

Cambridge University Press  
978-0-521-56009-2 - Paul Morel: D. H. Lawrence  
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Excerpt  
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*PAUL MOREL*

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## NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text of *Paul Morel* is an edited transcript of the second in a series of manuscript drafts of the novel that became *Sons and Lovers* at the fourth writing. The first ms is lost. The second (MS<sub>2</sub>) is located at UT (Roberts E373.d). The first seven pages, catalogued under the same number, belong to a later draft and can be found in Appendix III.1.

DHL wrote MS<sub>2</sub> from c. 13 March to mid-July 1911, when he abandoned it, unfinished, at about p. 353. Pages 1–71 of MS<sub>2</sub> are now missing. When DHL wrote the beginning of the third draft (MS<sub>3</sub>) from 3 to 15 November 1911, he used a distinctive paper watermarked ‘Court Royal’ which he also used for correspondence from 15 November to 13 December 1911. He fell ill on 19 November 1911 and stopped writing, having completed pp. 1–74 of MS<sub>3</sub> which ended in the midst of the same episode which starts on p. 72 of MS<sub>2</sub>. Clearly DHL must have discarded the opening pages of MS<sub>2</sub> as he wrote the third draft, copying with revisions onto fresh paper.

Some of the pages towards the end of MS<sub>2</sub> were transferred forwards as DHL rewrote the novel, so that MS<sub>2</sub> pp. 337–8 and 341–51 are now located in the final MS of *S&L* at UCB (Roberts E373.e), renumbered pp. 372–3 and 377–87, respectively. Thus pp. 134:5–135:7 and 135:8–141:10 of this edition of *Paul Morel* are an early version of *S&L* pp. 307:6–308:9 and pp. 311:1–317:14.

As it was an abandoned working draft, the errors in MS<sub>2</sub> were left largely uncorrected by DHL. On 29 May 1911 he posted a ‘mass’ of pages to Louie Burrows, claiming it was a quarter of the book, and asking her to ‘correct it and collect it’ (i.263). This explains a number of corrections by her, which are listed in the Textual Apparatus (hereafter TA). It may also explain why MS<sub>2</sub> p. 166 is missing (see 48:5 and TA). At the beginning of November 1911, DHL sent MS<sub>2</sub> to Jessie Chambers for comment (E.T. 190), which may explain the heavy brackets around one expression referring to Miriam (95:14–15 and note).

The manuscript has been edited according to the following principles:

1. *Silent emendations and regularisations.* Omitted full stops, quotation-marks, apostrophes; irregular titles (e.g. Mr./Mr); all quotation marks at the end of speech are regularised to follow other punctuation: e.g. speech”, *emended to speech*,” but where single words are enclosed in single quotation marks, punctuation is placed outside, as DHL does at 44:25 ‘Adolphus?’” and therefore, e.g., ‘Honorine’ at 107:11.
2. *DHL’s double punctuation emended as below and listed in TA.*
  - (i) commas, colons, semi-colons removed
  - (ii) exclamation-mark, question-mark and dash given priority

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- (iii) !? retained where combined with dash, e.g. !— ?— —! —?
- (iv) full stop removed when following dash but retained when preceding
- 3. *Editorial alteration of hyphens noted in TA.*
- 4. *Substantive errors emended and listed in TA.* These include misspellings, omitted words, irregular personal and place names.
- 5. *DHL's MS revisions.* These are noted in the TA as *MSR* and deleted readings are given in angled brackets.

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## PAUL MOREL

### [The manuscript begins]<sup>1</sup>

the nightshirt with Byronic collar.\* Jerry, shrewd rat from the lowest stratum,\* had an appreciative eye for these refinements. Morel understood it by instinct, and enjoyed the fine impression he made. 5

They discussed the illness, every item, every symptom, with gusto. Mrs Morel, below, could not imagine what offal of interest they could find to gorge together, two old crows that they were. Jerry related tales of others who had had brainfever.\* One man's hair had gone white.

"Mine hasna\* turned," Morel half asked, half asserted. 10

"No, thine's all right," Jerry assured him. It was black as boot-blacking. Morel resented its not having gone white.

In the midst of the discussion of the malady, Jerry lowered his voice.

"I've got a drop of Ellen's best\* in my pocket," he said.

"Tha\* what—?" Morel fairly started. 15

"Ellen's best home-brewed," repeated Jerry softly. Ellen was landlady of the "Fleece." Jerry took a flat bottle from his breast pocket. Morel felt a shock as he looked at it. All along he had felt the low quiver of excitement and anticipation, wondering if Jerry would be faithful. Now he felt like an aching lover whose mistress\* has at last whispered 'Yes'. 20 He lay back on the pillow, really overwhelmed by the nearness of the delicious trespass.

"Durst ter ha'e\* a drop?" Jerry asked.

"Just—a drop," said Morel, whose heart was beating, who could scarcely speak. 25

Jerry kept a keen ear open for the sounds below. He uncorked the bottle silently.

"Ellen wanted to fill it wi' whisky when 'er knowed who it was for, but I said no, tha'd better ha'e beer. It canna hurt thee, this—it a vittle—"\* He spoke very low. Holding the flat rum-bottle, which held about half a pint of brown liquid, carefully pitched, he leaned forward to his 30

<sup>1</sup> The reader may wish to read the opening chapters in the form that Lawrence wrote them for the next manuscript (MS<sub>3</sub>) in Appendix III.2 (pp. 167–223).

friend. Morel held his mouth open. It was a moment of intense intimacy, excitement, and pathos, for both men. Putting his trembling hand half over Jerry's, Morel adjusted the bottle to his mouth. He slowly, caressingly took a throatful, detaining it and squeezing from it the last drop of relish. Then he pushed the bottle back, sank down on the pillow.

5 "It's grand," he whispered faintly.

"I've thought on thee," said Jerry.

"Tha has!" murmured the other.

10 It was an intense moment in the lives of both men. Morel lay back, deliciously suffused by the one throatful. Jerry, holding the bottle as if in some religious ritual, leaned forward over his friend, like a lover.

"Thee drink," said Morel weakly.

"Nay—nay lad!" Jerry protested in a low, serious voice. "I brought it for thee."

15 Morel lay still a moment or two.

"I s'll non—be able to manage all that—" he said pathetically.

"There's nowt but a thimbleful," Jerry tenderly protested.

"I durst-na," whispered Morel.

"Tha durs'n't!" exclaimed Jerry.

20 "No—me 'ead!"\* murmured Morel.

Tears came to Jerry's eyes. He dropped his head. In a moment, he raised it again, to have a short pull at the bottle. His adams-apple went up and down twice. Then he sighed; he wiped the neck of the bottle on his red handkerchief, surveying the swaying beer in despair. He dared not look at Morel, for fear of bursting into tears. So he fidgeted, until, moved by inspiration, he began to poke the fire, and thus give vent to his deep emotion. Presently he put the poker down, to look at his friend. Morel had brisked up considerably. One eye was cocked upon the bottle.

30 "Come," said Jerry tenderly, "'a'e just another drop."

Morel summoned his energy, took one crushed throatful, drooped, then, making an effort, took another. Pushing away the bottle, he sank back.

"How dost feel?" inquired Jerry anxiously.

35 "Grand," murmured the other.

Jerry was suspended over him, waiting.

40 "Finish it," whispered Morel, who lay with closed eyes. As he gazed, Jerry drew out his pocket-handkerchief, softly wiped his nose and his already sore eyes, looked at his friend, then suddenly gulped the remainder of the beer, and thrust the bottle finally into his pocket;\* after

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which he sank dejectedly, arms on his knees. He watched the silent face of his friend for a few moments. Then he said, alarmed:

“Walt—Walt lad, art bad?”

Morel opened heavy eyes upon him, and said:

“Me ’ead’s that wattery—!”\*

5

Jerry’s eyes watered in sympathy. He wiped them, then drew from his waistcoat pocket two sprigs of parsley.

“Walt lad,” he said, “dost think tha could chew this bit o’ parsley.”

“Eh!” murmured Morel. The other repeated his question.

“I’ll try,” said the sick man.

10

Jerry carefully picked off the stalk, then put the curled parsley leaf between his friend’s lips. He watched his friend slowly chew. Meanwhile he chewed his own leaf awhile, then spat it in the fire, carefully burning every fragment of stalk. He returned to Morel, who had swallowed his leaf.

15

“Now let me smell thee,” said Jerry, putting his sharp nose near Morel’s great moustache.

“Thou’rt all right lad,” he said. “If ’er’s a nose like a needle ’er’ll never know.”

Morel put out his hand from the bed, and laid it on Jerry’s.

20

“Tha’rt a blessin’ to me Jerry, thou art an’ all!” he murmured. Jerry sniffed aloud.

Presently Mrs Morel came up. She glanced very keenly at her husband, then went up and put her hand on his forehead.

“I suppose you’ve been talking too much,” she said gently.

25

“Nay, we haven’t, Missis,” said Jerry, quiet and calm. “He’s not spoke above six words for twenty minutes—nor me neither.”

“At any rate,” Mrs Morel answered firmly, “he is more excited than he should be.”

Jerry sighed deeply.

30

“He must be in a low weak state,” he said desperately.

“He’d better be left quiet.—Are you feeling worse?” she asked her husband. “Will you have your egg and milk?”

“I’ll rest a bit,” he murmured.

She drew down the blind. Waiting, she saw her husband dropping off to sleep.

35

Jerry rose, walked stiffly but silently down the stairs and out of the house.

Morel grew rapidly better. He had a fine constitution so that once on the mend, he romped back to recovery. He was soon downstairs,

40

pottering about. During his illness even his wife had spoiled him, petted him, caded\* him. He loved to be made much of; he was unwilling to be established well again. Frequently he put his hand to his head, arched his eyebrows, pulled down the corners of his mouth, and shammed pain he did not feel. There was no deceiving his wife. At first she smiled and

5 said nothing. At last she had to say:  
“Goodness man, don’t look so lachrymose!”

He understood her intent, not her word, so he need not feel offended. The lesson was not severe enough.

10 “I wouldn’t be such a mardy\* baby,” she said later. He dropped his head, cursing her under his breath. Mrs Morel was not one to moulder in resignation: she had not that feminine weakness. Her swift flashes of anger kept her heart fresh.

For some time Mrs Morel hoped faintly that the amicable state of affairs might last, forgetting or refusing to see that it was only his weakness made her cherish him. However, almost a year of peace in the house was procured, by some exercise of forbearance. For a time, Morel was a total abstainer. Then his wife noticed a growing restlessness. Making a violent effort, she went counter to her fierce high principle, and ordered a barrel of beer to come into the house. It was a great concession. Morel drank moderately: but the restlessness did not go.

25 She hated to hear him crackle the liquor in his throat as he swallowed. He would sit rustling, struggling through the newspaper, while she worked of an evening, and all the time she dreaded to see his hand go to the glass, because of the noise that got on her nerves. He would read her an interesting item, slowly pronouncing and delivering the words like a man pitching quoits. It was a torturesome process, but she listened patiently. If she hurried him on, supplying a phrase, he took her words and repeated them humbly, whether they fitted his reading or not. But the children must not play with any noise: he had the excuse of his head: they must be like mice. Mrs Morel would have liked to hear the children’s noise; that would have soothed her. His clumsiness worried her. The silences between them were peculiar. There was a will to friendliness on either side, but the presence of each restrained and hampered the activity, the peaceful progress, of the other’s thought or drifting muse. Mrs Morel felt relieved when her husband, towards 35 nine o’clock, stumped off to bed, leaving her with her work and the slumbering Paul. Morel was certainly glad to get to sleep.



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It was the baby who shook this artificial equipoise off the balance. At ten months old, he had a gathering\* in his ear. He was not naturally over healthy. The child screamed with pain. The mother was distracted between a baby convulsed with real pain, and a husband pulling mournful, self-pitying faces. Her nerves were inflamed, so she felt her irritable scorn longing to fasten on her husband, miserable object that he was. She exercised some heroism of restraint at these times, when he sighed, pulled down the corners of his mouth, and petulantly jerked at the newspaper, upset because the baby cried.

5

The child would not be nursed by him. It would stiffen in his arms. On the whole a good, quiet, sad-looking infant, it would cry and press back from its father's hands, straining like a young hare. Morel felt the tiny hands pushing away at his chin, saw the baby's face averted, the wet blue eyes turned back looking piteously for the mother, and he said, troubled:

10

"Come an' ta'e him, quick."

15

"It's your moustache frightens him," she said. But she would press the child on her bosom, and, as it pushed its face between her chin and her throat, snuggling up to hide in her, clasping her neck with small arms, she had much ado to prevent herself sobbing bitterly. Morel grew to be afraid of the baby: he winced before it.

20

Meanwhile another child was coming, fruit of the interlude of gentleness between years of aversion. Mrs Morel had more grief in her heart over Paul than ever she admitted in her thought. Among her deep feeling for him was a grain of fear, as if in him was to be seen a judgement on her. Morel's feeling would have worked down to the same: "In this child I am judged and condemned." When Paul was seventeen months old, Mrs Morel handed him over to the woman who came to take charge of the house.

25

"To think," said the mother to the nurse, "that he should be pushed aside at that age."

30

The woman looked at Paul Morel. He was not pretty: plump, pale, with heavy eyes, and the peculiar, tormented puckering of the brows that persisted in him, and that was slightly noticeable in Annie Morel. Paul's eyes, however, were different from his sister's. Hers were rather fretful, and restless; his were still, with a heavy, abstract look.

35

"Poor lamb!" exclaimed the nurse, kissing him a large kiss. The baby took no notice, only stiffened and watched as his mother went away, the tears slowly shaken from her eyes.

10

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The new baby was also a boy, also fair, also bonny. Mrs Morel lay and looked at the newcomer. His eyebrows, slightly arched, were serene. After a few days, his beautiful blue eyes were already candid and debonair,\* to the mother's thinking.

5 "He will be like his father," she said, and somehow, the thought set her heart at ease. Morel came upstairs. He fumblingly picked up the baby and kissed him.

"Bless thee, my little duck!" he said.

10 The infant wrinkled its nose on account of the moustache, but waved a small fist friendlily.

"He takes to you," said the mother indifferently.

"Eh my little man! Eh my little beauty!" cried the father, dandling the small child.

"Don't shake him about," said the mother, wearily.

15 "Dost feel owt like,\* lass?" asked Morel, lowering his voice. He was really fond of his wife, really moved to see her lying there. Once out of the house, though, he would have forgotten her; which she knew.

"I feel quite as well as I can expect to feel," she replied.

20 "Um," he sounded regretful, sympathetic. She half closed her eyes and averted her face to escape the lavish, maudlin pity of his gaze down on her. He remained for a few moments in this trying, touching attitude of downward gazing pity and sorrow.

He was roused by the entrance of Miss May.\* She was a lady of thirty odd years. She had perfectly white, wavy hair, thick dark eyebrows, a strong pleasant mouth, and wore spectacles.

25 "Well, Mrs Morel," she said brightly, "another boy!" She went over and pressed the hand of the mother.

30 "Ah, a dear little fellow! What are you going to call him?" She turned from the mother, flashing with a smile at the father. He was always much taken by Miss May. She was such a lady, so polite to him.

"I'm sure I don't know—can't you suggest something for us, Miss May?" replied Morel, bowing slightly by instinct. He was born a gallant. Perhaps it was the French strain.\*

35 Miss May looked at the mother. Mrs Morel looked at Miss May. The latter's eyes saddened, her face stilled.

"Call him Arthur,"\* she said.

"We will," replied the mother.

40 "It's a name I like in particular," said Walter Morel. Mrs Morel looked at the other. The two women were of the same age. But Miss May's eyes had a sad look of disappointment. Mrs Morel's eyes had an