The Bostonians One Hundred Years Later

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In February 1885 *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* published a monthly installment of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* by William Dean Howells, a selection of *Huckleberry Finn* just before its book publication in America, and the first installment of *The Bostonians* by Henry James. Mark Twain on seeing his own work preceded in the magazine by that of James, wrote to Howells that he "would rather be damned to John Bunyan's heaven" than to have to read *The Bostonians*.[1] Not all Americans were as hostile as Twain to the new novel, but not many were enthusiastic either, and it was a failure with both the critics and the reading public as it came to its conclusion in February 1886 and was published in book form.[2] Most Americans resented the satirical tone of the novel, and the people of Boston were particularly incensed by the picture of their city that James had painted. The book fared slightly better in England, where satire against Americans was more appreciated, but even there the book was hardly a publishing success.[3]

In recent years, however, many critics have praised *The Bostonians*, and some have ranked it among James's best novels. F. R. Leavis, in *The Great Tradition*, calls it "one of James's acknowledged masterpieces." He goes on to say that it "is a wonderfully rich, intelligent, and brilliant book." He speaks of its "overt richness of life. . . one of

James's achieved major classics, and among the works that he devoted to American life it is supreme."[4]

Other critics have agreed. Marius Bewley calls it "his greatest American novel."[5] Henry Seidel Canby, although he does not include *The Bostonians* among James's best works, says that it is "one of the wittiest, and contains satiric passages not excelled elsewhere."[6] Lionel Trilling wrote: "As a representation of American actuality, *The Bostonians* is in every way remarkable, and its originality is striking."[7]

On the other hand there have been critics who have pointed to weaknesses in the novel and its lack of sustaining interest. Leon Edel states that it "contains memorable scenes and memorable characters; however it must be accounted a failure by comparison with James's best works—even though its place in American literature is significant."[8] Peter Buitenhuis, although he stresses the importance of the novel, admits that it has "faults of which James seems to have been unaware. . . . Although they are drawn with great care, the characters of *The Bostonians* do not, somehow, deeply involve the reader."[9] Many other critics share these opinions.

My own opinion is close to those who feel that although this novel is significant and interesting, it is not successful as a novel. The reason for this failure seems to me to be a certain defect in James's perceptions of life which also affects many of his other works, and it may therefore be worth some study here, because this defect can be seen with particular clarity in *The Bostonians*. Before examining this, however, it may be well to give some of the circumstances surrounding the writing of this novel, and a summary of the book itself, since it is not familiar to some readers.

In October 1881 James returned to the United States from Europe and spent time in Boston, New York, and Washington. In January 1883 his mother suddenly fell quite ill and died before Henry could reach her in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Henry was much affected by the death and wrote in his notebook:

> She was our life, she was the house, she was the keystone of the arch. She held us all together, and without her we are scattered reeds. She was patience, she was wisdom, she was exquisite maternity. Her sweetness, her mildness, her great natural beneficence were unspeakable, and it is infinitely touching to me to write about her as one that *was*.[10]

These are words of a dutiful son who must have loved his mother. There is no doubt that she had had an enormous influence on him. But the reality of Mary Walsh James is not so simple as her son's eulogy seems to indicate. Leon Edel says that "on a deeper level of feeling, which he inevitably concealed from himself, he must have seen his mother as she was, not as he imagined and wanted her to be." Edel goes on to say that the two younger brothers and Alice, the only daughter, were "crushed by the irrationalities and contradictions of the familial environment over which Mary had presided."[11] Only the two elder sons, William and Henry, were able to survive into productive lives by escaping from her influence and their father's into the outer world and transforming the tensions and emotions of that strange family into brilliant philosophy and great art.

If we look at the mothers in Henry James's fiction, we get a very different picture from the sweet portrait he painted of his own mother after her death. As Edel points out, they "are strong, determined,

demanding, grasping women." They sometimes "have great charm and strength," but often they are "frightening figures."[12]

Mary's influence on her husband had also been great. There is no doubt that he too loved her, and when she died he lost the will to live. Before that year had ended he too died, quietly and serenely, one of the last of the true transcendentalists. Again Henry was absent at the death. Soon after the death of both parents, their third son, Wilky, died.

In Boston, on April 8th, 1883, Henry James wrote in his notebook a copy of a letter he had written to his publisher outlining the story of his new novel, *The Bostonians*. It is clear from this letter that the story was well-formed in his mind and he probably had a working draft of it, although he made some minor changes in it later on. In his own comments after the letter he wrote:

> The whole thing as local, as American, as possible, and as full of Boston: an attempt to show that I *can* write an American story. . . Daudet's *Evangeliste* has given me the idea of this thing. . . . I wished to write a very *American* tale, a tale very characteristic of our social conditions, and I asked myself what was the most salient and peculiar point in our social life. The answer was: the situation of women, the decline of the sentiment of sex, the agitation on their behalf.[13]

Clearly the changing position of women, their increasing prominence in public life, and their campaign for equal rights were important concerns for James. We know from other incidents that he often resented the domination of women and sometimes feared it. This is reflected also in the novel. Daudet's novel, to which he refers, is

about a dominating woman who attempts to promote Protestantism in France, and gains control over a younger woman to carry out her program. John Buitenhuis, in *The Grasping Imagination*, points out many parallels in the two novels and emphasizes its influence on James.[14] Boston was a center for many reform movements, and it was also a place where women's influence was especially strong. Soon after the novel began to appear in *The Century Magazine*, several people complained that in his portrayal of Miss Birdseye, James seemed to be making a caricature of one of the most respected women reformers, the aged Elizabeth Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne's sister-in-law. Although James denied this in a long letter to his brother, William, his denial is not very convincing.[15]

In the passage in the *Notebook* quoted above there is another revealing comment. James mentions that his novel should be "a study of one of those friendships between women which are so common in New England."[16] This was sometimes called "a Boston marriage," and James must have seen several examples among his acquaintances. His sister Alice, in fact, had herself formed a strong dependency on a friend, Katherine Loring, who used to nurse Alice in her frequent sicknesses, and for this help Henry was grateful. Henry wrote his Aunt Kate that with Alice's health becoming worse, Katherine's care of Alice was "the beginning of a living-together, for the rest of such time as Alice's life may last."[17] This was during the time Henry was beginning to write his novel, and later the two came to England while he was finishing it, and it was there Alice died. It should not be assumed that there was any actual sexual relationship between these two young women. That was almost certainly not the case. Likewise

we should not assume that James was suggesting in his novel that there was even a hint of a lesbian relationship between the two friends portrayed there. He seems to have had an aversion towards intimate physical relationships himself, and he was rather squeamish at any mention of sex. But James seems to have feared that these friendships between women were subverting what he thought of as the natural relationship between men and women, and this is what is emphasized in the novel

As many critics have observed, *The Bostonians* is a story of the struggle for possession—the possession of a beautiful young woman, Verena Tarrant. Opposed in the conflict are two strong, possessive types. Olive Chancellor is a wealthy, intellectual woman who strongly resents male domination, and whose goal in life is to gain equality for women, or even to go further and to gain superiority to avenge all the centuries of wrong to her sex. In Verena Tarrant she sees an unformed young woman who happens to have an extraordinary talent for public speaking, and Olive believes she can mould Verena to be the instrument of her great purpose. Since Verena is impressed by all that she sees and hears in Olive's elegant home, and has been living in the atmosphere of reform all her life, she easily accepts the older woman's friendship and tutelage.

Opposed to this strong alliance is a young lawyer from Mississippi, a distant kinsman of Miss Chancellor's. Basil Ransom is a former Confederate soldier who represents all the old traditions of chivalry and conservative ideas of the South. Especially repugnant to him is any tampering with the traditional relationship between the sexes. He sees this as a threat to his own manhood and that of the whole country. In

a famous expostulation he declares that he is determined to protect his sex from "the most damnable feminization."

> The whole generation is womanized; the masculine tone is passing out of the world; it's a feminine, a nervous, hysterical, chattering, canting age, an age of hollow phrases and false delicacy and exaggerated solicitudes and coddled sensibilities, which, if we don't look out, will usher in a reign of mediocrity, of the feeblest and flattest and the most pretentious that has ever been. . . .[18]

The novel begins with Basil paying a first visit to his cousin in her house in Boston. After he dines with her, she takes him on a visit to a women's meeting at the home of Miss Birdseye, an old heroine of many reform movements. There Basil sees Mrs. Farrinder, a leader of the women's movement, and several other reformers. Among them are Dr. and Mrs. Selah Tarrant and their daughter Verena. After several exchanges of conversation. Verena is persuaded to speak. Though Basil cares nothing for what she says, he is very impressed by her beauty and personality. Olive is also very impressed with her, and invites her to visit her home. When she comes the very next day, urged by her ambitious parents, Olive is even more impressed, and invites her to stay with her indefinitely. Into this intimate conference Basil intrudes. Verena soon leaves, but not before Basil has had a chance to have a few words with her.

Olive soon makes arrangements with the Tarrants for Verena to come live with her, and she starts to try to educate her new pupil and close friend to become a leader of the feminist movement. As her affection for Verena deepens she pleads with Verena to dedicate her whole life to the cause and to promise never to marry.

Although Verena is a willing pupil, her commitment to the cause is not so strong, and she soon becomes mildly interested in a young Harvard student, Charles Burrage, whose mother invites her to New York. This leads to Verena being asked to speak in Mrs. Burrage's home. Before this, however, Basil makes another visit to Boston where by chance he meets Miss Birdseye and finds out Verena's address in Cambridge. He calls on her and they take a walk to Harvard Yard and go into Memorial Hall. Their conversation is inconclusive, but Basil is very attracted to Verena, even though he is strongly opposed to everything she and Olive are working for, while Verena becomes at least partly interested in the perverse young man.

In the next major scene, Basil attends a meeting in Mrs. Burrage's palatial home in New York where Verena is to speak. Since he is very poor, he feels uncomfortable in this gathering of the rich and fashionable, and he cares nothing for the subject of the speech, but he has become fascinated with Verena. Verena's speech is a notable success, and the next day Mrs. Burrage tries to use her great wealth to persuade Olive to let Verena come to live in the Burrage home, promising to do everything to help the cause of women's rights; but in reality her main object is to help her son, Charles, to win Verena's love. Here we have another example of the struggle for possession.

While Olive is with Mrs. Burrage, however, Basil calls on Verena and they take a walk to Central Park. It is there that Basil makes his declaration about what he considers the deplorable feminization of society. Verena asks him what he proposes to do with women, and he replies that he wishes to keep them "at home." Although Verena and Basil argue in a spirited way on opposite sides of the question, it

becomes apparent that they are rapidly falling in love with each other. When Verena returns to her hotel, she asks Olive to take her away, for she is afraid of the consequences.

A few months later, in August, Basil seeks out Verena again, this time on Cape Cod, where Olive has taken a house to get away from the heat and all distractions so that Verena can prepare for a great speech which she is to give in the huge Music Hall in Boston. On meeting Verena, Basil tells her that he has had an article accepted by a leading magazine in which he put forth his views. The payment for this article and the request from the editor for more have lifted Basil from the position of a poor, struggling lawyer to that of a writer with a reasonable prospect of making his living with his pen, and for this reason he can now propose to Verena and ask her to be his wife. After an emotional confession to Olive of her attraction to Basil but her desire to remain true to the cause of women's liberation, Olive arranges for Verena to go into hiding and to prepare for the great speech.

This leads to the final scene in November when Basil, having been unable to find Verena, comes to the Music Hall on the day of the speech with the avowed purpose of stopping it and carrying off Verena to be his bride. Olive has forseen this and there are policemen to protect Verena from meeting Basil; but unfortunately for Olive, Verena sees Basil in the hall and the sight of him unnerves her, so that she cannot go onto the stage. In the confrontation of Basil and Olive, it is Olive who pleads and it is Basil who feels that he can conquer her, the managers of the Hall, and the whole city of Boston. And so, Verena, having "succumbed to the universal passion," abandons the

cause just at the moment of her dawning triumph, and while the great crowd clamours for her appearance, she is carried away by Basil who conceals her under her long cloak and hood. Thus love (and masculinity) overcome cold intellectualism, feminist idealism, and reform in James's novel, and we may presume that Verena will become a dutiful wife and mother in a home ruled by her husband. However, James leaves us with a somewhat ambiguous ending:

> But though she was glad, he presently discovered that, beneath her hood, she was in tears. It is to be feared that with the union, so far from brilliant, into which she was about to enter, these were not the last she was destined to shed.[10]

Somehow the story, with all its wit and brilliant writing, left a feeling of dissatisfaction in many readers a century ago and still does today. Comparing *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881) to *The Bostonians*, Rebecca West says of the former:

> While that novel [*The Portrait*] reminds one, in the way it "comes off," of a sum in which the right answer is got by wrong working. *The Bostonians* (1886) reminds one of a foolish song set to a good tune in the way it fails to "come off." The beauty of the writing is so great that there are descriptions. . . that one would like to learn by heart, so that one might turn the phrases over in the mind when one wants to hear the clinking of pure gold. And the theme, the aptness of young persons possessed of that capacity for contagious enthusiasm which makes the good propagandist to be exploited by the mercenary and to deteriorate under the strain of public life, is especially interesting to our generation. Few of us there are who have not seen with our own eyes elderly egoists building up profitable autocracies out of the ardour of young girls,

> or fierce advocates of the brotherhood of man mellowing into contemplative emptiers of pint-pots. But. . . this musical disclosure of fine material is interrupted past any reader's patience by a nagging hostility to political effort. This is not so disgraceful to Mr James as it might seem, for it is simply the survival of an affectation which was forced upon the cultured American of his youth. The pioneers who wanted to raise the small silvery song of art had to tempt their audiences somehow from the big brass band of America's political movements; and so straining was this task that even Emerson. who vibrated to the chord of reform as to no other, was sometimes vexed into such foolish inquiries as "Does he not do more to abolish slavery who works all day in his own garden than he who goes to the abolition meetings and makes a speech?" It was just one of the results of Mr James' condition at this period that he presented to the world so deliberately and so vividly, and with such an air of feeling, what was no more than the misty reflection of some dead men's transitory irritations.[20]

That was written in 1916, when Rebecca West was only twenty-four years old. It was the year of James's death. the middle of World War One, a time of great causes, a time when the women of Great Britain were stepping out of traditional roles as never before, some of them going to the war front, others working in factories. offices, hospitals, and some guarding the home and children where no man was there to lend a helping hand, and perchance would never return at all. It is easy to see why Rebecca West would be impatient with James's flippant treatment of the women's movement. Like her slightly older contemporary, Virginia Woolf, she was demanding "a room of one's own," and although some of "The Master's" words may have had the sound of "pure gold," the story which he wrote seemed but "a foolish

song." only thirty years after it was written. It was in 1918 that women received the right to vote in England. and in 1920 in the United States, and although that right did not in itself change society overnight, it was the token of things to come.

Rebecca West pointed to one of the major defects of the book as being "a nagging hostility to political effort." That is partly true. Certainly the political maneuvering, the publicity, the hollow phrases. and the constant invasion of the press into privacy and decency are presented with a strong satirical criticism by the author. James ridicules Olive Chancellor for her distaste of the vulgarity and the meanness of the people she was forced to associate with in order to gain her goals, but one knows with absolute certainty that her distaste is also the distaste of the author. James. who because of "an obscure hurt,"[21] did not participate in the great conflict of his own young manhood, the Civil War, which was, at least in part, a war for liberation from the basest slavery, was no lover of the tumult of politics and did not like to get his hands dirty. It is this aloofness, this supercilious contempt for the concerns of women, this failure to treat their cause seriously that annoys many readers. One feels that the author believes the "woman question" will go away and disappear, if he treats it as a joke and ridicules its leaders as merely children playing with a toy they do not understand.

But it is not just James's "hostility to political effort" which is the fault here. It is specifically *women* presuming to take political action, to organize, to speak before mixed audiences of men and women in public, and to act in "unfeminine" ways that James seems to find distasteful and even perhaps alarming Although we cannot equate

Basil Ransom's views with those of James, and although he too is treated satirically and many of his speeches are obviously exaggerations and parodies, yet there can be little doubt that James's ideas were much closer to those of Basil than to Olive's. It is true that Basil is treated as just as egoistical and possessive as Olive, but he wishes to possess Verena only for himself, whereas Olive is at least willing to allow Verena some freedom and to use her as a projection of herself for an idealistic cause. And it is only too obvious that Basil's triumph at the end, as well as Olive's ignominious and pathetic defeat, are the patent manipulation of the author, who seems to be trying to teach "the ladies" a lesson, that they should not be so "unnatural" and so "unfeminine."

All men and women have a complex set of attitudes, defences, and strategies to think about and to deal with the opposite sex, as well, of course, as their own sex. These are built up from infancy on, and the influences of parents and siblings are particularly important. There is no room here to make a detailed study of James's attitude towards women, and I have neither the desire nor the competence to try to psychoanalyze him seventy years after his death to explain how his relation to his mother or other women determined his attitudes. Nevertheless, a few observations on the basis of his life and the evidence to be gained from his fiction may be of help here. Although James is justly renowned for portraying the minds and feelings of women in his art, there is sometimes a certain vagueness about their fleshly reality, which is not necessarily a defect in the artistic creation. Leon Edel remarks that in many of "James's early stories loved women are compared to statues. Only later does he become aware, if not of their

flesh, at least of their heart and mind."[22] Perhaps this reflects a certain fear of women for the man who never married and did not seem to have any really intimate affairs, but who also does not seem to have been homosexual, although he was capable of expressing deep affection for many men and women.

Judith Fryer, in *The Faces of Eve*, writes that Basil Ransom's speech about "damnable feminization" is hysterical. According to her it "is not an example of James's irony or humor, but rather the thinly veiled point of view of a man and writer deeply concerned with preserving the 'masculine' character—preserving it from all the mothers he created in his fiction: the governesses and the housekeepers—surrogate mothers the mother-neglecters and the witch mothers."[23] Whether we accept this completely or not, it is clear that James felt uneasy about the relation of men and women in America. In his *Notebooks* he wrote that there was a "growing divorce between the American woman (with her comparative leisure, culture, grace, social instincts, artistic ambitions) and the male American immersed in the ferocity of business, with no time for any but the most sordid interests, purely commercial, professional, democratic and political."[24]

To James this probably meant that women were gaining more and more power and influence. There are three powerful women in *The Bostonians*: Olive, Mrs. Burrage, and Mrs. Farrinder. All of them are clever and manipulative. James himself speaks humorously of some of the powerful women who came into his own life, but his humor does not entirely conceal a real anxiety. Edith Wharton was one example. He called her "the Firebird" and her touring car the "Chariot of Fire." He spoke of the "eagle pounce" of the Firebird

who was about "to catch me up in her irresistible talons." In 1912 he sent a "signal of distress" to Howard Sturgis

> at the approach of the Bird o'freedom—the whirr and wind of whose great pinions is already cold on my foredoomed brow! She is close at hand, she arrives tomorrow, and the poor old Ryebird . . . feels his barnyard hurry and huddle. emitting desperate and incoherent sounds, while its otherwise serene air begins ominously to darken.[25]

James liked Edith Wharton and probably enjoyed her visits, but at the same time she certainly disrupted his working schedule, and there is no denying that she represented an element of threat to him. She was a highly successful author. wealthy, strong-willed, powerful, beautiful, and intelligent. She even used her money secretly to help James with his publisher when she thought he was in need, but this too was a kind of manipulation.[26]

Marius Bewley and several other critics have commented on the relation between Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance* and *The Bostonians*.[27] In both novels a powerful woman dominates a relatively innocent younger woman. The contrast between Zenobia and Olive, however, is significant. Whereas Zenobia is beautiful, voluptuous, and full of life, Olive is plain, with "absolutely no figure," cold, a "woman without laughter." unmarried "by every implication of her being," and one whose "most secret hope" was "to die for something." Hawthorne, like James, felt it necessary to bring about the defeat of his powerful heroine, and she drowns herself in what to many readers is a very unnecessary and unconvincing scene. Nevertheless, Hawthorne, who did marry, was not afraid to make Zenobia full of vitality and desir-

able sexuality. James, on the other hand, makes Olive a caricature, without vitality at all, and without the slightest sexual attraction. She has a strong will, it is true, but we feel from the start she is sure to be frustrated. Her lack of vitality makes her close to being merely a stereotype of the hysterical old maid so common in second-rate fiction.

I think it is here that the major fault of *The Bostonians* lies. Most novels capture our attention because we can identify ourselves with one of the central characters. Their sorrows become our sorrows, and their joys our joys. We share their hopes and fears, and we keep on reading to find out what the future will hold, experiencing in ourselves much of the drama of the story. In *The Bostonians* this identification is made difficult. As we have pointed out, Olive is such a caricature that it is impossible to identify with her. Verena is attractive and full of life, but the trouble is she is almost a blank inside. Her opinions seem to come entirely from other people, and she seems to be only a mirror to reflect the ideas of those about her. In a *Bildungsroman* this may be acceptable at the beginning of the novel, but by the end we expect the central character to have learned something and to be an independent figure. At the end of this novel, however, Verena abandons all that she has learned and is carried away, completely dependent on another.

It is the hollowness of the core which is the major defect of *The Bostonians*. Not only the two central characters, but the theme itself is difficult to take seriously, because the author himself does not take it seriously. For some people, the cause for which Olive was working and to which Verena was prepared to give her life is an extremely important and worthy cause. Women did suffer many gross inequalities

at that time. It was not only a question of the right to vote. Many laws discriminated against women. Property laws favored men and often gave them complete control even of the wife's own earnings. Higher education and many professions were still barred to most women. Widows and abandoned wives were often left destitute with no means of employment. There were husbands who beat their wives, and there were drunken husbands who squandered the family property, and against them women had almost no legal protection. The poverty and suffering of such women and their children were appalling. It was to fight against these evils that Miss Birdseye and others like her, including many men, were fighting.

If Henry James did not think the women's movement was important, he should not have written a novel about it. Since he did not take it seriously, we cannot take Olive and Verena seriously. especially given the shortcomings with which their creator has endowed them. We are left with Basil Ranson who does not rise much above a stock character and who is absent from long stretches of the novel.

This is unfortunate, because *The Bostonians* might have been an absorbing and important novel. As it is, it does have some dramatic scenes which also give a vivid, even if satirical, view of New England and New York, full of historical detail which can be found in few other books of the period. There is humor and wit in the writing, and much of it is enjoyable. But what might have been a compelling drama involving one of the important movements of the nineteenth century, the effort to gain more equal rights for women, simply did not materialize. The reason for this failure seems to have been Henry James's inability to portray here or in his other fiction independent

women who were not ultimately dependent on men, without making them destructive to others and to themselves. Had he been able to do so, he would have written a very different novel, and it might have been a masterpiece.

NOTES

1 Henry James, *The Bostonians*, R. D. Gooder, ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, "The World's Classics," 1984), pp. xxvi-xxxvii.

2 Leon Edel, *Henry James: The Middle Years* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1962), pp. 137-38.

3 Henry Seidel Canby, *Turn West, Turn East* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1951), p. 173.

4 F. R. Leavis, *The Great Tradition* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1948), pp. 132, 138.

5 Marius Bewley, *The Complex Fate* (London Chatto & Windus, 1952), p. 23.

6 Canby, p. 174.

7 Lionel Trilling, *The Opposing Self* (London Secker and Warburg, 1955), p. 106.

8 Edel, p. 139.

9 Peter Buitenhuis, *The Grasping Imagination* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1970), p. 158.

10 F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock, eds., *The Notebooks of Henry James* (New York: George Braziller, Inc., 1955), p. 40. Quoted in Bruce R. McElderry, Jr., *Henry James* (New Haven: College and University Press, 1965), pp. 22-23.

11 Edel, p. 38.

12 Edel, p. 38.

13 Matthiessen and Murdock, eds., p. 47.

14 Buitenhuis, pp. 141-59.

15 Edel, pp 142-43. The criticisms came from William James, James Russell Lowell, and James's Aunt Kate. In Chapter Four the author describes Miss Birdseye as "being a confused, entangled, inconsequent, discursive old woman," and she is said to give Ransom "a delicate, dirty, democratic little hand."

Probably because of the criticisms, James gradually changed this characterization in later installments for the original magazine publication until Miss Birdseye becomes an almost saintly figure whom even Ransom respects. See McElderry, pp. 65-68. Canby suggests that Miss Birdseye's character is probably more influenced by Henry's father, Henry James, Sr. (p. 176).

16 Matthiessen and Murdock, eds.. p. 47.

17 Edel, p. 134.

18 Henry James, *The Bostonians* (New York: Oxford, 1984), p. 322.

19 *Ibid.*, pp. 434-35.

20 Rebecca West, *Henry James* (Port Washington. N. Y.: Kennikat Press, 1968, reissued from the first edition of 1916), pp. 70-72.

21 Leon Edel, *Henry James*: *A Life* (New York: Harper & Row, 1985), pp. 56-61.

22 *Ibid.*, p. 73.

23 Judith Fryer, *The Faces of Eve* (New York: Oxford University Press. 1976), pp. 148-49.

24 Matthiessen and Murdock, eds., p. 129.

25 Leon Edel, *Henry James*: *A Life* (1985), pp. 678-79.

26 *Ibid.*. p. 681.

27 Bewley, pp. 11-30.