bank was located and before which the grindstone stood on which the revolutionaries sharpened their knives and swords. William Shepherd, while visiting Paris in 1814, also notices the discrepancy between the outside appearance of houses and the rank of the inhabitants. When he visits a Baron, he notes that "The street in which [the Baron's] house is situated is narrow and incommodious; and the house itself, in its external appearance, is very unpromising. Its interior, however, is spacious and elegant. This

inconsistency perpetually occurs in Paris" (217). And this inconsistency helps to turn the streets of Paris into a spectacle for the British visitor.

The houses that line the streets are not the only objects of scrutiny for the English visitors. Because these people have to walk or ride through the streets, they are interested in the actual composition of, and condition of, the streets. Bertie Greatheed, in 1803, comments on the make-up of the streets that are unsurfaced:

Of all the soils that ever town was built upon sure that of Paris is the worst; a greasy chalk, retentive of water, and so extremely slippery that it is with very great difficulty I can get along the boulevards without falling, and in summer, when dry, dusty I am told beyond conception. (95)

In one entry in his journal for January, Greatheed sums up his attitude by stating, "the streets are abominable" (28). He adds, in February, that the streets are "miserably dirty and slippery" (64) and that they are lined with "great heaps of dung" (64). Lady Blessington, writing almost thirty years later, corroborates Greatheed's opinion of the miserable nature of Paris streets during the winter, and graphically describes the conditions:

Previously to the heavy fall of snow that occurred a week ago, and which still encumbers the streets, a succession of wet days occasioned an accumulation of mud that gave forth most unsavoury odors, and lent a damp chilliness to the atmosphere which sent home to their sick chambers, assailed by sore throats and all the other miseries peculiar to colds, many of those who were so imprudent as to venture abroad. The snow, instead of being swept away, is piled up on each side of the streets, forming a wall that increases the gloom and chilliness that reigns around. The fogs, too, rise from the Seine, and hover over the Champs Élysées and streets adjacent to it, rendering a passage through them a service of danger. (2: 130-31)

Fictional characters are not immune to these winter illnesses in Paris, for Little Billee in Trilby falls ill in December after the celebration of Christmas. Although his illness is described as "a kind of epileptic seizure. . . . [which] ended in brain-fever and other complications" (204), Little Billee's condition may have been weakened by his long walks at night in the cold air of Paris, and especially by his drinking spree during the Christmas holidays. One of du Maurier's illustrations (183) shows the inebriated Little Billee seated on the curb of the street, his coat open, with only a thin white shirt protecting him from the cold. This exposure, coupled with his depressed state of mind caused by his loss of Trilby, could have weakened his constitution and made him susceptible to the "long and tedious illness" (204) which he experienced that winter in Paris. Illness of his kind, or of any kind, is not uncommon during the winter months. The journal writers, too, report both the depressing nature of the season and the moderate to serious illnesses of their family members and their friends.

One other feature figures in the physical description of a Parisian street--the kennel, or ruisseau--a small drainage channel which runs down the middle of many of the streets. The British visitors often find these ruisseaux to be more of a hindrance than a help. Lady Blessington comments,

the want of draining, and the vapours that stagnate over the turbid waters of the ruisseaux that intersect the streets at Paris, add to the humidity of the atmosphere; while the sewers in London convey away unseen and unfelt, if not always unsmelt, the rain which purifies, while it deluges, our streets. (2: 2)

Another journal writer deplores the slippery nature of the slanting streets "After a shower of rain [when] it is almost impossible to avoid falling in the kennel, towards which . . . the body constantly inclines" (Greatheed 107, n. 2). The kennel, along with its associated problems, finds its way into the fiction, and as the subject of conversation, provides the opportunity at a soirée for an amusing exchange of views between Pelham, an Englishman, and several French people:

"What do you think of our streets?" said the old, yet still animated Madame de G---s. "You will not find them, I fear, so agreeable for walking as the trottoirs in London."

"Really," [Pelham] answered, "I have only been once out in your streets, at least à pied, since my arrival, and then I was nearly perishing for want of help."

"What do you mean?" said Madame D'Anville.

"Why, I fell into that intersecting stream which you call a kennel, and I a river. Pray, Mr. Aberton, what do you think I did in that dangerous dilemma?"

"Why, got out again as fast as you could," said the literal attaché.

"No such thing, I was too frightened: I stood still, and screamed for assistance." (31)

Pelham, in an attempt to create for himself a singular character,¹ one that people will remember, uses this incident of the kennel to indicate that he does not react to dilemmas in ordinary ways. His desire to call attention to himself is also evident in this incident.

¹ Pelham's attempt to create a "character" for himself resembles the convention of later city novels, in which people assemble at a "cocktail party, that urban invention which stimulates within a house the circulation of a crowd in the street, [and] each person is given a brief moment to present himself, to enact himself and fix himself within another's experience as a certain unique flavor" (Fisher 384).

Thus, the street with its kennel is the stage² for Pelham's little drama, which he afterwards enjoys relating to his acquaintances at a *soirée*.

Though the British person in Paris may find the Parisian streets inconvenient, especially during the winter, he is not immune to the beauty and charm that many of the streets of Paris possess. He is especially impressed by the grandeur and the beauty of the Boulevards. Early in the century, John Scott, who tends to cast a critical eye on all things French, gives a highly favorable description of these Boulevards:

here [the British visitor] will be forcibly struck by a mass of novelty. The Boulevarde [sic], goes round the capital, and was originally its boundary, but the extension of the city has, in many places, rendered it central, and it is so in the most fashionable and frequented quarters, namely those nearest the palaces and the theatres. It is, in fact, now, a superb street of great breadth, lined on each side with trees, between which and the houses, gravelled walks have been made for the foot-passengers. The general effect here is very fine. The eye cannot reach to any termination of the Boulevarde [sic]; and in the distance, the trees, according to the laws of perspective, appear to unite their branches in an arch, overshadowing with their foliage the hurrying groupes [sic] of men, and women, and horses, and carts, and carriages, that are perpetually streaming to and fro beneath. By moonlight this forms a very striking picture, and suggests a confession, that London has nothing so fine in this way. (65-66)

²Vidler 30 notes the reciprocal influence of street and stage: "[The] synchrony of street and theater was not coincidental but represented the double role of urban space and theatrical space in humanistic culture; even as the public realm of the street took on the functions of the theater of daily life--the city as a stage for the social action within its protecting walls--so did the theater retain its place as the mnemonic device, the ideal depiction of the world." In this study, I concentrate on the street as it is used as a stage for events in the journals or in the novels. See also Fisher 384.

Thomas Holcroft, also writing in the early part of the century, includes a brief history of the Boulevards when he describes them.

Paraphrasing the French historian St. Foix, Holcroft writes that

"the Boulevards now form the circuit on which the new ramparts, from la Porte St. Honoré (long since destroyed) to la Porte St. Denis, were built; and which ramparts were erased by Louis XIV.: who thought that the metropolis of a great king and a great kingdom, ought not to be so guarded" (1: 199). The Boulevards were expanded, however, during the reigns of subsequent kings, and though they circle the city, the Boulevards most often referred to by the British visitor are those on the Right Bank.

Most of the British writers of journals praise the Boulevards for their spaciousness and their beauty. Among those who express favorable opinions of these thoroughfares are Greatheed (65), Rutland (10), and Shepherd (198-99). The Boulevards are popular not only for the scenery and the fresh air that they provide, but also for the amusements that can be found along them. Holcroft mentions that "The trees, the spacious walks, and the gardens that occasionally decorate each side, intermingled as they are with stalls, booths, shops, coffee-houses, and hôtels, many of them among the most magnificent in Paris, give it an air that neither resembles town nor country" (1: 200). Even John Scott speaks highly of the pleasures available to one along the Boulevards:

The fashionable Boulevardes [sic] are lined with Baths, where you may lie in warm water, and have the most delicious refreshments floated towards you from an invisible hand--Cafés, where coffee and liqueurs are taken--Restaurateurs, where

dinners are served,--Pâtisseries, where you may regale on patties and ices,--theatres, and billiard rooms. (116)

With such amusements available, it is no wonder that the British visitors flock to the Boulevards and try to find hotels nearby.

Yet, some of the visitors prefer to avoid the noise and confusion that must pervade such a popular place. Lady Blessington, a veteran traveler for whom the novelty of the Boulevards has worn off, writes,

One of the ^hôtels recommended by a friend was on the Boulevards, with the principal rooms commanding a full view of that populous and noisy quarter of Paris. I should have gone mad in such a dwelling, for the possibility of reading, or almost of thinking, amidst such an ever-moving scene of bustle and din, would be out of the question. (2: 31)

The fictional character Nick Dormer, who has also visited Paris many times, finds the noise and perpetual motion of the Boulevards agitating and uncondusive to reflection. Thus, although his hotel is in the area, when he wants to have a serious conversation with his friend Gabriel Nash, he flees to the quieter quarters of Paris.

The Boulevards are not the only thoroughfares with which the British visitors to Paris are familiar. They also venture into the side streets which possess their own horrors or charms depending upon the mood of the city. During times of revolution, the streets of Paris are the stage upon which earth-shaking events take place, upon which barricades are built, and through which thousands of people are conducted to their death. Not a few British citizens, residing in Paris or visiting the city, have been suddenly surprised by the outbreak of fighting in the streets that run before their hotels or in adjacent streets. While they register their alarm at

the sights that they see, these British visitors also seem, in many cases, to feel an immunity to the danger, simply because they are foreigners in the city under seige and not taking an active part in the violence. One journal writer who records her perceptions of revolutionary times is Lady Blessington, who was in Paris during the Revolution of 1830. One of the first signs of the revolution that she mentions is that "The people are forming barricades in various parts of the town, and [that] some of [her] servants, who have been out to collect intelligence, assert that no hindrance seems to be opposed to this mischievous measure" (2: 153). She records, also, the reports of her friends in Paris, who have seen the streets set, like a stage, for the events to come:

Comtes d'Orsay and Valeski have just returned, and state that they have been as far as the Place de la Bourse, where they saw a scene of the utmost confusion. The populace had assembled there in great force, armed with every kind of weapon they could obtain, their arms bared up to the shoulders, and the whole of them presenting the most wild and motley appearance imaginable. They had set fire to the Corps de Garde, the flames of which spread a light around as bright as day. Strange to say, the populace evinced a perfect good-humour, and more resembled a mob met to celebrate a saturnalia than to subvert a monarchy. (2: 154-55)

Reports of barricades in the streets, processions of people carrying the previous day's dead through the streets as incitement to more violence, and shops lining the streets closed until further notice cloud the pages of her journal and remind her of another revolution in the not distant enough past (2: 158-59). Fighting continues as "regiments are crowded into narrow streets, in which even children may become dangerous enemies, by throwing from the windows every

missile within their reach on the heads of the soldiers" (2: 161), just as people in the balconies of theatres throw objects at the actors on the stage. The illusion becomes a reality with the threat of real blood and real death.

Although the streets of Paris even during the most peaceful of times are filled with sounds, during times of upheaval, notes of discord can be recognized above the normal, everyday din. Writers of both journals and fiction remark this modulation. Lady Blessington writes, "The sound of firing has announced that order, far from being restored, seems less likely than ever to be so. People are rushing wildly through the streets proclaiming that several persons have been killed by the military. All is confusion and alarm" (2: 152). Bertie Greatheed, who in 1803 "went to see Talma" (94), the great French actor, notes that Talma's "picture of Paris when it was threatened by the Prussians [1792] was very good and animated; the sound of hammers forging weapons all over the town was a terrific idea" (94). Dickens, in A Tale of Two Cities, also uses the sounds of disorder to fill both his characters and his readers with fear and foreboding: "From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate, there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven" (289).

These "weird and unearthly" sounds that fill the streets during revolutions are indicators of the even more "weird and unearthly" scenes that are played out in the streets. Incongruities

arise at almost every corner. Dickens notes that torture and murder take place right out in the streets of Paris and that people of all stations of life, even women of fashion, look on to the very end (200). Such scenes are acted out so often that they become commonplace. As Charles Darnay is conducted through the streets of Paris to the prison of La Force, he "could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. . . . In one narrow, dark, and dirty street through which they passed, an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people, of the king and the royal family" (283). If the torture and murder of scores of people become common in the streets, then the uncommon, when it does appear, is truly horrifying, a frenzied scene that seems to have stepped outside the bounds of reason. Such a scene is described in A Tale of Two Cities. The carmagnole, a popular street dance in France, is transformed into a fearful scene, illustrative of the fact that the revolution is out of control. Lucie Manette, standing near the prison of La Force, where Darnay is incarcerated, is witness to this nightmarish scene:

presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along, which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand in hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like the gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags; but, as they filled

the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together: then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport--a something, once innocent, delivered over to all devilry--a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it, made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time.

This was the Carmagnole. (307-08)³

When the streets of a city have the potential to be the stage for frenzied, animalistic scenes such as this, the British visitor might well feel insecurity and uncertainty as he peers into the narrow, winding streets of Paris.

Fortunately, the streets of Paris during times of peace serve less nightmarish and more useful and picturesque purposes than they do during times of revolution. In peace time, although the streets swarm with people, these people are buying and selling, going about

³Goldberg 112-13 notes the similarity between Carlyle's and Dickens's depictions of the carmagnole. Other critics who discuss this street dance are Kucich 126, Alter 140, Hutter 456, Frank 216, and Stange 71.

their business. Scott notes that many shops display their wares outside the stores, thus making the streets even narrower. In full view are "not only birds in cages, and flowers and trees in pots, but the choicest prints and books, articles of dress and furniture" (90). The variety of wares to be seen is matched by the variety of people selling and buying them; people such as a "ragged porter," a "female vender of roasted chestnuts," a "priest, arrayed in his full canonicals," a "servant girl" (Scott 92), a military man, and many others fill the streets. Street people like these appear in du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson when the title character lovingly recalls the Paris of his youth. Peter remembers the "strange, delightful people in blue blouses, brown woollen tricots, wooden shoes, red and white cotton night caps, rags and patches" (59). Some of the people he remembers are beautiful and healthy: "most graceful girls, with pretty, self-respecting feet, and flashing eyes, and no head-dress but their own hair" (59). But Peter also recalls the more grotesque, yet still picturesque, street people of Paris who give color to the streets and whose descendants in kind still inhabit the streets of Paris over one hundred years later. These are the

gay, fat hags, all smile; thin hags, with faces of appalling wickedness or misery; precociously witty little gutter-imps of either sex; and such cripples! jovial hunchbacks, lusty blind beggars, merry creeping paralytics, scrofulous wretches who joked and punned about their sores; light-hearted, genial mendicant monsters without arms or legs, who went ramping through the mud on their bellies from one underground wine-shop to another. (59)

This fictional description of the street people outdoes the descriptions found in journals, perhaps because du Maurier goes beyond recording the fleeting detail, the just barely caught impression of the British visitor observing his constantly changing surroundings, and rather reconstructs or recreates the people into types, gleaned from years of observation. Du Maurier's artist's eye for descriptive detail is evident here as well as is the rosy glow which he casts upon a scene that has all the potential for ugliness and misery. Yet, through the eyes of his memory, he prefers to see only the "light-hearted" side of these people, perhaps because in his memory they can pose no threat, for here he controls them.

In the same vein are du Maurier's descriptions of the sounds and the smells of the Paris of his youth. No ringing sounds of gunshots or of hammers forging weapons disturb the peaceful hum of commerce in his streets. He recalls, through Peter, the

running accompaniment of sound, the clanging chimes, the itinerant street cries, the tinkle of the marchand de coco, the drum, the cor de chasse, the organ of Barbary, the ubiquitous pet parrot, the knife-grinder, the bawling fried-potato monger, and, most amusing of all, the poodle-clipper and his son, strophe and antistrophe. (60)

And the only sounds that "ris[e] above the general cacophony [are] the din of the eternally cracking whip, of the heavy cartwheel jolting over the uneven stones, the stamp and neigh of the spirited little French cart-horse and the music of his many bells, and the cursing and swearing and hue! dià! of his driver" (60). Peter Ibbetson recalls not only the sights and sounds of the Parisian streets but also the smells. From these smells that float out into the streets,

the young Peter could easily guess the activities going on in the nearby houses: "There were whole streets--and these by no means the least fascinating and romantic--where the unwritten domestic records of every house were afloat in the air outside it--records not all savory or sweet, but always full of interest and charm!" (62).

After giving a catalogue of many of these smells, Peter concludes by describing the smells in terms of sounds: "For of such a tell-tale kind were the overtones in that complex, odorous clang" (63).

Then in a rather Proustian vein, the older Peter Ibbetson, while recalling these scents of the Paris of his youth, writes,

And here, as I write, the faint, scarcely perceptible, ghost-like suspicion of a scent--a mere nostalgic fancy, compound, generic, synthetic and all-embracing--an abstract olfactory symbol of the "Tout Paris" of fifty years ago, comes back to me out of the past; and fain would I inhale it in all its pristine fulness [sic] and vigor. For scents, like musical sounds, are rare sublimaters of the essence of memory (this is a prodigious fine phrase--I hope it means something), and scents need not be seductive in themselves to recall the seductions of scenes and days gone by.

Alas! scents cannot be revived at will, like an

"Air doux et tendre
Jadis aimé!"

Oh, that I could hum or whistle an old French smell! I could evoke all Paris, sweet, prae-imperial Paris, in a single whiff! (63-64)

Unlike the writers of journals who usually record their observations of Paris on a daily basis, linearly, chronologically, Peter Ibbetson, who is describing Paris from far away, both in time and in space, is able to call up a vision of all Paris in which details from his memory are synthesized into a more nearly complete picture of the city. Through his catalogue of details, he is able to capture

not only the confusion of the big city streets, but perhaps the essence, at least for him, of Paris.

In memories, from a distance, the streets of Paris are filled with colors, sounds, smells, and life, but in reality, even during peace time, the streets may also serve as the stage for tragic scenes. Many of the journal writers deplore the great danger that pedestrians face on the Parisian streets from the carriages that roll through the streets, generally heedless of any person who may happen to step into the way. John Scott complains that

it happens that every where in Paris you see signs that the sober and minute parts of the machinery of society have been neglected for the sake of what is swelling, gigantic, and overgrown. The walks of the royal gardens are nicely gravelled and superbly ornamented,--but the streets are dirty and uncomfortable for walkers, to a degree which an inhabitant of London, who has not seen them, can scarcely imagine. There is, in general, no pavement by the edges of the streets, to protect those who walk from the carts and carriages. (173)

Thomas Holcroft, after revealing that he himself was almost run down by a carriage on his first visit to Paris, observes that

Of the populous thoroughfares of Paris themselves, there is scarcely a street which is not so narrow as to be extremely dangerous to foot passengers. They are rendered more so at some times by the extreme carelessness, and at others by the brutal insolence, of coachmen. There is no foot pavement; and the only guard, against carriages, is formed by large stones placed at certain distances but close to the wall. (1: 181)

Accidents in the streets, noted by other journal writers as well, provide the basis for an important episode in A Tale of Two Cities, in which the oppression of the lower classes by the upper classes is made evident.

With these accidents as a precedent, Dickens makes a narrow street in Paris the setting for death and conflict. The description of the Marquis's carriage rolling through the streets echoes the historical accounts:

It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to [the Marquis] to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. (140)

The narrator then comments in general upon the deplorable conditions of the streets with regard to the common people:

The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets without footways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But, few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and, in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could. (140)

After these comments, Dickens allows the scene to unfold as the inevitable occurs: "At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged" (141). The narrator stops, with the carriage, to describe the surrounding scene--the inert bundle that was once a living child, the outrage of the child's father, the submissiveness of the crowd of people who gather round the carriage, and the disdain of the Marquis for these people whom he regards "as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes" (141). Conflict arises when the Marquis, having expressed concern for his horses, tosses one coin

to the child's father and one coin to Defarge, who has come up to comfort the distraught man. As the carriage begins to pull away, one of the coins is hurled back into the carriage, in direct defiance of the Marquis's attitude toward the worthlessness of a human life.

This scene in the street near the fountain is an expanded moment of time flanked before and after by time rushing on in the form of a carriage careening through the streets. For just as the narrow "street opened . . . into a space of some ten or twelve yards square" (141) near a small fountain where the accident takes place, so time opens up for this scene to be played out between the Marquis and the lower classes. In fact, the slowing down of time here is a near reflection of the death of the child for whom time has stopped completely. The narrator then uses the carriage and the street setting to illustrate the acceleration of time back to its normal pace after a death: the Marquis "was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession . . . in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by" (143). As the common people clear away from the scene of the accident, a few women remain, looking at the fountain next to which the child's body had been laid. The description of these women, and of one in particular,⁴ gives the scene an air of foreboding as though the death of this child might one day be avenged:

⁴Zambrano 59 notes that "Madame Defarge's appearance foreshadows future revenge."

The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball [carriages]--when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. (143)

The sense of foreboding increases as once again the narrative expands,⁵ not to relate a scene this time, but to generalize, by drawing back away from the scene: "The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course" (143). The last phrase in this quotation provides the link between the running fountain in the Paris street and the running fountain in the little village near the Marquis's château where again "things ran their course" and the child's death is avenged.⁶

Of even more interest to the journal writer and more use to the author than the anonymous streets of Paris are the historical places and buildings, the names of which conjure up so many associations for the British visitor in Paris. When seen in person,

⁵Monod, "Dickens's Attitude" 494 observes that the scene with the fountain "also omnisciently expands the scope of the narrative in time or in space" as the scene moves from the city to the village to the château.

⁶Robison 444 notes that "Through pointed allusions to the play of fountains, Dickens emphasizes both the inevitability and and the justice of the Marquis' death."

these sights can have an overwhelming effect on the observer. But when used in a work of fiction, they can take on symbolic significance and bring to the work of fiction their wealth of complex associations and overtones.

One such historical sight which is both commented on in the journals and used in the fiction is the Place de la Concorde. Because its present magnificence clashes with its past function as one of the sites of the guillotinings during the Revolution, the British writers often express an ambivalent attitude toward this square both in journals and in fiction. The varied history of the square is evident in the four names that it has had since it was first constructed: Place Louis Quinze, Place Louis Seize, Place de la Révolution, and Place de la Concorde (Thackeray 33). Both John Carr and Thomas Holcroft mention an event which marred the name of the square even before the Revolution. In 1770, in celebration of the marriage of the young Dauphin of France, later Louis XVI, to Marie Antoinette, a huge fireworks display took place in the then Place Louis Quinze. Several thousand people were jammed into the square to watch the display when a disturbance occurred, causing a stampede and the loss of many lives. Holcroft claims that the fireworks got out of hand and "threw sheets of fire upon the people" (1: 346) while Carr blames the disturbance on "a numerous banditti, from Normandy, [who] broke in upon the vast assemblage of spectators" (112) and began robbing them. The festival turned into a nightmare, and the next day several hundred bodies

were buried in the cemetery of the Madeleine, which was then under construction. Carr remarks the irony that years later, both Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, among many others, were executed in the same square, which Carr calls "the Golgotha of the guillotine" (113) and that "in this [same] cemetery, their unhonoured remains were thrown, amidst heaps of headless victims, into promiscuous graves of unslacked lime!" (113).

Although these visitors in Paris associate the Place de la Concorde with the horrors of the Revolution, they also pause to admire the spaciousness and beauty of the square and its surroundings. Scott advises the visitor to Paris not to view the Tuileries until he has reached the Place de la Concorde in order "that he may be struck by an extraordinary burst of sumptuous decoration, combining the beauties and magnificence of architecture, sculpture, and gardening, and forming an almost overpowering coup d'oeil" (75). After a detailed description of the square and of the panorama that one can view from this spot by merely turning around and gazing in every direction, Scott continues to praise the beauty of the square, and he draws a parallel between the magnificence of ancient Athens and that of contemporary Paris:

[The British visitor] begins to have a clearer notion, a more lively sense than he ever before experienced, of the effulgence of those antient [sic] days, when the girls of Athens, carrying water on their heads in elegant vases, from the fountains to their homes, ascended magnificent flights of white marble steps, with the stupendous symmetry of the Parthenon rising before them, and saw there, and on every side, a vast and silent congregation of the forms of colossal and super-human beauty, fraught with the soul of poetry. Paris is still far from equalling Athens;

but it gives an idea of what the glories of the latter were,--and this is more than can be said for London.
(77-78)

It is with such an admiring attitude that Nick Dormer gazes at the Place de la Concorde early in The Tragic Muse when his mother is intent on his going straight to the hotel where Julia Dallow is staying and immediately sitting down to discuss his running for Parliament from her district. Nick's mother, very British and very Philistine, cannot understand the aesthetic pleasure that Nick derives from moving his eyes across the square, and her thoughts are focused solely on politics:

As she left the two young men standing together in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, the grand composition of which Nick, as she looked back, appeared to have paused to admire (as if he had not seen it a thousand times!), she wished she might have thought of Peter's influence with her son as exerted a little more in favor of localism.
(80)

But at this moment, Nick's eyes are reveling in the beauty of the sight before him, "the great square, the opposite bank of the Seine, the steep blue roofs of the quay, the bright immensity of Paris" (79).

Whereas James, when he depicts the Place de la Concorde, emphasizes its positive aesthetic effects on Nick Dormer, du Maurier in Trilby uses both the positive and negative aspects of the square to shape a scene which is set there. He begins by placing his three characters--Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird--in the Place de la Concorde at sunset and by coloring the scene with emotive words:

When they reached the Place de la Concorde it was that lovely hour of a fine autumn day in beautiful bright cities when all the lamps are lit in the shops and streets and under the trees, and it is still daylight--a quickly fleeting joy; and as a special treat on this particular occasion the sun set, and up rose the yellow moon over eastern Paris, and floated above the chimney-pots of the Tuileries.

They stopped to gaze at the homeward procession of cabs and carriages, as they used to do in the old times. Tout Paris was still passing; tout Paris is very long. (352)

After setting this beautifully calm stage, du Maurier disturbs the scene by introducing Trilby and Svengali into the procession of carriages and having them drive right by the spot where Little Billee and his two friends are standing: "Little Billee's heart was in his mouth. He caught Svengali's eye, and saw him speak to her. She turned her head and looked at him standing there--they both did. Little Billee bowed. She stared at him with a cold stare of disdain, and cut him dead--so did Svengali" (353). By the use of the phrase "cut him dead," du Maurier recalls the terrors that took place there, and he subjects Little Billee to an emotional guillotining. The caption for the illustration of this scene, found on the following page, emphasizes the reference to the social guillotining, for beneath the illustration are the words, "the cut direct" (354). Thus, in this scene the vestiges of disharmony that remain hidden beneath the present name of the Place de la Concorde rise up as a reminder of the ambiguous nature of this historical place.

Another Parisian landmark which fascinated the British visitor of the nineteenth century is the Morgue. This tiny building, located on the south bank of the Île de la Cité, between the

Pont Neuf and Notre Dame and visible from the Left Bank, is mentioned in most of the guide books on Paris and in many of the journals and letters of the British visitors to Paris (Veyriras 51-52).

Thomas Holcroft, having done some research on the Morgue, includes in his study of Paris an excerpt from St. Foix, which describes the Morgue in some detail:

"La Morgue is a place, within the precincts of le Grand Châtelet, where dead bodies, taken up by the police, are exposed to public view, that they may be acknowledged. This small place, humid, deprived of air and almost of light, far from aiding the return of life, must rather accelerate the death of the unfortunate persons there exposed, should there happen to be a vital spark remaining. It is also very difficult to know a corpse, from the want of light; which is counteracting the intention of government. Nay, more, an infection is there exhaled which might easily spread contagion, because that curiosity continually attracts many people there: those who come are obliged to succeed each other; and, that they may see, must approach with the face close to the opening and breathe the mephitic air of this cell." (2: 202)

Immediately following this quotation from St. Foix, Holcroft records his personal reaction to his visit to the Morgue:

No words can describe the stench I felt from it, even at some distance! yet the man I employed assured me that the conciërge was fat and healthy in appearance; and that he had held his office many years. If looking through the grate produce such sensations, what must be those of the men who deposit and take the bodies away?

It seemed no less extraordinary that this small court should be full of inhabitants; and, what I could scarcely believe when I read the inscriptions, that in two of the houses there should be cook-shops. (2: 203)

The fact that life and death are so juxtaposed, that such incongruous activities are housed in buildings so close to each other, shocks Holcroft almost as much as the experience in the Morgue itself does.

The Reverend Shepherd also records his impressions of his visit to the Morgue:

we looked into the Morgue, a receptacle for the bodies of unknown persons, who are killed by accident, or found dead, and are left here, as long as it is judged expedient, to be owned by their friends. We found in it, laid on an inclined platform, the corpses of a man and a young woman, which had the night before been taken out of the river. (201)

Holcroft remarks the large number of bodies pulled out of the Seine and brought to the Morgue for identification, many of them apparently suicides. During the night the fishermen let down their nets from the bridge at St. Cloud, and in the mornings they haul up the bodies that have washed downstream from Paris. But they must raise their nets during the day to allow for navigation of the river; and, as a result, many other bodies are never retrieved (2: 203-04).

The Morgue also finds its way into some of the fiction of the period. Du Maurier includes references to the Morgue in both Peter Ibbetson and Trilby. In the first novel, the Morgue is a part of the Parisian landscape and appears in a long description of the Latin Quarter and the Île de la Cité, in which Peter conjures up his youthful ramblings through Paris and remembers that time in his life with more than a twinge of nostalgia:

Close by was the Morgue, that grewsome [sic] building which the great etcher Méryon has managed to invest with some weird fascination akin to that it had for me in those days--and has now, as I see it with the charmed eyes of Memory.

La Morgue! what a fatal twang there is about the very name! After gazing one's fill at the horrors within (as became a healthy-minded English boy) it was but a step to the equestrian statue of Henri Quatre, on the Pont Neuf. (57-58)

Later in the novel, Peter mentions that while he is in England, he misses the Paris of his youth, and one of the things that he misses is the Morgue, for there is no comparable institution in England (108). The fact that London did not have a Morgue where people could openly view such sights probably increased the British visitor's interest in the Morgue (Veyriras 52).

In Trilby, not only does the Morgue serve as a part of the Parisian landscape, but it also takes on symbolic significance and finally plays an active role in the novel. The Morgue appears early in the novel as an element of the view from the window of the studio where Little Billee and his friends spend so much of their time. The narrator comments that "One gap went right through the block, and gave [Little Billee] a glimpse of the river, the 'Cité,' and the ominous old Morgue; a little to the right rose the gray towers of Notre Dame de Paris into the checkered April sky" (7). This reference to the Morgue helps to locate the studio, which is given the imaginary street address of Place St. Anatole des Arts. In other brief references, the young men visit the Morgue (35); walk past it at night, "gleaming cold and still and fatal in the pale lamplight" (38); and gaze at it from their window in all kinds of weather (38, 158, 168). So many references to this building with the ominous-sounding name contribute to the atmosphere of the novel.

But the Morgue is used for more than mere atmosphere in Trilby. It comes to represent the darker side of Paris which Svengali personifies. Thus, the morbid and sinister Svengali, who

in his own strange way desires Trilby, uses the Morgue to vent his jealousy of the Englishmen for whom Trilby cares and to try to frighten her into needing him:

"But you are not listening, sapperment! great big she-fool that you are--sheep's head! Dummkopf! Donnerwetter! you are looking at the chimney-pots when Svengali is talking! Look a little lower down between the houses, on the other side of the river! There is a little ugly gray building there, and inside are eight slanting slabs of brass, all of a row, like beds in a school dormitory, and one fine day you shall lie asleep on one of those slabs--you Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, and therefore lost him! . . . And over the middle of you will be a little leather apron, and over your head a little brass tap, and all day long and all night the cold water shall trickle, trickle, trickle all the way down your beautiful white body to your beautiful white feet till they turn green, and your poor, damp, draggled, muddy rags will hang above you from the ceiling for your friends to know you by; drip, drip, drip! But you will have no friends. . . ." (112)

Here, because she rejects his advances, Svengali paints for Trilby a realistic picture of the interior of the Morgue and threatens her youth with the thought of death. He then continues his imaginary description of Trilby in the Morgue by listing the types of people who will pass by and see her lying there:

"And people of all sorts, strangers, will stare at you through the big plate-glass window--Englishers, chiffonniers, painters and sculptors, workmen, piou-pious, old hags of washer-women,--and say, 'Ah! what a beautiful woman was that! Look at her! She ought to be rolling in a carriage and pair!' And just then who should come by, rolling in his carriage and pair, smothered in furs, and smoking a big cigar of the Havana, but Svengali, who will jump out, and push the canaille aside, and say, 'Ha! ha! that is la grande Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, but looked at the chimney-pots when he told her of his manly love, and---.'" (112-13)

Before Svengali can say another word, Taffy forces him to stop talking to Trilby. But this is not the only time that Svengali whispers

sinister words into Trilby's ears. On another occasion, he again tries to make her imagine herself dead, but this time as a skeleton in the École de Médecine; and again Taffy intervenes (135-36). This reference to the École de Médecine is an extension of the earlier reference to the Morgue, for according to one guide book on Paris, the unclaimed corpses from the Morgue were sent "to the medical schools" for use in dissection (Coghlan 113). The narrator later emphasizes the ghastliness of Svengali's "vicious imaginations" (Trilby 136) and explains that Svengali "seemed to her a dread, powerful demon" (136). These speeches of Svengali's, made with "his heavy upper eyelids drooping over his insolent black eyes" (136), may be some of his early attempts at mesmerizing Trilby, at working his way into her mind through suggestion and repetition. The narrator admits that Trilby "dreamed of [Svengali] oftener than she dreamed of Taffy, the Laird, or even Little Billee" (137).⁷ But at this point in the story, Trilby's youth and strength are able to ward off Svengali's verbal assaults.

Some time later, the Morgue plays an active role in the novel by serving as a redemptive device for Trilby, at least for a short time. It seems that perhaps Svengali's predictions about Trilby and the Morgue will come true, for after her little brother dies, Trilby disappears from Paris. Her friends are very much concerned

⁷For a psychosexual interpretation of the early relationship between Svengali and Trilby, see Kelly 93-95.

about her, and Taffy "cross-examined everybody he could, communicated with the Paris police, but with no result, and every afternoon, with a beating heart, he went to the Morgue" (206). In the meantime, Trilby, who had left Paris, returns in the middle of the night with no food or money. In her despair she considers suicide, but her memory of Svengali's sinister words steels her against taking such a step, against giving in to his suggestions:

"I looked over the bridge at the river--just by the Morgue--and wanted to jump in. But the Morgue sickened me, so I hadn't the pluck. Svengali used to be always talking about the Morgue, and my going there some day. He used to say he'd come and look at me there, and the idea made me so sick I couldn't." (390)

Perhaps because the suggestions concerning the Morgue are made to Trilby not by someone whom she loves but by someone who is repulsive to her, she is able to resist the temptation to commit suicide. Thus, thoughts of the Morgue actually save Trilby from death, and it is only when Trilby falls into Svengali's hands in a state of utter exhaustion and dependence that he is able to begin to work his mesmerizing tricks on her.

The details that du Maurier presents concerning the Morgue accurately correspond to the details found in the journals. And du Maurier, like Holcroft, links the Morgue with suicide and the Seine. But he also links the Morgue with the sinister Svengali, and through this association the Morgue looms dark in the novel.

Another attraction for the British visitor in Paris is the cathedral of Notre Dame. Situated in the center of Paris on the Île de la Cité, the cathedral is easily accessible to the visitor.

Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson recalls his overall impression of the exterior of Notre Dame before the area surrounding the cathedral was cleared away:

Pathetic little tumble down old houses, all out of drawing and perspective, nestled like old spiders' webs between the buttresses of the great cathedral; and on two sides of the little square in front (the Place du Parvis Notre Dame) stood ancient stone dwellings, with high slate roofs and elaborately wrought iron balconies. (56-57)

The towers of Notre Dame form a part of the Parisian skyline which is visible from the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts in Trilby. Both du Maurier and Dickens give these towers a kind of tutelary role in their respective novels. In Trilby, when the narrator describes the three young Englishmen walking back to the Latin Quarter at night, he mentions "Notre Dame pricking up its watchful twin towers, which have looked down for so many centuries on so many happy, sanguine, expansive youths" (38). In A Tale of Two Cities, however, the towers of Notre Dame, and the institution for which they stand, though they watch what is happening in the city, seem helpless and unable to forestall the inevitable course of events leading to the Revolution. The narrator, here, implies the conflict between the people of two quarters of Paris, one wealthy and the other indigent, over both of which the towers of the cathedral rise:

For, the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were, in truth, not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, but that the watching towers of Notre Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both), they

would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business-- if that could have been anybody's business, at the house of Monseigneur. (136)

Indeed, Notre Dame was caught in the middle when these two forces clashed, was stripped of its religious trappings, and was declared a monument to the cult of Reason. Not until 1802 was the cathedral reconsecrated (Magi 4).

Because the British visitors in Paris are not, for the most part, Catholic, they tend to view the cathedral not as a holy shrine but as a curiosity or as an architectural achievement. William Shepherd visits the cathedral on a Sunday in 1802 in order to observe a high mass. Having described the procession of the host, he remarks the presence of soldiers in the cathedral, perhaps, he speculates, for the protection of the newly restored religion; and he admits that "On the whole, [his] visit to Notre Dame presented to [him] a strange mixture of religious solemnity, military state, and levity" (61), for most of the large number of people there seem to have come to the cathedral not for the sake of worshiping but out of curiosity. Not all of the British visitors to Paris during the early part of the century express admiration for the architecture of Notre Dame. Bertie Greatheed, in 1803, criticizes the cathedral: it is "a dirty place, and miserable Gothic[.] I wonder how they came to mix Greek columns and capitals with their architecture at so ancient a date. . . . The three round painted glass windows are all I saw worth looking at" (122). It must be noted that the cathedral seen by Greatheed and his

contemporaries had been ravaged by the revolutionaries; Viollet-le-Duc did not begin to restore the cathedral, which in its renovated state was viewed by the British travelers of the end of the century, until 1844 (Magi 4). Thus, John Carr, writing in 1802, could easily comment, "[Notre Dame] is a fine gothic pile, but in my humble opinion, much inferior to our Westminster abbey" (114).

The cathedral of Notre Dame plays a prominent role in James's The Tragic Muse, set in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It is the one sight that Nick Dormer stops to admire when he and Gabriel Nash are walking through Paris and discussing the relative merits of the life of an artist and the life of a member of Parliament, the two choices open to Nick, upon which he is undecided.⁸ In the one choice, Nick sees a life of freedom to produce his paintings; in the other, a life of constraint in service to his country. As the two men are approaching the cathedral, Nash is explaining his "little system" for achieving happiness in life. He uses the metaphor of a boat to show how most people fear independence and individuality, and need the approbation of others to confirm their beliefs. According to Nash, such people are happiest when

"a newcomer should give [them] a password, come over to [their] side, join [their] little camp or religion, get into [their] little boat, in short, whatever it is, and help [them] to row it. It's natural enough; we are mostly in different tubs and cockles, paddling for life. Our opinions, our convictions and doctrines and standards, are simply the particular thing that will make the boat go--our boat,

⁸ Gordon and Stokes 108-09 briefly discuss Notre Dame as an example of "the beautiful," which forces Nick to define his attitudes toward art.

naturally, for they may very often be just the thing that will sink another. If you won't get in, people generally hate you." (184)

Nick complains that Nash's metaphor is a weak one, so Nash elaborates:

"Boats can be big, in the infinite of space, and a doctrine is a raft that floats the better the more passengers it carries. A passenger jumps over from time to time, not so much from fear of sinking as from a want of interest in the course or the company. He swims, he plunges, he dives, he dips down and visits the fishes and the mermaids and the submarine caves; he goes from craft to craft, and splashes about, on his own account, in the blue, cool water. The regenerate, as I call them, are the passengers who jump over, in search of better fun. I turned my somersault long ago." (184)

Goaded him on a bit, Nick replies that Nash has merely launched another craft in hopes of attracting other people to it. This accusation, of course, Nash denies.

The significance of the boat metaphor becomes apparent when the two men reach Notre Dame and discuss its beauty. The narrator applies Nash's metaphor of the boat to the cathedral. After mentioning that "The lamplight of the great city washed its foundations" (190), the narrator goes on to say of the cathedral:

Behind and at the sides, the huge dusky vessel of the church seemed to dip into the Seine, or rise out of it, floating expansively--a ship of stone, with its flying buttresses thrown forth like an array of mighty oars. (191)⁹

This magnificent edifice has meaning for Nick, not as a building but as an architectural achievement, a work of art. It

⁹This comparison of Notre Dame to a boat was a commonplace one, not unique to this novel.

stands alone before him, pulled out of the context of history, in the realm of the permanent. Unlike the Notre Dame of du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson, this cathedral, decades later,

disengaged from her old contacts and adhesions, rises high and fair, with her front of beauty and her majestic mass, darkened at that hour, or at least simplified, under the stars, but only more serene and sublime for her happy union, far aloft, with the cool distance and the night. (190).

The cathedral's freedom from the past, at least in Nick's perception of it, is re-emphasized when the narrator states,

[Nick and Nash] came out before the church, which looks down on a square where the past, once so thick in the very heart of Paris, has been made rather a blank, pervaded, however, by the everlasting freshness of the great cathedral-face. (190)

Nick has strong reactions to the cathedral which in one sense ally him with Nash and in another, separate him from the aesthete. Not such an extreme individualist as Nash, Nick, who is still trying to resolve the conflict within himself concerning the choice of careers, happily shares with Nash his deep admiration for the beauty of the sight before him:

Nick Dormer lingered near [the cathedral] with joy, with a certain soothing content; as if it had been the temple of a faith so dear to him that there was peace and security in its precinct. And there was comfort, too, and consolation of the same sort, in the company, at this moment, of Nash's equal response, of his appreciation, exhibited by his own signs, of the great effect. (191-92)

But Nash, according to his "little system," is content to be a spectator, to allow the sum of his experience with art to equal the highest development possible of the sensations within himself, whereas Nick Dormer wants desperately to participate in the creation of

art, to produce. Nick remarks, "'How it straightens things out and blows away one's vapors--anything that's done!'" (190), and "'The great point is to do something, instead of muddling and questioning; and, by Jove, it makes me want to!'" (191). Nick, then, feels a strong urge, not to splash about in the water, as Nash does, but to climb onto the dusky vessel of art, on which of necessity other artists ride, and develop his talent. These expressions of his desire are easily made in Paris, far from the responsibilities of home, but Nick admits that he has much to contend with in the way of family, friends, and conscience before he can abandon himself, if he ever can, to his art.

In order to show the progress of Nick's struggle with this problem back in England, James introduces into the novel an English counterpart of Notre Dame and records Nick's reactions to it on his home turf. Upon his return to England, Nick decides to go ahead and run for Parliament in order to please his mother and sisters; his fiancée, Julia Dallow; and the memory of his deceased father who had been a member of Parliament. One duty which he must perform is to visit a Mr. Carteret, a dear friend of his late father and a sort of surrogate father to Nick, a man who has devoted his entire life to government. Nick approaches the elderly man's home in Beauchere, just outside of London, with mixed feelings, for at

the quiet house . . . enjoyment, for him, had ever been mingled with a vague oppression. He was a little boy again, under Mr. Carteret's roof--a little boy on whom it had been duly impressed that in the wide, plain, peaceful rooms he was not to "touch." (312)

Nick's perception of these feelings of oppression and constraint are transferred to his perception of the huge old abbey¹⁰ which is visible from Mr. Carteret's doorstep. When he strolls over to look at the imposing structure, Nick perceives it to be "the secondary fact of Beauclere, after Mr. Carteret" (313). The metaphor of the boat is once again evident, but instead of being described as a magnificent "dusky vessel," this abbey has "aspects in which its vast bulk reminded [Nick] of the ark left high and dry upon Ararat. At least it was the image of a great wreck, of the indestructible vessel of a faith, washed up there by a storm centuries before" (316). Part of the reason for Nick's thinking of the abbey in terms of a wreck is the fact that the old abbey is actually worn down through the use of time and is in need of restoration. But significantly, because of Nick's own oppressed state of mind, the abbey appears to him in a negative light.

Whereas Notre Dame seems to Nick to have broken free from her moorings to the past, this English abbey seems to be in drydock with its past visible on every side. Nick's thoughts, as he walks around the abbey, turn on this past and seem to bind him to it. The abbey makes him aware not of art and beauty but of

simply the sense of England--a sort of apprehended revelation of his country. The dim annals of the place appeared to be in the air (foundations bafflingly early, a great monastic life, wars of the Roses, with battles and blood in the streets,

¹⁰ Lockridge discusses the description of the abbey in relation to what he calls "a larger movement in the novel" (83), "from one of motion to one of stasis" (83), but he does not relate the abbey to Notre Dame.

and then the long quietude of the respectable centuries, all corn-fields and magistrates and vicars), and these things were connected with an emotion that arose from the green country, the rich land so infinitely lived in, and laid on him a hand that was too ghostly to press and yet, somehow, too urgent to be light. It produced a throb that he could not have spoken of, it was so deep, and that was half imagination and half responsibility. These impressions melted together and made a general appeal, of which, with his new honors as a legislator, he was the sentient subject. If he had a love for this particular scene of life, might it not have a love for him and expect something of him? What fate could be so high as to grow old in a national affection? (319)

Despite his patriotically selfless thoughts, when Nick enters the abbey, "he felt the oppression of his conscience as he walked slowly about" (320).

As the novel progresses, Nick continues to struggle with his choice of careers, and he finally makes an irreversible decision in favor of art by giving up his seat in Parliament. When he returns to Beauclere to tell Mr. Carteret, who is on his deathbed, of his decision, a decision which will cost him his fiancée and a large inheritance from the childless Mr. Carteret, Nick is at peace with himself, and this peace is evident in the description of his stroll around the abbey:

Our young man turned his steps again to the abbey and took a stroll about it in the starlight. It never looked so huge as when it reared itself into the night, and Nick had never felt more fond of it than on this occasion, more comforted and confirmed by its beauty. (573)

The words in the last phrase of this quotation echo Nick's feelings about Notre Dame much earlier in the novel. Freed himself from the constraints and responsibilities inherited from the past, Nick can

now look upon the abbey with the same free artisitic eye with which he earlier viewed the beauty of Notre Dame.

Both the streets of Paris and the buildings that line them are of interest to the British visitor in Paris and provide the novelist with materials for constructing his story. Whereas if the character's walking is emphasized in the novel, the focus is on the motion of the character's mind, as well as on the character himself, here the focus is on the objects viewed--the streets and the buildings--and the ways in which they are used in the novels. The streets may be presented as a stage of sorts upon which various events of the novel unfold. And the buildings carry with them religious, political, or secular associations which the novelist may use symbolically or manipulate in order to develop character or advance the plot. Both add to the novels the unique atmosphere of Paris.

CHAPTER III

THE LANGUAGE

When an English traveler arrives in Paris, he is usually aware of many sensations unfamiliar to him in his previous experience in England. Though the city is filled with streets and buildings as is any city, these particular streets and buildings are just different enough from those in London to keep him alert to and observant of his surroundings. But sights are not the only unfamiliar sensations that he perceives. The sounds of human voices speaking French transport him into what may seem like a totally alien universe. Indeed, the novel which is set, at least in part, in a foreign city such as Paris, poses special problems to the writer of fiction, as well as presenting special opportunities for innovation. Some of these problems are anticipated and dealt with by the writers of journals, who comment upon the ease or difficulty with which they communicate with the citizens of Paris.

For several journal writers, the national language is a reflection of the national character. Thomas Holcroft, for one, indicates his belief that the French are more concerned with how they express what they plan to do than with how they actually carry out their plans. He feels that the French place more emphasis on the word than on the deed:

In language, every thing spoken of must be perfect, or something more than perfect: it must excite admiration, if not astonishment. In execution, most things are left as chance

shall guide. The work is often begun in the spirit described; and great ingenuity, talent, nay and sometimes genius are exercised: yet the cases are rare in which the performance does not soon fall into neglect, and the work is not left in an unfinished, often in a deplorable state. In this condition are many of their grandest buildings. (1: 382-83)

As an example of his observation, Holcroft describes the difference between a festival that he actually sees in Paris and the program which enumerates in great detail each event of the festival. He concludes that "The parade of things limps but feebly after the parade of words: what was the festival compared to the program?" (1: 394). Though he admits that at times such lavish description can be good, he also notes that "This parade of words influences the whole system of action; and the influence is . . . sometimes bad" (1: 391). It can be especially bad for the British visitor who is accustomed to taking a man at his word and expecting him to fulfill his verbal commitments, for it can add to the feelings of uncertainty that he may already have begun to sense in this foreign city. Holcroft presents several other examples of the overblown phraseology which may confront the British visitor. Having come upon the sign "'Aux artistes réunis'" (1: 229) in the Palais Royal, Holcroft is surprised to discover that the artists in question are none other than shoe-blacks. From time to time throughout his journal, Holcroft makes similar references to the French people's "pretensions . . . [which are evident] in their hand-bills and printed puffs, as in their conversation" (1: 381).

Not everyone, however, is critical of the French art of conversation, an art of which the French are quite proud. John Carr

recalls overhearing a conversation between a five-year-old French girl and her father, during the course of which the child complains: "'Why do you rebuke me? . . . when you know I love you so much that I could kiss your naked heart'" (136). Whereas Holcroft would probably have disparaged the extreme nature of the idiom, at least of the idiom translated literally, Carr finds the expression pleasing and remarks: "I mention this circumstance, to show how early in life, the French children imbibe the most charming expressions, by which their more mature conversation is rendered so peculiarly captivating" (136). In fact, many British writers portray the adult conversation at soirées as delightful. Harriette Wilson sends her characters to a French soirée only "after [they have] duly [studied] the most polite expressions in French" (44-45). And the narrator of Zanoni admits, "Vain labour for me--vain labour almost for the grave English language, to do justice to the sparkling paradoxes that flew from lip to lip" (48-49). The disadvantage at which a British visitor may find himself in a Parisian drawing room is indicated by the narrator of The Tragic Muse, who refers to the French opinion that the English are "an inexpressive and speechless race . . . unaddicted to enriching any bareness of contact with verbal or other embroidery" (1). But before he can even attempt to participate in the gentle art of conversation, the British visitor must have a fairly general working knowledge of the French language.

British people visit Paris with greatly varying capacities for communicating with the natives. For the person with no background in French, his first contact with the French language can be

a source of confusion for him and a source of amusement for those who read about it. Two words which recur in both journals and fiction to describe the Englishman's perception of the French language when he first arrives are "jabber" and "chatter." Both of these words express the Englishman's impression that French is spoken too rapidly and too indistinctly to be intelligible. Carr, who speaks French well enough to get along on his own, describes the speech of the French that he hears when he arrives in France: "all [were] talking together, with a velocity, and a vehemence, which rendered the faculty of hearing almost a misfortune" (22). Some British visitors perceive a "scolding" (Holcroft 1:146) tone in the French language and are not always complimentary in their descriptions of French. The Reverend Shepherd, while visiting the Jardin des Plantes notes: "In another enclosure a collection of monkies [sic] seemed, by their grinning and chattering, to be quite at home in Paris" (254). Others, however, report hearing the "cheery clatter of shrill quick French voices" (Thackeray 12) and the "melodious jabber of France" (Thackeray 44). And for du Maurier's narrator of Trilby, Paris "is a babel of tongues--the cheerfulest, busiest, merriest scene in the world" (292). The reputation of the French for speaking rapidly and the reputation of an Englishman for having mastered the language are both acknowledged even on Hardy's heath in rural England. One of the heath-dwellers speaks admiringly of Clym with reference to his mastery of the French language: "'They say he can talk French as fast as a maid can eat

blackberries; and if so, depend upon it we who have stayed at home shall seem no more than scroff in his eyes" (86).

Similar feelings of inadequacy are sometimes expressed by the British visitor just arrived in France. Bulwer-Lytton's character Pelham remarks that when he and his traveling companion Clinton "dined, for the first time in [their] lives, on French ground--[they] were astonished to find so little difference between the two countries, and still more so at hearing even the little children talk French so well" (29). Others who have struggled through oral drills and written exercises in language classes make note of the ease with which the children speak and pronounce their native language. John Scott reports that he could "hear the youngest children, and the most miserable of the poor, talking a language which [he] had been accustomed to consider as the proof of a liberal education" (15-16). Indeed, those English people with only a scanty knowledge of French are reduced to a linguistic second childhood. And although some French people are patient with these British visitors, others react to the non-comprehension of the British people with rage (Wilson 27).

The poor accent of a British person trying to speak French, coupled with his intermittent non-comprehension, provides the writer of fiction with the means of creating comic conversations and light satire. Though some British people, through training and practice, acquire passable or even admirable French accents, many more British people lacerate the language. Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson,

bilingual like the author, describes the "barbarous and grotesque" (52) accents of some British people whose sentences are filled "with dreadful 'ongs,' and 'angs,' and 'ows,' and 'ays'" (52). Thackeray also notices the British difficulty with the French nasals, for he has his character Mr. M. A. Titmarsh describe "a fat Englishman [in a hotel, who] has opened his window violently, and says, 'Dee dong, gar song, vooly voo me donny lo sho [l'eau chaude], ou vooly voo pah?'" (12).

Du Maurier allows his young men in Trilby to speak their British version of the French language,¹ not only to poke gentle fun at them, but also to illustrate their sincere desire to learn the language. The Laird is an example of the type of person who, with no real ear for language, nevertheless picks up words and phrases haphazardly and uses them most often in the wrong situations; yet his sincerity is apparent. Du Maurier explains that the Laird's "French was of that honest English kind that breaks up the stiffness of even an English party; and his jolly manners were such as to put an end to all shyness and constraint, and to make self-consciousness impossible" (46). Throughout the novel, the Laird comes out with expressions such as "'dongsong le konkong'" (104-05), "ongbongpwang" (290), "'Oon pair de gong blong'" (310), "'Combiang'" (305), "'fote de myoo'" (297), and "'Voilà l'espayce de hom ker jer

¹Kelly 109-10 also notes du Maurier's use of dialects in Trilby.

swee!'" (105). Although the Laird does not have a finely tuned ear, du Maurier admits that he

had a quick ear, and a craving to be colloquial and idiomatic before everything else, and made many awkward and embarrassing mistakes.

It would be with him as though a polite Frenchman should say to a fair daughter of Albion, "D--- my eyes, mees, your tea is getting --- cold; let me tell that good old --- of a Jules to bring you another cup."

And so forth, till time and experience taught him better. It is perhaps well for him that his first experiments in conversational French were made in the unconventional circle of the Place St. Anatole des Arts. (56)

The Laird thus represents, linguistically, the uninhibited acquirer of languages.

Little Billee, a much more reserved character, is more inhibited than the Laird. Whereas quotations of the Laird's French occur rather frequently in the novel, quotations from Little Billee occur rarely. Several of his responses in French are rendered, "'Kwaw?'" (82), "'Wee'" (82), "'Nong'" (82), and "'Demang mattang, à votre sairveece!'" (67). These are just enough to indicate that he too speaks with a strong British accent, at least early in his stay at Paris. A quiet, introspective young man, Little Billee at times jumps to conclusions which have no basis in fact. For example, he reacts strongly to an overheard conversation in French slang between Trilby and several young Frenchmen who are visiting the studio:

Little Billee's heart sluices had closed during this interchange of courtesies. He felt it to be of a very slangy kind, because he couldn't understand a word of it, and he hated slang. All he could make out was the free use of the "tu" and the "toi," and he knew enough French to know that this implied a great familiarity, which he misunderstood. (43-44)

Thomas Holcroft comments on the several circumstances under which the familiar "tu" may be employed:

between friends and relations in France, [tu] is commonly used; and in polite life always denotes either affection or irony. In some instances, . . . it denotes both: and, indeed, whenever it is used as irony, either parentage, friendship, or great intimacy, must authorize its use; unless in cases of angry contempt, or among the vulgar. In fact, it is employed in Paris in much the same manner that it still continues to be in some of the counties of England, distant from the capital. (1: 403)

When Little Billee overhears Trilby's conversation with the young Frenchmen, he seems to draw the hasty conclusion that the use of "tu" implies "great intimacy" between Trilby and her friends, without considering other possibilities. Later, du Maurier describes Little Billee's French as "his French of Stratford-atte-Bowe" (66), perhaps an allusion to Chaucer's Prioress, who was also a bit too prim and proper.

Harriette Wilson's linguistic satire of the British visitor is sharper than du Maurier's, for she satirizes the self-made British couple who hope to secure a place for their name in the upper classes by giving their children every advantage of acquiring culture and of marrying well. In the eyes of such a couple, a family trip to Paris could accomplish both goals. Wilson establishes the parents' social class and level of linguistic ability when she reports what Mrs. Callam says to her husband: "I don't see no hobstacle against a trip to Paris, to finish our daughters' heddication, and give them the proper French hacksent, vich is, indeed, all, our Eliza vants, after the sight of money ve have paid

to her French master" (18). The children do speak with acceptable accents in English and in French, but for the parents there seems to be no hope. Upon their arrival at the Messagerie in Paris, the mother complains that she cannot understand what the French people surrounding her are trying to say:

Oh! dear me! What do they all want? observed Mrs. Callam. I wish Eliza would translate for us, after all the expense we have been at, in larning her French. Come here, child. Stand by your pa, do. Ve're tired to death of all these noisy people. I vish ve cou'd get a hackney coach, to drive us to an inn. Vot a queer way this is, for to put down their passengers in such a Babylon of a houtlandish place! (25)

The parents in the Callam family are examples of those people to whose non-comprehension the French people react with rage. The Callams, in attempting to understand the foreign language pouring into their ears, act in one of two ways. Either they repeat what they hear without any comprehension whatsoever. For example, when a Frenchman tries to inform the Callams in French, "Veut on bien faire entendre, à cette grosse dame Anglaise, que son fiacre l'attend? Fiacre à la porte!" (23), Wilson explains that "These remarks were all unintelligible to the soap-boiler [Mr. Callam]" (23). Callam finally exclaims,

D--n it . . . I wish I had stayed in England! What the devil does all this mean? This dirty fellow haunts me, pointing to the ragged commissioner, with his feeharkur ally pot. What the devil is feeharkur ally pot? (23)

Or they try to make sense of the French language by searching for cognates where none are to be found. When a Frenchman attempts to give Mrs. Callam a set of keys, he says, "Vos clefs! vos clefs! . . .

holding out his hand toward them impatiently" (23). Mrs. Callam then remarks to her daughter, "Eliza, my love . . . what can this man mean, by calling out for clay? We have got no clay to give him! How should we?" (23-24). Fortunately for the parents, the children have studied and can understand French. Wilson continues her satire of these British parents by having them pick up phrases which they will later be able to use to impress their friends back home, such as "hallar fronsays" (34) and "har longlaze" (33). Though the phrases are correctly inserted into their English sentences, the distortion of the spelling indicates the distortion of the accent.

Such use of language can take on not only comic but sinister overtones, as when du Maurier quotes the speech of Svengali in Trilby. Early in the novel, the narrator has Svengali speak his strange mixture of "German-Hebrew-French" (66) untranslated. Svengali, who "spoke fluent French with a German accent, and humorous German twists and idioms, and [whose] voice was very thin and mean and harsh, and often broke into a disagreeable falsetto" (12), makes statements such as "'Ponchour, mes enfants Che vous amène mon ami Checko, qui choue du fiolon gomme un anche!'" (12) and "'le biâno! . . . Ch'espère qu'il est pon, et pien t'accord'" (12). The reader quickly realizes the substitutions du Maurier is making and the destructive effect of these substitutions on the harmony of the French language. Later, the narrator tells the reader in a parenthesis:

I will translate [Svengali] into English, without attempting to translate his accent, which is a mere matter of judiciously

transposing p's and b's, and t's and d's, and f's and v's, and g's and k's, and turning the soft French j into sch, and a pretty language into an ugly one. (29)

But these transpositions continue, from time to time, to creep into Svengali's speeches, even when they are translated into English.

Svengali calls one of his pupils a "'pearl of Pabylon'" (62) and a "'cazelle-eyed liddle Cherusalem skylark'" (62). His effect on language, in a sense, resembles his effect on people, for he can take something beautiful, like French or like Trilby, and destroy it.

In addition, then, to portraying the British and other visitors in Paris, trying to speak French, several writers depict the French people attempting to speak English to their visitors. Thackeray records the voices of Frenchmen trying to persuade British people newly arrived in Paris to secure accommodations in their hotels:

twenty cards are thrust into your hand, and as many voices, jabbering with inconceivable swiftness, shriek into your ear, "Dis way, sare; are you for ze ' 'Otel of Rhin?' Hôtel de l'Amirauté!'--'Hôtel Bristol,' sare!--'Monsieur l'Hôtel de Lille?' Sacr-rrre' nom de Dieu, laisser passer ce petit, Monsieur! Ow mosh loggish ave you, sare?" (16)

In fact, at times a Frenchman's French is more comprehensible than his attempts at English. John Scott recalls in his journal that at a hotel in Dieppe, "The host led the way, talking such English, that we were obliged to beg he would be intelligible to Englishmen by speaking French" (20). Du Maurier mimics the attempts of the French students at Carrel's studio to speak textbook English when they meet the three young Englishmen. These Frenchmen merely parrot phrases that they have memorized in class and that have no application to the situation:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole 'at?"
 "I av not seen your fahzere's ole 'at." (80)

They typically drop the initial h sound and are unable to pronounce the th.

As long as writers are concerned with depicting the English speaking French with an English accent or the French speaking English with a French accent, they can rely on orthographical changes to produce the various accents. But those writers who portray English characters actually interacting with French characters are faced with the challenge of creating a linguistic illusion. If these writers and all of their readers were bilingual, then no problem would exist. The writers could let their French characters speak in French and their English characters speak in English, and continue to use the orthographic alterations when characters spoke in a language other than their own. Unfortunately, however, these British authors were writing for an audience that was not for the most part bilingual, so some of them attempted, in various ways, to create the illusion that in France their French characters were actually speaking French even though the readers were reading these French words as English words in the novels.

Bulwer-Lytton in Pelham addresses this problem when he sends two of his characters to a soirée in Paris. Pelham and Vincent carry on a conversation with a duchess about the merits of French and English literature. Two of the duchess's comments are rendered in French, but two others are given in English. It seems, however,

that the entire conversation is intended to be taking place in French, for when the duchess's words are rendered in English, she makes no grammatical mistakes and mispronounces only the proper names "'Valter Scote'" (54) and "'Robe Roi'" (54), the only really "English" words in the sentence. These mispronunciations then indicate that although these few sentences are written in English, the duchess is understood to be speaking in French. A similar but slightly more complicated example of this phenomenon occurs a bit later in the same novel. Pelham's French landlady calls on the young man to ascertain whether or not his apartments are satisfactory. Their conversation, though written in English, is assumed to be taking place in French. As long as the landlady is supposed to be speaking French, her speech patterns, rendered in English, are normal. But when she actually attempts to speak English, her speech patterns become broken: "'I have seen much English!' said the lady, for the first time speaking our language" (76), and "'You are handsome garçon'" (76). Instead of relying on orthographic changes, Bulwer-Lytton here experiments with syntactic changes.

Du Maurier in Trilby also makes use of syntactic changes, and his are based on direct translations of idiomatic French expressions, but he uses these structures to indicate that the characters are speaking French, not English. For example, one of the young Frenchmen at Carrel's atelier, who is trying to persuade Little Billee to sing for the group, says, "'I find there is something of very capitous [sic] and very exciting in English music--of very stimulating'" (86). Here, du Maurier is directly translating the French

idiom quelque chose de and the adjective, omitting the adverb. The next Frenchman's speech is slightly more complicated:

"Oh, me! It is above all the words that I admire; they have something of passionate, of romantic--'ze-ese glâ-âves, zese glâ-âves--zey do not belong to me.' I don't know what that means, but I love that sort of--of--of--of--je ne sais quoi, in short! Just once more, l'Anglais; only once, the four couplets." (87)

Du Maurier directly translates the idiom again to show that the character is speaking French, then has the character recite a line from the song in English with a heavy French accent. When the character speaks the next sentence, rendered in unaccented English, he has returned to speaking French. This return to French is accentuated by the character's admission that he does not understand the English words that he has just spoken. Then, to reinforce the fact that the character is speaking French, du Maurier inserts a common French phrase into the middle of the last sentence. Clearly, experimentation with the portrayal of characters speaking a language other than their own can become quite involved.

Like Bulwer-Lytton and du Maurier, Dickens in A Tale of Two Cities experiments with the language spoken by his characters in an effort to create the illusion that his French characters are speaking French even though their words are written in English.² Throughout the French portions of the novel appear words and phrases like

²Page 74-75 differentiates between an author's use of "broken English" and "idiosyncratic dialogue" when the writer is depicting his characters speaking a foreign language. He does not, however, deal with this scene from A Tale of Two Cities.

"'Just heaven'" (280) for juste ciel, "'How?'" (368) for comment, "'Hold, then!'" (65) for tiens, alors, and "'the sun going to bed'" (196) for le soleil en se couchant. In addition, when Dickens has the choice of using a Latin-based or an Anglo-Saxon-based word, he noticeably uses the Latin-based word, for example, "'repast'" for "'meal'" and "'advocate'" for "'lawyer'" (Haig 94). The full effect of Dickens's choice of words for his characters may be felt in the scene where the carriage containing Mr. Lorry, Dr. Manette, Lucie, and the unconscious Charles reaches the barrier of the city of Paris and Mr. Lorry presents their papers to the guards:

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizens.--And the first danger passed!" (385-86)

This conversation between Mr. Lorry and the guard is filled with Gallicisms, indicating that the two men are speaking French and producing a stiff, artificial effect which corresponds to the tenseness of the situation. But Mr. Lorry's last sentence, "And the first danger passed," is spoken not to the guard but to himself as a sigh of relief. This is the only sentence in the conversation that contains no Gallicisms and is intended to be uttered in English. The escape then from this artificial linguistic universe into a more familiar linguistic universe reflects the characters' escape from the city of Paris and all of its arbitrary laws and dangers (Haig 95-96).

Even though Mr. Lorry may feel finally at ease when he passes the barrier and can breathe a sigh of relief in his native language,

Dickens has taken care to establish early on that Mr. Lorry and Sydney Carton have a great facility with the French language. Mr. Lorry mentions to Lucie Manette while they are still in Dover that he had known her father, Dr. Manette, in Paris, for he had worked at the French branch of Tellson's Bank for twenty years (54). Thus, he would have no trouble communicating with the French people. It is even more important that Sydney Carton speak impeccable French. Carton, while talking with his friend Stryver, recalls the fact that the two of them had studied law in Paris: "'Even when we were fellow-students in the Student-Quarter of Paris, picking up French, and French law, and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always--nowhere!'" (120). Carton's ability to pass for a Frenchman is reaffirmed in his conversation with the French wood-sawyer outside the walls of the prison of La Force:

"But you are not English," said the wood-sawyer, "though you wear English dress?"

"Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and answering over his shoulder.

"You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here."

"Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good night, Englishman." (341)

This passage not only confirms Carton's ability to remain undetected by any flaw in accent when he later exchanges places with Darnay, but also anticipates part of the method by which he will cause Darnay to be removed without question from the prison--by exchanging the prisoner's French clothes for his English clothes. Finally, Carton's excellent ear for language allows him to detect that Barsad in the

wine-shop was speaking to an Englishman rather than to a Frenchman:

"It--can't--be," muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. "Can't be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought?"

"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign!" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. "Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey." (332)

Carton's acute perceptivity clears the way for Jerry Cruncher's revelation that, despite all of Barsad's claims to the contrary, Cly is not dead and buried in London but very much alive and scheming in Paris. And once again the idea of disguising oneself as a Frenchman presents itself. Carton's ability to speak French, then, is essential to his being able to set up and carry out his plan to save Charles Darnay.

Not all of the British characters who arrive in Dickens's Paris are able to communicate in French. In fact, the inability of one of the characters to speak or understand French sets up a major dramatic conflict in the novel. The steadfast and loyal Miss Pross is one of those British visitors in Paris, who is convinced that the knowledge of one language, English, is sufficient for any subject of the King. When she first lays eyes on Monsieur and Madame Defarge, Mr. Lorry introduces her and says, "'Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French'" (296). The seeds of the later conflict are planted in the description of Miss Pross's attitude toward the French people to whom she is presented:

The lady in question, whose conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by

distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance, whom her eyes first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope you are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but, neither of the two took much heed of her. (296)

Her lack of knowledge of French, however, does not keep Miss Pross from performing her duties for the family entrusted to her care. Dickens's description of her shopping techniques indicates how she is able to make shopkeepers understand what she wishes to buy with a minimum of effort on her part, for her ability to express her desires transcends her inability to speak French:

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of that "nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it) than Mr Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun-substantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and, if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be. (317)

Thus, when placed in a position where she and a French person both desire something, such as the sale of an item, Miss Pross is able to understand and to be understood with only the slightest help from spoken language.

This ability to read her adversary comes into play when, alone in the house after the rest of the household has fled from

Paris, Miss Pross turns around and finds herself face to face with Madame Defarge. Only after four short speeches, two by each character, does the narrator intervene to explain the linguistic circumstances of the situation: "Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant" (395). Though they cannot understand each other, each knows the other's attitude toward the Darnay family: "[Madame Defarge] knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy" (395). The two women continue to talk at each other until finally Madame Defarge rushes to open three of the four doors in the room and then turns to Miss Pross to say,

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer. (396-97)

Because each woman knows what the other wants, words are superfluous, and meanings are understood in spite of the barriers of language. Unfortunately, after this conflict between the two women, Miss Pross will never hear any language again, for the blast of the gunshot which kills Madame Defarge, deafens Miss Pross. Dickens, then, makes language important to the development of plot and character as well as to the style of the novel.

Not only the characters' actions but their very names may be influenced by the language in the novels.³ The names of several of James's characters may reflect their natures. Although Nick Dormer's last name may be at first suggestive of a dormer window, it also resembles the French verb dormir, meaning to sleep. The first description of Nick implies that he has not yet awakened to himself, that he has not yet become aware of his own true potential:

There was food for suspicion, perhaps, in the wandering blankness that sat at moments in his eyes, as if he had no attention at all, not the least in the world, at his command; but it is no more than just to add, without delay, that this disparaging symptom was known, among those who liked him, by the indulgent name of dreaminess. For his mother and sisters, for instance, his dreaminess was notorious. (5)

As the novel progresses, Nick's eyes open, and he becomes aware of the real possibility of his becoming an artist. Two other characters in the novel have names that seem juxtaposed to each other--Miriam Rooth, the young, aspiring actress, and Madame Carré, the older, experienced actress. Though the name Rooth seems to have its antecedents in the Jewish name Roth, the corruption of the name--the addition of an o--seems appropriate, for the name suggests the word root, something organic, something starting at the very bottom, something growing. For grow is exactly what Miriam does as an actress. Though her first private readings seem to indicate that

³The significance of the names of the characters in *A Tale of Two Cities* has been often discussed. For informative interpretations of these names, see Davis 37-38, Ruer 53-59, Eigner 150, Goldberg 113-14, and Stange 70.

she can hope for no future in the theatre, through her perseverance and desire, she is able to mold herself into a sensitive actress. Madame Carré, from the old school, is more rigid in her theories and methods of acting than Miriam is. Her name suggests the opposite of organic--the squared, the enclosed. Thus, the two names may represent the old and the new methods of acting portrayed by the two characters.

Several characters in du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson also have significant names. The last names of the two main characters indicate, to a certain extent, their outlooks on life. The main character, who later in life takes the name of his uncle Peter Ibbetson, is originally given the family name of Pasquier. It is appropriate that this young man's name contain the sounds of the French words qui, est, and pas, for at one point in his young adulthood, he contemplates suicide: "I loathed the very sight of myself in the shop-windows as I went by" (134). He even composes an epitaph for himself: "'Je n'étais point. Je fus. Je ne suis plus'" (135), in French. Not long after, at the home of Lady Cray, whose name resembles the French word for create--je crée--this young man meets the Duchess of Towers, a tall, beautiful woman who turns out to be the Mimsey Seraskier with whom he used to play as a child and who used to live nearby in the Rue de la Tour. Her name, Seraskier, is indicative of the positive influence that she will have on Peter, for just as his original name contains the words pas, qui, and est, so her name contains the sounds seras, qui, and

est. Indeed, by teaching Peter to dream true, she gives him a reason to keep on living.

When du Maurier describes these two characters playing together as children, he briefly introduces another innovative use of language into the story. As both of the children are bilingual, Mimsey creates their own special language which "consisted in anglicizing French nouns and verbs and then conjugating and pronouncing them Englishly, or vice versa" (40). They call the resulting languages Frankingle and Inglefrank:

For instance, it was very cold, and the school-room window was open, so [Mimsey] would say in Frankingle--

"Dispeach yourself to ferm the feneteer, Gogo. It geals to pier-fend! we shall be inrhumed!" or else if I failed to immediately understand--"Gogo, il frise a splitter les stonnes--maque aste et chute le vindeau; mais chute--le donc vite! Je snize déjà!" which was Inglefrank. (40)

Suggestions of Mimsey's creativity and of her positive, helpful influence on Gogo, later Peter Ibbetson, are evident even this early in their lives.

Like Peter and Mimsey, du Maurier's Trilby O'Ferrall is also bilingual, but her two languages, French and English, reflect two different sides of her character. Born of an Irish father and a Scottish mother (54), Trilby grows up in Paris speaking, as well as English, French of "the most colloquial kind. Her accent was not that of the Comédie Française, nor yet that of the Faubourg St. Germain, nor yet that of the pavement. It was quaint and expressive--'funny without being vulgar'" (24-25). When she visits the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, she enjoys hearing English

spoken again: "It awoke all manner of tender recollections, sweet reminiscences of her childhood, her parents, her old home" (90). Du Maurier remarks the inconsistency between the level of Trilby's English and the level of her French, and he illustrates with these two levels, two facets of her personality:

Trilby speaking English and Trilby speaking French were two different beings. Trilby's English was more or less that of her father, a highly-educated man; her mother, who was a Scotch woman, although an uneducated one, had none of the ungainliness that mars the speech of so many English women in that humble rank--no droppings of the h, no broadening of the o's and a's.

Trilby's French was that of the quartier latin--droll, slangy, piquant, quaint, picturesque--quite the reverse of ungainly, but in which there was scarcely a turn of phrase that would not stamp the speaker as being hopelessly, emphatically "no lady." (94-96)

From this statement, it seems that Trilby has a French personality developed during her employment as a blanchisseuse de fin and during her association with the artists and students in the Latin Quarter; and she also has an English personality which, though latent, has been reawakened through her association with the three young Englishmen in the Place St. Anatole des Arts.

Further evidence of these two sides of her personality and their effects on her thinking can be found in the description of her double perception of Little Billee's reaction to her posing in the nude at Carrel's atelier. Trilby knows that Little Billee is upset, but she cannot understand why. The narrator explains that "At first she wondered in French: French of the quartier latin. She had not seen Little Billee for a week, and wondered if he were ill. She had looked forward so much to his painting her--

painting her beautifully--and hoped he would soon come back, and lose no time" (120). As she reflects in French, her thoughts mirror the liberal attitudes of the Latin Quarter toward art and the human body as a subject of that art; and she feels no shame for her contribution to art. But when her thoughts change to English, her attitude toward her posing for the artists also changes:

Then she began to wonder in English--nice clean English of the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts--her father's English--and suddenly a quick thought pierced her through and through, and made the flesh tingle on her in-steps and the backs of her hands, and bathed her brow and temple with sweat.

She had good eyes, and Little Billee had a singularly expressive face.

Could it possibly be that he was shocked at seeing her sitting there?

She knew that he was peculiar in many ways. She remembered that neither he nor Taffy nor the Laird had ever asked her to sit for the figure, though she would have been only too delighted to do so for them. She also remembered how Little Billee had always been silent whenever she alluded to her posing for the "altogether," as she called it, and had sometimes looked pained and always very grave.

She turned alternately pale and red, pale and red all over, again and again, as the thought grew up in her--and soon the growing thought became a torment.

This new-born feeling of shame was unendurable--its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being, and she suffered agonies beyond anything she had ever felt in her life. (120-21)

In this moment, two languages and by extension two cultures come into conflict within Trilby. The conflict causes her great pain and moves her to abandon posing for artists, for the conservative English Trilby grows active and supercedes the liberal French Trilby.

When a British person in reality or a British character in a novel visits Paris, the question of language is bound to arise,

and the quality of the British visitor's experience in France is often directly related to the quality of his French. For the person who speaks no French at all, or very little, the ignorance of the language serves as a protective shell, a buffer between him and the unfamiliar attitudes and opinions of the French. He carries England with him wherever he goes, and though he is not likely to question his own beliefs because of exposure to new ideas, he is also not likely to learn much about the French people. His experience in Paris will be confined to sightseeing. The British people, however, who can communicate with the French people, remove, to an extent, this language buffer and find that they are exposed to different ways of perceiving the world and expressing those perceptions. In this way, they run the risk of changing their attitudes, of perhaps liberalizing their views on a number of matters, at least of realizing that British beliefs are not the only beliefs possible for a rational mind.

CHAPTER IV

THE SURFACE SOCIETY

If the British visitor in Paris has even some facility with the French language, he often attempts to enter Parisian society in an effort to learn more about the French people. On the possibility of a foreigner's gaining an intimate knowledge and understanding of the French people, Thomas Holcroft writes the following:

The manners and customs of a nation are so intermingled and combined, and have such minute shades, which are distinct and familiar only to the people to whom they belong, that the practice of them is perhaps more difficult to a foreigner than the task of acquiring a language. Things to which we are not accustomed generally offend: our prejudices are nothing but our habits, which do not stay to inquire; they have previously and repeatedly decided, or they would not have become habits. (2: 191)

Nevertheless, the British people--sometimes blundering, sometimes gaining insight--persist in visiting the places in Paris where they feel that they will be most likely to witness Parisian life and art. At times, but especially during the early part of the nineteenth century, the journal writers allude to the political situation under Napoleon which affects the social scene, but most of these writers seem to be more interested in commenting on French society than on the political situation per se. During their sojourn in Paris, then, they attend soirées, visit cafés, go to the theatre, visit museums, and even enter some of the studios located in the French capital. In these places, the Britons come into contact with the surface society

of Paris, and they can observe not only the productions and acquisitions of the Parisians in the realm of art, but also their customs and manners.

The British visitor to Paris, hoping to gain greater knowledge and understanding of the French people and French society than he can acquire from sightseeing, often attempts to enter Parisian society by obtaining invitations to dinner parties or soirées. The Duke of Rutland, in 1814, observes that "Society in Paris is at present confined to this species of nightly meeting" (11). And according to Lady Blessington, in the late 1820s,

At Paris certain ladies of distinction open their salons, on one evening of each week, to a circle of their acquaintance, not too numerous to banish that ease and confidence which form the delight of society. Each lady takes an evening for her receptions, and not one interferes with her arrangements by giving a party on the same night. The individuals of each circle are thus in the habit of being continually in each other's society; consequently the etiquette and formality, so gênant among acquaintances who seldom meet, are banished. (1: 268)

She also notes that "Parisian society is very exclusive, and is divided into small coteries, into which a stranger finds it difficult to become initiated" (1: 267). As a result, the British visitor may find himself calling upon and being received by other British visitors in Paris and may never enter a French drawing room. Although many British people are content to socialize only with their own countrymen, others make an effort to meet the French people on a social basis. Some arrive in Paris armed with letters of introduction which often gain them an invitation to a soirée. Others, such as John Carr,

call upon French acquaintances who had emigrated to England during the Revolution, and establish contacts with other French people through these acquaintances.

At least two of the journal writers surveyed note the effect of the Revolution on the state of French society. When Bertie Greatheed describes a soirée at the home of Madame Lavoisier, he notices the difference between a pre-revolutionary soirée and the one that he is attending that evening in 1803:

A circle round the fire; the form however of this, after a time broke up; some stood, others narrowd [sic] together and conversed. About 11 came in upon one uncoverd [sic] mahogany table soup, a hash, jellies, orgeat, fruits & compots & cakes with a bottle of wine; on another contiguous the whole apparatus of tea, & Mad^{me}: Lavoisier made an excellent bowl of punch. The whole was agreeable.--I am thus minute because the change since I was in France 16 years ago is surprising. This same party would have been . . . finely dressed; playing at cards, laughing & chattering and the whole would have ended in a supper. In how many things have they approached the english [sic] character; in how many are they infinitely remote from it! (17)

The Duke of Rutland, writing in 1814, comments in a more general fashion upon the changes that have taken place in French society:

The ancienne and nouvelle noblesse intermix very little; and although future connexion by marriage, and a sense of the necessity of the measure, may gradually wear away their present shyness, and produce a more general state of society, yet it must be a work of time, and of gradual accomplishment. (11)

Thus, the unstable nature of French society at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as well as its exclusiveness, made it often difficult for a British visitor to enter Parisian drawing rooms.

Of the British visitors who were fortunate enough to receive invitations to soirées, at least one Englishman was not impressed

with Parisian society and wrote several remarks highly critical of it. Bertie Greatheed comments on the superficiality that he finds in Paris: "What a rage everybody has to be everywhere, not for the enjoyment half so much as the say so" (47). He sees very little of the sparkling wit for which Parisian soirées are known, for "Universally the Ladies [are] seated round the rooms in form like so many butterflies pin'd in a case . . . and the men talking to each other in the middle, or staring about" (47). Apparently, he is not the only person dissatisfied with Parisian society, for he writes, "The Salmores are just as much displeased with the state of society here as we are. . . . there is neither conversation, nor society, nor conviviality" (48) and "Henry Johnson dined with us and we passed the evening at home grumbling at Parisian living" (25). Greatheed even remarks, "Take away the foreigners from this town and what remains? I am disappointed & look with dread on the time I have to stay" (7).

Not all reports about Parisian society, even in 1803, however, were unfavorable. A number of British visitors to Paris frequented the home of Miss Helen Maria Williams on the Quai Malaquais, where she hosted entertaining soirées. William Shepherd mentions attending these soirées, or tea-parties, on several occasions during his stay in Paris. He always gives a pleasant account of these evenings spent in her home. For example, he writes,

In the evening our whole party drank tea at Miss Williams's, where we met, among a variety of pleasing and intelligent characters, the late Vice-master of Malta, to whom the civil administration of that island had been delegated by

Bonaparte after its capture by the army destined for Egypt; a Neapolitan bishop, who, having embraced the popular party, had been driven from his native country by the counter-revolution; and Holcroft, the author of *Anna St. Ives* and *Hugh Trevor*. The conversation of such a party could not fail to be amusing. The evening of course passed very pleasantly. (92-93)

Even the often cantankerous Bertie Greatheed, more knowledgeable and more critical of Parisian society than Shepherd is, writes favorably of Miss Williams's soirées:

In the eve we all went to Helen Maria Williams, where there generally are interesting characters, but the house is almost taboo, in consequence of its republicanism, and we are told the government keep an exact watch over all who frequent it [.] We do not want to be sent away nor to meddle with any party, and therefore go there less than we otherwise should do. She lives with her Mother in a very nice apartment of the Quais [blank] and Mr. Stone is of the party. How they live I know not; perhaps very properly. This I know they are sensible agreeable people and I should like to see more of them. (43)

The paranoia occasioned by the state of the government in 1803 could well have contributed to the dullness of the other soirées about which Greatheed complained, for such worry must have inhibited the otherwise sparkling and witty conversation of the gatherings.

Greatheed, observantly suspicious on the personal as well as the political level, later remarks about another visit to the Williams household, "Ferguson and I to Miss Williams. Theirs is a strange mysterious establishment; and Stone an odd fellow. Where are the resources to have so good a house. I am sick of obscurity" (150). Though a seasoned traveler, he remained critical of lifestyles different from his own.

On occasion, the fictional British visitor to Paris has the opportunity to attend a soirée, and his experiences are, in some

ways, not far removed from those of the journal writers. When Pelham arrives in Paris "Full of the health which supports, and the youth which colours all excess or excitation, [he drains], with an unsparing lip, whatever that enchanting metropolis could afford" (84). Visiting Paris some years after Napoleon's death, he finds a more open social scene than the journal writers did, and he spends much of his time attending the opera, taking dancing lessons, practicing his fencing, going to soirées, and courting women (72). To aid his entry into society, Pelham comes to Paris with letters of introduction, and noting that "Paris was full to excess, and of a better description of English than those who usually overflow that reservoir of the world" (30), he enters Parisian society by attending a soirée at the home of Lord and Lady Bennington, "who were among the very few English intimate in the best French houses" (30). The guests at this dinner are English or are French emigrants, so the conversation takes place in English, and the newly arrived Pelham does not have to try out his fledgling French. Instead, he focuses on establishing for himself a character which will be pleasing to the women.¹ This soirée is the first of a series of social commitments for Pelham, and although Bulwer-Lytton does not document each soirée that Pelham attends, he does furnish the reader with representative examples.

Pelham's second invitation to a soirée is a direct result of his first, for Madame D'Anville, an attractive French woman whom he

¹For a description of Pelham's "character," see Chapter 2, p. 62.

meets at the first soirée, sees Pelham the following day in the Champs Élysées and invites him to another soirée, this time at the home of a French person, the Duchesse D---g. Here Pelham continues to try to impress Madame D'Anville by acting the gallant, and also notices some of the differences between French and English society. For example, when he first sees Madame D'Anville, he remarks that "She was surrounded with men, and talking to each with that vivacity which, in a Frenchwoman, is so graceful, and in an Englishwoman would be so vulgar" (33). He is so attentive to Madame D'Anville that she pays him a compliment by saying that he has "'something about [him] presque Parisian'" (34). The extent of her compliment is soon made evident when she gives her opinion of Englishmen in general, whom she had observed while she was an emigrant: "'they are brave, honest, generous, mais ils sont demi-barbares'" (34).

At this soirée he finds, as well as Madame D'Anville, a friend of his from England, Lord Vincent, who accompanies him to several other parties in the French capital. On one occasion, Pelham and Lord Vincent are the only two Englishmen present, and here, Pelham remains quiet, for the most part, while Lord Vincent discourses on philosophy and social customs with several French gentlemen. Lord Vincent proclaims that "'Never . . . has there been a character more often described--never one less understood. You [the French] have been termed superficial. I think, of all people, that you least deserve the accusation'" (46). Dominating the conversation, he explains to the Frenchmen his theories about the nature of the French people, but one of these Frenchmen has the last word:

"Well, well, milord, your countrymen are great generalizers in philosophy; they reduce human actions to two grand touchstones. All hilarity, they consider the sign of a shallow mind; and all kindness, the token of a false heart." (48)

At another *soirée*, when the topic of discussion is literature and the theatre, Pelham again gives his opinions sparingly and allows the loquacious Lord Vincent to dominate. Pelham's reticence contrasts with his earlier lack of reserve and is illustrative of the development of his social graces. Thus, on the eve of his departure, when he attends an intimate *soirée* at the home of the Duchesse de B---, he is able to converse with and make a good impression on the French "king's brother, the comte d'Artois, who succeeded to the throne as Charles X in 1824" (114, n. 2). The difference between the young coxcomb who attended his first *soirée* in Paris and the young gentleman who speaks with the comte d'Artois is remarkable, and Bulwer-Lytton seems to use this series of *soirées* to show the development of Pelham's character in a cosmopolitan society, for Pelham has learned how to be gallant with the ladies, and composed and confident with the gentlemen whom he meets at the *soirées*.²

Harriette Wilson, in Paris Lions and London Tigers, gives a detailed description of a middle-class English family going to a *soirée* in the apartment of a French Comtesse. Wilson does not use the *soirée* so much to illustrate character development as to satirize

²According to Campos 220, "The salon is undoubtedly a French institution: as James remarked, it is unlikely that it will ever flourish in England."

the people present. Though, at first glance, she seems to direct her satire at the French hostess, a closer look at the passage will show some satire of the English guests as well. The account of the soirée is given as a letter from Mary Callam to a friend of hers back in England. Because Mr. Callam, she explains, had brought with him "letters of credit, to a large amount, on a Paris Banker, [the members of his family] were shortly invited to his house, and [they] are now become quite popular" (40), but when they receive an invitation from a French Comtesse, Mrs. Callam is afraid of entering such high society and has to be cajoled by her family into accepting the invitation.

The first stage of their visit is the attempt to find the correct apartment. The Callams seem unaware of the fact, often reported in the journals, that the deplorable state of a staircase does not necessarily reflect the state of the apartment within. By the time the Callam family has puffed up four flights of stairs, they begin to suspect that someone has played a trick on them and that no Comtesse lives in this building, so Peter descends to check with the concierge and learns that the Comtesse does, in fact, live on the fifth floor. To this information, Mrs. Callam remarks, "Bless me . . . how ignorant we are of French manners. We should never dream of these great folks sticking themselves up in the garret, in this sort of way" (46). As "the staircase was only lighted jusqu'au quatrième" (47), the Callams had to feel their way up the last flight of stairs in the dark:

How are we to find the countess's door, among six or seven? said mamma. French stairs, too, are so often wet and dirty, added Eliza. We shall spoil our dresses, [Mary] remarked. A variety of bad and unwholesome smells assailed [their] noses as [they] poked about, from one door to another. (47)

After ringing at the wrong door and asking for the Comtesse de Bienpassé, the Callams turn around and see that

A dirty-looking old creature now issued forth from a door, at the opposite corner of the corridor, holding up a miserable little twinkling lamp, which, every instant, threatened to serve her as the lamps of fair heroines of romances are wont to do; namely, to be extinguished by the first breath of air.

Demande-t-on, la bas [sic], Madame la Comtesse de Bienpassé? called out the lamp-bearer: and, being answered in the affirmative, by five anxious voices together, [they] were beckoned forwards, and invited, with much ceremony, into a very small room, by Madame la Comtesse, elle-même!!! (48-49)

Having accomplished the first stage of their visit and having learned about the state of French staircases, the Callams enter the apartment and begin the second stage of their visit.

The description of the second stage, the actual visit, is prefaced by a description of the aptly named Comtesse de Bienpassé herself:

She was a tall, thin, old lady of, at least, sixty years of age. Her features, perhaps, had, once, been handsome; her skin was completely daubed with red and white paint, contrasted with a due proportion of snuff, which disfigured her upper lip and chin; her grey hairs were ill-concealed beneath a flaxen wig, around which were turned two rows of large white beads, and a wreath of rose-coloured flowers, which were as faded as herself. Her gauze dress had, once, been yellow; her neck and arms were uncovered; and she wore an immense clasp-bracelet, and ear-rings, and necklace of green stones. (49)

Madame la Comtesse is far from resembling the elegant women found in Pelham's social circle, but in interpreting Mary Callam's

description of the Frenchwoman, one must realize that Mary, not yet twenty years of age, may be describing the Comtesse a bit more harshly than necessary, using her own standards of youthful beauty. Following this is a description of the other guests at the soirée--a motley company--and of the room where the guests are seated. Instead of giving the gist of the entire conversation, Mary tells her friend about an indiscreet remark made by her brother about their hostess. At one point in the evening, the guests "missed Madame la Comtesse, all at once, and Monsieur le militaire happened to disappear at about the same moment" (51). When someone inquires, "Où est, donc, le beau militaire?" (51), Peter "out of pure malice, answered, in a very respectful tone, Il vient de se retirer dans la chambre à coucher, à côté, avec Madame la Comtesse" (51-52). Peeking through the open doorway, Mary sees the two of them making punch and eau sucré for the guests. She then speculates on the relationship between the two in the chambre à coucher:

It was very good of Monsieur le Militaire [to help the Comtesse], and one good turn deserves another; so it is natural, and benevolent, to suppose that Madame la Comtesse was occasionally very kind and good-natured to Monsieur le Militaire: ça coute si peu! (52)

Mary and Peter, in making their observations about the two in the chambre à coucher, are probably unaware of a fact, often noted by journal writers, concerning French apartments. Bertie Greatheed remarks that "The arrangement of a paris [sic] house is very bad. The dining room is almost always a passage room, and the ladies [sic] bed chamber very frequently so" (13). The Parisians, when they have

a large gathering, merely cover the beds, use them as sofas, and open up all the rooms to their guests. If Peter had been aware of this fact, or a little less malicious, he might not have made such a remark about his hostess. The mingling of the French and the British--people of such different manners and customs--is bound to produce some misunderstandings, but when both parties are open minded, they can perhaps learn about each other and about themselves from their associations with one another.

The café is another French institution that the British visitor to Paris may frequent. In these cafés the British visitor may pause for refreshment, meet a friend for conversation, observe the manners of the people around him, or be observed by others. The atmosphere of the café may vary from street to street in Paris. Thomas Holcroft, early in the century, describes a café which seems to be located in a lower-class section of the city:

In these countries, there is much ceremony, but little distinction: almost all persons are admitted to almost all places: a journeyman mason, perhaps without stockings and covered with the dust of his trade, enters a coffee-house as familiarly as his master. Coffee-houses themselves, in such quarters of the city, are the fit receptacles of such guests: the one to which we went was full of them; and the coffee was, perhaps, as bad as if it had been made in London. (2: 296)

Other sections of Paris are filled with beautifully decorated cafés where the upper crust congregate. Such a café is described by John Scott:

Above the cellars and the shops of the Palais Royal, there are the elegant Cafés,--the common and licensed gambling houses and bagnios,--and, still higher, the abodes of the guilty, male and female, of every description. The first mentioned

(the Cafés) are in fact brilliant temples of luxury:--on entering them for the first time, one is almost struck back by their glare of decoration and enjoyment. Ladies and gentlemen in their colours, and statues in their whiteness, and busy waiters, and painted walls, and sparkling delicacies of every kind, are mingled, and repeated, and extended in appearance to infinity, by numerous mirrors, which add vastness to elegance, and the effect of a crowd to the experience of accommodation. In one of these, the Café des milles colonnes--(so called because its columns are reflected in glasses till they become thousands)--a priestess of the place presides, with even more than the usual pomp of such persons. She is a fine woman, and admits the stare of her visitors as a part of the entertainment which they have a right to expect. For a minute or two she reads, holding the book delicately at arm's length, and simpering as if to herself at its contents, in the consciousness that she is at least regarded by fifty eyes:--then, with a look of official dignity, she receives a customer's money from one of the waiters, and daintily dips her pen into a burnished inkstand,--after which she drops the necessary memorandum on the paper, gracefully displaying her finely shaped hand, and exquisitely white kid gloves. Occasionally one of the gentlemen in the coffee-room sits down by her side, and talks gallantry as they do on the stage,--that is to say, with the air of knowing that he is the object of general remark. (131-32)

The patroness, knowing that she is being observed, in a sense puts on a show for the people in the café. And the many mirrors not only make the café seem larger than it is, but aid the customers in observing themselves or each other. Not all the cafés in the Palais Royal area are quite so elegant; some (such as the Café Montansier, also described by John Scott) seem to cater to people of apparently "loose" morals:

Leaving these scenes where Pleasure puts on her gayest trappings, and appears in all her smiles and fascinations, you may enter others where her attire is coarser, and she has assumed more of the louring, jaded, desperate look of vice. The Café Montansier was a theatre during the revolutionary period, and it still continues to be divided into galleries and pit--the stage is covered with [sic]

a vast bouquet of flowers. Here the company is understood to be of a loose description: the men are chiefly military,-- the women prostitutes. (132-33)

Though the café is an establishment where many seek pleasure and amusement, it can also be a meeting place where people congregate to discuss serious issues. Thomas Holcroft describes such a café early in the century:

The theatre where Molière performed his pieces is still in la Rue Fosse-Saint-Germain; and opposite to it is a coffee house, which I consider as the most interesting in Paris. Both the Rousseaus, Voltaire, Piron, and the men of wit whose names are most famous in literature, used to make it their resort: it was then called le Café Procope, and now le Caffé Zoppi, is kept by an intelligent Italian of that name, is still frequented by men of letters, and possesses one of the best reading rooms in Paris. (2: 467)

The café, thus, can serve a number of purposes for the British visitor in Paris, and some of these uses for the café appear in the fiction of the period as well.

In the fiction, a scene in a café can not only advance the plot or introduce new characters, but can also give an indication of the extent of the British character's understanding of French manners. Pelham tells the reader that during the early part of his stay in Paris, he

strolled idly along the Palais Royal (which English people, in some silly proverb, call the capital of Paris, whereas no French man of any rank, nor French woman of any respectability, are ever seen in its promenades) till, being somewhat curious to enter some of the smaller cafés, [he] went into one of the meanest of them; took up a Journal des Spectacles, and called for some lemonade. (38)

The young man manages inadvertently to offend two Frenchmen of the working class who are rather heatedly discussing England and the

English and who are predisposed to find fault with any Englishman who enters the café at that moment. When Pelham, after ordering one of the most expensive drinks in the café--a lemonade--, drops his newspaper and it happens to land under the Frenchmen's table,

instead of calling the garçon, [he] was foolish enough to stoop for it [himself]. It was exactly under the feet of one of the Frenchmen; [Pelham] asked him, with the greatest civility, to move: he made no reply. [Pelham] could not . . . refrain from giving him a slight, very slight push.
(39)

The offense is given; words follow, then a blow, and not long after, the two duel in the Bois de Boulogne. In this scene in the café, Thornton, who comes forward as Pelham's second in the duel, is introduced; and Bulwer-Lytton sets up a reason for displaying Pelham's fencing skills. The scene also indicates, first, Pelham's ignorance of French manners with regard to the newspaper; but, second, his knowledge of the conventions for setting up a duel between a man of blood and a man of the working class--both in England and in France. After the duel, Pelham explains to the reader why he struck the Frenchman and gave him the opportunity to demand redress. Pelham, of course, appears the magnanimous gentleman who will condescend to fight with a laborer, who will win the duel with swords, and who will part friends with his adversary.

In The Tragic Muse, Miriam Rooth explains to Peter Sherringham what an important part in her life and her mother's the café has played. Because the two women did not have a steady income, they often had to rent a tiny room that did not have much space to move around in, so they took advantage of the unwritten law that if a

customer buys one item of food or drink in a café, he may sit at the table as long as he wishes to. Miriam says,

"I have spent my life in cafés! . . . They are warm in winter, and they are full of gaslight. Mamma and I have sat in them for hours, many a time, with a consommation of three sous, to save a fire and candles at home. We have lived in places we couldn't sit in, if you want to know--where there was only really room if we were in bed." (218)

Miriam and her mother do not visit the elegant cafés of the Palais Royal, but the smaller, back-street cafés where people do not bother them. In these cafés, Miriam's mother reads voraciously while Miriam sits idle, not minding that people may be looking at her. Miriam describes her mother and herself:

"She takes [books] to cafés--the little cheap, shabby cafés, too--and she reads there all the evening. That's very well for her, but it doesn't feed me. I don't like a diet of dirty old novels. I sit there beside her, with nothing to do, not even a stocking to mend; she doesn't think that's comme il faut. I don't know what people take me for. However, we have never been spoken to: any one can see mamma's a lady. As for me, I dare say I might be anything. If you're going to be an actress, you must get used to being looked at." (219)

Though Miriam has grown accustomed to being observed in cafés, she has not let vanity interfere with her own development, for even more than being the observed, she has been the observer of the people around her in these cafés. She tells Peter,

"I will go anywhere you like; you needn't be afraid, we have been in places! I have learned a great deal that way; sitting beside mamma and watching people, their faces, their types, their movements. There's a great deal goes on in cafés: people come to them to talk things over, their private affairs, their complications; they have important meetings. Oh, I've observed scenes, between men and women--very quiet, terribly quiet, but tragic!

Once I saw a woman do something that I'm going to do
 some day, when I'm great--if I can get the situation.
 I'll tell you what it is some day; I'll do it for you.
 Oh, it is the book of life!" (220)

Miriam might have increased her knowledge of human nature had she observed Nick Dormer and Julia Dallow sitting silently at a café near the Madeleine, or Nick Dormer and Gabriel Nash conversing enthusiastically, almost feverishly, at a café table in the shadow of Notre Dame. Her experiences in cafés reveal not only the nature of the cafés and their habitués but the observant nature of this young woman determined to be an actress.

Like Miriam Rooth, Edwin Dayne in Confessions of a Young Man observes the people that he encounters in cafés, but what interests him more than their appearance is their talk. For him, the café is a school, not for learning how to act, but for learning about literature and art, for "Contact with the world is in [him] the generating force" (101). He describes his reverence for one Parisian café as follows:

I did not go to either Oxford or Cambridge, but I went to the "Nouvelle Athènes." What is the "Nouvelle Athènes"? He who would know anything of my life must know something of the academy of the fine arts. Not the official stupidity you read of in the daily papers, but the real French academy, the café. The "Nouvelle Athènes" is a café on the Place Pigalle. Ah! the morning idlenesses and the long evenings when life was but a summer illusion, the grey moonlights on the Place where we used to stand on the pavements, the shutters clanging up behind us, loath to separate, thinking of what we had left said, and how much better we might have enforced our arguments. Dead and scattered are all those who used to assemble there, and those years and our home, for it was our home, live only in a few pictures and a few pages of prose. The same old story, the vanquished only are victorious; and though unacknowledged, though unknown, the influence of the "Nouvelle Athènes" is inveterate in the artistic thought of the nineteenth century. (102)

First, he recalls the sensations that he associates with the café: "the white face of that café" (102); "the glass-door of the café [grating] on the sand as [he opens] it" (102); "the smell of every hour" (102)--of food and drinks served there. In one section of the café, he and others, he remembers, sat at marble tables "and aestheticized till two o'clock in the morning" (102). Some of the people that he mentions having seen and heard there are Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Manet, Degas, Catulle Mendès, and Pissarro. For Edwin Dayne, this particular café is an institution which profoundly affects his life and his thoughts; and the conversations, the ideas exchanged in the "Nouvelle Athènes," make his memory of the years he spent in Paris all the more valuable and poignant.

Just as the British visitor to Paris investigates the cafés of the city, so he, as a matter of course, attends the theatre. In a city the size of Paris, the visitor has a fairly wide range of theatres from which to choose. John Carr, in 1802, indicates that the Feydeau Theatre "is in general preferred to the fourteen other dramatic spectacles, which, in this dissipated city, almost every night present their tribute of pleasure to the gay and delighted parisians [sic]" (185). And in 1814, John Scott remarks that "there are ten theatres in Paris open every night, and every night crowded" (137). Opinions concerning the seriousness of the French theatre vary from one journal writer to the next. According to Scott,

The French theatre, as it is by distinction called, is sacredly devoted to the highest class of the drama: the profanation of beasts and pantomimes, is not permitted to

insult the classical presence of their best writers, and even the graces of singing are thought inconsistent with the dignity of this temple dedicated to the legitimate drama. (221-22)

Yet some British visitors, rather than being impressed, are highly offended by the material that they see represented on the stage.

Holcroft, a playwright himself, voices his discontent with some of the French theatres:

The theatres of the Boulevards were formerly famed for their licentious indecencies, of which they are by no means sufficiently reformed. To describe all that I have heard, seen, and read, on this subject, would be grossly to insult the public. (2: 360)

Both Holcroft and Greetheed mention the Montansier Theatre in the Palais Royal, which, they indicate, is "one of the most reprehensible at present" (Holcroft 2: 360), where farces and vaudevilles are usually performed.

The British visitor may, at times, be more engrossed in what goes on in the audience than in what transpires on stage, for descriptions of the French audiences occur frequently in the journals. Holcroft accuses the Parisian theatre-goers of being "guilty of the excess of rudeness" (2: 180). Of perhaps even more interest to the British visitor than the rudeness of the French theatre-goers is their reaction to the plays on stage, in particular to certain lines spoken; for their reaction is often an indicator of the public opinion in the French capital. In 1814, John Scott recounts the following:

The person who has done much injury to Hamlet, by throwing him into French, has deemed it becoming to seize that opportunity of insulting the nation which produced a play that he thought worthy of translating.

He puts in the mouth of the Danish Prince the words--
"England! fertile only in crimes." As the theatres,
 during my residence in Paris, were generally crowded
 with English, the Parisians always marked this passage
 by most emphatic applause. (158)

And by means of the theatre, members of the government may have hoped
 to influence public opinion as well as measure it. In 1802, William
 Shepherd relates that

The tragedy of Cinna contains so many passages strikingly
 applicable to the present circumstances of the French
 nation, that I am inclined to conjecture that Bonaparte
 ordered it to be represented with a view of feeling the
 pulse of the good people of Paris. In this case the
 experiment must have been perfectly satisfactory to
 his feelings; for the Parisians seemed to be ripe for the
 elevation of an Augustus to the Imperial throne. (82)

Holcroft notes that plays which spoke against the prevailing political
 regime were immediately banned and that some playwrights were even
 banished (2: 286-87)

In addition to noticing the actions of the French people in
 the audience, the British visitor may comment upon the actions of his
 fellow Britons. John Scott, who happens to notice some English people
 in the theatre before the commencement of the play, makes the follow-
 ing observation:

An English party, including several fine women, would burst
 in, as it were, into one of the open boxes,--with unsophisti-
 cated looks of preparation for enjoyment,--a regardless
 carriage derivable from guileless consciousness,--and an
 evident gladness to escape from shawls and cloaks, and to
 sit down, free to breathe and to look about them, unburthened
 and unconcealed, in the respectability and attractiveness of
 their proper selves. The French ladies, on the contrary,
 would hesitate at the door, as if they were drawing back from
 a cold bath, and then step down . . . "mincingly:"--they
 seemed to retire within their own contrivances, that they
 might take a surer aim; and sitting one by one, as they

frequently did, within the latticed boxes, accompanied by single beaus [sic], the character of their appearance was the very reverse of that native, assuring, cordial, and self-respecting manner, which gave pleasure to an Englishman's recognition of his fair countrywomen in this land of strangers. (105-06)

Just such an Englishwoman is Mrs. Wynne in Trilby, Little Billee's sister who has married Taffy. When Taffy and his wife visit Paris years after the major events of the story, they attend a "new theatre in the Boulevard Poissonnière" (446) to see a comedy which, they have been told, "is immensely droll and quite proper--funny without being vulgar" (446). Like many British visitors in Paris, "Mrs. Taffy [Wynne] is a poor French scholar. One must know French very well indeed (and many other things besides) to seize the subtle points of Madame Cantharidi's play (and by-play)!" (448). Even though Mrs. Wynne does not understand the play, she is highly amused by the expressions and actions of the actress, and she laughs heartily along with the rest of the audience. She thus becomes the object of observation of several French people in the theatre, one of whom tells his wife:

"V'là une jolie p'tite Anglaise qui n'est pas bégueule, au moins! Et l' gros boeuf avec les yeux bleus en boules de loto--c'est son mari, sans doute! il n'a pas l'air trop content par exemple, celui-là!"

The fact is that the good Taffy (who knows French very well indeed) is quite scandalized, and very angry . . . and as soon as the first act is finished he means, without any fuss, to take his wife away. (448)

Besides giving Taffy the opportunity to recognize one of the violinists in the orchestra as Gecko, whom he later meets with and from whom he learns about Svengali's mesmeric power over Trilby,

this scene dramatizes what must have often taken place in French theatres when English people have not understood or have misunderstood the lines in a French play. It is perhaps to Mrs. Wynne's credit that although she does not understand the play, she is "very ready to go, as she was beginning to feel strangely uncomfortable without quite realizing as yet what was amiss with the lively Madame Cantharidi" (449).

Observing other members of the audience and their reactions to the play is usually not, however, the main reason that British people attend the theatre in Paris. They go to the theatre expecting good entertainment, whether it be in the comic or the tragic vein. These Britons seem to be aware of the names of the principal actors and actresses in Paris, and intent upon observing and criticizing the art with which they handle themselves on the stage. Some of the actors and actresses commented upon by the journal writers are Monvel, Lafond, Mademoiselle Raucour, Madame Talma, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Mars, and Talma. Holcroft notes that "Talma long resided in London: he studied there in the school of Siddons" (2: 390). In fact, Holcroft asserts the seriousness of the French actors and actresses:

It is certain that theatrical performers, in France, make their profession a regular study; and that, in England, too many of our stage heroes are weak enough to imagine that acting is inspiration, a natural gift, or I know not what nonsense; though it is an art so difficult that the finest powers of genius, wholly employed on that study, never could bring it to such perfection but that a still indefinitely greater might be attained. (2: 365)

For Miriam Rooth in The Tragic Muse, who takes her acting very seriously, the theatre in Paris becomes a "school" which she attends as often as possible. She thinks to herself, early in the novel,

If she could only go often--in Paris, for instance, every night for six months--to see the best, the worst, everything, she would make things out, she would observe and learn, what to do, what not to do: it would be a kind of school. (172)

Too poor to afford such an extravagance, she appeals to Peter Sherringham, who gives her and her mother the use of his box at the theatre. Miriam, at first, is not a discriminating observer of the actors and actresses:

she pleased [Peter], at first, by liking everything, seeing almost no differences and taking her deep draught undiluted. She leaned on the edge of the box with bright voracity; tasting to the core, yet relishing the surface, watching each movement of the actor, attending to the way each thing was said or done as if it were the most important thing, and emitting from time to time applause or restrictive sounds. It was a very pretty exhibition of enthusiasm, if enthusiasm be ever critical. (238)

But under the tutelage of Madame Carré and Peter, Miriam refines her perceptions so that

At the theatre, on the numerous July evenings when the Comédie Française played the repertory, . . . her appreciation was tremendously technical and showed it was not for nothing she was now in and out of Madame Carré's innermost counsels. (249)

Through her observations of the actors and actresses on the French stage, along with her other work, Miriam learns not so much about French people but about people in general and the nuances with which they can be portrayed.

In Paris, the British theatre-goer by night is often the museum-goer by day. In fact, to view the magnificent works of art--

paintings and statuary--amassed by Napoleon during his campaigns and put on display at the Louvre and other museums in the city was one of the major reasons British people crossed the Channel to visit Paris, especially in the early part of the century. The opinions expressed by several of the journal writers concerning this large-scale displacement of art are often contradictory. Greateed writes,

My admiration of this collection increases every day. There are more rich convoys of pictures on the road to Paris. This is no pilfering work, but plunder by the wholesale. (60)

Though he may not agree with the plundering, Greateed does have a personal interest in what works of art are brought to Paris, for his son is studying art and copying several of the masterpieces there at the Louvre. William Shepherd is impressed with the collection and observes,

If the attracting of multitudes of wealthy and ingenious strangers to the capital of a great kingdom, be at all conducive to public prosperity, or diffusive fame, the transportation of the reliques of art and of the choicest paintings in Europe to Paris, was not merely the work of vanity--it was a master-stroke of policy. (272-73)

John Scott, in his comments on the propriety of Napoleon's actions, emphasizes the vanity of the French, and condemns the French for removing so many works of art from their original settings:

[Napoleon] has patronised the arts,--which being interpreted, means he has plundered their seats. Which of his artists, or scavans, joins sensibility with skill? They are all cant, and cold vanity, and mere mechanical dexterity. They will talk in raptures of an antient [sic] statue of Brutus, and then remove it from its ordained place, where it has rested for ages, to grace a trumpery theatre for a night, where a Roman story is performed by bad actors to their savage soldiery. The first thing they do with one of Raphael's

pictures is to repaint it,--the first sensation they have when they come upon a time hallowed relic of departed excellence, is to remove it within a short walk of the gambling-houses and toy-shops of the Palais Royal. All this is according to the system of Buonaparte, who feels nothing, and uses every thing. (ix)

Lord Elgin's actions, however, Scott condones because the English "very properly rescued [the marble statuary and freizes] from brutality" (74) and because the English have made no attempt to alter or improve these works of art but have left them in their original state. Scott, later, even goes so far as to proclaim that the art student should have to travel to out-of-the-way places, as a pilgrim of sorts, to view and study masterpieces rather than having them assembled for him in one city.

Despite Scott's views, the journal writers, in general, take pains to describe the magnificent works of art available to them and the effects produced by these works of art on them. They mention and discuss paintings by Raphael, Titian, Caracci, Poussin, and Rembrandt in the gallery of the Louvre; sculptures such as the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medici in the Salle des Antiques; and many other works of art as well. Besides observing these masterpieces themselves in the museums, several of the journal writers notice the great variety of people who visit the museums, the accessibility of the museums to the public. Carr, Shepherd, and Thackeray all note that the lower-class French people visit the Louvre, and Carr speculates on the humanizing effect that these masterpieces may have on "the sun-browned rugged plebian" (117) who views them.

Just as the journal writers visited the museums of Paris, so many of the fictional characters in Paris view the art that Paris has to offer. An art student in Paris, Little Billee of Trilby goes to the Louvre from time to time with his friends, Taffy and the Laird. But Little Billee is more interested in the Paris outside the Louvre than he is in studying the works of the great artists in the Louvre and perhaps learning their techniques by copying their paintings:

he didn't seem to trouble much about Titian . . . , or Rembrandt, or Velasquez, Rubens, Veronese, or Leonardo. He looked at the people who looked at the pictures, instead of at the pictures themselves; especially at the people who copied them, the sometimes charming young lady painters--and these seemed to him even more charming than they really were--and he looked a great deal out of the Louvre windows, where there was much to be seen: more Paris, for instance--Paris, of which he could never have enough. (10-11)

His talent is so great that he apparently does not need to learn from other works of art; he could, however, learn much from Paris.

Another artist, of another discipline, who visits the Louvre is Miriam Rooth. Peter Sherringham escorts her to the museum in hopes of making her more sensitive to different forms of art, and her comments and interpretations often surprise him:

and in the long summer days, when he had leisure, [he] took her to the Louvre to admire the great works of painting and sculpture. Here, as on all occasions, he was struck with the queer jumble of her taste, her mixture of intelligence and puerility. He saw that she never read what he gave her, though she sometimes would have liked him to suppose so; but in the presence of famous pictures and statues she had remarkable flashes of perception. She felt these things, she liked them, though it was always because she had an idea she could

use them. The idea was often fantastic, but it showed what an eye she had to her business. "I could look just like that, if I tried." "That's the dress I mean to wear when I do Portia." Such were the observations that were apt to drop from her under the suggestion of antique marbles or when she stood before a Titian or a Bronzino. (248)

Intent upon developing her own art, she intuitively borrows from her sister arts, and they help her to create in her mind the characters that she hopes one day to play.

Nick Dormer expresses similar sentiments, early in the novel, when discussing a Parisian art exhibition with his mother and his sister:

"This place is an immense stimulus to me;³ it refreshes me, excites me, it's such an exhibition of artistic life. It's full of ideas, full of refinements; it gives one such an impression of artistic experience. They [the artists] try everything, they feel everything. While you [his mother] were looking at murders, apparently, I observed an immense deal of curious and interesting work. There are too many of them, poor devils; so many who must make their way, who must attract attention. Some of them can only taper fort, stand on their heads, turn summersaults or commit deeds of violence, to make people notice them. After that, no doubt, a good many will be quieter. But I don't know; to-day I'm in an appreciative mood--I feel indulgent even to them: they give me an impression of intelligence, of eager observation. All art is one--remember that, Biddy, dear," the young man continued, looking down at his sister with a smile. "It's the same great, many-headed effort, and any ground that's gained by an individual, any spark that's struck in any province, is of use and of suggestion to all the others. We are all in the same boat." (13)

Though Nick has no intention of copying any of the works of art that he sees here, he does get ideas from them, just as Miriam got ideas

³Gordon and Stokes 85-86 note the influence of the city of Paris on Nick: "His awareness of what the exhibits at the Salon stand for involves now the whole city."

from observing other actors and actresses, and the art work in the Louvre. As if in illustration of this point that all art is one, Henry James at times describes his characters in terms of other art forms. For example, when the reader first glimpses the Dormer family seated at a table, the narrator refers to them as "a successful plastic fact" (1), and later, he states that "they were finished productions, in their way, and ranged there motionless, on their green bench, they were almost as much on exhibition as if they had been hung on the line" (2).⁴

Some British visitors, having seen the museums and curious about the art being produced in Paris at the time, gain admittance to the studios of prominent artists, meet these artists, and view their most recent paintings. The artist most often visited by the journal writers surveyed was David, a controversial man who had his apartments and his studio in the Louvre. John Carr gives a favorable account of his visit to David's studio:

During my stay in Paris, I visited the gallery of David. This celebrated artist has amassed a fortune of upwards of two hundred thousand pounds, and is permitted by his great patron and friend, Bonaparte, to occupy the corner wing of the old palace, from which every other man of genius and science, who was entitled to reside there, has been removed to other places, in order to make room for the reception of the grand National Library, which the First Consul intends to have deposited there. His apartments are very magnificent, and furnished in that taste, which he has, by the influence

⁴Gordon and Stokes 81 note that the Dormers are "seen from a distance, by a remote observer, as objects in an exhibition of objects," but they do not relate this comparison to the idea that all art is one.

of his fame, and his elegance of design, so widely, and successfully diffused. Whilst I was seated in his rooms, I could not help fancying myself a contemporary of the most tasteful times of Greece. Tunics and robes were carelessly but gracefully thrown over the antique chairs, which were surrounded by elegant statues, and ancient libraries, so disposed, as to perfect the classical illusion. (109)

Known, however, as a ruthless man, David is said to have "carried his port-folio to the front of the scaffold [during the guillotinings], to catch the last emotions of expiring nature, from the victims of his revolutionary rage" (110). His notoriety as well as his genius may have aroused the curiosity of British visitors to Paris and may have induced them to call on the artist. Bertie Greateed relates his reaction to a visit to David's apartments:

saw his wife, and his fine drawing of The Oath of the Tennis court [sic]. The room was stinking, and the woman dirty and ugly; and the bloody work her husband had been so deeply imbrued in filld [sic] me with horror, but I must see the monster. (67)

Greateed also visited the apartments and studio of Gérard, a rival of David's, and was more favorably impressed here:

I went to the Gallery from whence M^{rs}: Cosway took my family & some gentlemen to M^r: Gerards [sic] painting room in the Louvre [;] he attended us, and is an agreeable man. We liked his pictures much better than David's. (32)

These journal writers remain observers of the art in the studios just as they were in the museums.

In the fiction of the period, the British visitor to Paris, instead of remaining an observer in the studios of the city, becomes a participant in that he goes to the studios, not to view the works of other artists, but to develop his own talents as an artist. These

British visitors may rent a studio of their own, which they share with one or two other artists and in which they can paint or sketch at their leisure. They may also enroll themselves in a class which they attend in a large studio with a number of other art students, where they are supervised in their painting by an established artist. Both types of studios appear in du Maurier's Trilby.

Little Billee and his two friends, Taffy and the Laird, rent a studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, located near the Seine in the Latin Quarter of Paris. The novel opens with a detailed description of the studio with its large north window, its paintings, sketches, and plaster casts, its athletic equipment,⁵ its kitchen area, its large sofa, and its semi-grand piano. This studio serves not only as a place where the three young men paint and work, but as a place where the major characters in the novel meet each other, congregate, and interact. In this studio, the young men first meet Trilby and Svengali. It is there that Svengali plays the piano so bewitchingly well and first cures Trilby's neuralgia by means of his mesmeric powers. Trilby, preferring the three Englishmen to Svengali, visits their studio as often as possible and tries to make herself useful and needed, all the while endearing herself to the three young men. The much-anticipated Christmas dinner is held in the studio,

⁵Whiteley 20 remarks that the studio described in Trilby resembles du Maurier's own studio in Paris, with respect to the sporting equipment, and Monvel 392 notes that Englishmen often brought their interest in sport with them to Paris.

where singing and roughhousing and drinking--all good honest English fun--take place. In this studio, Mrs. Bagot meets Trilby and asks her not to see her son anymore, and there Little Billee later raves, falls ill, and recuperates. This studio is the setting for a large portion of the novel, and with this background, no matter what is going on in the story, the reader is reminded that the primary purpose for the presence of these three Englishmen in Paris is the study of art and the reconciliation of the various problems which the study of art presents.

In addition to painting in the studio at the Place St. Anatole des Arts, Little Billee is enrolled in "Carrel's atelier (or painting school) . . . in the Rue Notre Dame des Potirons St. Michel" (76). The building houses several studios, and

The largest of these studios, and the dirtiest, was Carrel's, where some thirty or forty art students drew and painted from the nude model every day but Sunday from eight to twelve, and for two hours in the afternoon, except on Saturdays, when the afternoon was devoted to much-needed Augean sweepings and cleanings.

One week the model was male, the next female, and so on, alternating throughout the year. (76)

In this studio where he comes into contact mostly with French art students, Little Billee goes through the traditional initiation of a new art student into the atelier, and learns about some of the customs of the French atelier. He provides money for refreshments for the other students and accepts their pranks with such good humor that they keep the hazing to a minimum. They ask Little Billee to sing an English song and repeat it over and over until they have eaten all the delicious food, without Little Billee's ever getting any at

all. When these art students, later, look at Little Billee's canvas, they respect not only his good humor but his great talent.

This atelier is also the scene of a major crisis in Little Billee's life. Though he is accustomed to drawing and painting nude models, he apparently has not been forced to reconcile his feelings about art and morality. From his first meeting with Trilby he has known that she poses in the nude, but because he loves her he tries to ignore the fact and wishes her to be the pure and simple daughter of an English parson. Thus, when he comes upon her in Carrel's atelier, posing for his fellow art students, he experiences a shock and has to leave Paris in order to sort things out in his mind. Not long after he returns, he begins asking Trilby to marry him. Little Billee has opted for the bohemian life of painting and being true to his art and to the woman he loves over the respectability of English society and the Royal Academy. Unfortunately, because of circumstances perhaps beyond his control, he is unable to fulfill his dream, and he is drawn back into the bonds of respectable society for the sake of his career.

Many British visitors to Paris do not confine their activities in Paris to walking about the streets and sightseeing, but they enter the surface society of the city by going to soirées, cafés, theatres, museums, and studios. In most cases, these British visitors have in mind, at least in part, the intention of coming to know the French people--their manners and customs--better. On the possibility of a British visitor's really getting to know and understand the French,

Thackeray is quite opinionated:

passing from novels in general to French novels, let us confess, with much humiliation, that we borrow from these stories a great deal more knowledge of French society than from our own personal observation we ever can hope to gain: for let a gentleman who has dwelt two, four, or ten years in Paris (and has not gone thither for the purpose of making a book, when three weeks are sufficient)--let an English gentleman say, at the end of any given period, how much he knows of French society, how many French houses he has entered, and how many French friends he has made? . . . He has, we say, seen an immense number of wax candles, cups of tea, glasses of orgeat, and French people, in best clothes, enjoying the same; but intimacy there is none; we see but the outsides of people. . . . Tea-parties are the same all the world over; with the exception that, with the French, there are more lights and prettier dresses; and with us, a mighty deal more tea in the pot. (83-84)

These British visitors to Paris, in the journals and in the fiction, do make some observations of particular customs and learn to differentiate some French manners from English manners. But the greatest part of the knowledge and understanding that they gain from their encounters with the French in surface society concerns themselves.

CHAPTER V

THE INNER ROOMS

Walking through the streets of Paris, sightseeing, hearing the French language, and entering society are all experiences common to the British visitor in Paris. During these experiences, he usually retains his role as the observer, the spectator. Some British visitors, however, deepen their experience in Paris by exchanging this role for the role of participant when they move into the inner rooms¹ of the city: the gambling rooms, the artists' rooms, the "chambres," or the prison cells. The British visitor who enters one of these rooms is often confronted with one or two other people or with himself and is often forced to take control of his situation and to make a decision about his attitudes toward his vocation, toward morality, or toward himself, for these inner rooms, in many cases, are not merely rooms in buildings but the inner chambers of the mind as well.

One sort of inner room in Paris, where the British visitor may find or lose himself, is the gambling room.² A large number

¹In their discussion of The Tragic Muse, Gordon and Stokes 81 note "the physical presence of the city, light and air, exteriors and interiors, private and public, institutions of private or public life, holding both history and the extant moment of the English, or more or less English group." They do not, however, extend this remark to a discussion of inner rooms.

²Monvel 148-49 tells of an Englishman who, like many others, one day entered a gambling room in Paris and who "Twenty years later . . . was there still, permanently and hopelessly in debt, and living on an infinitesimal pension that he received from England."

of these rooms are concentrated in the heart of Paris, quite near the area where most of the English people reside during their sojourn. Indeed, the Palais Royal,³ just across the street from the Louvre, is considered by many to be "the centre of Paris" (Holcroft 1: 217) and "one of the grand resorts of the idle" (Holcroft 1: 217). Though Thomas Holcroft does not admit ever having entered any of the inner rooms of the gambling establishments of the Palais Royal, he describes this "seat of dissipation" (1: 218) as a place

where the nightly orgies of inebriety, gaming, prostitution, and abandoned vice are unrelaxingly held; yet where the sage himself finds recreation for his thoughts, facts that might instruct a Socrates, and food for the most severe and profound research. (1: 218)

John Carr, who makes it clear that his observations of the Palais Royal are made from the outside, remarks that "From the carousing rooms underground, the ear was filled with the sound of music, and the buzzing of crowds; in short, such a scene of midnight revelry and dissipation, I never before beheld" (86). Bertie Greatheed, however, admits in his journal that, after going to a theatre in the Palais Royal where "The house is filthy & full of common girls" (34), he has actually entered one of the gambling rooms, as many Englishmen in Paris did; but, rather than wagering his money, Greatheed observes and comments on the vices to be found in these gambling rooms:

³According to Monvel 140-41, "the gambling-houses were of various kinds, and the better class ones were not to be found in the Palais Royal."

to finish the evening like true Palais Royal loungers we went into one of the gaming houses dependant [sic] on the Salon de la Paix. There was Faro, & billiards in elegant rooms the play I believe as low as half crowns.--So in this tinselly square a man may pass his life with every gratification of low sensuality, and vice. Perhaps there is not any where else on earth such a concentration of wickedness, so much compressed within so small a compass; nor is it easy to calculate the amount of mischief diffused from this focus around the world. (34-35)

The inner rooms of the Parisian gambling establishment play a significant role in Bulwer-Lytton's novel Pelham. An English gentleman visiting Paris to complete his education, the young Pelham, though he does enter several of the gambling houses, does not actually join in the serious gambling, but what he observes in one of these establishments draws him into the subplot of the novel and later, by an extension of circumstances, causes him to put his own life in jeopardy in order to save a friend of his from being falsely accused of murder.

Early in the novel, Pelham, out of idle curiosity, enters one of "the various gambling houses, with which the Palais Royal abounds" (66). In one of the rooms, he comes upon a scene of great intensity. He first notices an Englishman, later identified as Sir John Tyrrell, an inveterate gambler, losing at one of the gaming tables. Next, he notices a Mr. Tom Thornton, whom he had previously met and who had been his second in a duel. Finally, he becomes aware of a third Englishman who looks vaguely familiar to Pelham but of whose identity the young man cannot be certain because of the possibility that the Englishman is wearing a disguise, "a thick,

rough great coat, which could possibly belong to no continental shoulders" (67). These three men that Pelham observes seem to be, for a moment, frozen in time. Tyrrell is concentrating with such intensity on his wager that he is aware of nothing but what transpires on the gambling table before him. Thornton is also gambling, but with none of Tyrrell's intensity. The third Englishman, not gambling at all, is standing not far from Tyrrell and has his eyes riveted to the first gambler's face. Pelham remarks to himself,

Never to this moment have I forgotten the stern and ferocious expression with which he was gazing upon the keen and agitated features of the gambler opposite. In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions. (67)

When Tyrrell with despair on his face loses the last few coins in his purse, Pelham notices a change in the unidentified Englishman's expression; he remarks there "a joy so malignant and fiendish, that no look of mere anger or hatred could have so chilled [his] heart" (67). Although the Englishmen, soon after, leave the gambling room, the memory of this scene does not leave Pelham's thoughts.

On the last two nights of his stay in Paris, the young Pelham again enters a gambling house, this time located not far from the Palais Royal in the Rue St. Honoré. On the first of these two successive nights, Pelham sees two men, one of whom is the stranger in the rough coat, now identified as Warburton, enter the gambling house. When Pelham, however, enters the establishment and wanders from room to room, he cannot find the two men who have fired his

curiosity. On the next night, after attending a *soirée*, Pelham decides to return to the gambling house on the off chance that these Englishmen will be there. Not long after he arrives, Tyrrell and Thornton enter, and Pelham hears them speak words which confirm some of his suspicions. Thornton tells Tyrrell: "'Oh! [Warburton]'ll be here soon . . . and we'll bleed him regularly to-night. It is very singular that you who play so much better should not have floored him yesterday evening'" (116). It was not an uncommon practice for a seasoned, yet desperate, gambler like Tyrrell to set up and then ruin a wealthy, trusting young gentleman such as Warburton appears to be. Just when Pelham thinks that he may be starting to understand the strange relationship of these three Englishmen, Warburton enters, and the three men retire to another room, the existence of which, until that moment, Pelham had been unaware. Upon asking one of the employees of the house about this room, Pelham is told,

"those gentlemen play for higher stakes than we usually do here, and one of them is apt to get irritated by the advice and expostulations of the lookers on; and so after they had played a short time in the salon last night, Monsieur Thornton, a very old friend of mine . . . asked me permission to occupy the inner room; and as I knew him so well, I could have no scruple in obliging him." (117)

The events which take place in this inner room and the motives which cause them remain a mystery to both Pelham and the reader until much later in the novel. Pelham, however, has a feeling of foreboding, and he informs the reader:

Meanwhile, time passed on, the hour grew late, and the greater part of the guests were gone; still I could not tear myself away; I looked, from time to time at the door,

with an indescribable feeling of anxiety. I longed, yet dreaded, for it to open; I felt as if my own fate were in some degree implicated in what was then agitating within, and I could not resolve to depart, until I had formed some conclusions on the result. (118)

What he soon learns, when the men leave the room, is that Tyrrell has himself been set up by Warburton, who turns out to be in reality Sir Reginald Glanville, Pelham's childhood friend, in disguise.

This inner room in a Parisian gambling house, to which neither Pelham nor the reader, at the time, has access, and the activities that take place within serve a pivotal function in the subplot of the novel. Only months later, in London, do Pelham and the reader gain access to this room when Glanville finally divulges his motives for ruining Tyrrell. Tyrrell had met Glanville in gambling houses on the Continent and had borrowed freely from the young man who was wealthy enough not to mind the older man's propensity to take money and lose it at the gambling tables. Having gone their separate ways, they met again in England. Glanville during the interim had fallen in love with, but not married, a young woman beneath his station in life, Gertrude Douglas, and she was about to give birth. The couple entertained Glanville's old acquaintance, but when Glanville was called away to France because of his mother's illness and Tyrrell was left in the same town with the young woman whose baby had died shortly after birth, the older man seemed to have felt the right to take and use more than Glanville's money. He raped Gertrude, and when as a result she lost her mind, he left her in a home for the mentally unsound. When Glanville returned to

England, learned of Tyrrell's treachery, and then watched the woman he loved die, he vowed that he would ruin Tyrrell first financially and then actually watch him die of starvation. In this inner room in Paris, Glanville believed that he had rendered Tyrrell destitute and had thus accomplished a part of his revenge on the man: "'on the second night of [the] engagement, he not only had lost the whole of his remaining pittance, but had signed bonds owing to a debt of far greater amount than he, at that time, could ever even have dreamt of possessing'" (367). But Tyrrell then disappeared, and though Thornton told Glanville that Tyrrell had died, Tyrrell did not die but was rescued by the inheritance of a small fortune from a distant relative. Much later in the novel Tyrrell reappears in England, still gambling, and one rainy night is robbed and murdered by Thornton; but Glanville is accused of the deed. Thus, the subplot of the novel, which could have ended in Paris, continues to develop in England. Indeed, a great "amount of mischief [is] diffused from this focus" (Greatheed 35), that is, from the inner rooms of Parisian gambling establishments.

A British visitor may come to Paris and enter the inner rooms of the city in order to gamble for stakes other than money per se. These stakes often include the choice of a career, a life's work, and the inner rooms of Paris become a proving ground, in many cases, for the person of artistic abilities. In these inner rooms, idle dreams give way to the reality of hard work, and the artist comes face to face with her own talents and limitations. Here, she must

often choose, based on the knowledge she has gained of herself, whether to continue the pursuit of her goal, the development of her art, or to withdraw her efforts and focus on an alternative way of life. One of the arts for which Paris was famous in the nineteenth century is the theatre.⁴ Henry James in The Tragic Muse has Miriam Rooth, a young woman of English and Jewish descent, come to Paris to study acting, after she has traveled over the Continent with her protective mother. In Paris, James allows the reader, and one of the British characters, Peter Sherringham, to view Miriam in the inner rooms of the theatrical world of Paris and to watch her grow as an actress.⁵ The reader also becomes aware of the steadily

⁴Gordon and Stokes 126 explain the concept of theatrical art in Paris and contrast it with the concept of theatrical art in London: "Paris is art based on training and criticism, themselves based on tradition, which in turn involves a cultivated audience; Paris is a special conception of the artist as individual and in social relationships, which is shared by both artist and audience. Paris is, centrally though not exclusively, the Théâtre français. London is interested in personality, indifferent to art and training, without tradition. London is the city of the 'outer' and 'inner' audiences, only the latter corresponding to that of Paris. London has a wholly different conception of the artist and her role, individually and socially. London has no Théâtre français." Because Miriam wants to be a real artist, not just a personality, she comes to Paris to study, even though she eventually decides to act in London. These inner rooms where she learns her craft hold the Parisian concept of theatrical art, and Paris, in this way, intrudes into these inner rooms and affects her development as an actress.

⁵Bellringer 78 makes the following observation: "The witty episodes where [James] dramatizes the way she benefits from the reluctant training extorted from the expert Madame Carré . . . enact points of growth in a particular personality, a virtuoso of mimicry who is intellectually commonplace, which is James's concept of Miriam."

changing relationship between Miriam Rooth and Peter Sherringham as these two British characters are brought together in the inner rooms.

The first inner room of the theatrical world that Miriam Rooth enters is the drawing room of the celebrated veteran of the French stage, Honorine Carré. Though Miriam visits Madame Carré in this room many times, James allows the reader to see her there on three different occasions, and these glimpses of Miriam and her progress ensure that Miriam deserves to enter the second inner room, the foyer des artistes of the Théâtre Français.

On Miriam's first visit to Madame Carré's drawing room, the room is described in some detail. It is an "egotistical little room" (135), a "small beflounced drawing-room" (121) with "a black satin sofa" (121) for her guests to sit on. The drawing room contains

votive offerings which converted the little paneled box, decorated in sallow white and gold, into a theatrical museum: the presents, the portraits, the wreaths, the diadems, the letters, framed and glazed, the trophies and tributes and relics collected by Madame Carré during half a century of renown. (121)

The religious associations⁶ of the room are extended to its owner whose "countenance . . . [is] religiously preserved" (126) and whose own acting techniques were "often a religious imitation" (123) of

⁶For a discussion of religious, military, and political imagery in Madame Carré's drawing room and in the foyer des artistes, see Schneider 8-10. His emphasis is on power and freedom whereas my emphasis is on self control and inner rooms.

those of "her rare predecessor" (123) and teacher, a famous actress of the past. And a hint of royalty is perceived in the description of Madame Carré's "sundry little majesties of manner" (126). At first, to the inexperienced and nervous Miriam Rooth, this drawing room seems more like "the waiting-room of a dentist" (123) than a "little temple of art" (123). The aspiring actress is obviously ill at ease, and Peter Sherringham pities her extreme timidity. Pale and frightened, Miriam is not in control of her situation, and when Madame Carré enters the room, the older actress "scarcely noticed her at first" (125). Even then, Miriam cannot seem to speak, and her mother speaks for her, discussing Miriam's future with the other people in the room. When Miriam breaks down and cries and several people offer to leave the room to make the young woman feel more at ease, "Her mother begged them to remain, 'so that there should be at least some English;' [sic] she spoke as if the old actress were an army of Frenchwomen" (128). As Miriam prepares to recite for Madame Carré, she seems to regain some control over herself: "she was the priestess on the tripod, awaiting the afflatus and thinking only of that" (135). Here, she too becomes associated with the religious nature of her art. Though Madame Carré is not impressed with Miriam's acting, she gives the young woman some advice and, in so doing, suggests the existence of and necessity for another sort of inner room in the theatrical world: "'the way to study is to stay at home, to shut yourself up and hammer at your scales'" (138). And although Miriam has achieved some measure of

control over herself and others in this first encounter in the drawing room, other people seem interested in controlling her life. Madame Carré suggests to Peter that he marry the young woman instead of encouraging her to continue working to become an actress. Peter, however, at this point, sees some promise in Miriam, sees her as a challenge, "an explorable country" (147), a person whom he can help. Peter's desire to help Miriam is not totally selfless. His ego is involved, for, though he himself is not an actor, he believes "that the direction of a young person's studies for the stage may be an interest of as high an order as any other artistic consideration" (147).

The themes and metaphors established in the first visit to Madame Carré's drawing room are developed in the second and third visits to this inner room. Miriam's efforts to achieve control of her situation are central to the description of the second visit. Whereas earlier Madame Carré was described as an "army of French-women," now the military metaphors place Miriam on the offensive. Madame Carré tells Peter: "'She charges me like a grenadier, and she asks me to give her--guess a little what!--private recitations all to herself'" (205). Perhaps to illustrate Miriam's "charge," the narrator describes the arrival of the young actress "Sherringham heard a parley of voices in the little antechamber, and the next moment the door was pushed open and Miriam Rooth bounded into the room" (205). Miriam's persistence and "force" (208) render the older woman "in a manner helpless, condemned, both protesting and

consenting" (208), and Madame Carré is "reduced to her last line of defense--that of declaring her coarse and clumsy, saying she might knock her down, but that proved nothing" (209). Miriam so good-naturedly accepts the abuse with the constructive criticism that Madame Carré agrees to continue working with her and tells Peter, "'Oh, I'll knock her about; she seems stout enough!'" (217). But it is not enough that Miriam feel that she can speak to Madame Carré in "a tone of equal authority" (206) when persuading the experienced actress to instruct her. Miriam extends her battle to a fight for control over herself and the material with which she works. Peter becomes aware of Miriam's progress in gaining control over herself, for he suddenly realizes that Miriam is always playing a part, even in social situations. Her movements are always "representative movements" (207), which she is trying out and refining. As he watches her, he has "the apprehension that she might do what she liked with her face" (207). Miriam herself applies the battle metaphor to her interpretation of a role: there are scenes "which were open to interpretation, with which you had to fight every step, rendering, arranging, doing [them] according to your idea" (212). Alongside the battle metaphor runs the art-as-religion metaphor. Miriam feels "that the celebrated artist [Madame Carré] had a sacred duty toward her" (206). Madame Carré is an "initiatress" (213) into the mysteries of the theatrical art, and

Miriam took it all as a bath, a baptism, with passive exhilaration and gleeful shivers; staring, wondering,

sometimes blushing and failing to follow, but not shrinking nor wounded; laughing, when it was necessary, at her own expense and feeling evidently that this at last was the air of the profession, an initiation which nothing could undo. (216-17)

At the same time that Miriam is both gaining control of her situation and undergoing her initiation of sorts, Peter Sherringham is beginning to lose control. First of all, he has made the discovery that he may be in love with Miriam. Secondly, as he listens to the highly technical talk of the two actresses, he begins to question the ideal with which he has always regarded the theatre. If the technique is so conscious, then he wonders whether the actress is really a "priestess of art" (208), as he has always believed her to be, or merely a highly skilled, highly trained "gymnast" (208). Finally, Peter is disturbed by the apparent inconsequence of the individual being, where art is involved:

If the old woman was hard [on Miriam] it was not that many of her present conclusions, as regards Miriam, were not indulgent, but that she had a vision of the great manner, of right and wrong, of the just and the false, so high and religious that the individual was nothing before it--a prompt and easy sacrifice. It made Sherringham uncomfortable. (214-15)

In this inner room, Peter begins to realize that though he loves the theatre with a passion, his passion is not that of the true artist; his passion differs from Madame Carré's and Miriam's.

The last visit that James has these characters make to Madame Carré's drawing room is preceded by a description of Peter Sherringham fighting for control over himself and his relationship to Miriam. While away in London, Peter realizes the force of his love for Miriam and decides that

he should fight this especial battle on the spot. During his holiday his plan of campaign gave him plenty of occupation. He refurbished his arms, rubbed up his strategy, laid out his lines of defense. (341)

Behind all of his strategies is the firm belief that his own career in the diplomatic service is the most important thing in his life and that no honest sacrifice is too great for his life's work. The narrator intrudes to mention that "it had never occurred to Sherringham that he himself might be the sacrifice" (342). Back in Paris, Peter learns that Miriam is once again, after weeks of hard work, giving a recitation for Madame Carré in her drawing room. He decides to attend, but when he arrives, he finds that Miriam has already begun to speak in the inner room. This time Peter is on the outside looking in. Miriam has evidently during the past weeks shut herself up and practiced her scales, for Peter hears her voice, portraying a character, "[sweep] in wild organ-tones up and down the scale of her irony and wrath" (364). He waits in the antechamber until he hears a response given to one of her speeches, and at that point he enters discreetly. Peter is amazed with what he finds in this inner room. The young actress has found her voice and is in complete control of the situation. Once imposing and frightening, Madame Carré is now "buried in a chair" (365), listening to Miriam, whose "cold passion of art had perched on her banner" (365). The battle metaphor is continued when, after the recitation, Miriam states, "'I've battered down the door--I did hear it crash one day'" (372), explaining the great progress that she has made and perhaps her entry into her own personal inner room. Madame Carré's "sundry

little majesties of manner" (126) have been superseded by Miriam's majestic manner, for Dashwood, during the recitation, "bowed over [Miriam] as obsequiously as if she had been his veritable sovereign" (367). Not only has Miriam mastered the situation in this inner room, but she has also achieved almost complete control over herself in her acting.⁷ While she acts, Peter is impressed with Miriam's exhibition of "the perfect presence of mind, unconfused, unhurried by emotion, that any artistic performance requires" (369). Afterwards, they discuss her "presence of mind":

"I wish you could see yourself," Sherringham answered.

"My dear fellow, I do. What do you take me for? I didn't miss a vibration of my voice, a fold of my robe."

"I didn't see you looking," Sherringham returned.

"No one ever will. Do you think I would show it?"

Through long hours of hard work, Miriam has, in a sense, constructed an inner room for herself from which she can control her physical being. Now more than ever, Miriam is always acting, on stage and off. Her control is contrasted with Peter's lack of control when Peter remarks, "'You're in wonderfully good form today,' . . . his appreciation revealing a personal subjection which he was unable to conceal from his companions, much as he wished it" (378).

These three visits to Madame Carré's drawing room serve as a prelude to the visit to another inner room of the Parisian theatrical world--the foyer des artistes of the Théâtre Français. It is in

⁷Krook 94 comments that an actress must have "self-command."

this inner room that the reader last sees Miriam in Paris; when she next appears in the novel, she is in London, starting to make a name for herself on the stage. The themes developed in the previous episodes are still evident in this inner room as the contest for control reaches a climax. Miriam approaches the foyer des artistes with a religious veneration: "she was . . . convinced that her eyes would be opened in the holy of holies" (381). With Peter, Dashwood, and Mrs. Rooth, Miriam goes backstage between acts and, passing through "an ambiguous door, composed of little mirrors, . . . found [herself] in the society of the initiated" (384). In this first parlor, Miriam feels "a sense of majesty in the place" (385), while Peter

felt like a cicerone showing a church to a party of provincials; and indeed there was a grave hospitality in the air, mingled with something academic and important, the tone of an institution, a temple, which made them all, out of respect and delicacy, hold their breath a little and tread the shining floors with discretion. (385)

The actual foyer is "a square spacious saloon, covered with pictures and relics and draped in official green velvet, where the genius loci holds a reception every night in the year" (386), a room in some ways reminiscent of Madame Carré's drawing room. In this room Miriam, alone with Peter after her mother and Dashwood return to their seats, meets Mademoiselle Voisin, a celebrated actress who is free for half an hour before going back on stage. She invites Miriam and Peter to accompany her to another inner room even more secluded than the foyer. As they approach her dressing room, they can sense the

"gravity of a college or convent" (400), and in the hallway "the aspect became still more monastic, like that of a row of solitary cells" (400). However, "At her threshold the monasticism stopped" (400), and Miriam is impressed with the luxurious dressing room as she enters through a "draped doorway [which] led into an inner sanctuary. To Miriam it seemed royal; it immediately made the art of the comedian the most distinguished thing in the world" (401). The possession of such an inner sanctuary is, to Miriam, worth fighting for, and in this foyer des artistes scene, the battle metaphor and the battle are both evident. Before Miriam even enters the first parlor, she passes through the wings of the theatre and catches sight of the stage: "Here Miriam paused, in silent excitement, like a young warrior arrested by a glimpse of the battlefield" (384). Peter, as well, is described as "marshaling his little troop toward the foyer" (384). Within the foyer the battle metaphors cease, and the real battle ensues, for Peter, after giving Miriam so much encouragement and advice in the past, now asks her to give up the theatre, marry him, and become an ambassadress. He prefaces his proposal with attacks on Miriam's personality and attitude, intended to put her on the defensive, but she has learned her craft well and remains in control of herself, thus of the situation. After Miriam and Peter leave Mademoiselle Voisin's dressing room and re-enter the foyer des artistes, Peter again proposes. This inner room, he says, is a "'Very good [place] indeed, and that's why I speak: it's a place to make one choose--it puts it all before one'" (402). What

Peter finally realizes is that Miriam made her choice long ago for a life of art and that it is he who must choose to marry an actress or not, for she will not give up her career. Peter ends up sacrificing himself for his career because he refuses to become merely the husband of an actress.

In these four scenes which take place in inner rooms, Miriam's force grows and becomes more concentrated as she continues to learn and practice her art. Her own personal inner room becomes stronger, and when she meets Mademoiselle Voisin, she sees a professional actress whose control exceeds her own, who becomes a model for the young Miriam. At the same time, Peter's control over Miriam and over himself diminishes, and he is presented not so much as the connoisseur of the theatre that he once thought himself to be but as an amateur⁸ with doubts about the price one must pay to be a professional actress. The attitudes developed in these inner rooms of Paris are the attitudes that the characters maintain even after their return to London.

Not all of the aspiring young British artists who come to study in Paris, however, find success. Edwin Dayne, the major character in George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man, comes to Paris at the age of twenty to study art in one of the studios. From his first experience in a studio, he learns that he does not have the

⁸According to Gordon and Stokes 112, "By flinching from Carré's uncompromising comments on Miriam's talent, Peter has revealed himself as an amateur among professionals."

self-discipline necessary to become an artist. Later, when he applies himself and competes with his friend, Marshall, who is more talented than he, Dayne has to face his own limitations, and he finally vows, "'I will never draw or paint again'" (73). What seems like defeat for Dayne in this inner room is merely the end of one phase of his life and the beginning of another. For even though his "life seemed at an end" (73) and he "looked upon a blank space of years desolate as a grey and sailless sea" (73), Dayne has the foresight to ask himself, "'What shall I do?'" (73). And as his bruised ego gradually heals, Dayne turns to another form of art--literature. He applies himself to this art, and the rest of the book chronicles his mistakes, his realizations, and his progress in the mastery of himself, his judgment, and his newly discovered art.

The British visitor to Paris does not always enter the inner rooms of the city in order to determine what his life's work will be. For many British visitors, Paris is the city for falling in love. Interestingly enough, the writers of the journals surveyed do not describe their personal experiences with members of the opposite sex except in the most innocently superficial terms. Although they vociferously condemn the licentious French books that they find in the bookshops and the prostitutes that they observe in the Palais Royal, none ventures any further. Even many of the novelists remain discreet on this delicate subject which by no means ceases to exist merely because it is not mentioned. Harriette Wilson, however, in her satire of British families vacationing in Paris,

places several of her characters in the inner rooms of Paris with a member of the opposite sex in order to illustrate some of the foibles of these British visitors in Paris.

In the first inner room, Wilson presents an example of a first love that progresses from infatuation, to misunderstanding, and then to disillusionment. The young Peter Callam, interested in the theatre and in women, meets an actress at the Frescati, a pleasure garden and gambling establishment, and he receives an invitation to call on the actress at her apartment. His first visit comes to naught, for when he arrives at her apartment, dressed to the nines and somewhat nervous, he encounters, not the actress's maid but a man scrubbing the floors. And when he "[ventures], in fear and trembling, to open [the] door" (106) to the actress's bed chamber, he finds not the lovely woman of his recent dreams, but an acquaintance of his, Sir Violet Sighaway, "en chemise, standing before the glass, arranging a broad rose-coloured ribbon, in becoming bows, about his lace-bordered night-cap" (106). Believing that he has entered the wrong apartment, Peter quickly withdraws and returns home.

Peter's second visit to this apartment, which is indeed that of the actress Mademoiselle Elvira Droit-pied, is more successful. Upon entering her bed chamber, Peter notices that the room is "gaily and luxuriously ornamented with immense mirrors, toilets of pink satin, and silver muslin, embroidered muslin draperies, &c." (107). Wilson does not divulge all that Peter sees, for the author remarks,

His illusion would have been more perfect, but for having espied, amidst all this finery, some soiled linen, a pair of slovenly pantoufles, and something else too, was visible, near the bed; but what it was, shall be nameless. (108)

Her next description, that of the actress herself, is less than enticing:

As to the fair Elvira, she was wrapped up, in a faded yellow figured satin douillette, or wadded pelisse, though in the midst of the dog-days, and her hair en papillottes, as though she were waiting for the coiffeur [sic]. She was slip-shod, and, apparently, without garters; and though her nails were very dirty, she, nevertheless, wore many rings: nay, her very foremost finger was ornamented with three very large ones. On the sofa, was visible an embroidered cambric, together with a French dog, which had, nearly, destroyed the manuscript, which the fair Elvira was studying for that evening's representation.

No matter, Elvira was rather a fine woman, and Peter was a very raw, inexperienced youth. They were tête-à-tête, and the smiles of the actress were encouraging; but the further transactions of the scene must be left wholly to the imagination of the reader. (108-09)

As Peter continues to visit Elvira, a misunderstanding develops between the actress and her young lover. He comes to believe that Elvira cares for him only in order to make him give her expensive gifts, and he begrudgingly promises her a gold chain. Heartbroken because "her intentions were so coarsely misinterpreted" (110), Elvira, rather than remaining aloof, shows her emotions, thereby losing the young Peter. Their relationship ends on a sour note: Peter ceases his visits, and Elvira, after writing five pleading love letters, in the sixth demands the gold chain that Peter had promised her in exchange for not revealing their liaison to his father. Peter, not altogether innocent in the affair, nevertheless recounts his disillusionment with French women in a letter to a friend:

French women are very striking, and fascinating, till one knows them; and they walk well, and make the most of their persons, and turn out their toes; but one soon gets tired of them, and there is a great sameness about the shape of their bonnets, and, in fact, their tout ensemble. The men and women live so much together, that neither mystery nor illusion are [sic] left, after one has heard them discuss their mals au ventres [sic], and praise certain medicinal remedies: and certain leaden conveniences are stuck up in every window, without the slightest reserve. . . . When the ladies are not full dressed, they wear dirty, silk douillettes, instead of our countrywomen's nice, white, muslin gowns; and the very height of female delicacy, is spitting to pocket-handkerchiefs. Altogether, they won't do for us English, not but what many of them, are possessed of most amiable, obliging characters; but I look on them as mere children, and could never make a friend of any French woman I ever yet saw. (112-13)

From his experience in this inner room, the young Peter has not really grown. He remains the same spoiled young man that he was before he met Elvira. Instead of increasing his understanding of women and of the French people, he has merely become disillusioned.

In a second inner room in Paris, Wilson brings together an Englishman and an Englishwoman in order to satirize what may happen to the overly conservative British visitors in Paris. Young Samuel Beaumont, visiting Paris with his mother, his sister, and their "waiting woman" (122), Hannah Pure, is the opposite of Peter Callam; he is

a rigid methodist, having had a call when he least expected it. Samuel was such a formal piece of goods, and he wore his hair so straight, and parson-like, and his coats were so slovenly, and ill-made, that Mrs. Beaumont [his mother] saw no hope, nor chance, of his being accepted by a woman of fashion. (121)

His mother, who enjoys her life and her liberty, hopes to marry her son off to Mary Callam, Peter's sister, whose romantic interests lie

elsewhere. But Hannah Pure has designs on young Samuel and has been pretending to enjoy his preachings and devotional books in order to incur the young man's favor. When Samuel enters his dressing room after visiting the Callams, he is still feeling "The good cheer with which he had been entertained by the Callams" (124), and his morals have been "somewhat slackened" (124). Though he refuses the cordial which Hannah offers him, he does dare to exact from her "a chaste salute" (124). While "their lips were joined with such ardour as their pious creed did not, in the least, diminish" (125), Mrs. Beaumont enters the room, and Samuel, embarrassed, immediately flees. This encounter in the inner room has given Samuel a kiss, Hannah hope, and Mrs. Beaumont

a confidante [in Hannah] of that respectable and pious exterior which would best cloke [sic] any little slip from virtue, since Paris, being, as Callam always declared, such a wicked city, there was no saying what might befall [sic] a poor, weak, unprotected widow there. (125-26)

An inner chamber may be the setting not only for satire of the British people in Paris but also for the revelation of a character's remorse at the loss of love, as in the case of Little Billee in du Maurier's Trilby. Not having seen Trilby in five years, Little Billee returns to Paris with Taffy and the Laird for the purpose of hearing the magnificent voice of la Svengali. After learning that this singer is Trilby, his former love, Little Billee does not react immediately. Though he appears calm in the presence of his friends, Little Billee

knew that his old passion for [Trilby] had all come back, and was so overwhelming and immense that he could not feel

it just yet, nor yet the hideous pangs of a jealousy so consuming that it would burn up his life. (337)

Later, back in his bed chamber at the hotel, Little Billee

woke up after a short, uneasy sleep that very night, to find that the flood was over him; and he realized how hopelessly, desperately, wickedly, insanely he loved this woman, who might have been his, but was now the wife of another man. (337)

The sight of the odious Svengali and the beautiful Trilby together calls up the memories of love, loss, and remorse that the young man has repressed for five years, and his reaction is now violent. Alone in his room, he feels that his memory of the evening's events

stung and tortured and maddened him so that he could not lie still, but got up and raged and rampaged up and down his hot, narrow, stuffy bedroom, and longed for his old familiar brain-disease to come back and narcotize his trouble, and be his friend, and stay with him till he died! (338)

The brain disease, at one time, provided an escape for Little Billee from his anguish and pain at losing Trilby. The retreat into his own mind allowed him to set up a wall between himself and the outside world which had hurt him. Once again faced with the same sort of pain, Little Billee longs to return to this inner room of the mind which, seen from the outside, appears to be a brain disease. Instead, however, of retreating into this inner room, Little Billee has the option of seeking comfort from a friend in the next room. Taffy's room, then, becomes the setting for a revelation and for an example of fortitude in the face of lost love. After sobbing and relieving some of his tension, Little Billee confides to Taffy, "I went mad, I tell you. I've been walking up and down in my room

all night, till everything seemed to go round'" (340). He is astonished to learn that Taffy has also been pacing all night and for the same reason. The revelation that five years before, Taffy had proposed marriage to Trilby and that she had refused his offer, very probably because of her love for Little Billee, has a calming effect on the previously hysterical young man. He realizes that he is not the only person experiencing an emotional crisis, and his selfish thoughts are subdued as he is forced to consider not only his own pain but also Taffy's. Little Billee finally is able to say,

"And now I think I'm all right again, for a time--and I shall cut back to bed. Good-night! Thanks more than I can ever express!" And Little Billee, restored to his balance, cut back to his own bed just as the day was breaking. (343)

His ability to leave this restricting hotel room where he has been pacing alone and to talk about his problem with someone else allows Little Billee to regain control of himself.

Although the journal writers surveyed do not record personal revelations, such as Little Billee's, in the inner rooms of Paris, they do express what they like or dislike about their hotel rooms in Paris. These travelers are ready to thrust themselves into new situations and surroundings, often with a minimum of complaint, but when they are not satisfied with their hotel accommodations, they become noticeably irritated. Because the hotel room is the place where these travelers sleep, wash, dress, and take care of most of their basic needs, many of them seem to want these rooms to be not too different from English hotel rooms. In this way the rooms may

provide some measure of stability for the traveler who is often overwhelmed by what he sees in this foreign city. Their major criticism seems to relate to the question of cleanliness. John Scott says of a hotel room in Dieppe, "The room into which we were shown, gave strong evidence that we were not in England. It would have been fine and elegant, if it had not been out of repair and dirty" (21). Thomas Holcroft criticizes the tiny hotel rooms that he finds upon arrival in Paris, as well as his innkeeper's lack of consideration for his guests who had to wait far too long to get sheets for their beds (1: 148-49). And William Shepherd complains to the hotel manager that he was unable to sleep because bugs kept biting him as he lay in bed (47). The British seem to expect their hotel rooms to be clean and comfortable, a haven to which they can retire from the day's activities and relax in a secure atmosphere. If the traveler does not find his first hotel room up to his standards, he has the option of searching for pleasanter accommodations. Holcroft suggests an additional means of relieving the tension that often builds up when one is looking for a hotel or just dealing with the French:

When a man comes to Paris, I advise him to add, to those he may have already studied, a liberal stock of oaths and exclamations, the most innocent he can chuse [sic]; that he may have a sufficient number to repeat, as occasion shall occur, in order to vent his vexation and grow cool. It is the practice in France; where the necessity and expediency of it are hourly felt. There is little harm in a volume of ventre bleus! (1: 155)

Though he has traveled often and is fascinated with the French, Holcroft is realistic in his awareness that in a foreign country,

frustrations may arise and may need a harmless outlet. As long as the traveler feels that he has a measure of control over his accommodations and has the liberty to change them if necessary, even by visiting a friend's room as Little Billee did, he can then turn his thoughts from his accommodations to the purpose of his journey.

Lucie Manette Darnay in A Tale of Two Cities seems to be aware of the necessity for having familiar, comfortable furnishings in the rooms that she and her family call home.⁹ The narrator follows Mr. Lorry on a visit to the Manette home in Soho and observes that

Although the Doctor's daughter had known nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of everything in the rooms, from the largest object to the least; the arrangement of colours, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by thrift in trifles, by delicate hands, clear eyes, and good sense; were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their originator, that, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him, with something of that peculiar expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved?
(124)

⁹According to Bachelard 68, "A house that shines from the care it receives appears to have been rebuilt from the inside; it is as though it were new inside. In the intimate harmony of walls and furniture, it may be said that we become conscious of a house that is built by women, since men only know how to build a house from the outside, and they know little or nothing of the 'wax' civilization." This general statement in Bachelard may be applied to Lucie Manette in A Tale of Two Cities and to Mary Seraskier in Peter Ibbetson, both of whom are responsible for furnishing inner rooms.

The effect of Lucie's efforts is reciprocal: she takes care to decorate the rooms according to her conscious and unconscious tastes, and then the room becomes a recognizable reflection of her personality. This reflection seems to have a soothing effect on her loved ones, so when she and her family are transported back to Paris to try to free Darnay, Lucie again takes care to decorate their rooms in Paris in a familiar and comforting fashion:

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Everything had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught, as regularly, as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited--the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books--these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death--were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind. (304)

Thus, the furnishings themselves and the liberty to choose and arrange them as she wishes provide for Lucie the illusion of having some control, however small, over her situation, and this illusion of control over her surroundings and, by extension, her situation, brings her comfort and some relief from the tension she feels as a result of her concern for her husband.

If, however, a person is placed in a small room from which he cannot remove himself and over which he has no control, then he may either consciously or unconsciously take measures to protect himself by mentally constructing for himself an inner room into which he can retreat from the insupportably small room which inhibits his

movements and, in a sense, exercises control over him.¹⁰ Lucie's father, Doctor Manette, during his lengthy imprisonment in the Bastille, may have constructed just such an inner room. The reader first views the results of Manette's imprisonment from the outside when Lucie and Mr. Lorry enter the garret, so much like a prison cell, in Paris, and see the old man working at a cobbler's bench, making a shoe (69-70).¹¹ Allusion is made to Manette's lack of control of his prison-cell world when Defarge asks him, "'You can bear a little more light?'" (71) and Manette replies, "'I must bear it, if you let it in.'" (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)" (71). As the three people in the garret attempt to talk to Manette, they perceive his alternating attention and

¹⁰Bachelard's claim 5 that "the imagination build[s] 'walls' of impalpable shadows, comfort[s] itself with the illusion of protection" and that "the sheltered being gives perceptible limits to his shelter" may be applied to Doctor Manette's psychological state in A Tale of Two Cities.

¹¹Ruer 49-52 asserts that the cobbler past whose house Dickens used to walk while vacationing in Boulogne may have inspired him to make Doctor Manette a cobbler in A Tale of Two Cities. Oddie 81, n. 1 sees a resemblance between Doctor Manette's case and that of Louis XVI: "Louis XVI, as the situation around him grew more and more complex and beyond his grasp, would often disappear and, in seclusion from the world, lose himself in the pretence that he was a locksmith." This information about the French king is found in Carlyle, The French Revolution 26. The cobbler's trade also seems to be artistically necessary, for what Manette did in his prison cell, making shoes and writing the document explaining why he was imprisoned, relates directly to the echoing footsteps that ominously pervade the novel.

inattention, awareness of their presence and vacancy, as though he were going back and forth between two rooms, one holding the present and his three visitors, the other containing only his cobbler's bench and tools. Manette has the presence of mind to respond to Mr. Lorry's question about his making shoes with, "'I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I--I learnt it here [meaning in prison, for he obviously thinks he is still in his cell]. I taught myself. I asked leave to--'" (73). Even before he learned this trade, in fact from the very beginning of his imprisonment, Manette was aware of the need for something to allow his mind, if not his body, some freedom. After entering the prison, he discovered several strands of his wife's hair on his sleeve, and he asked his jailer, "'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit'" (75). In the garret, Manette is caught between two worlds, the inner and the outer, and he vacillates between the two.

The habits and associations built up during a long imprisonment are not easily dismissed entirely, and Manette, though seemingly fully recovered several months after his return to England, occasionally lapses into his former mental state. When Mr. Lorry notices, while touring the Manettes' rooms in Soho, that Manette keeps his cobbler's bench in his room, Lorry asks Miss Pross whether the Doctor ever has occasion to use it. Once more, Manette's mental state is viewed from the outside as Miss Pross reveals,

"Touch that string [allude to the imprisonment], and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometimes,

he gets up in the dead of the night, and will be heard, by us overhead there, walking up and down, walking up and down, in his room. Ladybird has learnt to know then that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She hurries to him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. But he never says a word of the true reason of his restlessness, to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and down together, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself. (128)

On these nights it seems that for some reason the repressed train of association has surfaced and has recalled to Manette the state of mind which he experienced in prison. Lucie, however, is able to serve as an alternative antidote to his weakened state of mind so that he does not have to re-enter his own inner room and ward off extreme distraction by resorting to his self-made cure--work at the cobbler's bench.

When Lucie marries Charles Darnay, however, the Doctor receives a great shock from Darnay's revelation of his identity, and then Charles and Lucie leave for their honeymoon. The violent shock revives Manette's train of association, and because his daughter is not at home to bring him out of his weakened state, Manette re-enters his inner room and for nine days becomes a cobbler again. When, at the end of this period of time, Doctor Manette re-emerges, Mr. Lorry engages him in a long conversation about a "friend" who has a similar problem. Under this guise, Manette is able to speak frankly about his problem, but though he does analyze his problem, he still does not reveal its causes; he continues to let it be seen only from the outside. When asked why the problem has again become apparent, Manette replies,

"I believe . . . that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. It is probable that there had long been a dread lurking in his mind, that those associations would be recalled--say, under certain circumstances--say, on a particular occasion. He tried to prepare himself in vain; perhaps the effort to prepare himself made him less able to bear it." (231)

Manette's answer to Lorry's next question shows how tightly sealed off Manette is, once he enters his inner room: "'Would he [Manette] remember what took place in the relapse?' . . . 'Not at all'" (231). In a sense, Manette views the shoemaking as a healthful activity which keeps his mind, when afflicted with "'that one train of association'" (232) from "'turning in the unhealthy direction'" (232). However, despite Manette's explanation of how shoemaking "'no doubt . . . relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain, and by substituting, as he became more practiced, the ingenuity of the hands, for the ingenuity of the mental torture'" (234), Mr. Lorry views the cobbler's bench as a symptom of the problem rather than a cure, and he asks permission to destroy the bench.¹² He thus may have destroyed the means by which Manette could have recovered his mental health after Darnay's trial, for the long train of associations, vividly and dramatically spelled out in Manette's own words, is finally revealed at the trial and once again reduces Manette to his

¹² Although some critics see Manette's making shoes as a sign of madness, Manheim 235 views the shoemaking as "a sign of rebellion against madness rather than a symptom thereof." This attitude is in keeping with my interpretation.

former troubled state. The only antidote left is the loving care of his daughter.

Another prisoner, Charles Darnay, though he does not bear the weight of such memories as Manette does, finds himself placed in solitary confinement for crimes which he himself did not commit. The reason why Manette originally requested the cobbler's bench may be evident from the description of Charles Darnay's first moments back in his cell after his brief release:

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. . . . When the gaoler was gone, [Darnay] thought in the same wandering way, "Now am I left, as if I were dead." Stopping then, to look down at the mattress, he turned from it with a sick feeling, and thought, "And here in these crawling creatures is the first condition of my death." (286)

In his small cell, the prisoner seems to feel that he is gradually losing his ability to concentrate:

"Five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell, counting its measurement, and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them. "He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes." The prisoner counted the measurement again, and paced faster, to draw his mind with him from that latter repetition. "The ghosts that vanished when the wicket closed. There was one among them, the appearance of a lady dressed in black, who was leaning in the embrasure of a window, and she had a light shining upon her golden hair, and she looked like * * * * Let us ride on again, for God's sake, through the illuminated villages with the people all awake! * * * * He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes. * * * * Five paces by four and a half." With such scraps tossing and rolling upward from the depths of his mind, the prisoner walked faster and faster, obstinately counting and counting; and the roar of the city changed to this extent--that it still rolled in like muffled drums, but with the wail of voices that he knew, in the swell that rose above them. (286-87)

Darnay's inability to control his scattered thoughts, much less his situation, is vividly recounted, and although Dickens does not allow the reader to enter Manette's mind when the Doctor is troubled, this description of his son-in-law's fragmented state may approximate Manette's state of mind when he paced in his room in Soho and Lucie came in to calm him. The inner rooms in A Tale of Two Cities, the prison cells, cause fragmentation of the mind and, for one who long remains in such a cell, cause the creation of a mental inner room into which the prisoner can retreat in an effort to save himself from total insanity.

Like Doctor Manette and Charles Darnay, Peter Ibbetson, in the novel of the same name by du Maurier, also spends time in a prison cell, but unlike the characters in A Tale of Two Cities, Peter Ibbetson begins his imprisonment long before he is actually charged with a crime and incarcerated. In a way, Peter's imprisonment commences when he has to leave the Passy of his childhood after the death of his parents. For Peter, youth and Passy equal freedom whereas adulthood and London equal imprisonment.¹³ The young man even experiences a sort of solitary confinement in his adult life, as seen in the three episodes in which Peter attempts to gain, but quickly loses, a friend, a girlfriend, and a dog. Very much alone at a party one evening, Peter is strongly attracted to only one person; unknown to him at the time, this person, the Duchess of

¹³Kelly 68; 70 comments on the theme of imprisonment in relation to growing up.

Towers, is the only living link in England with his happy childhood. Not long after this party, Peter journeys back to Paris in a vain attempt to recapture his youth by revisiting his former home and haunts. The irrevocable changes in his old neighborhood serve to isolate him even more. It is in an inner room, his hotel room with "all the meagre furniture" (211) in the Rue de la Michodière in Paris that Peter Ibbetson first experiences a "true dream" and "the first phase of [his] real, inner life" (200). This first true dream is filled with signs of imprisonment which vanish when he meets the Duchess of Towers in his dream and she frees him by teaching him to deepen his dream until he arrives at the time and places of his childhood. After this first true dream, Peter "woke in [his] small hotel bedroom, and saw all the furniture, and [his] hat and clothes, by the light of a lamp outside" (213). Like Little Billee, Peter Ibbetson experiences a realization in a hotel room in Paris, but instead of seeking comfort from a friend in the next room, Peter enters an inner world, a "dark chamber of the brain" (217), through his dream and discovers a source of comfort, an escape from his feelings of isolation, which will serve him later when these feelings of isolation are made concrete by his imprisonment back in England.

In his dream world, Peter returns with Mary, the Duchess of Towers, to the house¹⁴ which had been owned by the Seraskiers in

¹⁴Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson seems in many ways to be illustrative of ideas expressed by Bachelard. For example, Bachelard 17 states that "A house constitutes a body of images that give mankind

Passy, a place where he had been blissfully happy as a child.

Whereas Peter before his imprisonment was an architect by profession, Mary is an architect of the mind, for she builds an addition to this old house, formerly called "Parva sed Apta" (small but fit), where she and Peter can spend time together:

"Why have you brought me here?" I asked.

She laughed and said--

"Open the door in the wall opposite."

There was no door, and I said so.

Then she took my hand, and lo! there was a door! And she pushed, and we entered another suite of apartments that never could have been there before; there had never been room for them--nor ever could have been--in all Passy! (296)

From this addition, appropriately called "Magna sed Apta" (large but fit), the two can build adjoining rooms by using any experiences that they have had or places that they have visited.¹⁵ For example, because Peter had at one time in his life seen the Elgin Marbles, his memory of this experience is sufficient to furnish a room in their dream house so that the two of them can view the art together

proofs of illusions of stability" (17) and that "we know perfectly that we feel calmer and more confident when in the old home, in the house we were born in, than we do in the houses on streets where we have only lived as transients" (43).

¹⁵In the house of his dreams, Peter can go anywhere in time or in space. His house resembles the house that Bachelard describes: "an immense cosmic house is a potential of every dream of houses. Winds radiate from its center and gulls fly from its windows. A house that is as dynamic as this allows the poet to inhabit the universe. Or, to put it differently, the universe comes to inhabit his house" (50). Although Bachelard is writing about the poet and his creative imaginings and du Maurier is writing a fantasy about a young man who has discovered a mental phenomenon, the two writers make similar uses of the house.

at their leisure. Because of their ability to share their minds and experiences with each other, the two do indeed possess "infinite riches in a little room." But even more important for Peter is the fact not only that he can control completely his surroundings during the hours that he is asleep and dreaming true but that he has lost his feeling of isolation because of his love for Mary:

The reality of [their] close companionship, of [their] true possession of each other (during [their] allotted time), was absolute, complete, and thorough. . . . Like twin kernels in one shell . . . [they] touched at more points and were closer than the rest of mankind. (334-35)

Because of this fantastical inner room which he shares with the woman he loves, Peter Ibbetson, the prisoner in an English jail, can be content and can for twenty-five years be a "model prisoner" (333).

In these various inner rooms in Paris, rarely mentioned by the journal writers but forcefully used by the novelists, the British visitor has the opportunity to learn about himself. This learning experience may be facilitated by the presence of another person or persons or it may take place in solitude. Whether freed from the constraints of home or weighted down with more constraints than he has ever felt, the visitor is placed in an abnormal situation with which he must deal. In some cases, if he has the opportunity, he may turn to a friend for support, but if such support is unavailable, then he must turn his gaze inward and make use of whatever inner strengths he can muster, often walling himself off from the outside world until he can cope with it, or in order to cope with it.

Despite the opinions of observers, such a character has achieved a victory of sorts in his fight for control over his surroundings and his situation.

CHAPTER VI

THE RETURN

When the British visitor to Paris reaches the end of his sojourn in the French capital, he begins to make plans for his departure. Although he leaves the city of Paris behind and returns to his family and friends in England, his experience with Paris has not yet ended, for he has been affected by his stay in Paris, for good or for bad. Some visitors to Paris feel only faint effects of their journey and may not even be aware of the slight changes in their attitudes toward France or toward home. For others, the visit to Paris has been a turning point in their lives, and their experiences in France have influenced them in the choice of a career. Having been exposed to different attitudes toward morality and respectability, most visitors to Paris, upon their return to England, find that their own views of these attitudes have undergone a change. The effects of the journey to Paris, then, continue to be felt long after the British visitor has returned to England.

For many of the British visitors to Paris, the actual departure from the city is a pleasant experience, free from anxiety and filled with anticipation of the journey home to friends and family. The journal writers vary in the extent of their description of the departure. The Duke of Rutland, in 1814, merely records that he and his wife left Paris at nine in the morning, passing "through the Place de Louis XV, the Champs Elysées, and Barriere des

Etoiles [sic], and over the Pont Neuilly" (27). William Shepherd, who also left Paris in 1814, gives several more details of his attitude and situation upon leave-taking. He writes,

At five o'clock in the morning of Friday, July 15th,
 . . . I took my seat in the Rouen diligence, in which
 I had the good fortune to meet with three very agreeable
 travelling companions, whose conversation beguiled the
 tediousness of the journey. (266)

Despite the pleasant nature of his fellow travelers, Shepherd does not relish "the idea of being boxed up in the moving dungeon of a French stage coach" (267) for hours on end. Another traveler who has had an enjoyable experience in Paris, John Carr gives a profuse description of his departure, exhibiting his powers of observation even in the last stage of his journey:

Having previously determined to return by the way of Lower Normandy, upon the beauty and luxuriance of which I had heard much eulogy, about half past five o'clock in the morning of the 21st of Prairail [1802], I left my hotel, and proceeded to the Messagerie, from which the diligences, all of which are under the control of the nation, set out. The morning was very beautiful. I was much entertained before I mounted that cumbrous vehicle, which was to roll me a little nearer to my own coast, by viewing the numerous groups of travellers and their friends, who surrounded the different carriages as the horses were tackling to them. In different directions of my eye, I saw about thirty men kissing each other. The women in France never think their prerogatives infringed by this anti-anglo mode of salutation. Some shed tears at parting; but the cheek down which they trickled, never lost its colour or vivacity. All were animated; every eye looked bright; there was a gaiety in their very grief. "Bon voyage, bon voyage--Dieu vous benisse, Dieu vous benisse," reiterated on all sides, from sprightly faces stretched out of the window frames of the massy machine, as it rattled through the gates of the yard, to the incessant crackings of the postilion's long lash. (242)

The tenderness with which Carr describes these French people, perfect strangers to him, saying good-bye to one another gives an indication

of the nature of his stay in Paris and of the hospitality which he felt from the Parisians. And his description of his traveling companions with him in the diligence shows his open-mindedness toward the French people and some of their habits:

I soon afterwards found myself seated in the diligence for Cherbourg, in company with two ladies, and three gentlemen, who were all polite and pleasing. In the cabriole, forward, was a French captain in the army, who had been in Tippoo's service at the time of the surrender of Seringapatam. He looked abominably dirty in his travelling habiliments; but that, in France, is now no just indication of inferiority or vulgarity. (242-43)

Finally, John Carr's record of the words of his French traveling companions as they left the city may be an expression of his own feelings at his departure from Paris:

We passed by the Place de la Concorde, upon the statues and buildings of which, and the gardens of the Thuilleries [sic], the fresh and early sun shone most beautifully. My merry, but feeling fellow travellers, waving their hands, addressed a short apostrophe to these suburb [sic] objects, and exclaimed, "adieu ma tres jolie ville--ah! tres jolie ville adieu." (243)

In the fiction, the pleasant departures from Paris are described very briefly. The young Pelham, after a sojourn in Paris of approximately eight months, explains, "Well--to be brief--the bill for once was discharged--the horses snorted--the carriage door was opened--I entered--Bedos [his servant] mounted behind--crack went the whips--off went the steeds, and so terminated my adventures at dear Paris" (123). Although his stay in Paris has been somewhat clouded by his concern for his friend Sir Reginald Glanville, alias Warburton, Pelham can easily refer to "dear Paris,"

for he himself has experienced no severe reversals in the city. In Paris Lions and London Tigers, Harriette Wilson gives an exciting and humorous description of the departure of one of her characters, an Englishwoman in Paris interested in finding a husband:

Rosabella was seen driving furiously, through one of the barriers of Paris, in a dashing, and gay equipage, with four horses, and post-boys in scarlet jackets and new leather breeches, in the company of a fine looking foreigner, with a black moustache. The carriage, however, passed on so rapidly, that there was no such thing as ascertaining, positively, whether her companion was a chasseur en bourgeois, or a lord chamberlain! (207-08)

Each of these descriptions is in keeping with the tone of the novel from which it comes and with the quality of the character's experience in the city of Paris.

Not every British visitor to Paris, however, departs from the city in such a happy, carefree mood. Some people, during their stay in Paris, experience the loss of a loved one, and these people, when they leave the city, may feel regret, pain, and nostalgia. One such person is Lady Blessington, whose husband died in Paris. Having decided to return to England, she writes, "Two years ago I should have returned there with gladness, but now!--I dread it" (2: 248) because she will be leaving Paris without him. At her actual departure, she again expresses her feelings of sadness:

Adieu, Paris! two years and a half ago I entered you with gladness, and the future looked bright; I leave you with altered feelings, for the present is cheerless and the future clouded. (2: 250)

Like Lady Blessington, Little Billee in Trilby leaves Paris after a lengthy stay during which time he has experienced the loss of a loved

one. Trilby's disappearance from Paris has so drained Little Billee of all feeling that "when the time came for saying good-bye he couldn't feel sorry in the least, for all he tried and strained so hard" (213). Du Maurier describes the day of departure:

it was a fine, sunny, showery day in April, bye-the-bye, and the big studio window was open at the top and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest, just as when our little story began--a railway omnibus drew up at the porte cochère in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, and carried away to the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord Little Billee and his mother and his sister, and all their belongings. (212-13)

The pain, regret, and nostalgia, though not immediately felt by Little Billee, are apparent in du Maurier's description of the ride to the train station:

Little Billee, with his quick, prehensile, aesthetic eye, took many a long and wistful parting gaze at many a French thing he loved, from the gray towers of Notre Dame downward--Heaven only knew when he might see them again!--so he tried to get their aspect well by heart, that he might have the better store of beloved shape and color memories to chew the cud of when his lost powers of loving and remembering clearly should come back, and he lay awake at night and listened to the wash of the Atlantic along the beautiful red sandstone coast at home. (213)

This departure is not a reflection of Little Billee's arrival in Paris, but a reflection of the profound effect that his stay in Paris has had on him.

Still other visitors to Paris experience external complications which hinder or threaten to hinder their departure and which cause these visitors a great deal of anxiety. In the summer of 1802 while England and France were maintaining a fitful and soon to be terminated peace, William Shepherd found himself struggling

with French bureaucracy in an effort to obtain a passport necessary for his departure from Paris. In his journal, he describes his visits to several offices where no one seems to be able to help him. Finally, as he is leaving one of the offices, an idea comes to him:

I began to suspect that . . . we might profit by the bare-faced declaration of the episcopal minister, "il faut de l'argent, beaucoup d'argent." I accordingly returned to the desk; and observing that we had occasioned the office much trouble, which in England we were always obliged to acknowledge in a pecuniary way, I deposited a Louis d'or on the seal of our passport, which lay open in the midst of a heap of papers. At the sight of this glittering stimulant Monsieur le Greffier bowed, and saying that he would take care to give it to the garçons de bureau, he opened a drawer, into which he threw it with a jerk, which I thought (but of course I may have been mistaken) indicated the promptitude of habit. (116-17)

Not only did Shepherd receive a promise that his passport would be ready the following morning, but he was advised not to take the trouble to return to the office to pick it up, as the passport would be delivered to his hotel. Thus, he did not have to delay his departure from Paris.

Not all British visitors in Paris are so fortunate in their dealings with French bureaucracy, especially during times of political upheaval. Bertie Greatheed, who arrived in Paris with his family in December of 1802 so that his son, young Bertie, could copy several paintings in the Louvre, was hoping to stay in Paris for only six months. Early in May of 1803 he was ready to leave Paris and merely waiting for his son to complete one painting. He voices his dissatisfaction with Paris during this brief time of peace:

We are now waiting impatiently for the time of our departure. We have seen everything; our curiosity is quite satisfied, and there is not a single person belonging to this country we ever wish to meet again. A new sensation this to us; for every where else we have invariably formed intimacies, and friendships, which attached us to the place and made the time of departure painful. But besides the want of heart, and nature, that is so conspicuous here; a great capital with many resources, as they are called, must ever be the place where friendships are most liable to die away, as it is in small societies they are generally formed. Then each person plays a considerable part, is known, and rated as he deserves. In the large metropolis pleasures are derived from the mass; not from the individual. So I do not wonder that rich fools love populous cities. (141)

His attitude toward Paris was by no means softened when on May 23, 1803, he tried to get his passport to leave Paris and learned that he was a prisoner of war because of the resumption of hostilities between England and France. Although almost every other Englishman had been removed from Paris to Fontainebleau, Greatheed and his family were allowed to remain in Paris, probably because young Bertie was still working in the Louvre and because Greatheed was acquainted with Napoleon, Junot, and Madame Bonaparte, Napoleon's mother. After four months of captivity, during which time Greatheed had to report daily to the police but was otherwise at liberty in the city, he finally, on October 3, procured permission to leave France. He writes,

Ours are the first passports for any English prisoners to pass the frontiers. I paid 3 livres each. We went to Talleyrands and left them there for his signature paying each 10 livres. . . . Our passport dated this day allows us a month to quit France and six months in Germany, so that we have free till the 3 of May. (183)

Although in principle Greatheed was probably supposed to report back to the French authorities at the end of six months, he writes that

"the permission is given us so vaguely that it is plain they do not expect to see us again" (181). Finally, on October 12, 1803, the Greatheed family left the city of Paris. Greatheed's anxiety about being in Paris during wartime is evident both in his decision to send a portion of his diary back to England for fear that some of his comments might prove dangerous to himself or his family (xv) and in the relative restraint of his diary entries during the four months of his captivity (xv).

In the two departure scenes in A Tale of Two Cities, Dickens reproduces the anxiety and tension that a British visitor may feel upon leaving Paris during times of political upheaval and having to pass through one of the barriers of the city. In the first scene, Mr. Lorry is more concerned about the physical and mental health of Doctor Manette than about passing through the barrier. Previously, however, Defarge has intimated that Manette should leave the country: "'Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France'" (78), though the reasons why are not revealed. When their coach actually reaches the barrier, Defarge acts as a spokesman for the Manettes and Lorry, and he shows Manette's papers to the guard who then allows the coach to pass. Possible difficulties in leaving Paris and the necessity for having the proper papers are thus both presented early in the novel and foreshadow the anxiety felt during the second departure from Paris.

At this second departure, which takes place during the Reign of Terror, Mr. Lorry and Lucie Darnay once again find themselves in

a coach heading for one of the barriers of Paris, but this time in addition to the distracted Doctor Manette, they have with them Little Lucie and the unconscious Charles Darnay. Knowing that papers are of the utmost importance, Sydney Carton, who has chosen to sacrifice his life for Darnay, has taken care to leave his own papers with Mr. Lorry for Darnay's use. Yet the arrival at the barrier is still suspenseful because Darnay could wake up at any moment and inadvertently give himself away, or the family could be detained by the mere caprice of one of the guards, whose "leisurely walk round the carriage" (385) is anything but leisurely for the persons within the carriage. The tension between the desire to flee as quickly as possible and the necessity for driving along at a normal speed produces suspense that lasts through the end of the brief chapter. This departure, even more than the first, is a reflection of the tense nature of the characters' stay in the city of Paris.

After the departure from Paris, the British visitor often begins to generalize about his experience in the French capital, noting what he has observed about Paris and how his stay in the city has affected him. John Carr, in 1802, writes that he is returning to England

from which [he] first embarked for a country, where, in the centre of proscriptions, instability and desolation, those arts which are said to flourish only in regions of repose, have, by their vigour and unrivalled bloom, excited the wonder and admiration of surrounding nations; where Peace, by her sudden and cherished reappearance, is calling forth all the virtues from their hiding places, to aid in effacing the corroding stains of a barbarous revolution, and in restoring the moral and social character to its pristine polish, rank and estimation. (259)

These observations reflect his main interest in Paris--the arts--as well as his interest in the effect of the revolution on the French people. Thomas Holcroft, also writing in 1802, emphasizes how much a person can learn about France during his visit:

Had I passed a life in Paris, I should still have much to learn. I regretted to recollect how many inquiries I had still to make; and how deficient, in many essential points, I should find the facts and the information I had collected; but a little reflexion convinces me that this regret would be eternal, that the field of inquiry would even extend itself by delay, and that the more I knew the more I should discover there was still to be known. (2: 499)

Writing in 1814, John Scott, less general in his observations, notes the effects of a stay in Paris on the individual:

The visit of an Englishman to Paris cannot but produce the liveliest impressions on his mind;--and, as affording fresh knowledge, inspiring new feelings, and linking additional associations, it is calculated to increase the extent and value of his character. The mere curiosities, as they are termed, and amusements, are sources of powerful excitement and interest, but the great gratification arises from coming perpetually in contact with novelty. Novelty presents itself in every face, in every motion, in every piece of furniture in the room, in every utensil of the house, and almost in every breath of air that is inhaled. The visitor, therefore, feels his existence sit as lightly and elastically as if he were just born in the full possession of the powers of his manhood. His return to home will be endeared by a contrast which he never before could form;--and the general influence of the journey, I think, is to humanize the heart, even while it suggests conclusions to the disadvantage of those among whom we have been:--for looking widely, and without personal attachments or resentments, on the surface of society,--we see how little individuals are to be blamed for what we most dislike in their conduct; and when the impression of this sentiment of forbearance and kindness, is coupled with a display of what has been working to produce the mischief and imperfection that we cannot but see and regret,--the lesson,--which thus unites a knowledge of what ought to be corrected with a motive to cheerfulness and charity,--is the most useful that man can receive. It has a direct tendency to raise his nature toward that higher

rank of intelligence, in which irritation against disagreeable consequences is prevented by a knowledge of their natural and necessary causes. (271-72)

These are the observations of three men who visited Paris during a period of peace just before or just after England and France were at war. The men express an interest in art and in the French people, as individuals and as a society. And throughout their journals, they often contrast the state of the French people with that of the English people, in most cases to the distinct advantage of the English. But they do not indicate the actual effect that a stay in Paris has had upon their personal lives.

The characters in the novels of the time, however, upon their return to England, observe the effects of a stay in Paris on their personal lives, as well as on their attitudes toward art and French society. Two of the characters in the novels make decisions about a career in politics upon their return to England, and each decision is, at least in part, affected by what the characters have learned in Paris. Pelham, the pleasure-loving young dandy who came to Paris on a whim, has had his fill of idleness there so that when his mother writes to him of an opportunity to stand for Parliament, he is ready to return to England to make a name for himself:

A year had made a vast alteration in my mind; I had ceased to regard pleasure for its own sake, I rather coveted its enjoyments, as the great sources of worldly distinction.
(175)

Nick Dormer in The Tragic Muse, however, comes to a different conclusion about a career in politics. Though he does win a seat in

Parliament, he gives it up for a career as an artist, and in so doing loses the woman that he loves. Nick had, in fact, used his last trip to Paris to force himself to come to terms with his commitment to art, and after a struggle with himself and with his family, had finally succeeded in breaking away from their wishes for his future in order to dedicate himself to art.

Other characters, having made their decision in Paris to become artists, return to England to pursue their careers as English artists in earnest. Because Nick Dormer returned to England before Miriam Rooth began to improve in her acting and to develop a presence of mind, he is very much aware of the change that has taken place in her during her study in Paris:

When she stood there in fact, however, it seemed to him that he had remembered her wrong: the brilliant young lady who instantly filled his studio with a presence that it had never known was exempt from the curious clumsiness which had interfused his former admiration of her with a certain pity. (444)

Later, when he is able to observe her on stage, Nick remarks,

in regard to her acting, in particular, [he] had mainly a surprised sense that she was extraordinarily quiet. He remembered her loudness, her violence in Paris, at Peter Sherringham's, her wild wails the first time, at Madame Carré's; compared with which her present manner was eminently temperate and modern. (462)

Miriam, having chosen the English stage over the French, gives evidence, upon her return, of great progress and of even greater promise. Another artist who returns to England to pursue his career is Edwin Dayne of Confessions of a Young Man. He makes clear the profound effect that his lengthy stay in Paris has had upon him as

well as the problems of readjustment that he has encountered back in England:

The years the most impressionable, from twenty to thirty, when the senses and the mind are widest awake, I, the most impressionable of human beings, had spent in France, not among English residents, but among that which is the quintessence of the nation; I, not an indifferent spectator, but an enthusiast, striving heart and soul to identify himself with his environment, to shake himself free from race and language and to recreate himself as it were in the womb of a new nationality, assuming its ideals, its morals, and its modes of thought, and I had succeeded strangely well, and when I returned home England was a new country to me; I had, as it were, forgotten everything. (129)

Because he wants to be a writer, Dayne has to relearn English; that is, he must purge himself of all of the unidiomatic expressions that have crept into his writing and his speech as a result of his having lived for so long in Paris: "[He] was full of France, and France had to be got rid of, or pushed out of sight before [he] could understand England" (150). Despite his desire to reintegrate himself into the English way of speaking and writing, Dayne often misses Paris and contrasts London unfavorably with the French capital:

The streets [in London] seemed to me like rat holes, dark and wandering as chance directed, with just an occasional crevice, so different from the boulevards widening out into bright space with fountains and clouds of green foliage. The modes of life were so essentially opposed. I am thinking now of intellectual rather than physical comforts. I could put up with even lodging-house food, but I found it difficult to forego the glitter and artistic enthusiasm of the café. (137-38)

And, at times, when he is depressed about his life in London, he exclaims, "I am sick of everything; I wish I were back in Paris" (168).

A more specific problem which the British visitor to Paris confronts both during a sojourn in Paris and later after his return to England is the question of respectability. Because France and England do not share the same moral codes, what is considered acceptable in French society may not appear to be respectable to a British visitor. Thus, the British visitor, though usually open to new impressions, may often be shocked by what he sees or hears on the streets or in the drawing rooms of Paris. Having received advice about a restaurant in the Tuileries, John Carr remarks that "All the people who frequent this place are considered highly respectable" (89), yet he cannot refrain from noting the freedom which French women have in dining out:

My fair countrywomen would perhaps be a little surprised to be told that elegant women of the first respectability, superbly dressed for the promenade, dine here with their friends in the public room, a custom which renders the scene delightful, and removes from it the accustomed impressions of grossness. (89)

Carr notes not only actions but signs as well that might shock the British visitor in Paris:

In France, I have before had occasion to remark, that fanciful notions of excessive delicacy are not permitted to interfere with comfort and convenience. Amongst these people, every thing turns on the principle of accommodation. To this motive I attribute the frequent exhibition, over the doors of respectable looking houses, in the fashionable walks, and in different parts of Paris, of the following characters, "Commodités pour Hommes et Femmes." An English prude would start to read these words. I mention this circumstance for the purpose of communicating some idea of the people, convinced, as I well am, that it is only by detail, that we can become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of any community. (204)

On the whole, Carr is liberal in his views, happy to be in Paris, and eager to learn about the differences between the French and the English on the question of respectability.

On this question, John Scott is not so liberal as Carr is. Scott draws an unwavering line between British notions of virtue and British notions of vice, and for the most part, he tries to apply British standards to the French way of life. His remarks about the French, then, do not appear to be quite so open-minded as do Carr's. To Scott, the easy mingling in society of the virtuous and the not-so-virtuous is deplorable:

in Paris, there is nothing seen painfully to offend the eye, and this is enough to satisfy the Parisians that they ought not to shock the mind. But the truth is, that grossness of conduct is the natural and becoming barrier that stands between virtue and vice,--it proves that the two are kept totally distinct, that the partizans of the latter feel themselves proscribed, rejected, dis-owned by the respectable. (130)

Scott applies his judgments on virtue and vice not only to the French people in society but to their art as well, insofar as public monuments and buildings may be considered art. He cannot separate the monument itself, however beautiful, from the battle which it memorializes or from the tyrant who commissioned it:

It is at once finer as a spectacle, and more advantageous with reference to the happiness and respectability of the community, that the possessions and decorations of the public should grow, in silence and certainty, out of the public bosom,--rich in rights, in sentiments, and means,--than that they should come down, with a sudden clatter and violent shock, from the hands of a dispensing despotism. (167-68)

The question of respectability arises not only in the journals but in the novels as well, and the characters in the novels, having been exposed to the Parisian culture, must in most cases decide exactly what they mean by respectability and what part they will allow other people's notions of respectability to play in their lives. Some characters, such as Pelham, return to England ready to accept the conventionally conservative British attitudes toward respectability. Pelham attempts to give evidence of his perfect self-control in any situation and prides himself on being able to associate with low-life characters when he has to without himself becoming tarnished. Although he is very much in love with his best friend's sister, he will not let himself entertain thoughts of marrying her so long as his best friend is suspected of murder because he cannot let himself marry into the family of a criminal, no matter how high-born or how close a friend the criminal may be. Another character, Little Billee in Trilby, finds himself shackled by the respectability of his mother and his clergyman uncle. When Mrs. Bagot arrives in Paris with her brother-in-law and her daughter, she goes directly to the studio to find out as much as she can about the young woman that her son wishes to marry. One of the questions that she asks of Taffy is whether or not Trilby is respectable (186). Taffy can only answer, "'At present she's a--a blanchisseuse de fin--that is considered respectable here'" (186). Concerned only with keeping Little Billee from ruining his career, Mrs. Bagot, when she meets Trilby, gains the girl's promise never to see Little Billee

again; but Mrs. Bagot does not realize that in saving her son's career, she is ruining his personal life by depriving him of the woman he loves. Du Maurier makes it clear that although Trilby may not live up to Mrs. Bagot's standards of respectability, Trilby is a good person, and her goodness and sincerity, at the end of the novel, win over even Mrs. Bagot, who

was just a shrewd little conventional British country matron of the good upper middle-class type, bristling all over with provincial proprieties and respectabilities, a philistine of the philistines, in spite of her artistic instincts; one who for years had (rather unjustly) thought of Trilby as a wanton and perilous siren, an unchaste and unprincipled and most dangerous daughter of Heth, and the special enemy of her house. (415)

Thus, when Mrs. Bagot visits Trilby one day and Trilby says, "'I hope you haven't forgotten that I'm not a respectable woman?'" (418), Mrs. Bagot admits that she has "'misjudged [Trilby] so, and been so unjust'" (418). The older woman learns that a show of respectability is not always to be preferred over the kind of honesty and sincerity that are found in Trilby.

Du Maurier also has two of his characters, Taffy and the Laird, move from less respectable into more respectable society in Paris after Little Billee leaves, but the author indicates that such a change of status is not necessarily a change for the better. Without the talented Little Billee at the studio, the other two young men lose their enthusiasm for art; "Then they feebly drifted into quite decent society--like Lorrimer and Carnegie--with dress-coats and white ties on" (224). Influenced by their new associates,

they dressed respectably, and dined expensively, "like gentlemen," in the Palais Royal, or the Passage Choiseul . . . and went to the theatre almost every night, on that side of the water--and more often than not they took a cab home. (224)

Du Maurier represents their new-found respectability as a fall from a higher state so that from his point of view, respectability is a kind of depravity: "Indeed, by the end of the summer they had sunk into such depths of demoralization that they felt they must really have a change; and decided on giving up the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, and leaving Paris for good" (224).

This sort of reversal of values, especially as it appears in the opposition of the world of the artist and the world of the Philistine, is also evident in The Tragic Muse. Mrs. Rooth, Miriam's mother, is a concerned mother who wants to protect her daughter from anything that may have a bad influence on her character or reputation, and yet she wants her daughter to be an artist, an actress. In a conversation with Madame Carré, the great French actress, Mrs. Rooth proclaims her desire for respectability:

"We are very, very respectable," Mrs. Rooth went on, smiling and achieving lightness, too. "What I want to do is to place my daughter where the conduct--and the picture of conduct, in which she should take part--wouldn't be absolutely dreadful. Now, chère madame, how about all that; how about the conduct in the French theatre--the things she should see, the things she should hear?" (132)

Madame Carré, offended by the woman's pretensions and by the limitations she imposes on her daughter's acting, responds with the true artist's attitude toward respectability:

"You mix things up, chère madame, and I have it on my heart to tell you so. I believe it's rather the case with you other English, and I have never been able to learn that

either your morality or your talent is the gainer by it. To be too respectable to go where things are done best is, in my opinion, to be very vicious indeed; and to do them badly in order to preserve your virtue is to fall into a grossness more shocking than any other. To do them well is virtue enough, and not to make a mess of it the only respectability. That's hard enough to merit Paradise. Everything else is base humbug! Voilà chère madame, the answer I have for your scruples!" (134)¹

Although Mrs. Rooth prefers to preserve the illusion of respectability and seems not to understand Madame Carré's remarks, Peter Sherringham seems well aware of how Miriam's position on respectability differs from her mother's. When considering whether or not to propose to the young actress and ask her to give up her career on the stage, Peter wonders, "'Besides, could one make her deviate? . . . what was his warrant for supposing that she could be corrupted into respectability?" (346-47). Again the reversal of values is evident. Unlike her mother, Miriam is ready to go wherever the best is done and to see and hear whatever will make her a better actress. When, back in England, she talks with Nick Dormer about his art and her acting, she brings up respectability, but not with reference to decency or morality:

"it makes me one to be sorry, awfully sorry and even rather angry, that I haven't before me a period of the same sort of unsociable pegging away that you have. For want of it I shall never be really good. However, if you don't tell people I've said so, they'll never know. Your conditions are far better than mine and far more respectable: you can do as many things as you like in patient obscurity, while I'm pitchforked into the mêlée [sic]." (833-34)

¹ Gordon and Stokes 102-03, among others, bring up the difference between Madame Carré's and Mrs. Rooth's attitudes toward respectability.

Here, it is made clear that Miriam has adopted Madame Carré's definition of the term respectable.

Another character who confronts English notions of respectability upon his return from Paris is Edwin Dayne in Confessions of a Young Man. He feels that his career as a writer is endangered by the fact that in England respectability and censorship go hand in hand. Thus, he vehemently criticizes the respectable complacency of his prospective English public:

Respectability!--a suburban villa, a piano in the drawing-room, and going home to dinner. Such things are no doubt very excellent, but they do not promote intensity of feeling, fervour of mind; and as art is in itself an outcry against the animality of human existence, it would be well that the life of the artist should be a practical protest against the so-called decencies of life; and he can best protest by frequenting a tavern and cutting his club. In the past the artist has always been an outcast; it is only latterly that he has become domesticated, and judging by results, it is clear that if Bohemianism is not a necessity it is at least an adjuvant. (138-39)

He feels that the artist, in his case the writer, needs the freedom to experiment with his art and to produce and publish without the threat of being banned or bowdlerized. He believes that "Respectability . . . continues to exercise a meretricious and enervating influence on literature. All audacity of thought and expression has been stamped out, and the conventionalities are rigorously respected" (140). Thus, attitudes toward respectability do not go unchallenged when the British visitor travels to Paris, and while some of these visitors find their beliefs in conventional respectability strengthened by exposure to the French way of life, still

others, many of whom are of an artistic nature, find their attitudes liberalized and place the practice of their art above the opinions of people that they do not even know.

A sojourn in Paris can have a profound effect not only on the British visitor himself, but also on the people to whom he returns in England. In The Return of the Native, Thomas Hardy illustrates the effect of a five-year stay in Paris on Clym Yeobright and the effect that his return has on the people who live on Egdon Heath.² Hardy had originally planned to send Clym only as far as Budmouth, a seaside resort where life was more carefree than on the heath (Paterson 36), but the novel gains by his substitution of Paris for Budmouth because of the well-known associations that Paris carries with it of the elegant life filled with beautiful people dressed in high fashion, attending balls and soirées, and discussing literature and art, a life with an undercurrent of great passion between beautiful women and dashing gentlemen. Though Egdon Heath has been raised to the level of a character in the novel and does play a role in the unfolding of events, Paris, too, with all that it represents, hangs like a backdrop behind the heath and exerts its influence on

²Lawrence contrasts the heath and Paris in The Return of the Native: "remain quite within the convention, and you are good, safe, and happy in the long run, though you never have the vivid pang of sympathy on your side; or, on the other hand, be passionate, individual, wilful [sic], you will find the security of the convention a walled prison, you will escape, and you will die, either of your own lack of strength to bear the isolation and the exposure, or by direct revenge from the community, or from both" (416).

the minds and actions of the characters in ways that affect the progress and outcome of the novel.

Even though they live on a secluded heath quite isolated from the goings-on of the world, the dwellers on Egdon Heath are aware of the existence of Paris and retain some memory, even in the 1840s, of the threat of invasion by Napoleon. Grandfer Cantle boasts of his youthful bravery:

"in the year four 'twas said there wasn't a finer figure in the whole South Wessex than I, as I looked when dashing past the shop-winders with the rest of our company on the day we ran out o' Budmouth because it was thoughted that Boney had landed round the point." (111)

And during that time, the parents on the heath had frightened their children by telling them that Napoleon, instead of the traditional reddleman, was coming to get them (63). When the news spreads that Clym is coming home for Christmas, the men on the heath discuss where he has been and what he has been doing. One says that Clym has been living "'In that rookery of pomp and vanity, Paris, I believe'" (83), thus indicating the sort of place these heath-dwellers believe Paris to be. The use of the word rookery brings together the ideas of Paris as a crowded city, "teeming with . . . individuals" (Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary 1005), and of rooking or cheating someone, of a place where people make money at the expense of others. But despite this attitude toward Paris, the men of the heath view Clym's job, "'Manager to a diamond merchant, or some such thing'" (85), as a step up in the world. As Mrs. Yeobright has described it to them, it is "'a blazing great business . . . like

a king's palace [perhaps the Palais Royal], as far as diments go'" (85), and they wonder why Clym does not go back to Paris soon after Christmas (134). One of the men remarks, "'A sight of times better to be selling diments than nobbling about here'" (85). Never having left the heath and not really inclined to do so, these men can still muse about the good fortune of one of their own who has ventured from the heath, and they can idly speculate about the good life that he must have found in the exotic-sounding Paris.

But Clym Yeobright, greatly affected by his five years in Paris, is one of those people who learn to appreciate home as a result of being away. Dissatisfied with his life on the heath, he left; and dissatisfied with his life at Paris, he returned. Clym tries to explain his change of attitude to the men of the heath one Sunday afternoon. He feels that at least on Egdon Heath he "'can be a trifle less useless . . . than anywhere else'" (134), and he admits "'that [his] business was the idlest, vainest, most effeminate business that ever a man could be put to'" (135). Because he worked for a diamond merchant in Paris, Clym may have been in charge of one of the jewelry shops in the Palais Royal, for this complex was well known for the jewelry and other merchandise sold there. John Carr observes that "The finest shops of Paris for jewellery [sic], watches, clocks, mantuamakers, restaurateurs, china magazines, &c. form the back of the piazza, which, on all the sides of this immense fabric, affords a very fine promenade" (85). He also notes, however, that "This place presents a scene of profligate voluptuousness [sic]

not to be equalled upon any spot in Europe" (85). If Clym did work in this area of Paris, or even have occasion to visit it often on business, he might well have become disenchanted with the glitter of Paris and have turned to a different kind of career in which he felt he could contribute to the betterment of men rather than to their vanity. He tries to explain to the heath-dwellers his scheme for setting up a school nearby in order to benefit the people of Egdon. But after he leaves, the men voice their doubts about his choice: "'Tis good-hearted of the young man But, for my part, I think he had better mind his business'" (135). Even his mother, who was happy to see him again, feels that he should go back to Paris, for she believes that if her son were to stay on the heath, he would be taking a step backwards. When Clym tries to explain his decision to her--

"Mother, I hate the flashy business. Talk about men who deserve the name, can any man deserving the name waste his time in that effeminate way, when he sees half the world going to ruin for want of somebody to buckle to and teach them how to breast the misery they are born to? I get up every morning and see the whole creation groaning and travailling in pain, as St. Paul says, and yet there am I, trafficking in glittering splendours with wealthy women and titled libertines, and pandering to the meanest vanities" (138)--

his mother cannot understand his reasoning. For her, being "'Manager to that large diamond establishment'" (139) is "'a post of trust and respect'" (139).

Although Clym has realized the vanity of his work at Paris, he does not realize that after being away from the heath for so long, he himself has changed and he cannot just settle back into his life there,

for he has become associated with Paris in the minds of the people of Egdon Heath, and he does carry with him, whether he is aware of them or not, vestiges of his life in Paris. One trace of his former life is evident when Clym encounters Eustacia Vye, dressed up as a mummer, at the Christmas party in his mother's cottage. No information is given in the novel about Clym's personal life in Paris except that he was a studious young man, but he may have attended some of the popular masked balls there. Such experiences may help to explain Clym's suspicion that the young Turkish Knight in the mummer's play is a woman in disguise. Clym "looked at her wistfully, then seemed to fall into a reverie, as if he were forgetting what he observed" (113). Later, he follows Eustacia outside and asks if she is a woman, to which question she replies in the affirmative though she does not reveal her face. At their next meeting, when Clym goes to Mistover to help retrieve the bucket from the well, he talks with Eustacia, and just before parting, "he looked at her as if he had one word more to say" (147). The narrator then explains, "Perhaps if he had not lived in Paris it would never have been uttered" (147). He, thus, retains here on the heath some of the boldness that he had learned in Paris. Clym asks whether Eustacia was indeed the disguised woman that he had met earlier and does not receive a negative response. During this meeting the attraction between the two is established, as well as the ultimate complication which will eventually lead to the dissolution of their relationship. If Clym had met Eustacia in her present situation when he himself was five years younger, the two

might have been happy together, but when Eustacia voices her yearning to see Paris, Clym fails to accept the depth of her desire or the necessity for its fulfillment. When she says, "'I was not even aware that there existed any such curious Druidical stone. I am aware that there are Boulevards in Paris'" (147), Clym replies, "'That means much'" (147) and follows up with, "'I remember when I had the same longing for town bustle. Five years of a great city would be a perfect cure for that'" (147). Somehow, though he sees the similarity between her desires and his own of five years before, he seems to assume that her reaction to Paris would be the same as his was and, in a sense, denies the value of her finding out for herself. He is so caught up in his own scheme for the Egdon school that he forgets the importance of experience as a teacher for himself in the past and for Eustacia in the present.

On the evening of the eclipse when Clym proposes to Eustacia, Paris plays a major role in the scene, for it becomes plain that neither character has changed his or her attitude toward Paris. Their conversation, like their inclinations, moves in opposite directions:

"But you must answer me. Shall I claim you some day-- I don't mean at once?"

"I must think," Eustacia murmured. "At present speak of Paris to me. Is there any place like it on earth?"

"It is very beautiful. But will you be mine?"

"I will be nobody else's in the world--does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, for the present."

"Now tell me of the Tuileries, and the Louvre," she continued evasively. (156)

Even though Clym exclaims that he hates to talk about Paris, he does humor Eustacia by talking about some of the places he has visited, but in so doing, he several times associates Eustacia with Paris and on one occasion speaks enthusiastically of light as one who has worked with gems might do:

"Well, I remember one sunny room in the Louvre which would make a fitting place for you to live in--the Galerie d'Apollon. Its windows are mainly east; and in the early morning, when the sun is bright, the whole apartment is in a perfect blaze of splendour. The rays bristle and dart from the encrustations of gilding to the magnificent inlaid coffers, from the coffers to the gold and silver plate, from the plate to the jewels and precious stones, from these to the enamels, till there is a perfect network of light which quite dazzles the eye. But now, about our marriage--." (156)

Hearing him speak so eloquently of Paris, Eustacia does accept Clym's proposal, but Clym

could not but perceive at moments that she loved him rather as a visitant from a gay world to which she rightly belonged than as a man with a purpose opposed to that recent past of his which so interested her. Often at their meetings a word or a sigh escaped her. It meant that, though she made no conditions as to his return to the French capital, this was what she secretly longed for in the event of marriage; and it robbed him of many an otherwise pleasant hour. (158)

Yet, in his attraction to this beautiful, "'luxurious'" (157), "'cultivated woman'" (116) may be seen some vestiges of Clym's stay in Paris, no matter how adamant he is about changing his life and remaining on the heath.³

³Wing 486 notes that "The ironical thing is that this ascetic heath lad was, in an access [sic] of passion, to forget all his asceticism (which included an overall plan to do good to mankind--a sort of atonement for making diamond pendants), and to marry that very sort of woman for whom the 'symbols of self-indulgence and vainglory' were made."

Eustacia Vye's attraction to Paris is subtly linked with her ultimate destruction through a network of images which, though scattered throughout the novel, come together in the scenes just before and just after her death. In some of the journals and fiction, Paris is called the center of the fashionable world and is compared to a vortex or a whirlpool which draws things to its center. John Scott describes the Palais Royal, which is located in the heart of Paris, as follows:

The crowds of the Palais Royal are thus formed, and it puts on its air of bustling dissipation, and lounging sensuality, at an early hour of the morning . . . the place assumes the look of intense and earnest avocation,--yet the whirl and the rush are of those who float and drift in the vortex of pleasure, dissipation, and vice. (121)

Pelham, in reflecting on his life at Paris, observes,

I own that the lessons of my uncle [back in England] did not work miracles--that, living in the world, I have not separated myself from its errors and its follies: the vortex was too strong--the atmosphere too contagious; but I have at least avoided the crimes into which my temper would most likely have driven me. (148)

The vortex is associated not only with the follies of the individual in Paris, but with the chaos of the crowd, and Dickens uses the same image to describe the Parisian mob in revolt, preparing for the storming of the Bastille:

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued

arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of uproar. (244)⁴

Thus, the vortex or whirlpool may be used to describe the whirl of social life in Paris with its attendant follies, the emotions of the individual who has experienced such a life, and the chaotic spirit of revolt against oppression. Each of these meanings surfaces at one time or another in reference to Eustacia Vye.

Hardy establishes the physical presence of a whirlpool early in the novel in his description of the environs of the Quiet Woman Inn. He writes, "The water at the back of the house could be heard, idly spinning whirlpools in its creep between the rows of dry feather-headed reeds which formed a stockade along each bank" (33). Soon after, Eustacia Vye is associated with a turning, circular motion. Once when she is walking across the heath,

A bramble caught hold of her skirt, and checked her progress. Instead of putting it off and hastening along, she yielded herself up to the pull, and stood passively still. When she began to extricate herself it was by turning round and round, and so unwinding the prickly switch. She was in a desponding reverie. (45)

This passage illustrates Eustacia's passiveness, her tendency to give herself up to the pull of the heath, and foreshadows, in a

⁴ According to Oddie 73, "The first use by Dickens of water imagery to describe the crowd is in its comparison with a whirlpool. This clearly derives from Carlyle. The crowd then becomes the sea itself, an image which Dickens elaborates for all it is worth." He then quotes this passage and one from Carlyle where the whirlpool is prominent.

sense, her last scene in the storm on the heath.⁵ It also relates the turning motion to a state of reverie, to a dream-like state.

The dream, in turn, is related to Paris in Eustacia's mind. Having heard that Clym Yeobright is returning to the heath from Paris, Eustacia walks across the heath to look at the home of this visitor from an elegant world: "The scene of the daydream is sufficient for a pilgrimage at nineteen" (87). In another description of the scene, Paris becomes associated with a vortex: "This was the obscure, removed spot to which was about to return a man whose latter life had been passed in the French capital--the centre and vortex of the fashionable world" (87). It is significant that in an early version of the novel, Hardy had written, "the centre & focus of the fashionable world" (Paterson 43) but that he had later changed the word focus to vortex; for this word vortex, here associated with Paris, occurs only one other time in the novel, in a description of Shadwater Weir. Eustacia's dream of going to Paris, however, is mentioned many times during the course of the novel, both before and after her marriage to Clym. One of the heath-dwellers, in describing Eustacia, says that "'her thoughts were far away from here, with lords and ladies she'll never know'" (141). After her marriage, "Her hopes were [still] bound up in this dream" (188) of going to Paris. And when Clym loses his eyesight, "That

⁵ Sumner 106 notes that Eustacia "is simultaneously identified with the heath and in violent revolt against it."

dream of beautiful Paris was not likely to cohere into substance in the presence of this misfortune" (251).

Eustacia's dream of going to Paris operates on a conscious level throughout the novel, but the dream also has an unconscious level at which this network of images comes together.⁶ Early in the novel, Eustacia has a vivid dream while she sleeps, and when she wakes, she can remember only the last part of the dream:

There was, however, gradually evolved from its [the dream's] transformation scenes a less extravagant episode, in which the heath dimly appeared behind the general brilliancy of the action. She was dancing to wondrous music, and her partner was the man in silver armour who had accompanied her through the previous fantastic changes, the visor of his helmet being closed. The mazes of the dance were ecstatic. Soft whispering came into her ear from under the radiant helmet, and she felt like a woman in Paradise. Suddenly these two wheeled out from the mass of dancers, dived into one of the pools of the heath, and came out somewhere beneath into an iridescent hollow, arched with rainbows. "It must be here," said the voice by her side, and blushing up she saw him removing his casque to kiss her. At that moment there was a cracking noise, and his figure fell into fragments like a pack of cards. (93)

In this dream, images of a whirling dance, a heath pool, a dashing young knight, and an exciting, beautiful place all converge. The position of this beautiful place beneath the pool may indicate that in order to find happiness, Eustacia must dive deep into her own soul and look for inner happiness, or it may mean that happiness

⁶ Sumner 104 feels that the dream has no real significance beyond the revelation of Eustacia's romantic tendencies. Jean R. Brooks 189-90 relates the dream to the "mumming adventure," the "Egdon gipsying," and Eustacia's death, but she does not include in her reading the vortex which is central to my interpretation.

is not to be found at all in this world, that it exists only in a land of dreams. In any case, not long before her death Eustacia acts out part of this dream at a dance on the heath. She has always loved to dance and had hoped that she would be able to attend dances in Paris. When she goes alone to a picnic at East Egdon, she sees Wildeve there and is persuaded to join in the dancing:

Thus, for different reasons, what was to the rest an exhilarating movement was to these two a riding upon the whirlwind. The dance had come like an irresistible attack upon whatever sense of social order there was in their minds, to drive them back into old paths which were now doubly irregular. Through three dances in succession they spun their way; and then, fatigued with the incessant motion, Eustacia turned to quit the circle in which she had already remained too long. (205)

As in the first part of her dream, she dances on the heath with a young man, but instead of finding happiness at the end of the dance, she finds despair, for when Wildeve comments, "'I thought, in common with other people, that [Clym] would have taken you off to a home in Paris immediately after you had married him. "What a gay, bright future she has before her!" I thought'" (206), Eustacia begins to weep because "Images of a future never to be enjoyed, the revived sense of her bitter disappointment, the picture of the neighbours' suspended ridicule which was raised by Wildeve's words, had been too much for proud Eustacia's equanimity" (206).

Just as the first half of her dream is re-enacted on a conscious level, so the second part of her dream manifests itself in a scene on the heath. When Eustacia leaves Mistover for the last time, hoping somehow to get to Paris, the city of her dreams, she

is so distracted that "Never was harmony more perfect than that between the chaos of her mind and the chaos of the world without" (275). Becoming aware of her financial problems for the first time, "she sighed bitterly and ceased to stand erect, gradually crouching down under the umbrella as if she were drawn into the Barrow by a hand from beneath" (275). Feeling the oppression of the heath, she wonders, "Could it be that she was to remain a captive still?" (275). In the swirl of the wind and rain, Eustacia is described with images of sinking: "Extreme unhappiness weighed heavily upon her" (275), and "even had she seen herself in a promising way of getting to Budmouth, entering a steamer, and sailing to some opposite port, she would have been but little more buoyant, so fearfully malignant were other things" (275). One last time her spirit tries to rise up against her situation: "'How I have tried and tried to be a splendid woman, and how destiny has been against me! . . . I do not deserve my lot!' she cried in a frenzy of bitter revolt" (276). Not long after, according to the narrator's description, Eustacia has already begun to sink again and to recreate the second part of her dream before she even reaches the weir, for "the fair woman herself was standing on Rainbarrow, her soul in an abyss of desolation seldom plumbed by one so young" (278).

As Eustacia is drawn to Paris on one level, she is drawn to the pool on another level, and these two destinations have in common the fact that both are vortices. In the description of the weir is found the only other use of the word vortex in the novel:

"Shadwater Weir had at its foot a large circular pool, fifty feet in diameter [Clym] leant over the wall and lowered the lamp, only to behold the vortex formed at the curl of the returning current" (288). Whether or not Eustacia committed suicide is a moot question. However, the network of images of the vortex, the whirlpool, the dance, the dream, and Paris does provide at least an unconscious motivation, and certain foreshadowing, for Eustacia Vye's destruction at the end of the novel.

In The Return of the Native, Hardy illustrates some of the extreme effects that a person's return from a sojourn in Paris can have on himself and on people that he knows. Even Clym is not aware of the extent of the effect of his return, for once when he speaks with Eustacia, she says,

"If you had never returned to your native place, Clym, what a blessing it would have been for you! . . . It has altered the destinies of --"

"Three people."

"Five," Eustacia thought; but she kept that in. (215)

Perhaps for the British visitor, in general, the effects of a journey to Paris are not so far-reaching as this. The British visitor is, however, changed by such a journey, and his perception of conventional British attitudes is usually altered. Although the actual sojourn may have ended, the journey of the self, which has begun in Paris, continues long after the British visitor has returned home.

CONCLUSION

A journey to the city of Paris gives a British traveler the opportunity to leave his accustomed surroundings and daily routine, and to venture forth to an impressive and a controversial city, where he can attempt to satisfy his curiosity about the city and its inhabitants, as well as his desire to explore an intriguing environment. The ambiguities and inconsistencies that he perceives at almost every street corner are conducive to reflection, evaluation, and decision-making, for the British traveler is usually jolted out of his habitual ways of thinking and is often forced to reconsider his opinions. He may as a result of his stay in Paris become even more conservative than he was before he left England, or he may find that the city has had a liberalizing effect on his attitudes, for it is almost impossible to remain indifferent to the influx of stimuli that he perceives in the city of Paris. These many and varied stimuli are often recorded by the writers of journals and become the tools of the writers of novels who set their stories in Paris.

The ambiguities and inconsistencies of the French capital are apparent to the British visitor from the moment he enters the city. These first impressions persist as he locates a hotel not quite like a British hotel, and then sallies forth on his first walk through the streets of Paris. The writers of journals describe their walks through Paris as a means of sightseeing and exploring

the city, for walking is the least expensive and probably the most interesting way of getting around in Paris. In addition, the novelists often use walking through the streets as a device for indicating the changes that take place in a character's mind. Because walking is associated with reflection and decision-making, the motion of the character through the streets becomes the outward sign of a mental process. The walk, then, is inner directed; it is fluid; and the streets and landmarks of the city are secondary to the physical, mental, and perhaps spiritual motion of the character's mind.

At times, however, the streets and landmarks take precedence over the thoughts of the observer who views them not in passing but from a fixed position. In the journals these streets and landmarks are objects of inspection for the British visitor who attempts to make some sense of the ambiguities and inconsistencies of which he is aware by comparing the sights he sees in Paris to their counterparts in England. His interest in and record of the historical significance of these landmarks, in addition to their physical description, lend some depth to his journal, as do his speculations on their permanence or their transience. In the novels, the streets and landmarks have even more depth, become functional, and may be used to create atmosphere. The streets are often a sort of stage upon which the action of the novel takes place, and the emphasis is not so much on the observer, who is stationary, viewing the action, but on the action itself; thus, these scenes are outer directed, for

the focus is on the observed, the action or object viewed. Also, landmarks may take on symbolic significance within the context of the novel as the author manipulates their accumulated associations for his own purposes.

If the British visitor wishes to do more than walk through the streets of Paris and see the sights, he should have some command of the French language. The writers of journals usually comment on the ease or the difficulty with which they communicate with the French people and may note what seem to them to be unusual street names or words. But for the novelist the fact that some of his characters are speaking French even though what they say is written in English for the benefit of the readers can pose some technical problems, and the author must solve these problems in order to create the illusion that the characters are speaking French. A character's knowledge or lack of knowledge of French may also have an influence on the plot of the novel, as well as being a major vehicle by which the character does or does not gain a greater understanding of the French people and their customs.

With the help, then, of the French language, the British visitor may attempt to enter the surface society of Paris. The writers of journals describe their sallies forth into Parisian society and the problems and successes that they experience at the soirées, cafés, theatres, museums, and studios of Paris. These Britons record their impressions and observations, and for the most part, remain observers rather than becoming actual participants in the

lives of the French people that they meet. The novelists use these social settings to illustrate character development, allowing their characters to make some social blunders and have some social successes. The characters, also, usually remain observers on this surface level of society, and learn about some French customs and manners without gaining an intimate knowledge of the French people.

Some British visitors to Paris move deeper into Parisian society, into what may be called the inner rooms of the city. This stage of the journey is noticeably absent from the journals surveyed. But several of the novelists allow their characters to enter the inner rooms of the city--the gambling rooms, the private drawing rooms, the theatre dressing rooms, the hotel rooms, and even the prison cells in order that the characters in their novels may have a deeper, more personal experience in Paris than they might otherwise have had. This experience in the inner rooms is usually led up to and prepared for by the characters' previous experiences in Paris or is occasioned by their reaction to the foreign environment, for the Parisian atmosphere of love, art, or revolution in some way follows them into these inner rooms. Here, the characters may experience a realization about themselves or about other people, and this realization may have an effect on their lives even after they return to England.

The last stage of the journey is the departure from Paris and the return to England. The writers of journals document the departure and give the emotions of the British visitor as he takes his

leave of Paris, as do several of the novelists. And some of the novels continue after the character has returned to England, showing the effect of his visit to Paris on him and on the people that he already knows or meets after his return.

In general, the journals provide a story-like frame for the description of the sojourn in Paris--a beginning, a middle, and an end. These journals, then, may be described as basically horizontal, for the only depth that they attain is in looking beyond appearances and trying to determine the qualities of the French people that these appearances signify. The novels, however, while keeping the frame of the voyage, add a vertical dimension to the horizontal one. This vertical dimension, which includes the qualities of the French people and the historical associations conjured up by the sights of Paris, is expanded by the novelists not only to add depth to the novels, but to create a substructure which helps to unify the novels. Thus, the physical aspects of Paris may be used as symbols or as plot devices; they may be used to create atmosphere or to develop the characters. In these ways, the accumulation of details associated with Paris is utilized by the novelists and contributes to the development of the novel of travel within the city.

These novels, set in the city of Paris, exhibit some characteristics of the developing novel of the city, though the emphasis is on the characters within the city and their perceptions rather than totally on the city itself. As such, they may be placed in the tradition of urban literature as it developed during the

nineteenth century. But because the characters in these novels experience a foreign city rather than a British city, these novels also fall into the tradition of travel literature. A part of two distinct traditions, then, these novels comprise a unique body of literature--the novels of travel within the city of Paris.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Adams, Percy G. Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel. Lexington, Ky.: The University Press of Kentucky, 1983.
- Alter, Robert. "The Demons of History in Dickens' Tale." Novel, 2 (1969): 135-42.
- Auerbach, Nina. "Magi and Maidens: The Romance of the Victorian Freud." Critical Inquiry, 8.2 (Winter 1981): 281-300.
- Bachelard, Gaston. The Poetics of Space. Maria Jolas, trans. Boston: Beacon Press, 1972.
- Beckwith, Charles E. "Introduction." In A Tale of Two Cities: Twentieth Century Interpretations. Ed. Charles E. Beckwith. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972, pp. 1-18.
- Bellringer, Alan W. "The Tragic Muse: The Objective Centre." Journal of American Studies, 4 (1970): 73-89.
- Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, comps. The Book of Saints. 5th ed. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1966.
- Bernstein, Carol L. "Nineteenth-Century Urban Sketches: Thresholds of Fiction." Prose Studies, 3.3 (Dec. 1980): 217-40.
- Blackmur, R. P. Studies in Henry James. Ed. Veronica A. Makowsky. New York: A New Directions Book, 1983.
- Blessington, Marguerite (Power) Farmer Gardiner. The Idler in France. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn Publisher, 1841.
- The Book of Common Prayer. London: Collins Clear-Type Press.
- Brooks, Jean R. Thomas Hardy: The Poetic Structure. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press, 1971.
- Brooks, Peter. "Romantic Antipastoral and Urban Allegories." Yale Review, 64 (1974): 11-26.
- Bulwer-Lytton, Edward George. Pelham, or The Adventures of a Gentleman. Ed. Jerome J. McGann. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1972.
- _____. Zanoni. London: George Routledge and Sons, 1878.

- Butler, Lance St. John. Thomas Hardy. London: Cambridge University Press, 1978, pp. 32-54.
- Butor, Michel. "Travel and Writing." Mosaic, 8.1 (1974): 1-16.
- Campos, Christophe. The View of France from Arnold to Bloomsbury. London: Oxford University Press, 1965.
- Cargill, Oscar. "Gabriel Nash--Somewhat Less Than Angel?" Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 14 (1959): 231-39.
- _____. "Mr. James's Aesthetic Mr. Nash." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 12 (1957): 177-87.
- _____. The Novels of Henry James. New York: Macmillan, 1961.
- Carlyle, Thomas. The French Revolution. New York: Random House, 1934.
- _____. Sartor Resartus. Ed. Charles Frederick Harrold. New York: The Odyssey Press, 1937.
- Carr, John. The Stranger in France; or, A Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Baltimore: John West Butler, 1805.
- Cecil, Lord David. "[Hardy's Use of Literary Convention]." In The Return of the Native: A Norton Critical Edition. Ed. James Gordin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1969, pp. 453-65.
- Coghlan, Francis. The Miniature Guide to Paris and its Environs. London: J. Onwhyn, 1853.
- Collins, Philip. "Dickens and French Wickedness." In Charles Dickens et la France: Colloque International de Boulogne-sur-Mer, 3 Juin 1978. Ed. Sylvère Monod. Lille: Presses Universitaires de Lille, 1981, pp. 35-46.
- Davidson, Donald. "The Traditional Basis of Thomas Hardy's Fiction." In The Return of the Native: A Norton Critical Edition. Ed. James Gordin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1969, pp. 444-53.
- Davis, Earle. "From The Flint and the Flame." In A Tale of Two Cities: Twentieth Century Interpretations. Ed. Charles E. Beckwith. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972, pp. 29-43.
- Day, Martin S. "Travel Literature and the Journey Theme." Forum (Houston), 12.2 (1974): 37-47.
- Delbaere-Garant, Jeanne. Henry James: The Vision of France. Paris: Belles Lettres, 1970.

- Dickens, Charles. A Tale of Two Cities. Ed. George Woodcock. Great Britain: Penguin Books, 1970.
- Du Maurier, George. Peter Ibbetson. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1891.
- _____. Trilby. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1894.
- Dunn, Richard J. "A Tale for Two Dramatists." Dickens Studies Annual, 12 (1983): 117-24.
- Edel, Leon. Henry James: 1882-1895, The Middle Years. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1962, pp. 253-65.
- Eigner, Edwin M. "Charles Darnay and Revolutionary Identity." Dickens Studies Annual, 12 (1983): 147-59.
- Enstice, Andrew. Thomas Hardy: Landscapes of the Mind. London: Macmillan, 1979.
- Falk, Robert. "The Tragic Muse: Henry James's Loosest, Baggiest Novel?" In Themes and Directions in American Literature. Ed. Ray B. Browne and Donald Pizer. Lafayette, Indiana: Purdue University Studies, 1969, pp. 148-62.
- "Fantassin." Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.
- Farrow, Anthony. George Moore. Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1978, pp. 59-67.
- Fisher, Philip. "City Matters: City Minds." In The Worlds of Victorian Fiction. Ed. Jerome H. Buckley. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975, pp. 371-89.
- Frank, Lawrence. "Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities: The Poetics of Impasse." American Imago, 36 (1979): 215-44.
- Gallagher, Catherine. "The Duplicity of Doubling in A Tale of Two Cities." Dickens Studies Annual, 12 (1983): 125-45.
- Goetz, William R. "The Allegory of Representation in The Tragic Muse." Journal of Narrative Technique, 8 (1978): 151-64.
- Goldberg, Michael. Carlyle and Dickens. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1972, pp. 100-28.
- Gordon, D. J., and John Stokes. "The Reference of The Tragic Muse." In The Air of Reality: New Essays on Henry James. Ed. John Goode. London: Methuen, 1972, pp. 81-167.

- Greatehead, Bertie. An Englishman in Paris: 1803; The Journal of Bertie Greatehead. Ed. J. P. T. Bury and J. C. Barry. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1953.
- Gross, John. "A Tale of Two Cities." In A Tale of Two Cities: Twentieth Century Interpretations. Ed. Charles E. Beckwith. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972, pp. 19-28.
- Haig, Stirling. "Frenghish in A Tale of Two Cities." Dickens Studies Newsletter, 14.3 (Sept. 1983): 93-97.
- Hall, William F. "Gabriel Nash: 'Famous Centre' of The Tragic Muse." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 21 (1966): 167-84.
- Hardy, Thomas. "The Return of the Native." In The Return of the Native: A Norton Critical Edition. Ed. James Girdin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1969, pp. 1-315.
- Harrold, Charles Frederick. Carlyle and German Thought: 1819-1834. London: Archon Books, 1963, pp. 41-44.
- Hazlitt, William. Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft Written by Himself and Continued by William Hazlitt. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1926.
- Heywood, C. "The Return of the Native and Miss Braddon's The Doctor's Wife: A Probable Source." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 18 (1963): 91-94.
- Holcroft, Thomas. Travels from Hamburg, through Westphalia, Holland, and the Netherlands, to Paris. 2 vols. London: Richard Phillips, 1804.
- Hollington, Michael. "Dickens the Flâneur." Dickensian, 77.2 (Summer 1981): 71-87.
- Hutter, Albert D. "Nation and Generation in A Tale of Two Cities." PMLA, 93 (1978): 448-62.
- James, Henry. "The Tragic Muse." In The Art of the Novel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934, pp. 79-97.
- _____. "George Du Maurier." Harper's Weekly Magazine, 14 April 1894: 341-42.
- _____. The Tragic Muse. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.
- Johnson, Edgar. Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph. Revised and Abridged. Great Britain: Penguin Books, 1979.

- _____. "The Tempest and the Ruined Garden." In Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph. 2 vols. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1952, 2: 972-82.
- Kelly, Richard M. George Du Maurier. Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1983.
- Keynes, George, S.J., trans. The Roman Martyrology. St. Omer: English College Press, n.d., pp. 214-15.
- Kimney, John L. "The Tragic Muse and Its Forerunners." Literature, 41 (1970): 518-31.
- Krook, Dorothea. The Ordeal of Consciousness in Henry James. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1962.
- Kucich, John. "The Purity of Violence: A Tale of Two Cities." Dickens Studies Annual, 8 (1980): 119-37.
- Lawrence, D. H. "[The Psychology of the Characters]." In The Return of the Native: A Norton Critical Edition. Ed. James Gordin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1969, pp. 416-22.
- Levy, Diane Wolfe. "City Signs: Toward a Definition of Urban Literature." Modern Fiction Studies, 24 (1978): 65-73.
- "Liard." Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.
- Lindsay, Jack. "A Tale of Two Cities." In A Tale of Two Cities: Twentieth Century Interpretations. Ed. Charles E. Beckwith. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972, pp. 52-63.
- Lockridge, Ernest H. "A Vision of Art: Henry James's The Tragic Muse." Modern Fiction Studies, 12 (1966): 83-92.
- McCracken, David. "Hazlitt and a Case of Charitable Journalism." Keats-Shelley Journal, 28 (1979): 26-27.
- Magi, Giovanna. Paris. Michael Hollingworth, trans. Florence, Italy: Bonechi Publishers, 1974.
- Manheim, Leonard. "A Tale of Two Characters: A Study in Multiple Projection." Dickens Studies Annual, 1 (1970): 225-37.
- Manners, John Henry, and E. Howard Manners, Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Journal of a Short Trip to Paris during the Summer. London: T. Bensley, 1815.
- _____. Journal of a Trip to Paris. London: T. Bensley, 1814.

- Marcus, David D. "The Carlylean Vision of A Tale of Two Cities." Studies in the Novel, 8 (1976): 56-68.
- Marshall, William H. "The Method of A Tale of Two Cities." In A Tale of Two Cities: Twentieth Century Interpretations. Ed. Charles E. Beckwith. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972, pp. 44-51.
- Maxwell, Richard C. "G. M. Reynolds, Dickens, and The Mysteries of London." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 32 (1977): 188-213.
- Miller, J. Hillis. "The Fiction of Realism: Sketches by Boz, Oliver Twist, and Cruikshank's Illustrations." In Dickens Centennial Essays. Ed. Ada Nisbet and Blake Nevius. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971, pp. 85-153.
- Monod, Sylvère. "Dickens's Attitude in A Tale of Two Cities." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 24 (1970): 488-505.
- _____. "Some Stylistic Devices in A Tale of Two Cities." In Dickens the Craftsman. Ed. Robert B. Partlow, Jr. Carbondale, Ill.: Southern Illinois University Press, 1970, pp. 165-86.
- Monvel, Roger Boutet de. Eminent English Men and Women in Paris, 1800-1850. G. Herring, trans. London: David Nutt, 1912.
- Moore, George. Confessions of a Young Man. Ed. Susan Dick. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1972.
- Oddie, William. Dickens and Carlyle: The Question of Influence. London: The Centenary Press, 1972, pp. 61-85.
- Ormond, Leonée. George Du Maurier. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1969.
- Page, Norman. Speech in the English Novel. London: Longman, 1973, pp. 74-76.
- Parker, David. "Dickens Abroad." In Charles Dickens et la France: Colloque International de Boulogne-sur-Mer, 3 Juin 1978. Ed. Sylvère Monod. Lille: Presses Universitaires de Lille, 1981, pp. 15-24.
- Paterson, John. The Making of The Return of the Native. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1960.
- "Peau." Le Petit Robert Dictionnaire. 1977 ed.
- _____. Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.

"Potiron." Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.

"Pousse-cailloux." Le Petit Robert Dictionnaire. 1977 ed.

Powers, Lyall H. "James's The Tragic Muse--Ave atque Vale." PMLA, 73 (1958): 270-74.

_____. "Mr. James's Aesthetic Mr. Nash--Again." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 13 (1959): 341-49.

Reff, Theodore. "Manet and the Paris of Haussmann and Baudelaire." In Visions of the Modern City: Essays in History, Art, and Literature. Ed. William Sharpe and Leonard Wallock. Columbia University in the City of New York: Proceedings of the Heyman Center for the Humanities, 1983, pp. 131-63.

Riley, Michael M. "Persona and Theme in George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man." English Literature in Transition, 19 (1976): 87-95.

Robison, Roselee. "Time, Death and the River in Dickens' Novels." English Studies, 53 (1972): 436-54.

"Rookery." Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. 1975 ed.

Ruer, Jean. "Deux 'Sources' de A Tale of Two Cities." In Charles Dickens et la France: Colloque International de Boulogne-sur-Mer, 3 Juin 1978. Ed. Sylvère Monod. Lille: Presses Universitaires de Lille, 1981, pp. 49-59.

"Saint." Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.

Sanders, Andrew. "Dickens's French Historical Novel." In Charles Dickens et la France: Colloque International de Boulogne-sur-Mer, 3 Juin 1978. Ed. Sylvère Monod. Lille: Presses Universitaires de Lille, 1981, pp. 61-68.

Schneider, Daniel J. "The Theme of Freedom in James's The Tragic Muse." Connecticut Review, 7.2 (1974): 5-15.

Schwarzbach, F. S. Dickens and the City. London: Athlone, 1979.

Scott, John. A Visit to Paris in 1814; Being a Review of the Moral, Political, Intellectual, and Social Condition of the French Capital. 3rd ed. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1815.

Shepherd, William. Paris in Eighteen Hundred and Two, and Eighteen Hundred and Fourteen. 3rd ed. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1814.

- Snow, Lotus. "'The Prose and the Modesty of the Matter': James's Imagery for the Artist in Roderick Hudson and The Tragic Muse." Modern Fiction Studies, 12 (1966): 61-82.
- Spence, Gordon. "Dickens as a Historical Novelist." Dickensian, 72 (1976): 21-29.
- Stallman, R. W. "Hardy's Hour-Glass Novel." In The Return of the Native: A Norton Critical Edition. Ed. James Gordin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1969, pp. 469-75.
- Stange, G. Robert. "Dickens and the Fiery Past: A Tale of Two Cities Reconsidered." In A Tale of Two Cities: Twentieth Century Interpretations. Ed. Charles E. Beckwith. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972, pp. 64-75.
- Stevenson, Lionel. The English Novel: A Panorama. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1960.
- _____. "George du Maurier and the Romantic Novel." Essays by Divers Hands, 30 (1960): 36-54.
- Sumner, Rosemary. Thomas Hardy: Psychological Novelist. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1981.
- Thackeray, William Makepeace. The Paris Sketch Book of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh; The Irish Sketch Book: and Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo. Chicago: Belford, Clarke and Co., n.d.
- Thesing, William B. The London Muse: Victorian Poetic Responses to the City. Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1982.
- Timko, Michael. "Splendid Impressions and Picturesque Means: Dickens, Carlyle, and the French Revolution." Dickens Studies Annual, 12 (1983): 177-95.
- "Tire." Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.
- "Tirer." Robert et Collins Dictionnaire. 1982 ed.
- Vernier, Jean-Pierre. "Lecture de A Tale of Two Cities." In Charles Dickens et la France: Colloque International de Boulogne-sur-Mer, 3 Juin 1978. Ed. Sylvère Monod. Lille: Presses Universitaires de Lille, 1981, pp. 69-76.
- Veyriras, Paul. "Visiteurs britanniques à la morgue de Paris au dix-neuvième siècle." Cahiers Victoriens et Edouardiens: Revue du Centre d'Études et de Recherches Victoriennes et Edouardiennes de l'Université Paul Valéry, Montpellier, 15 (Apr. 1982): 51-61.

- Vidler, Anthony. "The Scenes of the Street: Transformations in Ideal and Reality, 1750-1871." In On Streets. Ed. Stanford Anderson. Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1978, pp. 29-111.
- Wallace, Ronald. "Gabriel Nash: Henry James's Comic Spirit." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 28 (1973): 220-24.
- Weimer, David R. The City as Metaphor. New York: Random House, 1966.
- Welsh, Alexander. The City of Dickens. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971.
- Whiteley, Derek Pepys. George du Maurier: His Life and Work. London: Art and Technics, 1948.
- Williams, Raymond. The Country and the City. London: Chatto and Windus, 1973.
- Wilson, Harriette. Paris Lions and London Tigers. 1825. London: The Navarre Society, 1935.
- Wing, George. "[Clym Yeobright and Egdon Heath]." In The Return of the Native: A Norton Critical Edition. Ed. James Gordin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1969, pp. 485-87.
- Zambrano, A. L. "The Style of Dickens and Griffith: A Tale of Two Cities and Orphans of the Storm." Language and Style, 7 (1974): 53-61.

VITA

Elizabeth Anne Hait was born in Lafayette, Louisiana, on July 28, 1949. She attended public schools there and was graduated from Lafayette High School in May 1967. That summer she entered the University of Southwestern Louisiana, and in May 1971 she received a Bachelor of Arts degree in English. In the fall of 1971 she accepted a teaching assistantship at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, and began study toward a Master's degree in English. This degree was awarded in May 1973.

In the fall of 1973 she accepted an Instructorship at Northeast Louisiana University, where she taught full-time until May 1976. In the fall of 1976 she accepted a teaching assistantship at The University of Tennessee, Knoxville and began study toward a Ph.D. in English. During the academic year of 1982-83, she studied French in Paris through the NYU-in-France program. In the fall of 1983 she returned to The University of Tennessee, Knoxville to complete the Ph.D. in English. This degree was awarded in December 1985.

The author is a member of Alpha Lambda Delta, Sigma Tau Delta, Gamma Beta Phi, Phi Kappa Phi, and Phi Beta Kappa. After graduation she plans to teach English at the college level.