Volume LI, Number 1
January 2017

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ISSN 017-0615

The Gissing Journal

Volume LI, Number 1, January 2017
"More than most men am I dependent on sympathy to bring out the best that is in me."
Commonplace Book

The Fifth International Gissing Conference
University of Bristol, 25-27 July 2016
George Gissing and Place: A Personal Response

REBECCA HUTCHEON
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> He was at Bristol soon after eight. [...] Such glimpse as he had caught of the streets did not invite him forth, but neither could he sit unoccupied; as the weather was fair, he rambled for an hour or two. [...] He recalled the first lines of a poem he had once attempted; it was suggested by a reading of Coleridge — and there, possibly, lay the point of association. Coleridge: then he fell upon literary reminiscences. Where, by the way, was St. Mary Redcliffe? He put the inquiry to a passer-by, and was directed. By dreary thoroughfares he came into view of the church, and stood gazing at the spire, dark against a blotchy sky. Then he mocked at himself for acting as if he had an interest in Chatterton, when in truth the name signified boredom to him. Oh, these English provincial towns! What an atmosphere of deadly dulness hung over them all! And people were born, and lived, and died in Bristol — merciful powers![1]

Any delegates of the Fifth International Gissing Conference who arrived at Bristol Temple Meads, subsequently wending their way northwards through the city centre, may well have caught a glimpse of St Mary Redcliffe, Bristol's largest church. They may well be in a position to sympathise with Glazzard's disparaging thoughts: the topography of "dreary thoroughfares" has perhaps not become more cheerful since Gissing's day. At least, however, the sky was far from blotchy. The sun was shining and the weather was fine throughout the conference. The event was held in Clifton Hill House in the Georgian suburb of Clifton, an area replete with literary connections: Hannah More, Ann Yearsley, Maria Edgeworth, Walter Savage Landor and E. H. Young, among others, all lived in the area. Even Glazzard acknowledges that "Clifton was a place to be seen; on a bright morning like this it would be pleasant to walk over the Downs and have a look at the gorge of the Avon,"[2] and, on the final day of the conference, the remaining delegates did just this, finishing up in the Avon Gorge Hotel, with its fantastic view of the Bridge.

The conference aimed to reconsider Gissing as fundamentally a writer of place, alert to the very real geographical or spatial implications of class and

gender. Yet it also sought to recognise that there is more to Gissing's places than a mere adherence to the transposition of the commonplace. Frequently, the papers revealed, locations are fraught with irony, with imagery and with imagination. These aspects are, perhaps, most noticeable in what Huguet defines as Gissing's "semantically-charged" short stories, a form which featured highly in the conference papers.[3] Gissing's multitudinous settings were fully explored through papers covering topics as diverse as movement and sexuality, the spatial form of narrative, ecocriticism, street music and, particularly apposite to the Bristol setting, cycling.

The round-table discussion, held on the second evening, identified what Simon J. James defined as the "leitmotif" of the conference. Any discussion of Gissing's place, it emerged, is bound up with the question of exile. If movement is recurrently equated with a desire for self-discovery, too often it ends in exile and the futile attempt to find oneself in the old.

The introductory keynote, Professor Richard Dennis (UCL), began the conference by delivering a pertinent and engaging paper posing the question of "George Gissing: Geographer?" Asking what Gissing's use of real and thoroughly researched places signifies, Dennis noted Gissing's acute sensitivity to the nuances of place, concluding that the novelist can be understood as a natural rather than a theoretical geographer. In terms of space, and its connotations of activity, Dennis looked at perambulatory characters in *The Unclassed* (1884) and much more concentrated movement in *Thyrza* (1887), arguing that walking becomes an escape from place in which characters attempt to occupy, instead, their internal space.

Gissing's sense of the instinctiveness of internal space was developed by Emanuela Ettorre through her analysis of the "places of unfitness" in the stories "A Son of the Soil" and "Transplanted." Ettorre explored how, in both texts, the insatiable longing for alterity leads to fatal displacement. Continuing this theme of identity and place, Constance Harsh argued that the presumptive equation of person to place (both geographical and social) can be equally as precarious. Through an illuminating analysis of *Isabel Clarendon* (1886) Harsh explained how, when gender and status are viewed as a type of place, the notion of fixity is challenged. The leitmotif of exile was particularly elucidated in Michele Russo's paper which examined Gissing's early years in America and the writings he composed there – "A Terrible Mistake" and "An English Coast-Picture." Exile, Russo posited, carried with it its own spatial implications: England remained at the centre and America at the peripheries.

Yet proximity to the perceived centre does not always imply closeness, as William Greenslade explained in his paper "Redrawing the Pastoral." The

urban pastoral locates sites of desire at the centre, but nonetheless expresses a desire for embracing ideas of escape within rather than from the city. Gareth Reeves, however, argued that the rural locations of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903) – despite the text's surface toponymic realism – betray an innate unreality of place. Also exploring the city-country dichotomy, Reeves read the site of escape as so personal and subjective as to appear an extended interiority, devoid of others and reliant on solitude. For Adrian Tait, this propensity for escape inwards speaks for a less paradoxical connection to the world than it perhaps appears. From an ecocritical point of view, Tait explained, Gissing's botanical alertness is less about forgetting others as about forgetting the self and counterbalancing contemporaneous (and contemporary) anxieties of the loss of the natural world.

Luisa Villa's keynote address returned both to the periphery and to the earlier portrayals of the provincial north in her paper "The Quarries on the Heath: The Imprint of Place and Gissing's Wakefield Stories," offering a shrewd re-reading of the marginal places in *A Life's Morning* (1888), *Born in Exile* (1891), *Denzil Quarrier* (1892) and the shorter fiction. Through her analysis of *A Life's Morning*, Villa expounded the novel's perspective as essentially that of the returning native. Her quotation aptly demonstrates this angle:

> Dunfield was at that time not perhaps worse off in its supply of marriageable males than other small provincial towns, but, to judge from the extensive assortment which passed through the Cartwrights' house, the lot of Dunfield maidens might be held pathetic. They were not especially ignorant or vulgar, these budding townsmen, simply imbecile. One could not accuse them of positive faults, for they had no positive qualities, unless it were here and there a leaning to physical fatuity. Their interests were concerned with the pettiest of local occurrences; their favouritisms and animosities were those of overgrown infants. They played practical jokes on each other in the open streets; they read the local newspapers to extract the feeblest of gossip.[4]

In the portrayal of the atypical provincial and traditional town, which emphasises the trivial ("petty"), partiality ("favouritisms"), the local – which, as Villa pointed out, is repeated, takes on connotations of narrowness and limitation. Yet, Villa posited, another aspect of the provincial emerges in Gissing's writings – that of the botanist and local scientist – and this facet is rendered spatially in the topographies of the quarries, which comes to take on elements of the geological sublime.

Another less conventional approach was adopted by several papers devoted to travel, mobility and gender. José Diaz Lage identified the bicycle as an emblem of modernity connected with the New Women. Lage offered a

distinction between types of mobility: velodrome-atic, and thus linked with exercise and rationality, and exploratory which, associated with independent travel, was much more contentious. Despite being a tool of emancipation, and – in *Our Friend the Charlatan* specifically – contributing to the surprisingly positive image of the New Women, its potential democratisation is simultaneously undermined – a liberating commodity remains a commodity nonetheless. Concentrating on the short story "A Schoolmaster's Vision," Eva Chen explored the notion of the bicycle as an example of the human machine, a part of modernist speed which, unlike trains, offered a more personal participation in the time-space compression. In Gissing's story, Chen suggested, speed figures as an active pleasure: the rider of the bicycle generates speed and is thus liberated. Both papers considering bicycles in Gissing's shorter fiction, though offering surprisingly different foci, nonetheless identified the persistently under-appreciated lighter and humorous side of Gissing's narrative style.

Simon J. James also picked up on a less-discussed element of Gissing's narrative in his examination of the ironic distance between voice, agency and plot. Looking at sympathy and division of sympathy in the critical response to *The Whirlpool* (1897), James argued that Gissing's use of free indirect speech has had a profound effect, with critics siding with masculinity rather than femininity. Through an examination, also, of *The Unclassed* and its revisions, James demonstrated that the narrative form (or diegetic spatiality) of Gissing's work separates characters' viewpoints from the ironic distance of the implied author of the text.

The following papers followed James's lead in returning the focus to Gissing's London locations: starting with a reappraisal of suburbia in Rebecca Hutcheon's response to the uncanny domestic in *The Odd Women* (1893) and Claudia Martin's account of the comic novella *The Paying Guest* (1895). Martin explored the influence of Eliot on Gissing's portrayal of the outer suburb of Sutton as a purgatorial site of self-discovery and personal growth. Francesca Mackenney and Daniel Karlin shifted further inwards to the central metropolis. Focusing on *New Grub Street* (1891) and *Ryecroft*, Mackenney explored the conflict between newness and originality, recognising in the former a recurrent parody of the new sitting uncomfortably beside a post-Darwinian anxiety of lack of originality which manifests itself, in part, in the intense ambivalence of the latter. Professor Karlin's long paper "Orpheus in the Nether World" examined the various soundscapes of *The Nether World* (1889) in relation to the wider context of aural urban environments. Conventional realism, Karlin concluded, is treated with such irony in Gissing,

that the redemptive quality of music is at best momentary and at worst savagely inverted. In his discussion of *Thyrza*, Karlin touched on the paradoxical element that is often understood as central to Gissing. Citing the organ passage from the novel, Karlin explained how the panacea of music is self-ironising, an impossible fantasy that the narrative voice yearns for.

Jeremy Tambling's resounding closing plenary offered a monumental account of the double spanning Gissing's literary career from *Workers in the Dawn* (1880) and *The Unclassed*, via *New Grub Street* and *By the Ionian Sea*, and ending with *Ryecroft*. The infinite splitting of the self, prevalent in the philosophies of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, is also a persistent and enduring theme in Gissing's works. Gissing's artist characters – Golding, Waymark, Reardon – in their search for the desire for beauty – undergo a Schopenhauerian division and subsequent weakening of the will which leads to a rejection of the possibility of social improvement. Tambling identified a passage in *Ryecroft* to explicate Gissing's divergence from the Ruskinian emphasis on the social importance of art:

> One obvious reason for the long neglect of Turner lies in the fact that his genius does not seem to be truly English. Turner's landscape, even when it presents familiar scenes, does not show them in the familiar light. Neither the artist nor the intelligent layman is satisfied. He gives us glorious visions; we admit the glory – but we miss something which we deem essential. I doubt whether Turner tasted rural England; I doubt whether the spirit of English poetry was in him; I doubt whether the essential significance of the common things which we call beautiful was revealed to his soul. Such doubt does not affect his greatness as a poet in colour and in form, but I suspect that it has always been the cause why England could not love him.[5]

Ryecroft notes a strangeness in Turner's sense of place, as compared to Constable's – something that is not quite English and for this reason Turner's art cannot satisfy nation lovers. Perhaps this sense of strangeness can be said, too of Gissing's places. At times, and particularly from exile, England or home is celebrated and coveted for its homogeneity and stability and yet, elsewhere, it is ironised and such constancy is, fundamentally, unachievable.

[1] George Gissing, *Denzil Quarrier* (Hassocks: Harvester Press, 1979), pp. 205-206.
[2] George Gissing, *Denzil Quarrier*, p. 249.
[3] Christine Huguet, "Introduction" to *Spellbound*, ed. by Christine Huguet (Haren, NL: Equilibris, 2008), p. 16.
[4] George Gissing, *A Life's Morning* (1888; repr. Home & Van Thal, 1947), pp. 108-09.
[5] George Gissing, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (London: Constable, 1929), p. 164.

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Announcement

MARKUS NEACEY
Berlin

In October 2016 Malcolm Allen passed on the editorship of *The Gissing Journal* to me. I would like to thank him for the editions of the *Journal* he produced during his time as editor. I should also like to show my appreciation to Hélène Coustillas for helping me these past few months in the task of preparing this first issue and the contributors for their essays.

It has often been said that *The Gissing Journal* unites scholars and enthusiasts. For the first time, instead of an academic scholar, in my person a Gissing enthusiast is now taking the helm. In 2017 I hope to maintain the high standards set by previous editors. Anyone wishing to contribute articles, book reviews, or provide me with "Chit-Chat" about events, news items, or publications (books and articles) concerning Gissing and his circle, is welcome to contact me at forfarmarkus@fastmail.co.uk.

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COLLECTED ESSAYS - GEORGE GISSING

The twenty-one essays published in this collection feature the most substantial uncollected examples that remain of the occasional pieces that Gissing wrote throughout his career. They include papers and articles dating from his student days at Owens College, Manchester, such as the essays on Burns and on the English Novel of the 18th century, through to the last years of his life, with his reflective articles on Dickens in 1901 and 1902. In between we have notable examples like the elaborate philosophical essay "The Hope of Pessimism," the wonderfully impressionistic piece "On Battersea Bridge," and the lengthy, descriptive Roman narrative entitled "Christmas on the Capitol," which foreshadows Gissing's later classic travel book *By the Ionian Sea*. All these essays highlight the eclectic taste and enquiring cultured mind of one of the leading late-Victorian writers who is now better-known for his novels and short stories.

The *Collected Essays* is edited and introduced by the dean of Gissing studies, Professor Pierre Coustillas and represents the last major uncollected writings of Gissing to be brought together in one volume.

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The Foolish Virgin and Her Twentieth-Century Descendant

GILLIAN TINDALL
London

The best part of sixty years ago, in the late 1950s when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I came across a reprint edition of the 1890s quarterly publication *The Yellow Book*. In it was a story by someone of whom I had never heard: George Gissing. No doubt there were other goodies too from the list of well-known writers of the time who contributed to that short-lived but admirable literary venture, but I don't recall any of them. It was Gissing's story, "The Foolish Virgin," which seemed to me so extraordinarily fresh and heartfelt, that stuck in some crevice of my mind.

It stayed there undisturbed for ten years, while I lived my life, had several novels published, did some journalism, got married and gave birth to a son. When that little boy was not quite two he caught measles, which people tried not to be alarmed about in that era long before MMR vaccinations but which, in so young a child, was worrying. He recovered perfectly well – but I remember vividly that some small distraction from my concern for him was provided by the book I had just acquired, and that I sat for several days with my child cuddled on my lap and the rather hefty tome propped in front of me. This book was the new edition of *New Grub Street* brought out in 1967 by Bodley Head, with an introduction by John Gross. I had picked up on it because it attracted the attention of a number of influential reviewers including, I recall, V. S. Pritchett. Evidently the long period of neglect which tends to follow soon after the death of even a very well regarded writer was now reaching its natural term, and interest was stirring once again. The following year a Penguin edition of the same book appeared. Jacob Korg had already published his worthy but not very interesting biography in 1963 and, unknown to me, in the great Coustillas workshop of Gissing scholarship the wheels were busily turning.

I decided, really without much prior knowledge, that Gissing was for me. It had been suggested to me by more than one older literary acquaintance that I should think of widening my reputation by trying my hand at a biography, and indeed – as now viewed from many decades later – that period around 1970 now seems to have been a wonderful time for would-be biographers with so many good subjects as yet little worked upon. The man who had been my editor for my most recent novel had now left that publishing firm and had set up as an independent. His name was Maurice Temple-Smith; he had a flair for picking up what was in the wind, and for a few years, till various life crises

seemed to deflect him from the path he had created for himself, he was successful and admired. He took me out to lunch; I confided my designs on Gissing to him, and almost without further discussion – as I remember it – he took out a cheque book and we agreed a delivery date. That is how things were still done in the publishing world then – no confabulations with the marketing people, no tediously concocted 'synopses' to wave at them.

The delivery date we fixed upon was two years ahead: late 1973, it must have been, since my *The Born Exile* was published in 1974. Two years is in fact the time-frame to which I have worked for every subsequent non-fiction book I have written, a space sufficiently short to imbue one with energy and purpose but not *so* short that a few weeks off for illness or a family crisis will compromise the whole project. I now think I was lucky, once again, in being already accustomed to the rhythms of commercial publishing and the need to seize the moment. Too many biographical studies were, and are, written by people who have been reared on the more diffuse academic model of work with its questionable assumption that more necessarily means better. When the biography is that of a writer, this lack of discrimination on the part of the biographer seems particularly unfortunate. Gissing may have been constrained for much of his career to stretch to a three-volume library novel what might better have been expressed in a shorter compass, but, as a truly gifted novelist, he never lost his sense of what is dramatic, what matters, and what may be best expressed in few words.

As I did my reading and researching many of Gissing's novels were still only obtainable in what George Orwell (a lone admirer in the 1930s) had described as "soup-stained library editions," but with John Spiers at the Harvester Press near Brighton plans for reprints were already afoot. I was therefore fortunate enough to have my book published when a buzz was audible round Gissing's name, and when a few people who had known his contemporaries were still alive. Rebecca West, novelist and later girl-friend of H. G. Wells, reviewed the book, as did various other redoubtable old persons. All were evidently delighted to have the chance to expatiate on how interesting they had always found Gissing: it became apparent that both in Britain and in the United States he was the epitome of a writer's writer.

But my next non-fiction book (also commissioned by Temple-Smith) took me into the realm of urban history which, over the decades, has become a central theme in my work. Thanks to Gissing, I have been to some interesting places and met some very nice people, but, except for one or two introductions to Harvester reprints, I have never again written on him. He has, however, surfaced in other books I have written, especially in *Countries of the Mind: the*

meaning of place to writers (1991) and in my most recent book *The Tunnel Through Time: a new route for an old London journey* (2016). The details of his chaotic personal life, though of course still broadly familiar to me, I would have difficulty in recounting now in accurate detail. I have said my say on the Guilty Secret and the deep-seated contradictions that informed his life, and other commentators have taken up these themes and produced further insights. Gissing has, rather, become for me, even as Dickens was for him, the delineator of London settings and districts, supposedly objective descriptions which are nevertheless infused with his own emotions and obsessions. He never understood the north country in which he was raised, mainly I think because he was not intellectually interested in it and could not 'see it' with his literary inner eye. But, working as he did from literature to life, he really did come to know London well, from its ancient courts to its burgeoning suburbs and its relatively new and equally burgeoning underground railways. And he is, of course, the novelist par excellence, far more than Dickens or Trollope, of the 19th century London lodging house.

This institution, and its companion the boarding house which provided 'board' (food) as well as accommodation, is now virtually extinct. Rarely, today, does a house whose rooms are rented out with bathroom etc., shared, have the landlord living on the premises, let alone cooking meals for the lodgers. But within living memory such an arrangement was not unknown: in my youth elderly ladies in Islington and Camden Town still let rooms to 'respectable working men,' made them breakfast, and ensured respectability was retained by having rules about who might visit and what time the front door was locked at night. And in the mid-and-late-Victorian era versions of this household were ubiquitous in every part of London except the smartest areas, and in other large provincial cities too. In a world in which men of all classes were not expected to cook their own food and women with the social status of 'ladies,' however small their means, did not do so either, it is obvious that the householder with rooms to spare and a wife at home anyway found in boarders a ready source of extra income. (It may be remembered that when Gissing himself was actually living in a quite respectable flat near Baker Street, a better class address than any lodging house, he was pathetically appalled at the fact of having, on occasions, to 'peel vegetables' for his own dinner).

Some couples with growing families seem to have deliberately rented for themselves on a long lease a house big enough also to accommodate a lodger or two in 'the first floor front' or 'the top floor back,' often young men of a slightly higher social class than themselves who would pay for hot water to be brought up and other services. Running a boarding house was also the saving

solution for a widow left with a home but without an income. From the censuses of the later decades of the nineteenth century, it has been computed that in many districts one person in every three was either a lodger or the landlord of a lodger.

Gissing addicts will recall the short story "The Prize Lodger," in which a middle aged shop-owner makes a point of moving on year by year from one Islington boarding house to another, not so much dissatisfied with his accommodation as disinclined to put down roots. Eventually he finds the perfect widowed landlady, pleasant but reticent, scrupulously clean, with modest terms but excellent cooking. He succumbs to matrimony with her, and they move out, at her wish, to the distant new suburb of Wood Green. The erstwhile lodger-turned-husband cannot feel at home there and the previously unassertive widow turns into a monster of marital demands and exactions. (Here we clearly encounter a familiar Gissing nightmare, one that was played out so fatally in his actual life). Or there is "The House of Cobwebs," which begins with a penniless would-be writer (what else?) anxiously doing sums in his head – "Fifteen shillings a week – not quite that, if I spread my money out. Can one live on fifteen shillings a week – rent, food, washing?... I shall have to leave these lodgings at once. They're not luxurious, but I can't live here under twenty-five, that's clear..." He finds cheap accommodation in a semi-derelict house that once had pretensions to elegance, and though the story ends cheerfully for the writer (his manuscript is accepted by a publisher and he is offered a whole £50 for it, hardly a substantial sum even in the 1880s) he has narrowly missed a chimney of the house falling on top of him. Lodging houses harbour all sorts of dangers in Gissing's works. In "A Lodger in Maze Pond" – the arresting name of an otherwise unremarkable street in Southwark must have appealed to the writer – poor Shergold, who has already (like his creator) survived one disastrous marital union, lets himself be entrapped by the landlady's daughter. He remains caught, in spite of good advice from a more worldly friend, marries the girl, carries her off abroad, and dies of dysentery in Calcutta. How fortunate that Gissing himself never ran away as far as India.

By 1896, when "The Foolish Virgin" was published, Gissing was financially rather more secure. *New Grub Street* (1891) had been a success: he had acquired some literary reputation and a few literary acquaintances including Wells. The obsession with poverty began to be allied, in his work, with the evolving role of women, which was to bear fruit in *The Odd Women* (1893) and in *In the Year of Jubilee* (1894). In "The Foolish Virgin" (which uses the term in a literal sense rather than with biblical reference to lamps and

improvidence) Rosamund Jewell is living in the usual genteel boarding house, perennially short of money, dependent for it upon a brother-in-law who is about to declare that he cannot support her indefinitely. "From time to time she thought feebly and confusedly of 'doing something' but her aims were so vague, her capabilities so inadequate that she always threw aside the intention in sheer hopelessness. Whatever will she might once have possessed had evaporated in the boarding-house atmosphere... And – what is the use of boarding-houses if not to renew indefinitely the hope of marriage?" In fact the story opens just as she is disappointed in her marital expectations of a fellow lodger.

One suspects that Gissing, who was not himself unattractive to women though fatally prone to under-estimate his own capabilities to secure a decent and acceptable spouse, had encountered the occasional Miss Jewell in the lodgings at home and abroad through which he had passed. One becomes more sure of this when Miss Jewell chooses to confide her desire to "be of use in life" (in reality a euphemism for "earn a living") to the young man of a good family with whom she had maintained an acquaintance. This gentleman listens politely – "He took it for granted, however, that Miss Jewell frequently used this language; doubtless it was part of her foolish, futile existence to talk of her soul's welfare, especially in *tête à tête* with unmarried men." The sophistication of this observation strikes one, so different is it from the more typical Gissing diatribe about "female viciousness."

At the young man's very hesitant suggestion, Rosamund Jewell goes to live with a well-educated but hard-up family of his acquaintance: she shares their life on equal terms but does much of the work a servant would normally have been paid to do. Naturally her wild hope that the young man would be so impressed that he might want to marry her is doomed. She leaves the family when the faithless fellow lodger turns up again, and for a while seems once more a possible proposition – "She did not dislike him ... He would be a very tractable husband." His faithlessness, however, reasserts itself. Rosamund reaches crisis point, and "it depended on the mere toss of a coin whether she kept or lost her social respectability. She sounded all the depths possible to such a mind and heart - save only that from which there could be no redemption." This would appear to be an opaque, Mudie-acceptable reference to prostitution.

Rosamund returns to the friendly family, who take her back:

"Of course I'm sorry for her [says the wife to her husband], but there are plenty of people more to be pitied. Work, she must, and there's only one kind of work she's fit for. It's no small thing to find your vocation – is it?

Thousands of such women – all meant by nature to scrub and cook – live and die miserably because they think themselves too good for it."

The husband remarks: "The whole social structure is rotten!"

There, in a nutshell, you have Gissing's realistic view of society's organisation. Almost alone among his contemporaries, he seems to have perceived that the emancipation of educated women and the liberation of the servant-class might in practice be linked. Though many of his own views on women were sentimental or paradoxical, he wrote (in his work on Dickens): "There are those who suspect that our *servant-question* foretells a radical change in ways of thinking about the life of home; that the lady of a hundred years hence will be much more competent and active in cares domestic than the average shop-keeper's wife today." One has to say that he was absolutely right.

I will add here that Rosamund Jewell has an interesting near-modern counterpart. In 1955 Brian Moore, a northern Irish writer of crime stories, who had moved to Canada and later went to the United States, published his excellent first proper novel. This was *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*. It is set in Belfast, in the 1950s a peaceful and old-fashioned town in which the traditional full-scale boarding house still existed. In such a place the spinster Judith Hearne, a penniless and failing piano teacher, ekes out a lonely existence under the eyes of assorted fellow lodgers, the landlady and the landlady's indulged middle-aged son. Her solaces are her shaky Catholic faith and secret drinking. Like Rosamund Jewell, she has managed to sustain acquaintance with one prosperous family that includes a male she hopelessly admires. A new lodger arrives in the boarding house, the landlady's brother who has spent many years in the United States. He shows off to Judith about his supposed life in New York; she listens eagerly, and he is impressed by her ladylike manner. Each forms the false idea that the other must possess a bit of money and might therefore represent an interesting proposition – for him, a business opportunity, for her marriage.

I will not spoil the story for future readers by telling the rest of it. It was turned into a memorable film in 1987 with Bob Hoskins and Maggie Smith in the leading roles, but set in Dublin since by then Belfast had become synonymous with the resurgent Troubles. The film ending was changed to one less bleak than that in the book, but otherwise the rendering of Judith's descent into hell, her "passion" in the archaic, biblical sense, was entirely authentic – the type of collapse described by Gissing sixty years earlier as "sounding all the depths possible to such a mind and heart."

I don't know if Brian Moore had read Gissing's "The Foolish Virgin" when he wrote *Judith Hearne* but I strongly suspect he had: he was well-read, and particularly knowledgeable about the Victorian era. He became the favourite novelist of many discerning people, including Graham Greene. Like Gissing, he was a true writer's writer and, though he enjoyed a longer and much more successful life than Gissing, never lost his capacity to inhabit the minds and hearts of those social misfits who seem peculiarly exposed to life's pain.

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Algernon Gissing's "Hidden Fire," Other Discoveries, and An Updated Bibliography

MARKUS NEACEY
Berlin

In *George Gissing: The Definitive Bibliography* (High Wycombe: Rivendale Press, 2005) Pierre Coustillas included a list of Algernon Gissing's published books (on pp. 576-578). There have also been three checklists in these pages, in 1990 by C. M. Wyatt and Coustillas, and in 2011 and 2013 by Bouwe Postmus, detailing the appearances of his short stories in Australasia. In this article I will describe Algernon Gissing's writing career and provide an updated bibliography. I will also refer to some interesting discoveries.

Algernon Gissing chose to become a writer in 1884, at once helped by his brother, George, who gave him a synopsis to develop into a novel. In 1886 he sent a manuscript entitled "Crakehill" to Macmillan which the firm's reader soundly rejected with the words "On the whole I should not hope much from any future attempt of the writer's. This at any rate is quite hopeless." As Algernon's subsequent career proved, the reader was prophetic in his appraisal. Some Gissing scholars have even reproved Algernon for persisting in writing fiction whilst subjecting his wife and children to long years of hardship. But persist he did, and in 1888 he persuaded Hurst & Blackett to publish a novel entitled *Joy Cometh in the Morning, A Country Tale*: a rural tale akin to Thomas Hardy's though a pale imitation. It failed to achieve a second edition and gained him a mere £16. Thus the pattern was set for the next twenty-five years: the pastoral became Algernon's forte; his novels appeared in yearly intervals earning him between £25 to £50, barely enough to support a large family. Algernon did develop into a competent, if limited, storyteller, but his family would have been spared much distress and trauma if he had taken up an altogether different career.

In September 1896 his short story, "Between Night and Day," was accepted by Clement K. Shorter for publication in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. For the next few years he concentrated on writing stories for magazines with moderate success. He then returned to writing novels and a few topographical books. In 1906 he collected the stories he had so far produced in *The Master of Pinsmead* which was published by John Long. These are partly stories of resilient and strong-headed female characters, full of atmospheric descriptions of the countryside in a northern English dialect. The most memorable story is "The Girl at the Ferry" describing a young woman's defiance whilst waiting for the return of the man she loves, as her grim and evil father, a ferryman, attempts to sell her to the man of his choice, who regularly plies him with money to win the girl. On the night of the lover's return the father encounters him by chance and proceeds to ferry him across the river to his cottage. As the man bends to light the lantern in the darkness, the old man strikes him on the head with the oar and watches him sink into the water. But he is only stunned and able to save himself. His intended discovers him and takes him home where she confronts her father, who, upon seeing the lover appear before him, collapses in horror as though seeing a ghost. He dies of shock that night and the following summer his daughter marries the man of *her* choice.

Up to 1906 Algernon had enjoyed little success as a writer. Had he looked back with hindsight, he would surely have admitted that his literary career had been a vain aberration. Yet, as George noted, his novels were sometimes well received by critics – though not by the young Virginia Stephen (later Woolf) – and this convinced him time and again that he was on the brink of success. And apparently he had a small but loyal readership. His most supportive reader was W. H. Hudson who sent Algernon's children an annual Christmas gift from Whiteley's in Queensway and sometimes visited them. His most popular novels were *The Scholar of Bygate* (1897), *A Secret of the North Sea* (1900), and *The Wealth of Mallerstang, An Upland Tale* (1901). In times of need he was an inveterate borrower from family and friends, especially from his brother. During all these years, meanwhile, he conspired with his various publishers to have his novels appear at the same time as George's, and advertised as "Mr Gissing's new novel," tactics which often led to critics mistaking them for those of the better-known, more regarded author.

In January 1899 Algernon's health broke down. George felt compelled to give him £50 and his sister, Ellen, contributed £150 from the family fund to enable him to rest for six months. The next few years saw H. G. Wells, J. B. Pinker, and others enlisted to help him but to no avail. He was forever thinking up unrealistic schemes which inevitably never saw fruition or vainly seeking a

position as a columnist. Surely he must have looked on in envy at a journeyman writer such as Barry Pain, who, like himself, not knowing true literary success, held weekly and monthly columns for years in several periodicals whilst publishing an unending stream of stories and articles. But there were many such writers, Guy Boothby, Grant Allen, and Morley Roberts among them, who saturated the literary marketplace as if they had a fiction factory on tap. But Algernon was never able to find a niche in the periodicals of his day or to write popular novels and living far away from London clearly undermined his prospects. So he sought other avenues of securing a better income. At one time he thought of acquiring a parish sinecure, at another he hoped W. H. Hudson would aid him in starting up a parish magazine. Then, following George's death in December 1903, Algernon's main support was lost to him forever. Still he was later to find ways and means to make ready money from the piecemeal sale of his brother's manuscripts and letters.

In 1910 the production of novels was interrupted by a second volume of short stories, *Love in the Byways: Some Last-Night Stories* (London: F. V. White & Co), which collected stories written after 1901. This was followed in quick succession by five novels, the last of which, *A Dinner of Herbs* (London: F. V. White & Co), appeared in 1913. Coustillas records no further book publications up to his death in 1937 apart from *The Footpath Way in Gloucestershire* (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Son) from 1924, and a volume of George's letters in 1927, co-edited with his sister Ellen. During these years he contributed some articles and letters to the periodicals in which he revealed a scholarly knowledge of Samuel Johnson.

II

Over the years Pierre Coustillas, C. M Wyatt, and Bouwe Postmus have all added largely to our knowledge of Algernon's publishing record. Their listings of his appearances in Australasian newspapers have thrown a light on the surprising popularity of Algernon's short stories Down Under. They have also added some uncollected stories to his bibliography: Wyatt and Coustillas discovered "One of the Flock," and "Cobbing's Conscience," and Postmus "Merrill's Savings," "The Second Door," and "The Rusty Key." One other, "Bridget's Dream," identified in the Wyatt/Coustillas article as an uncollected story, is in fact the same story entitled "Bridget's Holiday" that was collected in the 1906 *Master of Pinsmead* volume. In his first article Postmus writes of "Merrill's Savings" that "the single most surprising discovery was that Algernon Gissing found an Australian editor prepared to publish his last story only 13 months before his death on

February 5, 1937." Algernon actually sent the story to his agent, J. B. Pinker, in October 1907, but he wasn't able to place it until 1910 when it appeared in the *Otago Witness* (New Zealand) and in the *Aberdeen Weekly Journal*. Postmus also found an even later publication of a story, "The Miller's Surprise," which found a home in the *Central Queensland Herald* on 31 July 1941 though first serialised in 1908 and collected as "Time and Tide" in the 1910 *Love in the Byways* collection.

III

Although Algernon Gissing published his last novel in 1913, Bouwe Postmus's listings show that he continued writing short stories. Of the five uncollected stories referred to above the last was "The Second Door" which appeared simultaneously in the *Bristol Observer* and in the *Queenslander* (Australia) on 10 April 1915. Lately I have discovered six further uncollected stories. The first of these, "The Broken Peal" was serialised in the *Nottinghamshire Guardian* on 26 April 1913. I also found "Dr. Lyon's Last Prescription" in the *Chronicle* (Adelaide) of 13 December 1913. The same newspaper featured another story from Algernon's pen entitled "Twice Blessed" on 19 December 1914. A further discovery is "The Parish Coffer" which appeared in the *Brisbane Telegraph* on 11 September 1915. Then I came upon "The Odd Hand" in the 29 August 1917 issue of the *Taunton Courier and Western Advertiser*. The most surprising discovery, however, was "The Marriage of Rhoda" from the *Coventry Standard* of 27 August 1915. This story has a commercial traveller, a young woman called "Rhoda," a shabby genteel bibliophile, and a plot revolving in part around a bookstall and a lost library. Wait a minute … By George! doesn't that sound somewhat familiar? Why, yes, the story is positively Gissingian in character and clearly reminiscent of "Christopherson," one of the last stories his brother wrote. In fact Algernon appropriated George's inciting incident, changed the viewpoint from first to third person, switched the scene from London to a northern town, added a young female possibly named after Rhoda Nunn though quite unlike her, and went on to write his own variation on the story of the lost library (the story is printed below). At the last count, then, Algernon produced eleven uncollected short stories, enough to have made a third collection. Since he was nearly always in need of money, he surely must have tried, but ultimately failed to persuade a publisher to bring them out in volume form.

Another significant discovery I made came from encountering by chance an advertisement in the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer* referring to a novel Algernon wrote in the mid to late-1910s bearing the title "Hidden Fire."

It is not listed in Coustillas's bibliography, and almost certainly was never published in book form. At any rate I could not find it in the *Books in Print* volumes of the 1910s and 1920s. "Hidden Fire" was, however, serialised in thirteen full page instalments of 4000 words in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* from 5 October to 29 December 1917. The only extant run of the newspaper I found is held at Leeds Central Library. I ordered a copy of the complete serial and received a fairly readable copy within a week. The novel was serialised again almost a decade later in the *Burnley News* from 20 February to 29 May 1926. It probably appeared in other regional newspapers as well.

Surprisingly, considering Algernon is known for his stories of country life, there is not a rustic character or rural setting in the novel. Furthermore "Hidden Fire" is wholly Edwardian in its atmosphere and the racy title is completely untypical. The story begins on an ocean liner transporting the heroine from New York to Liverpool. She is a seemingly sick young woman travelling alone calling herself Miss Row. On disembarkation at Liverpool she finds temporary lodgings near the quayside where she prepares to die. Then a mysterious man who was also on the ship gains access to her bedroom. He tells her that he is a detective and has been on her trail for some time. Frightened by his threat to call the police, she tells him to send a message to a Mrs Gray, who was a friend of her father's, at Weargate, an English border town. The next day the woman's son, Robert arrives. He is an affluent solicitor who works in Edinburgh. Upon seeing Miss Row in an unconscious state he obtains the aid of the charming Dr Anderson. Within hours she regains consciousness from what, according to the doctor, was merely a nervous collapse. Robert then writes to Daphne Forster, his intended, telling her the story of Miss Row, who is in fact Alicia Johnstone, a childhood friend of his of humble origin. Some six years previously after the death of her father, Alicia, then sixteen, had gone out into the world to become an actress. Eventually she journeyed to America where she had a disastrous experience in an acting troupe.

On Gray's second visit to Alicia, she asks him to lend her £1000, which he improbably agrees to give her, even though she won't tell him why she needs the money. Meanwhile the detective has contacted his client, a wealthy aristocrat by the name of Geoffrey Robertson, who travels up from London to see her. It turns out that before going to America, Alicia had assumed the role of an adventuress and impostor in London society in a mercenary attempt to marry him. But when she was exposed as a fraud, she had vanished into thin air. Yet Robertson is still in love with her and willing to forgive her. Robert Gray knows nothing of Alicia's connection with Robertson or why she is being treated like a criminal. But feeling moved by her pitiful situation, he intends to

take her to his mother's home. Gray returns to Weargate to prepare for Alicia's arrival and to ask Daphne to move their marriage forward. But matters are complicated when he finds Daphne harbouring unsympathetic and jealous feelings towards Alicia and suggesting she be placed in a Friendless Girl's Home. Gray is shocked and unsettled by her heartlessness. A few days later when he fetches Alicia from Liverpool, he realises that he is strongly drawn to her. As she settles in at Weargate she proves to be a cultured, refined and independent young woman, in fact the exact opposite to the immature and petulant Daphne. But Gray is to marry soon and then he sees Robertson at Weargate apparently courting Alicia. Soon after, through the doctor's influence, Alicia receives an offer to appear in a new London play and at once takes up her acting career again. And so the stage is set for an intriguing tale of romance that plays out in London, Paris, and the North of England.

An Updated Bibliography

This update lists serialisations, old editions, and newly published editions of Algernon Gissing's books not in Pierre Coustillas's bibliography. The short stories are in the order in which they appear in the two collections, *The Master of Pinsmead* (1906) and *Love in the Byways: Some Last-Night Stories* (1910). The first known serialisation and further printings in newspapers or periodicals are listed in chronological order. Where a story was published under an alternative title, this is noted for that instance. The bibliography includes the Australasian additions compiled by C. M. Wyatt and Pierre Coustillas in 1990 and by Bouwe Postmus in 2011 and 2013, as well as serialisations in the United Kingdom and North America. Three stories remain to be discovered: "The Music-Master," "Where the Bee Sucks," and "The Village Fiddle" – though it is likely they never achieved serial form. Algernon's most popular stories (of the 43 he is known to have written) were "The Man from the North," "The House o' the Dead," and "Barbara's Dower." NB.: "Western Australia" is abbreviated to "WA" in the listings.

Books:

The Scholar of Bygate (London: Hutchinson & Co., 1897), "Hutchinson's Colonial Library."

A Secret of the North Sea (London: Chatto & Windus, 1900), "Colonial Edition."

The Wealth of Mallerstang, serialised in *Cardiff Times and South Wales Weekly News*, 6 July 1901 to 28 September 1901.

The Master of Pinsmead (London: John Long, 1906), "Long's Colonial Library."

The Dreams of Simon Usher (London: Chatto & Windus, 1911), "Popular Edition."

A Dinner of Herbs (London: G. Bell & Co, 1913), "Bell's Indian and Colonial Library."

The Footpath Way in North Gloucestershire (Stroud, Gloucestershire: History Press, 2009); *The Footpath Way in Gloucestershire* (Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Press, 2013).

Short Stories Collected in *The Master of Pinsmead* (London: John Long, 1906):

"**The Master of Pinsmead**," *Illustrated London News*, 18 February 1898, pp. 215-217.

"**The Shepherd's Hoard**," *Bristol Mercury Weekly Supplement*, 23 December 1898, p. 1; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 24 December 1898, p. 6; as "The Mystery of a Hoard," *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement*, 24 December 1898, p. 1; *Irish Weekly Independent*, 27 May 1905, pp. 10-11.

"**Lettice**," *English Illustrated Magazine*, Vol 17, April 1897, pp. 69-75.

"**The Man from the North**," *Manchester Times*, 18 May 1900, pp. 11-12; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 19 May 1900, p. 6; *Manchester Weekly Times*, 25 May 1900, pp. 11-12; *Cardiff Times and South Wales Weekly News*, 21 July 1900, p. 2; *Week* (Brisbane), 7 September 1900, p. 34; *Telegraph* (Brisbane), 17 October 1900, p. 7; *Times* (Canterbury, NZ), 31 October 1900, pp. 61-62; *Maldon News* (Victoria), 26 January 1917, p. 4; *Evelyn Observer and Bourke East Record* (Victoria), 19 January 1917, p. 5; *Dunmunkle Standard* (Victoria), 19 January 1917, p. 5; *West Wimmera Mail and Natimuk Advertiser* (Victoria), 19 January 1917, p. 2; *Gippsland Independent, Buln Buln, Warragul, Berwick, Poowong and Jeetho Shire Advocate* (Victoria), 19 January 1917, p. 5; *Camperdown Chronicle* (Victoria), 20 January 1917, p. 5;

Riponshire Advocate (Victoria), 20 January 1917, p. 4; *Euroa Gazette* (Victoria), 23 January 1917, p. 5; *Cobram Courier* (Victoria), 25 January 1917, p. 6; *Maldon News* (Victoria), 26 January 1917, p. 4; *Gundagai Independent* (NSW), 22 February 1917, p. 6; *Gnowangerup Star and Tambellup-Ongerup Gazette* (WA), 28 April 1917, p. 4; *Beverley Times* (WA), 5 May 1917, p. 2; *Laverton Mercury* (WA), 4 August 1917, p. 2.

"**An Idea of the Rector's**," *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 5 March 1898, p. 6; *Bristol Observer*, 5 March 1898, pp. 1-2; *Observer* (Adelaide), 7 May 1898, p. 35; *Newcastle Morning Herald and Miner's Advocate* (NSW), 31 August 1898, p. 2; *Clarence and Richmond Examiner* (NSW), 22 October 1898, p. 6; *Southern Reporter* (Selkirkshire), 3 August 1899, p. 4; *Taunton Courier and Western Advertiser*, 25 October 1899, p. 2; *Supplement to the Hampshire Telegraph*, 23 June 1900, p. 10.

"**Between Night and Day**," *English Illustrated Magazine*, Vol 15, September 1896, pp. 503-509.

"**The House o' the Dead**," *Washington Post*, 28 May 1899, p. 27; *Weekly Indiana State Journal*, 9 August 1899, p. 6; *Manchester Times*, 29 September-6 October 1899, pp. 11-12, and p. 10; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 30 September 1899, p. 6; *Newcastle Courant*, 30 September 1899, p. 2; *Times* (Canterbury, NZ), 20 December 1899, p. 44; *Week* (Brisbane), 5 January 1900, p. 34; *Telegraph* (Brisbane), 13 January 1900, p. 9; *Warwick Examiner and Times* (Queensland), 5 May 1900, p. 3; *Gympie Times and Mary River Mining Gazette* (Queensland), 5 May 1900, p. 3; *Bombala Times and Manaro and Coast Districts General Advertiser* (NSW), 23 October 1900, p. 4; *Campbelltown Herald* (NSW), 24 October 1900, p. 6; *Molong Argus* (NSW), 26 October 1900, p. 4; *Clarence River Advocate* (NSW), 26 October 1900, p. 7; *Dungog Chronicle* (NSW), 26 October 1900, p. 5; *Wyalong Star and Temora and Barmedman Advertiser* (NSW), 26 October 1900, p. 5; *Delegate Argus and Border Post* (NSW), 27 October 1900, p. 10; *Grenfell Record and Lachlan District Advertiser* (NSW), 27 October 1900, p. 4; *Walcha Witness and Vernon County Record* (NSW), 27 October 1900, p. 6; *Murrumburrah Signal and County of Harden Advocate* (NSW), 27 October 1900, p. 5.

"**Peter's Legacy**," *Star* (Auckland), 22 July 1903, p. 3; *Weekly Irish Times*, 14 August 1903, p. 4; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 15 August 1903, p. 6; *Bristol*

Observer, 15 August 1903, pp. 1-2; *Star* (Canterbury, NZ), 21 September 1903, p. 4; *Daily Telegraph* (Launceston, Tasmania), 7 October 1903, p. 7.

"**Joel's Defeat**," *Manchester Courier Weekly Supplement*, 14 December 1901, p. 11; as "Joel's Legacy," *Hull Times*, 14 December 1901, p. 5; *Indianapolis Sunday Journal*, 12 January 1902, p. 7; *Slough, Eton and Windsor Observer*, 15 August 1903, p. 7; *Whitstable Times and Herne Bay Herald*, 27 February 1904, p. 3; *Leigh Chronicle and Weekly District Advertiser*, 9 May 1913, p. 2.

"**The Girl at the Ferry**," *Springfield Sunday Republican* (Massachusetts), 24 July 1904, p. 18; *New Zealand Mail*, 9 November 1904, pp. 9-10; *Lancashire Daily Post*, 5 August 1907, p. 4; *Staffordshire Sentinel Summer Number*, June 1912, pp. 27-31; *Queenslander* (Australia), 14 March 1914, pp. 43-44.

"**Bridget's Holiday**," as "Bridget's Dream," *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement*, 10 December 1898, p. 4; as "Bridget's Christmas Dream," *Supplement to the Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 10 December 1898, p. 3; Christmas *Chronicle* (Adelaide), 17 December 1898, p. 46; *Capricornian* (Queensland), 17 December 1898, pp. 14-16; *Star* (Auckland), 24 December 1898, p. 5; as "The Christmas Dream," *Woman*, December 1898, pp. 21-27; *Tasmanian Mail*, 24 December 1898-5 January 1899, p. 5.

"**One Summer at Crawshall**," *Chronicle* (Adelaide), 30 September 1899, pp. 33-34; *Express and Telegraph* (Adelaide), 30 September 1899, p. 2; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 14 October 1899, p. 6; as "The Maid and the Man," *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement*, 14 October 1899, p. 8; *Sunderland Weekly Echo and Times*, 20 October 1899, p. 6; *Supplement to the Hampshire Telegraph*, 21 October 1899, p. 10; *Leader* (Melbourne), 2 December 1899, p. 28.

"**The Minister's Bureau**," *Washington Post*, 27 November 1898, p. 27; *Weekly Indiana State Journal*, 30 November 1898, p. 6; *Queen*, 10 December 1898, pp. 1006-1007; *Manchester Times*, 16 December 1898, pp. 11-12; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 17 December 1898, p. 6; *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, 17 December 1898, p. 2; *Leader* (Melbourne), 25 February 1899, p. 28; *Week* (Brisbane), 24 March 1899, p. 29; *Telegraph* (Brisbane), 10 April 1899, p. 3; *Western Mail* (WA), 28 April-5 May 1899, p. 63, 68; *Canterbury Times* (NZ), 3 May 1899, pp. 52-53; *Albury Banner and Wodonga Express* (NSW), 18 August 1899, p. 5; *Wrexham Advertiser*, 3 March 1900, p. 7; *Gympie Times and Mary River Mining Gazette* (Queensland), 20 April 1901, p. 5; *Bundarra*

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"**Chimes at Midnight**," *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, 3 September 1904, pp. 6-7; *Bristol Observer*, 3 September 1904, p. 1; *Weekly Scotsman*, 3 September 1904, p. 2; *Leader* (Melbourne), 17 September 1904, p. 29; *Canterbury Times* (NZ), 28 September 1904, pp. 69-71; *Star* (NZ), 10 October 1904, p. 4.

"**Barbara's Dower**," *Cardiff Times and South Wales Weekly News*, 20 May 1905, p. 3; *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 20 May 1905, p. 6; *Queenslander*, 21 October 1905, p. 43 and 8 May 1909, pp. 44-45; *Leader* (Melbourne), 8 January 1910, p. 42; *Border Morning Mail and Riverina Times* (NSW), 4 September 1912, p. 3; *Gundagai Independent and Pastoral, Agricultural and Mining Advocate* (NSW), 2 October 1912, p. 6; *Eastern Districts Chronicle* (WA), 25 October 1912, p. 5; *North Times* (NZ), 2 November 1912, p. 2; *Braidwood Dispatch and Mining Journal* (NSW), 30 November 1912, p. 4; *Port Macquarie News and Hastings River Advocate* (NSW), 25 January 1913, p. 2; *Colac Herald* (Victoria), 29 September 1913, p. 3 and 31 August 1914, p. 3.

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"**The Kiss of a Snowflake**," *Preston Guardian*, 24 December 1908, p. 3.

"**The Music-Master**."

"**Where the Bee Sucks**."

"**The Village Fiddle**."

"**Between the Leaves of a Book**," *Queenslander*, 23 March 1912, p. 44.

"**The Additional Typist**," *Motherwell Times*, 1 December 1911, p. 7; *Crookwell Gazette* (NSW), 29 September 1914, p. 4; *Mullumbimby Star* (NSW), 29 October 1914, p. 6; *Rodney and Otamatea Times, Waitemata and Kaipara Gazette* (NZ), 11 November 1914, p. 6; *Stawell News and Pleasant Creek Chronicle* (Victoria), 14 November 1914, p. 8; *Otago Witness* (NZ), 2 March 1920, pp. 65-66; *Gloucester Advocate* (NSW), 20-21 May 1924, p. 4; *Western Herald* (NSW), 12 December 1925, p. 5; *Evening News* (Queensland), 18 April 1931, p. 6; *Central Queensland Herald*, 23 April 1931, pp. 49-50; *Wagga Wagga Express* (NSW), 6 June 1931, p. 17.

"**The Seat by the Door**," *Cassell's Magazine*, July 1908, pp, 162-169.

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"**Foggin's Heir**," *Observer* (Adelaide), 25 June 1910, p. 10; *Evening Post* (Wellington), 30 July 1910, p. 10; *Leader* (Melbourne), 20 August 1910, p. 44; *Kalgoorlie Minor* (WA), 19 November 1910, p. 4; *Observer* (Adelaide), 22 July 1911, p. 10; *Capricornian* (Queensland), 22 March 1913, pp. 33-35; *Morning Bulletin* (Queensland), 24 March 1913, p. 8.

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Uncollected Novel:

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Uncollected Stories:

"**One of the Flock**," *Lancashire Daily Post*, 4 October 1902, p. 6; *Manchester Courier Weekly Supplement*, 4 October 1902, p. 11; *Indianapolis Sunday Journal*, 2 November 1902, p. 7; *New Zealand Mail*, 10 December 1902, pp. 9-10; *Slough, Eton and Windsor Observer*, 7 March 1903, p. 7; *Burnley Gazette*, 13 July 1910, p. 4.

"**Merrill's Savings**," *Otago Witness* (NZ), 12 October 1910, pp. 77-78; *Aberdeen Weekly Journal*, 16 December 1910, p. 7; *Northam Advertiser* (WA), 24 December 1910, p. 8; *Telegraph* (Brisbane), 7 April 1911, p. 5; *Australian Town and Country Journal*, 6 December 1911, p. 23; *Canowindra Star and Eugowra News* (NSW), 8 March 1918, p. 8; *Malayan Saturday Post Illustrated* (British Malaya), 6 April 1929, pp. 18, 23, 30, 39; *Canberra Times* 25, 27, and 28 December 1935, p. 4; *Central Queensland Herald*, 28 December 1939, pp. 44-45.

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"The Marriage of Rhoda"

One raw afternoon in winter Andrew Hepple came to Elibridge on his northern journey and went to his hotel. He was not going to do anything that day. He washed, had tea, and having put light to his cigar resumed his heavy overcoat to go for his usual stroll about the town till dinner-time. He always enjoyed this great industrial centre of the north with its conflict of old and new, its crumbling associations of romance with its cyclopean enterprise of man's latest, maddest ambition.

Outside the hotel door he stood to inhale deeply the bracing atmosphere. It was smoky, damp, and foggy to-day, and although nobody knew the tonic fragrance of the hills better, whenever Hepple set foot in Elibridge fair or foul he always felt that there was no more keenly exhilarating air in Great Britain. Though some miles from the sea the breath of the busy quayside pervaded the place for him and wafted its subtle suggestion into the town's darkest and grimiest corner.

The man usually descended the steep street to the quay first of all, but to-day he was lazy, and having sniffed the air turned up the great thoroughfare at an idle pace until he came to the opening of a market place thronged with a noisy miscellaneous assembly. Round the pavements were all kinds of stalls: old books, sweetmeats, rusty iron and hardware, fish, rabbits, and fruit, herbs and quack medicines, inextricably confused with a moving crowd and general uproar: here and there a blind or decrepit singer, a punch and judy show, a broken down fiddler.

Nothing pleased Hepple better than to arrive here on one of these market days. He threaded his way amongst the throng, looking at everything, giving a fanciful life to many of the faces, and bestowing coppers where sympathy or whim prompted. He stayed for some time at a bookstall, turning over the grimy volumes and looking into some of them. Not that he was a book buyer. The only thing as a rule to tempt him was some odd-looking biography or old manual of herbs or gardening. Nothing of this arrested him to-day. He would indeed have passed on sooner, but for the arrival of another rambler who excited his attention. Whilst pretending to examine the books Hepple was narrowly watching the movements of this silent and unobtrusive figure.

It was that of a man of middle-age, shabbily dressed, but clean, and suggestive of some refinement. He was evidently much more engrossed in his pursuit than this idle observer. His eyes were bent over the books assiduously and methodically, passing regularly along the line, and when in the slightest doubt about the title or the nature of a volume he took it out to examine it. When the man came to his end of the stall Hepple changed places and the

stranger courteously acknowledged the politeness with a nod and a smile, but without any direct interchange of glances. In a minute or two he passed on, having examined every book presented without having found anything to suit him.

Though for the moment interested, there was nothing to induce Hepple to give further attention to his figure, and it was at once merged in the crowd. When, however, he presently came upon it again engaged exactly in the same manner at a stall on the other side of the square Hepple scrutinised it more closely. The stranger did not look at him, seemed oblivious of his presence, and continued poring over the books. Hepple did the same. He took up a book or two, and then became aware of the sharp glance of his companion as he did so. They were the only two at the stall for the moment and he was apparently not recognised by the absorbed book-hunter. Presently Hepple found a volume to interest him, and in turning its pages he ceased for a few moments to regard the other's movements whilst finishing the rows. On deciding to take the book, and putting his hand to his pocket for the sixpence, he met the other man's eyes upon him.

"Are you really going to take that?"

As the stranger spoke, a girl of two or three and twenty stepped up to him, of whose presence on the pavement behind them Hepple had been vaguely aware.

"Yes," said Hepple, good-humouredly. "Did you want it?"

"Extraordinary," remarked the man with a smile, and he looked significantly at the girl who might very well be his daughter.

"Is it one, father?" she said.

Simply to prolong the conversation Hepple professed reluctance to yield the book and they moved from the place together.

"I confess I am sorry to lose the thing when so near my grasp," said the book-hunter. "It is a very odd thing. Didn't I see you before? I feared you instinctively at the first glance," he added with a laugh. "But are you at liberty? Have you any objection to coming home with me? I can't talk in a crowd."

Hepple readily agreed. It was an encounter after his own heart, and whilst they threaded a few cross streets on their way to a terrace of private houses scarcely more genteel than those of artisans, he was speculating upon such various explanations of the incident as occurred to him. The education and breeding of his companions were now apparent. Their adverse circumstances were scarcely less so, although as Hepple was ushered into their dwelling, poverty was by no means obtruded upon him. The furniture if scant was good:

the appointments simple and clean and tasteful. The daughter withdrew as Hepple's host led him into a room which was lined with books.

"You were smoking when I first saw you. Do have a cigar. You need not fear it," he said with a well-bred smile as he produced a box. Hepple politely took one. Most people felt very soon at ease with Andrew Hepple, and his present acquaintance proved no exception to the rule.

"Did you look at the fly-leaf of the book?" he asked. "You will find a name there. It is mine."

Hepple took the volume from his pocket and read in a small neat hand, "Henry D. Chillingham."

"Then this was once yours."

"It was one of the five thousand volumes that constituted my library in happier days many years ago. They were dispersed and I am afraid a portion of my brains was scattered with them. To tell you the truth, for ten years I have scarcely been able to give my mind to any pursuit but that of recovering my straying volumes. Yes, it is a craze; but then, happily, I know it's a craze, and perhaps you may recollect Coleridge's distinctions."

"But is it possible to recover so many volumes when they have once been dispersed by auction?" asked Hepple in surprise.

"Naturally you would think not, but I have had the most amazing good fortune, and it is that no doubt that has kept me sane. It has become a real pursuit, not a visionary one. I wrote my name in every volume; and by advertisement, by attending sales, and by indefatigable bookshop and stall-hunting, I have got back already, as you see, over three thousand of my original collection. I should not have thought it possible myself if I had not done it. That ninth edition of Paterson's 'Roads' you have got, though of no value, occupied a particular niche——"

"I can only give it up on one condition," interposed Hepple genially. "That you and Miss Chillingham will come and dine with me at my hotel to-night at 7.30. I am only a commercial traveller, but you must allow me to celebrate such a singular occurrence in my own way. I promise you a private room."

Mr. Chillingham hesitated, must consult his daughter, feared her acquiescence. After a minute or two's more persuasion he withdrew for the consultation he suggested. Father and daughter came back together.

"Will you allow us to reverse the invitation?" said Miss Chillingham with an artless gracious manner. "You join us here at the same hour?"

Hepple at once felt politeness required him to bow his acceptance of this alternative as he handed over the volume to Mr. Chillingham.

In a few minutes he was again strolling about the streets. His brain was busy with his new acquaintance, for he could not feel that the library by any means exhausted the interest of the situation. There certainly was a pathetic suggestion about the figure of Miss Chillingham calculated to touch one of Hepple's susceptibilities. Before he was standing at their door again he found that the girl altogether displaced the books or even the book-hunter in his mind. Of what nature exactly was the injustice of which her father was conscious? Did he refer merely to the submerged life to which she was condemned through his inability to exert his powers effectually in order to command her a fuller and more appropriate existence?

These questions were uppermost in his mind when once more sitting in the library listening to Mr. Chillingham's even and cultivated voice on the subject of the history and development of our road system in Great Britain. At least he appeared to be listening, but Hepple was in reality far more attentive to the sounds of movements going on outside the room. He was thankful to hear more than one pair of feet, for he had had an uneasy suspicion that the whole burden of this improvised hospitality must inevitably fall upon Miss Chillingham unaided, and sympathy outweighed mere curiosity on the subject of her household management.

"Yes, no doubt, to tell you the truth," laughed Hepple, "I know nothing whatever about the subject. And it is really too bad to have fallen in with Miss Chillingham's suggestion. I shall be here two or three days and I must exact a promise that you will in return fall in with mine to-morrow."

As he was saying this the young lady came in.

"You hear, Rhoda?"

"Why not, father? Will you come in? Dinner is ready."

Mr. Chillingham rubbed his hands with satisfaction. He felt singularly light-hearted, for it chanced that never before had he spoken so unreservedly to anyone of his life's purpose and he had added a book to-day. He even laid his hand gently upon Hepple's arm as upon that of a new friend as they followed the graceful figure of Rhoda into the other room.

But from this moment, for the visitor, Mr. Chillingham scarcely existed. It was impossible for Hepple to withdraw his attention from the striking presence of the daughter. The pathetic air of reserve, even depression, that had been formerly suggested was now completely removed, and the beautiful features were heightened to a degree of distinction by the animation they displayed as Rhoda was leading her guest into a conversation that suited him. If anybody understood the romance of the railroad it was Andrew Hepple, and having learned that he was a commercial traveller, Miss Chillingham had drawn him

on to that topic. She was frankly astonished at the result. Thus it came that Hepple knew very little of those details of the repast to which he had looked forward with so much curiosity. He had a recollection of some good mutton, apple-tart, and cheese, and a bottle of Burgundy. For the rest it was delightful talk and Rhoda. Of the additional pair of feet about which he had been so solicitous he saw nothing. He himself did much of the transference to the sideboard and the young hostess left the room for the second course when it was needed, Hepple being alert in stepping to the door.

At length the two men were alone finishing the Burgundy. Hepple was aglow with satisfaction. He felt easy with Mr. Chillingham, and as they talked he burst out, "But why do you live in a town at all? I should have thought the sympathies of Miss Chillingham and yourself were with the country. Life would be very much pleasanter, and couldn't you carry on your quest just as well?"

This was Hepple's way of searching for the man's employment, for a glimpse of his unsuccessful past, their present source of livelihood. But Chillingham started as if he was shot.

"Not a word of that," he said in an earnest whisper with his eyes to the door. "You see my daughter. Other men can see her. But not yet, not yet. She must have an honest and independent future. She must learn to work. She is studying for the stage. In the country curate, the first sentimental fox-hunter or horse-trainer——"

Hepple broke in with a burst of laughter. "Not for Miss Chillingham," he exclaimed emphatically. "Her instinct is infallible."

"Do you seriously think so?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"So I thought of her mother."

There was a sound of a door shutting and then footsteps down the stairs. The two men's eyes were fixed on one another. Mr. Chillingham raised his finger and Rhoda entered; with a heightened colour she advanced to her father and handed him an open letter.

"I had not the courage, father, to show you this before."

In blank astonishment Chillingham cast his eyes to the paper.

"To-night!" was his exclamation and he turned to look at Hepple. "He cannot enter this house, Rhoda."

"He must enter this house, father. If he may not, then I must leave it. I am sure you misjudge him."

In great agitation the book-hunter started from his chair and passed without speaking to the other room. The atmosphere was changed immediately, Hepple

felt uneasy at being a witness to such a scene. Instantly detecting it, Rhoda stepped up to him, and in a low earnest tone thanked him for being present.

"You have helped me. It was just for this I wished you to come to-night. I have no courage. I could not face it alone. My father does not mean to be unkind, but he is terrible, terrible."

"But I had better go now?"

"Please do not. For his sake do not. My – Mr. – the visitor will be here directly and your presence will be a help to all of us. It has become intolerable. It must be settled to-night."

Rhoda had but said this, when the door-bell rang and she went from the room. Hepple listened breathlessly.

"May I let him in, father?"

Muttering "Yes, yes, if it must be so," Mr. Chillingham came back into Hepple's presence. The front door was opened, and there followed a profound silence. No word was spoken. Some slight hushed sounds Hepple interpreted in his own way. Then Rhoda led a man forward into the room. He had a fine rosy complexion heightened by the cold night air. When about to speak he cast a look of astonishment at Hepple.

"It is a friend, Cuthbert. You can say anything," said Rhoda.

"You can guess my errand, Mr. Chillingham," began the visitor in a strong pleasant voice. "The house is ready. This must end so far as Rhoda is concerned, and if you are wise, as far as you are concerned also."

Hepple was startled by the change in Mr. Chillingham. All his former pleasant urbanity had left him and his features wore a tragic cast.

"Rhoda, you can have no idea what you have done by entering into this design," explained he.

"Father, I have the fullest idea. It is for you as much as for myself I have done it. There was no other way. I have tried everything. Can you not see that your life as well as my own is being destroyed and wasted? You talk of the stage. I abhor the stage."

"Destroyed and wasted!" cried Chillingham in a frenzy. "And by what has it been destroyed and wasted? Was I born to this? Was I brought by deeds of my own to this? Did I drag you from the fields of my fathers to this inferno? It is to save your life alone that I have endured it, to save this or another young man's life from what mine has been. But I am now powerless. You must take your own course. Leave me, leave me."

And Mr. Chillingham fled to the other room.

After a brief consultation the pair decided to carry out their project, and leave any further persuasion until Mr. Chillingham was more composed.

Rhoda went to prepare for departure accordingly, and Hepple undertook to remain, in the hope of soothing to some extent the distracted book-hunter. So when the others had gone he crossed and knocked at the library door. Mr. Chillingham stepped forward and opened it. Then they sat down.

"I must apologise for my daughter introducing you to such a scene," began the host in a calmer tone. "Have another cigar. You are entitled to some explanation for you must simply think that I am mad: upon two things I fear I am almost," said he with that old smile again; "books and idle women. I suppose I ought to be too proud to talk of this, but they drive me to it. You will guess that my daughter had a mother. A lovelier woman never breathed. Through my own imbecility she ruined me. That's the worst of the sting you'll find. The self-contempt for having permitted such a disaster through tenderness, chivalry, and a few other idiotic qualities. I was born to a fair estate, and a hundred a year is all that was saved from the wreckage. If I had had the common-sense of a grocer or an innkeeper I could have saved myself. I had not, so I fell. I soon saw that my daughter had inherited every one of her mother's faculties – not one of mine. You will not believe me, but I assure you that it is a fact that that girl has proved utterly incapable of education: that is, of developing any real intellect or reason. This was the cause of my deciding to establish her honesty and independence through the only channel that was possible. She might, if she would, make a consummate actress. It seemed to me that in this working atmosphere some hope in this line might be possible."

"But ought you not to have gone to London?" asked Hepple, almost dazed with astonishment.

"Possibly, but for numberless reasons I could not face that."

"And she defeats your purpose by falling in love," interposed Hepple, restraining his smile, but not yet capable of appreciating all the tragedy of the revelation.

"Yes, she defeats me again as her mother defeated me, and adds one more stone to my humiliation and dishonour. She has not the sense of honesty to win a position by dint of her own achievement. She prefers to steal it. It is strange, you think, to talk of such a daughter in such a way. But is it not the truth? She is penniless. That man is wealthy. In ten years he will be hurling abuse on her dishonest impecuniosity and on mine."

"I should say he is too much a gentleman to do that. There are thousands of lifelong happy marriages where the bride has been penniless."

"Only where the woman's tact, sensibility, and meekness amount to genius. Simplicity like that you reverence, and only happiness can result from it. Dishonesty deserves abuse; refined methods cannot touch it. But come," said

Mr. Chillingham, starting up. "Let us go to your hotel. I shall take a bed there to-night. I cannot sleep here." And the man's eyes passed tragically round the books.

From the glimpse of the extraordinary background to the book-hunter's placid exterior Hepple feared that his mind was really unhinged. There possibly might be some cause such as he had indicated for his madness and some method in it: but it was always easy to see Hepple's conventionality of outlook. He was ever too apt to construe any trace of exceptional character as madness, and indeed, as the wisest have asserted, it is difficult to discriminate. The strongest evidence against Mr. Chillingham, in Hepple's mind, was his unreasoning estimate of his daughter. Hepple could easily have fallen in love with the girl himself and vouched for her admirable qualities. But Hepple, with Falstaff, thought instinct a great matter. Nevertheless, he admitted he had been occasionally deceived.

Mr. Chillingham appeared another man in the smoke room of the hotel. For the moment he had evidently thrown some of the burden of his life from him and Hepple could fancy what he had been in earlier days. He talked fluently and on other than ancient systems of roads. For a couple of hours or more he kept Hepple interested profoundly. Both showed a disinclination to go to bed. But eventually they parted.

"Can you spare a few hours in the morning?" said Mr. Chillingham in doing so.

"To be sure," said Hepple.

"Then I will take you to see something. It will interest you."

After that they shook hands.

Hepple was down first and sat reading the paper whilst waiting for his new friend. After a time he got impatient and inquired if Mr. Chillingham had been called. The waiter went to ask and on coming back assured Hepple that he had. In another quarter of an hour Hepple's patience was exhausted and he ordered his own breakfast to be brought in. He had got no further than his porridge when the waiter came again, and in a low tone asked Hepple if he might speak to him.

"Speak ahead," said Hepple in astonishment. Then he accompanied the waiter from the room.

The manageress was on the landing in a state of consternation, and without a word conducted Hepple to the room occupied by Mr. Chillingham. The two stared at each other aghast, for the occupant of the bed was dead.

"H'm," sniffed the doctor as he came in, "Laudanum."

On the dressing table was a bit of paper bearing only the words, "It is at an end."

Hepple always pronounced this the greatest shock he had received in his life. He was not in the remotest degree prepared for it, for he confessed frankly in his evidence that the obvious distress Mr. Chillingham betrayed the previous night had struck him as much in a humorous as in a tragical light. But from the statements of others it was proved that the dead man's confessions to Hepple of his affairs were strictly true. He had been ruined by the extravagant and even dishonest practices of his wife, a woman of better family than his own and of renowned beauty.

Before the inquest, however, and before even a rumour could get abroad, Hepple took it upon himself to discover Rhoda. This he had little difficulty in doing, as he knew the name of her lover. It was to the house of a relation of his that Miss Chillingham had gone with him, and there Hepple eventually found them. The residence was a stately one about five miles from Elibridge. On arriving Hepple asked for the young lady, but it chanced that she had seen him approaching, and met him as she came into the hall.

"We are going to keep an appointment to-night," were her first words uttered almost gaily. "I want you to allow Mr. Wooperton to come too. You really did us a great service and he wishes to thank you. You will make sure of my father. I must get him to see differently. It is hateful to leave him like that."

Hepple thought at once of Chillingham's conversation as the girl said this, for the impression she gave him was different from that of the day before.

"I will do my best," he said, "but I only searched you out to let you know that last night had a great effect on him. He – he –"

"Is he ill?" said the girl quickly.

"I am afraid he is."

"What do you mean?"

"He is seriously ill."

"Well, isn't that unreasonable?" cried she, with a heightened colour. "But we will come. It must really be amicably settled. It was very kind of you to take all this trouble for us."

Hepple could not find the courage for more. So he returned to town.

Nevertheless after a time the wedding came off. It is more than ten years since, and though Hepple has taken considerable trouble in making investigations, he declares there is no sign of Mr. Chillingham's predictions being verified.

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Obituary
Jacob Korg (1922-2015)

NORA WRIGHT
Seattle

Jacob (Jack) Korg was born on 22 November 1923 in New York City. He majored in English at City College and was drafted into the army soon after he graduated. He was stationed in the Philippines and on his return from the war he passed through Seattle. At the time he never imagined he would one day return to spend the majority of his life there. Back home he attended Columbia University on the GI Bill and earned a PhD in English. During his graduate school days he met the love of his life, Cynthia. From Columbia he went to Bard College at Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, where he taught for several years. In 1956 he came back to Seattle and joined the English faculty at the University of Washington, from which he was away in 1960 for a year, teaching at the University of Taipei, Taiwan. The following years found him again in Seattle until the academic year 1968-1969 which he spent as Visiting Professor at the University of Maryland. For the rest of his career, from 1970 to his retirement in 1991, he was on the staff of the University of Washington.

Jack's area of interest was Victorian and 20th century British literature. He wrote many books and articles covering a wide range of subjects, including Victorian and modern poetry in which he was greatly interested (see for instance his book on Dylan Thomas, Twayne Publishers, 1965; *The Poetry of Robert Browning*, Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1971; *Winter Love: Ezra Pound and H.D.*, University of Wisconsin, 2003), but his proudest achievement was to bring a relatively unknown Victorian era English writer, George Gissing, to prominence. With several colleagues, most notably Pierre Coustillas, Jack started *The Gissing Newsletter* which continues to this day.

Jack loved to travel. He and Cynthia went to Europe many times. One of Jack's last trips was an Elderhostel tour of Egypt, which he enjoyed very much. Jack and Cynthia also spent several sabbaticals in London where he spent much time at the British Library and at the Bodleian in Oxford. After his retirement he continued to write literary articles, and even tried his hand at poetry and mysteries. He passed away peacefully on 15 July 2015, surrounded by his family. He is survived by his wife Cynthia, daughter Nora (Duane), granddaughters Sarah (Sam) and Isabel, and great-grandson Finn Jacob.

Hélène Coustillas would like to add some comments on the lifelong interest of Jacob Korg in George Gissing, on the man without whom *The Gissing*

Newsletter, then *Journal*, would probably never have come into existence. As he himself recalled in his short introduction to the *Index* to the first ten years of the *Newsletter*, compiled by his wife in 1975, "The four of us whose names appear as the editorial board had been corresponding on Gissing matters, in some cases, for years. Then in the summer of 1964 I spent some time working at the British Museum, and had the long-awaited opportunity of meeting Mr. Coustillas and Mr. Koike. We had various rendezvous and collations at and around the Museum, in the heartland of the Gissing Country, and decided to embark upon the present publication as a means of channeling the information we had been exchanging by letter." (Herbert Rosengarten was recruited some weeks later, but dropped out of the editorial board very soon after.) What Jacob didn't say, out of modesty, was that he must have been the prime mover of what he called "a thoroughly informal enterprise." The elder of his three colleagues by at least 7 or 8 years, and with much greater experience than any of them, with several ground-breaking articles in the 1950s behind him as well as Gissing's *Commonplace Book* (1962) and his *Critical Biography* (1963) of the novelist, duly acknowledged as a landmark in Gissing studies, and with the likely prospect of at least some help from his university with the material production of the "newssheet," he was the best man to try and launch the modest periodical of which he was the first editor. Typewritten and coverless, the first number in 1965 ran to only 7 pages, but the *Newsletter* developed quickly, and by the last number of 1969 it ran to 20 pages, in the hands since January that year of Pierre Coustillas. Because he wished to move on to other things or because he thought Pierre should have a turn, or both, Jack had passed on the editorship to him, with the young Dorking antiquarian bookseller C. C. Kohler, by now Pierre's good friend, to see to the "business" side of the enterprise. By 1990 the *Newsletter* reached about 40 pages, which remained the average length after it changed its name in 1991 to *The Gissing Journal*, with Ros Stinton, a former librarian turned antiquarian book dealer, replacing Kohler as "business" manager.

It must be stressed that Jacob never lost sight of Gissing after giving up his editorship. Besides publishing Gissing's *Notes on Social Democracy* in 1968 (Enitharmon Press), and, with his wife Cynthia, *George Gissing on Fiction* in 1978 (Enitharmon Press), he contributed on some 40 occasions in the next decades to the *Newsletter*/*Journal*, with short notes ("Notes on Reprints," April 1965) or long articles (the excellent "George Gissing and America," October 2005), and no less than 20 reviews of reprints of Gissing's novels or books about him ("Ryecroft in French," Pierre Coustillas's bilingual edition,

December 1966; *George Gissing: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings about Him*, October 1974; *Workers in the Dawn* and *A Life's Morning*, Harvester Press, July 1985). This doesn't take into account the many articles he published in other journals, like *The American Scholar* or the entry on Gissing in *Victorian Novelists after 1885* in volume 18 of the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Gale Research, 1983; nor does it record the papers he read at meetings of literary societies, dealing entirely or partly with Gissing. In England he attended the first Gissing Symposium where he read a paper in Wakefield in 1981, and gave the first speech at the opening of the Gissing Centre in Wakefield in 1990. He also attended in 1999 the memorable Conference in Amsterdam, where he read a paper on the appropriate subject of "Gissing and Rome," printed in *A Garland for Gissing* (Rodopi, 2001). In his retirement, as he put it one day, "I have continued doing some of the things I've always done, which shows either the persistence of habit or a lack of enough imagination to do something else." Whatever it was, it wasn't through lack of scholarly talent. Those who knew him will remember a friendly man with a pleasant laugh, with wide intellectual curiosity, and a faithful friend. One of the last messages Pierre received from Jacob, almost 50 years after their first meeting, was in 2013 to say how sorry he was to hear Pierre had, for health reasons, to give up the editorship of the periodical he himself had been so instrumental in founding.

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Book Review

George Gissing, *New Grub Street*, ed. with an introduction by Katherine Mullin, Oxford: Oxford World's Classics, 2016. 528 pp. ISBN 9780198729181. £9.99.

Announced for sale on 5 September the second edition of *New Grub Street* in the Oxford World's Classics series actually appeared on 22 September 2016. In contrast to the 1993 book, edited by John Goode, with its cover image of a brooding young man, this volume, edited by Katherine Mullin, a senior lecturer in English at the University of Leeds, has a cover illustration entitled *Portrait of Helen Gow* by Alexander Mann of an elegant young woman reading a late nineteenth-century pictorial newspaper. Chosen by a female scholar who focuses in her latest book, *Working Girls: Fiction, Sexuality, and Modernity* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2016), on the cultural and sexual persona of economically emancipated female workers such as telegraphists, typists,

and shop assistants, this alternative image is, for *New Grub Street*, an apt illustration of the type of working girl Marian Yule and Jasper Milvain's sisters are in the process of becoming, and which Miss Barfoot and Rhoda Nunn actually represent in Gissing's later novel, *The Odd Women*.

The front matter has a biographical preface instead of the chronology in Goode's volume, an introduction, a note on the text, and a select bibliography. Whereas Goode's bibliography is full and up-to-date for 1993, Mullin's is more than adequate except for the glaring failure to list both Pierre Coustillas's definitive bibliography from 2005 and his three-volume biography from 2012, the most recent and definitive of Gissing biographies. Under the rubric "Criticism and Interpretation" she includes a 1974 article by Michael Collie, as suspect a critic of Gissing as Frank Swinnerton before him, yet omits mention of the 1968 monograph on *New Grub Street* by Peter Keating, a renowned expert on Victorian literature. The text of the novel is based on the 1891 Smith, Elder one-volume reissue, as Katherine Mullin correctly records, wrongly dated 1892 by John Goode, which followed the first edition. Unfortunately, as in 1993 the division of the text into three parts is ignored.

Mullin's introduction is stimulating and positive in its treatment of what she regards as Gissing's masterpiece. She also responds perceptively and sympathetically to his female characterisation. There are several nuggets of observation to enjoy in her reading. She begins by relating Gissing's "loneliness and sexual frustration" to "a dismal ten-month period in which seven novels had been begun and abandoned." She feels his decision to marry a working girl inspired him to write *New Grub Street* "at breakneck speed." She then draws on Paul Delany's speculative notion in his 2008 biography that Gissing "used fiction to ruminate over what his future might become" as summed up in the statement: "Having written about it, he was ready to do it." This "subtle relationship between life and art" influences her reading of the complex dynamics at play in Gissing's description of the literary marketplace and in "the rising and falling fortunes of a large cast of labourers."

Like Delany Mullin sees art copied in real life and wonders which character Gissing saw himself as. At first she traces similarities between him and Reardon, in their scholarly make-up, in what she sees as their hopeless impracticality with regard to money and their dealings with publishers, and in their precarious careers as writers "of serious but uncommercial fiction." Then she focuses on Alfred Yule's marriage with a "decent work-girl," and imagines Gissing perhaps anticipating his own marriage with Edith. She follows this through, influenced, it seems, by Delany's leery view of Gissing as a cold-hearted and authoritarian husband to his second wife, by suggesting that "Yule

is a grim projection of what Gissing himself might become: a professional failure and a domestic tyrant to his uneducated but gentle and kindly wife." Gissing, of course, was neither of these, and Edith was by no means "gentle and kindly." The idea that he worked out his future in his novels is faintly absurd to say the least. This is tantamount to saying that Winston Churchill, during his wilderness years in the 1930s, used the writing of his massive biography of Marlborough to ruminate on a possible future role as Commander-in-Chief of the British nation. Just as the then unpopular Churchill would have been astonished, upon publishing the last volume of his biography in 1938, if someone had told him he would be prime minister and war leader within three years, Gissing would not have married Edith had he foreseen the consequences of such a marriage. At any rate he was no masochist. Mullin also sees aspects of him in Jasper Milvain, but concludes that "Gissing offers no straightforward portrait of the artist. Instead, he offers a fragmented and multiple meditation, diffusing elements of his own autobiography through different characters." But is this not what many novelists do?

Mullin next places *New Grub Street* in its historical context as a story about writers, which, unlike Dickens's *David Copperfield*, Thackeray's *Pendennis*, and Trollope's *Three Clerks*, she rightly asserts is "the first major novel to place authorship at the heart of the plot." She points out that all three novels "offered accounts of relatively effortless, even accidental, writing careers – talent's stepping stone to reward." It is no accident that Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope became successful authors relatively early in their literary careers when first serialisation, then publication in the three-decker form were fairly settled publishing strategies. By contrast Gissing wrote *New Grub Street*, twelve years after taking up writing seriously, in a position of perpetual financial anxiety and, as Mullin stresses, "around a shifting and pressurized publishing ecology." For it was a time of crisis in the literary marketplace with the three-decker about to be supplanted by the one-volume novel.

Gissing's depiction of Reardon's literary decline – of his bondage to a form that was wholly alien to him, and of his rigid but conflicting adherence to a serious conception of fiction – is masterful. Mullin concurs remarking that "Reardon cannot reconcile 'purely intellectual work' with his genre's requirements of a dynamic plot, living characters, and a structure which deftly drives the narrative on." She notes that some contemporary critics "disputed the accuracy" of Gissing's portrayal of Reardon's literary struggles. Unsurprisingly, Walter Besant and Andrew Lang, the leading members of the Society of Authors, doubted the realism of the novel. But they belonged to the successful literary elite, who wrote for the masses. Mullin sees strong parallels

in Gissing's and Reardon's careers, yet admits, once he started penning short stories for Clement K. Shorter in 1893, that "[i]f Gissing's past looked more like Reardon's, his future moved closer to Milvain's."

She then makes an interesting comparison between *New Grub Street* and Gissing's 1893 short story "The Muse of the Halls." It is, she asserts, a reworking of the novel's "theme of the irreconcilability of art, money, and love." Hilda, the heroine, plans to go on the music hall stage, while her fiancé Denis is "a principled but impoverished composer who cannot afford to marry her" and puts art first. Hilda says pragmatically: "We'll go in for art when we have nice clothes, nice meals, and a house that wasn't built to only last three years." Mullin feels that Denis is "emasculated by her success … and resolves to do one better." Thus he teams up with a journalist friend and "in ten minutes flat" they compose "a bright, jangling tune" which becomes "the music hall sensation of the year." The moral is that art for art's sake "means dismal celibacy, [whereas] selling out brings … 'dreamy bliss.'" As Mullin points out in a happy comparison, the story earned Gissing "11 guineas: three months' rent for around three days' work." It was not quite overnight success, and not quite selling out. Still, the positive result of writing potboilers for the short story market was something for Gissing, having written about it and done it, to regard henceforth as a lucrative sideline to the more serious work.

The main focus of the introduction is Gissing's portrayal of Marian Yule. Mullin sees Marian as a forerunner of the "New Woman," or as Jasper sees her "a good example of the modern literary girl." For all that she transcends the marketplace she inhabits because unlike her literary peers she is sincere. Mullin contends that one of Gissing's achievements in *New Grub Street* "is his representation of authentic and disinterested female desire." She also responds positively to Gissing's "sympathy for Marian, his admiration for her warmth and emotional generosity." Mullin regards Marian's love affair with Jasper as the most compelling in the novel. In the end as a result of both her father's and Jasper's treatment of her and because of her "sexual and literary sincerity" she becomes "the novel's moral touchstone, embodying the values and principals it seeks to elaborate." At the novel's end, in a development that prefigures modernism, Marian in her thoughts critiques writerly endeavours, indeed her own "creator's endeavours." If, as Mullin maintains, Jasper and Amy deserve each other, Marian's decision to leave London and give up the literary life to become an assistant librarian in a provincial town comes as the final indictment of the travails of literary production.

The text of the novel is followed by an appendix entitled "A Note on *New Grub Street* and London," in which Mullin relates the London homes of the

central characters, most being near the British Museum, to a single page image from Charles Booth's "Descriptive Map of London Poverty 1889." The same map appears in a large two-page layout in John Goode's 1993 edition, but here is still readable. There are twenty-three pages of explanatory notes in Mullin's edition compared with nineteen pages in Goode's. Like Goode, in general she tends to provide expansive notes giving full and useful details for instance about the "Museum Reading-room," "Board schools," and Victorian laws relating to women. The annotations are a valuable supplement to the novel and will be much appreciated by all readers, especially those coming to the Victorian novel or Gissing for the first time.

Just a few errors have crept into the book: the first volume of *The Collected Letters* appeared in 1991, not 1990 as stated in the bibliography; Delany's biography appeared in 2008 not 2009; in the notes Gissing was, like Reardon, "two-and-thirty" in the summer of 1890, not "33"; his literary agent in 1893 was W. M. Colles not W. H.; Gillmann should be Gillman; and Herbert Spencer died in 1903, not 1893. The book closes with some pages listing nineteenth-century books in the World's Classics series, including the three Gissing books currently in print. Gissing admirers will welcome this fine, updated scholarly edition of *New Grub Street*.— Markus Neacey

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Notes and News

In 2015 Grayswood Press published George Gissing's *Collected Essays* edited by Pierre Coustillas. The volume collects all of Gissing's lesser known non-fiction works from his student days and later contributions to periodicals in both America and Britain. Coustillas not only distinguishes the whole with a lucid, contextual introduction, but also provides an introductory note to each of the twenty-one essays. The volume is rounded off with four appendices from previous editions of Gissing's essays and from *The Gissing Journal*, one by Jacob Korg and three by Coustillas, devoted to three of the most significant essays, "Notes on Social Democracy," "The Hope of Pessimism," and "Christmas on the Capitol," and one other, discussing Gissing's outlook on the drama, draws on several essays about writing.

On 13 January at 19.30 Deutschlandradio Kultur broadcast the "Gelebte Utopie im Wald von Tennessee" by Philipp Eins in which he set out on the trail of Eduard Bertz. Eins follows Bertz from his birth in 1853 to his time in Rugby as farmer and librarian via his exile in Paris and London. Wulfhard

Stahl, the Bertz expert, can be heard in the recording talking about Bertz's background and intellectual stance. Having gone to Rugby, Tennessee, to see Thomas Hughes's utopia now called Historic Rugby, Eins visits the famous library building where Bertz catalogued 7000 books in 1882 – all still there today. The broadcast can be found at www.deutschlandradiokultur.de.

Stahl has sent me a pdf of a long article he published in the *Leipziger Jahrbuch zur Buchgeschichte* in 2016 (see "Articles, reviews, etc." below). Entitled "Eduard Bertz – Edward Carpenter – Josef Viktor Widmann. Korrespondenzen 1906–1908," it presents the extant correspondence between Bertz and Carpenter on the subject of Walt Whitman's possible homosexuality – a controversial topic fourteen years after his death – and between Bertz and Widmann about his rival, the writer Johannes Schlaf. Stahl provides the context for the letters in an absorbing introduction which notes that Bertz is still ignored by German scholars and by Potsdam, his home town. But his name deservedly lives on in Gissing scholarship and Whitman studies. Besides showing us how well he wrote English, the fully annotated letters tell us much about Bertz's personality, his love for Whitman's poetry but dislike of the man, the psychological blow Schlaf's literary "assassination" attempt dealt him in his scathing pamphlet *Walt Whitman Homosexueller? Kritische Revision einer Whitman-Abhandlung von Dr. Eduard Bertz* (Minden: J. C. C. Bruns, 1906). Bertz also cites a letter Gissing sent him in 1882 (sadly lost with all the others up to 1887), and refers to his work on the Gissing correspondence he hoped to publish, which, alas, never appeared. Stahl's article is a significant addition, the most substantial yet, to his previous publications of Bertz's letters.

After the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* archive was put online, Stahl made some discoveries. He sends this report: "Thanks to its new open access policy, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (*NZZ*) is now searchable for all its published issues starting back in 1780. So it was by a simple mouse click that an article on George Gissing surfaced: 'Zum Gedenken an George Gissing' ('In memory of G.G.') appeared on Sunday, 11 October 1953, No. 2358, leaf 4 (section 'Literatur und Kunst'), penned by H.W. Häusermann. The immediate reason for this contribution had been the publication of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, edited and with an introduction by Cecil Chisholm, London: Phoenix House. The reviewer is full of praise for what was already then Gissing's most famous and highly influential work; the last paragraph of this rare piece of Gissingiana reads as fresh as if written today:

> Long before Gissing, other prophetic poets had described the decline of modern civilization, especially in the big cities: the Paris of 1830 becomes a place of death and materialistic evil zeitgeist in Balzac's *Louis Lambert*; approximately forty years later, Whitman in his *Democratic Vistas* outlines quite a similar picture of the civilization of

> the so-called New World. It seems to us as if Gissing's book, of all these works, is the one anticipating the future the clearest. Moreover, thanks to the inspiration that helped create it, and thanks to the great art of the poet, it is the most readable one.

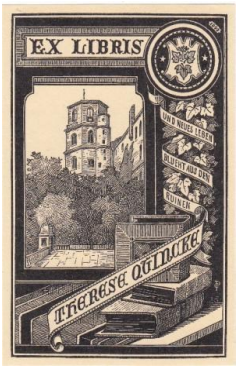
It must be deplored that since then a book held in such high esteem has remained virtually unnoticed by German translators and publishers. Another mouse click brought to light, in a review by Ruth Schirmer, a very short mention of Ulrich Annen's work on Gissing's short stories, until today the only study on that subject in German; then it was a groundbreaking piece of research, without any further effect, though, on German publishers (*NZZ*, Thursday, 16 June 1976, No. 133, p. 38, section 'Miscellaneous/Novel'). The other two books reviewed dealt with Katherine Mansfield and George Moore."

On 3 March 2016 J[ames].C[ampbell]. of the *Times Literary Supplement* again wrote about Gissing. He referred to modern publishers' aversion to Gissing's books. Although his Gissing shelf has been filling up he tells us he does not care for drab secondhand reprints; so on his perambulatory walk he was delighted to find two Gissing titles. He admitted to being much taken by *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* because it is "a disguised memoir." And noting that Morley Roberts's fictional biography "is effectively a memoir of the memoirist," he suggested "to the nice people at Penguin Classics or OUP" that they ought to publish the books together. What an excellent idea! On 15 June he returned to the topic, having discovered a copy of Morchard Bishop's 1958 revised edition of Roberts's book. Questioning Bishop's right to tamper with the original text by changing the disguised names Roberts used, J.C. added that Penguin had not responded to his proposal. However *The Whirlpool* joined the Penguin Classics series in 2015. That is a small, good thing at any rate. If only Penguin or OUP would bring out a scholarly edition of *Born in Exile*! For how can a major Victorian writer's best novel not be in print today?

In late 2016 eBay was offering a fine edition of T. W. Gissing's *Wakefield Flora* (London: J. Van Voorst, 1867) for £139.99 with an ALS dated 20 February 1883 tipped in from Algernon Gissing of Barstow Square, Wakefield to an unknown person. Most interestingly the letter is stamped "A. F. Gissing, Solicitor." Sadly Algernon's correspondent was not a potential client, but merely someone asking about his father's book, which has the label of The Library of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society affixed to an inside page.

Elsewhere Peter Harrington Rare Books of London had for sale on abebooks.co.uk an uncollected ALS by George Gissing to his sister, Ellen, dated 17 November 1898 from 7 Clifton Terrace, Dorking. They want £2000 for it. The letter reads: "My dear Nelly, I thought I remembered sending, or

bringing, the Michelet to Wakefield. But I suppose I was mistaken. The vol. has somehow been lost, unfortunately. Affectionately yours, George Gissing." The same website had a lovely two-volume Tauchnitz edition of *Demos* from 1886 for sale at £75, and various copies of *Denzil Quarrier*: the Lawrence & Bullen 1892 first edition, the Macmillan & Co 1892 American first edition and the Heinemann & Balestier continental edition both from 1892, the Sidgwick & Jackson 1911 edition, and the Harvester Press 1979 hardback and 1987 paperback editions. There is also an immaculate true 1903 first edition of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* with Gissing's signature on an insert selling for £484. Lastly, Antiquariat Dr. Rieger of Freiburg was offering for sale an "Ex-Libris" showing two books and a view of a castle designed in London in 1899 for Fräulein Therese Quincke (d. 1952) of Heidelberg by C. E. Plitt (aka Ernst Konrad Plitt), Gissing's former travelling companion. Plitt decorated the image with a banner quoting an aphorism from Friedrich Schiller's *William Tell* (1804): "Und neues Leben blueht aus den Ruinen [And from the ruins blooms a fairer life]."



The Dickens Magazine from April 2015 contains "Dickens's London, Gissing's London" by Malcolm Allen in which he compares the writers' differing views of Christmas and commercialism. Mention is made of Scrooge and Marley in "A Christmas Carol," of the Pettindund's in the "Christmas In-Doors and Out" chapter in *Workers in the Dawn*, and of *The Crown of Life*.

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Recent Publications

Volumes

Coustillas, Pierre, and Colin Partridge, eds. *George Gissing, The Critical Heritage*. Oxford: Routledge, 2013. Pp. 582. ISBN 9780415869638. £30.

Coustillas, Pierre, ed. *Collected Articles on George Gissing*. Oxford: Routledge, 2016. Pp. 200. ISBN 9781138971073. £105.

DeVine, Christine, *Class in Turn-of-the-Century Novels of Gissing, James, Hardy and Wells*. Oxford: Routledge, 2016. Pp. 172. ISBN 9781138675919. £80.

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Gissing, George, *New Grub Street*, ed. with an introduction by Katherine Mullin. Oxford: Oxford World's Classics, 2016. Pp. xxxiv + 487. ISBN 9780198729181. £9.99.

Gissing, George, *Workers in the Dawn*, ed. with an introduction by Pierre Coustillas. Brighton: Edward Everett Root Publishers Co. Ltd, 2016. Pp. 912. ISBN 9781911204350 and 9781911204343. HB £45.00/PB £24.95 (Reprint of 1985 Harvester Press edition).

Gissing, George, *Collected Essays*, ed. with an introduction by Pierre Coustillas. Grayswood, Surrey: Grayswood Press, 2016. Pp. x + 243. ISBN 9780957223134. HB £40.00/PB £20.00.

Grylls, David, *The Paradox of Gissing*. Oxford: Routledge, 2016. Pp. xiii + 242. ISBN 9781317232797. £90.

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Subscriptions

The Gissing Journal is published four times a year, in January, April, July, and October. Subscriptions are normally on a two-year basis and begin with the January number. As subscriptions are due now please see p. 6 for current rates.

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Information for Contributors

The Gissing Journal publishes essays, book reviews and notes on Gissing and his circle. Contributions may deal with bibliographical, biographical, critical, and topographical subjects. They should be sent as a Word document to the editor, Markus Neacey, either by email to forfarmarkus@fastmail.co.uk or by post to:

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