

## Travels with Penelope

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A woman today who wants to travel can buy a book like *Women Travel: Adventures, Advice, and Experience* (Prentice Hall, 1990), with alphabetical entries from Albania to Zimbabwe telling her all she needs to know, including the “Special Problems” for women in each land. Such as, Iran: “There’s no option about dress”; Italy: “*Machismo* rules and harassment can be a problem. . . . Beware of the police, too”; and for those adventurous enough to want to experience the USA: “The cost and bureaucracy of US health care is horrific . . . gynaecological care . . . very expensive (as are contraceptive pills).” Whatever the costs, independent woman travel is now a prized freedom. When Catherine Morland was sent off by General Tilney, to travel home alone, unattended, and by post-chaise – meaning a number of carriage changes – that was intolerable, insolence, intentional affront, not the act of a gentleman of any honor or feeling (*NA* 224-26, 234). Certainly, we know from the letters, Jane Austen did not travel without receiving, or when necessary sending for, the attendance of a brother. A woman did not often set out on her own to take a pleasure trip until the railroad age, and then in Cook’s group tours.

It asks some imagination to realize what it meant, before the railroad, to travel, the large meaning of short distances and slow times. When De Quincey writes about “The English Mail-Coach” of the early nineteenth-century, its glories and dangerous speed, he is talking about an official vehicle of the King’s which took priority over everything else, blasting its horn to clear the road, upsetting carts as it moved out of town onto the best roads, with teams of the best horses, and, he says, settling into its “natural pace of ten miles an hour.” That of course was not average speed even on a level and dry road; exhausted horses certainly could not maintain that and had to be changed at the frequent stages. When Willoughby hears that Marianne is dying and makes his wild dash, commanding all the speed of a now wealthy man, travelling single in his own chaise, with four horses, spending only ten minutes out of it for a nuncheon, he has come about 120 miles in twelve hours (*SS* 316, 318). Jane Austen is very careful about times of travel in the novels, so this ten miles an hour over such a distance is intended to be close to incredible, to astonish us, as it does Elinor, with his violence. We see Jane Austen’s attention to such matters, and what would be considered more normal, when she admonishes Anna Austen about some travelling characters in that young lady’s novel: “They must be *two* days going from Dawlish to Bath; They are nearly 100 miles apart” (*L* 395). Catherine Morland, stopping only to change horses, was eleven hours on the seventy miles home (*NA* 226, 232), six and a fraction per hour. When the trip from Uppercross to Lyme is proposed the first heedless scheme of Louisa is to go in the morning and return at night, for it is only seventeen miles away; but the more sensible Mr. Musgrove does not consent, for the sake of the horses, and because it is November, not much daylight for sight-seeing when the nature of the country would deduct seven hours for going and returning

(*P* 94), less than five miles an hour. Reading Jane Austen's letters one picks up some of the difficulties of hills and of "dirty," i.e., muddy, roads. It is rather pleasant for airline passengers to see how some things always have been the same; after arriving at one stop she discovered that her boxes, with all her money, had been by accident put in a chaise which was just packing as her stage came in "and were driven away towards Gravesend in their way to the West Indies." But the compensating virtue of slow travel meant that the chaise had got only two or three miles off and a man on horse was able to retrieve her lost luggage in half an hour (*L* 21).

If travel was difficult, and especially for women, travel literature was one available way of expanding experience; but then of course the quality of the author and of the reader, what they are capable of seeing, will determine how expansive that may be. When Mr. Bennet, to further his enjoyment, invited Mr. Collins to read aloud to the ladies of the family, a book was produced, but Mr. Collins started back and protested that he never read novels. After some deliberation he chose Fordyce's Sermons. These were *Sermons to Young Women*. We do not know which one of these Mr. Collins chose, though we do know that Lydia gaped as he opened the volume, and before he had, with very monotonous solemnity, read three pages, she interrupted with an utter irrelevance (*PP* 68-69). Read three pages of Fordyce, even without the stimulus of Mr. Collins, and you will be ready to join Lydia. Fordyce himself does devote some of his advice to young women about their reading. "Your business chiefly is to read Men, in order to make yourselves agreeable and useful," he first makes clear; nevertheless you may derive great assistance from books, and among these he recommends books of travel. "How amusing to curiosity! How conducive to cure the contracted prepossessions of national pride, and withal to inspire gratitude for the peculiar blessings bestowed upon our country; to excite on one side pity towards the many millions of human beings left by mysterious heaven in ignorance and barbarity, and to beget on the other admiration of the virtues and abilities displayed by numbers of these under all disadvantages that tend to darken and overwhelm them." (Perhaps Mr. Collins was Fordyce.) As is Fordyce's way with other topics, the emphasis of advice here is not on travel as in fact expansive of the mind but as contractive in self-satisfied prepossessions. Young women, Jane Austen knew, can do better than that in reading books of travel, and one of their values is learning something about your own home and yourself.

When Edmund Bertram visits Fanny Price in her little, cold East room, he says he has come because he wants to consult her advice about the objectionable acting scheme and his idea of restraining it, "concentrating our folly," by taking a part himself; but he must have Fanny's approbation, could not be comfortable without it, when Fanny of course sees that whatever he may think he is asking her he has already decided, drawn into inconsistency by his feeling for Mary Crawford. We shall be all "acting the fool together with such unanimity," he says, announcing more truly than he realizes what a role he is now playing at home. "You in the meanwhile will be taking a trip into China, I suppose," he adds with an irritating patronage, opening a volume she is reading. "How does Lord Macartney go on?" (*MP* 156). Fanny does

not have to be taking a trip into China to see human foolishness. Macartney, the first British ambassador to China, in the 1790s, was of course convinced that the Chinese could not but be aware of the superiority of the English in all important matters. And, as one might expect, in lesser matters he pointed to the Chinese custom of squeezing their women's feet into the shoes of an infant, an infernal distortion, warped and blinded as they are by fashion: but Macartney is also capable of seeing by travel a better vision of the foolishness of his own country. "Perhaps we are not quite free from a little folly of the same kind ourselves. We have not yet indeed pushed it to the extreme the Chinese have done, yet we are such admirers of it, that what with tight shoes, high heels and ponderous buckles, if our ladies' feet are not crippled they are certainly very much contracted, and it is impossible to say where the abridgement will stop. It is not a great many years ago that in England thread-paper waists, steel stays, and tight lacing were in high fashion, and the ladies' shapes were so tapered down from the bosom to the hips that there was some danger of breaking off in the middle upon any exertion. No woman was thought worth having who measured above eighteen inches round the girdle. At present a contrary mode prevails, Prior's comeliness of side is exploded, and protuberance is procured wherever it can be fitted." Chinese ladies devote no small portion of their time to their dress and adornment, but "they have not yet been initiated in the secrets of captivity by false pretences and love-swindling, or of eking out a skeleton figure by a cork rump, a muslin bosom and a buckram stomacher." Jane Austen, with her interest in the pleasures and foolishnesses of fashions in clothes, and in manners of self-disguise and self-deception in love-swindling at Mansfield Park, would like that.

But reading is one thing and going, having the opportunities, is another. Jane Austen knew there was one very basic restriction, "but till I have a travelling purse of my own, I must submit to such things" (*L* 203). Anne Elliot knew of another kind and still more gendered limit; as she says to Captain Harville, "We live at home, quiet, confined, and our feelings prey upon us" (*P* 232). In the succeeding generation when the feelings preyed there was less readiness to submit. Jane Eyre at Lowood School looked out the window, at the most remote blue peaks, longed to surmount them: "all within their boundary of rock and heath seemed prison-ground, exile limits . . . for liberty I gasped." Having advertised and found another place she climbed up the stairs, raised the trap-door of the attic, to the leads of Thornfield Hall and again "looked out afar over sequestered field and hill, and along the dim skyline," and "then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit; which might reach the busy world, towards regions full of life I had heard of but never seen." She was, she said, like millions "in silent revolt against their lot" (chaps. 10, 12). It is not likely that she, any more than Charlotte Brontë, would like Jane Austen's novels. A Jane Austen heroine looking for that distant landscape is in serious trouble. Her vision is usually more immediate and focused, like Elizabeth Bennet, studying the characters she can observe. "'The country,' said Darcy, 'can in general supply but few subjects for such a study. In a country neighbourhood you move in a very confined and unvarying society.'" "'But people them-

selves,' Elizabeth replies, 'alter so much, that there is something new to be observed in them for ever.' "'Yes, indeed,' cried Mrs. Bennet, offended by his manner of mentioning a country neighbourhood. 'I assure you there is quite as much of *that* going on in the country as in town'" (PP 42-43). There is quite enough space and time to move in a country neighbourhood if one knows how to see. If we think Jane Austen's confined and slow heroines do not do enough exploring we will find that she has anticipated us and we will find ourselves in a more modern and fashionable company that may gratify us.

The word "explore" added another meaning in the nineteenth century, and in fact it was not picked up by the *Oxford English Dictionary* until its Supplement: "to make an excursion; to go on an exploration (*to*)"; and the first example the dictionary offers for that is in *Emma*, where Mrs. Elton, in the first chapter we hear that charming voice, uses the word five times in the same paragraph. Her bother and sister at Maple Grove have promised a visit in the spring or summer "and that will be our time for exploring. While they are with us, we shall explore a great deal, I dare say." They will have the barouche-landau, of course, and therefore, "without saying any thing of *our* carriage, we should be able to explore the different beauties extremely well." It is reassuring to know that "Mr. Suckling is extremely fond of exploring. We explored to King's-Weston twice last summer, in that way, most delightfully, just after their first having the barouche-landau." She supposes that Miss Woodhouse has many parties of that kind here every summer. "No," says Emma, "not immediately here. We are rather out of distance of the very striking beauties which attract the sort of parties you speak of; and we are a very quiet set of people, I believe; more disposed to stay at home than engage in schemes of pleasure." "Ah!" Mrs. Elton replies, with her characteristically consistent flow of thought and speech, "there is nothing like staying at home, for real comfort. Nobody can be more devoted to home than I am" (274). A moment later she is recommending a trip to Bath; it would be so cheerful a place for Mr. Woodhouse and a charming introduction for Emma, who has lived so secluded a life, for there Mrs. Elton could immediately secure her some of the best society (275). That exploring mind has the latest jargon of the large word for the trivial, and snobbish, pursuit. Emma goes on only one short exploration, when, as it turns out, Mrs. Elton's newly rich relatives cannot come in season and Mrs. Elton is very much disappointed by this delay of a great deal of pleasure and parade; but then a little consideration convinces her "Why should not they explore to Box Hill . . . ?" "Is not this most vexatious, Knightley?" she cries about the delay, "— And such weather for exploring!" Before this time last year they had had a delightful exploring party from Maple Grove to King's Weston. "You had better explore to Donwell," replies Mr. Knightley, "That may be done without horses"; and if he did not begin seriously he was obliged to proceed (352-54). In this prelude to Box Hill Emma understands Donwell, "just what it ought to be, and looked what it was," as the family residence of Mr. Knightley: "It was a sweet view—sweet to the eye and the mind, English verdure, English culture, English comfort, seen under a sun bright, without being oppressive" (358, 360). The view is important not primarily as scenery

or as sight-seeing but as it is an insight into the character of the resident and of the viewer. And it is a dramatically rich scene which brings out the characters of others, including their English foolishness, and Emma among them. In the next chapter Emma makes her longest journey, to Box Hill, where she has never been. "Seven miles were travelled in expectation of enjoyment, and every body had a burst of admiration on first arriving" (367). And there beautiful views are important only in their ironic contrast to the ugly human scene there played out, Emma's lowest point in her moral history, her insolence to Miss Bates; and happily, at the conclusion, "Never had she felt so agitated, mortified, grieved, at any circumstance in her life," which bring the tears running down her cheeks and the turning point of her drama. It is her longest exploration, a self-discovery.

Characters in Jane Austen who are eager to travel are usually running from difficulties they cannot face at home, in themselves. Elizabeth Bennet, who was amused and instructed by how much there was to observe in the changing people of a country neighborhood, finding herself disappointed in the way other people, like Bingley and Charlotte Lucas and Wickham, have not been doing as she in her superior understanding of their characters had assumed they should do, is most ready and grateful to accept Mrs. Gardiner's invitation to a tour of pleasure to the Lakes. "'My dear, dear aunt,' she rapturously cried, 'what delight! what felicity! You give me fresh life and vigour. Adieu to disappointment and spleen. What are men to rocks and mountains?'" A tour to the Lakes is a very touristy thing to do, as she knows and, as we would expect of her, she is determined not to do it in the insupportable way of "the generality of travellers" (*PP* 154). The fact is we hear almost nothing of the "celebrated beauties" and "remarkable places" of her route (239-40). She will not find fresh life on the rocks, and fortunately she never gets further than Pemberley and what she learns there of the character of the owner and of her own mind.

But then it is evident that Elizabeth, once so self-satisfied within her confinement, and then so self-centered in disappointment, has indeed done well, though not in the limited way she expected, in making her tour. Travel has a value as one moves out from home and learns more of the meaning of others' lives and of one's own, another meaning of home. When the family of the young Jane Austen had to leave their home in Steventon, initially a terrible shock to her, she became, she said, more and more reconciled to the ideal of removal. They had lived long enough in this neighborhood, she said, and there is something interesting in the bustle of going away, the prospect of future summers by the sea or in Wales. And then added, with a little more weight in the light tone, "For a time we shall now possess many of the advantages which I have often thought of with Envy in the wives of Sailors or Soldiers" (*L* 103). That is a thought worth pursuing. What does it mean to be the wife of a sailor? It was a question that came to mean more to her, as part of the history of her family, and in her writing. And it is part of a larger question, about women and the meaning of travel, which was changing in her day and in her understanding.

To travel is to us a freedom, but that is a relatively recent idea and by a longer history it was not something one did by choice. The first couple who

left home, we are told, and a sad day it was, were our first parents, sent out as a punishment because they didn't know how to live well in their garden; and the first traveler was their first son, who was banished for his crime with the most terrible of curses – that he would have to travel forever, an exile, east of Eden into the land of Nod, the land of wandering. And even those of later record who departed to engage in large exploits did not go forth for the pleasure of the trip. Travel was a travail, hard work, painful and often fatal work. For great men it was a test of heroism. For all sorts and conditions of men the figure of the journey was a figure of the dangers and difficulties of the passage through life. Women stayed home, until they made the one essential passage of their lives, when they married and went to their husband's home. And there, once again, they stayed home. If the husband had to travel the wife maintained, by her faithful constancy, that place of his from which he went to and to which he returned. "Thy firmness makes my circle just," John Donne said to his wife, "And makes me end where I begun," as the fixed foot of the geometric compass leans towards and guides the line described by the moving foot ("A Valediction: forbidding mourning"). Her work is not easy. The proverbial story in this line is the voyage of that great traveller Odysseus and his patient waiting wife Penelope. Odysseus has marvelous adventures abroad, some fearful, some tempting, as the journey demands courage, endurance, skills in facing danger and death. Other women want him to tarry forever with them, some leading to destruction on the rocks with the Sirens, some to a transforming debasement with the enchantress Circe, some to a long stay with the loving nymph Calypso, some offering honor and fortune with a good young girl like Nausicaa. Into the unknown, meeting what he must suffer, without wealth, without the comforts and supports of familiar home, alone, without power but what he carries within, he must find what he has in himself. What he wants most, often desperately, is to get home and find himself there. So many of his fellows never get there and not all who do find a happy homecoming and a still patient wife. King Agamemnon's Clytemnestra, who had good reason to dislike him, and who had taken another man in his absence, greeting the returning hero (in Aeschylus' version) by rolling out a too red carpet and then, when she got him to step inside, hitting him with an axe. Any woman can hit her husband with an axe but to roll out the red carpet first and then let him have it is the touch of art. Penelope's practices in art, in both technical skills and moral virtues, run another way. She maintains the home for her travelling husband, keeping off the suitors who want possession of her and the home, doing it intelligently, quietly, effectively, mistress of the endless web of the domestic arts. But of course she is very much a subordinate character, part of the hero's story.

Jane Austen tells that story another way. The *Odyssey* may never have been in her thought, but the kind of story it tells is in a long tradition of such stories of the travelling hero and the waiting woman. What Jane Austen does is make that woman the main character and the greater. Captain Wentworth is the dominant man and has given his credentials as commanding officer in the genuine perils of sea and battle, risking death in gallant and profitable action. But in this story he is not returning to a woman and home he wants, for the

woman has already failed him in her lack of firm constancy. In a surprising variation, this is a woman whose story begins, in this telling, as she is herself losing her loved home. Being forced into an exile is another mode of travel with its traditional test of the traveller, and in fact here we see how Anne's father, whose conduct has caused the disaster for the family, and how her older sister are without those essential qualities, the recognition of fault and the acceptance of punishment for what they have done and the necessity of undergoing the painful renewal. Anne, the one who is not at fault and is willing to act, is the only one who understands and feels the loss. It is the family of the returning sailor, Wentworth's sister, Mrs. Croft, and her husband the Admiral, who occupy her home now. Anne comes to like and admire that couple. Mrs. Croft, who shows what it may mean to be a sailor's wife, is square, upright, vigorous, with an importance to her person, is reddened, weather-beaten, because as a high officer's wife she has been at sea almost as much as her husband; she has no distrust of herself and no doubts of what to do (*P* 48). She goes shares with the Admiral in everything, and when she is with him among his fellow-officers she looks as intelligent and keen as any of them (168). She is shrewd and effective; before they reach Kellynch she's the one who asks the questions about the house and the terms and the taxes, more conversant with business than her husband (22). When they drive out in their new gig he, like a sailor, is not very competent in managing a horse, but she is constantly giving the reins a better direction (92). She has been on five ships and is as comfortable on board as in the best house in England; and if her brother, with his superfine, extraordinary gallantry, as she calls it, thinks that a woman has no right to be comfortable onboard a ship she takes none of that nonsense and speaks up for sailors' wives, scolding him for talking as if women were all fine ladies instead of rational creatures. None of us expect to be in smooth water all our days, she says. Mrs. Musgrove, whose husband occasionally goes to the local assize courts, is impressed by what "a great traveller" Mrs. Croft must have been; but that woman, in her sailorly way, says only that she's done "pretty well," though many women have done more. What is important to her is that any reasonable woman may be perfectly happy in a ship and the happiest part of her life has been on board, because, as she says so beautifully, "While we were together, you know, there was nothing to be feared." She was always a little sea-sick the first day out, but the only time she ever suffered in body or mind, or fancied herself unwell or in danger, was when she was alone ashore when her husband was at sea (68-71). There is a mutual liking between her and Anne, so different in appearance and manner, but a couple of steady, sensible women (126). Anne feels that attraction to navy wives and families and when she meets more of them at Lyme she is so charmed by their give-and-take style, so unlike the usual style of formality and display, that she has to struggle against a great tendency to lowness. "'These would have been all my friends,' was her thought" (98). They have not been so because Wentworth, in his resentment of her weakness, had left her behind. Now he has returned, a very attractive Captain, who has made his fortune, looking for a wife, and the girls do want to catch him. Anne has rejected, and will reject, suitors, but he does not understand anything about that, or about her.

It is Anne who now has had to leave home and it is she who has had to set forth on her travels. The idea of home is and has always been important for Anne, since she became aware of it at fourteen, when her mother died and she was separated from home and sent to school at Bath (152). That became a place she has always disliked and now, when the family is forced out of Kellynch by her father's lack of sense and principle, Bath is to be her home (14). When she arrives at the rented house there her first thought is "Oh! when shall I leave you again?" (137). When she asks that she has no answer; it may be her only future. The temptation of Mr. Elliot, as it is held out to her by Lady Russell, is that if Anne marries Mr. Elliot she will be the future Lady Elliot, mistress of Kellynch, your mother's self, as Lady Russell says, and in situation, name and home, presiding and blessing in the same spot. For a few minutes Anne's heart and imagination are bewitched by that idea of becoming what her mother had been, of being restored to Kellynch and calling it home again, her home forever (159-60). But Mr. Elliot, the suitor Captain Wentworth comes to apprehend with jealousy, is not the man for her. When Anne leaves Kellynch she does a good deal of moving around in a short period, to Uppercross, Lyme, Bath (and this omits the several important shifts she must make among and within those places). No one of those moves is very far (all within two contiguous counties, Somerset and Dorset), but as she sees on her first bit of travel, three miles to Uppercross, there is a total change of conversation, opinions, ideas, that every little social commonwealth has its own matters, and that it is her business to become a not unworthy member of the one into which she has been transplanted and clothe her imagination, memory and ideas with Uppercross (42). At a later point, when she returns to Kellynch, to Lady Russell's lodge, she is soon sensible of another mental change, that the subjects of which her heart had been full when she had left Kellynch and had been compelled to smother among the Musgroves at Uppercross, and now become secondary, and when Lady Russell talks of the Elliots in their house in Bath, Anne is thinking of Lyme and Louisa, and "how much more interesting to her was the home and the friendship of the Harvilles and Captain Benwick, than her own father's house. . . ." (124). Captain Harville's house, a very small and crowded one, and not his own, and taken because it is within his limited income, has been most attractive to her, for its family and its furnishings. There is in it something curious and valuable from all the distant countries and connected with his profession, the fruit of his labors, effects of its influence on his habits. It is a picture of repose and domestic happiness. It has the mark of the man and his useful life. It is the home of the returned sailor, still busy with his carpentering and gluing and net-repairing and other sailor-like occupations (98-99). Anne appreciates that sailor who has been there and back and united his travels with himself and home and family.

Captain Wentworth is the traveling hero, the heroic leader, full of life and ardor, confident, powerful, fearless, unbending; and he is justified, with earlier success than could have been reasonably calculated, commanding his prosperous path, making his fortune, as he had expected (27-30). He is a lucky man, and though he has undergone dangers and done great deeds he has not in fact had to suffer very much. If he was sent to sea in a sloop hardly



fit for service she was the making of him, did all that he wanted, and he never had two days' foul weather all the time he was in her: though six hours after he brought her into Plymouth Sound a gale came on which would have done for her, and him (64-66). He is very good at lecturing, as he does to the fascinated Louisa Musgrove, about the example of the beautiful glossy nut, blessed with original strength which has outlived all the storms of autumn with not a weak spot anywhere (88). If Anne thinks that eight or nine years have passed over him, and in foreign climes and in active service, without robbing him of one personal grace (179), we hope it is her love which is speaking because if that is really true we may have some suspicions of this seemingly unmarked and unchangeable hero. His own feelings have been less generous, more self-centered, seeing her so altered he should not have known her again. He has not been able to forgive her, because she had used him ill, deserted and disappointed him, worse yet, shown a feebleness of character his own decided and confident temper could not endure (60-61). There is, it seems, a lack of endurance in this hero, and his desire to be at sea, in an unfit ship, was a very great object with him at that time she had disappointed him (65), the rather petulant mood of a man who feels he had been ill-used. And in fact, now that he is safely returned he is still in less than full control in his dealings with women, not knowing his own mind, as Anne sees in his conduct with the Musgrove girls, perhaps endangering their happiness and, very important for a hero, "impeaching his own honour" (77). In fact he gets himself into a terrible mess and is extricated only by his usual luck, when what seems to be a disaster, for which he bears some responsibility, Louisa falling on her head, turns out fortunately for Louisa and for him.

If it is Anne who plays the role of the woman who waits, rejecting the suitors, preserving the domestic virtues, it is, remarkably, also Anne who does, in her confined distances, all that the traditional travelling hero does; here it is within her own society that she is the solitary figure, moving from place to place without a home, bearing the pain as others cannot, enduring, without power except as she performs her duties when those around her lack the sense and principle; it is she who is continually capable, in moments of crisis the one to whom others, including her naval captain, look for direction. There are three captains ashore in this book and each of them, each for different reasons at different times, finds Anne his best consultant. The navy women do seem to be rather superior to their officers. Fanny Harville, who died, was a very superior woman (183), where Captain Benwick with his display of suffering turns out to be, when he comes ashore and lives in a little family-circle, a man of rather shallow feeling. Mrs. Croft, as we have said, does wonderfully well. But then even she did not do well when she had to be ashore alone. Anne, here unlike Mrs. Croft, not square, upright with an importance to her person, but small, gentle and usually unnoticed, is evidently better able to bear that aloneness. She is stronger. Men's feelings are the strongest, Captain Harville says, "capable of bearing most rough usage, and riding out the heaviest weather" (233). Anne knows a bit more about that, and she knows that the woman's story has not been told. She rides out the weather better than anyone. It seems right that the first time Wentworth,

who had thought her so altered he would not have known her again (60-61), begins to see her again is when they are at the sea and she is looking remarkably well, "having the bloom and freshness of youth restored by the fine wind which had been blowing on her complexion, and by the animation of eye which it had also produced" (104).

At the end Mary Musgrove has something to suffer, in seeing Anne restored to the rights of seniority, but Mary had a future to look forward to of powerful consolation. Anne had no Uppercross-hall before her, no landed estate, no headship of a family. This does not bother Anne, but the one alloy to her happiness is that she has no relations to bestow on Captain Wentworth which a man of sense could value, no family to receive and estimate him properly, in return for the new family he brings to her and which welcomes her (250-51). It even seems that the future Lady Elliot of Kellynch-hall may be that faithless and run-away lady, the happily-named Penelope Clay. We do not know where Anne is going to live. She will be a sailor's wife, and will pay the tax of alarm that comes with that (252). She will have the advantages and she will have the costs of being a sailor's wife.

Captain Wentworth comes to know that it is he who, in his own words, has been weak, and his own enemy (237, 247). We are happy to see that change in him, coming home at last to the proper end of the travelling hero because he has found himself. He has learned the last lesson of the last of T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*:

We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.  
("Little Gidding," II. 239-42)

#### NOTES

Jane Austen's novels are quoted from the several volumes of R. W. Chapman's Oxford edition, (3rd ed., 1932-33). *Jane Austen's Letters* are from his Oxford edition (2nd ed., with corrections of 1959).

James Fordyce, D.D., is quoted from his *Sermons to Young Women*, 4th ed. (London, 1767), Sermon VII, in Vol. I, 273, 275. The first edition was 1756; in 1814, the year after *Pride and Prejudice*, the book was in its fourteenth edition.

Macartney's journal, first published in 1807 is quoted from the edition by J. L. Cranmer-Byng of *An Embassy to China* (Hamden, Conn., 1963), p. 229. Macartney's allusion to Prior's lines on "comeliness of side" (and taper shape) is in "Henry and Emma"; that was, incidentally, a poem known to Anne Elliot (*P* 116).

An excellent general book on travel is Eric J. Leed, *The Mind of the Traveller* (Basic Books, 1991), which I have drawn on here.

This errata was published on page 198 of the above issue.

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ERRATA

Travels with Penelope STUART M. TAVE *Persuasions* #14

p. 94 first para., last sentence, *for* A women did not often *read* A woman (etc.)

p. 97 top paragraph, next to last line, *for* that may gratify *read* than may gratify

p. 98 l. 12 from bottom, *for* ideal of removal *read* idea of removal

p. 101 first para., l. 14 from its end, *for* and now become secondary *read* had now (etc.)

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