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FELIX HOLT: THE RADICAL AND THE GUSSET OF CRYPTIC FUTURITY

By Rodney Stenning Edgecombe

Most Victorian novels avail themselves of tidying codas in which the author projects the story into a future-turned-present and, counterpointed by wedding bells, maps out as close an approximation to the 'happily ever after' formula as the constraints of realism will allow. The *locus classicus* for this procedure occurs at the end of *Martin Chuzzlewit*:

And coming from a garden, Tom, bestrewn with flowers by children's hands, thy sister, little Ruth, as light of foot and heart as in old days, sits down beside thee. From the Present, and the Past, with which she is so tenderly entwined in all thy thoughts, thy strain soars onward to the Future. As it resounds within thee and without, the noble music, rolling round ye both, shuts out the grosser prospect of an earthly parting, and uplifts ye both to Heaven!¹

George Eliot also avails herself of this standard template at the end of *Felix Holt: The Radical*, its 'Epilogue' sketching the future course of her characters' lives through present-tense clauses ('As to the town in which Felix Holt now resides'²), clauses that catapult the reader from 1833 to the date of composition, thirty-three years on. Futurity here becomes largely notional, its proleptic force bled into the narrative present, and this in turn causes the foregoing narrative to recede in time, investing the novel's closure with a paradoxical sense of retrospection.

Such epilogical tails had their source in the thirst for pattern and integration that also issued in the complexities of Victorian plotting, and it was a thirst that Henry James and his successors often refused to quench. The codetta of *The Portrait of a Lady* – too curtal, too perfunctory, even, to be called a coda – presents a future that *fails* to cap and clarify. The life confronting Caspar Goodwood figures as a burden without guarantee of disburdenment, and the Victorian narrator's typically clarifying, provident omniscience dwindles to a platitude in the mind of a minor character:

On which he looked up at her – but only to guess, from her face, with a revulsion, that she simply meant he was young. She stood shining at him with that cheap comfort, and it added, on the spot, thirty years to his life. She walked him away with her, however, as if she had given him now the key to patience.³

The puppeteeringly transitive way in which Henrietta Stackpole *walks* Goodwood *away* from us also recalls the *Verfremdungseffekt* at the very end of *Vanity Fair*, the point at which Thackeray discloses the manipulative strings that he has used to regulate his plot. There he mocked the emboxing tendency of the traditional reward-and-punishment finale as a literal, devalizing squaring away: 'Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out'.⁴

But while Eliot had no qualms about squaring off her design at the end of *Felix Holt*, she also at one point inlaid the narrative with a subtle, proto-Jamesian codetta. Located long before the conclusion, this glimpse into the future proves as cryptic and irresolute as any we might search for in the twentieth-century novel: 'There is a portrait of Mr Philip Debarry still to be seen at Treby Manor, and a very fine bust of him at Rome, where he died fifteen years later, a convert to Catholicism'.⁵ So unobtrusive as almost to pass us by, the sentence vibrates

with implications for the character at hand and also for the novel as a whole. It might appear to lop and stanch a sub-branch of the story, but its 'resolution' is so sphinxian that it poses more questions than it offers answers. But let me delay its analysis for the time being and focus instead on the qualities that differentiate it from more typical future-present codas. Compare it, for example, with a gusset of futurity in *Jane Eyre*:

As I shall not have occasion to refer either to her or her sister again, I may as well mention here, that Georgiana made an advantageous match with a wealthy worn-out man of fashion, and that Eliza actually took the veil, and is at this day superior of the convent where she passed the period of her novitiate, and which she endowed with her fortune.⁶

Brontë has here notionally excised this passage from her official coda and slipped it in midway through the narrative – a lukewarm between-the-acts ovation to allow some part-players an early getaway from the theatre. The perfunctoriness ('I may as well') recalls the puppet-boxing finale in *Vanity Fair*, Georgiana and Eliza meeting obvious fates their *Bildung* has prepared for them – the 'punishments' of sexual attrition ('worn-out man of fashion') and sterile, inward-turning celibacy, each of them implicitly measured against Jane Eyre's richer and more problematic reward, the smouldering Mr Rochester. Unlike the Debarry gusset in *Felix Holt*, it clarifies instead of demanding inferential guesswork. Brontë knots two loose ends, whereas Eliot deliberately lets a half-gathered thread dangle from the weave in a way designed to intrigue and trouble the imagination.

Nor, despite some superficial resemblances, does the Debarry inset invite comparison with a future-present parenthesis in *Nostramo*: 'In that letter Decoud's idea of the new Occidental State (whose stable and flourishing condition is a matter of common knowledge now) was for the first time made public and used as an argument.'⁷ The crucial difference lies in the novel's virtuoso narrative method, a process of tessellation very different from Eliot's lineality in *Felix Holt*. Resorting to anadiplosis rather than temporal succession, Conrad joins topic to topic (rather than event to event) so that his story-line offers an angular and aleatoric zigzag of domino-tiles (joined by interface) instead of an irresistibly unfolding sequence. The result of such 'Adam's ribbing' is a future relativized, a future that quite often leaches into the present, as when Dr Monygham mulls over the death of Hirsch ("But why shot?" he murmured to himself⁸), cuing Conrad to move back in time and supply the answer: 'Sotillo had spent the morning battling with his thoughts'.⁹ Moreover, these imbrications of past upon future upon present disable the extensive Captain Mitchell 'coda' from acting as a tail, for while it seems to move us into a resolatory future, it arrives much too soon, and – as subtly as James's refusal to offer tidying assurances at the end of *The Portrait of a Lady* – points up the unreality of *all* strategies of closure. A dictator's revolution might have been avoided, but the mine itself is now ripening toward the same upheaval in another: 'There is no peace and no rest in the development of material interests'.¹⁰

Placed in this context, the parenthesis that records the success of secession might seem to clarify, but it actually alienates, short-circuiting the narrative tension in the same way that first-person accounts of harrowing stories inoculate against their terrors because the narrators have clearly survived to tell them. The seeming futility of the silver-salvage was not futile, the parenthesis seems to say: Decoud's plan succeeded. But, like the Calvinist deity that grants a delusive sense of election for the pleasure of seeing the surprise of the deluded when they find themselves hurtling off to hell, Conrad uses the false resolution as a condiment to spice its own

dissolution. The silver-salvage *does* become futile after all in the context of a larger revolution in the making, the unpeaceful restlessness that attends the pursuit of material interests. Instead of mystifying a narrative outcome, as the *Felix Holt* gusset does, it seals it off, but with the sole purpose of breaking it open once again. However, there is also another difference to bear in mind, namely that its futurity is much less poignantly felt than Eliot's, given Conrad's different management of his story. He joins James in rejecting the reward-and-punishment peroration of the conventional novel, but registers his contempt through satire rather than suppression. Like Brontë when she packs away the Reid sisters before their time, he brings the coda forward, but in its entirety, and not as a mediate footnote. We sense that something's wrong by virtue of the clump of pages still lying under our right thumbs: the narrative is feinting closure, but it hasn't finished unspooling. Moreover, we have from the start been made conscious of Captain Mitchell's good-natured obtuseness, and wonder why Conrad has made him our cicerone as we tour the new and reconstituted Sulaco. The fact that the future-finale has been entrusted to him bears comparison with James's 'entrustment' of the corresponding member in *The Portrait of a Lady* to Henrietta Stackpole.

Neither *Jane Eyre* nor *Nostromo*, therefore, can be said to match the innovative gusset in *Felix Holt*, despite some superficial points of resemblance. By contrast, a narrative innovation in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* comes somewhat closer. There are differences, even so, the chief centred on Spark's *disjunction* of the present and proleptic versions of a phenomenon (a fire that instils panic in the subject) so that the future becomes ironical only in reverse. Mary Macgregor, whom we first meet at the age of ten, is a girl 'later famous for being stupid and always to blame, and who, at the age of twenty-three, lost her life in a hotel fire'.¹¹ Additional information comes a short while later, but is still insufficiently detailed to allow the irony to function properly:

Back and forth along the corridors ran Mary Macgregor, through the thickening smoke. She ran one way; then, turning, the other way; and at either end the blast furnace of the fire met her. She heard no screams; she gave no scream, for the smoke was choking her. She ran into somebody on her third turn, stumbled and died.¹²

As a source of narrative pattern, of typical prefiguration and fulfilment, this datum remains inert until Spark couples it much later in the text with a parallel from Mary's girlhood (a chemistry lesson on the combustive properties of magnesium). Taken together they function as an exegetical type, a narrative strategy no doubt inspired by the author's Catholicism:

Mary Macgregor took fright and ran along a single lane between two benches, met with a white flame, and ran back to meet another brilliant tongue of fire. Hither and thither she ran in panic between the benches until she was caught and induced to calm down...¹³

Spark here problematizes the providential colour of the Victorian coda which, like Conrad, she has ingested into the narrative proper. The foresight of omniscient novelists necessarily develops a deific colour (providence, after all, comes from 'pro' and 'videre'), given the movement from dynamic uncertainty toward (factitious) clarity and stasis. Spark has availed herself here of the god-driven historiography embodied in a communion hymn – 'antiquum documentum / Novo cedat ritui'¹⁴ – usually Englished as 'Types and shadows have their ending, / For the newer rite is here.'¹⁵

To return to the proleptic inlay of *Felix Holt*, it is seemingly a throwaway, but packed

with implications.¹⁶ To begin with, Debarry's thumbnailed life-story has crucial bearing on the main concern of the novel for it throws oblique light on Holt's renouncement of middle-class values. The integrity and social courage that place him at the margin of his society are reflected in the graph, similar in shape, but plotted with the different coordinates, that places Philip on the margin of his own in turn. Lynda Mugglestone makes no mention of the Oxford Movement in her annotations to the Penguin edition, but it's subliminally present at this point. In 1833, John Keble delivered his Assize sermon on 'the national apostasy', getting the Oxford Movement underway. It was the first of a series of events that would issue in John Henry Newman's conversion to the Roman church in 1845. Such facts are implicit in the gusset, and they gesture at an ecclesiastical undertow beneath the political changes that attended the first Reform Bill. Eliot had already touched on these in 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton', the first of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, comparing her anti-hero's superposition of Tractarianism upon low church doctrine to an onion rubbed with spice: 'The Low-Church onion still offended refined High-Church nostrils, and the new spice was unwelcome to the palate of the genuine onion-eater'.¹⁷ No such gradations in the story of Philip Debarry, however; only the stark record of his Roman apostasy that must have had an impact on his Tory family no less profound (and probably much more so) than the passage of the Reform Bill. In the absence of specifics, we are invited to make our own inferences, one of which is the likelihood that Philip's decision to convert was prompted by Newman's before him, and that it was taken two years (or fewer) before his (Philip's) death. Since Catholicism has long been native to English society, it's difficult now to appreciate the intense distress that his decision would have occasioned in his father and uncle. We get a vague sense of John Bull's misgivings felt about Catholic emancipation from the 'Popish blacksmith' in 'Amos Barton' when he produces 'a strong Protestant reaction by declaring that, as soon as the Emancipation Bill was passed, he should do a great stroke of business in gridirons'¹⁸), but a better way to project the trauma of the Debarry brothers would be to adduce the reaction of an orthodox Jewish father to news that his first-born son had been baptized, or, at the height of the Cold War, that of a Tory MP to a newspaper announcing that his son had joined the Communist Party. The fact that Philip's portrait 'still' hangs on the walls of Treby Manor in 1866 doesn't preclude the possibility that it had once been taken down when the 'disgrace' of his apostasy was fresh in the mind. Eliot's narration, bald yet pregnant, offers no certainty in this regard. It does, however, present incontrovertible evidence of exile, of a literal (as well as a spiritual) translation to Rome, hinting that Debarry was forced by domestic circumstances to leave England. Such a datum gains a poignant overtone from the thought of Richard Crashaw, also an exiled convert, who brought high-minded, principled Anglican conduct to bear on the laxities of Continental Romanism, and suffered as a result. Newman was also unhappy after taking the plunge, though Eliot would not necessarily have known this fact, which had been carefully expunged from the story set forth in the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. Even so, one is tempted to think that Philip, like Newman, contemplated the pollarded trees of Rome with disgust, and yearned for the unmutilated, generous subjects of Treby Manor as Newman had hankered for those of Oxfordshire. Of course, we lack official sanction for such thoughts, but the laconic nature of the gusset inspires them by its very brevity. And there can be no doubting that the *Apologia* is subliminally present at this point. It had appeared two years before *Felix Holt*, and Eliot had read it with admiration: 'the Apology now mainly affects me as the revelation of a life – how different from one's own, yet with how close a fellowship in its needs

and burthens – I mean spiritual needs and burthens’.¹⁹ While having no intellectual sympathy with Newman’s position (any more than she had had with those of the fictive clerics Tryan and Lyon, whose belief systems she renders with attentive empathy), she would have admired the martyric way in which he took his convictions to their logical conclusion, an internal exile from Oxford to Birmingham. (Leigh Hunt, also to some extent free-thinking, held Newman in high regard, and for the same reason.²⁰) We can be fairly sure that it was Eliot herself who asked Mrs Pattison for the memorial drive to Littlemore (‘Newman’s conventual retreat’²¹) in 1870, having, at the time of the *Apologia*, expressed a desire to meet the man in person.

If we recall how, early in *Felix Holt*, Sir Maximus had defined his family’s role in the aftermath of the Reform Bill – ‘In the present state of the country it is our duty to look at a man’s position and politics. Philip and my brother are both of that opinion, and I think they know what’s right, if any man does. We are bound to regard every man of our party as a public instrument, and to pull all together’²² – we can infer the intensity of his disappointment when his son converted, a disappointment further exacerbated by the latter’s rapid elevation within the Roman priesthood. Newman’s cardinalate post-dated *Felix Holt*, of course, but, on the strength of the gusset, it would seem that Eliot had entertained a prescient inkling that he would one day be accorded some such honour. Since parish priests don’t as a rule find themselves memorialized in marble busts, let alone ‘fine’ ones, we can infer that Debarry moved some distance up the Roman hierarchy before his death. But can we at the same time be sure that he was as delighted by this advancement as his father and uncle were troubled? There can be no doubting that it came at the cost of family pride and affection, and in this regard the displacement of the warm polychrome canvas in Treby by cold, statuesque marble is significant, not least because it blanks out his mesmeric eyes. There are sightless sockets where once there was a play of intelligence and fascination – qualities recorded by the portrait at Treby Manor, and still preserved there. This has the effect of locating his ‘soul’ in his native land, courtesy of that tired cliché about the eyes being windows to that entity. By ‘blinding’ them in grandiose marble, Eliot hints the cost of his sacrifice. We have only to recall Gray’s ‘Elegy’ to sense this: ‘Can storied urn or animated bust / Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?’²³ The cold formality of the exile’s bust (no doubt on show in a Roman *sala*, perhaps even in the Vatican) contrasts with the domestic location of the portrait:

His face would have been plain but for the exquisite setting of his hazel eyes, which fascinated even the dogs of the household. The other features, though slight and irregular, were redeemed from triviality by the stamp of gravity and intellectual preoccupation in his face and bearing. As he read aloud, his voice was what his uncle’s might have been if it had been modulated by delicate health and a visitation of self-doubt.²⁴

That we have arrived in the gusset at the notional time of composition (1866) – which is also the time of the ‘official’ coda – can be inferred from the adverb ‘still’, but it also frames another sub-gusset of futurity. This takes us forward to Philip’s death in 1848, the fateful year of revolutions in France and the other European countries that extended (or attempted to extend) the comparatively small advances of the July Revolution of 1830. The July Revolution had its analogue in the Reform Bill, the inadequacies of which lead Felix Holt, on a personal level, to practise a more thorough-going egalitarianism than its grudging concessions made possible. The July Revolution might seem to have achieved stability by dispensing with despotism (as the Reform Bill by limited extension of the franchise), but, by placing the needs of the

bourgeoisie above those of the working class, its centre couldn't hold. Nor could that of the Reform Bill, as witness the rise and fall of Chartism (the latter coinciding with the revolutions of 1848), and the subsequent passage of second (1867) and third (1884) Reform Bills. Holt resolutely refuses to wear a cravat, badge of the bourgeois respectability that, like the July Revolution, it had served to entrench. Totally without self-doubt in his thinking and conviction, he becomes an honorary working man, an internal class exile. A parallel obtains here with Newman, who left the Erastian comfort of an Oxford fellowship to minister to the needs of the working Irish in Birmingham. Debarry's 'self-doubt', and the course upon which it sets him, mirrors Holt's self-willed and self-confident movement toward the margins of society. Like Newman, who tried, and failed, to sustain a Catholic identity within the Anglican communion, he resolved that doubt in dogmatic absolutism, since Rome suppresses the individual's right to decide on issues of doctrine, and requires blind submission to utterances *ex cathedra*. Newman's detractors argued that Catholicism was his way of escaping his own essentially sceptical nature, and Eliot might well have known this and allowed the criticism to subtend her gusset. What Newman's fellow-travellers (read the fictive Philip Debarry) had initially taken on trust – the experiential proof of Anglo-Catholic legitimacy – gave him no intellectual satisfaction: 'I did not at all dispute this view of the matter, for I made use of it myself; but I was dissatisfied, because it did not go to the root of the difficulty. It was beautiful and religious, but it did not even profess to be logical; and accordingly I tried to complete it by considerations of my own'.²⁵ And when those considerations 'logically' drove him in the opposite direction from the one he set out to prove, he renounced the schism implicit in those 'considerations of my own', and embraced an institution erected on such exclusionary, black-and-white assumptions as 'extra ecclesia nulla salus' and 'securus judicat orbis terrarum'. This would have been the same intellectual mechanism (i.e., doubt resolved by authoritarianism) that prompted Debarry's submission to Rome. While being the very converse of Holt's self-confidence, Debarry's self-doubt paradoxically drives him to the same marginal position vis-à-vis the Establishment into which he was born. How ironical, therefore, that he should have been the ultimate cause for the *contentio theologica* by which Mr Lyon, working from the left-wing of dissent, wished to attack the Anglican settlement. In the off-staged narrative of his own future, his very conduct adduced equally damaging claims against the English church from the right. We can justly assume that he engaged in denominational controversy, for why otherwise would Rome have memorialized him with a bust?

Eliot also provides a future-tense follow-up to the debacle of that debate that never was – a 'by-the-way' resolution, offered with the same sort of dismissiveness that despatches Georgiana and Eliza Reid in *Jane Eyre*. Mr Sherlock's paper 'victory', a pamphlet *ex post facto*, does nothing to erase his cravenness, and serves only to illustrate the unrigorous institution on behalf of which he has acted as a very defective 'fidei defensor':

But the Rector had subsequently the satisfaction of receiving Mr Sherlock's painstaking production in print, with a dedication to the Rev. Augustus Debarry, a motto from St Chrysostom, and other additions, the fruit of ripening leisure. He was 'sorry for poor Sherlock, who wanted confidence'; but he was convinced that for his own part he had taken the course which under the circumstances was the least compromising to the Church. Sir Maximus, however, observed to his son and brother that he had been right and they had been wrong as to the danger of vague, enormous expressions of gratitude to a Dissenting preacher, and on any differences of opinion seldom failed to remind them of that precedent.²⁶

Like the 'faux' coda of *Nostramo* – Captain Mitchell's tour of Sulaco – this glimpse into the bosom of the Debarry family creates a sense of false assurance, taking us into the future, but to a point *before* the crucial watershed of Philip's 'apostasy'. The tableau of amity and reconciliation and jest and 'told-you-soing' becomes all the more ironical in the view of that *annus terribilis*, as yet unforeseen by any of the protagonists. Sherlock's 'want of confidence' is nothing to that lodged in the bosom of the nephew, as yet undeclared, but hinted by his unusually sensitive eyes. Its disclosure will almost certainly dissolve the family triad and poison the generational harmony it exemplifies.

So much for the theological and social history compacted into Philip's conversion and rise within the Roman church. But the gusset has another function, one that is simpler and emotionally direct. This centres on the shock of placing a character *sub specie mortis* midstream of a novel, as when Muriel Spark closes the arc between the ten-year-old Mary Macgregor to whom we have just been introduced and her death thirteen years later. Something that a typical Victorian narrative would have deferred to the point of 'ever after', a death cosily fuzzed with the futurity, leaps out of that haze and into the present as a stark *memento mori*. Keats had beaten these novelists to the *Verfremdung* of this strategy, for the coda in 'The Eve of St Agnes' reverses the triumphalism of escape ('are gone') by means of a *contre rejet*, forcing us to re-read 'are gone' as 'are dead' ('aye, ages long ago / These lovers fled away into the storm'²⁷). If, as the epigraph to the epilogue of *Felix Holt* claims, our finest hope is our finest memory, then its logical corollary must be the fact that the most poignant despair is the most inescapable foreknowledge. After the gusset, Philip subsists under a shadow in a way that no other character does, least of all those whom the coda embosoms in comforting Victorian *éclaircissement*. Even Job Trudge, for whom an early death has been surmised, is allowed to attend the wedding, and since nothing more is said about him, we readily embrace a blissful ignorance with regard to his premature death, and do so with the author's implicit sanction.

In 1933, L. C. Knights published an essay entitled 'How Many Children had Lady Macbeth', a title meant to mock the irrelevance of extra-textual speculation. But while the idea of computing an unknown as though it were a *donnée* of the text is clearly absurd, the fact of Lady Macbeth's motherhood still remains relevant to the play, and, by ignoring it, Knights comes close to throwing out that suckling baby with the bath water. Our conception of the character is coloured by the datum ('I have given suck'), and, without it, her projection of infanticide ('I would, while it was smiling in my face, / Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, / And dash'd the brains out' – *Macbeth* 1.7.55-58), even though a notional, subjunctive killing, would count for less than it actually does. A mother able to conceive such a thing is *de facto* defective in the same way that the (actually) infanticidal Medea is. Nor is the readiness to kill a *male* heir altogether beside the point, since it points to an intense ambition on behalf of spouse and self. Those lines offer a gusset of the cryptic past. Gussets of futurity, as we have seen, can be equally sphinxian and equally pregnant.

Notes

- 1 Charles Dickens, *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*, ed. and intro. P. N. Furbank (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1968), p. 918.
- 2 George Eliot, *Felix Holt: The Radical*, ed. Lynda Mugglestone (Harmondsworth:

- Penguin, 1995), p. 477.
- 3 Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986), p. 592.
- 4 William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, intro. Whitelaw Reid (London: J. M. Dent, 1941), p. 699.
- 5 *Felix Holt*, op. cit., p. 157.
- 6 Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre: An Authoritative Text, Contexts, Criticism*, ed. Richard J. Dunn (New York: W. W. Norton, 2001), p. 206.
- 7 Joseph Conrad, *Nostramo* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1965), p. 294.
- 8 Ibid., p. 362.
- 9 Ibid., p. 362.
- 10 Ibid., p. 419.
- 11 Muriel Spark, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (London: Macmillan, 1961), pp. 13-14.
- 12 Ibid., p. 16.
- 13 Ibid., p. 100.
- 14 *Breviarium Romanum ex Decreto Sacrosancti Concilii Tridentini Restitutum S. Pii V Pontificis Maximi Jussu Editum Aliorumque Pontificum Cura Recognitum Pii Papae X Auctoritate Reformatum cum Nova Psalterii Translatione Pii Papae XII Jussu Edita*, 4 vols. (Turin: Sumptibus et Typis Mame, 1949), 2:265.
- 15 *Hymns Ancient & Modern Revised* (London: William Clowes, no date), p. 511.
- 16 I have no way of telling, in the absence of any published diaries or correspondence, whether Annie Proulx went to school on the Debarry inlay of *Felix Holt*, but one of her short stories, 'The Mud Below', comes closer than Conrad and Spark to matching its effect and function in the novel: see Rodney Stenning Edgcombe, 'Narrative Indeterminacy in the Fiction of Annie Proulx', *North-West Review* 46.1: 126-27.
- 17 George Eliot, *Scenes of Clerical Life* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood, no date), p. 35.
- 18 Ibid., p. 6.
- 19 George Eliot, *The George Eliot Letters*, ed. Gordon S. Haight, 9 vols (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1954-78), 4:159
- 20 Here Hunt hails 'men, who, in their own persons, and in a spirit at once the boldest and most loving, dared to face the most trying and awful questions of the time, – the Lammenais and Robert Owens, the Parkers, the Foxtons, and the Newmans, – noble souls ... brave and good hearts, and self-sacrificing consciences', *The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt* (London: Smith, Elder, 1867), p. 397.

- 21 Gordon S. Haight, *George Eliot: A Biography* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), p. 428
- 22 *Felix Holt*, op. cit., p. 95.
- 23 Thomas Gray, William Collins, Oliver Goldsmith, *The Poems of Thomas Gray, William Collins, Oliver Goldsmith*, ed. Roger Lonsdale (London: Longman, 1969), p. 125.
- 24 *Felix Holt*, op. cit., p. 157.
- 25 John Henry Newman, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*.
<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/19690/19690-h/19690-h.htm>. Accessed University of Cape Town. 14 March 2014.
- 26 *Felix Holt*, op. cit., pp. 244-45.
- 27 John Keats, *Poetical Works*, ed. H. W. Garrod (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), p. 206.