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TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

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Feminism and Gender in To the Lighthouse

"[A] woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction," Virginia Woolf proposes in her 1929 book, A Room of One's Own. The statement and the book would both become legendary, and Woolf's arguments for emancipating the woman writer would become central to the first wave of early twentieth-century feminism, making this primarily creative writer one of the most influential early feminist theorists. Woolf was writing during a period when for the first time in history, women were as instrumental as men to a major avant-garde movement, and she was among a handful of women writers and editors — including Gertrude Stein, H. D., Djuna Barnes, Marianne Moore, Rebecca West, Radclyffe Hall, Margaret Anderson, and Jane Heap, among many others — who helped to bring about the literary revolution known as modernism. In A Room of One's Own, Woolf argues that women have historically lacked the material and social conditions to produce art: because they had neither privacy nor money of their own they could only write amidst the busyness of domestic affairs which left little opportunity or time to express creative talent. Sadly, her arguments still hold true for countless women around the world today, where women continue to earn a fraction of what men do and hold a fraction of the property.

Yet in one of Woolf's most important novels, To the Lighthouse (1927), published just two years before A Room of One's Own, what we might call the gender landscape of the book is highly traditional, almost retrograde. Little seems changed from the Victorian culture we find in the novels of George Eliot and the Bronté sisters, where women's roles were restricted to the domestic sphere, marriage, or a limited range of caring professions such as nursing, teaching, or caregiving. As Woolf points out in her feminist and antiwar polemic, Three Guineas (1938), for women in the nineteenth century, "Marriage was the only profession open to her." In To the Lighthouse, we find a barely post-Victorian nuclear family holidaying with (mostly male) guests on the isolated Isle of Skye off the western coast of Scotland. The novel's gender configurations show little evidence of the sea changes brought about by the rise of the New Woman, the suffragacy movement, or the gradual broadening of the labor market to include more diverse roles for women. Mr. Ramsay, the patriarch and provider, known only by his surname — as is Mrs. Ramsay, the mother — is an authoritarian, tyrannical, emotionally distant philosopher, modeled on Virginia Woolf's own father, the "eminent Victorian" Sir Leslie Stephen (1832-1904). Mrs. Ramsay — also a fictional-autobiographical counterpart to Woolf's mother, Julia Stephen (1846-1895), who died when Woolf was just thirteen — is a nurturing though uneducated wife and mother of eight who, as Ana Parejo Vadillo shows in Chapter 10, exemplifies the figure of the "Angel in the House" that Coventry Patmore describes in his 1854 poem and whom Woolf rails against in her 1931 essay "Professions for Women." Only Lily Briscoe, focused on her painting rather than on men or domesticity, and unmarried at thirty-three, and still at forty-seven at the novel's close, offers a glimpse of newer roles for women. Woolf represents her, though, as a spinster figure, outside of the domains of having and getting, having missed her chances to marry; "all must marry... an unmarried woman has missed the best of life" (80), Mrs. Ramsay believes. As Rachel Bowlby writes, "If Mrs [sic] Ramsay endeavors to preserve the spectacle of the composure of feminine and masculine relationships, Lily Briscoe is placed outside this structure, fascinated by it but resisting incorporation into it." Quasi-abject in her solitude and isolation, and with homoerotic fantasies about loving Mrs. Ramsay, Lily is to be pitied yet admired. She is also, nevertheless, the visionary of the story.

Lily lacks a room of her own and so paints outside. In the novel's terms, the act is practically heroic since she does so while constantly at the mercy of men's censorious glances. "Women can't paint, women can't write," says Mr. Tansley outright (78), and the phrase becomes one of the many refrains of the novel, echoing in Lily's mind like a haunting version of the taunt that Woolf — and women all over the world — had heard through her life. In one of Woolf's first published reviews, written for the Guardian and published on her twenty-third birthday, Woolf addresses one of the central problems of William Leonard Courtney's book The Feminine Note in Fiction (1904): "Women, we gather, are seldom artists, because they have a passion for detail which conflicts with the proper artistic proportion of their
work" (E4 16). Courtney may as well have written “Women can't paint, women can't write.” Lily works en plein air, but she is, in part, rendering an abstract expressionist avant-garde version of an interior domestic scene of a Madonna and child as she pushes the limits of form and expression in the visual world just as Woolf was doing in the literary world. Her subjects are eternal things: mother and son, as if rendering a twentieth-century version of a pietà, where “Mother and child ... objects of universal veneration ... might be reduced ... to a purple shadow without irreverence” (85). Mr. Bankes expresses the most interest in her painting, and although his observations feel like unwanted intrusions that she “must” by necessity suffer – in one of the book’s many imperatives for women – Lily stoically suffers his glances: “She would have snatched her picture off the case, but she said to herself, One must. She braced herself to stand the awful trial of some one looking at her picture. One must, she said, one must” (84; emphasis added). As Mr. Bankes approaches the painting, he does not simply look, but touches it with a phallic and potentially violent object: “Taking out a pen-knife, Mr. Bankes tapped the canvas with the bone handle. What did she wish to indicate by the triangular purple shape, ‘just there’? he asked. It was Mrs. Ramsay reading to James, she said” (84). At the same time, “the picture was not of them, she said” (85). By the close of the book, exactly as Mr. Ramsay, James, and Cam finally reach the lighthouse, Lily would complete her painting and experience an epiphanic “vision” that Woolf uses to close the novel: “It was done; it was finished. Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision” (320). The vision is hers – “my vision” – and it signals a note of redemption on which the novel ends.

Critics have often suggested that Lily’s proclamation might also echo Woolf’s self-reflexive comment upon completing one of her masterpieces. Indeed, despite a fairly restricted rendition of women’s emancipation, To the Lighthouse was enormously groundbreaking and influential in terms of technique, form, style, and focus. Instead of the writer being “constrained, not by his own free will but by some powerful and unscrupulous tyrant who has him in thrall, to provide a plot, to provide comedy, love interest, and an air of probability,” as Woolf argues in “Modern Fiction” (1925; E4 160), she was able to escape such imperatives to embrace a new register, with lyrical stream-of-consciousness sections indebted to James Joyce and Marcel Proust in particular, offering glimpses of “an ordinary mind on an ordinary day,” where “The mind receives a myriad impressions – trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engrafted with the sharpness of steel” (E4 160).

The novel’s emphasis, that is, is not on external events but on psychology and phenomenology: on the dance of consciousness in characters’ internal lives as they confront the dichotomies and tensions between inner and outer realities, interior thoughts and outward behavior. Woolf was aware that she was charting new territory, and writes, “For the moderns ... the point of interest lies very likely in the dark places of psychology. At once, therefore, the accent falls a little differently; the emphasis is upon something hitherto ignored ... incomprehensible to our predecessors” (E4 162). Spoken dialogue is sparse, and juxtaposed with much more rapidly moving and in-depth inner monologues that touch the “dark places of psychology,” as Woolf associates the minute details of everyday life with monumental themes of life, love, art, posterity, and the whole question of what matters.

What is most important to Woolf’s complex mini-society of relations, intimacies, and alienations is thus not so much what happens as what is being thought, felt, and experienced...

What, then, was Woolf trying to say about gender and feminism in this revolutionary and experimental book? I want to argue that the gender roles she presents are traditional but the poetics are not: Woolf renders a sobering picture of gender relations where the nineteenth-century structural scaffolding remains even while showing signs of ossification and fragility. On one level, Woolf was simply offering a realistic – rather than idealistic – portrait of the way things were in the 1910s and 1920s. It was not until 1918 that the suffrage movement in England culminated in voting rights for women, and even then that new enfranchisement only applied to women over thirty who owned a certain amount of property. When Woolf published To the Lighthouse, opportunities for women’s education were also still extremely limited, with the vast majority of universities around the world still refusing to admit women. At Cambridge University, where Woolf delivered her lectures on “Women and Fiction” that became the template for A Room of One’s Own, women would not become full members until 1948. And despite being raised in a highly intellectual and educated family herself, the young Virginia Stephen was not encouraged to attend university even while all four of her brothers and step-brothers were sent to Cambridge.

Woolf was thus writing in a climate in which women were literally forced into positions outside the regimes of the dialectic of knowledge and power that Michel Foucault and others have so elegantly described. Even in the first decades of the twentieth century, Woolf shows her reader, women could be wives, daughters, and even spinsters, but little else. Mrs. Ramsay and her daughters do contemplate an alternative future, freed from the demands of the marriage plot, though only “in silence,” as if such dreams must, by necessity, remain mute, unspoken:

it was only in silence ... that her daughters, June, Nancy, Rose – could sport with infidel ideas which they had brewed for themselves of a life different from hers; in Paris, perhaps; a wilder life; not always taking care of some man...
or other, for there was in all their minds a mute questioning of deference and chivalry, of the Bank of England and the Indian Empire, of ringed fingers and lace. (166; emphasis added)

The “questioning” of cultural behaviors, Empire, marriage—“ringed fingers”—and even feminine attire was beginning to unsettle the long shadow of nineteenth-century roles, but still only “in their minds.” Into this traditional dynamic paradigm, though, Woolf introduces a few complications. The guests at the house are all single: Mr. Carmichael, the poet, whom some have thought is modeled on T.S. Eliot; Mr. Tansley, the young academic protégé who parrots and mimics Mr. Ramsay; William Bankes, the 60-year-old bachelor whom Mrs. Ramsay hopes to pair with Lily, even though Lily is nearly half his age; and Lily Briscoe, the female painter. Thus, even though the social milieu continues to be committed to marriage as a cultural imperative, *To the Lighthouse* begins to mark the institution’s failures and casualties. As Hermione Lee notes, all of the marriages or would-be marriages of the novel do poorly, with the Ramsays’ “incompatible union” ending with Mrs. Ramsay’s premature death and the hoped-for marriage between Lily and Mr. Bankes never transpiring. 6

Woolf also layers in a Freudian-inflected critique of the family structure, with Oedipal tensions between James Ramsay and his father dominating their relationship and casting a shadow on the whole project of family from the first pages, as Woolf stages a triangulated power struggle among father, son, mother, and wife. Raging internally when his father dismisses James’s intense desire—that his mother supports—to voyage to the lighthouse, the six-year-old boy feels, “Had there been an axe handy, or a poker, any weapon that would have gashed a hole in his father’s breast and killed him, there and then, James would have seized it” (12). By the end of the novel, when the 16-year-old James finally, belatedly, after his mother’s death, sails to the lighthouse with his father and his sister, Cam, these murderous urges remain, though transformed, matured, and subdued:

He had always kept this old symbol of taking a knife and striking his father to the heart. Only now, as he grew older, and sat staring at his father in an impotent rage, it was not him, that old man reading, whom he wanted to kill, but it was the thing that descended on him ... that fierce sudden black-winged harpy, with its talons and its beak all cold and hard, that struck and struck at you (he could feel the beak on his bare legs, where it had struck when he was a child). (288-289)

Still a victim of Mr. Ramsay’s phallic, penetrative thrust—at once punishing and exacting—James nevertheless realizes, precisely as he travels to the lighthouse, that it is the destructive behavior he wants “to kill” rather than the person.

Why is James this angry at his father? Partly because James is, throughout, the primary witness to the dysfunctionality of his mother’s masochistic self-sacrifice at the center of the story and sees her position directly, with the simplicity of a child, even as he symptomatically fantasizes about how to fix the situation, protect himself, and rescue his mother. Not only must Mrs. Ramsay soothe, knit, care for, and assuage everyone, including children, guests, and especially her husband—“she had the whole of the other sex under her protection” (135)—but she is the generative force who must literally provide and create life for them all. She is solicitous for each figure, both male and female: out of sympathy and pity she invites Charles Tansley, disliked by the children as that “wretched atheist” (17), to walk into town with her; she asks Mr. Carmichael “if he wanted anything” (21; emphasis added); she encourages a poor woman to “ask at the house for anything” (27; emphasis added); she knits stockings for the lighthouse boy they never visit. Mrs. Ramsay, usually confined to the interior domestic space as if this is a difficult barrier to cross, is also constantly on the alert for signs that those around her are content: “The gruff murmur ... kept on assuring her, though she could not hear what was said (as she sat by the window which opened on the terrace), that the men were happily talking” (49).

Mr. Ramsay, of course, needs, demands, and takes the most from her. “It was sympathy he wanted, to be assured of his genius, first of all, and then to be taken within the circle of life, warmed and soothed, to have his senses restored to him, his barrenness made fertile, and all the rooms of the house made full of life ... they must be furnished, they must be filled with life” (62; emphasis added). The language of the omniscient narrator-identifying-with-Mr. Ramsay is again one of imperatives: just as Mrs. Ramsay thinks “all must marry” (80) and Lily knows she “must” suffer men’s graces as she paints (86), Mr. Ramsay insists that he and his island home “must be filled with life” (62). The demands he places on Mrs. Ramsay, though, are never reciprocated: late in the novel Lily observes, “That man ... her anger rising in her, never gave; that man took. She [Lily], on the other hand, would be forced to give. Mrs. Ramsay had given. Giving, giving, giving, she had died” (232). Mr. Ramsay is emotionally needy, immature, and underdeveloped. Alternately “barren” and “acid,” he must have his needs met as if in compensation for his insecurities about the finite horizon of his posterity. Like Virginia Woolf’s own father, Leslie Stephen, who once confessed to Virginia Woolf that he possessed “‘Only a good second class mind.’” (MB 145), Mr. Ramsay worries about the limits of his “splendid mind” and “dug his heels in at Q” (57), battling against his relative insignificance as if he were
one of the doomed soldiers from Tennyson’s “The Charge of the Light Brigade.” That he self-pityingly chants and mutters through Part One.

Of her own father, Woolf wrote in 1940, “I can find nothing to say of his behavior save that it was brutal. If instead of words he had used a whip, the brutality could have been no greater” (MB 145). Still, Woolf experienced writing To the Lighthouse as immensely therapeutic, suggesting in her autobiography,

just as I rubbed out a good deal of the force of my mother’s memory by writing about her in To the Lighthouse, so I rubbed out much of his [father’s] memory there too. Yet he too obsessed me for years. Until I wrote it out, I would find my lips moving; I would be arguing with him; raging against him; saying to myself all that I never said to him. (MB 168)

Woolf might have been saying – like Sylvia Plath in the final line of her much later poem, “Daddy” (1962) – “Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I’m through,” and the novel is an indictment of patterns of male domination within the family as well as of the whole system of cultural patriarchy. When Mrs. Ramsay, already a mother of eight children (!), feels the pressure of her husband’s demands to create yet more life, she capitulates, but not without some element of passive-aggressive anger of her own:

Flashing her needles, confident, upright, she created drawing-room and kitchen, set them all aglow; bade him [Mr. Ramsay] take his ease there, go in and out, enjoy himself. She laughed, she knitted. Standing between her knees, very stiff, James felt all her strength flaring up to be drunk and quenched by the beak of brass, the arid scimitar of the male, which smote mercilessly, again and again, demanding sympathy. (62–63)

In a bizarre, somewhat surprising deployment of phallic imagery, Woolf gives everyone in this scene a phallicus: father, son, and mother. And all are on edge, either demanding penetration (Mr. Ramsay) or seeking to protect or defend (James and Mrs. Ramsay). The father is again “arid,” even sterile, and he vampirically takes “life” from the mother, drinking her very “strength,” while James stands “between her knees, very stiff,” as a phallic replacement and witness to their dysfunction. Mrs. Ramsay nevertheless helplessly participates as a willing victim in the sado-masochistic dance of their marriage contract, with only her “flashing” needles as a (futile) phallic weapon, as she both suffers and enjoys her role of mother, creator, artist: “there throbbed through her ... the rapture of successful creation” (64).

Later, at the central climax of the novel, during the dinner scene that sits exactly midway through the book, Mrs. Ramsay presides over her own Last Supper and communion as she takes on the task of creating social harmony and aesthetic beauty out of transience, discontinuity, and discord.

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she saw things truly. The room [she looked round it] was very shabby. There was no beauty anywhere. She forebore to look at Mr. Tansley. Nothing seemed to have merged. They all sat separate. And the whole of the effort of merging and flowing and creating rested on her. Again she felt, as a fact without hostility, the sterility of men, for if she did not do it nobody would do it, and so, giving herself the little shake that one gives a watch that has stopped, the old familiar pulse began beating, as the watch begins ticking – one, two, three, one, two, three. (130–131)

Mechanically she forces herself to give in and give over to the scene, laboring like a Madonna-Christ figure to achieve unity, harmony, and a kind of “vision.” When darkness is falling and it is time to light the candles, Mrs. Ramsay says, “Light the candles” (149), as if uttering a version of the creation moment in Genesis, “Let there be light.” The fire unites the group momentarily arrests time, as Mrs. Ramsay achieves with them what Woolf describes in her autobiography as a “moment of being” (MB 70) – an intuition or epiphany that allows one suddenly to “see into the life of things.” If Lily is an artist of form and color, then Mrs. Ramsay is an artist of family and community. This dinner, though, will be the last we see of her, and as soon as she leaves the room the magic begins to fail – “a sort of disintegration set in” (173).

Mrs. Ramsay’s tragedy is thus also the tragedy of the “Angel in the House,” the nineteenth-century idea and ideal of the perfect, submissive, and devoted wife that Woolf exposes as a harmful male fantasy in “Professions for Women”:

She was intensely sympathetic. She was intensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She excelled in the difficult arts of family life. She sacrificed herself daily. If there was chicken, she took the leg, if there was a drake she sat in it – in short she was so constituted that she never had a mind or a wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others.

Above all – I need not say it – she was pure.

Woolf concludes that this domesticated “angel” long inhibited her ability to express her own thoughts and opinions. The angel “so tormented me that at last I killed her. I turned upon her and caught her by the throat. I did my best to kill her. I acted in self-defence. Had I not killed her she would have killed me.” The language is strong and describes a necessary but violent act; just as in To the Lighthouse she uses the word “kill” more than once; her need to find her voice – just as James’s need to retaliate against his father’s tyranny – is a matter of life and death. Elsewhere Woolf had posited that if her father had lived longer, she never would have written a word: “His life would have entirely ended mine. What would have happened?
No writing, no books; – inconceivable” (D3 208). If her father had lived she may, like the imaginary figure of Shakespeare’s sister, Judith, whom she describes in A Room of One’s Own, have “killed herself one woman’s night” without having written a word."

Woolf’s violent-yet-generative act of murdering the Angel in the House suggests that Mrs. Ramsay’s death, too, was a necessary martyrdom. Woolf’s sister, the painter, Vanessa Bell, wrote to Woolf upon first reading To the Lighthouse:

it seemed to me in the first part of the book you have given a portrait of mother which is more like her to me than anything I could ever have conceived of as possible. It is almost painful to have her so raised from the dead. You have made one feel the extraordinary beauty of her character, which must be the most difficult thing in the world to do. It was like meeting her again with oneself grown up & on equal terms & it seems to me the most astonishing feat of creation to have been able to see her in such a way – You have given father too I think as clearly, but perhaps, I may be wrong, that isn’t [sic] quite so difficult. There is more to catch hold of... So you see as far as portrait painting goes you seem to me to be a supreme artist & it is shattering to find oneself face to face with those two again that I can hardly consider anything else.”

Julia Stephen also had eight children (three from her first marriage, four from her second, and one stepchild), volunteered for the poor, had little education, and was considered very beautiful. She was also, as Naomi Black points out, “unusual in her opposition to change in the situation of women; Julia Stephen even signed the notorious ‘Appeal against Female Suffrage’” in 1889 “and disapproved of formal education for women.” In writing To the Lighthouse, an act Woolf later understood as self-therapy, Woolf was thus autobiographically (re)rendering not only the “killing” of her mother, Julia Stephen, by her father, but she was staging a symbolical killing of the abstract ideal of the “Angel in the House.” Mrs. Ramsay could literally not make it past World War I into the brave new world of a (gradual) reconceptualization of what and who women could be.

But Mrs. Ramsay is not entirely passive in her role of tragic martyr; we might call her passive-aggressive, as some critics have argued. In the last glimpse we have of her before her sudden death, Woolf shows us (to some degree) Mrs. Ramsay craves her husband’s negative judgments: “That was what she wanted – the asperity in his voice reproving her” (189). She wants him to be rough, harsh, severe. But in the same scene Mrs. Ramsay again finds herself mute, unable to “tell him that she loved him,” to speak the words that “she always found... so difficult to give him” (189), though she unexpectedly complies with his sense of foreboding about the weather: “Yes, you were right. It’s going to be wet tomorrow. You won’t be able to go.” And

she looked at him smiling. For she had triumphed again. She had not said it: yet he knew” (191). Her “triumph” is in being able to show her love without speaking its language – to show rather than tell; and for her, loving her husband means capitulating to his desires. That is, she silently acts out her resistance to his craving for declarative words of love, even while she concedes to his desire to be right, even if this negates her son’s desire to go “to the lighthouse.” As Stephen Kern argues, “Her one source of power is withholding speech to counter the overpowering Victorian patriarch, whose command of language is so maddeningly precise.” The dialectic of power is troubling, of course. It sounds reminiscent of a comment Woolf makes some years later in her diary after she is “attack[ed]” by Wyndham Lewis in The Times Literary Supplement. She writes that, along with the anguish his “attack” was causing her, “there is the queer disreputable pleasure in being abused – in being a figure, in being a martyr. & so on” [sic] (D4 252). Mrs. Ramsay was both a “figure” – a matriarch, a Madonna – and a martyr, and, like Woolf, she seems to take a “queer disreputable pleasure in being abused.”

Mrs. Ramsay’s experience of being unable to find her voice signifies yet another way in which she inhabits a deadeningly traditional role. Lily, James, and Cam, though, do begin to discover a language to describe their suffering, with Lily able to recognize Mr. Ramsay as a “tyrant” (43) and “tyrannical” (76), while James and Cam vow to “resist [his] tyranny” (252). When, toward the end of the novel, James and Cam as teenagers find themselves forced by their father into making the long-delayed trip to the lighthouse, although they experience this subjection to his will in silence, they are now able to name his domineering behavior to themselves and begin to seek modes of resistance. Again, Woolf uses a language of imperatives:

Speak to him they could not. They must come; they must follow. They must walk behind him carrying brown paper parcels. But they vowed, in silence, as they walked, to stand by each other and carry out the great compact – to resist, tyranny to the death. So there they would sit, one at one end of the boat, one at the other, in silence. They would say nothing... And they hoped it would be calm. They hoped be would be thwarted. They hoped the whole expedition would fail. (254; emphasis added)

In response to Mr. Ramsay’s anaphoric “must[s],” James and Cam have anaphoric “hope[s].” Thus, while Woolf was killing the Angel in the House, James, Cam, and Lily come to a separate peace about Mr. Ramsay, becoming aware of his subjection and demands but finding ways to submit to him with awareness and with love. This is not to say that Woolf closes the novel by proposing that one should tolerate mistreatment but only that she humanizes the figure she criticizes the most. Indeed, in a striking echo
to the silences Mr. Ramsay has caused and enforced throughout, when he finally arrives at the lighthouse, the narrator notes that "he said nothing." Instead, simply, "he put on his hat." (318). Then he does speak, briefly, and it is an innocuous command: "Bring those parcels." (318). His last act is to arrive at the lighthouse, giving — or at least trying to give — James and Cam's last acts are "to follow him as he sprang, lightly like a young man, holding his parcel, on to the rock." (318). In arriving at the lighthouse, they thus achieve a kind of on-light-ement, a new "vision" to parallel Lily's "vision" on the shore. To borrow words from T. S. Eliot's "Little Gidding," it may just be that they find their father — and possibly themselves — "renewed, transfigured, in another pattern.""  

With The Lighthouse, then, Woolf generates a fictional autobiography that offers a multilayered feminist indictment of cultural patriarchy and domestic tyranny while simultaneously beginning to map a poetics of healing from the wounds of the old world order. In this way, part of what Woolf suggests is not only that women's silencing and invisible labor within the family should be reassessed but also that the whole family structure may need to be reconsidered. Woolf herself never had children, and she lived her life surrounded by alternative family structures in Bloomsbury. To the Lighthouse is, too, ultimately female centered, with women as the creative element. If there are "heroes" of the story, they are Mrs. Ramsay and Lily Briscoe. Woolf had to "kill" Mrs. Ramsay, its outmoded "angel," but it was a necessary death and part of Woolf's brave voyage into feminism's future.

NOTES
3 Leslie Stephen's life span almost precisely mirrors the years of Queen Victoria's reign, which lasted from 1837 to 1901. I borrow the phrase "eminent Victorian" from Virginia Woolf's friend, Lytton Strachey, who uses the phrase as the title for his important book, Eminent Victorians (1918; Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009).