



# Reading *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich* in the Bothie of Porirua Road:

Thomas Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough and Literary Emigration

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international journal of scottish literature

Issue 9, Autumn/Winter 2013  
[www.ijsl.stir.ac.uk](http://www.ijsl.stir.ac.uk)

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## Recommended Citation

Jane Stafford, 'Reading *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich* in the Bothie of Porirua Road: Thomas Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough and Literary Emigration', *International Journal of Scottish Literature* 9 (Autumn / Winter 2013), 26-37.

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# Reading *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich* in the Bothie of Porirua Road:

Thomas Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough and Literary Emigration

*Jane Stafford*

The Scottish Pacific manifests itself in a variety of forms – in the histories of the immigrants who went from Scotland to the Antipodes, in the ideologies they took with them, in the social institutions they developed on their arrival. It is also apparent in the books that made the journey – the works of Ossian, Burns, and Scott – carried as cabin baggage by the immigrants or sent to connect and reinforce ties to home by those left behind. The manner in which these Scottish canonical works structured colonial reading practice and influenced settler national literatures is a central part of literary historiography. But this paper has a different purpose. I wish to trace how an arbitrary, artificial and largely English conception of Scotland might have ‘emigrated’ and settled through the medium of a literary work, and how that might have sat alongside New Zealand expressions of place and purpose.

Arthur Hugh Clough’s 1848 poem *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich: a Long-Vacation Pastoral* tells the story of a reading party of Oxford students and their tutor who spend the university summer vacation in the Scottish Highlands. One of their number, Philip Hewson, falls in love with, successively, Katie the farmer’s daughter ‘by the lochside of Rannoch’,<sup>1</sup> the upper-class Lady Maria at Balloch Castle, and Elspie, the daughter of David Mackaye, who lives at the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich. Philip courts Elspie and is accepted. Her father gives permission for the two to marry after Phillip has finished his studies, and the couple immigrate to New Zealand.

Despite this seemingly straightforward plot, *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich* is a complex work. It contains depictions of Scottish high society and conventionally picturesque peasantry, of mountain, loch and glen, and, to the modern reader, strangely unnecessary and repetitious descriptions of the students bathing in highland streams. A great deal of the poem consists of conversations between the tutor Adam and his charges – on their surroundings and the behaviour of their fellows, but also on the vagaries and specifics of the Oxford undergraduate syllabus. In what Clough described as a ‘contemptuous’ piece in *The Spectator* in December 1848 a reviewer cautiously ventured that *The Bothie* ‘looked like an Oxford satire’ and ‘if it did contain any occult meaning it was confined to the initiated’.<sup>2</sup> And Clough himself wrote that it had had ‘tolerable success in Oxford—But that its local allusions might readily give it: a larger success is quite problematical’.<sup>3</sup> Charles Kingsley, who had asked permission to review the work, was puzzled by it but decided that puzzlement was the proper response. He would, he wrote,

say nothing, for the author has said nothing; and he, doubtless, knows a great deal better than he what effects he intends and we have no wish, or right either, to interfere with him.

The reader, cautioned Kingsley, should not expect a moral attached to the poem ‘as you sew a direction card on a little boy’s back when you send him off to school’.<sup>4</sup> Modern critics are no more confident as to *The Bothie’s* correct interpretive frame: Scottish post-Reform Bill society, Clough’s difficulties with the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Anglican Church, educational reform, communication and its problematics, the application of the classical canon to the English, the position of women, class, the Carlylian conception of work, homoerotics, tourism, an exercise in metrical experimentation, and the poet’s farewell to Oxford have all been suggested and argued for.<sup>5</sup>

Thackeray, writing to Clough in November 1848, said that the poem ‘must be like Scotland – Scotland hexametrically laid out’.<sup>6</sup> Certainly the title, with its mix of Gaelic place-names (however spurious),<sup>7</sup> Oxford slang (the ‘long vac’) and the classical canon (in the use of the form of pastoral) points to the poem’s interaction of Scottish place, the Oxford culture of Clough and his contemporaries and their Oxford-sourced classical education. Clough had been a tutor and fellow at Oriel College and had led similar reading parties – to Castleton in the Peak District in 1846 and Drumnadrochet in the Highlands 1847, the latter just before he resigned his positions because of his inability to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles. As his biographer Katharine Chorley puts it, his Highland trip provided him with the *mise en scène* for *The Bothie*.<sup>8</sup> In his letters of 1847 he wrote of staying in ‘Hesperian seclusion’<sup>9</sup> in a ‘pleasant, quiet, sabbatic country inn’<sup>10</sup> ‘out of the realm of civility’,<sup>11</sup> and in ‘a strange and solitary place called Loch Beoraik’ where ‘Saxon Foot has never been before’.<sup>12</sup> Donald Ulin describes *The Bothie’s* poetics as ‘expressive of contemporary middle-class claims on a national countryside’.<sup>13</sup> The year before Clough’s visit Thomas Cook had organised his first tour of Scotland and written *Handbook of a Trip to Scotland* to accompany his customers.<sup>14</sup> Certainly Clough displays the discrimination of a tourist, aware of the generally agreed benchmarks of tourist experience, able to summon to mind comparable beauty spots and apply the relevant tests of authenticity. Both his letters and his journal contain check-lists of significant places he has seen, will see, or has decided not to see. He writes at one point:

This place [Glenfinnan on Loch Shiel] is certainly very beautiful; scarcely however sufficiently exalted out of the Lake country style to meet my expectations of the genuine West.<sup>15</sup>

*The Bothie* reflects this consciously mediated and touristic view of Scotland, an awareness of the capital the experienced tourist should both publicise and protect. At one point there is an extended description of a stream:

[...] the boiling, pent-up water

Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,  
 Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury  
 Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;  
 Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under;  
 Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising  
 Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.  
 Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs [...] (19)

But the description is prefaced with a caveat: 'I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist/  
 Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books' (19). Exclusivity is key. In a parallel with Clough's own experience, the student Phillip is tired of his prescribed studies, 'my dismal classics' (17), but also of the predictable Scotland which is served up for his use as a visitor:

Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks prescribed us;  
 Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,  
 Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie and marquis ... (17-18)

He needs escape into the uncultivated landscape not in the guide-books:

This fierce, furious walking – o'er mountain-top and moorland,  
 Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on hill-side sleeping,  
 Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker than rocks by Loch Awen,  
 This fierce, furious travel unwearying ... (26)

Paradoxically, seeking, as Clough did, 'the genuine West', Philip finds instead the genuine unpicturesque. When he finally arrives at the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich, its surroundings are a perplexing mix of the barren, the functional and, with the presence of roads, coaches and steamers, the modern:

Who are these? and where? it is no sweet seclusion;  
 Blank hill-sides slope down to a salt sea loch at their bases,  
 Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with rowan and alder;  
 Cottages here and there out-standing bare on the mountain,  
 Peat-roofed, windowless, white; the road underneath by the water.  
 There on the blank hill-side, looking down through the loch to the ocean,  
 There with a runnel beside, and pine-trees twain before it,  
 There with the road underneath, and in sight of coaches and steamers,  
 Dwelling of David Mackaye and his daughters Elspie and Bella,  
 Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Tober-na-fuosich. (36-7)

This is the un-Romantic Highlands – as opposed to that celebrated, contemporaneously, by Queen Victoria as 'lovely, grand, romantic [...] sublime', 'so full of poetry and romance, traditions, and historical associations'.<sup>16</sup> It is not the place but the inhabitants, their culture and class

that make the *Bothie* appealing to Philip the radical and chartist. It is a place of work. Critics have pointed out the poem's debt to Carlyle's precept 'Know thy work and do it'.<sup>17</sup> This ethic draws Philip to Elspie ('Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace, the attraction, /Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty of women' [10]). And this ethic leads him to exchange as his mentor Adam the tutor for David Mackay the labourer.

On its publication, Clough sent a copy of *The Bothie* to his Oxford friends and in particular the friend who had served as one of the models for Philip. Thomas Arnold wrote later that Clough had '[taken] good care not to allow any one character to be paralleled by any one living individual' yet his own career seems most closely to track that of the poet and radical.<sup>18</sup> Son of Thomas the Rugby School headmaster, brother of Matthew the poet, Arnold had emigrated to New Zealand, arriving in March 1848. Like Clough, he had realised that the doubts he held about his religious faith would preclude him from taking up an Oxford fellowship: as he put it, 'Restlessness of mind, with which the theories and criticisms of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* had much to do, beset me from the time of taking my degree'.<sup>19</sup> Despite wavering belief being a cause of his leaving England, he wrote, 'To me, however strange and paradoxical it may sound, this going to New Zealand has become a work of faith, and I cannot but go through with it'.<sup>20</sup> There was, he felt,

such an indescribable blessedness in looking forward to a manner of life in which heart and conscience approve, and which at the same time satisfies the instinct of the Heroic and the Beautiful. Yet there seems little enough in a homely life in a New Zealand forest; and indeed there is nothing in the thing itself, except in as far as it flows from principle – from a faith.<sup>21</sup>

Arnold arrived in the colony with high expectations, fuelled by long-standing family connections with the New Zealand Company, his political ideals and his own reading:

Even before my father's death the colonization of New Zealand, in which he was so interested as to purchase two land sections for the New Zealand Company, caused me to read everything about New Zealand that I came across. The descriptions of virgin forests, snowclad mountains, rivers not yet tracked to their sources, and lakes imperfectly known, fascinated me as they have fascinated many since. And joining the two lines of thought together, my speculative fancy suggested that in a perfect locale such as New Zealand it might be destined that the true fraternity of the future – could founders and constitution-builders of the necessary genius and virtue be discovered – might be securely built up.<sup>22</sup>

Arnold's ship the *John Wickliffe* first landed in Dunedin. A large number of the ship's passengers were 'Free Church' settlers, ejected from the Church of Scotland in the Great Disruption of 1843, heading for the new Presbyterian settlement of Otago. Arnold looked upon these men and women with some amusement, characterising them in terms of an exaggerated orthodoxy they

perhaps did not truly possess:

I hope I shall like the Free Church people; how alarmed the dear creatures would be if they knew what a mass of heresy and schism I had got down in the hold. Rousseau! Spinoza!! Hegel!!! Emerson!! Stanley observed that Spinoza and Hegel had probably never crossed the Line before.<sup>23</sup>

He reported a conversation with the ship's captain, William Cargill, one of the scheme's architects, in which Cargill compared the Free Church members to the Pilgrim Fathers. Arnold was privately doubtful:

All this is very interesting; yet one sighs as one listens, and thinks to oneself how times are changed. Puritanism is no longer at the van of human thought; it is vain to try and cheat oneself into the belief that it is; and a man preaching Puritanism now, is like St. Paul preaching Judaism, when a better light had come into the world.<sup>24</sup>

While Arnold was waiting in Dunedin to continue his journey to Wellington, the *Philip Laing* arrived, carrying Thomas Burns, nephew of the poet and first minister of the new settlement. Burns, who had set up a virtual theocracy on the voyage out, had a very different view to Cargill's. He told Arnold that the *Philip Laing's* emigrants were

a bad and disorderly set, indeed this Free Church Colony, which had the impudence to announce itself as walking in the footsteps of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the founders of which were to be so eminently religious and moral, seem to be mainly formed of as pretty a set of knaves and idle vagabonds as ever was seen.<sup>25</sup>

Despite – or perhaps because of – his high ideals and anticipation, Arnold was disconcerted by his surroundings. At Taiaroa Head

[s]ome of us went on shore and climbed to the top of the head, on which was a small Maori settlement, housed in low mean *warès*, and dependent on its potato patches and fishing. Among the bones of huge whales ran about dirty pigs and children. The scene was cheerless, and the human element in the picture discouraging.<sup>26</sup>

This was neither virgin forests, snowclad mountains, nor a locale for 'the true fraternity of the future'.

Wellington was a New Zealand Company settlement and thus had a strong though not officially endorsed Anglican flavour. The settlers were largely English, in contrast to the Scottish emphasis of Dunedin. The population of Pakeha (Europeans) was still small, but, Arnold felt, intellectually select. With imaginative optimism, he described them as 'ardent poets', 'gallant soldiers', 'the organisers of institutions, the scholars, the explorers of deserts and mountains'.<sup>27</sup> Yet he found the colony a dispiriting place. Arnold was a totally inexperienced farmer, and he felt

obliged to refuse an offer of the position of the governor's private secretary, as

the radical idea influenced me that men of independent character ought not to have anything to do with the Colonial Government so long as it was carried on by means of nominee, not representative assemblies.<sup>28</sup>

'The demon of *ennui*' predominated: 'There was no hunting, no shooting, only poor fishing'.<sup>29</sup> He attempted to exchange his land in the Makara valley for a better section on the Porirua Road, and started clearing and building on the new land before he had gained the agreement of his father's trustees for the exchange. They refused permission. He abandoned his Porirua holding and moved to Nelson where he taught at Nelson Boys' College: 'I am better fitted to teach little boys English history than to invent improved methods of cultivation or breed fat cattle' he conceded.<sup>30</sup> He left New Zealand for Tasmania in 1850.

The friendships Arnold made in the new colony are recorded in his 1900 autobiography *Passages in a Wandering Life*. It is clear that many such recollections are based on nostalgia for the intellectual debates of his undergraduate years rather than any sense of engagement with his present situation. Of Frederic Weld, aristocrat and Catholic, who had attended Fribourg University, Arnold writes, 'we exchanged ideas and experiences on university subjects – we talked about yachting – we lent each other books' including 'a history of philosophy by the Jesuit professor Freudenfelt [which] seemed to me more genially and lucidly written than any similar book that had been put into my hands at Oxford'.<sup>31</sup> Of a dinner at the house of Governor Grey's half-brother, he wrote to his mother that although it was 'a little bit of a wooden house consisting of just two rooms and a kitchen' and '[w]e did not dress ... there were silver forks etc, and everything went off so exactly the same as in England that I could have fancied myself in an undergraduate party at Oxford'.<sup>32</sup>

It was in this context that he received and read Clough's poem:

The 'Bothie' found me in New Zealand before the end of 1848. The force and variety of this extraordinary poem, the melody of great portions of it, its penetrating dialectic, its portrayal of passionate tenderness, the nearness to Nature of its descriptions and in its whole texture, filled me with wonder and delight.<sup>33</sup>

In fact, the poem, published in November 1848, reached Arnold a little later. In a letter of 24 September 1849 he wrote to Clough 'I cannot quite say I *hasten* to thank you for the "Bothie" and your poems, for I have now had them more than a month'.<sup>34</sup> And his immediate reaction was more nuanced than his memory suggested. In a letter to his mother he wrote that although it 'greatly surpasses my expectations', and is 'on the whole a noble poem, well held together, clear, full of purpose, full of promise' it has 'a vein of coarseness cropping out here and there'.<sup>35</sup> To Clough he wrote that the poem 'presents itself to me indeed rather as an action than a literary composition – an action, I truly think, among the boldest and purest that I have known'. Clough,

Arnold asserted, was his 'Hieland oracle'.<sup>36</sup>

Alfred Domett, then Colonial Secretary for the Wellington Province, and friend and correspondent of Robert Browning, was a congenial co-reader and fellow aspirant poet and was, Arnold felt, 'the one man then in New Zealand' with whom he could share his experience of reading 'The Bothie', 'perhaps the only one, who was capable of valuing this treasure aright, and with him I hastened to share it ... A Cambridge man, he welcomed with generous fervour this strange product of the Oxford mind'.<sup>37</sup> Domett 'read it aloud straight through, two or three times to different persons, all of whom, so far as they could understand it, were delighted with it'.<sup>38</sup> The reservation, 'so far as they could understand it', suggests that colonial readers had the same difficulty with the poem as those in England. Nonetheless, Arnold felt that *The Bothie* 'portray[ed] with clearness and fidelity a portion of real human life passed on this actual world', was 'not ashamed or afraid to take up and handle the low and the trivial' as well as 'the high and the weighty'. He praised the realism of the characters' portrayal and compared it favourably to Domett's friend and mentor: 'not like so many masks, ill-concealing the author's own features, as in some of Browning's plays that I have read'. But his judgement that 'every one who hears the poem can find something to amuse and interest him, something which appeals to him, and chimes in with his favourite habits or tastes'<sup>39</sup> seems, ultimately, a little evasive.

When Arnold received Clough's poem he was staying with a farming family on the Porirua Road while he built a bothie of his own on the section he hoped to confirm ownership of. His deep friendship and continuing correspondence with the poet, his knowledge of the undergraduate culture that had inspired the poem, and the fact that Philip was at least in part modelled on himself gave his reading of *The Bothie* a particular intensity. As with his letters from his family, he used the poem as a way of recreating past times and lost places. Factual detail was a crucial part of his reading practice. He wrote to his friend John Campbell Shairp who had been a fellow undergraduate:

I want two or three questions answered. First, *Where* is the reading party supposed to be quartered? After laborious geographical and critical induction, I came to the conclusion that the place in the Grampians, I forget its name, where Clough met in 1846, must be intended. The line 'Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie and Marquis' brought to my recollection Clough's having told me, that there was some glen near where they were then, Glen Tilt I think it was, which they were not allowed to enter, and about which he had some correspondence with the Duke of Athol. 2<sup>nd</sup>. Is Hesperus, the bathing pool a pure creation, or does it stand for the beautiful pool under the fall in the stream near Drumnadrochet? 3<sup>rd</sup>. Does not Adam, though of course in great part a creation, stand partly for Temple, partly for Stanley?<sup>40</sup>



The ability to read the poem not in solitude but with congenial friends – specifically Domett and others in his circle – fostered a sociability based on class connection (as university- educated men) which other local reading communities, such as the newly-formed Port Nicholson Pickwick Club, could not aspire to. Domett’s poem *Ranolf and Amohia*, published on his return to England in 1872 but written during the previous decades, is different from *The Bothie* in many ways, but there are similarities which suggest a direct influence. In *Ranolf and Amohia* the sojourner Ranolf falls in love with a Māori princess rather than the daughter of a poor crofter, but the doubts that Amohia expresses about her ability to match Ranolf’s social class parallel Elspie’s hesitations in *The Bothie*. Amohia worries

That kindness might be pity—nay , it must!  
 What else could be more likely—natural—just!  
 What else could one of such exalted sphere  
 Her fancy lifted to a realm so clear  
 And high above her, from his glorious place  
 Feel towards a being of inferior race,  
 Such as her love still made herself appear?<sup>41</sup>

Elspie has similar feelings:

Terror nameless and ill understood of deserting her station,—  
 Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sorrow,  
 Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the conviction,  
 He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so unworthy,  
 (Ah me! Philip, that ever a word such as that should be written!) ,  
 It would do neither for him; nor for her; she also was something,  
 Not much indeed and different, yet not to be lightly extinguished.  
 Should *he—he*, she said, have a wife beneath him? herself be  
 An inferior there where only equality can be?  
 It would do neither for him nor, for her. (45)

The metaphor Elspie uses to compare Philip’s superior education, culture and understanding of the world – a torrent of water sweeping her away – is suggestive of the flood that nearly kills Amohia. Elspie explains:

That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,  
 Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could not;  
 I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt tide, that  
 Would mix-in itself with me, and change me; I felt myself changing;  
 And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream. It was dreadful.  
 You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender burnie,  
 Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of the woodies,

Quite unused to the great salt sea; quite afraid and unwilling. (43)

Domett describes Amohia:

Alas! no strength of limb or will,  
 No stoutest heart, no swimmer's skill  
 Could long withstand the headlong weight and force  
 Of that wild tide in its tumultuous course!—  
 Soon was she swept away—whirled o'er and o'er—  
 And hurried out of conscious life  
 In that o'erwhelming turbulence and roar  
 Almost without a sense of pain or strife.<sup>42</sup>

And the expansive structure of *Ranolf and Amohia*, with its ability to deal (at length) with complex philosophical arguments as well as with plot, description and character, were perhaps learnt by Domett from his serial performances of Clough's work.

In its new context of the Porirua Road *The Bothie*, read in terms of its Oxford genesis by readers and critics in England, can be seen as open to a different kind of interpretive frame, that of the immigration narrative. The poem's depiction of Scotland and Scottish characters enacts the preliminary and necessary immigration impetus of need and dispossession, with Philip's outrage at the inequalities of the Scottish class system, 'marquis and gillie', and his boredom with the touristic role of the reading party giving this trope a particularly sharp focus. The old world is pictured in all its disadvantage. Any conventional Romantic notion of the sublimity of Scottish scenery is vitiated by being viewed through the superficial perspective of Clough's undergraduate tourists, associated with the restrictive snobbery of the land-owning classes, and contrasted with the admirable but severely un-Romantic industriousness of David Mackaye and his family. The unpicturesque *Bothie* of *Toper-na-fuosich* is finally seen as the source of greater value than the elegance of the Scottish aristocracy or the beauty of the landscapes the reading party encounter. Consistent with immigration narratives, Philip and Elspie's marriage marks an identification with the future. And the naming of that future as a specific geographical place, New Zealand, is consonant with the philosophy of the New Zealand Company and its adherents that the settler colonies embody modernity and reform. Ulin cites the poem's 'attention to the power of language to reclaim the landscape for the purposes of modernity while retaining, or even reasserting, traditional pastoral associations'.<sup>43</sup> But this is convoluted. Rather *The Bothie* suggests that the Scottish landscape can only be reclaimed by being exchanged for a settler version. Only in the settler colonies can modernity and traditional values be integrated.

Philip and Elspie's new immigrant life is symbolised in the material objects that Philip's Oxford friends give them: a medicine-chest, a tool-box, a saddle, a plough, a rifle, a necklace for Elspie, a family bible and an iron bedstead (53). It is all reminiscent of Arnold's own immigrant preparations, but for the absence of an Elspie. The poem concludes:

They are married and gone to New Zealand.  
 Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or three pictures,  
 Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the sphere to New Zealand.  
 There he hewed, and dug; subdued the earth and his spirit;  
 There he built him a home; there Elspie bare him his children,  
 David and Bella; perhaps ere this too an Elspie or Adam;  
 There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and flax fields;  
 And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich. (55)

Scotland is both insufficient for the couple's present needs and, as demonstrated by the recreation of the *Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich* in New Zealand, identical to the new place, so that leaving will not be a rupture. As Arnold wrote to Clough from Wellington in June 1848, 'every thing is so novel, and yet so immediately recalls everything beautiful that one has seen in former times and in other countries'.<sup>44</sup>

## NOTES

1 Arthur Hugh Clough, *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich: a Long-Vacation Pastoral* (Oxford: Francis Macpherson; London: Chapman and Hall, 1848), p. 23. Subsequent page references are in the text. Clough revised the poem for the American collected edition of his works in 1859, changing the title (see note 7, below). The place name he substituted, Tober-na-Vuolich, is, according to Patrick Scott, 'innocuous and nearly meaningless'. *The Bothie: the Text of 1848*, ed. Patrick Scott (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1976), p. 23. The significance of the revisions Clough made for the later edition is discussed by Scott, pp. 23-5.

2 *The Spectator*, 2 December 1848; *Clough: the Critical Heritage*, ed. Michael Thorpe (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1972), p.31.

3 To Thomas Arnold, 27 November 1848, *The New Zealand Letters of Thomas Arnold the Younger with further Letters from Van Diemen's Land and Letters of Arthur Hugh Clough, 1847-1851*, ed. James Bertram (London and Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 122.

4 *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1849; *Clough: the Critical Heritage*, pp. 46-7.

5 See, for example, Rod Edmond, *Affairs of the Hearth: Victorian Narrative Poetry and the Ideology of the Domestic* (London: Routledge, 1988); Donald Ulin, 'Tourism and the Contest for Cultural Authority in Clough's *Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*', *Victorian Poetry*, 37.1 (Spring 1999), 71-97; Joseph Patrick Phelan, 'Radical Metre: the English Hexameters in Clough's *Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*', *Review of English Studies*, n.s., 50.198 (1999), 166-187; Meg Tasker, 'Time, Tense, and Genre: a Bakhtinian Analysis of Clough's *Bothie*', *Victorian Poetry*, 34 (1996), 193-211. The variety of readings are summarised in Francis O'Gorman, 'Clough's Difficulties', *Yearbook of English Studies*, 36.2 (2006), 125-38.

6 *Clough: the Critical Heritage*, p. 30; quoted in Ulin, 'Tourism and the Contest for Cultural Authority': 78.

7 An anonymous reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* in August 1849 was the first to point out that in adopting *Toper-na-fuosich* as his place name Clough was the victim of 'a vile jest', *Clough: the Critical Heritage*, p. 49. W.M. Rossetti in his review in *The Germ* (1850) translates the phrase as 'the hut of the bearded well, a somewhat singular title', Katharine Chorley, *Arthur Hugh Clough: The Uncommitted Mind: A Study of his Life and Poetry* (Oxford: Clarendon Press,

1962), p. 168, note 1.

8 Chorley, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, p. 141.

9 To J.C. Shairp, 3 October 1847, *The Correspondence of Arthur Hugh Clough*, vol. 1, ed. Frederick L Mulhauser (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1957), p. 185.

10 To Anne Clough, 26 July 1847, *Correspondence*, 1, p. 184.

11 To J.C. Shairp, 1 September 1847, *Correspondence*, 1, p. 184.

12 To J.C. Shairp, 3 October 1847, *Correspondence*, 1, p. 185.

13 Ulin, 'Tourism and the Contest for Cultural Authority', p. 72.

14 See Judith Flanders, *Consuming Passions: Leisure and Pleasure in Victorian Britain* (London: Harper, 2006), pp. 226-7.

15 To J.C. Shairp, 1 September 1847, *Correspondence*, 1, p. 185. For a discussion of the timing of *The Bothie's* composition, see R.B. Rutland, 'The Genesis of Clough's *Bothie*', *Victorian Poetry*, 11.4 (1973), 277-84. Patrick Scott states 'The poem was written, printed, revised and published in the space of about two months', *The Bothie: the Text of 1848*, p. 5.

16 Queen Victoria, *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1862* (1867), quoted in John Glendening, *The High Road: Romantic Tourism, Scotland, and Literature, 1720-1829* (New York: St Martin's Press, 1997), pp. 232, 231. Victoria toured Scotland in 1842, 1844 and 1847. In his final chapter, Glendening discusses the 'Balmoralisation' of Scotland during this period, popularised by Victoria but, Glendening argues, well underway by the time of her purchase of Balmoral in 1852.

17 Ulin, 'Tourism and the Contest for Cultural Authority', p. 83.

18 See *The Bothie: the Text of 1848*, 'Appendix 1: Some Models for Clough's Characters', pp. 81-2. Scott cites Clough as claiming the work was both 'fiction, purely fiction' and 'here and there' based on his Oxford friends.

19 Thomas Arnold, *Passages in a Wandering Life* (London: Edward Arnold, 1900), p. 63.

20 To Mrs Arnold, 1 August 1847, *Letters*, p. 4.

21 To Jane Arnold, 22 September 1847, *Letters*, pp. 6-7.

22 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 64.

23 To A H Clough, 18 November 1847, *Letters*, p. 9. The works of Spinoza had been a parting gift from Clough.

24 To Mrs Arnold, 24 November 1847, *Letters*, p. 16. For Cargill's career, see Tom Brooking, 'Cargill, William', *Dictionary of New Zealand Biography. Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand* (2010) <<http://www.TeAra.govt.nz/en/biographies/1c4/1>> [accessed 1 September 2013]

25 To Mrs Arnold, 26 April 1848, *Letters*, p. 41. Arnold felt that 'it was a clever dodge, in order to make lands sell, to represent this Colony as connected with the Free Church movement, and to establish a Church and School fund, etc; but if anyone were so deluded as to come out here under the expectation of finding a religious community, in the true sense of the word, he would find himself, I think, very much mistaken'.

26 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 74.

27 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 120.

28 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 90.

29 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 84.

30 To Mrs Arnold, 25 June 1848, *Letters*, p. 54. Arnold made a concerted effort to persuade Clough to join him in Nelson. See his letter 29 June 1848, *Letters*, p. 57-8. 'What sort of place is Nelson?' Clough wrote in November 1848, 'I

forget where it is. Would you take me for 3 years?—you and Donnett [sic]?', *Letters*, p. 121.

- 31 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 99.
- 32 To Mrs Arnold, 26 April 1848, *Letters*, p. 46.
- 33 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 62.
- 34 To Clough, 24 September 1849, *Letters*, p. 141.
- 35 To Mrs Arnold, 2 September 1849, *Letters*, p. 135.
- 36 To Clough, 24 September 1849, *Letters*, pp. 141-2.
- 37 Arnold, *Passages*, p. 63.
- 38 To J.C. Shairp, 6 December 1849, *Letters*, p. 164.
- 39 To J.C. Shairp, 6 December 1849, *Letters*, p. 164.
- 40 To J.C. Shairp, 6 December 1849, *Letters*, p. 165.
- 41 Alfred Domett, *Ranolf and Amohia: A South-Sea Day-Dream* (London: Smith, Elder, 1872), p. 427.
- 42 Alfred Domett, *Ranolf and Amohia: A South-Sea Day-Dream* (London: Smith, Elder, 1872), p. 446.
- 43 Ulin, 'Tourism and the Contest for Cultural Authority', p. 74.
- 44 To A.H. Clough, 26 June 1848, *Letters*, p. 57.