tant, at least for me, is that where others in the sex field have fired individual cannon shots about the standard historical versions of Victorian sexuality, Gay has set off a volley. With this work, no serious historian of the nineteenth century can continue to ignore sexuality. The Victorians in both their everyday acceptance of aspects of sexuality and their public inhibitions about it have too long been with us; as historians of the nineteenth century, we have to lose our own inhibitions and examine the Victorians as they were. In spite of its flaws, I can find no better guide to sexuality than Gay's work. He has a long, bibliographical essay which, by no means complete, will furnish an excellent guide for those willing to follow the trails he has cleared. What Gay has done is raise the study of nineteenth-century sexuality to a new level, and hopefully the vast majority of historians will now become aware of the vast areas yet to be explored.

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The Collected Letters of William Morris, volume 1: 1848-1880, edited by Norman Kelvin; pp. 626. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984, $55.00.

WILLIAM MORRIS IS THE ONLY MAJOR POET OF HIS literary generation whose collected poetry is not in print, but at least we now have the first volume of a comprehensive edition of his letters — long after editions of the letters of Tennyson, Arnold, the Brownings, Hopkins, Swinburne, Meredith, FitzGerald, and D. G. Rossetti. Norman Kelvin plans to print about 2,400 letters in the edition's three volumes, and the 659 presented here include not only the personal letters of Morris's youth and early middle age, but others he wrote as manager of Morris and Co., translator from the Icelandic, member of the Eastern Question Association, and founder of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (SPAB). Their many allusions to persons and events of course require extensive annotation, which Kelvin provides.

Many of the volume's new letters come from libraries in the United States. Kelvin found the letters to Louisa Baldwin and Charles Fairfax Murray at Texas, those to Thomas Wardle at Duke, and several letters to Charles Eliot Norton at Harvard. He also prints in full the letters to Morris's co-translator Eiríkr Magnússon (in the National Library of Iceland), George and Rosalind Howard (in the Castle Howard Archives), his friend and partner Charles Faulkner (in the William Morris Gallery in Walthamstow), and the many clients of Morris and Co. (in the Fitzwilliam Museum and several Cambridge colleges). He also reproduces many early letters to newspapers in which Morris opposed "restoration" of churches and British intervention in the Balkans, and brings together letters and fragments which appeared in May Morris's many introductions to the *Collected Works*, J. W. Mackail's *Life*, and Georgiana Burne-Jones's *Memorials* of her husband.

It seems reasonable to conjecture that at least as many letters have been lost. Kelvin observes that the extant letters are somewhat thin on "Pre-Raphaelitism, his friendships with Georgiana Burne-Jones and her sisters, and his relationships with contemporary poets and novelists" (p. xv), not to mention his closest friendship with Edward Burne-Jones. The letters to both Burne-Joneses which do survive are among the most candid and affectionate Morris ever wrote (see, for example, letters 26, 77, 527, and 580d), and they often have the tone of fragments of a more extended correspondence. Morris also wrote excellent early letters to his school friend Cormell Price, and may have written more in later years, when Price tutored the son of a Russian count and taught school in England. Morris was an attentive family member and correspondent in every situation of which we have any record, and a modest correspondence with several siblings — Isabella, Emma, Arthur, and Edgar — may also be lost. He also may have written more letters for Morris and Co. and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

Kelvin has prepared an excellent edition. The format is well designed, the typeface readable, the illustrations numerous and appropriate, and the chronological table and indexes useful. Also appropriate is Kelvin's decision to depart from the earlier practice of May Morris and P. Henderson, and reproduce Morris's original orthography. In my view, this choice is consistent with Morris's belief in precision without pedantry; the letters are quite clear, and anyone who has spent hours reading the autographs has likely developed a taste for Morris's punctuation and occasional misspellings.

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Kelvin's introduction comments on many aspects of Morris's life, friendships, and achievements. I would quarrel only with some of his speculations about William and Jane's marriage — for example, Morris's reference to "this failure of mine" in a letter to Aglaia Coronio, which Kelvin interprets on page xlii as "a confession of sexual inadequacy." Kelvin also cites W. S. Blunt's opinions as those of someone "to whom we are indebted for some of the most acute observations of Morris in his last years" (p. xxx). Gary Aho has commented on Blunt's rather bizarre practice of seducing the wives of men he admired, as "the strange ethics of cuckolding a friend and in this way drawing closer to him. . . . Using Janey, Blunt had the unique opportunity to identify with both Morris and Rossetti." Blunt's predatory sexual behavior in my opinion neutralizes his credentials as a commentator on Morris's marriage. I would agree more with Kelvin's gloss on Morris's concern for the effect which his wife's affair with Blunt might have on the by now incurably ill Jenny: "It is Morris at his most selfless, doing in human relations, what he does best" (p. xxxiv).

Some mildly interesting marginal questions also remain unclarified by Kelvin's extensive and informative notes. For example, Morris asked Gladstone in letter 560 to reverse his approval of a proposed "restoration" of St. Germain's Church on the Isle of Man. Was the church spared? In letter 603, Morris spoke of the "scheme of pulling down St. Clement Danes." What was this scheme? Did letter 597, written for the SPAB to various Italian newspapers, appear in any of them? Where no information could be located, brief notes to this effect might have been useful. These marginal puzzles should not detract from the general excellence of Kelvin's introduction and notes. Kelvin provides helpful comments on Morris's reading, and many biographical notes on the dissolution of the Firm, Morris's experiments in dyeing, and his activities in the SPAB and Eastern Question Association.

The volume suggests no major biographical reinterpretations, but it does extend the record of a remarkably varied creative life. Morris wrote the earliest extant letter in 1848, from Marlborough College to his sister Emma: at fourteen, he was already self-deprecating but insistent and attentive to physical detail. In his letters to Thomas Wardle about their joint experiments with dyes, Morris recorded his visit to France to buy manuals of earlier dyers, made suggestion after suggestion for each stage of the dyeing process, returned inadequate samples, and forwarded new plants, roots, barks, and other dyestuffs. At one point Wardle's stamina wavered, and Morris responded with a characteristic mixture of sympathy and persistence: "I don't think you need take any shame to yourself if you conclude to give it up. . . . I mean that I can never be contented with getting anything short of the best, and that I should always go on trying to improve our goods in all ways, and should consider anything that was only tolerable as a ladder to mount up to the next stage — that is, in fact, my life" (letter 358).

His 1877-1878 newspaper letters on the Eastern Question reflected his personal intensity and eventual disillusionment with liberal politics, and some letters for the SPAB may have startled their readers. In a 31 October 1879 letter of opposition to the "restoration" of St. Mark's Cathedral, he suddenly exclaimed: "That the outward aspect of the world should grow uglier day by day in spite of the aspirations of civilisation, nay, partly because of its triumphs, is a grievous puzzle to some of us. . . . So grievous it is that sometimes we are tempted to say, 'Let them make a clean sweep of it all then: let us forget it all, and muddle on as best we may, unencumbered with either history or hope!' But such despair is, we will know, a treason to the cause of civilisation and the arts, and we do our best to overcome it . . . " (letter 585). Kelvin reads as evidence of a rapprochement with Jane the political details of Morris's 1877-1878 letters to her, but he wrote such details to all correspondents of the period — family, friends, patrons of the Firm, and persons as relatively apolitical as Sidney Colvin, W. B. Scott, and Wardle. At the end of the campaign he reached a bleak conclusion that surely informed his later belief that the principal task of socialists was one of education and clarification: "The peace party are in a very small minority . . . *for some years to come* . . . until perhaps great disasters teach us better, we shall be a reactionary and Tory Nation" (letter 522).

Other more personal features of his personality emerged in letters to children — not only to his daughters Jenny and May ("the kids"), but also to Burne-Jones's son Philip who had suffered harassment at Marlborough College (letter 529). He sent the following remarks with a gift

of a Froissart edition to Georgiana Burne-Jones's younger sister Louise: "I think I know it pretty well by heart for these many days. I like to think that I remember past time well: I would not willingly forget anything that has happened to me in my life either good or bad" (letter 137). The letters also show deep affection for a few friends, the closest of whom were Philip Webb and the Burne-Joneses.

It is commonplace to comment on Morris's vast energy. Few may be aware of the extent to which he overcame the lingering effects of persistent ill-health. He suffered a severe attack of rheumatic fever at thirty, and first mentioned "gout" (perhaps complicated by rheumatoid arthritis) at forty, in a letter to the young Philip Burne-Jones, in which he described himself as having been "quite lame and pinned to my room where I have done many pretty letters," and added that "I must write again when my toe has given over confusing my brain" (letter 249). He declined many invitations in the 1870s, and refused one in 1880 "because I am always somewhat on the verge of gout on the one hand, & on the other I really have not time to indulge myself with a fit of that leisure which is called gout: so I have to be very wary" (letter 658). More frightening was a severe attack that rendered him unconscious in Genoa, and caused him to be carried to his hotel; later, he spent six days in bed in Venice before he hobbled to St. Mark's (letters 527 and 531). His struggles with his "toe-devil" suggest that his fabled vigor was in large part an act of will.

His letters are often full of wry humor, the more so in later years: of his role as father, he wrote to Jane that "I have not been a disobedient parent" (letter 613), and he commented of the large dining room in their future house that "we needn't mind it much when it is duly whitewashed: besides we might keep hens in it; or a pig, or a cow; or let it for a ranter's chapel" (letter 503). Of the Queen's establishment of the Windsor Tapestry Works, he wrote Jenny that "I am sure she expects to get the whole of the ornamental upholstery of the Kingdom into her hands: let her tremble! I will under-sell her in all branches" (letter 499). Charles Eliot Norton correctly remarked in 1868, "It was pleasant to see a famous writer so simple, and so little of a prig" (letter 63).

A brief review cannot hope to convey other aspects of the *Letters:* Morris's intense responses to scenery; the restlessness and grief of the period of Jane's affair with Rossetti and his own trip to Iceland; his relaxed accounts of daily life at Kelmscott House and Manor; his solicitous attention to Jane when they were separated, and desire to rejoin her and their daughters whenever possible. The marital tensions of the early 1870s emerged obliquely in letters to Aglaia Coronio, along with a stubborn loyalty to his estranged wife and an intense desire to do the decent and generous thing, whatever it might be: "see how I am showing you my pettinesses! *please* don't encourage me in them. . . . O how I long to keep the world from narrowing on me, and to look at things bigly and kindly!" (letter 180). He sought to resolve his problems, not demand pity for them, and the letters from 1875 onwards testify to renewed satisfactions — the composition of *Sigurd the Volsung*, new projects for the Firm, and growing political activism on behalf of the Eastern Question Association and the SPAB.

Perhaps the best extant letters are those he wrote to Georgiana Burne-Jones. In these Morris's voice came close to that of the poems and essays, and he passed without formality or indirection from introspection to description to general reflection. Only to her, for example, did he mention his strange dream during the attack of gout in Genoa in April 1878: "my knees went limp, and down I went, thank you, and enjoyed a dream of some minute and a quarter I suppose, which seemed an afternoon of public meetings and the like: out of that I woke and found myself on the ground the centre of an admiring crowd" (letter 527). Several weeks later, he wrote that "I am more alive again, and really much excited at all I have seen and am seeing, though sometimes it all tumbles into a dream, and I do not know where I am. Many times I think of the first time I ever went abroad, and to Rouen, and what a wonder of glory that was to me when I first came upon the front of the Cathedral rising above the flower-market. It scarcely happens to me like that now, at least not with man's work, though . . . [Even] the inside of St. Mark's gave one rather deep satisfaction, and rest for the eyes, than that strange exaltation of spirits, which I remember of old in France, and which the mountains give me yet" (letter 532). To someone, in my opinion most probably Edward or Georgiana Burne-Jones, Morris wrote in 1876 that "I wish I could say

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something that would serve you, beyond what you know very well, that I love you and long to help you: and indeed I entreat you (however trite the words may be) to think that life is not empty nor made for nothing, and that the parts of it fit one another in some way; and that the world goes on, beautiful and strange and dreadful and worshipful" (No. 316, p. 291).

The substance of his letters to Georgiana in the late 1870s and 1880 gradually evolved towards the essays on art and socialism. In August 1880, he remarked of his recent lectures on "the prospects of Architecture in modern civilisation" that "I will be as serious as I can over them, and when I have these last two done, I think of making a book of the lot, as . . . the subject. . . . still seems to me the most serious one that a man can think of; for 'tis no less than the chances of a calm, dignified, and therefore happy life for the mass of mankind" (letter 640).

Kelvin's first volume closes in December 1880. The next two will include Morris's many letters on socialism and the Kelmscott Press, and the moving letters written in the months before his death. Morris's letters are vigorous, subtle, and compelling in their fusion of private sensibilities and public concerns, and Kelvin's carefully prepared edition is a major contribution to the study of Morris's life and work.

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Urban Workers in the Early Industrial Revolution, by Robert Glen; pp. 384. London: Croom Helm, 1984, £19.95; New York: St. Martin's Press, $30.00.
The Chartists, by Dorothy Thompson; pp. 399. London: Temple Smith, 1984, £19.50.

IN HER PREFACE TO THE CHARTISTS, DOROTHY Thompson discusses the vexed question of class formation and class consciousness in the early industrial revolution and remarks, "The arguments are raging all around us." That sentiment is aptly supported by the evidence of these two books which present almost diametrically opposite assessments. Where Robert Glen sees little evidence of class solidarity and conflict orientation in the capitalist system, whereas Thompson sees Chartism as generating a revolutionary potential and a distinct alternative to capitalism. While Glen argues that the Stockport working class was becoming fragmented from the 1820s onwards, not least of all by anti-Irish feelings, Thompson sees Chartism as an expression of working-class solidarity that embraced closer links between the English and the Irish. According to Glen, the Stockport middle class successfully maintained control through a type of industrial paternalism down to the 1820s and by other means thereafter. Thompson, by contrast, holds that the textile districts revealed strong networks of community and mutuality among the workers and little in the way of either paternalism or authority, and were thus the heartlands of Chartist protest. And, finally, where Glen sees workers' activism as being frequently sparked by economic distress and often, therefore, confined to questions of wages, Thompson says little of the economic dimension of Chartism, preferring rather to emphasise cultural and experiential factors.

Glen presents a case study of the responses of Stockport workers to the first phase of industrialisation from about the 1780s to the 1820s, when somewhere between 60 and 75 percent of Stopfordians were employed in some aspect of the cotton industry. He sets out to test the various hypotheses on class formation advanced by Edward Thompson, John Foster, and Harold Perkin. His observations on conceptual and historiographical problems, especially in relation to the work of Marxist historians, would, however, have benefited from some awareness of Perry Anderson's rigorous critique of Thompson's methodology and from the more refined sense of class consciousness that informs the theoretical work of Antonio Gramsci. In his closely researched history, Glen can find little evidence of inter-trade solidarity, or of a uniting focus on political radicalism, or indeed of any oscillation between industrial action and political radicalism. He points to the paradox that the best-organized could make progress without the need for inter-trade activity, whereas it was the weakest group of all (the handloom weavers)