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“More than most men am I dependent on sympathy to bring out the best that is in me.”
Commonplace Book

Eduard Bertz’s Rugby, Tennessee

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For many years those interested in Gissing have been vaguely aware of Rugby, the Utopian colony in Tennessee where Eduard Bertz, Gissing’s long-time correspondent, briefly lived in the early 1880s. In 1961, Arthur C. Young published the English novelist’s letters to his German friend, providing a short prefatory account of their friendship and Bertz’s personality and career. Exiled from his homeland after the writing of socialist essays, Bertz moved from Paris to London, where he attempted to deal with his isolation and loneliness by placing a newspaper advertisement in which he sought companionship. Gissing responded, and the two young poverty-stricken intellectuals became friends. Gissing would use this incident in *The Unclassed* (1884), a novel in which the character of Julian Casti is partly based on Bertz, as is that of Egger, an amiable but somewhat ridiculous Swiss who had taught in a girls’ school like Bertz.

Bertz had no luck in establishing a career in England, trying and failing in schoolmastering, private tutoring, and reviewing. Young tells us that “one day he read a prospectus advertising an ideal community, founded by Thomas Hughes, in Rugby, Tennessee.”¹ Bertz himself would write later in life that “a severe nervous disorder forced him” into taking his next step.² A fuller account, in a letter to Walt Whitman of 20 July 1889 explains: “My health had broken down from overwork, and making the personal acquaintance of [Hughes], I was induced to join his settlement, since I urgently needed a change of air.”³ Rugby, Tennessee, continues Young, “was designed as a colony where young men and women, short of money but rich in ambition could, with a modest investment, buy land for farming on a cooperative plan.”⁴

In fact, Hughes—social reformer, author of the immensely successful *Tom Brown’s School Days* (1857)—seems to have thought more about young men than young women, and a special sort of young men at that. In

the opening pages of *Rugby, Tennessee. Being Some Account of the Settlement Founded on the Cumberland Plateau* (1881), he worries about those sons of the squirearchy and the solid middle class, who, educated in public schools but “with no taste or capacity for study,” are debarred from inheriting estates or money because of the law of primogeniture, cannot find openings in socially acceptable professions, and cannot stoop to manual labour without loss of caste. Add to these the products of the grammar schools and we must ask, “How is this fine human material . . . to be set to honest work for their own good and the good of the nation?”⁵ It will be observed that as a penniless German Bertz was an unusual emigrant to Rugby.

But why did Hughes choose what became Rugby for the site of his venture? Why Tennessee? Why even the USA rather than British possessions like Canada, Australia, or New Zealand?

By mid-century Hughes had interested himself in and came to detest America’s “peculiar institution.” He discovered the anti-slavery poetry of James Russell Lowell, often quoted it, and wrote a preface to the first English edition of the *Biglow Papers* in 1859. Hughes met Henry Adams and other Americans who advanced the cause of the North in England; he made himself unpopular among the upper and mercantile classes in England, who tended to support the South, by boldly advocating the cause of the Union.

Hughes visited the US for the first time in 1870, where he was feted. The President, Secretaries of State, and Senators, grateful for his help during the Civil War and before, praised him, as did prominent writers like Emerson, Longfellow, Howells, and Dana. Hughes did his best to strengthen ties between what he regarded as the two great English-speaking nations and tried to soften American memories of British support for the Confederacy.

His search for a suitable site for settling England’s younger sons coincided with American efforts to deal with unemployment and poverty caused by industrial depression in the East. It was a group of Boston businessmen who told Hughes of the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee, having considered the area for the resettling of working men and their families and then found it of no further interest when the depression lifted.

Brian L. Stagg, who took a special interest in Rugby and lived in one of its original surviving houses, describes what happened next:

Hughes was immediately interested and had little trouble enlisting support for the project. Henry Kimber, a British railway magnate, was to be chief financial backer of the colony, and John Boyle, a prominent London barrister, was dispatched to

America to investigate the site. Boyle, knowing next to nothing about farming or Tennessee land prices, was nonetheless impressed by the scenic beauty and agricultural prospects of the area; his report to the London group cemented the association that was to become the last chartered, organized effort of Englishmen to colonize a sizable portion of American property.⁶

We already begin to see one of the problems that would eventually help sink Hughes' ship, namely the Englishmen's ignorance of Tennessee land sales, which would lead to purchase at inflated prices and disputed claims. The details of Hughes' arrival in the colony on 5 October 1880 give us more hints of trouble ahead. The colonists had done little in the way of agriculture but quite a lot to provide cultural and sporting facilities. The Tabard Inn, named by the literate settlers after the pilgrims' starting point in the *Canterbury Tales* and provided with a baluster from the original edifice by an Anglophile American, was almost finished, and a start had been made on the church, the school, and private houses. The plans for Rugby had a space reserved for the "Cricket Ground," but in fact this area was to be used as a tennis court. Hughes saw the first match, "the racquets having only just arrived from England, though the court had been the object of tender solicitude for six weeks or more."⁷ He considered the standard of play very high.

But more to our purpose is Rugby's library, for Bertz was to work there. He had sailed from England on 27 July 1881. According to Young, Bertz arrived too late to plant his crops, and "settled down in a one-room log cabin where he read away the autumn and winter."⁸ The German's letter to Whitman gives more details, along with a touching picture of his life in the colony before the library opened, and is worth quoting at length:

The sea voyage did me much good, and when I arrived at Rugby, I was well enough to help for a month or two in nursing those English young fellows who, after coming out to Tennessee, were most of them attacked by typhoid fever. [Note: the news of the outbreak of typhus did great harm to Rugby's reputation and helped end the experiment. MDA] A number died, and when the others recovered I went into the wilderness. But though I acquired a hundred acres of forest land, and got a good house erected there in a solitary and romantic spot, all of which is still my property, my farming came to nothing, as I longed to get back to my studies, as soon as I had got well again in the rough and healthy forest life. Seven squatter's children came out to me every morning with their spelling-books, and I amused myself with teaching them the three R's, till snow blocked the roads. Then I passed the winter in complete solitude, reading Shakespeare and the ancient classics, with no companion save a fine collie dog I had brought over with me from England. In the spring of 1882, the trustees of the "Hughes Public Library" which, in honour of Tom Hughes, had been founded at Rugby by the publishers of Boston, New York, and Phila-

delphia, offered me the post of librarian, and I accepted it for a year, during which time I had to arrange and to catalogue the whole library.⁹

So by the time it was apparent that Bertz would not make a farmer, Rugby's library was happily established. The colonists did indeed owe this library to the literary reputation of Rugby's founder, for Dana Estes, Hughes' American publisher, asked his fellow publishers to contribute books. Bertz's report at the end of his first year as a librarian (15 May 1883) would list donors and the number of books they contributed, to a total of 5,967.¹⁰

After his failure as a son of the soil, Bertz was only kept in Tennessee by the offer of a congenial job in the library. (He had, in fact, been cataloguing public documents before formally taking up his duties on 15 May, 1882.) On hearing the news of his appointment, Dana Estes wrote a letter to Thomas Hughes' brother Hastings, which, if one remembers Gissing's dealings with some of his publishers, makes the librarian seem strangely Gissingesque: Estes congratulates Hastings on "securing such an intelligent gentleman . . . and the very modest sum which he demands as compensation is certainly the best part of it."¹¹ Hughes himself would later describe Bertz's salary as "nominal . . . (scarcely enough to keep him in that very cheap place)."¹² The librarian, however, happy to find himself with work for which he was competent, did not realize or perhaps did not care that he was selling himself cheap. On 17 June 1882, we find Gissing writing to his brother Algernon that "Bertz has obtained the position of public librarian at Rugby, & is apparently settled for life. It seems strange to have a positively cheerful letter from him."¹³

At the request of the Rugby Board of Trustees, Bertz attended the American Library Association's Fifth Annual Congress in Cincinnati, Ohio in May 1882, where the speakers seem to have been surprisingly illustrious: "The list of influential librarians who spoke at the meeting reads like a who's who in early library science history . . . and the young eager Bertz [he was then twenty-eight] must have been carefully absorbing the good advice, sorting what he felt useful. . . ." On 5 June, he made a speech at the official laying of the library's cornerstone. Present were Rugby luminaries, including Hughes' mother, Hastings, and the Robert Boyle already mentioned as influential in the colony's establishment. Bertz's high-minded speech is reported in *The Rugbeian* of 10 June: he told the assembled settlers that reading should encourage "strength, power of mind, and character"; it should be preceded by the manual labour necessary to the colony's success; according to the library's best historian, Douglas Kirke

Gordon, it gives voice to an idea popular in its time, namely that “Noble ends can be wedded to practical means, even though the conviction of the believer does not insure success.”¹⁴ Bertz’s own views of his single year as librarian—he was not really “settled for life,” as his letter to Gissing apparently implied—are best expressed in his unpublished report to the Board of Trustees, dated the day of his resignation, and a letter he would write to his successor, Mary Percival, on 18 February 1886 from Potsdam, published in the *Tennessee Historical Quarterly* in 1965.¹⁵

Both the report and the letter reveal Bertz’s steady, methodical virtue, and his tendency—if not to vice then at least to a certain resentment. After recounting his cataloguing of the public documents and his attendance at the ALA Congress, Bertz writes in his report of the measures he took to catalogue “the donations from the Northern Publishers” over the Summer of 1882, eventually producing a “rough classing,” later superseded by “a classified subject-catalogue . . . comprising 43 different classes [that] serves now as a preliminary finding list, in addition to which there are two separate catalogues, one of Prose Fiction, the other of Juvenile Literature. . . .” He goes on to praise the work of his assistants and volunteer labour, to lament the fragile bindings of so many of the books (the bankruptcy of the settlement would at least preserve these volumes from eventual destruction through handling), and to explain his modification of standard shelf mark and numbering systems for the particular nature and use of this library, a modification later described by the associate editor of the periodical *American Libraries* as “weird.” His resentment of Dana Estes’ order that free circulation should become effective immediately is kept in check in his official report, and the unfortunate manner in which he learned of that order not mentioned:

In consequence of the visit of Mr. Estes, about New-Year, 1883, circulation of the books was thenceforward given free, though the arrangement of the work, which would have justified that course, was not yet sufficiently advanced. Thus the copy of the class catalogue . . . could only be finished, by the help of an assistant, in March.¹⁶

When writing privately to Mary Percival nearly three years later, he expressed himself more forcefully:

I do not expect there will be much fiction among the [additional] books you will receive, and therefore the Rugby people will not be as impatient to see them in circulation as they were in my case. For when I was at work, they were grumbling about not getting them out at once, and when Mr. Estes came from Boston, they went to him complaining about my injustice, and that gentleman, without asking me,

ordered that the library should at once be opened for outdoor circulation, though nothing was ready: an order of which I, the chief executor, was informed by a paragraph in the Rugby paper. I hope you will not experience such an excess of politeness, which will be ever memorable to me.¹⁷

(Here, incidentally, in the settlers' impatience for novels is evidence that they were not taking to heart Bertz's advice to work first and read later; and his 1883 report had recorded 441 issues of "Prose Fiction," with another 336 of "Juvenile," but only 41 issues of "Agriculture and Gardening" books.)

McClary's preface to his transcription of the 1886 letter suggests that the cosmopolitan Bertz would not have lasted long in rural Tennessee anyway; but his disillusion at the "collapse of the grand structure of the colony" gave him the impetus to return to England in the Summer of 1883.¹⁸ There he wrote a boy's book, *The French Prisoners*, which, according to Gissing, he sent to Hughes, who "received it rather coldly but said Bertz might use his name with publishers." But the would-be novelist "lost all courage" and was going to destroy the book when Gissing sent it to Macmillan "purely on the book's merits." Macmillan accepted the novel and paid Bertz £25, on the strength of which he returned to Germany in 1884, his days of adventurous travel at an end (letter of 21 March 1884).¹⁹ In fairness to Hughes, about whom Gissing was later to be somewhat uncharitable, it should be said that in a letter of 29 June 1883, probably to the cleric John Henry Blunt, D.D., he does ask that an eye be kept open for Bertz, although Hughes' probable opinion of the ex-librarian is revealed in rather patronising language: Bertz is "pure, simple, and useful in all ways." Furthermore, "I should say from . . . all I know of him that he would be a most valuable man in some kind of [inferior] minor orders" [Hughes deleted "inferior"].²⁰

As we know, Bertz did not take holy orders, but, in the intervals of complaining about the noise of his neighbours and his own ailments, made a living in his native Germany as critic, journalist, and novelist. In Gissing's letters to him can be traced the evolution of the novel about Rugby he eventually produced, his second work of fiction. Gissing, too, responded to Bertz with patronage: "Get a novel written, & sell it—as you most assuredly can. I wish I had your abundance of plots at command: *that* is really wonderful! . . . The scene [in America] will be original; your treatment of the theme is bound to be really interesting. Now *do, do* write this book! I should so heartily enjoy reading it" (letter of 24 August 1893).²¹ A month later: "The subject of *Das Sabinergut* [the title is a reference to

Horace's dream of retreat to his Sabine garden] is sure to attract a good deal of attention. I should not hesitate for a moment out of consideration for Hughes. You are not writing calumniously. The Rugby affair is historical, & anyone with adequate knowledge is more than justified in making literary use of it. . . . [It] was most certainly a most interesting bit of human experience" (letter of 29 September 1893).²² Only on 8 March 1896 was Gissing able to write his enthusiastic assessment of the published work: "So, here is the Book, and it even surpasses my hopes!"²³

But by what Gissing termed a "very curious coincidence," Hughes died shortly after the publication of the novel, on 22 March. Gissing would advise Bertz to make no mention of *Das Sabinergut* in the letter of condolence the latter wrote to the family. "The obituary notices," he wrote to Bertz in the more or less monthly letters into which the friendship had settled, "preserve a discreet silence about 'Rugby'; indeed that episode was very little to the poor man's credit" (letter of 16 April 1896).²⁴

Gissing here seems unaware of the idealism of Hughes' Anglo-American project and the effect that its collapse had on his life, unaware of the losses Hughes sustained by that idealism. It is true that he had been hasty in committing himself financially as well as emotionally to Rugby, as he himself recognized: "It was a rash undertaking at my age, but . . . I'm hot-headed more or less, and the thing seized on me mightily. . . . I have risked in it more than I should have done (but that again is my temper) and have sorely repented it."²⁵ Royalties from the best-selling *Tom Brown's School Days* had gone to the purchase of town lots, support for the failed pottery and canning operations, and shares of stock that turned out to be worthless.²⁶ He estimated his losses at £7,000, which Stagg converted into 1976 dollars at a quarter of a million. When the crash came Hughes suffered too. He sold his house in the West End and went into lodgings at Eastbourne, taking salaried employment as a County Court judge in 1882. He would die not having despaired of Rugby: "Good seed was sown when Rugby was founded and . . . some day the reapers, whoever they may be . . . will come along with joy bearing heavy sheaves with them."²⁷

The world has not shared Gissing's enthusiastic estimate of Bertz's account of Hughes' venture. Gissing's attempts to have the book noticed in *Blackwood's Magazine* came to nothing, and his prediction that it would be "very widely read, in several countries—be sure of it!" was unfulfilled. Arthur C. Young was unable to find a copy when he was preparing the Gissing/Bertz letters, but McClary notes that the Hughes Public Library has one, sent by its author, who wanted the library to have all the books he

published, and catalogued by Mary Percival. No translation into English has appeared as of this writing, although the Rugby papers now include such a translation prepared by John Perry. Hans-Joachim Lang's 1993 article "*Das Sabinergut* by Eduard Bertz" (containing a useful summary of the plot) has a significant subtitle, "A Forgotten Novel of America."

Lang writes that Bertz is forgotten like his novel, "fallen into oblivion," partly because he "has not left a literary *oeuvre* worthy of his talents," partly because of his inevitably obscure role as mediator between national literatures.²⁸ He would publish one more novel, *Der blinde Eros*, the only one of the three not to achieve a second edition. He died on 10 December 1931. Bertz may well become better known as a result of the Eduard Bertz Collection established in 1997 by Wulfhard Stahl and housed at the Theodor-Fontane-Archive in Potsdam, Germany. It has been growing ever since and at present the holdings, which are not open to the general reading public, include all but three original editions of Bertz's books, some in variant bindings, plus a selection of photographs and articles by and about Bertz.

If the half-ruined Hughes became a judge, and Bertz went off to obscure literary work in Germany, what happened to Rugby itself after its brief heyday? When a disinclination to steady physical work, ignorance of farming, thinness of soil, typhus, and rule from a distance in London had done their work, the Board of Aid sold out to the (British) Rugby Tenn. Co. Ltd. in 1891. The Rugby Land Co., an American organisation, bought the land in 1899 and sold it in their turn to a "Cincinnati capitalist" in 1920.²⁹

The sleepy little village sunk into obscurity as the pace of the world around it quickened. Children of original colonists stayed in Rugby and looked after the library and church. Uffington House, named for the Berkshire village where Hughes was born, the house where his mother had lived, was kept by its owner as an informal museum of Rugbeiana. From the twenties, scholarly and popular articles about Rugby began to be written. The enigmatic Bertz makes occasional wraithlike appearances. Marguerite B. Hamer, who helped start scholarly work on the village, probably did not know that he was still alive when she began her research and does not mention him, but contributors to popular magazines struggle to get facts about his life right for the benefit of motorists who might want to stretch their legs for half an hour as they drive along State Route 52 during the golden age of the car. Helen H. Turner, who operated the Library in the 1940s and 1950s and obviously loved it, somewhat resent-fully describes Bertz as "a German, . . . a graduate of Hanover. [He] made a complete

catalog of the library in exquisitely fine handwriting, but he returned to his native land very much embittered by his experiences . . . and retaliated by writing a very ill-natured account of the undertaking, which was later presented to the library.”³⁰ Post-WWII references include those of John Maloney, who, writing in 1948 in *Holiday*, repeats the “beautifully hand-written catalogue,” but has Bertz as “a graduate of Heidelberg University who somehow became attached to the colony.”³¹ Stagg, an expert on Rugby, mentions him in 1968 as “a classics scholar, a graduate of the University of Heidelberg, and a writer of some note in Germany.”³² George Eberhart, writing in 1998 one of the several articles that deal specifically with the library, calls Bertz a “straitlaced German expatriate” who “used a weirdly modified version of Charles A. Cutter’s classification system that depended on the order in which a book sat on the shelf.”³³ (Gordon defended this modification as sensible and practical.³⁴) For the record, Bertz attended the universities of Leipzig and Tübingen.

But in the years before the US’s entry into the Second World War, the tumultuous outside world made its existence felt: thousands of acres of land around Rugby were bought by lumbermen, who began cutting timber. Despite a plea to President Roosevelt himself and other attempts to preserve both historic buildings and trees, eventually supported by newspapers and cultural organisations, the lumbermen “left standing only the trees within a close proximity of the townsite.”³⁵

The now somewhat ravaged area continued its tranquil existence. John Maloney chose “Town of Cultured Ghosts” as the title for his article in *Holiday*, illustrated by photographs of the Post Office, the library, the church, and present-day inhabitants, including “Ernest V. Alexander, 84, . . . the last living member of Rugby’s original colony of three hundred,” a man with much to say of Hughes’ castle in Spain (“It was a typical damn British undertaking on a typical damn British scale. The only damn trouble was them British was too damn lazy to do anything but cash their damn checks from home. I’m damn glad I didn’t get any”³⁶). The article includes enchanted, if brief, descriptions of Christ Church and the library.

Things had gone a little downhill by 1963, when Claude and Carolyn Crowley saw the “20th Century beer cans that decorate the shoulders of Central Avenue” and lamented that only about five hundred visitors a year were interested enough to get out of their cars and make a short tour of the village :

Many of the structures have fallen prey to fire, including the Tabard Inn. There is no fire protection in the village, even for the priceless first editions in the library. A dozen or so relics remain, however, standing much as the fleeing Englishmen and Bostonians left them. Some are deserted. These are seen across sedgegrass flats or tucked among towering oaks and hickories, their gray forms blending into their environment as naturally as a squirrel's den.³⁷

Serious efforts to change this state of affairs began in 1964 due to the interest of a local schoolboy, Brian Stagg. Stagg asked the Chairman of the Tennessee Historical Commission for advice about the preservation of the twenty or so buildings that had survived from the 1880s, about forty of the original structures having burned down—including the Tabard Inn and its successor of the same name—or been demolished.³⁸ In 1966 was formed the Rugby Restoration Society, a non-profit, educational corporation,³⁹ which became Historic Rugby, Inc. The village became a part of the move to heritage or cultural tourism, offering a Schoolhouse Visitor Centre, guided walking tours of Christ Church, the Library, and Kingstone Lisle, the house built for Hughes himself, “traditional crafts and other unusual wares” at the Commissary and “area history books and gifts” at Percy Cottage Bookshop, a building that had been historically reconstructed. In 1972 Rugby was added to the National Register of Historic Places. Preliminary restoration of the Library was effected, educational tours offered, and festivals like the Rugby Pilgrimage and Christmas at Rugby celebrated. However, Historic Rugby has become even more ambitious: continuously inhabited since 1880, the former colony is now offering sites for houses in the residential tract known as Beacon Hill, where guidelines attempt to preserve the Victorian atmosphere. Rugby's population is no longer declining but actually increasing.⁴⁰

Scholarly work on the Rugby papers has begun, work aided by Pearl Cantrell's *A Guide to the Historic Rugby Archives & Research Centre* (1992), Group B1-4 of which references papers relating to “Thomas Hughes Library (Including Catalogues, Visitor Register, Correspondence, Charter and Reports)”; C1-4 is Bertz's Rugby novel, and F1-1 is John Perry's MS translation. The Rugby papers are extensive, consisting of “Approximately 70 cubic feet of paper, 500 volumes, 20 reels of microfilm; 200 hours of sound recordings; 1,000 photographic images and 4 cubic feet of 16 mm films and video tapes.”⁴¹

Books and articles about Rugby continue to appear. In 1976 John DeBruyn edited a collection of the letters of Emily Hughes, Tom's young niece, which contain interesting sidelights on Bertz, a “very nice gentleman,” “a thorough gentleman, which cannot be said of all the men here,”

who gave Emmy German lessons three times a week, lent her books, gave her a copy of Paul Heyse's *Kinder der Welt* (1873) when he left, and sent a copy of *The French Prisoners* from [Stuttgart](#).⁴² It was probably Emmy who reviewed the volume for the *Rugby Gazette*, 13 December 1884. Doug and Dawn Brachey's *Rugby: Tennessee's Victorian Village* (1987) contains five pages of magnificent colour photographs of the library, interior and exterior.⁴³ Of course, Historic Rugby has its own website, *Victorian England in the Tennessee Cumberland*s: www.historicrugby.org and other sites are springing up, the fullest of which is *Rugby: Utopian Oasis in Tennessee*:

<http://mason.gmu.edu/~sbrennan/RugbySite/RugbyLinks.htm>.

It is customary to end articles about the former colony with a wistful vision of its original inhabitants: Hughes leading a group of former public schoolboys to the tennis court, his mother inviting one in for a cup of tea, cases of ginger ale or Worcestershire sauce awaiting delivery. Let me offer a variant of this. I visited Rugby some years ago, before much of what is now happening got under way. I have not yet forgotten the thrill that went down my spine as I walked into the library where Bertz worked. Anyone who is interested in Gissing and finds himself in the US should try to get to this preserved village, a sidelight on Gissing's career and a pleasure in itself.

¹Arthur C. Young, ed., *The Letters of George Gissing to Eduard Bertz, 1887-1903*, (London: Constable, 1961), p. xxv.

²Quoted by Hans-Joachim Lang in "Das Sabinergut by Eduard Bertz: A Forgotten Novel of America," *Gissing Journal*, July 1993, pp. 1-16 [p. 3].

³Quoted by Walter Grünzweig in "Adulation and Paranoia: Eduard Bertz's Whitman Correspondence (1889-1914)," *Gissing Journal*, July 1991, pp. 1-20 [p. 8].

⁴Young, *op. cit.*, p. xxv.

⁵Thomas Hughes, *Rugby, Tennessee. Being Some Account of the Settlement Founded on the Cumberland Plateau*, 1881. Philadelphia: Porcupine, 1975, pp. 3, 14.

⁶Brian L. Stagg, "Tennessee's Rugby Colony," *Tennessee Historical Quarterly*, 27 (1968), pp. 209-24 [p. 212].

⁷Hughes, *op. cit.*, p. 52.

⁸Young, *op. cit.*, p. xxv.

⁹Grünzweig, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

¹⁰Eduard Bertz, "Report of the Librarian of the Hughes Public Library, to the Board of Trustees, for the Year from May 15, 1882 to May 15, 1883." Unpublished MS stamped Ms. Div. ac. No. 68-178. Box 17, Folder 9.

¹¹In Douglas Kirke Gordon, *The Hughes Free Public Library: Rugby, Tennessee, 1880-1895* (Rugby: Rugby Restoration Press, 1979), p. 14.

¹²Quoted by John R. DeBruyn in "Thomas Hughes on Eduard Bertz," *Notes and Queries* 23 (1976), pp. 405-06 [p. 406].

¹³*Collected Letters of George Gissing*, ed. Paul F. Mattheisen, Arthur C. Young, and Pierre Coustillas, 2 (Athens: Ohio UP, 1991), p. 90.

¹⁴Gordon, *op. cit.*, pp. 15-17.

¹⁵See Ben Harris McClary, ed., "'Not for the Moment Only': Eduard Bertz to Mary Percival," *Tennessee Historical Quarterly* 24 (1965), pp. 54-62.

¹⁶P. 5.

¹⁷McClary, *op. cit.*, p. 58.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 55.

¹⁹*Collected Letters*, 2, pp. 204-05.

²⁰DeBruyn, *op. cit.*, p. 406.

²¹*Collected Letters*, 5, p. 132.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 148.

²³*Ibid.*, 6, p. 107.

²⁴*Ibid.*, p. 113.

²⁵Quoted by W. H. G. Armytage in "New Light on the English Background of Thomas Hughes' Rugby Colony in Tennessee," *East Tennessee Historical Society Publications* 21 (1949), pp. 69-84 [p. 79].

²⁶See Marguerite Bartlett Hamer, "Thomas Hughes and His American Rugby," *Tennessee Historical Quarterly* 5 (1928), pp. 390-412 [p. 412].

²⁷Quoted in Edward C. Mack and W. H. G. Armytage, *Thomas Hughes: The Life of the Author of Tom Brown's Schooldays* (London: Benn, 1952), p. 247.

²⁸Lang, *op. cit.*, p. 1.

²⁹Mack and Armytage, *op. cit.*, pp. 246-47.

³⁰Helen H. Turner, "Thomas Hughes' American Library," *Wilson Bulletin for Librarians* 6 (1932), pp. 354-57 [p. 355].

³¹John Maloney, "Town of Cultured Ghosts," *Holiday* 4 (1998), pp. 81-92 [p. 87].

³²Stagg, *op. cit.*, p. 220.

³³George Eberhart, "Rugby: Frozen in Time," *American Libraries* 29 (1998), pp. 86-87 [p. 87].

³⁴Gordon, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-20.

³⁵Stagg, *op. cit.*, p. 222.

³⁶Maloney, *op. cit.*, p. 91.

³⁷Claude and Carolyn Crowley, "Rugby: Gem of the Cumberlands," *The Tennessee Conservationist* 29 (1963), pp. 14-16 [p. 16].

³⁸See Lee R. Minton, M.D., "A Victorian Utopia in Tennessee," *Classic America* 4.1 (1989), pp. 24-31 [p. 31] and Karen Sweeny-Justice, "Thomas Hughes' 'Rugby': Utopia on the Cumberland Plateau," *Cultural Resource Management* 9 (2001), pp. 13-15 [p. 14].

³⁹Stagg, *op. cit.*, p. 223.

⁴⁰Pearl Cantrell, *et al*, *A Guide to the Historic Rugby Archives & Research Centre*, (Rugby: Historic Rugby, Inc., 1992), n.p.; Barbara Stagg in Doug and Dawn Brachey, *Rugby: Tennessee's Victorian Village*. Foreword by Barbara Stagg (Brentwood, TN: JM Productions, 1987), p. 3; and Sweeny-Justice, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

⁴¹Cantrell, *op. cit.*, n.p.

⁴²John R. DeBruyn, ed., *Dissipations at Uffington House: The Letters of Emily Hughes, Rugby, Tennessee, 1881-1887* (Memphis: Memphis State UP, 1975), pp. 13, 34, 58.

⁴³Doug and Dawn Brachey, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-23.

The Correspondence between Clara Collet and Morley Roberts
(fourth and last instalment)

PIERRE COUSTILLAS

Glasgow

10.11.05

Very glad to get your note about the idle ones. I hope to see you when I come south next week.

M. R.

Authors' Club
3 Whitehall Court S.W.

Tuesday 3 p.m. [14.11.05]

Dear Miss Collet,

I got back from Scotland last night & at 4.50 leave Charing X for home. Would you care to come here & have tea in the drawing room at 4, so that we can have just half an hour's talk? I don't want to come round to 43 as I know you don't encourage visitors. I hope you can come.

Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

Clara Collet obviously did not wish to have visitors during office hours.

Wadhurst

9.12.05

I've sent off by P. P. the books of J. Ewing's you lent me in the Hospital. I've kept them a long time I know.

I'm very busy in the new book & fear I shall be till the end of January. By then I expect to be half dead. I hope you are fit. Have you heard from Gabrielle lately? I yearn to go to St. Jean de Luz.

Yours
M.R.

Gabrielle Fleury was then staying at Ciboure, next to Saint-Jean-de-Luz. A postcard from her to Clara Collet, dated 28 February 1906, was sent from the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Saint-Jean-de-Luz. It was signed Gabrielle Gissing, Morley Roberts

and Bijou. Her letter to Clara Collet of 3 November 1905 shows that she was staying at the Château de Tazières, near Nevers, with her cousin Marie Saglio, planning to leave for Saint-Jean-de Luz about 10 November: "Poor Mrs Roberts!" she wrote. "In what grief she is. She loved her sister so deeply. Do you know what the poor woman died from? Was it a sudden death, or what?" On 7 January 1906 she wrote to Clara that she had been bedridden for ten days, suffering from headache and laryngitis. On 5 March she told her friend that Roberts had been staying at Ciboure for a fortnight, which is confirmed by his letter of 11 March.

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst, Sussex

24.1.06

My dear Miss Collet,

I'm trying to get away to Bordeaux by the Saturday boat but, owing to a sudden stringency in the financial market, may have to postpone going for a week.

I finished the new book inside of two months & knocked myself out of time by doing so much work. However I've not had my usual break-down, for the last operation has certainly done wonders for me.

How is your work? I wish you could go to St. Jean de Luz for a fortnight. It's a great pity you can't. Or can you?

What do you think of the Elections! The Labour party is what pleases me.

With our best regards
Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

The new book he finished in less than two months was probably *The Prey of the Strongest* (Hurst and Blackett, 1906).

The allusion to the resounding defeat of the Conservative party at the general election of January 1906 throws light on the political opinions of both correspondents. They openly rejoiced at what R. H. Gretton, who has previously been quoted, called "the most sweeping reversal of party balance ever experienced in the House of Commons" (p. 689). The new House was composed of 397 Liberals, 51 Labour members, 83 Nationalists and only 157 Unionists, that is Conservatives. Interestingly Gabrielle echoed Clara's opinion in a letter written at Ciboure on 5 March: "I expect you are glad about the result of the elections. Mrs. Spring-Rice, who is wintering here, is delighted. And I thought of the interest with which G. wld have followed them."

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst, Sussex

11.3.06

My dear Miss Collet,

I got back from France last night, having spent 2 nights in Paris on my way home. The weather at St. Jean de Luz was mostly atrocious but the last four days were dazzlingly beautiful. The most beautiful thing there, however, was Gabrielle. She is a dear, & a real wonder, & sweet as blossoms in the spring, as sunlight on the sea. You will be glad to hear that I think her now a different woman. She is infinitely more cheerful & has ceased to talk all the time of George. She rarely mentioned him unless I did. Of course she is still melancholy but it is no longer the miserable melancholy which formerly oppressed her. All that is needed now is that accursed brother should break his neck, or go to jail for ever, so that she could come back to Paris & *live*. It is absurd for one so endowed to creep on the confines of the world, when the centre is her real milieu.

So far as mental stability is concerned my trip has done me good. But my antrum is still a felon, still wicked, still unreclaimed. However I *can* get along with care.

I hope to see you soon in town. I know I should have written to you from France but I *couldn't*. I was in a state when writing hurt me. With best regards from both of us,

Yours always sincerely
Morley Roberts

The image of Gabrielle in this letter is most astonishing and—in the light of all other sources of information, mainly later ones, especially her correspondence with Clara Collet after the publication of *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*—the letter should be considered cautiously. The passage on René Fleury to whom Gabrielle referred slightly for years is also striking. He seems to have led an adventurous life which was vehemently disapproved of by his relatives. For some unknown but obviously very serious reason, Gabrielle bore him a grudge, and it is clear that she discussed him openly during Roberts's stay in the Basque country.

Wadhurst

2.12.06

Dear Miss Collet,

I send you on Gabrielle's copy of the Figaro with the G.G. article in it & hope you get it. It seems a long time since I saw or heard from you but I've

been both ill & busy as usual. We went to Venice in the autumn but I was very seedy there & wished I'd stayed at home. Now I'm in the middle of another long book & wish it was done. How are you? Please send a card if you can. Our best regards to you.

Yours always sincerely
Morley Roberts

The article Roberts was sending on was "Georges Gissing" by Stanislas Rzewuski, *Le Figaro* (Supplément Littéraire), 13 October 1906, p. 4. A rather poor performance based on the very few French translations available at the time.

Authors' Club
4 Whitehall Court S.W.

23.7.07

Dear Miss Collet,

I'll come to-morrow Wednesday at 6 with pleasure & will eat a very little with you, also with pleasure. I'm still gouty & 'indigestible,' so to speak, so you musn't expect me to eat much, will you? With best regards

Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

Authors' Club
4 Whitehall Court, S. W.

27.7.07

Dear Miss Collet,

Thank you very much for Rolland's books. I'll return them to you from Wadhurst & say what I feel about them. I'm anxious to like them for I liked Mlle Rolland. She is very intelligent, isn't she? And what a really sweet woman your colleague seems. It would have been hard to guess she was a Board of Trade official, eh?

I'm very seedy, I'm sorry to say. More doctors & more worry.

With best regards to you

Yours always sincerely

Morley Roberts

If you are writing tell Gabrielle I'm nearly sure to go to La Suisse in August and ask her to say where she will be in August & September.

Note: The underlining of 'liked' on the previous page is the cross of the *t* in intelligent!

Romain Rolland (1866-1944), who is defined in the *Penguin Companion to European Literature* as novelist, playwright, musicologist, biographer and internationalist, was already a writer of respectable standing at the time. He was the brother of Madeleine Rolland, a teacher of English and a long-time friend of Gabrielle, who is known as a translator of some of Thomas Hardy's works. Clara's family still holds a wealth of letters and postcards from Madeleine Rolland of minimal interest and very rarely concerned with intellectual matters. It includes a letter of 16 November 1907 in which Mlle Rolland refers to Roberts, and to having met him "last July." Her brother's correspondence shows that he did not care for Clara, indeed totally failed to do her justice. Perhaps his understanding and practice of the English language were a stumbling block. Clara's colleague at the Board of Trade has not been identified with certainty.

Roberts's "Note" was indeed useful to all future readers of the present letter. The cross of the t is about 2 cm long and placed exactly under "liked."

Wadhurst

7.8.07

My dear Miss Collet,

I'm much obliged for your introducing me to Romain Rolland. Of late years, though I don't keep up with all the new French work, I've been somewhat out of humour with their fiction & have fallen back on Flaubert & Maupassant & Balzac. The nation that can exalt Bourget after possessing men like these is a puzzle to me. But I suppose the enlargement of the reading public there is pretty much as it is with us. And I've had no young Frenchman with the fine contempt of truth to tell me what was good & new. This Rolland is very very good. I don't think I've read a better account of a child than Jean-Christophe. The writing is straightforward, plain, true, & exceedingly good. His psychology is admirable & his feeling beautiful & restrained. The little life of Beethoven affected me deeply; gave me a solid, round idea of the man, previously lacking in me, in spite of my admiration for the musician.

Well, does this please you? It ought to, for I don't as a rule 'raffole' about writers, as you know.

My compliments to Mlle Rolland on Monsieur son frère.

I'm rather better than I was. My new book 'The Libertine' is finished & I'm taking a sort of rest & hope to get away for a holiday in a few days.

Always yours sincerely,

Morley Roberts

Although it is often easier to disagree than to agree with Roberts's literary views, his implicit judgment on Paul Bourget (1852-1935) has been largely endorsed by posterity. Some recent checking showed that only one of his novels, *Le Disciple* (1889), was in print. It has some affinities with *Born in Exile*, and *Sensations d'Italie* (1891) covers some of the ground that *By the Ionian Sea* was to evoke far more memorably. Both Bourget and Gissing stayed at the Albergo Concordia in Cotrone.

Romain Rolland's *Life of Beethoven*, which made him famous, was published in 1903 and *Jean-Christophe*, which was a great success in France and abroad, in ten volumes from 1903 to 1912. Rolland was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1916.

"The Libertine" is an unrecorded title. The novel may have been retitled *Lady Anne* (F. V. White & Co., 1907).

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst, Sussex

August 23, 1907

My dear Miss Collet

Mr. Roberts has gone to Cornwall for a fortnight. Before he left he wanted to return you your books, but I had not quite finished, so asked him to leave them, for me to send back. We have both been most delighted they are beautifully written, but terribly sad. I have not read a book that depressed me so much for a long while. I mean the Beethoven. Of course one knew the tragedy of his life. But it was so beautifully done and brought it home to one so vividly. I hope you have kept well during this most mournful season of weeping skys [*sic*]. It has been very bad for my husband, he is a different creature when the sun shines.

With very kindest regards I am most sincerely yours,
Alice B Roberts.

Wadhurst

27.8.07

Dear Miss Collet,

Your friend can't do better than go to Dr. *Lambert Lack*, 48 Harley St. W. He is a nasal physician at the London Hospital & also another. She had better write for an appointment. The fee is what you suggest.

With best regards,
Yours always sincerely,
Morley Roberts

I wrote to G yesterday but will send a card to her new address.

Clara Collet's friend has not been identified, but Dr. Lambert Lack (1867-1943) has an entry in *Who Was Who*, where he appears as Harry Lambert Lack, Consulting Aural Surgeon, London Hospital. Roberts probably had in mind his book, *The Diseases of the Nose* (1906). The letter to Gabrielle Fleury has not been found.

4 Vernon Chambers
Theobalds Road, W C

28 Nov 07

Dear Mr Roberts,

I have decided not to write to Gabrielle at all about the matter until it is absolutely necessary. It will only make her recovery more difficult and make it worse for her in consequence.

Constables are bound to give us some intimation of what they intend to do and when I have official knowledge I must read the proofs. Whatever would give a moral shock to Walter must be omitted. I am on good terms (so far) with Bertz and might be able to influence him on that score.

I am quite sure that the letters ought not to be published but I know that Bertz is anxious to show that he was George's only real friend by giving every intimate particular he can. It is certainly better that George's letters should be published entire than that Bertz's account of them should take their place.

With the exception of yourself I don't expect a single person connected with George to sacrifice personal interests out of consideration for him or his children to the extent of twenty shillings.

I see that this letter is very incoherent. But you will understand the main thing—that I shall not write to Gabrielle.

You were looking very ill yesterday. I hope your coming holiday will do you good.

Very sincerely yours,
Clara E. Collet

This letter reads ominously, and it is difficult to read clearly between the lines. Bertz was planning to publish Gissing's letters to him and it is obvious that Clara objected to the project because Gissing's life with his first wife Nell would be fully revealed to Walter and to Gabrielle. Eventually Bertz, who was in touch with Clara and Gabrielle, chose to destroy the early letters from George, that is, with one exception, all those that were written before 27 September 1888 (see Arthur C.

Young's introduction to *The Letters of George Gissing to Eduard Bertz 1887-1903*). We are bound to realise here that Clara was wrong about Bertz and Roberts. Furthermore, in retrospect, Bertz's decision to destroy Gissing's early letters to him, which read like a "naturalist novel," appears to have been nothing less than a cultural crime. Similar crimes were committed by Clara and Gabrielle.

Wadhurst

1.12.07

Dear Miss Collet,

All right. I'll not say anything to Gabrielle either. I quite understand. All the same I foresee a general incomplete exposure of the whole truth by & bye. I think in some ways it's a pity I can't do it myself *with your help*, and it may have to come to that some day. But I shan't myself write anything now that any one could object to, and I think I may say I can't do a word without your approval. But it's hard to see the half-instructed rush in where we poor angels can't tread. Of course I can't help thinking it a great pity I can't write the whole thing, but to write it & not publish it is quite impossible, or so it seems to me now. Putting aside all one's love for George & Gabrielle & his real friends it is a great literary temptation & one has to recognise that for others as for one's self. Perhaps I may see you again shortly. Our new address after the 16th will be 31 St. John's Wood Park. I daresay I *did* look ill when I saw you, for I *was* ill & still am. I can't stand the worry I could & worry & real ill health make an awful mixture.

Very sincerely yours

Morley Roberts

More than any before this letter on the project which materialized as *The Private Life of Henry Maitland* reveals Roberts's impatience with all the restraints placed on his freedom as a biographer. But there is no evidence in his complaints that he was already thinking a *roman à clef* might be the way out of his predicament. The truth is that publishing a biography of Gissing so soon after his death, when practically all his relatives and friends were still alive, was impossible without incurring the risk of offending many people or being accused of self-censorship. Unrestricted freedom for biographers did not exist until after the death of Alfred's wife in 1995.

31 St. John's Wood Park N.W.

11.3.08

Dear Miss Collet,

This is our new address as we have left the country. We shall be very glad to see you any Sunday afternoon if you can come & see us. I was away 6 weeks this winter but benefited very little by it. With best regards,

Yours very sincerely,
Morley Roberts

The years 1909-12 were very trying ones for Roberts. He lost one of his two step-daughters and his wife, and his professional life went through ups and downs.

Authors' Club
2 Whitehall Court, S.W.

19.3.09

Dear Miss Collet,

Thanks for your letter about Gabrielle. I'm writing to her this post.

We've had (& are having) great trouble at home as Vere was operated on for acute appendicitis a week ago. The operation was just in time to save her life.

Always yours sincerely,
Morley Roberts

The first few words of this letter give one an opportunity to say that no letter from Roberts to Gabrielle seems to be extant. After the publication of *Henry Maitland* she probably destroyed all the correspondence she had received from him.

25.3.09

Vere died yesterday & will be cremated to-morrow at Golders' Green at 11.30. Morley Roberts

31 St. J. W. Pk

27.3.09

Our Vere died on Wednesday.
M. R.

Perhaps this second announcement merely means that for some reason Clara had not acknowledged the first.

30.3.09

Thank you. I'll try & see you when I get back to town. I'm going away with friends.

Mme Fleury wrote me about Gabrielle. I can't feel for any one or very little.

M.R.

Neither Mme Fleury's letter nor Roberts's reply seem to have been preserved. Besides there is a gap in Gabrielle's letters to Clara Collet from 1906 to 1909.

12.4.09

Dear Miss Collet,

I am to be operated on for appendicitis next Wednesday by Bland Sutton at 16 Fitzroy Square W.C. The case isn't dangerous but I thought I'd let you know.

Yours

Morley Roberts

This card was forwarded from Clara Collet's usual address 4 Vernon Chambers, Theobald's Road W.C. to 7 York Terrace, Sidmouth, a seaside resort with the name of which she was to be associated in her later years (see Deborah McDonald's recently published biography). The letter from her to Gabrielle quoted below shows that she stayed in Sidmouth with her sister Carrie for ten days.

31 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.
April 16th [1909]

Dear Miss Collet,

Mr. Roberts' operation is over quite successfully. It was done last Wednesday. I see him every day & each time he is a little stronger. He sends his kindest regards and thanks for your kindness. Please let me thank you for your calling & kind letters. I am almost glad Mr. Roberts had to have the operation, it had to break his thoughts a little, & now he is so very weak. I envy him. My darling's death seems to have snapped all desire to live in

me—all is dark & I can't believe it. It is too awful, so wicked so useless—I feel so rebellious. I never never can be happy again.

With kindest regards
Yours most truly
Alice Morley Roberts

The surgeon says that when Mr. Roberts has recovered, he will be much better than he has been for years—that the need of this operation has been the cause of much of his ill health. I hope you are well—Poor Mrs. Gissing.

The sibylline allusion to “poor Mrs. Gissing” is clarified by a passage in a letter from Clara to Gabrielle of 4 April 1909 in the collection of Xavier Pétremand. Gabrielle was taken ill in Montpellier, where she stayed occasionally: “I am sorry to hear that you are still so ill. It is a great disappointment as when your mother first wrote I had thought you were already out of the wood.” Mme Fleury had very likely written to Roberts about the same time to inform him of Gabrielle’s illness.

31 St. John’s Wood Park, N.W.

19.6.09

Dear Miss Collet,

My wife is at last showing signs of improvement, though up to a week ago we *all* thought she was dying.

I myself am somewhat better but all to pieces owing to this further strain. We hope to get away in another ten days or so.

With best regards
Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

Mrs. Roberts was to die two years later, in September 1911.

The following is the last letter from Clara Collet to Morley Roberts held by the Berg Collection. It shows that the two correspondents had met on the previous Sunday, probably at the home of Morley Roberts and at his request because he wished to do some checking with her in the rough draft of his fictionalized biography of Gissing. She could not answer his questions about Italy and Greece, which concerned the period between September 1888 and February 1890, because she did not yet know him at the time. The statement about him that Roberts almost certainly had in mind is not to be found in the diary, but it is clearly expressed in the letter to Ellen Gissing of 20 October 1889: “I know not how I could get on

through the whole winter here. Yet I am perpetually having it forced upon me that it is brutal egoism to go abroad. I dare not speak of the matter to Roberts, for he always droops his head & grows wretched—if not angry. Bertz writes in a melancholy strain about his inability to go anywhere.—The fact of the matter is, I am beginning to feel that it is a disagreeable thing to have any measure of success, when those about one do not share in it. Yet have I not gone through enough misery? Who has experienced more—other things being equal? In what should I benefit other people if I stayed here & moped through those ghastly months of English winter? ‘Well, well,’ said Roberts the other day. ‘You will wake up on a sunny morning in Athens, & chuckle to yourself when you think of us poor wretches here!’” (*Collected Letters*, Vol. 4, p. 127). As Roberts could not have seen this letter to Gissing’s younger sister, he is likely to have remembered some unpleasant conversation with his friend and have come to imagine he had *read* an echo of it somewhere.

Gissing first heard from Gabrielle on 23 June 1898, and they met at H. G. Wells’s on 6 July. Gissing and Wells originally met at a gathering of the Omar Khayyám Club held at Frascati’s on 20 November 1896. The very urgent letter that Gissing received from Wells was that of 25 November 1896. It was published in Volume 6 of the *Collected Letters*, pp. 197-98. The Wellses stayed in Rome in March 1898; they had visited Gissing in Devonshire (Budleigh Salterton) during his stay there from February to May 1897.

4 Vernon Chambers
Theobalds Road
London, W C

2 June 12

Dear Mr. Roberts,

I have made some alterations in the enclosed. I can’t answer your questions about Italy and Greece. But after I came back last Sunday I looked through the letters in 1893, 1894 and 1895 and found, as I expected, that that statement about you was not there. During the whole period I knew him he was never in a position to even imagine anyone could envy him. Gabrielle must have shown you some of his diary notes and you confused them with my letters.

He met G in June 1898 when she came to England and applied for leave to translate New Grub Street.

H G W came up to speak to him after some dinner of authors and then wrote a very urgent letter to him to come and see him.

Wells was only a short time in Rome with him but they had seen a good deal of each other in the previous year in Devonshire.

He was only in the Sanatorium about a couple of months.

About his letters to me the best thing will be for you to come some Sunday morning about 11.30 and stay to lunch. It is the only time I am likely to be alone nowadays.

If I seem to be lacking in cordiality in this matter don't attribute it to any want of sympathy with you. It is the consciousness of pain which any record however finely and unselfishly written, must cause to his sons and sisters. And although the sisters and brother will never be able to feel a genuine liking for me, I have learnt to understand their outlook a little and feel a genuine respect for the sisters. My relations with Algernon are now quite amicable.

I am not attempting to deter you. George Gissing was sent into hell for the purpose of saving souls. Perhaps it is a necessary thing that his story should be written by all sorts of people from their different points of view. But I am responsible to his sons, not to society and I feel as though I were walking on smashing glass.

But do believe that my sympathy with you is warm and real, even if I come into collision with you in this matter, or in others.

Affectionately yours,
Clara E. Collet

11.6.12

I have had a card from G. making difficulties but finally offering to stay (at great cost, so to speak) in Paris if I desire it. Naturally I have written saying that I cannot now come at all.—I have finished to-day the first draft of the book, and begin to-morrow to develop the sketch fully.

Always yours sincerely,
Morley Roberts

This card shows Roberts still at work on his biography and having obviously not kept Gabrielle informed of his intention. No allusion seems to have been made to the fact that most of the persons in the book would be given fictitious names. The phrase "at great cost" seems to express his belief that if he agreed to visit Gabrielle in Paris before the publication of the book, he was sure she would not comply with his demands. Hence his refusal to visit her.

With these last two items the correspondence stopped. What happened next can be read in "The Publication of *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*: A Literary

Event,” an essay by the present writer which was published in *Twilight of Dawn: Studies in English Literature in Transition*, ed. O. M. Brack, Jr. (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1987).

[For permission to publish Clara Collet’s letters I am grateful to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations, and I am indebted to Jane Miller for kindly allowing me to publish Morley Roberts’s letters to her great-aunt. P. C.]

Demos: A Review in The State

JOHN SLOAN, Harris Manchester College, Oxford
and PIERRE COUSTILLAS

The following favourable notice of *Demos* appeared in the first issue of the short-lived journal, *The State: A Weekly Review, Political, Social, Literary*, which ran from 10 April to 1 July 1886. *The State*, which carried the motto, ‘Imperium et Libertas’, attacked Gladstone and Irish ‘home rule’. It was edited by Alfred Egmont Hake (1849-1916), author, social philosopher, and friend of William Michael Rossetti, who, according to the new *DNB*, was a ‘strident critic of collectivist, socialist trends in public policy, and [...] criticized all socialist utopias’. Hake’s first book was *Paris Originals* (1878), a series of sketches of Parisian types. He was also the author of the best-selling *The Story of Chinese Gordon* (1884), a biography of Charles George Gordon, to whom he was related on his mother’s side, and *Regeneration: A Reply to Max Nordau* (1895), which appeared anonymously.

It is now clear that in the context of the period Hake was a Conservative and an imperialist who contended that the “British race” had brought to the world civilization, education and economic prospects. He viewed General Gordon as a British and Christian hero, bent on improving the moral and social condition of the Sudanese.

This review of *Demos* appeared between a review of Henry James’s *The Bostonians*, and a review of the Vizetelly translation of Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment*, which explains the comparison of Gissing’s Emma Vine and Dostoevsky’s Sonia.

DEMOS – The work of an anonymous writer, *Demos* is striking as a novel, and still further remarkable for its vivid presentation of the external side of Socialistic life in London. The author makes use of few arguments or theories, but trusts his issues in great measure to the deeds and utterances of his characters. Artistically, his picture of active Socialism and the opposing forces is brilliantly satisfying, though it will not appear so to the class of readers who expect a writer to band himself openly with one or other side.

His portraiture of the agitations of our happy land and time is scarcely likely to encourage fresh faith in their earnestness and their unselfishness, nor indeed in the necessity for their existence at all. It is plain, however, that his sympathies are deeply engaged with the world's toilers. His tastes are probably those of the other side, and his opinions do not seem immutably committed to any line of action. He passes with ease and understanding from sordid London life to the pleasant plenty of the country, but in his hands it is the former that always impresses you as more real, and inspires the most eloquent passages in a book that has more than common eloquence.

A late development in the modern workaday world is typified in the Mutimer family, Dick Mutimer being a hero of Socialism. The Mutimers come in for a fortune, and take on new ambitions and temptations till they gradually become dismembered, and arrive at the dogs by various routes; all except the mother, a fine prejudiced old woman, whose notions of honour and duty divide her from her children, and prevent her from sharing the degradation of their prosperity. Emma Vine, the seamstress and humble heroine of the story, is to our thinking better conceived and sustained than her rival, the cultured ditto, though Adela is a "nice" girl in the best sense of the word, and a good deal else. Emma is implacably high-minded and honest; she is almost athirst, as one of Puritan ancestry, for the noble sacrifices and sorrows that overtake her; yet for others she is full of consolation, of a softness and sweetness as of crushed herbs. She even recalls Dostoevsky's Sonia, though she is far from having the perfection of unconscious moral beauty that makes the latter so exquisite a creation. Two other persons awaken greater interest than usually belongs to the secondary characters: the one, a certain Stella, a lady of Rossetian mould, the other a new and pleasing departure in clergymen. Both brood rather mysteriously over the story, and hold out a hope of closer acquaintance than is realised. (*The State*, vol. 1, no. 1, 10 April 1886, pp. 22-23)

Book Reviews

Collected Works of George Gissing on Charles Dickens, Volume 2: Charles Dickens: A Critical Study, edited and introduced by Simon J. James, with an Afterword by David Parker, Grayswood, Surrey: Grayswood Press, 2004. 274 pp. Hardback ISBN 0-9546247-2-6 £30, paperback ISBN 0-9546247-3-4 £15.

It has long been recognized that Gissing was thoroughly pleased with the request in 1897 of his old college friend John Holland Rose to write an appreciation of Dickens for “The Victorian Era Series.” What he modestly and variously described as “a very small volume on Dickens” or “my little book on Dickens” became *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study*, which earned him the reputation of one of the leading critics of Britain’s most popular 19th-century novelist. He started preparations for the study while staying in Wensleydale during the disastrous last holiday with his family, before the decision to go their separate ways, which was to take him to Italy in the autumn of 1897, where he stayed in private lodgings in Siena from the last week of September until the first week of November. It was here, in the space of seven weeks, that he finished the manuscript he had promised to his publisher, Blackie, before the end of November. That Gissing, beset by domestic turmoil and reduced to living out of his trunk, managed to meet his deadline with time to spare, is proof of his (underrated) professional ability to give priority to his contractual commitments, despite the continuous and tumultuous domestic distractions he faced. Though he had initially planned to finish the work in Florence, relying on its well-stocked libraries, he did a good deal of the re-reading of Dickens’s works before he journeyed to Italy and if we may believe Brian Ború Dunne, the young American who was a fellow-boarder at Siena, Forster’s *Life of Dickens* was the only book he used for the completion of his study.

In a “Preface” to this definitive edition of Gissing’s splendid critique, Simon James, the editor, whose perceptive and admirable critical work on Gissing will be familiar enough to the readers of these pages, points out that a number of small mistakes and errors in quotation, mostly due to the limited English-language library resources at Siena, have now been corrected, and that with the help of Hélène and Pierre Coustillas and Piet Kropholler, an extensive set of notes has been compiled, which together with his own “Introduction” and David Parker’s “Afterword” makes this into the most comprehensive and authoritative text of Gissing’s monograph on Dickens.

James emphasizes that Gissing’s standpoint is not that of the professional literary critic, but that of the well-informed, discriminating reader. At the same time, some of the more persuasive and illuminating passages are those in which Gissing’s assessment is based upon his own working knowledge and practice of the craft of fiction. In chapter 4, “Art, Veracity and Moral Purpose”, Dickens’s zeal and energy are praised as major contributory factors to the success of his working methods. The detailed records

Dickens kept of the daily progress of his writing must have inspired Gissing from the time of his first experiments as a novelist to keep a similar record in the form of his own diary entries, specifying the number of “slips” (pages) completed each day. More than once Gissing confessed that he owed the restoration of his own creative zest to the exhilaration and sustenance that Dickens’s energetic and active approach to his art provided, despite the evident differences of purpose and execution between his own novels and those of Dickens.

After first ranking Dickens with the realists, James modifies the label of realism, by tellingly adding “such as it is.” To Gissing too, in the final analysis, Dickens is the idealist, who, notwithstanding his great gifts to make us see what he himself has seen, is not unwilling to sacrifice artistic veracity to his desire to please his readers by disguising unpalatable facts or modifying circumstances, while Gissing seems to define his own method as a search for artistic truth, which is held to be the impression of the world upon the individual artist, and, subsequently, the communication of this impression with entire sincerity as his one and only duty. As Simon James puts it, “Gissing himself was a committed realist. Fiction, for him, should provide an image of reality which the reader can equate to a personal conception of the material world.” It is one of the great strengths of this book that Gissing’s appreciations of the works of Dickens are as intriguing and instructive for our understanding of Dickens as for his own fiction.

The response of Gissing’s contemporaries can be usefully traced from the representative selection of short and longer reviews of the study collected in Appendices Three and Four. They serve to illustrate the generous praise (“requisite detachment”, “thoroughly good criticism”, “scholarly and impartial”) accorded to the book from the first, together with notes of mild surprise about the unsuspected critical powers of the novelist. The anonymous reviewer of the last of the four longer reviews, however, in a most perceptive opening paragraph begs to differ by asserting that “the intelligent reader will not be surprised to find Mr. Gissing making his bow for the first time, as a critic and a critic of fiction.” In “Appendix One” Lionel Johnson’s humorous corrections of some of Gissing’s “infinitesimal slips of memory or of the pen” are offered in a spirit of forgiveness and admiration. A more recent (1986) contrastive study by David L. Derus, “Gissing and Chesterton as Critics of Dickens” is given in “Appendix Two.” Derus recommends Gissing as the better guide for the beginner in Dickens, but in his conclusion he comes down in favour of Chesterton’s “freshness and originality” as more likely to excite the critic of our day.

David Parker, an eminent Dickensian and longstanding Curator of the Charles Dickens Museum in London, has contributed an “Afterword” in which he examines the ways in which Dickens succeeded in resolutely leaving behind him the shabby gentility, poverty, uncongenial drudgery and the disgrace of gaol he experienced as a young boy, whereas these and similar experiences were to affect and haunt Gissing for the greater part of his adult life. After tracing the parallels and divergences between the lives of Gissing and Dickens, he turns to a comparison of their works. In the course of this Parker makes the valid observation that in his study occasionally Gissing will “allow his own pain to overlay his understanding of Dickens.” He substantiates this claim by the familiar reference to Gissing’s generalizations about women, culminating in the latter’s unreserved (and some would say uncritical) admiration of Dickens’ truthful portrayals of vulgar and quarrelsome women from the lower middle class. Parker also addresses the question of verisimilitude or “reality” in Dickens, insisting—with Gissing—on the subtle reality of his characterization. After a rapid sketch of some of the trends in Dickens criticism through the twentieth century Parker in his final paragraph praises Gissing generously for setting a “standard for criticism of Dickens’s books.”

Without in any way detracting from this claim, one would like to add that, in addition, the success of the Gissing’s study in no small degree depends on the series of welcome shocks of recognition caused by echoes and memories of so many of his preoccupations. The references to Hogarth and to the English novelists of the eighteenth century, to the drinking of brandy as a condition of heroism, to the peerless Charlotte Brontë, to fellow-novelists like Balzac and Dostoevsky, all these familiar items have been marshalled in support of this remarkable appreciation of Dickens no less than the expression of his unique personality. One is grateful to George Gorniak of the Grayswood Press and to Simon James, the editor of this volume for making Gissing’s “little book on Dickens” available to a new generation of readers.— Bouwe Postmus, University of Amsterdam

Hiroko Ishizuka, *Victorian no Chichukai* [*The Victorians in the Mediterranean*]. Tokyo: Kaibunsha Shuppan, July 2004. iv + 259 pp. 2,800yen.

This book is an erudite compilation of researches on several Victorian authors and their relationships with the Mediterranean undertaken over the past decade by Hiroko Ishizuka, Professor of English at Kobe University, initially encouraged by Professor Coustillas. Ishizuka has long been absorb-

ed by the question of why foreign lands were so often described in British novels as captivating settings. Although an island country like the United Kingdom, Japan has produced far fewer novels depicting foreign countries in this way. So, Ishizuka wondered what was special about this apparent fascination, particularly for Victorian novelists and particularly in relation to the Mediterranean.

In her epilogue, Ishizuka explains that Pierre Coustillas recommended John Pemble's *The Mediterranean Passion: Victorians and Edwardians in the South* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1987) when she first met him in Lille in 1990. Although Pemble's book—which argued that the British travelled to the Mediterranean in pursuit of culture, health, pleasure and spiritual inspiration—at first served Ishizuka as something of a bible, she gradually separated herself from that text. The Victorians she targeted are rather different, as suggested by the contents page of her own book:

- Chap. 1 – Gaskell's Roman Holidays
- Chap. 2 – How Disraeli Rediscovered the Mediterranean
- Chap. 3 – Dickens in Italy
- Chap. 4 – George Eliot, History, and the Mediterranean
- Chap. 5 – The Journey to Death: Gissing and the Mediterranean
- Chap. 6 – Sherlock Holmes beyond the Mediterranean
- Chap. 7 – E. M. Forster and the Seduction of the Mediterranean
- Chap. 8 – John Singer Sargent as a Cosmopolitan Painter

Through in-depth analysis of these Victorians' fascination with the Mediterranean, Ishizuka's original work offers new and clarifying views of many contemporary social problems.

The first Victorian novelist that attracted her attention to the subject was Elizabeth Gaskell, who fled to Rome in 1857 from the publication of *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, though she could not be aware of the ensuing storm of a threatened libel action. Arriving at carnival time, then meeting and conducting a platonic love affair with a young American art history scholar named Charles Eliot Norton, Gaskell's experience of Roman otherness was euphoric. However, Ishizuka goes beyond the simple contrast of restriction in Britain and liberation in Italy to indicate the difference between 18th century pastoral nostalgia and 19th century materialistic reality in certain of Gaskell's works. This chapter, and the book itself, were born from a paper read at the 1993 AGM of the Japan Gaskell Society, where Prof. Shigeru Koike, impressed with her presentation, suggested she write a series of papers on this theme for publication.

The Gissing chapter begins with a felicitous, albeit short, description of Gissing's life, foregrounding three major issues: his expulsion from Owens College for theft, his imprudent marriage with Nell, and his second stormy

marriage with Edith. What made Gissing's Mediterranean passion so intense, Ishizuka argues, was his strong childhood love for the classics and the later frustration of those yearnings by his expulsion from academia and the impoverishment attending his disastrous marriage. These comments do not surprise us, but Ishizuka's unique perspective emerges through her quoting Thackeray and Robert Graves on the boredom they felt with rote learning of the classics in school. Had Gissing followed an academic life, according to Ishizuka, his Mediterranean passion would not have been so strong. The more one's passion is restrained, the more it is aroused.

Gissing made three journeys to the Mediterranean. While critical opinion has tended to identify the first of these with a liberation following the death of his first wife, Ishizuka sees here the emancipation of the novelist from ascetic writing. Not a day passed but he wrote something for a living, so that it became, for this impecunious writer, a liberation from the penance and poverty of the eight preceding years. Ishizuka is right in underlining the importance of the change in Gissing's finances. Accepting Smith, Elder's offer of £150 for *The Nether World* in Paris, for instance, enabled Gissing to travel on from Paris to Italy.

Always diligent, Gissing studied Roman culture and art during his sojourn there, wishing the days were much longer. Many of his letters reveal how deeply impressed and excited he was by the Mediterranean, as well as his identification with Virgil, Horace, and Cicero. Ishizuka finds here Gissing's desire to reclaim his lost college days, when he would have been educated as a classical scholar.

When Gissing returned to England he neglected the theme of poverty he had so far pursued, his world view having been altered, according to Ishizuka, with direct access to the history of other lands. Hence Gissing's *The Emancipated*, a story of middle-class life set in Naples. It is well known that the idea of Cecily Doran, one of the novel's heroines, occurred to him when he looked at Raphael's *St. Cecilia* in Bologna. Indeed, Ishizuka points out the importance of paintings as theatrical stage properties. Witness a large reproduction of *St. Cecilia* in the Naples room of the other heroine, Miriam Baske. In the painting the patron saint of music takes no notice of broken musical instruments at her feet and raises her face in ecstasy toward a chorus of angels appearing through a cleft in the clouds. In Ishizuka's opinion, this painting suggests that Cecily's mentality already informs Miriam's room. A deeply emotional experience in Italy breaks the sorcery of narrow-minded Puritanism in Miriam, while it works the magic of unbridled passions on Cecily. Ishizuka argues that Cecily's deluded elopement with Miriam's brother Reuben reveals her failure to perceive the reality at her feet, and then suggests that Cecily's disappointment after

returning to London might represent a sequel to Raphael's painting: St. Cecilia, dropping her eyes, would find the broken reality of this world.

Gissing's second Mediterranean journey included Greece, and it is generally believed that Reardon's reminiscences of half a year's Mediterranean journey in *New Grub Street* were based on Gissing's own experience. Reardon talks of "moments in Greece and Italy; times when [he] was a free spirit, utterly remote from the temptations and harassings of sexual emotion." I suspect Gissing's intense and oft-noted sexual desires could not be repressed when he was unable to bear the penance and poverty. But what prompted Gissing to write *Sleeping Fires*, Ishizuka maintains, is a lingering desire for the "lost" position of classical scholar. Perhaps he hoped that he could regain it, and a peaceful life, through the writing of the novel. Observing his strained relationship with Edith, Ishizuka affirms that Gissing's crying for the moon is given expression in the story's ruined 42-year-old hero. Overcome by his youthful passion, Langley forgets the present altogether, but finally decides to "shake off this sorcery of Athens, and remember it only as a delightful dream." Ishizuka claims, however, that this decision is not consistent with Gissing's own situation. The Mediterranean was not necessary for Langley in the end, whereas it remained the novelist's emotional mainstay till he died. Gissing's life was full of ill-considered decisions, and *Sleeping Fires* is read by Ishizuka not only as a book of self-examination but as a venting of frustrations.

When Gissing finally parted from Edith in 1897 and left England for his third journey he was fighting lung-congestion. In his correspondence some critics find an increasing sense that the end was near. Ishizuka regards *By the Ionian Sea* as a swan song, and finds a great heart amid this consciousness of death—a forgiving spirit he showed in his acceptance of everything as it was: "All the faults of the Italian people are whelmed in forgiveness as soon as their music sounds under the Italian sky." In fact, I think Gissing's forgiving nature, which did not impute sin to those he met in Italy, has much to do with that sense of humor pervading English literature which we see for example in *The Tempest's* Prospero.

For Ishizuka *By the Ionian Sea* is not a travellers' guide to ancient remains but rather a description of Gissing's mingling with the local people. She says Victorians had something unhappy in common: they felt bitterly disillusioned and alienated by the society they had built for themselves. Gissing writes in his letter of 20 October 1889: "if my life is to be a lonely one, I must travel much." Ishizuka's apt citation seems to justify her conclusion that the Mediterranean passion has much to do with the theme of alienation in Gissing. I would add that as one draws closer to the end of one's life, one travels in a circle that brings us near to the beginning. It is natural that Gissing's consciousness of death should have inflamed his

passion for the Mediterranean, that old world which was the imaginative delight of his boyhood.

The Victorians in the Mediterranean is an index to the vastness of Ishizuka's research panorama. To my regret, want of space prevents me from covering the other seven chapters of the book that discuss so many Victorians. It is even more unfortunate that the book is available only in Japanese. Let us hope Ishizuka will publish it in English in the near future.

Mitsuharu Matsuoka, University of Nagoya

Ruth Halldén, *Radikaler och Viktorianer* (Radicals and Victorians). Stockholm: Atlantis, 2004.

The publication of a Swedish book on Victorian writers, among them Gissing, is indeed a rare and welcome event. Ruth Halldén, who has been a literary critic for half a century, has written a collection of essays that portrays the great authors of the period such as Dickens, Eliot and Hardy and revives some almost forgotten ones such as Scott and Mrs. Gaskell. Furthermore, she strikes a blow for the undeservedly neglected ones such as Gissing. At the same time she does away with the conception that still persists of the Victorians as being antiquated in their musty respectability, sexual repression and self-righteousness. Instead she rightly emphasizes their complexity and their deep interest in social issues and psychological conflict.

The fifteen essays are, with a few exceptions, devoted to well-chosen authors. Some, like Dickens, still have a wide readership while others, like Scott, are hardly read at all today. Gissing, whom we would like to think cannot be categorized, was re-discovered by literary scholars decades ago. According to Halldén, Trollope might be the next in line for a similar rediscovery—the two Trollope societies that have been founded and the four dissertations that have been written in the last few years seem to indicate that. However, the essays on Friedrich Engels and Harriet Beecher Stowe fall somewhat beyond the scope of the book, even if the author in her introduction justifies their presence by referring to the important roles they played in their historical contexts.

An essay is by definition short and personal and the mere format sometimes leads to generalisation and simplification. Halldén warns the reader that her selection is limited and based on her own personal preferences and that readers looking for completeness must turn to works of literary history. Scholars therefore have to suppress their taste for details and references and

accept that, for instance, a biography or a biographer is mentioned without title or author's name and without much further ado. The work done on this book has obviously entailed the reading of some thirty biographies, and a certain satiety at this somewhat monotonous diet might be the reason why biographers and literary scholars occasionally are given a slating. This is sometimes refreshingly entertaining, if not always fair. In the excellent essay on Dickens, for example, only Edgar Johnson's early biography finds favour with Halldén, unburdened as it is by "a frenetic collection of data." Halldén keeps Dickens the humorist in the background, emphasizing his darker sides: his anxiety, restlessness and narcissism. The complex relationship and attitude to women of this "worshipper of maidenhead" is treated with care and finesse. She focuses fruitfully on a work that is among the lesser known and read, *Pictures of Italy*, which was a result of Dickens's stay in that country in 1845. Some readers might miss comments on the author's more important works, and for an ardent admirer of the late novels it is painful to find *Bleak House* dismissed as "gloomy and monotonous."

Halldén is at her best when, in addition to the usual biographies and short analyses of the main works, she allows herself to meander and touch upon general issues such as what makes a classic, what is the essence of Victorian writing and why some authors, however brilliant, are quickly forgotten while others are still alive and read today. She is also at her best when, admitting to being blasé and tired of reading, she becomes contagiously enthusiastic, for instance, about Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*, a novel she singles out as the century's most neglected one, or when she guides us through the works of Walter Scott ("totally non-existent today"), whom she, like so many of us, has dismissed without knowing much about. A few essays, however, seem slightly uninspired, written more as a matter of routine, such as for instance the one on George Eliot which deals with the four novels that are "usually mentioned as her central works," all well-known nowadays to Swedish viewers.

For the readers of this journal, the essay on Gissing, of course, is the principal interest. Considering that Halldén finds in Gissing's writings a "remarkable authorship" that is virtually unknown in Sweden, it is disappointing, even surprising, that the essay she devotes to him is one of the shortest. However, it is written with lucidity and a genuine interest. Gissing's life was a mystery, she says, strange and disturbing, and this is echoed throughout his work. In her words, he "had an almost masochistic ability to become submerged in suffering, his own and a more collective one." Halldén boldly labels Gissing a socialist and a feminist. True, of his

brief youthful interest in socialism there is evidence, but whether he was a feminist or a misogynist has been an issue of critical controversy for decades. In some ways Halldén denies Gissing the ambiguity and complexity she allows Dickens. There is also an unfortunate confusion of Gissing's two wives; surely, both of them were not prostitutes, alcoholic and mad. Whether they were both unfeeling, ruthless and corrupt as well, I cannot judge.

When the author treats three of Gissing's main works, *Born in Exile*, *The Odd Women* and *New Grub Street*, she is more deliberate. Because of his unique life experiences Halldén finds Gissing unusually suited to describe the lives of the poorest, the ambitious parvenus and the struggling artists and women who are bound to lose. He does so, she claims, with "an almost pathological intensity and power of insight." Halldén considers *New Grub Street* "one of the few novels in the world which in an analytical and many-faceted way depict the anatomy and psycho-pathology of the conditions of the writer and the world of literature." The setting, she says, is almost as enthralling as the portrait of Edwin Reardon. Her short analytical paragraphs on these novels are discerning and to the point but one cannot help finding it strange for someone who claims that Gissing was a feminist to focus entirely on the Madden sisters, and not even mention Rhoda Nunn and her relationship with Barfoot when discussing *The Odd Women*. The statement that "no male author ever undertook the women's cause with a similar pathos" carries less conviction because of this.

It is difficult not to feel sympathy for an author who counts Victorian novelists among her best friends. Hopefully new friendships will be formed by Halldén's entertaining and knowledgeable book. Are there any absent friends? Meredith, certainly. His work spanned over forty years of the Victorian period and some of his novels were radical and explicit enough to be banned by the circulating libraries. *Diana of the Crossways*, *The Amazing Marriage* and *One of Our Conquerors* are of sufficient feminist interest to be at least mentioned in connection with Hardy and Gissing. Meredith is hardly read at all today, so in that respect, too, he would have been a challenge for Halldén. Admittedly he is not easy, but if she succeeds in making us long to read Walter Scott again, what could she not have done with Meredith? But, as Halldén points out, English literature is rich enough for critics to leave some great and famous authors behind and continuously discover and rediscover others.— Christina Sjöholm, Uppsala University

Notes and News

A number of subscribers to this journal certainly remember the time, several decades ago, when James Haydock contributed several articles to the *Gissing Newsletter* in its infancy. He notably established a connection between the Greek scholar Rachel White, with whom Gissing became acquainted during his stay at the East Anglian Sanatorium, and the heroine of “Miss Rodney’s Leisure,” the last short story from his pen that he saw in print. Then the name of Professor Haydock nearly fell into oblivion until Mitsuharu Matsuoka found, some years ago, a website which testified that James Haydock’s Ph.D. thesis on Gissing’s female characters, available from University Microfilms, the Ann Arbor firm, was available in a new form. A new form, but not the ultimate one that Gissing scholars might dream of, and of which the latest avatar, *Portraits in Charcoal: George Gissing’s Women*, is a book of some 300 pages published by AuthorHouse, Bloomington, IN, last May. We shall review it in our next number.

If we can safely judge by a recent offer from A. J. Cumming, the Lewes antiquarian bookseller, the prices of Algernon Gissing’s books are rocketing up. A copy of his first novel, *Joy Cometh in the Morning* (2 vols., 1888), is offered for £1,780. Algernon borrowed the title from Psalms, XXX, 5.

Francesco Badolato has prepared for publication a selection of the articles on Gissing, mostly in Italian, with a few in English, which he has published in newspapers and periodicals since the 1960s.

Mitsuharu Matsuoka tells us that of the 600 copies of *The World of Gissing: In the Year of the Centenary*, only a little more than one hundred are still unsold. Four reviews of the volume were published in Japan in 2004: in *Shukan Dokushojin*, March, by Yoshiyuki Fujikawa; in *Eigo Seinen* (The Rising Generation), May, by Tatshuhiro Ohno; in *The Japan Dickens Fellowship Bulletin*, October, by Akiko Yoshida; in *Victoriacho Bunka Kenkyu* (Studies in Victorian Culture), November, by Akihiko Niitsuma. An error in the review published in the October number of our journal should be corrected: the author of Ch. 13, “The Short Stories,” is Mr. Masahiko Yahata, not Mr. Takashi Kozawa. Indeed, Mr. Yahata has published in translation a number of Gissing’s short stories in *Mu* and in the *Bulletin of Beppu University Junior College*.

Christine Huguet reports that a substantial (and well-chosen) passage from *In the Year of Jubilee* was coupled with one from Bagehot for a synthetic commentary in the oral part of the hoary competitive examination known in France as the *agrégation*. It consisted of an extract from Part I, Ch. 7, beginning with “They turned into the Strand” and ending with “had been amusing.”

In a chatty article published in the *Independent Review* on 9 August 2004 Virginia Ironside discussed the case of a nineteen-year-old youth who stole some belongings from a friend for whom he had done odd jobs prior to his departure for university. What should be done? she asked. Part of her answer reads: “Lots of people pinch things when they’re young. Stephen Fry [the actor and writer] did. The novelist George Gissing did—and, like Fry, went to prison. It didn’t stop them becoming noble and upright members of the community when they were older.”

Liselotte Glage, the author of a dissertation on Clementina Black, has apparently reviewed *A Garland for Gissing* and the Signal Books edition of *By the Ionian Sea* on the following website:

www.fbis.uni-hannover.de/angli/Staff/gissing.pdf

The Orangery, which is better known to Gissing’s biographers as Back Lane School, is to be renovated. An article on the subject appeared in the *Wakefield Express* on 15 October, p. 32. A venerable photograph of the building taken in 1864 (Gissing had a print which is now in the editor’s collection) is reproduced below an article by Gavin Murray, who also reproduces the painting by Charles Edward Perugini that the Virago Press revived on the cover of its edition of *The Odd Women*, kept in print from 1980 to 1995. Whether Perugini painted this remarkable picture in the Orangery at Wakefield, as the article implies, is at the very least doubtful. To the best of our knowledge none of the Wakefield historians has made such a suggestion.

Signor Daniele Cristofaro, who lives in the town made famous by Cassiodorus, informs us that his book on Gissing entitled *George Gissing: Il viaggio desiderato, Calabria 1897* will be published by the Cosenza firm Pellegrini in January. A review article will be devoted to this volume in which new discoveries about the people that Gissing met in the deep Italian south are brought to light.

A collection of papers on Gissing which were read at the London Conference last year will be published by Palgrave Macmillan in 2005. Details will be given later.

George Gissing: The Definitive Bibliography

by Pierre Coustillas

Rivendale Press, 2005

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Recent Publications

Volume

James Haydock, *Portraits in Charcoal: George Gissing's Women*, Bloomington, Indiana: AuthorHouse, 2004. Publishers' address: 1663 Liberty Drive, Bloomington, Indiana 47403, USA. ISBN 1-4184-5074-X paperback. The book is also available in hardback. Pictorial card covers featuring Rothenstein's portrait of Gissing surrounded by eight anonymous portraits of contemporary women. Contents: Ch. 1 Women and the Study of Women; Ch. 2 Marianne Helen Harrison and London; Ch. 3 Female Friends and Sisters; Ch. 4 Edith Underwood and Domestic Life; Ch. 5 The Woman Question and Gissing; Ch. 6 Gabrielle Fleury and the Quest. There follows a Chronological List of Gissing's Books up to 1905, a Gissing Chronology (Appendix A) and a Gallery of Characters

(Appendix B), listed alphabetically from Mary Abbott to Marian Yule, which includes characters to be found in the earliest collections of short stories and in *An Heiress on Condition*.

Articles, reviews, etc

Luisa Villa, "Gissing, le folle e la modernità urbana: trasgressione, carnevale e crisi dell'autorità paterna," *Nuova Corrente*, Anno 51 (2004), no. 133, January-June 2004, pp. 127-64.

Frances Coe, "Letter to the Editor," *Dickens Magazine*, July 2004, p. 4. Homage to Vol. I of the *Works of George Gissing on Charles Dickens*. See also pp. 18, 22 and 25 for passages on or quotations from Gissing.

Wulfhard Stahl, "Zur Lage der arbeitenden Frau in England: Clara Collet (1860-1948)," *Lehre und Forschung in Gender Studies an der Universität*, Nr. 5 Wintersemester 2004/05, p. 32. Review of Deborah McDonald's book on Clara Collet.

Christine Huguet, "Reviews," *Cahiers Victoriens et Edouardiens*, no. 60, October 2004, pp. 173-75. Review of the Signal Books edition of *By the Ionian Sea*. See also on pp. 186-87 the summary of a paper by the same author on "Excess in *Demos*."

Anon., "Gissing's prize poetry to make mark on schools," *Wakefield Express*, 5 November 2004, p. 9.

Guyonne Leduc, ed., *Nouvelles sources et nouvelles méthodologies de recherche dans les études sur les femmes*. Préface de Michelle Perrot, Paris : L'Harmattan, 2004. Contains : "Une femme entre deux mondes : Clara Collet (1860-1948)," by P. Coustillas, pp. 118-28.

Kate Taylor, ed., *Worthies of Wakefield*, Wakefield: Wakefield Historical Society, 2004. A 165-page dictionary containing about a hundred biographical entries on men and women considered to be of note locally. Gissing is commemorated on pp. 74-75; so are a few friends of his father, but not Thomas Waller Gissing himself.

