"William de Morgan, His Life and Works."

by

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"William de Morgan - His Life and Works."

C O N T E N T S .

A - William de Morgan - The Man.

Pages

I Brief Introduction and the de Morgan Family Tree.

1. Ancestors.
2. Parents.
3. Maternal Grandfather - William Frend.
4. Sister - Mary de Morgan.

II Life of William de Morgan.

1. Birth, Education and Marriage.
   (a) Mrs. de Morgan.
2. Career as an Artist, Ceramic Potter and InventOr.
3. C areer as a Literary Artist.
4. Death.

III Personality and Character of de Morgan.

1. Appearance.
2. Friends.
3. Habits and Interests.

B.- William de Morgan - The Novelist.

38

I de Morgan's Novels-

1. Novels in General.
2. "Joseph Vance."
3. "Alice-for-Short."
4. "Somehow Good."
5. "It Never Can Happen Again."
6. "An Affair of Dishonor."
7. "A Likely Story."
8. "When Ghost Meets Ghost."
9. "The Old Man's Youth."
10. "The Old Madhouse."

37

II Some Features of His Novels-

1. Charm and Originality.
2. Humour and Pathos.
3. Description.
4. Slum Stories.
5. Attitude to Marriage.
6. Attitude to Liquor.
7. Personal History in Novels.

III Construction and Style-

1. Method.
2. Plots.
3. Length of Novels.
4. Titles of Novels.
5. Love of Details.

III 6. Beginnings and Conclusions.

7. English.

IV Characterization.

V Philosophy of Life, Religious Faith, and Psychic Phenomena as seen in the Novels.

VI Mid-Victorianism.

1. Relation to Other Novelists.

2. London of de Morgan's Youth.

VII Conclusion.

A.- William de Morgan - The Man.

I Brief Introduction and The de Morgan Family Tree.

Brief Introduction and The de Morgan Family Tree.

" Of the various English novelists who have come into prominence since the opening of the twentieth century the case of Mr. de Morgan is, in a number of ways, exceptional. Here we have a man in advanced middle age suddenly, and successfully invading a new field of art, breaking all records for belated achievement in fiction, venturing with the courage of inexperience to give us stories running close upon a quarter million words and written in the manner of a half century ago,- and, nevertheless, receiving an immediate, enthusiastic, and wide-spread acclaim, almost without precedent. "[1]

The ancestors and personal history of such a writer are of more than ordinary interest. For a man who, at the age of sixty-six years is able successfully to take up a new career, especially that of an author which as a general rule necessitates much apprenticeship and effort before the goal of success and fame is won - such a man must have inherited part, at least, of his ability and genius from his forefathers.

As the novelist's name suggests he is of French origin. His great great grandfather was a Hugenot who left France to serve in the East India Company in India, where he was married twice, both of his wives being French women. His son, Auguste, after serving the Company under

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1. Some English Story-Tellers - Cooper.

Warren Hastings for a time went to England where he settled down and married an English girl. He became the father of Lieutenant-Colonel John de Morgan, who married the daughter of James Dodson F. R. S., the author of the Anti-Logarithmic Canon and of other mathematical works of merit. The love of the East was still in the de Morgan blood and the novelist's grandparents returned to India where their son, Augustus de Morgan, the distinguished mathematician was born in June, 1806, at Madura in the Madras presidency.

The brilliant mathematician was presumably "sent home" as a child, to be brought up according to Anglo-Indian custom. At all events we know that his latter life was spent in England. Little is known of his early life and education and it is not until the founding of University College in London, in which he took a very keen interest and active part, that we hear much about him. He became the first professor of mathematics in this College and held this position for thirty-five years. At the end of this time he resigned his professorship as a protest against the introduction of religious tests, when James Martineau a candidate for the chair of Mental Philosophy was rejected on the ground that he was a Unitarian. In this act we see some of the influence of William Frend who was his father-in-lawand who was also a mathematician and a Unitarian.

Besides being an illustrious and noted mathematician and logician, Augustus de Morgan was also a voluminous writer, being the author of "A Budget of Paradoxes" and many other notable works. There are lively touches in more than one of his books and the reminiscences of his wife made it quite clear that he had a very characteristic humour of his own, which his son was fortunate enough to inherit. This man possessed a strong character and a scientific mind, combined with a keen sense of honor and a belief in and susceptibility to the occult. Both Mr. de Morgan and his wife were interested in occultism and spiritualism and so it is not unnatural that we find that same interest in psychic phenomena in the writings of their famous son. Augustus de Morganbeing a far-seeing and broad-minded man strongly advocated women's suffrage and along with his wife did much to help that movement which was then struggling to gain recognization. In brief, he was a man who was extremely interested in all the important political, social, and religious movements of his age. He was really a combination of Christopher Vance and Dr. Thorpe; for he had the learning and refinement of Dr. Thorpe and the shrewd irristible humour of Christopher Vance.

It cannot be surprising that such a man should

choose for his wife a woman equally as clever and charming as himself. Mrs. de Morgan, who, before her marriage was Elizabeth Sophia Frend, came of a cultured, clever and well-educated family, and was herself a very talented and interesting person. Like her husband she was especially interested in education and had a large share in the formation of Bedford College. The novelist's mother was also an author - among her works is a splendid "Memoir" of her husband and this is probably her best known work. She also wrote " From Matter to Spirit" (1863) and "Threescore Years and Ten". The latter is extremely interesting for the number of stories of Charles Lamb whom she knew quite well. Lady Byron was another intimate friend of Mrs. de Morgan and the author remembered as a child going to see Lady Byron at Fordhook, Ealing, and one of his most cherished possessions was a fragment of a letter from Lady Byron to his mother in which she said: "I am certain your little boy will in the years to come be a man among men." Perhaps this had something to do with Mr. de Morgan's ambition and success, at any rate it was an apt prophecy.

Mrs. de Morgan was an ardent social service worker and spent much of her time and money for the betterment of the conditions existing in the slums. Julia Cartwright in her article on the author has summed up the

personality and character of his mother when she speaks of her as - " a remarkable woman of cultured tastes, whose beautiful face, and lively interest in the people and things about her, made her still attractive in old age. She is fondly remembered in Chelsea by many of her friends."[2]

To William Frend, his maternal grandfather, he owes many of his rare qualities, and on this account it is interesting to briefly look into the life and character of this man. He was born in 1757 and was brought up and educated for the Church. After he was ordained he became the rector at Madingly, a small place near Cambridge, where at the same time he acted as a mathematical tutor. While living in Madingly he became converted to Unitarianism, and his subsequent publications on this creed together with certain attacks on the Church liturgy, led to prosecution by the University and expulsion from the office of tutor. Upon leaving Cambridge and Madingly he went to London where he became an actuary in the Rock Insurance Co. He remained in this occupation for the remainder of his life. While in London William Frend became one of the pioneer advocates for penny postage and also was the author of "Evening Amusements" which he wrote late in life.

William Frend was perhaps a little too strong-minded and radical. but he was nevertheless a man of

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2-"Wm. de Morgan, A Reminiscence"- by Julia Cartwright in The Living Age: vol. 293: page 345: May 1917.

unusual intelligence and much humour. He had firm principles and remained true to them no matter what happened since he was not a man to forsake a cause he believed in because of public opinion. He was a loyal friend and possessed a keen sense of honour.

The novelist and his sister Mary were very close pals as children and worked together when they grew older. In appearance Mary was a sharp contrast to her brother, being small and slight with a sharp voice, and an abrupt manner. She was an able and talented woman who amused people by her quick repartee and witty sayings. Like her brother, she too, had the gift of story-telling and wrote several excellent fairy tales which recalled Hans Andersen by their imaginative charm. The first of these, "On a Pincushion" was published in 1877 and was illustrated by William de Morgan. These illustrations were modelled or built on glass in plaster, from which moulds were made and the blocks cast in solid metal from the moulds. They were, no doubt, the first mechanically produced blocks to be used in book-work, and this process was de Morgan's original idea. Mary's last fairy tale, "Wind Fairies" appeared in 1900 and was dedicated to the grandchildren of Edward Burne-Jones. "The Choice of Chance", a striking novel which appeared in 1877 under the nom de plume of William Dodson, also came from the same clever pen of Mary de Morgan.

II - Life and Career of William de Morgan.

Birth, Education and Marriage.

William Frend de Morgan, the celebrated novelist, was born November 16th, 1839, at 69 Gower Street, London, England. His early childhood was just the same as that of any normal boy,- spent in playing children's games with the boys of the neighborhood. His primary education he received at home from his father, and later at the age of ten he went to the University College School, a preparatory school in connection with University College in which his father was professor of mathematics. He graduated from this school at the age of sixteen and then entered the University; but from the first his bent seems to have been towards art rather than scholarship, and so after three years of College we find him enrolled at Carey's School[3] of Art in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury. The following year (1859) he entered the Royal Academy Schools of Art where he studied painting for several years, but he said himself he could not claim ever to have been a painter.

In 1858 the de Morgan family moved to 41 Chalcot Villas, Adelaide Road, (now known as 91 Adelaide Road). At the beginning of Chapter IV in "When Ghost Meets Ghost" we find an allusion to this period of the author's life in St. Johns Wood - there is another allusion to it in "Alice-For-Short" when Mr. Jerrythought moves from No. 40 X- St.,

3. Carey was the son of Carey the translator of Dante.

Soho, to St. Johns Woods. After the death of his father in 1871, William de Morgan, his mother and sisters moved to Cheyne Row, Chelsea, just two doors away from Carlyle's home. From this time until his death, a period of nearly a half century de Morgan made his permanent home in Chelsea. Chelsea was the scene of his triumphs both in art and literature, for it was there that he built his first kiln in his garden; and there that he began to make his fine lustre-ware in a picturesque old building known as Orange House, and there in later years, that he wrote his famous novels; and there that he was happily married.

A marriage which proved to be as happy and successful as that of the Brownings, was solemnized in 1888 when William de Morgan married Evelyn Pickering, daughter of Percival Andree Pickering, Q. C. and Anna Maria Pickering (a descendent of the Stanhopes and the Coϕkes of Norfolk) whose Memoirs published in 1903 were so entertaining. Mrs. de Morgan and her two sisters all made names for themselves; one sister wrote an excellent biography of the Coke of Norfolk; Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, another sister, was also an author; her best known work was a book on William de Morgan and his wife; and Mrs. de Morgan became famous for her art. As a child she was forbidden by her mother to become an artist and bade to devote herself

to become a social light and make an advantageous marriage. However, Mrs. de Morgan loved her art too well to give in so easily and continued to paint in secret. In due time discovery was made and she was grudgingly sent to Slade School where she studied hard (and was an ardent worker.) Later she went to Italy to study and while there partly maintained herself by her art. It was in Italy that she imbibed the feeling for the best period of Italian Art which came out so strongly in her work. A bout this time Mrs. de Morgan modelled a wonderful head of Medusa which caused much admiration among the art critics. She was an accomplished artist of distinctive originality and possessed a keen sense of colour. In addition to this her pictures had a decorative charm and the inspiration of a lofty mind and poetic imagination. Her painting subjects were varied and their titles generally explained their meaning, for example, "The Gilded Cage" and "Eve in the Garden of Eden." Mrs.de Morgan exhibited her paintings at the first exhibition of the Grosvenor Galleryin the early eighties; and also at the New Gallery, Dresden, Cologne, and other foreign cities. She had a "one-man" exhibition at Bruton Street in 1907 which was criticised most favorably by the press[4]. One of her pictures "Life and Thought" taken from Tennyson's poem "Life and Thought

Have Gone Away" is now in the Liverpool Art Gallery. Attached to the de Morgan home was a huge studio where Mrs. de Morgan painted while her husband wrote his world famous novels. G. F. Watts considered her "the first woman artist of the day - if not of all time."[5]

Mrs. de Morgan's influence over her husband reminds one of Mrs. Browning's influence over the poet. There seems to have been much in common betweenn the Brownings and the de Morgans. Both couples were happily married; were interested in the same things and in each others' works. All four were artists of great ability. Both couples had a great love for Italy and lived quiet, peaceful, honorable, and contented lives. Mr. Browning's philosophy of life and belief in immortality of the soul is very similar to that of de Morgan. Both Mrs. Browning and Mrs de Morgan were true helpmates to their respective husbands and encouraged them and urged them on to fame and success. It is to Mrs. de Morgan that all lovers of de Morgan owe their gratitude for the author's novels, for it was she who urged him to continue writing "Joseph Vance" when he wanted to put it aside. It was her belief in him as a novelist that made him keep on writing. Again we owe thanks to Mrs. de Morgan for the completion of the two novels, "The Old Madhouse", and "An Old Man's

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5. "Wm. and Evelyn de Morgan"- Review of Reviews: Vol. 66 p. 128- July 1922.

Youth", which de Morgan left unfinished at the time of his death. The novelist always read his books to his wife chapter by chapter as he wrote, rejecting or accepting material upon her advice. Sir William Richmond, an old friend, summed up their intimacy, comradship, and happiness together when he said, "Evelyn and William de Morgan were absolutely one; one in sympathy, in intelligence and direction, one in tastes and in perfect companionship. They teased and chaffed one another as school boys do; they were amused at each other's idiosyncracies, and I verily believe, amused also at their mental similarity. He believed in her art and she in his. They were both artistic in the highest sense, and where the business capacity came in is a puzzle to everyone."[6]

After their marriage the happy couple settled down in a charming, ramshackle, old house, No. 1, The Vale, Chelsea and lived there for twenty years, at the end of which time the house was torn down and they were forced to move. They then went into a corner house on Church Street and lived here for the rest of their lives. Both homes were filled with beautiful and interesting things- they were, in fact, quite store-houses for artistic curios among which were many specimens of de Morgan's own ceramic pottery and tiles, all of supreme and delicate beauty;

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6. "The Happy de Morgans"- Outlook: 131: p. 703, August 30th, 1922.

while Mrs. de Morgan's lovely pictures graced their walls.

Their winters were chiefly spent in Florence, partly because of de Morgan's passion for Italy; partly because of the author's poor health; and partly because they wished to be near Mrs. de Morgan's uncle, Spencer Stanhope, who was a prominent member of the English colony in that city. While in Florence they had an apartment in Viale Milton. After the death of Mr. Stanhope in 1912 they gave up their Italian home to spend the whole year in Chelsea from that time on.

It is interesting to note that de Morgan gave us a splendid portrait of his wife in his most lovable character, that of Janey Spencer in "Joseph Vance".

Career as an Artist , Ceramic Potter and Inventor.

As we have already seen de Morgan turned his attention to art early in life. After studying several years at the Royal Academy of Art he decided to forego his first intentionand desire to be a painter, and to devote his time and study to the art of stained-glass. His first serious work along this line began in 1864 when he obtained rooms which he converted into an art studio on London and Grafton

Streets near Tottenham Court Road. Later he moved to 40 Fitzroy Square and this is the place that was haunted by "the lady with the black spots" in "Alice-For-Short." After six or seven years as a comparatively unsuccessful stained-glass artist, he concluded that it was not his life work and so took up ceramics and remained a ceramic potter from that time until he began his literary career in 1904.

With this venture into a new field of art the author began to make something of a name for himself, and his experiments in lustre, (at that time not much known in England,) attracted the attention and admiration of many artists. After burning the roof off his studio by dabbling in pottery firing, he was forced to move to 30 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and it was while situated here that the"de Morgan lustre-ware" gained its fame. De Morgan disclaimed the invention of this ware regarding it rather as a rediscovery of certain colours - one blue in particular -to be found in ancient Persian pottery. The same fastidious care shown by the novelist in the words and setting of his novels was shown by him in the making of his pottery. In their original designs and beauty of shape and colour, his beautiful pieces of pottery recalled the wonderful Gubbio ware wrought by Messer Giorgia in

Renaissance times[7] - in fact Holman Hunt[8], the art critic, compared them to the work of the best periods of Italian pottery. Another art critic has said that de Morgan's works at the British exhibition in Pavillon de Marson "glowed there among the dim splendoure of Pre-Raphaelite survivals, evidence of a complete union of art and craft such as rarely is found in modern times."[9]

De Morgan built a factory for his tiles in 1882 near William Morris' works at Merton Abbey. He and Morris worked in co-operation and as a result de Morgan's lovely jars and dishes of glowing and vivid colours and mother-of-pearl were always displayed in the showrooms of the Morris Company on Oxford Street, and at one time the de Morgan Persian tiles were as well known as the Morris tapestries. De Morgan's tiles were extremely beautiful and delicate and very popular. Halsey Ricardo, de Morgan's one time partner built a tile house for Mr. Debenham in Addison Road which de Morgan greatly admired and in which were some of his own finest wall-tiles. Lord Leighton brought some Persian tiles from Damascus to decorate his Arab Court, but he did not bring sufficient and so he asked de Morgan to match the Damascus tiles as well as he could. Those supplied by de Morgan were so similar in colour and texture that Lord Leighton declared that only a certain

7. "William de Morgan - A Reminiscence" by Julia Cartwright- The Living Age: vol. 293; p. 345- May 1917.
8. "William de Morgan"- by S.M.Ellis - The Living Age: vol. 296: p. 676 - March 16th,
9. "The Happy de Morgans"- The Outlook: vol. 131; p. 703 - August 30th, 1922.

peculiarity in the original tiles could identify them.[10]

During the winters which the de Morgans spent abroad he was still busy with new experiments and inventions. He set up a shop in his Florentine garden and trained Italian workmen to paint tiles with Persian colours under the glaze. Gradually his connection with the work ceased and the factory was closed and the moulds destroyed to the great regret of all lovers of art.

Unfortunately, in spite of its decorative charm and the general admiration which it roused, de Morgan's pottery never proved a commercial success. This was partly due to the great cost of production and partly, no doubt, to his own lack of business capacity, for he was absent-minded and unpractical as regards the money-making part of his work. Also, like the French potter, Palissy, whom he resembled in many ways, de Morgan's fertile brain was always busy with new ideas and he was always trying new experiments. If one of these happened to prove successful he promptly used all his earnings on some fresh venture on a new and grander scale. However as each year passes de Morgan's ceramic work becomes better and more favorably known. Some critics claim that his popularity as a novelist has brought this situation about; that his novels has boosted his tiles and vessels of "Persian

10. "William de Morgan"-"A Reminiscence" by Julia Cartwright -The Living Age - vol. 293 - May, 1917.

Ware" and have made a merchantable thing of the"de Morgan lustre". But the majority, I think, will agree with what H. C. Mossop has said: "In 1922 de Morgan is known as a highly individual author who has been a potter. In 1952 he will be recognized as the greatest ceramic artist Europe has produced."[11]

Besides being an artist de Morgan was also an inventor, although he did not invent anything which brought him either fame as an inventor or a great pecuniary reward. All his inventions like his works of art failed commercially. His three most important inventions were a duplex gearing for a bicycle, a smoke-consuming fire-grate, and a sieve for refining large masses of clay. He used the sieve in his pottery work with great success.

Career as a Literary Artist.

As we have seen from the ancestral history of the author the gift of story-writing was assuredly in the de Morgan family, although in the case of William de Morgan it lay dormant for a great many years. When he was eighteen his father told him that if he would take to reading he thought he had decided literary faculties which might be developed. He was not a great reader although he knew Charles Dickens as few readers has known him, and

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11. "William de Morgan and His Times"- by H.C. Mossop - The Times Literary Supplement - July 6th, 1922.

he knew also many of Browning's shorter poems by heart but had never read "The Ring and The Book". He had twice tried to write early in life; once when he was about sixteen or so, he and his brothers and sisters set themselves to write a short story in twenty minutes, but he was not able to accomplish anything at all. Then again he tried when he was about twenty but was discouraged with his attempt and threw his manuscript into the fire. After that he said he never again felt the least flicker of literary ambition. And so, with the appearance of "Joseph Vance" in 1906, when de Morgan was sixty-six years of age he startled the world at large and amazed his most intimate friends and even himself by revealing himself in the new and altogether unexpected capacity of a novelist.

"As in the case of one Christopher Vance, later to be known as a builder and contractor on a large and prosperous scale, it was an illness that determined Mr. de Morgan's new enterprise."[12] In 1904 when a serious attack of influenza overtook him, and with old age upon him, he might well have thought himself nearly at an end of his activity, especially when he had spent a life-time of half-rewarded endeavour. But during his convalescence, to amuse himself, he was casually moved to write the first two chapters of "Joseph Vance." A dim notion of the story

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12. "William Frend de Morgan - Artist, Potter, and Novelist"- by Edward Verrall Lucas - The Outlook: vol. 90: p. 711: November 18th, 1908.

had come to him during his illness, but he had in mind n0 scenario, no plot, no plan, no idea whatever of the course of the story, or how many characters there would be, or what would become of any one of these characters. He just began to write and then ceased upon his recovery. The world owes the completion of the story to Mrs. de Morgan, who found the manuscript in her husband's desk, and after reading it insisted on him continuing it. Even then he came near canceling the first chapter fearing it seemed too much like Dickens, but was persuaded not to do so.

From an interview with de Morgan by Mr. Bram Stoker we have de Morgan's own words regarding the beginning of his literary career. "I was brought to novel writing first by a desire to do a thing I thought I could not do. For sixty-four years of my life - as long as it were possible - I waited. Then I tried. In 1904 I made the experiment with what is now the first chapter of "Joseph Vance". That chapter as it now stands is exactly as it was first written. I was diffident about it and put it aside. Later in the year when we were going to Florence it came with us amongst a great mass of business papers. My wife read it in Italy and was sufficiently pleased with it to advise me to go on. When I attempted to develop further the incipient story

I found the task a very pleasant one; and when Lossie came into it I began to get deeply interested. In this spirit I went on with the book and finished it. I did not then think of publishing it.

"By the way, the story that got into the press here, is substantially correct; that of the head of the typewriting office who complained that her girls were always reading the manuscript and weeping over it, instead of going on with their work."[13] "Joseph Vance" contained two hundred and eighty thousand words, and as de Morgan wrote an enormous hand the bulk of his manuscript was appalling. He sent it to a publisher and immediately received it back; and then after trying several other publishers in vain, he decided to have it "typed", thinking it might be read in smaller portions. The girls who typed it out were found crying over the story, and the fact that the story was too much for the feelings of the typists who were used to manuscripts of all kinds, was sufficient for Mr. William Heinemann, the most enterprising publisher in all London, to undertake the publishing of the novel.

As completed "Joseph Vance" took a very different shape from that which the writer had at first vaguely fancied it. According to rumour, he had projected a severe and realistic narrative, unrelieved by

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13. "Mr. de Morgan's Habit of Work"- by Bram Stoker: The World's Work: vol. 16, p. 10337-8; 1908.

humour, but found it unsatisfactory. De Morgan became interested first in Christopher Vance, then in Lossie and Janey. When these three characters took hold of him he was eager to find out the end of the story. Before the publication of "Joseph Vance " he had started another novel and liked it but Mrs. de Morgan did not, so he laid it aside and started "Somehow Good" upon his wife's suggestion of what de Morgan thought was an "admirable beginning"[14] - "He took his fare in the two-penny tube".[15] This was the beginning of Chapter II; Chapter I being written sometime afterwards to "square it all up."[16] Before finishing "Somehow Good" the novelist wrote and published "Alice-For-Short." Then, in rapid succession followed: "Somehow Good"; "It Never Can Happen Again"; "An Affair of Dishonour"; "A Likely Story"; "When Ghost Meets Ghost"; "An Old Man's Youth"; and "The Old Madhouse". The last two were unfinished at the time of his death, but later completed by Mrs. de Morgan.

Thus, William de Morgan, English artist, potter and inventor was really a miraculous person, for seldom, if ever, has anyone ventured on an entirely new career at such an age as he did, and won for himself the great fame, popularity and financial success. It is a marvell-

14. "William de Morgan"- by William Lyon Phelps- North American Review: vol.205, p.440, March, 1917.
15. "William de Morgan"- by William Lyon Phelps- North American Review: vol.205, p.440, March, 1917.
16. "William de Morgan"- by William Lyon Phelps- North American Review: vol.205, p.440, March, 1917 .

ous thing that at the age of sixty-five, he became fruitful producing the wonderful children of his brain that are today everywhere known and loved.

The Death of William de Morgan.-

When Joseph Vance stood outside his house in Cheyne Row and heard again the long silent music of his dead wife's piano each note seemed to say;[17] "that the end of it all was Death. There is no life but dies, no love but ceases, no sun but shall some day grow and be left an ash in dark space. I stood and watched the dropping red sail of the boat, and my heart pleaded with the music for a respite. But the music only said it again if possible more beautifully, all it had said before..."[18] De Morgan has said Death comes to one and all of us; it came to him suddenly and unexpectedly after only two weeks of illness. Influenza was the means of bringing him fame and success as a novelist, but it was also the means of bringing death to him on January 15th, 1917. Five days later he was given a very beautiful and impressive funeral service in the Old Church, which has played so great a part in the history of Chelsea, and which is mentioned so

17. "William de Morgan"- by S. M. Ellis - The Living Age: vol.296, p.676, March 16th, 1918.
18. "William de Morgan"- by S. M. Ellis - The Living Age: vol.296, p.676, March 16th, 1918.

often in his novels. Here his body was laid under a violet pall, bright with many beautiful flowers, and surrounded by a large company of friends who had known and loved him; and his last Requiem was sung by the sweet voices of the Boys' Choir. Besides his wife, among the mourners were the children and grand-children of his intimate friend Burne-Jones and the daughter of William Morris, while his casket was followed to the graveside by the love and gratitude of thousands of his readers whose lives had been cheered and gladdened by his genius.

Mrs. de Morgan passed away two years after her husband and is buried beside him in Brookwood Cemetry. In her two years of widowhood, Mrs de Morgan designed a headstone carved in low relief, to be placed at the head of her husband's grave. There are two figures on it, the mourning one being a portrait of herself. The inscription reads as follows:

William Frend de Morgan

1889----1917

Artist: Potter: Inventor: Novelist.

"Sorrow is only of Earth,

The Life of the Spirit is Joy."

William de Morgan left this world and went to his well earned rest, after a life full of activity, joy,

and happiness, leaving behind a reputation and memory of which anyone would be proud.

III - Personality and Character of de Morgan.

De Morgan was exactly the kind of a man that the author of his novels ought to have been - a very humane, happy, contented, and good-natured man, who was a pacificist and could always see some good in everyone and in everything. His almost childlike nature was simple, sweet and very sympathetic. Although a thin man his manner and nature had all the heartiness, geniality, and kindliness usually associated with rotundity. He took a deep interest in his employees and his liberality and kindness to them was unbounded, and many are the instances on record of his generosity to them as a whole and to them as individuals. Some of those who have worked for him see a striking resemblance in character between him and his own creation, Dr. Thorpe in "Joseph Vance". He did not have much business ability and was unable to hold on to money. He was as careless in dress as his friend William Morris, and very absent-minded, yet he was a man of an observing temperament; and the extraordinary thing about him was that in his novels he was able to unite so much absent-mindedness with his marvellous observation. It was the very exuberance, originality and winningness of his personality that inspired what is finest in his books. Ever optimistic, cheerful and hopeful de Morgan was a delightful companion who was

whimsical in conservation and who invented quaint jokes of a pleasant variety. Odd names had a strange fascination for him as also did the excellence of the colour or design of a beautiful piece of pottery. He was extremely reticient and modest, almost shy one might say, in speaking of himself and his work, and it was only in answer to direct queries that he would tell anything about himself or his novels.

At the close of an appreciative article on Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling's book, "William de Morgan and His Wife", Professor William Lyon Phelps said: "To me he is one of the world's greatest humorists, who regarded the show of life with that clear sighted tolerance that only human sympathy can give.....if any man in this imperfect world ever lived happily that man was William de Morgan."[19] To the very end de Morgan remained the sunny, loveable being who had exchanged cockney letters with Bourne-Jones; and without the sweetness of character that survived the long struggle, without the humour that brightened every burden, without the optimism that made him believe in allmortal existence as "somehow good", he never would have entered on his career as a novelist at the age of sixty-five years.

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19. "The Happy de Morgans" - The Outlook; vol.131, p.703, August 30th, 1923.

Appearance.

In appearance de Morgan was attractive; he was not a handsome man nor yet was he by any means homely but he had the refined features of a cultured gentleman and the bright, sunny smile of a happy and contented man. He was six feet in height and of a slight build with square shoulders. Well-balanced on a fairly long neck, his head was well-shaped, very wide and full behind the ears with a bald forehead, very similar to those of Tennyson and Swinburne; a forehead which was quite wide between those ridges Phrenologists call the "bumps of imagination."[20] His hair, beard and eyebrows were of a rich brown colour, while his eyes were clear blue with a frank, kindly glance. His step was brisk and alert; his voice thin but cultured; and his hands characteristic - the fine, dexterous, sensitive hands of an artist skilled in plastic work.

Friends.

The artist temperament of the novelist gave him entrance to the famous Chelsea aesthetic set, better known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and which included such famous men as William Morris, Thomas Carlyle,

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20. "William de Morgan"- A Century of the English Novel- by Weggandt - p. 335.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Bourne-Jones, and Ford Mador Brown. Of these men de Morgan became an unobtrusive but welcome intimate and associate. Among these celebrities his closest friends were William Morris and Bourne-Jones, whose artistic aims and tastes he shared. His friendship with Morris although of the most intimate kind did not lead him to adopt any of Morris's Socialistic ideals - de Morgan's own attitude being more democratic and conservative. The author was a frequent and very welcome visitor at Kelmscott, where he and Morris used to spend many summer days roaming up and down the lovely Cotswold country discussing their artistic aims and ambitions. They both had factories at Merton and each did all he could to help the other in his business.

He was also a frequent visitor at the Grange, the home of Bourne-Jones, where he was accepted as a member of the family and took an active part in their family life. He was a great favorite with the young people of the household, often amusing them and their cousin, Rudyard Kipling, with his merry pranks, lively conversation and jokes. Lady Bourne-Jones said that he was a friend not only in time of joy but also in time of trouble and recalls that he sat up all night with her distracted husband when she herself was very

ill. This she said is only one instance of his thoughtfulness and unselfishness shown to their family.

"It Never Can Happen Again" is dedicated to Ralph, second Earl of Lovelace, "in remembrance of two long concurrent lives and uninterrupted friendship."[21] The Earl of Lovelace was de Morgan's earliest friend in Chelsea; de Morgan's mother and the first Countess of Lovelace studied mathematics together under Professor Augustus de Morgan and were intimate friends; and later, after their respective marriages their children played and grew up together as friends.

Besides these more intimate friends the novelist had a host of other friends and acquaintances who loved and admired him.

Habits and Interests.

The work which occupied most of his lifetime was almost a hobby with him. Art in all its phases was a source of interest and delight to him. He had a passionate love for beauty of all kind and in all forms; he admired well-blended colours of vivid hues or quiet tints, excellent designs, and perfectly shaped articles. He was an excellent judge, not only of all ceramic work and pottery, but also of pictures, and was a constant

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21. "William de Morgan"- A Reminiscence"- by Julia Cartwright- The Living Age: vol.293, p.348, May, 1917.

visitor at the various art galleries and art exhibitions.

Besides his own art and that of his wife, one of his greatest interests and enjoyments was music of which both he and Mrs. de Morgan were extremely fond. They regularly attended the Sunday Concerts at Albert Hall and the musical afternoons at Leighton House. When they moved into their home on Church Street, de Morgan found a new delight in the pianola and later he became the proud possesser of an Angelus which he played every evening. He was an ardent lover and admirer of Beethoven and had studied all his works thoroughly, and the readers of "Joseph Vance" will remember the beautiful passage describing the comfort which came to the bereaved widower through his hearing a movement of the Waldstein Sonata.[22]

Politics held only a slight interest for him and the only political movement into which he entered with any enthusiasm was in support of Mr. Gladstone's campaign on the Bulgarian atrocities. He had little use for the Member of Parliament who lacked the gumption to defy the other members and to stand up for what he considered to be right.

He had always been greatly interested in science and invention, having invented several things himself; and during the Great War he gave up his writing

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22. " William de Morgan - A Reminiscence"- by Julia Cartwright - The Living Age; vol.293, May, 1917.

and devoted his time and energy ~~to~~ making scientific experiments at the Polytechnic and ~~to~~ perfecting new submarine discoveries. To the Admiralty he sent many suggestions for the saving of life and the destroying of hostile craft; and was exceptionally pleased and proud of the sum realized for the English and Italian Red Cross Societies by the exhibition of his wife's symbolic paintings dealing with subjects suggested by the war.

But his greatest interest of all was the world and its people and life. In life he could always find some new and beautiful wonder to interest him nor did life ever lose its thrilling mystery for him. All classes and types of people deeply interested him, but most especially did the very poor and humble of the slums whose ways and actions he studied and knew so well, and with whom he sincerely sympathized. He did not like organized philanthropy very much but loved to hear Of the individual charities of the "well-to-do" to the poor, and in his quiet and unassuming way he himself did much to help better conditions existing in the slums and tenements of the City of London.

B - William de Morgan - The Novelist.

I - His Novels.

The Novels in General.

" For more than half a century he has been studying people, observing life, formulating his own philosophy; throughout all these years his thoughts have been slowly ripening like a rare old wine. And when he first brought them forth in "Joseph Vance", he served them like a rare old wine, in the old bottle - his manner harmonized with his matter."[23]

No young person could have written any one of de Morgan's novels for they are filled with a life-time's personal observations and experiments and it is this more than anything else, that attracts the reading public to him. He has lived to see and to see accurately and tolerably though not without feeling. With human sympathy and a generous heart or with an eye in which humour twinkles he has noticed all the things of life whether tragic or amusing, and has skill-fully passed on to us, in his books, his wide and shrewd knowledge of the world. And on practically every page there is something to remind us of our own observations, of our own feelings, thoughts and actions.

In his novels de Morgan has introduced to us a large portion of the population of England, India, America, Italy, and the eighteenth Century; and to all

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23. "Some English Story-Tellers" - by Cooper.

classes as well as nationalities, we are made acquainted with the aristocracy, with their titles and patrician halls, professionals of all kinds, middle-class domestic families, domestic servants and laborers, and slum characters. He brought patrician and plebeian together by writing the history of the individual philanthropies of the"well-to-do" to the poor.[24] " Joseph Vance" and "Alice-For-Short" are both stories of adoption of poor children by well-to-do families. The twin sisters, Maisie and Phoebe, and the inhabitants of 8 apps Court are befriended by aristocracy in the person of Lady Gwendolen Rivers, in "When Ghost Meets Ghost". And in the same story Dave Wardle, like Joseph Vance, brought up in the slums marries upward into the class of his benefactors. His fondness for and belief in the poor and humble is further displayed by his presenting momentous events through the lips of humble and indifferent characters. In "Joseph Vance", the great emotional climax - when Lossie visits her old lover after years of separation - is given with unconscious force through the faulty vernacular of the "slut" or maid-servant and through the broken English of the German chess player.[25] De Morgan delighted in bringing the social extremes together to prove to us that after all, both rich and poor, aristocrat

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24. "Some Modern Novelists"- William Follett -

25. "Joseph Vance"- Notes by the Editor.

and plebeian, are human and that their humanity is of one and the same kind.

Lord Lovelace once aptly described de Morgan's novels as "the work of an idealist with realistic details," combining the sentiments and classic traditions of the Victorian Age with the more analytic methods of the present generation.[26] He was a born raconteur and tells a good story in his own leisurely way, mingling wit and wisdom, humour and pathos, optimism and cynicism, all together by an attractive style and broad method. De Morgan is never trite and one may be certain of finding originality of theme and treatment. Nor is there ever anything superificial about him; and his breadth and depth of treatment is one of the things that places him far above his contemporaries.

The de Morgan novels should never be scanned hastily but must be read slowly by those who can wait indefinitely, without impatience, before learning whom Lossie married or whether Joseph proposed the second time to Janey.[27] Every book of his contains "cleverness" and much of it, but cleverness never gets the upperhand. He lives in his characters and takes a great delight in following them throughout their fictitious lives, and for this reason they are real, human and loveable.

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26. "William de Morgan - A Reminiscence"- by Julia Cartwright - The Living Age: vol.293, p.250, May, 1917.
27. "Some English Story-Tellers"- by T. Cooper. p.37.

It may take a long time to get at the heart of one of them, but when fathomed, one feels one has gained a friend.

The years of Mr. de Morgan's literary career were few but fruitful; and his novels few in quantity but excellent in quality as their popularity has proved.

Despite the great length of "Joseph Vance" and the fact that its author was unknown, the novel was an instant and complete success upon its first appearance. Thousands of copies were sold in all parts of the world where English was spoken and it was not long until "Joseph Vance" had as many readers as it had words (280,000). With the publication of each of his other novels in turn, he won even greater popularity and fame, and was soon heralded as one of the great English novelists. Criticisms in the majority of the leading periodicals and newspapers were most favorable and flattering, and many were the personal letters of congratulation and appreciation that Mr. de Morgan received from friends, acquaintances, and strangers. In reply to one of these, from Mr. George S. Seymour, de Morgan has expressed his feeling of surprise and satisfaction in the following words: "Had I been told ten years since, that I should live to write books that would find readers out-

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side my own circle of friends, I should have been incredulous. But what should I have said to a prediction that these books would be read in America and Australia?-and, what to a forecast, strangest of all, that they should be thought worthy to be the subject of eighteen lines of verse as finished and skillful as yours just to hand--? I don't know, but I thank their writer.

William de Morgan."[28]

6/6/1910.

Another time he was heard to say, "Formerly it used to be Mrs. de Morgan and her husband, now it is Mr. de Morgan and his wife"[29], referring to the time when Mrs. de Morgan's paintings were more famous than his ceramics, but after the success of his novels his wife's pictures had to be content with second consideration.

"Joseph Vance"--

"Joseph Vance" is a long novel containing about two hundred and eighty thousand words, dealing with the middle-class and the laboring-people of England, drawn from a life-long acquaintance with the streets of London. It is a fresh, original, and unusually clever book, whose every page contains charm

28. "William de Morgan"-- by Edwin Francis Edgett--The Bookman: vol.45, p.67, March 3rd, 1917.
29. "The Happy de Morgans"--The Outlook: vol.131, p.703, August 30th, 1922.

for the reader, who must peruse it slowly and carefully if he wishes to understand it at all, for it is so packed with subtle intimations and crass allusions that it is not safe to skip even a word. Only a very skilful hand could have penned this brilliant, humorous, and spontaneous work of art written from the heart of a great man. This realistic novel, autobiographical in form, is "ill-written" only in the sense of not being written according to the present standards of novel writing. It is rather loosely put together, with some loose ends of narrative, and sprinkled throughout with asides to the reader, but a new novel of "an old-time sort" must do this to be realistic. However "Joseph Vance" is not so much a beautifully written or well-constructed novel as it is an encyclopedia of life. In it we meet real people and we hear delightful conversation. It is a human document whose humour is too dry, and whose satire is too delicate to have been invented, and whose sadness is the sadness of life, and whose every character is stamped with genuine humanity. The human lives here recorded have their full share of bitterness and defeat as in real life, as well as their share of happiness and success. "Joseph Vance" is a story of the life and career of a poor boy from the slums, who is

adopted by a middle-class family. From beginning to end the book is chiefly concerned with the career of this boy, Joseph Vance, who is one of the best and tenderest figures in modern fiction;while Lossie Thorpe, the heroine, is an unforgetable character; and as for Janey, Joseph's wife, one cannot help loving her and wishing that she might be met in real life. The author himself, liked "Joseph Vance" best of all his works, probably because the humour is liveliest. It is indeed, a remarkably fine novel, pervaded by the very interesting personality of the author-- a book that deserves a high place in fiction and should be regarded as the first great English novel of the twentieth century.

"Alice-For-Short."

De Morgan's second novel appeared in 1907 and is another story of adoption. This time it is a little girl, Alicia Kavanagh, called Alice, for short, who is rescued from a dreadful home, after her drunken mother has been killed by her father who committed suicide immediately after his crime. Alice is rescued by a young, ambitious artist, Charles Heath, whose family finally adopts her, and whose wife she eventually becomes.

Into the story the novelist has introduced the supernatural in the shape of ghosts, and a century old mystery. And de Morgan deserves great credit for the effective unravelling of this mystery by recounting the story of Old Jane, who is the only living person directly connected with the mystery, and whose life had been cut off when she was only thirty by a fall and a blow on the head. No one could have surpassed Mr. de Morgan's splendid description of this old lady of ninety awakening from a sleep of sixty years and expecting to take up life exactly where she had left off before her accident, then gradually grasping the fact that she was no longer a young and pretty woman of thirty, but rather an old and wrinkled lady of ninety, standing on the threshhold of death before her life had really begun. It is a rare and wonderful episode depicted by a skilled master.

"'Alice-For-Short' is a book extraordinarily long, extraordinarily full, extraordinarily packed with the observations of sixty years, and above all, extraordinarily English."[30] It is a book of a mixture of everything. In it we have passages that make one think of Dickens, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith; it deals with slum children, artists, doctors, murders, apparitions, love-affairs, and dropped "h's"; it has both eighteenth

30. "A New Career at Sixty-Seven"-- The Literary Digest: vol. 35, p. 129,-- July, 1907. From "The Daily Mail."

century and nineteenth century elements; and it is full of the English trick of allusiveness. It is so long a tale-- nearly a quarter million of words in length-- that the author has has to break it into two parts; its art is diffuse and prolix; and minor faults may be found in it; but when all is admitted, the novel charms and holds one by its wit, wisdom, and humanity.

" Somehow Good."

1908 saw the publication of "Somehow Good", generally considered to be de Morgan's best novel. The plot, somewhat improbable, is based on a man's total loss of memory caused by an electric shock, and on his recovery after various amazing complications have resulted including his re-marrying his own wife. The march of " Somehow Good" goes from hell, through purgatory, to paradise.[31] In the beginning there is deep tragedy and sorrow, but "somehow good" becomes "the final goal of ill." Of all his novels this one most nearly approaches a perfect piece of construction. It sticks most closely to its central theme; the mannerisms are less pronounced and kept more in check; the strong points of construction are strengthened; the central chapters

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31. "Essays on Modern Novelists"-- Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps.

have a simple and concentrated narrative force of vision and restraint; there are fewer superfluous characters and the minor creations are strokes of genius. De Morgan evidently saw his way clearly from the outset, and his own inconsecutiveness and apparent casualness are seen in the end to never have been unconsidered or irrevelant-- the author knows from the start how he wants to tell his story and employs a true style in doing so. There are certain coincidents in "Somehow Good" that probably are too striking but the effects of these are undoubtedly true to life. It is a very entertaining and enjoyable book and may be recommended with enthusiasm and confidence.

"It Never Can Happen Again."

In "It Never Can Happen Again" we have a two plot story of seven hundred pages. The major plot turns on the repeal of the Deceased Wife's Sister Law, and recounts the experience in this respect, of Alfred Challis, the novelist, who becomes infatuated with Judith Arkroyd, a magnificent but indifferent society beauty, to the intense jealousy of Marianne his "impossible" wife, and the half-sister of his first wife

now deceased. The minor and better plot is concerned with Blind Jim and his little daughter Lizarann. Blind Jim is a sailor whose life has been filled with one calamity after another, first losing his wife, his sight, his leg, and finally his life and beloved daughter, who dies of consumption. The two plots are connected first by the Rev. Athelstan Taylor, a friend of the Arkroyd family and of Blind Jim, and later by Jim himself when in death, he becomes the determining factor of the main action. Hearing Lizarann's death cry across miles of English country he rushed out onto the road and was run over by Lord Felixthorpe's car-- and had he not done this Challis would not have been knocked on the head, Marianne would not have been sent for, and a reconciliation would not have been effected. By far the best portion of the book are those in which Jim and Lizarann play the stellar roles, and their tragic and sad history is not nearly so depressing as the monotonous quarrel between Challis and Marianne. The only worth-while characters are Blind Jim, Lizarann, Adeline, and the Rev. Athelstan-- these are all loveable and have the humanity and attraction of the usual de Morgan creation. But unfortunately, that cannot be said of the Deceased Wife's Sister group, for it is difficult to even like any of them and this fact greatly

detracts from the novel as a whole. Yet "It Never Can Happen Again" is essentially a wise book in that it proves to us that while we may learn to be independent of fate in large matters, we simply cannot escape from the trivial circumstances of every day life, which at the moment do not appear to be of much consequence but which in reality are to play a large part in our lives.

"An Affair of Dishonor".

In this novel de Morgan broke away from Realism and ventured into the land of Romance. He left the familiar streets of London of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and went back to the time of Charles II. "An Affair of Dishonor" is an historical romance, laid in the ~~sixteenth~~ 17th century, and only four hundred pages in length. It begins with a duel on a Mid-June morning, which immediately sets the reader in tune with the story of those days, and it ends with an appropriate ending for the villain. Although a failure from the publisher's point of view, it is however, a remarkably clever and powerful story, rich in vitality and told with great art. It is a study of character, conduct, and conscience, and is all very ingenious. To remind us of de Morgan's

psychical interests there is much about the supernatural in the name of witchcraft and mesmerism, which adds favorably to the book. There is, unfortunately, little of the de Morgan humour, and the people on the whole are onloveable; but the descriptions are unusually good and very realistic, especially the description of the sea fight between the Dutch and English off Solebay. In this novel de Morgan deliberately withheld a great part of himself and proved that he knew all about the fine modern technique, and in point of style "An Affair of Dishonon" is a remarkable "tour de force."[32] Not at all like de Morgan's other novels and not nearly as popular, yet it is a work worthy of the pen of such a great author.

" A Likely Story."

An unusual and original tale dealing with Italy of the sixteenth century and England of modern times, the connecting link between the two being "the picture that talks." The picture is of a beautiful Italian girl of mediaeval times and de Morgan makes her talk -- this feat he makes plausible by bringing in the theories of mental suggestion, thought transfer, and unconscious cerebration.[33] The story of the portrait-lady becomes strangely interwoven with those of two other families.

32. "An Affair of Dishonor"-- The Saturday Review: vol.90, 1910.
33. "A Likely Story"-- The Literary Digest: vol.44, p.432, 1912.

First, the picture influences the life of an English Baronet,-- purchaser of the picture -- whose daughter, Madelaine, dramatically and romantically finds her prototype in the history of the Italian girl. Then the picture plays a part in the domestic troubles of an artist who has taken the picture to restore it. The novel is undoubtedly clever, so many seemingly inevitable confusions are avoided, so many obstacles overcome, and so many intricacies are held in the background. The maturity of the author lends weight to his judgments, but we are never quite sure whether he is laughing with us or at us. The novel is a compound of supernatural and good-natured satire. The latter , being aimed at the Psychomorphic Society and the ultratranscendental movements.[34] The best part of the book is that dealing with Italian episode and might be the work of Bondello or Luigi da Porto.[35] A nd the most amusing part is the "Apology in Confidence" in which de Morgan appears in a most engagingly human and natural mood. In the main the book is creditable to its author, is entertaining and interesting and is never bitter or insidious.

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34. "A Likely Story"-- The Literary Digest; vol.44, p. 432 --March, 1912.
35. "William de Morgan -- A Reminiscence" --Julia Cartwright -- The Living Age: vol.293, May, 1917.

" When Ghost Meets Ghost."

"When Ghost Meets Ghost" is a favorite of a lot of the de Morgan readers, because in it de Morgan has touched on about everything he possibly could in one novel, and consequently he has catered to the taste of almost every individual. There are plots and sub-plots; many different groups of characters; digressions and disquisitions; there are the full-dress chapter-headings of the Victorian novel; there is an epilogue called a "Belated Pendrift"; and there is the "Binder's Note." We find in the novel a splendid account of the convict transportation to Australia in the eighteenth century; we have a picturesque description of the slums in Sapps Court; we learn of the fashions and customs of the early fifties; and the characters range from Earls and C ountesses to convicts and ex-prize-fighters, from five-year olds to monogenarians. With such a wide scope it is not to be wondered at that "When Ghost Meets Ghost" is a prime favorite of many. The thread of union through-out is the story of the Runciman twin sisters, Maisie and Phoebe, who after believing each other dead for nearly three quarters of a century, are again united. The plot is exciting and full of suspense, with a touch of drama in it; both the major and minor characters alike, are very

real live people; and from beginning to end a happy, optimistic atmosphere prevails.

" The Old Man's Youth."

This novel was one of the two left unfinished at the time of de Morgan's death. Mrs. de Morgan gave us a concise yet sufficiently full completion of the story but one misses with regret the familiar de Morgan touch. The author had intended giving us the story of a man's life from his youth to his old age, and meant to call it "The Old Man's Youth and The Young Man's Old Age." The first part was to concern Eustace John Pascoe's boyhood, school days, adolescence, his futile study of art and the beginning of his love-affair with the girl was to marry. The last part of the story was to deal with Eustace John's tragic old age, depicting him as a solitary wanderer to the scenes of his youth. The connecting link between the two parts was to be a brief sketch of Eustace John's prosperous middle-age in Australia. Thus the plan of the tale was indeed unique and it seems a pity that it could not have been carried out in detail. However, the fragment we have of it is de Morgan at his best. He is more than ever discursive

and his story is interspersed as always, with vivid pictures. The employment of Eustace John's point of view gives an engaging intimacy and at the same time provides for the leisurely development whereby the best de Morgan characters live and breathe. The story has effective continuity and is spaciously conceived. The characters and scenes are vividly objectified through action and comment and are set forth with richness of significance which is never forced. The love story of "Cooky", the Jew, and poor lame Gracie, Eustace John's favorite sister, has been treated with a sympathetic and sincere understanding and is as perfect as anything of its kind in all literature. The dramatic irony in the novel is tremendous while the satirical element is often caustic. On the whole the story has little humor and is tinged with ineffable sadness and unredeemed pathos, which was probably due to the dark shadow cast upon de Morgan, as on all the British Empire, by the Great War.

"The Old Madhouse."

"The Old Madhouse" is rich in all the qualities and peculiarities which we are accustomed to finding in

de Morgan's work. In manner and substance this mystery-story is a true de Morgan book. It corroborates the writer's richness of humor, his care in details, his wide and generous knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with the true and honorable in life. Besides the plot with its mystery and love-affairs, the story has countless other fascinations and attractions. There is the interest one is compelled to take in the leading characters, and there is the author's delightful whimsicality, which is always manifesting itself in some unexpected way. The main drawback of the book seems to be that Dr. Carteret's dead spirit pervades the book and throws a wet blanket on it instead of enlivening it up. The first part of the story may prove a disappointment to the reader, due to the fact that it creates a misunderstanding in one's mind which is difficult to throw off. But in the second part of the book the writer seems to wake up and get the situation in his control again.

II - Some Features of the de Morgan Novels.

Charm and Originality.

Charm and Originality.

De Morgan's originality constitutes a great part of his odd, rather tender, and quite English charm. Every one of his nine works is original, and several of them have strikingly original features, for example,-- in "An Affair of Dishonor" there is no hero to offset the villain, Sir Oliver, and in "A Likely Story" the expedient of "the picture that talks"-- the mechanism by which de Morgan expresses his mystical consciousness[36] -- if nothing else it is surely original. Then we have the original and charming de Morgan conclusions, and also the confessions of his short-comings as a literary artist, which are so plentiful in "Joseph Vance", whose very title page proclaims the novel to be "ill-written"; and again in "When Ghost Meets Ghost" he apologizes profusely for his style often saying, "It takes so long to tell" or "Excuse Style". Another secret of his art and charm is the degree in which he places the details of our ordinary every-day life in horizons of timelessness and passion, and in his assumption that every detail in his huge books will be interesting so long as it can be verified by the experience of the reader. Things happen in his books as they do in real life, everything has its own significance, and nothing is unimportant. The delaying of the

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36. "The Writings of William de Morgan"-- by M. Sturge Gretton--Contemporary Review: vol. 205, p. 511,-- 1915.

action of his plots, his eccentric way of introducing into his narrative scraps of vernacular conversation, his perspective on life, and above all, his engaging humor and pathos, all contribute to his magic charm. But de Morgan's chief grace and charm lies in the fact that, as a writer, he was born out of due season and obstinately refused to be born again into due season. Consequently we find in his novels that rare and delightful thing -- a fresh view of a bygone generation, through the eyes of an elderly man, whose memory has accurately stored up the past, and whose present perceptions are clear, and who is thus able to play the one against the other with a charming humor.

Humor and Pathos.

The eminent critic, Mr. Lewis Melville, has said that the de Morgan novels are books for both laughter and tears, for smiles mingled with an occasional sob. It was not so much by the excess of any one emotion as by a bizarre mingling of all emotions that de Morgan triumphed. His most touching pathos exists side by side with his most infectious humor, and it is difficult to say which is the more attractive, though probably, if a

vote were taken his humor would win by a small majority, by virtue of its cheerfulness. Mr. de Morgan's humor is kindly, enticing, and all-persuasive and is one that never advertises itself as humor. He does not make us laugh outright spasmodically, but rather keeps us smiling continually. Nor does his humor consist only in the humorous remarks of the author, but also in the humorous characteristics and conversations of his fictitious people. It is a humor that is very similar to that of Lewis Carol, in that it is best in child-characters and often has an intellectual interest under the surface. In "It Never Can Happen Again" the drolleries of Lizarann have by far the best humor in the whole novel, and equally good and amusing is Michael Rackstraw's humor in " When Ghost Meets Ghost", for example -- "it was a fine Sunday morning in Sapps Court and our young friend was not attending public worship. Not that it was his custom to do so. Nevertheless the way he replied to a question by a chance loiterer into the Court seemed to imply the contrary. The question was, what the Devil he was doing that for?-- and referred to the fact that he was walking on his hands. His answer was, that it was because he wasn't at Church. Not that all absentees from religious rites went about upside down; but that, had he been at

making us cry. His pathos is tender and touching and in it there is an admirable reticence. As in the case of his humor we find his best pathos in his child-characters, especially in his slum-children in the sweet unconsciousness of their misery. But there is also much pathos concerning his men and women, for instance, Joe Vance's all but hopeless love for Lossie. De Morgan, as a rule, made a point of redeeming his pathos before the conclusion of the story, but in his last book there is a great deal of unredeemed pathos, but this is probably due to the depressed spirit of the author, and of the nation as a whole, owing to the Great War. It is interesting to recall the fact that it was de Morgan's pathos that first gained recognition for "Joseph Vance" when the typists were found weeping over the manuscript.

Descriptions.

No novelist has ever penned better descriptions and pictures than William de Morgan. Realistic, accurate, and beautiful his descriptions are like a mirror without a flaw. His works, however, contain little description for description's sake. His descriptive ability has a wide range, including pictures of persons, places and

things. Peculiarly his own are those exquisite little scenic pictures we find frequently in his texts, such as the following one of autumn: "The sun that comes to say good-bye to the apples, that will all be plucked by the end of the month, is so strong that the forest trees are duped, and are ready to do their part towards a green Yule..... Then, not unfrequently, day falls in love with night for the sake of the moon-rise, and dies of its passion in a blaze of golden splendor. But the memory of her does not live long into the heart of the night, as it did in the long summer twilights. Love cools and the dew falls, and the winds sing dirges in the elms through the leaves they will so soon scatter about the world without remorse; and then one morning the grass is crisp with frost, beneath the early riser's feet and he finds the leaves of the ash all fallen since dawn, a green still heap below their old boughs stripped and cold....." Two other very fine scenic descriptions are to be found in "An Affair of Dishonor." One is of a storm -- "How came that great inky curtain to be hanging still above the distant sea, and never nearing the land? Rank upon rank of great white-crested breakers, lifting to espy the shore, and falling disappointed, but to rise again, spoke of the great wind

that was rushing landward from the black pall of the horizon. And yet the storm itself was slow to come. But those clouds were heralds of it, whose speed across the outer blue made the high moon seem to fly forever through an endless heaven. It could not be long now.

"Not long! For through the very heart of its blackness shot a splintered shaft of lightning, all the length of the offing, and left it blacker than before. .....It came -- a long, continuous roar that neither rose nor fell, too satisfied of its strength to need it now. That was for the time to come.....The great storm is coming quickly now, and darkness is over the moon..... And whoever heard the ominous sounds afar might have wondered at the storm's delay. But, then, on a sudden came a swift glare of lightning all across the sky, and close upon the heels of it its thunder, climbing sound on sound, culminating in an intolerable peal. The storm had come."[40] The other is a description of the site of Kips Manor -- "It lay in the flat country out towards the sea, and the town nearest to it was named strangely to Lucinda's ears..... her desire was now to know what kind of a house was this Manor of Kips. It was an old house, with a foursquare wall and moat of brackish water, kept salt by the sea-springs

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40. "An Affair of Dishonor"-- Chapter 14, pp. 234-8.

from below, working through a porous soil of shingle and gravel, whenever there came a spring-tide rising more than common high. Which under-working of the sea-tides had also made all the wells brackish, and unfit to drink, or for any purpose but cooking fish or sousing meat for junk. Also for this cause and the sea-winds charged with spray, no garden growth was possible, and nothing grew but tamarisk, or toad-grass, where once were rose and lily in abundance....." etc.[41] And in "When Ghost Meets Ghost" we have a picturesque and loving reminiscent description of Sapps Court. "An Affair of Dishonor" has, perhaps, more of his alluring pictures than any of his novels. Besides the two already quoted there are many more, two of which are particularly well done. In the very first chapter de Morgan has portrayed a very fine and vivid picture of a sixteenth century duel; and farther on in the story we come to his admirable and well-known description of the Battle of Solebay -- "it came again, and yet again. And the windows shook and rattled with the crash upon crash, and the birds that lived in the ivy without were all in panic, and the great blood-hounds in the court bayed a deep response to each new word of terror as it came across the water. For Hell had broken loose without, in what

41. "An Affair of Dishonor"-- Chapter 4, p. 53.
42. "An Affair of Dishonor"-- Chapter 7, p.93-95.

had been the sweet silence of the morning, and the voice that had startled Lucinda from her mementary sleep had come from the throat of a gun. For a flash came sharp from the great ship in the centre of the new fleet, and upon the heels of it another, and another, and yet another, before the sound could reach them of the first. And then it came..... For when the great thunder came that made these first shots seem as nothing, the stunning intolerable roar of broadside on broadside, in which no one gun's voice spoke alone, but was lost in the Devil's chorus of its fellows; when all the ships of either fleet were hidden in an evil cloud of smoke, with evil flashes in the heart of it; when strange new sounds were bred in the pauses of a moment that even now came from time to time --- scunds of splintering timber or the rattle of small arms ---..... But in truth this suffocated clamor of the battle was in her pillow and in the timbers of the house --- nay! in the very earth itself, that had it from the sea. And no ear escaped it, and none but a babe could hear it and be deaf to the truth of its boasted messages of death. For not a gun was fired that day (nor is in any battle) but had in its heart to do murder, and a Devil's confidence in its success."[42]

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42. "An Affair of Dishonor"-- Chapter 7, pp. 93-95.

De Morgan's descriptions of terror and horror are exceptionally fine pieces of writing. The best example of these is in "It Never Can Happen Again" in chapters XII -- XIV, in which we have pictured the frightful horror of Uncle Bob in the Delirium Tremens, attempting to muder his wife. No scene in any naturalistic novel surpasses this in vivid detail. There is little that is better done in all de Morgan's works than the description in "When Ghost Meets Ghost" of how, gradually Maisie is awakened to the knowledge that her daughter and sister are still alive; and the description in "Alice-For-Short" of Old Jane's awakening from her sleep of sixty years. But above all things de Morgan has excelled in his portrayal of the Englishman and the English home. He has depicted the Englishman at home, the Englishman at the seaside, and the English working-man, all with equal ease and charm. He has an irresistible way of describing the distinctive features of the Englishman "en famille", and more particularly the English woman. His delineation of the British matron is most effective and is best seen in Mrs. Heath Sr. in "Alice-For-Short". And he has traced the daily life of the English middle class, setting forth their nonchalence, their wrangling, their enduring good-will, and their concentration upon

trivial things. In short, if for no other reason, his novels should be read for their majestic and ingenious descriptions and pictures.

Slum Stories.

"The foundations of de Morgan's works, like the foundations of cathedrals, is in the dirt; but the total expression is one of exceeding beauty."[43] Never has a writer invaded more unflinchingly into the slime. The de Morgan novels are filled with masterly pictures of the poverty and misery to be found in the slums of London. The writer was keenly interested in the people of the tenements and sincerely sympathized with them. He did not acquire his intimate knowledge of these people from Charles Dickens, as many claim, but from two other sources. First, from the stories his mother, a social service worker, had told him of the life and conditions existing in the poorer districts of the City; and secondly, from his own work as a potter. During his years of pottery-making he came in contact and became familiar with the working-classes and dwellers in the slums, and gained a wide knowledge of their habits and language, their points of view and prejudices.

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43. "Essays on Modern Novelists"-- W. L. Phelps.

No slum story ever opened more promisingly than "Joseph Vance." At the very beginning we are led into a dirty rum-shop and introduced to a chimney-sweep. In "Alice-For-Short" the first chapter presents a ragged little girl of six carrying a jug of beer from a public ale-house to a foul basement where her drunken mother awaits her. "It never Can Happen Again" also begins in the filthiest part of London. With minute detail the author paints these slum characters and their poverty-stricken, dirty, smelly surroundings, and then, in sharp contrast, takes his readers away from the slums into the homes of the more fortunate, and in some cases into the homes of the aristocracy, where everything is comfortable and even luxuriant. By this strong contrast de Morgan awakens the sleeping compassion and pity of all his readers. His greatest argument for social service work, however, lies in his delineation of the slum-children, like Alice Kavanagh, Joe Vance and Lizarann. No one, with a spark of human feeling in them, can read about the hardships of these mites without vowing to do all he can to assist these little half-starved, half-clad morsels of humanity. This was just the thing de Morgan wanted. He loved to show how the upper classes could aid these unfortunate people, and instances of this are in many of

his novels, for instance, Blind Jim and his little daughter Lizarann are befriended by Rev. Athelstan Taylor and Adeline; and Joe Vance and Alice Kavanagh are lifted out of the mire into comfort by the Thorpe and Heath families respectively. Thus the de Morgan novels are a strong and urgent appeal for help and sympathy for those in want and need.

Attitude to Marriage.

One of the most charming characteristics of de Morgan's novels is the frequent representation of the highest happiness known in the union of two hearts cemented by the years of experiences in joy and sorrow.[44] The author was much more successful in depicting after marriage than before marriage; and his numerous pictures of domestic happiness have a quality of sweetness in them that is typically English of his period. Peggy Heath and Dr. Johnson in "Alice-For-Short" are indeed a very happily married couple, and in "Joseph Vance" Joe and Janey, and Jeannie and Bony McAllister are two of the happiest couples one could wish for. "It Never Can Happen Again" is an exception to the usual happy marriages. In this book the novelist narrates the

44. "Essays on Modern Novelists"-- W. L. Phelps.

monotonous round of the perpetual discord between Challis and his wife, Marianne. Even here, de Morgan finds an excuse for the trouble in the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and in the end unites the husband and wife in happy domesticity.

Attitude to Liquor.

Mr. de Morgan's novels might be circulated as anti-alcohol tracts. In them he has shown that drink is the ruination of homes, businesses and health, and is degrading morally and socially. In fact, Drink is the real villain of his stories. It is true that drunkeness in a certain respect, in "Joseph Vance" supplies comedy, but it is also true that the same drunkeness is the ruin of old Christopher Vance. In "Alice-For-Short" drink not only ruins the Kavanagh family socially and in business, but it is also the direct cause of Mrs. Kavanagh being murdered by her husband who commits suicide after his crime. Thus drink has done nothing for little Alice but make her an orphan and a witness to crime at the age of six. The evil influence of liquor is again seen in "It Never Can Happen Again" in the realistic and horrible descriptionof Uncle Bob in the Delirium Tremens. All de

Morgan's lowest characters drink to excess and do not prosper in life, and usually they come to some terrible end.

The Phenomena of Lost Senses.

With the phenomena of lost senses William de Morgan has done more than any other novelist. In most of his works there is at least one character who has been unfortunate enough to lose one of his or her senses. The drawing of these characters and their actions is very realistic and true to life. They all act and talk as do persons in real life under similar circumstances. In "Joseph Vance" the author has drawn a picture of a deaf lady in Aunt Izzy. In "Alice-For-Short" and "Somehow Good", de Morgan has set forth two characters who have lost their memory; the one by a blow on the head, the other by an electric shock. In "When Ghost Meets Ghost" and "It Never Can Happen Again" are two very fine portraits of blind men in Adrian Torrens and Jim Coupland. As in actual life, de Morgan has made their other senses keener, and with the one exception of Aunt Izzy who is rather tiresome, all these afflicted people are very loveable and patient, bearing their burden without a murmur.

Personal History Reflected in the Novels.

According to the author's intimate friends there is more of his own personal history in "Alice-For-Short" than in any of his other novels. In an interview with Bram Stoker, de Morgan confessed that this book was largely reminiscent of his student days, "With the exception," he added, "that Charles Heath did more work!"[45] Charles Heath, like his creator, was an artist, a stained-glass worker, and finally a successful author. He had his studio at No. 40 X--- St., which was in reality No. 40 Fitzroy Square. The studios, stairs, vaults, and"extensive cellarage" are there just as they are described in "Alice-For-Short". "Mr. Charley" as Alice calls him, plodded along unsuccessfully at art for years in this studio, and looked upon himself as a failure at forty. When complaining of this one day Alice answered him by saying, "How can you know whether you are successful or not at forty-one? How do you know you won't have tremendous success all of a sudden? Yes, after another ten years, perhaps,--- but sometime! And then twenty years of real happy work. It has all been before, this sort of thing. Why not you?"[46] This is a reference to de Morgan's own experience of having success come late in life. Mrs. de Morgan discovered and read

45. "Mr. de Morgan's Habit of Work"-- by Bram Stoker-- The World's Work: vol. 16, p.10337, 1908.

46. "Alice-For-Short"-- Chapter 31, p. 319.

her husband's manuscript and then advised him to continue. Alice, likewise, found Charles's manuscript in the drawer of his desk, read it, and encouraged him, with the result that he continued writing and became a famous novelist late in life, just as his maker had done. In Charles Heath himself, one notices points of resemblance to de Morgan --- the same whimsical humor, the same gentle manners and the same beard and glasses.

In "The Old Man's Youth" the hero, Eustace John Pascoe, like the writer, attended University College and the Royal Academy Art Schools, and his experiences at these institutions were those of the author's. Upon reading "Joseph Vance" after its publication de Morgan said, "I found that I could pick out little bits here and there which were real, and were personal either to myself or things coming within my knowledgeof others. But there was no real Lossie! She came to me in the book, as though she belonged there. She really seemed to step out in my literary life, just as the girl in the story did into Joseph Vance's."[47] Apart from these few references there is little more of his history in the novels.

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47. "Mr. de Morgan's Habit of Work"--- by Bram Stoker: The World's Work: vol.16, p.10337, 1908.

III - Construction and Style.

There are many who criticise Mr. de Morgan's construction and style, and many who claim that he has no conception what-so-ever of organization and technique. It is quite true that he did not write in the conventional manner, and that he deliberately violated all the set rules for novelists; but it is this very fact that made him outstanding among his contemporaries, that gained for him his great fame and popularity. To prove to the critics that he could be conventional and stereotype, if he chose, he wrote "An Affair of Dishonor", which is a masterpiece of construction but a failure as far as popularity is concerned. De Morgan is never in doubt as to what his story is or how he wishes to tell it; and his seeming lack of form and inconsistency is always deliberate and relevant to the story. He was a discursive and leisurely writer who possessed an unwearied interest in the manifold manifestations of individuality. At first glance, all his novels seem rambling, loose affairs, but in everyone of them there is a clear road and an ultimate end to their devious highways and byways.

In de Morgan's style, as in his construction, there is very little formality or conventionality, and one seldom feels the sense of form. but it is there nevertheless. It is a simple and sincere style that is never conscious of itself, but which is full of the gaiety of

deep and irrepressible self-enjoyment of the author. His style is his own -- true, generous, distinctive, and original-- and he does what he pleases with it. Although the novelist is a master of detail, his style is not descriptive, and still less analytic, but it is rather one of suggestion. Professor W. L. Phelps has adequately described Mr. de Morgan's style when he said: "Some novelists use an extraordinary style to describe ordinary events; Mr. de Morgan uses an ordinary style to describe extraordinary events."[48]

Method.

Mr. de Morgan followed no hard and fast method in writing his novels. Before starting to write one of his books he had only a very general and hazy idea of the story. He created his major characters first and then arrived at his plot by watching them "to see what they would do next". The details and minor personages came as the work progressed and often surprised him as much as they surprised the reader. In regard to his method Mr. Bram Stoker quotes the author as saying: "I make no scenario, I just go on finding, as one often does, such inspiration as is necessary from my pen. I find that the

48. "Essays on Modern Novelists"-- by W. L. Phelps.

mere holding of a pen makes me think. The pen even seems to have some consciousness of its own. It can certainly begin the work. Then I forget all about it, and go whitherscever thought or the characters lead me."[49] His stories were first scribbled on odd bits of paper and later pieced together in consecutive order. His average per day was about two thousand words although in the end, nearly half this amount was rejected, and he said he did his best writing between tea and dinner and not in the morning like most novelists.

Plots.

Of an author whose best feature is character-drawing we should not expect too much in the way of plots; characters as real as de Morgan's are not easily shaped to organized structure of action. Nevertheless, de Morgan tried to do his best by his plots and as a general rule, he succeeded. His plots are highly eventful and full of action -- in them we have drownings, fires, murders, and other dramatic episodes, while his people suffer the greatest extremes of passion that the human mind can endure. He makes his plots peculiarly his own by the tremendous contrasts in them, and by blending with them

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49. "Some English Story-Tellers"-- T. Cooper.

a modern species of realistic humor. Perhaps his best feature as a plot-maker, lies in the fact that he is able to create a number of minor plots within his major plot, and while keeping them distinct in a sense, he skilfully weaves them into the main plot, for instance the story of Lizarann and Blind Jim in "It Never Can Happen Again". When asked one time if the power of plot making develope̸s with exercise and experience, he replied: "That is so, so far as my experience carries me. In my first book that branch of the art of novel writing was wrought out by the sweat of my brow. I had to think of everything, foresee everything, so far as I could. But even then there was a sad lot of loose ends and ragged edges; all these had to be carefully labored over till some sort of unity of idea of the whole thing was achieved, in so far as it was in me to do it. When I began "Alice-For-Short" I found the value of all this labor. Things began somehow to settle themselves and to fall into line in a natural way. It seemed to me as if the mechanical power of my mind was getting adjusted to its new work."[50]

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50. "Mr. de Morgan's Habit of Work"-- by Bram Stoker -- The World's Work: vol. 16, p. 10337, 1908.

Length of Novels.

Every one of de Morgan's nine novels is exceedingly long, with the one exception, "An Affair of Dishonor", and even it is four hundred pages in length. He deliberately exceeded the length of the average novel by one hundred, two hundred or three hundred pages. He reflected, pondered, gossiped with the reader, and philosophied regardless of time and place. While the conventional novelist hastens from page to page with nervous energy, de Morgan preferred to calmly and leisurely develop his theme. He thought there was little to gain by quickening the progress of the story or by troubling himself with immediate definiteness of character; and he cared nothing for the reader who reads only to see how the story "comes out."

Titles.

The de Morgan titles are very clever and appropriate, and at the same time quite simple and clear in their meaning. There is rather an interesting story connected with the title of "Joseph Vance". The writer christened the hero of his first book, Joseph Vance, for no other reason than that the name appealed to him. Upon

completing the story he decided that, as the tale centered around the life of the hero, he would give it his name. Meanwhile a young American author had been struggling for ten years to make a name for himself, and was becoming very discouraged when one morning he awoke to find his name on every tongue. This man was Louis Joseph Vance and from the time of the appearance of "Joseph Vance" he has had little trouble in securing readers for his stories.

"Alice-For-Short" is another case of the author using the name of his leading character for the title. Alice received her nickname as a child when Charles Heath asked her name and she replied: "Please, Sir, I'm Alicia, or Alice, for short."[51]

The title of his third novel is the summing up of his philosophy of life --- that in some manner good is the very goal of ill, and the fruit of a repulsive sin, such as we have in "Somehow Good", may be beauty.

The significance of the title "It Never Can Happen Again" is to be found in the well-known peculiarity of the English marriage law regarding a deceased wife's sister. Alfred Challis, a successful young author, defied public opinion by going through a marriage ceremony with Marianne, the half-sister of his deceased wife, and as a consequence Marianne is considered "impossible" and is not

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51. "Alice-For-Short" -- Chapter 1, p. 3.

accepted in society. The fact that this law had recently been changed furnished de Morgan's justification for his title --- for now it never could happen again.

"An Affair of Dishonor" is a fitting title for that book in which Sir Oliver fights an unequal duel with Lucinda's elderly father, kills him, and keeps Lucinda in ignorance of his dishonorable deed.

When twin sisters believe one another dead for over half a century, and then meet again --- it is as if one ghost were meeting another, and thus "When Ghost Meets Ghost"is an appropriate title for this story.

"The Old Man's Youth" is another fitting title for this story is about the youth of the narrator, an old man.

An old house, known as the old madhouse is the centre of the plot of the writer's last novel and is therefore an appropriate and suitable title.

De Morgan's titles were very beautiful and appropriate things and quite enough of an achievement for any one life.

Details.

Mr. de Morgan is a master of detail. He goes into minute particulars about every incident and character in his novels, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination of the reader. He did this because he himself found each little detail interesting and absorbing and thought his readers would likewise. His pages abound in close observations and minute details, for instance, in "Somehow Good", when the author refers to that period of a bus ride when "the conductor sits inside like a lord and classifies his documents." Of all the novels "Joseph Vance" is, perhaps, the richest in these details. The novelist's fondness for details does not detract from, but rather adds to the interest of his stories as a whole, since from them we learn so much about the customs and fashions of de Morgan's youth and middle-age.

Beginnings and Conclusions.

Despite the fact that de Morgan's novels are very long, and full of leisurely passages of comment and minute detail, not one of them begins slowly. The author takes one swift initial plunge into the heart of action. Something immediately happens before we know where we are

or know anything at all about the various characters. The first chapter of "Somehow Good" might serve as an artistic and splendid model for the commencement of a novel by any novelist, since it takes the reader into the action first thing, and is written with extraordinary vivacity, quickness and spirit.

De Morgan's beginnings are good and his conclusions are even better. They are unique and most original; and no other novelist has ever given us anything like them. The author has poured himself forth at the end of each novel for his own satisfaction and has, thereby, gained a host of affectionate auditors. At the end of "Joseph Vance" we find two appendages under the titles of "Note by the Editor" and "Postscript by the Publisher"; these gather up the loose ends of the story. After the word "finis" in "It Never Can Happen Again" there are appended a few paragraphs alluringly headed "The Author to His Readers Only." The conclusion of "Alice-For-Short" is accomplished by what the author calls the "Addendum", At the finish of "When Ghost Meets Ghost" there is a "Belated Pendrift" and also a "Note by Binder"; and the "Apology in Confidence" bringing up the rear of "A Likely Story" is by far the most amusing part of the whole book. All these conclusions are interesting and more satisfying

than if the author had finished his tales in the usual conventional manner.

English.

The English of the de Morgan novels is excellent in every sense. De Morgan's works are a gold mine to anyone interested in the study of language and dialect. His own language throughout is always simple and clear even in the most awful crisis. The author had a sense for the value of words like an artist for color, and was rarely at a loss for one, but when he was at a loss for a word he immediately coined one to suit the occasion, for example, "galoptious room". Ever so often we come across new idioms such as "scrat on" and "diaculum". Hackneyed little forms and ellipses of speech crowd his pages, and when telling us about the street urchins he combines the vividness of common speech with the natural quick repartee and inconsequence of the child mind. Another striking feature of his language is the vigor and animation of his dialect of which he is a master. Whether he chronicled the Cockney sayings of caretakers, charwomen, or slum children, for instance, "Toko, I reckon. In course he gave 'em what-for, to recollect

him by, when they got houtrageous. But this here treatment was reg'lar downright Science and no 'umbug. He wrote a parmphlet, Dr. Haytcholt did.....;"[52] or whether he sets down the lively prattle of Florentine gardeners and barbers, he recorded them all just as they would have spoken in real life. The conversations of his upper-class people, such as those between Sir Rupert and Lady Johnson, Rosalind and Fenwick, or Lady Gwendolyn Rivers and Adrian Torrens, are all echoes of reality and constitute some of the best parts of his works. Indeed he knew the speech of all classes perfectly.

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52. "The Old Madhouse"--- p. 63.

IV - Characterization.

The central strength of de Morgan's work lies in his human characterization, which has won for him an enviable fame. Mr. de Morgan had the gift of getting right to the bottom of human nature and analyzing it -- a gift which reminds one of Fielding. All his people with their mental habits, their tricks of speech, their relations, and their friends are depicted in the most delightfully truthful and humorous manner. The first thing the author does is to put his reader on terms of intimacy with these people who are so much like ourselves, and who live lives such as we do. If some of the events in this writer's books seem improbable, his people never do. It is highly improbable that Christopher Vance could have risen to fortune through his sign, or that Fenwick should have been electrocuted at the feet of his wife's daughter, but Christopher Vance, Fenwick and Sally all behave precisely as people in real life would in such emergencies.

De Morgan's people are not only alive but have the distinct faculty of growing from page to page, and of becoming more real as the story progresses. "He is one of the few writers since Trollope who have been conspicuously successful in portraying convincingly the slow growth and development of character through a long success-

ion of years."[53]

Some of the characters are labelled forever by their little mannerisms or characteristics,. Christopher Vance always forgets proper names and extemporizes grotesque substitutes; Miss Dickenson always makes the polite conversation of an encyclopedia; and Mr. Heath Sr. always catches up the last phrase or word of a sentence, and volleys absent-minded questions based thereon to cover up his inattention, for example, in one place Peggy says, "This is Mr. Jerrythought who was there all the while --- like the man who was at the Battle of the Nile." Sometime later Mr. Heath says, "Hey? What was that? At the Battle of the Nile. Who was at the Battle of the Nile? Hey?"[54]

His portrait gallery is a rich and varied one containing pictures of facinating young women like Lossie, Sally, Janey, and Gwen; loveable old people like Granny Marrables, Old Jane, and Mrs. Pritchard; delightful little children like Alice, Lizarann, and Dave and Dolly Wardle; fine specimens of young manhood like Joe Vance, Charles Heath, and Adrian Torrens; pairs of young lovers like Peggy and Rupert, Gwen and Adrian, and Sally and Conrad; prosy middle-aged lovers like Miss Dickenson and Mr. Pellew; metaphysical bores like Mr. Brownrigg and Ramsay Tomes; bohemians; actors; policemen; cabbies; faddists;

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54. "Alice-For-Short"---pp. 59--60.

53." Some English Story-Tellers"--T. Cooper.

and domestic servants.

If there is any preference among his characters it must be for his young women who are the author's ideals of feminine youth. These heroines are beautiful, humorous, and brave young ladies of wit, grace and vitality, whom their creator never allows to grow old in his stories. The influence of good women on the lives of men is repeatedly seen throughout the various novels, the most conspicuous case being in his first novel. Joe Vance was indeed fortunate in having in his life the influence of two such good women as Lossie Thorpe and Janey Spencer. It was for Lossie that he made the greatest sacrifice of his existence; but it was Janey who influenced him spiritually, something Lossie with all her loveliness could not do. The fact that Janey was spiritually more attractive than Lossie, and also the fact that Janey was drawn from Mrs. de Morgan is probably the reason de Morgan thought of her as "his darling", and why he took such pains to explain that she was the best possible helpmate for Joe and the true wife of his soul. Nevertheless Lossie is a good and lovable character, the embodiment of all that is essentially feminine, and the favorite of the majority of readers.

Sally Nightingale is probably de Morgan's best young woman for the simple reason that she is the most modern of his heroines. Sally is typical of the modern

athletic girl who is fond of out-of-door sports such as swimming. She is wild but womanly; untamable yet at times very demure; slangy and racy, yet wise and sensible; and she tantalized her lover unmercifully and then quietly and sweetly married him in the end.

Lady Gwendolen Rivers is a very brilliant, beautiful and live creature, who was made for love. Alice Kavanagh is yet another of the novelist's triumphs in feminine portraiture, and is a sweet, unselfish person who is willing to take her place alongside Lossie, Sally, and Gwen. Peggy Heath is more of the old school --- the Victorian girl who was affectionate, dutiful, and dignified, and who adored her brother. Peggy, however, is none the less attractive because of her Victorian qualities. Nancy Fraser is typical of the English country girl who takes so much pleasure out of a bicycle; and Gracey Pascoe, the wistful and pathetic lame sister of Eustace John is the most touching of all the young women. Lucinda Mauleverer and Judith Arkroyd are his two heroines who cannot be put in the same class as the others. Lucinda, with all her beauty, devotion, and piteousness, is not an alluring or fascinating person; and Judith, the magnificient and scintillating society beauty, lacks all the sweetness and tenderness of character that we find in the other

maidens. De Morgan's novels without their young women would be very dull and barren indeed.

Unfortunately, the author was not able to draw the middle-aged woman so successfully. He describes them with all their little foibles, complaints, and fussiness; and has given us Aunt Izzy, the typical tiresome deaf elderly lady; the Countess with her dowager-like attitude; Mrs. Heath who complains that no one tells her anything; Lady Arkroyd the aristocratic version of Mrs. Heath; and Mrs. Eldridge the rather vulgar mischief-maker.

The author found old people very attractive and has introduced many of them into his novels. He brings in sweet, white-haired, feeble old ladies of eighty or ninety years of age, like "Aunt Pitchers", Mrs. Marrables, and Old Jane; and venerable old gentlemen like Mr. Verrinder with his unutterably pathetic story; and draws them all with serene perfection.

The de Morgan men, while not nearly so good as the de Morgan women, have some very well-drawn characters among them. Christopher Vance is one of these, and is, in many ways, the most convincing character in all his novels. From the beginning to the end of "Joseph Vance", Joe's father is a real man. He is also a wit at whom one is continually laughing. He is warmly human with

no trace of meanness in him, and even when intoxicated he is never vulgar or offensive. As he grows older he wins more and more the sympathy of the reader until at his death one feels his loss like that of a friend.

Two other excellent creations are Mr. Pascoe Sr. and Varnish, the life-long servant of the Pascoe household. Mr. Pascoe, genial, humorous, and a trifle eccentric, is bewildered by his son's artistic experiments. He has been unfortunate enough to have first, a wife who nagged him all the time, and then a wife who was nothing more than an adventuress and a murderer. But despite all his misfortunes he never became embittered or hardened.

Joseph Vance, Adrian Torrens, Charles Heath, and the muscular Rev. Athelstan Taylor, are all exceptionally well done; while John Rackham is a capital study of a sullen, deceitful, and underhanded man under the influence of an equally deceitful and cunning rascal such as Sir Oliver Raydon is.

We shall not forget in a hurry any one of de Morgan's irresistible little children. The novelist possessed the remarkable power of entering a child's mind and reading his or her thoughts. There is not a single false note in the sayings and doings of his little people. They all have

extraordinary reality. They do the same things, think the same things, and play the same tricks and pranks that we did when we were children and as the boys and girls do today. They are neither too good nor too bad to be attractive, and their conversation is humorous and amusing. Lizarann with her precocious wisdom and patient bravery is, perhaps, the most winning and enchanting of these mites. We feel that she would have become a maiden worthy of her forerunners, Lossie, Alice, and Sally. Alice is a most delightful and amusing child with her babyish lisp which causes her to speak of her "poothy" instead of pussy. And Dave and Dolly Wardle are two lively, mischievous, and natural young monkeys whom we cannot help loving. Mr. de Morgan has drawn these youngsters and their ways from his warm sympathy with and wonderful understanding of children.

In the drawing of humble and needy characters de Morgan has no rival. All his poorer characters fasten themselves tightly in the hearts of the readers for Mr. de Morgan is the possessor of a magic touch that makes us feel the kinship of humbler humanity. His best slum characters are children -- the street urchins of London. Young rascals and gamins like Michael "Ragstroar" and Porkt Owls are the author's delight and joy. He makes

these young beings with their Cockney dialect very natural, and fills their childish observations with quaint humor. Then we have his older humble characters like Christopher Vance, who emerges from beastly degradation to a position of power and influence; and like Aunt M'riar and Uncle Mo, the ex-pugilist.

The minor characters in the de Morgan world are all well done and very amusing, for instance, Mr. Pope and Mr. Chappell, the Protestant and Catholic firm of church-window manufacturers; and the "discomfort mongering" old Mrs. Vereker. Some of these minor people are strokes of genius, for example -- Jack Roper, the "real major", who is the arrant old gossip who said "Don't you go puttin' it about that I told you anythin'! You know I make it a rule -- a guidin' rule -- never to say anythin'! You follow that rule through life my boy! Take the word of an old fellow that's seen a deal of service and just you hold your tongue!"[55] Another excellent minor personage is Billy the bibulous tavern politician in "When Ghost Meets Ghost"--"This afternoon he was eloquent on foreign policy. Closing one eye to accentuate the shrewd vision of the other .....Only when it's womankind, the likes of us can't judge, especially when French ....."[56]

William de Morgan was a lover of character and

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55. "Somehow Good"-- Chapter 7, p. 63.

56. "When Ghost Meets Ghost"--

gave himself every freedom in creating pleasant people; and in the de Morgan world it is hard to find a really unattractive figure even among the less admirable characters.

V - Philosophy of Life, Religious Faith, and Psychic Phenomena as Seen in His Novels.

William de Morgan was not only an artist, novelist, and humorist, but also a philosopher. Every one of his novels has a special motif and a central driving idea. Underneath all his tolerance, humor, gentle irony, and whimsicality, the ground of these books is profoundly spiritual. The author was a believer, not a skeptic; an optimist, and not a cynic or pessimist. He had a romantic love of life and optimistically regarded all mortal existence as "somehow good". He was convinced that humanity is immensely enjoyable and that it is an unpardonable sin for anyone not to enjoy it. No trace can be found anywhere in his books of resentment or revolt against life's disillusionment; for life never lost its fascination and thrilling mystery for him. Mr. de Morgan regarded life as a progress towards something high and sublime. Dr. Thorpe expresses the novelist's philosophy in regard to this when he says, "The highest good is the growth of the Soul, and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in the great fulfilments of the Word of God."[57] This philosophy of his is seen mostly in his characterization. His people whose souls develop day by day are "good" characters -- for instance -- Lossie, Janey, Joseph, Alice, Charles, Rosalind, and the Rev. Athelstan Taylor; and those whose souls do not advance are "bad" characters, for instance -- Joey Thorpe, Lavinia

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57. "Joseph Vance"-- Chapter 40.

Straker, Charlotte Eldridge, and Judith Arkroyd. This is the fundamental distinction between his folk who are admirable and those who are not; and one feels that at physical death, the soul that grows daily will proceed naturally into eternal life. This viewpoint towards life and human nature enabled him to overlook the short-comings of humanity and to recognize man's limitations.

William de Morgan was a true believer in God the Father Almighty as the Creator of all human beings, and as an overruling Providence which orders all things well. He also had a firm belief in Immortality of the Soul and looked forward to meeting his old friends again beyond the grave. Death he looked upon not as a barrier, but as the gateway through which we all must pass to Everlasting Life. Throughout all his novels the author displays a strong aversion to shams and traditional prejudices of all kinds. Many of his books show an antipathy to churches, creeds, pastors, and professed religious persons such as Marianne Challis and her mother, whose religious beliefs are full of shams and religious traditions. But for the self-denying and sincere Christians, such as the Rev. Athelstan Taylor, and the Rev. Augustus Fossett he always has nothing but the highest respect. In "It Never Can Happen Again" the Rev. Athelstan compares most favorably with Alfred Challis, the agnostic

and free-thinker; and the clergyman is the only important figure in this novel, who combines intelligence with virtue. It is seldom that books show such an intimate knowledge of the kingdom of this world, and at the same time reflect, with such radiance, the Kingdom of Heaven, as the de Morgan novels do.[58]

As has been previously mentioned de Morgan inherited from his parents his interest in occultism which occurs so frequently in his stories. In "Alice-For-Short" the writer not only gives us a splendid picture of the visible world and its people but he also excites in us a whole range of uncanny apprehensions concerning the supernatural, by introducing "ghosts" who are seen by very practical and sane people. Again in the background of "An Affair of Dishonor" there is an element of the mysterious and supernatural such as exists in "Alice-For-Short", and mesmerism also plays a part in the tale under the name of witchcraft. De Morgan believed that the spiritual world had a great influence in this world of mortals. This belief he has displayed by the use of dreams, presentiments, and other supernatural devices. In "Joseph Vance" Joe has a strange dream and Lossie a presentiment of trouble a few days before old Christopher Vance dies. In "An Affair of Dishonor" Sir Oliver is twice warned by his dead mother in

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58. "Essays on Modern Novelists" -- William Lyon Phelps.

his dreams. And in "It Never Can Happen Again" somehow or other Lizarann's dying cry is carried across miles of country to her father. Ghosts and supernatural things were as credible to de Morgan as any other sort of wonder; and by his masterly handling of the spiritual background of the unseen forces which influence our lives he has given us an even greater conception of our finite world.

VI - Mid-Victorianism.

"De Morgan reunited us in a singularly powerful way with the Early Victorian past. We do not say that he belongs to the past; he belongs to us. And he belongs to us, no less, because the England of the forties and fifties, the England of Dickens and Thackeray, belongs to him. That fact was his special crown, and not merely his special short-coming, as criticism has sometimes assumed. It constituted a great part of his difference from anyone else, and his force, and his originality."[59]

In the address, "The Author to His Readers Only", the author admits the charge of Victorianism good-humoredly when he says, "At the risk of more Early Victorianism -- I have a heavy score against me -- may I use the rest of this fly-leaf otherwise blank, to touch on another point? I know that gossiping with one's readers is a disreputable practice and far from Modern which everything ought to be."[60] The whole basis and superstructure of his art was of the Victorian period. The first thing that is apt to strike the reader of "Joseph Vance" is the author's utter indifference to literary fashions and conventions. His fiction sprang from no formula except that of the pouring out of all his experiences and all that had been stored up in his memory for years. He brings us of to-day sharply and poignantly up against the past, and wakes in us a real

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59. "Some Modern Novelists" -- William Follett.

60. "It Never Can Happen Again" -- pp. 687--8.

tenderness for the beauty that has flowered and faded, for the loveliness that today is dust.[61] He plunges us all back into the sweet domesticity of the prosperous London middle-class households of fifty years ago in such a manner that it is us who are their ghostly visitants, and not they who are ours. De Morgan seemed to have possessed some peculiar quality that dislocates our sense of time, some strange faculty of placing the past in relation to the present, so that we seem to be living in two worlds at the same time. Accordingly de Morgan's novels are, in no sense, old fashioned in air or style.

The author has the Victorian robustness of feeling that is not afraid to show the heart open and unabashed. He also has a Victorian element in his leisurely passages of comment and asides to the reader, and in his full-dress chapter headings which give a brief synopsis of each chapter, for example, "Of Dave and Dolly Wardle and their Uncle Moses, who had been a prizefighter, and their Aunt M'riar, who kept an eye on them. Of Dave's services to the public, and of another public that nearly made Uncle Mo bankrupt. Of his last battles, notably one with a sweep. Of Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Burr, who lived upstairs. Of a bad accident that befell Dave, and of

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61. "The Writings of William de Morgan" -- by M. Sturge Gretton -- The Contemporary Review: vol. 205, p. 511.-- 1915.

Simeon Stylites. How Uncle Mo Straffed up Dave's head with diachylum bought by a very bad boy, Michael Ragstroar, the like of whom you never! Of the judgment of Solomon, and Dave's cat."[62]

But in de Morgan's best achievement namely, characterization, there is distinctly nothing Victorian -- it is precisely what most modern novelists are striving for in vain. Also there is little that is Victorian in the treatment of some of his themes, for instance, "Somehow Good". In this novel, with modern tolerance in regard to sexual matters, the author shows how a woman betrayed by ignorance in girlhood, may be throughout the rest of her natural life a strong, happy , and virtuous person. The Victorians would have disposed of such a woman as a lost soul.

Mr. de Morgan's Victorianism is one recollected in tranquility, and one which the author does not "exhibit like a museum-piece, but wears it as an accustomed garment, though kindly alive to our interest in it."[63]

Relation to Other Novelists.

Along with the charge with being Victorian de Morgan has also been accused of being an imitator of Dickens

62. "When Ghost Meets Ghost"-- Chapter 1, p. 6.

63. "William de Morgan"-- by R. P. Utter -- The Nation: vol. 109, p. 759, December 13th, 1919.

and Thackeray. He resembles both these famous authors in many respects, but he is never their imitator by any manner of means. The author has freely admitted his indebtedness to Dickens and has said, "Dickens is the master at whose feet I sat."[64] There are various things in de Morgan's works that could hardly have been written if Dickens had never set the model. However, all these are minor details and surface glints. Like Dickens, the writer had a fondness for the grotesque and the pathetic, and also for strange nomenclature. The names of some of de Morgan's children may remind us of Dickens, but the children themselves never do -- they only remind us that Dickens never was a child. In Charles Dickens' novels there are only wistful little figures such as he was once, yearning for childhood and not getting it. Another point of resemblance between Dickens and de Morgan is seen in the method of narration by each. In this de Morgan has simply followed in the main track of English fiction where the novelist cannot refrain from editing the text of the story and where the course of events is constantly interrupted by the author's gloss. But while literary traditions and his general style show that de Morgan is of the school of Dickens there is no sentimentality in his emotional passages, and indeed, his playful sense of humor keeps his pathos

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64. "William de Morgan" -- by S. M. Ellis -- The Living Age: vol. 296, p. 676 -- March 16th, 1918.

restrained and tender. De Morgan is far less the showman than Dickens and he did not run to the Dickensian extremes. The author knew the ways of the world, but they did not make him cynical or pessimistic. He could look upon wealth, titles, and lineage without bitterness; upon pride and oppression without scorn; for he had no grudge against the world like Dickens had. Dickens's experience early in life was hard and disillusioning, and he commenced to write using his experience, before it lost its rancor and sting.

Like Thackeray, de Morgan is fond of recurring to his ingenious conceits. When Challis begins basking in the flattery of Judith Arkroyd, and begins to forget his "impossible" wife, his sensation is "like having the hair of his soul brushed by machinery."[65] This simile occurs often and without it "It Never Can Happen Again" would miss one of its acutest pieces of analysis. In such points de Morgan is much nearer Thackeray than Dickens. He also resembles Thackeray in his gift of portraying the country-house and the town salon with their distinguished and titled guests. He is also somewhat under obligation to Thackeray for his kind of comment and digressions in which he indulges, taking the reader in his confidence and moralizing on love, death, and a future life. De Morgan's people are his own but if there is a slight resemblance in

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65. "It Never Can Happen Again."

them to any other characters, it is to Thackeray's people who grow from page to page, and speak and act like people in real life, just as de Morgan's do. And both authors regard them with analytic interest, amusement and pity.

In lesser ways de Morgan occasionally reminds us of George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, Henry James, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Reade. "Joseph Vance" is somewhat like Kingsley's "The Hellyars and The Burtons", and "An Affair of Dishonor" reminds now and again of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth", and this is high praise for few novels have been more popular.

"De Morgan cannot be summed up as an imitator of any one influence. What he mastered was the whole spirit and contribution of the period, De Morgan synthesized an entirely new game. He tried to do in each of his great novels pretty much everything that all the Victorians did in all their novels put together, and then he added several things of his own. He was the pupil of no teacher except the age of the greatest personalities our fiction has yet known."[66]

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66. "Some Modern Novelists" -- William Follett.

London of de Morgan's Youth.

There is an extraordinary amount to be learned about the London of de Morgan's youth in his novels especially in "Joseph Vance", "Alice-For-Short", "When Ghost Meets Ghost", and "The Old Man's Youth". He has drawn wonderful pictures of London of the forties and fifties, from his accurate memory. Such minor recollections as Joe Vance's bus ride from Wandsworth to Hampstead, and Lossie's letter describing the family journey in a steam packet from London Bridge, where "you went along the pier in a truck with a sail",[67] are worth treasuring. So also are his vivid and picturesque descriptions of places like Sapps Court, that have since been hidden under a covering of expansion and rebuilding, and are forgotten except by a very few old people. He did not forget even the lamplighter and gives us a rather romantic picture of him in "When Ghost Meets Ghost"-- "An early lamplighter ---for this was in September, 1853 -- passed along the street with a ladder, dropping stars as he went. There are no lamplighters now, no real ones that run up ladders. Their ladders vanished first, leaving them with a magic wand that lighted the gas as soon as you got the gas turned; only that was ever so long, as often as not. ..... They were cold stars,almost green, that this lamplighter dropped; but this was because the

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67. "Joseph Vance" --

sun had left a flood of orange-gold behind it."[68] De Morgan is not only reminiscent of places and customs, but also of fashions and amusements. In "When Ghost Meets Ghost" we get a very excellent account of these --- "For these were the days of crinolines; of hair in cabbage-nets, packed round rubber inflations; of what may be called proto-croquet, with hoops so large that no one ever failed to get through, except you and me; the days when 'Ah che la morte' was the last new tune, and Landseer and Mulready the last words in Art. They were the days when there had been but one Great Exhibition -- think of it! --and the British Fleet could still get under canvas. We, being an old fogey, would so much like to go back to those days -- to think of daguerreotypes as a stupendous triumph of Science, balloons as indigenous to creemorne, and table-turning as a nine-days wonder; in a word, to feel our biceps with satisfaction in an epoch when wheels went slow, folk played tunes, and nobody had appendicitis. But we can't!"[69] Lossie Thorpe gives us further information in regard to the prevailing styles, when she quotes her sister Violet on the earlier generation --- "She says it really cannot matter now what girls did who had their waists under their chins, and no crinolines and ringlets, and men whose trousers were so tight as stockings, and who had little

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68. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" -- Chapter 2, p. 19.

69. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" -- Chapter 10, p. 98.

tail-coats, and frills to their shirts, and shaved close every morning. You should see her crinolines, every new one larger than the last."[70]

Another thing about the London of his youth which he remembered accurately and with some disgust was the waste of time at the Academy Art School. The chapters in his novels dealing with the art schools and the art life of the period rise sometimes from the genial humorous into rather caustic delineation. Mr. 'Opkins in "The Old Man's Youth" is a wonderful picture of an artist who tried all sorts of dodges to attain all the high qualities of art without industry, and is typical of the artist of that period. Mr. Jerrythought in "Alice-For-Short" brings to extreme perfection the art of never retouching and is a satire on the Impressionist School which de Morgan heartily disliked.

The author has detailed for us the convict transportation system of that period in "When Ghost Meets Ghost". To go and come from Australia, the land of convicts," "was little else in those days, than that one should venture beyond the grave and return," for "he who went there left hope behind so far as his hopes were centred in his native land."[71] The convict had no means to come home when his sentence expired and so his parting from England was like

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70. "Joseph Vance" --

71. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" -- Chapter 6, p. 52.

Death. The hideous facts of the convicts' case and the reality of the system are summed up in Maisie Pritchard's account of her husband's departure, and in her account of their life in Australia --"Yes, I saw him go that morning on the river. They rowed me out at dawn -- a pair of oars, from Chatham..... I saw him. I saw him. I did not know then that he saw me. They dared not row me near the wicked long-boat that was under the hulk's side waiting -- waiting to take my heart away. They dared not for the officers. There was ten men packed in the stern of the boat, and he was in among them. And, as they sat, each one's hand was handcuffed to his neighbor. I saw him but he could not raise his hand; and he dared not call to me for the officers. I could not have known him in his prison dress -- it was too far -- but I could read his number, 213 M..... Climbing up the side of the great ship half-way to the Nore. It was a four hours pull for the galley -- six oars-- each man wristlocked to his oar; and each officer with a musket."[72]

Mr. de Morgan condemned the insanitary slums and dingy cellars of old London, the dishonesty of its buildings, and the denseness of its fogs, but he cherished its memory as tenderly as Mrs. Marrables and Mrs. Pritchard cherished the model of the windmill, and he seemed to look back on his youthful days somewhat regretfully.

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72. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" -- Chapter 8, p. 84.

Conclusion.

After looking into the lives and characters of the de Morgan family and of the novelist himself it is clearly to be seen why his books are so human, why his people are so real, and why de Morgan lovers are so attracted to him and to his novels. Coming from such cultured, refined and intelligent people, and living such a happy, clean, and interesting life it is no wonder that his books are filled with intelligence, faith, joy, goodness, humanity, sympathy and love.

It cannot be said that de Morgan ever expressed any strong feelings on any subject in his novels aside from the cardinal virtues of womanhood and manhood, and a mild contempt for fads and futilities. He had nothing against industrialism, aristocracy, or marriage, nor was he a Sociologic thinker as Dickens had been. The author offered no remedy for anything and had no moral, social, or political axe to grind. He was a realist -- but his realism is of one who has lived long enough to know that the naked fact can often be too ugly.

Mr. de Morgan deserves a monument as the man who rescued the English novel from becoming merely a short story drawn out. There is no better sign and token for English fiction than that a writer like Mr. de Morgan should go back to the old models for his methods of analysis. He has had more influence on the course of fiction in the twentieth century than any other writer in English, "for he gave new

vogue to what I (Prof. Phelps) call the 'life' novel, which differs from the popular novel of the eighties, as Reality differs from Realism and whose sincere aim is to see life steadily and see it whole."[73]

"Merely to call the roll of de Morgan's works is impressive, when one remembers their size, their excellence, and the short period in which they were all written. In eight years this wonderful old man published over a million words and left several hundred thousand in manuscript -- every word written by hand. The mere mechanical labor of writing and proof reading on so gigantic a scale inspires respect."[74]

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73. "William de Morgan"-- by W. L. Phelps -- North American Review: vol. 205, p. 440, March, 1917.

74. "William de Morgan" -- by W. L. Phelps -- North American Review: vol. 205, p. 440, March. 1917.

William de Morgan's Novels

With Dates of Publication.

"Joseph Vance -- An Ill-Written A utobiography" --1906

"Alice-For-Short -- A Dichronism" ----------1907

"Somehow Good" ----------1908

"It Never Can Happen Again" ----------1909

" An Affair of Dishonor" ----------1910

" A Likely Story" ----------1912

"When Ghost Meets Ghost"----------1914

"The Old Man's Youth" ----------Unfinished

" The Old Madhouse" ----------Unfinished.

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