

## Peach and Peacock

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Speaking at the Celebrating the Faculty of Arts function at the MacLaurin Hall last year, I mentioned that I had written an MA thesis on Thomas Love Peacock, the creator of novels about people with fanatical opinions who advanced them without listening to anyone else, and that I found this useful training when I later became compere of the ABC programme *This Day Tonight*.<sup>1</sup>

Peacock usually found there was something to be said on both sides of a subject. This was the method by which he constructed his novels, and I found it relevant to remember that when I was trying to adjudicate a television debate.

More relevant, though, was his repeated demonstration that people with a fixed idea in their heads are unwilling to be moved by any argument to the contrary. If reality does not fit their scheme, they will always bend reality until it fits. I often found that the only agreement I could get from disputants in a debate was agreement to have a drink in the Green Room afterwards. This was not unlike the way Peacock resolved the arguments in his novels, except that in the ABC Green Room we only occasionally moved on to the stage of bellowing drinking songs.

Politicians were always the worst. There was a period in which Ministers refused to appear, following the example of Sir Robert Menzies, who saw no reason to submit himself to interrogation by insolent puppies from this new-fangled television device. When

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they found that *This Day Tonight* did not cancel the debate but instead invited their Opposition counterparts to appear solo, sometimes with an empty chair to indicate where the Minister would have sat if the Minister had deigned to appear, they changed their tune.

They rushed on to the set with steam erupting from their ears and they gave battle. We never had an actual murder on live television, but there was plenty of threatening language, and on one occasion a politician seized his opposite number by the throat and crashed him to the floor. It was not much like the civilised and orderly disputation of a Peacock novel, and it usually shed more sound than light on the issue under debate, but at least it was an entertaining dialogue.

What we hear on television from our leaders now is usually a monologue, brooking no interruption or argument, and bearing no relation to the question and every relation to some piece of propaganda the Minister is determined to push. George Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-four* invented a word for this style, Duckspeak, a rapid, continuous, strident, remorseless gabble like the quacking of a duck.

Peacock lived and wrote more than a century before Orwell, but he was no more inclined to accept the high and the mighty at their own valuation, or their pronouncements at face value. He had not heard of Newspeak or Doublethink but he had observed how language could be carefully framed to evade the truth and falsify reality.

*Nightmare Abbey* was the first Peacock novel I read, and I enjoyed it for the same reason as I enjoyed *Pickwick Papers*. I thought it was genuinely funny. It sent up the Gothic novel with its trappings of ruined towers, ivied battlements, owl colonies, ghostly servants, ghosts, skulls and secret compartments. It also sent up romantic poets like Shelley, Byron and Coleridge, who were treated with much greater reverence elsewhere in the English course.

Shelley appears as the young hero Scythrop, whose plans for the wholesale regeneration of society are foiled when his revolutionary pamphlet *Philosophical Gas* sells only seven copies. He is torn between two lovers, Marionetta and Celinda, just as

Shelley was torn between his wife Harriet and Mary Godwin. (In real life, Shelley ran away with Mary Godwin and Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine, but Peacock was not so cruel as to put that kind of personal detail in his novel.) Scythrop fails to win either lady and is unable to arrive at any decision at all until the last line of the novel. Faced with the choice of a bottle of Madeira or a pistol to shoot himself with, he considers making a romantic exit, but then sensibly calls for the Madeira.

Byron appears as Mr. Cypress, who is about to leave England in the blackest of moods. Scythrop questions whether a man should leave his own country, where there is still some hope of improvement, for ancient ruins where there is none. Mr. Cypress replies, 'Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country. I have written an ode to tell the people as much; and they may take it as they list'.<sup>2</sup>

Cypress proceeds with a series of gloomy and misanthropic remarks, all of which Peacock extracted from the verses of Byron's *Childe Harold*. He is variously interrogated, assisted or contradicted by Scythrop and by Mr. Hilary, a dispenser of good cheer; Mr. Toobad, a doomsday merchant; Mr. Asterias, a believer in mermaids; Mr. Listless, a fop; Mr. Flosky, an incomprehensible metaphysician; and the Reverend Mr. Larynx, one of Peacock's long line of hearty clergymen who love their dinners, their wines and their songs and never trouble the assembled company with a single word about religion. The conversation proceeds like an increasingly mad chorus, each speaker breaking in with his own very peculiar obsessions, until Mr. Cypress thoroughly depresses them all with a Byronic ballad 'There is a Fever of the Spirit', and Mr. Hilary and the Reverend Mr. Larynx revive their spirits with a drinking song in which all join (perhaps there should have been more in the Green Room):

Seamen three! What men are ye?  
Gotham's three wise men we be  
Whither in your bowl so free?  
To rake the moon from out the sea  
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine

And our ballast is old wine  
And your ballast is old wine.<sup>3</sup>

Shelley took the satire of *Nightmare Abbey* in good part, and so did Byron, who greatly admired Peacock's novels (although he mistakenly thought that *Melincourt* was based on his pet bear, which he had proposed for a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge).<sup>4</sup> Peacock in turn admired *Don Juan*,<sup>5</sup> which mocked pretension in a spirit not unlike his own, and he respected Byron's liberal principles and hatred of corruption and cant.

Coleridge may not have been so happy with his appearance as Mr. Flosky. It was one of a series of portrayals by Peacock which represented Coleridge as a deliberate mystifier and also, along with Wordsworth and Southey, as a venal traitor to his youthful ideals:

Mystery was his mental element. He lived in the midst of that visionary world in which nothing is but what is not. He dreamed with his eyes open and saw ghosts dancing around him at noontide. He had been in his youth an enthusiast for liberty, and had hailed the dawn of the French Revolution as the promise of a day that was to banish war and slavery, and every form of vice and misery, from the face of the earth. Because all this was not done, he deduced that nothing was done, and from this deduction, according to his system of logic, he drew a conclusion that worse than nothing was done; that the overthrow of the feudal fortresses of tyranny and superstition was the greatest calamity that had ever befallen mankind; that their only hope now was to rake the rubbish together and rebuild it without any of those loopholes by which the light had originally crept in. To qualify himself for a coadjutor in this laudable task, he plunged into the central opacity of Kantian metaphysics, and lay *perdu* several years in transcendental darkness till the common daylight of common sense became intolerable to his eyes.<sup>6</sup>

All this may have been grossly unfair to Coleridge, but it seems to leave no room for doubt about Peacock's opinion of him. Yet in other parts of *Nightmare Abbey*, Mr. Flosky was given sensible things to say, and so were some other characters like Mr. Toobad, who had first appeared to be completely unhinged.

Perhaps Peacock's own position was more ambiguous than it first appears. Having been drawn in by his wit, I was puzzled by

the enigma of his philosophy. He was never a popular writer and never will be, but his curious style has always attracted a small group of followers, who have wondered, as I did, just where Peacock was coming from. It was as a sort of detective quest that I decided to pursue research into Peacock. I began the pursuit in Sydney and ended it several years later in London, where I had become a radio producer in the BBC.

January 1963 was the middle of the coldest winter in England for many years. The snow which had delighted us with our first white Christmas turned to black ice in the streets. The points on the railway froze, the anti-freeze in the buses froze. The English Channel froze and cleaved like an axe into the White Cliffs of Dover. Thousands of the elderly and the frail were overcome by the toxic effects of the last great London smog. In a flat at Primrose Hill I struggled to write my thesis while my wife wrapped rugs around my legs to stop me freezing from the feet up. Occasionally I'd give up and we'd wrestle on the floor to get closer to the pathetic flicker that called itself a gas fire.

Considering this was my holiday from the BBC and we might have been somewhere in the South, somewhere near the sun we so desperately missed, we both thought I must be mad. Yet there was a good reason to complete my thesis in London and that reason was the British Museum. It had the magnificent Halliford edition of Peacock's collected works, not merely his novels and poetry but his essays, reviews, letters, and practically every surviving scrap of his writing. If, after finishing the Halliford, I still found Peacock sometimes enigmatic or ambiguous, it was not for want of reading what he had written.

Halliford is a village on the Thames not far up from London. Here I was able to see the place where Peacock lived for the last fifty years of his life. I saw the riverbank where a boatman in the 1860s was startled by an angry old face, under a fringe of white hair, glaring at him through a hedge. When the boatman asked him if he was looking for something, the old gentleman roared, 'Yes, I am looking for my lost youth!' It was Peacock. In the Halliford churchyard I saw the stone bearing the epitaph Peacock wrote for his daughter, lost in infancy in 1826. It began, 'Long night succeeds

thy little day', and it caused a bitter quarrel with the local vicar, who objected to its unconcealed disbelief in human immortality.

Peacock was no friend of orthodoxies, religious or otherwise. His own upbringing was quite unorthodox. His father, a glass merchant, died when Peacock was three, and he was raised by his mother, a cultured woman and an admirer of Gibbon. No doubt her personality was reflected in the witty and independently-minded heroines of his novels. Peacock's only education was at a small private school near Chertsey, which he left before he was thirteen. He had already demonstrated independent opinions in politics, criticising the Prime Minister in a school exercise written at the age of eleven:

Though I do not wish Mr. Pitt's removal from his exalted station, yet I think he would have acted more in conformity with the sentiments of the people had he taxed everyone according to their income. I think too he was wrong to begin the war, but much more so to refuse peace when the French demanded it, since which time we have suffered so many losses, and now vainly endeavour to extricate ourselves from a war in which his imprudence involves us.<sup>7</sup>

Peacock became one of the best classical scholars of his day. He loved to display his scholarship in his novels and, as a self-educated man, never tired of gibing at the academic standards of Oxford and Cambridge. This was his account of the education of Scythrop in *Nightmare Abbey*:

When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school, where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head, having finished his education to the high satisfaction of the master and fellows of his college, who had, in testimony of their approbation, presented him with a silver fish-slice, on which his name figured at the head of a laudatory inscription in some semi-barbarous dialect of anglo-saxonised Latin.<sup>8</sup>

As a young man, Peacock was a political liberal. He admired the lofty republican sentiments of Thomas Jefferson and shared the enthusiasm of his friends Shelley and Byron for the triumph

of liberty and the overthrow of tyranny. Yet there was something in Peacock's cast of mind, some heightened sense of the ridiculous, which always brought him back from the brink of enthusiasm to cast a comic eye on the behaviour of his friends. In his *Memoirs of Shelley* he revealed that it was a visit to Shelley's household at Bracknell in 1813 which suggested to Peacock the form and the themes of the novels he was soon to write:

At Bracknell, Shelley was surrounded by a numerous society, all in a great measure of his own opinions in relation to religion and politics, and the larger portion of them in regard to vegetable diet, but they wore their rue with a difference, every one of them adopting some of the articles of faith of their general church, had each nevertheless some predominant crotchet of his or her own, which left a number of open questions for comment and not always temperate discussion. I was sometimes irreverent enough to laugh at the fervour with which opinions utterly uncondusive to any practical result were battled for as matters of the highest importance to the well-being of mankind; Harriet Shelley was always ready to laugh with me and we thereby lost caste with some of the more hot-headed of the party.<sup>9</sup>

Peacock wrote seven novels—*Headlong Hall* (1816), *Melincourt* (1817), *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), *Maid Marian* (1822), *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), *Crotchet Castle* (1831), and *Gryll Grange* (1861). Except for *Maid Marian* and *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, which were Peacock's mischievous versions of the Robin Hood and King Arthur legends, all the novels follow the pattern suggested to him by that fateful house party at Bracknell. A squire in search of intellectual diversion brings together an assembly of philosophers, artists, lovers and single-issue ratbags. They meet, they argue, they dine, they drink and they sing. The plots are minimal, the love affairs lightly sketched, and the romantic outcomes unlikely, although not incredible considering the circumstances of Peacock's own life. He had no real job until he was 34, when he was suddenly taken on by the East India Company, with his only apparent qualifications the authorship of three little-known novels and a quantity of conventional verse.

Peacock immediately wrote a letter proposing out of the blue

to Jane Gryffydd, a woman he had not seen or corresponded with since he met her on a walking tour of Wales eight years earlier. She accepted. Shelley chuckled, 'It is altogether extremely like the denouement of one of your own novels'.<sup>10</sup>

However, the plausibility of Peacock's plots did not concern his readers. What they appreciated was his witty dialogue, his clever satire of contemporary opinions, and his stock of classical allusions and epicurean philosophies, presented in the entertaining form of the conversation novel.

*Headlong Hall* was published anonymously, and all Peacock's subsequent novels were titled 'By the Author of *Headlong Hall*'. By the time Peacock wrote *Gryll Grange*, when he was 76, the cast of characters had changed somewhat, and Peacock's preoccupations had changed more than somewhat, but the style was still unmistakable. The opening of *Gryll Grange* gives the flavour of Peacock's conversational style and its unique combination of recondite learning and epigrammatic wit. The names of the characters signify their tendencies. Dr. Opimian, for example, is named for the famous Roman vintage drunk by Trimalchio's guests in the *Satyricon* of Petronius:

'Palestine soup!' said the Reverend Doctor Opimian, dining with his friend Squire Gryll, 'a curiously complicated misnomer. We have an excellent old vegetable, the artichoke, of which we eat the head; we have another of subsequent introduction, of which we eat the root, and which we also call artichoke, because it resembles the first in flavour, although, *me iudice*, a very inferior affair. This last is a species of the helianthus or sunflower genus of the *syngenesia frustranea* class of plants. It is therefore a girasol, or turn-to-the-sun. From this girasol we have made Jerusalem, and from this Jerusalem artichoke we make Palestine soup.'

Mr. Gryll

'A very good thing, Doctor'

The Rev. Dr. Opimian

'A very good thing, but a palpable misnomer'

Mr. Gryll

'I am afraid that we live in a world of misnomers, and of a worse

kind than this. In my little experience I have found that a gang of swindling bankers is a respectable old firm, that men who sell their votes to the highest bidder, and want only 'the protection of the ballot' to sell the promise of them to both parties, are a free and independent constituency, that a man who successively betrays everybody that trusts him, and abandons every principle he ever professed, is a great statesman, and a Conservative, forsooth, *a nil conservando*, that schemes for breeding pestilence are sanitary improvements, that the test of intellectual capacity is in swallow, and not in digestion; that the art of teaching everything, except what will be of use to the recipient, is national education; and that a change for the worse is reform.<sup>11</sup>

On this topic of misnomers, Dr. Opimian then adds some observations about the wisdom of Parliament:

"It is not the wisdom of Socrates, nor the wisdom of Solomon. It is the wisdom of Parliament. It is not easily analysed or defined, but it is very easily understood. It has achieved wonderful things by itself, and still more when Science has come to its aid. Between them they have poisoned the Thames, and killed the fish in the river. A little further development of the same wisdom and science will complete the poisoning of the air, and kill the dwellers on the banks.' Miss Gryll comments: 'You and my uncle, Doctor, get up a discussion on everything that presents itself, dealing with your theme like a series of variations in music. You have run half round the world *a propos* of the soup. What say you to the fish?'<sup>12</sup>

And of course Dr. Opimian and Squire Gryll have a great deal to say to the fish, proceeding, as Miss Gryll notes, to chime in like participants in an operatic aria. Their tone is enthusiastic in regard to personal tastes in food, wine, literature, music and such; more pessimistic in regard to public affairs. This represents a change from the Peacock who wrote his first novel nearly half a century earlier. Peacock was never a believer in wholesale schemes for human regeneration, but he thought there was some hope for improvement. In *Headlong Hall* the 'perfectibilian' Mr. Foster and the deteriorationist Mr. Escot are fairly evenly matched. Escot's powerful denunciations of the existing state of society are reduced to absurdity by his exaggerations, as in his lecture on the skull of Cadwallader:

Observe this skull. Even this skull of our reverend friend, which is the largest and thickest in the company, is not more than half its size. The frame this skull belonged to could scarcely have been less than nine feet high. Such is the lamentable progress of degeneracy and decay. In the course of ages, a boot of the present generation would form an ample chateau for a large family of our remote posterity.<sup>13</sup>

Peacock loathed autocrats like Castlereagh, and while the Tories were in power, he attacked them as the chief representatives of hypocrisy and greed, as exemplified in the sale of rotten boroughs. He considered the Lake poets' support for the Tories a 'flagrant specimen of the degree of moral degradation to which self-sellers can fall under the dominion of seat-sellers'.<sup>14</sup>

In *Maid Marian* Peacock drew a parallel between Robin Hood and King Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Both, he said, held their kingdoms by the force of their archers. The only difference was that Richard held a bigger kingdom because he had more archers. In *The Misfortunes of Elphin* Peacock said, 'The sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies and consequences of military glory' were recorded in his 'War Song of Dinas Vawr':

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter  
We therefore deemed it meeter  
To carry off the latter  
We made an expedition  
We met a host and quelled it  
We forced a strong position  
And killed the men who held it ...

We there, in strife bewildering  
Spilt blood enough to swim in  
We orphaned many children  
And widowed many women  
The eagles and the ravens  
We glutted with our foemen  
The heroes and the craven  
The spearmen and the bowmen.<sup>15</sup>

In the same novel, Elphin observes that the embankment which guards a prosperous Welsh valley from the sea is crumbling. He

fears, correctly, that it will soon collapse and the people will be drowned. When he says so to Seithenyn, the drunkard who has neglected to repair the embankment, Seithenyn replies in a parody of the arguments used by Castlereagh, Canning and the Duke of Wellington to oppose parliamentary reform:

‘That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny; that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well, it works well, it keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the High Commission of Embankment. Cupbearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we. They built it in their wisdom, and if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it.’

‘It is well’ said Elphin ‘that some parts are sound. It were better that all were so.’

‘So I have heard some people say before’ said Seithenyn. ‘Perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity; that very unamiable sort of people who are in the habit of indulging their reason; but I say, the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound; they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness. The soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation.... It is well, it works well, let well alone. Cupbearer, fill. It was half rotten when I was born and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three parts rotten when I die.’<sup>16</sup>

The Whigs came to power in 1830, and Peacock’s next novel, *Crotchet Castle*, marked a change of mood. He had always expressed sympathy for the agricultural labourers forced off the land and into the wretched industrial cities by rackrenting landlords like his Sir Simon Steeltrap. But he detested mob violence and may have suffered some personal experience of it when the unemployed farm hands, led by the mythical Captain Swing, began to break agricultural machinery and rural windows. These demonstrators were referred to in *Crotchet Castle* as ‘the mob’ and ‘the rabble’. He also conceived a violent antipathy to the Whig reformer, Lord Brougham, whom he called ‘Lord Facing-Both-Ways’ or ‘The Learned Friend’. Brougham’s schemes to advance popular education were satirised as ‘The March of

Mind' and 'The Steam Intellect Society'.

Despite his apparent lack of qualifications, Peacock was a valuable acquisition for the East India Company. For many years he was a high executive in the most powerful trading company in the world and played an important role in the design and operation of steamships on the East India run. It might seem extraordinary that a man who knew about material and scientific progress, and was himself an engine of it, should attack Victorian England's confidence in progress with gibes like 'The Steam Intellect Society'. But it is not that paradoxical. Peacock's interest was in moral and intellectual progress which might be demonstrated in greater respect for social justice, individual liberty and natural beauty. He could find no evidence of this. What the Whigs and the Victorian public called progress seemed to him an accentuation of the commercial and industrial squalor he abhorred.

Like all idealists, he hoped his writing would change things, but his books were not much more read in his own time than they are now. He concluded that the English reading public was not interested in novels of ideas, only in novels of action like Sir Walter Scott's best-sellers. In his disappointment Peacock gradually retreated to the epicurean position of quietism and tranquillity, which he called 'the noblest philosophy of antiquity'.<sup>17</sup> He accepted, like Epicurus, that happiness is the end of life, there is no happiness without pleasure, and the true and only permanent pleasure is peace of body and mind. Peace of body is to be obtained through temperance and constancy in enduring pain, peace of mind through freedom from greed for honours or wealth, and from the fear of death. Belief in human immortality is credulous error; life is to be enjoyed, and should be ruled by reason and knowledge.

As a young man walking through Wales, Peacock had written, 'On the top of Cadair Idris, I felt how happy a man may be with a little money and a sane intellect, and reflected with astonishment and pity on the madness of the multitude'.<sup>18</sup> By 1837, when he wrote a preface for a collected edition of four of his novels, he had concluded that the opinions he satirised were not transient follies of a particular day but expressions of permanent tendencies:

Perfectibilians, deteriorationists, status-quo-ites, phrenologists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, morbid visionaries, romantic enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque and lovers of good dinners, march, and will march forever, *pari passu*, with the march of mechanics, which some facetiously call the march of intellect. The fastidious in old wine are a race that does not decay. The great principle of the Right of Might is as flourishing now as in the days of Maid Marion. The array of false pretensions, moral, political and literary, is as imposing as ever. The rulers of the world still feel things in their effects and never foresee them in their causes. Political mountebanks continue, and will continue, to puff nostrums and practise legerdemain under the eyes of the multitude.<sup>19</sup>

Does Peacock have any relevance for us here and now in Australia? I think so. First, he's still funny, and anyone who can't get a laugh out of *Nightmare Abbey* must have had a humour bypass. Second, a lot of his observations still hold true. The arguments Seithenyn used against fixing the embankment are used in Australia to prevent any change to the Constitution ('if it ain't broke don't fix it', etc.).

Politicians are still pulling fast ones on the public by misuse of the word 'reform'. Under the heading 'Howard Finds a Reform Agenda', Ross Gittins wrote in the *Sydney Morning Herald*:

I was taken aback last week to see a newspaper refer to the opposition parties' intention to block the Government's 'Budget reforms' in the Senate. Really? Has the meaning of words degenerated to the point where any adjustment to existing policy can be described as a 'reform'?

I suppose, if you were that way inclined, you could think of the decision to crack down on bludging cripples as a reform, but it's stretching too far to apply that appellation to the decision to whack up prescription co-payments by 28 per cent.<sup>20</sup>

Peacock's political mountebanks are our spin doctors, and his nostrums and legerdemain are our smoke and mirrors. The tricks are still the same, and for all our alleged sophistication and enlightenment the success rate is just as high. The mentality of the grocer, the spirit of narrow self-interest and greed that Peacock detected in Victorian England, is not unknown in our fair land.

The array of false pretensions is as imposing as ever. Peacock might have had fun with the concept of core and non-core promises. I can imagine Doctor Opimian or Squire Gryll defining a non-core promise as a promise likely to be broken, and a core promise as a promise certain to be broken.

I think Peacock would have been enthralled by the argument advanced by leading politicians in the Republic referendum, that we could not trust politicians to elect a President. That is, our leaders told us we could not trust people like themselves. Peacock would have had one of his characters observing, 'But when they tell us they are untrustworthy, can we trust that they are telling the truth?'

Peacock was not a cynic but he became a disappointed idealist. He made great play with the Ancients like Aristophanes but his real heroes, and his models, were writers like Rabelais, Swift and Voltaire. Like those great satirists, Peacock mocked the world because he hoped to change it. And like *Candide*, who eventually refused to have anything to do with the world and devoted himself to cultivating his own garden, Peacock gradually retreated into his own private world of family and friends, old books and old wine.

Some things don't change much. You might as well laugh, in the spirit of *Maid Marian's* Friar Michael: 'The world is a stage, and life is a farce, and he that laughs most has most profit of the performance'.<sup>21</sup>

#### Notes

- 1 See *Arts*, 23 (2001): 15–17.
- 2 *The Works of Thomas Love Peacock* (the Halliford edition), ed. H. F. B. Brett-Smith and C. E. Jones, 10 vols, London, 1924–34, III, 103. Hereafter referred to as *Works*.
- 3 *Works*, III, 112.
- 4 *Works*, VIII, 500 (Shelley to Peacock, 21 March 1821), and Leslie A. Marchand, *Byron, A Portrait*, London, 1971, p.46.
- 5 *Works*, VIII, 228 (Peacock to Shelley, 28 February 1822).
- 6 *Works*, III, 9–10.
- 7 *Works*, VIII, 258.
- 8 *Works*, III, 3–4.

- 9 *Works*, VIII, 17 (*Memoirs of Shelley*, 1860).
- 10 *Works*, I, cviii (Introduction).
- 11 *Works*, V, 1–2.
- 12 *Works*, V, 5–6.
- 13 *Works*, I, 101.
- 14 *Works*, VIII, 199 (letter to Shelley, 5 July 1818).
- 15 *Works*, IV, 89–90.
- 16 *Works*, IV, 15–16.
- 17 *Works*, IX, 67.
- 18 *Works*, VIII, 191 (letter to E. T. Hookham, 9 April 1811).
- 19 *Works*, I, 1–2.
- 20 *Sydney Morning Herald*, 28 June 2002.
- 21 *Works*, III, 159.