

# The Gissing Journal

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

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## **The Third International George Gissing Conference (27-28 March 2008, Lille, France):**

### **A Personal Response**

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The weather was bad. Early on the Thursday morning we walked in wind and rain through *l'Université Charles-de-Gaulle Lille 3*, carefully trying to avoid the puddles as we headed to the opening session and the words of welcome. During Christine Huguet's valedictory words on Friday afternoon the rain pelted down, and I cannot have been the only one to fear that the trip back to the Lille métro would be even nastier than that from it had been the day before. In fact, when we came to set off in a body (for the benefit of the directionally challenged) there had been some slight alleviation of downpour: our last walk from the Conference was no more than mildly unpleasant.

And there my complaints end. Well, Lille 3, built in the early seventies, is not perhaps the most aesthetically pleasing university I have ever beheld in my entire life, but *there* my complaints end. We have all been to the conference at which the organisation has been scanted, or one's fellow attendees seem to consist largely of prickly turf-protectors, or the whole experience is tainted by ideological venom in one of its several manifestations. This was not that conference. Sixty-five people from thirteen countries and three continents foregathered to listen to talks about, and discuss, a highly talented writer and an endlessly decent if chronically troubled man whose idiosyncratic appeal—although less charitable analyses have been made—has often been to the hopelessly bookish, or the imperfectly integrated, or those afflicted with what Gissing himself, referring *to* himself, called “excess of individuality,” none of which necessarily means that any of the sixty-five of us—never mind.

The conference was taking place at the same time as the state visit to England of President Sarkozy. *L'entente cordiale* had now become *l'entente amicale*, not entirely, presumably, because of the winning Gallic *chic* of the President's wife. Michel Crubellier, Vice-President of Lille 3, and Richard Davis, Professor of English at the same institution, representing the support for the conference generously given by both Lille 3 and its Department of English, the third partner subsidising the event being the Regional Council of Northern France, expressed their hope that a French university's scholarly interest in the work of an English novelist could contribute to that now revitalised *entente*.

The conference was organised into four plenary sessions and four slots of time (Thursday morning and afternoon; Friday morning and afternoon) when a number of synchronous panels took place, thus giving Gissingites some difficult choices to make. Names familiar to all of us gave the plenaries: David Grylls talked of "Gissing and Prostitution," Pierre Coustillas discussed "Gissing and France: A Paragon Put to the Test," Constance Harsh dealt with "Gissing and Religion," and Bouwe Postmus presented an examination of suicide in Gissing's works under the title "A Coroner's Reports: Gissing as a Registrar of Self-Inflicted Death."

David Grylls elaborated the paradox that Gissing's treatment of prostitution, particularly in his early novels when the subject most obsessed him for obvious biographical reasons, is characterised both by "pioneering boldness" and by the use of conventional literary symbols. On the one hand, the descent of Carrie Mitchell into alcoholism is precisely charted, as is that addiction's role in her ruin. Similarly, the 1884 edition of *The Unclassed* is much franker than the 1895 revision, the form most widely read today. (Indeed, Algernon considered the first version "obscene.") But Gissing, still a literary tyro and still under the influence of the mid-Victorian codes used by writers he had read and admired, also employed tropes like a woman's unkempt hair to indicate "fallen" status. Professor Grylls took us through a whole series of references to Carrie's hair, abundantly justifying his thesis.

I chaired the plenary session in which Constance Harsh discussed "Gissing and Religion," and closed that presentation with the comment that before hearing it I could have said all I considered worth saying about the topic in two minutes. But Professor Harsh lightened my darkness and persuaded all of us that Gissing's steady hostility to Christianity did not exclude repeated and subtle use of it from his works. Focusing on *Workers in the Dawn*, *The Emancipated*, and *Born in Exile*, Professor Harsh moved

from the intellectual development of Helen Norman, to *Born in Exile*'s use of the language of religion for secular purposes (and a portrayal of the role of the clergyman very different from those furnished by Whiffle *père* and *fil*s), to *The Emancipated*'s Miriam Baske, who replaces devotion to Puritanism with devotion to Mallard. Women, Gissing seems to think, at this stage of their social and intellectual development, need a focus of submission.

Bouwe Postmus began his talk against the background of a careful tabulation of those characters in Gissing who commit suicide. Of the roughly 1,700 characters Gissing created, twenty-four, fourteen males and ten females, destroy themselves, a percentage notably higher than that recorded by the United Kingdom's official coroners. But Gissing's often sympathetic depiction of suicides, a sympathy originating in his own occasional despair and wretchedness, provides us with an understanding of the act and its roots in social isolation or rejection, more acute and deeper than that of any sociological account. Dr. Postmus spoke of Arthur Golding, who fails to negotiate an entry into successful adulthood (the last three paragraphs of *Workers in the Dawn* give us insights that no official report ever can, he claimed), Harold Biffen (the last four paragraphs of Chapter 35 of *New Grub Street* are of a "lyrical intensity"), and the "sustained and artistic attempt" to understand self-destruction provided by Chapter 13 of *A Life's Morning*.

I have saved until last, out of chronological order, Pierre Coustillas's lecture and the events that followed it. His three fellow plenary speakers will not mind my saying that for many of us Professor Coustillas's contribution was the highlight of the conference. Bouwe Postmus in his introductory remarks told us that if we did not know who Pierre Coustillas is then we should not be there. It was particularly fitting that this distinguished French scholar should speak, in France, of his subject's experience of and response to France, in which country Gissing mostly lived from May 1899 until his death.

Other scholars, no doubt, would have cogent remarks to make about the subject. But only Pierre Coustillas could regale his audience with the tale that he had slept in the same bed as Gissing and Gabrielle ("an impressive four-poster, and not a very comfortable one"). Professor Coustillas took us from Gissing's schooldays to his last months. The young Gissing played parts in French plays and acquired a non-standard accent from his French master, who came from the south of France. But we assume his spoken French was impeccable, and there is not a single mistake in the specimens

of his written French that have survived (for example, Gissing would sometimes write in French on the postcards he sent to his sisters to thwart any inquisitive Wakefield postal clerk). Professor Coustillas spoke of Gissing's knowledge of French literature: George Sand, read in the Boston Public Library during Gissing's year of exile, was important in his "artistic and moral emancipation," and he came to respect what he saw as the French understanding of the dignity and claims of art. The world depicted by Murger in *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* did exist. But the author of *New Grub Street* knew well enough that no English publisher would associate himself with any novel showing sympathy for Murger's values. The "most erudite English novelist except George Eliot" took much from his cosmopolitan knowledge of French culture, although eventually he came to prefer Italy.

At the end of Professor Coustillas's talk, Christine Huguet called to the dais those contributors to a *Festschrift* in his honour who had been able to travel to Lille. (Unfortunately, Christine DeVine, Diana Maltz, and Robert L. Selig were unable to attend.) David Grylls, Constance Harsh, Markus Neacey, Bouwe Postmus, Barbara Rawlinson, John Sloan, the present writer and the audience heard Dr. Huguet praise Pierre Coustillas as scholar and colleague. As editor of the volume, she then presented him with "*Spellbound*": *George Gissing*, a selection of Gissing's short stories, each subsequently treated in a critical essay. The book is dedicated to "PIERRE COUSTILLAS, / Exemplary Scholar and man" and to "HÉLÈNE COUSTILLAS, / A great Gissing specialist in her own right." Mme Coustillas was acknowledged by the presentation of a bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates. (Incidentally, a memory I shall take to my grave is of Hélène Coustillas's reaction to the comment of a previous speaker to the effect that someone—the notorious Plitt?—was less intelligent than Gissing. She turned to me and made a French sound that is inadequately orthographically rendered by "Uh!" and an equally indefinable French gesture—it involved a raising of the shoulders and a spreading of the hands—and said, "Of course!") Professor Coustillas promised a letter of thanks to each of the volume's contributors. To laughter (perhaps *ever* so slightly uneasy in the case of at least one of them), he hoped he would not have to point out too many errors. A disgracefully large number of bottles of champagne were then consumed, although that number becomes slightly less disgraceful if one remembers that in addition to the sixty-five people formally registered for the conference, understandably thirsty after a very difficult afternoon seated on comfortable chairs listening to talks in a climate-controlled room,

there were present at the reception an additional seventeen, including a good number of Lille 3 colleagues of Professor Coustillas, and June and Gavin Parry of Pwllheli in Wales, who attended as representatives of their friend Mimi Hatton, the ninety-two-year-old granddaughter of Kate Boughton, housekeeper to Gissing in Dorking, in which capacity she met both Edith and Gabrielle (and is the subject, incidentally, of a very interesting article by Markus Neacey in the January 2008 *Journal*).

Lacking the divine attributes of omniscience and ubiquity I could not describe the thirty-four other talks given in simultaneously held panels even if space permitted. (Incidentally, abstracts of all papers may be obtained upon application to Dr. Christine Huguet:

<christine.huguet-meriaux@univ-lille3.fr>.)

Inevitably, some of those one did hear stand out more in the memory than others; equally inevitably, one regrets talks one had to miss, especially if the piquancy of a certain title is retrospectively enhanced by later conversation with the reader of the paper. I am particularly sorry that I did not hear Barbara Rawlinson's "George Gissing's Contributions to the Russian Journal *Vyestnik Evropy*," and Maria Teresa Chialant's "Other scenes and other ages': Gissing's Reading of Southern Italy in *By the Ionian Sea*," and Richard Dennis's "George Gissing and the 'Other' East End." I look forward to the *Proceedings* of the conference, to be published by Austen Dorresteyn of Equilibris Publishing, which did such an attractive job of the *Festschrift*, and to future issues of the *Journal*.

Of those I was able to attend, perhaps the panel that stands out most in my memory was "The World of Books," moderated by Constance Harsh. William Greenslade ("Readers and Reading in Gissing's Fiction") understandably had to cut like fury to get a fascinating and rich subject into twenty minutes; Ryan Stephenson ("Bookworms, Book-Butterflies, and Crises of Masculinity in George Gissing's 'Spellbound' and 'Christopherson'") dealt with two short stories that treat of the potentially malignant effects of print, apparently a subject for John Yule rather than, of all people, George Gissing; Luisa Villa, whose students, as I told her to her face, are lucky to have her, talked about "Writing in the Dawn" (the paper was allegedly an excuse to reread Gissing's first published novel); and Arlene Young spoke of the later and lighter works, often overlooked because they are seen as uncharacteristic, in a paper entitled "Learning Another Language: Gissing and the Discourses of Humour."

Finally, any account of the conference must make grateful mention of the student aides. I saw the first "official" conference face at the Pont de

Bois métro station, ten minutes' walk from the university, and it was the very pleasing face of Elena Huguet, daughter of Christine, an undergraduate at Lille 3, and an attentive bilingual presence throughout the two days. Benoît Delerue and Emmanuel Berlu, both M.A. students of Christine Huguet, also went out of their way to be helpful time and again.

The days when George Gissing was considered one of the most minor of minor Victorian novelists, a man who achieved only one successful book, are obviously well and truly over. This inspiring conference will surely have sent all of us back to the works, with an enthusiasm strengthened by two delightful days of discussion, and strengthened too by the opportunity to put faces to names we have known for years or decades. There is talk that the next International Conference will be in Pescara in 2011. I, for one, very much hope to make it.

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### **The *Festschrift***

Christine Huguet (ed.) *Spellbound, George Gissing: Volume 1: The Storyteller, Volume 2: A Twenty-First Century Reappraisal*, Haren: Equilibris Publishing, 2008.

It is, of course, impossible to imagine this volume without Pierre Coustillas – so central has he been to Gissing studies as they have developed over the last forty years. Courteous and endlessly, although, not uncritically, supportive to new and more established scholars alike, his friendly and always meticulously scholarly epistolary suggestions have been placed at the service of all who have sought his advice. Meeting him for the first time in the company of his wife Héléne, back in 1999, it was clear that here was a gifted, supportive, academic team – hospitable to anyone who shared their passionate commitment. It is fitting, then, that Christine Huguet has produced a *Festschrift* to honour this special scholarly partnership: it is both a fine tribute and a major contribution to the continuing re-evaluation of Gissing's achievement as a short-story writer.

At the time of writing, it is pleasing to report that plans to publish a Collected Short Stories of George Gissing are well-advanced, although a contract has yet to be signed. As the patient work towards the volume under review testifies, Gissing scholars, quite possibly against temperamental inclination, needs must radiate considerable professional optimism in the face of indifference from publishers, who really ought to know better. The

groundwork for such a project has been laid by Pierre Coustillas's *George Gissing: The Definitive Bibliography* (2005) and by the important research, over the years, of Coustillas himself, along with other Gissing scholars, notably Robert Selig in his *George Gissing: Lost Stories from America* (1992), Bouwe Postmus, and Barbara Rawlinson – each of whom, appropriately, contribute essays to this volume. Coustillas has edited the one selection of Gissing's stories, *A Day of Silence and Other Stories*, which in its paperback imprint for Everyman (1993) enabled (albeit too briefly) sixteen of Gissing's best efforts to gain a wider readership. Now Christine Huguet's timely volume, following Barbara Rawlinson's *A Man of Many Parts: Gissing's Short Stories, Essays and Other Works* (2006), will, it is hoped, lend further critical impetus.

The strategy of *festschrift* is fresh and arresting: it is to present a selection of Gissing's short stories (the majority of them still not widely available), followed by a critical essay on each of the chosen stories. They are: 'Gretchen' (1877); 'An English Coast-Picture' (1877); 'Phoebe's Fortune' (1884; 1891; 2008); 'Lou and Liz' (1893); 'The Day of Silence' (1893); 'A Midsummer Madness' (1894); 'By the Kerb' (1895); 'The Foolish Virgin' (1896); 'Spellbound' (1896); 'A Daughter of the Lodge' (1901) and 'The Pig and Whistle' (1904). The reappraisal of each of these works is undertaken by, in the main, established Gissing scholars: Diana Maltz, Bouwe Postmus, Markus Neacy, Robert L. Selig, John Sloan, Barbara Rawlinson, Christine DeVine, Constance Harsh, David Grylls, M. D. Allen and Christine Huguet. While the title of this volume is unlikely to convey with clarity the nature of this project (would *George Gissing: 'Spellbound' and Other Stories Reappraised* have seemed too direct?), its purpose and point is nonetheless firmly established through a subtle and wide-ranging introduction to the volume by editor, Christine Huguet, who also provides invaluable introductions to each story. One of the strengths of this handsomely-produced volume is the decision of the editor to reproduce illustrations to five of them: 'Lou and Liz', 'A Midsummer Madness', 'By the Kerb', 'Spellbound', and 'A Daughter of the Lodge' by illustrators, Dudley Heath, Frank Craig, Lewis Baumer, Gunning King and Frederick Henry Townsend, biographical notes of whom are helpfully supplied, together with 'A Note on the Texts and the Illustrations'.

Following Coustillas (1993) and Rawlinson (2005), Huguet shows how Gissing's stories fall broadly 'into three groups': 24 from 1876-1877 (the American exile years), 11 from 1878-1884 – 'the struggling novelist and essayist' in London – and 80 from the final period, 1893-1904. When taken

together with the invaluable ‘Chronology of the Short Stories’ (in an ‘Appendix’), indicating place of first publication, several statistics stand out: first, the total number of stories that Gissing wrote was an impressive 115, second, the comparatively brief Chicago/American period in fact produced 24 stories and, third, a large proportion of the stories from the second phase never found a publisher (8 out of 11). The work of Selig, Coustillas, Postmus and Rawlinson has established the existence of several stories from these two periods, all of which have now been reprinted.

The Chicago/American period is represented by the apprentice-works ‘Gretchen’ and ‘An English Coast-Picture.’ Diana Maltz shows, in her informative discussion, how at the age of 19 ‘Gissing was eager to display his own artistic and literary fluency’ (2:17) by exploiting tropes in classical myth, European literature and French history, producing, along the way, a story which juxtaposes romance and realism in ways which would recur through Gissing’s writing career.

‘An English Coast-Picture,’ as Bouwe Postmus demonstrates, is freighted by the weight of childhood experience of holiday, transmuted through the imagination. Even though, when fully into his stride as a practising novelist, Gissing warned his brother off ‘anything that can suggest a guide-book’ (2:32), it is a guidebook, specifically Murray’s *A Handbook for Travellers in Durham and Northumberland*, which offers a key source for scenes depicted in ‘An English Coast-Picture.’ Postmus also brings out, in a fine piece of excavation, Gissing’s highly fortunate placing of this story with the editor, Oliver Bell Bunce, of *Appletons’ Journal*. From an investigation of Bunce’s own taste for the picturesque and pictorial in writing, Postmus shows that *Appletons’* was, in effect, ‘the ideal home’ (2:28) for this early piece.

‘Phoebe’ was one of the three stories from the second phase (the others being ‘The Artist’s Child’ and ‘Letty Coe’) which found a publisher. But as Markus Neacey shows in his detailed and clear exposition, its textual history is complicated, if fascinating. The story is reproduced in this volume as ‘Phoebe’s Fortune.’ This is a translation into English (undertaken by Neacey) of a German translation by Gissing’s friend of longstanding, Eduard Bertz. Neacey plausibly claims that it now constitutes a third variant version of the story, the others being the Manuscript version of 1883 and the version subsequently published in *Temple Bar* in March 1884. ‘Phoebe’s Fortune,’ in fact, takes from both, producing a highly satisfying, hybrid version. Bertz’s text, then, ‘comes closest to representing what Gissing originally intended’ (2:57). Neacey amplifies this claim through



close attention to Bertz's translation which is 'faithful, conscientious, and highly readable,' showing 'skill in expressing the poignant emotion of the original story' (2:55). In fact, Gissing's own 'fine command of German,' as Neacey points out, enabled him to appreciate the literary worth of Bertz's version of the story. It is also significant that Bertz's version was subsequently published in *Aus Fremden Zungen*, its publisher being 'a strong advocate of naturalism' (2:51).

Whatever the modest claims Gissing made for his short stories, 'their brevity' in Robert L. Selig's words, 'triggered much of his subtlest fictional work' (2:73). This is certainly true of one of his better-known stories of the 1890s, 'Lou and Liz.' Selig considers both the sources of the frequent incursion into the narrative of popular hymns, music-hall ballads, and contemporary catchphrases and the 'web of their ironic implications for what happens in the story' (64). He shows the extent of Gissing's efforts in the 1890s to produce an effect of the contemporary by incorporating echoes of precisely contemporary popular song into the story and he assembles the evidence well. A touring music-hall singer performing 'Daisy Bell' across the country, finds Londoners 'humming it' (2:69) in early April 1893. In the story 'an intoxicated youth roared out a song ... an invitation to a bride to take her marriage-trip "on a boicycle mide for two"' (1:104). 'Lou and Liz' is completed on 19 April. Such effects are grounded, of course, in the writer's usual habits of research. Gissing, Selig reminds us, was out on the stump at Rosherville Gardens in Kent, on Easter Monday 1893, gathering material for the story to hand.

The contrast between the noisy, polyvocal, 'Lou and Liz,' effective as it is, and what John Sloan describes as 'the most remarkable and technically accomplished of Gissing's short stories' (2:83), 'A Day of Silence,' suggests something of the range of tonal effects that Gissing was able to achieve in his short fiction written from the early 1890s until his death. In this story Gissing's brilliant exposition of what Sloan calls 'narrative silence' is the means by which 'a reticent response to death... extends to the narrative voice itself' (2:82). Not for the first time in this collection the example of Dickens provides critics with an entry point for pinpointing a contrasting narrative treatment in Gissing. Here the tragic death of the child, Billy Burden, is, in Sloan's words, 'marked by a complete absence of the kind of rhetoric that characterises Dickens's treatment of the theme' (2:87). Drawing also on the example of Jane Snowdon in *The Nether World*, Sloan shows how, by contrast to the 'Victorian celebration of death and its public rites of mourning' (2:88), Gissing creates 'a symbolic language of loss'

(2:89) which can convey ‘something of that more private and intimate response to death among the unseen and unheard’ (2:89). This is a nuanced and suitably satisfying essay on what is, arguably, Gissing’s finest story.

‘A Midsummer Madness’ is a story, never before reprinted, but its appearance here is welcome. Told through the eyes of a male middle-class narrator, whose perspective is largely normative, here is a social comedy of middle-class flat dwelling in which midsummer, early-morning revels precipitate disruptive and troubling behaviour – sibling rivalry, sexual jealousy and betrayal, hysteria and intimations of suicide. Barbara Rawlinson brings out well the subject of drunken excess, only too well known to Gissing, and the understated echoes of Shakespeare’s comedy which establishes a frame of fantasy which cannot hold in the face of the ‘fragility of the female psyche,’ in Rawlinson’s phrase (2:96). As the editor suggests in her introductory note, with the spectacle of the drunk and guilty married woman on the ‘narrow parapet of a London roof’ there is playful ‘literalisation’ here of the ‘fallen state to which the temptress/tempted female is condemned’ (1:117).

Also not reprinted until now is ‘By the Kerb,’ written, as Christine DeVine notes, as ‘one of six very short stories labelled ironically “Nobodies at Home” – a commission for Jerome K. Jerome’s *To-Day*. It offers a good example of how Gissing could derive artistic resource from within the limitation of the format to which he had to conform (less than 1500 words). The contrapuntal, recurrent cry of this reduced haberdasher’s assistant: ‘Collar studs, three a penny. Collar studs, a penny for three’, as DeVine suggests, ‘emphasises the static nature of the man’s situation’ (2:100) while the liberal use of free indirect discourse, ‘Gawd! What would become of him?’ (1:138), brings us close up to the character without handing over to him. Whether the retention of the narrator’s controlling perspective allows for quite the degree of ‘ironic distance’ that DeVine identifies, so that the protagonist come across as ‘ridiculous and pathetic’ (2:101), is debatable. Pathetic he may be, but the traits of his residual vanity only seem to point up his hopeless situation. Gissing’s empathy with these types of the underclass is unobtrusively produced as he turns restriction of form into creative opportunity.

‘The Foolish Virgin’ presents a powerful contrast. Given 8000-9000 words by John Lane, the proprietor of the Bodley Head, to produce a story in his prestigious *Yellow Book*, Gissing was delighted to be at last in the company of writers like Henry James. But of course, as Constance Harsh notes, Gissing may well have been a beneficiary of Lane’s determination to

ensure that, following the Wilde trials and the inevitable backlash against *avant-garde* aestheticism with which the magazine was associated, it now had to perform ‘the difficult task of reconciling modern tendencies and conventional tastes’ (2:109). Yet again, Gissing gives us a main protagonist with manifest defects. How we evaluate the deficiencies of Rosamond Jewell, one of his ‘odd women,’ is the subject of Harsh’s essay. In an expert examination of Gissing’s ‘careful use of Biblical allusion’ (2:110) with reference to nineteenth-century Biblical commentary, Harsh opens up a double way of reading Rosamond – a foolish wedding attendant of ‘questionable spiritual depth’ (2:112) or a victim of unrequited love, a ‘person whose world does not afford any means of satisfying the idealistic aspirations of which she is capable’ (2:114). Harsh concludes at the end of her dense but rewarding essay that this story ‘offers no unitary resolution of the instabilities it tracks’.

‘Spellbound’ is, on the face of it, a straightforward narrative, but it is the one story in the collection which readers familiar with Gissing’s life as a writer will find ‘synthesises preoccupations that had haunted [him] for years’ (2:129) – the destructive effects of commitment to books and reading, the substitution of reading for living, the recognition of the lure of reading matter such as periodicals and magazines which is simultaneously condemned as mass culture, the non-volitional, drug-like dependency on reading matter, the investigation of states of procrastination and self-loathing. These and other topics are investigated with skill and insight in David Grylls’ essay. Although, as Grylls shows, Gissing co-opts the language of addiction to convey ‘traditional terms of confident moral disapproval’, he also points (as Gissing does in *Born in Exile*) ‘towards states of mind that exist outside of conscious volition’ (2:127), so offering a condition disconcertingly unavailable to the rhetoric of educational improvement in which the benefits of the free library was traditionally couched.

Of the stories selected for this volume ‘A Daughter of the Lodge’ is more likely than most to generate conflicting interpretations. M. D. Allen helpfully brings the story into relation to *Bleak House*, arguing that it constitutes ‘a lament at the growing, and crass, power of cash’ and that it ‘implicitly pleads in favour of “traditional rank”’ (2:143). But I remain to be persuaded. May Rockett’s confusion and lack of authenticity (she is still an immature young woman, out of sorts with her parental home, yet still dependent on her parents in ways she cannot understand) seems precisely the critical point. High on *ressentiment*, caught between forms of dependency and self-assertion, she is deliberately positioned by Gissing between

locations which figure both the incompatible culture of feudal obligation and the modernity she unconvincingly seeks through her re-definition of herself as secretary ‘to a lady with a mission – concerning the rights of women’ (2:179). This story is a fine exercise in unsentimental realism, but I’m not sure that Allen would agree.

One of the strengths of Christine Huguet’s discussion of Gissing’s late Christmas story, ‘The Pig and Whistle,’ is to show how this quite unusual instance of a Gissing rural romance emerges through comparison with other late works, such as *The Crown of Life* and *Will Warburton*. An awareness of the ‘roads not taken,’ then, becomes a means of avoiding what would be an easy argument to make – that this story offers an escapist simplification of life’s complexities, a world untouched by agricultural depression or the new imperialism. But in showing his ‘unambiguous declaration of faith in common humanity’ and in offering a ‘rare spectacle of genial innocence rewarded’ (2:151; 153), as Huguet terms it, Gissing puts the short story form to his own good use, finding in it an access to patterns usually overlaid, and so submerged. If through romantic fantasy he can relieve himself of the burden of the representation of the fin-de-siècle real, then what we have here is an endorsement of the art of narrative itself, as Gissing shows himself to be, in Huguet’s closing words, ‘a self-confident master of the fundamental structures of fiction’ (1:159).

William Greenslade, University of the West of England

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## **The Gissings’ Wakefield Circle**

### VI – The Ash Family

ANTHONY PETYT  
Wakefield

In August 1890 during a visit to his mother’s home at Stoneleigh Terrace in Agbrigg near Wakefield, George Gissing met and, according to his diary, fell in love with Constance Ash, a friend of his sisters.<sup>1</sup> Gissing and his sisters, Margaret and Ellen, had returned from a trip to Paris on 30th April and by 3rd May all three were back in the family home with their mother. For the next two months Gissing seems to have achieved very little and his diary reflects his great feelings of frustration. He records his attempts at writing and his despair at having to destroy his efforts the next day. He spent some time reading the proofs of his brother Algernon’s latest book *A*

*Village Hampden* and he lists the books he was reading and his opinions of them. He occupied some of his time in writing letters to friends and family and he took walks in the area in spite of the poor weather that summer. His diary for this period is littered with remarks such as “profound misery, blank idleness and depressed mood.”<sup>2</sup>

Constance Ash and her brother Alfred Ellis c. 1875

On 6th August his mother left Wakefield for a holiday with relatives in Ludlow. On the 8th Margaret Gissing invited Constance Ash, an old school friend and neighbour to the house at Stoneleigh Terrace for the evening. It seems that they had a musical evening and Gissing must have been impressed because he wrote in his diary "A pretty girl, who sings rather well; she interests me." The next day, after, no doubt, discussing Constance with his sister Margaret he wrote to his younger sister, Ellen, who was staying with friends in Bridlington, asking for her opinion of Constance.<sup>3</sup> His diary for 9th August simply has two words "Blank idleness" and the next day he says that he "did not open a book all day and only went out of the house for an hour in the evening." The 11th August was a better day for him for on the way to look at his mother's new house in Westfield Grove, nearer to the centre of Wakefield, he and Margaret called at the Ashes' house which was across the Doncaster Road from Stoneleigh Terrace and left a copy of *Thyrza* (with a note!) for Constance. Later that day George and Margaret received an invitation to have supper that evening with the Ash family. They duly turned up and met Mr. and Mrs. Ash, Constance's sister, Gertrude, and her younger brother, Norman. They enjoyed another musical evening with Gertrude playing the mandolin and Constance entertained them with a few songs. That night Gissing writes in his diary "I am in love with her, and there's an end of it."

Ellen must have replied to George's letter of the 9th August giving her opinion of Constance Ash and on the 12th George wrote to her again thanking her for her information. He concedes that what she had to say was doubtless true and he goes on to tell Ellen that Margaret has warned him that Constance would make a very poor housewife due to her slatternliness at home. None of this made any impression on Gissing; he had, as he said in the letter "simply fallen in love with her." George must have spent some time watching the street from the house window in the hope of seeing Constance pass by because he goes on to tell Ellen "A minute or two ago (it is morning, & I am in the den,) I saw her walking past, evidently going to the station, for Wakefield, & here I fume in rage & misery, imagining all sorts of concerns that may be occupying her—of which of course I can know nothing." He goes on to say that he must return to London as soon as his mother returns home from her holiday but before then, "I must plan & contrive to see her once or twice more." One wonders whether the Gissing sisters were being fair to Constance and were not a little jealous of her. The Gissing girls and the Ash girls had all been pupils at the newly opened Wakefield Girls' High School and knew each other well. But there was a

difference, the Ash family were rich and the Gissing family were not. The Ash family lived in a large house with lots of servants so there was no need for Constance to be a proficient housewife. They had an indulgent father and a lively younger mother who encouraged them to be more outgoing than the two Gissing sisters. George chose to ignore his sisters' advice and, rather surprisingly, on the 14th, he called alone to see the Ashes and stayed for an hour talking to Constance and Gertrude. No doubt Mrs. Ash was not too far away. The next day in a letter to his friend, Eduard Bertz, Gissing informs him that he intended to return to London and "resume my old search for some decent work-girl who will come & live with me. I am too poor to marry an equal & cannot live alone."<sup>4</sup> Did Gissing abandon his usual timidity in matters of this sort and propose to Constance and was turned down? This is highly unlikely as there is no mention of Gissing approaching Constance's parents and discussing the possibility of a marriage. Even if Constance did not know about Gissing's past and his marriage to Nell Harrison her parents certainly did and they would not have been happy about such a union. And there was Constance herself; in 1890 she was 25 years of age, perhaps she was not interested in marriage. She may well have already made plans to leave Wakefield and had told George something about her hopes for the future. On 19th August, Gissing left Wakefield and Constance was never mentioned again in his diary or in his letters. The diary entry for 24 September, a mere 48 days after he professed that he had fallen hopelessly in love with Constance Ash, records a visit to the Oxford Music Hall in London with the initials E. U. This was a reference to Edith Underwood, who was to become his second wife.

Constance's great-great-grandfather, John Ash, had lived in Wakefield from at least 1775 but it was his son, Benjamin, who was the first member of the family to become well known in the town. He was a schoolmaster and kept a small private school in Providence Street in the town.<sup>5</sup> In 1811 he was appointed to the post of Master of the Greencoats School in Westgate. This school had a double origin, being the amalgamation of two different foundations—the Storie Petty School and the Wakefield Charity School. At the time of his appointment the school was running out of space and the Governors transferred the girls department to Ash's old premises in Providence Street. Ash was appointed on a salary of £63 per year and when he retired in November 1826 he was granted a pension of 15 guineas. He died at the home of his son, Benjamin, in 1830.

Benjamin Ash was born about 1761 but we do not know where. In 1794 he married Ann Shepley at Manchester. His three eldest children were born

in various towns, Elizabeth in Ockbrook, Derbyshire, Benjamin in Malmesbury, Wiltshire and John Shepley in Fairfield, Lancashire. There were Moravian settlements at these three places which would explain Benjamin's movements. His three younger children, William, Jane and Richard were born in Wortley near Leeds in Yorkshire and baptised at the nearby Moravian Church at Fulneck. Both the daughters married and had families but they do not enter into this account. The eldest son, Benjamin (1797-1873), was a Congregational Minister; he married twice and had three daughters by his second wife. He is listed in Baine's 1822 Directory of Yorkshire as living at Lindrick House, Tickhill near Doncaster, as a dissenting minister and master of a "Gentlemen's Academy." It was at this house that his father died in 1830. Also living with Benjamin was his youngest brother Richard who had been born in 1801. Richard is thought to have had some serious health problems and he died unmarried in 1865.

Benjamin's other two sons, William and John Shepley, remained in Wakefield and both built up very successful businesses. William (1802-1860), the younger of the two, was a corn merchant with very large premises on Bridge Street near to the river Calder. He lived with his wife Ann in a large mansion, Bellefield, just over the town boundary in Sandal. His wife had been born in 1805 at Bridlington on the Yorkshire coast and was the daughter of Benjamin Collinson. William and Ann were married at Sandal Parish church in 1841 but they did not have any children. When William died in 1860 his enormous fortune of £90,000 was shared between his brothers and sisters and their children and this was to change their lives completely.

John Shepley Ash (1799-1869) was born at Fairfield near Manchester. He set up business in Wakefield as a house painter with premises at White's Yard, Westgate and later at Stock's Yard, Kirkgate. He appears to have been quite successful; the 1851 census return lists him as employing three men and in the same year he won the contract to do all the painting work in the new Wakefield Workhouse.<sup>6</sup> In 1826 he had married Harrietta Hamerton at Halifax and they had five children who were all born in Wakefield. Their eldest child and only daughter, Ann Hamerton (1828-1896) married Oliver Ellis, a woollen agent with a business based at Silcoates Mill, Wakefield. They did not have any children. The third child and second son, Benjamin (1833-1866) died unmarried of general debility at his parent's home at Heathfield in Sandal. None of the three other sons Alfred (1829-1895), John Shepley (1836-1903) and William (1840-1904) were engaged with their father in the painting trade but were employed by their



Uncle William Ash as assistants in his corn merchant's business. When William died in 1860 he left each of his brothers and sisters £1,500 each and the remainder of his estate would be shared between his nephews and nieces after the death of his widow. John Shepley Ash used his brother's legacy to buy a property, Heathfield, in the Belle Vue district of the parish of Sandal and it was at this house and in the immediate area that the main characters in this account were to reside. John Shepley Ash senior was to die in 1869 and his widow, Harrietta, eleven years later in 1880. They are both buried in Wakefield cemetery where their grave is marked by a twenty-foot high obelisk. John's three sons set themselves up as corn merchants and maltsters at Heathfield, building malt houses and other business premises on the site. At first the business did very well and in 1877 they were confident enough to build yet another maltkiln on Doncaster Road. It appears that they became over confident and only two years later the partnership was in trouble. In March of 1879 a meeting of the creditors of the company was held at the Bull Hotel at Wakefield. It was agreed that the partnership should be liquidated but in the case of the separate estates it was agreed that a composition should be accepted and this allowed the brothers to trade in the future as individuals.<sup>7</sup>

John Shepley Ash junior was to marry twice. His first wife was Barbara Ibbotson (1834-1862), she died young and there does not seem to have been any children. In 1871 he is listed on the census as a maltster and living with his widowed mother at Heathfield. He married his second wife, Katherine Mary Hobson (1849-1917), later that year and they had three children. He was reputed to be work-shy and to have a fondness for the bottle and for other women; inevitably the marriage failed. His wife left him and took her children with her back to her former home in Hampstead, London. With the break-up of his marriage it seems that he also severed any connection with the family partnership and by the time of the 1881 census he was living with his sister in Wakefield and described as "being out of business" while in 1891 he was said to be "living on his own means." By the time of the next census he was living as a lodger at Honley, a village near Huddersfield, with a Mrs. Mary Bennett, a lady who had previously lived in Sandal and may well have been known to him. He described himself as a widower although he was divorced and his former wife was still alive, and as living on his own means. John died on the 4 March 1903 and was buried two days later in the graveyard of the local parish church.



The other two sons Alfred and William were far steadier characters and they tried hard to make their businesses work. Perhaps one of the reasons for their failures was that they were too involved in outside activities and did not give their businesses the attention they required. William was born in 1840 and received much of his education at the Wakefield Grammar School. After leaving school he was employed by his uncle William as a corn merchant's clerk. Unlike his father, who did not play a great part in the life of Wakefield, he was to be a member of many organisations in the town. Along with his older brother, Alfred, he was an early member of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution and by 1862 he had gained a place on the committee. In the 1870s he was a member of the Executive Committee of the Wakefield Industrial Fine Arts Institution. He took a great interest in sport especially Rugby Football and in 1887 he was one of the subscribers to the gold medals presented to the Trinity Challenge Cup Side after they had won the Yorkshire Challenge Cup. During the 1890s he was a member of the Sandal Local Board, Chairman of the Belle Vue Brass Band and President of the Wakefield Chess Club. Perhaps the two greatest interests in his life were music and freemasonry. He was a well-known musician, with a good voice and was very prominent in musical circles. A member of at least two freemason lodges in Wakefield he eventually achieved the position of Worshipful Master of the Sincerity Lodge in 1888.

In 1867 William married his cousin, Emily Smith Roberts, at East Retford in Nottinghamshire. They set up home in Sandal and had a family of three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, William Shepley (1868-1947) became a solicitor and the second son, Percy Roberts (1870-1922) was a surgeon in Hull. The third son, Herbert Hamerton, born in 1878, lived for only a few months. Of Emily, the elder of the two daughters, who was born in 1867, little is known, but the younger one, Florence, born in 1875, married James Hamilton Mart Wallis who was employed by her father as a clerk. After retiring from business William left Wakefield and moved first to Stockport in Lancashire and then to Buxton in Derbyshire where he died on 27 April 1904.<sup>8</sup>

The eldest of John Shepley Ash's three sons was Alfred, who was the father of Constance, the object of George Gissing's unrequited love in 1890. After leaving school he was employed by his uncle William Ash as a corn merchant's clerk and after his uncle's death he and his brothers traded as corn merchants and maltsters in their own right but not with the same success. He was very active in the political and social life of Wakefield. He joined the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution at an early age, was elected

to the committee in 1853 and served as secretary on seven occasions between 1854 and 1866. He would have been well known to Thomas Waller Gissing since they were both members of the Liberal Party and both of them served as town councillors. Alfred held office, as a councillor for the Calder Ward on two occasions, 1861-1864 and 1868-1871, and in 1869-1870 was deputy Mayor of Wakefield. In the early 1880s, he was one of the leading spirits in the formation of the Sandal Local Board, of which he was the first chairman and remained a member until his death. He took a great interest in art—in his younger days he had been a teacher at the drawing classes held in Barstow Square—and in 1865 was a member of the executive committee and secretary of the Fine Arts Sub-Committee of the Wakefield Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition. Alfred exhibited 27 oil paintings including two by Stubbs in the Fine Arts section of the exhibition. The following year he was one of the original trustees of the Wakefield Industrial and Fine Arts Institution and was for many years a member of the governing committee. He also had a great passion for music, an interest he passed on to his daughters, and was prominent in the organization of the “People’s Concerts” given in the Wakefield Corn Exchange during the 1850s and 1860s, six each winter, at a charge of one shilling each.

Alfred married twice, first Emily Dawson, the daughter of Samuel Dawson, wool-stapler of Wakefield, in 1855. A son, Shepley, was born and died in 1856; Emily died two years later in 1858. Alfred married his second wife, Eliza Jane Collinson Metcalfe, in November 1864 at St. Paul’s Church, Hammersmith. Eliza was a distant cousin and seventeen years his junior. They set up home at Heathfield House and in less than five years Eliza had given birth to four children, their fifth child, Charles Norman, being born much later, in 1878. Alfred and Eliza seem to have led fairly separate lives; both were very busy in their own different ways: Eliza with her young and growing family and Alfred with his business and public duties. The family had a holiday home at Filey on the Yorkshire coast and no doubt much time was spent there during the summer months. All the children were given a good education, the boys attending Wakefield Gram-mar School and the girls Wakefield Girls’ High School. The five children, like their parents, were musical, and the daughters and possibly the sons were given the best musical training available in the district. Alfred Ash died in 1895 at the age of 66 and was buried in the family grave at Wakefield cemetery.<sup>9</sup> His widow, Eliza, was to survive him for almost forty years.

Alfred’s eldest son, Alfred Ellis Ash, was born at Wakefield in 1867. On leaving Wakefield Grammar School he attended Bradford Engineering Col-

lege. In 1885 he began a four-year engineering apprenticeship with the Cunard Steamship Company's Engine Works at Bootle, Liverpool. During this period he was to follow his other great passion in life, playing rugby football for his team, Wakefield Trinity. He took part in three finals for the Yorkshire Cup being in the winning team in 1888. In 1889 he went to sea serving as third engineer on the Cunard Line's *Malta*. The ship was wrecked off Land's End and was a total loss. He served on several more ships until in 1897 he left the sea having secured the position of works manager to the Vauxhall Engineering Company who were noted builders of marine machinery. Within two years Alfred was made a director of the company and in 1902 along with the other junior director he designed and built the first Vauxhall motorcar. However, his main interest was in marine engineering and in 1911 he joined the firm of William Esplen and Sons, marine consultants of Liverpool and he spent the next nineteen years designing and developing all types of marine engines. In 1930 he joined the Lancashire Shipping Co. Ltd. as the resident Superintendent engineer.<sup>10</sup> Alfred was married to Matilda Rood Bruce in 1893 and they had a son, Alfred Bruce, and two daughters, Doris and Matilda. His wife Matilda died in 1915 and in 1917 he married again, his second wife being Wilhelmina Sarah Abbott. Alfred died in 1940.

Charles Norman, the younger son and youngest child in the family was born at Wakefield in 1878. He was educated locally and at the time of his father's death in 1895 he was serving an apprenticeship with the Cunard Company. He must have later joined his brother at Vauxhall's because he gave his address as Vauxhall House, Luton, on his marriage certificate when he married Lynda Violet Shaddick at St. John's church, Wakefield in January 1908. They had two daughters, Lynda Beryl born 1910 and Joyce Marian born 1916. At some stage Norman left the engineering trade and he and his wife then ran a small hotel in Croydon until his death in 1953, following which his widow, Lynda, moved to a house at Gosforth, Northumberland, so as to be closer to her younger daughter, Joyce, who was at the time living in the area. On 14 April 1958 a man who had answered an advertisement she had placed in a local shop for a jobbing gardener murdered her in her home. The killer, Frank Stokes, was tried at the Leeds Assizes, found guilty, and hanged at Durham Gaol.<sup>11</sup>

The three daughters, Constance Eliza, born 1865, Gertrude, born 1868, and Maud Eleanor born 1869 were all educated at the newly opened Wakefield Girls' High School. They received a very thorough musical education, their parents employing the services of the eminent musician, Dr. William

Spark, who was the organist at Leeds town hall. The *Wakefield Express* for 8 October 1885 reports “Miss Constance and Miss Gertrude Ash, pupils of Dr. Spark, were amongst those who passed in the first class at the recent examination in Leeds before the Registrar of Trinity College of Music, London.” There are numerous accounts in the local newspapers of concerts in which the Ash sisters and, on occasion, their parents also appeared. In February 1893 at an “Entertainment” held in the Holy Trinity Parochial Rooms the Misses Gertrude and Maud Ash of Heathfield performed twelve items including a piano duet followed by “Home Sweet Home” on two banjos. There is no mention of Constance in this report because she was not living at home at that time.

In January 1882 Mrs. Ash advertised in the local press that she was opening a “Preparatory School for Girls” at Heathfield House, Wakefield. She offered resident governesses, music by a certificated teacher and dancing and callisthenics on Fridays.<sup>12</sup> No doubt Mrs. Ash herself was the music and dance teacher but her daughters were hardly old enough to be the resident governesses. In September of that year she also advertised classes in dancing and callisthenics for adults and children to be held in the Trinity Rooms, George Street, Wakefield. The next year, 1883, she advertised for day and boarding pupils at her school at Heathfield and her dancing and callisthenics lessons were continued with addition of “Lessons in Waltz, etc.” Why Mrs. Ash commenced these activities is unknown but there could be several possible reasons. Her husband’s malting business was not doing very well and perhaps they needed some extra money. It might have been a scheme to provide employment for her three daughters or it could simply be that as a much younger person than her husband she was bored and needed an interest outside the family home. The last advertisement for the school at Heathfield was in September 1884; so presumably the venture was a failure but she continued to hold her dancing classes at the Trinity Rooms with the aid of her daughters. For the next eleven years similar advertisements appeared in all the local newspapers every spring and autumn. The advertisements did vary in that some seasons the teachers were Mrs. and the Misses Ash and sometimes Mrs. and Miss Ash. This suggests that one of the daughters had left the district. This could be explained in part by the fact that in 1893 the youngest daughter, Maud, married James Shepherd Robinson at St. Catherine’s church, Belle Vue, Wakefield. James was a “Gentleman’s Outfitter” with business premises in York and after the wedding they took up residence in that city. When Alfred Ash died in 1895 his widow and his unmarried children continued to

live at Heathfield House but in the census returns for 1901 Mrs. Ash is listed as living at 11 South Parade, Wakefield. She is described as a widow living on her own means and keeping boarders. The household consisted of Mrs. Ash, a sole lodger, Gerrard Howe, a law clerk aged 24 and two servants. There is no mention of her two unmarried daughters. Gertrude must have been staying elsewhere on the day of the census; by this time Constance had left home and was listed as a Teacher of Physical Culture and as a lodger with the Jackson family at 21 Compton Street, Derby.

In September 1901, the advertisements recommence stating that Mrs. and Miss Ash will teach the “Leading Society Dances at 11 South Parade.” About this time Mrs Ash published a small book, *The New Guide to Dancing*, which was printed by the West Yorkshire Printing Co. Ld. and cost one shilling. The following year, 1902, the dance classes were advertised again with the addition of lessons by Miss Ash, presumably Gertrude, in piano, banjo and mandolin. In 1903 Gertrude married her mother’s lodger, Gerrard Howe. One wonders whether Mrs. Ash disapproved of the match because the couple were married at St. Barnabas’ church, Lambeth and not in Wakefield. Several members of the Ash family signed the marriage register as witnesses but not Gertrude’s mother and there were no announcements of the marriage in the Wakefield newspapers. In September 1906 an entirely different notice was placed in the Wakefield newspapers: “DANCING AND GRACE CULTURE, MISS CONSTANCE ASH (known professionally as Miss Ashmore), with competent Assistants, will continue the

usual classes formerly held in Wakefield and neighbourhood by her sister, Miss G. Ash, when she hopes she may receive some kind support from the clientele. Classes in London, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, etc. Highest references. Address Letters, c/o Mr. Dunnill, Westgate.”<sup>13</sup> It seems that Constance had set herself up as a peripatetic dancing teacher and held classes in London and the Midlands and, after Gertrude had stopped teaching following her marriage, she was helping her mother in the “family business.” Another development had occurred a few years earlier. Maud, the youngest sister, moved back to Wakefield with her husband, James Robinson, and their two children, James and Kathleen. Her husband died soon after, during a visit to London in 1907 and her mother left the house in South Parade to live with her. Constance advertised her lessons again the following year this time giving an address at Leicester but telling prospective pupils that particulars could be obtained from 8 St. John’s North. No classes were held the following year but they recommenced in 1909 under the tutelage of “Mrs. Robinson (Late Miss Maud Ash), St. John’s North.” Maud and assistants continued the classes until September 1914 when they ceased altogether.

Nothing more was heard of Constance in Wakefield for many years and eventually all members of the Ash family apart from Gertrude left the city. Mrs. Ash moved to the south of the country and she died in the Newlands Park Nursing Home, Sydenham on 20 May 1934 at the age of 87. The widowed Maud was living in Lancashire at the time of her mother’s death and she died at Bromborough, Cheshire in September 1956. Her son, James, never married, her daughter, Kathleen, married Thomas Bleckly in 1932 and a daughter, Diana Jill, was born in 1935. Gertrude and her husband Gerrard Howe spent their entire married life in Wakefield. Gerrard was a local government officer and worked for the West Riding County Council. The marriage was childless and after Gertrude died in 1950 Gerrard moved first to East Croydon and then to Dorking where he died in 1953.

We do not know exactly where Constance lived or how she supported herself after the beginning of the First World War. Her mother did not leave a will, presumably there was nothing to be bequeathed to her children. At the time of her mother’s death in 1934 Constance was already 69 years of age and had probably given up her dancing lessons by then. Possibly her only means of support would be the small state pension she was entitled to receive. We do know from members of the family that Constance was in the habit of writing letters asking for money and that from time to time she made prolonged visits to them. In 1948 the name, Constance Ashmore,



appeared on the voters list for her sister Gertrude's house at 80 Manygates Lane, Sandal, Wakefield. Her name did not appear the following year. Constance must have lived mainly in the London area, probably in small flats or even in council accommodation. She may well have spent her last years in an old people's home. The end came at the age of 90 when she suffered a stroke; she was admitted to the Queen's Hospital, Croydon, where she died on 12 June 1956.<sup>14</sup> She was buried in the Mitcham Road Cemetery, Croydon, on 22 June 1956, in a public grave and her funeral expenses were paid for by the state.<sup>15</sup> What would have become of Constance if George Gissing had been bold enough to propose marriage to her and she had accepted? She almost certainly would not have been laid to rest in a pauper's grave with three complete strangers. Poor Constance!

[I am indebted to three members of the Ash family, Rosemary Ash, Jill Bleckly and Mark Stanley for help in writing this article. A.P.]

<sup>1</sup> Pierre Coustillas, ed., *Diary of George Gissing*, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 224.

<sup>3</sup> *Collected Letters of George Gissing*, vol. 4, p. 231.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 232.

<sup>5</sup> J. W. Walker, *Wakefield, Its History and People*, p. 375.

<sup>6</sup> *Wakefield Journal & West Riding Herald*, 22 August 1851, p. 4, col. 4.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 15 March 1879, p. 6, col. 5.

<sup>8</sup> Obituary, *Wakefield Express*, 30 April, p. 7, col. 7.

<sup>9</sup> Obituary, *Wakefield Journal & West Riding Herald*, 10 August 1895, p. 8, col. 5.

<sup>10</sup> Biographical Sketches, *The Shipbuilder and Marine Engine-Builder*, November 1932, p. 517.

<sup>11</sup> *Yorkshire Post*, 24 July 1958.

<sup>12</sup> *Wakefield Journal & West Riding Herald*, 28 January 1882, p. 4, col. 7.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 15 September 1906, p. 4, col. 6.

<sup>14</sup> Her death certificate states that cause of death was cerebral thrombosis.

<sup>15</sup> Constance Ashmore (Ash) was buried in grave number 21696/Section W2, Croydon Cemetery, Mitcham Road, Croydon on 22 June 1956; she shares the grave with Albert George Laundry (he was also buried on 22 June 1956), Alice Cushway and Hilda Ann Whitton.

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**“His favourite work,—education.”**  
**The Letters of Eduard Bertz to Heinrich Rehfeldt, 1880**

## Introduction

The following five letters, published here for the first time in English and in unabridged form, represent the earliest preserved correspondence of Eduard Bertz; older autographs – letters of 1876 to Otilie Wildermuth, author in Tübingen; of 1877 to Eugen Dühring, professor of philosophy and national economy, just expelled from his university chair in Berlin; of 1877 to c. 1882 to Albert Dulk, playwright, freethinker and left-wing Social Democrat – must be considered lost.

In the lines to the friend of his youth, Heinrich Rehfeldt,<sup>1</sup> we get to know Bertz in a phase of transition. He had parted with political journalism, an activity reflected in the sixteen articles which he wrote for the *Berliner Freie Presse* and published between November 1877 and June 1878; yet Bertz was occasionally visited by two leading social democrats, representatives of the party's left wing and exiles from Germany under the Bismarckian Anti-Socialist Laws like himself. Bertz had just begun his literary writing<sup>2</sup> presumably dedicated to his young half-brother Friedrich; however, we cannot yet say that he had a sound self-image as an author, the less so since Bertz during this period was unable to even dream of establishing himself in the book market. Far away from home and continuously on the verge of financial despair, he finally used a substantial amount of money obviously inherited in order to realize his high standards of culture and scholarliness by working towards a PhD. Similarly, Bertz's high demands for education tempted him – and allowed him to find some kind of self-support – to vehemently involve himself in the future care of Friedrich in case the latter should lose his father.

Education as the most important influence on a person's life: these early letters show very clearly what had already become Bertz's dominating subject and what was to mark his literary as well as his journalistic and essayistic work of the future.<sup>3</sup> The note which he struck with Rehfeldt was a pressing one – we may assume that it was either an expression of his guilt for having left his family in exchange for a politically safe haven in France, or rather a narcissistic one out of desperation at not being the main guardian accompanying and influencing young Friedrich's development. In addition, Bertz must have felt helpless concerning his 47-year old mother whom he deeply revered but, according to his standards, also believed to be

incapable of having the strength and the pedagogic sensitivity needed for her youngest son.

With regard to both his whereabouts and his activities Bertz was also in a transitory stage. We do not know what exactly he did at the very beginning of his stay in London: “reviews and such-like work,” or “scientific papers” as he later put it, are hints open to speculation; employment as a teacher at a girls’ school in Worthing, in the early spring of 1879, did not last and merely enabled him to survive economically rather than realize educational ideals. The opportunity of using a small fortune indeed served his purposes well; he could free himself of the constraints of earning money and continue his studies begun at Leipzig and Tübingen as well as pursue and deepen further-reaching intellectual interests which were to secure him a better position after finishing his thesis.<sup>4</sup> The housing conditions in Tottenham resemble those he had to cope with twelve years later at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder where Bertz, in his own words, lived as an “inwardly content bookworm” yet was still seeking intellectual contacts. He was to give up the seclusion of Tottenham – interrupted only by Gissing’s regular visits – six months after the last letter to Rehfeldt; he moved to Westbourne Park, Notting Hill, London, near to where Gissing lived, and was then probably busy preparing for his journey to Rugby, Tennessee, in late July 1881.<sup>5</sup>

The agrarian colony founded there in 1880 by Thomas Hughes was a project based on educational ideas; it was to help young Will Wimbles from England to find a decent occupation in accordance with their abilities, needs and desires, something which their home country could not procure for them in spite of their talents and school qualifications.<sup>6</sup> Bertz, we may conclude, seemed to have been in the right place there. His failure as a farmer in the backwoods of Tennessee is one thing; his success as the colony’s first librarian, i.e. as an organiser of, and educator through, printed knowledge, is another.

**Editor’s Note:** Bertz wrote his letters to Rehfeldt in the old German hand called Sütterlin. All non-German words or expressions as well as titles of books or periodicals, however, were written with Latin characters and are now reproduced throughout in italics. One title and two expressions originally in ancient Greek as well as all underlinings remain unchanged.

The autograph letters are held by The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, New Haven, CT, and were published in German, in an abridged version, in *Zeitschrift für Germanistik. Neue Folge* VI, No. 2/1996, pp. 414-427.

## Letter 1

Pammenter Cottage/ Summer-Hill Road,/ West Green Park./  
Tottenham,/ Middlesex, England./ 4 March 1880.

Dear friend,

In your last letter of 26 November 1878, you promised to take on the guardianship of my little Fritz<sup>7</sup> should he ever lose his father<sup>8</sup>. I have received a letter from my mother<sup>9</sup> this evening informing me that such a situation is at hand. A few weeks ago a blood clot formed in Winckler's left arm, which has since spread from his fingertips to his armpit; paralysis of the heart must now be just a matter of time. It is already too late to amputate his arm; Winckler does not seem to have reported his complaint soon enough. Two doctors are now treating him, and from the tone in which my mother writes, I must assume that his case is hopeless.

This is very sad for my dear mother. I am in exile,<sup>10</sup> Robert<sup>11</sup> is in Australia; Winckler's children<sup>12</sup> from his first marriage are disagreeable people; and my grandparents, who celebrated their golden anniversary last year, are old and infirm; just recently I had a long letter from my grandfather, who is still bright and clear in his thoughts, but physically very frail; he writes that we will not see each other again, that this is his last letter to me, and that he expects to die soon. So you can imagine how helpless my mother is; and all the more so because her houses have become a dreadful burden to her over the years, as she is constantly worrying about the payment of rents. I bitterly bewail the fact that I cannot come to her aid.

As Winckler's second son died of consumption last year, there are now only six children left from his first marriage: three daughters, the eldest of whom is married, the younger two being still at home, and three sons. The eldest of these is in Romania, but will be called home now in order to take over his father's businesses; the second is in America, the third somewhere on an apprenticeship; this latter, I believe, is the only one who has not yet reached his majority.

Winckler leaves a completely regulated will, so that no difficulties will ensue for the guardian in dealing with his financial assets; should you still be prepared to assume this office, you will not find the expenditure of time, I hope, all that significant.

Now the question is whether Winckler himself has named a guardian in this will or by oral agreement. The latter is the case, I fear; although I have

already spoken with my mother of my wish to choose you, her husband showed no interest in my choice because he did not know you personally. He has always been a highly unselfish and very righteous man, and my grandparents love him like a son. But he was also a wrong-headed fellow with narrow Philistine views, and in spite of my sincere efforts to prepare the way for a relationship of mutual trust with him, everything was undone by his cranky prejudices, and I always have the feeling that he stands between my mother and me in an unfriendly and detached way. Therefore you must understand that he didn't want to know anything about my friend.

If he has now chosen another guardian, then this may well lead to an unpleasant fight. Fritz is tender-hearted, yet I am afraid that he is also a somewhat spoiled child. He is now 5½ years old, and so he can perhaps stay with his mother for a few more years; but certainly he must not remain with her for too long; for she is weak and has already proved only too well that she understands nothing about bringing up children.

I myself will probably be able to return unmolested to Germany in about 3½ years;<sup>13</sup> but for how long and what my life will then be like is hard to say at this time; for this reason I do not know whether I can play an active part in the child's upbringing.<sup>14</sup> However, it would be very sad if I were not permitted to have an indirect influence on his childhood; and because of Winckler's arrangements, this is still possible. In any case I will fight for all I am worth; for I dread the thought of the child also becoming the victim of irrational despotism. A good upbringing can be an infinite blessing; the future suffering and conduct of a human being is dependent on it; and where it is neglected or managed badly, the result is hate and bitterness for the rest of one's life. Hence I wish, if I cannot at present take care of the boy myself, that he be given into the hands of a man whose excellent character, pedagogical skill, and psychological insight are deserving of complete trust; and so that nothing stands in the way of this, you, my friend, and not a narrow-minded bourgeois, uneducated person, must assume the office of guardian; for only then will I have the security of knowing that the child will be cared for in the right way and with my involvement.

Of course I know very well how limited your time is, and it is not without anxiety that I present you with this trouble now. But you are my oldest, best, and dearest friend, even though you have broken off the outward signs of contact; and after having tolerated your silence with patience, understanding, and undiminished trust, I know, in a serious situation, such as now, that I may demand an act of sacrifice from you; my heart tells me that what I would do for you, I may also ask you to do. Should it therefore be

necessary in the next few months for you to set aside your professional obligations for two or three days in order to introduce yourself personally to my mother and to arrange everything with her, am I not right in thinking, my dear friend, that you would willingly and happily make this sacrifice for me?

And now I wish to make a cordial request of your wife. You were once pleased to be able to welcome me into your home; but events have postponed our reunion until a distant, uncertain time in the future. Let me hope then that, when he has grown up a little, the little fellow may sometimes stay with you for a week during school holidays. I know what good the friendly interest of a noble woman can kindle in a young person, and I have boundless confidence in the kind-heartedness of your Elise. I am right in thinking, am I not, my dear friends, that you want to help me and my poor mother, and watch over the child which is her and my fondest hope?

An abundance of work has prevented me until now from thanking you, sister Elise, for your dear, lovely letter of September, which so deeply touched me. In it you described your charming, quiet life, your happiness, and your joy, in such fine, clear lines that I can now quite consciously live with you. And it deeply warmed my heart to hear you speak so proudly and joyously of Heinrich's activities and creativity; and you know that I share your pride and value my friend highly. Please, please, let me hear often of your life; such letters fill my whole room with sunshine. I must also kindly thank you for the lovely pictures. It certainly surprised me that Heinz should have put on so much weight; however the smaller photographs will serve to complement the larger ones. The friendly photograph of you two together I have put in a leather frame, and it is now on my mantelpiece in the shadow of the Homer bust and reminds me all the time of the home of the heart which I know awaits me at the house of my distant friends.

Even without there being an unhappy reason, I would have written to you fairly soon; because, as you see at the top of the letter, I have a new address; for the past three weeks I have been living in the countryside; Tottenham lies a few miles north of London. I have undertaken this change because I will thereby save 208 Marks rent per year and, above all, because I love the stillness of the countryside more than the noise and the dark brown fog of London; I rarely go into town, though I can reach it by train very quickly. I suppose I would have moved out further, preferably to the seaside, were it not for a dear English friend I have in London, George Gissing, who comes out to Tottenham twice a week in the evenings. I live in a lovely, small, detached house in the middle of a big garden which I am

allowed to use. Ivy, honeysuckle, vine and roses entwine in front of the windows. The house belongs to an old widowed gardener<sup>15</sup> who lives alone with his daughter on the ground floor; the two rooms on the top floor belong to me; I have arranged them quite cosily with my books and furniture; I live here much more comfortably than in London.<sup>16</sup> The owners are Catholics, which is unusual in England; the daughter makes nun's clothing and plans to eventually enter a convent; she tends to my needs like a compassionate sister; I have never had such a caring landlady. Open fields and fresh air surround me; this does me the world of good; and the small house – *parva domus, magna quies*;<sup>17</sup> I have never been able to enjoy such profound silence whilst working.

The change of address came about as the consequence of past struggles and marks the beginning of a new chapter in my life. The struggle for existence in exile had become more difficult than I had expected, so that some changes became necessary. The last time I wrote to you, I believed I could secure regular earnings<sup>18</sup> by working as a tutor; I discovered, however, that my time and strength were so absorbed by the work that it made it impossible for me to carry on my studies; and as I was offered various literary assignments around this time, I thought I would once again try my hand at journalism; for four months I wrote reviews and such-like work, which were printed here and there,<sup>19</sup> though they were too insignificant to deserve further mention. In October I wrote a fairly long novella in eleven chapters called "Horace" which is still making the rounds in Germany; I will let you know when it is published.<sup>20</sup> I have also written four fairy tales and children's stories for my Fritz; when the occasion arises I will see to it that my mother sends them to you for a time. I hope to accumulate enough stories to make a volume.<sup>21</sup>

However, what makes me eternally unfit to follow a career in journalism is my conscientiousness; I cannot review a book without having first read it. Consequently, since the remuneration is so small, the work absorbed not only my days, but my nights too; for a long while I was only going to bed on every second day in the week; and even so the pecuniary earnings for my dreadful exertions proved to be so trifling that it was impossible to live on them. Yet the bitterest thing of all, with such work, was the impossibility of ever getting myself off the treadmill through my studies.

So, finally, I have drawn upon my small capital the interest on which is scarcely sufficient to meet half the cost of living here in England; it secures me ten to twelve years of carefree existence; during this time I can follow at leisure my own inclinations in my choice of projects and, never being

*invita minerva*,<sup>22</sup> write as I please; I can continue to study in quiet and sit for the exams which I still have to take, here or in Germany, and then take up an official post in which I may work according to my abilities. For the first time in many years I am once again free of worries; this will give my work a new momentum and lend wings to my hopes.

To achieve my purpose, it was once again necessary to go back to the beginnings. Certainly, by preoccupying myself with the works of Horace and Homer I have retained sufficient knowledge of the classical languages; yet it has been desirable for the time being to proceed somewhat more systematically, so for the past three weeks I have begun to work my way through Freund's *Prima*.<sup>23</sup> But as this by no means absorbs my time, I also cultivate the higher arts. If I require a book which I do not possess, I can consult it at the library of the British Museum to which I have a reader's ticket; on the whole, however, I can say that my library has gradually attained a wonderful completeness in the pedagogical department, and especially in the area of philosophy; my next objective, now that I have the tools to hand, is to attain the title of Doctor of Philosophy, which, as Avenarius advises me, who is himself professor there, I want to collect soon in Zürich.<sup>24</sup> For the present I am mainly devoting myself to the classical age; I am currently reading Plato's *Θεαίτητος*.<sup>25</sup>

I hope and intend to banish all signs of reckless adventure from my future life and to give to it a serious and dignified shape, and thinking of my good mother will give me the necessary strength.<sup>26</sup>

That I have not become alienated to the study of modern languages is owing to my life in England; I seldom have the opportunity to speak German. George Gissing, who is more familiar with English and French literature, and more literary than I am, sees to it that I do not become all too abstract by persuading me to read, *vi et armis*,<sup>27</sup> now an English novel, now a French one. Last autumn he completed his ambitious first book, a social novel in three-volumes. It will be published at the end of this month or at the beginning of the next; it is already at the printers'; the title is *Workers in the Dawn* (*Arbeiter in der Morgendämmerung*). Straight after finishing the novel, Gissing read the manuscript to me; it took five full days, from early to late. Then I sketched a new chapter which he inserted into the new novel, about university life in Germany and the study of German philosophers.<sup>28</sup> Gissing is four years younger than I, and it is therefore not surprising that in some parts his book shows traces of his youthfulness, i.e. a certain lack of humble tolerance, of that Goethean sympathy with sin as with sickness; his idealism sometimes expresses itself sternly and intole-



rantly. This is a phase which I recognise well enough in my own development; but I know that inner experience tempers this as one matures. Aside from the few obvious faults here and there, the book is written with a great, noble, and free spirit; a detailed knowledge of life and of social relations as well as deep reflection have gone into the book. But, above all, the characterisation is wonderful, striking, shrewd, dramatic, and yet always true to life. In addition there is, besides its noteworthy humour, a beautiful use of language, a strength and fullness of expression and, at times, a deeply moving pathos which gripped me so strongly at one point that I jumped up and ran to the window to hide the tears that were pouring forth. In these respects, the work stands head and shoulders above the common tendentious and sensational novel, and it is, moreover, deliberately not aimed at making the mouths of the mob widen with lascivious delight. Nevertheless there is a powerful strain of revolt against English prudery and bigotry in the novel. I expect a significant success.

It is an especially pleasing thought that I was, to some extent, the motivating influence behind the book. Though already begun, by the time I first met Gissing, it had been abandoned for several months; he was living in an unhappy marriage and under depressing circumstances and had lost his courage and strength. Then I advised him to resume writing the book and, whilst encouraging him daily with new belief, continued to exert my influence; and thus it was that I saw the work grow under my eyes to its completion.

Are you aware that Hamel published (at Wilhelm Werther's in Rostock) a poem last year, half in prose, half in verse, *Ein Wonnejahr* [A Blissful Year]?<sup>29</sup> The little book has been reviewed by various parties with gushing praise, so I had my mother send me a copy. It is obstinately and deliberately intended to be unpopular; there is much bombast and visionary reflection without any real deeper or freer thinking, a second flowering of romanticism, and singing of the love of women. At the same time, for all that, it has a pure, beautiful, and noble idealism, which rightfully deserves praise; and it was precisely this quality which, some time later I admit, induced me to address a few congratulatory lines to Hamel to which he happily responded, also asking after you and telling much about his life. He is a doctor of philosophy and a secondary schoolteacher in Helsingfors (Finland) and has already been married for three years. He has a two-year old daughter and a baby boy. He is not satisfied with his position; he is angry at Germany because it does not grant him a place in the prytaneum<sup>30</sup>

and allows his genius to suffer; the favourable reviews which he was actually fortunate to get, have clearly not diminished his vanity.

It is now ten years, my dear Heinz, since we first met and became friends. Do you still remember that on 8 March 1870, my birthday, we went for our first walk together across the Oder Bridge and further on; it was a happy omen for me. And I believe our friendship has stood the test of time; you are dearer to me now than on that first day; and I believe, in later years, when I, as a mature person, am allowed to return to my homeland, we will once again become close.

Now regarding the guardianship, my friend, please notify me soon, even if in a short note, whether you are still willing and able to take on this responsibility, as long as Winckler does not decide otherwise, so that I can discuss the matter with my mother. For my part, I will give you the crucial news as soon as possible.

Farewell for the present and be happy with your dear Elise. And turn your thoughts often to my rural retreat. I wish you continued growing satisfaction from your wonderful, and most blessed profession; happy the man who can heal the pains of the suffering!

In constant love

Your faithful friend

Eduard Bertz

## Letter 2

Pammenter Cottage,/ Summer-Hill Road,/ West Green Park,  
Tottenham/ Middlesex, England./

On Palm Sunday/ and at the beginning of/ spring 1880 [21 March]

My dear friend,

It was in a letter from my mother of 15 March that I first received the pious news, admittedly to my surprise and probably yours too, of Winckler's progressive recovery. At the time the report was written his life was no longer in danger, and on the same day for the first time the doctor did not make a visit. The crisis was reached when he fell into a deep state of unconsciousness whereupon his condition stabilised and there was continued improvement; he has now been prescribed different medication, without digitalis. Whether the doctor's assurance to my mother that a relapse is not to be feared is a token gesture of consolation, I do not know; I

also have no idea in what way his condition has improved, and whether he can use his arm again; is such a recovery possible after having a blood clot? – At any rate, this turn of events, the way things are at present, can only be for my mother’s best; for she is weak and has also been ailing herself for years, so that she had to spend last summer in Salzingen with my grandparents and Fritz; she would find a solitary existence hard to endure, and I wish her to have the peace of mind she enjoyed in former days at least until I am able to offer her happier prospects. This is, of course, still problematic.

Although Winckler knew from mother of my wish to give you guardianship of the child, he had nonetheless named someone else, and only in the event of this person refusing the office, was the decision to be left to my mother. As I suspected, this *curator designatus*<sup>31</sup> is a bourgeois, and a royal purveyor to the court besides, namely a tradesman called Albert Blankenstein. He is Winckler’s neighbour; even so, there has been absolutely no personal contact between them; hence a sincere interest in Fritz is not to be thought of; but even if this were the case, it is scarcely to be expected that there could be any real understanding. One other stipulation W. has made is that after his death Fritz should be put in a boarding school.

My mother completely agrees, as I said, with your choice, and she asks me to thank you from the heart for your obligingness in this matter. Yet she now makes the objection that supervision from afar is not really possible. That it is not easy we certainly do not deny; it depends mainly on who is making the important decisions, and on preventing the despotic rule of a Philistine; and so the most important thing will be accomplished when a truly trustworthy man is found in whose hands the main work is to be placed. You do understand that I want to have and must have an equal share in the guardianship, though from afar, and that I intend, with your help, to gain control over the boy’s future well-being; but however difficult it may be to find the right means of doing this, together we will be of more help to the child than a short-sighted bourgeois.

Naturally, a *Diogeneslaterne*<sup>32</sup> will have to be carried about in search of a boarding-school director. If, according to Winckler’s intention, the designated guardian chooses a “good” boarding school, the boy will perhaps land in one modelled after Steinhausen,<sup>33</sup> and be ruined in body and soul. With what fury do I think of that weakling Steinhausen and the corruption which gathered around him wherever he went; I wish I had never seen him; and I feel deeply sorry for every young soul who had to be formed under his influence. In making our choice we must ensure we avoid such dangers, and to do this will require the greatest care and the undertaking of extensive

inquiries; this is something we won't be able to do on our own; but there are several people who are quite willing to advise us, for example, Reichenberg,<sup>34</sup> Mahr,<sup>35</sup> and Avenarius.

But we haven't reached that stage yet. At any rate, even if that Philistine were to receive the guardianship, his choice of a boarding school would nonetheless require my mother's consent; therefore I can hope to retain some influence. At one time I considered having Fritz come over to England for a couple of years, had I obtained a position in a good educational establishment; however, the few good schools to be found (the majority are in the hands of adventurous rogues) are extremely expensive, and a position at one is, in view of my political situation<sup>36</sup> which deprives me of all recommendation, at present not to be and perhaps never to be counted upon; and that being the case, he had better stay in Germany.

Now my mother begs me to come to an understanding with Winckler so as to make him better disposed towards my wishes. Yet she herself adds that he reads my letters; so how can I ever hope to have any direct influence on him when he is not willing to meet me half way, and after I have always found him to be a prejudiced and unreasonable blockhead, always standing in the way, in matters concerning myself? Hence I do not feel like having endless arguments with him when, as so often before, they always prove to be in vain. I don't want to tell you specifically about these experiences; I only need say that for a long time I showed Winckler the best of intentions and goodwill until the simple-mindedness of my mother's letters made me realise that he sought systematically to fill her with mistrust, and then it became too much for me. In short, my trust in him is irrevocably at an end.

He has highly perverse ideas about education and the duties of parents with regard to their children. According to him children owe their parents everything, but in return the parents owe them nothing; and if, as a consequence of a deficient upbringing, the child turns out badly, then the humane father feels justified in banishing him. The last time I visited them in Potsdam, his son, Hans, who has since died of consumption, was in hospital. Everyone went to bed at ten, while I was inclined to work for a few more hours. My room was upstairs, as was Winckler's bedroom too. However, his sons slept downstairs where there was also an empty bed. One night I went downstairs and unexpectedly came upon Winckler in the corridor in his underwear. In answer to my inquiry, he explained that Hans had been visited in hospital by a friend from Berlin and had gone out with him; he was then so late in returning to the hospital that it had closed for the night, and was now prowling around the house trying to get one of the

boys to let him in so that he could spend the night in the spare bed. But just this Winckler wanted to prevent, and that is why he himself was sleeping downstairs in that spare bed; Hans had thus to pass the night on the streets. And that is what happened. This is how a father who glorifies in his Christianity treated his dying son; (for even then no one was in any doubt that Hans only had a few months to live). Since then I have passed all judgement on Winckler, so the fact that he has gone on to say nasty things about me behind my back is of rather less concern to me than otherwise; but I have grown to deeply dislike him, and I don't want to have anything to do with him. For this reason I have only taken a personal interest in his illness in so far as it affects the fate of my mother and the child.

From what I have personally observed, the weakness of both parents which in Winckler is sheer unreasonableness, has perhaps already badly spoilt Fritz; for the most important part of an upbringing, the formative element, surely occurs during the infant years. I have to confess to you now that my interest in him would diminish considerably, were he to develop into a commonplace individual without the aspirations of an idealist. For the present, however, when perhaps much can still be altered for the better and the mind can still be given its proper direction, I am dreadfully uneasy, and it seems to me as though his father's ongoing recovery is to be regarded as less a joy for Fritz than a misfortune.

For all that I don't think we should give up the idea of the guardianship, even if it does not recommend itself to influence W. directly. First of all I will repeat the essential details in my letters to my mother so that the proposal is not easily forgotten at home; and it seems to me advisable for you to write to my mother yourself. You are already in personal contact with her, so this will seem quite natural. I suggest that you congratulate her on Winckler's recovery and then, with the proper care and consideration for Winckler's consent, tell her you are prepared, and why you are prepared, to assume the office should it become necessary. In that case W. would no longer have the excuse that you are a complete stranger. I beg you to think about this and to break your usual silence at least for the present, in consideration of the fact that we are working towards the realisation of a work to which I attach great importance. My mother's address is: Frau Ida Winckler, Brandenburger Str. 42, Potsdam.

I wish very much that you would keep your promise and tell me something of your life and your activities; it is so sad when old friendships are lost to the distant past.

I may add that I am now leading a highly philosophical and, if not an altogether happy, then a somewhat resigned existence, which is characterised by *ἄλπιον*<sup>37</sup> and quiet work. Were my funds to last, I would prefer to continue in this way until the end of my days. Apart from Gissing who comes out to see me on two evenings a week, I see absolutely no one; but my books and my sense of well-being in the countryside are sufficient in themselves to help me to overcome any feeling of loneliness, even without my menagerie. As it happens I have provided my canary with a female companion, and the two of them whizz around my study in a merry state of love and harmony; moreover, for about a fortnight now, that is since my birthday, I have owned a dog which plays with a ball on the carpet before the fireplace and bounds ahead of me on my walks through the fields. This animal really gives me a lot of joy and has become very, very dear to me.

Please receive my heartfelt thanks for today, dearest friend! I send you and your beloved Elise warm greetings and remain

Yours faithfully

Eduard Bertz.

### Letter 3

Pammenter Cottage,/ Summer-Hill Road,/ West Green,/ Tottenham./ Middlesex – England./ 30 June 1880.

Dear friend,

Since the summer season is hopefully a skilful assistant in the treatment of your patients, you will perhaps have some leisure in reading a couple of things I have written. I cannot remember whether I told you about the novella “Horace” which I wrote in October. Be that as it may, I have not been able to get it published, and according to my own rather moderate opinion of the novella, rightly so. Yet even though the novella may be of little interest to the public, there will still be some people, who, out of affection for the author, would want to read it; that is why I am now sending my manuscript on a round journey through Germany. Firstly it is going to Robert Habs,<sup>38</sup> who is recovering from a serious illness at his mother’s home in Randau-on-the-Elbe; I am sending it to him with Gissing’s *Workers in the Dawn* which you are unfortunately unable to read. Habs is passing it on to my mother and my old and fragile grandfather; thereafter my mother is supposed to send it on to you; and I would like you to pass it on to: Otto Geib,<sup>39</sup> cand. jur.[.] pr. adr. Frau Professor Geib, Neckarhalde,

Tübingen. Geib will see to it that Reichenberg receives the package, and he is asked to send the manuscript back to me. I won't make any excuses to you now about the poor quality of the novella; I believe I know what is wrong with it and I do not expect to earn any credit for recognising this; I am not, as I said, intent on receiving criticism, but on offering my friends the chance to glance at a stillborn project, before I put it away forever.

The *Jahrbuch*<sup>40</sup> has finally appeared, in which there are three reviews<sup>41</sup> from my pen, all written last October, two bearing my name (though against my wish and without my knowledge), the third about an English book by Nicholson (*The Effects of Machinery on Wages*) signed E. B. These were done on commission because I needed the money at the time; in fact I received 150 Marks for them; however, I would not have done them, if I had not been able to count on retaining my anonymity, as the book is of a political character. Nevertheless I have nothing to regret; the socialism that I advocate is above the party, and in any case I intentionally set out to give my independent opinion in the articles. Because of this you will be able to read the articles with sympathy, and I will make sure a copy of the *Jahrbuch* is sent to you from Zürich. Please receive this as a memento of my friendship.

How are you and your beloved Elise? If all you have is your health, you will certainly not be lacking anything, as you carry the roots of happiness in your hearts. God bless you both.

I was quite ill myself and tired for a while; but the warm weather helped me to get better, and when on a recent walk I had the good fortune to save a boy from drowning,<sup>42</sup> it really pleased me to know that I am not a completely useless person. Gissing is at the seaside, so I am all alone until he returns; still I have my dog as a consolation. This is my second, though; for the first, Puck, a small dog, and the offspring of a street-dwelling rat-catcher, was a hopelessly dirty and disloyal brute which I gave away after fourteen weeks of torment. The one I have now is a magnificent Highland collie of a noble breed, i.e. prize-winning parents, which I received straight from Scotland. Robert Burns often praised the caste<sup>43</sup>; in terms of intelligence and loyalty one cannot find a better breed of dog. You can imagine how happy that makes a lonely person. How is your pincher Boy? My dear Highlander is called Don<sup>44</sup> (pronounced in German like the Russian river).

Have you read Hamel's *Wonnejahr* [A Blissful Year]? You should do so, then you can compare it with his letters which I attach and ask you to return when you are finished with them. In his last letter he writes in his own defence about my "change of attitude" which, however, in so far as I

expressed it to him, only encapsulates what I say in the *Jahrbuch*; he had no right to reproach me like that; but as he is determined to make a brilliant career at all costs and to become an unprincipled rogue, it is his aim to drag others down into murky waters. An astonishing naivety, and how disgusting. I still do not know whether I should answer him; but if I do, then it will be only to say *Noli me tangere!*<sup>45</sup> Of course it will only be a matter of time before he produces a hymn to Saint Bismarck<sup>46</sup> in duodecimo. Then he will probably become a privy councillor.

Winckler has fully recovered. I have not written to him again. My mother is afraid that his choice of another guardian which embittered me, may also have hurt you, and so she asks you to take the circumstances into consideration. According to her, had Winckler died, you would have nonetheless assumed the office. Although he has survived, they are thinking of putting the boy in a boarding school; he seems to have become utterly spoilt at home; both parents are weak. God knows, we, meaning you and I, will continue to stand by him. Yet his upbringing will be a difficult business, and the more earnestly I watch for signs (from afar), the more I give up all hope; I am afraid he is too much like his father, and nothing can be done about that; the members of the family I have come to know are limited, and partly thoroughgoing Philistines, partly really common types.

I send you and your dear wife hearty greetings, my friend, and remain as ever

Your faithful

Eduard Bertz

#### Letter 4

Pammenter Cottage,/ Summer-Hill Road,/ West Green,/ Tottenham,/ (Middlesex – England.)/ 15 July 1880.

Dear friend,

Your kind letter pleased me deeply. Today I am writing to you in all haste only a short reply because I want to rearrange the order of those who are to receive my novella; it will be best if Geib in Tübingen is the last to read it and then sends it on to me in England; I ask you therefore not to send the manuscript to him, but to Mahr the mining manager at Ilmenau in Thüringen. At the same time I thought you and Elise would perhaps also like to read the four fairy tales or children's stories I have written for Fritz, and which I may in time augment to make a book. They are in my mother's



possession, and I will ask her to send them to you together with the novella. If you would then kindly pass them on to Mahr; later he is to split them up, so as to send the fairy tales back to my mother, and the novella to Reichenberg.

Do not laugh at my determination to find a public for my immature efforts; what I seek is not so much the public *κατ' ἐξοχήν*,<sup>47</sup> but only the desire from so far away to remain present in the minds of those who care about me; and I know only too well that they must treat these poor scribblings with the same indulgence without which their author is unable to exist. Hence, with all sincerity, dearest friend, I do not seek or expect admiration; for, over the years, through my relation to others, I have come to know myself well enough to realise that vanity is neither my vice nor my right.

Of the fairy tales, probably “Hexengericht” [Witch Trial] is the most accomplished; although it also has its weaknesses and must be properly revised before going to print. Do not forget that they are intended for the soul of a child, and not for reasonable people.

However, these statements are of a purely business concern, and by no means do I say them in advance out of self-satisfaction, but rather to give me a free hand in the future. I was surprised to receive your letter from Bromberg,<sup>48</sup> but absolutely approve of your hard-earned and deserved promotion and had in fact always considered it necessary. But let us hope that you won't be obliged to take the field; surely there must be an end to the cannibalism at last. Admittedly, Germany will just as likely have to start a war as did the wretched one<sup>49</sup> in France in 1870, in order to prevent an internal revolution; but I fear that this will change nothing. Of course, the Germans are, on the whole, the most intractable Philistines in the world and morally bad; it follows, therefore, that one can scarcely count on them having a true feeling of national pride.<sup>50</sup> As you know, even Hamel would sacrifice his locks at the altar of St. Bismarck to become your brother in arms; but I believe you would first have to have an operation on the great scoundrel hare's feet (to use Gutzkow's expression).

Now you are at home where you really belong, and I am pleased to know that you are there. It is so comforting to me to see you describe your happiness in your own words; but let me tell you that I never had any doubts about it; it is a kind of intuitive perception I have had ever since I first saw Elise in the autumn of 1875. I am also especially pleased that the happy prospect is flowering in you. I look forward with beating heart to the day when the bud unfolds and my ardent wish that everything goes well

will become reality like an answered prayer. A predestined and confirmed old bachelor such as I regards the happiness of his friend his special possession; in this he finds his spiritual and loving descendants, so to speak, his adoptive children; “For the old bachelors propagate themselves through bulbs,” as wise Busch<sup>51</sup> says; therefore my joy is certainly an honest one. Thus I won’t deny that your plan to give the baby boy my name (if it is a boy), to allow me to have a spiritual share in him, in a way, thrills and touches me so that I could throw myself upon your necks; it is such wonderful proof that I mean something to you both, and that fact revives an almost solitary heart. I thank you from the depths of my soul. Accordingly I will put together a list of the most beautiful girls’ names for sister Elise, but, of course, without limiting your own choice. Her own name is itself one of the prettiest, and in my novella you will see that your union is also dear to me. I don’t want to suggest anything *ex abrupto*; because a tasteful selection is not at all easy to make; on the whole I will proceed on the assumption that in most cases the simplest names for both sexes are also the most beautiful ones; Aurora, Eulalia, Sedana or Schweinschädelina,<sup>52</sup> of patriotic remembrance, you will supposedly prefer to avoid, and probably Neverdown too (i.e., Nimmernieder) which is the Christian name my former landlady thought up for her youngest daughter, while the present two are called Maggy and Lydia. Please ignore this nonsense; I will apply myself to the matter with the proper gravity and take pleasure in knowing that I may do so.

You would like to have someone with my convictions and my character as the child’s godfather; but don’t say too much about this now. In truth I am not quite mature yet and striving to attain a higher level of goodness; though it won’t be high enough; for the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. My friend, you must try to make a real character of your child: impart to him the seriousness of ideals and form his moral will into a vigorous force: in this is to be found complete well-being, in all else is only harm.

Only time will tell, though, and I hope to be able to pass on my advice once the years of exile are over. I don’t know, and doubt it very much, whether I will ever decide to return to my homeland for good. As for occasional visits, however, I will make sure of managing that.

I would now like to offer you some advice about your business affairs. You have come to the conclusion that your income does not meet your expectations, but admit that you yourself are mainly to blame for this because you allow people to take advantage of your delicacy in matters of business. I fully understand your problem; I was often in a similar situation

in Paris and London when I had to decide how much I was to be paid for my work as a tutor; I could never make a decision about the amount, and the result was that I was almost always paid off like a lackey. Still it is difficult to make demands, and I do not intend to tell you to do this. But I assume that no one is so impudent as to pay you without talking to you; I suppose that they ask you what they owe you, and you say, "You must know what to give me." Instead of this, I suggest you make it a habit to answer that you will make out an invoice at home and send it on to them. That is the best thing to do. Then you will be able to take the circumstances of the people into account, and be in a position to demand what is rightfully owed to you. Doubtless most people are deceitful egoists and have no conception at all of what delicacy of feeling actually is. When an unselfish man comes amongst them, immediately and instinctively they think: "There's a dupe; we'll make sure to fleece him"; and I believe that such sacrifices go unnoticed and are degrading. Now, because your family is growing and because you ought to begin to save towards the boy going to university, etc., now it is simply your duty to give serious consideration to this matter. I would especially ask Elise to help you with your invoices; I fear that she may well be just as unselfish as you; but when you meditate upon the matter together, you will both be ashamed. You will try to be reasonable about this, won't you, my dear friend?

Your report about your household of dogs was amusing; I just as much regretted poor Boy the First's wretched end. My Don recently almost shared the same fate; numb with shock, I saw his head disappear under a carriage wheel and anticipated his death or terrible injuries. Yet, although he emerged howling loudly, all he had was a bloody but otherwise uninjured nose, and since then he regards each and every vehicle with tremendous respect. As Elise has, on the whole, been responsible for most of the dog training in your household, she will be able to appreciate what I had to go through. When I got my first dog, Puck, he was six months old, and I kept him for fourteen weeks, during which time he remained a hopelessly dirty pup. My Don was only nine weeks old when he came to me from Scotland, and now he is just over twelve weeks old. In his case, however, I have little to complain about; for even when he was terribly mischievous, made everything dirty, chewed holes in the carpet, in my boots, in the curtains, etc., he soon developed an intelligent understanding of what was good and what bad; for a week now he has been completely clean and well-behaved at home, and his obedience to me is quite touching and surprising; I no longer discipline him, but talk to him as though he were a person; he

understands everything and is affectionate and grateful. That is just his spiritedness; though I believe that more than anything his physical weakness contributed to this development, in that he required unremitting care and tender patience from me. The animal is really handsome; but he came to me infested with the germs of all kinds of evil; I had continuously to cure him of them and give him medicine. In the first days he was feverish, coughing, and sneezing; then he got an ugly rash which is now cured. After that he got worms of which I hope I have now rid him. Then a swelling suddenly developed on his neck which hung down at the side like a peculiar bag. It was lanced by a veterinary surgeon, and a stream of water flowed out. I have kept the wound open for a week; it was festering and a foul stench came from it; I had to wash it clean on an hourly basis for five consecutive days. Now, though, the reformation of pus has ceased, and in a few days I shall let the wound heal by itself. But somewhat to my aggravation I have suddenly discovered lice which, despite the fact that I washed him with carbolic soap, have appeared without my being able to explain how, and what's more they are vegetating in tremendous quantities under his bear-like skin. I fear it will take weeks to rid him of it; at present I wash his skin very carefully with a sublimate solution twice a day. It is a dreadful nuisance; I have to attend to the animal incessantly like a sick child. But I hope to make him healthy in the end, and I think my patience is deserving of such an outcome. I am pleased nonetheless that the creature is intelligent and grateful enough to understand my solicitude. By the way, I have sometimes wished that I could call on your medical assistance.

Enough for today, my friend! I will write to you again soon! With my brotherly greetings to your good Elise, I remain your affectionate and faithful

Eduard Bertz

## **Letter 5**

Pammenter Cottage,/ Summer-Hill Road./  
Tottenham,/ Middlesex – England./ 30 August 1880.

Dear friend,

You probably won't have been waiting for a long time, but may have wondered about the delay of the manuscript in reaching you. With his usual indolence Habs is the cause of its non-appearance; just today I have heard from my mother that she has finally received the novella, and she will send

it to you in one or two weeks along with the fairy tales. Once you have finished reading everything, I would ask you to pass them on to the mining manager, Mahr.

When you have the chance, let me know whether you have received the *Jahrbuch*. As it is forbidden in Germany, the police may have intercepted it; for sealed correspondence is unprotected and in full view of the official spies, and whatever is declared “law” in Breslau (where the complete correspondence of three thousand people is controlled by the police) will not be regarded as unlawful in other parts of Germany. I see no wrong in the state making itself secure against moles; but it can only make itself secure by gaining moral authority; yet if, on the other hand, the state daily sets the example of disloyalty, depravity, cowardice, and insolent, indecent, and cynical blackguardism to the wavering populace, then it can only blame itself for the consequences. Not only do the people have to fulfill their duty, but the government too, including all those who daily preach of the waywardness of the masses; and the only hope of recovery, of salvaging a better future lies in awakening those who have the reigns of power in their hands to an awareness of their moral responsibility. The boundless corruption, i.e. the boundless egoism, and the boundless hard-heartedness of those possessing power is to blame for the discord in our national life; hence we have need of a St. John to call out to them: “Repent!”<sup>53</sup> It is a grave time when injustice sows the seeds of revolt: once again we need a God to reinforce morality and humble the hearts of the people. Oh, if only I could speak and be heard, how I would warm the lukewarm, heat the blood of the cold, and make the dull of mind blush with shame! Alas, my voice is only an unheeded complaint, and the catastrophe will take its course. I am bitterly aware that the impending misery will be deserved; but may it then have the effect of a purifying fire which converts the impenitent. The Commune in France did not bring about improvement, but only resistance: will it go the same way with us? Oh, it is a long and difficult time until hope will see the light of day, and it is not to be wondered when we sometimes almost lose hope. Yet we cling to it with all our strength, because without it we would despair.

However, where am I being led! But my heart is filled with a knowledge which flows abroad, while it is stifled at home, and of which you probably have no idea in your quiet round of responsibilities. Believe me, I am not indulging in fantasies. Because of my passion for justice, I am sometimes like a clairvoyant who, from the echo of feet on stone and from the shadows of lifeless things, reveals a truth in words and pictures which struggles

for expression but cannot whisper a tone. Yet I see how, in truth's powerlessness, her agitation grows; I see how her lips move: I know suddenly that at any moment truth will let out a horrible scream, and many will call out in pain like its frightened echo. Enough.

I would love to know how things are with you, my dear friends. I had hoped for news from you which you wanted to send me after your return; but you are perhaps worried, and I don't want to impose on you. Meanwhile my thoughts are with you daily, and I await with pleasure the imminent arrival of your coming joy. Now I must comply with Elise's wish and so string together for that unknown being which does not yet know whether it will enter the world as a baby boy or baby girl, a nosegay of flowery girls' names from which you want to adorn her with the most beautiful one. I must declare in all honesty: I am no authority on this subject, and even if I were, I am well aware that any choice will always be subjective: for this reason my suggestions should not be regarded as binding, and when none of the following names appeals to you, I shall be quite satisfied, if, without thinking of me, you choose some other name. I am nonetheless very grateful to Elise for her wonderful trust in me.

Were I to name a daughter of my own, I would probably call her Anna; this name is plain and simple, yet melodious and beautiful; it is at the top of my list. Then there is a selection of names which to a greater or lesser extent veer away from the ideal. Elisabeth or the short form, Elise (also Else) are to me just as beautiful as Anna.<sup>54</sup> In addition I propose *sans phrase*: Martha, Charlotte, Veronica, Constanze, Felicitas, Valerie, Dorothea (or Doris), Ruth, Irene, Ottilie, and Cornelia. Now put your hand in the nest and grab the little birdie which pleases you. But not yet, for we must wait in case the lady turns out to be a gentleman. To be honest, I would much prefer the latter: a boy enters life more freely, and a wider sphere of action lies before him: Heavens, what a wonderful thing to hope for!

In the meantime I await with beating heart the day of birth, and all my blessings are with you; think also of your friend, so that mutual sympathy may have its miraculous effect.

When you return Hamel's letters to me, do not forget to give your opinion about them and his *Wonnejahr*. I have politely, but decisively rejected his offer of an apology, and briefly enough, so as to make him rightfully aware of his strange behaviour, yet without being too hard because one can scarcely suppose that he, with his fantasy, is conscious of his dishonesty. What in others is the result of a cynical mind, is in him, one must assume, the result of having the blandness of a dreamer. Even Homer knew that

those Zeus made into slaves were robbed of half their senses. However, it is amusing to see how resolutely Hamel advances along the road he has taken. Just a few days ago I received another one of his incredibly naïve letters in which he announces that a booklet of poems will be published commemorating “the great festive days of the German people,” that is, Sedan Day<sup>55</sup>: *Deutsche Lieder, Ein Festgruß von Hermann Eduard Jahn und Richard Hamel*.<sup>56</sup> What the contents may be, I can infer from his remark that this stuff isn’t meant for me because I am “no friend of our great heroes and our heroic emperor.” The idea and intent, namely to acquire a sinecure paid out of secret government funds, are difficult to separate from one another here. He has also set his mind on a “critical journal” which is to function “in a positively patriotic sense” and among other things attack the Jews. In the introduction to the third part of his Klopstockiana, he gives poor Lindau,<sup>57</sup> in his own words, “a deserved German kick in the pants.” These studies, which he issues forth one part after another, are quite endless. By the way, Bernays<sup>58</sup> impregnated him with the idea, and he has dedicated the latest part to him, and also intends to return to him in Munich in the autumn. He plans something still more interesting, namely to publish a series of unedited letters by Klopstock, Wieland, Zimmermann, Geßner, Haller etc., which he recently acquired at Lake Constance, and which are to appear at Christmas. I will keep an eye on his activities because he amuses me.

My own life flows along quietly, and I am not attempting to influence the public, though I allow it to stream in on me from outside. Nevertheless I have quite a few contacts who keep me abreast of things. Although I am completely objective and remain at a distance from all party politics, I do maintain some strictly personal intercourse with one or two prominent social democrats. For example, Most,<sup>59</sup> who edits a blood and terror paper, sometimes comes looking for me in my Tottenham solitude, because, as he puts it, he has the need to subject his tactics to a calm and searching critique. Moreover, Höchberg,<sup>60</sup> the millionaire Jew of the Social Democrats was here just the other day. He assumes the scientific direction of the party, but adheres to party line nonetheless, though really only looking after its finances; he wanted me to join in the movement again; but I resolutely declined to do so. I currently have no connection with the party, and there is nothing that will change this; I am a neutral observer, and I don’t want to be so stupid as to take a stand in futile opposition; for, when provoked, the party always was a furious mob. But I have distanced myself from the party as much as I have from the mired and dissolute course Hamel is following; I see my task as a moral one because I regard social reform as impossible

without moral rebirth.<sup>61</sup> The harm lies in the supremacy of corruption, which has contaminated all ranks of society, and if the party wants to remain blackguards, then their social revolution doesn't interest me, because it will be a revolution in name only. As long as the sadly all too justified scepticism is permitted (because I am far away from just as ardently hoping as I wish to hope), I will remain a radical as far as public morality is concerned.

Apart from the unwelcome and fortunately rare intrusions by these agitators, I have only the regular visits of my English friend, Gissing. Recently I have given him much material for essays about the situation in Germany;<sup>62</sup> for, as a result of his novel, he has been invited to collaborate on several important journals.<sup>63</sup> He has several admirers among the first rank of English critics<sup>64</sup> and because of this is well on the way to success. Nevertheless, opinion about his novel is divided, and rightly so;<sup>65</sup> for it is a peculiar blend of the significant with much that is truly unsympathetic. My own circle will probably soon be enlarged by that of Gissing's; at any rate, I feel the need to enter into somewhat more active contact with people, and with the onset of winter I may even say goodbye to Tottenham.<sup>66</sup> During the summer I have been enjoying a daily dip in the open, in the River Lea which divides Middlesex and Essex. Every day in the early morning I swim downstream side by side with my big, healthy, clever, good, faithful, and magnificent dog.

That is enough for today. Let me once again send you my best wishes for your fate in the immediate future, and in doing so I heartily remain your faithful

Eduard Bertz

<sup>1</sup> Heinrich Rehfeldt (1851-1910), practising doctor in Märkisch-Buchholz; later chief consultant at a hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Oder.

<sup>2</sup> Whether the author's name C. Friedrich can justly be regarded as a pseudonym of Eduard Bertz is not yet clear – C. might stand for both his father's and his own first fore-name Carl, Friedrich for his half-brother born in 1874; if this were so, Bertz would have written, straight after his arrival at Tübingen in early 1876, a story situated in Swabian surroundings with the title *Vielliebchen. Ein Märchen aus der Ritterzeit*, dedicated to J.[oseph] V.[iktor] v.[on] Scheffel and published in Karlsruhe in the same year. A benevolent review appeared in *Schwäbischer Merkur*, 30 January 1877.

<sup>3</sup> At this time Bertz bought the following books which he gave to the Hughes Public Library on leaving Rugby, Tennessee, in 1883: Alexander Bain, *Education as a Science*, London, 1879 [unsigned]; Kiddle & Schem, *Cyclopedia of Education*, New York/London, 1877 [unsigned]. – The first book review he wrote for the *Deutsche Presse. Organ des Schriftsteller-Verbandes* (No. 51, 16 December 1888, p. 407 [signed B.]) was on August



Niemann's *Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts. Philosophische Betrachtung* [Education of the Human Race. A Philosophical Examination], Dresden und Leipzig, 1888.

<sup>4</sup> During these years Bertz acquired books such as Joh. Müller, *Grundriss der Physik und Meteorologie. Für Lyceen, Gymnasien, Gewerbe- und Realschulen, sowie zum Selbstunterrichte*, Braunschweig, 1875 [owner's signature: Paris, 29 July 1878]; Henry E. Roscoe, *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry: Inorganic and Organic*, London, 1879 [owner's signature: London, 2 November 1880]; Heinrich Viehoff, *Handbuch der Deutschen National-litteratur. Erster und zweiter Theil*, Braunschweig, 1880 [owner's signature: Tottenham, 10 March 1880]; W. Eisenlohr, *Lehrbuch der Physik zum Gebrauche bei Vorlesungen und zum Selbstunterrichte*, Stuttgart, 1860 [owner's signature: London, 4 April 1881]. – These books remained in Rugby.

<sup>5</sup> This is suggested by the following books which also became part of the Hughes Public Library: Charles Barnard, *A Simple Flower Garden*, Boston, 1876 [unsigned]; Thomas Bridgeman, *American Gardener's Assistant*, New York, 1872 [unsigned]; John Darby, *Botany of the Southern States*, New York, 1866 [unsigned]; Ralph Waldo Emerson, *The Conduct of Life*, London 1861 [unsigned]; *Quinby's New Bee-Keeping*, New York, 1881 [unsigned]; Henry Stephen, *The Book of the Farm*, Third Edition, London/Edinburgh, 1877 [owner's signature: London, 11 July 1881]; Henry Tanner, *First Principles of Agriculture*, Third Edition, London, 1880 [unsigned]; Samuel Wood, *A Plain Guide to Good Gardening or How to Grow Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers*, Third Edition, London, 1879 [owner's signature: London, 11 July 1881].

<sup>6</sup> See Preface to Thomas Hughes's *Rugby, Tennessee. Being Some Account of the Settlement Founded on the Cumberland Plateau by the Board of Aid to Land Ownership, Limited*, London: Macmillan and Co., 1881, p. [V]: “[T]he founders (...) whom they have in their minds are, young men of good education and small capital, the class of which, of all others, is most overcrowded to-day in England.”

<sup>7</sup> Friedrich Ernst Winckler (1874-1895), Bertz's stepbrother.

<sup>8</sup> Hermann August Winckler (1821-1903), Bertz's stepfather; precision mechanic and optician.

<sup>9</sup> Ida Emilie Köppen (1833-1918); married Carl Wilhelm Bertz (1823-1870), after whose death in April 1870 she married H. A. Winckler in July 1872.

<sup>10</sup> Bertz's “exile” remains somewhat enigmatic in that he had, *a posteriori*, officially applied for, and was subsequently granted, permission to leave Germany for France in the spring of 1878; by then he was already living at 10, rue de la Sorbonne, Paris. There he penned ten long “Briefe aus Paris” revealing his political enragement and journalistic-literary engagement; they were published in Johann Most's *Berliner Freie Presse* between 31 January and 4 June of the same year. It was to the same daily that Bertz had contributed an article in December 1877 on the so-called one-year voluntary system, which led to his being sentenced to a prison term of five months in October 1878 for having allegedly insulted the Prussian military. – See *Glück und Glas*, Book 5, ch. 1 (pp. 275-283), where the hero's experiences as a young and promising journalist remarkably resemble those of Bertz.

<sup>11</sup> Robert Wilhelm Bertz (1856-1888), Eduard's second brother, a model designer; his first brother was Carl August (1854-1868).

<sup>12</sup> There were nine children in all, six of which were still living in 1880.

<sup>13</sup> Bertz returned to Germany at the end of March 1884 and stayed at first with his friend, Hermann Mahr, at Ilmenau in Thuringia, before moving to Stuttgart for a year in the middle

of April. He was able to pay for his return thanks to the £25 he received for the manuscript of his first book, *The French Prisoners. A Story for Boys* (London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd, 1884, second edition 1902).

<sup>14</sup> In his correspondence with Gissing, Bertz's half-brother is mentioned only once: in Gissing's letter of condolence of 26 March 1895 on the occasion of Friedrich's death.

<sup>15</sup> The owner of Pammenter Cottage on Summerhill Road was the recently widowed James Pammenter (1820-1901), a gardener and florist who lived there with his daughters, Margaret Dora (1861-1946) and Letitia Elizabeth (1863-1961), both dressmakers. There is a farmer called Mr. Pammenter in *The Nether World*, whom Gissing may have based upon the gardener he no doubt came to know on his numerous visits to Bertz at Pammenter Cottage in Tottenham.

<sup>16</sup> See [www.geocities.com/summerhillroad2002/george\\_gissing.htm](http://www.geocities.com/summerhillroad2002/george_gissing.htm).

<sup>17</sup> "Small house, great quiet."

<sup>18</sup> At the beginning of February 1879, Bertz went to Worthing near Brighton, where he taught at a girls' school until the middle of March. See *The Collected Letters of George Gissing* (afterwards *CLGG*), *Volume One: 1863-1880* (Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1990), pp. 147 and 162.

<sup>19</sup> These journalistic texts are still awaiting discovery. Bertz's earliest literary efforts were six poems which appeared in *Die Jahreszeiten. Zeitschrift für Literatur, Kunst und gesellschaftliche Unterhaltung* in Hamburg in 1871 and 1872.

<sup>20</sup> This manuscript must be considered lost. Horace's love of nature and his advocating a simple life are mentioned in Bertz's second novel, *Das Sabinergut* (Berlin, 1896; second edition 1902; third edition 1909 as *Amerika, du hast es besser!*); its title alludes to the Fundus Sabinus given to Horace by Maecenas. The Roman poet gives spiritual guidance to the protagonist, Karl Steffen.

<sup>21</sup> These fairy tales and children's stories have not yet been discovered; Bertz wrote enough of them to fill a volume (see Wulfhard Stahl, "Eduard Bertz's Correspondence with Macmillan & Co., 1884-1908," *Gissing Journal*, January 1996, pp. 14 and 17). The only so-called fairy tale discovered is "Die verwunschene Prinzessin" [The Enchanted Princess] in *Der Bär. Illustrierte Wochenschrift für die Geschichte Berlins und der Mark*, 19 (1892-93), 18 November 1893, No. 60, p. 718.

<sup>22</sup> "Minerva being unwilling"; "without natural talent or inspiration." See also the heading of ch. 9 of *New Grub Street*.

<sup>23</sup> Wilhelm Freund (1806-1894), German classical philologist; editor of various dictionaries, textbooks, and primers of the Latin language. The *Prima* is a correspondence course preparing students for the Abitur examination.

<sup>24</sup> Richard Avenarius (1843-1896), 1876 PhD at the University of Leipzig, 1877-1896 ordinary professor of philosophy at the University of Zurich; Bertz may have met Avenarius when he studied political science at the University of Leipzig in the summer of 1875. There is no proof that Bertz finished a doctoral thesis.

<sup>25</sup> *Theaetetus*, a philosophical dialogue written by Plato (427-347 B.C.) between 369 and 366-365.

<sup>26</sup> In several of his as yet unpublished letters Bertz alluded to, or explicitly mentioned, his mother, pointing out how closely she was following his literary activities. In *Das Sabinergut* the hero's mother has an important psychological and educational role and, to a certain degree, epitomizes his homesickness.

<sup>27</sup> Literally “by force and arms”; in a metaphorical sense “with intellectual enterprise or energy.”

<sup>28</sup> See chapter XIV (“Mind-Growth”) of the first volume of *Workers in the Dawn*.

<sup>29</sup> Richard Hamel (1853-1924), pseudonym Omar Khayyam; essayist, lyricist, literary historian, translator, editor of various newspapers, editor of Klopstock’s works among others. *Ein Wonnejahr*. Drama was renamed *Zauber der Ehe* [The Charm of Marriage] from the fourth edition in 1900.

<sup>30</sup> Prytaneum is the public hall of a Greek state or city in which a sacred fire was kept burning and where Prytans met, the highest official persons, members of the ruling administration; here used in the sense of central point, focus, limelight, centre of attention.

<sup>31</sup> “The designated guardian.”

<sup>32</sup> The cynical philosopher Diogenes (413-323 B.C.) is said to have walked around Athens one morning with a lantern in his hand saying: “I am looking for a human being.”

<sup>33</sup> Refers to Heinrich Steinhausen (1836-1917), tutor at cadet schools in Potsdam and Berlin (cadet governor from 1860); from 1868 writer.

<sup>34</sup> Possibly Franz von Reichenberg (1855-1905), singer (Mannheim, Frankfurt-on-Main, Hannover; from 1894 at the Court Opera in Vienna).

<sup>35</sup> Carl Hermann Philipp Mahr (1822-1889), grand-ducal mining manager in Thuringia, committed suicide; Bertz went to the funeral leaving his tasks at the German Writers’ Association for almost a fortnight. See his unpublished letter to [Hans Brendicke] of 11 March 1889 (Staatsbibliothek Berlin, House 2); soon thereafter he published an obituary in *Deutsche Presse. Organ des Schriftsteller-Verbandes* 2 (1889), No. 12, 17 March, p. 94 (“Todtenschau” [signed B.]).

<sup>36</sup> Gissing to his brother Algernon, 2 May 1880: “You see, as he is banished from Germany under the Socialist law (though in reality he is far from being a Social-Democrat), his position is made difficult. It is only *personal* friendship & influence that could help him.” *CLGG*, Vol. I, p. 266.

<sup>37</sup> “Painlessness,” “unconcern.”

<sup>38</sup> Robert Habs (1858- ?), writer, editor, translator. See also *Montesquieu’s Persische Briefe*, with an introduction and commentary, translated into German by Eduard Bertz, Leipzig [1885], p. 3: Bertz referred to Habs as the person Reclam Publishers had originally entrusted with the translation of *Lettres persanes*.

<sup>39</sup> Otto Geib (1859-1920); at the time of his death full professor of Roman and Civil Law and Baden-Württembergian Law. We may assume that Bertz portrayed Geib in his first novel, *Glück und Glas*, in the character of the hero’s close friend and *alter ego* Martin Gugelhopf.

<sup>40</sup> *Jahrbuch für Sozialwissenschaft und Sozialpolitik*, published in Zurich as an organ of the exiled SPD by Dr Ludwig Richter (pseudonym of Karl Höchberg; see endnote 60).

<sup>41</sup> The books, all reviewed in Vol. I (1880), Second Part, were: 1. August Bebel: *Die Frau und der Sozialismus*, Zürich-Hottingen, 1879, pp. 97-110 [signed Ed. Bertz.]; 2. Paul von Lilienfeld: *Gedanken über die Sozialwissenschaft der Zukunft, 4. Teil: Die soziale Physiologie*, Mitau, 1879, pp. 151-166 [signed E. Bertz.]; 3. J. S. Nicholson: *The Effects of Machinery on Wages. Being the Cambridge Cobden Prize Essays for 1877*, Cambridge and London, 1878, pp. 232-235 [signed E. Bz.].

<sup>42</sup> Before 20 June 1880; see *CLGG*, Vol. I, p. 284. The saving of a person from drowning forms the climax of chapter IX in Bertz’s *The French Prisoners*, pp. 71-81.

<sup>43</sup> Robert Burns (1759-1796); see his *The Twa Dogs: A Tale*.

<sup>44</sup> In the summer of 1881 Bertz took Don to Rugby, Tenn.; he paid homage to him in his novel, *Das Sabinergut* (1896). One book which Bertz gave to the Hughes Public Library was James Moore's *Dog Diseases Treated by Homeopathy*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition, London [owner's signature Eduard Bertz. Hammersmith, 8 April 1881]. Upon his return to Germany in spring 1884, Bertz left Don with Morley Roberts. See unpublished letter from M. R. to E. B., 6 February 1893 (Yale).

<sup>45</sup> "Don't touch me!" See John 20:17: "Jesus said [to Mary Magdalene], 'Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet returned to the Father.'"

<sup>46</sup> His twenty-one page *Epigrammatisches Lustgärtlein. Bismarck-Epigramme und anderes* was published in Rostock in 1881.

<sup>47</sup> "Most pre-eminent," "distinguished."

<sup>48</sup> Today: Bydgoszcz, Poland.

<sup>49</sup> Napoléon III.

<sup>50</sup> In the early chapters of *The French Prisoners* Bertz gives many examples of how the personal dignity and national pride of French prisoners distinguishes them from the hollow patriotism of the German Philistine.

<sup>51</sup> Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908). The quotation comes from *Kritik des Herzens*, published in Heidelberg in 1874, and reads correctly and in full: "Selig sind die Auserwählten,/ Die sich liebten und vermählten;/ Denn sie tragen hübsche Früchte./ Und so wuchert die Geschichte/ Sichtbarlich von Ort zu Ort/ Doch die braven Junggesellen,/ Jungfern ohne Ehestellen./ Welche ohne Leibesperben/ So als Blattgewächse sterben,/ Pflanzen sich durch Knollen fort."

<sup>52</sup> Sedan alludes to the battle of Sedan in the Ardennes massif on 1 September 1870; the next day, Emperor Napoléon III and the French army were taken captive (see Edward Bertz, *The French Prisoners*, chapter VIII). – Schweinschädeline alludes to the battle of Schweinschädel (today: Sviníšfany, near Česká Skalice, Bohemia, Czech Republic) on 28 June 1866 in which the Germans defeated the Austrians.

<sup>53</sup> See Matthew 3:2.

<sup>54</sup> The Rehfeldts did indeed name their first daughter Anna, and their second Elisabeth; Bertz became the godfather to both of them and put them in his will of 21 July 1928 along with their three other siblings Marie, Paul, and Hermann as the chief legatees. In the amended will of 12 March 1930 Bertz named the "student Joachim Dreising" in place of them as the main beneficiary, because "I am being financially supported by Frau Dr. Dreising [that is, Anna Dreising, née Rehfeldt] and her siblings."

<sup>55</sup> See note 52.

<sup>56</sup> Hermann Eduard Jahn (1857-1933), writer mainly of poems and novellas; Richard Hamel (1853-1924): see note 29. The *Deutsche Lieder* [German Songs] were published in 1880.

<sup>57</sup> Paul Lindau (1839-1919), literary historian, essayist, novelist, dramatist, founder and publisher of various periodicals (e.g. in 1872 *Die Gegenwart*, in 1878 *Nord und Süd*); from 1900 to 1903 he was the director of the Berlin Theatre.

<sup>58</sup> Michael Bernays (1834-1897), professor of Modern German Literature at Munich from 1872 to 1890.

<sup>59</sup> Johann Most (1846-1906), bookbinder, author of socialist writings, publisher of among others the *Berliner Freie Presse*, eloquent agitator; underwent several periods of

imprisonment; a member of the German Reichstag from 1874 until failing to be re-elected in 1878. Having been expelled from Germany under the Bismarckian Anti-Socialist Laws, Most took up residence in London and founded a new socialist newspaper, *Die Freiheit*; in 1882, after serving a prison term of one and a half years with hard labour, Most left England for New York, where he continued to publish *Die Freiheit* up to the time of his death. See *CLGG, Volume Two, 1881-1885* (Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1991), p. 32.

<sup>60</sup> Karl Höchberg (1853-1884), son of a lottery agent, sponsor of SPD publications with the fortune he inherited, and publisher of socialist literature. He joined the Party in 1876. When the academic bi-monthly, *Die Zukunft*, which he assisted financially from October 1877, was banned, he then brought out *Staatswirtschaftliche Abhandlungen* from 1879 to 1881 under the name Dr R. F. Seyffert, the *Jahrbuch für Sozialwissenschaft und Sozialpolitik* from 1879 to 1881 under the name Dr Ludwig Richter, as well as the *Wirtschaftliche Korrespondenz* and the *Revue socialiste*.

<sup>61</sup> See *Glück und Glas*, Leipzig 1891: Felix Lubrecht's somewhat naïve attitude – “Meine Seele gehört der Zukunft.” (p. 267) [My soul belongs to the future.] – is both complemented and contradicted by his friend Martin Gugelhopf's clear, demanding, and realistic view on social democracy and justice: “Eine ethische Wiedergeburt der Gesellschaft oder keine.” (p. 269) [An ethical rebirth of society or none at all.]

<sup>62</sup> Gissing published three articles in the London *Pall Mall Gazette* on 9, 11, and 14 August 1880, which appeared in book form as *Notes on Social Democracy*, edited by Jacob Korg (London: The Enitharmon Press, 1968).

<sup>63</sup> Besides contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Gissing was also employed, at Ivan Turgenev's instigation, as a correspondent to the St Petersburg periodical, *Vestnik Evropy*; between February 1881 and November 1882, at intervals of three months, he published altogether eight articles on political and cultural matters under the heading “Корреспонденция изъ Лондона” [Correspondence from London].

<sup>64</sup> E.g., Frederic Harrison (1831-1923), writer and leading personality in the Positivist movement; also John Morley (1838-1923), politician, writer, and editor in 1880 of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

<sup>65</sup> See Pierre Coustillas and Colin Partridge, eds., *Gissing. The Critical Heritage* (London, Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, 1972), pp. 51-64.

<sup>66</sup> Bertz did not move until March 1881 and then close to Gissing's lodgings in Westbourne Park, London. On 27 July 1881 he left for Rugby, Tenn., where he joined Thomas Hughes's Utopian colony.

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## Book Reviews

George Gissing, *New Grub Street*, edited by Stephen Arata, Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview editions, 2007.

This is the latest edition of *New Grub Street*, one of the few Gissing novels now regarded as classics. Since it was first published in 1891, twelve edi-

tions have been issued with introductions and five of them were graced with the addition of notes topographical, historical and biographical. Over the years some publishers realized that an intelligent and useful manner of competing with their rivals would consist in offering more varied critical material than had hitherto been made available. The Broadview edition of *The Odd Women*, edited by Arlene Young (1998), was pleasantly innovative in this respect: being given to read relevant writings by Clara Collet and Eliza Orme besides the reviews reprinted from old periodicals or more probably straight from *Gissing: The Critical Heritage* was an appreciated bonus. So the background material rescued from oblivion by the editor of the present volume will predictably appeal to both students of the author and historians of literature. It is collected in four appendices. Seventeen of the 24 texts chosen for the light they throw on the context of *New Grub Street* will be all the more welcome as they are not easily accessible to the present-day reader. Among them are some that Gissing is sure to have read: definitions of Grub Street given by Samuel Johnson and Nathaniel Bailey in their dictionaries; extracts from Johnson's *Account of the Life of Mr. Richard Savage*; an excerpt from Isaac D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*, another from Macaulay on Johnson; more familiar passages from Murger's *Scènes de la vie de Bohème*, one of Gissing's favourite books; an anonymous description of the Reading Room of the British Museum written in 1867, that is ten years after its formal opening in the year of Gissing's birth. The reader is then invited to pass on to a vision, dated 1872, of the old Grub Street, renamed Milton Street, taken from *Old and New London* by Walter Thornbury. Gissing is approached still closer in a passage from *Some Literary Recollections* published by James Payn, who became a *bête noire* to the author of *New Grub Street*; and again with H. D. Traill's "Author and Critic" in *Literature* for 23 October 1897, which Gissing, being then in Italy, is unlikely to have read. But the quarrel about *New Grub Street* will only be unknown to readers who have never opened *Gissing: The Critical Heritage*. Such are the contents of Appendices B and C.

Less expected are extracts, in Appendix A, from the diary that Gissing kept between late 1887 and the autumn of 1902; they show the author struggling until at long last on 6 October, after a depressing series of false starts, he began to write *New Grub Street* in its definitive form. They are complemented by long quotations from *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study* on the art of the novel as his great predecessor conceived it, and by two extracts from *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* on the literary profes-

sion, as seen by Anthony Trollope in particular. The fourth and last appendix, Appendix D, consists of early reviews of *New Grub Street* collected from the *Saturday Review* (2 and 9 May 1891), the *Court Journal* (25 April 1891), the *Illustrated London News* (L. F. Austin, 2 May 1891) and the *Spectator* ([James Ashcroft Noble], 30 May 1891). The critical material ends with a list of books beginning with Michael Collie's *George Gissing: A Bibliographical Study* (1985), a book which was pilloried two decades ago by competent reviewers. The latest contribution to bibliographical studies on Gissing's works (Rivendale Press, 2005) has for some unknown reason been excluded. Of all the other books and articles listed under the title "Critical Studies of Gissing and *New Grub Street*" only one has escaped the notice of compilers of recent finding tools: Bar-Yosef, Eitan, "'Let me Die with the Philistines': Gissing's Suicidal Realism," *Literature Interpretation Theory* 14:3 (2003), pp. 185-204.

Insufficient familiarity with Gissing's writing career and life can only account for some mistaken statements in the introduction. For instance it is misleading to say that the yellowback edition of *New Grub Street* was a "soft-cover edition." Thick cardboard is not soft. Also Smith, Elder did not print 750 copies of the first edition, only 500, then 250 of the second three-volume edition. It would have been useful to say that the first one-volume edition (750 copies) was published on 26 October 1891 and that the half-crown clothbound edition and the florin yellowback were issued in July 1892, not in 1891. Besides, can we say that "money is the criteria [*sic*] by which all artistic efforts are judged?" Deplorable mistakes abound. On p. 14 we read that Nell Harrison Gissing died in 1889, a slip corrected in the Chronology. Gissing did not publish *Workers in the Dawn* thanks to a small legacy left by his father; his benefactor was "aunt Emily," whose wealth actually came from her own benefactress Miss Whittington. The first few lines of the third paragraph on p. 18 show a serious misunderstanding of Gissing's words and intellectual stance. He objected to the vulgarity of Moore's phrasing—that is what gave him a shudder. Also if Gissing reluctantly agreed to revise "Mrs. Grundy's Enemies," the reason was a respectable one: he was starving and hoped to earn a few pounds by making concessions to Bentley. Stephen Arata's capacities as an editor reach their nadir on p. 20 when he writes that through Frederic Harrison, his early patron, Gissing was introduced in the 1880s to prominent journal editors such as Jerome K. Jerome and Clement Shorter. Unfortunately for this extraordinary argument, Jerome and Shorter were not prominent editors in

the 1880s; they did not become editors of the *Idler* and *To-Day* for the first named, of the *Illustrated London News*, the *English Illustrated Magazine* and the *Sketch* for the second until the early 1890s and Gissing contributed dozens of short stories and sketches to these periodicals. Blaming Gissing for having refused to contribute to them reveals an irresponsible intention of damaging his reputation and a flagrant disregard of the truth as revealed in his diary and correspondence as well as a failure to consult the periodicals concerned. When during Gissing's first stay in Italy Tillotson asked him to contribute to his syndicate of fiction, the tangible reply was the fine essay entitled "Christmas on the Capitol," which appeared in at least four newspapers besides the *Bolton Evening News*, Tillotson's own paper.

Most unpleasant is the editorial attempt to run down an author whose masterpiece is introduced to a new class of readers. Gissing did not place material reward above artistic considerations and it is clear that, throughout the first part of his introduction, Stephen Arata disapproves of Gissing's determination to write for the better class of readers. He calls Walter Besant a "respected man of letters," but he apparently has no idea of Besant's many limitations. When Gissing advises his younger sister to declare "Nothing" on the P.O. form about the commercial value of *A Life's Morning*, a present to Eduard Bertz, he is blamed by Arata for his attitude to books whereas he only tried to spare his German friend the penalty of possible customs duties. The editor's siding with the Harrisons (Austin is rebaptised Arthur in passing) reveals a painful failure to understand Gissing's artistic idealism as well as an unseemly love of big money. The reader's faith in Arata's statements is constantly sapped. Whether Grant Allen actually received for several years royalties amounting to £25 per week will have to be proved before it is accepted as a fact. It has long been established that Gissing did not achieve the highest score at the Oxford Local examinations. The number of short stories that he published in America cannot possibly be reckoned as eighteen after "The Sins of the Fathers," nor can he be said to have taught at Waltham High School for three months. Bentley paid Gissing 50 guineas, not £50 for "Mrs. Grundy's Enemies" and Gissing did not finish writing *The Nether World* in September 1888, by which time he had left England, but, as his diary testifies, on 22 July. He never became a member of the Authors' Club, only of the Society of Authors. Edith Underwood was not the daughter of a small London shopkeeper. "A Victim of Circumstances" was not Gissing's first published



short story since 1883. Nor did he first meet H. G. Wells in 1895. The portrait of Gissing reproduced on p. 495 was certainly not taken “ca. 1890” but in 1901, as has been known for decades. As for the novelist’s death, whatever numberless journalists may have written since 29 December 1903, it took place at Ispoure, near Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, and not at Saint-Jean-de-Luz or in nearby Ciboure, where Gissing lived for over a year in 1902-1903. Lastly Stephen Arata contradicts himself when he writes on p. 502 that *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* was Gissing’s last completed work of fiction after informing his readers on p. 49 that at the time of his death he left two novels in manuscript, one complete (*Will Warburton*) which Constable published in 1905, the other, *Veranilda*, nearly so, which appeared under the same imprint in 1904.

Purchasers of the Broadview edition of *New Grub Street* would be well advised to skip the most part of the biographical information contained in the volume, as it reveals a shocking disregard for factual accuracy. The only part of the introduction which can be recommended is the section which begins with the critical discussion of the novel, from the relation between *New Grub Street* and Henry Murger’s classic picture of Bohemian life, in other words pp. 27-39. It is very much to be hoped that when a new impression is called for, the editorial material will be thoroughly revised by some competent scholar. The volume in its present state can only damage both publishers’ and editor’s reputations.— Pierre Coustillas

Mitsuharu Matsuoka, ed., *Society and Culture in the Late Victorian Age with Special Reference to Gissing: In the Year of the Sesquicentennial of His Birth*, Hiroshima: Keisuisha, 2007. xiii+540 pp.

In commemoration of the sesquicentennial of Gissing’s birth, a substantial study of the long-neglected novelist and his era was issued last year in Japan. The late Victorian age is analyzed from five angles—society, era, gender, author, and ideologies—Gissing constituting the core of the socio-cultural study. The book is no doubt a treasure trove of knowledge. The following are summaries of the 26 chapters, including the biographical introduction:

Pierre Coustillas’s Introduction consists in a short biography of Gissing (trans. by Mitsuharu Matsuoka) whom he sees as a man of two worlds: the world of bitter destitution and frustration which he was forced to endure,

and the world of classical literature in which his imagination sought a refuge. He then surveys Gissing's life, incorporating biographical facts in chronological order. The reader is reminded that, in Japan, Gissing's value was first recognized by the intelligentsia of the 1920s and the author concludes his account by observing that the genial, shy, and altruistic Gissing was a pacifist and humanistic intellectual who represented the conscience of his time.

**Part One: Society.** In Chapter 1: "Education: Form and Substance," Shigeru Koike first argues that the reform of the educational system in 19<sup>th</sup>-century England was intended to emphasize the importance of scientific methodologies, and then discusses *Workers in the Dawn*, *Born in Exile*, *The Emancipated*, and *New Grub Street* as images of Gissing's view of education. In these Bildungsromane, the novelist gives no positive reward to his protagonists for their spiritual growth: even if they receive education, they fail to rise socially and become spiritual exiles. In addition, so as to attract the general public whose diversity of interests had been expanded because of the popularization of education, writers could not but adopt a pragmatic policy. Gissing's messages are generally pessimistic.

Chapter 2: Takao Tomiyama, "Religion: Why Didn't Gissing Write about it?" first explains that the chief motifs of Gissing's social-problem novels which focus on poverty-stricken people's crimes and criminal psychology are their struggles for jobs and the conversion of inherited property into money. Quoting from *The Nether World*, the author then shows that Gissing's stance towards religion is many-faceted and supportive of no particular religious sect. This attitude recalls the novelist's own attitude towards fiction in which his concerns are sometimes too many-faceted for the reader to identify his authorial intention.

Gissing's depiction of lower-class people helped him establish his position as a novelist. His concern then moved to lower-middle class people. Characters of either category, however diligent they may be, can attain happiness only within their own class if at all. Those who have been given a chance to rise socially are regarded as outsiders by their peers, and rejected by people in the class above theirs. Such disturbing circumstances are disclosed through analyses of *Born in Exile*, *The Paying Guest*, *In the Year of Jubilee*, and *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, in Megumi Arai's Chapter 3: "Social Strata: The Rise of the Lower-Middle Class."

In Chapter 4, "Poverty: How to Relieve the Poor?," Hiroko Ishizuka offers a survey of charity history in 19<sup>th</sup>-century England, and examines the

responses of Gissing's characters to philanthropic actions. There is something common in them—their voluntary choice of a troublesome life in poverty. It stems from their pride, which is the reflection of Gissing's pride.

In Mitsuharu Matsuoka's Chapter 5 ("The City: 'Paradise Is Always for Him Where He Is Not'") the critic argues that, even if Gissing was antagonized by the metropolitan bustle and yearned to live in the country, he could not but seek for intellectual and cultural stimuli in the metropolis. The author makes a socio-historical survey of the development of London to reveal its true state, and concludes that London is the object of the novelist's contempt for its evilness and of his admiration for its centrality in spiritual activities.

**Part Two: Era.** In late 19th-century England, there was a tendency to seek truth in the conjunction of science and religion, for instance in a "theist positivism regarding science as the means of saving human beings" and in "Darwinism incorporated into creationist science and cosmology." With the help of his vast knowledge of the ideologies of the day, Toshikatsu Murayama describes Gissing's doubt about such a movement in his Chapter 6: "Science: Against Evolution."

In Chapter 7: "Crime: Criminal and Violent Transgression of the Border," Fumie Tamai first investigates criminology, which was widespread in late 19<sup>th</sup>-century England, then traces Gissing's depiction of (a) crimes committed by destitute working-class people, (b) violent behaviour among the middle class, and (c) imperialism as the State crime.

Graham Law, in Chapter 8: "Publishing: Gissing and Serials" (trans. by Sakiko Nonomura), shows how in the late Victorian era the publication of fiction shifted from three-volumes to serials. Dissatisfied with both styles of dispensation and frustrated by the proprietors' and editors' control over the literary market, Gissing conducted an isolated search for his ideal form of publication. The author details publishing circumstances in the late 19<sup>th</sup>-century to elucidate the novelist's solitary struggle.

In Chapter 9: "Influence: 'Lonesome Must Be the Floating Swan,'" Ryota Kanayama first compares Gissing's literary style with Dickens's, secondly points out his sympathy towards Carlyle's proud independence, and thirdly examines his admiration for Meredith as a great artist. The author next explains that the reason for his popularity in Japan lies in the empathy of the Japanese with his appreciation of the cultivated mind.

Chapter 10 (Mihoko Ishida, "Englishness: Aspects of Nostalgia for 'the South'") argues that Gissing's yearning for southern Italy and southern

England stems from his deep respect for ancient civilization and his pride in Anglo-Saxon civilization, and that this duality is the key to his respect for England as the country of his roots, or Englishness.

**Part Three: Gender.** In Chapter 11: “Feminism: Gissing and the ‘New Woman,’” Ryoko Ota offers a feminist reading of some writings by Mary Wollstonecraft, Jane Austen, and Gissing, and traces the images of the New Woman depicted in *Mansfield Park*, *Born in Exile*, and *The Odd Women*.

The late 19<sup>th</sup> century, when the traditional values concerning woman’s way of life and common sexual morality began to be mixed with the new ones, has been called the Age of Sexual Anarchy. In Chapter 12: “Sexuality: The Age of ‘Sexual Anarchy,’” Motoko Nakada argues that Gissing’s female characters reflect the spirit of the times and can be categorized as the old type and the new.

In Chapter 13: “The Body: The ‘Degenerate’ in the Fin de Siècle,” Mihoko Takeda interprets Gissing’s works in terms of gender theory. In *New Grub Street*, between those writers who ride on the current and those who do not, the successful are regarded as manly. In *The Whirlpool*, the female body is considered as the spot of collision between the conventional rules of society and the chance of emancipation.

The focal point of argument in Chapter 14: “Marriage, or a Contradictory Relationship” is to read *The Odd Women*, *In the Year of Jubilee*, and *Eve’s Ransom* from the viewpoint of matrimonial unhappiness and single adults’ loneliness. Akiko Kimura thus spotlights Gissing’s descriptions of marital problems in the late Victorian era, such as the conflict of values between Patriarchy and Feminism, economic difficulties in married life, and the lack of marriageable men.

Chapter 15: Takanobu Tanaka, “Misogyny: Male Confusion and Resistance.” The late 19<sup>th</sup> century was an era when the patriarchal value of the man-woman relationship was being replaced by feminist values. The author focuses on Barfoot in *The Odd Women* and Rolfe in *The Whirlpool* to examine men’s responses to the transition, thus bringing to light Gissing’s ambivalence: he criticizes patriarchy, but at the same time feels anxiety about the expansion of feminism.

**Part Four: The Author.** In Chapter 16: “The Self: Reading, Writing, and the Body,” Midori Niino, regarding Gissing’s works as the core of reflection of his true self, attempts to find his true nature in them. For the writers in *New Grub Street*, writing is a vehicle of self-depression. For the protagonist of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, reading is one of self-

satisfaction. However, it is the sensuous self-satisfaction brought by the activation of the five senses, not the spiritual self-contentment afforded through the appreciation of intellectual books. This is because his complacency lies in the chaotic state of conflicts between reason and emotion, spirit and flesh, wisdom and impulse. After all, both writing and reading bring him emptiness rather than self-fulfilment.

In Chapter 17: “Exile: In Search of a Lost Home,” Ayaka Komiya seeks the origins of Gissing’s consciousness of exile in the life of the protagonist of *Born in Exile*. According to her, they are his unstable identification both with the middle class and with the working class, his predilection for classic literature, and his life-long yearning for the possession of his own home. The photos of Gissing’s London lodgings taken by the author herself help the reader’s understanding of her argument.

Bouwe Postmus, in Chapter 18: “Travel: An Exile’s Homecoming” (trans. by Takashi Kozawa), considers Gissing’s travels to Italy as an exile’s homecoming to the classic land he has so long admired from afar, and discusses the significance of their impact on his life and works, supported by biographical facts and quotations from *By the Ionian Sea*.

Chapter 19: Yumiko Hirono, “The Art of Fiction: Gissing’s Narrative Technique and Characterization,” analyzes Gissing’s art of fiction in *The Nether World*, *The Odd Women*, and *The Whirlpool*—representative novels of the early, middle, and later periods of his career with a view to elucidating his narrative methods systematically. The author’s conclusion is that Gissing is an innovative novelist who wrote for his own satisfaction whereas novelists traditionally wrote to satisfy the cultural demands of society.

In Chapter 20: “Autobiography: Separation of the Writing Self and the Written Self,” Yuji Miyamaru first defines the difference between autobiography and autobiographical works, then, in Section 3, discusses a selection of the autobiographical elements in *New Grub Street* and *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. The critic defines the fin de siècle as the period when the purpose of fiction shifted from a focus on the reader’s enlightenment to one on the author’s introspection, and insists that Gissing’s place was at the dawn of this new era.

**Part Five: Ideologies.** In Chapter 21: “Realism: The Unnaturalness of Being Naturalistic,” Hideo Kajiyama traces the development of Gissing’s realism in *New Grub Street*, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, and some short stories as his analysis targets. It ranges from social realism connected with the evocation of the labourers’ living conditions to naturalism

based on the principle of the survival of the fittest. Having noticed the limitations derived from the popularization of literature, Gissing directs his realistic method to self-introspective description, or so-called resignation realism.

Chapter 22 (Jacob Korg, “Humanism: An Exile from the Age,” trans. by Aya Yatsugi) clarifies the comprehensive features of the Gissing oeuvre through investigation into his biography and works, as well as through a comparison with contemporary writers. The chapter contains plenty of meaningful remarks, such as “Urban life in Gissing’s novels is a counterpart of Hardy’s nature; both are indifferent or hostile to human beings”; “Gissing’s realism is not so powerful as Zola’s naturalism”; and “Gissing is more influenced by George Eliot’s realism than by Zola’s.”

In Chapter 23: “Aestheticism: The Pursuit of Ideals through Beauty,” Akemi Yoshida discusses the conflicts between aestheticism and Christian morality in Gissing’s novels of the early and middle stages of his career, incorporating her wide-ranging knowledge of the then art world. The author studies the evolution of the novelist’s concern from “art for life’s sake” to “art for art’s sake,” then attempts to show that the new notion of the late Victorian era—“Cultivation of the aesthetic sense stimulates the rise of moral sense”—is embodied in Gissing’s characters.

Chapter 24 (Yukimitsu Namiki, “Classicism: Portrait of a Classicist”) focuses on two functions of Gissing’s classicism: a means of escaping from everyday reality, and the mental pole from which to consider inhumane reality. The author acknowledges Gissing’s evolution from one form to the other in his works, and analyses the reflection of the second type of classicism in his historical novel of Roman and Goth, *Veranilda*. The spirit of the mid-sixth century described in the story is something that would be worth retrieving by Victorian society, which has lost its spiritual bearings.

In Chapter 25: “Pacifism: A Temperament in the Light of History” (trans. by Manami Tamura), Pierre Coustillas spotlights Gissing as a peace lover through his extensive reading of the novelist’s oeuvre and biographical sources. After explaining the influence of his pacifist father, Gissing’s innate gentleness and tenderness, anti-imperialism, and agnostic criticism of the death penalty, the author concludes that the significance of Gissing’s rashly-committed crime in his Owens College days and his subsequent tribulations is that they taught him reason, wisdom, humaneness, and gave him an exacting conscience.

To the closing section of the volume is attached Akiko Takei's helpful chronology of Gissing which shows the political, social, and ideological events corresponding to the main phases of his life. Some key terms and phrases which appear in the different chapters with their varied approaches—"love of the classics," "naturalist realism," "agnosticism," "living in a period of transition between old and new values," "exile," "writing for personal satisfaction," and "novelist of self-introspection"—reveal Gissing's major characteristics. Coming after *The World of George Gissing* (Tokyo: Eiho-sya, 2003)—a collection of fourteen essays also edited by Mitsuharu Matsuoka—this new collection of articles by eminent Gissing scholars, Japanese and foreign, is a significant contribution to the study of the novelist and late Victorian culture.

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### Notes and News

A catalogue of the Oxford World's Classics sent to us by Professor John Spiers informs booksellers and readers that the whole series has begun to be reissued in new pictorial covers, an example of which may be seen on the publishers' website. *The Nether World*, *New Grub Street* and *The Odd Women* will be available in this new garb next December.

*Austin Harrison and the "English Review,"* by Martha Vogeler, will be published by the University of Missouri Press next November, a book of 344 pages with 17 illustrations, a bibliography and an index. All Gissing's readers know that Austin, together with his brother Bernard, was one of his private pupils in the 1880s, and that he was editor of the *English Review* from 1910 to 1923. He wrote on Gissing several times, notably in the *Nineteenth Century* (September 1906) and in *Frederic Harrison: Thoughts and Memories* (1926). Martha Vogeler's book about him will enable us to see him in context. He can accurately be defined as a political and literary journalist. The publisher's announcement describes Austin's transformation from Germanophobe before and during World War I to an outspoken critic of the punitive measures against Germany in the Treaty of Versailles. Austin died in 1928, half a decade before the advent of Nazism. The only known letter that Gissing wrote to his former pupil, dated 3 June 1903, was

published in Vol. IX of the *Collected Letters*. The new book will give us an opportunity to look upstream again at the author's *Frederic Harrison: The Vocations of a Positivist*. The lives of father and son covered the most part of a century.

Lewis D. Moore's critical analysis of *The Fiction of George Gissing* is scheduled for publication by MacFarland, the American publisher, in the autumn or winter. The firm's announcement reads in part: "This work approaches Gissing's novels as purely imaginative works of art, giving him the benefit of the doubt regardless of how well his books seem to match up with the events of his own life." The time for such an approach had come, after a number of volumes that favoured a rather simplistic autobiographical approach to Gissing's fiction, tainted or not by *a priori* ideological considerations. Will ever Samuel Vogt Gapp's pioneering 1936 volume, *Gissing, Classicist*, have a better informed successor? Should a book some day be devoted to Gissing's culture, his classical education, which ceased only with his death and the unfinished chapter XXX of *Veranilda*, should be given pride of place in it.

Last February Dr. Richard Dennis, the UCL geographer well-known for his keen interest in Gissing, reported about the slow, lingering death of nos. 7, 9 and 11 Cornwall Mansions. "The paper trail," our friend wrote, "goes back to April 2004 when the delightfully named Cladministration (No. 2) and Cladministration (No. 3) Ltd, of 2 Jubilee Place, London SW3, applied for planning permission to demolish Cornwall Mansions and construct a seven-storey residential block of 36 flats with 12 parking spaces in the basement, accessed from a car lift at the north-west end of the site (where no. 11, the V-shaped, 3-storey part of the Mansions was situated). Westminster City Council considered this a great improvement on the existing Mansions, which comprised 27 flats and no parking." Few objections were made, and in July 2004, planning permission was granted for the demolition and redevelopment.

Dr. Dennis is to write an article on Gissing's last London home for this journal, a sort of farewell to 7K, the flat which Alfred Gissing, in his father's footsteps, could still visit nostalgically between the wars, when Algernon, Margaret and Ellen were living their last years. Meanwhile he has just published *Cities in Modernity: Representations and Productions of Metropolitan Space, 1840-1930*, Cambridge University Press, 2008. An im-



pressive volume, mainly concerned with London, New York and Toronto, profusely illustrated, in which Gissing receives his due. Fifteen of his works make significant appearances in it. This important study will be reviewed in one of our next numbers. The book is available in both hardback and paperback.

Dr. Simon James told us a few months ago that he has been asked to write a chapter on realism from Meredith to Forster in one volume of the forthcoming Oxford History of the Novel. Gissing will be making appearances in the chapter. Perhaps someone at OUP has realized that Gissing, in the previous history of the novel that appeared under that imprint, was simply ignored.

We hear from Miguel Temprano García that he has translated “A Daughter of the Lodge” into Spanish. The short story will be included in a new collection of English stories to be published shortly by Alba Editorial, the Barcelona publisher of *The Odd Women* and *New Grub Street*.

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## Recent Publications

### Volumes

*Spellbound, George Gissing, Volume 1: The Storyteller; Volume 2: A Twenty-First Century Reappraisal*, edited by Christine Huguét, Equilibris Publishing (Peperstraat 6, 5368 AE Haren NB, the Netherlands), 2008. Hardcover edition €118. Paperback €79. ISBN for the hardcover edition 978-90-5976-007-3, for the paperback 978-90-5976-008-0. The publishers describe the book as a selection of Gissing’s shorter fiction, the first to span the artist’s career, with critically established texts (eleven in number), original illustrations and new scholarly essays available for the first time in one publication. Contents: “Gretchen,” “An English Coast-Picture,” “Phoebe’s Fortune,” “Lou and Liz,” “The Day of Silence,” “A Midsummer Madness,” “By the Kerb,” “The Foolish Virgin,” “Spellbound,” “A Daughter of the Lodge,” “The Pig and Whistle.” Critical appraisals by M. D. Allen, Christine DeVine, David Grylls, Constance Harsh, Christine Huguét, Diana Maltz, Markus

Neacey, Bouwe Postmus, Barbara Rawlinson, Robert Selig and John Sloan. This volume of 384 pages contains 17 illustrations. The pictorial cover features “Plein air,” a painting by Linnie Watt.

George Gissing, *Per la mar Jònica: Notes d'un viatge pel sud d'Itàlia*, introduction and translation by Joseph M. Llauradó, Muro, Balearic Islands: enSiola, 2006. Pictorial cover featuring Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. ISBN 84-934310-5-2. This is the first Catalan translation of a book by Gissing; it is now out of print. The publishers are shortly to issue a translation of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*.

George Gissing, *Il riscatto di Eva*, bilingual edition edited by Maria Teresa Chialant. Naples: Liguori Editore, 2008. Pp. lii + 412. Pictorial cream covers. €27.50. This is the second impression of the book, first published in 2005.

#### Articles, reviews, etc

Simon Bradley, “A Victorian Novelist Takes the Ratty,” *The R and ER Magazine* [R for Ravenglass, and ER for Eskdale Railway], no. 177, June 2005, pp. 22-24. The author had recently discovered Gissing’s passage on the still famous narrow-gauge railway line from Eskdale to Ravenglass in *The Odd Women*; so he wrote eloquently on the subject, inviting readers to purchase Gissing’s novel. The article is illustrated with photos taken c. 1890, that is shortly before Everard Barfoot and Rhoda Nunn found their way into print. A 200-page book on the very picturesque railway line, entitled *The Ravenglass and Eskdale Railway*, by W. J. K. Davies, was published by David and Charles in 1968 and reprinted in 1981.

Paul Negri (ed.), *Great English Short Stories*, Mineola, N.Y.: Dover Publications (Dover Thrift Editions), 2005. Contains a reprint of “The House of Cobwebs,” pp. 169-84. Gissing is mentioned on pp. iii-iv.

George Gissing, “Eventide,” *Dickens Magazine*, Series 4, issue 4 on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, August 2007, p. 8. A long quotation from *Charles Dickens: a Critical Study*, chapter 12.

Emanuela Ettore, *Lo specchio e la clessidra: Uno studio della narrativa di Thomas Hardy*, Naples: Liguori Editore, 2007. Occasional mentions of Gissing.

Virginia Nicholson, *Singled Out: How Two Million Women Survived without Men after the First World War*, Viking/Penguin Books, 2007. Passages on *The Odd Women*, pp. 33, 110-11.

Diego Medrano, "Trágico y putero," *La Voz de Avilés*, 8 January 2008, Opinion Section. Review of *La nueva Grub Street*. Another review by Pedro Antonio Urbina appeared in *Aceprensa* on 5 February.

Hazel K. Bell, "Editors and Copy Editors in Fiction: Taking a Carpet-Sweeper to the Jungle," *Journal of Scholarly Publishing* (University of Toronto Press), January 2008, pp. 156-67. See pp. 162-63 on Gissing and *New Grub Street*.

George Gissing, "Artistic Structure" (from the introduction to *Martin Chuzzlewit*), *Dickens Magazine*, February 2008, p. 11. George Gorniak, the editor, appropriately mentions Gissing in his article on Orwell, both of them writers in the Dickens tradition, pp. 26-28.

David Sexton, "The *femmes fatales*," *Evening Standard*, 10 March 2008, p. unknown. Review of Delany's biography of Gissing.

Anon., "Critical Eye," *Guardian* (Review section), 15 March 2008, p. 2. Extracts from the reviews of Delany's book published in the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Sunday Times* and the *Spectator*.

José Luis de Juan, "Bohemios de libro," *Babelia* (supplement to *El País*), 15 March 2008, p. 14. Review of the translations of *Scènes de la vie de bohème* and *New Grub Street* published by Alba Editorial.

— — , "Bohemia y letras," *Diario de Mallorca*, 27 March 2008, p. 6. Review of the same two volumes. With photograph of Gissing at Wells's desk in 1901.

Michael Bywater, "A Writer at odds with his Times," *Weekend Australian Financial Review*, 24-27 April 2008, reprinted from the *New Statesman* of 13 March.

Jonathan Keates, "A Cruel Sort," *Times Literary Supplement*, 2 May 2008, p. 11. Review of Delany's book.

José María Guelbenzu, "McCarthy, Roth, Coetzee," *El País/Babelia*, 25 May 2008, p. 18. A few very positive lines on the Spanish translation of *New Grub Street* by Miguel Temprano García.

Gary Day, *Literary Criticism: A New History*, Edinburgh University Press, 2008. Passage on Gissing with quotation from *New Grub Street* on *Chit-Chat*.

Dennis Shrubbsall, *Walking with W. H. Hudson in the English Landscape*, Lewiston: Edwin Mellen Press, 2008. Foreword by Pierre Coustillas. Gissing appears on pp. 13 and 92.

Wulfhard Stahl, "'Denker Ihrer Art hat Deutschland mehr als jemals nötig' Eduard Bertz (1853-1931). Eine Spurenlese," *Aus dem Antiquariat. Zeitschrift für Antiquare und Büchersammler*. Neue Folge 6 (2008), No. 3 [June], pp. 155-61. The illustrations are of special interest. For the first time we see a photograph of Bertz as he was c. 1912. The others are the inside of the reading room of the Free Public Library at Rugby, Tennessee, the covers of *The French Prisoners* (2<sup>nd</sup> edition, 1902), of Bertz's translation of Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, of *Glück und Glas*, of *Das Sabinergut*, third edition, retitled *Amerika, du hast es besser!*, and *Philosophie des Fahrrads*.