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# NORTH AMERICAN TRAVEL WRITING

by

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B.A., Simon Fraser University, 1970

M.A., Simon Fraser University, 1973

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North American Travel Writing

Abstract

This study focuses on the generic attributes of travel writing, describing the development of rhetorical structures characteristic of this literary form. The emphasis of the study is twofold: it considers the social function of travel narration in its capacity to preserve the writer's original cultural affiliations during or after his venture into an alien place, and it considers the application of the genre to the New World by Europeans and North Americans, and by North Americans to the Old World and worlds newer still.

Travel narrative has a pre-eminent place in North American literature. Before 1600, all English-language North American literature was travel literature; thereafter, the genre more than held its own, continuing to transmit information about this hemisphere to distant audiences. Until the nineteenth century, Canadian and U.S. travel writing shared common literary ground. Descriptions of the continent by early voyagers form a unified body of writing, and in the eighteenth century travellers into every part of the North American wilderness, from the Arctic to Florida, contributed to the developing literary image of the whole continent. Journey-makers like Jonathan Carver, Samuel Hearne, William Bartram and Alexander Henry shared a common documentary purpose and their European readers were eager for exotic news from the New World.

Early in the nineteenth century, however, U.S. travel writing set a new course, as Washington Irving began the American reconnaissance of the Old World and initiated a tradition carried forward by Herman Melville,

Samuel Clemens, William Dean Howells and Henry James. This study examines both the unified beginnings of North American travel literature and the out-going journeys of these important American writers.

Further, it investigates the Canadian development of the genre. While Americans set out for foreign shores, Canadian travel narrative continued to flourish on its original basis, namely, that of describing the New World to an audience elsewhere. Anna Jameson, Susanna Moodie, Thomas Haliburton and John Richardson all postulate readers remote from the Canadian scenes they describe. In addressing a European audience, their travel art encourages their feelings of membership in a cultural community far from the Canadian milieu in which they found themselves temporarily -- or, in some cases, permanently -- stranded. Yet, despite their pronounced feelings of alienation from Canadian society, these writers are considered part of the Canadian literary tradition. Conversely, Frances Trollope, who visited the U.S. early in the nineteenth century and wrote about the New World in a vein remarkably similar to that of Susanna Moodie and Anna Jameson, has no place in the American literary heritage: she is a British writer.

In one of its aspects, that of reverent notation of the appearance of natural forms, however, travel description unites nineteenth-century Canadian and American literature. Catharine Parr Traill and Henry David Thoreau both carry on the documentary tradition which the Philadelphia naturalist-traveller William Bartram brought to maturity in the eighteenth century.

Most commentators come to travel narrative expecting to find structures similar to those of novelistic narrative, for the travel genre does have some connections with fictional genres, despite its informational pretext. It offers a protagonist (the traveller) and a plot (his itinerary). In the writings of Frances Brooke, St. Jean de Crèvecoeur, Howells and F. P. Grove, fiction and travel are often curiously intertwined. Modern

critics are often disconcerted by the travel genre's divagatory insistence on lengthy exposition, but they persevere, looking for incipient fictions on which to base hermeneutic commentary. However, this approach to the travel genre discounts its formal properties and its rhetorical attributes. This study seeks to renew our sense of a narrative genre now over-shadowed by the novel but still essential to our understanding of the development of North American literature.

Table of Contents


Approval ii

Abstract iii

Introduction 1

Chapter 1
A "Great Liking and Comfort to Hear Speak of Strange Things": Travel Narrative in the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Eighteenth Century 19

Chapter 2
"A Stranger and alone" in Eighteenth-Century America: Madam Knight, William Byrd, St. Jean de Crèvecoeur and William Bartram 83

Chapter 3
Moving West: Narratives of Jonathan Carver, Samuel Hearne, Alexander Henry and Daniel Harmon 130

Chapter 4
Patterns of Travel in Canadian Writing: Frances Brooke, Anna Jameson, Thomas Haliburton and John Richardson 164

Chapter 5
Staying On: Catharine Parr Traill, Susanna Moodie and Frances Trollope 213

Chapter 6
Towards Simple Narrative and Natural Utterance: Washington Irving and Henry David Thoreau 255

Chapter 7
Speaking Out: Travel and Structure in the Early Narratives of Herman Melville 330

Chapter 8
In Foreign Places at Home and Abroad: Samuel Clemens, William Dean Howells and Henry James 361

Chapter 9
Late-Coming: Frederick Philip Grove 431

Selected Bibliography 464

List of Secondary Works Cited 468

## Introduction

The traveller returning from abroad has a story to tell. Once, his story-telling was a principal vehicle for knowledge of the universe, for he brought important news to his home audience. He told of the prodigies he had witnessed, of deserts or abundance, of outlandish peoples and exotic practices. He compared foreign places to his homeland and remarked astonishing contrasts or instructive similarities. He reckoned the magnitude of the natural world and took the moral measure of human societies. With his journey and his tale he commanded attention.

When he set out from familiar places to coast remote shores or penetrate unknown countries, the traveller engaged in one of the most provocative of human ventures. And, like death or courtship or other eminent occasions in life, far travel generated a literary genre of its own, the travel book. Constructed on rhetorical principles related to the event they represented and to their function of communicating information of a larger world, travel books enjoyed a respectable literary status and a ready audience. They informed and entertained with curious data and wonderful facts about an unheard-of remoteness. They provided for a mental traffic between the sedentary reader and foreign places he would never see. It is not too much to say that the travel narrative relieved man of his local, domestic isolation and supplied him with a conduit to all experience and every material possibility.

Only in the last century, during which the informational office of travel narrative has been usurped by other forms of communication, has it become a literary relic. Foreign correspondents, photographs, wire services

and other efficient vehicles for bringing home news made the literal, denotative functions of the genre obsolete, and the travel book lost its documentary status. In the meantime, we have become unpractised in reading long prose narratives with a high informational content. For the twentieth-century reader, travel books from other centuries present certain problems, particularly if that reader comes to them with modern ideas of proper narrative structure. The expository components of the text are sometimes so large and obtrusively instructive as to be unpalatable to modern tastes; digression and excursus obstruct narrative advance, undercut suspense and delay outcomes; often, the data so meticulously collected are either patently inaccurate or distorted by prejudice and ethnocentricity. If the modern reader is still interested enough to continue, he will tend to rely on seemingly fictive signals from the text -- those portions which, for example, heighten or exaggerate the adventure, or which are introspective and psychologically allusive. These narrative elements will encourage him to expectations of novelistic form and, although the travel text will often disconcert or disappoint him with its perverse insistence on lengthy informational exposition, he may still find enough metaphorical significance in themes of journeying and voyaging and enough of a plot in the traveller's itinerary to satisfy his appetite for fictions, or near-fictions.

But to read travel books in this way, seeking incipient fictions, is to overlook their special rhetorical character and their formal meaning. The meaning of their content has changed with time: we now know too much about the rest of the world or are now ourselves too well-travelled to feel the same agreeable astonishment which an eighteenth-century reader would have felt when he read about the hegemony of the Hebrideans or about domestic customs of the Iroquois. There is considerable interest in, for instance,

Joseph Baretti's descriptions of eighteenth-century Iberia in Journey from London to Genoa, but more orderly, accurate and comprehensive information is available from other sources, modern or historical. But if content has changed in its significance, form has not. The rhetorical structures of travel narrative -- which are not the structures of fictional narrative -- are permanent and apprehensible still. In this thesis I will describe the conventional structures of the genre by analyzing some important instances of it composed during a period when it was, as a literary form, mature and current.

The traveller's tale-telling is so ancient and continuous a human practice as to override eras and epochs. However, during certain periods of modern history, cultural and economic conditions coincided to bring the travel genre into literary prominence. One such period was the late Middle Ages, when the dwindling tradition of crusading travels dovetailed with the commercial and missionary journeys of the Polos, Odoric, Carpini and others across Eurasia. In Chapter 1, I will discuss Mandeville's Travels (1356), a brilliant example in English of eastern travel narrative of the period. The next great out-going thrust was made by Elizabethan voyagers and in Chapter 1 I will also consider some of their narratives as they relate to North America. By the late seventeenth century, the business of English voyaging was in full swing and in the eighteenth century British mercantilism made travel a commercially and politically estimable enterprise, and the traveller's news of markets and materials was as pertinent to the economic as to the literary and intellectual life of the nation. At the same time, tourism had become a popular activity among the educated classes. The enlightened travellers who left England to perform the continental Grand Tour published an extraordinarily voluminous

story of their adventures through a veritable deluge of letters, memoirs and exhaustive observations. The practice of high tourism became the practice of a certain type of literary art, the principles of which I will describe in Chapter 1. North American travel writing has its origins in these phases of the genre, and in subsequent chapters I will show that many of the narrative practices evident in a work as early as Mandeville's Travels and in Elizabethan accounts of the New World persisted in our literature and that the values of literary Grand Tourism had a determining influence on travel art in North America.

Insofar as the traditions of travel art are traceable, they are interesting to students of literature. But they have a greater claim on our attention than their continuity, for travel narrative has a pre-eminent place in North American literary history. Before 1600, all North American literature was travel literature and in subsequent centuries the travel genre more than held its own. After all, the New World was an ideal arena for documentary art and there was much to recommend this hemisphere to readers of travels. North America's immense regions of undocumented curiosities and undenoted topography appealed to the general taste for scientific investigation in the late seventeenth century and the eighteenth century. The spectacle of embryonic governments adjacent to aboriginal communities provided a field-test for emergent theories of human society as well as ideas on primitivism. Further, the measureless wildernesses of North America were not exhausted by the objective inquiries of eighteenth-century travellers, for they supplied fine opportunities for the solitary contemplation for the sublime in nature, inspiring sentimental and romantic excitement pleasing to writers and readers of travels in the later eighteenth century

and the nineteenth century. Here was news indeed.

In my discussion of North American travel writing, I have not confined myself to one or another case -- native Europeans travelling in the New World, for example, or North Americans touring their own continent. Rather I have considered any text eligible which is a product of travel in North America. However, a second principle of selection came into play as I continued my study of the travel genre. In the nineteenth century, some illustrious tourists and voyagers -- Washington Irving, Herman Melville, Samuel Clemens, William Dean Howells -- left America to travel abroad The New World had become a point of departure for inquiries into the Old World and into worlds newer still. I have included a number of texts which publish the findings of these travellers -- for they contributed to the development of the genre and are an important aspect of North American literary history -- but the central focus of my thesis is on the literary documentation of Canada and America in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Some of the writers I have discussed have been the subject of extensive critical commentary, but their works, to this point, have not been generically analyzed as travel narrative. Other writers, obscure or little-known, I have chosen for their vivid and successful application of the conventions of travel narrative; analysis of their works contributes to a theory of the genre. In selecting editions for study, I have chosen those texts which are widely read and widely available. For some authors -- William Byrd, Thoreau, Herman Melville, for instance -- availability coincides with authoritativeness. For other authors -- Thomas Haliburton and Anna Jameson, for instance -- the best known versions of their works are not textually authentic. In these cases, I have settled for those editions on which the writer's modern reputation rests.

I have not attempted a comprehensive survey of the genre. Many travel books which were influential in their time, both to their audience and to practitioners of the genre, I have neglected. For example, Basil Hall's Travels in North America (1829) and Thomas Hamilton's Men and Manners in America (1833) were widely read in their time and known to writers whose work I have considered in this study. Nevertheless, the typical attitudes and impressions they voice can be analyzed to better profit in a more lively and readable book like Frances Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans (1832), which I have discussed in detail. Although many of the texts I have included are the work of writers whose stellar reputations are independent of their travel writing, literary reputation was not a determining factor in my system of selection. For instance, Charles Dickens' American Notes (1842) is undoubtedly of great interest to Dickensians, but as a travel book it is somewhat lacklustre. Dickens does not appear to have been radically inspired by his transportation and he performs a series of perfunctory comparisons between the United States and England by way of constructing a travel book. He does not make the genre his own as, say, Herman Melville does in Typee and Redburn. My principles of selection have been at many points subjective and evaluative, and my thesis is historical only insofar as analysis required the reconstruction of the conventions and assumptions of a now nearly-obsolete literary form, and insofar as I have tried to indicate both the development and the decadence of the genre through these centuries.

Travel narrative proceeds from a definable social occasion: the narrator of travels has been separated from his cultural habitat and transposed to

foreign sites; he has undergone a term abroad where he was an alien and a stranger; he is home again. The rhetorical situation follows from the social occasion: on his return the narrator addresses the community of which he is a member on the subject of places and societies foreign to him and to his audience. His narration is the verbal signal of his reincorporation into his native milieu, for he withholds his commentary until his return: his discourse is never addressed to its subject. He tells where he has been and what he has seen during the foreign interval in such exhaustive detail as to reconstruct the whole and entire shape of this period of estrangement. Nothing goes without saying: dates, hours, distances, weather, diet, expenditure and numberless other details must be registered. Travel seems not just to invite but to compel this kind of comprehensive exposition. The audience wants to hear all about this remote elsewhere, and the traveller wants to tell all. In a way, the narration itself repairs the breach which occurred when one group member was estranged from his community. The publication of the precise nature of his venture and the introduction of every detail of his whereabouts during the time he was absent compensate for the alienation he has experienced. Often, conspicuous patriotism reinforces the writer's feelings of membership in the society to which he returns and assures him of a sympathetic reception by his home audience.

Collections of letters-home are the mode of travel commentary which most clearly demonstrates the social functions of the genre. Letters reserve the absentee's place at home, simulating the face-to-face connections that have been temporarily ruptured. As they reconstruct verbally the writer's

alien experience, they reintroduce him into the familiar world he left behind. Many travel books are cast in the form of a series of letters to an actual or fictive recipient. Others take the form of a log or journal composed with minute regularity for the benefit of home readers. In travel narrative where these structures are not explicit, exposition nevertheless performs the same rhetorical function of accounting for every phase and aspect of the writer's absence. While the traveller is abroad, ordinary personal relationships are suspended and only ephemeral attachments can occur in their stead. To replenish this void, the traveller resorts to letter-writing, to journalizing, or, ambitiously, to narration. Written language then stands in for every other form of social relatedness and social transaction.

Perhaps the clearest way of illustrating this social situation would be to refer to the peculiar linguistic predicament of the traveller in a foreign land. Not only does he not understand or scarcely understand the foreign language usages around him, but he also has difficulty in making himself understood. He is linguistically alienated; his feelings and attitudes are inexpressible for his codes of expression are unintelligible to those around him. In the matter of self-expression, then, he has recourse only to the linguistic community he has left behind. Language, however, is only one aspect of cultural identity and relatedness, albeit an extremely important one. We will discover in the writings of Europeans in North America that even English-speakers could find themselves incommunicado, their accustomed cultural usages having no currency. In reassuring themselves of their continued membership in a distant society, travellers can be very pronounced indeed in their expression of native cultural attitudes and habits. Away from home, we perhaps most emphatically declare our national provenance and identity.

The conventions of travel narrative are all attributable to the social occasion and rhetorical situation I have described. In the first place, in the matter of narrative opening and closure, the writer's itinerary determines the duration as well as the sequence of the narrative. Typically, the ship weighs anchor, or the door closes behind the venturer, and the story begins. The duration of the narrative is only as long as the journey, for when land is sighted and final disembarkation is foreseeable the story is over. What went on before the journey or what will happen after may excite the reader's curiosity, particularly if he has expectations of novelistic form, but travel narrative rarely concedes any satisfactory hints. Travel is an exceptional, extraordinary experience, set apart from the usual run of things, and the literary version of travel is similarly discreet. The travel writer can be sure of his audience's attention if he writes of exotica and foreignness; beyond that his license is curtailed. Secondly, travel commentary thrives on generalization. Convincing formulations which appear to represent large-scale truth must come from the brief prospect of the tourist, and the few particulars available to him. The travel writer (and his audience) must be willing to allow one case to stand for many: national preconceptions and even bias and prejudice are often useful to the traveller in orienting himself abroad. This rhetoric of generalization and swiftly-conceived judgement is a corollary of the traveller's social status away from home. He is, after all, an alien. He is socially and culturally remote from his subject, he has no intimate familiarity with it, and he will not stay to corroborate his first impression. Indeed, he must not be detained by his inquiry, for then he loses the detachment and objectivity

which allow the quick, incisive insights of the unimplicated observer. His mobility is essential to his vision and his art, for once he lingers for a profounder view, he begins to be assimilated by the foreign environment and to adopt its ways, and he begins to qualify his judgements. He ceases to be a traveller and becomes an expatriate. At that point, his travel-reading audience will desert him and give up hope of his return.

Third, the travel writer must and will claim authenticity and veracity for his project, for his art ~~is~~ documentary. The travel genre depends for its rhetorical success on the interest of literal truth and the credulity of its audience. A fourth condition of travel narrative, however, can impinge on documentary purpose: the development of the genre in the last half of the eighteenth century imposed on the literary traveller an obligation to form some evocative, personal relation to the foreign place. Necessarily, this could not be a social or cultural connection, and it was likely to be an aesthetic or sentimental connection -- what Samuel Johnson called "local emotion" when he toured the Hebrides. It became necessary that the conjunction of sight and seer produce some expressible sentiment. The occasional, adventitious enthusiasms of earlier, less sophisticated journey-makers were no longer sufficient. The sightseer had now to respond thoughtfully and feelingly to natural and human spectacles, and the success of his composition depended on his ability to convey imaginative sentiments and moral attitudes without jeopardizing his literal informativeness.

The travel writer had to be able to justify his document on the grounds of its originality. Classically, he made this claim on the basis of the

uncommonness of his experience: he had travelled far, to heretofore unknown or unremarked places. But the development of the genre coincided with the burgeoning tourism of the upper and middle classes, and, by the nineteenth century, few routes were so unfrequented as to allow the traveller to hold his audience's attention purely on the ground of telling far-fetched news. More and more he had to turn to the uniqueness of his personal journey -- the novelty and freshness of his responses, the justness of his speculations, the subtlety of his perceptions -- to claim originality. Exploration and discovery became ritual actions, performed with reverence for the traditional courses of those who had gone before. The journey became metaphor, although still enacted literally, and the travel genre reached heights of meaning. But this flowering was harbinger of the genre's decadence. Once travel narrative ceased to serve the basic human need for news of the universe, the genre degenerated, eventually losing its informational content to the "travelogue" and some technologically-advanced modes of communication and losing its figurative component to fictions of travel. The objective and subjective elements of its exposition were irreversibly divorced, no longer capable of being held together by the craft of artful documentation. That fruitful union of the literal with the allusive did not survive the modern will to keep chaste and separate information and literature.

In their prime, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, travel narrative and its conventions kept a strong hold on North American prose. Even when other genres or modes were deliberately invoked by writers -- as the epistolary novel by Frances Brooke in The History of Emily Montagu

(1769), social and political satire in Thomas Haliburton's The Clockmaker (1836), autobiographical memoir in Samuel Clemens' Life on the Mississippi (1883) -- the prose structures of travel narrative erupted and showed themselves. Major works of some important Canadian writers -- Haliburton, Susanna Moodie, Catharine Parr Traill, Frederick Philip Grove -- and some important American writers -- Washington Irving, Henry David Thoreau, Herman Melville, Samuel Clemens -- divulge further meanings when viewed in the light of the conventions of travel narrative and when considered in concert with the writings of out-and-out travellers and tourists like William Bartram, Samuel Hearne, Anna Jameson and Frances Trollope.

The travel narrator assumes a particular stance towards the world. He is alone, a solitary figure against an alien backdrop. But his isolation has a counterpoise in the affinity he feels with the culture he addresses -- an affinity sometimes amounting to homesickness and sometimes voiced in vehement national pride. Even at the most remote quarters of the earth, home exerts a magnetic attraction and travel narrative advances inexorably towards a dénouement of homecoming. Some travel writers, having embarked, never get home again. Mrs. Moodie, Grove and John Richardson were thus immobilized in foreign parts. Others, like Melville and Mrs. Trollope, are intolerably delayed along their way. Nevertheless, the idea of getting home continues to structure and inspire narrative. In its circularity and its sense of the round trip, travel narrative differs from literature posed on a quest theme, for its goal is its point of departure. When the one-way journey of permanent immigration is the actual experience of the writer but round-trip travel remains his ideal of a due course, his consequent art is often poignant with disappointment and unresolvable alienation.

Feelings of estrangement and alienation, in some degree, are necessarily associated with departures into the unknown. In North America, alienation took on a particular rationale: for many of these writers in the travel mode what they saw as North American materialism offered neither status nor security, only more or less overt threats to their self-esteem and native values. From the writings of St. Jean de Crèvecoeur in the eighteenth century through those of Susanna Moodie, Frances Trollope, John Richardson, Henry James and F.P. Grove in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, we find that the capacity to get on economically (which meant socially in the monolithic culture of New World materialism) is incompatible with artistic sensibility. Typically, these writers feel alienated from the North American socio-economic structure and this is fitting, for in travel art the artist is always in a social minority, often a minority of one. He exists in contrast to or in opposition to the indigenous population and is frequently a severe critic of its tastes and practices. Of course, he does not look to this Philistine, sometimes only semi-literate, population for an audience for his art. The travel artist achieves feelings of belonging only through his communications to a sympathetic and receptive society elsewhere.

The east-to-west version of trans-Atlantic travel art held its ground longer in Canada than in the United States. In Canada, writers like Mrs. Moodie, John Richardson and Grove whom we now read and regard as central figures in our literary tradition, as well as writers like Frances Brooks and Anna Jameson whom we welcome as permanent guests, all exemplify in their writing the east-west motion of travel and the notion of their true audience

being elsewhere than here. In the United States, the movement out again with this hemisphere as a point of departure began as early as Irving's Sketchbook (1819) and flourished in the hands of Melville, Howells, Clemens and James. Now that the travel genre has, as I shall argue, declined into obsolescence, that avenue of literary out-going may be permanently closed off. Perhaps some other far-sighted literary form will suggest the way. In the United States, certainly, literary reconnaissance of Europe and other frontiers accompanied a growth and securing of national identity and even contributed to its realization by allowing American writers to test their native assumptions and sensibilities against foreign cultural systems. On the other hand, all of that may be as obsolete as the travel genre itself.

Travel literature has not gone entirely unremarked by twentieth-century critics. Although there has been no full-scale survey of the genre, certain phases of its development and application have received expert attention. Sources of information can be categorized as follows: first, editorial commentary in various anthologies of travel writing. Louis B. Wright, for instance, in his The Elizabethans' America provides sound information on the circumstances and purposes of the documents he has collected. Similarly, Morton Zabel's introduction to The Art of Travel: Scenes and Journeys from the Travel Writings of Henry James offers thoughtful insights into the travel genre. Second, and in the same line, are the numerous and authoritative reprints and modern editions of classic travel narrative, most importantly those produced under the aegis of the Hakluyt society. Taken together, the editorial work in these volumes fills in many gaps in our knowledge of the genre, for Hakluyt Society editors are always thorough

and scholarly as well as devout in their reverence for voyage documentary. Also, historical surveys like Raymond Beazley's Dawn of Modern Geography have much to tell us about the quality and development of documentary literature and about the ways of important travellers of the past. Third, there is a growing number of discussions of travel and travel literature in relation to the canon of one or another major author. John Livingston Lowes' The Road to Xanadu has been an inspiration to commentators who follow this course. Three works in particular are relevant to this study: George M. Kahrl's Tobias Smollett, Traveler-Novelist, Thomas M. Curley's Samuel Johnson and the Age of Travel, and John Aldrich Christie's Thoreau as World Traveler. Fourth, and much less relevant to this discussion, are works treating travel and voyaging as a literary theme rather than as a literary form.

Not all information of the travel genre is piecemeal. Especially pertinent to this study are R.W. Frantz's The English Traveller and the Movement of Ideas, 1660-1732 and Evelyn Page's American Genesis: Pre-Colonial Writing in the North. Frantz's book exhaustively reviews the voyage literature of the period and describes the influence of Deism, the New Science and the Royal Society on travel writers and their texts. Frantz succeeds in placing the genre culturally, showing both the reflection of contemporary ideas in travel narratives of the time and the effect of travel narrative on English thought. Voyagers, he maintains, became "auxiliary scientists," agents of inquiry into systems of government, belief and community as well as into the character of the physical universe. The influences he identifies were long-lasting, persisting well into the nineteenth century.

Evelyn Page's American Genesis surveys voyage and discovery narrative relating to North America between 1493 and the early 1600's. Her book must be considered seminal for, as she herself stresses, literary commentary on American writing before 1700 is minimal and before 1600 almost non-existent. Page considers documents in French, Portuguese and Spanish as well as English, organizing her discussion according to her ideas of the development of the voyage genre in North America and its eventual transmutation into the short story form. This is where we begin to run into trouble, for Page's values are clearly literary (as Frantz's are historical) and literary in the sense of cherishing imaginative productions over factual compositions. For example, in considering Captain John Smith's Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles (1624) and the famous story therein of Pocahontas' rescue of Smith, Page comes up against the problem of authenticity and she resolves it thus: "Fact or fiction, whether written by Smith or by its purported authors, dead-long-since 'Thomas Studley' and the rest, the anecdote is for dramatic purposes true. The validities of history cannot destroy its validity as literature."[1] The idea of a verbal reality existing independently of a physical or historical reality is attractive and one for which I will later argue. However, Page's aesthetic seems to favour the "dramatic" truth of literature over historical truth, even when the latter appears in eloquent documentary texts, and her argument for the development of the voyage form into the short story naturally prefers evidence of fiction-making over evidence of responsibile reporting. Later, in deliberating on the provenance of the Pocahontas anecdote, Page assesses Smith's stature as a writer: "If the Pocahontas story is a slow growth of the imagination, then Smith is entitled to his act of creation. If he merely awakens late to its possibilities, then his credit is less" (137-38). If

Smith invented the story, he did wonders; if not, he did no more than can be expected. In any case, this kind of literary evaluation of travel writing depends on knowledge of extra-textual events (or non-events) just as much as the historian's judgement does.

Travel literature, with its showy origins in actual occasions, is grappled over by historians and literary critics. Historians and geographers revere the texts for their comprehensiveness, their fidelity to a recoverable reality, and their overall dependability as denotative utterance. Literary critics, meanwhile, stake out their own territory, making their claim on the grounds of apparent omissions, exaggerations and inventions. The historian is indignant and resentful when he finds that he has been hoodwinked,[2] but the literary critic is delighted and sets to work immediately to announce the discovery of a heretofore undetected romance or fantasy or allegory.

Neither approach does whole justice to these documents, although certainly historians have been so far most persevering and scholarly in their studies of travel narrative. The literary critic has here an opportunity to bring to bear on a large, coherent, conventional body of writing techniques for analysis of rhetorical structure, narrative organization, and the relationship of writer to audience. I have tried to make the most of this opportunity in my thesis at the same time as I have borrowed from historians their reverence for documentary prose and the preservation of an ephemeral actuality in language.

## Notes

### Introduction

[1] Evelyn Page, American Genesis: Pre-Colonial Writing in the North (Boston: Gambit, 1973), p. 135.

[2] An instance of the contempt felt by an historian towards the promulgation of fantasy in documentary form can be found in an aloof note to the spurious "Discouerie" of Nicolo Zeno in the Hakluyt Society's modern edition of Richard Hakluyt's Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America, ed. John Winter Jones: "The object of the Hakluyt Society is to extend the knowledge of the bold and energetic and successful efforts of early discoverers, not to bring prominently forward clumsy compilations and absurd fictions. For this reason, no attempt has been made to distinguish by annotation the probably true from the certainly false in the above narrative" (p. 90).

## Chapter 1

## A "Great Liking and Comfort to Hear Speak of Strange Things": Travel Narrative in the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Eighteenth Century

### I

Travel narrative appears early in the history of prose literature in English. The first major instance of the form is Mandeville's Travels, probably composed in 1356 by an Englishman, Sir John Mandeville, writing in French.[1] The earliest standard English translations extant, known as the Cotton and Egerton Manuscripts, seem both to have been produced between 1410 and 1420.

In respect to the development of the travel genre, Mandeville's Travels is an extremely important work. It enjoyed wide circulation in the fifteenth century; it embodies many of the enduring aspects of travel narrative; it is certainly the most significant instance of the genre to appear in English in this period. Further, the book had a notable longevity. Its popularity was renewed with Wynkyn de Worde's printed version in 1499 and again with extensive chapbook publication in the eighteenth century -- a period of special relevance to this discussion of North American travel writing.

Mandeville's Travels has, of course, nothing to say about North America. Rather, it looks eastward. The first part of the book concerns itself with the Holy Land, reflecting, naturally enough, the most important avenue of foreign travel for Western Europeans in the Middle Ages. However, by the time Mandeville wrote, Levantine pilgrimages had passed their zenith as a pre-eminent form of mobility. In The Dawn of Modern Geography, Raymond

Beazley describes both the social and literary stature of Holy Land pilgrimages in Europe culture. As mercantile motives for travel superseded what Beazley calls the "sentimental" purposes of crusading journeys, "the Eastern pilgrimages became of less and less importance; they were performed by a humbler and more ignorant and superstitious class: in the fifteenth century the 'Information for Pilgrims' and similar works cater for the lowest of people; and in the sixteenth century the habit was comparatively rare."[2] Mandeville's Travels is a timely book indeed in that it begins by recapitulating a formerly dominant route of travel and then moves forward into the new direction of travel from Europe, east to the Mongol empire.

While his book goes far -- nearly as far as possible -- Mandeville himself may not have gone to such lengths. His Travels is entirely a compilation, derived chiefly from Vincent of Beauvais' thirteenth-century, encyclopedic Speculum Mundi and from the travel narrative of Odoric of Pordenone, a friar who made his way to Peking early in the fourteenth century. Scholars have discovered the sources of all but a very few pages of Mandeville's Travels and have shown that, while Vincent of Beauvais and Odoric are his most fully exploited authorities, Mandeville ravaged nearly every available source of information on the geocosm to make his book. The first great English travel narrator turns out to have been an adventurous and heroic reader rather than a heroic journey-maker.

What gives this compilation the air of an authentic, firsthand narration? The answer lies in the character of both its content and its structure. Although Mandeville writes about monstrosities, magic and miracles, he makes no radical departure from reality into fantasy. First, he has authority for the strange phenomena he describes. Only details are his own invention; for

the rest he is authorized by his sources and by accepted notions of the marvellous. Second, and most important, he keeps in touch with the actuality of medieval transportation and with the kind of material information which genuine travels would have revealed. He comments on local products -- crops, gems, timber, resins -- and he advises on the conditions of travel: "And then a man passes out of Syria and enters in the wilderness, where the way is right sandy."[3] In deliberating on the variety of routes to and through the Holy Land he takes into account some real and substantial considerations: "Now will I tell you the rightest way and the shortest to Jerusalem. For some men will not go the tother; some for they have not spending enough, some for then have no good company, and some for they may not endure the long travail, some for they dread them of many perils of deserts, some for they will haste them homeward, desiring to see their wives and their childer, or for some other reasonable cause that they have to turn soon home. And therefore I will show how men may pass tittest, and in shortest time make their pilgrimage to Jerusalem" (88).

Even when Mandeville allows unchecked marvels into his text and the Sciapods of Ethiopia, the Amazon nation and the dog-headed men of India disclose their peculiarites, he answers reasonable curiosity, for these wonders are not so far removed from more common-sensical descriptions of exotic peoples. The Sciapods do indeed have quite unusual physical characteristics and habits: they have "but a foot; and they will run so fast upon that one foot that it is a wonder to see. And that ilk foot is so mickle that it cover and ombre all his body for the sun" (113). But so do the real-life Tartars exhibit some remarkable manners: "They eat cats and hounds, ratons and mice and all manner of beasts....They eat but once on the day, neither prince nor other,

and yet that once they eat but right little. They are right foul folk and full of malice" (92). The Tartars' reputation as ferocious warriors made western Europeans nervous, and Mandeville's version of the Tartar diet and character may be exaggerated to the point where these promiscuous carnivores seem scarcely less alien than the Sciapods, but his report is not fabulous. Where Mandeville writes of the diet (rats and cats), physique (prodigious one-footedness), beliefs, architecture or domestic relations of remote peoples, he answers the inchoate anthropological interest of Europeans in cultures different from their own. This comparison-making and the pleasing astonishment the narrator and his readers felt at surprising differences remain at the heart of travel narrative throughout its development as a literary genre. Everything outside the cultural experience of the author and his audience is in some measure exciting or disconcerting and always interesting. Fears and wishes, finding no reasonable applciation in familiar experience, are happily transferred to unfamiliar regions.

In the content of Mandeville's narrative, the range of plausibility is broad enough to accommodate both outright marvels and more or less creditable wonders: his Sciapods and Tartars exist on the same continuum of truth, as do his famous catalogue of monsters and his descriptions of giraffes. The structure of the narrative, however, goes further towards seeming to authenticate it as a truthful document. Mandeville's text is no mere compendium of amazing phenomena but an itinerary-based narrative. Each curiosity or novelty is firmly attached to a geographical site and specifically located within the physical universe.

The itinerary which carries the commentary through the Holy Land is not one Mandeville claims as his own. Rather, it is a multiplicity of routes which a postulated traveller might take. This is a defensible expository

structure, for, as Mandeville declares in his opening, "he that will pass over the sea to Jerusalem, he may wend many ways, both on the sea and on the land after the countries that he comes from, and many of them come all to one end. But trow not that I will tell all the towns and cities and castles that men shall go by; for then me must make too long tale. But all only some countries and most principal steads that men shall go through to go the right way, shortly I think for to touch" (4). Mandeville recommends certain routes over others as to speed and amenity, but each alternative is treated equably in terms of the opportunities it offers for devotional sightseeing -- relics, churches, shrines and so on -- which is, after all, what the pilgrim travels for. As we see from his notice of his method, Mandeville will not account for every stage of travel, leaving the reader to get from the "west parts of the world, as England, Wales, Scotland or Norway" as he can. Nor will he attempt an exhaustive description of the Levant, but only "some countries and most principal steads." Nevertheless, it remains the postulated action of travel which calls up and connects the topics of Mandeville's commentary, for "what men shall go through" on their way will order and authorize his sequence.

In all probability, Mandeville did not travel to the Far East, but he may have known the Near East.[4] In any case, he could not have known every route he considers and he concedes as much in referring to areas of Tartary which may lie in the way of the pilgrim: "But I went never by that way to Jerusalem, and therefore may not well tell it" (92). The implication is, of course, that what he does tell he tells from firsthand experience. The reader's trust in the account is furhter encouraged by certain transitional structures which Mandeville uses to further his discourse. Having written of Galilee and Nazareth, he moves on: "Since I have told you of many manners of men that dwell in countries beforesaid, now will I turn again to my way and tell how

men shall come from those countries unto these countries again" (86). The "way" is both the traveller's direction and the writer's, its execution signalling both geographical and discursive movement. Similarly, when he is done with the Holy Land, Mandeville declares, "And now will I pass furthermore and speak of divers lands and isles that are beyond the Holy Land. For there are many divers kingdoms and countries and isles toward the east part of the world, wherein are many divers folk and divers kinds of beasts, and many other marvellous things" (102). The on-going motion of discursive prose is transferred to the writer himself: "now will I pass furthermore and speak" of lands beyond. It is undeniably true that the narration proceeds: is it also true that Mandeville himself proceeded thus? At this intersection of the diction of travel writing with transitional structures of exposition, the speaker's verbal action of moving on carries with it intimations of his physical action. Here the telling and the travelling are one, with the result that itinerary, as a narrative sturcture providing sequence, has the effect of authenticating content.

These transitional passages introduce the first person as an agent of description, immediately suggesting eyewitness reporting. Mandeville is well aware of the power of first-person usages to make his document a testament or affidavit. Having written of balm trees near Cairo, he mentions their prevalence in India, "in the desert." However, he cannot speak further of them: "But that place have I not seen because of the perilous way theretil, and therefore I can tell no sooth thereof" (37). In this instance, the lack of firsthand evidence in one case (India) supports the information offered without first-person structures in the other (Cairo). But in other instances, Mandeville steps forward directly to confirm positively the authenticity of his discourse. Regarding extraordinarily heavy bamboo canes on Java he

testifies: "No man may say that this is a feigned thing or fable, for sickerly I saw with mine eyes, lying upon this sea side, many of these trees, of the which twenty men of my fellowhip might not bear one ne well raise it from the earth" (134-35). Speaking of the Well of Youth, the sanative waters of which cure ills and promote long life, Mandeville forestalls all cavilling by fully announcing himself: "I, John Mandeville, saw this well and drank thereof thrice, and all my fellows, and evermore since that time I feel me better and the wholer...." (121-22) Even toothsome fish taken from a waterless sea in India need not tax the reader's credulity, for the author steps in to aid belief: "I John Mandeville ate of them, and therefore trow it, for sickerly it is sooth" (190). This marvel was not only beheld by the writer, but, like the waters from the Well of Youth, palpably tested and incorporated by him.

These authorial interventions punctuate the text at fairly regular intervals: we are never left too long without our measure of personal testament. They maintain itinerary as structure, for each intervention proclaims the writer's physical whereabouts at some point during the term of the journey. As his adroit introduction of first-person constructions suggests, Mandeville was not naive on the issue of authenticity. He knew that documentary prose required certain conventional props. He also knew that his traveller's tales could meet with some scepticism. After describing the amazing opulence of the Great Khan's court and the populousness of his dominions, he says he knows that some readers will consider his report fabulous. This does not concern him: "I reck not mickle. But he that will trow it, trow it; and he that will not, leave....I wot well that, and any had been there or in countries that march thereupon, if all he had not been in his

court, he should have heard of his noblay and his excellence so mickle that he should lightly trow me of that that I have said. And therefore I will not let that ne I will tell things that I know well are sooth, for them that know them not ne will not trow them" (154). Any traveller who has gone so far as to come within range of the Khan's reputation will credit Mandeville's seemingly excessive statistics. Sceptical sedentary readers uninitiated into the wonderful phenomenology of travel knowledge may rest in their native ignorance. Having stayed at home, they have no material arguments with which to dispute Mandeville's claim.

Once embarked into territories where marvels are regularly disclosed and astonishment becomes a habitual attitude, the traveller is liable to all manner of sensational experience challenging his powers of analysis. The most sensational and challenging occasion in Mandeville's book is his passage through the Valley Perilous.[5] In its terrific darkness the wayfarer meets incarnate all the dreads and dazzlements of travel: he faces the devil's head; he is bruised and beaten by ghouls and demons, by the fiendish air itself; he stumbles over untold corpses and passes heaps of gems. At this pitch of sensation, even Mandeville's certainty wavers, and he can only offer what ambiguous data he has: "And my fellows and I went through the valley, and saw many marvellous things and gold and silver and precious stones and many other jewels on ilk a side us, as us thought; but whether it were as it seemed, or it was but fantasy, I wot not" (197-98). What stands indisputably is the feeling of complete disorientation amidst an unknowable, unanalysable menace. In the Valley Perilous the traveller is far from home.

The earth, as Mandeville notes, is "right great and big" (p. 131) and its mysteries are commensurate. Happily for writers and their readers, this

geographical immensity provides avenues for the publication of exciting ideas through narratives of travel. The survey of differences and disparities among nations and climates has its natural literary form in the utterance of one perceiver, the traveller-narrator, traversing the distances which separate these novel phenomena. Travel lends both spatial and chronological structure to wonderment. Mandeville is entirely conscious of the workings of an itinerary-based narrative structure and of the opportunities it offers for expatiation on interesting matters. Having written of Constantinople and of Greek Christianity, Mandeville takes up his "way" again, but first explains the inclusion of material which may have seemed digressive: "And if all it be so that these things touch not to teaching the way to the Holy Land, nevertheless they touch that that I have hight to show, that is at say of the customs and manners and diversities of countries. And for the land of Greece is the next country that varies and is discordant in faith and letters from us and our faith, therefore I have set it here, that ye may wit the diversity that is between our trowth and theirs; for many men have great liking and comfort to hear speak of strange things" (15). The natural sequence of travel addresses this "great liking and comfort" by arranging the train of diversity so pleasing to the reader. Comparative modes of thought -- here applied to "customs and manners" and "faith and letters" -- are as a matter of course invoked by the adjacency of one country to another in the traveller's route.

As he concludes his book and terminates thirty-four years of foreign experience with a homecoming, Mandeville shows that good journeys make good books: "For many men have great liking and desire for to hear new things; and therefore will I now cease of telling of divers things that I saw in those countries, so that those that covet to visit those countries may find new things enow to tell of for solace and recreation of them that like to hear

them" (222). Journeys serve not just the journey-maker but also the audience which awaits news from afar and receives "solace and recreation" from the traveller's relations. Novelty is certainly crucial to those relations: had Mandeville told all, subsequent journeys by other men would lose the edge of newsworthiness which would make their texts publishable.

Mandeville's concern for novelty leads him to relate marvels and impossibilities with an offhand credulity offensive to modern epistemologies. Yet he is a more rational thinker than most of the passages cited in this discussion would suggest. His cosmology is respectable and up-to-date, as is his understanding of the meaning of circumnavigation.[6] His comparative methods of observation of religion, economy and social structure are harbingers of the more thorough-going rationalism of travellers of the Renaissance and Enlightenment.[7] His itinerary, spurious as it might be historically, is never fantastical and always geographically particular. Mandeville produced a document, not a romance or fantasy, and his documentary methods convinced even so sceptical and scholarly a reader as Richard Hakluyt, for Hakluyt included Mandeville's Travels in the first edition (1589) of his Principall Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation.

II

Pre-Columbian travel narrative naturally tended eastward. Not until the sixteenth century did North America become a prominent subject of journey literature, and even then English-language narrative lingered in the rear of Iberian narratives of trans-Atlantic discovery and conquest. Richard Hakluyt, in the "Epistle Dedicatorie" of his Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America (1582) expressed his concern and wonderment over the failure of

Englishmen to seize the opportunities for territorial and commercial expansion offered by the New World -- opportunities which had been dramatically exploited by Spain and Portugal. His hortatory address to his torpid countrymen,however, was one step towards adjusting this deficiency, as was the publication of Divers Voyages itself. The collected documents comprising the volume demonstrated the rightfulness of overseas enterprise: "surely if there were in us that desire to advance the honour of our countrie which ought to bee in every good man, wee would not all this while have foreslowne the possessing of those landes, whiche of equitie and right appertaine unto us, as by the discourses that followe shall appeare most plainely."[8] Hakluyt's editorial inspiration is attributable partly to his imperial ideology, and partly to his respect for the authority of documentation. The reports he collected in Divers Voyages and, subsequently, in Principall Navigations spoke for the inalienable connection that had been established between the Old World and the New by the travels of Englishmen and other Europeans. The journeys themselves were only one strand of the connection: the other, intertwining and strengthening strand was the verbal activity of recording and publishing the details of the voyages. In describing distances and directions, in dating and naming the moments of the journey and then in imparting this sequence of information to a domestic audience, the discoverer revealed a liaison between the known world and the unknown. Hakluyt recognized that, up to the point of the publication of his Divers Voyages, the business of trans-Atlantic travel had been left unfinished and unconsummated. Those who had remained at home were ignorant of what had gone on abroad, and until news of these foreign occurrences had been published, the meaning of the far-off adventures of their compatriots was incomplete.

The importance of Hakluyt's editorial work can scarcely be overestimated. Before the appearance of Divers Voyages in 1582, Englishmen had general documentary information of America only from Richard Eden's Historie of Travayle (1555) which included translation of parts of Peter Martyr's De Rubus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo Decades Tres (1530). Divers Voyages and the 1589 and 1600 editions of Hakluyt's Principall Navigations stand at the inception of the travel genre in its English application to the great subject of North America. With Hakluyt's editions making voyage documents available to a wide public, North American travel narrative was on its way to becoming a formally mature body of literature.

The broaching of native boundaries of experience through travel required some rationalization beyond mere restlessness and in Divers Voyages we find expression of the theory of far travel. This theory proceeds from a vision of the symmetry and proportion discoverable in the globe: trade is the practical application of the abstract notion of an overall planetary sufficiency and a just balance of commodity. Robert Thorne, "merchant of London," writing in 1527 of discoveries made on behalf of Portugal, explains the nice distribution of commodity between the equator and the poles. In his "Booke," a report to Henry VIII first published in Divers Voyages, he writes: "For we see where nature giueth any thing she is no nigarde. For as with vs and other, that are aparted from the sayde equinoctiall, our metalles be lead, tynne, and yron, so theirs be golde, siluer, and copper. And as our fruites and graines be aples, nuttes, and corne, so theirs bee dates, nutmegges, pepper, cloues, and other spices. And as wee haue iette, amber, cristall, iasper, and other like stones, so haue they rubies, diamonds, balasses, saphires, Iacincts, and other like....And I see that the

preciousnesse of these thinges is measured after the distance that is betweene vs, and the things that we haue appetite vnto. For in this nauigation of the spicerie was discouered, that these Ilands nothing set by golde, but set more by a knife and a nayle of yron, then by his quantitie of Golde...."[9] Travel reveals this entire and universal balance of natural supply, whereas sedentary or localized experience can divulge only inequalities and fragments of the whole. It appeared that once the globe was entirely known and encompassed, scarcity and surplus would be understood as merely partial phenomena, and the mercantile alchemy of trade would convert iron into gold.

Two aspects of sixteenth century voyage narrative developed out of this doctrine of global entirety: first, the prevalence of unsubstantiated hearsay and fantastical rumour in otherwise meticulously factual documents and, second, the practice of cataloguing and enumerating natural products. Hearsay and rumour extend the voyage to its largest implications. Each journey is in itself incomplete -- an arc on the circle -- but its ideal completion could be projected by postulating destinations beyond its own actual extent. At Hochelaga, for example, the travellers on Cartier's second voyage (1535) hear of a "river that goeth Southwest, from whence there is a whole moneths sayling to goe to a certaine land, where there is neither yce nor snow seene, where the inhabitants doe continually warre one against another, where there is great store of Oranges, Almonds, Nuts, and Apples, with many other sorts of fruits...."[10] From Virginia in 1586 Ralph Lane reported the results of an interview with King Menatonon, who informed him of another king holding territory on a bay seven days journey away: "Out of this Bay hee signified unto mee, that this King had so great a quantitie of

Pearle, and doeth so ordinarily take the same, as that not onely his owne skinnes that hee weareth, and the better sort of his gentlemen and followers are full·set with the sayd Pearle, but also his bed, and houses are garnished with them, and that hee hath such quantitie of them that it is a wonder to see."[11] Lane never does see these wonderful encrustations, his travel attempts being frustrated by nearly fatal hardship. But in his narrative he treats Menantonon as a reliable witness, and the unverifiable report of amazing quantities of pearls just a bit further on stands unqualified amidst the factual documentation of laborious and dangerous journey-making. When John Brereton writes in his "Briefe and True Relation" of his voyage to New England in 1602, he requires not even rumour to surmise the existence of plenitude just past the physical limits of his journey. In describing commodity transactions with natives in the area of Martha's Vineyard, he writes: "We had also of their Flaxe, wherewith they make many strings and cords, but it is not so bright of colour as our in England: I am persuaded they have great store growing upon the maine, as also Mines and many other rich commodities, which we, wanting both time and meanes, could not possibly discover."[12] Materially unlimited by "time and meanes," the ideal journey would thread together on one infinite series gems of discovery effecting a perfect circumnavigation. The actual journey, in imitating the ideal, could at least infer the abundance lying just seven days or two months or many months beyond the finite itinerary. As it was, travellers were led on and on.

In the "Oranges, Almonds, Nuts, and Apples" which can be expected after a month's journey southwest from Hochelaga we see an instance of the second aspect of discovery narrative attributable to the doctrine of the global

balance of commodity, that is, the practice of enumeration and cataloguing. Besides rumoured commodities, Cartier's company found plenty to remark in their actual experience in the area of Quebec: "Okes, Elmes, Walnut-trees, Cedar, Firres, Ashes, Boxe, Willowes, and great store of Vines," as well as "Crane, Swannes, Geese, Duckes, Feasants, Partriges, Thrushes, Blackbirds, Turtles, Finches, Redbreasts, Nightingales, Sparrowes of diverse kindes" (p. 55). Whatever the exigency or velocity of their onward progress, these early travellers pause in their narratives to identify and list natural quantities. Their journeys thus became testaments to the potential networks of trade connecting the Old World with the New. The more attentive and conscientious the travel narrator, the more copious were his collected evidences. Eventually, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, his exhaustive observations were made to answer the specific inquiries not only of investors and merchants but of naturalists as well.

Early on the practice of interpolating lists of local products and creatures into the narrative of travel was formalized in appendices to the voyage report. As information accumulated and the observer's office of comprehensive representation developed, the catalogues exerted a disruptive stress on the coherence and fluency of simple linear narrative, and appendices went towards resolving some of the problems arising from often naive authors working in an increasingly complex rhetorical situation. In effect, two levels of experience had to be accommodated by the developing genre: the frequently quotidian and always sequential notation of occurrences and sightings expressed the particular, immediate experience of travel, while generalization and speculative inference proceeding from diffuse, gradually acquired knowledge created a broader meaning for the voyage. The "Shorte and Briefe Narration" of Cartier's second voyage demonstrates in itself the

movement from the cursive report of day-to-day advance to the discursive utterance arising from longer familiarity with the new place. Through July 1535 the company follows the coast towards the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the narrator attends to the series of their advance. The repetitive, equable rhythms of his prose reflect the regular progress of geographical sequence:

> The next day being the last of July, we went all along the coast that runneth East and West, and somewhat Southeasterly which is all environed about with Islands and drie sands, and in trueth it is very dangerous. The length from S. Germans Cape to the said Islands is about 17 leagues and a halfe, at the end of which there is a goodly plot of ground full of huge and high trees, albeit the rest of the coast be compassed about with sands without any signe or shew of harboroughs, till we came to Cape Thiennot, which trendeth Northwest about seven leagues from the foresaid Islands, which Cape Thiennot we noted in our former voyage, and therefore we sailed on all that night West and Westnorthwest, till it was day, and then the wind turned against us, wherefore we went to seeke a haven wherein we might barbour our ships, and by good hap, found one fit for our purpose, about seven leagues and a halfe beyond Cape Thiennot, and that we named S. Nicholas Haven, it lieth amidst 4 Islands that stretch into the sea (39-40).

While each day's journey goes on, informational units are presented serially, linked by co-ordinate conjunctions; when the travellers pause, subordinate constructions introduce concise descriptions of each station. The writer maintains a just proportion between the data of time and progress and those of place, and no undue digressions promote any one incident or location over another. The long sentences and infrequent terminal punctuation suggest unremitting progress. Indeed, the discovery of a new world seems a regular, matter-of-fact business.

However, the easy detachment of the coasting travellers, moving unimpeded from one point to another, is eventually compromised. Cartier's plan for direct ingress to the continent meet with obstruction when it is discovered that Taignoagny and Domagaia, two natives who spent the winter in France,

have minds of their own and are involved in a train of events beyond the voyagers' command or comprehension. Once disembarked, the pair refuse to accompany the French ships to Hochelaga. Treachery at worst, complications at least are introduced into the straightforward design of the voyage and the narrator must resort to varied expository practices to account for these ambiguous, extra-linear happenings. New syntactical structures appear in reports of the exchanges between Cartier and the dissembling natives: "Our Captaine asked them if according to promise they would go with him to Hochelaga? They answered yea, for so they had purposed, and then ech one withdrew himselfe" (p. 49). The formerly determinant chronological unit of the day, containing the distance traversed and the landmarks noted, is now variable. Sometimes it is expanded far beyond the 100-150 words which consistently reported quotidian occurrence in the earlier parts of the voyage and sometimes it is completely overlooked in the narrator's discursive eagerness to explain the problems which have arisen between the company and their conductors. Later, when the voyagers have settled for the winter, daily reporting is abandoned entirely. Then the sojourn is represented through discussion of a few salient events (in particular, the sojourners' terrible suffering from scurvy and their discovery of an anti-scorbutic in the bark of the white pine) and through general information on native culture (Chapter 10 tells of "The maner how the people of that Country live: and of certaine conditions: of their faith, maners, and customs") and on the natural characteristics of the place (Chapter 11 offers news "Of the greatnesse and depth of the said river, and of the sorts of beasts, birdes, fishes, and other things that we have seene, with the situation of the place"). Even the relatively unsophisticated author of the "Briefe

Narration" was soon drawn beyond linear sequence in making his report. Although the narrative structure of the log predominates in his early chapters, Cartier's scribe found it an inadequate form once involvements and implications drew the travellers in and detained them in this alien place. Then the narrator becomes discursive and authoritative, interpreting the general tenour of life in the New World by selecting representative events and conditions for consideration. Once the sojourn is concluded and the travellers extricate themselves from the foreign scene, the narrator reverts to a strict chronological structure to report the resumption of journeying and the return to France.

The travel genre developed rapidly in the sixteenth century as writers of voyage narrative became readers of voyage narrative and acquired a consciousness of the structural precedents of the literary form they had taken up. Francis Fletcher, reporter of Drake's circumnavigation, shows not only an elegant style but also an awareness of the demands of narrative coherence when he writes of the company's experience on the California coast in 1579. Encountering unseasonably cold weather, the mariners are much exercised over the question of climate and latitude, and Fletcher takes up the question in his narrative, but not without first notifying his audience of the impending excurses: "And here, having so fit occasion (notwithstanding it may seeme to be besides the purpose of writing the history of this our voyage), we will a little more diligently inquire into the causes of the continuance of the extreame cold in these parts, as also into the probabilities or unlikelihood of a passage to be found that way."[13] In expatiating on conditions, the narrative takes a turn into digression. Fletcher is aware of the risk he takes in departing from a strictly linear

notation ("it may seeme to be beside the purpose of writing the history of this our voyage") but overrules objections in announcing a more comprehensive narrative system which declares this a "fit occasion" for the subsequent speculations and review of received information on the topic. Perhaps more than any other literary genre, travel narrative invites digression. Yet, at the same time, it resists divagatory impulses with the strength of the linear series of the itinerary. Travel narrators classically introduce associative materials with overt signals to the reader, on the one hand respecting the inexorable itinerary as a predominating structure but on the other hand seeing the journey as an infinitely suggestive device.

Fletcher is rather advanced in the sophistication of his analyses, but other voyage writers were also diversifying the rhetorical frame of their narratives, incorporating digression and speculation. As the quantity of voyage literature grew, writers felt greater responsibility to account for previously recorded information and to refer to the increasing store of data on the New World. John Sparke's chronicle of John Hawkins' 1565 expedition includes, in its report of adventures on the Florida coast where some members of Hawkins' company were temporarily stranded ashore, general information on the threat to Europeans from hostile and even anthropophagite natives. Sparke shows that he has read Eden's translation of Peter Martyr's De Rebus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo Decades Tres when he relates earlier, Spanish experience with the Floridians: "Of their cruelty mention is made in the booke of the Decades, of a frier, who taking upon him to persuade the people to subjection, was by them taken, and his skin cruelly pulled over his eares, and his flesh eaten."[14] To emphasize the significance of the fortunate rescue of the stranded men, Sparke offers this additional information from another travel text. As the genre developed, inter-textual

references became more common; narrators consulted antecedent documents and abandoned the naivety of the innocent prima vista.

In every case, however, from the naive and unelaborated log to the more complex and deliberative compositions of well-read travellers, the document itself serves the primary purpose of making a verbal connection between unheard-of phenomena in an unknown world and accepted, familiar schemes of thought and knowledge. The connective function is most conspicuously evident in the simple narratives of the earliest beholders of the North American coast. In these documents, the primary verbal action of naming itself creates an affinity between the unknown and the familiar, imposing European systems on alien aspects. In "The First Relation of Jaques Carthier of S. Malo, 1534" the mariners name as they go, designating topographical and maritime features according to cultural principles they have carried with them across the sea. Finding themselves between Anticosti and Labrador, they apply a fitting sign to the body of water through which they sail: "Nowe because upon Saint Peters day wee entered into the sayd Streite, wee named it Saint Peters Streite" (p. 28). During the second voyage, in the following year, they come upon "three flat Islands" as they explore the Gulf of St. Lawrence: "we named them S. Johns Islets, because we found them, and entred into them the day of the beheading of that Saint" (p. 43). Their toponymic practice fixes (impermanently, as it were) to foreign sites signs from the culture left behind. In the Cartier voyages especially the Holy Year is invoked to organize the rush of new physical data confronting the discoverers, but any practice of dating according to the European calendar goes towards maintaining familiar chronological order in an unfamiliar place. Toponymy can be a sophisticated verbal exercise,

recovering from an alien site complex meanings linking it to the cultural experience of the namers. Frances Fletcher describes Drake's nomination of California in 1579: "This country our Generall named Albion, and that for two causes; the one in respect of the white bancks and cliffes, which lie toward the sea; the other, that it might have some affinity, even in name also, with our own country, which was sometimes so called" (p. 171). This verbal action claims the coast for England, for the moment, and declares the namer's membership in a particular linguistic community remote from the object named. Many of these designations -- Albion and St. Peter's Isles, for example -- disappear under the successive waves of renaming and revisitation, and some exist only in the texts which report their origins. However, notwithstanding their more or less ephemeral currency, they performed an important office in reorienting the traveller in an anonymous landscape. Naming, especially in its more elaborate instances, can be seen as an abbreviated form of the more extensive descriptions which were later made to represent the characteristics of the New World. The application of names -- shorthand signs, in effect -- from English and other European languages to the physical features of the new continent began the process of incorporating it into a literary tradition.

Certain conventional diction entered early into this literary tradition. Nearly every writer at some summary point in his narrative rehearses ideas of compelling importance to himself and his readers, namely, riches, minerals, metals, and fruitfulness in every degree of plenitude. And superlative constructions typically give point to these related ideas. For example, the English translation of John Ribault's "True and Last Discouerie of Florida in the yeere 1562," printed by Hakluyt in Divers Voyages, tells

of finding a country which is the "fairest, fruitfullest, and pleasantest of al the world, abounding in hony, venison, wilde foule, forests, woods of all sortes, Palme trees, Cypresse and Cedars, Eayes ye highest and greatest, with also the fayrest vines in all the world...." (p. 101) and, further, "one of the goodliest, best, and fruitfullest countreys that ever was seene, and where nothing lacketh...." (p. 111) Cartier, on his second voyage, had already found at Hochelaga "the fairest and best countrey that possibly can be seene" (p. 58) as well as a river "the plentifullest of fish that ever hath of any man bene seene or hearde of...."(p.71) Arthur Barlowe, in a report addressed to Ralegh, tells his sponsor that in Virginia in 1584 is soil which is "the most plentifull, sweete, fruitfull and wholesome of all the worlde...."[15] These superlatives, crowding into most of the texts and ascending to a climax of exorbitant promise, exert nearly irresistible pressures on the documentary realism of the narratives, opening the door to fantastical assessments of the New World. In his report Barlowe responds, at least unconsciously if not with conscious calculation, to his reader's expectations: Ralegh has in effect paid for the narrative and will want his money's worth. Descriptions culminating in fulsome superlatives make a good return on his investment.

The transcription of David Ingram's news from America offers a more blatant example of a narrator's direct response to his audience's expectations. Ingram was one of a hundred men put ashore in Mexico in 1568 after the sinking by the Spanish of one of three English ships commanded by Hawkins and Drake. Hawkins' ship was too overcrowded with survivors and too under-provisioned to make it back to England with its full complement of passengers and the hundred reportedly volunteered to take their chances in

America. Ingram and two companions were eventually rescued by a French fishing boat, having made their way to Cape Breton Island. Ingram's extraordinary journey attracted attention and in 1582 he was interrogated in England by officials concerned with colonization. The report of the interrogation was published by Hakluyt in the 1589 edition of Principall Navigations.[16] In it is much that is undoubtedly true or approximately true. We learn, for example, that the natives are "very swift of foot; the hair of their heads is shaven in sundry spots...." and that "there is a tree called a plantain, with a fruit growing on it like a pudding, which is most excellent meat raw."[17] But embedded in these temperate observations is some surprising information regarding the abundance of gems and valuable metals. Kings were seen by Ingram to wear "great precious stones, which commonly are rubies, being four inches long and two inches broad" (p. 55). These gemmy potentates are not alone in their opulence, for "in every cottage be found pearl: in some houses a quart, in some a peck, more or less..." (p. 55) and they have "in every house scoops, buckets, and divers other vessels of massy silver, wherewith they do throw out water and dust...." (p. 57). Most surprising of all, however, is the news that in this region of silver dustpans and pecks of pearls, the devil lurks incarnate: "He saith further that he and his two fellows, namely Richard Browne and Richard Twide, went into a poor man's house and there they did see the said Colluchio or devil with very great black eyes like a black calf. Upon sight whereof Browne said, 'There is the Devil'..." (p. 60). His audience before him, their interest manifest, Ingram answered his inquisitors with a narrative of cursory description of natural products, aboriginal culture, surplus riches and demonic menace. His concoction of fact and fantasy was, for the time, an

acceptable utterance. It seemed to represent the probabilities of an unknown continent. After all, a more literate and reliable reporter, John Sparke, had written in his report of Hawkins' earlier expedition in 1565 that fabulous creatures could be discovered in America. Deduction rather than firsthand experience led him to this conclusion: "Of beasts in this countrey besides deere, foxes, hares, polcats, conies, ownces, and leopards, I am not able certeinly to say: but it is thought that there are lions and tygres as well as unicornes; lions especially; if it be true that is sayd, of the enmity betweene them and the unicornes; for there is no beast but hath his enemy, as the cony the polcat, a sheepe the woolfe, the elephant the rinoceros; and so of other beasts the like: insomuch, that whereas the one is, the other can not be missing" (p. 128).

Once a writer takes up the voyage form, his way is open to all manner of speculation to answer the looming questions standing between him and the unknown. Lacking concrete evidence as to the nature of the New World, the travel narrator turns to surmise or, as a last resort, fantasy to sketch in likelihood. Having nothing better to go on, his postulations answer the expectations of his audience and flatter notions of fabulous possibility. The urgent desire of Europeans for a new trade route to the Orient, for example, inspired elaborate geographical fantasies based on very eagre physical evidences.

In that the travel genre not only allowed but encouraged free-wheeling speculation, it also offered itself as a vehicle for fantastical imaginings in a documentary form. Nicolo Zeno's "Discouerie of the Isles of Frisland, Iseland, Engroueland, Estotiland, Drogeo, and Icaria" is the most notable sixteenth-century instance of documentary fantasy. The "Discouerie" purported to be a compilation of documents relating to fourteenth century

discoveries by two Venetian brothers Nicolo and Antonio Zeno. So shrewd was the pseudo-compiler, a sixteenth-century descendant of the adventurous brothers, in his manipulations of the conventions of voyage narrative that Hakluyt was taken in and included the "Discouerie" in Divers Voyages, thereby authenticating it as a factual account. "Iseland" and "Engroueland" appear to refer to Iceland and Greenland, but the other island nations named in the title are fabrications so cannily masked by documentary structures that reputable geographers long included them in maps of areas northwest of the British Isles.[18] Through these various processes of publication, Zeno's private fantasies were drawn into the realm of public consensus.

Zeno claims to have developed the narrative from epistolary materials, first from letters sent by Nicolo to Antonio, which urge Angonio to come to this remote archipelago, and then from letters sent, after Nicolo's death, from Antonio to a third brother, stay-at-home Carlo. The resulting composition contains many of the characteristics of authentic North American voyage narrative: descriptions of a native aristocracy (Prince Zichmni, a powerful and warlike sovereign who makes much of the Zeni, is a central figure in the story), as well as accounts of native barbarities, cannibalism and so on. Further, gold and other metals are either seen or heard of.

Undoubtedly, it was Zeno's handling of his pseudo-documents which inspired his readers' faith in his "Discouerie." He describes the circumstances of his finding these materials; he cites the letters neatly, always noting those points at which he quotes directly from them and those at which he summarizes their contents. In all, he convincingly simulates a scholarly concern for accuracy. Having followed Antonio Zeno and Prince Zichmni to their discovery of a "very good" country to the southwest of

Engroueland, the sixteenth-century Zeno ingenuously concedes his lack of complete data: "What followed after this letter, I know not but by coniecture, which I gather out of a peece of an other letter, which I will set downe heere vnderneath: That Zichmni builte a towne in the porte of the Iland hee discouered, and that hee searched the Countrie very diligently and discouered it all, and also the riuers on both sides of Engroueland, for that I see it particularly described in the Sea card, but the discourse or narration is lost."[19] By frankly explaining the limits of his sources, Zeno acquires license for what goes on within those limits of knowledge. Given the permissiveness of such a license, Zeno's fabrications are notably restrained. Aside from the prevalence of Latin-speakers and Christians among the indigenous populations, most of the reported discoveries are not hard to swallow. Gold is found only in moderate (but worthwhile) amounts; neither unicorns nor demons are sighted, and monstrosities are altogether absent.

Zeno's composition, while not factual, can scarcely be called fiction. Nor was it allegorical or satirical in intent. Unlike More's Utopia or Swift's Gulliver's Travels, for instance, it purports to be literally true and its rhetorical claim to veracity is part of its meaning. It was accepted by contemporary (and later) readers as a literal account of unknown lands. Zeno's inspiration came not just from his obviously agile and clever imaginings of foreign seafaring, but also from his understanding of the way certain narrative structures could introduce fantasy into reality through audience credulity and acceptation.

As travel narrative, Zeno's "Discouerie" makes the most of the rhetorical authority of rumour and hearsay. On the continuum of truth it stands at the opposite end from verifiable actuality represented by physical evidence -- the ore sample, the botanical specimen, the kidnapped native. Ranging

between the extremes of the fantasy voyage and the portable specimen are the documentary narratives of travel, recovering facts, considering causes and speculating on possibility. As soon as the first step is made away from concrete evidence -- the soil sample or the lump of ore -- towards verbal evidence -- the mariner's log or discoverer's journal -- physical actuality gives way to a literary reality. Even the business-like logs concentrating on little more than meridional sightings and geographical measurements provide no absolute certainties: navigational observations are frequently in error, although made in good faith; distances fluctuate wonderfully. Once a recognizable system of expectations is established (as one soon was in North American travel literature) and is known to the writer, literary conventions can create a verbal reality more or less independent of physical truth. In their extreme instances -- as with Zeno's "Discouerie" -- the conventions stand for and function as reality itself.

Travel writing remained the primary North American literary form in the sixteenth century. For English-speakers, North American experience could only be viewed from without, and as a stage in a round-trip that would lead them home again. Sedentary experience in North America was unknowable and unspeakable. Those Europeans who did come to stay for shorter or longer periods were ill-equipped for permanence, and their poor preparations emphasized their essential detachment from the sites of their attempted residence. Settlement in the early part of the seventeenth century changed the situation and its literary expression somewhat: realism became a positive literary value, for now fanciful projections were downright dangerous to human survival. But Europeans in the New World continued to face the questions meeting all travellers in foreign places: is this a hospitable

place or not? can we survive -- economically, culturally, physically -- under these alien conditions? Sixteenth-century travellers had discovered diverse answers to these questions. At first, their enterprises seemed to be carried on under favourable auspices. Things looked good to them, and they were encouraged by the idea of ever longer journeys reaping ever greater promise. On their second voyage, Cartier and his men find manifest assurance in a festive welcome:

> In which place of Hochelaga, and all the way we went, we met with many of those countriemen, who brough us fish and such other victuals as they had, still dancing and greatly rejoycing at our comming. Our Captaine to lure them in, and to keepe them our friends, to recompence them, gave them knives, beades, and such small trifles, wherewith they were greatly satisfied. So soone as we were come neere Hochelaga, there came to meete us above a thousand persons, men, women and children, who afterward did as friendly and merily entertaine and receive us as any father would doe his child, which he had not of long time seene, the men dauncing on one side, the women on another, and likewise the children on another: after of Millet, casting them into our boates so thicke, that you would have thought it to fall from heaven (p. 57).

Certainly such a multitudinous reception and jubilee must have contributed to the voyagers' feelings of self-esteem as well as affirming their belief in the propitiousness of their venture. Early travellers to Virginia, New England and California reported similar salutations from the natives. These joyful disembarkations furthered the journey-makers in their belief that they had come to an other-world, a discoverable eden consonant with man's eternal expectations. Barlowe gladly celebrated the hospitality of the natives of Virginia in 1584: "We were entertained with all love and kindnesse, and with as much bountie (after their maner) as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithfull, voide of all guile and treason, and such as live after the maner of the golden age" (p. 236). In this gracious place was something familiar, something kindred

to the aspirations of the travellers. Its bounty seemed to belong to no one -- as yet -- and to have been exempted from post-lapsarian economic laws of scaricty, property and tenancy.

The golden age was of short term, however. (Its virgin moments were repeated periodically through the next two centuries as travellers penetrated the hinterland and met here and there with benevolent welcome, but cautious détente took the place of rapturous accord in the strategies of these later travellers.) In the sixteenth century it was soon discovered that this halcyon bounty was finite, that these natives were a separate nation and that America was a foreign land and not an other-world. Reports of salutary welcome gave way to those of signal hostility. American Indians showed themselves to be no mere projection of the European imagination but members of an independent culture, capable of autonomous actions which their European visitors considered conspiratorial and treasonous. Governor John White's journal of the 1587 plantation expedition to Virginia reported apparently unprovoked hostility:

> The eight and twentieth, George Howe, one of our twelve Assistants was slaine by divers Savages, which were come over to Roanoak, either of purpose to espie our company, and what we were, or else to hunt Deere, whereof were many in the Island. These Savages being secretly hidden among high reedes, where oftentimes they find the Deere asleep, and so kill them, espied our man wading in the water alone, almost naked, without any weapon, save only a smal forked sticke, catching Crabs therewithall, and also being strayed two miles from his company, and shot at him in the water, where they gave him sixteen wounds with their arrowes: and after they had slaine him with their woodden swords, they beat his head in pieces, and fled over the water to the maine.[20]

George Howe fared not so well as the guests of the Golden Age; neither did the thousands of victims of massacre, famine and disease among subsequent travellers to the New World in the next century. The alien status which had

at first been a token of wonderful transportation became a sign of dreadful peril. Fears of cannibalism haunted travellers in North America well into the eighteenth century, for anthropophagism and other forms of strange and hideous death figured the ultimate risk of venturing into this savage country.

Yet travel continued in the face of dread, and travellers held their own once they learned to exercise precautious diplomacy in their dealing with local populations. Travel in sixteenth-century North America showed itself to be a subtle social venture on those occasions when European voyagers pursued their missions with both tact and conviction. Far removed from the sources of authority which legitimized their enterprises (letters patent having, obviously, jurisdiction only within their own language community), they were essentially powerless. But with policy and prudent courtesy, they could temporarily ally themselves with the authority systems of the foreign community without abandoning the purposes which had sent them forth in the first place. On the coast of California in 1579 Drake is offered, as Fletcher writes, the "sceptre, crowne, and dignity of the sayd countrie" as the native king and his court excitedly profess their political allegiance and vassalage to the navigator who seems to them a god-like sovereign. They sing and dance to express their fealty and their pleasure in the subordination they have undertaken. Drake accepts their gestures: "These things being so freely offered our Generall thought not meet to reject or refuse the same, both for that he would not give them any cause of mistrust or disliking of him (that being the onely place, wherein at this present, we were of necessitie inforced to seeke reliefe of many things), and chiefely for that he knew not to what good end God had brought this to passe,

or what honour and profit it might bring to our countrie in time to come" (p. 168). Drake consents to the exotic ceremony, even when parts of it which involve the self-mutilation of the celebrants grossly offend his sensibility, because he recognizes the peculiar social predicament in which he finds himself. Here, on this distant coast, he is far from all normal sources of succour or asylum, and the "mistrust or disliking" of the residents would have grave consequences. His acquiescence in the strange behaviours of his hosts is a survival tactic: for the moment, he must go along with their curious usages and outlandish signs of amity. But at the same time he maintains a margin of reserve, having an eye to the imperial advantages of this congress on the shore. In this, he refers (as Fletcher presents his thoughts) to his home and own cultural origins -- to "our countrie." He is an Englishman and agent of English purpose. On the Californian beach, he adroitly negotiates the circumstances of his far-off journey-making, on the one hand complying with the alien culture he encounters and on the other maintaining his original cultural attachments and identity even at this great distance. Drake neither loses himself in this multitudinous foreignness, nor evades it, but treats with it, and continues on his way towards proper destinations.

Maintaining an optimum balance between involvement and detachment, the traveller holds to his itinerary and pursues a safe course. In North America in the sixteenth century the consequences of being detained or interrupted in the pursuit of a foreseen route were disastrous: the delayed journey-maker was in danger of being swallowed-up -- figuratively or literally -- by a vast unknown, estranged from all reasonable hope of rescue. Generally, he had no very clear idea even of where he was. This

was an extreme instance, certainly, of the existential risk involved in travel. Yet all travel holds certain risks in severing or attenuating the domestic attachments from which the traveller derives his identity, his direction and his view of life. Getting by in a foreign place and at the same time providing for a decent return to the point of departure requires the tact and alertness Drake demonstrated in his negotiations with the Californians.

III

Travel throws into relief the traveller's sources of identity and mentality, isolating them from the supportive network of sedentary attachments. The traveller's sensibility becomes, for the duration of the journey and the text of it, a model or epitome of national sensibility and the traveller becomes a delegate, as it were, from his home community, representing its interests in a variety of exotic situations. With his observations, ratiocinations and speculations, he is an emissary for his culture.

In sixteenth-century travel writing this was an implicit but still unarticulated condition of travel. Voyagers went out, often carrying prolix and detailed instructions from their sponsors, and did their best both to fulfill expectations and to survive in the process. They had the material advantages of travel chiefly in mind. But, at the same time, the literature of travel, issuing from increasingly sophisticated narrative structures, was showing that certain immaterial benefits might result from voyaging. The eloquent text itself was not the least of these. By the eighteenth century the intellectual, sentimental and aesthetic profits to be derived from travel were generally acknowledged. It seemed to be a good thing to take this out-going risk. Tourism and sightseeing -- travel without

commercial or territorial aims -- were taken to be useful sequences in the education of the individual. And, by extension, it appeared that society as a whole benefited from the foreign ventures of individual members and that narratives of travel could contribute to the enlightenment and cultural welfare of the community as well as to its commercial resources. Tourism and sightseeing were worthwhile activities in themselves, but better yet was the publication of the narrative results of tourism.

Even in the eighteenth century few Englishmen were likely to make an educational tour of America: where, then, to easily and effectively acquire the profits of travel? Continental Europe presented itself as an apt site for this activity, offering at once relatively safe itineraries and diverse novelties. In the eighteenth century the Grand Tour supplied not only a popular holiday route for educated Englishmen but also an extremely important sub-genre in travel literature. Its influence on eighteenth and nineteenth century North American travel writing was crucial, and the literary values developed by Grand Tourists were those which many European visitors brought with them to the New World.

In the remainder of this chapter I will consider some distinguished examples of English travel writing from the last half of the eighteenth century. All but two of these -- James Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides and Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland -- are records of continental European travel. Without exception, all the journeys recorded are pleasure tours in that they were undertaken without commercial intention or official purpose. These travellers, all men of letters, reflected on the theory as well as the practice of travel and on the proper literary expression of their mobility. Boswell, Johnson,

Joseph Baretti, Tobias Smollett, Laurence Sterne and William Beckford each set out on their selected routes with the idea that tourism would improve their frame of mind and both Smollett and Sterne expected that the psychological effects of travel would contribute to their physical well-being. These travellers are more sophisticated writers than the voyage narrators of the sixteenth century, with the result that their texts are more diverse even though their itineraries were more uniform. Nevertheless, they addressed issues comparable to those which confronted their less genteel antecedents. In setting out, they too found themselves estranged from ordinary cultural relations -- from what Johnson called the "social comforts" of remaining in England.

The development of James Boswell's career as a traveller in itself suggests the possible range of response to social estrangement, beginning with a series of intensely emotional but ephemeral attachments to foreign settings and foreign personages and moving into a more reasoned detachment from what were, after all, alien phenomena. Boswell's place as a man of letters was first assured by the publication, in 1768, of his Account of Corsica. But this achievement was just one product of the fertile literacy that transcribed the Grand Tour of which the Corsican visit was only one episode. Behind the published treatise lay a massive written record of young Boswell's experience away from home. Scholars of this century have organized the journals, correspondence and personal memoranda discovered among the Malahide Castle papers into a sequential report of Boswell's travels.

Boswell's record of his term abroad is also a record of his confrontation with some deep-seated personal conflicts and confusions, for

his "hypochondria" -- his constitutional tendency to alternating fits of melancholy and euphoria -- had an evident influence on his documentation of his travels. Generally, when he is exultant, his prose is densely detailed, appreciative and discursive. When he surrenders to depression the record dwindles to scant facts -- a date, a name or two, a social occasion grudgingly described in simple sentences. These fluctuations in style are associated with Boswell's identity anxieties, which were amplified by the commotion of travel. By cutting him adrift from his native cultural environment and, particularly, from his father's relentless monitions regarding his career and conduct, travel brought into relief his feelings of insecurity. When Boswell embarked from Harwich in 1763 his personal destiny seemed to him alternately magnificent and dismal. When he felt most securely attached to his point of origin and when his future at home seemed to him attractive and promising, his descriptions of foreign scenes are most fluent and capable. But when ideas of return and homecoming suggest neither a generous welcome nor a receptive audience for his tales, his narrative is most laconic and uninformative. Without a clear and satisfying sense of his destination, that is, without an orderly sense of his journey as a round-trip, Boswell's literary travels are a poor affair.

On the one hand, Boswell felt a firm pride in his origins and descent; he recalled the native seat, Auchinleck, to which he was heir, with earnest sentiment and he felt a genuine responsibility to his Scotch citizenship. On the other hand, the protraction of his travels abroad seems to have been partly an evasion of his domestic and civil obligations, and the result of his reluctance to commit himself to a permanent existence at Auchinleck, however dignified such a station. Abroad, Boswell is at the

point of most effective equilibrium when he can comfortably contemplate a proper homecoming, and when he can see himself as "young Boswell of Auchinleck upon his travels." Then he is securely identified, however far his journeys take him, and his travels are neither waywardness nor evasion but a self-completing route which will lead him back to his point of origin.

On his European tour, Boswell's most conspicuous concerns are social. Very rarely does he account for the natural landscape, or even for the architectural or historical character of his environment. The actual travelling itself, transporting himself from place to place, he found an inconvenient process deserving only hasty, negative remark. Boswell was happily moved and his expository style genuinely inspired when he encountered celebrated persons, and when the enclaves of foreign society embraced the charming young traveller from Edinburgh. He willingly conceded an "enthusiastic love of great men," and throughout the petty courts of Germany he sought the eminent, trembling with delighted awe when hospitality admitted him to the precincts of greatness. After a splendid luncheon at the Palace of Brunswick, he wrote: "I sat opposite to Prince Ferdinand, whose presence inspires animated respect. He absolutely electrified me. Every time that I looked at him, I felt a noble shock."[21] Boswell's sightseeing was truly exultant before human symbols of power, but his appreciation of such spectacles was never completely humble or submissive. However august the princes and generals he met, it was still James Boswell who commanded the tale. He wrote: "Wherever I come I find myself loved" (p. 117), and that was sufficient reason for journeying on. While he was uncertain of the quality of his reception at home, Boswell found it a profitable business to exploit the hospitality of foreign circles and find himself at home elsewhere. He was aware of his own reluctance to conclude his travels and his accumulation of

evanescent social attachments. Ending his travels and forsaking mobility for the grave commitments of a sedentary life appeared a threat to mind and temper and hope. Before leaving Switzerland for southern sites, he wrote to a confidante: "I am well now, because I am agitated by a variety of new scenes. But when I shall return to the uniformity of Scotland, I dread much a relapse into the gloomy distemper" (p. 296).

Boswell did eventually resign himself to his destiny and destination, return to his father's formidable auspices and expectations, and accustom himself to "uniformity" and responsibility. He was still a very young man when he disembarked from his Grand Tour. With the exception of his nearly annual holidays in London, his next important excursion was the tour he made of the Highlands and Hebrides with Dr. Johnson in 1773, when Boswell was thirty-three and left behind him in Edinburgh a wife, family and established profession. Now it was clear whence he came and to what he would return. His travels no longer had the compensatory function of making up for his social and filial insecurity with enthusiastic foreign attachments. In his account of this expedition, we read of no more electrifications or corporal "shocks." Occasionally, fluctuations in pleasure and mood are recorded, but only as apologies from the density or attenuation of the narrative. The friendly welcome accorded the pair of tourists by Highland and Island residents transported Boswell to no raptures of self-esteem as the hospitality of the German courts had done nine years earlier. Boswell did not need to be loved by these foreigners. His method of travel and observation served new goals: the demonstration of a moderate, judicious intellect and the particular scrutiny of his illustrious companion, Samuel Johnson.

Boswell was suitably aware of himself as the companion of Dr. Johnson, not only in the matter of his conduct, which he adjusted to Johnson's standards, but as well in his documentary technique and in his narrative motive. He and Dr. Johnson, he tells the reader, were moved to undertake the excursion by "a notion that we might...contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what we had been accustomed to see; and, to find simplicity and wildness, and all the circumstances of remote time or place, so near to our native great island, was an object within the reach of reasonable curiosity."[22] This later expedition, then, has much more the character of an intellectual exercise than does the earlier Grand Tour. Boswell is certainly under Johnson's philosophical patronage on this tour; he anticipates the design of the Life of Johnson in stimulating and recording Johnson's voice and opinions, and accepts his model of temperate discrimination and speculation. And Johnson's regard for Bozzie is here a major theme, as it is in the Life. Johnson read his companion's record as the journey progressed, and at one station remarked, to Boswell's satisfaction, "'The more I read of this, I think the more highly of you'" (p. 262). Boswell was still using travel to win the regard of others, but in a much more sophisticated way. Now the articulation of the experience -- the pages offered hopefully to Johnson, and to the intended audience at home and in London -- is the recognized goal. Boswell was making a document acceptable to a home audience. Having taken his place in the society to which his composition is addressed, he writes a much more conventionally informative and public narrative.

Although Boswell's reverence for Johnson is evident throughout the Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, a subtle detachment from his preceptor introduces the reader to another mode of travel, Johnson's own. At

Ulinish, on Skye, we find Johnson's receptivity to new impressions in question. We hear him, for all his "reasonable curiosity," instructing rather than inquiring. "Last night," writes Boswell, "Dr. Johnson gave us an account of the whole process of tanning, -- and the nature of milk, and the various operations on it, as making whey, etc." (p. 246). And Johnson's habitual scepticism receives similarly delicate emphasis, leaving it even more conspicuous in this volume than it is in Johnson's own account of the tour. As their solicitous hosts present to the travellers spectacle after spectacle, Johnson and Boswell artfully reduce each wonder to inconsequential proportions, or unremarkable antiquity. On viewing a prison-hole reputed to be of very great depth, Johnson rapidly minimizes its dimensions that it might be accommodated by the range of probability. In reporting this instance of Johnson's tendency to revise received information, Boswell notes that Johnson is "very quick in shewing that he does not give credit to careless or exaggerated accounts of things" (p. 293).

This kind of lively ratiocination is the central action of Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland. Boswell, in the Life, commends Johnson's account for its abundance of "philosophical views," and adds that a "considerable part of it, indeed, consists of speculations which many years before he saw the wild regions we visited together, probably had employed his attention, though the actual sight of these scenes undoubtedly quickened and augmented them."[23] Boswell's insightful analysis of Johnson's travel style leads one to ask if Johnson need ever have left London if on his passage to unfamiliar territories he was to be laden with this baggage of preconceptions -- the most notorious of which was his prejudice against Scots and Scotland. Johnson himself did equivocate on the value of exotica, on the one hand feeling that novel experience and informative contrasts were respectable

motives for travel, and on the other hand, insisting that ten years in England were worth more than ten years and £20,000 in India: "'a man who has lived ten years in India, has given up ten years of social comforts and all the advantages which arise from living in England'" (Life, III, 400). His abhorrence of the cultural vacuity into which the emigrant plunges co-existed with an equally vivid attraction to certain foreign spectacles.[24] "He talked with uncommon animation of travelling into distant countries; that the mind was enlarged by it, and that an acquisition of dignity of character was derived from it. He expressed a particular enthusiasm with respect to visiting the wall of China" (Life, III, 269). Such a project was, indeed, an uncommonly "animated" or even fanciful notion for Johnson to entertain, suggesting that the idea of travel was peculiarly attractive to his imagination. However, lest imagination dictate the event, his advice to travellers, in particular and in general, recommended the vigilant exercise of reason over impression, always with the injunction to record the exercise. The verbal record -- objective, comprehensive and instructive -- would confirm the advantage of mobility, lending it form and, with form, value. Further, accurate and coherent documentation would stand between the traveller and the strange void facing him once he abandoned the "social comforts" of staying at home.

Neither Johnson nor Boswell was remarkable for sensitivity to the natural landscape.[25] Johnson, however, while experiencing no ecstasy over the Caledonian wilderness he visited, valued the ideas it aroused in him. The appearance of the "wide extent of hopeless sterility" which he witnessed in the Highlands was that of "matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature from her care and disinherited of her favours, left in its

original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation."[26] But did such an experience of forlorn disutility actually contribute to "dignity of character," and widen awareness? Could the would-be traveller not have rested on reliable evidence of such phenomena and stayed home? Well, no, thought Johnson. At the peak of comprehension, the mind sees to know, and sees to function most exquisitely: "As we see more, we become possessed of more certainties, and found a wider basis of analogy" (p. 40). This idea of the contribution made by firsthand experience implicitly credits a faculty beyond the rational, for which reliable secondhand documentation would have sufficed. Sightseeing supposes a kind of mental absorption which, while not exactly imaginative, offers the opportunity to refine knowledge and understanding through reflective concentration on a provocative scene. The desert through which Johnson travels becomes part of an illuminating analogy which argues certain fundamental principles of the human condition: "the evils of dereliction rush upon the thoughts; man is made unwillingly acquainted with his own weakness, and meditation shews him only how little he can sustain, and how little he can perform" (p. 40). These universal concepts are mental formulations that find utterance through the eventful encounter between the traveller and the scene. They existed before Johnson saw the Highland summits, and they persist though he departs. It is their articulation which is effected by the personal journey. In this, the proposal for travel is proper: the tour and the Journey become an action to structure discourse and dramatize the events of the mind.

One of the themes of this book is the aesthetic of measurement. Johnson was repelled by the flagrant inaccuracies of travel books, and the negligent acquiescence of travellers in the fallacies of indigenous folk traditions.

Early in his tour he methodically estimated the profundity of Loch Ness at much less than its turbid waters had traditionally suggested. The exercise must have been gratifying for, from this point, he allowed full rein to the corrective impulse, continually adjusting received report and reducing the extraordinary to the ordinary. His passion for mensuration leads him to declare that "no man should travel unprovided with instruments for taking heights and distances" (p. 146). Johnson believes that once a man embarks it is his moral obligation to assess and gauge, and to maintain his rational objectivity with the help of whatever portable apparatus. And the traveller, in the Journey, emerges as a peculiarly gifted and enriched observer by virtue of his detachment from the irrational prejudices of locale and community.

Johnson recommends not only the essential equipment to be carried by the traveller but as well a technique for impeccable documentation. In order to recover as much of truth as possible, the record must be immediate and not delayed to leisure. "To...dilatory notation must be imputed the false relations of travellers, where there is no imaginable motive to deceive. They trusted to memory, what cannot be trusted safely but to the eye, and told by guess what a few hours before they had known with certainty" (p. 147). Aware of the inevitable disparities between physical evidence and verbal evidence, Johnson suggests that the interval between observation and notation be abbreviated as far as possible. Ideally, event and report would coincide, and physical and verbal realities merge. This coincidence can be only an ideal, but the conscientious travel writer can imitate the ideal by forestalling the devious intervention of imagination which begins to convert external realities into literary realities almost as soon as observation has

taken place. In his injunctions to travel writers, Johnson recognizes the pressures exerted on the travel narrator by his rhetorical situation. His audience wants news of prodigies and marvels, but within a documentary frame (so that hyperbole and exaggeration are mendacious rather than merely inventive). If foreign places are ordinary and commonplace, and indistinguishable from familiar places, there is no occasion for narration.

That Johnson's only long fiction, Rasselas, was an exotic tale of itinerant education confirms the supposition that the idea of travel held some important matter for him. Rasselas, which was written thirteen years before Journey to the Western Islands, anticipates the later work in attacking "whispers of fancy," "phantoms of hope," and all immoderate credulity, and Rasselas' tour under the supervision of Imlac is chiefly a process of becoming disabused of false expectations. Only superficially is it a negative process. At a deeper level it is a positive exertion of intellect and a declaration of the virility of the mind. To confound Rasselas' philosophical enthusiams or Nekayah's pastoral fantasies gives Johnson special aesthetic pleasure. For him there is a moral beauty in such detections of error.

In Rasselas Johnson draws on the vast metaphorical resources of travel. Relocation, transit, geography are all figurative indications of facets and phases in human existence. Nonetheless, Johnson respected travel as an eventful personal occasion. His own tour of the Hebrides was scarcely metaphorical, and it was its historical actuality that provided the meaning of Journey to the Western Islands. His advice to other travellers consistently represented the formal obligation of their enterprise, and consistently recommended the effort of responsible, literal notation.

Joseph Baretti, in particular, was so instructed to keep "an exact journal, and to register all occurrences and observations; for your friends here expect such a book of travels as has not often been seen."[28] Johnson's influence and encouragement are acknowledged by Baretti in his preface to Journey from London to Genoa, where he attribute his exhaustive method to "my most reverend friend Dr. Samuel Johnson, who suggested it to me, just as I was setting out on my first journey to Spain. It was he that exhorted me to write daily, and with all possible minuteness: it was he that pointed out the topics which would most interest and most delight in a future publication."[29] Baretti embarked from London in 1760 to revisit his family in Milan; nearly ten years earlier he had come to England from Piedmont to avoid the persecution his satiric writing had aroused at home. In London he met Johnson, and, among Johnson's intimates, the Thrales, in whose home he was for some years employed as a tutor. Before he revisited Italy, he had established a literary reputation with his Italian and English Dictionary.

Baretti selected his route not for a merely expeditious passage, but for the intellectual adventure it would offer by carrying him through territories with which he was unfamiliar and introducing him to societies of which he was ignorant. His choice favoured Portugal and Spain, and his experiences in these countries are the central matter of his narrative. Baretti was a robust traveller, undeterred by obstacle or oddity, and resistant to most of the anxieties which travel can induce. That is not to say that he was unsusceptible to low spirits, but that he stoutly dismissed melancholic apprehensions as inappropriate to his purpose. Only in good humour does he write, and advises other itinerant writers to do the same.

Melancholy preoccupation and peevishness were, he believed, sorry vehicles for the literary traveller, liable to digression and inattention.

The distinction of Journey from London to Genoa is its original view of the commonalty of the Peninsula in the eighteenth century. The vulgar classes captured Baretti's interest and his theme is avowedly social. In accounts of the Madrid aristocracy his mood is appreciative and tolerant but aloof; in descriptions of innkeepers, beggars, soldiers, clerics and ruffians Baretti's prose quickens, reconstructing the ventures of the Anglo-Italian into the lower strata of the Iberian community. However, when the population thins, in more remote provinces, the narrative dwindles. Demographic sparsity means little to see, and little to say. When he is confronted with barren terrain, he attempts to wring some expressible sentiment from it through the contemplative mode: "After having considered the awfulness of the solitary wilderness, I sat myself down on a stone, and said to myself: 'What a place for meditation is here, in the midst of this eternal abode of silence! here is no man, no beast, no bird, nothing to make the least noise. Let me sink into some reverie, and try how far my undisturbed thoughts will go" (II, 155-56). Although he is in command of the diction of contemplation -- "the awfulness of the solitary wilderness," "this eternal abode of silence" -- Baretti follows his reverie not to elevations of heightened sensibility but to the image of a pleasing wench he had left behind some stages back. His sublime intentions are vanquished and he must abandon his project: "The more I struggled to get rid of her, the more she engrossed my thoughts, and no other image could I substitute in the place" (II, 156). He does eventually disengage himself from the recollected embrace of the nymph, and strides indignantly away from the

scene of this lewd meditation. Of course, habitually reflective travellers are as much the butt of the joke as Baretti himself, for he calls into question the refined speculations which tourists typically attribute to their sightseeing. Their meditations may be more meritricious than authentic. However, although Baretti finds none of the "wider basis of analogy" which Johnson discovered in the Caledonian wilderness, he is able to make something of the scene by following Johnson's counsel. The setting is enhanced by a group of shepherds and their flock; Baretti admits the pastoral implications but neglects them in favour of the informational potential of the scene. He accosts the herdsmen, not to stage for his memoirs a rustic tableau but to interrogate them as to the specifics of their husbandry, migrations and markets. The elements of the exotic pastoral are dismantled, and information is collected and recorded in the interests of objective documentation and some sober speculation on the various flavours of mutton.

Baretti's greatest excitement between London and Genoa is his discovery of the habit of extempore poetic composition among the Spanish lower classes. The discovery is more than instructive for it is an event, a heightened action in the narrative. Baretti triumphs in his new-found data and expresses surprise that no other traveller had ever returned with this enviable information. "Such," he says, "is the inattention with which travellers cross countries, even those who do it with their quills in their hands!" (I, 338-39). Indeed, the traveller equipped with a pen may be most vulnerable to this gross inattention. The writer of travels is likely to be also a reader of travels and indoctrinated with the generalizations that are the stuff of travel writing to the point where he is incapable of original perception. The conventions of travel writing are seen by Baretti

to be not only formal but to pertain to content as well. The network of inter-textual relations which influenced North American voyage narrative as early as the sixteenth century had become a constraining web of orthodoxy in eighteenth-century European travel narrative. Once travel writers have "copied out of each other's books" the litany of national prejudices, reiterating banal preconceptions of the loquacity of the French or the indolent pride of the Spanish, "the greatest part of itinerant writers think that they have done great matters, and that they are intitled to challenge abundance of respect form their own countrymen" (I, 339). Like Johnson, Baretti is contemptuous of the habits that thus perpetrate slanderous falsehood and depreciate rather than enhance man's comprehension. Although national peculiarities are his business, Baretti insists that they be originally perceived and unencumbered by preconception. This intellectual independence and wholesome detachment is accessible, "were we but willing to shake off our own mental idleness, lay aside our national prejudices, and exert our faculties in the easy discovery of our perceptions" (II, 2).

In spite of his devotion to expository investigation, Baretti and his material occasionally part company, and writing serves a purpose beyond exposition. During a period when foul accommodation and rancid meals threaten his equanimity, Baretti confesses that he writes "rather to divert the disagreeable effect on my spirits, than with a view to prove instructive or entertaining." Here, commentary answers feelings of displacement, loneliness and disorientation. Eventually, Baretti acknowledges these functions of his narration when he finds himself writing when there is nothing to write about: "the habit of scribbling is now so strong, that I must be at it whether I have a subject or not, and must tell not only what I have

heard or seen during the day, but even some part of what I have thought...." (I, 143). Writing keeps his mental house in order, measuring his daily progress and documenting his whereabouts in this foreign place.

Perhaps overburdened with the idea of Johnson as a reader of his narrative, Baretti frets about the overall judiciousness of his composition and regrets those sections which seem to undercut his purpose of thorough-going objectivity. In his preface he expresses the hope that the proportion between subjectivity and detachment in his narrative will favour the latter sufficiently to credit his volumes. He recommends his conscientious effort to the reader, but adds that his "only fear upon this occasion is, that some want of dexterity in the management of my narrative may justly have subjected me to the charge of egotism, as I am convinced that I have passed too frequently from my subject to myself, and made myself much too often the hero of my own story."

If Baretti exercised every available precaution against the egotism of certainty, Smollett, who travelled on the continent three years after Baretti but whose memoirs were published before his, felt no such humility. Travels through France and Italy is notorious not only for the irrascibility and bad temper of the traveller but also for the audacity of his unreserved generalizations. Smollett freely applies his sceptical faculties to every object but the limitations of his own comprehension. Like Johnson, he scrutinizes all received information -- reducing the circumference of Paris to something less than commensurate with the combined extent of London and Westminster, and habitually minimizing the reported revenues of princes and principalities -- but he has less of Johnson's subtlety for he flagrantly invokes British standards in his measurement. Magnitude, in Travels through

France and Italy, is always estimated by reference to comparable (or incomparable) British phenomena, for Smollett never surrenders to his context. He gags on foreign cuisine, demands meat on meagre days, pays three livres when four are the price. Versailles, compared to English mansions of cheerfulness, neatness and convenience, is a "dismal habitation. The apartments are dark, ill furnished and unprincely."[30] In Rome he views a celebrated work of Raphael, and tells his readers, "if it were mine, I would cut it in two parts...." Such wanton desecrations abound in Travels, and slanders and calumnies run apace in the form of breathtaking generalizations. Smollett, who felt a ferocious antipathy to Roman Catholicism, suggests that the church harbours all types of criminals and felons, and insists that "nothing is more common, than to see the most execrable villains diverting themselves in the cloysters of some convents in Rome" (p. 188). Worst of all, these indefensible prejudices are embosomed in a documentary style which attempts scientific and rational analysis.

It is exhilarating to collect such abominations and pursue the xenophobe to his den, but the zeal of the chase may obscure the qualities of the narrative that evoke runaway readings. Smollett's bold attacks on his foreign hosts are vigorous, declamatory and virtually irresistible. When he is on the road, visiting one dreadful hostel after another, the narration proceeds with captivating velocity.

Smollett's sense of himself as a victim contributes to the energy of the narrative. The tourist's social isolation is exaggerated to an extreme of nearly intolerable alienation as Smollett displays his genius for distinguishing himself as the focus of a community's hostility to

foreigners. From numerous scenes of contention between the traveller and the societies through which he passes grows the idea that not only does the traveller despise the host, but the host despises the traveller. The endless descriptions of hideously filthy, infested inns and rapacious inn-keepers are entertaining, but we soon find that this is more than a joke, and that the traveller is trapped in a lawless region where the most fundamental principles of decency and fairness are ignored. Abroad, the traveller is at the mercy of this anarchy and corruption, which seem to concern his very survival. One incident, from the trip between Nice and Rome, will demonstrate the intensity with which Smollett perceived his situation:

> At the post-house in Lerici, the accommodation is intolerable. We were almost poisoned at supper. I found the place where I was to lie so close and confined, that I could not breathe in it, and therefore lay all night in an outward room upon four chairs, with a leathern portmanteau for my pillow. For this entertainment I paid very near a loui'dore (p. 275).

So, after near-poisoning, near-suffocation and extortion, the victim rides on, but not without vociferously denouncing this mutilation of his sensibility. Indeed, Smollett seems to travel under conditions nearly as perilous as those faced by travellers among hostile natives in North America.

There is an unexpected conclusion to Smollett's tempestuous peregrination. After his Italian expedition he estimates the overall effect of the endeavour on his constitution. Although he has been subjected to two months of perpetual agitation, he believes that the experience has arrested the morbid "relaxation of the fibres" which had accelerated his physical decline. "I am convinced," he writes, "that this hard exercise of mind and body cooperated with the change of air and objects to brace up the relaxed constitution, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the juices, which had long languished even almost to stagnation" (p. 383). The journey has been therapeutic: Smollett can attribute his cure to the wholesome

outrage which excited him out of his moribund complacency and which was inspired by all those unscrupulous foreign landlords and rascally drivers.

In The Expedition of Humphry Clinker, published five years after Travels through France and Italy, Smollett again put to use the prose structures of travel. Humphry Clinker is a fiction but not a novel. The itinerary of the six tourists is of far more consequence in creating situations for commentary than are the slim contrivances of the plot. Also, exposition on the customs and economy of Scotland consume many of the later pages of the book. This material is travel content, neither inventive nor fictional, but factual and analytic. Further, Humphry Clinker is an epistolary narrative, made up of the letters-home of the five touring characters.

Humphry Clinker is an example of the way the rhetorical structures of travel narrative can be applied to domestic scenes. This tour of Britain is addressed to a British audience -- and, in that, it apparently trespasses one of the basic conventions of travel narrative, namely, that the commentary is never addressed to its subject. But when this stipulation is broached, some interesting effects result: first, the travel-artist becomes an alien in his own country. He views every object as a sightseer, every prospect as an uninvolved tourist and outsider. Morally, he comes from elsewhere. From his alienation comes the second effect: it becomes his literary responsibility to investigate, describe and explain phenomena which are, to the citizen, familiar and nondescript. Through this exposition broad satiric purpose can be achieved. Travel narrative assumes that the writer and his audience share a common moral and cultural view different from the view held by the subject-community: when a domestic audience is suddenly called upon to acquiesce in the writer's convictions (and the rhetorical structures of

the travel genre demand this acquiescence from the reader) and the convictions are those of an alien in his own nation, all social and ethical assumptions are called into question. To apply the traveller's view to familiar scenes is to attempt a critical detachment, and to ask the audience to assume an equivalent objectivity. Something of the same effect is achieved when the foreign society which a traveller has described for his own countrymen has access to the travel text. This happened when Americans read Frances Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans. But that was an adventitious, extra-textual event. When it is part of the literary project, as it is in Humphry Clinker, or in Thomas Haliburton's The Clockmaker, the peripatetic view of the alien becomes a rich rhetorical device. It is a functional device because it can exploit the conventional structures of travel narrative.

Humphry Clinker presents a more sophisticated view of travel attitudes than Travels thorugh France and Italy does, for the widely disparate responses of the five letter-writers suggest the effect of personality and point of view in travel commentary. Still, it did not wholly vindicate its author's reputation as an opinionated and acrimonious traveller. Sterne wickedly ridiculed Smollett's travel-temper in the figure of Smelfungus in A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy: "The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Bulogne to Paris -- from Paris to Rome -- and so on -- but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed was discoloured or distorted -- He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings."[31] Sterne repudiates not the subjectivity of Smelfungus' account but the subject himself; he attacks not the prominence of "feelings," but their miserableness. Like Baretti, Sterne makes his journeys in determined good humour and magnanimous spirit. While

Smollett reveals his own isolation and alienation in travel, Sterne discovers the mutuality of feeling among men. Sterne travels "to love the world better;" Smollett travels to sharpen his disdain. However, in spite of this radical divergence in their intentions, the similarity between Sterne and Smollett, as travel writers, is more striking than the distinction. Neither Smollett nor Sterne cultivated the dispassionate attitudes of objectivity, and both writers relied on their hectic partiality to supply the materials of their travel commentaries. In that it is distinguished by vehement feelings, Travels through France and Italy is not less sentimental than A Sentimental Journey.

A Sentimental Journey is sometimes called a novel, an honorific title intended to give Sterne's narrative a respectable literary status. But it has that, for it is travel narrative and not a novel. A Sentimental Journey is the offspring of Sterne's 1765-66 tour of the continent and it bows to the conventions of the travel genre, albeit with much supple comedy. Like other literary travellers, Sterne's Yorick takes careful if erratic note of his accommodations, his diet, his expenses, his servant. Like other travellers he looks for the national peculiarities which remind him he is abroad and not at home. And all these observations maintain the central assumption that the sentimental imagination will be exercised and the affections enlarged by diverse commerce with human nature.

While he sits in an immobile carriage at Calais, scarcely abroad at all, Yorick composes his preface, formulating his idea of travel, and the agitation and vibration of composition set the vehicle in motion. Yorick is under way and his momentum established before the horses are harnessed, for the real motive power behind the journey seems to be the desire to write

rather than the desire to go abroad. Travel provides Sterne with a literary form more than it does a literary occasion and, in this, actual travel is on the way to becoming unnecessary. Long before the end of the eighteenth century, the travel genre had a life of its own, independent of the comings and goings of its practitioners. So autonomous was it that it could stand up to Sterne's burlesque version.

Sterne embarked from England in 1765 in quest of health, the same treasure after which Smollett hastened. And, like Smollett, he discovered a cure in the agitation of travel itself. Yorick's emotional participation -- sympathetic, lascivious, charitable or grateful -- in the human scenes he encounters is a restorative administered to his languishing spirit, stimulating his blood to course through his heart and brain. The rush of health and feeling is translated into a flow of ink, and the fluent record carries the traveller forward to fresh scenes. Thus transported, the earnest traveller will never lack a subject for vivifying reflection, for once his momentum is established, he can rely on his sentient receptivity to supply his pen. As Johnson advised Boswell that anything and everything should quicken curiosity, as Baretti found himself writing when there was apparently nothing to write about, so Yorick estimates as infinite his own capacity for ingenious attention:

> I declare, said I, clapping my hands chearily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections -- If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to -- I would court their shade, or greet them kindly for their protection -- I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them (p. 51).

When this capacity for feeling is expanded to enliven any location, itinerary becomes rather unimportant. The traveller could be anywhere, or nowhere, and still make his sentimental sorties. Indeed, he may not have to leave home at all.

In William Beckford's travel narratives we find virtually all the elements so far isolated as aspects of the travel genre in the eighteenth century (with the exception of Smollett's excited moral vehemence): there is the intense record of the fluctuations of a hypersensitive temperament that appeared in Boswell's early memoirs; there is Sterne's urgent desire for affecting psychological events to be wrung from the passing scene; and there is, finally, even some of Johnson's and Baretti's intellectual concentration on location and social organization. At the same time, Beckford's travel writing is a curiously voluntary form of autobiography -- the making of a story in which he could document his actions as a hero.

Beckford's first published composition, A Vision: Manuscript of a Romance, was travel fantasy, accepting only the thinnest contribution from realism for its premise. He wrote it at seventeen, while he was abroad, and its chief concern is the traveller's dream-like penetration to the subterranean regions of the earth and his acquisition of visionary moral experience. Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents, an account of Beckford's ten-month tour abroad that began in June 1780, is a much more mature work. In some way it is contiguous with A Vision, but more ambitious in that it attempts to contain mystical speculation and rational analysis in the same vehicle. The result is a pair of parallel journeys, one of which is meditative and inventive, the other documentary. The imaginative tour carries Beckford through most of the book, only to be superseded in its final leg by an analytic conclusion that organizes a mass of definitive

observations into a political overview of the European continent. The last, lengthy letter is virtually Johnsonian in purpose and execution and all the more striking because it retraces the same route as the first twenty-six letters, to an altogether different destination.

The very title of the book announces Beckford's sense of which route exerted the greatest attraction. No geographical plot is remarked, even in the subtitle. "Dreams" have top-billing, followed by "waking thoughts" and the psychological connection between fantasy and fact -- the so-called incidents. The focus of the "incidents" in Beckford's narrative indicates just how much control the travel writer can have over the external event of travel, and to what degree the witness can ingratiate himself into the scene as an actor. For example, Beckford's description of a rustic family picturesquely grouped around their alpine abode is heightened not by a concentrated evocation of their presence but of his own. "I was so much struck with the exotic appearance of this family, that, crossing a rivulet, I clambered up to their cottage, and begged some refreshment....I reclined in the midst of my smiling hosts, and spread my repast on the turf: never could I be waited on with more hospitable grace."[32] In the transaction, the cottagers remain anonymous, no more than acquiescent figures populating the background of a tableau featuring the feeding visitor. Their husbandry, their costume, their physiognomy, the architecture of their domicile all go unremarked.

In his narrative, Beckford appears as a notably reclusive traveller, exulting in his solitude and resisting human intervention. Isolation amidst natural wilderness always stimulates him to excursive fantasies: a dense alpine thicket can encourage him beyond time and place, as the "portal" of some other region of existence, suggestive of "some happy world, behind the

dark groves of pines, the caves and awful mountains" (pp. 102-3). In his civic sightseeing he is equally a solitary figure, making his pilgrimages to public monuments at twilight, when these places are deserted by the mob. Then Beckford becomes a priviliged proprietor of their precincts. Even St. Peter's at Rome is appropriated to his desire for gorgeous retirement as he contrives a fantasy of a "little tabernacle under the dome," where he would "immure" himself with select intimates, "forget the divisions of time, have a moon at command, and a theatrical sun to rise and set, at pleasure" (p. 193).

The first twenty-six letters of Dreams are the utterance of an enormously wealthy young man exploiting his sightseeing to the most exaggerated purposes of reckless self-aggrandizement. The twenty-seventh letter introduces an alter-voice which speaks judiciously and authoritatively of the human community. With informed deliberation, Letter XXVII considers the political conditions of Europe, the assumptions of government, and the ethics of wealth and power. Beckford concludes that it is the "ambition of princes" more than the follies of the masses that has distorted humane rule into anarchical oppression and rapacious tyranny. He praises Switzerland for its sumptuary laws, for he has a lucid vision of the interdependence of ethics and economy. The absence of excessive wealth among the Swiss is a blessing, for despotism is thereby disarmed, and humanity, decency and equality prosper. Italy, on the other hand, is degraded by the "voluptuous softness of its climate," which encourages indolence, infidelity and a perfidious reluctance to look realistically to the future. Yet this is the very climate that succoured the author of the earlier letters with poignant repose and delicate sensation. This commentator with so sincere and insightful an interest in the political health of nations is the same one who was disgusted

by the collective carnival noise of a market town and shunned community in the pursuit of an aesthetic climax of his taste for opulent seclusion and private reflection. This disparity between isolation and collectivity is, in another sense, the disparity between the subjective and objective modes of travel writing. So marked is this distinction in Dreams that the imaginative, sentimental presentation of the journey is structurally set wholly apart from the expository version. The greater the latitude given the imaginative journey within the documentary frame, the less unified will be the published utterance.

As the travel vehicles of Sterne and Beckford become curiouser and curiouser and incorporate into their design more and more of the idiosyncratic embellishments and amenities of the imagination, we revert to the question Rasselas asked Imlac -- need one go at all? and to Imlac's reply -- no, and yes. The prejudices, preconceptions, and foregone conclusions with which the tourist embarks surely exist before the journey and must then be accessible to the insightful writer, if they are his interest. But without the journey they have no frame, no argument, no plot. Even Johnson, whose mental diet could be well supplied with conditional propositions and abstractions, found in travel a brilliant occasion for the enactment of the contents of the mind. His own travel gave narrative structure to his deliberations, as well as an empirical authority to his vision of the human community. But with Beckford that structure has fractured. He still uses the documentary pretext of the genre to authenticate and occasion his "incidents," but so hermetic is his vision that scenic places are seemingly interchangeable; Beckford, not Europe, is the issue. As the journey becomes less and less apparently necessary to the utterance,

form begins to break down. This is structurally evident in the very fact of the discontinuity between Beckford's first twenty-six letters and the final, twenty-seventh letter. Figurative and literal realities are formally distinguished.

There is an obvious reason for this break-down in documentary form: by the end of the eighteenth century the celebrated sites of the continent had been so thoroughly viewed by earnest tourists that they held few mysteries for readers of travels. Only the unique perspicacity of the observer could justify yet another reiteration of a predictable route. It became important that this traveller went, and that he saw and responded in a worthwhile way. Narrative interest rested with the subject rather than the object of the excursion.

This was not to be the case in the New World for another century. Old World readers still needed to have North America explained to them, to understand in what ways it was new, marvellous and remote. North America entered English literature on just this basis -- as an exotic place inviting comprehensive notation. The documentation of the New World was a literary event of large import, coinciding with the maturity of the appropriate literary genre, travel narrative.

## Notes

### Chapter 1

[1] During the later part of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth century, Mandeville's authorship was challenged by scholars and eventually repudiated by Paul Hamelius, whose 1919-23 edition of the Travels confidently proclaimed Jean d'Outremeuse, a Liège notary, as the author. Hamelius' opinion has influenced the work of general commentators on medieval travel and travel writers and stands firm in many standard reference works. For example, Arthur Percival Newton follows suit in Travel and Travellers in the Middle Ages (1925; rpt. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1968) when he writes about the Travels: "we now know that it was a spurious compilation of a citizen of Liège, one Jehan d'Outremuse, fathered upon a fictitious English knight 'Sire Jehan de Mandeville' much as Swift invented the imaginary Lemuel Gulliver to convey his satires" (p. 160). Mandeville seems to have been a victim of the same authenticating scholarship which at the turn of the century stripped Jonathan Carver of his credibility and tarnished the reputation of his Travels through the Interior Parts of North America (see Chapter 3, below). In the meantime, however, both Mandeville and Carver have been vindicated, Mandeville by Malcom Letts in his Sir John Mandeville: The Man and his Book (London: Batchworth, 1949) and in his edition of the Travels (London: Hakluyt Society, 1953) and by Josephine Waters Bennett in The Rediscovery of Sir John Mandeville (New York: MLA, 1954; rpt. 1971). As both Letts and Bennett admit, certain aspects of the authorship problem are inaccessible to empirical investigations and approachable only through intelligent speculation and sensitive interpretation

of internal evidence. Bennett goes furthest towards restoring Mandeville to his original dignity. She dismantles the case for Jean d'Outremeuse and dismisses all evidence connecting Mandeville with Liège. In effect, she allows us to accept what Mandeville tells about himself, that he was born and bred at St. Albans, that he passed thirty-four years away from home, and that he wrote his Travels upon his return to England in 1356.

[2] Raymond Beazley, The Dawn of Modern Geography (1897; rpt. New York: Peter Smith, 1949), I, p. 11.

[3] Mandeville's Travels (London: Hakluyt Society, 1953), p. 24. All subsequent references are to this edition, which presents the Egerton MS in modernized spelling.

[4] On the basis of convincing detail in the first section of the Travels, Bennett suggests that Mandeville probably did travel through the Near East and that he certainly must have gone somewhere. See The Rediscovery of Sir John Mandeville, Chapter 4.

[5] The model for the Valley Perilous may have been terrain near Kabul, through which Odoric passed. See Malcolm Letts, Sir John Mandeville, p. 89.

[6] Of Mandeville's Travels Arthur Percival Newton writes in Travel and Travellers in the Middle Ages: "It may fairly be claimed to represent the average ideas of cosmogony prevailing among educated men before the complete recovery of Ptolemy's work" (p. 12) and it is "of considerable interest as showing that the geography of educated men at the end of the fourteenth century was by no means so entirely fabulous as has sometimes been imagined" (p. 13). See the Travels, pp. 128-32, for Mandeville's cosmological discussion.

[7] In The English Traveller and the Movement of Ideas, 1660-1732 (1934; rpt. New York: Octagon, 1968), R. W. Frantz describes the origins of

modern travel methods in Deism, the New Science and the philosophical patronage given to voyagers by the Royal Society. These cultural trends clarified the cognitive aims of travel, but most of the investigative habits of early eighteenth-century travel writers are at least incipient in Mandeville's methods: comparative study of rites and religions, observation of manners and customs of remote peoples, notation of natural products.

[8] Richard Hakluyt, Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America and the Islands Adjacent (Hakluyt Society; rpt. New York: Franklin), p. 8.

[9] "The Booke Made by the Right Worshipful Master Robert Thorne, in the yeere 1527," Divers Voyages, pp. 33-34.

[10] "A Shorte and Briefe Narration, 1535-1536," Early English and French Voyages, Chiefly from Hakluyt, 1534-1608, ed. Henry S. Burrage (1906; rpt. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1959), p. 72. This is the translation of the "Brief Récit" as it was published in Hakluyt's Principall Navigations (1600). All subsequent references to Cartier's voyages are to this edition of Burrage's collection.

[11] "Account if the Particularities of the Imployments of the Englishmen Left in Virginia, 1585-1586, by Master Ralph Lane," Early English and French Voyages, p. 249.

[12] "Briefe and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia, 1602, by John Brereton," Early English and French Voyages, p. 338. Subsequent references are to this edition. This account was originally published in 1602 as a twenty-four page book.

[13] Francis Fletcher, "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake, (California) 1579," Early English and French Voyages, p. 156. Subsequent references to Fletcher's account will be to this selection in Burrage's collection. The World Encompassed was originally published in 1628.

Hakluyt used Francis Pretty's "The Famous Voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea" in the 1600 edition Principall Navigations.

[14] John Sparke, "The Voyage made by M. John Hawkins Esquire, 1565," Early English and French Voyages, p. 119.

[15] "The First Voyage Made to the Coasts of America, 1584, by Captain Arthur Barlowe," Early English and French Voyages, p. 234. Subsequent references are to this reprint.

[16] It was, however, omitted from the 1600 edition, as was Mandeville's Travels.

[17] "The Relation of David Ingram," collected by Louis B. Wright in The Elizabethans' America: A Collection of Early Reports by Englishmen on the New World (Cambridge: Harvard, 1965), p. 56 and p. 58. Subsequent references are to this edition.

[18] See Evelyn Page, American Genesis: Pre-Colonial Writing in the North (Boston: Gambit, 1973), pp. 169-75. Page notes that the first half of Zeno's document is a factual report of the fifteenth-century embassy of Caterino Zeno to Persia and that the presence of this undoubtedly reliable account adds to the air of authenticity surrounding the "Discouerie." Bois Penrose, in Travel and Discovery in the Renaissance (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1960), pp. 23-24, describes the political significance of Caterino Zeno's important mission. Certainly the dignity of Caterino's career as a traveller must have encouraged Hakluyt is his acceptance of Zeno's fantastical narrative of his ancestors' wanderings.

[19] Nicolo Zeno, "The Discouerie of the Iles of Frisland, Iseland, Engroueland, Estotiland, Drogeo, and Icaria," Divers Voyages, p. 89.

[20] "The Fourth Voyage Made to Virginia in the Yere 1587, by Governor John White," Early English and French Voyages, pp. 288-89.

[21] James Boswell, Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland, 1764 (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1953), p. 13. Subsequent references are to this volume.

[22] Boswell, Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides (Oxford: Clarendon, 1964), p. 10 Subsequent references are to this edition.

[23] Boswell's Life of Johnson (Oxford: Clarendon, 1934), II, p. 300. Subsequent references to the Life are to this edition.

[24] Thomas M. Curley's Samuel Johnson and the Age of Travel (Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1976) makes a very strong case for the importance of travel and travel literature in Johnson's life and art. However, Johnson's interest in the idea of travel was not wholly positive, for he understood the meaning of the disorientation and irreversible isolation which the emigrant would feel once permanently separated from the order and security of English society. The unknown reaches of this continent suggested only savage emptiness to him, and he expressed little interest in North America.

[25] Johnson's susceptibility to the natural scene may have been underrated because it is so efficiently absorbed by expository purposes. His systematic inquiry into existence in northern Britain is firmly based on assumptions of geographical determinism, and an appreciation of the influences of climate and topography on the lives of men. In Samuel Johnson and the Age of Travel Curley suggests that Johnson's myopia interfered with his sightseeing: "No doubt, nearsightedness hampered a full appreciation of natural beauty by closing his field of vision to striking details in distant prospects" (p. 98).

[26] Samuel Johnson, A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland (New Haven: Yale, 1971), pp. 39-40. Subsequent references are to this edition.

[27] Johnson, The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p. 55.

[28] Letter to Baretti in Milan, quoted by Boswell in the Life, I, p. 365.

[29] Joseph Baretti, A Journey from London to Genoa (1770; rpt. New York: Praeger, 1970), I, p. vii. Subsequent references are to this edition.

[30] Tobias Smollett, Travels through France and Italy (Fontwell, Sussex: Centaur, 1969), p. 60. Subsequent references are to this edition.

[31] Laurence Sterne, A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1967), pp. 51-52. Subsequent references are to this edition.

[32] William Beckford, Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents (New Jersey: Assoc. Univ. Presses, 1971), p. 100. Subsequent references are to this edition.

## Chapter 2

## "A Stranger and alone" in Eighteenth-Century America: Madam Knight, William Byrd, St. Jean de Crèvecoeur and William Bartram

The round-trip from Europe to North America and back again was not the only form of movement towards the New World. As early as the sixteenth century, projects for settlement mixed with purposes of discovery, but it was not until the seventeenth century that any deeply-felt sense of permanence appeared in the English-language literature of the New World. Discovery and settlement were related but separate ideas, and their literary expression came about in different ways. For instance, different and distinct circumstances surrounded the composition and publication of two important works of early American literature: Mourt's Relation (1622), from the pen of William Bradford and others, and Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation (composed between 1630 and 1647, but not published until 1856). Mourt's Relation is a contemporaneous dispatch from the Plymouth colonists to a home audience -- the London publisher, Morton, playing so important a role as to have his name eternally associated with the document. The Relation's report of the Pilgrims' passage and arrival and of their first seasons in the New World was of urgent interest to British readers of American travels, and the haste with which the settlers dispatched their news suggests their need to maintain a communicative link with the homeland. The History of Plymouth Plantation is a different matter. Bradford wrote it deliberatively, over long years, and apparently felt no necessity of transmitting the

assembled information to a London public. His History begins the work of consolidating the data of European ventures in America and presenting them as the foundation of a truly American experience, rooted here, not abroad. His chronicle was written for Americans, not Europeans.

Our concern here is not with the historian's labour and its results in a book like the History of Plymouth Plantation, but with the traveller's work -- the prima vista documented for a distant audience. The writings of the four travellers I will discuss in this chapter -- Sarah Kemble Knight, William Byrd, St. Jean de Crèvecoeur and William Bartram -- all pursue this goal, but with such variety of purpose and effect as to illustrate the diversification of the travel genre as it developed from the reports of the first voyagers to America.

Madam Knight is an early domestic tourist; her Boston is as secure and well-defined a point of departure as Samuel Johnson's London was. In her Journal, she writes in the tradition of eighteenth-century literary tourism, and her lyric descriptions of nature, her social satire and her civic observations are as accomplished, in their small way, as those of British writers describing European locations later in the century. The literary principles of Grand Tourism arrived in America virtually unaffected by the passage.

William Byrd, with his report of the 1728 survey of the Virginia-Carolina boundary, is a second-level discoverer, acting between the earliest phase of discovery and the subsequent phase of settlement. He penetrates the unknown not so much to describe it as to imprint it with the standards and devices of an Old World order. Carrying the survey chain into the wilderness, he impresses and imposes, with the authority of European

civilization at his back. His documentation serves both the local interests of the settlers and remote interests in London.

St. Jean de Crèvecoeur, an early figure in a long line of European commentators on America, is best known for his "What Is an American?", a chapter from Letters from an American Farmer which celebrates the protean character of the immigrant. This essay is the part of his writing which appeals most directly to American readers, voicing as it does a vision of man's limitless capacity for adaptation.[1] But Crèvecoeur's intended audience was European, and his celebration of adaptation and assimilation is only one moment in the cycle of his American adventure. Crèvecoeur is a traveller who "goes native" for a time ("What Is an American?" is a product of this phase of his journey), but who soon recovers his European perspective -- and goes home. He does not adapt, he is not the American he describes in his famous chapter, and his resistance to the assimilative coercions of the foreign community in which he finds himself is a life-and-death struggle, as he tells it.

William Bartram, the Philadelphia naturalist, travelled through Georgia, the Floridas and the Carolinas between 1773 and 1778, and his writings heighten the descriptive methods of those voyage writers who travelled under the auspices of the Royal Society. Like early visitors to America, Bartram sees with a fresh eye, for the first time. But his art is more refined than theirs, with the result that his rapt attention to minute detail ends in almost surrealistic representation of nature. His glittering descriptions of natural wonders and the intensity of his perceptions appealed to the English Romantics (Coleridge in particular was a devotee of Bartram's Travels) at the same time as his dedication to accuracy and comprehensiveness

placed him in the tradition of an artful natural science -- a tradition exemplified in England by Gilbert White and in America by John Audubon. Like Audubon, Bartram found his most serious and respectful audience first in Europe.

I

In October 1704, Sarah Kemble Knight, citizen of Boston, began a journey to New Haven and New York. A few facts are known of her life and career: she was thirty-eight when she undertook her journey: she was a widow, shopkeeper, mother of one daughter.[2] But by far the most substantial information we have of this colonist is to be found in The Journal of Madam Knight, which is the narrative of her journey. This in itself demonstrates an important aspect of the travel genre: Madam Knight at home, among her neighbours and fellow-Bostonians, is a nearly anonymous figure, her sedentary existence almost undocumented. But Madam Knight abroad is fully commemorated in literature. Indeed, the amount of extant information regarding this woman on her travels -- news of her anxieties, opinions, digestion, conversation -- is prodigious.

Her Journal is a small volume, scarcely longer than forty pages. But it is an exemplary work from which emerges a view of the creative process, for the act of writing is incorporated into the action of the narrative: part of each day's passage is the traveller's verbal recapitulation of events, when, as Madam Knight puts it, she retires to "enter my mind in my journal" (p. 13).

Like other travel narrators, Madam Knight assumes that the very fact of her embarkation is sufficient justification for writing and adequate notice of her intentions. Her opening sentence supplies an exordium

consistent with her purpose: "Monday, Octob'r. y$^{e}$ second, 1704. --About three o'clock afternoon, I begun my Journey from Boston to New-Haven; being about two Hundred Mile" (p. 1). She dispenses with the business of departure and farewell for such matters involve a level of experience separate from the travel report. Home, and ordinary life are part of a sedentary world of social attachments, domestic economy, and, especially, long-term relationships with others, and not matter for an account of the broad world and the mind at large. Travel is distinguished from ordinary life as a rare and special aspect of experience construed here in a literary way and invested with a meaning more concise and exemplary than life at home, where meanings are diffuse, continuous and unarticulated. Even the motive for departure -- here some unspecified financial chore -- is trivial compared to the act of departure itself. So, the widow embarks abruptly, with neither preface nor ceremony: "About three o'clock afternoon I begun my journey...." She sets out upon an exceptional phase of experience and immediately establishes the exclusive context of her narration.

Scarcely is she under way when she comes up against the peculiar difficulties which face the traveller. Having left home she has also relinquished security, order and station. The wayside world is chaotic and disorderly, and Madam Knight's negotiations with guides and hoteliers are each small contests in which she must assert herself emphatically to declare her consequence and rights before these foreigners who would neglect or abuse her. In securing her first night's accommodation she meets an obstreperous wench who serves her with a dozen coarse questions before providing the requested amenities:

> I told her she treated my very Rudely, and I did not think it my duty to answer her unmannerly Questions. But to get ridd of them, I told her I come there to have the post's company with me to-morrow on my Journey, &c. Miss star'd awhile, drew a chair, bid me sitt, And then run up stairs and putts on two or three Rings, (or else I had not seen them before,) and returning, sett herself just before me, showing the way to Redin, that I might see her Ornaments, perhaps to gain the more respect. But her Granam's new Rung sow, had it appeared, would affected me as much (p. 4).

The traveller is particularly liable to this kind of social insubordination, finding her ordinary claims to status discredited or overlooked. Like Smollett, the widow Knight discovers that going abroad leaves her vulnerable to insult from her inferiors, and, rather than acquiesce in these little tyrannies, she retaliates, as Smollett does, with vituperative ridicule. She puts her hostess in her place, and thus makes a place for herself in this inhospitable outer world. In these situations, the composing of the verbal account -- the nightly journalizing -- is a compensatory social action, for it redresses the traveller's grievances by appealing to the standards of the community she has departed.

But this defensive self-assertion is only half of Madam Knight's travel personality: although fearless before the uncouth assaults of unruly rustics, Madam Knight is afraid of the dark. And we later find that she feels overwhelming anxieties at the crossing of waterways or the traversal of precipitous terrain. On the one hand, she is tough, sceptical and critical: on the other, she is yielding, excitable and tenderly vulnerable to suggestion and impression. From the first inclination develops the wry social satire of the Journal; from the second the fanciful constructions which are inspired by her nervous susceptibility to the natural environment.

The adventures of the second night out inspire a narrative style much more figurative and allusive. As the sun sets and the traveller and her guide penetrate the forest shades of a New England night, Madam Knight's descriptive mood is aroused by her mental trepidation:

> Now was the glorious Luminary, w$^{th}$ his swift Coursers arrived at his Stage, leaving poor me w$^{th}$ the rest of this part of the lower world in darkness, with which wee were soon Surrounded. The only Glimmering we now had was from spangled Skies, Whose Imperfect Reflections rendered every Object formidable. Each lifeless Trunk, with its shatter'd Limbs, appear'd an Armed Enymie; and every little stump like a Ravenous devourer. Nor Could I so much as discern my Guide, when at any distance, which added to the terror (p. 6).

As the forlorn traveller is abandoned by her guide to the monstrous, menacing darkness, she faces the most serious danger of journey-making -- the danger of complete disorientation, of becoming irrevocably lost in this strange, unintelligible place. Out of the crisis of disorientation comes a highly figurative diction which results eventually in poetry. When the traveller does issue from the wood, she is greeted by the "friendly Appearance of the Kind Conductress of the night, Just then Advancing above the Horisontall Line" (p. 7). So profound is her relief that she is moved to expatiate imaginatively on the occasion:

> The Raptures w$^{ch}$ the Sight of that fair Planett produced in mee, caus'd mee, for the Moment, to forgett my present wearyness and past toils: and Inspir'd me for most of the remaining way with very divirting tho'ts, some of which, with the other Occurances of the day, I reserved to note down when I should come to my Stage. My tho'ts on the sight of the moon were to this purpose.... (p. 8)

Eighteen lines of rhymed couplets follow. So vivid and pertinent are the sensations of relief and consolation they demand rhyme and elevated syntax -- "Fair Cynthia, all homage that I may/Unto a Creature, unto thee I pay," etc. What is interesting here is not so much the quality of the verses, which are a conventional rendering of the night's adventure, but their

context. Essentially, the plausibility of the poem's position in the narrative rests on the conceit of its extempore character, and the pretext that the verses are directly attributable to the travel event. The poem is made by the journey: it is a palpable literary product of a particular occasion. Travel, we find, creates prose and, at synoptic points, the more concise expression of poetry. And the inspiration of the night's route is not depleted even by the eighteen lines addressed to the moon. The ease of the suggestible consciousness, creating from the encouraging tranquility of the scene an alternate landscape of the mind, specifically, "the pleasent delusion of a Sumpteous citty, fill'd w$^{th}$ famous Buildings and churches, w$^{th}$ their spiring steeples, balconies, Calleries and I know not what: Grandeurs w$^{ch}$ I had heard of, and w$^{ch}$ the stories of foreign countries had given me the Idea of" (pp. 8-9). This kind of interior vision is, too, the stuff of poetry, and Madam Knight consolidates her cogitation in another piece of verse -- five lines on the architecture of the imagined metropolis. All this seems a rather naive and obvious notion of the creative process, tracing an innocent movement from actuality through emotion to expression. But there are subtle qualifications in Madam Knight's version. In the first place, there is a conspicuous shift in diction from the near-comic prose portrait of the timid woman shuddering among stumps and limbs and phantom grotesqueries to the solemn language of the tribute to "Fair Cynthia." Conscious artfulness has intervened in the simple relationship between experience and expression. Second, the creative mood doesn't stop there: a "pleasent delusion" succeeds release from the terrors of the night. The permissive and suggestive conditions of the unfamiliar landscape allow the mind to truly go abroad, into territories of fantasy where a kind of literary hearsay --

"the stories of foreign countries" -- informs the new scene. Finally, while the extempore device legitimizes the incorporation of "delusion" in the factual report, it is only a device. The tribute to Cynthia, the poetic rendering of the "Sumpteous Citty," and the fully-conceived idea of the hapless wayfarer are imaginative responses to the adventure as it is recounted in repose. As an account of the traveller's response to foreign experience, travel narrative can accommodate fantastical expression without jeopardizing its documentary premise as long as it makes these overt statements regarding inspiration, suggestive associations, and so on. Where it does thus expose the manoeuvres of the imagination, narration itself becomes part of narrative action. The reader is let in on the book-making in a way he is in few other literary forms.

Madam Knight's lucubrations are abruptly concluded when she arrives at the next hostel, and her narrative reverts to commonplace language more appropriate to the corporal business of travel -- food and rest. But the descent to such fundamentals does not reduce the vigour of the tale. In fact, these elementary considerations often prompt the travel writer's most skilful performances. For Madam Knight, each station of the journey is an opportunity for keen social observation and sharp judgement, animated by an earthy humour that supplies some visceral details. At an earlier stage, having called for a meal, she is confronted by a woman who

> ...bro't in a Twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and laying it on the bord, tugg'd for life to bring it into a capacity to spread; w$^{ch}$ having w$^{th}$ great pains accomplished, shee serv'd in a dish of Pork and Cabbage, I suppose the remains of Dinner. The sauce was of a deep Purple, w$^{ch}$ I tho't was boiled in her dye Kettle: the bread was Indian, and every thing on the Table Agreeable to these. I, being hungry, gott a little down: but my stomach was soon cloy'd, and what cabbage I swallowed serv'd me for a Cudd the whole day after (pp. 4-5).

On her return trip, regurgitation is again a symptom of Madam Knight's disgust, this time at the inhospitality and personal nastiness of a "surly old shee Creature, not worthy the name of woman," and this monster's son. The insulted traveller repays the accommodation thus: "They had nothing but milk in the house, w$^{ch}$ they Boild, and to make it better sweetened w$^{th}$ molasses, which I not knowing or think oft till it was down and coming up agen w$^{ch}$ it did in so plentifull a manner that my host was soon paid double for his portion, and that in specia" (p. 32). These instances must remind us of Smollett's physical revulsion at the unwholesome conditions and unsavoury fare he encountered in European hostels. In both cases, the traveller responds vehemently to the disgusting practices of these foreigners: this sort of thing doesn't go on at home. And, in both cases, the travel writer knows that his home audience will be provoked and gratified by this news: provoked by these outrages against decency and gratified by the implicit recognition of the superior way things are done at home. Where the traveller is revolted and disgusted abroad, his own feelings -- and his audience's -- of social membership at home are enhanced.

So far we have heard Madam Knight's social comedy and her meditative ruminations and fantasies. Yet another vehicle carries her to a just conclusion, and this is her summary perspective of the societies she encounters. New Haven and New York are her particular concerns, and she renders each of these destinations in lucid expository prose simplified by generalization and elaborated by anecdote. In her socio-political portraiture she examines, in more or less cursory fashion, manners, business and government. The assumption underlying her civic portraits is one of objectivity, but it is soon turned to the service of personal preoccupations

and gossipy curiosity. New York, for instance, is introduced as "a pleasant well compacted place, situated on a Commodious River w$^{ch}$ is a fine harbour for shipping" (p. 28). From this sensible overview Madam Knight descends to observations on architecture, then to more specific considerations: "The Bricks in some of the Houses are of divers Coullers and laid in Checkers, being glazed look very agreeable" (p. 29). She next penetrates the interiors of these facades and turns to random details of the construction of fireplaces. They have, for example, "no Jambs (as ours have)." A rapid shift to eccentric minutiae -- jambs and hearthtiles -- swiftly draws detached observation into the personal style and range of the inquisitive, loquacious witness addressing an attentive audience on some exotic particulars.

The descriptions of New Haven and New York emphasize what is understood in the rest of the account, namely, that Madam Knight is writing from a foreign location and that her audience is at home and not before her. New Haven is a legitimate subject because it is different from Boston as well as comparable to it. Madam Knight discovers, for instance, that although the polity of New Haven differs little from that of Boston, its members are "a little too much Independant in their principalls" (p. 18). New York fireplaces are interesting because they have no jambs and are unlike Boston fireplaces. Comparisons inevitably arise: the traveller is not at home; in what place, then, is she? When the traveller tells tales of foreign places, her audience expects news of novelty or similitude. Selective examples of each clarify the position of the traveller and her audience in relation to the rest of the world.

The information must be authentic, however, to be of value to the listeners, and Madam Knight, like all articulate travellers, interpolates example to substantiate her impressions. Some of her exemplary anecdotes are part of her personal experience -- to support her views on education she tells a good story about a pair of illiterate rustics purchasing a bit of ribbon from a town merchant. Often, secondhand report confirms her own immediate judgements: her sense of the unseemly indulgence of slaves on Connecticut farms is verified by a resident's account of a dispute between owner and slave which was resolved by the judicial imposition of a fine on the master. But others still are not only secondhand but spatially irrelevant. At New Rochelle she hears stories about Britain, one of which she repeats because it was "above the rest very pleasant to me" (p. 27). It is a gently comic little tale of honour generously exercised, and has nothing whatever to do with a journey from New Haven to New York except that it touched the traveller's sensibility and appealed to her imagination. Although the story refers to another time and place, it nevertheless has certain obscure documentary credentials because it was something actually heard -- or alleged to have been heard -- by the widow during the interval abroad. We can begin to see, in the admissibility of the tale, the spatial and temporal latitude of travel documentary. So manifest and apprehendable is the linear basis of travel narrative, for it is the journey itself, that even repeated digression and excursus can be accommodated with little risk to coherence. In some later examples of the genre -- A Week on the Concord and Merrimack, for example, or White-Jacket -- digression all but overwhelms progression. But it never actually does, for the tale of a journey is a singularly recognizable sequence of human experience and it unifies the most diverse verbal materials.

II

Twenty-four years after Madam Knight made her way from Boston to New York and home again, William Byrd of Virginia led a party of surveyors into the wilderness to establish the statutary boundary between the colonies of North Carolina and Virginia. He wrote about his travels in a stylish and engaging way, but what particularly distinguishes his memoirs is that they exist in two versions, The History of the Dividing Line and The Secret History of the Line. In their co-existence is a statement of the changeable contexts of knowledge, the dominant influence of style in making a document out of an event, and the writer's license to arrange his documentary material artfully. Each account treats precisely the same interval in Byrd's life, yet with neither redundancy nor repetitiveness. The History is philosophical, speculative and digressive; the Secret History is satiric and comic, peopled with fools and fops, damsels and voyageurs. Only time and place are constant; meaning is variable.

The boundary between Virginia and North Carolina had been long in dispute when Byrd and his fellow commissioners, under royal order, undertook to confirm the partition. Time and rumour had obscured the precise identity of landmarks originally determining the latitude of the border, and by 1728 various complications of taxation rights and settlement dispensations made the inexactness of the boundary a crucial political issue. Both the History and the Secret History dramatize the boundary controversy through the personal conflicts among the commissioners, representing respectively Virginia and North Carolina; the political and moral dimension of the journey is explained through lively characterization of the travellers and their various humours and tempers. Byrd's own historical role as a

Virginian delegate informs his reports of the journey with an overriding tendentiousness; both versions are arguments structured by the documentary rhetoric of travel narrative.

The History and the Secret History were each composed from rough notes made by Byrd, and possibly by others, during the expedition.[3] Although the exact interval between event and composition is undetermined, the History appears to have been written within ten years of the survey. Byrd may have considered it still incomplete in its extant form -- it was not published until 1841 -- and certainly the leisurely, meditative mood of its last sections argues its on-going character as it expands and qualifies each action of the journey.[4] The shorter Secret History, on the other hand, is more immediate in tone and its point of view is more concise. We will look at it first as the rendition more particularly and exclusively engaged with the event of the journey.

In the Secret History, Byrd's comic abilities fulfill the promise of anti-official, irreverent intention in the title. It is a political satire of manners and humours, an attack on pomposity, pretentiousness and misrule. The generalizing rhetoric of travel narrative is here employed to typify the travellers, for, although the chain-carriers and instrument-bearers are accorded the dignity of their real names, the leaders and lieutenants of both parties are commemorated by satiric epithets: Byrd himself is "Steddy," the chaplain is "Dr. Humdrum," the Carolina commissioners are severally "Jumble," "Plausible," and "Puzzlecause;" a particularly obsequious and deferential Carolinan is "Shoebrush." From this catalogue of human attributes, Byrd determines the essential distinctions among travellers, and, by extension, among men. On the one hand, are the just and brave, on the

other the self-serving and weak. Understood throughout both accounts are the "danger and difficulty" attending the expedition, and the journey becomes a test of mind and sensibility. Those who stoutly face risks and fulfill their itinerary, triumph over those who miserably retreat before adventure. Byrd, of course, belongs to the former group, and emerges as robust and persevering, and as a governor of men. The completion of the journey proves his ability to command circumstance and to advance in the face of even the most inhospitable conditions.[5]

The distinction between the hardy adventurers and the pusillanimous followers is not, however, politically absolute. One of Byrd's fellow Virginians, nominated "Firebrand," is the chief focus of his satiric enmity. Firebrand is impossibly vain, self-seeking, power-hungry, singularly ill-prepared for manly endeavour, and, altogether, a poor traveller. His worst crimes are his near-treasonous fraternization with the Carolina camp, and his insubordination of Byrd's leadership. All Byrd's formidable arsenal of irony and ridicule is summoned to disarm and reduce Firebrand. His every action indicates incompetence, peevishness, stinginess and hectic vanity, and is set against the temperate capability of Byrd.

Byrd's acute preoccupation with this exasperating colleague predisposes documentary materials, and the factual matrix of the narrative is made to serve satiric purposes. In later stages of the journey, when successful hunting becomes an indispensable contribution to the welfare of the group, Firebrand's ineffectualness in the chase is an object of Byrd's ridicule: "By the way a very lean boar crossed us and several claimed the credit of killing it, but all agreed 'twas stone-dead before Firebrand fired, yet he took the glory of the exploit to himself, so much vanity he had that it

broke out upon such paltry occasions" (p. 102). The case of the vain fool executing a dead animal is an interesting one because it is treated again in the History, and the reiteration reveals an artful duplicity. In the History it is a bear and not a "very lean boar" which is brought down on September 30, 1728, and the vanity of the hunter is demonstrated generally rather than particularly: "...the poor beast had many pursuers. Several persons contended for the credit of killing him" (p. 232). In the Secret History, October 2 finds Firebrand once more an eager predator: "By the way Firebrand had another occasion to show his prowess in killing a poor little wildcat, which had been crippled by two or three before. Poor Puss was unhappily making a meal on a fox squirrel when these misfortunes befell her" (p. 103). The October 2 entry in the History casts the predation this way: "Some of our people shot a great wildcat, which was at that fatal moment making a comfortable meal of a fox squirrel, and an ambitious sportsman of our company claimed the merit of killing this monster after it was dead" (p. 234). The material that is consistent in both accounts is Firebrand's absurd self-aggrandizement. In the History he is unidentified, but his vanity is nevertheless conspicuous and ludicrous. What is important here is the elasticity of the documentary frame in accommodating literary purpose: in the Secret History the wildcat is reduced to pathetic proportions in order to minimize Firebrand and make mock-heroics out of his zeal. In the History the wildcat is inflated to fearsome dimensions to allow Byrd opportunity for a subsequent discourse on the awful ferocity of the species -- "much the fiercest inhabitant of the woods," and no mere "poor Puss." Byrd indulges his love of the naturally marvellous by noting that the wildcat, "whenever it is disabled, ...will tear its own flesh for madness," and attaching to

this incident a discursive resonance. Whether Firebrand actually aimed the fatal shot or not is a circumstance adaptable to the context. When the beast is only a puling kitten he is allowed the honour; when it is a ferocious brute he is denied it. The report of the magnitude of the cat is important to the documentary mood, but is adjusted to Byrd's aesthetic purposes -- in the Secret History satire diminshes the creature and in the History digressive reflectiveness enlarges it. But in both versions, the presence of purportedly factual data -- date and location of the kill, and the measurable size of the felled creature -- authenticates the narrative unit. Both versions are composed within the documentary mode and depend on the credulity of the reader for their rhetorical success. We begin to see the basis for Samuel Johnson's cautions to tourists, warning of the inherent tendency to exaggeration in travel narration. Once the literal aspect is established, through formal notation of place, time, advance and distance, the artist secures his audience's credulity on a denotative level and even the most figurative departures participate in the documentary status of the narrative.

The survey was undertaken in two stages, in the spring and fall of 1728. A flurry of politicking occupied the commissioners in the summer recess, as they aimed volleys of accusation and grievance at one another. Although the History largely ignores this inter-journey period, the Secret History plunges enthusiastically into the fray, detailing the calumnies perpetrated by Firebrand and his confederate, Orion. In spite of the energetic malice with which Firebrand publishes his perfidious slanders, his case does not prosper. Byrd, on the other hand, is exonerated of the charge of high-handedness, and the expertise of his lieutenant is vindicated.

The meticulous record of this contentious interval is pertinent to the Secret History as it is not to the History, for it verifies Byrd's satiric vision of the antic buffoonery of Firebrand and his own sensible competence. In effect, it documents the moral meaning of the expedition.

Fifteen days after the beginning of the fall trek, the Carolina commissioners announce their intention of withdrawing from the campaign. Byrd replies in exultant horror, exhilarated by such an instance of enfeebled purpose and irresponsibility. Both the History and the Secret History make much of the desertion and dereliction of duty, but the event has greater consequence in the Secret History for Firebrand defects, and retires with the Carolina party. Although Byrd's wit never deserts him, Firebrand's premature retreat resolves much of the comic tension in the narrative, and a new measure of advance and success is invoked. This is the carrying of the chain itself, and the excruciatingly gradual demarcation of a civil boundary through a natural wilderness. In each day's entry is a concrete image of this laborious task of mensuration: on October 11, "...we made a shift to run six and a half miles in the whole but encamped after sunset;" on October 17, "...the thick woods hindered our surveyors from carrying the line farther than 2 miles and 250 poles...:" on October 18, "...in all no more than 1 mile 300 poles." This daily numerical notation is a powerful expression of the resistance of the land to human purpose and it is legible evidence of the stature of the travellers who accomplished the journey.[6]

Byrd of the Secret History returns home a tempered and proven adventurer. Byrd of the History is a hero, too, but of a different sort. Both versions of the survey promote the principles of virile moderation, sound leadership and optimistic perseverance, but in the History the active conflict between

Byrd and his adversaries is secondary to other themes. First, where in the Secret History the survey was an adventure it is here a mission. Second, Byrd's piety, which was incidental in the first account, becomes a primary constituent of meaning, and Providence is invoked to explain the success of the devout traveller. Associated with this attitude is Byrd's vision of the judicious harmony which co-ordinates man's needs with natural supply.

Consistently evident in the History is the intercession of time between event and narrative. Although Byrd's mood is still more active than pensive, there is in the History an accretion of reflection around each incident; digression is far more frequent than in the Secret History, and increases in frequency as the narrative advances. Experience subsequent to the journey itself is incorporated into the meaning of the expedition and knowledge other than firsthand is admitted. Associative modes of thought carry Byrd to untravelled distances as he ruminates and remembers. The journey persists in imagination as an event of great consequence, and as a narrative frame which will sustain the literary activity of the traveller long after he has returned. Byrd, in his vision of the journey as a seminal, ordering occasion, anticipates Thoreau and his endlessly reflexive journey on the Concord and Merrimack.

Byrd's sense of mission necessarily recreates an antagonism between him and those who abandon the task, and he shows in this second account the same contempt for those who do not share his inspiration and are querulous under his leadership. His keen wit still accentuates his observations on human vanities, but now it is muted by wider perspectives. Altogether, this narrator is more speculative and philosophical, less easily aroused by the weaknesses of his companions.

Nevertheless, the Carolina commissioners must play their part in exemplifying Byrd's scheme of values. Particularly, they are reviled for their inappropriate provisioning for the journey, which Byrd interprets as an improper mistrust of Providential supply. While the Virginia party advances the line, the Carolinans are impeded by the preposterously immobile portables intended to ensure their comfort:

> We had not the pleasure of the company of any of the Carolina commissioners in this day's march except Mr. Moseley's, the rest tarrying behind to wait the coming up of their baggage cart, which they had now not seen nor heard (though the wheels made a dismal noise) for several days past. Indeed, it was a very difficult undertaking to conduct a cart through such pathless and perplexed woods, and no wonder if its motion was a little planetary. We would have paid them the compliment of waiting for them, could we have done it at any other expense but that of the public (pp. 228-29).

The lagging, over-laden baggage cart so frequently interrupts forward progress as to become a narrative motif representing the Carolinan's temperamental unpreparedness for going abroad. Their insecurity requires that they take with them the appurtenances of their sedentary life -- tokens of status and position that are useless and meaningless in this alien wilderness. While Byrd and his associates press on into the forest, the Carolinans loiter at the camp, awaiting their brandy and bedding. The Virginians are innocent of such baggage, and proceed unimpeded.

While the Carolinans are defeated and turned back by difficulty, the Virginians are spurred on, invigorated by the simplicity of their diet and the exercise of securing it. As the expedition penetrates territories more and more remote from civilization, Byrd's vision of the economic autonomy of the group, and the exquisite balance between their needs and their provisions develops: "Our men had the fortune to kill a brace of bears, a fat buck, and a wild turkey, all of which paid them with interest for

yesterday's abstinence. This constant and seasonable supply of our daily wants made us reflect thankfully on the bounty of Providence" (p. 269). Although Byrd is largely insensitive to the picturesque in landscape, he is nonetheless attentive to the functional intervention of nature in the traveller's experience, and he depicts the natural scene as rich with value for its capacity to satisfy proper human needs and to remind the traveller of the divine design. Where this remote wilderness becomes a hospitable, heartening place, the journey-makers are assured of success.

Byrd's idea of immediate, local provision and innocent consumption is related to his philosophy of body and health. He was something of a lay physician, and a tireless theorist of disorders and cures. His understanding of natural remedies is a branch of his vision of the harmony possible between man and nature: "...in what part of the woods soever anything mischievous or troublesome is found, kind Providence is sure to provide a remedy. And 'tis probably one great reason why God was pleased to create these and many other vexatious animals, that men should exercise their wits and industry to guard themselves against them" (p. 293). The discerning traveller can redress any inconvenience and dispell any obstacle to his progress; failure to accomplish his destination is a failure of intelligence and will.

As the narrative proceeds to its final stages, the journey becomes a vehicle which reveals an increasingly comprehensive design of experience. Byrd still maintains the practice of reporting date, distance and provender, and these literal quantities still supply the essential structure of the narrative. But he incorporates more and more material that is far beyond the route of the expedition, although always contiguous to it by virtue of

the associative pattern within which his knowledge of nature coheres. In his unhurried conclusion, Byrd exercises the travel writer's privilege of digression more than at any other point in either account. And, indeed, the literary journey is expedited by his excursive mood, and covers vast territories: the Nile, Chile, the Arctic, Italy are not beyond the range of this traveller in colonial woods. After recalling the "good success" of a treatment of a "running of the reins" in one of the surveyors, Byrd explains that the medication administered -- a distillation from the sweet gum tree -- is comparable to ambergris. The similtude draws him on: "And now that I have mentioned ambergris, I hope it will not be thought an unprofitable digression to give an account how it is produced, in order to reconcile various opinions concerning it" (p. 295). Inherent in this departure, which carries him to consider the cordial effects of spermacetti as well as the plenitude of whales about the Bahamas, is a consciousness of the associative process of composition, and of the immediate activity of narration which proceeds from the past activity of the journey -- "now that I have mentioned ambergris...." Digression introduces to the action another temporal plane, that which incorporates the artist at the business of writing.

Byrd travels not only beyond the survey experience but also beyond his own actual experience into the area of titillating hearsay and apocrypha gathered from his reading and education. Much of this secondary experience is post-journey. When a thunderstorm passes over the camp, it is not that storm which inspires comment, but another, which occurred elsewhere and eight years after the survey: "...of all the effects of lightning that I ever heard of the most amazing happened in this country in

the year 1736" (p. 281). While the basic narrative series is strictly confined by the journey's time and place, the expatiative superstructure is perpetual and infinitely spacious, accommodating an abundance of associations, similitudes, parallels and meanings. It can conceivably compass everything within the artist's moral and aesthetic vision.

Even in these far-fetched elaborations, though, Byrd pursues an informational and instructive purpose. And however much he manipulates his documentary material to promote his own stout virtue and to arouse the esteem of his audience, he takes few liberties with the specific context of his actions. He functions within a sympathetic political framework which recognizes his endeavours and authorizes his leadership; his histories affirm his confidence in his status and corroborate his optimism. It is quite another case with our next subject, St. Jean de Crèvecoeur and his Letters from an American Farmer (1782).

III

Unlike Byrd, Crèvecoeur had no permanent, sanctioned affiliation with the society he described. He was a traveller who lingered in America, and then moved on. But the curious thing about the Letters is that the one fictive component which significantly qualifies their documentary status postulates for the narrator a profound, native connection with American society: Crèvecoeur assumes an indigenous perspective, and pretends to be an American farmer. However, the ploy is soon disarmed. The rhetorical qualities of travel narrative supersede the fictional premise, gradually disengaging the narrator from his milieu until he stands in a relation to it that is equivalent to Crèvecoeur's own as a foreigner. Detachment and finally alienation replace the connections established by the

fictional premise of the indigenous speaker.

Crèvecoeur was a well-born Frenchman of some English education, who travelled widely in Canada and British North America before 1769 when he settled for ten years on an Orange County, New York, farm. In his creation of a narrator he reserves this broad experience and substitutes the point of view of a man bonded to his American home and community by the deepest ties of permanence and inheritance. In this transmutation of his own identity -- for life on a colonial farm did form a portion of his own history -- he creates an irreconcilable tension between sedentary values and vagrant motives. The story told by the Letters is finally of the contest between stasis and mobility, as the farmer is wrenched from the security of his home and driven into the wilderness. For some later long-term tourists in North America -- Frances Trollope and Susanna Moodie, in particular -- whose writing I will discuss, the same wrenching alienation threatened when they found themselves immobilized in a place which even the longest residence could never make anything but foreign. In Letters from an American Farmer, alienation is an intensely dramatic outcome, partly because of the fictional premise of sedentary permanence with which the letters begin, and partly because of the narrator's moral adherence to some aspects of the culture from which he later becomes radically disengaged.

The issue of audience is an important one in the Letters, and the narrator frequently refers to the inappropriateness of his rustic ruminations for a sophisticated European reader. His disclaimers are disingenuous, and only a device through which Crèvecoeur declares the validity of this kind of documentary writing. In the first place, knowledge of the New World must be inestimably valuable to the intellectually curious, and any factual

information transmitted across the Atlantic will be entertaining and useful, and acceptable. In the second place, the narrator answers his own anxieties over organization and style, by confirming the authenticity of the impressions he records. In documentary art, digression, associative structure, discursive zeal and mixed modes are expedients rather than impediments, reflecting the diversity and complexity of real experience.

The first "letter" dispatched by the farmer treats these problems of style, subject and audience, through a colloquy among the farmer, his wife and a clergyman. At first, the farmer is reluctant to accept the invitation from an English correspondent to record his impressions; he humbly insists on his ignorance, his slight education, and the insignificance of "local and unadorned information." The minister rebukes his parishoner for his humility, contending that detailed exposition of even the most commonplace American practices will be interesting and informative to a foreign reader, and also that the "philanthropic ideas" inspired by New World phenomena are morally superior to the "melancholy" induced by the "putrid" atmosphere of decadent Europe. Further, the farmer possesses the natural gifts appropriate to the task of documentation, namely, a "perspicuity, which qualifies you to distinguish interesting objects; a warmth of imagination which enables you to think with quickness; you often extract useful reflections from objects which presented none to my heart...."[7] The farmer is nearly convinced, but he must face one more objection, perhaps the most important, to his artistic intentions. In taking up his pen he irrevocably distinguishes himself from his unlettered neighbours, and his wife reminds him that he will thus betray a prevailing ethic of reticence, conformity, and uninterrupted physical industry. Had his father, she says, "spent his time in sending epistles to and fro, he never would have left thee this goodly plantation,

free from debt" (p. 24). Literary activities threaten not only the family's subsistence, but also its reputation in the community: if the farmer persists in this unseemly project, warns the wife, "let it be as great a secret as if it was some heinous crime" (p. 24). This fictional colloquy explains the narrator's actual rhetorical position -- his relation to his material and his relation to his audience. His documentary aim of complete exposition in itself distinguishes him from the community which will be his subject. The fictive farmer's anxiety on this matter reflects Crèvecoeur's actual detachment from the society he describes, and establishes the mode of the composition: it will address a foreign and not an indigenous audience.

Although the narrator presents himself as a typical rural citizen, we also sense that he is an uncommonly perceptive farmer, rambling about his property, acutely aware of natural objects -- a virtual sightseer. His contemplative capacities are large, and the simplest chores of husbandry inspire complicated ideas: "...not the least operation do I perform that is not accompanied with the most pleasing observations" (p. 40). Everything around him is ripe with moral instruction. From the system of natural predation, from the habits of songbirds, from the individual attributes of his cows, he extracts "useful reflections" which remind him of man's duty. The striking aspect of these meditations is not so much their moral content, but the fact that value is accessible through meticulous and <u>accurate</u> documentation. Exactitude becomes an ethic, and aesthetic, in itself; rapt attentiveness a special piety. Crèvecoeur's performance in this vein won him not only the appreciation of his English readers, but as well a membership in the French Academy of Science.

Crèvecoeur's interest in the natural environment is consistent throughout his writing, as is his belief in the natural education

available through an intelligent survey of nature. But it is his social and political vision that finally dominates. The processes of human settlement and human industry fascinate him -- as they do so many New World observers -- and he dramatizes his philosophy of wholesome domestic economy with stories about diligent, successful immigrants. To maintain the documentary assumption of firsthand experience, the farmer must abandon his own fields and go abroad to authenticate his vision with anecdotal material: "Whenever I hear of any new settlement, I pay it a visit once or twice a year, on purpose to observe the different steps each settler takes, the gradual improvements....Many a well meant sermon have I preached to some of them" (pp. 68-69).

After describing the success of certain grateful and diligent immigrants in his own district, the narrator moves yet further afield and begins to disengage himself from the identity of the indigenous American farmer and, simultaneously, from American society. In this central section of the book he tours here and there, and assumes the attitude of an experienced traveller. He makes extensive comparisons, and fully a third of the letters are occupied with an exhaustive description of the economy and culture of Nantucket. The maritime prosperity and civil stability of Nantucket especially inspire Crèvecoeur and he composes a minutely detailed protrait of manners and business on the island. the Nantucket letters are followed by a cursory report from Charleston, where Crèvecoeur is disgusted by the dissipation of the inhabitants and the corruption of the polity. His sensitive political imagination is aroused by the contrast between these two disparate social climates, a contrast which, he says, has "often afforded me subjects of the most afflicting meditation" (p. 165).

The speaker is clearly no longer an untravelled provincial. Yet Crèvecoeur's narrator persists with this ruse, describing himself as "having never seen the beauties which Europe contains" (p. 163). Why should this particular device of characterization be useful and functional artistically, concealing so perversely the real extent and quality of the writer's (and the speaker's) experience? What does such a metamorphosis mean? In some measure it must reflect Crèvecoeur's own experience of changing consciousness in travel, and the inspiration to re-make himself, reform and recreate himself. In his "What Is an American?" letter, he describes such a re-making in the transformation of the traveller upon disembarkation in the New World: "He is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, recieves new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced...." (p. 49). In leaving behind his own past and substituting origins reflecting the "new mode," Crèvecoeur artistically achieves the revision of identity that is part of the New World experience. His imitation of the voice of the American is part of his documentary: in a way, it is no less true than the precision of his landscapes or the philosophical content of his social criticism. But what seems particularly important is that this reconstruction fails; it collapses under the test of residence. Crèvecoeur is not an immigrant and is only provisionally assimilated by his new habitat. America remains a foreign place, and Crèvecoeur remains a traveller.

Throughout, the narrator's appreciation of American life derives much of its impetus from direct or indirect comparisons with political conditions abroad. Besides their obvious advantages, freedom and prosperity have meaning in the text because they are envisioned in contrast to the servitude

and poverty from which the immigrant escapes. The farmer-narrator enters feelingly into the excitement of the comparison: "I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent" (p. 45). Of course, Crèvecoeur is himself familiar enough with the "feelings and thoughts" available to the European traveller in America, and the traveller's heart-felt agitation is the source of the narrative's energy. So numerous and emotionally central are the comparisons of the New World to the Old that the perspective of the traveller disposes the tenour of the whole book.

And the final gesture of the narrative, which is onwards toward yet another scene and culture, perpetuates the attitude of mobility. The last letter opens with a striking revision of the sedentary inclinations so far expressed by the satisfied and contemplative farmer: "I wish for a change of place; the hour is come at last, that I must fly from my house and abandon my farm!" (p. 203). Civil upheaval has transformed the community into an anti-system of terror, persecution, and disorder, and the "farmer of feelings" seems its chosen victim. The world he so devoutly described has disappeared and in its place has risen a spectacle of rebel power with which he can feel neither intellectual nor social attachment. Now his prolix and vehement meditations on the contrast between freeholder and slave, and between liberty and persecution can be seen as an intimation of his own destiny. "We must perish," he writes, "perish like wild beasts, included within a ring of fire" (p. 218). His alienation from the community leads him to political despair and suicidal lament: "life appears to be a mere accident, and of the worst kind; we are born to be victims of

diseases and passions, of mischances and death: better not to be than to be miserable. --Thus impiously I roam, I fly from one erratic thought to another...." (p. 214).

But his alienation is not unanswerable, for a new vision impinges on his hysteria, gradually replacing the now-corrupt ideal of American life. He resolves to depart the scene of calamity, and transport his family to a remote Indian village and there resume his life. This resolution eases his anxiety and excitement, and as the narrative concludes it recovers its detached clarity and considers the principal characteristics of aboriginal culture. Although suspicious of the insidious effects of a hunting society on individual character, the hopeful narrator believes that such disadvantages can be avoided by enacting a calculated and only partial conformity to the society he has selected as a destination -- he will be a sightseer and sojourner there as he was in Orange County. And as he writes, he is inspired by the idea of the journey and relocation as not only an escape from tyranny, but also as an opportunity to renew his role as spectator: "There I shall contemplate nature in her most wild and ample extent: I shall carefully study a species of society of which I have at present very imperfect ideas...." (p. 233). Like a true tourist, the narrator philosophically disengages himself from his immediate location and thoughtfully aspires to his next destination. He intends only a quasi-membership in Indian society, in spite of its intellectual and aesthetic appeal (he believes that it may represent an improvement on the society he abandons, in view of its undefiled affinity with nature and its lack of official superstructure). Similarly, his membership in colonial society can be seen as qualified first by his status as judicious observer and roving spectator, and second by his clandestine epistolary activity, concealed as

if it were "some heinous crime." The crisis of alienation described in the last letter is a dramatic climax to the pose of critical, analytic detachment which is evident throughout the Letters and which necessarily isolates the spectator from the community he describes. The essential factor in his isolation is his literacy, and the affiliation which is finally the most permanent and functional is that with the European audience he addresses.

Letters from an American Farmer represents only part of Crèvecoeur's literary version of his North American sojourn: Sketches of Eighteenth Century America, first published in 1925, contains material which was suppressed either by Crèvecoeur or by his English editor. The inferior quality of many of these sketches no doubt recommended their deletion: a number of them ramble inconsequentially from one topic to another and their author frequently expresses his own anxiety over his inability to establish and submit to a coherent structure. The Letters are often discursive, but always unified by some central issue -- domestic situations in the early letters, journeys or excursions in most of the others. Although some of the sketches are reiterations of the scenic attitudes expressed in the Letters, most present another America, this one gloomier and much less attractive, exemplified by anecdotes of individual suffering and oppression.

Even the principally documentary sketches reflect a different mood. There, the idyll of the Letters is exchanged for a more sceptical version of the pastoral. The American settler still lives the "romance of the Crusoe," but his independence can breed some undesirable traits, and he is likely to be uncharitable, "litigious," "over-bearing," and unscrupulous in trade. These unpleasant attributes, so far removed from the grateful

acquiescence of the immigrants described in the Letters, appear to dominate the American population as a contentious spirit arouses the political consciousness of the country. Even the character of rural life is altered in this second collection, and Crèvecoeur turns from reverent appreciation of the prosperous sympathy between man and nature to an account of the several plagues of debt, crop infestation, drought and mosquitoes which visit the farmer: "I never should be done, were I to recount to you the many inconveniences and sufferings to which the people of these countries are exposed."[8] The happier reflections of the Letters are not entirely absent from the Sketches, but the stories Crèvecoeur tells in this second volume are generally of unrelieved punishment, endless misfortune and undeserved persecution at the hands of political authority gone beserk. Crèvecoeur spent more than ten years as a resident of New York, and, as much of Letters from an American Farmer shows, he identified philosophically with many aspects of American culture. Yet his adaptation to the ways of the New World was never complete. In his art, his ultimate repudiation of American life grew from his fear of being destroyed by it; his denunciations were the verbal enactment of his departure and return to his point of origin. They concluded his journey and realized the detachment which had all along held him apart. In his long narrative exposition of the New World, Crèvecoeur effectively re-connects himself with a secure station in the Old World.

IV

In the penultimate letter of Letters from an American Farmer, the narrator offers the report of a Russian tourist of his visit to John Bartram, the Philadelphia naturalist. The Russian is certainly Crèvecoeur himself, in yet another guise, and his reverent admiration of Bartram's achievements

as a traveller and observer reflects his own motives. "Few years, Sir," he respectfully tells his host, "will enable any body to journey over a great track of country; but it requires a superior degree of knowledge to gather harvests as we go" (p. 190). Bartram's career, as Crèvecoeur recounts it, is a coda to the history of the fictive narrator himself, summarizing the practice of domestic decorum and good husbandry, and repeating the pattern of the urge to travel to unfamiliar regions growing out of thorough, meticulous observation of home fields. Even the wifely admonishment of unseemly aspirations is repeated when Bartram remembers for his visitor his helpmate's early objections: "I was not opulent enough, she said, to dedicate much of my time to studies and labours which might rob me of that portion of it which is the only wealth of the American farmer" (p. 196). The idyll so abominably ransacked by the climax of the narrator's agricultural career is formally preserved with Bartram's story. Bartram maintains his pastoral permanence while having accomplished the extensive travel and learning his imagination urged, and having acquired "a pretty general knowledge of every plant and tree to be found on our continent" (p. 196).

It is interesting that a practising scientist like John Bartram provided so apt a model for Crèvecoeur. Bartram's literary activity was in every way dependent on and subordinate to his botanical and zoological investigations. He wrote in reply to the wealthy English patrons who sponsored his botanical studies; he answered their specific inquiries with specimens and careful prose exposition, as well as trying to create as complete and exhaustive an account as possible of the natural phenomena of the New World. Writing was a necessary adjunct to his scientific business, a part of the whole activity of travel, observation and discovery. Yet in Bartram's life-work, an inventive, imaginative writer like Crèvecoeur found an attractive model.

At the heart of the attraction is the aesthetic of science, for science in this instance serves the imagination: it has moral and spiritual rather than material value. Documentation and the attendant habits of curiosity and verbal precision become creative modes, speaking for the desire to know fully and represent veraciously.

John Bartram's pioneering inquiries in the natural sciences were taken up and furthered by his son William, and the intrinsic aesthetic in the father's studies was in the son's overtly realized. Whereas literate expression and description were only instruments serving other ends in the elder Bartram's work, they are in William's respected as goals in themselves. In William Bartram's Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, &c. (1791), the activities of the scientist, the traveller and the artist are inseparable from one another.

Like his father, William wrote principally for European patrons and the audience they represented. But his father's austere, unembellished prose is transmuted in the second generation: William's style is much more in accord with the expectations of readers of both scientific and literary expectations. Sentiment and impression become part of the account, although they always share their effect with a rigorous dedication to exactitude. Accompanying the change in style is the introduction of the traveller-scientist himself into the account. His desire for perfect verisimilitude and his enthusiasm for completeness is part of the material of the narrative.

William Bartram was trained as an observer by his father, and educated to the purpose of continuing and amplifying the incipient family tradition of botanical research. The effects of such a deliberate education are obvious in his stylistic maturity: John's naive (in the sense of untutored

and unaffected), laconic descriptions are generously fleshed-out in his son's prose, and enriched with a broad literary and scientific vocabulary and a far more complex pattern of syntactical structure. In spite of these vocational preparations, John seems to have encouraged William in other enterprises, at which the latter was unsuccessful,[9] before he acknowledged his son's destiny as writer and naturalist.

The younger Bartram's prose achieves a descriptive precision unavailable to -- and generally unsought by -- the writer of only literary purpose. For all the education and refinement of his perceptions, his essential motive remains that of his father: to report definitively on the novel countenance of nature in the New World. With this scientific objective in hand, Bartram is never reduced to the conventional expostulations of uninformed admirers of nature. He can account, minutely and specifically, for the sensations of awe which typically visit the sensitive tourist in situations of natural spectacle. While he is always susceptible to the rapture induced by magnificent views, his scientific consciousness never capitulates to received versions of excitement at natural prospects. If he is struck by a sense of the sublime, he inquires into the components of such grandeur. His reverent visit to the banks of the Mississippi provides an example of his technique.

> At evening arrived at Manchac, when I directed my steps to the banks of the Mississippi, where I stood for a time as it were fascinated by the magnificence of the great sire of rivers.
>
> The depth of the river here, even in this season, at its lowest ebb is astonishing. It is not less than forty fathoms and the width about a mile or somewhat less, but it is not expansion of surface alone that strikes us with ideas of magnificence. The altitude and theatrical ascents of its pensile banks, the steady course of the mighty flood, the trees, high forests, even every particular object, as well as societies, bear the stamp of superiority and excellence; all unite or combine in exhibiting a prospect of the grand sublime (p. 163).

He completes the episode with specific measurements of the precipices, explanation of alluvial currents, and a sketch of the commercial warehouses adjacent to the river. His description is not wanting in feeling or sentiment -- he stands transfixed, "fascinated" by this natural magnificence -- but neither is it dependent on sentiment for its success. His scientific attitude actually intensifies his art by particularizing his experience: mensuration and explanation fix his inner impressions and connect them with a legible reality.

Even the appearance of panoramic views does not daunt Bartram's sense of detail and specificity. Although vistas often inspire in literary tourists imprecise reflections and diffuse amazement, in Bartram's memoirs they are treated with the same particularity that exactly renders the foliation of a minute vegetable or the gesture of a bird.

> ...turning about, [I] found that I was now in a very elevated situation, from whence I enjoyed a view inexpressibly magnificent and comprehensive. The mountainous wilderness which I had lately traversed, down to the region of Augusta, appearing regularly undulated as the great ocean after a tempest; the undulations gradually depressing, yet perfectly regular, as the squamae of a fish or imbrications of tile on a roof. The nearest ground to me of a perfect full green, next more glaucous, and lastly almost blue as the ether with which the most distant curve of the horizon seemed blended (pp. 136-37).

The reported spectacle combines the idea of the "inexpressibly magnificent" with the desire for exact expressibility and definition. Always Bartram's most reliable devices for organizing and communicating a scenic impression are similitude and indefatigable observation of colour. Here the immensity is contained and clarified by similes relating it first to the sea, then to the scales of fish and the texture of a roof. The succession of figures is patterned and controlled by association: from the sea to fish to the scaly appearance of tiles. And the effect of distance -- which might

stupefy equally appreciative but less precise observers -- is further ordered and explained through an account of the scene's chromatic character: the very atmosphere of expanse is attributable to a discernible spectrum.

Bartram's portraits of plants and creatures are even more detailed. In the best of these portraits, there is passionate absorption in scene that achieves an extraordinary descriptive concentration and intensity. "What a most beautiful creature is this fish before me! gliding to and fro and figuring in the still, clear waters, with his orient attendants and associates," Bartram exclaims when he meets the yellow bream (p. 262). Until the subsequent portrait is fully composed, the little fish completely absorbs Bartram's consciousness and his attention never deviates from its object except to secure and apply an exact adjective or simile. The fish is "of a pale gold (or burnished brass)": its variegation "so laid on as to appear like real dust," the fins ornamented with blue, silver and black arranged "like the eye in the feathers of a peacock's train" (p. 263). Bartram's obligation to his scientific intention is discharged by the comprehensiveness of his report -- gills, scales, fins, mouth, dimension are all registered -- but the completeness of the portrait is accomplished by a figurative summation of what he has seen: "He is a fish of prodigious strength and activity in the water, a warrior in a gilded coat of mail...." (p. 263).

An unwavering descriptive appreciation of nature, however consistent and emphatic, is clearly not sufficient to establish narrative coherence; rather, it will tend to arrest action and divert sequence. Certainly Travels through North and South Carolina has more descriptive than narrative energy, but Bartram has nevertheless a gift for reproducing in prose the action of travel. When he ascends the summit described in the panoramic passage

quoted above, he is on a "lonesome pilgrimage," travelling by himself through the North Carolina wilderness. Scene opens onto scene, each view divulging the next, as he negotiates a wild terrain: "Towering mountains seem continually in motion as I pass along, pompously raising their super crests towards the lofty skies, traversing the far distant horizon....The mountains recede, the vale expands" (p. 146). Bartram expresses and intensifies the effect of topographical diversity by transferring his own motion to the landscape, activating its mass, and by introducing at irregular intervals the present tense. The present tense is effective in structuring a contemplative episode ("What a most beautiful creature is this fish before me!") and thus merging the perceptual and verbal processes, but it is also a useful device in making a coherent event out of a series of impressions, and dramatizing the participation of the traveller-observer in the scene.

> The furious storm sweeps along, smoking through the vale and over the resounding hills. The face of the earth is obscured by the deluge descending from the firmament, and I am deafened by the din of the thunder. The tempestuous scene damps my spirits, and my horse sinks under me at the tremendous peals, as I hasten for the plain (p. 144).

As the storm abates, so does Bartram's prose subside to the past tense, but the sensation of distress has been recorded as part of the account of the journey and the storm. Something that is evident here and throughout the Travels is the exclusive involvement of the traveller's consciousness with the scene through which he passes. His feelings, fears and pleasures are directly referred to the perceptible character of the environment. He is defined, for the moment, in the light of his response to this natural event. As the scene alters, so changes his own mood and disposition. Thus the record of passage is a psychological register of the activity of the mind,

and an accountable history of the writer's sensibility. Bartram's dramatization of the fury and confusion of the storm through notation of his own nervous dejection is not a merely sentimental digression deflecting documentary energy from the legitimate object of inquiry; rather, it contributes to the whole purpose of verisimilitude and accuracy, and represents fully the whole structure of perception. A sentient precision in prose eventually introduces subjectivity, and the entire vision of the event includes the dispirited wayfarer hastening to safety.

On this stage of the journey, Bartram is alone, the sole human constituent in a vast panorama. His isolation throughout the Travels both arouses his self-consciousness and emphasizes the importance of his perceptual contact with a natural vicinity, for his existence is wholly determined by his relation to that context. Even when, at other intervals of his five-year journey, he has the company of other travellers, he continues a solitary figure against the landscape, socially distinguished from his occasional companions by his personality and the peculiar mode of travel which complements it. When he crosses hostile Indian territory he reluctantly enlists, for his own safety, as a member of a pack-train. The clamour and disorder and velocity of the caravan are profoundly antipathetic to his own habits and inclinations. The party's practice of decamping in the heat of the day and of inciting the horses to a continual trot threatens to overcome Bartram's way-weary horse -- his "old servant" -- and the perpetual noise of such a "mad manner" of travel unnerves and harasses Bartram himself. "The constant ringing of the horses' bells, smacking of the whips, whooping and too-frequent cursing these miserable quadrupeds cause an incessant uproar and confusion, inexpressibly disagreeable" (p. 183). Only the crucial

danger of solitary travel in this region encourages him to keep up with the raucous gang and endure the vexation of its society.

Generally, solitude induces in Bartram a vigilant consciousness of his situation. Having camped one night, by himself, he prepares and consumes his meal of trout, oranges and rice, enjoys the spectacle of the evening sky, then falls abruptly asleep.

> At midnight I awake; when, raising my head erect, I find myself alone in the wilderness of Florida, on the shores of Lake George. Alone indeed, but under the care of the Almighty, and protected by the invisible hand of my guardian angel.
>
> When quite awake, I start at the heavy tread of some animal; the dry limbs of trees upon the ground crack under his feet; the close, shrubby thickets part and bend under him as he rushes off (pp. 196-97).

This sort of alert confidence, penetrated by occasional shafts of anxiety, is characteristic of Bartram's temperament in situations of nearly inconceivable solitude. And undoubtedly his isolation contributes to his percepience -- his awareness of his whereabouts ("alone in the wilderness of Florida") and his trenchant sensitivity to the signs and signals about him ("the close, shrubby thickets part and bend"). His world is comprised only of himself and the natural creation which envelops him, only of his own consciousness and the milieu which it appropriates. His prose represents variously the ways of the all-important intellection of his location. Long, fulsome paragraphs of description employing botanical and literary diction compose scene and create a comprehensive context, while compact, one-sentence paragraphs dramatize the moments of crucial perception:

> I rekindle my sleepy fire; lay in contact the exfoliated smoking brands, damp with the dew of heaven.
>
> The bright flame ascends and illuminates the ground and groves around me (p. 197).

Again the present tense animates the sudden foccussing of perception and exposition at a moment of heightened connection between sight and seer.

Bartram's journey is not one that can be happily conducted in the company of other men. His task requires a delicate type of commerce between himself and his environment, subtle transactions likely to be corrupted by the incidence of other minds and other attitudes. Hunting, which is carried on casually by his periodic companions, is an issue which particularly alienates him from his fellows and fills him with revulsion and dismay. Unlike William Byrd, for whom the success of the chase indicated the amity between venturing man and providential nature, William Bartram sees venery as a hideous interruption of the accord between human and natural culture. Crèvecoeur suspected that hunting was a morally corrupt practice, but his reservations were more social and ethical than Bartram's, which are objections of sentiment and aesthetics. In a characteristic incident, members of Bartram's party come upon a herd of deer, and resolve to give chase. In Bartram's description of the herd before the predatory intrusion, the animals disport themselves in a situation of innocent repose and frolic: "...we beheld them, thoughtless and secure, flouncing in a sparkling pond in a green meadow or cove beyond the point. Some were lying down on their sides in the cool waters, whilst others were prancing like young kids, the young bucks in playsome sport, with their sharp horns hooking and spurring the others, urging them to splash the water" (p. 191). Bartram tries to intercede on behalf of the fated creatures: "I endeavoured to plead for their lives, but my old friend, though he was a sensible, rational and good sort of man, would not yield to my philosophy" (pp. 191-92). In effect, his attempted

intercession is in the interests of preserving the apprehended order and beauty of the beheld scene. When the patriarch of the herd, a "princely buck," is brought down, the scene is destroyed, and the exquisite arrangement lost in a chaos of terror and flight: "His affrighted followers at the instant sprang off in every direction, streaming away like meteors or phantoms, and we quickly lost sight of them" (p. 192). In place of the sight of an animated and pristine scene, the travellers are left with the relics of their vandalism, the carcass and entrails of the buck, and the "vultures and crows who follow the hunter as regularly as his own shade."

The economic relationship between the traveller-artist and the landscape has changed since William Byrd and his company traversed the wilds of Virginia. Then, the well-being and aspiration of the traveller were easily supplied by natural contributions to the surveyors' diet and health. Now, the connection between the successful traveller and the land is more elusive and more fragile, and the goal of the journey less material. To be conclusively and absolutely aware of being <u>there</u>, the spectator must be almost <u>not-there</u>. His own presence must not corrupt the site, just as preconception must not corrupt his documentation.

Byrd claimed his place in the landscape through the palpable success of his survey, a measurable, definitive achievement. Even Crèvecoeur's farmer, until his catastrophe, could resort to a quantifiable inventory of his property and prosperity to verify his position and status. Bartram, on the other hand, holds a more tenuous lease. As a relentlessly inquiring, curious traveller, he is tenant of no one landscape but of all landscape; his proprietorship is established by his ability to see and render place, and to recreate it in his art. Without this medium of perceptual sympathy

and aesthetic intention, the traveller in Bartram's America is only an alien wanderer at large in an unintelligible nature.

Although there is an implicit ethic of gentle probity and persevering intelligence in his writing, Bartram seldom intrudes upon the natural scene with moral or sentimental speculation. One occasion when he does, however, is revealing for the kind of information he detects in natural experience and for the character of the metaphorical relationship he establishes between scene and mind. A tempest overcasts an idyllic view, disturbing the pastoral calm with a tumult of wind and elemental fury: "O peaceful Altamaha! Gentle by nature! How thou wert ruffled! Thy wavy surface disfigured every object, presenting them obscurely to the sight, and they at length totally disappeared, whilst the furious winds and sweeping rains bent the lofty groves and prostrated the quaking grass, driving the affrighted creatures to their dens and caverns" (p. 194). The storm subsides by morning and calm returns with sunlight and clear sky. With the specifics of his description of the tempest -- "disfigured" objects, obscured and obliterated view, "prostrated" grass, "affrighted" animals retreating to "dens and caverns" -- Bartram constructs his moral meditation, finding a correspondence between the dark, obscure chaos of the storm and the blind passions visiting man in spiritual disappointment, fear and despair.

> The well-contrived system at once becomes a chaos; every idea of happiness recedes; the splendor of glory darkens and at length totally disappears; every pleasing object is defaced, all is deranged, and the flattering scene passes quite away; a gloomy cloud pervades the understanding, and when we see our progress retarded and our best intentions frustrated, we are apt to deviate from the admonitions and convictions of virtue, to shut our eyes upon our guide and preceptor, doubt of his power and despair of his assistance. But let us wait and rely on our God, who in due time will shine forth in brightness.... (p. 195).

The most important device in this lesson is the figurative use of the faculty of vision -- a conventional enough trope in discussions of religious faith but in Bartram's hands one which reflects back on the kind of natural piety which inspires his art. To see clearly and completely is to experience aesthetic felicity and moral confidence; to see imperfectly or not at all is to be lost in a confusing and deathly chaos. The more apparent and fully-executed the scene, the more secure and optimistic the witness, even in this vast wilderness. Conversely, of course, the kind of disorder and bafflement which ensued at the slaughter of the buck threatens the perceptual relationship of the spectator to the landscape, and the artist to his materials.

At one of the few times when Bartram feels an unqualified fraternity between himself and a companion, he describes a moment of social and moral perfection. Returning from an unsuccessful hunt (and their failure no doubt encouraged the writer's complacency), Bartram and his fellow enjoy a "wholesome" and "delicious" repast. His hunger satisfied, Bartram contemplates the essence of the moment:

> How supremely blessed were our hours at his time! Plenty of delicious and healthful food, our stomachs keen, with contented minds; under no control, but what reason and ordinate passions dictated, far removed from the seats of strife.
>
> Our situation was like that of the primitive state of man, peaceable, contented and sociable. The simple and necessary calls of nature being satisfied, we were altogether as brethren of one family, strangers to envy, malice and rapine (pp. 202-3).

The kind of security that Bartram finds, with his single companion, at this remote place is a consolidation of the traveller's isolation. At these moments, his separation from society (and its brutish complications of "envy, malice and rapine") is no negative turn of events, but an entirely constructive one. His condition of solitude and estrangement

requires that some alternate connection between self and outer world be established. This connection is created through the consistent exercise of mind and perception which, for the travel writer, results in a literary text. Later, Thoreau made a place for himself thus wherever he went -- at Cape Cod, in Maine, or in nearer neighbourhoods -- by seeing thoroughly and well, and by making firsthand commentary itself a connective device. In Canada, Catharine Parr Traill similarly tenanted a strange landscape by remarking it methodically. For these travellers, the journey narrative is a process of becoming a familiar in an alien place.

Notes

Chapter 2

[1] In "Crèvecoeur Revisited" (Journal of American Studies, 9, No. 2 (1975), 129-44), Marcus Cunliffe argues that Crèvecoeur found his American audience only at the beginning of the twentieth century. Although the 1782 London edition of Letters from an American Farmer and the 1784 and 1787 French editions of Lettres d'un Cultivateur Amèricain were popular abroad, the American edition of 1793 "fell flat." Cunliffe distinguishes between "voluntary leavers" (immigrants and settlers) and "involuntary leavers" (exiles and émigrés) and says that Crèvecoeur was a "mixture" of both types of "leavers."

[2] Rumours of clerical and pedagogical activities suggest that the widow Knight had a reputation for literacy. See Malcolm Freiberg's introduction to The Journal of Madam Knight (1825; rpt. Boston: Godine, 1972), p. 13. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[3] See Louis B. Wright's introduction to The Prose Works of William Byrd of Westover (Cambridge: Belknap, 1966), pp. 19-20. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[4] Byrd's casual (or perhaps very serious) attitude towards publication may be attributable to the fact that one version of the journey -- the results of the survey and the projection of the Line itself -- had already been officially registered in London.

[5] In "William Byrd's Histories of the Line: The Fashioning of a Hero" (American Literature, 47, No. 4 (1976), 535-51), Donald T. Siebert, Jr.,

argues that Byrd used the two histories to recreate himself, to expunge what he saw as excesses and faults in his own character and to promote a self-image based on worthy principles of moderation and judiciousness.

[6] David Smith, in "William Byrd Surveys America" (Early American Literature, 11, No. 3 (1976), 296-310), argues that the line itself is a metaphor in Byrd's narratives, an axis with one terminus in civilization and the other in the "state of nature." Yet the survey was a historical event, and the line was, and is, located in physical actuality. Smith's argument may be an attempt to account for the power of Byrd's denotative, discursive prose. In any case, Smith recognizes neither the genre of travel writing nor its literal structure, for he feels that Byrd created his discourse out of nothing, without inspiration from literary conventions, and was finally defeated by his own ingenuity: "The unique and highly original notion of a historical-literary piece organized upon the actual experiences of a cadastral land-survey confronted the author, however, with problems of composition that became insurmountable" (p. 298).

[7] St. Jean de Crèvecoeur, Letters from an American Farmer (New York: Doubleday), p. 21. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[8] St. Jean de Crèvecoeur, Sketches of Eighteenth Century America (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1925), p. 110.

[9] John and William Bartram's America, ed. Helen Gere Cruickshank (New York: Bevin-Adair, 1957), pp. xiv-xvi. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

## Chapter 3

## Moving West: Narratives of Jonathan Carver, Samuel Hearne, Alexander Henry and Daniel Harmon

The four travellers whose writings I shall discuss in this chapter all journeyed west or northwest across the continent, penetrating to areas of North America where few English-speaking travellers had been before. All were in the advance guard of British expansion in the New World. Jonathan Carver's Travels through the Interior Parts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767, and 1768 (1778) describes a journey of two years and five months which took him, at its furthest extent, into what is now Minnesota; he passed the winter of 1766-67 at a Sioux village on the Minnesota River. Samuel Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean (1795) is an account of his expedition to the mouth of the Coppermine River in 1769-72. Alexander Henry's Travels and Adventures in Canada (1809) recounts the writer's experience as a trader and prospector in the area of Michilimackinac between 1761 and 1776 and his journey to the Great Plains in 1776. Daniel Harmon's career with the North West Company, which began in 1800, is recorded in his Sixteen Years in the Indian Country (1820); Harmon passed eight and a half of those years west of the Rockies, in New Caledonia. Three of these journey-makers were born in the American colonies: Carver in Massachusetts in 1710; Henry in New Jersey in 1739; Harmon in Vermont in 1778. Hearne was born in London in 1745, and served in the Royal Navy during the Seven Years War before he came to North America in 1766. None of these writers were men of letters, although they can scarcely be called un-literary in view of their remarkable literary achievements. Carver may have been a shoemaker before or during his intermittent career with the colonial militia;

Hearne, Henry and Harmon were all fur traders -- Hearne for the Hudson's Bay Company, Harmon for the North West Company. Henry traded independently until he affiliated his interests with those of the North West Company.

Structurally, their books bear close comparison and the similarities in the arrangement of these documents arise from their similar rhetorical functions: each writer discovered in his extraordinary experience an occasion to inform a home audience of the character of remote regions. Carver and Hearne felt, perhaps more than the others, civic responsibility in this matter: their personal experiences had large public import, and they each spent many years developing their journals into long, comprehensive documents fit to present to a curious European audience. Henry's reports pretend to less authoritativeness. His "adventures" hold equal place with his "travels" in his composition, and his narrative intersperses intelligent observation with exciting story-telling. ~~Harmon,~~ of the four, most clearly demonstrates in his journals the social function of literary notation for the alien stranded in a remote wilderness.

Carver's Travels through the Interior Parts of North America enjoyed large popular success. More than thirty editions were published. German, Dutch and French translations appeared before 1800, and a juvenile abridgement was eventually translated into German, French, Swedish, Dutch and Greek.[1] The structure of his widely-read document may have provided an influential model for later travellers -- Hearne and Harmon follow it and both refer to Carver's work -- in setting out a bipartite organization of material: the sequential narrative of travel, carefully fleshed out with occasional generalization and expatiation which rarely develop into digression, is followed by exhaustive appendices treating the aboriginal societies

encountered and describing the creatures inhabiting the regions visited. Only a third of Travels is taken up by the narrative of travel; the remainder of the book is devoted to appendicular material. Although some of the content of the appendices is patently drawn from firsthand observation or from acknowledged consultation of secondary sources, much of it was taken, unacknowledged, from the reports of earlier, French travellers -- Charlevoix, Hennepin and Lahontan. John Parker, in his introduction to Carver's Journals, identifies one Arthur Bicknell, a London literary hack, as the probable "editor" who thus tampered with Carver's manuscript and copied out the descriptions of aboriginal society to thicken the volume. Yet additions and factitious amplifications cannot be laid entirely at Bicknell's (or someone else's) door. Ten years passed between the time Carver first wrote out his journals, at Michilimackinac in the winter of 1767-68, and the publication of his Travels in 1778. During that interval, Carver expanded and re-organized his materials to perfect them for public presentation. Included in the second of four versions of the journals (which significantly extends the first version) is a note "To the Reviser." In this he acquiesces in any necessary changes in the manuscript: "any thing that the reviser shall see fit to add to embellish or give better sence to the journal will I dare say be very agreeable to the publisher and to the author."[2] Carver's final manuscript version of the Travels is not extant; nor are his own versions of the appendices available. However, Carver was closely involved in the publication of his text, and we cannot dismiss as unwarranted Bicknell's heedless borrowing -- from sources which, in other parts of the appendices, Carver dutifully acknowledges. On the one hand, we know that Carver was responsible for the authentic parts of the journal and we can

suppose that Bicknell was responsible for the plagiarism. On the other hand, we must see that Carver is not unimplicated in the falsifications, and that he collaborated, to some degree, in the procedures necessary to produce a weighty volume of travels.

The ten years which passed between the conclusion of his travels and the publication of this narrative may have had a lot to do with the development of the rather spare and matter-of-fact first version of his journal. Carver's efforts to get from the British government some reimbursement for his survey on its behalf were, for a long while, fruitless and frustrating. While these negotiations went on, the idea of publication became more and more importunate, as a tactic for realizing some material benefit from his expedition. In the meantime, the metamorphosis of the journals into the Travels occurred. Possibly the most significant change is in Carver's presentation of the motives for his journey. He had been engaged by Maj. Robert Rogers, a regular officer in the British Army, as draftsman to an expedition in search of the Northwest passage. In the journals he consistently acknowledges his official assignment. In the Travels, however, Carver suggests rather forcefully that he undertook the expedition on his own initiative, inspired by the unknown extent of the territories which had accrued to the British crown after the French and Indian wars. And he makes no mention of meeting up with two other travellers, a British officer and a Montreal trader, sent out by Rogers in the same mission. Throughout, Carver's Travels strongly implies that, with the exception of a French guide and a Mohawk servant, the writer travelled alone. In developing and perfecting his composition, Carver was moved by two ideas: first, the possibility for personal self-aggrandizement in the making of exotic journeys; second, and

more important, the dramatic excitement of setting out into the unknown in the service of his nation. Some time between 1768 and 1778 Carver grasped as his own the official motive of the expedition, and his book reflects this theme.

In his narrative, he expresses some feeling of haste and urgency in getting at these vast regions at the heart of the continent. Following military victory, accurate survey and notation could consolidate conquest. In his introduction, Carver writes:

> No sooner was the late War with France concluded, and Peace established by the Treaty of Versailles in the Year 1763, than I began to consider (having rendered my country some services during the war) how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute, as much as lay in my power, to make that vast acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain, in North America, advantageous to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful, that Government should be acquainted in the first place with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of. To this purpose, I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expence in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my countrymen.[3]

He cites as a complementary incentive the heinous inaccuracy of French maps and surveys of the area. His mission as an Englishman and agent of his nation is to revise mistaken ideas and produce a complete and correct representation of this region -- in English. Linguistic conquest follows military conquest, pointing to the final eventuality of economic and social occupation of the new land. Like the Elizabethan navigators and explorers who were urged by their government to go out to the New World, take careful note of everything they saw, and hasten home with the news, Carver sees himself, in the Travels, as an emissary. Most telling of all, as to his vision of his endeavour, is his report of his return. Although he comes home to Boston in October 1768, Boston is not the terminus of his journey. There is yet another stage to be accomplished:

> In October 1768 I arrived at Boston, having been absent from it on this expedition two years and five months, and during that time travelled near seven thousand miles. From thence, as soon as I had properly digested my Journal and Charts, I set out for England, to communicate the discoveries I had made and to render them beneficial to the kingdom (p. 177).

Here, where the documentary inspiration is central, the arrival is Boston is no conclusive homecoming. The traveller has not completed his journey until he has presented his experience to his proper audience. Carver arrived in London in the spring of 1769, and remained there until he died, in 1780, barely more than a year after the publication of his Travels.

Carver's rhetorical authority rests with his claim to accuracy. He defends this position in several ways. The organization of the text itself substantiates its content: the narrative of travel, with its sequential record of the writer's itinerary, authenticates the copious material in the appendices. The linearity of the narrative in effect documents the writer's authoritative experience: he has been there, as his itinerary shows, and he speaks from firsthand knowledge. As well, in his "Address to the Public" in the third edition, Carver defends himself against charges of credulity in observing and reporting instances of Indian prescience and announces that the author "has not, as travellers are supposed to do, amused [his readers] with improbable tales or wished to acquire importance by making his adventures favour the marvellous."[4] Further, in the narrative and in the appendices, he repudiates some of the "improbable tales" of early observers and repeatedly rails against the fallacies perpetrated by the innaccurate maps composed by the French. By thus showing vigilant scepticism and lively indignation at erroneous documentation, Carver demonstrates his own devotion to truth. These structural and argumentative qualities in the text contribute to the reader's confidence in Carver as a reliable witness. Carver stoutly

maintains that, however outlandish the phenomena reported, he offers a literal account of an actual experience, and his declarations to this effect were essential to the satisfaction and pleasure his contemporary readers could have in information he communicated.

But, along with this demonstrative scepticism and dedication to correctness, Carver entertains an attitude of credulity which is equally important to satisfying the expectations of his audience. From the start, Europeans expected something extraordinary from the New World. Lurking at the margins of rational thought was the possibility that the physical laws which governed phenomena in the known world might be in abeyance in the New World. For instance, the ordinary economic balance between scarcity and supply might be inoperative in the Western Hemisphere: the trans-Atlantic voyager might meet with edenic abundance and fabulous quantity. Or, on the other hand, terrific dangers and dread monstrosities unheard-of in the Old World might beset the traveller. There might be magic abroad -- magic which could be documented.

Carver, for all his observance of the forms and attitudes of the sceptical observer, is susceptible to the fantastical promise of strange lands, and, at certain points, he employs his documentary form in a surreptitious myth-making. For example, his geographical and topographical disclosures are sometimes based on an unanalyzed mixture of firsthand observation and hearsay. His discussion of the Rocky Mountains (which he never saw) arises from the reports of the Indians among whom he dwelt and from the unverified suggestions of other travellers. He refers to the Rockies as the "Shining Mountains," and the name itself seems to transport him. They are called this "from an infinite number of crystal stones, of an amazing size, with which

they are covered, and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a very great distance" (p. 121). The idea of this glittering range leads him further, through notions of physical immensity to unprecedented riches to the emergence of a justly governed and well provisioned society that would be a refuge for Europeans:

> This extraordinary range of mountains is calculated to be more than three thousand miles in length, without any very considerable intervals, which I believe surpasses any thing of the kind in the other quarters of the globe. Probably in future ages they may be found to contain more riches in their bowels, than those of Indostan and Malabar, or that are produced on the Golden Coast of Guinea; nor will I except even the Peruvian Mines. To the west of these mountains, when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers, and countries, full fraught with all the necessaries or luxuries of life; and where future generations may find an asylum, driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these, or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectations will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes (p. 122).

These speculations on surpassing wealth were empirically unfounded. Carver offers nothing to substantiate them, and assumes his authority to make such statements only on the basis of the alleged accuracy of the rest of the narrative, and, as well, on the traditions of New World voyage literature (which he invokes by referring to Columbus and Raleigh). All along, travellers were on the look-out for a new eden, and their remarks on the physical characteristics of America were organized to encourage their audience's postulations of abundance and sanctuary on the other side of the ocean.

However, in the New World hypothesis, fantasies of plenitude coexisted with notions of the dire risks associated with journeying into the unknown. While Carver's America presents few physical hazards and many consolations, it does menace the wayfarer with the nearly unthinkable savagery

of the aboriginal inhabitants. In his investigations into the rites and practices of native nations, Carver pays disproportionate attention to the war-making of the tribes through whose territories he travelled. Seventy pages are devoted to military procedures; "games" and recreation are allotted four pages. Although Carver has a generally sympathetic attitude towards Indian culture and occasionally recommends it over European civilization, he dwells on the vengeful ferocity of his hosts with emphatic interest, seizing the idea of fell cruelties with imaginative vigour: "The figure of the combatents all besmeared with black and red paint, and covered with the blood of the slain, their horrid yells and ungovernable fury, are not to be conceived by those who have never crossed the Atlantic" (p. 312). Indeed, in this moral scheme, the Atlantic seems to be the demarcation between order and fury, as well as between scarcity and abundance. Carver's exhaustive descriptions of Indian warfare were calculated to appeal to the European imagination, and he sets up the same figurative consequences of life in the New World that John Richardson does in Wacousta: America is a fantastical realm and arena for the enactment of some gruesome anxieties, as well as for those consoling wishes which surmised the riches of the Shining Mountains.

Yet all this occurs within a documentary frame. Carver purports to convey literal truths; his impressions are catalogued and logically disposed; his speculations often wear a decent air of sober deliberativeness. He presents himself throughout as an attentive, dedicated spectator, as he does here, in a description of his habits of observation: "The time I tarried [among the Winnebagoes], I employed in making the best observations possible on the country, and in collecting the most certain intelligence I

could of the origin, language, and customs of this people" (p. 33). His note-taking becomes his distinguishing characteristic, and the Sioux name him "Shebaygo, which signifies a writer, or a person that is curious in making hieroglyphicks, as they often saw me writing" (p. 380).

His status as observer and alien witness is one which requires adroit maintenance. He must first achieve sufficient intimacy with his hosts to acquire the kind of particular information which comprise an important document. Then he must exercise tact in his investigations, restraining his scepticism regarding his hosts' beliefs and rituals, and avoiding the kind of hyper-curiosity which would jeopardize his relations with the foreign group. For instance, when attempting to discover the ceremonies attendant to interment, "I found...that they considered my curiosity as ill-timed, and therefore I withdrew" (p. 401). Although note-taking is an acceptable practice for the alien observer, investigation and scepticism must not be carried to the point where the traveller becomes a spy or interloper.

Early in his narrative, Carver describes a difficult situation in which he was asked to demonstrate his allegiance to the members of a Sioux tribe and, as a corollary of his fealty, show his hostility to their Chippewa enemies. "As I was a stranger, and unwilling to excite the anger of either nation, I knew not how to act; and never found myself in a greater dilemma" (p. 60). He resolves the dilemma by acting as a conciliator and going as an envoy to the Chippewas to negotiate a truce. Once peace is established, Carver can go on his way. The traveller's apparent social and political neutrality is essential to his expeditious progress. If he is to move freely, he must neither offend with his aloofness nor implicate himself with attachment. The necessity of the traveller's neutrality is, in these four

books, most clearly demonstrated by Samuel Hearne's experience in making his way from Prince of Wales's Fort at Churchill on Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean.

Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean is structurally comparable to Carver's Travels: catalogues of information on indigenous cultures and on local beasts, fowl and fishes are appended to the narrative of the journey.[5] However, in Hearne's work, appendicular material comprises only one quarter of the whole text. And Hearne's narrative portion conveys a much more emphatic sense of daily advance and of progressive acquisition of knowledge than Carver's narrative does. On the outward journey, to the south of the Coppermine, the linear narrative is predominant, measuring each stage of the trek with consistent attention. One has the feeling that at the outset Hearne had little idea of where he was going (for he relied entirely on his Indian guides) and that the particular notation of progress was very important to Hearne's orienting himself in the midst of this vast unknown. After the goal of the journey is achieved, expatiative units are more numerous, and sometimes so lengthy as to amount to digression. Another aspect of Hearne's narrative -- one evident also in the writings of Henry and Harmon -- distinguishes it from Carver's: Hearne's composition is the product of not just one journey but of a long residence in the wilderness. When he offers his impressions and observations, they are corroborated by the extent of his experience. When he quantifies, he speaks with statistically reliable authority, as when in his catalogue of fishes he writes: "The Black Whale is sometimes found as far South as Churchill River, and I was present at the killing of three there; but this was in the course of twenty years" (p. 252). Although Hearne's journey is the

principal justification of the composition, it is not, as Carver's was, an event romantically, dramatically isolated from the writer's ordinary existence. Hearne's journey was situated within his long experience in the New World, and its text could not challenge logic with fabulousness without discrediting the writer's intelligence or sanity. Magic is a short-term notion, and will not outlast twenty years abroad.

Far from concealing his official instructions and motive, as Carver does, Hearne cites in his introduction the warrant for his expedition, which commands him to find out as much as he can, record this information and transmit it to the governor of the fort as regularly as possible. Hearne obeyed these instructions and his journals were soon forwarded to London, that the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company could peruse them. But this was not the conclusion of the literary activity generated by the venture. While still in Canada, Hearne began the elaborations on his log which were to result in the published text, and from his final return to England in 1787 almost up to his death in 1792, he continued to perfect his narrative and catalogues.[6] Encouraged by English friends distinguished for their authoritative interest in scientific discoveries arising from exotic voyages, Hearne came to understand that his experience in the Arctic was of a consequence more than merely commercial and that it merited a literary treatment beyond the official reports dispatched to the Hudson's Bay Company. The development of A Journey to the Northern Ocean from the original journals to the final text can be described in terms of the postulated audience for which Hearne wrote: at first his audience was only official, and he replied to specific instructions. Later, however, Hearne's postulated audience grew, to represent the curiosity of a large public and to reply to both scientific

and lay fascination with remote places. Similarly, Carver's audience grew and his text expanded as his vision of the importance of his journey developed beyond his original, official assignment.

Accuracy seems scarcely an issue in Journey to the Northern Ocean. Although Hearne's meridional and latitudinal observations are more or less erroneous,[7] they are performed with such responsible regularity that their inaccuracy does not affect the essential veracity of the document. His descriptions of northern creatures are thorough and methodical, deriving not only from careful observation but also from close familiarity with many of the animals described: he kept as pets, at one time or another during his long residence at Churchill, beavers, mink, weasels, squirrels, mice, hawks and other fowl. Although he learned the names and zoological classifications of many of the species he encountered only later, when he returned to England, his investigations of the brute population of the Arctic grew from a deep personal interest -- a naturalist's interest. For all his hardiness and his capacity to survive the harshest conditions, Hearne is, like William Bartram or Catharine Parr Traill or Thoreau, a gentle inquirer into natural affairs.

Hearne insists on the pre-eminence of firsthand experience ("ocular demonstrations") and he is critical of the "romancing traveller" who attributes fabulous characteristics to foreign phenomena in order to aggrandize his document. In his discussion of the habitations of beavers, he repudiates the anthropomorphic mythologizing that had obscured facts: "Those who have undertaken to describe the inside of beaver-houses, as having several apartments appropriated to various uses; such as eating, sleeping, store-houses for provisions, and one for their natural occasions, &c. must

have been very little acquainted with the subject; or, which is still worse, guilty of attempting to impose on the credulous, by representing the greatest falsehoods as real facts" (p. 148). In the practices of these writers, Hearne sees two sins: first, the writer's lack of firsthand experience of his subject and, second, his exploitation of a documentary form to convey fictions. For Hearne, the travel genre charges the writer with the responsibility of literal veracity, and of speaking what he knows without artificially extending his experience to satisfy the expectations of his audience. Text and experience must be equivalent, and it is the exactitude of the equation in Hearne's writing that gives Journey to the Northern Ocean its verbal authority.

In this, Hearne is distinguished from Carver, and the differences between the two writers might be most clearly demonstrated by comparing Carver's Shining Mountains with Hearne's Coppermine. The rumoured mines at the river's estuary are the ostensible goal of Hearne's trek, and as an element in the travel narrative they suggest the climactic connotations of the long-sought destination. However, his destination's eminence in the literary structure of the narrative does not deter Hearne from reducing the consequences of his arrival when he finally visits one of these mines:

> This mine, if it deserve that appellation, is no more than an entire jumble of rocks and gravel, which has been rent many ways by an earthquake. Through these ruins there runs a small river; but no part of it, at the time I was there, was more than knee-deep.
> The Indians who were the occasion of my undertaking this journey, represented this mine to be so rich and valuable, that if a factory were built at the river, a ship might be ballasted with the ore instead of stone; and that with the same ease and dispatch as is done with stones at Churchill River. By their account the hills were entirely composed of that metal, all in handy lumps, like a heap of pebbles. But their account differed so much from the truth, that I and almost all my companions expended near four hours in search of some of this metal, with such poor success, that among us all, only one piece of any size could be found. This, however, was remarkably good, and weighed above four pounds (p. 112).

There are no riches here to compare with or surpass those of "Indostan and Malabar;" even the river itself is scarcely knee-deep. Hearne has come this far to see a "jumble of rocks and gravel." Similarly, Carver reports no actual mineral finds beyond some largish lumps of lead scattered on the streets of an Indian village. Within his informational exposition nothing is reported which would be likely to lure Europeans to this hemisphere. No wonderful metals obstruct his path. But in his speculative exposition, positioned just beyond the actual extent of his itinerary, lies great promise -- incalculable riches on the refulgent slopes of the Rockies. And even along his route he infers edenic plenitude at the most picturesque locations -- although he never lingers long enough to test his inference. In Carver's narrative, rumour and promise have important rhetorical functions, pronouncing the importance of the journey and the document. In Hearne's text, rumour has no utility. It is barren ground on the Arctic shore, and no narrative climax ensues. Hearne's text travels no further than his itinerary allows.

Throughout Hearne's journey, famine and plenty alternate crazily. The travellers languish from hunger, then riot in surplus according to the absence or presence of game in the neighbourhood. At first Hearne can make neither head nor tail of this economic situation. But he records each cycle of want and plenty, regularly quantifying provender until he can comprehend the larger pattern in natural supply. After he has been attached for a time to the party of Matonabbee, a patriarchal Chipewyan leader, Hearne adapts, and trusts that scarcity and excess will balance out in the end and he will reach his destination and accomplish his return. To survive, he must adjust provisionally to the economy of life on the tundra just as he must

adjust to the moral and social environment in which he finds himself.

Hearne's social situation is a subtle one, for, although he was assigned specific responsibilities by his own government, he is a follower and not a leader on this expedition. Before he set out with Matonabbee in December 1770, he had made two previous attempts to get under way but each time had been obstructed in his design by the treachery of his Indian conductors. In his narrative he recounts their sly abuse of him and his small party and describes repeated instances of gratuitous hostility and misrepresentation during the first two ventures. Hearne is terribly alone among these unreliable and incomprehensible foreigners, absolutely on his own -- and worse, given their devious obstructionism. They fail to supply him with the food contracted for; they harass and mislead him. Later, with Matonabbee, his situation is partially relieved; Matonabbee is a worthy conductor, imbued whith a savage sense of order, and a fierce but dependable intelligence and candour. However, Matonabbee is a foreigner, knowable only to a degree and tractable to no degree. To accomplish his survey and fulfil his office Hearne must rely on only the most indirect monition and instruction to his conductor. He is entirely in Matonabbee's hands.

Hearne reports on the character of the natural environment in an orderly way, but it is not his chief concern. In A Journey to the Northern Ocean it is the social environment which discloses the probability of the success or failure of the expedition. The Indians take care of route and provisions; Hearne negotiates with them, not with the desolate wilderness. And these negotiations demand tact and diplomacy -- as Carver's did in his reported conciliation of the Sioux with the Chippewa. The success of Hearne's journey depends on the co-ordination of his interests with those of the Indian

company. He can neither interrupt the accustomed course of things to accomplish his purpose, nor set out on his own. But neither can he merge entirely with the Indian group, for that would mean abandoning the special, European purpose for which he undertook the venture. He must remain detached, watchful and mindful of his assignment, but not to the point where he becomes so alienated from his conductors as to jeopardize their acquiescence in his scheme.

While Hearne must partially conceal his cultural detachment from Matonabbee's group in order to go along with them, he must emphasize it in his address to his audience at home. For instance, his scepticism regarding his conductors' conjuring rites and talismanic beliefs is essential to the authority of his text. It recommends him to his readers as an objective, detached observer, not to be taken in by the chicaneries of a primitive culture. In witnessing a healing ritual, he exercises every faculty to detect the sleight-of-hand which makes the shaman appear to have swallowed a large board. He offers his readers a rational explanation of the appearance, but in a reported conversation with Matonabbee on the subject he diplomatically relaxes his scepticism. Matonabbee tells him he has seen a man swallow a child's cradle: "This story so far exceeded the feats which I had seen with the bayonet and board, that, for the sake of keeping up the farce, I began to be very inquisitive about the spirits which appear to them on those occasions, and their form...." (p. 141). To accompany Matonabbee on his trek across the tundra, Hearne must go along with certain other aspects of the journey. While he feels little sympathy for aboriginal metaphysics, calling the religious beliefs of his hosts "silly notions" and their talismanic equipment bundles of "trash," Hearne carefully scrutinizes what goes on. The information he acquires by his observations he disposes in

two ways: in his face-to-face transactions with Matonabbee, he credits the performances and ceremonies, in order to ingratiate himself with foreign authority. In his text, he rationalizes and analyzes these phenomena, that they may be seen to be in accord with known laws of physical occurrence and, also, that he may align himself with the cultural principles of his audience. To survive in this wilderness and to come home again in a seemly way, Hearne must be of two minds.

But Hearne's antipathy to the religious practices of his hosts is a much less serious matter than his aversion to some of the ethical and moral assumptions of the migrant community. The most dramatic and disturbing event in the narrative coincides with the journey's goal: at the mouth of the Coppermine, Matonabbee's crew performs a hideous massacre on a group of unoffending, unsuspecting Eskimos camped nearby. When Hearne first learns of the scheme, he argues against it:

> When I was acquainted with the intentions of my companions, and saw the warlike preparations that were carrying on, I endeavoured as much as possible to persuade them from putting their inhuman design into execution; but so far were my intreaties from having the wished-for effect, that it was concluded I was actuated by cowardice; and they told me, with great marks of derision, that I was afraid of the Esquimaux. As I knew my personal safety depended in a great measure on the favourable opinion they entertained of me in this respect, I was obliged to change my tone.... (p. 74).

Hearne learns that not only must he not intervene but that he must acquiesce, and appear to volunteer his support of the planned assault. At the execution of his companions' bloodthirsty design, Hearne is a shocked and horrified spectator -- but never so overcome as to omit attention to his own security. There, on a barren coast at the top of the world, Hearne witnesses a scene which, as Carver might say, those who have never crossed the Atlantic could never imagine:

> ...it was near one o'clock in the morning of the seventeenth; when finding all the Esquimaux quiet in their tents, they rushed forth from their ambuscade, and fell on the poor unsuspecting creatures, unperceived till close at the very eves of their tents, when they soon began the bloody massacre, while I stood neuter in the rear.
>
> In a few seconds the horrible scene commenced; it was shocking beyond description.... (p. 99).

"Neuter in the rear," Hearne watches. But his neutrality ultimately implicates him in this horrid event, when a dying Eskimo girl falls at his feet, and in her writhings twists herself around his legs. Even though he pleads for her quick dispatch, he is somehow not quite innocent of what has happened. Indeed, his complicity is a corollary of his difficult social situation: if he is himself to survive, he must restrain his loathing and disgust at the barbarous behaviour of his confederates and suppress protest and reproof. There is no audience here, on the arctic shore, for reproach or moral outrage. He curbs his opinions, saving them for the text of his experience and for a receptive audience.

When he does speak out in this savage company, he learns the consequences of making his alien ideas known and discovers the risk of allowing his European moral assumptions any expression in this remote place. Through the return journey, his companions attack, plunder and abduct where they can: "Every additional act of violence committed by my companions on the poor and distressed, served to increase my indignation and dislike...." (p. 176). In April 1772 Hearne's entourage encounters a group of Indians who are nearly destitute. Excited by the vulnerability of these defenceless people, some of those attached to Hearne's party pillage and brutalize the encampment, and violently rape the women:

> Humanity on this, as well as on several other similar occasions during my residence among those wretches, prompted me to upbraid them with their barbarity; but so far were my remonstrances from having the desired effect, that they afterwards made no scruple

> of telling me in the plainest terms, that if any female relation of mine had been there, she should have been served in the same manner (p. 184).

The hostility of the Indians' rejoinder is evident enough: Hearne's protest is regarded as aggressive, and the Indians remind him that he has no authority for such remarks and that he is as vulnerable as their victims. On the journey, Hearne lives in moral isolation, and sentiment must be suppressed in the interests of survival. Where sentiment can be expressed, of course, is in the traveller's literary commentary on the outrages he has witnessed. Abroad, he is powerless, "neuter" and secure only insofar as he can attach himself to foreign authority. In his narrative, he vindicates his complicity in the loathesome events reported. By speaking out now and stating his previously suppressed sentiments, he recovers his station and moral option. In the text, Matonabbee, who holds sovereign power on the tundra, can be analyzed and disarmed.

Interestingly, however, Matonabbee holds his own in the final accounting. Hearne seems to have developed sincere feeling for him, and a sympathetic appreciation which argues that, whatever the bizarre and even horrible foreignness encountered along the way, traveller and native achieved finally some subtle communion. At last, Hearne celebrates Matonabbee:

> ...except that his neck was rather (though not much) too short, he was one of the finest and best proportioned men that I ever saw. In complexion he was dark, like the other Northern Indians, but his face was not disfigured by that ridiculous custom of marking the cheeks with three or four black lines. His features were regular and agreeable, and yet so strongly marked and expressive, that they formed a complete index of his mind; which, as he never intended to deceive or dissemble, he never wished to conceal. In conversation he was easy, lively, and agreeable, but exceedingly modest; and at table, the nobleness and elegance of his manners might have been admired by the first personages in the world; for to the vivacity of a Frenchman, and the sincerity of an Englishman, he added the gravity and nobleness of a Turk; all so happily blended, as to render his company and conversation universally pleasing.... (pp. 224-25).

Hearne recommends Matonabbee on the basis of some Old World traits -- English "sincerity," French "vivacity," Turkish "gravity" -- but this scarcely reduces his original stature. Rather, the identification of these estimable qualities supplies some interesting news on the correspondences and similitudes which transcend foreignness, and connect men at some point of mutual sympathy. Matonabbee, as a discovery, far surpasses the "jumble of rocks and gravel" at the mouth of the Coppermine.

Alexander Henry, too, found some quarter of sympathy amid general hostility. Henry was in the fort at Michilimackinac in June 1763 when the garrison was massacred by Indians enlisted in Pontiac's conspiracy. Only through the intervention of Wawatam, a Chippewa who had previously claimed an adoptive kinship with him, was he preserved from the general slaughter. In Travels and Adventures in Canada, Wawatam provides Henry's closest contact with the foreign culture, and, like Matonabbee in Journey to the Northern Ocean, exemplifies both the kindredness and alienation to be found abroad: after the massacre, while Wawatam gives Henry asylum and protection and welcomes him into his own family, he feasts on a ceremonial stew concocted from the bones of Henry's dead compatriots.

Henry came to the neighbourhood of Michilimackinac in 1761, to pursue the fur trade. He was among the very first British civilians to penetrate so far and so promptly in the wake of military expansion, and his enterprise exposed him to risks not encountered by those who followed later. In his preface to his Travels and Adventures, Henry himself calls his expedition "premature." Essentially, the risk lay in this: Henry, as an "Englishman," was doubly a foreigner. He was neither French nor Indian. French traders had been long assimilated into the aboriginal economic structure; now, rather than appear on the scene as interchangeable with the other Europeans

the Indians had known the English traders came as rear-guard agents of conquest, enemies to both Frenchmen and Indians. English trading policies were strange and suspect, and English traders were unwelcome interlopers. When Henry encounters a party of Algonquins on his way out, the Indians consider the seriousness of his situation when they find out that he is English: "'the Upper Indians will certainly kill him,' meaning myself. These Indians had left their village before the surrender of Montreal, and I was the first Englishman they had seen."[8] Henry's foreignness in this region is so extreme as to be mortal: he is so much an alien that his presence cannot be tolerated. His intelligence of his predicament leads him to disguise himself as a Canadian. Camouflaged thus, Henry passes unnoticed to Michilimackinac.

After the massacre at Michilimackinac, which he describes with the same drear shock with which Hearne watched the slaughter of the Eskimos but with less of Hearne's nervous neutrality, Henry finds sanctuary with Wawatam and his family. There, he is in a curious position. On the one hand, he holds a recognized and sanctioned position in the Indian community as Wawatam's adopted brother. On the other hand, Wawatam himself is a member of a prevailing cultural group which views the English with deadly hostility and ingenious enmity. Paradoxically, Henry's chances for survival rest with his assimilation into this hostile culture which hates his kind.

Under these circumstances, being English is such a liability that Henry first poses as a Canadian and then, during his captivity, as an Indian. But, however apt his imitations of foreign manners, Henry is irrevocably English, and his impostures can never be conclusive. When some

months have passed after the massacre, and Henry continues with Wawatam, he becomes partially accustomed to his situation:

> By degrees, I became familiarized with this kind of life; and had it not been for the idea of which I could not divest my mind, that I was living among savages, and for the whispers of a lingering hope, that I should one day be released from it -- or if I could have forgotten that I had ever been otherwise than as I then was -- I could have enjoyed as much happiness in this, as in any other situation (p. 132).

As Henry becomes acquainted with its particulars, the setting becomes less foreign. Once he is settled into village life, the dramatic qualities of the narrative of the massacre and his rescue subside, leaving him with leisure for expatiation on Indian social and economic life. But the exposition itself testifies to Henry's alien status: even while involved in the activities of Wawatam's family, he is a spectator, detached and observant, unable to forget that he has been "otherwise" even when his well-being seems to rest with that forgetfulness. Henry's reservations cherish the dangerous condition of being English here. In his detachment and reserve he anticipates his return to his former status, for he must soon be on his way.

Unlike the other three narratives considered in this chapter, Henry's has no catalogues appended to it. However, his text is rich in informational content and exposition. "Travels" hold equal place with "adventures" in his title, and his narrative accommodates concise but important excurses. While he is with Wawatam, information is organized on the basis of the family's annual activities: what Henry experienced during his year of captivity is generalized as typical and augmented by his inquiries of his hosts and by subsequent experience. After his departure from Wawtam's custody in June 1764, Henry establishes a division in his text, announcing

"Part the Second" to contain his post-captivity experience. His narrative assumes a seasonal structure, chapters frequently centred on the accommodations and provisioning arranged for each winter. Description is often summary, with certain salient episodes rendered in greater detail.

However, when in 1776 he begins his expedition into the western plains -- "a serious journey...to gratify my curiosity" -- the year gives way to the day as the principal temporal unit of the narrative, and the general statement gives way to the particular as the chief expository vehicle. In recognition of the profundity of his venture and the importance of the information he acquired, Henry's record becomes almost diurnal, and much closer to log-keeping. He writes extensively of the Assiniboins to whom he is attached -- imparting data acquired both from firsthand observation and from inquiry -- but the most arresting material in this section comes from his original view of the plains: "a continuous level, without a single eminence; a frozen sea, of which the little coppices were the islands. That, behind which we had camped the night before, soon sunk in the horizon; and the eye had nothing left, save only the sky and snow" (p. 277). In the traversal of this emptiness, the greatest threat which looms is the danger of submersion in the vacuity: the few sanctuaries for either eye or body are disconcertingly rare, and the drifting snows are devious and consuming. In the narrative itself, there is an impressive contrast between the elaborate exposition required to render the customs and conduct of the indigenous population and the spare description demanded by the blank surroundings through which they pass.

Henry's text, like Hearne's and Carver's, was published some years after the events it described. The interval between event and publication

had, for each writer, a different effect. In Carver's work, it led to the summarizing of the journey itself and to the huge appendicular expatiation. Daily advance (which in Carver's manuscript journals is minutely recorded) is subordinate to exposition and description even in the narrative section of his text. Hearne's journey, on the other hand, stands centrally in his text as a seminal principle within twenty years of residence. Post-journey composition carries the text from mere log-keeping by incorporating associative material into the itinerary. Henry's methods stand between those of Carver and Hearne. He abandons diurnal notation where events subside into regularity, but takes it up again where sequence must supersede exposition in the interests of dramatic clarity. Three such occasions are conspicuous in his text: his initial embarkation into these hostile regions; his adventures during and immediately subsequent to the Michilimackinac massacre; his expedition into the plains. When he selects narrative over expository means he expresses the dramatic consequence of journeying where the existence of the journey-maker himself is at stake. Then, the situation is best rendered by a serial record of date and place. For example, when he sets out from Beaver Lake, heading for the plains, he and his European and Canadian companions face the hardship of severe weather and short provisions:

> On the twenty-first it blew hard, and snow began to fall. The storm continued till the twenty-fifth, by which time the small lakes were frozen over, and two feet of snow lay on level ground, in the woods. This early severity of the season filled us with serious alarms; for the country was uninhabited for two hundred miles on every side of us, and if detained by winter, our destruction was certain. In this state of peril, we continued our voyage day and night. The fears of our men were a sufficient motive for their exertions (p. 253).

At this crisis, quantifiable data of place (200 miles from any sanctuary) and time (September 21, 1776) construct the dramatic situation. Two feet

of September snow in a desolate region of the Northwest signify the nearly fatal isolation of the travellers and the urgency of their onward efforts.

Henry, like Hearne, has little of Carver's mythologizing propensities. His account of the Michilimackinac massacre spares no lurid details of the attackers' ferocity but it holds to events without reflective wonderment. In his economic ventures -- in both trading and prospecting -- Henry finds little to amaze his readers in the way of promising riches and he doesn't compensate for the deficiency by speculating on what may lie just beyond his route, as Carver does. What he actually discovers makes a sufficient text, requiring only limited expatiation to set it before his audience.

In Harmon's journals, too, we find none of Carver's inventiveness. Harmon's unedited writings from Canada are an innocent case, and one exemplary for its demonstration of the rhetorical premise of travel writing. When the journals were published in 1820 they had been edited and re-written by the Rev. Daniel Haskel, a Vermont neighbour of Harmon's family. Haskel's work on the journals appears to have served two purposes: first, to smooth out grammatical crudities and syntactical idiosyncrasy, and, second, to mould the journals to the conventional form of travel narrative by developing generalized, expatiative content regarding the Indian cultures with which Harmon was acquainted. In this discussion, I will refer not to Haskel's edition but to W. Kaye Lamb's 1957 edition of the original journals.[9] For entries from April 1816 to August 1819 -- the conclusion of the text -- and for the appendicular material treating Indians east and west of the Rockies, and animals in northwestern North America, Lamb reverts to the 1820 edition, in lieu of original manuscript material.

Rev. Haskel's influence on Harmon's career should not suggest that Harmon learned only after the fact that his experience was matter worthy of an audience. From the start of his journeys, Harmon's literary activity served a specific rhetorical purpose: he wrote in order to maintain his increasingly attenuated connection with his home; he addressed his family and friends and the society he had departed. His was not a private journal, but one intended to be read by others. In April 1816 he experienced an intensification of the homesickness which had plagued him throughout his sixteen-year absence. He could not get home himself, but two alternative solutions were available to him at this crisis of feeling: he could write to his "Friends below" and, most important, he could send them his journal:

> ...a few Days hence I shall write my Friends below -- and knowing as I do that there is little except disappointments & Death certain in this World of Disappointments and sorrows, I therefore am resolved to forward to them, by my Friend Mr. John Stuart, a copy of this Journal, in order that they (in case I never have the inexpressible pleasure and gratification of seeing them myself) may know the satisfaction I presume it will prove to them of knowing how their long absent Relation has been employed both as to Body & Mind while in this Savage Country.[10]

The journal goes in Harmon's stead. In the subsequent three years of absence, entries in the journal are much briefer and far less regular than in the previous sixteen years, suggesting that the burden of expression had been removed, now that Harmon could know his document rested at home.

As we can see from the quoted passage, the office of the journal is large: it must communicate not only the writer's state of mind but also the physical details of existence in a region entirely unfamiliar to his readers. Nothing can be left to be implicit or understood; everything must be spelled-out. When Harmon is in residence at any of the numerous North West Company factories he occupied during the sixteen years, the record is often

episodic, treating only salient events. But when he sets out into new territory each journey is recorded in detail, to inform his reader of the uncommon changes effected by the transportation and relocation. Once he has crossed the Rockies, he is particularly consistent in his regular reporting, aware that he has entered into territories largely unheard-of. Although he occasionally exaggerates distances in the Peace River area and in New Caledonia,[11] his exaggerations are innocent. Falsification or invention could only obstruct his purpose of communicating the precise nature of his life in this "Savage Country."

In the early journal entries which record his progress from Montreal to La Chine and beyond, Harmon repeatedly expresses his apprehension at the drastic risks incurred by the kind of enterprise. Along the way, he reckons the number of crosses erected to commemorate earlier disasters on the route, and he is dismayed at the sum:

> ...at almost every Rapid that we have passed since we left Montreal, we have seen a number of Crosses erected, and at one I counted no less than thirty! It is truly melancholy and discouraging when I seriously reflect on the great number of my fellow creatures who have been brought to untimely ends by voyaging up this way, and yet notwithstanding such dismal spectacles which are almost constantly before our eyes, we with all the eagerness of youth press forward to follow the same route, and all in hopes of gaining a little Gold! (p. 17).

Harmon soon becomes less timorous. By the time he reaches New Caledonia, physical dangers hold little threat compared to the greater, psychological hazards in extraordinary isolation and awesome loneliness.

Harmon's Christian piety was one defense against the alienation he experienced, and it becomes a dominant subject in his journal. Insofar as the devotional meditations he includes in his journal are a literary activity, his religious sensibility takes on a rhetorical function in

structuring his impressions of the northwestern wilderness. Other travellers are reminded of divine design when they witness natural spectacles; Harmon feels none of this. He is moved to metaphysical speculation when he considers the heathen circumstances in which he lives. On Sundays at Fort Alexandria the Canadians play cards, dance and otherwise carry on; when Harmon speaks to them about their "improper conduct," they reply that "there is no Sabbath in this Country" (p. 37). Yet there is a Sabbath -- recorded and registered in Harmon's journal. Only the journal remark holds the fort against profanity and barbarity, and the journal's pious notations become increasingly important as Harmon advances further into savage regions.

Harmon's cultural isolation at first seems most pronounced in its aspect of linguistic alienation, for he generally travelled and worked only with foreign language-speakers, and the occasional companionship of English-speakers was welcome. At Fort Alexandria, on October 28, 1800, he writes:

> Mr. McLeod &c. returned from Fort Dauphin, and whom after so long a separation I am happy to see, and he appears pleased to find me here. Since he left me at the Encampment Island I have had no one with me who could speak English and I cannot as yet understand much of the French Language (p. 37).

However, even when Harmon acquires facility in French, he contirues to feel his social isolation. In 1803, reflecting on the assignment of a valued cohort to another factory, he writes that, during the season of their separation, "I shall as it were...be left alone, for the ignorant Canadians make very indifferent Companions, and with whom I cannot associate" (p. 67). Right up to the last days recorded in the manuscript journal, Harmon hungers for conversation with kindred minds. He undertakes difficult journeys

merely to spend a few days in talk with factors at neighbouring installations of the Company; he eagerly welcomes guests to the posts at which he is stationed, and he regrets their departures. "Happy are those who have a Friend with whom they can converse!" (p. 168) he exclaims when he considers the solitude which befalls him when his interlocutors go on their way.

Increasingly, as Harmon's sojourn in the wilderness is prolonged, talk and faith complement one another. From the evidence of the journals, it appears that much of the exchange between Harmon and the other English-speaking aliens posted in this remote region centred on religious topics. In the absence of conversationally congenial associates, he turned to three sources of consolation, all of them literary: he wrote letters, he continued his inveterate Bible-reading, and he pursued his journal-writing with greater and greater devotional intensity. On September 1, 1813, the first prayers appear in his journal, reverent meditations composed at a time of extreme solitude: "I am left entirely alone, not a soul in the Fort except myself" (p. 161). Harmon's feelings of social and cultural alienation in the wilderness develop into a more general expression of the isolation of the devout Christian in this profane world during his earthly exile from his heavenly home. In his journals, Harmon's faith becomes a figure of his loneliness and homesickness. His social disorientation in this far country is reckoned in terms of spiritual disquiet and restlessness, obliquely associated with ideas of sinful traffic with unchristian principles in a heathen land.

Harmon's family held firm Christian convictions. Lamb, in his introduction to the journals, suggests that Harmon's convictions were not equivalent in intensity -- until the later stages of his tenure abroad. Then his faith

became a vital connection with the society from which he had been separated. All along, he received letters from home with rapturous pleasure; even when they contained sad news, he was profoundly moved by these few communications from his point of origin. "How often have I thanked the Inventer of Letters, which enables us to keep up as it were a conversation (while at such an immense distance) with those whom I hold dear above anything in this fleeting and vexatious World," (p. 124) he declares from the conversational desert of Athabasca. When he learns of the deaths of two of his brothers, he remembers one, especially, for his correspondence: "During the whole period of my residence in this country, he has written to me annually, long affectionate, and instructive letters. For a number of years past, religion was the great subject of them" (p. 187). As Harmon's faith grew, he found a broader, clearer path of communication with his family. His adoption of stricter views in religious matters not only distinguished him positively from his alien companions but also bound him more closely to his distant home. Metaphysical speculation was subject for his journals as well as his letters, and it recommended him to his audience as having not forsaken his membership in civilized society.

Despite his frequent expression of nearly desperate loneliness and homesickness, Harmon stayed on -- and on -- in the wilderness until 1821. Although he often felt revulsion at the conditions of his life and impatience at his long tenure in "such a Savage Country where there is little to be learnt that we could wish to know" (pp. 104-05), he lingered there. And he seems to have learned things in spite of the undesirability of the information. His long appendices provide data on the physiognomy, diet, transportation, domestic relationships and social organization of Indians

east and west of the Rockies -- information which could only have been the product of consistently intelligent observation and interest. He expresses small sympathy for the peoples who are the subject of his discourse, but he honours their practices and characteristics with methodical documentation, reporting nonetheless even when there is "little to be learnt that we could wish to know." Harmon does not love this place, but from its unlovable, inhospitable countenance he draws the inspiration for his literary composition.

The pattern which is especially clear in Harmon's career is one which is evident to some degree in the careers of even the most footloose and sanguine travellers: Harmon is destined for remote experience but he never submits to it. From the contest between his alien destination and his homing tendencies comes his literary work -- his long, systematic representation of the aspects of his life abroad. Without this persistent, often doleful, sometimes exultant consciousness of the foreignness of his situation, the voyager can make no traveller's tale.

Notes

Chapter 3

[1] I am indebted to John Parker's excellent introduction to The Journals of Jonathan Carver and Related Documents. 1766-1770 (Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1976) for information on publications of the text and especially for information on the provenance of Carver's Travels. Parker's researches supersede most of the material contained in standard reference works; his arguments are so authoritatively supported that I have abided by his speculations on the editorial influences in the text in my discussion of borrowings in Carver's appendices.

[2] Jonathan Carver, Journals, p. 143.

[3] Jonathan Carver, Travels through the Interior Parts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767, and 1768 (3rd ed. 1781; rpt. Minneapolis, Minnesota: Ross and Haines, 1956), pp. i-ii. Subsequent references are to this edition.

[4] The "Address" of the third edition is unpaginated.

[5] Like Carver, Hearne appears to have had some help from secondary sources in compiling these catalogues. Richard Glover's introduction to A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, 1769-1770-1771-1772 (Toronto: Macmillan, 1958) describes Hearne's indebtedness to Thomas Pennant's Arctic Zoology (1784-85) in developing the last sections of his book. Arctic Zoology, writes Glover, gave Hearne "English names for animals he had hitherto known only by Indian names; he sometimes borrows its phrasing word for word; sometimes again he corrects it" (p. xxxix). Subsequent references to Hearne's narrative are to Glover's edition.

[6] In January 1776 Hearne took command of Prince of Wales's Fort and remained there until the French took possession of and destroyed the fort in August 1782, whereupon Hearne returned to London. In 1783 he re-established the fort at Churchill, continuing there until 1787 when he returned to England. Glover argues, from internal evidence and from contemporary documents, that Hearne drafted the penultimate chapter of his book in 1783, at Churchill, and the final chapter in England, after his return in 1787. See especially pp. xxxviii-xl.

[7] Glover maintains that Hearne's observations are not so faulty as some critics alleged and that, in any case, his inaccuracies are vindicated by his imperfect equipment and technique.

[8] Alexander Henry, Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories between the Years 1760 and 1776 (New York, 1809; rpt. Ann Arbor: Univ. Microfilms, 1966), p. 23. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[9] The journal vs. published text issue differs here from the journal vs. text issue in Carver's work. Carver's final manuscript version of his Travels is not extant; Harmon's journals, on the other hand, were his final written version of his adventures.

[10] Daniel Harmon, Sixteen Years in the Indian Country: The Journal of Daniel Williams Harmon 1800-1816 (Toronto: Macmillan, 1957), p. 185. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[11] Lamb notes these occasions editorially.

Chapter 4

# Patterns of Travel in Canadian Writing: Frances Brooke, Anna Jameson, Thomas Haliburton and John Richardson

## I

There are travel writers, and writers who travel. For the former, their art prompts their journey. Bartram and Thoreau clearly exemplify this phenomenon: Bartram's five-year journey was a mode of being, and his record of it was a mode of knowing; Thoreau's excursions were undertaken in the interests of the utterance which would result. For both, travel offered whole and proper work for the literary imagination. In these cases, experience and genre exist in a unique symbiosis.

But for the others -- for the writers who take a trip -- the experience of the journey and the principles of travel writing can enter and control their art even within the conventional structures of another genre. This was the case with Frances Brooke, whose History of Emily Montague (1769) is generally designated as the first North American novel. Mrs. Brooke published sentimental fiction before she accompanied her husband (a chaplain and official in the service of the new colonial regime) to Québec in 1763, and she continued in that vein after her return to England in 1769. Emily Montague, in its fictional aspects, is in keeping with its author's earlier and subsequent efforts. However, when James and Ruth Talman come to assign Emily Montague its historical station in The Literary History of Canada, they end by asking, "Is it a novel only, or might it be classed also with description and travel literature?"[1]

The question is apt, because the book is overtly a product of Mrs. Brooke's 1763-1769 sojourn in Québec, and Québec provides much more than an exotic setting for the activities of her characters. It is subject, as well, and much of the book is devoted to comparative social observations, landscape description and exposition of the local organization of industry and government. Québec in the eighteenth century was a story in itself, and demanded a strict and thorough telling. The case of Emily Montague is an important one, because it demonstrates the way in which North America entered the mainstream of English literature. Even where the writer observes novelistic conventions -- as Mrs. Brooke does in Emily Montague -- the narrative principles of the travel genre dominate the fiction. Frances Brooke's journey to the New World generated a particular kind of literary discourse in which Canada is depicted as a remote and exotic interlude in the normal course of things.

Mrs. Brooke wrote in response to the curiosity Europeans felt about the New World. The fictive components of the text addressed some other forms of curiosity, mainly sentimental, but the prominence of its informational content is attested to by at least one eighteenth-century reader: twenty-three years after Mrs. Brooke's departure, Mrs. Simcoe arrived in Québec, and confirmed the factual authenticity of Emily Montague. She wrote, in 1792: "The woods are beautiful and we went near to Sellery, that pretty vale Emily Montague describes, indeed her account of Québec appears to me very near the truth."[2] Mrs. Simcoe read Emily Montague for its literal attributes, and for its representation of a verifiable reality; in this, she read it as a travel book rather than as a romance. In many ways, the documentary properties of the book are its most interest-

ing and enduring aspects, for an important part of Mrs. Brooke's literary intention was concerned with constructing an account of life in the New World.

In structure as well as in content, Emily Montague is shaped by the traditions of travel writing: its epistolary form, while following a popular trend in the eighteenth-century sentimental novel, also subscribes to the conventions of travel memoir. Each letter is the composition of a traveller, addressed to members of the society from which the writer has been separated. As a result, the five letter-writers in the book must describe, inform and explain; they attempt to reconstruct in the detail the character of the distant place in which they find themselves. The data offered are not fictional but factual, and, taken together, the letters present a comprehensive rather than selective version of Québec. Emily Montague is an example of the kind of prose narrative produced by a writer's experience abroad, where audience and subject are separated by a gulf of unfamiliarity that can be bridged only by thorough exposition.

The novel's five principal characters and letter-writers -- two pairs of lovers and the father of one of the lovers -- are, as their author was, only sojourners in Canada. The four lovers engage in predictable romantic manoeuvres, and resolve contrived conflicts which give the Canadian interval of their lives the aspect of a pleasure party, or a holiday in a locale charged with romantic suggestiveness. Their transient status identifies them as outsiders, and, besides picnics and gallantry, their chief occupation is their letter-writing to their friends at home. In Québec, they have no permanent, long-term connection with the local community, and one of the motives behind their adhesive relationships to one another is their

shared recognition of their common detachment from their social environment. Generally, they are critical and patronizing of French-Canadian society, although they indulge their lively interest in festivity at its expense. Arabella Fermor, the most vivacious and inspired of the letter-writers, disparages the intelligence, sensitivity, imagination and literacy of colonial women:[3]

> they have no idea of walking in the country, nor the least feeling of the lovely scene around them; there are many of them who never saw the falls of Montmorenci, though little more than an hour's drive from the town. They seem born without the smallest portion of curiosity, or any ideas of the pleasures of the imagination. . . .
>
> There are two ladies in the province, I am told, who read; but both of them are above fifty, and they are regarded as prodigies of erudition.[4]

The four lovers, in contrast, are exceptionally sensitive to natural spectacles, and they frequently picnic in the open air or contemplate natural magnificence. And they are far from illiterate: every sentiment and occasion is fully articulated in epistolary prose.

This perpetual stream of prose makes up for the writers' lack of sympathetic social connection in Québec. The letters serve the important social purpose of maintaining relationships with respondents who share the writers' assumptions of taste and culture, and who can supply the "curiosity: and "imagination" lacking in the local population. In drawing upon this home-resource of sympathy and shared ideas, the letter-writers express certain conventional attitudes. The hero of Emily Montague, for instance, describes North America in terms calculated to satisfy his correspondent's romantic expectations of wilderness travel. Colonel River's first letter from the New World, addressed to his sister, includes a devotional appreciation of the idea of wilderness: "On approaching the

coast of America, I felt a kind of religious veneration, on seeing rocks which almost touch'd the clouds, cover'd with tall groves of pines that seemed coeval with the world itself: to which veneration the solemn silence not a little contributed. . . ." (p. 19) America is a set-piece, arousing a cluster of abstractions. Rivers is aware, further, that the articulate traveller may discharge other descriptive duties: "if I chose to give you the political state of the country, I could fill volumes with the pours and the contres; but I am not one of those sagacious observers, who, by staying for a week in a place, think themselves qualified to give, not only its natural, but its moral and political history: besides which, you and I are rather too young to be very profound politicians" (pp. 19-20). Mrs. Brooke assigns the role of socio-political commentator, which Rivers declines, to William Fermor, Arabella's father.

Arabella is, as well as the most insightful narrator of human affairs, the most dedicated reporter of scenery -- Emily Montague herself is too preoccupied with important decisions of the heart to take interest in the natural environment. Arabella is truly transported by her visit to the falls at Montmorenci, and her description of their charms begins: "Paint to yourself a stupendous rock burst as it were in sunder by the hands of nature, to give passage to a small but very deep and beautiful river. . . ." (p. 36) She adds to the completed sketch, "In short, the loveliness of this fairy scene alone more than pays the fatigues of my voyage. . . ." (p. 36) The recompense of travel is in this kind of spectatorial enthusiasm. The tourist profits by an increment to imagination, sensibility and emotional resource.

But Arabella is not entirely spontaneous in her effusions and raptures.

As she is coquettish and manipulative in her personal relationships, so she has her eye on the main chance in her ardent perceptions of nature. She must recommend her adventure to her reader and her role in narration lies with her anticipation of her reader's expectations. After describing autumn in the New World, she writes" "You may expect a very well-painted frost-piece from me in winter. . . ." (p. 50) Arabella's tourism fulfils the desire to write as much as the desire to see. Her notions of the Canadian winter are pre-conceived within a particular literary model; the arrival of winter itself only provides the occasion for expressing generic ideas already present in the imagination.

For Rivers, too, the Canadian sojourn is an exercise of the imagination, and a stimulating release from the rather complicated material realities of life in England. In the first letter of the volume, written as he embarks, Rivers concedes that his journey may be considered a "romantic" project, and that he goes forth with "all the eager hopes of a warm imagination" (p. 17). His idea of eventual settlement authorizes his optimistic excursion, but settlement is only a fantasy, conceived without any reference to the actualities and hardships of relocation. Rivers eagerly imagines a pastoral idyll flourishing in the wilderness: "in thus cultivating what is the rudest state of nature, I shall taste one of the greatest of all pleasures, that of creation, and see order and beauty gradually rise from chaos" (p. 17). As he seems to approach the realization of his fantasy, much later in the novel, and as he travels about seeking an inspiring site, the picture becomes clearer and more conventional: "I fancy my own settlement advancing in beauty: I paint to myself my Emily adorning those lovely shades: I see her, like the mother of

mankind, admiring a new creation which smiles around her: we appear, to my idea, like the first pair in paradise" (p. 205). Mrs. Brooke is clear on one point: this is a visionary sort of immigration, an idea expressing admirable values and an appealing aesthetic, but an idea only. The idyll will never be accomplished in Canada; the lovers must return to England, win their parents' sanction and secure a civilized sort of income before they can establish the domestic pastoral.

Nevertheless, the experience abroad is an integral part of their destinies. In Canada, the design of their feelings and future emerges from the excitement of travel. Abroad, the lovers enjoy the free education of emotion and imagination -- sightseeing itself invites the exercise of sentiment and the expression of moral attitudes. Travel is a narrative context for certain mental operations: on the one hand, the tourist responds emotionally to the romantic suggestiveness of the foreign place, and, on the other hand, he rationalizes and orders the extraordinary elements of his exotic experience. From these two processes arise the parallel levels of verbal activity in Emily Montague: the fiction of the lovers' choices and the definitive documentation of the character of the New World.

In Emily Montague, Québec is an other-world as remote and exotic as the Polynesian island on which Melville sojourns in Typee, and its very remoteness dictates the formalities of its literary presentation. The exotic knowledge acquired by the travellers is complete only with its introduction into a familiar cultural frame, and this is accomplished by the descriptive letters-home, which relate the alien, unheard-of apsects of the foreign venture within accustomed patterns. The traveller estab-

lishes the coherence and meaning of his extraordinary experience by making it acceptable and intelligible to his sedentary reader. In Emily Montague, the parallel verbal activity of the fiction of courtship and mating follows the same necessary pattern: the lovers' return to England is the consummation of their new sentimental knowledge, for they must bring it back home, to their point of origin, to discover its full import. At home, in real life, the travellers apply the psychological and aesthetic information they acquired abroad. If there is ever any doubt about the inevitability of their return and the fanciful character of ideas of permanent settlement, Mrs. Brooke dispells it with Arabella's effusive account of her return voyage down St. Lawrence. The vessel stops at the Isle of Bic, and Arabella and other passengers picnic at this "enchanted" location. "I die to build a house on this island; it is a pity such a sweet spot should be uninhabited: I should like excessively to be Queen of Bic, (p. 240)" writes Arabella. This is one aspect of imaginative travel, a mental experiment which proposes momentarily that one stay, that one imagine oneself always there, figuring in the scene. Rivers and Arabella are susceptible to such invitations from the landscape, and the latter especially tends to invent social and scenic arrangements which fulfill romantic fantasies.

William Fermor, who is too old and too experienced to be confused about the duration of his residence in Canada, is quite aware of his role as a traveller and provides a frank statement of the aesthetic of travel. To the Earl of ---- he writes:

> The pleasure the mind finds in travelling, has undoubtedly, my lord, its source in that love of novelty, that delight in acquiring new ideas, which is interwoven in its very frame, which shows itself on every occasion from infancy to age, which is the first passion of the human mind, and the last.

> There is nothing the mind of man abhors so much as a state of rest; the great secret of happiness is to keep the soul in continual action. . . . (p. 190)

"Passion, under the guidance of virtue," he adds, is the soul's "health." Passions are aroused in Mrs. Brooke's characters by their matrimonial projects, certainly, but this excitement is in some ways incidental to the overall design of the text. Writing comes about primarily from the need to communicate feelings incurred as a result of travel; these feelings must be communicated to absent friends and thus introduced into the matrix of life at home. The tumult of emotions associated with courtship is only one branch of the central idea of the suggestiveness and romance of the foreign setting.

The sojourners' minds are well-exercised, in Fermor's sense, and they flourish emotionally. But, as Crèvecoeur's Russian tourist pointed out to John Bartram, travel in itself does not benefit the mind undistinguished by percipience and discernment. When Rivers is still contending with a handsome but insipid baronet for Emily's hand, he makes a journey with his rival, and finds him wanting in just the qualities which would give him priority in the competition:

> I study my fellow traveller closely; his character, indeed, is not difficult to ascertain; his feelings are dull, nothing makes the least impression on him; he is as insensible to the charming country through which we have travelled as the very Canadian peasants themselves who inhabit it. I watched his eyes at some of the most beautiful prospects, and saw not the least gleam of pleasure there. . . . (p. 52)

Travel tests mental and moral faculties, and the good traveller reveals his virtue in his greater capacity to respond. The dull-eyed baronet, on the other hand, passes heedless and thoughtless through the landscape, a model of insensitivity and indifference. Rivers emphasizes his negative

judgement of his companion's tourism by comparing it to the complacency of residents. For the tourist, the landscape is interesting and suggestive; for the indigenous observer it is nondescript and unprovocative. In that the baronet is neither moved nor inspired, he may as well have stayed at home. Travel is more than the merely physical circumstance of mobility.

Although the lovers eventually resign themselves to stasis, they never succumb to the conventional inertia they despise in the baronet. Even after they are permanently installed on their English estate, they look forward to a future of intense and diverse feelings. This perpetual practice of the emotions is an aesthetic assumption of sentimental and of Gothic fiction. But, as well, it is the motive of the articulate traveller, who will gain from his personal journey the whole register of feelings.

William Fermor's letters to his aristocratic correspondent contain comparative and analytic material pertaining to conditions in the colony. As a traveller he enjoys the privilege of pronouncement and generalization. He expounds on the lassitude of the Québecois, and on their agricultural activities; he recommends specific emigration policies, and offers wholesome advice to the regime. He also takes advantage of his forum to present his philosophy of religion, economics and social order. Like so many other travellers, Fermor and his author acquire a discursive, general outlook on human affairs from their foreign vantage. In creating this mature, informed speaker, Mrs. Brooke rounds out the narrative of her years abroad; his letters are specifically the utterance of the traveller (versus the vagrant gallant or maiden with an interest in landscape) and

he serves Mrs. Brooke's documentary purpose in much the same way that the American farmer in his expository mood serves Crèvecoeur's. The letters of the other writers project other aspects of travel, particularly those which arouse the imagination and which suggest idyll and romance.

That is not to say that Fermor is insensitive or unimaginative. He is convinced that the New World offers substantial aesthetic material: "a landscape painter might here expand his imagination, and find ideas which he will seek in vain in our comparatively little world" (p. 186). At the spring break-up of the river, he himself is astonished and inspired by the seasonal cataclysm, and composes a lengthy description. At the conclusion of the account he apologizes for the inadequacy of his attempt, but justifies it by describing it as almost involuntary, and springing from necessity: "I am afraid I have conveyed a very inadequate idea of the scene which has just passed before me; it however struck me so strongly, that it was impossible for me not to attempt it" (p. 188). Having witnessed this natural revolution and upheaval, he must write about it. So are all the travellers in this novel impelled to articulation by the unusual character of their foreign experience. The flow of letters across the Atlantic connects the remote, isolated contingent to the familiar world of home, bridging with its fluency the remarkable separation. Once all are comfortably settled in England, the verbal current dwindles and ceases; once the scattered characters have been gathered together from their dispersement across the globe, the motive for communication disappears. The rupture that separated the travellers from their home is finally healed, and the travel story concluded.

II

Anna Brownell Jameson's Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada (1838), emerges from a later period when Canada, in literature, was no longer only romantically, fantastically remote but also a subject requiring realistic representations of ordinary life. Emigration had changed the aspect of North American travel, and relocation in the Western Hemisphere was, if not a likelihood, at least a possibility to be entertained by thousands of Europeans in the 1830's. Whether the reader was to come here or not, his curiosity about the New World now included an interest in the particulars of getting on in the bush. Winter Studies and Summer Rambles treats both the actuality and the romance of travel in North America; it considers both the cheerless reality of domestic life in Toronto and the idyll of wilderness journeying. The title itself reflects the duality of concern, and introduces an essential tension relating to the very nature of travel. In Winter Studies, separation from home leads to feelings of alienation and an acute spiritual despair; in Summer Rambles novelty and unfamiliarity are romantic and stimulating. Travel is variously enervating or invigorating, and narrative method reflects its changeable influence on mind and art.

Anna Jameson brought with her from England the experience of several continental tours. She was already a published travel writer when she came to Toronto in December 1836, and her nine months in Canada generated more writing. She arrived under indefinite conditions, unsure of how long she would have to stay. For seven years she had lived--and flourished--apart from her husband: while Robert Jameson held a post as a colonial

administrator in the West Indies, Anna remained in Europe, enjoying a lively social life in London and making several extended excursions to Germany.[5] In Germany she was welcomed and embraced by the literati, chiefly on the basis of her Characteristics of Women, a treatise on feminine characters in Shakespeare. With intellectual German society she felt a happy affinity; in London her literary reputation prospered with the positive reception of Diary of an Ennuyée (a sentimental, fictionalized version of continental travel) and Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad, and she felt increasingly at home in literary circles. Her husband's appointment to the position of Attorney-General of Upper Canada in 1833 had little overt effect on his wife's career until his invitations to join him in Toronto became more and more importunate. She eventually acquiesced, at least partly in the interests of giving their relationship a conventionality and respectability which would correspond to the dignity of Jameson's station in the New World: in 1837 he became Vice-Chancellor, and, as such, chief legal officer for Britain in Upper Canada. But Mrs. Jameson's desire to clarify and resolve her marital situation must have supplied an additional motive for her journey. This was accomplished during her time in North America, for, before she embarked from New York in 1838, she and Jameson had negotiated a legal separation.

In Winter Studies and Summer Rambles, Mrs. Jameson does not refer directly to these personal circumstances, but some of the feelings of loneliness and anxiety she describes in Winter Studies must be attributable to domestic situation from which Anna Jameson's Canadian writings emerge: her legal bond with Robert separated her from a culture--in both England and Germany--with which she felt profound and satisfying involve-

ment. In Europe, her literary activity brought her approval and reputation; in Toronto, there was no echo of praise and sanction, and no literary society to correspond to that which had embraced her at home and in Germany. Robert, with whom she had a rather vague and limp relationship, could supply none of these needs. His chief effect on her life, at this point, was to have called her out of a supportive, encouraging social milieu and assigned her to a remote, semi-literate culture where her literary status was unacknowledged. As long as her feelings of estrangement from him were unclarified legally, and the degree of her commitment to him was indefinite, Toronto was a site of desolation and doom, and one which might claim her permanently.

In the first entry of Winter Studies, Anna Jameson describes Toronto as "most strangely mean and melancholy."[6] Mrs. Jameson knows, however, that she gives a tendentious report of this "little ill-built town on low ground," and that her own homesickness may intercept reality and deliver a distorted version of the scene. "I will not be unjust if I can help it, nor querulous," she writes. "If I look into my own heart, I find that it is regret for what I have left and lost--the absent, not the present--which throws over all around me a chill, colder than that of the wintry day--a gloom deeper than that of the wintry night" (p. 17). Mrs. Jameson's relation to her subject, in Winter Studies, is a negative one, created by her separation from her accustomed environment, and commentary comes about as a result of the "absent" rather than the "present." Necessarily, this situation entails reconstructive operations--recollection, introspection, expressive regret for what is not. But this does

not make her less a sightseer, for the narrative establishes a correspondence between scene and mentality whereby introspection and exterior observation serve one another. The characteristics of the season--the nearly unbearable cold, her claustrophobic feelings of enclosure in chill rooms, the monotony and uniformity of the monochromatic landscape--once observed can be descriptively assigned to the writer's state of mind. Conversely, her laments reiterate the perceived character of the landscape. Mrs. Jameson's sightseeing is in the tradition of heightened tourism, where the attributes of the outer spectacle define inner attitudes, and where temperament disposes the elements of the perceived environment. Traffic between the two realities creates the travel text.

Objective truth is important, and a goal towards which the narrator aspires, but at the same time it is an elusive quantity. In order to specify the literal factor, Mrs. Jameson states the premise of her art, and its cognitive limitations: "I know of no better way of coming at the truth, than by observing and recording faithfully the impression made by objects and characters on my own mind--or, rather the impress they receive from my own mind--shadowed by the clouds which pass over its horizon, taking each tincture of its varying mood--until they emerge into light, to be corrected, or at least modified, by observation and comparison" (p. 17). Obviously, the epistemological question is not decisively settled: the authenticity of these "impressions" recorded in good faith suggests a kind of interior documentary, but the final resort of actuality is still confused in the question of whether the seen object "impresses" the preceiver or the perceiver stamps her subject with an imprint of her own sentiments. Mrs. Jameson feels her obligation to authoritative

exposition, but, in Winter Studies, reality is too menacingly strange to support objective inquiry. The issue of objectivity is unarticulated in Summer Rambles, where the distress of relocation is resolved. There, the relationship between seer and scene, and between the writer and her material, is wholly positive and constructive. The question of objective truth is implicitly answered by expository conscientiousness.

So severe, however, is the traveller's winter depression that the very business of thinking and writing is threatened. In considering this creative crisis, Mrs. Jameson presents an instance of the correspondence between mind and locale, and between the writer's chilling despondency and the terrific cold. The temperature is so profound and so pervasive as to freeze the ink on her pen; simultaneously thought stops, and language like ink loses its fluency. "I lose all heart to write home, or to register a reflection or a feeling;--thought stagnates in my head and the ink in my pen--and this will never do!--I must rouse myself to occupation; and if I cannot find it without, I must create it from within" (p. 29). The loss of thought and feeling and of the communicative link with home are the fatal eventuality as the numbing cold proceeds from the extremities to the mind and heart. The interruption of communications with home is a token of death: Mrs. Jameson fears that she will be destroyed by her sequestration in this icy, inhospitable place.

Her way of expressing her fear of mental torpor betrays the vital function of articulation itself. Her writing exercises her reduced feelings, nourishing and stimulating them to something like their typical vigour and warmth. Early in her first entry she describes the disposition of the fortunate traveller, enumerating the characteristics of a healthy

consciousness: "the desire to know, the impatience to learn, the quick social sympathies, the readiness to please and be pleased" (p. 18). All this quickness of thought and perception constructs positive relations between self and environment, and such a wholly animated mentality does finally return to Mrs. Jameson in Summer Rambles, but in Winter Studies she must force herself to inquire and to obtain information, and her "social sympathies" are atrophied. One of the most conspicuous distinctions between the two sections is the sensation in the first of being unknown and unloved--"a stranger among strangers"--and in the second of loving and being loved.

Mrs. Jameson's description of her arrival in Toronto expresses her excruciating loneliness and alienation:

> as I stepped out of the boat I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. The day was intensely cold and damp; the sky lowered sulkily, laden with snow, which was just beginning to fall. Half-blinded by the sleet driven into my face and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked about a mile through a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, and to me, as yet, an unknown wilderness; and through dreary, miry ways, never much thronged, and now, by reason of the impending snow-storm, nearly solitary. I heard no voices, no quick foot-steps of men or children; I met no familiar face, no look of welcome. I was sad at heart as a woman could be -- and these were the impressions, the feelings, with which I entered the house which was to be called my home! (p. 21)

Thus she disembarks, an alien entering an inhospitable wasteland, and so she remains, a solitary, tearful figure in a social desert even after she is introduced to representatives of the Toronto community. Indeed, the presence of others seems to intensify rather than alleviate her loneliness. Her isolation is doubly manifest, in the seasonal seclusion enforced by the climate, and in the social detachment created by the

the absence of like-minded acquaintances and by her own mental and physical indisposition. With characteristic aloofness she remarks, "It would seem that this wintry season, which appears to me so dismal, is for the Canadians the season of festivity, and if I were not sick and a stranger -- if I had friends near me, I should really enjoy it" (p. 25). At last, her social isolation and her physical enclosure in frigid rooms combine to effect a claustrophobic desperation. Colonial society is so limited as to continually confront and torment her with its contemptible specimens: "there is no getting out of the way of what one most dislikes: we must necessarily, hear, see, and passively endure much that annoys and disgusts any one accustomed to the independence of a large and liberal society, or the ease of continental life" (p. 49). And by March the other evil, winter, has come to seem "relentless" and interminable. The deathly inertia induced by the "bleak, shrouded, changeless scene" can be counteracted only by deliberate exertion of the intellect.

Mrs. Jameson's narrative digressions are part of her defense against the culturally subversive environment. These expository departures from the surrounding waste carry her back to freer thoughts and introduce meditations on art, music, and the place of women in society. In effect, the narrative digressions are Mrs. Jameson's reply to her social predicament: in this culture in which she has been stranded she enjoys neither membership nor sympathy; through her digressive narrative art, she reconnects herself with the European culture she left behind. Many of her digressions treat matters of German art and thought, referring to the

continental literary milieu in which she had found a warm welcome in earlier travels. With the digressions she addresses not an ignorant colonial audience, but an enlightened audience abroad, a public familiar with the ideas and tastes her discursiveness promotes. The digressions are abrupt insertions, thrust into the account of life in Toronto; the linear narrative, which reports events serially, must bear the weight of the speculative, philosophical superstructure without rhetorical support from associative transitions or from a unifying overview. In this document, where the lavish, expatiative considerations of aesthetics and culture are structurally independent of the taut, drear linear narrative, disunity demonstrates the breach between sensibility and circumstance which Mrs. Jameson experienced in Toronto.

With her excursive departures from daily log-keeping, Mrs. Jameson constructs a defensive outwork to resist the encroachments of the cultural and social crudity around her. Her reflections on "journalizing" and reading are equally applicable to her discursive essays on the arts: "I must try," she writes, "all mechanical means to maintain the balance of my mind, and the unimpaired use of my faculties, for they will be needed" (p. 68). Literary activity not only preserves her cultural integrity but also, it seems, protects her sanity. Her literary endeavours reconstruct her place in an intellectually and emotionally satisfying culture. In one sense, the literary gesture is retrograde, for it looks back towards European experience for material, but in another sense it is forward-looking, for it anticipates the writer's return to her point of origin. Mrs. Jameson's pronounced literary affiliations with the Old World, in Winter Studies, ease the distress of social alienation and cultural dis-

placement; they are a formal, verbal representation of the return-trip which would restore her to her fit setting.

When Mrs. Jameson is invited to make an excursion to Niagara, she eagerly seizes the opportunity to shake off her torpidity. Although the trip is a brief emblem of the longer Summer Rambles, it is nevertheless a particularly wintry expedition enacted within the seasonal temperament of the first part of the book. An inauspicious first stage carries Mrs. Jameson to the "Oakville House Hotel," where she finds the parlour decorated with framed prints of the beau monde, "taken out of old American magazines." She is both amused and disappointed by her discovery, and especially struck, it seems, with the indecorous intrusion of seamy popular culture on the pristine wilderness. Here was a scene "which realized all you can imagine of the desolation of savage life, mixed up with just so much of the common-place vulgarity of civilized life as sufficed to spoil it" (p. 36). The unseemly union of nature and artifice is an offense against taste, a case of mixed modes. Similar aesthetic confusion reigns through the rest of the trip. The visit to the falls themselves is a fascinating bit of travel art which exposes some of the assumptions behind the genre, and some of the obstacles to a consummated journey, for, as it turns out, Mrs. Jameson is unimpressed by Niagara Falls. She approached them, she says, full of expectations that had been actively in mind "since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and wish" (pp. 41-42). Alas, the anticipation far outreaches the event, her aspiring imagination was larger than nature itself, and her view of the cataract drives her back into melancholy and regret:

> I have beheld them, and shall I whisper it to you! -- but, O tell it not among the Philistines -- I wish I had not! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld -- a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated -- something to live for: -- the reality has displaced from my mind an illusion far more magnificent than itself -- I have no words for my utter disappointment. . . . (p. 42)

This fragmented, exclamatory prose continues through a half page, lamenting a strange calamity. Clearly, Mrs. Jameson's expectations were derived from literature -- she had read of Niagara and knew reiterated declamations on its magnificence. Now, as she attends the site herself, neither trope nor hyperbole occurs to her. Nothing occurs to her: scene, art, and mind fail.

> What has come over my soul and senses? -- I am no longer Anna -- I am metamorphosed -- I am translated -- I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrifaction -- for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt -- no words can tell what disappointment! (p. 42)

Although she soon recovers her equanimity, and the rhythm of her prose, the shock is nonetheless profound. To have witnessed the alleged "wonder of wonders" and to have responded with no more acuity than "a clod, a wooden spoon" argues either the imperfect inspiration available in a nondescript nature, or the insensitivity of the dumb spectator. In either case, this episode in Winter Studies discovers some of the creative issues posed by travel art, and reveals the sometimes uneasy relationship between the documentary motive and the directing imagination. In this case, reality, rather than provide an occasion for art, obliterates inspiration; the arrival at the destination to which the spirit aspired eliminates the animating motive itself, leaving an emotional and aesthetic void. For Anna Jameson, as for other travel writers, there is a continuum

of literary experience connecting educative reading -- the assimilation of the principles of the genre itself -- with writing -- the personal version of the received experience. At Niagara, the actual event interrupts the continuum and leaves the ambitious spectator speechless and despairing, unable to accommodate the unimpressive reality within the exalted tradition. However, Mrs. Jameson offers us a vehement and authentic substitute, and an insight into the processes of the genre.

With summer, and her embarkation on a two-month journey from Toronto to Detroit to the head of Lake Huron and back again to Toronto, Mrs. Jameson revives. In Toronto, she languished in miserable solitude; now, she travels alone and thrives on her independence. In Toronto, she was too sickly and enfeebled to attend parties; now, her recruited constitution flourishes on camping-out, all-weather canoeing, and exhaustion. And as she changes, so changes her narrative style. Whereas in Toronto statistics, socio-political details and demographic data were laboriously collected and grudgingly related, on this voyage information accrues spontaneously to narrative. Instructive accounts of Indian and missionary society throng her story, gracefully incorporated into a seamless expository structure. Gone are the abrupt discursive interpolations of Winter Studies, and what digressions there are originate organically. On one of the few occasions when the traveller's thoughts revert to home and England, when Mrs. Jameson hears of Queen Victoria's accession, the regressive reference actually enhances the immediate scene. As the party nears Manitoulin Island, a boat appears:

> we saw what seemed to us the huge black hull of a vessel, with masts and spars rising against the sky -- but we knew not what to think or believe! As we

> kept on rowing in that direction, it grew more distinct, but lessened in size; it proved to be a great heavy-built schooner, painted black, which was going up the lake against the wind and current. One man was standing in her bows, with an immense oar, which he slowly pulled, walking backwards and forwards; but vain seemed all his toil, for still the vessel lay like a black log, and moved not; we rowed up to the side, and hailed him -- "What news?"
>
> And the answer was that William the Fourth was dead, and that Queen Victoria reigned in his place! We sat silent looking at each other, and even in that very moment the orb of the sun rose out of the lake, and poured its beams full in our dazzled eyes (pp. 142-43).

When Mrs. Jameson's batteau is again underway, she considers the news she has received: "many thoughts came into my mind -- some tears too into my eyes -- not certainly for that dead king, who in ripe age and in all honour was gathered to the tomb -- but for that living queen, so young and fair --" (p. 143). These thoughts occupy her for two paragraphs, and lead her to speculate on the moral responsibilities of monarchy, but the immediate scene soon reclaims her attention.

The attractiveness of that scene not only captivates her intellect and sensibility but fully represents them. Her temperament approves the apparent character of the small groups of Indians and Europeans to which she attaches herself as it never could approve the citizens of Toronto, and her aesthetic principles are gratified and exemplified rather than contradicted by the landscape around her. As a result, she is now, as traveller and speaker, much less detached and much more absorbed into the narrative itself. Her state of mind is no longer a distinct issue, contending with conditions, but a facet of the journey itself.

In Winter Studies, intemperance and profligacy among the white colonists disgusted her; in Summer Rambles, she easily accepts the drunken-

ness of the Indians she lives among or of the voyageurs who pilot her across Lake Huron. Altogether, Mrs. Jameson is now in accord with her environment, as her increasing moral and physical tolerance shows. Novelty is now an inspiring factor, and no longer an agent of anxiety and introspective lassitude as it was in Toronto. Her unfamiliarity with the world she traverses, rather than deter her, attracts and compels her in her course, and even induces a feeling of enriching security, like that which Bartram discovered in southern wildernesses.

Whereas Mrs. Jameson arrived in Toronto unwelcomed and unloved, on her wilderness journey she is accorded all courtesy and hospitality. She appears to have been regarded with favorable attention and even with love by the Indians she met: a particularly estimable Chippewa family figuratively adopts her and she develops a quick affection for them. She is loved, and she loves, and the narrative mood reflects this happy sentimental commerce. Her critical resistance to the manners of Toronto society is in Summer Rambles replaced by a willing curiosity and appreciation of novel scenes and exotic figures, and a consistent admiration of the natural landscape. In Winter Studies, Niagara is a sorry compensation for European scenery: "Terni, and some of the Swiss cataracts leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara" (p. 42). In Summer Rambles, however, such comparisons tend to recommend the New World over the Old. For instance, watching the manoeuvres of Indian canoeists fishing among the rapids, she judges the scene unique and superior: "I used to admire the fishermen on the Arno, and those on the Lagune, and above all the Neapolitan fishermen, hauling in their nets,

or diving like ducks, but I never saw anything like these Indians. The manner in which they keep their position upon a footing of a few inches, is to me as incomprehensible as the beauty of their forms and attitudes, swayed to every movement and turn of their dancing, fragile barks, is admirable" (p. 130). Just as her descriptive prose enters unreservedly into the pleasure and sensation of the moment, so Mrs. Jameson enters personally into the social conditions she encounters: she adores her companions and hosts, she tries to "speak Indian," she shoots the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie. The traveller who found her accommodations at Toronto nearly intolerable, finds an Indian hut offering "every appearance of comfort, and even elegance, according to the Indian notions of both" (p. 129).

The radical shift in mood is more than simply a reflection of low spirits revived. It indicates as well the operations of Mrs. Jameson's literary sensibility and the natural avenues of her taste and education. Her situation at Toronto is entirely adverse to her art: her curiosity is only minimally aroused by colonial society, her taste is offended by the crude facsimile of civilization at the capital. Narrative is brought to bear on the site only with strict discipline, and at every opportunity bears off to melancholy reverie or philosophical digressions alluding to European experience. On the other hand, when she is abroad in the wilderness, she discovers a scene which answers the demands of her imagination and the intentions of her art. Her journey is an aesthetic adventure, and her prose is as fluent as her passage. Both the concept and the actuality of the scene gratify her tastes, and the transient relationships she forms en route embrace her sentiments. An inexhaustible ambition for experience

replaces the lethargy of her lonely experience as an anxious stranger in Toronto.

In Toronto, the term of her sojourn is unspecified, or represented as unspecified; once she arrives, she loses sight of the conclusion of her visit. Summer suggests at least an interruption to her ennui, but, in the middle of a seemingly endless winter, this distant promise is faint. Alienation appears to be a permanent condition, and the digressive strategies of the narrative are necessary to satisfy her need for feelings of cultural membership in an alternate milieu. In Summer Rambles, however, there is no question of staying on. Cultural separateness will end with the foreseeable conclusion of the journey. Mrs. Jameson can rely on this happy climax to her adventure and, in the meantime, relish the novelty of her environment, and remark it in responsive detail. She is free to enter into these exotic scenes without fear of being absorbed or assimilated by them. In Winter Studies, narrative structure is fragmented to accommodate the writer's appeal to a remote audience; in Summer Rambles, narrative structure is unified by the ascertainable sequence and duration of a finite journey which, unquestionably, will lead the traveller back to her point of origin. The traveller in the wilderness is not threatened by inconclusive estrangement as the sojourner in Toronto is.

Beginning with the annual winter/summer distinction, the narrative as a whole develops the contest between the congealed emotions of Studies and the quickened sensations of Rambles, between confining, isolating enclosures and spacious opportunities, between the alien, sickly sojourner and the fulfilled, robust traveller. Both patterns of experience are liable to be the share of the traveller, and Winter Studies is no less a

successful piece of narrative art because it reflects the mental hardship of separation from the world to which the writer has been intellectually and emotionally attached. When cultural sympathy is re-established in Summer Rambles, we find that the aesthetic and moral inclinations of a travel writer like Anna Jameson are more likely to be satisfied by wilderness and by aboriginal culture than by the architecture of a colonial capital or by the rude arrangements of a society she sees as only a derivative corruption of a European model.

Mrs. Jameson's heartfelt reservations about the cogency and enlightenment of Canadian society were shared by other commentators on North America and some of them were not tourists but citizens. In these writers, feelings of connection with the Old World superseded their affiliations with the New, and, further, their art stands centrally in the Canadian literary tradition. For Canadian readers, the writings of Thomas Haliburton, John Richardson and Susanna Moodie are not peripheral curiosities but focal documents which continue to excite interest. In the work of these three writers, the rhetorical structures of travel narrative express the precedence of their attachements to a community elsewhere, remote from Canada.

III

In the careers of Susanna Moodie and John Richardson, there are clear biographical explanations for these external cultural affiliations. But with Thomas Haliburton the case is much more complicated. He was a native of Nova Scotia, offspring of a loyalist family and educated in the Tory tradition -- in all, by birth and up-bringing, a citizen. He exercised his citizenship thoroughly, as a member of the Legislative Assembly from

1826 to 1829, as a circuit judge in the Court of Common Pleas from 1829 to 1841, and as a judge in the Supreme Court from 1841 to 1854. He published comprehensive researches into the character of Nova Scotia -- A General Description of Nova Scotia (1823) and An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia (1829) -- as well as various political writings. The degree of his involvement in his community was, in these respects, extensive. But underlying this civic and literary investment in his native country was an almost rancorous irritation at its deficiencies and a critical detachment that ended in his permanent relocation in England, where he passed the last ten years of his life.

Certainly, Haliburton would not have considered himself a travel writer. Yet, in both The Clockmaker: Or the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville (1836) and The Old Judge: Or Life in a Colony (1849) his imagination finds an efficient vehicle in the travel mode. Itinerant observation supplies just the kind of material that is the stuff of Haliburton's satire: "'I guess,' said the Clockmaker, 'we know more of Nova Scotia than the Bluenoses themselves do.'"[7] Sam Slick's superior sources of information are attributable to his role as wanderer as well as to his keen faculties. And the partial truth of the Clockmaker's remark, residing beyond the irony of his overweening vanity, serves the whole truth of Haliburton's satire: the foreign observer's detachment from the society on which he comments authorizes his insight and opinions. As Sam himself notes, to say "'What's that to me?'" (p. 84) is to introduce judgement uncompromised by self-interest -- judgement exercised for the sheer pleasure of opinion. While Nova Scotians languish in sloth, poverty, spurious

values and false ambitions, Sam flourishes. Improvement can benefit him no more than current conditions already do. And his alien status distances him from his subject enough to reveal a design unrecognized by the constituents of the pattern: what is familiar and nondescript to Nova Scotians is uncommon and remarkable to Sam.

The Clockmaker's tale is a travel story within a travel story. Structurally, the journey through the "eastern circuit" belongs to the Squire, an English traveller who acts as discreet narrator and whose comments open and close the discourse. While the squire exists only in relation to the advance of the narrative, Sam is an object of observation himself and a fictional character as the Squire is not. The reader shares the Squire's perception that, "with all his shrewdness to discover, and his humour to ridicule the foibles of others, Mr. Slick was blind to the many defects of his own character. . . ." (p. 108) In declaring that a non-resident Yankee knows "more of Nova Scotia than the Bluenoses themselves do," Sam speaks with the arrogance of a traveller whose knowingness is based equally on genuine insight and righteous self-esteem. Haliburton's narrator leads us to a further view of the traveller's irrepressible commentary when he reflects on Sam's tendency to react to self-doubt by attacking Bluenose character and manners. Sam's manic devotion to the republic of which he is an enthusiastic citizen is certainly one of The Clockmaker's most important jokes, but it is clearly not meant to adulterate the essential truth of the chauvinist's view of another regime. In fact, it is the impetus to some of Sam's most telling criticisms of the colony: the "White Nigger" disquisition is his response to the Squire's disapproval of iniquitous slavery policies in the United States. Sam's style of citizenship cannot

account for such a discrepancy in the philosophy of egalitarianism, but it can expose an equally heinous social atrocity in Nova Scotia. The chauvinism or even xenophobia of the traveller is not ultimately an obstacle to truth, but, on the contrary, often an agent of satiric insight.

Five years before Sam Slick made his first public appearance, Frances Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans was published in England and the circumstances surrounding this book's publication may help to illuminate Haliburton's appropriation of the travel genre. Mrs. Trollope found much in America to criticize and, while abroad, remembered much about England to praise. Her active and articulate patriotism gives her account of three years in the New World a highly personal countenance, and she emerges from her memoirs as a character as memorable as Sam Slick. American readers were outraged by Domestic Manners, and consumed Mrs. Trollope's volumes with furious appetite. It was an extraordinarily successful piece of social criticism and made its author's reputation, and mended her fortunes. Haliburton, in effect, exploits this actual pattern of literary response by reconstructing it with his fiction. He uses the exceptionally personal traveller, full of bias, prejudice and xenophobia, to arouse his audience, but at the same time refines the overall epistemology of the narrative by emphasizing the role of the outspoken tourist as character. By allowing Sam his preposterous statements and complaints, Haliburton invites the reader to participate in his literary purpose, and to discriminate among a baffling confusion of truths. Eventually, the most enlightened among Mrs. Trollope's American readers endorsed some of her judgements in fact if not in spirit. Haliburton's method imitates this kind of

literary provocation, and his creation of a Trollopesque traveller expands the artistic possibilities of the incidental social effects of Domestic Manners. He assumes that his audience will be edified by an exercise in objectivity.

Sam's chauvinism is not the only feature borrowed from the travel genre. The sequence inherent in the journey is so familiar a plot of human experience, that it can bear digression and expatiation as perhaps no other narrative structure can without jeopardizing coherence. In The Clockmaker, linear narrative advance is not derailed by anecdotal material because it is the narrative of travel, and travel structure can easily accommodate the satirist's diffuse irritation at a thousand deplorable habits of a decadent society. Sometimes location provides occasion: Sam remembers what happened here another time, or the tenants of a property along the route supply an illustration of a particular species of error. Other times, Sam's elaborately associative mentality finds inspiration in some impinging object: a tea-pot reminds him of a time when he took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Crowningshed, whose conversation revealed the mistakenness of aspiring to public office and the better wisdom of securing private sufficiency, which, of course, relates to the political folly of the typical Bluenose. Scenes, persons, small transactions in passage -- all put Sam "in mind of" something else, and simile is the most ubiquitous rhetorical device of his discourse. The speaker's resource of similitude is, naturally enough, dependent on the breadth of his experience; comparative material, gathered from the wide experience of travel, creates the figures and tropes of Sam's idiom and argument.

Finally, in The Clockmaker, travel itself is an articulating activity. Once underway, Sam talks, often inspired by no more than mobility. His talk is the making of his "circuit" and establishes its whole meaning: he relates the present journey, he recounts other journeys through the same geographical or social territory, and he offers moral information "ciphered" from all his travels. His itinerancy is his credential for judgement and commentary.

The Clockmaker series is not the only work of Haliburton's that resorts to a travel structure to organize satirical material. The Old Judge is a loose compilation of sketches, humour, and social criticism authorized by the pretext of travel. The narrator introduces himself and his project this way: "I am, gentle reader, a traveller, and my object also is twofold: first, to pay my respects to you, and, secondly, to impart, rather than solicit, information."[8] The fictional premise assumes a foreign audience, and the satirical premise assumes, at least, an audience which would share the values of the European observer. The obligation of the travel writer to explain the unfamiliar customs of the society he visits to the society whence he comes is, in The Old Judge, the presiding satirical device. The narrator, like the Squire in The Clockmaker, is an Englishman on an instructive tour. His ignorance of local practice is an invitation to his author to describe, as if in discovery, colonial rites and manners.

The inquisitive traveller's naivety and his audience's equivalent innocence of colonial forms and habits underlie the whole composition. The narrator's questions, assumed to represent the interest of the English reader, are answered by his two colonial conductors, and their replies

become vehicles for Haliburton's political and social opinions. In "Merrimakings" the traveller describes his own initiation into the rituals of the "pickinick" and includes as part of the occasion his host Barclay's view of the social temperament of the colonist:

> Merrimaking in America, except in towns or new settlements, is a sad misnomer, when applied to such matters; the religion of the country, which is puritanical, is uncongenial to it; dissent is cold and gloomy, and represses the cheerfulness of youth, and the buoyancy of healthful spirits (p. 72).

Barclay's analysis of colonial gravity is strikingly in accord with Mrs. Trollope's judgement of social life in America. The point of view of each writer (and we can assume that Barclay is a spokeman for his author) is that of the observer depressed by the sombre society in which he finds himself, impressed by its cultural vacuity and alienated by its ethic. Haliburton is deeply concerned with this issue, and Barclay expands his analysis into a civic and domestic portrait of unrelieved drabness and loneliness. As the settlements grow and the settler prospers materially, his

> character and appearance...undergo a sad change: the jolly, noisy yeoman becomes a melancholy-looking man; his temper is gradually soured by the solitude and in which he lives, and, resorting to politics and religion for excitement, he rushes to the wildest extremes in both, howling for nights together in the protracted meetings of revivals, or raving with equal zeal and ignorance about theories of government (p. 73).

At home, women are

> confined to the house and its close and unwholesome atmosphere, and suffer in proportion. No merry laugh rings on the ear of the anxious mother, no song gladdens her heart, no cheerful dance of joyous youth reflects the image of the past, or gives presage of a happy future. Sadness, suffering, or discontent is legible on the face. Silence or fretfulness pervades the house. The home is not happy... (p. 73).

The writer who sees such conditions as typical and describes them with such conviction can feel no sympathetic absorption in the society which is the object of his art. Although Barclay is presented as a citizen and resident, his sensibility is as alienated by life in the New World as Mrs. Trollope's was. And, while his values dissent from those immanent in his social environment, they correspond idiomatically and philosophically to those of the English traveller-narrator who is "a good deal struck...with the difference between that portion of the Anglo-Saxon race established here and the parent stock" (p. 200). The subsequent comparison establishes England as the standard by which judgements are made, and then echoes Barclay's descriptions quoted above. Throughout the western half of Nova Scotia,

> there is an individuality not to be found in England. There are no hamlets, no little rural villages, no collection of houses, but for the purpose of trade; and, of course, there is no mutual dependence for assistance or defence....Interest...predominates over affection, and the ties of friendship are weak. Every one lives by himself and for himself. People dwell on their own properties at a distance from each other, and every household constitutes its own little world; but even here the habit of early migration from the parental roof, and a total want of local attachment, added to a strong and confident feeling of self-reliance, weaken the force of domestic love, and the heart suffers (pp. 200-201).

Heart-suffering, then, is the climax of this dismal social process of isolation, instability and individualism. The drift of Haliburton's criticisms is important: he describes a social void that sickens the spirit and numbs the faculties of human transaction which ordinarily create a wholesome web of cultural connections for the individual. Without this sustaining, attaching pattern, man is adrift with neither cultural nor moral

guides. But Haliburton's traveller does not propose a universal vacuum: for consolation he can turn to his own point of origin and refer to the venerable arrangements of English society. As a traveller he will return there in person as well as in thought and taste. And as an imitation of the travel genre, The Old Judge resorts to Old World values and European perspective to place colonial experience and to counteract its cultural destitution. The displaced or disaffected artist as traveller has an option which the alienated, sedentary artist has not.

Haliburton seized the option personally, and removed to England in 1856 to pass the last decade of his life. Without drawing conclusions from this extra-literary event, we can explore the relationship between travel narrative and biography. In the travel genre, the historical event provides occasion for the rhetorical event, and the journey exists on two levels: first, as a physical event, it has a verifiable, historical reality; second, as a verbal event, it has a rhetorical, literary reality. But when we look at Haliburton's career, we find that the rhetorical event preceeded the historical. (We will find later, in the case of Susanna Moodie, that the rhetorical occasion of travel narration stood for the historical event of homecoming, which was never enacted.) For Haliburton, return to an imaginatively-determined point of departure occurred first in art, then in life.

What is clear in both the Sam Slick series and The Old Judge is that Haliburton's narrative voice tended naturally towards the idiom of the traveller and the perspective of the sojourner. Although his particular grievances are chiefly political and economic, the general mood of his complaint derives from his sense of the insubstantial and decadent

character of colonial society and the bleakness of its culture -- a culture notable for its deficiencies rather than for its properties.

The travel device is a peculiarly appropriate medium for Haliburton's art: first, the detached point of view of the itinerant and the attendant assumption of his impartiality are comfortable vehicles for satire. Characters are illustrative types passed in review, exploited for the salient traits which pertain to the satirist's argument. And the alien can convincingly expose meanings of practice undetected by the resident. Second, the essential attitude of the satirical Haliburton towards his native culture was that of a citizen assigned by fate but not by spirit to a society which persisted in manifest error. The openings of both The Clockmaker and The Old Judge are both so gracefully, so spontaneously declarative of his literary view of himself as to leave no doubt of the writer's aesthetic station. In the former, the Squire introduces himself only as a wayfarer on horseback: "I was always well mounted...," and that is virtually the most definitive statement the narrator makes of himself. In the latter, the narrator's identity is complete in "I am, gentle reader, a traveller ...." One irrevocable condition of the traveller's status is that he came from somewhere to which he can be expected to return, and in that place his values originate. His observations in passage address not the subjects of his exposition, but that audience which awaits his return. So Haliburton's art reflected, in its adoption of the travel mode, its aesthetic provenance and destination.

IV

John Richardson is another native Canadian writer who eventually assumed the voice of the traveller in describing the land of his origins,

although the biographical circumstances of his art are rather different from those of Haliburton's. Richardson was born at Queenston in 1796, and remained in North America until 1815, when he embarked for Europe. He had served in the War of 1812, and continued his career with the British Army abroad, serving in the West Indies and in Spain. In the interval between foreign postings, he lived in England and supplemented his income with writing. In 1832 he published Wacousta, his Gothic military romance of frontier adventures. Eight Years in Canada recounts his return in 1838 and his subsequent experience here. The book is intensely autobiographical in some respects, concerned with Richardson's personal aspirations and anxieties, and, in other respects, dedicated to the less intimate objectives of historical documentation. Altogether, it is a miscellany of intentions and results reflecting its author's uncertainty of the meaning and direction of his journey. He sets out intending to re-establish himself in the New World, but, finding no secure place and no very hospitable welcome, resumes an attitude of transience. Eight Years is, finally, the utterance of a traveller, a man of letters and adventure, and of no fixed attachment here.

When Richardson arrived in Canada he had resigned his military commission and had accepted an assignment from the London Times to report on the political character of the colony's factious hegemony. To this journalistic office he added another literary purpose, as the first pages of Eight Years show. Richardson, in spite of his early experience in North America, volunteered for service in the company of European travellers who informed the Old World about the New, and his literary mission was directly determined by the comparative and expository traditions of travel

writing.

As he approached New York he reviewed the discoveries of his literary antecedents: "During the voyage I had devoted such portions of my time as the horrid nausea which pervaded my system would permit, to a reperusal of the works of Hall, Hamilton, and Miss Martineau, endeavouring to impress upon my memory the peculiarities attributed by each of those writers to the people I was about to mix with for a short season, and to judge from my own unbiassed observation how far they were borne out in their general application."[9] As it turns out, Richardson's impressions of New York and New Yorkers are more favourable than those of his predecessors, but his good opinion is not entirely attributable to his impartiality or his "unbiassed observation." New York becomes, in Eight Years, a site of consolation on this cheerless, indifferent continent, a sanctuary where Richardson's amour propre could be encouraged after sorry disappointments. His descriptions of the city are effusive and appreciative as no other portions of these memoirs are, and the lively optimism of his prose reflects the respectful welcome accorded by New Yorkers to the author of Wacousta.

He leaves New York to journey towards his homeland, and conditions deteriorate progressively until he encounters the baleful countenance of the wintry environs of Niagara:

> The season of my arrival in Canada, was not one of a nature to impress me favorably with the scenery near which my infant days had been cradled. The waters of the Niagara looked cold, dark, and sullen. The banks, high, and in many parts precipitous, were yet unclothed with verdure. The trees of a gray and dingy color, were without even the promise of a leaf, and, in short, the whole aspect of the country was monotonous and cheerless to a degree (p. 22).

Richardson's first view of the Canadian landscape is portentous: the uninviting scene and its bare, unpromising aura are an omen of the social and cultural waste that Richardson finds everywhere about him during these eight years.

Once at Niagara, Richardson as an educated and articulate traveller must work up a version of the cataract. Like Anne Jameson, he is well-provisioned with aesthetic information on the subject, but he finds his own sensibility not equipped for ecstasy:

> The glowing descriptions which I had read in the publications of modern tourists, and particularly that of Fanny Kemble, had led me to suppose that a sentiment of mingled awe and admiration, would have been excited on my first view of the might torrent. -- I confess I was disappointed. I felt admiration, but acknowledged no awe (p. 23).

Richardson's critique of the falls is an example of the kind of scenic connoisseurship in which well-travelled writers readily indulge. He finds Niagara, finally, altogether too plain, too uniform and homogeneous in composition (corresponding, perhaps, to the dispiriting monotony he discerns in the surrounding countryside). Better, he says, that all this water should make its precipitous way through some more tortuous topography, like that of the Pyrenees: "It is this want of irregularity, added to the absence of corresponding scenery, that robs the Falls, in my estimation, of much of the imposing grandeur that otherwise attaches to them" (p. 23). It seems that only the naturalist's mentality, as it appears in a traveller like William Bartram, is completely free from the preconceptions which evaluate and classify landscape according to a system of aesthetic conventions. Yet even so schooled a writer as Anne Jameson can escape the complacent valuations of spectacle in which Richardson

engages.

But nature has no central role in Richardson's story, and his inadequacies in that area are inconsequential. Rather, he is interested in manners and government, and his own career. Eight Years is mainly the history of the author's seeking preferment in an inhospitable social and political milieu. Except for an official endowment of £250 which he finally secures to support his publishing enterprise, his applications are rudely denied. His attitudes are conspicuously hostile to prevailing political mores; in a time of change, Richardson is furiously reactionary, loyalist and anti-republican -- a hopeless anachronism offering prolix and unheeded advice to deaf ears. The only forum for his advice is his travel narrative, addressed to a sympathetic audience elsewhere. A substantial part of the book is devoted to feverish commendation of loyalist personalities and to slanderous invective against the agents of change. Suffused with contempt for those he has distinguished as his adversaries, he describes the objections of reformers to the obstructionism of Lord Metcalfe as "insolent clamor," perpetrated by "unprincipled" and "ungentlemanly" characters (p. 222).

Richardson's political values were obsolete. He solicited the favour of an out-moded regime in his own interest and, failing, saw himself as heroically alienated from a vulgar community which neglected his claims. At the end of his Canadian career he repaired to New York, where, in spite of his anti-republican sentiments, he had earlier discovered sympathy and recognition. This conclusive relocation falls beyond the structure of Eight Years (and as a true destination New York is, in terms of the conventions of travel narrative, outside the proper scope of the text) but

nevertheless helps to establish the writer's point of view as that of the alien sojourner anticipating a resort to a more sympathetic social situation.

While Richardson's political antagonisms are certainly germane to his disaffection, more important to our purpose is his cultural alienation. Settled in the village of Sandwich, near his boyhood home at Amherstburgh, he finds himself frequently resorting to Detroit for social amenity, and developing an increasing hostility to the Canadian community:

> The town and people of Sandwich, I found precisely in the same condition of apathy and poverty with those I had so recently quitted, so that I was glad to avail myself of all opportunities of crossing to the American shore, where I was much better known than in Canada, and where I ever experienced a hospitality and kindness which I can never forget. At Detroit, and in its immediate vicinity, was laid the chief scenes of my Indian tale of "Wacousta," and as the Americans are essentially a reading people, there was scarcely an individual in the place who was not familiar with the events described in it, while, on the contrary, not more than one twentieth of the Canadian people were aware of the existence of the book, and of that twentieth not one third cared a straw whether the author was a Canadian or a Turk. Nor is this remark meant to apply simply to the remote region I was now visiting, but to hundreds of the more wealthy classes in all sections of the provinces (pp. 92-93).

In Canadian culture there is no audience for Richardson's art and in Canadian society no recognition of his status as a writer. In America he is "known;" in Canada he is not. He complains that Canada is alone among nations in its disregard of cultural matters and its failure to exalt and idemnify its artists. Resentfully he compares his cool reception by the "non-reading Canadian" to the magnanimous hospitality of the "reading Americans" (p. 172). When conditions in Canada seem nearly intolerable, Richardson's narrative art takes on the function of, on the one hand,

disengaging the writer from the site of an indifferent and even hostile audience and, on the hand, ingratiating him into the setting of a hospitable, receptive audience. It is almost as if the writer were preparing the American scene to offer the discouraged traveller a consoling welcome and homecoming. The refractory unwillingness of Canadians to acclaim Richardson as an artist surely disposes him to renewed mobility -- and induces the panic which seizes him when he finds himself committed to permanent residence at Brockville.

A pleasant caravan tour, on which he is accompanied by his household and his beloved pets, carries him from Detroit to Brockville and is occasion for some of the most agreeable incidents and good-tempered reflections of the eight-year period. But this interval of carefree wayfaring must end, and as the party approaches their new home at Brockville and the prospect of a sedentary existence, Richardson feels "like a man going to be hanged" (p. 158). Settlement leads to chronic depression: "My life," says Richardson, "had ever been so completely one of excitement, and I had been so much in the habit of roaming unfettered about the world, that the idea of burying myself in this secluded spot, to which I felt myself tied down by the act of purchase, had in it something appalling, and I can safely say that, during upwards of two years of my residence on it, I never was a single day utterly free from a vague and indefinable lowness of spirits which, I am convinced, arose from my painful sense of the imprisonment I had doomed myself to undergo" (p. 158).

Several elements of his personality and situation compounded Richardson's misery: he saw himself as an adventurer, and certainly as a gifted witness to history. Events of moment were not likely to disturb the

tranquil village life he had elected, nor were the aristocratic personages and the political dignitaries whose careers so fascinated him likely to enliven its precincts. And his art depended on a romantic version of experience at odds with the settler's prosaic existence. But the most intolerable circumstances of his "imprisonment" were his sequestration among minds ill-equipped to appreciate his cultural superiority: "There were moments when the idea of being buried alive, as it were, in this spot, without a possibility perhaps of ever again seeing the beautiful fields and magnificent cities, and mixing in the polished circles of Europe, and of matchless England in particular, came like a blighting cloud upon my thoughts, and filled me with a despondency no effort of my own could shake off" (P. 159). So radical is Richardson's alienation that the prose of this episode repeatedly refers to entrapment, fatality and doom: stasis is death, permanence as stifling void. This is a traveller's crisis indeed, when the optimistic wanderer is suddenly snared by a single, unchanging, unutterable scene. Richardson finally sells up and moves on, incurring an inconveniently large financial loss in paying for the privilege of hope renewed.

The imaginative character of Richardson's journey necessarily sentences his residential scheme to failure. At Brockville he is suddenly involved in the material properties of the landscape -- house and fields, mortgage and improvements -- and the experiment is nearly fatal. It is another Canada which Richardson attends, one evoked when he revisits the site of his adolescent military experiences or when he surveys the scenes of Wacousta. On almost every occasion the returning tourist finds that time and change have disfigured locale, but not to the point of effacing the

scene as it exists in imagination. Historical associations and personal recollections share equal place with the account of the present-day journey and comprise a substantial part of the narrative. This deeply-felt nostalgia is an important motif in Eight Years, expressing Richardson's sense of his own temporal as well as geographical displacement. At the sight of a campaign in which he had been personally involved in the War of 1812, Richardson finds regrettable changes where industry and settlement have superseded scenes of warfare: "My mind could not resist a certain melancholy and sentiment of regret, that these solitudes in which some of the most stirring incidents of my life had occurred should have been thus invaded and destroyed" (p. 144). What other visitors might approve as a peaceful prosperity, Richardson describes in bellicose terms as having "invaded and destroyed" a private memory. Similarly, the sacred imaginative site of Wacousta has been offended by a disrespectful civilian ascendancy: "I confess it was with bitter disappointment that I beheld the ordinary habitations of men covering ground which had been sanctified by time and tradition, and hallowed by the sufferings of men reduced to the last extremity, by a savage and vindictive enemy" (p. 104).

These occasions, and many others in Eight Years in Canada, represent a particular tendency in the travel writer's art. Richardson's nostalgia is atypical of most North American travel writing of the period, but the accompanying aesthetic is not. For Richardson, and for other sensitive travellers, scene has meaning only insofar as it supports certain imaginative -- and generally conventional -- projects of the tourists. Demographic and economic complications impinge on the purity of the spectacle:

a fringe of wharves desecrates the original line of a riverbank, mills divert waterways, heedless populations crowd a once-sublime wilderness or deface an historic battle-ground with pacific signs of prosperity. Often the tourist seeks a certain genre picture and whether that picture calls for undefiled grandeur, pastoral idyll, aboriginal nobility or the poignant echo of clashing armies, any obstructions to the view are morally culpable. The scene abroad exists only in its aesthetic dimension (and its aesthetic failure is also its moral failure), and only in its capacity to reply to the writer's literary sensibility. Richardson's military sentimentalism required a special kind of inspiration which most of his Canadian experiences failed to yield. Nearly every revisited site was compromised by an intervening reality produced by values Richardson despised. Wacousta could not be recovered from mid-nineteenth century Canada and, rather than romance, the eight-year sojourn produced political polemics and the memoirs of a disillusioned traveller. There was no homecoming here.

Eight Years in Canada is a vehicle of its author's political mentality, and the narrative of his travels is often overwhelmed by his political argument. Another literary product of the same period of his life illustrates more concisely the aesthetic aspects of Richardson's journey-making: Tecumseh and Richardson: The Story of a Trip to Walpole Island and Port Sarnia was originally published as periodical literature in 1849, and reprinted in book form in 1924 after Richardson had been identified as the anonymous author. Its brevity and the consistency of its focus leave some of Richardson's artistic convictions more exposed and apparent then they are in Eight Years.

Again, the travel mood is comprised of personal nostalgia, and regret for a noble past. The occasion of the visit to Walpole Island is the annual, official disbursement of gift commodities to an assembly of designated Indian tribes. (Mrs. Jameson was present at such an event and recorded equally positive impressions.) It is a fitting opportunity for Richardson's art, an event emerging full-blown from the past, the leading figures costumed in antique regalia and arranged in interesting poses.

At Walpole Island Richardson's moral attitudes are agreeably exercised by the scene his witnesses. The convened Indians are, almost without exception, innocent of present-day influence and uncompromised by time and change. An especially admirable chief, Shah-wah-wan-noo, "looked the dignified Indian and the conscious warrior, whom no intercourse with the white man could rob of his native independence of character."[10] Clearly, Richardson's enthusiasm for these aboriginal aristocrats is fanned by his contempt for white colonial society and its dissolute influence. He repeats another man's expression of reverential regard for Indian culture as representative of his own sensations:

> We remember once hearing a well known, and scrupulously consistent member of Parliament, state in his place, that he so hated the white man -- the owner of the worthless acres of this worthless country -- and liked the Indian, that if he had half a dozen daughters, he would give them to the latter in preference. Such was almost my own feeling on the occasion (pp. 65-66).

Richardson gives himself up to the scene the way the parliamentarian would have given his daughters, and is in fact in love with the moment. A transient but fervent attraction to a young Indian athlete even leads him to suppose that he is himself admired. Indeed, he is so completely

absorbed by picturesqueness that he conceives of entering the picture himself, to grasp this time and place: "I could willingly pass my days among them -- a son of nature and subject only to nature's laws" (p. 71).

Like Mrs. Jameson, Richardson adopts his attitude of rapt admiration of Indian society not in preference to the sophistication of European civilization but in preference to the "loathesome hypocrisy" of an insipid and impure colonial society. His European sensibility leads him to embrace this Walpole Island scene. Here his nostalgic appetite for the past is appeased; here, at this rare conjunction of time and place, the journey's scene becomes a post of the imagination and something stirringly beyond real life.

Notes

Chapter 4

[1] James J. and Ruth Talman, "The Canadas 1763-1812," The Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl Fl. Klinck (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto, 1976), p. 99. The Talmans note evidence to the effect that Mrs. Brooke composed at least the major part of Emily Montague while she was in Canada. This not only authenticates the book as a "North American" novel, but also suggests that the writing of the book served for its author the socio-rhetorical purposes I have so far attributed to the travel genre, i.e. establishing and maintaining a verbal connection with the culture from which the writer has been separated.

[2] Elizabeth Posthuma Simcoe, Diary, ed. Mary Quayle Innis (Toronto: Macmillan, 1965), p. 59.

[3] Neither was Mrs. Simcoe favourably impressed by the cultural attainments of the colonial population: "I live with a set of people who I am sure do not know more than myself, and therefore I have not the spur of emulation to make me endeavour to acquire more knowledge, and as the human mind does not stand still, I fear you will find me more ignorant when I return than when I set out" (Diary, p. 57).

[4] Frances Brooke, The History of Emily Montague (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1961), p. 50. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[5] For information on Anna Jameson's career, I am indebted to Clara Thomas, Love and Work Enough, the Life of Anna Jameson, (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1967).

[6] Anna Brownell Jameson, Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1965), p. 17. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[7] Thomas Chandler Haliburton, The Clockmaker: Or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1958), p. 28. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[8] Thomas Chandler Haliburton, The Old Judge: Or Life in a Colony (Toronto: Clarke, Irwin, 1968), p. 3. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[9] John Richardson, Eight Years in Canada (New York: Johnson Rpt., 1967), p. 11. All subsequent references will be to this edition.

[10] John Richardson, Tecumseh and Richardson: The Story of a Trip to Walpole Island and Port Sarnia (Toronto: Ontario Book Company, 1924), pp. 62-63. Subsequent references will be to this edition.

## Chapter 5

## Staying On: Catharine Parr Traill, Susanna Moodie and Frances Trollope

When Frances Brooke wrote her account of Quebec, Canada suggested to European readers novel adventure and strange spectacle. But William Fermor's letters on emigration policy anticipate the introduction of less exotic concerns to Canadian travel writing. His letters are forerunners of later documents like John Galt's Bogle Corbet (1831) and Tiger Dunlop's Statistical Account of Upper Canada (1832) which address more comprehensively the issue of permanent residence and, as a result, wear a much more prosaic countenance than Mrs. Brooke's romance of New World ventures. These later books take on the responsibility of informing the reader not just about wilderness tourism but about domestic life in Canada as well. The rhetorical pretext behind many of these later volumes is that the reader may himself make the journey to the New World -- a journey previously undertaken only by romantic, destined voyagers. Thus, the books served as manuals or guides. Yet their audience was much broader than the group of would-be emigrants who would have read them for specialized information. Certain aspects of the books themselves testify to this larger appeal: parody and wit in Dunlop's Statistical Account addressed readers unconcerned with his considered instructions and advice; in the midst of substantial data and thoughtful counsel in Bogle Corbet, Galt develops some comic and sentimental fictions which could have been of no practical use

to prospective settlers. These manuals, with their expository authoritativeness and imaginative embellishments, appealed to the European reader's literary interest in the New World and to his taste for documents relating to trans-Atlantic travel.

Galt and Dunlop both deal with residential concerns, with the problems of staying on in a foreign place. And the three travellers whose writings I will discuss in this chapter all share one important aspect of their North American experience: they all had to stay here. Catharine Parr Traill and Susanna Moodie remained permanently in Canada; Frances Trollope's sojourn in the United States included a two-year residence at Cincinnati. For Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope, residence prompted their art to urgent measures to counterbalance their feelings of displacement and to make direct rhetorical appeal to the world they had left behind. For Mrs. Traill, residence was an occasion for methodical notation of the new place to which she had come. In each case, the literary activity of the traveller was an agent of social and cultural connection, but the question comes down to this: to what place did the writer connect herself by her art? Did narrative distinguish and isolate the artist from the location in which she found herself, or did it introduce and assimilate her into it? The former effect pertains to Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope, the latter to Mrs. Traill, and the evident difference is also the distinction between a traveller like John Richardson and a journey-maker like William Bartram. Documentation, in travel narrative, is a process by which the traveller declares the form of his relatedness to the foreign place. In the writing of William Bartram and Mrs. Traill, documentation is specific, concrete

and definitive; by knowing closely, they establish themselves here, or any place, adapting to new conditions. In the writing of Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope, documentation is general, impressionistic and anecdotal; it is a way of reiterating values denied or contradicted by the foreign milieu. These writers are comfortably installed only at home. Mrs Trollope returned home in fact; Mrs. Moodie eternally regretted her separation from her home, but at least knew where it was; John Richardson, in his disappointed expectations and fruitless wanderings, only knew with certainty that home was not in Canada.

I

Catharine Parr Traill's The Backwoods of Canada and Susanna Moodie's Roughing It in the Bush are books which arise out of their authors' similar experience and background. Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie were sisters and shared the same genteel literary education provided by an English family of letters and cultural refinement; both were married to retired British officers. They arrived in Canada within a month of each other, in the summer of 1832; they settled near each other in the same district of Upper Canada. They each recorded the experience of emigration and their compositions do not differ substantially in fact or occasion: for both, the event of relocation was inspiration to art, and both wrote in the expository mode of travel memoir. But there the similarities end. Through The Backwoods of Canada, Mrs. Traill declared the transfer of her attachments and interest to things new and present; through Roughing It, Mrs. Moodie lamented the absent, and reconstructed her connection with it.

Mrs. Traill's account of settlement life was published in England in 1836; The Backwoods of Canada is developed as a series of letters-home, and

it relates the particulars of the writer's foreign adventure in a straightforward way, admitting little anecdotal material which would divert the frank narrative line. The book, however, is thematically shaped by an uncomplicated story of its author's consciousness of her new life, and her progressive intellectual adventure in the New World.

When she arrives in Lower Canada, Mrs. Traill's point of view is initially that of the sightseer -- detached, critical and comparative. At Québec she admires the citadel, but when she turns to the other shore to survey Point Levis, she expresses a discriminating dissatisfaction. The natural scenery, she concedes, is "highly picturesque", but the whole view somewhat inferior:

> ...in my opinion, much less is done with this romantic situation than might be effected if good taste were exercised in the buildings, and on the disposal of the ground. How lovely would such a spot be rendered in England or Scotland![1]

Her complaint is not unprecedented; other European tourists expressed similar reservations in similar situations. At this stage in her journey Mrs. Traill speaks from within the aesthetic frame of the literary traveller and her assumptions are typical. "Much less <u>is done</u>;" "if good taste <u>were exercised</u>:" "how lovely would such a spot <u>be rendered</u>," she writes, and her language suggests that picturesqueness is not the result of a propitious conjunction of natural spectacle with human industry but the deliberate production of cultivated taste, and little more than decorous landscape gardening. She resolves to avoid such mistakes of arrangement in her own endeavour.

But a certain self-consciousness dawns when, at a later stage in the journey, she announces her decorative intentions to fellow wagon-passengers:

"I could see a smile hover on the lips of my fellow-travellers on hearing of our projected plans for the adornment of our future dwelling" (p. 34). She is learning that she carries some encumbering and dispensable freight in her baggage. She does not abandon her aesthetic convictions, but she does revise their application to reduce obstructive friction as she travels into the bush towards the site of her project.

Most European tourists were disgusted by the wholesale land-clearing in the new settlements, which preserved neither shady arbor nor bosky grove. But Mrs. Traill quickly learns that these unsightly stumps and blasted wastes are only apparently ugly, once the rationale behind the practice is understood. Informational exposition draws the spectator into her subject and shifts her point of view: "There are several sufficient reasons to be given for this seeming want of taste" (p. 71), she informs her English correspondent and thus shows herself to have advanced much farther into North American experience than she had when she viewed from an anchored ship the unlovely irregularity of the settlements at Point Levis. An imported Old World taste will sustain the traveller's narrative, but the settler needs a much more elastic aesthetic. As Mrs. Traill proceeds towards her destination, a thoroughly functionalist attitude takes the place of unadapted taste in her observations.

Near to this modification of aesthetic, which inquires into the economy of the picturesque, is the change of narrative perspective in Backwoods. In the first phases of her North American journey, Mrs. Traill views scenery from afar; she disembarks at neither Grosse Isle nor Québec, and only at Montreal does she finally go ashore. She comments nevertheless

on the appearances of Lower Canada:

> In the lower division of the Province you feel that the industry of the inhabitants is forcing a churlish soil for bread; while in the upper, the land seems willing to yield her increase to a moderate exertion. Remember, these are merely the cursory remarks of a passing traveller, and founded on no personal experience (p. 24).

But her cursory impressions are not randomly offered. As part of the whole thematic direction of her narrative, they are firmly connected with the development of her vision, which soon eliminates vague grandeurs in favour of more specific considerations. She finds, as she penetrates the hinterland, more to please her eye and excite her imagination:

> With the exception of Québec and Montreal, I must give the preference to the Upper Province. If not on so grand a scale, the scenery is more calculated to please, from the appearance of industry and fertility it displays. I am delighted, in travelling along the road, with the neatness, cleanliness, and comfort of the cottages and farms (p. 29).

The broader view gradually contracts to the narrower, here focussing on properties like "neatness" and "cleanliness" -- qualities smaller and more concise than sublimity and grandness. These simpler signs are indications of the domestic discourse to follow, and the shift to such compact evidences in prose narrative reflects the observer's attentive entry into the specific conditions of the spectacle. As Mrs. Traill approaches the goal of her journey, she is gradually incorporated into the scene and she accepts the values its dictates. Simultaneously, her prose abandons the general to embrace the particular. The obsolete residuum of taste which was an impracticable vestige of an Old World sensibility is dismissed along with generalization.

By the end of Backwoods, vision and experience are so specified and funnelled as to focus with intensity on the very minutiae of the organic landscape and the details of domestic organization. One long letter-chapter is devoted entirely to exhaustive description of plant culture observed in the vicinity of the Traill homestead, relating the subtlest details of foliation or leafy serrations, and anticipating Mrs. Traill's later work in botany. And as the narrative draws to a close, recipes abound, and become a form of intimate, colloquial address to the reader, explaining not only the appearance of life in the bush but also its most elemental doings. Thus Mrs. Traill proceeds from uncertain expectations informed by inapplicable principles of European taste, to the essential structure of reality and her own business with it.

Mrs. Traill's documentation of her experience in the New World serves a constructive purpose in that each letter contributes to a progressively augmented vision of her location. In her final letter-chapter, she explains her attitude towards her foreign experience, and, implicitly, the function of her literary temperament, which calls for systematic assertion:

> It has ever been my way to extract the sweet rather than the bitter in the cup of life, and surely it is best and wisest so to do. In a country where constant exertion is called for from all ages and degrees of settlers, it would be foolish to a degree to sap our energies by complaints, and cast a gloom over our homes by sitting dejectedly down to lament for all that was so dear to us in the old country (p. 114).

As Mrs. Traill's sister so fluently demonstrates in her own memoirs, emigration can be occasion for artistic indulgence of the most inexorable regret for "all that was dear" in another time and place. But, in Mrs. Traill's view, such attitudes are assumed only at the expense of energy

and success, for they court weakness and failure. For Mrs. Traill, power and survival reside in assimilation and adaptation. For Susanna Moodie, conformity to conditions and adaptation of manners and taste mean not survival but the loss of self.

Mrs. Traill comes to the bush as to a site so far innocent of literary notation. She organizes this new property in expository language, and raises there a verbal structure to accommodate her subsequent experience in a land aesthetically uncharted. The architecture of this structure is pragmatic, and indigenous in materials if not in ornamentation. Art and life require no distinction in their consummate relation: a well-put recipe is the most vernacular and realistic of formal prose fragments, and pioneer cookery the most germane of arts. And, as functional aesthetics render interiors, so too is the exterior, natural domain rendered. Mrs. Traill promotes botany (which includes notation) as an aesthetic and moral activity:

> My dear boy seems already to have a taste for flowers, which I shall encourage as much as possible. It is a study that tends to refine and purify the mind, and can be made, by simple steps, a ladder to heaven, as it were, by teaching a child to look with love and admiration to that bountiful God who created and made flowers so fair to adorn and fructify this earth, (p. 92).

Her literary and scientific projects have a moral purpose, and the conduct of a wholesome and innocent life entails this incessant cognition. Important here is that Mrs. Traill's habits of perception are empirical and investigative and neither sentimental nor romantic: what <u>is</u> is the material of her art, and the most directly comprehensive representation of the whole is her idiom. She avoids figurative or abstract diction and gains, as a result, a concentration which draws the measure of the beautiful into

the new radius of her own experience. Ice-fishing and sugar-boiling are both picturesque activities, particularly when substantiated by an explanation of method. The rational behind frontier practices, once disclosed, gives mundance operations significance and form. Even the monitoring of a refuse fire attracts her enthusiasm: "strange as it may appear to you, there is no work that is more interesting and exciting than that of tending the log-heaps, rousing up the dying flames and closing them in, and supplying the fires with fresh fuel" (p. 69).

Mrs. Traill's pleasure in adaptation to new conditions leads her to a comparatively generous estimate of community life in the bush. Her sketch of the settlers' neighbourhood does not differ in essentials from versions by other writers, but it does differ in its easy acquiescence in prevailing social phenomena:

> There is a constant excitement on the minds of emigrants, particularly in the partially settled townships, that greatly assists in keeping them from desponding. The arrival of some enterprising person gives a stimulus to those about him: a profitable speculation is started, and lo, the value of the land in the vicinity rises to double and treble what it was thought worth before; so that, without any design of befriending his neighbours, the schemes of one settler being carried into effect shall benefit a great number. We have already felt the beneficial effect of the access of respectable emigrants locating themselves in this township, as it has already increased the value of our own land in a three-fold degree (pp. 94-95).

Mrs. Traill is as aware as other observers of the individualism of the typical settler, and of his self-interest. But she has an additional, sympathetic recognition of causes which few other writers share. She perceives a coherence of economic and property interest as an instance of social structure and community, representing the aspirations of the individual. She sees her own interests reflected in those around her, and,

consequently, experiences none of the excruciating isolation and loneliness which we have already seen in Haliburton and Richardson, and in Anna Jameson, and which we will discover in Susanna Moodie. Even her literary proclivities do not effectively distinguish her from her fellows, and her feelings of cultural assimilation -- or, at least, the absence of overt feelings of cultural alienation -- must proceed from her literary sensibility. Her documentary aesthetic finds fulfilment in locale; her attentive and relentless survey of her environment securely attaches her to it. Like William Bartram, whose travels led him to few sites spiritually foreign to him, Mrs. Traill is at home where her eye rests and her pen describes.

For the most part, Mrs. Traill's narrative voice is subordinate to her material, residing within and fully expressed by her subject. As a character in literature she is certainly less obtrusive and probably less important than her restless sister. But she does tell a personal story in The Backwoods of Canada. It begins as the traveller's memoir, develops as the settler's tale, and finally ends as the naturalist-observer's report. It thus casts her in three roles: first as the educated tourist viewing an alien landscape, then as the actor establishing a productive scene, and finally as a witness once more but this time a witness profoundly familiar with the scene and absorbed by it. So continuous are these developments, and so neglible thematically are incidental crises, that Mrs. Traill emerges much less as a heroine than as an artist treating competently with a world in which she establishes her own place.

II

Although Susanna Moodie's Roughing It in the Bush recalls the same period in the family's history as Backwoods does, and considers materially similar conditions in the same district, it was not published until 1852, sixteen years after Mrs. Traill's volume appeared. All of Mrs. Traill's letters have the imprint of contemporaneity with the circumstances they describe, and her documentary purpose thrives on this temporal proximity of subject to report. Roughing It, on the other hand, is further from log-keeping and is modulated by the interval which separates the event from report. Parts of it may have been drafted during Mrs. Moodie's five-year residence in the bush, but many chapters are organized around a retrospective principle, and all develop from her sense of each episode being part of a whole story fully-conceived by its author. The postponement of the final literary arrangement of these crucial events in her life invites just the kind of emotional rumination and narrative excursiveness that distinguishes Mrs. Moodie's version of experience from Mrs. Traill's.

She sets out, too, with different aesthetic preoccupations. She has little of her sister's interest in the small morphologies of the natural world, but she does not neglect nature's larger surfaces. She comes to the New World equipped with a ready command of the expressive sentiments of nature description. On her way up to the St. Lawrence, she is moved to tears at the sublimities she witnesses, and her prose then rushes to superlatives. At Québec, she is not only visually taken but emotionally and spiritually overcome:

> The mellow and serene glow of the autumnal day harmonized so perfectly with the solemn grandeur of the scene around me, and sank so silently and deeply into my soul, that my

> spirit fell prostrate before it, and I melted involuntarily into tears....my soul at that moment was alone with God. The shadow of His glory rested visibly on the stupendous objects that compound that magnificent scene; words are perfectly inadequate to describe the impression it made upon my mind -- the emotions it produced. The only homage I was capable of offering at such a shrine was tears -- tears the most heartfelt and sincere that ever flowed from human eyes.[2]

In this passage which is typical of many through the first chapters of Roughing It, is a focus conspicuously different from Mrs. Traill's. Mrs. Moodie does enumerate the striking elements of the "astonishing panorama" but her description lingers on no particular aspect and races impetuously to the real drama of the scene -- her own classic trauma of appreciation. Even then words seem "perfectly inadequate" for the task. Words are always adequate for Mrs. Traill's needs, for she spends few of them on the emotive aspects of scenery and fewer still on her own response, and invests them instead in matter-of-fact inquiry into the apparent physical and economic structures which cause the scene to be shaped as it is. The meaning of the visual passage to the hinterland resides for her in the signs it yields to define her own looked-to place in the scene -- its agricultural practice, its domestic architecture, all its indigenuous activity as revealed in outward forms. Her sister, meanwhile, is tearfully prostrate, ecstatic with aesthetic happinesses, and heedless of portentous particulars.

Mrs. Moodie's literary pleasure in landscape never anticipates her own actual incorporation into scene, as her sister's does, and remains always expressible by the aesthetic of the traveller. The ruling conflict in Roughing It lies between this travel aesthetic and the settler's destiny. In this book and in its sequel, Life in the Clearings, it seems that Mrs.

Moodie never really learned, temperamentally, that the journey was done and travel concluded. Like John Richardson, who struggled and ranted against the residence which interrupted his mobility, Mrs. Moodie expects, at least unconsciously, that there has been some mistake and that she must finally turn back and resume her route. Obviously, she was pinioned by manifest evidence to the contrary, and the distance between these two poles of mind -- the imagination of travel and the realization of stasis -- is intermittently resolved in Roughing It by morbidity. Death is an important sub-theme in this book, and in its sequel, and has more than one expressive function. But the idea of death is especially important in alleviating the emotional excitement of homesickness by suggesting a mystic rather than actual return, a homing of spirit rather than person to an earthly paradise. Thus Mrs. Moodie addresses "dear, dear England," and conceives of a kind of post-mortem satisfaction impossible in real life: "Oh that I might be permitted to return and die upon your wave-encircled shores, and rest my weary head and heart beneath your daisy-covered sod at last!" (p. 56) Striking here, besides the pathos of the death-wish contesting with the more vigorous injunctions of reality, is the exclamatory present tense: after a residence in Canada of twenty years, Mrs. Moodie expresses the anguish and helplessness of a new comer.

Her reflections on letters from home, and on the gradual, fateful diminishment of their numbers, suggest that for a long while she did not quite believe she was here to stay:

> After seven years' exile, the hope of return grows feeble, the means are still less in our power, and our friends give up all hope of our return; their letters grow fewer and colder, their expression of attachment

> less vivid; the heart has formed new ties, and the poor emigrant is nearly forgotten. Double those years, and it is as if the grave had closed over you, and the hearts that once knew and loved you know you no more (p. 91).

The "hope of return" is a durable one, on both sides of the breach, but its dissolution is finally inevitable. Emigration, in its permanent and serious form, is a type of death -- and it is the settler and not the English correspondent who is consigned to a lonely grave. Return and homecoming are the prerogatives of the traveller but not the settler, and in Mrs. Moodie's view that anticipated homecoming is the basis for communication between the Old World and the New. To acknowledge the finality of her exile is to give up the hope of return, and also to suffer the exchange of letters to dwindle and end. The loss she laments is partly a loss of love: the erstwhile friend not only writes less often, but with less warmth and less interest as others fill the vacancies left by the departed Moodies. But associated with subsiding affections is the grievous silence which marks the irrevocable separation from home. The communicative transactions between the New World and the Old sustain the emigrant in her foreign exile, and maintain her attachment, however attenuated or unrealistic, to the society where she is "known" and from which she derives her identity. The interruption of this vital communication is the severance of a lifeline and a sentence to deathly anonymity: "it is as if the grave had closed over you, and the hearts that once knew and loved you know you no more." If we can see this connecting, epistolary current as a survival mechanism, we can see the importance of the larger verbal enterprise -- Roughing It or Life in the Clearings -- in restoring overseas connections. That "hope of return" may disappear in reality, but it can be renewed

rhetorically by a literary communication to an Old World audience. The conceit of travel is revived.

In dispatching a successful communication to English readers, the writer cultivates her original cultural and social values, keeping at an objective distance the New World attitudes which would dispossess her of these imported assets. Only a peculiar strength of mind can assure the emigrant's success in this matter, and in her introduction to Roughing It Mrs. Moodie describes in a revealing way the settlers' departure: "they gird up the loins of the mind, and arm themselves with fortitude to meet and dare the heart-breaking conflict" (p. xv). This suggests little in the way of optimistic assimilation and adaptation on which Mrs. Traill thrived: the "loins of the mind" girded up, the displaced Englishwoman prepares for mortal resistance against the subversive influences of an alien land. Refusing to capitulate to the society into which she is rudely thrust, the reluctant emigrant internalizes all those native institutions which had once supported her. She thus remains the traveller, never surrendering to the determinants of her new milieu.

This is, however, only one view of the "heart-breaking conflict" and one which contains the seeds of distress and mental turmoil. There are alternatives to it, which permit the immobilized traveller some respite from traumatic restlessness and death-wishing. Mrs. Moodie is quite aware of the dangers in unrelenting regret, and she is too lively and resilient a personality to confine her literary expression to such moods. Early in Roughing It, she addresses "British mothers of Canadian sons" and

advises them to instruct their children in the positive aspects of their colonial birthplace and to instill a healthy Canadian chauvinism in the next generation. This, she says, will benefit not only the offspring but the mother as well: "you will soon learn to love Canada as I now love it, who once viewed it with hatred so intense that I longed to die, that death might effectually separate us for ever" (p. 30). Learning to love Canada is the process of becoming a resident instead of a traveller, in practice if not in spirit. And she goes on with one more hint on relinquishing the traveller's ethic: "But, oh! beware of drawing disparaging contrasts between the colony and its illustrious parent" (p. 3). Mrs. Moodie is herself never free of suggesting the surreptitious contrast, with its understood disparagement of the colony and unqualified reverence for the mother country, but she does reach a position where at least the desire to die subsides. This is partly achieved through some nationalistic rhetoric of the type she recommends to "British mothers of Canadian sons," but in much larger part is attributable to her satire. Her comic gifts certainly efface some of her morbidity, but without rupturing that essential aesthetic and social connection with her English audience. The laugh is definitely on the North American, even when Mrs. Moodie is the apparent victim of the reported incidents. The objects of her wit are patently too ignorant and morally inexperienced to see the joke, which is told for the entertainment of a European reader who shares her sense of humour.

In Roughing It in the Bush, life is most hilarious when it is most dreadful. At Coburg, the Moodies endure unexpectedly mean conditions in an insanely inhospitable neighbourhood. Mrs. Moodie is surrounded by unre-

generate "savages," not of the aboriginal kind but of the Yankee squatter type, who harass her with outrageous rudeness. So exaggerated are these characters in their outlandish greed and unscrupulousness that the episodes which treat this part of New World experience create a lunatic, lawless world at the centre of which is the sane, astonished Mrs. Moodie. All social and moral principles are inverted in an antic parody of the life she has known; as she was respected and regarded in England, here she is apparently reviled and loathed. In an alien land where she is "the stranger whom they hated and despised" (p. 120), she is powerless to alter her circumstances, and can only laugh and submit. Rebuke is futile in this desert of "ignorance and sin" where the moral voice echoes emptily. As John Richardson had to suppress his indignation and resentment, finding no forum in Amherstburgh for his pronounced ideas, so Susanna Moodie learns to be quiet at Coburg, but vociferous in her literary life. Particularly vexing to her is the local practice of addressing genteel settlers as "man" and "woman," and "bare-legged Irish servants" as "'mem'" and "'sir,'" but she comes to see it philosophically: "it is very irksome until you think more deeply upon it; and then it serves to amuse rather than irritate" (p. 140). Irritation achieves nothing; amusement at least produces a civilized critique of a barbarous custom, and many humorous dialogues when the canny innocent, Mrs. Moodie, matches wits with an array of impudent rustics.

Mrs. Moodie's comedy is social comedy, arising from the serious travel issue of social insubordination. Comedy defends the insulted emigrant and her offended values by ridiculing the hostile society in which she finds

herself. It implicitly exercises a European social and moral standard, and without the perpetual comparison of the New World to the Old there would be no joke. The fun lies in the application of a superior intelligence which knows both the true structure of society and its ludicrous mutation in Upper Canada. The narrative voice of Life in the Clearings speaks, for the most part, in this knowing, wry tone.

Mrs. Moodie wrote Life in the Clearings in 1852, when she had been in Canada twenty years, most of which she had spent not in the bush but at Belleville.[3] The occasion of Clearings is a pleasure trip to Niagara, and the travel forum is here unequivocal, with none of the difficult ambivalences which affect the positive value of mobility in Roughing It. Nevertheless, the later book has more in common with its predecessor than one might suppose, and, in fact, the final form of both books emerged from the same period of Mrs. Moodie's career. Although the journey-event in Clearings is the tour to the falls, much more of the narrative focusses on Belleville, Mrs. Moodie's home, than on sights en route. Belleville, in spite of her long residence there, is as curious and foreign a phenomenon as the less familiar scenes encountered along the way.

One of the subjects of Mrs. Moodie's discourse this time is the cultural division which separates her own sensibility from the ethos of Canadian towns. She is particularly concerned, as many European travellers are, with analysis of the transmutation of class and of distribution of power and status in this new society. She isolates the materialism of colonial culture as the most influential factor in the corruption of traditional values:

> Uneducated, ignorant people often rise by their industry to great wealth in the colony; to such the preference shown to the educated man always seems a puzzle. Their ideas of gentility consist in being the owners of fine clothes, the fine houses, splendid furniture, expensive equipages, and plenty of money (p. 41).

The "educated man" is a member of a socially disenfranchised minority in the colony, required to submit not only to a prevailing want of taste but also to the moral ignorance of his mental inferiors. Nevertheless, Mrs. Moodie is convinced of the existence of an incorruptible cultural hierarchy, which exercises an inalienable sovereignty under even the most adverse conditions: "The lady and gentleman in Canada are as distinctly marked as elsewhere. There is no mistaking the superiority that mental cultivation bestows...." (p. 38)

Such a conviction is an invaluable device in gainsaying the effects of an inhospitable cultural climate and offensive economic structure. Armed with this confidence, Mrs. Moodie can confront with good humour even the most blatant disparagements conferred on a woman of letters by an illiterate society:

> The idea that some country people form of an author is highly amusing. One of my boys was tauntingly told by another lad at school, "that his ma' said that Mrs. M-- invented lies, and got money for them." This was her estimation of works of mere fiction (p. 42).

Even if she can shrug off these taunts, Mrs. Moodie's art cannot address such a population and must revert to an audience which shares her own idea of literature, and her own vision of society. She sees herself very distinctly as a member of a sanctioned class, but one which happens to be unrecognized by the anomalous society to which fate has assigned her. In

this, her situation resembles Richardson's, but she responds less with rancour than with wry disdain. She has, after all, recourse to another public, and her writing is in itself a subversive attack on a ludicrous regime.

Other authors, in Mrs. Moodie's Canada, are less fortunate. For want of sympathy, and for want of membership in an intellectual community, some writers are driven to despair, drink, and suicide. She tells the story of a talented but unappreciated poet whose cultural alienation moved him to retire to a wilderness hut and there, with a like-minded companion, drink himself to death. With the artist's physical as well as psychological survival at issue, Mrs. Moodie rightly choses to ignore the philistine aggregation of materialistic Canadians and go abroad for her audience.

The travel structure of Life in the Clearings permits a type of social satire which expresses its author's temperamental estrangement from the country through which she journeys and from the community where she resides. When she attends the annual performance of an itinerant circus, in her own town, she goes to watch not the show but the audience: "Persons of all ranks are there; and the variety of faces and characters that nature exhibits gratis are far more amusing to watch than the feats of the athletes." (p. 70) Mrs. Moodie is unfailingly the spectator, observing an exotic assortment of curiosities which comprise Upper Canadian society. As such, she is not only uninvolved in the performance, but unimplicated in its moral deficiencies and its petty derangements. Her narrative frame is so elastic as to accommodate the social observations of other, similarly detached reporters without distinguishing them idiomatically or ideologi-

cally from her own anecdotal material, and as the stories accumulate a coincidence in point of view develops. Always the story is related from the vantage of an outsider, a traveller or guest or other alien, who witnesses instances of cultural depravity, and who must then recount the event in such a way as to recover a sense of his own station and perspective. Inevitably, this recovery process involves a satiric exaggeration of North American folly. Two chapters purport to be the memoirs of a travelling musician, dictated to Mrs. Moodie and published posthumously. They are thematically and stylistically undifferentiated from the rest of the text, and we can assume that they gave Mrs. Moodie a narrative opportunity to wander far abroad and travel farther imaginatively than she did actually, through the western states of the American union. "Few people have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the world than the travelling musician..." (p. 75) and this extended range introduces to the narrative a nation of counterfeit poets, idiot vocalists, and pretentious, ignorant audiences. The singer-narrator conducts himself with temperate dignity even in the face of devastating rudeness and retaliates only when he tells his story, which he does with annihilating ridicule. Here again is Mrs. Moodie's own smug condescension when her narrator responds to insult with wicked affability: "I was very much amused at his comparing me to a bantam cock, and felt almost inclined to clap my wings and crow" (p. 89).

The musician's memoirs extend the spatial reference of Life in the Clearings and corroborate Mrs. Moodie's generalizations about North American life. As her sister's travel writing descends to the most minute

constituents of scene to document meaning, Mrs. Moodie's turns to story and vignette to authenticate her impressions. Working in the classic travel tradition, she deals in generalizations and types -- typical characters, typical scenes and typical feelings -- and she demonstrates her axioms of experience with illustrative tales. Her story-telling is part of the documenting process in both Roughing It in the Bush and Life in the Clearings. That is not to say that many of her illustrations are not fictive but that Clearings, at least, works outward into fiction from an originating reality and that its inspiration depends on some irresistible impingement of the actual on the imagination.

Sometimes whole chapters are necessary to fulfil and formalize fictional or digressive impulses, but Clearings always, sooner or later, recovers its direction. At the conclusion of the book stands the tourist's destination -- Niagara. Early in the narrative, Mrs. Moodie justifies natural spectacle as proper object of sightseeing:

> Next to the love of God, the love of nature may be regarded as the purest and holiest feeling of the human breast. In the outward beauty of his creation, we catch a reflection of the divine image of the Creator, which refines the intellect, and lifts the soul upward to Him (p. 3).

So close is this declaration to her sister's stated aesthetic that the significant difference is all the more striking. Mrs. Traill's reflections on botany were doubtless familiar to Mrs. Moodie: "It is a study that tends to refine and purify the mind, and can be made, by simple steps, a ladder to heave, as it were, by teaching a child to look with love and admiration to that bountiful God who created and made flowers so fair to adorn and fructify this earth." Common to both women is the pious con-

viction that nature materially testifies to an immaterial truth; they share conventional expectations of refinement, purification, and the uplifting of the mind to spiritual ideas. But Mrs. Traill discovers this mental elevation in the "study" of nature, Mrs. Moodie in the "love" of nature. This emotional rather than intellectual attraction to natural forms is violently consummated when Mrs. Moodie finally arrives at Niagara. At her first view of the falls she is assaulted, bruised, driven nearly wild by the sight: "the great cataract burst on my sight without any intervening screen, producing an overwhelming sensation in my mind, which amounted to pain in its intensity" (p. 248). This interior commotion claims a large part of the spectator's descriptive energy, more, perhaps, than the outer spectacle itself. So overcome is her mind and so overstimulated are her faculties that concrete description is impossible: "The eye crowds all into the one glance, and the eager mind is too much dazzled and intoxicated for minor details. Astonishment and admiration are succeeded by curious examination and enjoyment; but it is impossible to realize this at first" (p. 248). But the promise of a more exact look at the components of the experience is unfulfilled. Scarcely does she begin to attend to the measure of the parts before she must once again exclaim at the incalculable whole.

Her rhetorical reply to the scene is predetermined not only by an aesthetic system but also by certain moral assumptions: "The human being who could stand unmoved before the great cataract, and feel no quickening of the pulse, no silent adoration of the heart towards the Creator of this wondrous scene, would remain as indifferent and as uninspired before the throne of God!" (p. 249) Her own devotional sensitivity is certainly

vindicated, and her artistic and spiritual goal is accomplished emphatically. But so conventional and fully anticipated is it that not a great deal can be done with it in a literary way beyond reiterated exultation and amazement. Mrs. Moodie soon turns to the hotel, where she discovers the vernacular material that better suits her gift. The human scene is not absolutely dissociated from the natural: the last-cited passage prepares the reader for some of the social and moral judgments its author makes of the variety of tourists among the hotel guests. None, of course, compares with her own exquisite excitement, and many are deplorably inadequate. Seated on the hotel verandah, she is aroused from her rapturous contemplation of the falls by "a lady remarking to another, who was standing beside her, 'that she considered the Falls a great humbug; that there was more fuss made about them than they deserved; that she was satisfied with having seen them once; and that she never wished to see them again" (p. 255). This kind of irreverent insensitivity is immensely interesting to Mrs. Moodie, and is essential to a complete literary version of her tour. Better yet is the information that the obtuse speaker is the same woman whose unmannerly table habits in the hotel dining room had earlier attracted Mrs. Moodie's disapproval. Want of taste and dull stupidity before natural grandeur identify the vulgar North American tourist.

Mrs. Moodie loves her own good tourism and finds it best demonstrated in these endlessly inspiring instances of social ignorance. She considers her observations somewhat asocial -- "I wish nature had not given me such a quick perception of the ridiculous -- such a perverse inclination to laugh in the wrong place; for though one cannot help deriving from it a wicked

enjoyment, it is a very troublesome gift, and very difficult to conceal" (p. 255) -- but it is the very subversiveness of this smothered laughter than causes her to cherish it all the more. To laugh in the "wrong places" in this ridiculous world is to laugh in just the right places in another, better world. Her insight into folly and ignorance in the New World is not only the substance of her art, but also the salve to her cultural alienation. Her earnest rehearsal of decent attitudes towards nature is one mode of appeal to her European audience, but less sure and effective than her moral comedy.

III

Frances Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans was published in London in 1832. Mrs. Moodie may have known the book, for it had an extremely successful publication, but that possibility has less to do with the similarities between Domestic Manners and Roughing It than certain coincidences in the author's social and economic situations. The Moodies came to Canada to forestall the ignominy of a moderate but, to them, intolerable poverty; they expected to enhance magically their meagre assets and to recover the genteel security of which their reduced circumstances had deprived them. When Mrs. Trollope sailed in 1827 she left behind a horrendous tangle of debts and financial disappointments which she hoped to sort out in short order by investing a small capital on the American frontier.[4] Both families were unprepared for the actual conditions which were a mockery of their naive projects. And both families were nearly obliterated financially by an economic structure which functioned on principles which were to them incomprehensible. A century and a half later it is clear that the profitable expenditure was not that of poorly-managed cap-

ital but of intellect and imagination, and that the real divided was literary. Mrs. Trollope was perhaps closer to this awareness than Mrs. Moodie was, for her book about America initiated a remunerative career in travel writing which secured her family from absolute want even if it could not provide the means for the grand living which had indebted them in the first place.

Both Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope were, in a sense, exceptionally bad travellers: every detail of their existence reminded them that they were abroad and not at home; they resisted adaptation to a new cultural habitat. But if their disgruntlement made them bad travellers, it also made them very good travel writers, giving them a profound sense of relocation, of having been radically transported and set down elsewhere. From these unremitting feelings of foreignness, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope derived irrepressible literary energy which produced tendentious but entertaining verbal portraits of North American society. In fact it is that tendentiousness in all its indomitable prejudice which gives Mrs. Moodie's and Mrs. Trollope's travel writings structure and form, making them arguments against circumstance.

On a superficial level, the occasion of Domestic Manners can be compared to that of Roughing It in the Bush and Life in the Clearings. Both writers saw something of the wilderness: Mrs. Trollope spent a few weeks on the Tennessee frontier; Mrs. Moodie lived six years in the Canadian bush. Both women knew town life, too: Mrs. Trollope passed two years in Cincinnati, and by the early 1850's, when Roughing It and Life in the Clearings were published, Mrs. Moodie had been more than ten years at Belleville. The pleasure tour described in Life in the Clearings corresponds to the

more extensive tourism which concluded Mrs. Trollope's sojourn in the United States, and in these latter phases of travel the routes and commentaries of these women intersect, at Niagara, the mecca for travellers in the New World. But the most profitable basis for comparing Domestic Manners to Roughing It and its sequel lies in the fact of each writer's cultural alienation from the site of her economic project.

For brilliant impracticality, the Trollopes' scheme for financial recovery far surpasses the Moodies' drab attempts at homesteading. Donald Smalley's introduction to the 1949 edition of Domestic Manners provides the background to which she herself never directly refers. The enterprise which occupied Mrs. Trollope's two years at Cincinnati was the construction of an enormous, arabesque emporium known as "The Bazaar," to house all the social and cultural business Mrs. Trollope believed the city lacked, and desired. "Fancy goods," imported from France, were to be displayed for sale; an "Exchange" would establish a site for coffee-house conviviality; a ballroom, theatre, gallery would host important events. The edifice itself was architecturally eclectic, to say the least, supplying at once all the design deficiencies of a frontier town. Every structural mode and ornament that could possibly be accommodated was included in the plan, creating an inconceivable but concrete confusion. The strangest thing of all is that the building actually happened, the "fancy goods" arrived, and a few evenings of dramatic recitations did occur. Unfortunately, the citizens of Cincinnati were unable to comprehend the opportunity offered them, and ignored this facsimile of European culture -- as far as this was possible, given the dimensions and singularity of the thing. A fine irony lies in

the fact that Mrs. Trollope, creator of this prominent public fantasy, isolates bad taste and "want of refinement" as distinguishing characteristics of Americans.

Mrs. Trollope left England in 1827; three years and nine months later she was back. Just less than half Domestic Manners deals with her arrival in America and her residence in Cincinnati. The remainder of the book follows her to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Niagara and through the terrains which intervene. During this second part she is actively the travel writer, industriously collecting material for the book that was now underway and that represented the only hope of recouping some of the devastating losses incurred by the unfortunate voyage. The most substantial portion of her memoirs refers to the social landscape, but in assuming the role of travel writer, she was obliged to look responsibly at nature. This she did, with an ambivalence she shares with Mrs. Moodie.

For both Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Moodie, nature and wilderness are separate quantities. Both women are schooled in the practice of nature description, but neither of them can effect any aesthetic connection with wilderness, and both fall far short of Mrs. Traill's ability to discover structure in organic forms. This doesn't mean that they are absolutely silent on the matter. Faced with only elemental nature at the mouth of the Mississippi, Mrs. Trollope declares the scene desolate and uninteresting, but her very way of relating the perceived emptiness is portentous: "Only one object rears itself above the eddying waters; this is the mast of a vessel long since wrecked in attempting to cross the bar, and it still stands, a dismal witness of the destruction that has been,

and boding prophet of that which is to come"[5] This introduction to the continent at least has its forlorn relic with which to construe a meaning; when she truly penetrates to the wilderness, she is confronted by an undelineated blankness. Suggesting no verbal tradition within which to express the spectator's attitude, wilderness presents Mrs. Trollope with only an unutterable meaninglessness. This is certainly the case at Nashoba, an experimental settlement in Tennessee founded on liberal principles and intended for the education and socialization of emancipated slaves. Even the highly civilized raison d'être of Nashoba cannot compensate for the negative environment in which it exists, or for its lack of familiar, humane objects and amenities: "Desolation was the only feeling -- the only word that presented itself..." (p. 27) when Mrs. Trollope arrived. "Each building consisted of two large rooms furnished in the most simple manner; nor had they as yet collected round them any of those minor comforts which ordinary minds class among the necessaries of life" (p. 28). The site is bereft of interest, except in its unthinkable emptiness. On the one hand is a human squalor attributable to the absence of the a priori requirements of "ordinary minds;" on the other a dismal, unvaried nature:

> I found no beauty in the scenery round Nashoba, nor can I conceive that it would possess any even in summer. The trees were so close to each other as not to permit the growth of underwood, the great ornament of the forest at New Orleans, and still less of our seeing any openings, where the varying effects of light and shade might atone for the absence of other objects (p. 30).

Unnerved by this meaningless uniformity, Mrs. Trollope decamps after ten days and flees Nashoba.

She is better pleased by the scenery along the Ohio, as she proceeds to Cincinnati, but even that sequence is regrettably limited in aesthetic reference: "were there occasionally a ruined abbey, or feudal castle, to mix the romance of real life with that of nature, the Ohio would be perfect" (p. 33). Mrs. Trollope's sentiments are typical of a certain type of tourism, for other travellers in America, Washington Irving among them, lament the historical incompleteness of even the most exquisite natural scenery when unpopulated or when unassimilated by a verbal tradition. When, two years later, Mrs. Trollope and her entourage are travelling by stage through the Alleghenies, she produces one of her most sustained renditions of an appealing landscape. Nevertheless, even this agreeable and interesting scene reminds her of what is not there. On departing a grim little coal-mining town, she says,

> we were again cheered by abundance of evergreens, reflected in the stream, with fantastic piles of rock, half visible through the pines and cedars above, giving often the idea of a vast gothic castle. It was a folly, I confess, but I often lamented they were not such; the travelling for thousands of miles, without meeting any nobler trace of the ages that are passed, than a mass of rotten leaves, or a fragment of fallen rock, produces a heavy, earthly, matter-of-fact effect upon the imagination, which can hardly be described, and for which the greatest beauty of scenery can furnish only an occasional and transitory remedy (pp. 198-99).

The unembellished, unhumanized materials of nature are "heavy, earthly, matter-of-fact;" they suggest nothing, or suggest only the ennui of an experience not worth articulation. These sensations are a far cry from the eloquence which natural matters-of-fact inspire in observers like William Bartram and Mrs. Traill. Notable, too, in this passage is the

implicit shift from the ugly "black little town" which the party leaves to the qualified consolation of a prettier natural landscape. Although wilderness is measurably inferior to scenes with historical and demographic associations, it is nonetheless of greater value than the vulgar demonstrations of modern man in a new land.

When Mrs. Trollope visits Niagara, shortly before her return to England, some of these equivocations are resolved in an instance of ideal tourism. We have been at Niagara before, with Anna Jameson, John Richardson and Susanna Moodie, and we will visit it again with other travellers later in the century. Meanwhile, we find Mrs. Trollope honouring the spectacle, and acquiescing in most of the conventions connected with the cataract:

> To say that I was not disappointed is but a weak expression to convey the surprise and astonishment which the long dreamed of scene produced. It has to me something beyond its vastness; there is a shadowy mystery that hangs about it which neither the eye nor even the imagination can penetrate; but I dare not dwell on this, it is a dangerous subject, and any attempt to describe the sensations produced must lead direct to nonsense (p. 381).

So public and literary is the "long dreamed of scene" that it becomes something which can scarcely be approached without acknowledgement of the verbal traditions associated with it. Both Richardson and Mrs. Jameson refer to the effect of reading in preparing them for the tourist event; Mrs. Moodie's education must have included similar accounts and she describes herself as having yearned for a lifetime for a glimpse of the mighty Falls. Travel literature confers upon Niagara the importance of a classical ruin or admired cathedral; it is a mythic structure against which the educated sensibility can be tested. The popular appetite for

literary meditations on the Falls seems to have been insatiable; every travel writer who comes near the Falls responds to his audience's expectations by abandoning all other interests and preoccupations to pay pious homage to the natural shrine. None of the writers included in this discussion experienced anything even remotely resembling a real adventure or actual crisis at Niagara, yet they all distinguish their Niagara episodes with intense interior drama. So familiar were their readers with the reported appearance of the Falls that the motives behind endless reiterations must lie beyond merely informative intentions. These contemplative raptures spring from the metaphysic of travel: the belief that translocation means more than simply a physical change in circumstances and that revelation will attend the faithful tourist's pilgrimage to sacred spots in nature. As readers of devotional literature were tireless in their interest in records of religious illumination and conversion, so were readers of travel literature indefatigable in their attraction to reports of emotional excitement before nature. Orthodoxy plays a part in both types of revelation, establishing certain recognizable symbols and landmarks for the artist and for his audience. Niagara is such a landmark for those convinced of the preternaturally enlightening power of travel; it suits all these writers better than wilderness because it is, even before they arrive, a familiar text and it exists within a received verbal tradition. It demands only a marginal innovation to renew it, and nothing like the profound revisions of aesthetic and rhetorical convention required by the infinite vacuity of unpeopled forest and plains. And, like any functional metaphysic, the Niagara mystery gives rise to moral activity. Mrs. Jameson

experiences a quasi-religious trauma when she finds herself uninspired by the Falls: either she has failed spiritually, or the gospel of Niagara is untrue. Susanna Moodie claims that the spectator invulnerable to Niagara is not only stupid but impious. Mrs. Trollope makes a similar judgement on insensitive tourists: "I should deem the nerves obtuse, rather than strong, which did not quail at the first sight of this stupendous cataract" (p. 383). On the other hand, she feels justified in being unmoved by the mere "heavy, earthly, matter-of-fact" texture of wilderness.

Even as early as Emily Montague European travellers were critical of the North American's lack of interest in scenery. At Niagara Mrs. Trollope describes the fashionable American tourist as ignorantly nonchalant "before the god of nature" (p. 387), and as thereby demonstrating yet another particular of the general lack of cultural refinement. At Cincinnati the Trollopes were unique among the populace for the pleasure they took in nature: "A row upon the Ohio was another of our favourite amusements; but in this, I believe, we were also very singular, for often, when enjoying it, we were shouted at, by the young free-borns on the banks, as if we had been so many monsters" (p. 177). However, in spite of the regular excursions and picnics undertaken by her family during their residence at Cincinnati, Mrs. Trollope finally cannot love her location. "On first arriving, I thought the many tree-covered hills around, very beautiful, but long before my departure, I felt so weary of the confined view that Salisbury Plain would have been an agreeable variety" (p. 44). Here Mrs. Trollope introduces one of the few occasions on which landscape touches her deepest feelings. As she develops her sketch of the environs

of Cincinnati and reckons the enclosing hills as aspects of her own entrapment, her description of the drear, dense forests reminds us of the suffocation of her hopes and plans. The thick, eternal bush is unrelieved by the air and light, or by the breathing-space that encourages ornamental undergrowth and admits freer views. Decay is the chief characteristic of this repellent, impenetrable landscape: "Fallen trees in every possible stage of decay, and congeries of leaves that have been rotting since the flood, cover the ground and infect the air" (p. 42).

What all this adds up to is that Cincinnati may be an interesting place to visit, but it is no place to live. She says this herself: "The more unlike a country through which we travel is to all we have left, the more we are likely to be amused; every thing in Cincinnati had this newness, and I should have thought it a place delightful to visit, but to tarry there was not to feel at home" (p. 48). Mrs. Trollope is another traveller immobilized and impatient in an inhospitiable environment. And, however distasteful the scenery becomes, it is a minor aggravation compared with the vexation of living in a society fundamentally hostile to her own values and ambitions. Throughout her recounted residence at Cincinnati she remains in a state of nervous irritation over every feature of frontier society. Her hypersensitivity distinguishes her positively from the community around her, isolating her as a person habituated to the refinements of civilization. Her very discontent and restlessness are signals of her superiority. Where every delicate pleasure and subtle amenity is wanting, the individual accustomed to them can only endure a continual torture:

> ...where the whole machine of the human frame is in full activity, where every sense brings home to consciousness its touch of pleasure or pain, then every

> object that meets the sense is important as a vehicle of happiness or misery. But let no frames so tempered visit the United States, or if they do, let it be with no longer pausing than will store the memory with images, which, by the force of contrast, shall sweeten the future (p. 44).

Mrs. Trollope paused much longer than the brief interval she recommends. Rather than enjoy the traveller's pleasure in notable differences, she had to live through the profundity of the abysmal contrast.

Like Susanna Moodie, Mrs. Trollope is intensely concerned with social insubordination and the mutation of class order in a society which cannot acknowledge her claims to station and status. In her view, the democratization of manners leads only to an abominable levelling. The most elevated feelings and the nicest distinctions are debased, and, again like Mrs. Moodie, Mrs. Trollope finds the behaviour of her servants a vicious indication of the corruption of traditional social values. Until she finds a deferential English servant-girl, she is abused and exploited by impudent "free-borns" who come and go as they please and boldly declare their own terms. In society at large she is referred to as "old woman," forced into social relations with those she regards as her inferiors, and even invited to the home of a green grocer. Such humiliations must be endured, but they cannot go unaccounted in the final articulation. There, to redress the offense, she adopts a tone of amused disdain remarkably like Mrs. Moodie's. She accepts the invitation to the grocer's house, but only to observe, and "report," and to flesh out the irony of her social predicament. She describes her "amusement": "Had I not become heartily tired of my prolonged residence in a place I cordially disliked, and which moreover I began to fear would not be attended with the favourable results we had

anticipated, I should have found an almost inexhaustible source of amusement in the notions and opinions of the people I conversed with; and as it was, I often did enjoy this in a considerable degree" (p. 157). Again, comedy serves the hapless alien stationed in a foreign habitat.

This foreign milieu is not merely incompatible with the social assumptions of the European observer, but openly declarative of its hatred and contempt for her:

> We received, as I have mentioned, much personal kindness; but this by no means interfered with the national feeling of, I believe, unconquerable dislike, which evidently lives at the bottom of every truly American heart against the English. This shows itself in a thousand little ways, even in the midst of the most kind and friendly intercourse, but often in a manner more comic than offensive (p. 157).

Mrs. Trollope says she was neither disappointed nor injured by this popular loathing for her kind. Once she finds that she cannot be admired in America, and that she will be only misunderstood and reviled, she stands stoically in the face of manifest absurdity, nicely recovering her dignity:

> One lady asked me very gravely, if we had left home in order to get rid of the vermin with which the English of all ranks were afflicted? "I have heard from unquestionable authority," she added, "that it is quite impossible to walk through the streets of London without having the head filled."
> I laughed a little, but spoke not a word (p. 158).

Throughout her narrative, Mrs. Trollope records few, if any, face-to-face transactions with Americans which yield anything but chagrin, or wry amusement, or hilarity. She finds it impossible to communicate with citizens of the republic: "I have conversed in London and in Paris with foreigners of many nations, and often through the misty medium of an idiom imperfectly understood, but I remember no instance in which I found the

same difficulty in conveying my sentiments, my impressions, and my opinions to those around me, as I did in America" (p. 363). One need hardly wonder at the length and fluency of her memoirs when one learns that she was virtually incommunicado for almost four years -- all those sensations, impressions and opinions stopped-up, pressing to flood forth and inundate a sympathetic audience.

Possibly the only occasion where Mrs. Trollope is moved to spontaneous, intimate communication with someone outside her own household occurs in Philadelphia. There, in a grassy square, she spies an interesting-looking woman at leisure with a child:

> There was something in her manner of looking at me, and exchanging a smile when her young charge performed some extraordinary feat of activity on the grass, that persuaded me she was not an American. I do not remember who spoke first, but we were presently in a full flow of conversation (p. 266).

This appealing young woman, it turns out, is a German, instinct with a disdain for Americans and expiring with the desire to go home: "'They do not love music, Oh no! and they never amuse themselves -- no; and their hearts are not warm, at least they seem not so to stranger; and they have no ease, no forgetfulness of business and of care -- no, not for a moment. But I will not stay long, I think, for I should not live" (p. 266). Mrs. Trollope is infatuated by the German woman, with her adorable melancholy and her concise analysis of American manners which corroborates Mrs. Trollope's own impressions.

The vacuity and peculiar artificiality of those manners make Mrs. Trollope decide against her hosts. When some ceremony or social procedure comes to her attention, she finds it silly, vulgar or pretentious. When that matrix of social exchange is wanting, she deplores its absence. The

settler's motive and story suggest nothing to her but nothingness, for she finds social and economic independence "unnatural" and unnerving. Mournfully, she describes the existence of a backwoods family, and then offers her interpretation of the meaning of such a life:

> These people were indeed independent, Robinson Crusoe was hardly more so, and they eat and drink abundantly; but yet it seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow-men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones.... (pp. 49-50)

We cannot marvel at the failure of the Trollopes' western enterprise when we find its director unmoved by an inventory of pioneer assets and gradual increment -- the symbols and ethos of North American success. She turns, rather with the same gesture as Mrs. Moodie's, to the idea of lonely death as the best way of explaining the emotional content of the scene.

Mrs. Trollope's view of America is authorized by her superior experience. As a traveller she necessarily makes those comparisons of which the resident is incapable. But as a traveller from Europe she is especially equipped to apply the larger view, having personal access to all that the American, in his limited sphere, cannot know. "In no society in the world," she says of America, "can the advantage of travel be so conspicuous" (p. 323). The American's geographical and cultural isolation produces an egocentricity and narcissism which Mrs. Trollope finds impenetrable, and profoundly irritating; her opinions are unheard and unheeded here. Travel, with its introduction of the elsewhere and otherness, would be just the experience to shock the American out of his complacent ignorance. As it

is, his appallingly narrow mental limits admit none of the comparisons and self-criticism which Mrs. Trollope wishes he would undertake. While she, with her wider experience, believes she can easily comprehend his character, he can only stare back at her uncomprehendingly.

In her review of American literature, Mrs. Trollope is impressed by the absence of allusion in writing, that is, the writer's inability to express his composition's relatedness to all literature and to European literature in particular -- another indication of a narrow, egocentric world-view. Her judgements on American writing are mainly unfavourable, but not emphatically so. She saves her rancour for the unlettered members of American society, those she perceives at the pole of experience opposite from her own and those who would, certainly, be least likely to appreciate her own peculiar faculties. The question of literacy comes down to a moral issue:

> I conceive that no place in the known world can furnish so striking a proof of the immense value of literary habits as the United States, not only in enlarging the mind, but what is of infinitely more importance, in purifying the manners. During my abode in the country I not only never met a literary man who was a tobacco chewer or a whiskey drinker, but I never met any who were not, that had escaped these degrading habits (p. 279).

Given the prevalence of tobacco chewing and the nasty spitting associated with the habit, it is no suprise to find that after four years of "attentive observation" Mrs. Trollope can unconditionally assert that in America "the moral sense is on every point blunter than with us" (pp. 256-57).

A society lacking the moral equipment with which to make the political and social distinctions which interest Mrs. Trollope is a society incapable

of comprehending her values, and certainly incapable of endorsing her art. The popular uproar in America which followed publication of Domestic Manners could only have confirmed her opinions on the impossibility of communicative exchange between the European traveller and the American. There is, she feels, a subtle bond between refined manners and enlightened mentality, a connection maintained by observance of traditional sanctions. In America, the rupture of this ideal connection debases the mind and deranges society: thus the theme of her social and intellectual experience abroad -- "domestic manners." Had her North American journey not included a two-year residence in the West she might have sustained the traveller's objective interest in novelty -- for, as she says, the more novel the scene the more valuable it is to the observer. She may or may not have composed her memoirs had her other work, her entrepreneurial project, yielded any return. But as it was, comparisons and contrasts were of no mere academic, instructive interest; they were manifest personal crises to be endured. For every personal and cultural asset -- class, captial, sensibility -- to be brutally discounted and for the traveller to be left financially dispossessed and socially demoralized requires some quick action to recuperate the loss. As with Mrs. Moodie, the best strategem for recovering a personal investment is a literary inquiry into the very foreignness of the manners and more so powerfully alien to her own interests. Mrs. Trollope, rather than waste her experiences in acquiescent regret and dismay, husbands them to retail in a better market. Her only unquestionably happy social experience in America appears to have been her half-hour of intense communication with the homesick German at Philadelphia. Domestic Manners expands in

literary form the measure of that moment, the fond excitement of relating the whole story to a sympathetic audience, and the exquisite pleasure of getting home again.

Strains of pathos and poignancy in Roughing It distinguish it from Domestic Manners. Mrs. Moodie's regret reflects the essential fact of her social isolation: she will not be getting home again. Her only way of re-traversing the route taken lies in despatching melancholy appeal to her distant audience. She asks for commiseration. Mrs. Trollope, on the other hand, is sure that her course will take her home again: her appeal to her audience satisfies her desire to redress the offenses she suffered at the hands of a society which demeaned and discounted her. Her discourse is more argumentative; she expresses her outrage and indignation through denunciation.

Frances Trollope is only an interesting footnote to American literary history. Samuel Clemens refers to her appreciatively in Life on the Mississippi, but she is less an inspiration to him than a source of historical background for his documentation of his own journey. She belongs in the British tradition, voicing aesthetic, political and social attitudes which were familiar and attractive to her English audience. Susanna Moodie, however, with her melancholy regret for what she had lost and her sly satire of colonial manners, is central to the Canadian literary tradition. In the structure and expression of her attitudes -- her reference to a distant point of origin, her homing tendencies and her feelings of literary and cultural isolation -- are patterns recognizable to Canadian readers and artists. For Susanna Moodie, the audience was elsewhere and her effective address of this audience was a matter of cultural survival.

## Notes

### Chapter 5

[1] Catharine Parr Traill, The Backwoods of Canada (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1966), p. 21. Subsequent references will be to this edition.

[2] Susanna Moodie, Roughing It in the Bush (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1962), p. 29. Subsequent references will be to this edition.

[3] Some of the later chapters of Clearings may have been intended for Roughing It. See Robert L. McDougall's introduction to Life in the Clearings (Toronto: Macmillan, 1976). Subsequent references will be to this edition.

[4] Mrs. Trollope came to North America accompanied by three of her children; her husband and another son joined them in 1828 but returned to England after a few months. Anthony remained at home, at school, during this whole interesting episode in his family's history.

[5] Frances Trollope, Domestic Manners of the Americans (New York: Knopf, 1949), p. 4. Subsequent references will be to this edition.

## Chapter 6

## Towards Simple Narrative and Natural Utterance: Washington Irving and Henry David Thoreau

Between Washington Irving's early literary production -- especially his sentimental descriptions of rustic life in the Old World in The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. (1819-1820) -- and Thoreau's A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers (1849) there seem differences too profound to support any comparative speculation. But when we consider the similarity between the documentary lucidity of Irving's later A Tour on the Prairies (1835) and Thoreau's last travel essays in The Maine Woods (1864) we begin to reconsider the disparity between the Sketch Book and A Week. In undertaking travel memoir as a literary form for their early writings, both Irving and Thoreau exploited the conventional occasion of travel writing to authorize miscellaneous verbal activities. The structural consequence of this is, in the Sketch Book, permissively episodic form and, in A Week, extraordinary excursiveness and divagation. Irving's episodes are each demonstrations of a cluster of sentimental attitudes, and Thoreau's excurses are each philosophical essays arguing a personal ethos. These units might stand alone -- or nearly alone. The travel occasion justifies their publication and, without it, they would lose the authority of their address.

In these early works, Irving and Thoreau face similar problems in adopting the travel form: they describe sights familiar to informed readers. Neither English quaintness nor New England waterways offered

surprising news to a curious audience. Only originality of literary style and attitude could recommend either account. (Irving's success in addressing his public, of course, far surpassed Thoreau's: his Sketch Book made his literary reputation, while A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers excited almost no contemporary interest at all.) Under these circumstances, only the temperament and mentality of the traveller could justify the exercise; only his sensibility and sentiments could make his memoir an important document. The situation is perhaps most conspicuous in A Week, where Thoreau expatiates endlessly on the actual voyage, as if reluctant to send the document forth to stand on its evident content.

Irving's A Tour on the Prairies is a book very different from the Sketch Book. In it, atemporal, episodic structure is replaced by firm narrative sequence. So, too, does The Maine Woods differ from A Week on the Concord and Merrimack. Divagation has almost disappeared from the later book, giving way to a narrative strictness. In Irving's work, the change can be attributed to the shift in location: the Oklahoma prairie, as yet untraversed by literature observers, was itself notice of news. To a lesser degree, the wilderness of Maine promised more in the way of discovery than the shores of the Concord and Merrimack could. But what does appear clearly in both cases is this: for both Irving and Thoreau, classic travel narrative -- strict, spare and literal -- was a fitting literary form within which to represent the New World. For Irving, the creation of what he was to call a "simple narrative" may have been a fortuitous achievement in his career -- a singularly apt literary presentation

developing out of the conjunction of his descriptive skill and this exceptional experience. But for Thoreau the achievement of simple narration was the product of long and purposeful craft. A part of Thoreau's aesthetic rested on the significance of natural utterance -- just the kind of denotative meaning expressed by the writings of New World voyagers -- and his imitation of the travel genre in A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers was a step towards achieving natural literary form. From his lifelong interest in the literature of discovery and travel he developed, as well as a devotion to the eloquence of factual data decorously stated, a thorough literary sense of the classic conventions of the genre. Digression was one of these conventions, but digression in the classic instance is always organic, never induced as it is in A Week: journey commands structure and digression serves that structure. Thoreau recognized and loved the fitness of the travel genre for making truthful, authentic literary statements about America, but, for him, the difficulty lay in getting himself into a rhetorical position analogous to that of William Byrd or William Bartram or Samuel Hearne or other journey-makers whose writings he knew. Assuming the rhetorical office of conveying definitive information on the basis of original, authoritative experience involved conscious manipulation of style and structure. Thoreau was, after all, neither a discoverer nor an explorer and barely a traveller at all. Getting at natural utterance was a matter of great artistry.

I

In their early work in the travel genre, both Irving and Thoreau romanticize the vagrant spirit (and this romanticism is itself a departure

from the classic, nearly naive discourse of the truly matter-of-fact traveller). Later, we will look at Thoreau's early travel doctrine and his ideas of himself in the vagrant mode, but first we will consider Irving, the romance of travel in the Sketch Book and the reality of travel in A Tour on the Pairies.

For both writers, the first voyage out had great personal significance, and from Irving it elicited statements as to his own character and motive. In "The Author's Account of Himself" in his Sketch Book he declares: "I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners."[1] In this first chapter, Irving recalls boyish excursions through the "foreign parts" of his native city and its neighbourhood but the development of his "rambling propensity" proceeded on literary grounds as well: "Books of voyages and travels became my passion...." (p. 1) When the time comes for actual departure, whatever the practical motives of the journey, the most significant elements of the event are its connection with literary precedents in the traveller's experience and its making of the traveller into the artist.

The consummation of this "passion" for the literature of travel is Irving's own practice of the genre. When he introduces his memoirs to his audience he claims no other inspiration than the normal office of the tourist: "As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends" (p. 3). The memoirs are conventional, and their author diffident. But even this overt statement of orthodoxy is qualified by the author's consciousness

of convention, and his recognition of the currency of the literary fashion he follows. And, further, he will not let his address consist merely in the propriety of his literary enterprise, for these apparently conventional sketches have their own distinction: "nooks, corners, and by-places" rather than well-known and often-celebrated scenes will be discovered and described. Irving announces the newsworthiness of his document, and it depends upon the tourist's sensibility -- his intuition of little-known aspects of a now familiar scene. Irving's remarks suggest first that obscure corners are inherently more interesting than the predictable scenes remarked by the "regular" tourist and second that the irregular tourist is himself a more interesting character for his whims and eccentricity. His temperament is the agent of the journey's importance.

In the Sketch Book, Irving's vision is so episodic as to conform to not even the ordinary requirements of the thinnest linear structure of travel narration. The absence of linear structure is, of course, also the absence of data on transportation, accommodation and amenity -- all the details that are so meticulously rendered in A Tour on the Prairies. Each sketch is autonomous, but inexpressible without the pretext of travel. Picturesque encounters and sentimental occasions are incident to travel experience rather than sedentary life, and only the fact of the writer's being -- or having been -- abroad authorizes their publication. In the Sketch Book the travel form is a vehicle for sentiment, humour, meditation and story referring to both the Old World and the New, for some important chapters -- "Sleepy Hollow," "Rip Van Winkle," "Traits of Indian Character," and "Philip of Pokanoket" -- develop from American rather than European experience. Having set out, the traveller-artist

has access to a formal literary occasion for a diversity of expression; unspoken intuitions and stored preparations emerge into published structure. The journey itself is little more than device or abstraction.

By the nineteenth century, readers of travels were well-versed in aspects of trans-Atlantic voyages as introductions to the writer's adventures in another hemisphere; safe crossings, swift or slow, were too common to require detailed representation. Irving, however, makes a number of pages out of his crossing, and this is all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that few of his subsequent sketches observe ordinary data like departures and arrivals. By seizing the literary value of this interval of his journey, Irving establishes the artistic importance of travel, namely, its introduction of the writer into a sphere of change and drama, fraught with suspense in the precariousness of return. The ocean passage

> makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes, -- a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious (p. 5).

"Who can tell," he asks, "when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain events of existence...?" (p. 5) Embarkation suggests an entry not only into uncertainty but into eventful existence itself. Certainly, for Irving, it is the entry into his particular art and its medium, giving access to all the attitudes he develops in his sketches. In the notebook which supplied some of the material for the Sketch Book, he contemplates a similar equivalence between experience

and travel, although on a less optimistic plane:

> I have seen the world I have tasted its pleasures I have explored its recesses & what have I gained what but a distaste for life a distrust for man Oh that I had never strayed beyond the solitudes of my native Alleghanys.[2]

Obvious here are the connections between sedentary life and innocence, and between wandering and experience. To have "seen the world" carries both its meanings -- to have journeyed far, and to have acquired moral knowledge of the ways of men.

Irving is the first traveller we have encountered who reverses the westward migration, and, as such, is harbinger of the large company of voyagers who eventually depart the New World to make pilgrimages to the Old. He examines his motives in his first chapter with enough irony to assure his readers that he undertakes his pilgrimage fully aware of its meaning:

> A great man of Europe, thought I, must...be as superior to a great man of America as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated (p. 3).

The idea of the humble American paying his respects to a superior society is mostly a joke, and Irving proudly acknowledges the matchless assets of the New World: "never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." However, his imagination aspires to some other quantity, which Europe can supply concretely: "I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement, -- to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity, -- to loiter about the ruined

castle, -- to meditate on the falling tower, -- to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past" (pp. 2-3). This sentence carries him from the actual wanderings of a pensive tourism to the final, desirable release from "commonplace realities" into a romantically suggestive other-world. It relates, in fact, the process of his art at this period.

In the first two or three chapters of the Sketch Book the narrator's presence is strongly represented in all its impressionable sensitivity and intentions. Thereafter it is subordinate to other narrative activity -- comic, sentimental or expository. Herein resides the striking difference between the Sketch Book and the companion Notes While Preparing Sketch Book & c., 1817: in the latter the self-conscious speaker is thoroughly evident and active; in the former his personal sentiments are absorbed into anecdote and generalization. The difference is important because the Sketch Book really does derive substantially from the Notes; for all its claim to be the report of a visitor to foreign "nooks" and "by-places," it is also the offspring of this notebook collection of intimate fragments pertaining to some of the writer's inner most emotional experiences. The notebook is full of useful scenic data and adroit sketches of the picturesque, but it also documents Irving's romantic attitudes -- anguish, remorse, mystic hope, grief for lost innocence. The biographical reference for all this interior commotion is generally assumed to be the death, in 1807, of Irving's very young fiancée, Matilda Hoffman. His most sustained notebook lament over Matilda demonstrates the process which projects sorrow and loss into a literary frame. At a point during Irving's English sojourn,

the voices of a cathedral choir stir an intense grief in the auditor's breast:

> --my heart melted at the words I drew into a corner of the cathedral and covering my face with my hands drank in the exquisitely mournful sound. My heart felt as if it would melt within me -- the recollection of Matilda -- (p. 63).

He continues for a page and more with doleful reflection on the departed girl, her celestial purity and his own debasement and entanglement in "heartless pleasure" and "gross associations." But what is especially interesting about this notebook entry is its conclusion: "While these reflections music ceased -- crowd dispersed. -- sees old woman tottering to the grave of a son --" (p. 64). Even in this presumably spontaneous text, Irving is aware of the outward setting of his reverie, the formal relationship between scene and utterance, and the discreet frame within which literary emotions occur. The choir's "mournful sound" begins the meditation; the music's end concludes it. And there is the slight but important gesture towards an exemplary illustration of grief -- "sees old woman tottering to the grave of a son." Assuming that his use of the third person verb is not mere carelessness, we find Irving introducing an attentive spectator watching the bereaved mother. From here we can move directly to the Sketch Book, where the minor gesture of omniscient perception is expanded into a poignant chapter, "The Widow and her Son." In this chapter, the only and beloved son of an aged couple is impressed into maritime service, and disappears into the larger world; the father expires from grief; the lost son returns only to collapse on a couch and die. The narrator of the tale is a contemplative and inquisitive tourist

-- like Irving himself where he emerges from melancholy meditation to take an interest in the grave-visitor -- who is first touched by the appearance of the infirm old woman in a rural church and later at the graveside and who then solicits from one of the funeral attendants the details of the widow's misery. These elements are transferred from the Notes to the published text: the fragmentary vision of the "tottering" woman, the setting provided by the church, and all the sensations of grief, loss and vicissitude associated with Matilda's death in Irving's meditation.

Whereas in the Notes the sense of loss -- not merely in reference to Matilda Hoffman but in regard to all of human mutability -- is personal and immediate, in the Sketch Book it is translated into anecdotal commiserations and into an investigative interest in sepulture. "Rural Funerals" is an expository chapter which gives another dimension to the interment of the widow's son and which indirectly substantiates a later chapter, "Pride of the Village," describing the death and burial of a heart-broken virgin.[3] In "Rural Funerals," Irving explains that "there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song" (p. 147), and that the "natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind" (p. 143). The quasi-scholarly concern with sepulture and the sentimental, fictional attention to bereavement are part of an exercise in mental enrichment. What concerns us here is first that the exercise takes place abroad -- at the outset Irving knew that the particular foreignness he sought was that of decay and loss, the "ruined castle" and the "falling tower" -- and second that, with the travel venture, he is not only released from "common-

place realities" but also introduced to the sites and occasions which permit a controlled, decent articulation of some ponderous thoughts. To depart the shores of America was to enter figuratively as well as actually an imaginatively suggestive milieu and to begin to contact and enact some of his solemn preoccupations with mortality and mortuary. To undertake travel was also to adopt a literary structure which encouraged a meditative, sentimental reply to the human condition without requiring any resolution to those obscure regrets which he cherishes and which arouse the sweet "voice from the tomb." The fragmentary form of the Sketch Book permits titillating encounters with death and remorse without overtly implicating the traveller-narrator. Abroad, Irving frequents foreign tombs and graves, a fascinated voyeur peering at picturesque bereavement.

In the Sketch Book we follow Irving rambling at large through a suggestive landscape of ancient sepulchres. In A Tour on the Prairies, written fifteen years after the Sketch Book, when Irving had returned to America, he composes under very different conditions. First, in place of mementos of the very ancient, he is confronted with the very new -- an uninhabited tract of Oklahmoa prairie. Second, in place of a loose, permissive structure of independent narrative units, a definitive temporal and spatial organization contains his discourse. Along with this comes a change in style: Irving's prose is no longer excursively anecdotal but thoroughly attentive to immediate circumstances. The morbidity and melancholy that give the Sketch Book its sentimental colouring are replaced by a robust pleasure in an absorbing adventure.

During his homecoming travels in America, Irving met Henry Ellsworth,

who had been appointed to conduct a military expedition into the Indian hunting grounds on the Oklahoma prairie, and who invited Irving to accompany him as an observer. Irving accepted Ellsworth's invitation readily, and turned out to be a capable and adaptable frontier traveller. The expedition itself is the frame of A Tour on the Prairies. In his "Author's Introduction" to the volume he insists that he has "no wonders to describe," and that his report is but "a simple narrative of every day occurrences; such as happen to every one who travels the prairies."[4] This announcement is rather different from the "Author's Account of Himself" in the Sketch Book, which prepares the reader for imaginative departures into "nooks" and "by-places" remote from "commonplace realities." In the Tour Irving is much more concerned with social and economic demonstrations of reality -- "everyday occurrences" -- and with his own gradual comprehension of this frontier instance of existence. Although the prairie he crossed was, to his readers, a more extraordinary site than many of the settings of the Sketch Book anecdotes, Irving describes the prairie as ordinary, and the Euopean scene as uncommon. The distinction he makes is actually the distinction between the literal motive of the Tour and the allusive motive of the Sketch Book.

Irving's devotion to realism in this book creates a tight, balanced narrative; few excursive reflections disturb the regular rhythm of the journey. The artist's discovery of his own attitudes vis-à-vis the journey is always directly related to the particular activities of the travellers and its connection with reported experience is always clear. The mission was documented also by others who made the trip, Ellsworth most notably, and John McDermott's introduction and notes to the 1956 edition of the

Tour describe some discrepancies between fact and Irving's account. But these are neither so numerous nor so consequential as to undermine the essentially literal, denotative spirit of the book.

Irving's role in the mission is an interesting issue. He had some negligible and dispensable official status, as secretary, but principally he set out as Ellsworth's guest. In one respect, he was, as an experienced traveller and writer, undertaking a venture suited to his vocation and temperament. In another respect, he was entering an unfamiliar sphere, abandoning accustomed scenes of civilized life for a desolate, remote terrain. Irving's commodious intelligence hosts both these conditions, making him both part of the scene, as a seasoned traveller making yet another passage, and not part of the scene, as a detached observer taking a close sighting on an unfamiliar phenomenon. His ability to manage these two roles simultaneously is perhaps what gives the Tour its "every day" qualities, and deprives it of the "wonders" and heroics that a one-sided view might have created. Irving participates in the rangers' activities -- eating camp meals, fording rivers, even hunting buffalo -- but this participatory strain (which might have led to a wonderful, "adventure" narrative) is qualified by a spectatorial mood (which, alone, might have led to a contemplative or sentimental narrative). Working together, the participatory and the spectatorial create a forceful document.

The character of the social unit comprised of the randomly-mustered rangers who make up Ellsworth's troop is central to Irving's interest. Although he rides with them and camps with them, Irving also sees them from an analytic distance, detecting the picturesque or sometimes comic

arrangement of their numbers. Again and again he is struck by the appearance and design of the night camp. Here is one among many examples of his descriptive practice when the encampment inspires Irving's special type of portraiture:

> In this rocky nook we encamped, among tall trees. The rangers gradually joined us, straggling through the forest singly or in groups; some on horseback, some on foot, dripping wet, having fallen into the river; for they had experienced much fatigue and trouble from the length of the ford, and the depth and rapidity of the stream. They looked not unlike banditti returning with their plunder, and the wild dell was a retreat worthy to receive them. The effect was heightened after dark, when the light of the fires was cast upon rugged looking groups of men and horses; with baggage tumbled in heaps, rifles piled against the trees, and saddles, bridles, and powderhorns hanging about their trunks (p. 74).

This paragraph is typical particularly in the constructive action of Irving's prose. It begins with one locating fact -- the site among tall trees -- and stations the witness there, or close by. It then introduces, one by one, the elements which will constitute the finished picture: the rangers arriving, their laden horses, the sodden condition of baggage and animals, the fatigue of laborious travel. Objects and attributes accumulate. Then a romantic, nearly Gothic allusion -- "banditti returning with their plunder" -- establishes the genre in which the picture is being created, but without disturbing the acute realism which collects and disposes the materials of the construction. Finally, some concrete, explanatory details complete and place the arrangement: "baggage," "rifles," "saddles, bridles and powderhorns" inform the observer and his audience of the precise function of this picturesque group. They are horsemen, travelling a distance, carrying provisions and weapons against the hunger or hostility

they might meet on this empty plain. The scene is evocative not just in spite of but because of its specificity.

Except for a few occasions when he is literally carried away or certainly absorbed by his own personal adventures, Irving is always in a position to see and to reconstruct the picturesque. Sometimes he makes a deliberate effort to place himself advantageously so as to capture an anticipated scene. More than once he hangs back from the body of activity in order to grasp the essence of each morning's decampment: "I sat on a rock that overhung the spring at the upper part of the dell, and amused myself by watching the changing scene before me. First the preparations for depature...." (p. 81) After a comprehensive, sequential inventory of the visual and auditory impressions which comprise the packing and mounting, he is left alone, or almost alone, only the rear-guard remaining at the site, and he concludes with a one-sentence paragraph stating the sensory content of the completed scene:

> The clamor of voices and the notes of the bugle at length died away, and the glen relapsed into quiet and silence, broken occasionally by the low murmuring tone of the group around the fire, or the pensive whistle of some laggard among the trees; or the rustling of the yellow leaves, which the lightest breath of air brought down in wavering showers, a sign of the departing glories of the year (p. 81).

Irving's description not only reconstructs all the sensory evidence of the moment, but, as well, expands the focus of his prose to connect the particulars of the occasion with the larger natural environment, and with the autumnal quality of all departures. And even so subtle an omniscience is kept in check by Irving's simple statement of his vantage during this episode: he saw this because, as he says, he "sat on a rock...at the

upper part of the dell," prepared to see, and not disappointed in his expectations.

Another aspect of this passage is important to the art with which Irving tells his "simple narrative." While he occasionally reminds himself of the sublime immensity and vacuity of the wilderness he traverses -- "all silent, lifeless, without a human habitation, and apparently without a human inhabitant!" (p. 84) -- he is more concerned with the human passage through the landscape than with the landscape itself. His sensitive telling of departures, such as the one described above, is his most effective way of determining the meaning of wilderness. When the company -- this contingent, isolated social organism -- moves on, the prairie closes in behind, with its intractable silence and commanding vastness. It is immense and enduring in relation to the human group and it exists, in the narrative, only in relation to that group. Much later in the Tour, Irving is again inclined to linger over the evidence of decampment, human scratchings on a huge natural surface, and this time discovers in the debris of a night's habitation a portrait of man's economic condition. Although it is a long passage to include here, I will cite it entirely for its systematic documentation of data relating to the site and occasion, and for its introduction of another theme of the Tour:

> About ten o'clock, we began our march. I loitered in the rear of the troop as it forded the turbid brook and defiled through the labyrinths of the forest. I always felt disposed to linger after the last straggler disappeared among the trees and the distant note of the bugle died upon the ear, that I might behold the wilderness relapsing into silence and solitude. In the present instance, the deserted scene of our late bustling encampment had a forlorn and desolate appearance. The surrounding forest had been in many places trampled into a quagmire.

> Trees felled and partly hewn in pieces, and scattered in huge fragments; tent-poles stripped of their covering; smouldering fires, with great morsels of roasted venison and buffalo meat, standing wooden spits before them, hacked and slashed by the knives of hungry hunters; while around were strewn the hides, the horns, the antlers, and bones of buffaloes and deer, with uncooked joints, and unplucked turkeys, left behind with that reckless improvidence and wastefulness which young hunters are apt to indulge when in a neighborhood where game abounds. In the meantime a score or two of turkey-buzzards, or vultures, were already high in the air, and preparing for a descent upon the camp as soon as it should be abandoned (pp. 169-70).

"Hides," "horns," "antlers," "bones," meat "hacked and slashed" are objectively reported. Items are documented almost without commentary, yet the whole is finally more than the sum of the parts. The separate components of the catalogue begin to function just beyond the literal level, contributing to the expression of the spectator's attitude towards the hunt.

Hunting interests Irving throughout. From the start, the rangers, who are mostly young and excitable, anticipate abundant game on the prairie and predict fabulous exploits. They are experienced woodsmen and they soon begin to bag fowl and beast in large quantities. So feverish is their predatory energy that they are scarcely kept in rein by their captain, and Irving both admires their high spirits and laughs at their rampant enthusiasm. Although the slaughter is often excessive, the hunters do provide the necessaries of survival. But Irving comes to regard the hunting economy of the itinerant company with ambivalence. His uneasiness over heedless waste is finally sharpened to outright distaste.

His repugnance, however, is confined to his personal experience, and does not blight his estimate of his companions. Irving's scrupulousness in this matter contributes to the clarity of his narrative. He comes to

recognize the attitudes which distinguish him from his fellows, and which determine his ideological place in the expedition. His account of a buffalo hunt, and of his own success in bringing down one of the animals, relates both his assimilation into the frenzied spirit of the chase and his subsequent retreat from the position to which it leads him. When he fells his quarry, he dismounts to examine it:

> Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred-fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size (p. 178).

The social and economic ethos of the little community of which he is temporarily a member describes the death of the animal as a victory. Irving, after being inspired and propelled by that ethos, finds that he cannot endorse it; it does not suit him. And the matter goes no further. He makes no criticism of the other frantic hunters, but merely records the evident personal experience. Through this, his empiricism holds firm, treating his own actions in the pursuit of the buffalo, and recording the activity of an aggravated conscience beholding "the wreck I had so wantonly produced" (p. 179). Strict limitations govern sentimentality in the Tour -- limitations which in the Sketch Book are deliberately set aside to allow the sentimental imagination an open forum.

To express his social vision, Irving resorts to a gentle satire. Comedy is appropriate not because the rangers are ridiculous -- which, in spite of their motley costumes and rustic, unmilitary ways, they are not

-- but because comedy is the best way to capture at a distance the essence of the contingent community. The funniest episode in the Tour is the "Alarm Camp" chapter wherein Irving describes the antic disorder which disrupts the troop when a rider rushes into camp to announce breathlessly that Pawness have been sighted:

> There was now a scene of clamor and confusion that baffles all description. The rangers were scampering about the adjacent field in pursuit of their horses. One might be seen tugging his steed along by a halter; another without a hat, riding bare-backed; another driving a hobbled horse before him, that made awkward leaps like a kangaroo (p. 129).

Rumour swells the number of the advancing horde to three hundred and more. Horsemen run about looking for their saddles, and then dash off, willy-nilly, to confront the foe. The dénouement reveals that the legion of warriors was entirely a projection of these untried, anxious young soliders, and that the mysterious sighting had been only that of one ranger by another, from a distant ridge. But, however fantastical the enemy, the panic was real, and the fears of attack by hostile savages throughout the campaign was an indication of real conditions. Irving is amused by the alarm (he doesn't mention his own reaction to it). However, his amusement is not condescension but a way of describing an isolated human community believing in its own danger.

The memorable characterizations of Beattle and Tonish, half-breed hunter and cook attached to Ellsworth's and Irving's party, are products of the same comic social vision that creates "The Alarm Camp." Tonish, the cook, is all garrulous vanity, foolish energy and ineptitude; his foil is Beatte, a taciturn, splendidly capable woodsman. McDermott's

introduction and notes suggest that Irving took liberties with the real Tonish to create the literary Tonish and set up the comic contrast with Beatte. Nevertheless, the two men do represent the carefully observed extremes of conduct possible under these frontier conditions. Beatte fascinates Irving, in the way the Indian Guide, Joseph Polis, fascinates Thoreau in the "Allegash and East Branch" essay in The Maine Woods. Beatte's extraordinary competence is exhilarating, but, because of the context which his author establishes for him and in which his feats are reckoned, Beatte is not a hero. He could have been, heroically, a knight of frontier romance; or, sentimentality could have turned Beatte's skilful predation into a contemptible carnage. But neither possibility materializes. Instead, Irving honours Beatte with an appreciative characterization, but avoids romanticizing him by developing a personal vision of nature that is not the woodsman's.

Beatte is still the archetypal hunter, and, Irving says, full of "true knowledge." But part of Irving's task as travel narrator is to measure Beatte's context, inquire into his habits and practices, and, in so doing, create a more comprehensive vision of the journey across the plain. We will find that this is Thoreau's task, too, when he considers Joseph Polis and the romance he might make of him in "The Allegash and East Branch" in The Maine Woods.

A Tour on the Prairies has its notebook source as the Sketch Book did. The Western Journals of Washington Irving, however, are much better reading than the notes antecedent to the Sketch Book. In fact, Irving's note-taking in the Western-Journals is often so eloquent and arresting as

to suggest that the practice in itself comprises a unique literary medium. In the "Author's Introduction" to the Tour, Irving claims that he travelled in America without literary intentions -- or, at least, without intentions of publication -- and suggests that public expectations have virtually forced him into print:

> Having since my return to the United States, made a wide and varied tour, for the gratification of my curiosity, it has been supposed that I did it for the purpose of writing a book; and it has more than once been intimated in the papers, that such a work was actually in the press, containing scenes and sketches of the Far West.
>
> These announcements, gratuitously made for me, before I had put pen to paper, or even contemplated any thing of the kind, have embarrassed me exceedingly. I have been like a poor actor, who finds himself announced for a part he had no thought of playing, and his appearance expected on the stage before he has committed a line to memory (p. 9).

In spite of these disclaimers, Irving had in hand a collection of observations gathered on his travels. Only the notes dealing with the Oklahoma expedition reached book-form: "I have, as it were, plucked a few leaves out of my memorandum book, containing a month's foray beyond the outposts of human habitations, into the wilderness of the Far West" (p. 9). The notes as a whole are more detailed, descriptive and comprehensive than those used for the Sketch Book, and they are organized on much more systematic principles. This could suggest that the diffidence he exhibits in the passages above is no more than the conventional genuflection with which an author can address his audience. Or the diffidence may be more authentic than that, and the comprehensiveness of the Western Journals may have been effected for its own sake. I propose this to account for the literary grace of some of the passages in the Journals which creates affecting verbal fragments. For instance, the high realism of these phrases has a peculiar power:

> Squaws riding with umbrellas -- warm day -- wide, treeless prairie -- trembling with heat -- columns of smoke hanging lazily in various directions of horizon -- 5

It may be the thoroughness of Irving's documentary intentions that produces such vividness; the combination of unrelenting inquiry into the structure of each scene with impressionistic rendering of every circumstance creates these literary moments. Always these moments are heightened by Irving's careful observance of the locus of his own perception. Here, when in wet weather he resorts to his tent, auditory impressions are the only accountable evidence of the activity of the camp around him:

> I had prepared my bed in the open air last night -- when it began to rain, crept into the tent -- sound of the axe in all quarters -- men cutting poles to make booths of blankets &c. (p. 146).

Sometimes the note-taking technique can reconstruct circumstances with greater acuity than narrative can. When the company nears the end of the expedition, the effects of exhaustion and famine are expressed in short, strained sentences:

> We are told the ford is about 9 miles off -- on we go -- the miles stretch -- the horses tire -- we dismount, being fatigued ourselves -- mount again -- the horses stagger -- lag behind -- [flings?] -- Pourtales flogs him on -- at length he gives out -- & the wild colt likewise (p. 149).

The firm narrative shape of A Tour on the Prairies must be attributable in part to the precision and method of the note-taking. From his American travels Irving selected one particular episode -- the Oklahoma expedition -- for book-making, rather than translate the generality of his experience into vignettes and sketches. The New World suggested this specificity, as the Old World suggested meditative projections, and associated with the change in style and structure is Irving's development of the documentary impressionism apparent in the Western Journals, so deliberately and artfully bonded to an ascertained reality.

II

Seven days of travel on the Concord and Merrimack might have called for a narrative as "simple" as Irving's Tour, one chronologically lucid and descriptively constrained. And Thoreau's name for the excursion he made with his brother late in the summer of 1839, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, suggests just such delimitation. However, in the narrative which ensues, simplicity is soon sacrificed to Thoreau's literary ambition to establish the document's relationship to voyage literature of much greater temporal and spatial reference. Through complex documentation -- digression, interpolation, poetry, exposition and quotation all contained by the diurnal headings "Saturday" to "Friday" -- Thoreau transcends the literal limitations of this week in 1839 and travels to great lengths to make the generic connections with the literature of discovery. The event cannot stand alone (as Thoreau's Maine travels do, late in his career); only with extraordinarily complex narrative structure do the Concord and Merrimack become rivers to write about or does the brothers' trip become an historical voyage.

In A Week on the Concord and Merrimack, Thoreau assumes his rhetorical authority on the basis of expatiation. To create his document he enlarges on his journey, taking into account every meaning that could be detected in the seminal event and exploring every conceivable literary consequence. Reflecting, perhaps, on the narrative structure he was creating to manage this comprehensiveness, and convinced of the verisimiltude and authenticity available through expatiation, Thoreau says, on Thursday:

> We can never safely exceed the actual facts in our narratives. Of pure invention, such as some suppose, there is no instance. To write a true work of fiction is only to take leisure and liberty to decribe some things more exactly as they are.... Most travellers have not self respect enough to do this simply....[6]

"Fiction" here stands for departures from the linear narrative sequence; it is a structural concept. "Leisure and liberty" are structural principles

permitting divigation and interpolation, which expand the seven days into a shelter for the writer's whole body of thought and learning. Within this aesthetic, omission of even the most remotely associated ideas compromises the accuracy and correctness of the whole.

This comprehensiveness was no random literary goal; Thoreau knew that travel narrative could achieve large meanings. As John Aldrich Christie's book, Thoreau as World Traveler, conclusively demonstrates, one of the most important parts of Thoreau's life was the reading of travel literature. Christie establishes a bibliography of 183 travel publications -- journals, narrative, official reports -- which Thoreau read and some of which he re-read. From the most valuable he laboriously copied long passages into his notebooks. This reading and copying are ingredients in the creative process which produced A Week, and later, A Yankee in Canada and Cape Cod. The river voyage itself is only a segment of the travel described in A Week; the rest is studious travel, compilation, comparison and citation.

Thoreau's experience in travel literature not only suggested the larger references his own travel narrative could incorporate, but also provided the literary conventions which could give authority to his personal voyage. One of these conventions is the systematic journal-writing of explorers and navigators, and Thoreau observed the practice of important travellers in keeping a log-book during his week on the river. It enters into the final text occasionally:

> A fire crackled merrily before the entrance [to a makeshift tent], so near that we could attend it without stepping abroad, and when we had supped, we put out the blaze, and closed the door, and with the semblance of domestic comfort, sat up to read the Gazetteer, to learn our latitude and longitude, and write the journal of the voyage, or listened to the wind and the rippling of the river till sleep overtook us (p. 119).

Determining latitude and longitude makes a larger navigation out of this small one, and writing "the journal of the voyage" enlists the travellers

in a tradition of discoverers and global navigators. But here, in A Week, the journal is not the ultimate text of the experience. In fact, Thoreau feels that it is limited in the ground it can cover, because of its linearity and because its composition does not involve that "leisure and liberty" necessary to exact and comprehensive travel writing:

> Unfortunately, many things have been omitted which should have been set down in our journal; for though we made it a rule to set down all our experiences therein, yet such resolution is very hard to keep, for the important experience rarely allows us to remember such obligations, and so indifferent things get recorded, while that is frequently neglected. It is not easy to write in a journal what interests us at any time, because to write is not what interests us (p. 354).

In this phase of journeying, writing and travel are separate activities ("to write is not what interests us"). The "important experience," obscured by the immediate office of the journal, is one which is revealed only in the retrospective, expatiative phase of travel, when "to write" is indeed "what interests us." Then, when the writer is not bound by linearity, narrative discursiveness and digression get at these "important" meanings.

Transitions between the diurnal, journal-based text which describes the boat's progress on the waterway and the sometimes extremely lengthy, essay-like meditations are overt and patent. One of the earliest is exemplary. After a catalogue of local aquatic creatures, the narrative takes a decisive turn, momentarily abandoning the advance of the voyagers to pursue the topic in waters inaccessible to the actual route: "If we had but leisure this afternoon, we might turn our prow up the brooks in quest of the classical trout and the minnows" (p. 31). The condition is fulfilled, for this is, after all, a "true work of fiction" composed in leisure and with liberty, and the discourse follows the guide of the argument and heads up the brooks and back into the history of this location. Material that the journal

cannot incorporate is thus drawn into the text -- quotations from a "Fisherman's Account Current" from 1805, reflections on the encounter of the shad with human industry, and information on the consequence of dams on the river. Having accomplished this foray into subjects adjacent to the voyagers' course, Thoreau returns abruptly to Saturday: "That was a long pull from Ball's Hill to Carlisle Bridge, sitting with our faces to the south, a slight breeze rising from the north;...now, having passed the bridge between Carlisle and Bedford, we see men haying far off in the meadow, their heads waving like the grass which they cut" (p. 37). The "long pull" was both the unspoken interval of the boat's passage, and the six-page excursion into tributary matters. The present tense here, and in many other structurally comparable situations in A Week, signals the return to journal material. The next sentence occurs in the past tense: "In the distance the wind seemed to bend all alike" (p. 37). But the sense of immediacy is continuous, maintained by detail and place-names.

The "Fisherman's Account Current" is only one of the documents which support Thoreau's narrative. A "History of Dunstable" supplies records of the lives of early settlers in the region, and the Gazetteer is a sturdy resource to which traveller and narrator constantly refer: "As we thus rested in the shade, or rowed leisurely along, we had recourse, from time to time, to the Gazetteer, which was our Navigator, and from its bald natural facts extracted the pleasure of poetry" (p. 92). It is not only the utility of the Gazetteer as "Navigator" that makes it poetic and beautiful, but also its empirical countenance. Thoreau's pleasure in this official, vernacular type of documentation goes farther than his pleasure in information, for he loves the very texture of such forms. In reconstructing the historical

essence of a village at the shore, he turns immediately to the idea of documentation: "In this Billerica solid men must have lived, select from year to year; a series of town clerks, at least; and there are old records you may search" (p. 51). A vivid part of the calculation of the scene's historical features lies with the transcription of the past, and with the feel and appearance of these antique notations: "town records, old, tattered, time-worn, weather-stained chronicles" (p. 53). He can reproduce some of this venerable texture in his own narrative through quotations and excerpts; some of it he can replicate with his own catalogues of fishes, miles traversed, meals prepared, shore-business observed. In this we can see the substance of Thoreau's long preoccupation with travel writing, for in that literature there is always opportunity for regular, original observation of human and natural affairs.

The fundamental problem which the text addresses is the disparity between the little extent of the brothers' trip and the grandeur of the eminent tradition within which the narrator travels. Disarming the disparity is Thoreau's literary purpose. His discourse must argue how far he travels in small space. He must exert every faculty to perceive in the range of this brief journey the typical distinctions and similitudes discerned by travellers wandering the globe for no mere week but for years. In his introductory chapter "Concord River," he considers the potential adventure in little journeys:

> You shall perhaps run aground on Cranberry Island, only some spires of last year's pipe-grass above water to show where the danger is, and get as good a freezing there as anywhere on the Northwest Coast. I never voyaged so far in all my life. You shall see men you never heard of before, whose names you don't know.... (p. 6).

The appearance of foreignness -- the remarkable cold, the unheard-of men -- is a subtle quantity in a voyage of short tenure; only the most precise observations can isolate these small transitions. And only the most delicate manipulations of language can convey the exotic drama of an apparently limited transportation. When the boatmen pass out of sight of Concord, they turn their backs on the known landscape and face their outward course: "Naught was familiar but the heavens, from under whose roof the voyageur never passes; but with their countenance, and the acquaintance we had with river and wood, we trusted to fare well under any circumstances" (p. 20). Looking to the heavens for a guide, and trusting to their travelling skills, the voyagers with this sentence are as navigators charting a journey towards large discoveries, consulting stellar patterns to fix their course.

Imitation of the diction of voyage narrative is one device by which Thoreau establishes the correspondence between his own brief trip and greater navigations. Both the paragraph with which the journey begins and that with which it concludes wear that air of decorous solemnity with which travellers tend to frame their voyage narratives. On Saturday, "with a vigorous shove we launched our boat from the bank, while the flags and bulrushes courtesied a God-speed, and dropped silently down the stream" (p. 12). In place of tides and land-breezes, pilots and sail-setting "a vigorous shove" commences the brothers' voyage, and in place of wharfside crowds and other pomp, "flags and bulrushes" witness the departure. To mimic thus the conventions the travel genre draws the simple embarkation into the tradition of more momentous departures. And it is not only the diction of the described embarkation and return which invokes the classic authority of the genre but also the structure created by them: departure

and disembarkation -- Saturday and Friday -- frame the composition. What went on in the traveller's life before the voyage and what comes after cannot be directly introduced into the travel narrative. Although Thoreau's antecedent and subsequent experiences crowd the margins of the linear narration they are admissible to the text only when they are abstracted into the long, generalized digressions. The seven days -- however enlarged or expanded -- dictate structure: what can be said must be adapted to their sequence. The complications of the adaptation and the length and number of the digressions suggest that Thoreau, at this point, did not fully accept the conventional austerities of the genre he had chosen.

For Thoreau, to reveal the whole shape of this travel interval was to organize all the materials that could be discovered to pertain associatively to a week on the Concord and Merrimack. This meant researching the history of the region, reviewing his own earlier personal recollections, developing the expository investigations of the geography of the route, inserting the lengthy disquisitions on friendship, literature and science, establishing the comparative connection between this river life and all river life -- in all, an infinitely complicated project involving the whole fabric of his thought and knowledge. When A Week was published in 1849, the project was concluded if not completed, for its structural premise is coeval with the life and intellect of the writer himself. Where the linear prospect is so definitively limited as it is in travel narrative, and where the amount of digressive material is virtually unlimited as it is in A Week, the stresses exerted on narrative structure are enormous. The work -- the literary journey -- ends only when the writer publishes. This is not true of the Maine Woods essays, where event checks commentary.

Travel, in A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, is seen as an epistemological model. It is a paradigm of learning, and the travel narrative is a model of the kind of truthful, literal and, above all, natural utterance that Thoreau pursues in his art. When, in A Week, he generalizes about travel as an experience, his reflections beg to be read for their metaphorical properties. Describing the mode of travel adopted by the brothers, he makes ideological statements not just about effective tourism but about cognition itself. He writes:

> We thus worked our way up this river, gradually adjusting our thoughts to novelities, beholding from its placid bosom a new nature and new works of men, and, as it were with increasing confidence, finding nature still habitable, genial, and propitious to us; not following any beaten path, but the windings of the river, as ever the nearest way for us. Fortunately we had no business in this country (pp. 112-13).

This is the kind of learning effected by the voyage. First, the sense of proper advances connects the two men with a natural direction, that of the waterway itself. The boatmen are not passively adrift, but they "work" their way, industriously in accord with the river. Then, with the advance, comes the introduction of cognitive material and its orderly absorption by the traveller's intellect: "gradually adjusting our thoughts to novelties." Novelty is inevitably an aspect of travel, and in Thoreau's journey the transactions between newness and intellect occur regularly. Of course, the voyagers follow no "beaten path," for then the originality and newness would be gone from the trip, and the journey would be no voyage of discovery at all. And most important to the conditions of their pure travel is that they have "no business in this country." They proceed impartially, for the love of travelling itself. The voyage is unimpeded by prosaic purposes and the point of view of the disinterested voyagers is unprejudiced by expectations. Their

detachment allows them the objectivity that captures the whole journey. All this, certainly, is as descriptive of intellectual habits as it is of enlightened tourism.

Travellers so divorced from ordinary, material objectives are less likely to be distressed by obstacles or delays, for their destination cannot be predetermined, but can be only what the journey reveals. "So far as my experience goes," says Thoreau, "travelers generally exaggerate the difficulties of the way. Like most evil, the difficulty is imaginary; for what's the hurry?" (p. 193) Nothing the route throws up in the shape of obstacles is a true impediment. Rather, it is merely an extrapolation on the itinerary, an elaboration or digression. Relieved of all material urgency, the narrator can even welcome adverse conditions as propitious. When rain drenches the travellers on Thursday, Thoreau exclaims over such good luck: "Cold and damp, -- are they not as rich experience as warmth and dryness?" (p. 320) With this, he departs from typical characteristics of the travel genre, where obstructions are trials, where cold is mortal, and where wet clothes are not so "rich" an experience. There, in conventional travel narrative, such vexations and disappointments provide some heady material -- ordeals, despondency, great tests, suspense and success. But in A Week, as the destination becomes literary and immaterial, so, too, is the traveller somewhat disembodied and abstracted. Corporeal nuisances are disregarded, or conceptualized in the journey's final text.

Finally, the meaning of the Concord and Merrimack voyage hovers between two planes: at one level is the emblematic significance of the journey as a token of all human journeys, of the river as epitome of all waterways, and of the voyagers as representative of all travellers. From the conventions of the travel genre -- daily record-making, relation of the historical associations,

regular measurement of the travellers' progress -- emerge the metaphorical consequences of the trip. But on another level lies the literal meaning of the journey as a true, independent and discreet event, important and consequential in itself. Much of the literal meaning of the journey derives from the narrator's notation of natural objects -- fishes, plants, the air and river themselves. In explaining the substance and security drawn from observation ("What I see is mine. I am a large owner in the Merrimack intervals"), Thoreau writes:

> The landscape is indeed something real, and solid, and sincere, and I have not put my foot through it yet. There is a pleasant tract on the bank of the Concord, called Conantum, which I have in my mind, -- the old deserted farmhouse, the desolate pasture with its bleak cliff, the open wood, the river-reach, the green meadow in the midst, and the moss-grown wild-apple orchard, -- places where one may have many thoughts and not decide anything. It is a scene which I can not only remember, as I might a vision, but when I will can bodily revisit, and find it even so, unaccountable, yet unpretending in its pleasant dreariness (p. 374).

The landscape's solidity and permanence is the immutable natural fact. It is, says Thoreau, visionary in its memory value, but more than visionary in that it exists literally, too, and the thinker can know that he will "bodily revisit" it, if he chooses. So the river which he travels has its visionary dimension, but is also visited "bodily" and materially. The journey is a veracious setting like Conantum, where "one may have many thoughts and not decide anything," and where the factual matrix of these indecisive thoughts is what is absolute and conclusive.

With the final, one-sentence paragraph of <u>A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers</u>, Thoreau exercises the potential eloquence of literal report:

> We made about fifty miles this day with sail and oar, and now, far in the evening, our boat was grating against the bulrushes of its native port, and its keel recognized the Concord mud, where some semblance of its outline was still preserved in the flattened flags which had scarce yet erected themselves since our departure; and we leaped gladly on shore, drawing it up and fastening it to the wild apple tree, whose stem still bore the mark which its chain had worn in the chafing of the spring freshets (p. 420).

The miles accomplished, the evening hour, the anchorage, the glad disembarkation, are all proper facts for a voyager to tell, that his reader may recognize the signs of a journey concluded. They are told with the same unaffected clarity with which the circumnavigator composes the completing entry in his log. Here they are perfected by the narrative focus on the particulars of this journey -- the bulrushes and mud and apple tree and, especially, the small residual signs of the journey's beginning in the impressed rushes and scarred trunk. This resonant particularity is what distinguishes Thoreau's later travel writing, in Cape Cod and The Maine Woods, where literal and figurative levels of meaning merge and where the interpolations and divagations of A Week are gone. In the heightened realism of these later compositions, data loom as portentous images, and strict documentation of only the events of the journey accomplishes whole meaning. In A Week, the interval separating journey from publication (which is also the disparity between the log and the text) nearly obliterates linear narrative with the "leisure" and "liberty" of expatiation. In The Maine Woods that interval resulted in the magnification of linear sequence to the point where it could stand for all that had happened.

Between 1846 and 1857 Thoreau made a series of excursions which he eventually described in extended compositions. He made three trips to Maine, three to Cape Cod, and one to Canada. The Canadian journey, undertaken in 1850, is recorded in A Yankee in Canada, which was first published in

The Atlantic in 1855. Structurally, A Yankee in Canada is transitional, standing between A Week and the later texts, Cape Cod and The Maine Woods. In A Yankee in Canada, Thoreau says his purpose is "taking it all in," and the tone which he adopts to do this taking-in is ironical and rather arch, as if the conventional route he followed to Montreal and Québec was too much of a "beaten path" to allow him the serious leisure and privacy of the Concord and Merrimack voyage. His first paragraph, in A Yankee in Canada, simultaneously invokes the conventions of travel writing and undercuts them with a half-embarrassed amusement at having pursued so well-travelled a course:

> I fear that I have not got much to say about Canada, not having seen much; what I got by going to Canada was a cold. I left Concord, Massachusetts, Wednesday morning, September 25th, 1850, for Quebec. Fare, seven dollars there and back; distance from Boston, five hundred and ten miles; being obliged to leave Montreal on the return as soon as Friday, October 4th, or within ten days. I will not stop to tell the reader the names of my fellow-travellers; there were said to be fifteen hundred of them. I wished only to be set down in Canada, and take one honest walk there as I might in Concord woods of an afternoon.[7]

As in A Week, the brevity of the journey requires some notice: not having much to say coexists with more than a hundred pages of telling about the trip. We soon find that the traveller-narrator considers the cursory view supplied by so rapid a tour not in itself a detriment, but merely one of the interesting conditions of this particular experience. The wish to "take one honest walk" in Canada as he might in Concord "of an afternoon" acknowledges both the limitations of the enterprise and its limitless possibilities. It is not the itinerary itself that will distinguish this adventure (for it is an ordinary and public route) but the "honest" cognitive intentions with which it is undertaken.

In considering his fifteen hundred fellow-travellers, Thoreau begins the process of social detachment which inspires much of his commentary on Canadian manners and institutions. The title of the account itself suggests his pleasure in the central fact of this experience, namely, that of seeing himself in a foreign environment. But this pleasure begins before he crosses the national frontier. On the train he is a Yankee amidst Yankees but separate even from these fifteen hundred compatriots:

> One man in the cars has a bottle full of some liquor. The whole company smile whenever it is exhibited. I find no difficulty in containing myself (pp. 15-16).

Once he arrives in Canada, conspicuous foreignness completely authorizes his position of critical alienation. Roman Catholic edifices and adherents invite both appreciative and negative observations, but it is the military atmosphere of Québec which crystallizes Thoreau's role. He adopts a pose of profound naivety in order to convey his sense of the absurdity of militaristic procedures, pretending a complete ignorance of the assumptions behind soldierly ceremonies. Entering the citadel, "We did not heed the sentries at the gate, nor did they us, and what under the sun they were placed there for, unless to hinder a free circulation of the air, was not apparent" (p. 37). All imperialist formalities are represented as alien and unintelligible, but all are recorded in ironical detail. Members of the Highland regiment, with their odd hats and bare knees, particularly excite Thoreau's wit and attention, and he stares with a tourist's shameless curiosity at the exposed limbs of one specimen he meets: "We stood close by without fear and looked at him. His legs were somewhat tanned, and the hair had begun to grow on them, as some of our wise men predict that it will in such cases, but I do not think they were remarkable in any respect" (p. 38).

So consistent is he in this sceptical, satiric spectatorship that when he returns to Québec after an excursion into the countryside and sees a man stricken and dying, at the dock, he records the scene with the same dispassionate interest in off-centre details which directed his gaze to the Highlander's knees:

> When we landed at Quebec the next morning, a man lay on his back on the wharf, apparently dying, in the midst of a crowd and directly in the path of the horses, groaning, "O ma conscience!" I thought that he pronounced his French more distinctly than any I heard, as if the dying had already the accents of a universal language (p. 93).

Sentiment is flagrantly absent from the report, particularly as the subsequent sentence describes the tourists' plans for their last day of sightseeing at Québec. Had Washington Irving or Susanna Moodie witnessed so affecting a sight they would have actively or imaginatively inquired into the history of the man's affliction, and stayed to commiserate with the bereaved. Thoreau cannot simply and decently disregard the incident -- the man is, after all, directly in the path of the horses -- but, instead, records it with consummate detachment and only intellectual interest, eccentric at that.

So far it would seem that negative satisfactions dominate Thoreau's Canadian excursion. But this is not the case for, as in A Week on the Concord and Merrimack, an imaginative and intellectual journey runs concurrently with the actual journey. In A Yankee in Canada, this mental journey is conducted primarily through the literature of travel -- the Jesuit Relations, Champlain's journals, and lesser histories -- which impinges on the route. Thoreau did extensive preparatory reading before he set out, and continued pertinent study after he came home: the ten days in the autumn of 1850 are like a field-trip set within a continuum of study and imaginative contemplation of the literary journey. A Yankee is full of intermittent

quotation from the writings of explorers and earlier travellers, and from historians of Lower Canada, all brusquely interjected into the midst of sightseeing, without much regard for nice narrative assimilations. Towards the end of the narrative these citations predominate, virtually silencing the voice of Thoreau's own journey, and lengthening the literary journey until it is commensurate with the extent of the writer's studious interest in the area. For Thoreau, at this point, literary preparation was still essential to his venturing.

In A Yankee in Canada, citing and summarizing secondhand material from the writings of other travellers keeps Thoreau in touch with the literary form which is his inspiration. In Cape Cod, this formal presence is artfully introduced into the structure of the linear narrative as a motif: in The Maine Woods, it is entirely represented by the direct rhythms of firsthand experience.

A twenty-eight mile walk taken along the Atlantic side of the Cape in October 1849 provides the narrative basis of Cape Cod. The walk, with attendant transportation at each terminus (Eastham and Provincetown), organizes Thoreau's exposition of the Cape, just as the voyagers' week organizes his description of the Concord and Merrimack. Cape Cod, however, differs from A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers and from A Yankee in Canada in that two subsequent journeys to the Cape, in June 1850 and July 1855, are absorbed into the narrative to heighten the experience of the first trip.[8] With his first sentence Thoreau reveals this background chronology but fixes decisively -- after two or three introductory paragraphs -- on the October journey as the focus of this text: "We left Concord, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, October 9, 1849."[9] The two summer journeys drop abruptly into a

subordinate position, accessible resources to be called up periodically to expand and dramatize the narrative of 1849.

The days following the October 9 embarkation, accommodate not only recollections of the two subsequent visits but as well all the associated historical and expository material that is thus far typical of Thoreau's full accounting of any journey. Except for the lengthy review of the literature of discovery relating to the Cape, which stands very near the end of the text, Thoreau's interpolations in Cape Cod are generally less excursive and digressive than they are in A Week and more succinctly tied to the traveller's progress across the sands of the Cape. The "leisure and liberty" of the truthful fiction of A Week authorized all manner of digressive intricacies and exuberant branchings: the very complexity and involvement of the circumlocutious structure were indications of the importance of the journey. Now, in Cape Cod, Thoreau prunes some of the excrescences in refining his method, and advances towards the spare directness of The Maine Woods.

Even with this pruning, structure is not yet wholly assimilated by the immediate journey. It still stands out as a design deliberately executed on a simple form, and as something stylish and compounded. In the first half of the book, at least, coherence is assured by a rather engaging effort at verisimilitude in presenting the manoeuvres of the narrative. For instance, after some discursive reflections on the ocean as the "'principal seat of life'" and some citations from authority on the evolutionary emergence of aquatic forms, Thoreau concludes his Chapter VI by retrieving the immediacy of this day's walk:

> Though we have indulged in some placid reflections of late, the reader must not forget that the dash and roar of the waves were incessant. Indeed, it would be well if he were to read with a large conch-shell at his ear (p. 128).

Writing -- and reading -- must knit these several strands: the "placid reflections" which contemplate the inherent principles of the scene, the uninterrupted noise of the sea, and the consciousness of the narrative's turns and junctions. With this direct address to the reader, which draws attention to structure, Thoreau fuses the contemplative with the descriptive, pointing to the transitional signals in his prose with a candour that disarms incoherence. He is only half-joking in recommending the conch-shell, for he is, in Cape Cod, intent on twisting the narrative strands into one strong yarn.

Chapter III, "The Plains of Nauset," concludes in a similar fashion, neatly returning the reader to the mainstream after excursions into neighbouring channels where Thoreau discovered long pertinent passages to quote from historical sources: "There was no better way to make the reader realize how wide and peculiar that plain was, and how long it took to traverse it, than by inserting these extracts in the midst of my narrative" (p. 56). The "extracts" are chiefly to do with the ecclesiastical history of Eastham, and the clergymen who administered to the community's needs for oracular descriptions of hell and eternal punishment. But, in spite of the length of this cited information, the reader has not been set adrift in its copiousness, for Thoreau introduces a motif at the outset to maintain the context and integrity of the traveller's route. First, this device is plainly announced in the idea of the reading-out of extracts and the crossing of the plain being simultaneous: "As it will takes us an hour to get over this plain, and there is no variety in the prospect, peculiar as it is, I will read a little in the history of Eastham the while" (p. 43). Then, in the middle of the excerpts, the device is recalled, that the reader may

better fix his course, and this time it is elaborated into a charming picture of the studious traveller abroad: "The reader will imagine us, all the while, steadily traversing that extensive plain in a direction a little north of east toward Nauset beach, and reading under our umbrellas as we sailed, while it blowed hard with mingled mist and rain...." (p. 52) The artful assumption here is that what the author quotes and summarizes is what the traveller reads, and that the disparate narrative units relating scene and study can be thoroughly intertwined through the structural motif of the travellers "reading under our umbrellas as we sailed."

The image of the studious pedestrian is a device which is abandoned as the narrative progresses, but it first accomplishes its structural purpose in explaining the presence of secondhand material in a firsthand narrative. By the end of Cape Cod, Thoreau frankly cites, without apology, his researches into the earliest history of the Cape, having already established their admissibility. This seems to return him to the structural premises of A Week and A Yankee, but two circumstances suggest development: first, secondhand information is, on the whole, more organically assimilated into the linear narrative, and, even without overt transitional signals, it causes much less structural stress than do the prolix digressions in A Week. Second, the essays in The Maine Woods are constructed without transitional stresses, suggesting that a seamless narrative structure could be accomplished without sacrificing meaning once the narrator and the traveller become one, as they are on the Nauset plain, under the umbrella, book in hand. In A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers writing and travel were separate activities: log-keeping during the journey was simple and limited, done at a time when "to write is not what interests us." The ultimate form of the

document is clearly attributable to post-journey work -- large elaborations poised precariously on the slim entries of the journal. The development of Thoreau's travel art lay in getting to the point where the linearity of the log or journal was a sufficiently resonant structure to convey all necessary meanings. Cape Cod moves towards this point by declaring the simultaneity of travel and composition through the motif of the pedestrian whose readings appear in the text.

But the pedestrian is a device, introducing a historical mood through artifice. Where Cape Cod achieves a natural history, in accord with linear structure, is in Thoreau's comparative investigations and speculative observations on the character of the shore. He takes readily to the practice of beachcombing, noticing every particle of evidence cast up by seas or sand, and filling his pockets with portable and telling bits. He and his companion meet occasionally with "wreckers" -- local men who salvage the fragments and pieces arriving on the beach -- and soon Thoreau is a wrecker himself, seizing these fragmentary properties, discovering their type, and putting them to use by making something of them in his narrative. Driftwood, rags, soap, splinters of wrecked vessels -- all are entered in his story. The sea is a limitless source of information, dropping its interminable data before the receptive observer:

> The restless ocean may at any moment cast up a whale or a wrecked vessel at your feet. All the reporters in the world, the most rapid stenographers, could not report the news it brings (p. 184).

To properly relate this perpetual news, the reporter must be both receptive and acquisitive. The littoral scribe must be sufficiently alert to the story within the object, and he must want to grasp the thing, and gather it up. By way of describing their imitation of the local wreckers, Thoreau says

of himself and his companion, "We also saved, at the cost of wet feet only, a valuable cord and buoy, part of a seine, with which the sea was playing, for it seemed ungracious to refuse the least gift which so great a personage offered you" (p. 117). The sea, in the way it suspends newsworthy objects in its watery matrix, also provides the suspense of the narrative, dispensing with generous drama each informative item that contributes to an endless dénouement.

The office of transcribing these disclosures belongs to the traveller; his literate observation unifies the multitudinous fragments. For the most part, in Cape Cod, the beach's debris, its botanical and ornithological complexion, and its scattered habitations are described with a thoughtful empiricism. Thoreau's habits of observation give coherence to the inventory of wrecker's treasure, and his empirical techniques make a kind of personal science. When he comes upon the Highland Light, "one of our 'primary sea-coast lights,'" he undertakes its measurement in a truly Johnsonian spirit:

> I borrowed the plane and square, level and dividers, of a carpenter who was shingling a barn near by, and, using one of those shingles made of a mast, contrived a rude sort of quadrant, with pins for sights and pivots, and got the angle of elevation of the Bank opposite the lighthouse, and with a couple of cod-lines the length of its slope, and so measured its height on the shingle. It rises one hundred and ten feel above its immediate base, or about one hundred and twenty-three feet above mean low water. Graham, who has carefully surveyed the extremity of the Cape, makes it one hundred and thirty feet (p. 150).

The discrepancy between the received measurement and the height determined by Thoreau is not resolved, nor need it be, for the real information carried by the descirption lies with the activity of mensuration. Collecting vernacular materials, and applying his expertise in surveying, Thoreau takes an original measurement. In reporting the action and its result,

he gives the statistic a narrative as well as instructive dimension. Earlier, his attention was attracted by the type of kelp deposited on the shore by the news-bearing sea, and he examined it particularly:

> It cut like cheese; for I took the earliest opportunity to sit down and deliberately whittle up a fathom or two of it, that I might become more intimately acquainted with it, see how it cut, and if it were hollow all the way through. The lade looked like a broad belt, whose edges had been quilled, or as if stretched by hammering, and it was also twisted spirally. The extremity was generally worn and ragged from the lashing of the waves. A piece of the stem which I carried home shrunk to one quarter of its size a week afterward, and was completely covered with crystals of salt like frost. The reader will excuse my greenness, -- though it is not sea-greenness, like his perchance, -- for I live by a river shore, where this weed does not wash up (pp. 68-69).

In his wide reading Thoreau must have learned at least how to find a reliable account of this sea-vegetable, but the information would not have had the import of his practice of personal science.

Embedded within this same long paragraph, which inquires scientifically into the nature of kelp, lies an unscientific statement of the insinuating mystery the sea holds for the traveller from the hinterland. "All," he says, "that is told of the sea has a fabulous sound to an inhabitant of the land, and all its products have a certain fabulous quality, as if they belonged to another planet, from seaweed to a sailor's yarn, or a fish story" (p. 68). Concurrent with the concrete evidences that litter the shore is the fabulousness and foreignness of an incomprehensible medium which both disburses and withholds the relics which demonstrate its meaning. The romance of Thoreau's story arises at this junction of the knowable with the unknown -- a junction graphically represented by the action of the thoughtful traveller walking the verge between land and sea. This romance has a great deal to do with death, and Thoreau's awe before the unintelligible, oceanic power that casts up upon the shore the corpses of drowned travellers, among the rags and bottles and shells.

Cape Cod's thematic preoccupation with wrecks and sea disasters may be what determined Thoreau upon the 1849 journey as the narrative base for his composition. When he and his companion arrived in Boston, on their way to the Cape in 1849, they were met with news of catastrophe: "as we noticed in the streets a handbill headed, 'Death! one hundred and forty-five lives lost at Cohasset,' we decided to go by way of Cohasset" (p. 5). An Irish emigrant ship had foundered in violent seas off the Cape, with calamitous loss of life. Thoreau's first sight of the sea and shore comprises a mess ow wr eckage, mourners and corpses. He shrinks from no detail of the disaster, perambulating the ghastly scene with all his wits about him. His composure at first seems to compare with the ruthless objectivity with which he viewed the dying man at the Québec dock, but as this first day out progresses and as the whole narrative proceeds, it is clear that the sight penetrates to the very heart of Thoreau's peculiar sensibility, not merely glancing off his detached humour the way the little tragedy at Quebec did. Here, on the mournful beach, the effort of looking is intense, and perhaps all the more nerve-racking for the witness' resistance to the opportunity for a consoling sentimentality. Before he and his companion continue on their way, Thoreau stares at enough specimens of disaster to ascertain its result:

> I saw many marbled feet and matted heads as the cloths were raised, and one livid, swollen, and mangled body of a drowned girl, -- who probably had intended to go out to service in some American family, -- to which some rags still adhered, with a string, half concealed by the flesh, about its swollen neck; the coiled-up wreck of a human hulk, gashed by the rocks or fishes, so that the bone and muscle were exposed, but quite bloodless, -- merely red and white, -- with wide-open and staring eyes, yet lustreless, deadlights; or like the cabin windows of a stranded vessel, filled with sand (pp. 6-7).

So numerous are the corpses, says Thoreau, that some of the potential effect of the scene is mitigated. Nevertheless, the sight establishes a narrative mood of mingled fascination and objectivity before sea-death -- a mood which is often submerged beneath the business of ordinary sightseeing but which resurfaces at intervals to invoke the mystery of the sea. In trying to estimate the influence of the catastrophe, in the form of washed-up debris, on the whole character of the Cape, Thoreau says, "I saw that the beauty of the shore itself was wrecked for many a lonely walker there, until he could perceive, at last, how its beauty was enhanced by wrecks like this, and it acquired thus a rarer and sublimer beauty still" (p. 12). In postulating this disappointed "lonely walker," Thoreau is working out the design of his own response, which must eschew sentimentality or even compassionate horror, and keep its countenance of investigative curiosity. To betray concern and sympathy for the individual's fate would be to implicate the traveller in a pathetic, commiserative destiny, and possibly arouse the kind of mortal anxieties which would corrupt the detached, spectatorial texture of the narrative. Thoreau's journeys are always undertaken as philosophically optimistic enterprises, not to be deflected into struggle or disorientation, and Cape Cod is undetained even by this horrendously morbid obstacle of a hundred corpses.

The drowned body has a bipartite identity in Cape Cod: on the one hand it is neither more nor less than the other "news" relayed by the sea in the form of driftwood and segments of rope and broken spars. On the other hand, it has a metaphysical power to propose this "sublimer beauty" and always menaces the witness with a possibly deranging horror. Thus it transcends the mere object, and challenges the objective traveller. On a

subsequent visit to the Cape, Thoreau later tells us, it was his "business to go in search of the relics of a human body." He spies them from a distance, for they have a certain stateliness and are prominent in the prospect. As he approaches the remains they begin their operation on his consciousness:

> Close at hand they were simply some bones with a little flesh adhering to them, in fact only a slight inequality in the sweep of the shore. There was nothing at all remarkable about them, and they were singularly inoffensive both to the senses and the imagination. But as I stood there they grew more and more imposing. They were alone with the beach and the sea, whose hollow roar seemed addressed to them, and I was impressed as if there was an understanding between them, and the ocean which necessarily left me out, with my snivelling sympathies. That dead body had taken possession of the shore, and reigned over it as no living one could, in the name of a certain majesty which belonged to it (p. 108).

The remains first are assigned value only as objects. They are "simply some bones." They are part of the natural setting, no more than a topographical incident ("a slight inequality in the sweep of the shore"), and without human or revelatory attribute. but as Thoreau allows the scene to develop, starting with the bare evidence, a super-humanity begins to emanate from this residuum of a body. It is nearly impossible to imagine Thoreau entertaining any "snivelling sympathies," but the scene's repudiation of all sentimentality is necessary to the creation of transcendent knowledge. The corporeal wreck, in its mystic affinity with the ocean "which necessarily left me out," overrides both sentimental sympathies and scientific objectivity. In fact, it evades all cognition but the intuition of the aloof, deathly romance of the sea, which Cape Cod's Traveller contemplates from the shore.

Like the mountain summit or the extent of wilderness in The Maine Woods, the shore is a frontier, full of wildness to the wanderer. The waves themselves are "too far-traveled and untamable to be familiar" (p. 186),

and are thus engrossing in their foreignness. The seashore shows an unqualified wildness and strangeness:

> It is a wild, rank place, and there is no flattery in it. Strewn with crabs, horseshoes, and razor clams, and whatever the sea casts up, -- a vast morgue, where famished dogs may range in packs, and crows come daily to glean the pittance which the tide leaves them. The carcasses of men and beasts lie stately up upon its shelf, rotting and bleaching in the sun and waves, and each tide turns them in their beds, and tucks fresh sand under them. There is naked Nature, -- inhumanly sincere, wasting no thought on man, nibbling at the cliffy shore where gulls wheel amid the spray (p. 187).

With this kind of wildness the sea relinquishes its place as a life-source and fruitful womb of nascent forms, and becomes the seat of death. The specimens Thoreau examines and identifies are indications of a fabulous mortality and decadence. Death, in Cape Cod, seems to be the climactic expression of the foreignness of this journey's setting. It is the spectacle which the traveller confronts yet cannot command or penetrate and which looms in all its alien remoteness. Inhuman nature -- here as the ocean, in The Maine Woods as the perpetual forests -- holds a deathly secret only partially intelligible to even the most insightful or methodical spectator. In familiarizing himself with its observable details, Thoreau sometimes appears to secure a close acquaintance with nature, but the mystery and foreignness persist.

Although moribund vestiges are inevitable parts of the wrecker-traveller's inventory of souvenirs, Thoreau's transcription of his Cape experience is for the most part less awed, and executed with less of that feeling of exclusion from the grievous communion between beached corpse and inhuman nature. Statistics of shipwreck and maritime losses through the Cape's commercial history provide an expository medium through which to consider the fatality of the sea. Also, Thoreau periodically consults "'A Description of the Eastern Coast of the County of Barnstable,' printed in 1802," and

references to this document establish another connection between the shore-traveller and the alien seascape. "I have read this Shipwrecked Seaman's Manual," he says, "with a melancholy kind of interest, for the sound of the surf, or, you might say, the moaning of the sea, is heard all through it, as if its author were the sole survivor of a shipwreck himself" (pp. 63-64). The Manual, with its instructions to distressed sailors and its directions to rescue shelters, serves as a kind of guide-book for Thoreau, describing the terrain he traverses. Thoreau quotes from it substantially, preferring its documentary, indirect allusion to catastrophe to any imaginative reconstruction of shipwreck. It embodies the shore-view, surmising the sailor's terrestrial course at the desperate conclusion to a calamitous voyage. Its authenticity, voiced in the "sound of the surf" and the "moaning of the sea" heard throughout its pages, rests with its literal reliability as a guide-book, for it directs Thoreau right to the door of one of the rescue houses it describes. Looking into the shut-up building, or "Humane house," Thoreau finds it incommensurate with its official description, but nevertheless discovers in its penetralia a vision of terrific darkness offering no consolation to the unfortunate sailor:

> ...when our vision had grown familiar with the darkness, we discovered that there were some stones and some loose wads of wool on the floor, and an empty fireplace at the further end; but it <u>was not</u> supplied with matches, or straw, or hay, that we could see, nor "accommodated with a bench." Indeed it was the wreck of all cosmical beauty there within.
>
> * * *
>
> So we shivered round about, not being able to get into it, ever and anon looking through the knot-hole into that night without a star, until we concluded that it was not a <u>humane</u> house at all, but a seaside box, now shut up, belonging to some of the family of Night or Chaos, where they spent their summers by the sea, for the sake of the sea-breeze, and that it was not proper for us to be prying into their concerns (pp. 77-78).

This peering and prolonged looking, guide-book description at hand, is a splendid kind of tourism. From it emerges firsthand information of the experience of the shipwrecked sailor -- firsthand in the sense that the "wreck of all cosmical beauty," the "night without a star," and the summer tenament of "Night and Chaos" are visible to the insightful tourist. The prospect finally rebuffs the lookers, shrugging off a too-humane and sentimental curiosity. This is as much as Thoreau, the landsman, can take in regarding the shore awash with corpses and wreckage, and the incomprehensible residue is assigned to an awesome and impressive void -- the starless dark and the jealous night.

Trekking to the very brink of the unknowable and then pausing to contemplate it before turning back to intelligible matters is a persistent pattern in Thoreau's later travel writing. The incapacity to know requires no apology; whole information or complete instruction are not the justification of his travel narrations, and, despite his exhaustive treatment of some phases of his travel, his disclaimers regarding completeness are numerous. Unlike many travel writers, whose texts proceed from the pretext of authoritative, comprehensive experience, Thoreau cherishes his innocence.

Thoreau had been at work on compiling his last travel narratives when he died in 1862. The three long essays which comprise The Maine Woods -- "Ktaadn," "Chesuncook" and "The Allegash and East Branch" -- describe, respectively, the three journeys Thoreau made to Maine in 1846, 1853 and 1857. The collection establishes no unifying over-structure and little or no cross-reference links the three writings. Unlike the Cape Cod journeys, these three trips remain discrete narrative units, and there is a move towards structural simplification in this.

The first draft of "Ktaadn" was completed in the fall of 1847, and was published as periodical literature in 1848. Sometime in the 1850's, probably after 1857,[10] Thoreau revised and extended "Ktaadn" for inclusion in The Maine Woods. Despite this fairly late reworking, however, "Ktaadn" never does branch into a shape comparable to that of the "Chesuncook" and "Allegash" essays. It preserves a structural and stylistic rigidity and an atypical humourlessness which suggest that, at least with the original draft, Thoreau may have been experimenting with a stricter expository discipline. It stands further from the lush elaborations and prolific qualifications of A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers than any of Thoreau's other travel writing and, except for a few expansive passages, depends on a descriptive probity and confined narrative focus to make its statement. It seems that Thoreau was here testing this sort of frank, straightforward structure for its capacity to document natural facts. Neither "Chesuncook" nor "Allegash" are as structurally complicated as A Week, or even as Cape Cod, and neither have much discursiveness about them, but both treat suggestive philosophical and epistemological issues even within their deliberately limited reference.

As in A Week on the Concord and Merimack Rivers, Thoreau is in "Ktaadn" aware of the tradition within which he writes, even to the point of supplying a literary history and bibliography relating to the mountain:

> Ktaadn, whos name is an Indian word signifying highest land, was first ascended by white men in 1804. It was visited by Professor J. W. Bailey of West Point in 1836, by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the State Geologist, in 1837, and by two young men from Boston in 1845. All these have given accounts of their expeditions. Since I was there, two or three other parties have made the excursion and told their stories (pp. 3-4).

There is an important difference, however, between the ways Thoreau acknowledges literary precedent in A Week and in "Ktaadn." In the former, the acknowledgement is diffuse and imaginative. In "Ktaadn" it is specific (as the bibliography shows), informational, and without calculated awareness of convention. In "Ktaadn," the narrator's obeisance to travel convention has no metaphorical or figurative value, and Thoreau's diction in this piece is conventional without that edge of irony which makes his imitation of voyage narrative allusive in A Week.

In spite of its guarded exposition and conventional idiom, however, "Ktaadn" does not -- and could not -- stand absolutely divorced from the continuous preoccupations of Thoreau's travel writing. In its expression of the experience of wilderness and especially in its description of the traveller's ascent of Mr. Ktaadn it carries Thoreau to meditations on the prospect of "pure Nature," which is "vast, drear, and inhuman" (p. 70). The climber's achievement of the Ktaadn summit occurs three-quarters of the way through the narrative, erecting an expository peak and literary climax to the journey. Here the narrator permits the speculative expansion of the site and moment which arrests the traveller's ordinary mobility and the factual account of it. Detaching himself from his companions, Thoreau scales the precipice alone. The lower levels of his ascent are minutely reported, until the very quality of the circumstances to be described begins to elevate and refine the narrative:

> At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away; and when, a quarter of a mile further, I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen in clearer weather say is about five miles long, and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them.

> Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud-line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments and smile in sunshine: but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a cloud-factory -- these were the cloud-works, and the wind turned them off done from the cool, bare rocks. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp drag to the right or left; the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me. It reminded me of the creations of the old epic and dramatic poets, of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and Prometheus. Such was Caucasus and the rock where Prometheus was bound. Aeschylus had no doubt visited such scenery as this. It was vast, Titanic, and such as man never inhabits. Some parts of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him, than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtile like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty (pp. 63-64).

The mountaineer attains these ideas of a terrific, titanic regime as he gradually accomplishes the summit itself. He observes with interest the clouds' flux and reflux, then catches an intermittent view of a "dark, damp crag" of epic properties, and finally experiences a change in consciousness: the loss of "some vital part," some "substantial thought and fair understanding." The recognition of an unnerving, un-doing mental affinity with the journey's exalted goal make a climactic travel event, and high tourism. The expedition's success in both literary and geographical terms culminates in rare revelation sought and won by the solitary traveller. When Thoreau begins his descent and rejoins his companions, the account abruptly subsides to its methodical report of the party's return trip.

The conspicuousness of this narrative peak is largely attributable to "Ktaadn's" unallusive, linear narration leading up to and away from the traveller's goal. Only the three-page summation at the conclusion of "Ktaadn" offers any conterpoise to the climactic ascent. There, Thoreau describes

what was "most striking" about the "damp and intricate wilderness" he had traversed, finding its wetness and continuousness especially remarkable. In the inhuman grimness of an uninhabited terrain, he discovers an "inexpressible tenderness" suggesting a humid perpetuity:

> What a place to live, what a place to die and be buried in! There certainly men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave. There they could have no such thoughts as are associated with the village graveyard, -- that make a grave out of one of those moist evergreen hummocks! (p. 81)

This final section (which also promises travellers to Maine a view of the New World as seen by the discoverers) and the ascent of Ktaadn have the imprint of mental familiarity, or intimacy with subject, which the rest of "Ktaadn" seems to lack in its reserved, measured reporting of events. It is a familiarity that argues long personal association with the ideas embedded within the journey and that projects the travel story as a phase of the whole intellectual career of the traveller. Familiarity is achieved in A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers through an endlessly elaborate narrative structure, in A Yankee in Canada through a wry, ironical self-consciousness and an extensive literary setting, and in Cape Cod through the considered fusing of three thoughtful journeys into one. "Chesuncook" and "The Allegash and East Branch" suggest the same intimate connection with scene and subject as the earlier writings but in these late essays familiarity is achieved through an engrossed narrative concentration on the events of the journeys made in 1853 and 1857. Thematic issues arise directly from what takes place abroad.

In "Chesuncook" hunting is the apparent theme treated by the narrative. On this trip Thoreau was a member of a moose-hunting expedition, but not a hunter himself. Like Irving in A Tour on the Prairies, he is both in and out

of the scene, actor and witness, traveller and reporter:

> Though I had not come a-hunting, and felt some compunctions about accompanying the hunters, I wished to see a moose near at hand, and was not sorry to learn how the Indian managed to kill one. I went as reporter or chaplain to the hunters -- and the chaplain has been known to carry a gun himself (p. 99).

Again like Irving, Thoreau does not revile the hunters of his own party, but does make something out of his own ideological position. His view of himself as "reporter and chaplain" is fitting for he provides both the account of the event and the moral commentary on it. He does not interfere in the execution of the hunters' ambitions, but once the game is bagged he does stake out the moral territory he holds in relation to the event.

Hunting does not occupy the whole focus of the composition. The sense of wilderness is pervasive, and crucial to the shape of the composition. But, ultimately, wilderness and the hunt are part of the same thematic interest, which asks first what man's place is in this moist, fecund desert, and then what the traveller-artist's place is. The Indian guide has impeccable credentials, but they are not equivalent to Thoreau's, and that leaves unanswered the query as to his own station in this remote place. The question is more fully addressed in "The Allegash and East Branch," but the reply is first drafted in "Chesuncook."

Finding the ideal form within which to make some personal connection with the solemnity of nature is not easy, but occasionally some appealing suggestion presents itself. One evening the travellers' canoe carries them unobserved over a dark waterway past the camp of two red-shirted "explorers," or timber-surveyors. An image of the two men fixes itself in Thoreau's mind, suggesting a conclusive mode in which to travel the New World forests:

> I have often wished since that I was with them. They search for timber over a given section, climbing hills and often high trees to look off, explore the streams by which it is to be driven, and the like, spend five or six weeks in the woods, they two alone, a hundred miles or more from any town, roaming about and sleeping on the ground where night overtakes them, depending chiefly on the provisions they carry with them, though they do not decline what game they come across....It is a solitary and adventurous life, and comes nearest to that of the trapper of the west, perhaps. Working ever with a gun as well as an axe, letting their beards grow, without neighbours, not on an open plain, but far within a wilderness (p. 101).

At this point in "Chesuncook" this itinerant, "solitary and adventurous" existence represents an ideal, pastoral kind of travel, authorized by a decent labour. But in the ultimate formulations of "Chesuncook" and "Allegash" it is not a sufficiently innocent work that the lumbermen carry on, for it implicates them in the same exploitation and depredation that is the guilty business of the hunter. The true economic relation to the forest is yet to be established by the poet-traveller.

Thoreau determines the guilt of the hunter through a controlled and thorough description of the results of the chase. It is not a specious verdict, but a considered and verifiable judgement, developed progressively through objectively collected evidence, beginning with measurement:

> I took the cord which served for the canoe's painter, and with Joe's assistance measured the moose carefully, the greatest distances first, making a knot each time. The painter being wanted, I reduced these measures that night with equal care to lengths and fractions of my umbrella, beginning with the smallest measures, and untying the knots as I proceeded; and when we arrived at Chesuncook the next day, finding a two-foot rule there, I reduced the last to feet and inches; and, moreover, I made myself a two-foot rule of a thin and narrow strip of black ash, which would fold up conveniently to six inches. All this pains I took because I did not wish to be obliged to say merely that the moose was very large (p. 113).

Once the dimensions are determined, the reports of other hunters whom Thoreau consulted are cited, with a fond interest in the extraordinary

proportions of the species. With the skinning of the animal, however, the first intuitions of the nastiness and impropriety of the enterprise slip into the narrator's factual reporting:

> Here, just at the head of the murmuring rapids, Joe now proceeded to skin the moose with a pocket knife, while I looked on, and a tragical business it was; to see that still warm and palpitating body pierced with a knife, to see the warm milk stream from the rent udder, and the ghastly naked red carcass appearing from within its seemly robe, which was made to hide it (pp. 115-16).

But the conclusive view of the "tragical business" is postponed, with effect. The disposal of the carcass, the consumption of a moose-meat supper, and a moonlight excursion in the canoe delay the moral outcome of this segment of the narrative. Returning to camp, easily transported through the still water, the traveller in repose construes a less empirical and more speculative version of the "afternoon's tragedy" which, says Thoreau, "as it affected the innocence, destroyed the pleasure of my adventure" (p. 119). These lucubrations centre on the moral economy of man's employment in the forest:

> This afternoon's experience suggested to me how base or coarse are the motives which commonly carry men into the wilderness. The explorers, and lumberers generally, are all hirelings, paid so much a day for their labor, and as such, they have no more love for wild nature, than wood-sawyers have for forests. Other white men and Indians who come here are for the most part hunters, whose object is to slay as many moose and other wild animals as possible. But, pray, could not one spend some weeks or years in the solitude of this vast wilderness with other employments than these -- employments perfectly sweet and innocent and ennobling? For one that comes with a pencil to sketch or sing, a thousand come with an axe or rifle. What a coarse and imperfect use Indians and hunters make of nature! (p. 120).

Thoreau's observations on a pure tourism are not merely philosophical adornments of the story, for he turns from them to their application when he declines to accompany the hunters on the downstream hunt, and waits instead at the camp. There he practises the better, "innocent and ennobling"

employment proposed above: "In the midst of the damp fir wood, high on the mossy bank, about nine o'clock of this bright moonlight night, I kindled a fire, when they were gone, and sitting on the fir-twigs, within sound of the falls, examined by its light the botanical specimens I had collected that afternoon, and wrote down some of the reflections which I have here expanded...." (p. 120) With this accumulation of positioning information, Thoreau constructs the alternate relationship to wilderness that will establish a decorous role for the traveller. First, by conducting himself, as a tourist, in a decent and constructive way, reviewing his botanical specimens, and writing down his commentary on the day's journey, he does the proper work of the innocent traveller. Second, by making the literary text, he makes "sweet" and perfect use of nature, collecting and reconstructing the materials of the site -- the "damp fir wood," the "mossy bank," the moonlight hour, the proximous "sound of the falls."

This event is central in "Chesuncook," both in its mid-point position in the narrative, and in its thematic influence. It advances towards resolving some of the tensions related to the traveller's aesthetic and ethical business in the wilderness, but Thoreau remains slightly uneasy in his role in this second essay, chiefly because of the predatory mission of the expedition. Shortly after the moose-kill, the travellers lodge at a settler's house for a night, and in his report of their accommodations, Thoreau reveals his view of himself among his companions: "...all that I noticed unusual in the night -- for I still kept taking notes, like a spy in the camp -- was the creaking of the thin split boards, when any of our neighbours stirred" (p. 130). In "The Allegash and East Branch" Thoreau is no longer a "spy in the camp," registering a minority report, but the formulator and instigator

of the journey, responsible for its outcome.

On this third journey, the question of man's depredation of the forest is still central, but the traveller has learned enough about his own status abroad in the woods to be interested in the ambiguities inherent in the issue. The embodiment of most of these ambiguities is Joseph Polis, the Indian guide engaged by Thoreau and his companion to conduct them through the Maine forests. Thoreau is fascinated by Polis, watches him with relentless attention, interrogates him on every conceivable matter, and asks him to perform many typical tasks that he may observe his methods. "Allegash" begins and ends with Joe Polis, and during the journey he is the agent -- sometimes directly but more often indirectly -- of the narrator's arriving at knowledge of the wilderness. The first paragraph of the narrative announces the excursionists' intention to secure an Indian guide; the second paragraph introduces Joe himself, "one of the aristocracy" among Indians. The last paragraph of "Allegash" reports not the travellers' return to Concord, but the conclusion of the narrator's acquaintenance with his guide: "This was the last I saw of Joe Polis. We took the last train and reached Bangor that night" (p. 297). Throughout most of the narrative, Polis is referred to not by name, but generically, as "the Indian." (Edward Hoar, who accompanied Thoreau from Concord, is, without exception, "my companion.") Although the details of the route are related with minute particularity and toponymy is always exact, Joe Polis himself becomes a general representative of the expert wilderness traveller and hunter. Beside this eminent type Thoreau travels.

At first it appears that Polis must be the leader of the expedition. He is a professional traveller-hunter, preternaturally familiar with these woods. His expertise is consulted at every turn, and his opinions are respected

by his two employers. As Beatte held a respectable, even revered position in Irving's A Tour on the Prairies, so, too, is Polis central and prestigious in "Allegash." But "Allegash" is Thoreau's, not Polis'. Polis is only the guide and not the originator of the journey, only the conductor and not the preceptor. His knowingness -- immense, arcane and exotic as it is -- is only one mode of apprehending the expedition. The other, and finally dominant mode is the narrator's own.

The Indian occupies his central position partly by virtue of Thoreau's indefatigable interest in his skills and methods. One of Polis' most striking abilities is his faculty for following a predetermined track through trackless woods. When Thoreau tires to detect some of the signs and signals that are so evident to the Indian, he occasionally achieves some slight success, on which he congratulates himself. But the matter intrigues him beyond his own amateurish imitations, and he examines Polis on it. Where does his unerring directional knowledge originate?

> It appeared as if the sources of information were so various that he did not give a distinct, conscious attention to any one, and so could not readily refer to any when questioned about it, but he found his way very much as an animal does. Perhaps what is commonly called instinct in the animal, in this case is merely a sharpened and educated sense (p. 185).

The Indian's answers and information are scarcely reportable -- only anecdotal or vague and inarticulate. Instinct, lore, and education are all modes for getting around in this trackless land, some practically efficient rather than philosophically expeditious. Thoreau, as a traveller, is not inferior to the Indian for his incompetence in direction-finding; he simply advances according to a different chart.

Superstition and wonderment are also possible tactics for taking in the experience, and finding a way through the wilderness. In a fine episode occurring soon after the embarkation into the forest, Thoreau discovers some phosphorescent wood, while tending the campfire:

> Getting up some time after midnight to collect the scattered brands together, while my companions were sound asleep, I observed, partly in the fire, which had ceased to blaze, a perfectly regular elliptical ring of light, about five inches in its shortest diameter, six or seven in its longer, and from one eighth to one quarter of an inch wide. It was fully as bright as the fire, but not reddish or scarlet like a coal, but a white and slumbering light, like the glowworm's (p. 179).

From this precise measurement and this securing of the exact quality of illumination, and from Thoreau's subsequent activities in dissecting the item, it seems that an empirical method will explain and fix the specimen in the narrative. But science is rejected as an expository tactic after Polis has been consulted on the significance of the phosphorescent material: "A scientific <u>explanation</u>, as it is called, would have been altogether out of place there" (p. 181). Much more fitting, and in place, are the superstitions attached by Indian culture to the luminescent wood, and the traveller's situation -- beside a dying campfire in a dense, unpeopled forest -- puts the experience in its mystic frame: "I did not regret my not having seen this before, since I now saw it under circumstances so favorable" (p. 181). Thoreau is provisionally a convert to a natural metaphysic, which is genuinely illuminating in this remote place as science cannot be.

> It made a believer of me more than before. I believed that the woods were not tenantless, but choke-full of honest spirits as good as myself any day, -- not an empty chamber, in which chemistry was left to work alone, but an inhabited house, -- and for a few moments I enjoyed fellowship with them....I am not sure but all that would tempt me to teach the Indian my religion would be his promise to teach me <u>his</u> (pp. 181-82).

However, Thoreau cannot long resist his investigative, scientific habits, and must collect a few samples in order to extend his information of this "light that dwells in rotten wood." He concludes the event with a one-sentence paragraph: "I kept those little chips and wet them again the next night, but they emitted no light" (p. 182). With this sentence the revelatory illumination is extinguished and empirical methods are reinstated.

For the extinguished light to so compactly conclude the traveller's sacred knowledge of the aboreal spirit-world reflects the complexity of the epistemological model in "Allegash." Although Polis is the source of some poetically apt information regarding the phosphorescence, he is far from being a reliable spiritual guide through this intricate location. Even when he repeats indigenous myths he is only loquacious and unconvincing, telling his story "as if he thought it deserved to have a good deal said about it, only he has not got it to say, and so makes up for the deficiency by a drawling tone, long-windedness and a dumb wonder which he hopes will be contagious" (p. 172). And worse than this indefinite rehearsal of the mythic properties of certain landmarks is Polis' slightly outlandish Christian piety. On the first Sunday of the expedition he affects an unwillingness to contribute to the party's advance, then concedes his services, saying he will go on, but take no pay for the Sunday. His reluctance however is an empty observance, for "he did not forget to reckon in the Sundays at last," when paid off. Altogether, his piety diminishes his authority and further complicates his role on the journey. His morning and evening prayers, his interest in Daniel Webster, and his subscription to a Bangor newspaper are not merely superficial aberrations on the aboriginal form but part of the man himself. They are not less integral to his character than his ability to

"talk" to musquash, or his fine carelessness as to homecomings: "As we drew near to Oldtown I asked Polis if he was not glad to get home again, and he said, 'It makes no difference to me where I am'" (p. 296).

So thorough and temperate a study does Thoreau make of Joe Polis, and his travel ways, that the romantic expectations he might once have held in regard to the aboriginal wanderer are dismantled. The constructive, unifying task reverts to the traveller-artist himself, the originator of the journey. The ethic of competence and expertise is inadequate to explain the expedition, and Polis' woodlore can describe only the practical functions of travel; his knowledge of the Maine woods is incomplete and partial just as the hunters' and sawyers' is imperfect. Even his small practices can offend the larger aesthetic matrix of the journey. When he fires his gun, purportedly to clean it out, he intrudes on the woods' solemnity, as it is perceived by the traveller from Massachusetts: "This sudden, loud, crashing noise in the still aisles of the forest, affected me like an insult to nature, or ill manners at any rate, as if you were to fire a gun in a hall or temple" (p. 192).

In "Chesuncook" Thoreau asks to what use nature can be decently put, and what employment puts man in a chaste relationship to the landscape. "Chesuncook" partially answers, with its indictment of the coarseness of certain wanton human enterprises in the forest, but "Allegash" replies more fully. Here, in this last essay, the best thing a traveller can make from his journey is the direct, literal report of his own passage through this awesome nature. A complete, functional knowledge is unnecessary, and even obstructive to an original version of the wilderness. In fact, the ignorance of the traveller confers an eloquent dignity on his observations and

impressions. His consciousness of the extreme foreignness of his situation and his sense of extraordinary isolation are especially influential in formulating these impressions:

> It was, as usual, a damp and shaggy forest, that Caucomgomoc one, and the most you know about it was, that on this side it stretched toward the settlements, and on that to still more unfrequented regions. You carried so much topography in your mind always, -- and sometimes it seemed to make a considerable difference whether you sat or lay nearer the settlements, or further off, than your companions, -- were the rear or frontier man of the camp (p. 200).

This imaginative map conveys little concrete information, mostly the overwhelming idea of the uninhabitedness of the vicinity, but its graphic imminence in the mind of the traveller is part of his reconnaisance of his course and his position. Only the true traveller, who has no business to do and no material scheme to execute, will continuously discover his own passage through the uncharted distance of these shaggy woods. The forest is much more a wilderness to Thoreau than to Joe Polis, who can read its signs. Thoreau's natural, wilderness literacy is of a different order, discerning the typical figure of the journey and expressing it. For instance when making camp at night,

> there is no sauntering off to see the country, and ten or fifteen rods seems a great way from your companions, and you come back with the air of a much travelled man, as from a long journey, with adventures to relate, though you may have heard the crackling of the fire all the while, -- and at a hundred rods you might be lost past recovery, and have to camp out. It is all mossy and <u>moosey</u>. In some of those dense fir and spruce woods there is hardly room for the smoke to go up. The trees are a <u>standing</u> night, and every fir and spruce which you fell is a plume plucked from night's raven wing. Then at night the general stillness is more impressive than any sound, but occasionally you hear the note of an owl further or nearer in the woods, and if near a lake, the semi-human cry of the loons at their unearthly revels (p. 275).

This description of actual camp conditions leads first to the eternal impingement of this no-man's-land on the small territory accessible to the travellers, then to the exotic density of the bush, figured in the "night's raven wing," and to the strange and supernaturally foreign noise in the "semi-human cry of the loons at their unearthly revels." In this kind of progressive documentation of scene, Thoreau is both more and less an alien witness than Joe Polis. His apprehension of the remote and "unearthly" is part of his unfamiliarity with the wilderness, but his literary manipulation of these aloof evidences finally gives him surer and more intimate command of the site than any mere woodsman's craft could. Although he must admire and credit Polis' expeditious skills, Thoreau is himself the better, more philosophical traveller.

In "The Allegash and East Branch" Thoreau makes an original journey, at firsthand. The elaborate, prolific references to secondary sources in his early travel writing are nearly gone from this last essay, except for a few strictly informational instances. He sets out, at last, on uncharted seas, making a literal voyage of his own devising, for which he is the best authority.

In the earlier works, volumes of preparatory reading and literary precedent stood between Thoreau and the scenes he encountered in his travels. Only extremely complex narrative structure could manage the systems of literary reference which support A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. Structure is simplified when the intermediary agents are dismissed, as they are in "The Allegash and East Branch," and when the journey's sequence and settings are adhered to rather than transcended in order to produce a text. Getting rid of intervening influences and intricate intentions meant coming

to Maine as the first travellers came to American wildernesses, and the centrality of Joe Polis in "The Allegash and East Branch" is one indication of Thoreau's success in this. Polis is an organizing principle discovered in the natural structure of the journey, as local and indigenous as the itinerary itself. Like the patriarchal conductor Matonabbee in Samuel Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean or the true protector Wawatam in Alexander Henry's Travels and Adventures in Canada, Polis supplies the example of the indigenous type, and he is Thoreau's own discovery. Polis' methods, behaviour and thought, like Beatte's in A Tour on the Prairie, are so alien to the travel narrator as to excite curiosity and wonder, while the rare moments of sympathy between traveller and native arouse the excitement of sympathy. The narrative treatment of Polis demonstrates the foreignness of the region through which Thoreau travels and, occasionally, the news that no place is entirely foreign.

Through exact and strict representation, Polis and the measured passage through the forest are made to be a sufficient text, recapturing the powerful authenticity of the literal reports of original ventures. It was this authenticity which Thoreau was after all along when he chose travel narrative, in lieu of other generic structures, to account for his own American experience. This was the rhetorical authority he sought in order to make natural statements about new ideas in a new place.

Notes

Chapter 6

[1] Washington Irving, The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1954), p. 1. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[2] Washington Irving, Notes while Preparing Sketch Book &c. 1817 (New Haven: Yale, 1927), p. 67. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[3] In this story, an agreeable but cavalier lover is the direct cause of the maiden's demise; he suffers guilt and grief in the same vein as Irving's own curious remorse over Matilda Hoffman's death.

[4] Washington Irving, A Tour on the Prairies (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1956), p. 9. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[5] The Western Journals of Washington Irving (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1944), p. 98. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[6] Henry David Thoreau, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers (Boston: Houghton Mifflin), p. 347. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[7] Henry David Thoreau, A Yankee in Canada (Montreal: Harvest House, 1961), p. 13. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[8] The text makes no reference to a fourth journey undertaken in June 1857.

[9] Henry David Thoreau, Cape Cod (Boston: Riverside, 1906), p. 5. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[10] See Joseph J. Moldenhauser's "Textual Introduction" to The Maine Woods (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1972), p. 359. Subsequent references to The Maine Woods are to this edition and will appear in the text.

## Chapter 7

## Speaking Out: Travel and Structure in the Early Narratives of Herman Melville

Except for Thoreau, who went his own way in his own time, the travellers so far considered moved and wrote within the prevailing currents of traffic which connected the Old World with newer places. The movement was westward, and those who wrote about this hemisphere instructed European audiences. But in the nineteenth century a new audience for travel writings appeared: American readers felt themselves distinct enough from Europeans to be interested in comparisons between themselves and inhabitants of the Old World and to relish recapitulations of European scenes and manners. Washington Irving's early travel sketches addressed these interests; in the next chapter I will discuss the writings of Samuel Clemens and William Dean Howells in reference to their overseas travels as well as their American journeys. The American abroad became, in the nineteenth century, an important literary idea. (A substantial part of Henry James's voluminous imagination rested on this provocative concept.) For Americans, opportunities for cultural self-definition or advance seemed to lie in the notion of trans-Atlantic travel. Willing to test their distinctiveness, American writers and readers deliberated on the consequences of the American's being at large in the world. In Canada in the nineteenth century, the idea of European travel enjoyed no comparable literary prosperity, and Canadians did not become a definitive audience for travel narrative as Americans did. In Canada, the east-to-west current of travel narrative left a strong residual influence

not soon to be evaded.

In this chapter I will consider the early writings of Herman Melville, primarily for their exemplary properties in relation to the travel genre and for those qualities which demonstrate distinctions between novelistic narrative and travel narrative. Melville, a pre-eminent figure in American literary history, began his career as a writer of travel narrative. Typee (1846) and Omoo (1847) are travel books; Redburn (1849) and White-Jacket (1850) are more travel books than they are anything else. Unlike Thoreau, Melville travelled out, away from America, following directions pointing in Typee and Omoo beyond this New World to newer worlds and in Redburn back to the Old World. But, like Thoreau, he followed literary precedent in his travel writing, repeating the formal modes of those who had gone before. That both Thoreau and Melville, two major American writers, worked extensively in the travel genre suggests that this literary form held large meaning for the American imagination.

Although twentieth-century commentary on Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life During a Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas generally treats the book as a semi-autobiographical fiction or near-novel, Melville's contemporary audience responded to it on the basis of its literal informativeness and its evident practice of the conventions of travel narrative. The public reception of Typee raised relatively few questions as to the book's factual reliability. It was accepted, generally, as an authentic albeit colourful travel document, and most reservations regarding its soundness were moral rather than empirical. Some reviewers did question the identity of the author, suspecting some genteel subterfuge: could a common sailor have composed so eloquent and lucid a narrative? Others allowed that Melville

may have exaggerated or heightened the adventure portion of the composition, but only to the advantage of the entertainment as a whole. An anonymous American reviewer expressed this typical response: "The scenes, described with peculiar animation and vivacity, are of a description that must task the credulity of most plain matter of fact people; yet they are without doubt faithfully sketched...."[1] This reviewer, by predicting the incredulity of some readers, recommended Typee on just that basis: it would amaze American readers with its wonderful news from abroad, and with its truthful marvels. It was not only the high adventure and dramatic action of the book that attracted its readers. In Typee's substantial expository content -- its "travel" content -- was its formal appeal to an audience which enjoyed the idea that exotic travel truly revealed astonishing sights to the voyager.

In the twentieth century, reports from remote places surprise us less. External spectacles are not as interesting as interior manifestations, and modern critics come to Typee willing to make allowances for its expository content but much more concerned with its intimations of psychological or moral adventure. Some modern commentary on Typee speculates on the edenic complications of the story: what are the defects in the valley paradise? Why does Tommo so urgently wish to escape its simple abundance? Other commentary takes the form of rehabilitation, rescuing Typee from relative unimportance in the Melville canon by claiming that it has a completeness and stature beyond its value to scholars as a semi-autobiographical document. Paul Whitherington's article on "The Art of Melville's Typee," for example, states that Typee is not "only travel literature," but a novel. Melville, Whitherington maintains, knew what he was doing when he wrote Typee: "it can be shown that [Mellville's] use of materials in Typee is that of

a novelist quite often in full control of his materials and almost always conscious of them."[2] Whitherington's observations on the text proceed from two premises: first, that the novel form -- even in its incipient stages -- is aesthetically more valuable than the travel form -- even in its mature form -- and, second, that control and consciousness of materials is novelistic, and beyond the scant province of the mere writer of travels. An earlier article, "Melville's Use of Interpolations," by Joan Jaffe Hall, develops from similar assumptions, although Hall credits Melville with less control over his art: "The plot of Typee, which is a flimsy handle for the baggage of the travelogue, is punctuated by long and tiresome essays on the anthropology, sociology and history of the Marquesas (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that those essays are punctuated by a plot)...."[3] In Hall's view, the "travelogue"[4] contributes only "time-fillers" which obscure and encumber the plot. She finds, however, that in Melville's later writing -- in Moby-Dick, especially -- "interpolations" are attractive and effective because they explicate the plot and can be read for their figurative or thematic significance. Clearly, the expository sections of Typee bore Hall, and many other twentieth century critics. Their impatience with factual exposition, and their eagerness to declare it peripheral "baggage" are due to its resistance to hermeneutics. Not much can be done with the content of the travel exposition in Typee, beyond researching the secondary sources from which Melville derived his data and some of his descriptions. But, at some point, the travel exposition must be accounted for formally: it is plainly much more than a novelistic setting for action, and much more than a disproportionately detailed attempt at realism. Its place in the design of the text is prominent and even commanding, and Melville intended that it should be so.

Until recently, a commonplace about Typee has been that Melville inserted some of the most conspicuous "travelogue" segments of the narrative in response to his London publisher's recommendation. But Hershel Parker's article on "Evidences for Late Insertions' in Melville's Works" demonstrates that Murray, the London publisher, accepted Typee without additions and that Melville had already begun the amplifications of the text when his brother Ganesvoort took the rest of the manuscript to London: "On the whole, the nature of the additions suggest that they were not called for by Murray."[5] The insertions in question[6] are chiefly from the secondary sources Charles R. Anderson enumerated in Melville in the South Seas,[7] and Parker's researches into the provenance of the text show that Melville took on the extra chapters and sections to complete his original project, and not simply to satisfy the requirements of a publisher of true-life travel stories. Melville was making a travel book, and that is what Typee is.

Anderson's Melville in the South Seas has been available to Melville scholars for many years. It shows that borrowings from other Polynesian travel books comprise substantial parts of Typee and, in this, Anderson's scholarship may have encouraged later commentators on the book to dismiss these sections as only derivative, or to cite their presence as evidence of the immaturity of Melville's art.[8] After all, the critic is up against some difficult problems when he applies hermeneutic methods to passages transposed from other texts and only rudely modified to new intentions. But the borrowing itself is a literary activity, and therefore important to the making of the text, and the borrowed passages are fundamental components of the narrative structure. They are essential to Typee's formal, generic purpose, and without them the text would have another meaning. Compilation--

which can entail anything from the shameless borrowings in Jonathan Carver's appendices to Samuel Hearne's systematic consultation of Pennant's Arctic Zoology to Thoreau's reverent citations from early travellers -- is part of travel writing.

Melville's resort to the structural conventions of the travel genre was fitting under the circumstances: he had passed a long period in a part of the world still unfrequented by the ordinary tourist and still only partially documented by voyage literature. The novelty of his experience and the remoteness of its setting dictated the design of its literary presentation. And beyond its circumstantial appropriateness, the travel genre provided Melville with an established narrative form within which to convey the several phases of the traveller's vision -- his sightseeing, his informative and speculative overview of a remote culture, and his imaginative and psychological reply to the idea of an exotic journey.

The first chapter of Typee introduces all these elements in a way that illustrates the intricacy of their relationship to one another. The first element introduced is the dramatic content of journeying itself:

> Six months at sea! Yes, reader, as I live, six months out of sight of land; crusing after the sperm-whale beneath the scorching sun of the Line, and tossed on billows of the wide-rolling Pacific -- the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else![9]

These first vociferations express the traveller's dramatic attitude: his expostulatory impatience under the extremity of this foreign experience and its unrelieved regime, and his desire to set a new course. From these attitudes -- all directly related to the peculiar human situation of travel -- comes Typee's story, with its plotted elaborations on Melville's own adventure. A possible resolution to the traveller's crisis appears next in the form of a foreseen destination: "'Hurrah, my lads! It's a settled thing; next week we shape our course to the Marquesas!'" (p. 5). But scarcely is this excitement voiced when the narrative shifts to another mood, explaining

the "interesting" circumstances under which the islands were first discovered by European navigators, and providing bibliographical data on literature relating to the Marquesas: "Of this interesting group but little account has ever been given, if we except the slight mention made of them in the sketches of South Sea voyages" (pp. 5-6). Of the "slight" references, Melville takes due notice, suggesting his own authorial indebtedness to some of these volumes. No longer the anxious sailor, impatient of indefinite terms and uncomfortable conditions, the narrator becomes the studious, informed tourist. His address to the reader changes with the shift in mood, appealing to an interest in documented exotica where it formerly solicited sympathy for the adventurer in his predicament. And Melville then introduces a third complication to narrative point of view, in this case to expatiate on the missionary presence in the islands: in elaborating on some secondhand information he describes an event he witnessed personally in the Marquesas, "between two and three years after the adventures recorded in this volume" (p. 7). With this digression he not only stretches narrative structure and organization, but also materially affects the dramatic premise of the first paragraph of the chapter. The tension therein -- and throughout the book -- depends on the suspended resolution of the narrator's discontent and anxiety. Here, this adverbial phrase referring to a post-journey period removes the underpinnings of that suspense not only by affirming the traveller's survival but also by hinting at some of the conditions of his survival. The adventure story in Melville's South Seas account must coexist with the digressive, discursive tendencies of travel writing. As we see even in this first chapter, the result is an impingement on novelistic plotting by the obligations of the travel writer to convey whole information associatively, and to withhold no particle of relevant material.

As the discourse proceeds, this pattern of alternating mood develops. Often, there is no logical connection between active and expository segments beyond the overtly stated need to sustain two narrative systems simultaneously. As we have seen in other narratives of travel, authorial intervention, especially to introduce excursus or to alert the reader to the direction of a digression, is a characteristic device, permitting wide-ranging narrative focus in the interests of creating as comprehensive a representation as possible. The travel writer does not risk incoherence with his discursiveness, for his narrative sequence -- that of travel -- is manifest and unifying, and Melville's prose art is neither awkward nor imperfect in the way it overtly yokes its linear, temporal narrative with large expository units.

Even when the narrator and his companion have escaped from the ship and are embroiled in arduous topographical complications, the fugitive's sensations of ordeal and desperation subside, and drop from the narrative to make way for scenic exposition typical of tourist memoirs. Having attained a difficult summit after the first day's flight, the narrator looks back over the accomplished route with detached composure: "The lonely bay of Nukuheva, dotted here and there with the black hulls of the vessels composing the French squadron, lay reposing at the base of a circular range of elevations, whose verdant sides, perforated with deep glens or diversified with smiling valleys, formed altogether the loveliest view I ever beheld, and were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the feeling of admiration which I then experienced" (p. 40). The leisurely recall of his unforgettable "feeling of admiration" as well as the whole placid character of the pastoral prospect -- "smiling valleys" and "deep glens" outweighing

the "black hulls" of the naval presence -- reduces the exigency of the fugitives' plight, enlisting them, through conventional diction and aesthetic, in the tourist tradition. Even up to the penultimate stage of his sojourn in the valley, when the crisis of his captivity looms hugely, the narrator invokes this genteel descriptive attitude in an unhurried way that undercuts the urgency of his situation. At the beginning of Chapter XXXI, wherein he treats the cosmetic practices and music, and other recreations of the Typees, he writes: "Sadly discursive as I have already been, I must still further entreat the reader's patience, as I am about to string together, without any attempt at order, a few odds and ends of things not hitherto mentioned, but which are either curious in themselves or peculiar to the Typees" (p. 226). His apology to the reader reflects some awareness of the delay in disclosing the captive hero's fate and of having compromised the narrative structure entailed in Tommo's novelistically plotted adventure. However, the conventions of travel narrative prevail over novelistic practices, and Melville makes this overt structural statement in order to incorporate into the text as much descriptive information as possible. The inclusion of these "odds and ends" is part of Melville's obeisance to the travel tradition which measures the stature of a document by the quantity of novel and instructive data organized by the traveller. These aggregations of detail throng the later sections of Typee and, in effect, expository summary and escape plans share the climax of the narrative.

There is a point at which the two distinct narrative systems -- the descriptive and the active -- merge, and that is in the more speculative renderings of the Typee valley. When the narrator first comes upon this remote eden, scenic description escalates to an intensity simultaneously

contemplative and dramatic. But first the panoramic prospect is established:

> From the spot where I lay transfixed with surprise and delight, I looked straight down into the bosom of a valley, which swept away in long wavy undulations to the blue waters in the distance. Midway towards the sea, and peering here and there amidst the foliage, might be seen the palmetto-thatched houses of its inhabitants glistening in the sun that had bleached them to a dazzling whiteness. The vale was more than three leagues in length, and about a mile across at its greatest width (p. 49).

Up to this point, the view is conventional enough that the beholder's alleged "surprise and delight" are only rhetorical embellishemnts on a typical scenic description and convey little dramatic information. To "wavy undulations," "blue waters," and "dazzling whiteness" are added further details on the uninterrupted verdure of the scene and the waterfalls which adorn it. The sight is rendered only in descriptive terms which arrange the elements of its picturesqueness. Then the limits of this narrative treatment are gradually borached, as scenery itself begins to implciate the spectator by suggesting his pending adventure:

> Over all the landscape there reigned the most hushed repose, which I almost feared to break lest, like the enchanted gardens in the fairy tale, a single syllable might dissolve the spell. For a long time, forgetful alike of my own situation, and the vicinity of my still slumbering companion, I remained gazing around me, hardly able to comprehend by what means I had thus suddenly been made a spectator of such a scene (p. 49).

The fugitive, as he comes upon the "enchanted" valley, also comes upon an arresting recognition of his profound transportation. He has travelled so exceedingly far as to have arrived at another world, and he divines some rare, impending quality in the sight -- its "fairy tale" properties, its imposing "spell," and its consummate other-worldliness and foreignness. To discover and enter this scene -- not just spectatorially but actively, through an unfolding tale -- is to enter another phase of existence. Here, the travel idiom is truly felt: the suggestiveness of picturesque

landscape is always very important to the sightseer, and now Melville takes up the suggestion and executes its implications by releasing the narrator form his detached tourism and introducing him into the scene.

Once in the valley, of course, the great question is how to get out. Modern commentators on Typee have striven to explain Tommo's desire to quit paradise, variously finding that eden and western man are incompatible, or that Typee is a shallow and flawed utopia, or that Tommo is too imperfect himself to rest in a perfect habitat. But we need go no futher than the occasion of the travel genre itself to rationalize Tommo's desire to get out of this place. There is no quest in travel writing: Typee is not a goal, but only a stage in a round-trip, a temporary location through which the traveller passes. His destination is his original point of departure -- America -- and the escape from this fairy-tale enchantment is the necessary return to a normal, realistic travel itinerary with its proper assurances of departures and arrivals, embarkations and homecomings. Staying in Typee would fatally interrupt the sequence of travel, leaving the journey forever incomplete and the traveller stranded. The first chapters set out the implications of this eventuality by proposing the unnerving idea of the interminable voyage and the strange nightmare of being perpetually abroad on an indefinite, inconclusive journey with no destination in sight. In Chapter III Melville describes the notoriously lengthy voyages of New England whalers, which claim whole epochs of a sailor's life, and he recounts with awe and horror the extent of one apocryphally prolonged voyage. The absence of this ship was of such duration as to have her given up for lost: "After a long interval, however, The Perseverance -- for that was her name -- was spoken somewhere in the vicinity of the ends of the earth, cruising along

as leisurely as ever, her sails all bepatched and bequilted with rope yarns, her spars fished with old pipe stores, and her rigging knotted and spliced in every possible direction" (p. 22). The hull of this overdue vessel is entirely crusted with barnacles, and escorted by populous shoals of fish, as if she had forever renounced her terrestrial origins and taken up a completely aquatic identity. Her return is still unreported, her voyage eternally incomplete. "Such," writes Melville, "was the account I heard of this vessel, and the remembrance of it always haunted me; what eventually became of her I never learned; at any rate she never reached home, and I suppose she is still regularly tacking twice in the twenty-four hours somewhere off Buggerry Island or the Devil's Tail Peak" (p. 23).

The sailor is a helpless victim under this regime of endless voyaging; all power is allotted to the captain bent on long-term sea-faring. In the micro-cosmic society of the ship at sea, subordination becomes detention once the duration of the journey passes the normal expectations of seemly, safe travel. Similarly, in Typee, the wanderer is disenfranchised in the little valley polity. The prolongation of his absence and the indefinite suspension of his onward or homeward travels become imprisonment; the resumption of his route becomes escape and autonomy.

This indefinite sojourning in a foreign place is a ticklish business, calling for tactful social strategies. Samuel Hearne, alone in a native community, had constantly to negotiate compromises between his own mission and the will of Matonabbee in order to accomplish his safe passage across the Arctic. Similarly, Tommo must ingratiate himself with the Typees, acquire the goodwill of their leaders, and in some degree conform to their standards and practices. But to be too completely assimilated into Typee society is to

relinquish his status as a traveller, to surrender his identity, and, like The Perseverance, to renounce his anticipated destination when he renounces his origins. Like Alexander Henry, who found himself becoming gradually accostomed to life with the Chippewas, Tommo becomes familiarized with and drawn into Typee life. But Henry reserved a margin of detachment which reminded him that he had been "otherwise" and that he could hope for release, and Tommo, too, hovers between acquiescent absorption into the Typee community and unforgetting awareness of his alien status. Several times he is "nearly unmanned" when evidence accumulates as to the permanence of his stay -- testifying that it is no longer a sojourn at all but an immutable residence, and that the erstwhile sojourner is no longer an American sailor but a denizen of the valley. The Typee custom of tatooing is a particularly menacing issue, suggesting a remaking or revision of his person to conform to the assumptions of this foreign culture.

> From the time of my casual encounter with Karky the [tatoo] artist my life was one of absolute wretchedness. Not a day passed but I was persecuted by the solicitations of some of the natives to subject myself to the odious operation of tatooing. Their importunities drove me half wild, for I felt how easily they might work their will upon me regarding this or anything else which they took into their heads (p. 231).

The importunate tatooist arouses in the sojourner not just the fear of defacement but the horror of complete absorption into the foreign milieu, the attendant loss of will and identity, and, most important, the abandonment of hope for return to America.

Once his companion, Toby, has fled, the captive feels his alien status all the more intensely, and when his attempts to communicate with Marnoo (the revered wanderer who visits all Nukuheva villages freely, under the protection of a safe-conduct taboo) are frustrated, his anxiety and dejection become acute:

> Where, thought I desponding, is there the slightest prospect of escape? The only person who seemed to possess the ability to assist me was the stranger Marnoo; but would he ever return to the valley? And if he did, should I be permitted to hold any communication with him? It seemed as if I were cut off from every source of hope, and that nothing remained but passively to await whatever fate was in store for me (pp. 238-39).

Marnoo is important to Tommo because he is a possible instrument of escape and, beyond any Typee, an interlocutor to whom Tommo can unreservedly express his restlessness and apprehension, and explain his awareness of his strange predicament. In conversation with Marnoo, Tommo can refer to the larger world outside the valley and Marnoo's responses confirm the existence of this outer realm which is beyond the "fairy tale enchantment" of Typee and where Tommo's destination is real and accessible. His exchanges with Marnoo serve a purpose comparable to that served for Frances Trollope by the "full flow of conversation" with the German woman at Philadelphia. And Daniel Harmon, too, sequestered in a remote wilderness, longed for conversation with sympathetic interlocutors whose talk could encourage him in his struggle against cultural disorientation. When talk with Marnoo is curtailed, Tommo's geographical isolation and social alienation are strongly figured to him. He is left passively incommunicado, without any foreseeable conduit to the outer world: "when I thought of the loved friends who were thousands and thousands of miles from the savage island in which I was held a captive, when I reflected that my dreadful fate would forever be concealed from them, and that with hope deferred they might continue to await my return long after my inanimate form had blended with the dust of the valley -- I could not repress a shudder of anguish" (p. 243). Inextricably associated with the fear of personal extinction is the dread of not being able to relate his story to the "loved friends," to the audience that awaits news of the traveller's

whereabouts and return. It is not only the suppression of his appeal for rescue that frustrates and depresses the captive, but also the idea of his own disappearance into a soundless void, from which no messages can be transmitted. From such silence and irrevocable isolation can emerge no traveller's tale of adventure and romance, and no narrative destiny completing the journey sequence. The received story resulting from the eventuality of Tommo's worst fears would be only a tragic fragment -- the voyager setting out from home, and disappearing into an unspoken emptiness -- and not the conclusive narrative which the returned traveller carries with him to a waiting audience. On the verge of being assimilated socially by this obscure paradise, and anxiously considering the possibility of being physically consumed by these putative cannibals, the stranded voyager contemplates his immobility as a token of death.

A survival tactic, aside from tentative escape plans, which alleviates the traveller's dread of stasis is his tourist activity. Through the whole central body of the text, which treats Melville's residence in the Typee valley, the two narrative systems -- the active and the expository -- alternate to mediate the tension between the fateful forces which indefinitely prolong the adventurer's residence and the hopeful sightseeing and information-gathering which anticipate a normal resumption of journeying. This bifurcation is not a structural weakness in the book, but a formal literary expression of Melville's vision of the traveller's destiny.

In the text, factual exposition is a functional appurtenance of the traveller's situation. It is the narrative product of Tommo's deliberate, even urgent interest in Typee rites and practices. By keeping up this investigative tourism and objective observation, the sojourner assures

himself of the cultural distinction between himself and Typee society; this distinction portends his eventual physical separation from Typee society through the desired completion of his journey. At the same time, the accumulation of information presumes that eventually the narrator will enjoy the opportunity to communicate it to an interested audience -- at home. Insofar as the hope of departure from Typee and return to America is central, the expository material that supports the narrator in his traveller's role is not peripheral but functionally essential.

As Anderson's Melville in the South Seas shows, with its exhaustive research of the literary influences and borrowings in Typee, a substantial part of this expository information is the product not of direct experience, but of Melville's post-Typee researches. Except for infrequent bibliographical references, almost all secondhand material is introduced into the narrative as firsthand observation, with an artfulness that places this material at the same level of literary activity as the inventive elaborations of Melville's personal, active adventures on Nukuheva. In consulting secondary sources, and in introducing secondhand information as part of a purportedly firsthand narration, Melville made a calculated move towards constructing a particular kind of literary document, the conventions of which would be familiar and significant to his audience.

In Typee, where the voyager skirts the verge of being assimilated and obliterated by the remoteness and foreignness of his venturing, travel is an existential risk-taking, and survival -- through homeward travel -- is a substantial topic. But survival is a subject articulated not just by the adventure story of captivity and escape. It is expressed formally as well, through the modal properties of the text. As a speaker in the travel writing

mode, the narrator has an assurance of survival -- even of longevity -- which the narrator as a hero of adventure cannot command. In the first place, the acquisition of information presumes the opportunity to express it -- that is, presumes homecoming. In the second place, the omniscience and composure of the returned traveller's comprehensive, informative remarks relieve peril and danger of their suspenseful qualities. Thus the formalities of the travel writer's verbal mode themselves signify the outcome of the traveller's experience. Whatever the dangers may have been along the way, the traveller is home now. This message is conveyed at every point where the narrative assumes an expository structure; it is conveyed even in the first chapter.

In Typee, there are occasions on which expository omniscience and dramatic suspense co-operate to striking effect. The incidence of cannibalism among the Typees is such an occasion. It is an issue which is early introduced into the narrative and which soon ripens into a premise of intense dramatic value. What interests us here is Melville's diverse narrative treatment of the matter. It is his office, as a travel writer, to remark exotic phenomena and to neglect no instance of titillating novelty which would stimulate his reader's curiosity; at the same time, the travel writer will promote accuracy and disabuse his audience of sensationalist misinformation. These two obligations are adequately discharged by the text, which authenticates reports of anthropophagism but minimizes the frequency and extent of the practice among the islanders. However, despite this judicious expository consideration, cannibalism remains a provoking and consequential issue in the adventure of the fugitive hero. To whatever degree the factual presence of cannibalism is reduced and disarmed through exposition, the rumour of its prevalence and imminence grows rather than diminishes as

the hero's tenure in the valley is extended, and as he increasingly looks upon his captors with dread and apprehension. Thus two verbal realities exist simultaneously in Typee, by virtue of its bifurcated narrative design: at one side is the enlightened consciousness of the traveller-narrator who learns of the little and inoffensive extent of cannibalism among the islanders in general and the Typees in particular, and who imparts this information to his audience. On the other side is the growing conviction of the traveller-hero that his custodians are eaters of human flesh. The conviction carries more than the ordinary weight of western civilization's alarm at the anthropophagite for it also meshes with the escalating thematic pattern of the adventure narrative: the traveller's fear of being conclusively absorbed into this foreign place. Tatooing is a smaller circumstantial evidence of the crisis, with its ugly infringement on the sojourner's coporal sovereignty, but cannibalism is, of course, the greater signal. The power of Typee, and of Melville's later travel writing, lies in the co-existence of the two versions of travel issues like cannibalism: one version in the informational narrative, which accounts for heathen perversions in a lucid, realistic way, and the other version in the adventure narrative, which permits the dark and fantastical rumour its insinuating license.

Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas is structurally comparable to Typee. Like Typee, Omoo formally entertains both immediate, firsthand experience and digressive, secondhand information. As in Typee, discursive material cuts away the tensions that suspend the narrator's dramatic situation by referring associatively to experiences which post-date the crisis and implicitly explain the protagonist's survival. Also, outcomes are delayed to accommodate lengthy descriptions of Tahitian society and

architecture, the uses of the breadfruit tree, the incidence of elephantitis among the natives, and similar topics. And the narrative situations in the two books are comparable. Both stories get under way with the impatience of the sailor under the threat of endless, fruitless voyaging; both concern themselves with escape strategies that result in yet another imprisonment.

In view of these similarities, the differences between the texts are instructive. Omoo is neither less nor more of a travel book than Typee, but it is informed by a different vision of travel experience. In Typee, travel took the narrator to a place unthinkably remote, and stranded him there as an isolated alien threatened with conclusive absorption into a foreign milieu. In Omoo, the foreignness of Papeete is much less menacing than that of the Typee valley. Even detention in Papeete arouses few anxieties in the traveller, and he rests in jail amiably, unconcerned and unapprehensive. In short, Tahiti is a hospitable place as Nukuheva is not. On Tahiti, the traveller stays -- or goes, as it turns out -- with impunity; on Nukuheva he loiters or departs only at great risk.

It is finally the absence of urgency and intensity that fully distinguishes Omoo from Typee, and that effects a more fluid and flexible narrative structure. The narrator of Omoo can wander discursively through all types of picturesqueness, comedy and polemic without exciting the tensions and structural fission that occur in Typee when the tourist's memoirs delay the resolution of the adventurer's story. At Papeete, imprisonment and immobility create no dramatic crisis, but only a natural pause in the rhythm of travel and an opportunity for reposeful contemplation and description.

Investigations into the literal reliability of Omoo have revealed few instances of invention or even exaggeration, and, on the whole, there seems

to be less novelistic plotting in Omoo than in Typee. The difference between the presence and absence of novelistic narrative can be observed in structural conditions which arise from the quality of the felt travel experience. In Typee, where the journey carries the traveller to an unnerving extreme, structure is complex, contending with suspense and uncertainty within informative omniscience. In Omoo, where the traveller advances with affable confidence, where no despondency checks his progress, and where his return and his survival are never really in doubt, excursus and digression create little structural stress.

The story-telling traveller advances in an acutely spectatorial role. Entering the frame of the picture himself is difficult -- or dangerous, as we saw in Typee. Even in Omoo, where the "rover" makes his way with singular confidence and wholesome spirits, he is abruptly reminded, in a short and decisive chapter, of the estrangement that devloves upon the traveller once he embarks on the illustrative world. One evening passing a missionary's house in Tahiti the traveller is attracted by the agreeable appearance of a young woman seated on the verandah with her mother. Forgetful of his crazy, wayfarer's costume, and eager to introduce himself into this appealing tableau, he addresses himself to these women:

> "Good evening ladies," exclaimed I, at least, advancing winningly; "a delightful air from the sea, ladies."
>
> Hysterics and hartshorn! who would have thought it? The young lady screamed, and the old one came near fainting. As for myself, I retreated in double-quick time; and scarcely drew breath until safely housed in the Calabooza.[10]

This is a strand that Redburn picks up from Omoo, converting some of the comedy of the traveller's estrangement into a more illuminating and often more ominous alienation.

An anonymous (and unsypathetic) English reviewer wrote of Redburn, in 1849: "It is chiefly descriptive of a voyage to England and of a short residence in Liverpool, which appears in these pages quite as strange and queer a place as any that figures in Omoo or Typee."[11] Although the reviewer disapproves of this aspect of the book, his perception is nevertheless interesting in that it recognizes the continuity between Melville's early travel writing and later, more novelistic production. Redburn, like Typee and Omoo, addresses a travel-reading public and its meaning derives from Melville's manipulation of the conventions of travel writing. Liverpool, under these conventional conditions, becomes a strange and wonderfully foreign place indeed and the American's journey to England becomes a voyage of discovery.

Readers of Redburn in the nineteenth century, like those in the twentieth century, also noticed the bipartite character of the book, the novelistic narration of the first half and the informational exposition of the second. This modal shift is much more than a result of imperfect authorial intention, or careless extending of a smallish fiction to book-length. In Redburn, as in Typee, narrative organization and structural complexity not only reflect meaning but create it.

The first half of the book tells of the traveller's embarkation -- a subject not considered in Typee or Omoo -- and of the sensations and anxieties incident to first-time voyaging. Redburn is, at the outset, an ambivalent traveller, on the one hand attracted by the romance of journeying and on the other hand reluctant, involuntarily conscripted into the vagrant tradition. During his first days and weeks abroad, he is overcome with a profound sense of his displacement, and of having been separated from ordinary life and deprived of his social station. Like Susanna Moodie and Frances

Trollope, he is outraged and dismayed at the social insubordination brought about by travel. Aboard the Highlander he is reduced, by nautical usage and hierarchy, to the slightest cipher. In fact, he is less than a cipher, for his inexperience makes him a supernumerary on the outward passage, as he painfully discovers when the watches are divided and chosen by the mates:

> At last they were all chosen but me; and it was the chief mate's next turn to choose; though there could be little choosing in my case, since I was a thirteener, and must, whether or no, go over to the next column, like the odd figure you carry along when you do a sum in addition.[12]

The mates, however, consecutively decline the honour of Redburn's membership in their watches, and his eventual assignment speaks more for his worthlessness than his value, even as an "odd figure."

> While this scene was going on, I felt shabby enough; there I stood, just like a silly sheep, over whom two butchers are bargaining. Nothing that had yet happened so forcibly reminded me of where I was, and what I had come to. I was very glad when they sent us forward again (p. 39).

Before this critical scene, and after, the gist of its reminder of "where I was and what I had come to" is repeatedly impressed on Redburn, instructing him in the social changes incident to travel. Separated from home, deprived of place, regard and identity, he is "without a single friend or companion," and his embarkation effects an excruciating alienation. The experience is recounted closely, with attention to intimate psychological detail and subjective sensations.

But this is not to be the final expression of departure and travel in Redburn; nor does the narrative mode of the first chapters preside over the whole text. Gradually the narrative resorts to the conventions of travel writing and this change is concurrent with the abatement of Redburn's feelings of persecution and alienation. In Liverpool, where long descriptive passages render the city's docks and streets, the change is conclusively

effected, but it begins earlier. It is first indicated by a splintering-off of perception which deflects some interest from the novice sailor's plight, and permits the narrator a more comprehensive prospect of the voyage. Navigation and geography begin to chart the narrative sequence -- as they typically do in voyage literature -- and begin to attract some of the narrative attention so far monopolized by Redburn and his misanthropic despair. By the time the ship is off Newfoundland, curiosities are related with an omniscient eye to their overall position in the account: "As I shall not make mention of the Grand Banks on our homeward-bound passage, I may as well here relate, that on our return, we approached them in the night; and by way of making sure of our whereabouts, the deep-sea-lead was heaved" (p. 97). Here, where topic is dictated and authorized by external data of geography and itinerary rather than by inner anxieties and preoccupations, Melville addresses a travel-reading audience.

During Redburn's stay in Liverpool and his return voyage, the expectations of this audience eager for information are fulfilled. At Liverpool, he becomes an inspired tourist and sightseer:

> ...I began to extend my rovings indefinitely; forming myself into a committee of one, to investigate all accessible parts of the town; though so many years have elapsed, ere I have thought of bringing in my report.
>
> This was a great delight to me: for wherever I have been in the world, I have always taken a vast deal of lonely satisfaction in wandering about, up and down, among out-of-the-way streets and alleys, and speculating on the strangers I have met. (p. 200)

"Delight" and "satisfaction" reward Redburn's indefatigable tourism, and in this passage is notice of a signal change in Redburn's travel experience. Whereas he formerly suffered despair and outrage at the alienating effect of travel, he now exults in the "vast deal of lonely satisfaction" his status as alien confers on him. No longer estranged and miserable, he is detached

and observant -- a "marvellous stranger" distinguished by his hugely-buttoned shooting jacket and his relentless curiosity. Once a desperate, misanthropic castaway, he becomes now a satisfied, even philanthropic sightseer.

The disposal and structure of the narrative demonstrate this. As Redubrn acquires a broader perspective, more and more exposition is incorporated into the text, and its denotative, informational office is extended. And once Redburn recognizes and accepts his peculiar status, he retreats, as a character, further and further from the narrative focus, for by then the issues of his social identity and his displacement have been resolved: the former is settled by Redburn's becoming a raptly attentive tourist, and the latter is clarified as merely a temporary condition incident to the event of travel. In both cases, the resolution emerges from a developed assumption that he will, in fact, get home again.

This is important, for, as in Typee, the traveller in Redburn faces the great danger of simply disappearing. When Redburn embarks, he envisions his departure as a deathly omen, and a course to submersion in a soundless fate:

> ...I thought sure enough that some luckless day or other, I would certainly fall overboard and be drowned. And then, I thought of lying at the bottom of the sea, stark alone, with the great waves rolling over me, and no one in the wide world knowing that I was there (p. 33).

Redburn's dread is equivalent to Tommo's, when the latter reflects that not only does he face death but that there is no way of getting news to the "loved friends" who would attend his return long after his "inanimate form had blended with the dust of the valley." In each case, the poignancy of the traveller's extinction lies in the irreversible silence that will close over his career if he does not complete his voyage. And this brings us back to the special role of the returned traveller, who comes home bearing

tales and conveying news. When Redburn embarks -- frightened and derided -- he consoles himself by imagining the completion of the journey, when "I should have actually been [in England] and home again, telling my adventures to my brothers and sisters; and with what delight they would listen, and how they would look up to me and reverence my sayings..." (p. 32). At this early stage, however, the projection is insufficient to counter evidences of mortal danger and social humiliation which contradict ideas of safe return and a reverent audience. While these immediate evidences predominate, the narrative proceeds in an active, dramatic mode. But when they subside, and return is somehow assured, Redburn begins to collect the materials that will document his travels and the text itself turns increasingly to an expository structure. As the narrative mode of Redburn takes up the travel writer's idiom, so does Redburn himself acceed to the estimable station of the story-telling adventurer who has news to impart.

Yet the forebodings and desperate intimations associated with voyaging in the early chapters are not entirely neglected once Redburn assumes his narratorial objectivity, for, almost simultaneously with the disappearance of the narrator's anxious self-consciousness, Harry Bolton appears. Harry becomes the alienated, disoriented outcast, and through the report of his death, off Brazil, the terrific implications of sea-faring are executed. At the end of the narrative, after exhaustive descriptions of shipboard conditions on the voyage home, Redburn recognizes that he, with his safe return and nearly complete exposition, is no longer the driven, derided hero that he was at his embarkation, and that Harry has taken his place: "I pass over the reception I met with at home; how I plunged into embraces, long and loving: -- I pass over this; and will conclude my first voyage by relating

all I know of what overtook Harry Bolton" (p. 311). Having taken on a narrative task different from the one with which he began -- having abandoned novelistic structure and taken up travel exposition -- the narrator is assigned a destiny secure from catastrophic consequences.

Travel writing is a social action resulting from the writer's separation from his native or original society, his experience of detachment and alienation, and his formal address to the culture from which he has been separated -- not the culture he describes. Tommo's narrative is not addressed to the Typee, Omoo's to the Tahitians, Redburn's to the Highlander crew or to Liverpuddlians, White-Jacket's to the Neversink population. In each case, composition is postponed and delayed, to be directed to a culturally sympathetic audience, and in each case composition is part of the business of getting home and being reincorporated into a familar social milieu. In Redburn, and in White-Jacket, too, the delay of the utterance is a critical factor. On board the Highlander Redburn soon learns to suppress his opinions and feelings, for there is no receptive forum there, and unanimous censure falls on him when he does speak out: "at last, being provoked to desperation by their taunts, I told them so to their faces; but I might better have kept silent; for they now all united to abuse me" (pp. 51-52). Samuel Hearne learned a similar lesson when he reproached his companions for their barbarous conduct and was repaid with threats and vituperation reminding him of his place and teaching him to keep his own counsel. The traveller's keeping his feelings to himself becomes a survival tactic and social strategy; but so does retaining those feelings, and reservations, to express them later to a receptive audience. The traveller hoards his commentary, maintaining his silence while abroad in a foreign,

uncomprehending or even hostile society, and publishing his judgements on his return. Keeping quiet can exite tensions in the sojourner: Tommo, for instance, eagerly fixed on Marnoo as an interim interlocutor providing for the expression of some unspeakable ideas.

In White-Jacket, verbal suppression and the postponement of discourse are especially determinant in the structure of the text. Aboard the Neversink, all concurrent commentary of the voyage is forcibly silenced, by social sanction or by official censure: the manuscripts of the poet Lemsford are hunted with "deadly hostility" and another sailor's descriptive journal of the cruise is thrown overboard. As Redburn learns to suppress his feelings in the interests of his own survival, so White-Jacket from the start of his voyage recognizes the necessary division between free-thinking and free-saying. His hatred of mock manoevres, for example, is thoroughly voiced in his description of "General Training," but this is a postponed utterance, one withheld that it may be expressed on a more propitious occasion: "These were my sentiments at the time, and these remain my sentiments still; but as, while on board the frigate, my liberty of thought did not extend to liberty of expression, I was obliged to keep these sentiments to myself...."[13] The completion of the voyage and the homecoming of the voyager suspend restrictions on expression and permit -- indeed, invite -- the full and feeling articulation of all the unmentionable sentiments associated with the travel experience. At home, White-Jacket's observations have an attentive and receptive audience; abroad, they must be closely restrained. In the Typee valley, Tommo felt a radical social alienation from the culture in which he was detained; on the Neversink, White-Jacket experiences a similar alienation, this time of a more overtly political nature. In each situation,

the traveller's tenure abroad represents a loss of social and political power and separation from all normal recourse and redress. For White-Jacket, however, redress comes with the opportunity to speak out, that is, with the formal, literary occasion to take account of his travels. The extent of the interval between the actual voyage and the literary version has, in White-Jacket, critically dramatic import, signifying as it does the traveller's political subjugation and verbal repression. And it also has structural import leading to the rhetorical complexities of the text, for the further the travel memoir is removed from the travel event, the further it is from the diurnal log or journal and the more "literary" is the extant document. When the traveller has been long detained, incommunicado, in the foreign milieu -- and White-Jacket observes the frigate as a consummately exotic site -- the task of relating the adventure becomes particularly urgent. With exhortation, invective, and accusatory polemic, as well as with obsessively comprehensive exposition, White-Jacket vehemently engages the attention of his readers. In White-Jacket, digression and divagation function not as they do in A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, to amplify a brief, local route, but as they do in Richardson's Eight Years in Canada, to invoke social and political principles denied by the foreign scene.

As all this exuberant verbal growth claims huge portions of the text, the linear voyage narrative recedes to a secondary position. Generally, the travel writer authorizes digressive argument through associative connections with the mainstream of the route -- his itinerary, his sightseeing, and so on. Here the reverse is true: the polemical and excursive project (normally the stuff of digression) is so urgently embracing as to subordinate travel

action to it; the event is embedded within a vast expository network so comprehensive as to make the idea of digression almost meaningless. The few chronological and geographical signals in the text -- signals on which the reader of travels relies to inform him of the traveller's advance and whereabouts -- are submerged in the larger tide of exposition and polemic. On this slender linear series is constructed the immense, almost unwieldy rhetorical superstructure of the book. Yet, if this leads to no unintelligible disproportion or incoherence -- for it is an apt structural consequence of the traveller's experience of verbal suppression -- it does stretch the conventions of the travel genre just past their original significance. Classically, the traveller's reticence abroad, followed by his verbal activity and tale-telling upon homecoming, is construed as a fitting and natural result of the travel experience. This much is true of Typee and Redburn. But, in White-Jacket, verbal restriction aboard the Neversink is seen as an abominable silencing, and a heinous result of naval totalitarianism. White-Jacket's travel tale calls for redress -- and effects redress -- and that is its central purpose.

If, in his early books, Melville's narrators are evasive and perplexing heroes, and if they confound expectations of novelistic completeness, that is because, in travel narrative, the traveller's most heroic role is his role not as actor but as speaker. As speaker, he has returned, and survived. He has eluded the awesome regime of silence that settles on the embarked wayfarer; he has overcome the radical threat to his existence brought about by his departure and absence. In now speaking out, upon his return, he substantiates his circumvention of the soundless fate intimated by his absence. Narration is the great event of the travel genre, and the more comprehensive and embracing the exposition, the larger the verbal action.

Notes

Chapter 7

[1] Melville: The Critical Heritage, ed. Watson G. Branch (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1974), p. 83.

[2] Paul Whitherington, "The Art of Melville's Typee," Arizona Quarterly, 26 (1970), p. 137.

[3] Joan Hall, "Melville's Use of Interpolations," The University Review, 33 (1966), p. 51.

[4] The earliest instance of the word "travelogue" reported by the O.E.D. occurs in 1903. It is a twentieth-century term, entering our lexicon, perhaps, to account for the decline and decadence of travel literature. Melville did not write "travelogue."

[5] Hershel Parker, "Evidence for 'Late Insertions' in Melville's Works," Studies in the Novel, 7 (1975), p. 413.

[6] Parker identifies them as Chapter 20,21 and 27, and the conclusions of Chapters 24, 26 and 30.

[7] Charles R. Anderson, Melville in the South Seas (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1939).

[8] In "Melville's South Sea Romance," Eigo Seinen, 115 (1969), 478-82, 564-68, Charles Anderson writes again about Typee, evaluating the text as a literary production and classifying it as a "romantic travel book with the poetry predominant." His judgements of Typee are somewhat negative, describing the book's "almost complete failure of form" and Melville's "confused understanding" of his Polynesian experience. Anderson's arguments are based,

like Whitherington's and Hall's, on the assumption that fiction has a unifying effect on literary utterance and that factual exposition jeopardizes coherence and meaning: "As a literary critic one cannot defend the digressions on colonial and missionary history in the opening chapters, still less the complete arresting of action in the central two-thirds," (p. 564). In Anderson's view, Typee fails where it evades novelistic structure and where it is "too literal."

[9] Herman Melville, Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life, ed. Harrison Hayford et al. (Evanston: Northwestern-Newberry, 1968), p. 3. Subsequent references are to this edition and will be cited in the text.

[10] Herman Melville, Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas (New York: Dent, 1921), p. 169.

[11] Melville: The Critical Heritage, p. 190.

[12] Herman Melville, Redburn: His First Voyage, ed. Harrison Hayford et al. (Evanston: Northwestern-Newberry, 1969), p. 39. Subsequent references are to this edition and will be cited in the text.

[13] Herman Melville, White-Jacket: Or, the World in a Man-of-War, ed. Harrison Hayford et al. (Evanston: Northwestern-Newberry, 1970), p. 65.

## Chapter 8

### In Foreign Places at Home and Abroad: Samuel Clemens, William Dean Howells and Henry James

When Redburn tours the docks of Liverpool, collecting data and consulting strangers, he approaches the city as a place intriguingly foreign, exotic and describable. Considered from an American point of view, England becomes a site of discovery and a fit subject for a travel document. But Melville uses the conventions of travel narrative not just to investigate differences between America and Europe; he also uses them to explain his narrator's experience of alienation and to describe Redburn's accession to the role of speaker, and artist. The formal currency of the travel genre in the nineteenth century allowed Melville this range of intention in his travel writing, but in manipulating generic conventions to come at ulterior meanings, Melville's art participated in the decadence of the form. By the last half of the nineteenth century, the strict informational purpose of travel writing had been eroded, the journey had become something of a literary device rather than an occasion, and the travel genre was showing signs of wear and tear. In the travel writing of the three authors to be considered in this chapter is further evidence of the deterioration of the genre. In Samuel Clemens' writing, the conventions of travel narrative are susceptible to burlesque and parody; to William Dean Howells travel narrative suggested, finally irresistibly, novelistic forms incompatible with the classic principles of travel writing; for Henry James, in The American Scene, the ultimate gesture in the refinement of travel narrative involved the abandonment of itinerary as a structural principle and the dis-

regard of empirical data in documentation. The travel works of these three influential writers are culturally central compositions, not peripheral anomalies, and their departure from conventional structures pertains to the development and decline of the genre.

Nevertheless, travel writing continued to serve some artistic purposes consistent with its original formulations. As the travel narrator had all along tended to reveal himself, especially in his cultural and social beliefs, so, in Clemens' writing, the American abroad is essentially exposed. Aspects of his cultural make-up are disclosed abroad as they are not at home, where he is camouflaged in his native habitat. At large in the world, up against foreign attitudes and customs, the American discovers himself. For Howells, too, travel yielded insights into character, culture and national type -- so many insights, in fact, that after writing three travel books early in his career, Howells took up novelistic travel fiction to accommodate all the social and psychological information divulged by sightseeing and tourism. And for James, to the end of his career, travel meant access to a wealth of comparative occasions for his speculations on manners and culture.

All three of these writers used the travel form to represent their native country -- Clemens in Life on the Mississippi, Howells in Their Wedding Journey and James in The American Scene. As Thoreau felt the aptness of travel narrative in describing North America, so did Clemens and James resort to the travel genre to determine a literary relation to their original culture. Howells, in a parallel vein, used travel narrative to get good purchase on some salient traits of American society. And, in each case, the artistic distinction of their domestic travel narratives

surpassed that of their foreign travel writing.

I

Like Melville, Clemens found an early invitation to publication in his experience in the Pacific, and with his dispatches from the Sandwich Islands his travel writing career began. The Letters from Hawaii[1] were sponsored by a California newspaper, the Sacramento Union, and when Clemens embarked from San Francisco in 1866 for Honolulu he set out as a travel correspondent. In these letters and in the volume of European travels which followed, Innocents Abroad (1869), Clemens struggles with the weighty cargo of conventions that the literary traveller carries with him. He manipulates his unwieldy burden, shifting it from one hand to the other, from comedy to informational discourse and back again to self-conscious parody. Letters from Hawaii is interesting to us first in that its writing was Clemens' apprenticeship in the genre which led to his travel masterpiece, Life on the Mississippi, and second in that its uneasy obeisance to the increasingly rigid conventions of travel writing reflects the decadence of a genre.

Clemens knew that as a travel narrator he had to supply scenic description, notable meditations, historical background, and concrete statistical data. The last he acquired readily and expressed in the form of argumentative exhortation to Californian readers on issues of trade with the islands, agricultural activity, and whaling. Historical information accrued more slowly, but as he became increasingly interested in his subject, historical researches began to supplement personal observations. In both these areas the correspondent was fairly at home -- or comfortably abroad.

But in the other two areas -- scenery and contemplation -- he encountered

some problems which he resolved with comedy. Of course, humour gives the collection much of its enduring value, but it makes a restless bed-fellow for the informational components of the discourse. While the reporter's frank inquiries reveal interesting facts, the humourist's scepticism challenges credulity. What the Letters finally suggests is the essential unreliability of all way-side speculation and, particularly, the traveller's absurdly amateur capacity to distinguish truth from untruth.

The discovery of the pretentiousness of the traveller's pronouncements is a latent theme in the Letters and a prominent one in Innocents Abroad. In Clemens' view, the travel writer's idiom is full of temptations to inflate nothings into sententiousness, and to publish the tediously commonplace. In the Letters, the redundancy of conventional travel techniques is soon evident to the narrator:

> In writing about sea voyages it is customary to state, with the blandest air of conveying information of rare freshness and originality, that anything, however trivial, that promises to spice the weary monotony of the voyage with a new sensation, is eagerly seized upon and the most made of it by the passengers. I decline to insult your intelligence by making this threadbare statement, preferring to believe you would easily divine the existence of the fact without having to be told it (p. 13).

A real quality of discovery may once have legitimized these now ordinary travel observations, but now the actual informational utterance is gone, leaving a merely formal shell, a "threadbare" construction of no communicative value. However, even though this traveller is aware of the speciousness of his remark, he must make it anyway. In taking up the travel form, he seems to be led inescapably to such material. He is predestinated -- physically by his itinerary and verbally by his literary mode -- to reiterate, repeat and review. Only comedy, often in the form of derisive contempt for unwitting practitioners of the genre, can placate the demands of self-consciousness. The satire of the genre renews it, and

recovers the "freshness" lacking in factitious travel and travel writing. For Clemens, in Letters from Hawaii and Innocents Abroad, the world has been mostly discovered; travellers are no longer distinguished members of an elite company, and their reports are no longer the telling of unusual adventure. A version of travel which obeys obsolete assumptions will not account for the fact that travel is now no extraordinary adventure but a bourgeois commonplace. Nor will it acknowledge that the idiom of travel, which refers to the drama of discovery and novelty, is now no longer generated by the experience but imposed on it. For Clemens, at this early stage, only travel documents like Letters from Hawaii and Innocents Abroad, which account for these factors through parody, can still make original statements.

Nevertheless, Clemens on his first journey cannot absolutely disregard the expectations of his travel-reading audience. His statistics and historical summaries make some head-way towards fulfilling these expectations without compromising his taste. But there remains the question of requisite meditations on scenery. Even among a herd of sightseers and touring "scribblers," Clemens is sometimes moved to describe a natural prospect, with apparent sincerity and pleasure. But always a questioning voice undercuts contemplative propositions and checks descriptive abandon. This next passage is a conspicuous example of Clemens' descriptive pattern, compacting as it does in one episode the diffuse sensations of the reflective tourist and the acute comedy of his ostentatious reverie. Here the landscape description is an overt parody; in other instances the satiric reflex is postponed, allowing description a temporary authenticity. This episode is sub-titled "Sentiment:"

Impressed by the profound silence and repose that rested over

> the beautiful landscape, and being, as usual, in the rear, I gave voice to my thought. I said:
>
> "What a picture is here slumbering in the solemn glory of the moon! How strong the rugged outlines of the dead volcano stand out against the clear sky! What a snowy fringe marks the bursting surf over the long, curved reef! How calmly the dim city sleeps yonder in the plain! How soft the shadows lie upon the stately mountains that border the dream-haunted Manoa Valley! What a grand pyramid of billowy clouds towers above the storied Pai! How the grim warriors of the past seem flocking in ghostly squadrons to their ancient battlefield again -- how the wails of the dying will up from the --"
>
> At this point the horse called Oahu deliberately sat down in the sand. Sat down to listen, I suppose (pp. 62-63).

Clemens has here collected the most cherished properties of the travel artist and set them out to see how they look. First is the explicit connection between scene and expressive feeling, a connection favoured by the sensitive traveller: "impressed" by the prospect, he enters into allegedly extemporaneous praise and vocal wonderment. Indeed, he takes literally the rhetorical device of "giving voice" to sentiment, and talks out loud in response to an irresistible impression. His declamation is a compendium of landscape epithet: "solemn glory," "rugged outlines," "snowy fringe," "stately mountains," "dream-haunted" valley, "grand pyramid of billowy clouds." So fluent is Clemens in this mode, and so thickly does he pack his paragraph with its features, without meaning any of it, that we are led to the suspicion that landscape description may be purely a matter of diction, and that the traveller could have stayed home and consulted his schooled imagination rather than take the trouble of an excursion. The journey itself may be unnecessary to the journey document. The refractory horse clinches an argument already established by the parody: the contemplative hero, who so authoritatively masters a legion of modifiers, can hardly maintain his stature mounted on this bored and recalicitrant beast. The actual view is peripheral to the episode,

no more than a pretext for some literary manoeuvres. And this is precisely Clemens' message regarding the travel genre: that diction and convention have subordinated site and event; that the genre, in these scenic instances, has ceased to communicate authentic news.

Clemens refuses to endorse the travel creed. His apostasy is much more forcibly expressed in Innocents Abroad, but it originates in Hawaii: he does not believe that the traveller is spiritually moved by physical transportation; he denies that valuable information can be acquired and organized by the lay person simply because he goes abroad; he refutes the ritual of travel meditation and insists that nothing much comes of meeting up with historical relics or natural spectacles. He makes the required expeditions, but his itinerary, like his report, is committed only formally to conventional travel practices. In the modern epoch of travel, proper journeys are precedented and regular, and no longer exploratory. Clemens' traveller chafes at the embarrassing predictability of his peregrinations, but stays within their inexorable circuit. (The predestinated course is most emphatically illustrated in Innocents Abroad, where the published prospectus of the cruise commits each passenger to an itinerary foreseeable in every detail.) Where he comes into his own, and insists on his literary privacy and on the worth of this particular document in a now dismally general tradition, is in his criticism of the genre within which he writes.

Letters from Hawaii contains some undistinguished material -- out-moded argument and ephemeral landscapes. But it does possess one permanent asset, and that is the characterization of Brown, a fictional companion whose reported opinions begin to set up the complex of attitudes out of which Clemens makes the narrator of Innocents Abroad. Brown is often the spokes-

man for prejudice and provincialism, but he frequently has the upper hand over the more deliberately liberal narrator. Brown has the habit of reading "over one's shoulder," and, as it happens, objects to his companion's version of the islands, and would gladly edit. As the correspondent concludes a lengthy appreciation of colourful scenes in Honolulu, Brown interjects some qualifying detail:

> At this moment, this man Brown, who has no better manners than to read over one's shoulder, observes:
> "Yes, and hot. Oh, I reckon not (only 82 in the shade)! Go on, now, and put it all down, now that you've begun; just say, 'And more "santipedes," and cockroaches, and fleas, and lizards, and red ants, and scorpions, and spiders, and mosquitoes and missionaries' -- oh, blame my cats if I'd live here two months, not if I was High-You Muck and King Wawhoo...!"
> I remarked: "But Mr. Brown, these are trifles."
> "Trifles be -- blowed! You get nipped by one of them scorpions once, and see how you like it!" (p. 32)

Overall, narrative opinion rests with Brown's side of the argument and the correspondent's superficially cosmopolitan attitude is exposed as narrow and pretentious. As the correspondent finally remarks of his companion, after recording Brown's iconoclastic outburst on the subject of Cook's monument: "The creature has got no sense, but his vaporings sound strangely plausible sometimes" (p. 242).

Brown represents a classic figure of journey literature -- the temperamental traveller. He is irritably realistic, contemptuous, romance of voyaging, and acutely critical of the practices of travel writing. Clemens takes hold of the traveller's tendency to chauvinism (the revitalized attachment to home things and familiar ways that travellers like Smollett or Frances Trollope or Anna Jameson felt when set at large in the world) and turns it to use in his characterization of Brown. We will see how much of Brown is evident in the narrator of Innocents Abroad.

If the writer of the Hawaiian letters felt the impingement of popular convention on his personal journey, the traveller in Innocents Abroad is inundated by an immense wave of common travel which is "the tide of a great popular movement. Everybody was going to Europe -- I, too, was going to Europe."[2] Journeys are here no longer the inspired venture of a stalwart elite, but a vulgar migratory phenomenon made vaster by Clemens' exaggeration. The proliferation of journeys and journey-makers generates a wash of conventional idiom to carry along the travel writer, and Clemens' traveller is caught up in this collective verbal tide as soon as he attempts a description of his embarkation: "A little after noon on that distinguished Saturday I reached the ship and went on board. All was bustle and confusion. (I have seen that remark before somewhere.)" (p. 25) Echoes and reiterations dog him everywhere, across the Atlantic, through Europe and the Middle East. In Rome he refuses to sound a phrase which is not simply familiar but seemingly inevitable: "Butchered to make a Roman holiday sounds well for the first seventeen or eighteen hundred thousand times one sees it in print, but after that it begins to grow tiresome. I find it in all the books concerning Rome..." (p. 205) Abroad, Clemens' narrator encounters not just predictable foreign locations but also the crazy literary monstrosity that is the sum of the thousand voices of derivative, humdrum travel writers. Like most diligent travellers, he researches as he goes, but his sources are less informative than repulsive, inciting him to a stubborn resistance to their cant. Indeed, there seems to be less expressive freedom abroad than at home.

The narrator's dismay before the overworked sights of Rome grows out of his distaste for the wearisome obligation to relate what is neither new

nor newsworthy:

> What is there in Rome for me to see that others have not seen before me? What is there for me to touch that others have not touched? What is there for me to feel, to learn, to hear, to know, that shall thrill me before it pass to others? What can I discover? Nothing. Nothing whatsoever (pp. 190-91).

This trite travel enterprise fails to supply the essential substance of the travel document: the sense of discovery. As a traveller, the narrator is prepared "to feel, to learn, to hear, to know" and to pass the fruits of his experience to others, indeed to respect the whole duty of the travel writer. But here are no fresh revelations, no virgin information, and nothing, even, "to feel." This antiquity is so completely subsumed into the ordinary, collective knowledge of his culture and so thoroughly remarked, that there is nothing left to impart except derivative imitations of experience. Only ersatz discoveries remain to be made, and Clemens regards them with disdain.

Without the prestige of discovery, the traveller's reputation suffers. Clemens discounts the traveller's status, allowing his tales no claim to serious attention. He even goes so far as to see travel experience as a negative attribute leading to pretense and humbug. In France he is moved to indignation:

> The Old Travelers -- those delightful parrots who have "been there before" and know more about the country than Louis Napoleon knows or ever will know -- tell us these things....
>
> ...we love the Old Travelers. We love to hear them prate and drivel and lie. We can tell the moment we see them. They always throw out a few feelers; they never cast themselves adrift till they have sounded every individual and know that he has not traveled. Then they open their throttle valves, and how they do brag, and sneer, and swell, and soar, and blaspheme the sacred name of Truth! Their central idea, their grand aim, is to subjugate you, keep you down, make you feel insignificant and humble in the blaze of their cosmopolitan glory! They will not let you know anything (p. 83).

With these exclamations, Clemens attacks a venerable shibboleth in the philosophy of travel, namely, the doctrine of credibility, which puts

the traveller's tales beyond the sedentary sceptic's jurisdiction by virtue of the teller's exotic, foreign experience. Not having been abroad, the audience has no authority by which to resist the traveller's pronouncements. Clemens says this is a case of illegitimate power, a self-serving tyranny by the cognoscenti. To further his argument, he accuses the Old Traveler not merely of pomposity but of calculated falsehood. Travel knowledge is an insidious pretense.

The Old Traveler is supported in his false authority by a dense literary network of travel writing. The tourist affecting an informed sensibility travels in a verbal matrix of guide-books and travel memoirs, which he consults at every point where some decorous response is required. Clemens' traveller is sorely provoked by the rote raptures uttered by his companions before pictures and sculpture and architecture, and when his own judgements are negative, as they are at St. Sophia's in Constantinople, he is especially exasperated:

> Everywhere was dirt and dust and dinginess and gloom; everywhere were signs of a hoary antiquity, but with nothing touching or beautiful about it; everywhere were those groups of fantastic pagans; overhead the gaudy mosaics and the web of lamp ropes -- nowhere was there anything to win one's love or challenge his admiration.
>
> The people who go into ecstasies over St. Sophia must surely get them out of the guidebook (where every church is spoken of as being "considered by good judges to be the most marvelous structure, in many respects, that the world has ever seen"). Or else they are those old connoisseurs from the wilds of New Jersey who laboriously learn the difference between a fresco and a fireplug and from that day forward feel privileged to void their critical bathos on painting, sculpture, and architecture forevermore (p. 261).

At St. Sophia's the narrator is submerged in filth: not only do the foul decay and unhygenic squalor of the cathedral offend his taste and sensibility, but so do the verbal excreta of the counterfeit connoisseurs.

In Palestine, the conflict between the literary version of the scene and its perceived character reaches a climax. Palestine is a disappointment

to this traveller; it is small and ugly, a shabby and unreliable foundation for the magniloquent superstructure created by the pious enthusiasm of Christian sightseers. The Sea of Galilee is a case in point. Our narrator cites a long description, allegedly from a secondary source, which deploys all the usual diction to celebrate landscape -- "the richest green" prospect is "diversified" by streams and "dark chasms or light sunny valleys," while "wild and desolate mountains" contrast with the "deep blue lake" -- and concludes with: "'The whole appearance of the scene is precisely what we would expect and desire the scenery of Gennesaret to be, grand beauty, but quite calm'" (pp. 366-67). What is expected and desirable, however, only obscures the true picture. When the realistic traveller compares the literary rendition to the actuality before him, he is moved to contradiction:

> It is an ingeniously written description and well calculated to deceive. But if the paint and the ribbons and the flowers be stripped from it, a skeleton will be found.
>
> So stripped, there remains a lake six miles wide and neutral in color; with steep green banks unrelieved by shrubbery; at one end bare, unsightly rocks, with (almost invisible) holes in them of no consequence to the picture; eastward, "wild and desolate mountains" (low, desolate hills, he should have said); in the north a mountain called Hermon, with snow on it; peculiarity of the picture, "calmness;" its prominent feature, one tree.
>
> No ingenuity could make such a picture beautiful -- to one's actual vision (p. 367).

Although this is an aggressive attack on certain literary precedents, the writer still speaks from within the travel tradition, for it is the original duty of the reporting traveller to disabuse his audience of misconceptions. This conscientious traveller redresses the excesses and errors of the genre he follows, dispelling the fallacious romance of this particular foreignness by re-stating the literal facts in spare, unadorned language. Originally, the traveller's first narrative purpose was to bring back authentic news,

not banal fabrications. Now Clemens recalls that stricter purpose, through his critique of the literature pertaining to this place, and of its influence on the minds of his companion pilgrims.

As the Christian travel writer who exalts a paltry sight goes abroad with inflexible expectations, so, too, do the pilgrims from the cruise boat "Quaker City" bring "their verdicts with them:"

> They have shown it in their conversation ever since we left Beirut. I can almost tell, in set phrase, what they will say when they see Tabor, Nazareth, Jericho, and Jerusalem -- because I have the books they will "smouch" their ideas from. These authors write pictures and frame rhapsodies, and lesser men follow and see with the author's eyes instead of their own, and speak with his tongue. What the pilgrims said at Caesarea Philippi surprised me with its wisdom. I found it afterwards in Robinson. What they said when Gennesaret burst upon their vision charmed me with its grace. I find it in Mr. Thompson's Land and the Book (p. 369).

These tourists plagiarize their travel experience. In itself this might not be so despicable a practice, but when the plagiarized source is inaccurate, the pilgrims end by travelling through a miasma of misconception. At this point, at the zenith of its influence, the literature of travel has ceased to inform and has begun to misinform. The more elastic the latitudes of romance and the more rigid the formalities of rapturous appreciation, the further the travel genre departs from its original purpose of conveying news of a wonderful truth. And in surrendering its claim to literal status, it gives up its rhetorical authority.

The structural formality which most vexes the narrator is the pretext of assigning lengthy meditations directly and extemporaneously to sightseeing. However, this traveller of Clemens' does respond fluently himself to some sights: the Cathedral at Milan induces endless amazement; the Chateau d'If, the Bridge of Sighs and the Paris morgue all inspire speculations in pathos. Who is, then, this narrator so insistent on scepticism yet susceptible to

Gothic implications? There is something of Brown in him, and the vestigial presence of this earlier characterization suggests that the narrator in Innocents Abroad is a device, and a vehicle for Clemens' ideas about travel and writing. Clemens outfits his narrator with some Brownesque irreverence, sets him on a route that continually challenges his judgement, and extracts some notable pronouncements. On the subject of Venice he says: "In the treacherous sunlight we see Venice decayed, forlorn, poverty-stricken, and commerceless -- forgotten and utterly insignificant" (p. 158). St. Mark's he describes as "unlovely" and "worn out" (p. 162). Da Vinci's Last Supper, he discovers, is a "mournful wreck" (p. 136). These may be the opinions of the "innocent" abroad, who declares that the emperor has, after all, no clothes. Or they may be the effusions of an exuberant New World Philistinism. But they probably transcend the attitudes of both the innocent and the Philistine.

For one thing, the narrator concedes a modest change in his outlook as he advances on his tour. The innumerable faded masterpieces which had so far failed to arrest him in his irreverent progress abruptly begin to touch him, in Rome, when he sees Raphael's Transfiguration. He likes the picture, and a new thought occurs to him: "It begins to dawn upon me that possibly what I have been taking for uniform ugliness in the galleries may be uniform beauty after all" (p. 219). So far he has repeatedly discounted the reputations of important pictures and derided their admirers, but always with the proviso of his own inexperience. Now the proviso becomes more than a mere qualification, as his uninformed sensibility begins to absorb some information. He goes on to evaluate other pictures. The issue here is not the rather rude quality of his amateur criticisms, but the mood in which they are carried on. The narrator's modest and

carefully qualified appreciations affirm the descriptive travel tradition in a way in which pseudo-information and borrowed opinions cannot. Indeed, the latter emasculate the genre where the former regenerate its original promise: the authentic reporting of firsthand experience. The scepticism and untutored perceptions of a traveller like Brown or his successor in Innocents Abroad rejuvenate a genre encumbered and exhausted by imitation.

The narrator of the European travels is really more a sceptic abroad than an innocent. He is constantly alert to evidences which repudiate not only popular versions of the locations he visits but also his own preconceptions. The learning on this voyage will be the sceptic's "unlearning," described this way, in Palestine: "I can see easily enough that if I wish to profit by this tour and come to a correct understanding of the matters of interest connected with it, I must studiously and faithfully unlearn a great many things I had somehow absorbed concerning Palestine" (p. 349). The text that results from this "unlearning" will be necessarily authentic, for this travel story is referred to the genre's radical motive -- seeing for oneself.

Withstanding and refuting the factitious precedents of travel means maintaining one's independence and, importantly, one's identity. A subtle treachery is afoot in these difficult cross-cultural situations, and tourists who abandon their native attitudes to ape foreign manners are ridiculous and contemptible: "We wish to excite the envy of our untravelled friends with our strange foreign fashions which we can't shake off. All our passengers are paying strict attention to this thing, with the end in view which I have mentioned. The gentle reader will never, never know what a consummate ass he can become until he goes abroad" (p. 167). Beside the danger of being assinine, there is the strange prospect of

losing one's identity altogether: "It is not pleasant to see an American thrusting his nationality forward obtrusively in a foreign land, but oh, it is pitiable to see him making of himself a thing that is neither male nor female, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl -- a poor, miserable hermaphrodite Frenchman!" (p. 168) There are just these dangers in foreign travel, and between the offensive obtrusiveness of the assertive American and the pathetic mimicries of the would-be European lies a narrow route to be negotiated with care.

Travel seems to bring out the worst in the narrator's companions. The other pilgrims become affected, preposterous creatures, engaged in a petty adventure which their commonplace imaginations inflate to vulgar proportions. There is finally a disorienting absurdity in their enterprise:

> The scenery of the Bible is about you -- the customs of the patriarchs are around you -- the same people, in the same flowing robes and in sandals, cross your path -- the same long trains of stately camels go and come -- the same impressive religious solemnity and silence rest upon the desert and the mountains that were upon them in the remote ages of antiquity, and behold, intruding upon a scene like this, comes this fantastic mob of green-spectacled Yanks, with their flapping elbows and bobbing umbrellas! (p. 335)

This long sentence begins with frank, evocative description as Clemens takes in the imposing historical associations of the landscape and reports the gist of it -- its "religious solemnity and silence." But then, into the same construction, he thrusts his comic insight, all bristling with the ungainly trivia of elbows and umbrellas. It is a fantastic "mob" indeed, and the fantastical quality of the scene comes from the unholy, surprising juxtapositions which ill-considered travel will make, effecting unthinkable transpositions, setting down bourgeois North Americans in an ancient, awesome wasteland. What are these green-spectacled riders doing there? Should they stay home, rather than try to penetrate such impervious sublimities with their trivial itinerary?

In any case, they are earnestly abroad, and the narrator is among them. But he is also separate from them, partly through his resistant scepticism and independent judgements, and partly through the detached perspective which allows him this vision of the "bobbing," outlandish caravan making its peculiar way across the desert. The company of tourists becomes a central object of his commentary, providing the freshest news from abroad, namely, the bizarre consequences of a New World reconnaisance of the Old.

No such unconscionable juxtapositions occur in Life on the Mississippi. In that book the traveller makes his way with dignity, familiarizing himself with the river and its region. The art of travel is pursued with the "leisure and liberty" Thoreau believed necessary to it, and its conventions are exercised in the interests of both memoir and discovery.

Life on the Mississippi is structurally much more complex than Innocents Abroad, where itinerary provided a simple sequence. Nearly a third of the book is comprised of reminiscences of Clemens' river apprenticeship as a cub pilot. Although this section of the text is not typically travel literature, it is about a young man's journeys. And the book as a whole is travel literature: the overall structure which shelters the memoir and provides its formal occasion is the account of Clemens' 1882 tour on the Mississippi.

There are some similarities between Life on the Mississippi and Melville's Redburn. Both books begin their journeying with the embarkation of a young, naive voyager aspiring to the romance of travel. In each case, the protagonist's travel education (the cub pilot "learns" the river as Redburn learns the ropes on the Highlander) effaces the romance of travel and replaces it with practical, professional knowledge. And, in each case,

when the personal crisis of ignorance and insecurity subsides, a more objective and comprehensive narrative voice appears. Also, Clemens' preoccupation with disaster[3] -- sinkings, groundings, explosions -- in Life on the Mississippi corresponds to Redburn's morbid forebodings at his embarkation. In the later sections of Life on the Mississippi, however, calamity is only an academic consideration for the tourist whose route is safe and commonplace compared to the sequence of dreadful risks faced by the cub pilot. Similarly, Redburn, once he takes up the detached perspective of the tourist, is free of mortal anxieties.

The tourist's intentions dominate Life on the Mississippi, subordinating memoir content to the compendious discovery of the river itself. The river is, as Clemens observes in his first sentences, "well worth reading about. It is not a commonplace river, but on the contrary is in all ways remarkable."[4] Already, the river has a literary aspect, begs "reading about" and, by extension, writing about. Its geography and its history -- its magnitude, fluency, first appearances in the literature of discovery -- are all "remarkable," inherently interesting and fit for research. These facts are the marvellous news the travel expositor seizes, moved to elucidate and explain as he never was by the "worn out" phenomena of the Old World. Clemens relates these splendid and profuse facts with reverence, just as Thoreau introduces his journey on the Concord and Merrimack with a serious concentration on the history and geography of the rivers which will lead him on. As both Irving and Thoreau found the travel genre a way of getting at some essential aspects of American experience, so does Clemens. Although travel narrative was a nearly out-moded device for representation of foreign places, it became for Clemens an appropriate

vehicle for description of his native country.

Clemens' introductory review, taking up the first two chapters of the book, establishes expository principles which are those of the literary tourist. The eighteen chapters which review the narrator's early river journeys intervene between the implicit announcement of formal intentions and the execution of these intentions in the tourist's reported voyage. The reminiscences were written some years before the account of the pleasure trip was composed,[5] but the interval need not be regarded as evidence of structural disparity in the text, or of the two segments' forced or unnatural alliance. Rather, the two narrative phases of Life on the Mississippi are part of the book's development, expressing a transition in the writer's perspective. Like the first section of Redburn, the eighteen chapters on the pilot's apprenticeship convey, through the event of setting out, information on the intricate hazards of travel, on the vanity and humiliation of the novice wayfarer, and on his gradual assimilation into a manly company of skilful travellers. In Life on the Mississippi, the process of assimilation entails less suffering and misery than it does in Redburn, but it brings nevertheless some frustration and dismay. What the young man learns about piloting and steamboats is at first related dramatically, through instruction and monition quoted directly from the apprentice's preceptor, Horace Bixby, but is then gradually converted to expository material, independent of dialogue or even episode.

Chapter XXI performs the transition between the two narrative sections, and with Chapter XXII a new chronology begins to operate, one classically suited to expository activities: the chronology of a journey's itinerary. From this point on, all narrative items are subordinated through association

to the writer's itinerary. And the text now decisively relocates point of view. The narrator becomes unequivocally a tourist, and a literary tourist at that. In describing his preparations for the tour, which involve the contrivance of a disguise that he may not be recognized by his former pilot-house colleagues, he says: "As I proposed to take notes, with a view to printing, I took some thought as to methods of procedure" (p. 110). This note-taking and "view to printing" determines the perspective of the traveller and the texture of the journey. Details neglected on the cub pilot's passage are now important material, and scarcely is the tourist underway when he begins to accumulate notice of those subtle transitions which are the outward signs of mobility. Among his "notes" he finds remark of changes in costume, demeanour and indigenous habit among the specimen population he encounters along the way. He cites comparative observations recorded in his journal:

> Evening. -- Speaking of dress. Grace and picturesqueness drop gradually out of it as one travels away from New York.
> April 19. -- This morning struck into the region of full goatees -- sometimes accompanied by a mustache, but only occasionally.
> Afternoon.-- At the railway stations the loafers carry both hands in their breeches pockets; it was observable, heretofore, that one hand was sometimes out-of-doors -- here, never. This is an important fact in geography (pp. 110-11).

To a degree, these are mock-comparisons, inflating the progressively more trivial to turgid dimensions. But they have meaning beyond, or within, their comedy, for they are in fact a way of describing both a social and a physical geography, and a way of organizing and reporting the traveller's progress -- "April 19," "Evening," "Afternoon" -- in concert with the environment through which he travels. They also tell of the observer's spectatorial disposition and his inquisitiveness. The boy of twenty-one

years before "learned" the river from the standpoint of his naivety; now the experienced tourist learns his route through the mature faculty of his unfailing curiosity and his capacity to make comparisons. Two distinct versions of the river result, and the late journey is never redundant and always exploratory.

Where the boy was self-conscious and unwitting, the older traveller is objective and methodical. His attention to "procedure" suggests to him that he adopt the attitude of a genuine tourist -- one who takes this course for the first and only time. The disguise itself announces that Clemens is a different person from the one who had years earlier faced the immanent crises of steamboating: he is no longer a pilot but a passenger. (The disguise is eventually penetrated by a pilot with whom he once worked, but this exposure is only a story-fragment, and does not alter the narrative attitude of the last two-thirds of the book.) In the role of tourist and passenger, Clemens finds a security that was not available to him as a young pilot charged with hair-raising responsibilities. The structure of the second part of the text substantiates the confidence with which he now safely travels the river: conventional travel observations and descriptions are the product of the impartial overview of a traveller making his way leisurely, with only an academic interest in the sights he witnesses. Where travel exposition accrues to the narrative, the narrator's pretended innocence of river life becomes, for literary purposes, a genuine innocence. The text then belongs to the tourist and not to the erstwhile pilot. It is full of comparative notations of typical phenomena, genteel pleasure in scenery, and cursory accounts of towns and cities along the way. All of these are manifestations of the tourist's sensibility. Evading the early associations that once connected him so

intimately with this landscape, Clemens comes at it again, from a new beginning.

What makes the freshness of this review so remarkable is that Clemens, as he explains in the first third of the book, had once been prodigiously familiar with the river's most subtle fluxes and refluxes, and with the largest and smallest permutations of its course. The pilot's knowledge of the river was comprehensive to an unthinkable degree. Now, twenty-one years later, this information is only a relic. The innumerable previous trips up and down the river are superseded by the tourist's journey, and his intention to publish it. The new knowledge, acquired in the leisure of an educated overview, surpasses the old practical information.

One reason why the concurrent, developing education overrules the old is the very particularity and detail of the first travel information. The abiding fact about the Mississippi is just that perpetual mutation and change that is the river's distinction -- part of what makes it "in all ways remarkable," and what makes the early acquaintance with the river ephemeral. Life on the Mississippi, despite its reconstruction of a vanished milieu, is dependent on neither nostalgia nor regret for its meaning. Only at the start is the contemporary traveller disturbed by the altered face of the river:

> I wondered if I had forgotten the river, for I had no recollection, whatever of this place; the shape of the river, too, was unfamiliar; there was nothing in sight anywhere that I could remember having seen before. I was surprised, disappointed, and annoyed (p. 117).

In this disappointment is the seed of nostalgia, but it is a seed which never germinates in Life on the Mississippi. The truly unimplicated, inquiring tourist (versus the devious traveller journeying from ulterior, personal

motives) will be interested rather than disgusted by the alluvial and economic phenomena which have wrought these changes. And, indeed, change becomes a happy subject in the text, explicating the river's usurping power to eradicate landmarks and obliterate memorable sights, and describing the equally powerful economic tide that has carried off picturesque activities and quaint practices. These superior forces -- the economic as well as the fluviatile -- are not decried but celebrated. (At points, it seems that Clemens is glad to find the river unrecognizable, as if he were thereby conclusively relieved of the ominous responsibilities associated with the pilot's infallible knowledge.) The narrator is an optimistic tourist, delighted as much by the industrial advance of the region as by the magnitude of the river's natural energies. With expository enthusiasm he notices both natural and human change: the might shifts of the riverbed as well as yarn mills, ice factories and sugar refineries. The ability to take such a sanguine view of change argues the narrator's essential detachment from the landscape he passes. The note-taking traveller now comes from afar, twenty-one years having effected all manner of changes, among them the relocation of his own point of view.

The subjects so engrossing to the tourist are those which were ignored by the cub pilot. Manufactories, linguistic anomalies and ancient alluvial transfers were of no interest to the adventurous apprentice, but to the travel writer they are the foundation of his experience of the river. These issues are conventional concerns of travel literature, and Clemens embraces them and their tradition. In Life on the Mississippi his acquiescence in the conventions of the genre is no longer irascible mimicry as it was in Innocents Abroad. Now he finds the genre and its obligations

a commodious vehicle, for the most part appropriate to his purposes. One of the clearest evidences of this acquiescence is the easy, companionable way in which he travels with what he calls the "ancient procession" of literary tourists who travelled the river before him and whose writings established the tradition within which he now travels and composes. In Innocents Abroad the weird literary presence of the correspondent's predecessors exerted an intolerable influence and incited him to furious refutations. The narrator of travels was overwhelmed, suffocated, betrayed by the reiterations and repetitions in the genre he had taken up. Only through retaliatory ridicule could he assert himself. But here, on the Mississippi, he happily consorts with his generic antecedents (Mrs. Trollope is one of his favourites), citing them with pleasure and interest, and consulting their versions of various sites in order to amplify his own tourism. Whereas in Europe he was restless and agitated at precedent and repetition, in America he finds reiterations an indication of the coherence of the received tradition, and contributes his own view to the collective vision. Clemens compiles as Thoreau did, as part of the making of a travel book.

Chapter XXVI, "Some Imported Articles," considers the production of the preceeding generation of European tourists. Both the diversity and and unity of the specimens he cites interest Clemens, and he makes an observation which may partly explain his reconciliation to the genre towards which he felt such antipathy in Europe: "The emotions produced in those foreign breasts by these aspects [of the Mississippi] were not all formed on one pattern, of course; they had to be various, along at first, because the earlier tourists were obliged to originate their

emotions, whereas in older countries one can always borrow emotions from one's predecessors" (p. 133). The New World is the apt subject of the travel genre; the Old World only brings out the worst of it -- clichés and hackneyed delusions. Here, in America, the very freshness of the subject rejuvenates the meaning of the form in its authentic report of firsthand discovery.

Clemens' assumptions about the genre contain the inevitability of its eventual decadence even in its New World forms. On the "Upper River" he discharges copious demographic data, details on settlement and industry, and exclamatory remarks on growth and progress on the premise of the inherent importance of information previously unpublished:

> This region is new; so new that it may be said to be still in its babyhood....It is so new that the foreign tourist has not heard of it yet; and has not visited it. For sixty years the foreign tourist has steamed up and down the river between St. Louis and New Orleans, and then gone home and written his book; believing he had seen all of the river that was worth seeing or that had anything to see. In not six of all these books is there mention of these Upper-River towns -- for the reason that the five or six tourists who penetrated this region did it before these towns were projected. The latest tourist of them all (1878) made the same old regulation trip -- he had not heard that there was anything north of St. Louis (p. 271).

But once the "same old regulation trip" typically includes the Upper River, will repetitions of this material have any literary value? Already Clemens is a little restless under the regime of the "ancient procession" and already he begins to suspect their predictability and uniformity. If informational originality is a premise of travel writing then the genre can renew itself only through a perpetual advance to unremarked frontiers.

Clemens' idea of the genre is more literal than that of travellers like Thoreau, or like Melville in Redburn. The latter take their travels

where they can, on a local river, or round the docks of a much frequented port. They have no fear of discovering only the nondescript or over-described in making these spatially limited or trite sorties, for they refer to a figurative vision of travel narration which expands any small province to remote frontiers. Clemens, on the other hand, requires that the genre perform literally rather than figuratively what it promises formally. The success of his travel writing comes from this testy scrupulousness in examining every fragment of received diction before he allows it into his own utterance. Even as late as the penultimate stages of the Mississippi journey, he is nagged by the same suspicions that his voyage to Hawaii aroused when he attempted to described his sea passage but immediately ran up against a "threadbare" idiom. That the whole industry of travel writing and travel talk might be a case of all form and no content is illustrated by the conversation of a fellow-passenger, encountered near the end of the tour, who can talk with a vacuous specificity and without intermission about the scenery between the Thousand Islands and St. Paul. Here is the relentless speaker on the subject of a pyramid-shaped mountain which lies along his verbal route:

> "Its conic shape, thickly wooded surface girding its sides, and its apex like that of a cone, cause the spectator to wonder at nature's working. From its dizzy heights superb views of the forests, streams, bluffs, hills, and dales, below and beyond for miles are brought within its focus. What grander river scenery can be conceived, as we gaze upon this enchanting landscape, from the uppermost point of these bluffs upon the valleys below? The primeval wildness and awful loneliness of these sublime creations of nature and nature's God, excite feelings of unbounded admiration, and the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memory, as we view them in any direction" (p. 276).

The man, it turns out, is a tour guide working up new material; he has also travelled with a "panorama." He is a professional verbalizer of travel,

and an agent of all that collective migration that vulgarized European travel in Innocents Abroad. Clemens' parody of the travel-talker's inundating fluency comes so close to the end of the book that it slightly dampens every descriptive passage of the tour. Can any writer, once he takes up the travel genre, remain innocent of this uninformative, uncommunicative babel?

The narrator of Innocents Abroad would reply in the negative, and find originality only in the parody of these forms outmoded by over-use. In Life on the Mississippi, too, Clemens will occasionally stem his own fluency with a wedge of reflexive ridicule. But the book has a thematic mainstay which Innocents Abroad does not have and which redeems even the most conventional aspects of Clemens' literary tourism and restores to them the original dignity of the genre. The meaning of Life on the Mississippi comes partly from its structural complexity, the way its incorporation of the many trips and the single tour into one text describes the traveller's changed relationship to the river. The twenty-one years between the pilot's journeys and the tourist's trip are an important facet of structure and meaning -- spatially and temporally outside the narrative but exerting an irresistible influence. The qualities which distinguish the memoir of the river from the tourist's account of it are the manifestation of those years and the differences between the two sections are clear enough to require only cursory mention here: the earlier travels are undertaken adventurously and spontaneously; the later travels methodically and deliberately. The early travels relate just one stratum of river life, but the view is close and intimate; the later tour attempts a more detached but also more comprehensive outlook. The focus of the first section is

initially personal and dramatic; the focus of the second diffuse and expository. The cub pilot cares not a straw for indigenous linguistic characteristics or the technology of sugar-refining; the accomplished tourist finds both phenomena noteworthy. Bridging the disparities is the narrator-traveller himself, the man who made the journeys early and late. He constructs the past with his memoir, but in projecting the present he finds the site of early experience a fresh field, and goes sightseeing with all the innocence and forward thoughts of the tourist en route, unimpeded by old associations. And it is the practice of travel writing -- note-taking and robust curiosity -- that expresses this newness, or perhaps creates the newness.

There is some poignancy in the conclusiveness of the travel structure of Life on the Mississippi, as it expresses formally the change that has occurred in the speaker's point of view. What was once known with profound familiarity has become unfamiliar. Clemens comes from another place now, and he maintains the distance between himself and his subject by practising the conventions of travel narrative: the river is a sightseer's subject rather than a hero's setting; itinerary structures impressions; data is collected methodically with a view to its public value; compilation and consultation of other travel texts allies the narrator with foreign tourists and observers. Even the memoir speaks for the distance which now separates Clemens from the river: the young man's close knowledge of the Mississippi is now obsolete. The tour of 1882 and Clemens' account of it are a gesture of extrication from this locale, effecting a literary resolution to the anxieties and dread incident to his early experience of river life. In Life on the Mississippi, Clemens constructs a new relation to the river.

As a composed and observant passenger, he travels safely now, free of the fatal involvements and catastrophic intimations of his earlier career.

II

Like Clemens, William Dean Howells began his travel writing career as a correspondent:[6] in 1860 he journeyed from Ohio to New England, New York and Niagara, and his travel letters were published in the Cincinnati Gazette and the Ohio State Journal. His first book, however, was a volume of European travel sketches which appeared serially in the Boston Advertiser before they were collected and published as Venetian Life in 1866.[7] Like Howells' subsequent Italian Journeys (1867), Venetian Life is a fluent, stylish book, composed in the conventional manner of travel memoir. It is interesting to us here in its relationship to Howells' long, partly fictional narrative, Their Wedding Journey (1871) and its sequel, A Chance Acquaintance (1873), both of which are set in North America. Through the travel genre Howells made his way into novel-writing.

Howells was American consul in Venice from 1861 to 1864. His complete account of his sojourn there appeared in the same year Samuel Clemens embarked for Europe, and the two writers, who each began their literary careers in the travel genre, shared some insights into the nature of travel and its literature.[8] From the start, Clemens was aware of the artifice involved in perpetuating what to him had become an obsolete tradition; he expressed this awareness through parody and burlesque of its conventions. Howells, however, was initially comfortable in the genteel conventionality of his mode in Venetian Life and Italian Journeys. But when, forty years later, he came to revise the book for later editions, he found the same pretentious affectations in his own writing that Clemens deplored in the

shopworn memoirs of lesser tourists. On looking over Venetian Life, he found that he was "sometimes willing to help myself out from the conventionalized sum of others' impressions, and to pass off the result to the reader as an original effect in myself."[9] When he introduces his revision of Italian Journeys, he says: "it seemed to me that I was aware of posing, of straining, even, in some of my attitudes, and I had a sense of having put on more airs than I could handsomely carry, and of having at other times assumed an omniscience for which I can now find no reasonable grounds."[10] Howells found his "literary" pose almost embarrassingly evident in these expressions of his younger self, and he expunged the most offensive instances from the later editions.

But insofar as this revision was more than a mere tampering with sentences, and involved a re-thinking and re-creating, Howells had begun revising his travel art long before the 1907 edition of Venetian Life and the 1901 edition of Italian Journeys. In Their Wedding Journey, the fictional characterization of the bridal couple often coincides with the traveller Howells appeared to be during his Italian sojourn, but the narrator of the journey has detached himself from their fulsome tourism to take an objective and mildly ironical view of the whole activity of popular travel. Clemens observed the conventionalities and commonplace attitudes of bourgeois tourism with satire and ridicule; Howells was less likely to deride the common man in his common enterprises, and chose rather to represent him in all his average propensities. This he did when he set Basil and Isabel March on their wedding journey.

Howells' interest in detecting coherent character types -- an interest which led eventually to the so-called psychological realism of his later

fiction -- may have predated his European assignment, but if it did not, his literary experience in organizing his observations of Old World society could well have been the basis for the aesthetic which would preside over his fiction. Venetian Life is comprised mostly of generalizations based on his insight into this foreign society and, in the travel tradition, confers on the writer omniscience and authority in making broad observations. From his balcomy on the Grand Canal Howells witnesses an endless stream of figures who are finally so predictable in their costume and demeanour that their description verges on caricature. Howells remains poised there, on his balcony, raptly accumulating the data that will conform in quick, concise social portraits:

> in the hours just before the summer twilight the gondolas of the citizens appear, and...looking down upon the groups in the open gondolas you may witness something of the home life of the Italians, who live out-of-doors.
>
> The groups do not vary a great deal one from the other: inevitably the pale-faced papa, the fat mamma, the over-dressed handsome young girls (p. 118).

The invariability of these exemplary groups substantiates Howells' version of life in Venice, giving it an air of authenticity peculiar to the generalizations travellers are likely to make about the features of a foreign society. As a newcomer, Howells is concerned with developing a cogent view of the social order and with ascertaining the traits of each class. But not only the Venetians are susceptible to his aloof scrutiny, for Howells soon learns to distinguish the characteristics which typify the nationalities of foreign tourists. In a coy descriptive maneouvre, he offers the kind of knowledge that Venetian cats, resident in churches visited by sightseers, might acquire of the attributes of travellers:

> I fancy, being Italian cats, they feel something like a national antipathy toward those troops of German tourists, who always seek

> the Sehenswurdigkeiten in companies of ten or twenty, -- the men wearing their beards and the women their hoops and hats to look as much like English people as possible....these wise cats know the real English by their "Murrays;" and I think they make a shrewd guess at the nationality of us Americans by the speed with which we pass from one thing to another, and by our national ignorance of all languages but English. They must also hear us vaunt the superiority of our own land in unpleasant comparisons, and I do not think they believe us, or like us, for our boasting ....The French tourist they distinguish by his evident scepticism concerning his own wisdom in quitting Paris for the present purpose; and the travelling Italian, by his attention to his badly dressed, handsome wife, with whom he is now making his wedding trip (p. 155).

The certainty Howells feels in recognizing national types supports a world-view organized on principles of saliency. Those characteristics quickly discernible by a remotely-situated spectator (a cat in a cathedral or a consul on a balcony) not only are sufficient for a sketch but also provide its unequivocating acuity. Some fine fragments come out of this method: when Howells describes household practices in general and his own domesticity in particular, he provides a delightful portrait of Giovanna, his housekeeper, and, with a skilful stroke, the weird proximity of Giovanna's mother -- "a dread and loathly old lady, whom we commonly encountered at nightfall in our street, where she lay in wait, as it were, to prey upon the fragrance of dinner drifting from the kitchen of our neighbour, the Duchess of Parma" (p. 107).

Venetian Life, however, is a book of divided purpose. On the one hand is the earnest motive of the sensitive tourist, the young man who consults Ruskin to feel an appropriately literary response. This traveller is susceptible to every suggestion, ripe for the fusion of mind and locale that effects the profound transportation of serious travel, and he is at times as imaginatively contemplative as William Beckford. As his gondolier

propells him through his first Venetian night, Howells is carried away by the other-worldly implications of the site:

> I have no doubt it was a proper time to think all the fantastical things in the world, and I thought them; but they passed vaguely through my mind, without interrupting the sensations of sight and sound. The past and present mixed there, and the moral and material were blent in the sentiment of utter novelty and surprise. The quick boat slid through old troubles of mine, and unlooked-for events gave it the impulse that carried it beyond, and safely around sharp corners of life. All the while I knew that this was a progress through narrow and crooked canals, and past marble angles of palaces. But I did not know then that my fine confusion of sense and spirit was the first faint intimation of the charm of life in Venice (pp. 20-21).

Opposite this romantical involvement is the objectivity and critical detachment of a traveller not likely to be carried away by a "fine confusion of sense and spirit." This traveller sets out to disabuse his audience of romantic misconceptions which, he says, are the substance of of most tourist memoirs of Venice. In order to extricate himself from this tradition, he inquires into the historical basis for the rumoured careers of the city's palaces and places, researching each case of putative atrocity or civic crime, and often finding that a site's heinous reputation is only a Gothic fabrication, engendered to appease the sightseer's appetite for horror and pathos. He warns his audience: "if the reader cares to follow me to my stage-box, I imagine he will hardly see the curtain rise upon just the Venice of his dreams, -- the Venice of Byron, of Rogers, and Cooper; or upon the Venice of his prejudices, -- the merciless Venice of Daru, and of the historians who follow him. But I still hope he will be pleased with the Venice he sees...." (p. 3) The appeal of the Venice Howells does expose lies in its expositor's devotion to realistic firsthand description. This immediate, contemporary city is

represented materially through a survey of the forlorn decay of its economy and dilapidated architecture, and socially through the class types Howells distinguishes among its population.

In Venetian Life is a chapter titled "Society." Supporting such an encompassing heading are two assumptions: first, that the perceptive alien is in a position to make observations and generalizations necessary to such a discussion, and, second, that the travel writer's home audience will be interested in and satisfied with the truth of the broad categories which result. Their Wedding Journey proceeds from similar pretexts -- which are essentially the assumptions behind the social commentary of most travel writing -- although it is America and not Europe which undergoes the traveller's speculative observations.[11]

In Their Wedding Journey, Howells does not dismiss sentimental responsiveness from the travel narrative; it is still a central aspect of travel, but now allocated to the fictional characterizations of Basil and Isabel March. And, as with Melville's gradual transition from the travel genre to the novel, Howells' first gestures towards novelistic form fictionalize the traveller before tampering with his itinerary. In Their Wedding Journey, scene is still much more than an adapted setting or context for action; it dominates the narrative, supplying sequence and motive as well as the kind of instructive information that the travel writer typically conveys to his audience. In A Chance Acquaintance, Howells' art completes the shift from journey narrative to novel form: the travel location recedes to setting, and itinerary is entirely subordinated to the fictional traveller's plotted actions.

Howells' announcement of his aesthetic intention, made in the first

paragraph of Their Wedding Journey, sets out the province of his composition. He marks the boundaries of this territory with an almost defensive specificity, as if to protect it from the encroachments of novelistic expectations which might be aroused by the introduction of fiction into travel narrative. Thus he reiterates the principles of travel writing for an audience undoubtedly familiar with its precepts: "I am persuaded that a skilfull romancer could turn the courtship of Basil and Isabel March to excellent account. Fortunately for me, however, in attempting to tell the reader of the wedding journey of a newly married couple, no longer very young, to be sure, but still fresh in the light of their love, I shall have nothing to do but talk of some ordinary traits of American life as these appeared to them, to speak a little of well-known and easily accessible places, to present now a bit of landscape and now a sketch of character."[12] Howells holds to this particular distinction between the practices of romancer and travel writer, and discloses little of the circumstances of the Marches' courtship and mating -- almost as little as he divulges of his own consular activities in Venetian Life. In both cases, his silence on such matters observes conventions of admissibility unique to the travel genre: disclosures of the traveller's mentality and imagination during the journey are permitted through extrapolation, digression and meditation, but references to the traveller's past or future are generally inadmissible. His ordinary, sedentary attachments and activities, and the more involved aspects of identity are suspended once he departs and assumes the traveller's place. Their Wedding Journey trespasses marginally on these restrictions by alluding to events antecedent to the journey and by re-routing the Marches over their original course twelve

years after their first trip, as a conclusion to the narrative. At these points the fiction of Their Wedding Journey exerts strong novelistic pressures on the text, requiring explanation beyond the itinerary for action and suggesting outcomes beyond the temporal reference of the journey. But for the most part these pressures are resisted, and Their Wedding Journey is principally a travel book. The central characters are travellers more than they are anything else, and the reader learns of their temperaments and sensibilities through their sightseeing and itinerant observations. Just as the travel memoirs he had written forty years earlier revealed to Howells his own youthful personality when he re-read them, so the narrative of the Marches' journey discovers their characters.

Howells is aware of the conventionality of the trip the newlyweds will make: in following their course he will make no material discoveries but will describe "well-known and easily accessible places," and the Marches will encounter no exotic phenomena but only "some ordinary traits of American life." The average journey undertaken by typical travellers thus promises broad truths. Howells -- and the Marches -- are unembarrassed by their commonplace route; rather, they are inspired by its typicality. And Basil and Isabel, by virtue of this mainstream mobility, are in an advantageous position to remark slaient national characteristics. Having left home, they become spectators, just as Howells becomes an observer of Venetian life from his balcony on the Grand Canal. The observations made by these uninvolved witnesses have an inherent legitimacy about them. Howells' remarks on general aspects of Venetian society are factual, and what he sets before Basil and Isabel has the same imputed authenticity. In this respect, Their Wedding Journey has an air of documentary. But in that the text is a travel book with a strong fictional

component, its social commentary nears the complementary novelistic mode of realism.

The bridal couple, as travellers, are agents through which Howells expresses fragments of his own social vision. During their tour they are whole-heartedly witnesses of the general run of manners and behaviour. As their journey begins, so commences the procession of humours and types that fellow-passengers provide for the attentive journey-maker. Basil and Isabel take account of the social array about them:

> So the play of which they were both actors and spectators went on about them. Like all passages of life, it seemed now a grotesque mystery, with a bluntly enforced moral, now a farce of the broadest, now a latent tragedy folded in the disguises of comedy. All the elements, indeed of either were at work there, and this was but one brief scene of the immense complex drama which was to proceed so variously in such different times and places, and to have its dénouement only in eternity (pp. 85-86).

Howells here expresses an important principle of travel experience, namely, the sense of fragmentary drama that emerges out of the brief, passing view of the human landscape. It is an incipient story-making, and a recurring dimension of travel writing in the nineteenth century. In Susanna Moodie's Life in the Clearings, for instance, it results in the sketch -- sentimental speculation or anecdote inspired by small evidence remarked on the way to Niagara. The basis for speculation can be sound or flimsy: Howells checks his own protagonists in some unfounded speculations on the character of a shabbily dressed young man on the Hudson River boat. But what these speculations have in common is the very restricted or minimal contact the traveller has with the object of his analysis. Basil and Isabel, while not markedly anti-social, engage in few transactions with fellow travellers -- so few, in fact, that it seems that contact with the subjects of their speculations would compromise the impartiality of their outlook, and reduce

rather than expand the basis of their knowledge. Howells himself had no contact whatsoever with the individuals in the passing parade on the Grand Canal, yet his confidence in the justness of his observations was unqualified. Similarly, the "ordinary traits of American life" are most acutely apprehended by the uninvolved spectator.

Certain perceptual habits of the Marches are part of the fiction Howells makes and do not contribute to narrative omniscience. For one thing, they have a "willingness to find poetry in the things around them" (p. 367) which allies them with the part of Howells which was fantastically transported by his arrival in Venice. And Basil himself resembles the intense young tourist that an older Howells discovered in his own memoirs. On a previous trip, Basil kept a journal, which Isabel reads aloud for their present amusement: "It was, to be sure, a sad farrago of sentiment about the village and the rural sights, and especially a girl tossing hay in a field. Yet it had touches of nature and reality, and Basil could not utterly despise himself for having written it" (p. 318). On the later tour, Basil is less sentimental, but still a rather deliberate journey-maker. Having read Parkman's histories, he comes upon certain sites in a state of heightened preparedness. The preparation does not constitute prejudice, for it is factual information that Basil manipulates, but it does distract him from the actual gist of the journey. As the boat nears Montreal:

> Basil had hoped to approach this famous city with just associations. He had meant to conjure for Isabel's sake some reflex, however faint, of that beautiful picture Mr. Parkman has painted of Maisonneuve founding and consecrating Montreal. He flushed with the recollection of the historian's phrase; but in that moment there came forth from the cabin a pretty young person who gave every token of being a pretty young actress...(p. 240).

The actress captures Basil's attention -- and everyone else's -- with a wise-crack that obliterates his lofty project: "the noble historical shades of Basil's thought vanished in wounded dignity beyond recall, and left him feeling rather ashamed, -- for he had laughed too" (pp. 241-42). For the narrator, the true documentary interest of this stage of the journey is the actress' witticism; Basil's intentional sense of the moment was off-centre.

At other times, too, his learnedness appears as a mild form of affectation. Some pertinent historical ideas occur to Basil in Montreal, evoking images of Champlain and Cartier and the ancient drama of discovery. But, when he paints "a semblance of all this for Isabel," other, more immediate information enters the narrative, that is, Basil's tendency to instruct his bride. Perhaps neither issue -- Champlain's encampment or Basil's pedantry -- dominates the other, but for Howells at this point both are germane. In A Chance Acquaintance, the "historian's phrase" is plainly not pertinent. Narrative structure is there so novelistic as to make the courses of early discoverers irrelevant, scarcely a faint adumbration of present events.

In his travel habits, Basil is not anomalous. On the contrary, he and Isabel are typical, and their tour is itself conventional and regular: they have, after all, undertaken their journey "in the spirit of ordinary American travel" (p. 102). Repeatedly they execute some predictable regimen, as, for example, in Québec: "As in other show cities, there is a routine at Quebec for travellers who come on Saturday and go on Monday, and few depart from it. Our friends necessarily, therefore, drove first to the citadel" (p. 291). Plainly, Basil and Isabel will not be among the "few" who depart from the norm, and Howells is not interested in that adventurous

minority. The itinerary itself is a model of average tourism, and at Niagara the couple comes upon numerous instances of their own newly-married state.

What happens to travel narrative when the outcome of each sightseeing sequence is entirely conventional and foreseeable in every detail? For Clemens, that degree of predictability was insupportable and ludicrous. For Howells, however, it carries its own intrinsic interest, bound up with a concern for average patterns of experience which elevate "ordinary American travel" to a level of literary interest. Howells' aesthetic construes the genre in a new way: where the travel genre originally promised fabulous discovery and revelation, Howells requires only exemplary instances of the commonplace. Where the extraordinary and the exotic once were sought, Howells seeks the ordinary. In the long-run, the travel genre in its purest design cannot support the purposes of an aesthetic like Howells'.

But in the meantime, in Their Wedding Journey, the genre still has its uses, mostly attributable to the utter conventionality it had assumed by the last half of the nineteenth century. At Niagara, Basil and Isabel perform the most likely series of awe-struck devotions and amazed appreciations of the Falls. They employ every facility provided for getting a good look at the cataract, and they are almost unconcerned by the groups of wedding couples they encounter at every turn, performing the same observances. The narrator describes their response to the sublime in the light of its normalcy:

> They remembered afterwards how they were able to make use of but one sense at a time, and how when they strove to take in the forms of the descending flood, they ceased to hear it; but as soon as they

> released their eyes from this service, every fibre in them vibrated to the sound, and the spectacle dissolved away in it. They were aware, too, of a strange capriciousness in their senses, and of a tendency of each to palter with the things perceived. The eye could no longer take truthful note of quality, and now beheld the tumbling deluge as a Gothic wall of carven marble, white, motionless, and now as a fall of lightest snow, with movement in all its atoms, and scarce so much cohesion as would hold them together; and again they could not discern if this course were above or from beneath, whether the water rose from the abyss or dropped from the height. The ear could give the brain no assurance of the sound that filled it, and whether it were great or little; the prevailing softness of the cataract's tone seemed so much opposed to ideas of prodigious force of prodigious volume. It was only when the sight, so idle in its own behalf, came to the aid of the other sense, and showed them the mute movement of each other's lips, that they dimly appreciated the depth of the sound that involved them (p. 158).

In this passage there is a narrative presence which exceeds the description of the operation of the Marches' senses -- namely, Howells' own tourism. In spite of the fictional components of this narrative, and its concern with tourism rather than the tour, vestiges of the traveller's firsthand experience persist. Here, the Falls themselves are important -- the shape and effusion of the flood, the precise quality of audible turbulence -- and Howells is as much interested in the accuracy of his report as in the bridal pair and their sightseeing. At other points in the text, Howells intercedes even more directly, as if there were a residue of pressing scenic material not accessible through his characters' experience and expressible only through the voice of the travel writer himself.

Two actual journeys underlie the fictional journey of the Marches. In 1860, Howells had toured Niagara, and dispatched reports of his journey to Ohio newspapers, and in 1871, during the summer preceeding the composition of Their Wedding Journey, he made an excursion with his family from Boston to Niagara and Quebec. These firsthand experiences exert pressure on the fictional rendering of the journey, and, during the passage through

the Mohawk Valley, Howells' own feeling for the scene breaks through the narrative structure developed to report the Marches' tour: "It is a landscape that I greatly love for its mild beauty and tranquil picturesqueness, and it is in honor of our friends that I say they enjoyed it" (p. 102). Here it is evident that Basil and Isabel are surrogate tourists and that Howells' characterization of them is a device through which he organizes his own travel experience. For the most part they are adequate to the purpose, but in the Mohawk Valley their author temporarily abandons them. He postulates a mental sortie into the landscape, speculatively introducing himself into it: "as the train strives furiously onward amid these scenes of fertility and abundance, I like in fancy to loiter behind it, and to saunter at will up and down the landscape" (pp. 103-04). Québec similarly engages Howells' sensibility, but without affording the same opportunities for narrative digression. By this point Basil and Isabel are becoming fully-realized characters, commanding much more of the narrative than formerly, and their presence permits fewer of the excursive constructions that can render scene in travel literature. As they pass volubly from one site to another, responding to the degrees of foreignness they witness, locale begins to have less and less priority in the text. The excursive mood of scenic description, which allowed Howells' ramble through the Mohawk pastorale, is forfeited in the interests of some latent novelistic concerns which require a tighter, less excursive structure.

It is at this point that the Ellisons -- a travelling party first encountered at Niagara and destined to become the central figures of <u>A Chance Acquaintance</u> -- begin to impinge more frequently on the Marches' holiday. And, as exchanges with the Ellisons become more regular and

extensive, Basil and Isabel begin to give up some of the speculative privileges of travellers with regard to their new friends. They begin to know too much of the Ellisons to merely generalize or typify their apparent characters. With the advent of this extended knowledge on the part of his characters, Howells veers off the strict epistemological principles of the traveller's detached view of things, and edges towards the novelistic version of travel the comprises A Chance Acquaintance.

Whereas in Their Wedding Journey Howells assigned the story of Basil and Isabel's courtship to a "skilfull romancer," in A Chance Acquaintance he shifts his jurisdiction and takes up the story of the unsuccessful courting of Kitty Ellison, an untravelled but well-read girl from up-state New York, by Mr. Arbuton, a well-travelled and sophisticated Bostonian making a tour of French Canada. At the same time, however, this shift in narrative jurisdiction does not signal a radical break from the volume which first introduced Kitty, and her cousin and his wife, for A Chance Acquaintance develops out of the travel situation of Their Wedding Journey. Kitty and Arbuton are revealed through their individual methods of sightseeing, and their disparate mentalities are first shown by the discrepancy between their responses to important sights in Québec and the surrounding countryside. Kitty's rejection of Arbuton's suit is, in one sense, her recognition of the incompatibility of their travel temperaments.

In her untravelled inexperience, Kitty ~~is~~ innocently and spontaneously responsive to Québec's foreignness. She is moved and touched by every aspect of its exotic character. Arbuton, on the other had, knows the superior foreignness of Europe, and, moreover, consults an inflexible standard of taste which prevents him from sharing Kitty's vivacious enjoyment of Québec. Early in the narrative, Arbuton's response to the sublime

in North American scenery alerts the reader to flaws in his sensibility: "Mr. Arbuton...did have an objection to the exaggerations of nature on this continent, and secretly thought them in bad taste, but he had never formulated this feeling."[13] Later, in Quebec, Kitty's own enthusiasm for every revealed quality of this holiday -- including bad cathedral art and the vivid graffitti on the walls of the citadel -- is curtailed once she becomes aware of her companion's application of his discriminating taste to everything they see:

> they walked in silence to the gate, whence they strolled down the winding street outside the wall into the Lower Town. But it was not a pleasant ramble for Kitty: she was in a dim dread of hitherto unseen and unimagined trespasses against good taste, not only in pictures and people, but in all life, which, from having been a a very smiling prospect when she set out with Mr. Arbuton, had suddenly become a narrow pathway....(p. 115-16).

The moral dimension of Kitty Ellison's travel education draws her into an emergent tradition of American fiction which introduce New World innocence into the complications of foreignness. In The Portrait of a Lady (1881) James's Isabel Archer goes abroad only to make a fatally wrong choice where Kitty Ellison makes the right decision; Isabel Archer accepts the suit of an unnaturally knowledgeable and experienced tourist, Gilbert Osmond, and then finds herself irreversibly stranded in an awesomely foreign situation. But there is an earlier tradition, antecedent to A Chance Acquaintance, which Kitty's experience reiterates. Frances Brooke's Emily Montague, more than a century earlier, set down young lovers in Québec, and gave them just time to sort out their preferences and attachments before dispatching them home again. In that book, too, the unacceptable suitor's deficiencies are revealed partly through his social prejudices (Arbuton's flaw, too) and partly through his obtuse insensitivity to the

sublime in New World scenery. In each case, being abroad and away from home forces certain crises of self-recognition and decision-making, and clarifies moral consciousness.

This kind of novelistic plotting exploits the extraordinariness of travel experience: its inherently dramatic quality, its potential for creating heightened emotional situations. In A Chance Acquaintance, Kitty feels that she has been transported mentally as well as physically into another realm of experience, and she looks on the inhabitants of Québec as "but figures in a beautiful picture of something old and poetical: (p. 97). She writes home: "the truth is, the possibilities of fiction in Quebec are overpowering; I go about in a perfect haze of romances, and meet people at every turn who have nothing to do but invite the passing novelist into their houses, and have their likenesses set down at once for heroes and heroines...." (p. 132). In the picturesque are just these invitations to story-making and these half-glimpsed possibilities of romance. Howells appears to have accepted the invitation and made these suggestive materials into fiction, but there is a crucial distinction between the fragmentary implications of the picturesque -- which Kitty's imagination seizes -- and the kind of story-telling Howells does in A Chance Acquaintance. Kitty's response is the tourist's; she is excited by inconclusive fragments and she extrapolates on distantly observed evidence just as Howells himself did when he made his imaginative reconnaissance of the Mohawk Valley in Their Wedding Journey. Now, in A Chance Acquaintance, the structure of travel narrative has been largely abandoned and the traveller's perceptual mode has been surrendered by the narrator to be taken up by a fictional consciousness. When this

happens, story-telling becomes a more complete and demanding activity, requiring coherent, realistic and explanatory outwork rather than suggestive, unspecific indications. We have much more information of Arbuton and the Ellisons than travel narrative or travel sketches would convey.

Early signs of the shift from the epistemology of travel narrative to the epistemology of the novel occurred in Their Wedding Journey, when the appearance and reappearance of the Ellisons created at least a transitory relationship between Isabel and Kitty, and disclosed further news of the Ellisons -- more news than travel narrative could accommodate. These repeated meetings seem to have generated an irresistible novelistic influence on Howells' art, for in A Chance Acquaintance plot -- the creation of incident through the encounters of Kitty with Arbuton -- takes the place of itinerary in narrative structure. When the Ellisons are detained in Québec, the normal process of travel, with its sequence of picturesque episodes related only by the journey's itinerary, is suspended. Coherence is now accomplished not through the traveller's conventional obligation to observe and report but through novelistic mechanisms -- character, conflict, outcome. Québec becomes setting, important only for the occasions it provides for the heroine's sentimental education, and Howells no longer supplies the local information he conveyed directly or through Basil's agency in Their Wedding Journey. Unlike the classic literary traveller, Kitty Ellison has a past -- and a future -- of greater literary importance than the location of her foreign adventure, and narrative exposition gives priority to the explication of her character and destiny.

III

With Henry James and The American Scene we encounter a third instance of an American coming back to the New World via travel narrative after having documented experiences of foreign travel. By the time James came to make his 1904-05 tour of the United States he had been writing and publishing travel essays and episodes regularly for more than thirty years. His travel techniques, as they were to be applied to America, were consequently well-developed, and his tourism was aesthetically calculated to produce a literary text. From his earliest efforts in the genre -- his dispatches from New England and Canada in 1870-71 to the Nation -- he wrote with seriousness and intensity, never burdened by the conventionality of his itineraries. At Niagara in 1871, he described the Falls with alert personal interest, struck with "everything being perfect;"[14] later he attempted European sites equally frequented by tourists. Unlike Clemens, James was a traveller undeterred by those who had gone before. He made his own way, led on by the authenticity of a purely literary discovery of site and scene.

James was on easy terms with the travel genre, for in its formal conditions were meanings pertinent to some essential preoccupations of his imagination. Much of James's fiction enlarges on the comparison-making brought about by travel, and on the moral actions and social behaviours of characters isolated from their native settings and tested against a foreign milieu. For so many of the American protagonists in James's fiction, travel and relocation lead to confusion or clarification, and always to a tale of some intricacy. When a character is picked up and set down elsewhere, a whole cluster of narrative possibilities is

called up, not the least of which are beyond the immediate issues of that character's individual destiny. By virtue of the pretext of travel, social organization and manners become narrative subjects, and much more than context or setting. These considerations are the material of travel narrative, and they hold, for James, large promise.

For James, the great venture was the venture into foreignness, and the greatest action of his own life was his expatriation. In his art, relocation mobilizes thought, sensibility, ratiocination and taste. In his international fiction, James addresses the disorienting relativities which emerge when cultural values are set one against another and he considers the consensus by which social realities are established: these issues are also important to the traveller and the travel writer. But it is more than the subject of the travel genre which suits James's art. The detached, speculative, constructive mode of the literary tourist is finally the central inspiration of The American Scene. Travel extracts from the serious practitioner exceptional acuity and percipience, necessary to keep things straight and maintain his sense of whence he has come and where he has arrived. So fully and consistently is this travel awareness mastered in The American Scene, and so Jamesian is the book in style and mood, that travel seems to have been a supremely opportune occasion for James's art. In this situation devoted wholly to rapt observation and definitive expression, James treats, as he says, "life itself." Without character and without plot -- indeed, without linearity at all except for scant, intermittent allusions to his own scarcely discernible itinerary -- James constructs a capacious verbal structure to house his findings as a spectator at large. It is the structure of travel art in a most demanding form,

pursuing a documentary purpose but shunning the ordinary materials of documentation. External order -- itinerary, geographical or historical sequence, informational comprehensiveness -- dictates neither structure nor content. Rather, coherence and meaning rest with the traveller's sensibility and literary aesthetic. In structural terms, a comparison can be made with the novels James wrote during the period immediately before his 1904-05 tour of America: The Wings of the Dove (1902), The Ambassadors (1903), and The Golden Bowl (1904). In these novels plot is reduced to the sequential operations of moral perception and action is represented elliptically. Similarly, in The American Scene, the analytic intelligence of a series of scenes (a heightened sightseeing) supplies the unifying series of the narrative, and itinerary is reported elliptically, with little attention to the details and logic of transportation.

James describes the artistic occasion of The American Scene as continuous with his lifelong aesthetic concerns, when he writes, in his preface: "I became aware soon enough, on the spot, that these elements of the human subject, the results of these attempted appreciations of life itself, would prove much too numerous even for a capacity all given to them for some ten months; but at least therefore, artistically concerned as I had been all my days with the human subject, with appreciation of life itself, and with the consequent question of literary presentation, I should not find such matters scant or simple. I was not in fact to do so, and they but led me on and on."[15] The subsequent text is assured by the presence of the "human subject" in America, and James makes no distinction between the observations and "literary presentation" which comprise travel art and those habitual artistic interests which, he says, had occupied him all

his days. Here, near the end of his preface, James has described the feelings of mobility, fluency and inspiration which, at the best of times, the travel subject arouses in its expositor: it led him, he says, "on and on." In all this, however, is a rather ominous sense of formlessness. Where the journey has this continuity with habitual preoccupations it loses some of its clarity as a discreet, exceptional event with an obvious beginning and ending. The journey is, in a sense, interminably involving, and its text is correspondingly fluid.

When James first looks about him in New York he finds himself entering into the peculiar privilege of the travel artist: "The subject was everywhere -- that was the beauty, that the advantage: it was thrilling, really, to find one's self in the presence of a theme to which everything directly contributed, leaving no touch of experience irrelevant" (p. 3). To go abroad, with literary intentions, is to thus step into the frame of art, for every foreign circumstance to which the travel writer is witness is eligible for verbal reconstruction. He need but attend and watch, and the materials of his art are at hand. All the particulars of his experience are within reach of some expressible generalities; all cohere through the fact of their foreign location and novelty, and by the fact of the writer's alien status.

Much later, when he approaches Philadelphia, James measures more precisely the phenomenon of coherence, which first impressed him on his arrival in New York. This time he introduces the serious sightseer as part of the phenomenon: "To be at all critically, or as we have been fond of calling it, analytically minded -- over and beyond an inherent love of the general many-coloured picture of things -- is to be subject to the superstition that objects and places, coherently grouped, disposed for

human use and addressed to it, must have a sense of their own, a mystic meaning proper to themselves to give out: to give out, that is, to the participant at once so interested and detached as to be moved to a report of the matter. That perverse person is obliged to take it for a working theory that the essence of almost any settled aspect of anything may be extracted by the chemistry of criticism, and may give us its right name, its formula, for convenient use" (p. 273). The "superstition" to which the "analytically minded" traveller adheres is his belief in the important cognitive consequences of sightseeing. The spectator susceptible to the "mystic meaning" inherent in a site, James notes, is a "participant" of a special order in that his participation in the scene is effected by his simultaneous detachment and involvement. The tourist is "detached" in that he is an alien interposed into foreign locations and estranged from the society whence he comes; he is "interested" in that his business, as a sightseer, is inquiry after local meanings. From the coincidence of these two mental conditions -- disconnection and connection, social detachment and perceptual involvement -- comes the text. Further, James states clearly what that text will be: a series of extracted "right names" and proper formulae for "convenient use." In other words, the writer's participation in the foreign site will consist in establishing types and developing workable generalizations.

Naming rightly and generalizing usefully are the verbal processes which make The American Scene. In these processes lies James rhetorical artfulness, for his findings, so definitively stated, are based on a very limited form of empiricism. His impressions are neither sentimental nor romantic, but neither are they supported by concrete calculations or by verifiable

data. Nor are they supported by argument or scepticism: James never takes time for polemical refutations. Rarely do his judgements rest on illustrative instances or anecdotal specifics: although details regarding American hats, boots, fire-escapes, dental health and the like are freely introduced, they are never attached to identifiable citizens or addresses. Rather, James takes up the three conditions of travel narrative -- detachment, interest and firsthand experience -- and develops them to a degree of rhetorical conclusiveness that carries all before it. James dispenses with the lesser formalities of literary travel, such as consultation with residents or citation of numbers or names for corroboration or the even simpler practice of consistent attention to toponymy, and resorts to an ultimate purity of form: the intellectual transaction of the traveller with foreignness. Other transactions -- social or investigative -- are not merely secondary; they are, in the text, virtually non-existent. James's report of America is firsthand, original, independent and unmediated to a degree we have not seen before in travel writing.

This effect is achieved through a variety of rhetorical patterns. First, itinerary exerts almost no overt influence on narrative pace or order. When a new subject-place is introduced it is not itinerary that commands its appearance (although it may, indeed, follow its predecessor according to some geographical sequence) but the advance of James's thought. Second, the demographic, economic or topographical characteristics of the subject-place are considered only when they have contributed importantly to the formulation of James's "impression" and analysis, for comprehensiveness has no hold on James's method. As abstractions proliferate, we often have little sense of James's physical whereabouts, although we have a

large sense of his mental activity. Next, and perhaps most telling, is James's practice of reporting the utterance of inanimate objects. I will cite one example of many, and this, which allows the Waldorf-Astoria her say, for its form rather than its content:

> The electric cars, with their double track, are everywhere almost as tight a fit in the narrow channel of the roadway as the projectile in the bore of a gun; so that the Waldorf-Astoria, sitting by this absent margin for life with her open lap and arms, is reduced to confessing, with a strained smile, across the traffic and danger, how little, outside her mere swing-door, she can do for you. She seems to admit that the attempt to get at her may cost you your safety, but reminds you at the same time that any good American, and even any good inquiring stranger, is supposed willing to risk that boon for her. "Un bon mouvement, therefore: you must make a dash for it, but you'll see I'm worth it" (p. 101).

At other times, elms, New Jersey villas, buildings at Harvard, New England houses and spring air speak out, and address James. We know, of course, that these are figurative utterances, yet they stand for verbatim report in James's commentary, and they carry the information which other travel writers attribute to empirical investigation. These episodes, where James launches inanimate objects or places into active address, provide his most direct, intimate contact with the American scene.

Where knowledge is thus attainable only through firsthand modes, without consultation of other sources of data, the sightseer is obliged to rise unfailingly to every occasion. James's confidence that the travel situation itself, rightly developed, will lead to a series of emergent realities commensurate with the traveller's route is an aspect of the "superstition" which inspires the true tourist: "There always comes, to any traveller who doesn't depart and arrive with the mere security and punctuality of a registered letter, some moment for his beginning to feel within him -- it happens under some particular touch -- the finer vibration of

a sense of the real thing. He thus knows it when it comes, and it has the great value that it need never fail. There is no situation, wherever he may turn, in which the note of that especial reality, the note of character, for bliss or bale, may not insist on emerging" (p. 434). From the very start, James is receptive, prepared to "feel within" the typical presences of the scenes he visits. On his way to New Jersey he finds himself in a crowd of commuters, and consequently surrounded by abundant opportunities for abstraction: "if treasures of 'type' were not here to be disengaged, the fault would be all [the spectator's] own ....those thick-growing items of the characteristic...were surely going to drop into one's hand, for vivid illustration, as soon as one could begin to hold it out" (pp. 5-6). Later in the tour, the New England autumn impresses him: "This, on September Sunday mornings, was what American beauty <u>should</u> be; it filled to the brim its idea and its measure...." (p. 29). Cape Cod shows a character similarly replete and just: "Its type, so easily formulated, so completely filled, was there the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning; there was rest for the mind -- for that, certainly, of the restless analyst -- in having it so exactly under one's hand" (p. 34). These are the coveted occasions of travel, bringing the traveller face-to-face with sought-after types. In the event and pleasure of recognition, there is a sense of expectations being fulfilled (beauty as it "<u>should</u> be") and of coming upon pre-existent ideals (types which are "there the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning"). Under these conditions, the journey introduces the journey-maker into a platonic world of form. Each combination of scenic elements constitutes a representative ideal,

obscured by ordinary, sedentary experience but revealed with sudden clarity by the traveller's mobility. The sightseer becomes thus a seer indeed, endowed with extraordinary faculties.[16]

Behind the sightseer's relentless inquiry after type is an assumption crucial to the epistemology of travel knowledge, namely, that in the cursory prospect the traveller can discern not only adequately but perfectly the essential quality of any locale. James supports his epistemological premise by suggesting that this American travel project is especially a case for quick study, and that America is an uncommonly simple text to scan:

> Few elements of the picture are shy or lurking elements -- tangled among others or hidden behind them, packed close by time and taking time to come out. They stand there in their row like letters of an alphabet, and this is why, in spite of the vast surface exposed, any item, encountered or selected, contributes to the spelling of the word, becomes on the spot generally informing and characteristic. The word so recognized stands thus, immediately, for a multitude of others and constitutes, to expert observation, an all-sufficient specimen....A single case speaks for many -- since it is again and again...a question not of clustered meanings that fall like over-ripe fruit into his lap, but of the picking out of the few formed features, signs of character mature enough and firm enough to promise a savour or to suffer handling. These scant handfuls illustrate and typify, and, luckily, they are (as the evidence of manners and conditions, over the world, goes) quickly gathered; so that an impression founded on them is not an undue simplification (pp. 367-68).

The travel analysis of America is, then, a relatively simple matter on two counts. First, the immaturity of American society provides few of the cumulative complexities which enthrall the analyst in cultures more ancient. Second, the shamelessly legible uniformity of American society makes for easy, unqualified description -- "a single case speaks for many." But other travellers in other places have been carried along by similar confidence in the power of their insight to penetrate foreign surfaces and

reduce complexity. Howells was not confused by Venice, nor Clemens by Palestine, nor Melville by Tahiti. All these travellers readily grasped and related the generalities that tourists bring home, and all thus implicitly attributed to the foreign places they visited the homogeneity that James describes as an American characteristic. The rhetorical processes of travel writing, which typically allow one case to stand for many and which permit and even require generalizations to be developed from limited data, endow the writer with uncommon certitude. This confidence is a special case, distinguishing the artist's experience abroad from his experience at home. Abroad, things are keenly telling, and expressible through lucid simplification; at home things are intricate, involving, reticent, and expressible only through endless qualification. This is not to say that the quick study characteristic of the travel artist's practice cannot be applied to native scenes to elicit a brisk perspective on familiar aspects. But it does remind us of the highly expressible, communicative quality of travel observations. Persons previously unmoved to written expression can be inspired by their travels to report their findings -- inspired, that is, by the abrupt clarity of perception that seems to become theirs once they embark. The feelings of omniscient objectivity and insight that settle on the sightseer in a foreign land lead him to allow a "single case" to speak for many and lead to the rhetorical structures which support generalization.

James, of course, was habitually mobed to expression in areas much less transparent than the province in which lesser travellers practise. Nevertheless, he shares their confidence in advancing generalizations based on small experience of particulars. In fact, he goes so far as to maintain

that a longer acquaintance with his subject or a profounder sounding of it would not ripen his findings, but possibly spoil them. Travel knowledge depends, it seems, on the traveller's limited experience of his subject; it depends on his moving on. Once an impression is acquired, James advises, quickly collect it and take it home. Don't linger to substantiate it, he warns, or its components may disperse:

> where, in the United States, the interest, the pleasure of contemplation is concerned, discretion is the better part of valour and insistence too often a betrayal. It is not so much that the hostile fact crops up as that the friendly fact breaks down. If you have luckily seen, you have seen; carry off your prize, in this case, instantly and at any risk. Try it again and you don't, you won't see....(p. 411)

The impression is made by the condition of limited information. Once familiarity enlarges knowledge the perceptible essence ceases to signify. Passing through and travelling on provide the only situation in which the tourist can practise his art, for once he loiters, he gives up his revelatory perspective and his material breaks down under his own lingering, implicating view of things. These conditions of travel and travel art may particularly suit James's intentions with regard to America. To find it now, after twenty years' absence, a simple text not only allowing but requiring quick study, may be a satisfaction, first reducing the complexities of James's cultural origins to general and tractable dimensions and second demanding of him no long re-involvement in circumstances from which he had once extricated himself. His hypothesis on the simplicity of American culture and the value of sudden impressions swiftly carried away keeps him footloose, even in his homeland.[17]

Travel narrative proceeds from the central fact of the foreignness of the subject. The novel properties of the scene in themselves arouse and

challenge the traveller's powers of cognition and expression. But The American Scene is a special instance of the travel genre, comparable to Life on the Mississippi. In each book, the traveller returns to scenes which were originally familiar to him; the present novelty of the subject is qualified by recollection -- which is basically adverse to the pretext of the travel genre. In both The American Scene and Life on the Mississippi the memory associations of the scene are potentially influential, drawing the traveller in where his literary mode requires detachment. But in both cases the tour is made to be ultimately sovereign, and reminiscence subordinate. The issue is one which both Clemens and James treat with interest, for it materially affects the mode of their compositions, which, in turn, reflects the character of their present relation to these sites from the past. Have these places become foreign scenes, accessible to the travel writer's mode?

In his preface, James says that his absence from America has been long enough to give him "time to become almost as 'fresh' as an inquiring stranger" (p. xvii); on this condition the success and character of the subsequent text rests. When he revisits Boston, for instance, he finds that he has truly altered his perspective, to the point where he finds revelations and newsworthiness. These are evidence not simply of the changes undergone by Boston but of his own changed prospect. He comes now as a sightseer, and sights consequently crowd upon him as they never did when he lived in the city. Journey-making brings into focus items which memory had left unnamed and unformulated:

> So many had been the easy things, the contiguous places, the conspicuous objects, to right or left of the path, that had been either unaccountably or all too inevitably left undiscovered, and

> which were to live on, to the inner vision, through the long years, as mere blank faces, round, empty, metallic, senseless discs dangling from familiar and reiterated names. Why, at the same time, one might ask, had the consciousness of irritation from these vain forms not grown greater? Why had the inconvenience, or the disgrace, of early privation become an accepted memory? All, doubtless, in the very interest, precisely, of this eventual belated romance, and so that adventures, even of a minor type, so preposterously postponed should be able to deck themselves at last with a kind of accumulation of freshness (pp. 52-53).

James's earlier, residential experience of Boston produced images that seem now, in the light of revisitation, inadequate and superficial: "mere blank faces, round, empty, metallic, senseless discs dangling from familiar and reiterated names." These places and objects had not been rightly named and their meaning had been left unreckoned. Now, with this present view of Boston, the blank "discs" and meaningless surfaces rise up full of relief and sense. Boston becomes a subject of observation and notation as it was not before, and the change comes about as a result of James's new role as a tourist there. Boston comes to mean more rather than less, divulging heretofore undisclosed aspects and arrangements.

The generic structure of The American Scene is itself a statement of the relocation of James's point of view. Travel commentary always fixes and defines the author's cultural affiliations and perspective, simply by telling the events of the journey: the departure from a familiar, accustomed location, the term abroad in a strange and unfamiliar place, and the return to the place of origin. With its temporal foreshortening, The American Scene omits direct reference to departure and return, but by adhering to the descriptive conventions of travel memoir it makes these events the unspoken frame of the literary occasion: James has come from somewhere else and he will go back there. The form of his commentary at Boston, New York, Newport and other once familiar places, establishes the

fact of the radical transfer in James's life, for the journey now charges these American places with foreignness. Each site assumes a central place as subject, provoking curiosity and requiring exposition. Earlier associations -- the ties of familiarity that would undercut the sense of strangeness and the need to penetrate and explain -- are superseded by the social and cultural connections James has formed in the Old World. As Clemens, in Life on the Mississippi, approached from elsewhere the river once so closely known and thereby produced a travel document, so James comes at American from another place. The travel form of The American Scene makes just such an important statement of the shift in James's point of view: in America, he is a foreigner.[18]

For both Clemens and James, their early migrations away from what later becomes the subject of their travel art are events deeply embedded within their narratives. Concealed as they are, however, they influence travel commentary, for they pose some pertinent questions: is the writer really so remote from his subject that he can make a travel book? What is his place now that he has given up the attachments of his native location? The bipartite structure of Life on the Mississippi accommodates some of the tensions created by the traveller's audacity in revisiting original scenes as a sightseer: the first part of the book is devoted to reminiscences of Clemens' early life on the river but, once the new journey begins, recollection is suppressed. James similarly suppresses most of the memory affiliations which connect him with the American scene. In a few of his observations and judgements, however, are oblique arguments explaining his emigration and the conditions which so drastically removed him from America

as to make him a tourist there. Where he finds the ethos of American society unaccommodating and alienating, he rediscovers the motives of his first journey, away from the New World. American manners are so rude and unmodulated as to make him wonder how a subtle sensibility could withstand such pervasive harassment and diffuse insult:

> no agreeable form of intercourse could survive a day in such an air: so that what is the only relation finding ground there but a necessary vicious circle of gross mutual endurance?
>
> These reflections connect themselves moreover with that most general of [the ingenious inquirer's] restless hauntings in the United States -- not only with the lapse of all wonderment at the immense number of absentees unrestored and making their lives as they may in other countries, but with the preliminary American postulate or basis for any successful accommodation of life. This basis is that of active pecuniary gain and of active pecuniary gain only....what prevails, what sets the tune, is the American scale of gain, more magnificent than any other, and the fact that the whole assumption, the whole story of life, is that of the individual's participation in it, that of his being more or less effectively "squared." To make so much money that you won't, that you don't "mind," don't mind anything -- that is absolutely, I think, the main American formula. Thus your making no money -- or so little that it passes there for none -- and being distinctly reduced to minding, amounts to your being reduced to the knowledge that America is no place for you (pp. 236-37).

Here, where the pronounced American belief in "active pecuniary gain" is the emergent issue, James's original motives for quitting America hover around the margins of the commentary. To introduce them into his discourse would be to give up the objective formalities of his mode, and, more important, to give in to "minding." Once the subject begins to exert these archaic connections, James risks being drawn in and detained.

Throughout, though, he sustains his travel mode, making a strong formal statement of his personal remoteness from his subject, and of his no longer "minding." This is a favourable relationship to America, one which intercedes between James and the alienating effects of American culture. The "main American formula" which promotes a homogeneous mercantile

culture is unaccommodating to a mind without commercial propensities; under these circumstances the resident citizen becomes an alien in his own nation, convinced that America is "no place" for him. The next step is to execute the implications of that conviction, and emigrate. Once James determined the location of a more congenial environment, and established himself there, in Europe, he needed no longer "mind." Having become conclusively domiciled at Rye, James finds the excesses and obsessions of American culture of only academic interest. They are exotic phenomena as foreign to his daily experience as they had always been to his sensibility, and no longer discommoding or threatening. Through emigration, his alienation is converted to a more propitious, manageable and productive detachment, and under the reversible conditions of travel America becomes at last a good place for James to be -- temporarily. The favourable, encouraging connections and relations which eluded him as a citizen become his as a tourist making wide-ranging and independent observations.

The American Scene is the formal proof that his desirable situation has come about. With his travel treatise on America, James demonstrates that he has repositioned himself in relation to his native country. Now he views it from an illuminating position within another cultural frame which provides comparisons that lead to more and more material with which to construct his "true relation" to his subject. His life -- and place -- in Europe establish the positive model from which the negative imprint can be taken. Again and again in America James is struck by the "absence" of certain properties -- of "forms," of churches, of reserves, of "penetralia." Yet these negative scenic quantities neither dismay the traveller nor

check his interest, for they become positive verbal quantities, seized with literary energy.

At the heart of James's impressionability, in which the success of the journey rests, is the test of foreignness. Has America become, for him, exotic enough to generate a travel text? Or, more to the point, is James now firmly enough connected with the Old World to become a true traveller in the New? The confirmation that James is now, as far as possible, expatriated arrives with the generic purity of the text. Scene is always subject, begging exposition and analysis. The reversal has been achieved, James's journeys now originate in the Old World, and America has become a foreign land:

> It was Europe that had, in very ancient days, held out to the yearning young American some likelihood of impressions more numerous and various and of a higher intensity than those he might gather in the native scene; and it was doubtless in conformity with some such desire more finely and frequently to vibrate that he had originally begun to consult the European oracle. This had led, in the event, to his settling to live for long years in the very precincts, as it were, of the temple; so that the voice of the divinity was finally to become, in his ears, of all sounds the most familiar. It was quite to lose its primal note of mystery, to cease little by little to be strange, impressive and august -- in the degree, at any rate, in which it had once enjoyed that character. The consultation of the oracle, in a word, the invocation of the possible thrill, was gradually to feel its romantic essence enfeebled, shrunken and spent.... Romance and mystery -- in other words the amusement of interest -- would have therefore at last to provide for themselves elsewhere; and what curiously befell, in time, was that the native, the forsaken scene, now passing, as continual rumour had it, through a thousand stages and changes, and offering a perfect iridescence of fresh aspects, seemed more and more to appeal to the faculty of wonder (pp. 365-66).

The site of high interest and sensation has, for James, shifted, indicating that "romantic essence" and "fresh aspects" are relative properties, bred by the relation of the artist to his subject. His "desire more finely and frequently to vibrate" led once to his journey to the Old World; now

the same impulse to exert his mind has brought him to America.

For America to acquire beauty and "iridescence" for James, it must become the "elsewhere." Far less exigent was the test to which Europe was put by the young man eager for palpitant experience, for America holds those latent claims of familiarity which obscure essences and reveal only the nondescript. Especially obfuscating and cloying are those aspects of America from which James once deliberately extricated himself by emigration. Can the "main American formula" of universal material increment now be handled and reckoned with impunity, as a abstraction which James contacts only on a literary plane? Does he now not "mind"? The rhetorical methods by which James establishes platonic relations with America are all calculated to elaborate on the distance that now separates him from his subject: he reconstructs experience always with a view to formulating type and to disembodying particulars that they may contribute to generalization. He engages in colloquy with houses, elms, hotels, and seasonal airs, personifying these components of the American scene in lieu of conferring with or consulting Americans. In reporting the development of his impressions, he eschews the first person and resorts to the third person, calling himself "the restless analyst," "the ingenious inquirer," "the ancient contemplative person." Not "minding" is rhetorically corroborated by these devices which at once distance James from his subject and connect him with it on his own terms. For James, the adventure of the travel project is more acute than it is for the wholly unimplicated traveller: to respond to the assimilative energies of the American scene would be to encounter the alienation of other times and to discredit the success and finality of his relocation in Europe.

James becomes a tourist at home and America is made, in The American Scene, to be a foreign land.

Notes

Chapter 8

[1] They have been most recently collected as Mark Twain's Letters from Hawaii (Honolulu: Univ. of Hawaii Press, 1975); henceforth I will refer to them by this title, and references in the text will be to this edition. Clemens' third travel composition, Roughing It, treats experiences predating the Polynesian sojourn. The travels which supply material for that book were undertaken without overt literary intention -- with the exception, that is, of the last chapters, which re-work the Hawaiian experience. For various reasons, Roughing It does not really seem to be a travel book. In his chapter on "'Starchy' Travel Books" in The Art of Mark Twain (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1976), William M. Gibson calls it a "picaresque narrative" (p. 36) and a "splendid anthology of anecdotes and tales" (p. 48). Roughing It is certainly picaresque in that itinerary is subordinate to episode as a structural device, and in that there is little sense of geographical advance in the narrative. The western setting is important, but revealed through social anecdotes rather than directly, through exposition. Also, the book has an autobiographical emphasis that Letters from Hawaii and Innocents Abroad do not have. But perhaps the most telling distinction is that, in Roughing It, there is much less of the burlesque and parody of travel narrative conventions which abound in the Hawaiian and European books. At this stage in his career, Clemens almost automatically

parodied the travel form when he used it; that there is little of this parody in Roughing It argues that it is not composed in the travel form.

[2] Samuel Clemens, The Innocents Abroad or the New Pilgrims' Progress (New York: Signet, 1966), p. 24. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[3] Edgar J. Burde, in a recent article on "Mark Twain: The Writer as Pilot," PMLA, 93 (1978), makes an excellent case for the idea that Clemens felt lifelong anxieties in regard to piloting and river travel. Clemens, says Burde, was in fact an extremely cautious, even "timid" pilot and dreaded the risks involved in his profession: "In an 1881 notebook entry Clemens revealed that he had long-standing and recurrent nightmares about sinking a steamboat. He feared the river" (p. 879). Burde finds the last two-thirds of the book especially uninspired in areas where Clemens consults secondary sources and resorts to compilation.

[4] Samuel Clemens, Life on the Mississippi (New York: Bantam, 1976), p. 1. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[5] Clemens' recollections of river life appeared serially in the Atlantic beginning in January 1875.

[6] With Clemens, Howells and James (who also started his travel writing career as a correspondent, dispatching notices of New England and Canada to the Nation) we begin to see the importance of the periodical as a medium in travel writing. Newspaper journalism seems to have provided a last revitalization of the genre and, in a way, it reaffirmed an original rhetorical principle of a genre which established a flow of information from foreign places to a domestic audience. But this final epoch of the genre's vitality was short-lived: in The Portrait of a Lady

(1881) James's characterization of Henrietta Stackpole already shows the practice turning in on itself as the lady correspondent, whose business it is to fill home columns with expressions of the American point of view in Europe, finds her mode limiting, and calculated to serve her readers' preconceptions rather than her subject.

[7] Venetian Life was immensely popular and was reissued more than twenty times. For data on Howells' travels and travel publications I am indebted to Rudolf and Clara Kirk's William Dean Howells (New York: Grosset and Dunlop, 1962), which takes careful account of Howells' comings and goings, and of the documents resulting from his mobility.

[8] Both Clemens and Howells reverted to European material for later travel writing. Clemens' A Tramp Abroad (1880) reports experiences in Germany and Italy. Howells published Tuscan Cities in 1886, having revisited Italy in 1883. Late in his career, after a holiday in England in 1904, he recorded his impressions in London Films (1906) and Certain Delightful English Towns (1906); he described his 1907-08 excursion to Italy in Roman Holidays and Others (1908).

[9] William Dean Howells, Venetian Life (London: Constable, 1907), p. xviii. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[10] William Dean Howells, Italian Journeys (London: Heinemann, 1901), pp. v-vi.

[11] Their Wedding Journey was not Howells' first application of the narrative principles of travel writing to the American subject. His Suburban Sketches (1869) describes the author's findings during a series of pedestrian excursions through the outskirts of Cambridge. His use of

the sightseer's mode in this case may suggest that, even after notable professional success in Boston, Howells felt himself still something of a tourist, or alien, there.

[12] William Dean Howells, Their Wedding Journey (Cambridge: Riverside, 1894), p. 1. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[13] William Dean Howells, A Chance Acquaintance (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1873), pp. 77-78. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[14] Henry James, The Art of Travel, ed. Morton Zabel (New York: Doubleday, 1958), p. 89.

[15] Henry James, The American Scene (New York: Horizon Press, 1967), p. xviii. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[16] James's style of tourism may have something in common with the constructive perceptions of the characters in his ghost stories, who manipulate and work appearances until an immanent presence is rendered. In each case, James's prose hovers around an intuition or an obscured essence, surrounding and enveloping it, approaching ever closer to the nucleus of the impression until it is finally worded -- or nearly so.

[17] In "The Continuing Relevance of Henry James' The American Scene (Criticism, 13, No. 2 1971 , 151-65), William F. Hall distinguishes between the two principle epithets James introduces to represent himself in the third person: "the ancient contemplative person" and "the restless analyst." While the "ancient contemplative person" revisits scenes from

the past and penetrates picturesqueness, it is the "restless analyst," says Hall, who surveys the new America, skimming the slippery surfaces of modern life and finding no sure footing. Hall's observations rightly emphasize the restlessness and uneasiness James feels in regard to the more recent developments in American culture, and his desire to be on his way.

[18] In his chapters on The American Scene in The Grasping Imagination: The American Writings of Henry James (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1970), Peter Buitenhuis points out that changes in America were as important as changes in James himself in arousing feelings of alienation in the returning expatriate. Large-scale and virtually uncontrolled immigration was the aspect of turn-of-the-century America which most deeply impressed and challenged James: "He seemed to take the flood of immigrants almost as a personal affront. No doubt they did add to the sense of dislocation and dispossession he had expressed as soon as his ship docked in the United States" (p. 190).

## Chapter 9

## Late-Coming: Frederick Philip Grove

While Clemens, Howells and James described their comings and goings in important literary compositions, Canadian travel narrative showed no comparable activity in the last half of the nineteenth century. However, in the first part of the twentieth century some signs of at least a superficially parallel literature appeared. Sara Jeannette Duncan (whose own expatriation from her Canadian homeland could be compared to James's from America[1]) wrote, as well as travel sketches, fiction treating the experiences of North Americans visiting Europe. Her novel The Imperialist (1904) has as a focal element of its plot the journey of the Canadian protagonist to London and it deals with some of the psychological and social consequences of his foreign experience. And Duncan's Cousin Cinderella: A Canadian Girl in London (1908) describes, in the manner of James's early international fiction, the London sojourn of Mary Trent, a well-to-do Ontario girl travelling with her brother.[2] Central to this narrative are the comparison-making and social commentary brought about by travel. The comparisons are complicated by the fact that three national identities must be adjudicated: Canadians are identified not only be the differences which distinguish them from the English but also by those which distinguish them from Americans. In London, the Trents are often in the company of an American friend who makes her way in English society

with showy success. In contrast, the Trents hover around the edges of aristocratic circles for the first months of their stay, only to be finally assimilated more conclusively than their American friend ever can be. The American explains, with literary as well as social insight, the factors which lead to their different experiences of English life: "'I expect Canadians are something new over here -- that's what it is. Americans were new once, and frequented Bloomsbury boarding-houses and brought introductions from Emerson and Thoreau, and wrote their experiences afterwards in the magazines. Now you are.'"[3] She adds: "'You haven't become foreigners yet.'" Her measure of the matter nearly corresponds to the scheme of generic development in travel narrative: in the United States, Washington Irving's Sketch Book in 1819 began to reverse the original east-west currents of literary travel; in Canada the reversal did not appear until the twentieth century. It was then that Canadian writers perhaps began to feel themselves sufficiently "foreigners" in Britain to consider a literary analysis of the distinctions between their own culture and that of the seat of Empire.

Henry James has a Canadian counterpart in Sara Jeannette Duncan, and Samuel Clemens has one in Stephen Leacock. In attitude, tone and argument, Leacock's My Discovery of England (1922), a random account of his lecture tour in that country, has so much in common with Innocents Abroad that one suspects a direct literary influence. The first chapters of My Discovery of England are devoted almost entirely to exposing the obsolescence of travel writing industry and to exaggerating the numerousness of trans-Atlantic travel authors. Under these literary circumstances, the ocean passage itself warrants no report whatsoever: "I pass over the details of

my pleasant voyage from New York to Liverpool. During the last fifty years so many travellers have made the voyage across the Atlantic that it is now impossible to obtain any impressions of the ocean of the slightest commercial value."[4] Leacock's criticisms of the genre are identical to Clemens': the whole subject of travel has been ludicrously over-written. (Leacock describes himself as travelling on a non-commission from the National Geographic Society; in effect, he makes an anti-document out of his journey.) Almost all the expositional content of the text is burlesque, and the comparisons Leacock makes between the New World and the Old are parodies of serious analyses of foreign manners.[5]

Leacock's later, Canadian travel book, My Discovery of the West (1937), announces a continuing dissatisfaction with the genre: "all travel-writing, and travel-pictures in books are worn out and belong to a past age....It is no longer possible to tell anybody anything new about anywhere."[6] In spite of this outright declaration against the genre, however, Leacock does more serious travel writing in this volume than he does in My Discovery of England. In My Discovery of the West narrative sticks to itinerary (which was abandoned soon after disembarkation in the English book) as Leacock makes his way across the continent to the Pacific. Compendious data on demography, resources and industry are joined to the linear sequence, along with lengthy arguments on settlement, trade and monetary policy. Like Clemens on the Upper River, Leacock expresses an ingenuous interest in local statistics. And, again like Clemens on his tour of the Mississippi regions, Leacock on his Canadian tour proceeds in an appreciative awareness of those who have gone before, referring frequently to the progress of early travellers whose ancient routes his

own itinerary intersects. These references do more than merely ornament the text for Leacock shares the vision of New World explorers. Like Jonathan Carver, he postulates untold riches in territories lying beyond his route, as well as accounting for the products of the regions he does visit. Delighted with tabulations of abundance, he projects an Arctic plenitude: "it is likely that all the world's metals, and enough of them will be found in our frozen treasure house of the North" (p. 99). John Galt and his Bogle Corbet (1831) provide another set of literary precedents, overtly acknowledged by Leacock in his admiration for the effectiveness of Galt's Canada Company in regularizing nineteenth-century immigration. As Galt expatiated on immigration policy in Bogle Corbet, so does Leacock present his own elaborate settlement schemes for the twentieth century.

In many ways, My Discovery of the West seems a rather belated book, harkening back to some venerable principles of North American travel narrative. Comparisons with Jonathan Carver are not spurious. Carver came to see the conquest and consolidation of large territories as largely a verbal matter: prose description and notation began the process of assimilating new regions into a central cultural and economic structure. In the 1930's, nearly two centuries after Carver's progress into the hinterland, Leacock obeys a similar impulse in seeking to unify and organize his ideas of Canada by drawing them all into a single, descriptive text. Parts of Canada -- British Columbia, in particular -- have a decided aspect of foreignness to him but exotic qualities are superseded by his vision of political federation and economic coherence. In the text, the idea of federation is expressed argumentatively through dis-

cursive exposition, and expressed formally by the logic of a journey narrative which strings together a sequence of often startlingly disparate sites. Even in the twentieth century, Canada still invited this kind of narrative traversal.

Stephen Leacock and Sara Jeannette Duncan supply some grounds on which to compare the Canadian tradition with the American. We find, for one thing, that Leacock's tour across the continent has, ideologically, as much in common with eighteenth-century American patterns in travel narrative as it has with those of the nineteenth century. In both Duncan's and Leacock's view of New World citizens reconnoitering in in the Old are elements corresponding to ideas of major American writers. But in Canada the Jamesian "international" idea never took deep root, and the east-to-west current of traffic prevailed. Its last -- or latest -- large figuration in Canadian literature comes to us in the travels and writings of Frederick Philip Grove.

Incorporated in Grove's life and art are the cultural principles and literary values evident in the careers of New World journey-makers of the two preceeding centuries. Grove's emigration from Germany and his nearly life-long wanderings produced both the conflict and inspiration we can now recognize as inherent in certain travel situations: his transportation left him feeling socially disoriented and discounted; his documentary art went towards relieving feelings of degradation by recovering and perpetuating a verbal, cultural connection with the world he left behind. For Grove, however, the project of making and maintaining those cultural connections required more than a direct address to the sympathetic European audience from which he had been separated, for he could not be sure that even that community would be attending to his

pronouncements. Through his art, Grove had to laboriously reconstruct, with some ingenious fictions, his point of origin.

It is Grove's travel art and not his fiction that interests us here. But once having defined the area of our interest, we find it no easy matter to isolate his travel narrative from his fiction. In his oeuvre only one book, Over Prairie Trails (1922), stands unequivocally in the documentary vein; even its sequel, The Turn of the Year (1923), includes fragmentary fictions (which Grove calls "vignettes") among sketches of country life and bicycle journeys. But The Turn of Year is a simple case compared to Grove's In Search of Myself (1946), his long autobiographical account of his wanderings in Europe and North America. That book, long taken as a reliable record of Grove's origins and career, was exposed in the early 1970's by Douglas Spettigue as a curious concoction of factual data and self-aggrandizing fantasy.[7] Exploiting documentary form, engaging in social commentary and philosophical excursus, Grove described his actual and imagined journeys in such a way as to convince his audience of the truth of his account. In this Grove participated in one of the tributary traditions of travel writing: he perpetrated a hoax. Like the author of Zeno's voyages in the sixteenth century, he used the narrative sequence of itinerancy, mixing fact with unverifiable fantasies, to develop a series of events each of which contributed to the prestige of the travelling protagonist. And, like the Zeno chronicler, he evaded the stricter responsibilities of the reliable travel narrator by making only general references to time and place once fantasy preempted fact: the passage of months and years is only generally remarked and

and destinations are reported with offhand carelessness. For instance, after Grove's expedition across Siberia -- an expedition he never made -- he tells of returning to Europe by a southern route: "There followed the long voyage home, via Java, the ports of the Malay Peninsula, two or three Indian cities, the Red Sea, and the familiar Mediterranean."[8] To the experienced reader of truthful accounts of travel, there is a tell-tale vagueness about this report ("two or three Indian cities"!), particularly if it is compared to the minute specificity of Grove's authentic travel writing in Over Prairie Trails and The Turn of the Year. But his purpose was served by representing these fictions as veracious documentation. Just as Zeno's "Discoverie" made its way into Hakluyt's first collection, Grove's narrative was published as fact and accepted as such.[9] He acquired personal credit for the adventures described therein, as he would not have had he published his fantasies in a novelistic structure. With his pseudo-documentary composition and the credulity of his audience, he drew his imagined self out of mind and into the real world.

Although In Search of Myself relies for its shape and meaning on the event of Grove's move from the Old World to the New, it must be classified generically as autobiography rather than travel narrative. Scene and location are generally of less consequence that the career and personality of the narrator, and he is more a hero than an expositor. However, the book has so much in common with Frances Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans, Susanna Moodie's Roughing It in the Bush and John Richardson's Eight Years in Canada that it must be admitted to the long tradition of North American travel writing in the attitudes it promotes and the vision it embodies. Its fictional components are all rhetorical elaborations on

Grove's feelings of displacement and alienation -- feelings which Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope expressed vigorously in their writings about North America. Like Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope, Grove felt demeaned and degraded in North America, unacknowledged and even despised. Like them, he resorted to long expositional narrative to redress the offense and recover his status. Unlike them, however, he felt no conclusive connection with a clearly identifiable audience sympathetic to his argument. Grove's ties with the Old World were ambiguous, tortuous and attenuated.

In order to discuss In Search of Myself it is necessary to consider first the book which in form and content is its precursor, Grove's A Search for America (1927). The shaping event of each narrative is identical: the relocation of the narrator from Europe to America. In both cases, the move is precipitated by and associated with loss of caste. In A Search for America the story is presented in such a way as to be overtly novelistic and fictional and covertly factual; in In Search of Myself the reverse is true. A Search for America tells of a young man's loss of fortune and prospect in Europe, his consequent emigration to Canada, and his travels and adventures in the United States. Having enjoyed a youth of cultural refinement and careless self-indulgence, the hero, Phil Branden, is told by his father that the economic basis for his life of elegant ease has vanished. His fortune gone, Branden loses social status: his former companions reject him and he fails to secure preferment when he appeals to acquaintances in official positions. Shut out from his accustomed life, Branden embarks for the New World.

In many respects, his situation is a familiar one. Like Susanna Moodie, rather than endure a déclassé destiny at home, he sets out reluctantly to

repair his fortunes. In her introduction to the first edition of Roughing It in the Bush, Mrs. Moodie writes about the social circumstances connected with this kind of travel: "In most instances, emigration is a matter of necessity, not of choice; and this is more especially true of the emigration of persons of respectable connections, or of any station or position in the world. Few educated persons, accustomed to the refinements and luxuries of European society, ever willingly relinquish those advantages, and place themselves beyond the protective influence of the wise and revered institutions of their native land, without the pressure of some urgent cause" (p. xv). Grove represents Branden's "connections" as having been at least "respectable" -- indeed, as nearly illustrious -- and his station as eminent for so young a man. His educated mentality, he suggests, amounts to genius, and his habituation to the "refinements and luxuries of European society" is profound. His emigration is then, in Mrs. Moodie's terms, a drastic occurrence, and scarcely has Phil Branden disembarked when he becomes aware of having travelled far beyond the "protection" of European social structure. Aboard a train heading for Toronto, he is addressed by a fellow passenger as "'me boy.'" Branden is taken aback: "Imagine him calling me 'boy' -- me who had been rubbing elbows with dukes and lords."[10] His experience is not unprecedented. Mrs. Moodie suffered being called "woman" by her neighbours at Cobourg and, worse, Mrs. Trollope was addressed as "old woman" in Cincinnati. For Branden, as for Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope, this superficial instance of North American manners is a token of a deeper phenomenon of social insubordination. There is more to it than learning to tolerate informal address, for all Branden's mental and cultural assets are called into question in his social transactions in North America. As he continues in conversation with the friendly fellow-

passenger he feels he must conceal rather than declare his accomplishments: "Somehow I did not like to tell him that I was a linquist, that I had been deep in studies of classical archeology. I was afraid I might sink too low in his estimation by admitting scholarly propensities" (p. 22). This is Branden's first encounter with the inversion of the social standards he has known: what in Europe distinguished and furthered him, in America diminishes and impedes him. His education counts for nothing -- or less than nothing, for he comes to believe that it is a negative attribute in the New World, incurring the mistrust and loathing of North Americans. He enters into an anomic phase of severe isolation and disorientation:

> I had stepped from what I could not help regarding as a well-ordered, comfortable environment into what had upon me the effect of an utter chaos. For the moment all human contact was non-existent. I felt that not only had I to learn a great many things, the social connections of a world entirely different from the world I knew, for instance; but I also had laboriously to tear down or at least to submerge what I had built up before -- my tastes, inclinations, interests. My everyday conversation had so far been about books, pictures, scientific research. Not a word had I heard or spoken about these things since I had set foot on the liner which took me across the Atlantic (p. 39).

Two crucial consequences of Branden's transportation are evident. First, anonymity befalls him. His European identity is now obsolete; in America no one knows him (he is only "boy") and to merely survive he must "tear down" or "submerge" the temperament and mentality which had formerly identified him (he was a linguist and archeologist). Second, and most important from a literary point of view, he enters into a regime of silence. Not a word is "heard or spoken" of what had been his accustomed intercourse with his fellow creatures.

The first two sections of the narrative -- "The Descent" and "The Relapse" -- describe Branden's employment as a waiter and a book-pedlar and his attempts to get on in an ordinary way in America. In both

sections his anonymity and reticence are factors of increasing importance. In the third section, "The Depths," they are enacted as the definitive figure of his American experience. Branden becomes a tramp, passing into a social void and becoming in every detail a homeless alien discovering a vast continent. He acts out his alienation, setting off on foot in a westward direction: "I have left the society of man. I am an outcast.... I am alone; I stand against the world" (p. 229). The silence that now descends upon him is complete. He avoids even the simplest contact with other men, skirting the verge of settlements and cities. The qualified reticence which he remarked of his trans-Atlantic voyage becomes absolute as he is "silent for days and days at a stretch" (p. 232). Within this extreme design of isolation, silence becomes a tolerable aspect of his alienation: "I established a mood which eliminated the feeling of loneliness. It may have been because I got used to being alone. That terrible need for communication, for imparting to others what I garnered in impressions, moods, thoughts was on the wane" (p. 236). Itinerancy seems to justify or rationalize the silence in Branden's life. As a wanderer, he cannot or will not establish the social relations which generate talk. Like Frances Trollope, whose copious opinions and ideas were stopped-up during her North American sojourn, Branden gets used to verbal suppression.

But it is not strictly true that the traveller was freed of the "terrible need for communication." In In Search of Myself Grove describes the composition of the Phil Branden narrative: "in 1893, at the end of the year, I settled down to write the story of what I had lived through since August, 1892. The result was a manuscript of, at a conservative

estimate, between five and six hundred thousand words which I called A Search for America" (p. 181). Grove's dating is false but his idea about writing is heartfelt: what was not expressible in social intercourse was imparted, in a flood of garrulousness, in a literary form. When the time came for speaking out, Grove compensated a thousandfold for the verbal restrictions of life in the New World. And it is not only the condition of silence which is redressed by literary activity but also that of anonymity. With his two long narratives about his departure from Europe and his wanderings in North America, Grove made up for the lack of social recognition by publishing the details of his identity.

At this point, we must face the problems of Grove's self-misrepresentation. Spettigue's inspired researches into Grove's European past revealed an impoverished, irregular background which was a far cry from the opulent origins outlined in A Search for America and constructed in detail in In Search of Myself. It is nearly impossible to classify conclusively Grove's social provenance: he came from agrarian stock, but before he was two years old his parents had left the land and settled in Hamburg, where his father found humble employment with the civic transit authority. As a civil servant, Grove's father gave his family some claim to lower middle-class status, but they cannot be called solidly petit-bourgeois, so minor was the father's official stations as a tram conductor and ticket collector. As a schoolboy, Grove developed serious scholarly ambitions, and in his later school years he consorted with the children of families of higher social class. Over a period of two or three years during his young manhood he studied intermittently at German universities, but never acquired a bachelor's degree. He worked furiously to ingratiate himself with the literati, received some modest recognition for his poetry

and translations, but finally failed to secure the regard of the intelligentsia. Out of this confusion of social influences and aspirations comes a sense of Grove's ultimate classlessness and of his having been socially up-rooted by his ambitions long before he left for Canada. Of one thing we can be sure: Grove -- or Felix Paul Greve, as Spettigue discovered him to have been -- had little to do with "dukes and lords." Grove was no affluent gadabout but a rather seedy translator, poet and novelist, eventually imprisoned for debt and fraud. It was this sordid indebtedness, not the loss of a magnificent fortune, which led to his emigration. Spettigue reckons that Grove didn't arrive in America until 1909 -- fifteen years later than he claimed. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this tangled web of subterfuge is the credulity of Grove's Canadian audience: partly through appealing to common fantasies of exalted lineage and lost birthright, and partly through employing the structural principles of documentary narrative and travel commentary, Grove was accepted as the man he wanted to be. Melville, too, found his narrative of his sojourn in the Typee valley fully credited, his expositonal authority authenticating his fictional extrapolations on actual events: he became "the man who had lived among the cannibals." But Melville's intentions were different from Grove's, having none of the social motives of Grove's pseudo-documentaries. Grove was creating credentials for himself, using narrative to supply the lack of official documents -- birth certificate, diploma, passport -- which would have described his origins, assets and travels.

In his "Prologue" to <u>In Search of Myself</u> Grove describes the occasion of the book. His feelings of professional failure as a writer have been crystallized, he says, by a previous evening's conversation with a librarian

friend who showed him a newly published biography of a "Frenchman, still living, who in my early days had been one of my intimates" (p. 3). The success and fame of this former intimate (whose identity is only vaguely delineated but who is taken to be André Gide) throws into relief Grove's own failure to win a reputation. At the same time, his resurgent recollections of the days when he consorted with "generals," "aristocrats" and "venerable professors" contrast dismally with his immediate experience. On this day, he is out to fetch from a derelict farm a girl to work as a "household drudge" in his own "ramshackle" house. He has time to contemplate his drear destiny, for his car gets stuck in the mud, and he must wait for the locals to come out to him while he bleats his horn to attract their attention. His own obscurity is further exaggerated when he compares it to the prominent achievements of the coterie of which he claims to have been a member: "of that group there was not one, except myself, who, that day, was not known beyond the confines of his country" (p. 10).

Grove implies that had he not relocated himself in the New World he would have found recognition equivalent to that of the luminaries with whom he says he was once on equal terms. The audience unavailable in Canada would have been his in Europe. Yet all is not lost, for he can still address the issue of his demoralizing anonymity and, further, redress the social insult visited upon him by North American culture (most surely indicated by this present, muddy predicament). He can speak out, through his art: "If I could explain, to someone, why I had failed, the explanation might more than compensate for the failure to have made myself heard so far. Could I explain it? I did not know. I saw the reasons clearly enough. I must try. And 'to someone?' To whom? To whom but my

friend the young Frenchman who was now a man of seventy or more" (p. 11). Grove identifies his audience, imaginatively, as European. This long talk -- the "explanation" -- now uttered after years of obscurity and silence, will be addressed to the sympathetic interlocutor from whom his travels have separated him, not to the uncomprehending Canadians who have so far failed to provide a proper audience. And, as he says, the explanation "might more than compensate" for the years of being unheard. Being unheard and unacknowledged is, in fact, an inspiring pattern of experience in A Search for America and In Search of Myself. The lack of sympathetic, encouraging social relations leads to literary work. Indeed, the prevalence of negative and antipathetic cultural factors becomes a motive for art. Much later in In Search of Myself, when his attempts to establish himself in the regular network of Canadian life meet only ambiguous result, Grove feels again the "terrible need" to communicate; he wants to write: "the less congenial my surroundings became, the more insistently did my old aims and aspirations try to raise their buried heads...." (p. 295).

In trying to "explain" the significance of his late feelings of failure and isolation (after more than thirty years in Canada) Grove constructs an elaborate European background to his Canadian life. He describes an intimate bond with a brilliant mother and an adversarial relationship with a wealthy but spendthrift father.[11] Essential to his representation of his European past are ideas of sumptuous security: his magnificent home, "Castle Thurow," is a "world in itself." And even when young Grove is away from home, on his continental travels, he is part of a clearly recognizable community, attached as he is to his admired and well-known mother: "No matter where my mother went, she dropped automatically

into milieus where it established a higher claim to attention and even distinction to have written a notable book, to have painted an enduring picture, to have carved a fascinating statue than to have amassed wealth or even to have ruled nations" (p. 83). As he grows up, Grove acquires his own social credentials and they are comparable to his mother's: "I had a talent for forming the centre of certain groups....I don't know what it was that gave me this power of forming a nucleus of crystallization; I only knew I had it" (p. 116). Certainly, these elements of the narrative -- the "world in itself" of the boyhood home, the "milieus" in every city, the "certain groups" of which Grove is the "nucleus" -- establish a sense of social coherence in Grove's early life. This coherence fractures in the relocation to North America.

In the Canadian west there are no "milieus," and social standards for community membership are opposite to those attributed to the European circles Grove knew: wealth and political power carry the day. And if Grove once had a talent for being a "nucleus," he lost it in the New World, where he seems to have repelled rather than attracted social particles. Even when he leaves off itinerant labouring and takes up a pedagogical career, he remains socially isolated, demonstrating an amazing resistance to assimilation. As principal of the Winkler school in Manitoba he finds that "any sort of social life simply did not exist for me. Even as a farm-hand I had...had more human contacts...." (p. 273). When he marries, he draws his wife into the void: at Gladstone, "socially, we lived, apart from the Anglican minister's family, in as complete an isolation as at Winkler" (p. 291). Although Grove repeatedly expresses feelings of profound attachment to Manitoba, the record of his life there discovers an inexorable itinerancy.

Frances Trollope found extraordinary difficulty in making herself understood by citizens of the republic, and Grove, too, finds himself incommunicado in the Canadian west. Mrs. Trollope says she has had less trouble in communicating with non-English speakers than in explaining herself to Americans, and, significantly, Grove describes his own similar social predicament in a linguistic conceit. He writes: "I felt an exile. I was an exile. I did not live among people of my own kind; among people who, metaphorically, spoke my language...." (p. 235). During the Great War, the people of Gladstone become suspicious of Grove's foreign origins and he despairs at the possibility of declaring his special kind of allegiance to Canada: "what could the people of Gladstone know about that? Could I even try to explain it to them? I should have had to speak an English to them as foreign as, let me say Czech. I had not even published any one of my books" (p. 292).

"Language" here becomes a pivotal device. On the one hand, it figures the regime of silence Grove suffered in his emigration and his separation from the cultural community where his codes of expression were understood. It reminds us of the linguistic isolation endured by the alien traveller in a foreign land. On the other hand, it leads directly to the idea of a specialized, literary use of this alien tongue, as the final sentence in the last-quoted passage shows. With writing and publication come feelings of membership in some cultural and linguistic community -- remote or near. Grove's failure first to publish and then to find a continuously responsive audience is the strongest signal of the extremity and hopelessness of his alienation. If he could resort to the knowledge that his language and "explanation" are intelligible and heeded in another place, he could well

withstand the hostility of the communities where he more or less temporarily resides. He could rely, as Susanna Moodie did, on the long-distance social connections brough about by publication.

But unlike Susanna Moodie, or Frances Trollope, Grove had recourse to no reliable audience or social group abroad. As Spettigue has shown, Grove even in Europe existed on the dim margins of respectable society. The few social ties which endured during the final period of his European life were negative ones, and he cut them decisively with his flight. One of the most impressive statements of both A Search for America and In Search of Myself is of the extraordinary isolation of the emigrant narrators, for Grove had no residual connections with Europe. There was no one in his life to figure actually as the sympathetic recipient of letters-home, and no definable social group with which he could whole-heartedly identify and which could figure rhetorically as an audience. As a consequence, all the components of authorial identity and social origin which are understood in Roughing It in the Bush and Domestic Manners of the Americans must be spelled out in lavish detail in In Search of Myself, and systematically fabricated out of the ruins of Grove's former aspirations. In lieu of positive social attachments to a European cultural milieu, Grove turns to fantasy to substantiate his feelings of having once belonged to a coherent community. So then is his relationship to the distant audience postulated in the "Prologue" a fantasy, too, but a functional one rhetorically, for it yields the formal occasion of his narrative.

Grove argues, through In Search of Myself, that his own failure to find a more immediate audience is a corollary of the immaturity of Canadian culture. Even late in his career, he says, he underestimated "the capacious

dearth of mature judgment and sure taste in Canadian readers" (p. 407). The modest international success he attributes to his work ("I knew that my books stood on the shelves of great European libraries, in the British Museum, in the state library of Berlin; among the antipodes at Canberra") has no currency in Canada. The distant librarians and arbiters who have accepted Grove's work have no authority in Canada: "they were so-called intellectuals; and in Canada, so far, intellectuals counted for nothing. Intellectually, Canada is a chaos; the light has not yet been divided from the darkness" (p. 426). Like John Richardson, who desired the adulation of a reverent audience almost as much as Grove did and who was also overtaken by poverty and obscurity, Grove laments the failure of Canada to acknowledge its artists. His grievances ultimately focus on the failure of the Canadian socio-economic structure to accommodate a class of citizens unimplicated in the material economy of the community. His long disquisition, near the end of In Search of Myself, on the importance of "leisure" to cultural advance, is an attack on the conditions which led to his own feelings of social and economic classlessness.[12] Often in Grove's autobiographical writing, audience and income are equivalent principles; his inability to secure either are indications of his social displacement in North America. Like Susanna Moodie, Frances Trollope and John Richardson, Grove failed to get on economically in the New World. His art, like theirs, reflects his resentment at the ignominy he suffered at the hands of a culture structured on the principle of what James called "active pecuniary gain."

The parallels between Grove's career and Richardson's can take us further. Settled in a village in Upper Canada, Richardson felt that he

was being buried alive. Immobilized there, snared by financial attachments, Richardson saw in his residence morbid intimations; his morose depression was relieved only by his irritation at local manners and his yearning for a more hospitable milieu. Similarly, Grove at the end of his life settled at Simcoe, Ontario, and committed himself through mortgage and other indebtedness to permanent residence. The situation aroused in him attitudes comparable to Richardson's: anxious feelings of powerlessness and demise, as well as expostulations against the indifference shown him by the Canadian community. But unlike Richardson, who finally sold up and moved on, Grove would travel no more. He lived his last years at Simcoe, and died there, although not without first expressing his desire to be on his way again. Remebering his earlier wanderings, he writes: "If there were no responsibilities involved, I should gladly leave the place I live in and join the army of those who are on the road; and if, as it would be bound to do, such a course, at my age, led to my physical breakdown, I sould still take a savage sort of satisfaction out of the fact that I should 'crack up' by the side of the trail, by way of a protest against what we call civilization. I apologize for the vehemence and vulgarity of the expression; but only vehement and vulgar expressions are at all adequate to the case" (p. 449). Within a scheme of perpetual itinerancy, Grove's feelings of alienation have significance: his death would be a "protest" and public statement. Within a confining network of economic attachments, he faces all the social indications of his failure and powerlessness; his preoccupation with debt suggests a recurrence of the desperation which led to his flight from Germany. Yet even in the face of this demoralizing permanence, Grove can get up to his old tricks, evident in this passage where, with the punctiliousness of his diction,

he draws attention to the linguistic distinction between himself and the community. "'Crack up'" seems idiomatically inoffensive but Grove not only disclaims his part in its currency but uses the phrase as if it were a foreign coinage. At the same time, his travel and autobiographical writings are peppered with Greek and Latin phrases, as well as scientific designations which receive no isolating quotation marks. By persevering in his use of diction that is often conspicuously learned or expert, he maintains the linguistic barrier between himself and his uncomprehending audience. Part of the meaning of his writings comes from his use of an elevated idiom. He thus expresses his membership in a specific linguistic community, and, conversely, his alienation from local usages.

In Search of Myself is a product of inauspicious residence; Over Prairie Trails a product of propitious itinerancy. The differences between the two books can be measured in terms of their disparate occasions. In Search of Myself is a compensatory composition. As an "explanation" it makes up for the anonymity and degradation Grove experienced in North America and presents a highly ornamented version of his European past, by way of supplying the social identity and class membership he did not find in Canada. In this respect In Search of Myself is a rhetorically successful text. Its success is demonstrated not only by the credulity Grove's readers but as well by the numerous reiterations of this fabricated biography in commentary on Grove's work. Right into the 1970's, until Spettigue's researches began to receive wide attention, critics repeated the story of eminent beginnings in Europe, finding it, perhaps, especially appropriate to some current ideas about the neglect of art and artists in Canada.[13] Once launched in a documentary form, Grove's fictions about himself made their way into the stock of informational writing.

Stationed permanently at Simcoe, with no hope of escape through renewed travel, Grove resorted to fantasy to explain his alienation. On the road, however, in the period described in Over Prairie Trails, the actual form of Grove's life accounted for his attitude of detachment. Documentary art, virtually without fictional elaboration, fully expressed his view of himself and his environment. In In Search of Myself he describes this interval when domestic arrangements necessitated -- or invited -- weekly travels as the "happiest year of our lives" (p. 319) and Over Prairie Trails as an "inspired book" (p. 442).

The occasion of Over Prairie Trails -- so fitting to Grove's mentality -- was this: in the winter of 1917-18 Grove taught in Gladstone; his wife and daughter lived in an isolated teacherage at Falmouth, thirty-five miles away, where Mrs. Grove taught. Each Friday, Grove travelled by horse and buggy or, later in the winter, by horse and sleigh, to Falmouth. Each Sunday he returned to Gladstone. In making these trips, Grove showed that his attachments were elsewhere than in Gladstone, where he worked. At the same time, by working and living five days a week in Gladstone, he made himself only a visitor at Falmouth. In effect, he belonged nowhere -- except on the road, as he travelled the route that became for this season the axis of his life.

As in classic travel narrative, the journey is all in Over Prairie Trails. Only the most meagre details hint at the conditions of the traveller's life at each end of the axis. The self-aggrandizing "I" of In Search of Myself, extravagantly accumulating attributes, looming ever larger, is not present in Over Prairie Trails. Instead, the travels predominate and the narrator is only their agent. They become a text in themselves, a "thing of beauty" and a raison d'être. Grove writes in his

preface: "These drives, the fastest of which was made in somewhat over four hours and the longest of which took me nearly eleven -- the rest of them averaging pretty well up between the two extremes -- soon became what made my life worth living."[14]

Over Prairie Trails opens in a straightforward way consonant with the linear strictness of travel writing. The narrator makes a bold, bald departure, getting out and away without ado: "At ten minutes past four, of an evening late in September, I sat in the buggy and swung out of the livery stable that boarded my horse" (p. 1). But the simplicity and directness of this reported embarkation belies the structural complexity of Over Prairie Trails. This complexity is not like that of A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers; Grove employs neither excursus nor divagation to enhance his compact narrative. Digression is rare, and where it does occur it is closely allied to the movement of the traveller. On the few occasions when the narrative appears to pause, it is the narrator's attempt to secure an exact representation of what he sees, to develop similitudes or to penetrate appearances that arrests narrative advance. In this, Grove's documentary prose is comparable to Thoreau's in The Maine Woods, or to William Bartram's in his Travels. With his meticulous percipience and his expert diction, Grove joins the tradition of the lone naturalist.

Where structural complexity is evident in Over Prairie Trails is in Grove's reduction of an actual total of seventy-two drives to a text of seven (each contained by a discrete chapter) and his further distillation of the numerous journeys to suggest one long, difficult, exhilarating passage through a winter landscape. The route never becomes familiar, in

spite of the observer's close attention to particulars. Each week's drive is a journey into the unknown and an encounter with exotic desolation.

Grove's route (or routes, for the seasons deflect his cross-country purpose and heavy snows force him to circuitousness) is not a commonplace one, even though it connects established communities and passes through settled areas. Without exception, Grove is the only traveller abroad in the seven drives reported. The tracks of other travellers are seldom encountered, and the few farms he passes show only negligible human signs. The region through which he passes is virtually unpeopled, and Grove likes it that way. Indeed, he finds an exquisitely insular security in pursuing his lonely course. During the drive described in the chapter "Fog," he experiences a benign isolation: "I was shut in, closed off from the world around....It was like a very small room, this space of light -- the buggy itself, in darkness, forming an alcove ot it, in which my hand knew every well-appointed detail. Gradually, while I was warming up, a sense of infinite comfort came, and with it the enjoyment of the elvish aspect" (p. 32). In the chapter "Snow," the very absence of avenues of human contact seems to reinforce his pleasure in his travels: "None of the farms which I passed showed the slightest signs of life. I had wrapped up again and sat in comparative comfort and at ease, enjoying the clear sparkle and glitter of the snow" (p. 70). Out here, on the road, the silence which descends on the solitary traveller is a salutary condition, making a kind of psychological shelter for his thoughts. Free of impinging opinions, his mentality ranges round him as he scrutinizes the constituents of the scene and surveys natural phenomena. The traveller's scope, circumscribed

by the extent of his perceptions and speculations, makes a social world appropriate to Grove's sensibility: he is the sole human factor, positioned centrally, a "nucleus" again.

The exercise of inquiring perception achieves this egocentric prospect and builds the "small room" of consciousness. So, too, does the subsequent literary activity contribute: "'Observing,'" says Grove, "means to me as much finding words to express what I see as it means the seeing itself" (p. 108). The text ("words to express what I see") substantiates Grove's role as a lone, central witness, and extends that position into a broader social context by presuming an audience for the journey document. Immediately following his description of the hermetic security and "elvish" comfort discovered in the fog, Grove's observations begin to work outward from this privacy to acquire materials for his text: "I began to watch the fog. By bending over towards the dashboard and looking into the soon arrested glare I could make out the component parts of the fog" (p. 32). His analyses of fog, of hoarfrost, of snow and drift, compare with Thoreau's examinations of seaweed in Cape Cod, or of phosphorescent wood in The Maine Woods. For both Grove and Thoreau, the informational content of the exposition is important but still secondary to the aesthetic aim of presenting the intellectual occasion of systematic analysis of natural objects and actions. Through the application of investigative intellect and precise, often scientific diction, Grove and Thoreau appropriate parts of the terrain, making small rooms and private places.

For each writer, this literary tenancy offers a counterpoise to his economic exclusion from other forms of ownership. In both A Search for America and In Search of Myself, Grove declares, through rubric and epigraph

and through arguments within the texts, his admiration for Thoreau's social philosophy and for the easy terms on which Thoreau engaged poverty. These aspects of Thoreau's career seem, however, to have remained unattainable (and perhaps undesired) ideals for Grove, and the disparities between Thoreau's life and Grove's are conspicuous. Thoreau stayed put, productively; Grove wandered endlessly, only to feel a baleful despair when domiciled permanently at Simcoe. Thoreau's righteous pleasure in the decency of poverty need only be compared with Grove's nearly senile fantasies about wealth in In Search of Myself to reveal the distinctions separating the social mentalities of these two writers. Where Grove does meet Thoreau on common ground is in his use of expository language in documentary narrative.

When Grove is at his best, he achieves the kind of elevated documentation and heightened realism that Thoreau created out of the actual events of the Cape Cod and Maine journeys. In Chapter 4, "Snow," he is confronted with a drift as high as the adjacent tree-tops and in surmounting this magnificent obstacle ("this last, inhuman drift," as he later calls it) he achieves a moment of revelatory, nearly unnerving perception which, in the telling, compares to Thoreau's ascent of Ktaadn:

> What lay to the right or left seemed not to concern me. I watched [the horses] work. They went in bounds, working beautifully together. Rhythmically they reared, and rhythmically they plunged. I had dropped back to the seat, holding with a firm hand, feet braced against the dashboard; and whenever they got ready to rear, I called to them in a low and quiet voice, "Peter -- Dan -- now!" and their muscles played with the effort of desperation. It probably did not take more than five minutes, maybe considerably less, before we had reached the top, but to me it seemed like hours of nearly fruitless endeavour. I did not realize at first that we were high. I shall never forget the weird kind of astonishment when the fact came home to me that what snapped and crackled in the snow under the horses' hoofs, were the tops of trees. Nor shall the feeling of estrangement, as it were -- as if I were not myself, but looking on from

> the outside at the adventure of somebody who yet was I -- the feeling of other-worldliness, if you will pardon the word, ever fade from my memory -- a feeling of having been carried beyond my depth where I could not swim -- which came over me when with two quick glances to right and left I took in the fact that there were no longer any trees to either side, that I was above the forest world which had so often engulfed me (p. 86).

In this instant of exultant travel, Grove has journeyed further than ever before, into an "other-worldliness" that establishes a narrative pinnacle. He has been carried off into a foreign region where he is momentarily disoriented and not himself in the seconds before the plunging descent begins. Riding high, Grove and his aerial sleigh are much more than an image or transcendent metaphor. They are a wild, extraordinary actuality. No fictions are necessary to redeem Grove's sense of self. Neither argument nor vehemence is required to "explain" the author's claim to his audience's attention.

The impulse which sends Grove out on his dangerous travels is a repudiation of sedentary values. On the whole, the townspeople are against his drives. They do nothing to expedite his hasty departures; they often counsel against his excursions; once they actually stand in his way, causing a serious delay. By way of justifying the resolute purpose which each week sent him forth, Grove writes, in his preface: "I disliked the town, the town disliked me" (p. xiii). This mutual dislike is tolerable as long as the route is open to the desolate emptiness of the winter terrain. Then the antipathy between Grove and the community is a positive condition, for the mental resolve which carries him over these treacherous trails springs out of his alienation. His successful travels are in effect subversive; they declare his independence of the social group which tries to absorb and assimilate him and his contempt for the civic delegation which obstructs his exit from the school one Friday

afternoon. Grove's dealings with the communities in which he taught seemed always to have assumed this political character and perhaps only in this winter of 1917-18 did he have the wherewithal to triumphantly resist social coercion and disregard the petty doings of school boards. More than any other of his writings, Over Prairie Trails expresses fortitude.

The resolve by which Grove negotiates the hazards of his route and dismisses the social impedimenta which would forestall him is one level of the mental activity brought about by his weekly travels. On another level is the incessant, persevering application of intellect to issues peripheral to his route -- to snows, skies, mists, and temperatures as natural forms. In Chapter 5, "Wind and Waves," he conducts serious investigations of the intervention of the wind in the descent of the snow, noting the trajectory by which each flake passes from sky to earth: "I watched this with all the utmost effort of attention of which I was capable. I became intensely interested in my observations" (p. 99). He reports his findings in detail, only partly with a view to their informational content, for the elegance and universality of the apprehended pattern -- the "unanimous, synchronous march of all the flakes coming down over hundreds of square miles" -- have an aesthetic authority in themselves. And his observations on nature have a further result: they set him apart from the community he leaves behind each Friday afternoon. "I am aware," he writes, "that nobody -- nobody whom I know, at least -- takes the slightest interest in such things" (p. 99). His narrative, then, does not address the population of Gladstone, for it is indifferent, but some other audience which shares his refined sensitivity to the intricacies of natural design.

The more involved and subtle his findings, the further he departs the community in which he lives.

When St. Jean de Crèvecoeur's farmer assumed the task of describing for a distant audience rural life in the New World, his wife warned him that he risked alienating himself from the local community and jeopardizing his economic station. In spite of her cautionings, he proceeded -- and found himself irreversibly, nearly fatally estranged from American society. Unlike the letter-writing farmer, Grove has nothing to lose in his practice of the naturalist's art, for he holds no very secure economic place anyway. And the political consequences of his detached, spectatorial stance are certainly less catastrophic: he only makes his annual transfer to another school, leaving behind civic hostility. But he does mark, with his excursions and methodical notations, the same separation from indigenous culture and economy which was the lot of Crèvecoeur's narrator.

In one way, the comparison between Grove and Crèvecoeur's farmer is more closely pertinent to The Turn of the Year. In parts of that book Grove represents himself as a country-dweller, ordinarily implicated in the regular business of agrarian life, just as the fictional narrator of the Letters is involved in rural employments. These parts begin and end the book. The central portion of the text describes a series of bicycle journeys between Falmouth and a more northerly settlement, Leifur. There, in the middle section, he is on the road again, independent and set apart as he is in Over Prairie Trails.

Of the first six chapters of the book, three -- "The Thaw-Up," "The Woods in June" and "A Storm in July" -- describe vernal renewal and sequences of fertility. (The other three, intermingled, are fragmentary

fictions.) In these descriptive chapters, Grove frequently uses "we" to represent the observer and thus suggests a community of perception of which the narrator is part. For example, he becomes a spokesman for local experience when he writes: "we follow the tracks of the rabbits to where they have gnawed the boles of the young aspens; and we read the interlacing, busy-looking spoors of the prairie-chickens...."[15] He is even, at some level, a proprietor through the agency of his perceptions in that the bush reveals itself to him "as it will to him only who owns it because he has appropriated it with his love rather than his pocket-book" (p. 70). Like Thoreau, who was a "large owner in the Merrimack intervals," Grove has a stake in this place. In the descriptive chapters, he presents cyclical time, recurrences rather than occurences, and his perspective is fixed and local. However, in the long Chapter 7, "The Gloom of Summer," which comprises one-third of the text, he abandons the pronominal plural and the cyclical chronology. At the same time, he returns to a linear chronology and to the journey form for narrative structure. Grove is on his own again.

As in Over Prairie Trails, Grove in "The Gloom of Summer" is separated from his family -- Mrs. Grove and their child remain at Falmouth while he teaches a summer term at Leifur -- and he makes weekly twenty-five mile journeys to pass his weekends with them. Once more, he belongs nowhere -- at neither Leifur nor Falmouth -- having given up the proprietorship and social membership suggested in the earlier sections of the book. And, again, the documentation of his lonely journeys makes a lucid, compelling text.

Travelling north from Falmouth for the first time, Grove finds that

he has come far. He enters a strange region remote from the strawberry-covered fields around the cottage at Falmouth:

> Dark, unknown, and gloomy, the shade of night seemed to crouch in these woods, ready to leap out on the clearings and the road, as soon as the sun should sink, threatening with incomprehensible potentialities. Somehow these woods reminded me of Darwin's description of the forests of Tierra del Fuego. I could not get rid of the feeling that they were not a monument of the intensity of life so much as rather one of everlasting death itself. Not growth seemed to predominate, but what we call decay, though that is merely one of the forms of growth (p. 135).

The intimate familiarity with nature which informs the first part of the book disappears as Grove penetrates these "unknown" forests. Although he is less than twenty-five miles from his point of departure, he is embarked on an exotic and seemingly perilous adventure. Like Thoreau, who could discover unheard-of marvels only a few miles out of Concord, Grove is alert to every sign of foreignness. And like Thoreau at the seashore, Grove discovers in this far country spectral intimations of death and chaos: "a strange fascination seemed to impel me to peer into the mysteries of the shade. Grey, formless shapes seemed to flit to and fro. The dim, indistinct visibility that lurked there seemed personified: it was insanity perched on a rotting branch" (p. 135). Grove's summer sojourn at Leifur has this macabre aspect, although its unearthliness is somewhat mediated as he becomes more familiar with his surroundings, measuring daily temperature differentials or the excrescent young shoots of an oak. Still, the sullen northern summer has a persistently estranging effect on the visitor. The woods here, says Grove, are "gloomy, elemental, terrible in their gloom, with the terror that attaches to all origins" (p. 137). Certainly, there is no question of staying on in this ominous, murky location, and Grove departs promptly when the term ends.

Grove's expressions of attachment to other parts of the Manitoba landscape are numerous. When he and his family first saw the isolated teacherage at Falmouth, Grove felt he had finally come home. In In Search of Myself he writes about this feeling:

> The nearest farm was a mile away. The desolation of it all touched the innermost chords of my soul and made them vibrate. It was nothing short of a revelation. I was at home here (p. 300).

Actually, this was Grove's second homecoming. The first occurred, he says, during an expedition to the Arctic in his youth. His journey across the Siberian steppes touched those "innermost chords," too:

> the steppe got under my skin and into my blood. Life as a student in Paris, life in the various parts of the world through which I was to hurry during the years that followed, paled in my eyes whenever I thought of the steppes; and only when I struck my roots into the west of Canada did I feel at home again....Perhaps, in this experience, I must look for the reason why, when stranded in America, I remained in Canada and clung to it with my soul till it had replaced Siberia as the central fact in my adult mentality. Like Siberia, Canada needed to be fought for by the soul; but very few Canadians know it (In Search of Myself, p. 150).

Grove made no Arctic expedition, and his experience of the steppes is a fantasy. And, in a way, his experience of homecoming at Falmouth is a fantasy, too. He installed his wife and child in this vast and, to him, endearing desolation but he himself lived at Gladstone. And the "roots" he struck in the Canadian west were shallow and portable. Except for the few early chapters of The Turn of the Year, Grove's descriptions of the Canadian landscape are those of an attentive, appreciative but alien wayfarer. Like Samuel Hearne on the Arctic coast, like William Bartram in the wilderness of Florida, like Thoreau in the damp forests of Maine, Grove was exploring -- and the texts of his explorations are as coherent as those of any true discoverer. Grove arrived in the New World as an

alien traveller and he remained that. Even at the end of his life he wanted to sell up and move on, and detach himself once more. His most perfect art -- Over Prairie Trails and "The Gloom of Summer" in The Turn of the Year -- follows the formal values of travel narrative and Grove at his best as an artist was Grove as a traveller.

But this leaves the question of the radical division in Grove's art which separates the exhaustive veracity of his travel narratives from the breathtaking lies of his autobiographical writings. Over Prairie Trails seems not only an "inspired" book, but one to which Grove's destiny led him. But so is In Search of Myself a necessary complement to the earlier document. Unlike Bartram or Hearne or Thoreau, Grove went out on his journeys from no clearly defined point of departure: certainly he did not originate in Gladstone and his audience was not to be found there. As he says over and over in In Search of Myself, he has had no audience, or no adequate audience. This grievance becomes a refrain -- sometimes doleful, sometimes shrill, sometimes resigned -- in his autobiographical writings, and his lack of a public becomes a figure of his alienation. Grove speaks another language, his voice is unheard, his manuscripts are returned to him unread. Up against this social void and implacable silence, Grove constructs, in In Search of Myself, a meticulously imagined system of origins and a vehement sense of having come from somewhere. He cannot entertain any idea of returning there: the return-trip would be as fantastical as the Siberian expedition and the destination as illusory as Castle Thurow. But he can map out the course of his art and the direction of its address towards the culture he has departed. He can conceive of an understanding listener who shares his own values and outlook, and his

writings thus acquire an essential quality of transmissibility. The celebrated "Frenchman" invoked in the preface to In Search of Myself acts, rhetorically, as a receiver of Grove's communications, while the fantasy of early intimacy with Gide and the community he represents stands for Grove's European cultural attachments. With his fictions of his origins, Grove creates his own audience for the story of his travels.

We can compare Grove to Frances Trollope and Susanna Moodie in his feelings of social estrangement, his compensatory literary activity, and his aloof resistance to assimilation. Yet he finally differs from them in his extraordinary isolation, and his loneliness. Grove belonged nowhere. He had burned his bridges, and his expressions of social membership in a distant, originating community were fantastical fictions. Even before he crossed the Atlantic, he had been spurned and rejected by the social groups to which he yearned to belong. Felix Paul Greve was dead to the world he left behind: in extricating himself from shady and even criminal involvements in Germany, he feigned suicide;[16] in his passage across the Atlantic he didn't even carry with him his own name. The "silence of the grave" which Susanna Moodie felt closing over her as former attachments shrivelled was something Grove brought on himself. When he broke the silence with his writing, he wrote in English, thereby only indirectly addressing the literate German community to which his diction, his values and his excursive arguments speak. But Canadian readers intercepted the message from the New World: by way of a knotty paradox, when Grove finally did find his audience, it was North American and not European. The "Frenchman" left behind so many years before was surely not attending to

Grove's "explanation," but Canadians were, at last.

In this, we can see a larger, generic development beyond Grove's personal career. The European readers of travels, to whom Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope confidently appealed, no longer formed a significant literary public. (We can look at this development from another angle. Roughing It in the Bush has, in the twentieth century, shifted its place: it is now a part of Canadian literature, not British, and its readers are Canadian, not English.) Grove could not get a ready hearing from the culture from which he derived his sensibility, mentality and education, for it was no longer paying close attention to commentaries on New World travels. But neither was the Canadian community listening readily and intelligently to his incomprehensibly foreign utterances. To win him social recognition, Grove's art had finally to appeal to something other than the curiosity of an audience interested in documentations of North American journeys. As it turned out, the effective appeal was to be his long "explanation" of "MY LIFE AS A WRITER IN CANADA," setting out the consequences of his separation from the origins of his literary sensibility. His address was successful in the end: the Canadian literati acknowledged his claim to their attention on the very grounds he wished, relishing Grove's impeccable pseudo-credentials. Grove was acclaimed, and his fantasies of eminent beginnings in Europe were perpetuated. Now the story of his travels was complete.

Grove's writing provides a fitting coda to the last phase of the travel genre's development. His social observations are in the best tradition of travel commentary, yet they are fraught with a poignant, inconclusive, nearly tragic loneliness for there could be no thought of homecoming and

santuary for Grove. Against the desolate reaches he traverses, Grove is a solitary figure, contesting his isolation, yet cherishing it. His deeply felt desire to maintain his European cultural connections is often the motive for his art -- as that desire was the inspiration for the writings of other travellers. But it also preempts his documentary purpose in its demand that the writer's feelings of dislocation and dispossession be vociferously, loudly proclaimed so there could be no mistake. Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Trollope could have their say and count on their audiences' understanding of the absurdity of their social predicament. Grove, on the other hand, could enjoy no comparable confidence. The traditional literary connections between the Old World and the New no longer prevailed. Grove couldn't be sure where his audience lay, and he had to enforce his case with fiction and fantasy to make his point. This may account for the often frantic seriousness and humourlessness of his autobiographical writing as he takes his reluctant reader by the lapels and sits him down to listen to his fervid explanation.

Grove was a man socially and economically adrift, but culturally bound fast to a milieu in which he could no longer claim even the tenuous position he once held. As an emigrant, thrust out from Europe, Grove is resentful, indignant, beside himself with vexation, loneliness and confusion: he entered an "utter chaos" when he disembarked, and he never resolved its terms. But as a traveller, Grove comes into his own. His art then emerges free of the unfinished business of his European past. He rides away from his frustration and obscurity, eyeing an infinitely receeding destination.

## Notes

## Chapter 9

[1] Duncan was born in Brantford, Ontario, in 1862. In 1891 she married Everard Cotes, and spent much of her life in British India. A number of her novels are set there.

[2] The novel in James's canon which most importunately begs comparison is The Portrait of a Lady (1882). Like Isabel Archer, Mary Trent is marriageable, and her tourism is an aspect of her courtship and mating. She rejects one English suitor, only to accept the suit of Lord Doleford, a peer whose prestige and personality are comparable to those of Isabel's rejected English suitor, Lord Warburton. The engagement of Mary Trent to Doleford makes a happy ending for Cousin Cinderella as Isabel's to Warburton could not for The Portrait of a Lady. An explanation for the discrepancy may lie in Doleford's rather reluctant and qualified performance of his aristocratic role. He is a New Man as Warburton is not, and as such he is a fitting mate for a woman from the New World.

[3] Sara Jeannette Duncan, Cousin Cinderella: A Canadian Girl in London (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1908), p. 76.

[4] Stephen Leacock, My Discovery of England (London: Bodley Head, 1922), pp. 19-20.

[5] From all these mock-comparisons, however, one substantial aspect of the text emerges -- one which distinguishes it from Duncan's analysis of

differences and similarities. Whereas Duncan finds the distinctions between Canadians and Americans sharply revealed by trans-Atlantic travel, Leacock's comparison-making sets Canadian and U.S. travellers as interchangeable in opposition to the English.

[6] Stephen Leacock, My Discovery of the West (Toronto: Thomas Allen, 1937), pp. 4-5. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[7] Pursuing a train of inconsistencies in Grove's various accounts of himself, Douglas Spettigue published Frederick Philip Grove in 1969, "Frederick Philip Grove: A Report from Europe" (Queen's Quarterly 78) in 1971, "The Grove Enigma Resolved" (Queen's Quarterly 79) in 1972, and FPG: The European Years in 1973. References to Spettigue's findings are to those reported in this last publication.

[8] Frederick Philip Grove, In Search of Myself (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1974), p. 155. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[9] In FPG: The European Years, Spettigue makes a shrewd observation on this process: he suggests that Desmond Pacey's consultation of the manuscript of In Search of Myself and his publication of pseudo-information from it in Frederick Philip Grove (1945) added to the documentary weight of In Search of Myself when it appeared the following year.

[10] Frederick Philip Grove, A Search for America (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1971), p. 21. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[11] Although the Oedipal configurations of In Search of Myself are

beyond the range of this study, they are so conspicuous as to require at least a sketchy outline. Grove's infantile attachment to a splendidly powerful mother, who favours him above all other offspring, is threatened only by the hostile attitude of a malevolent father (who, at one point, suspends his terrified two-year old son from a gymnastic apparatus and then walks away, leaving his screaming offspring to hang there helplessly). The estrangement of the mother from the father makes the son his mother's consort, while the father's careless management of the estate obliterates the son's birthright of privilege and wealth. In effect, the father is blamed for the déclassé circumstances which lead to the son's emigration, his life-long loss of caste and social station, and his failure to find an audience for his art.

[12] Grove's unfitness for ordinary economic roles in Canada is demonstrated by the fact that he was unable to secure even a position as a lighthouse-keeper or lock-warden (see In Search of Myself, p. 427). Richardson's schemes for preferment were similarly frustrated.

[13] See, for example, even Carleton Stanley's review article on Pacey's book, "Frederick Philip Grove" (Dalhousie Review, 26 [1946], pp. 434-41) in which he retails the must luminous details of Grove's inventions. Twenty-five years later an article on "Grove and Existentialism" (Canadian Literature, 43 [1970], pp. 67-76) by Frank Birbalsingh dutifully opens with the same old stuff. Grove's imposture, however, must have its greatest success in W. B. Holliday's "Frederick Philip Grove: An Impression" (Canadian Literature, 3 [1960], pp. 17-22). The author, who lived for a time with the Groves at Simcoe, presents eye-witness corroboration of Grove's fantasies, finding him "a patrician by nature as well as by birth," one who "as an

affluent youth...had moved with ease in the great cities of Europe," and so on.

[14] Frederick Philip Grove, Over Prairie Trails (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1970), p. xiii. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[15] Frederick Philip Grove, The Turn of the Year (Toronto: Macmillan, 1929), p. 21. Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear in the text.

[16] See Spettigue, FPG: The European Years, pp. 161-68.

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