

THE GISSING JOURNAL

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

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George Gissing

Andrew Waterman
with an introduction by Bouwe Postmus

One of the British contemporary poets whose work is sadly and undeservedly omitted from *The Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry*¹ is Andrew Waterman. He was born in London in 1940, yet did not discover the identity of his actual parents until 1980, when upon the death of his adoptive father he found out from his papers that both of his real parents were Irish. When he was seventeen he left home and led a bedsitter life, with an assortment of clerical and manual jobs, before going to Leicester University as a mature student in 1963. He graduated in 1966 with a first-class degree in English, and since 1968 he has taught in Coleraine, County Londonderry, at the New University of Ulster – the “other country” of his second book of poetry² – where he is now a senior lecturer in English.

Although his first book³ of poetry was not published until he was thirty-four, he has since rapidly created a sizeable following of discriminating readers, who have come to appreciate his work for its undisguisedly autobiographical quality, its strong grasp of significant structure, its civilised tone, and the sensitive exploration of the themes of exile and displacement. In an essay that appeared in *Critical Quarterly*,⁴ Waterman formulated a tripartite poetical manifesto, which one might regard as a pertinent illustration of his own poetical practice:

1. "Poetry ... [like] all art expressing human vision ... utters matters central to life."
2. "[The writing of poetry] emerges from the...hankering at the core of everyone to sort from inchoate experience some pattern of significance however incomplete or transient."

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3. "One values the great literature because through enacting its profound explorations and clarifications of what it is to be human it restores us to our most vital selves."

The one title from his collection *Over the Wall*⁵ that perhaps best illustrates Waterman's uncanny gift for empathic identification with his subject, in order to "explore what it is to be human," is the poem "George Gissing." It is at once a responsible introduction to Gissing's work, making discreet use of certain recent (and not-so-recent) critical readings of the Gissing corpus (compare, e.g., the following passage from Gillian Tindall's book:

"On the one hand, he appears to have been using his novel to test out in a fictional form a possible source of action, and did indeed succeed in proving within the book, that marrying Nell-Carrie would not do. And yet, in his life, he went ahead and did it, thus making his novel into the most curious pre-recognition of what was actually to come to pass.

with lines 23-25 of the poem), and a movingly imaginative elegy for Gissing. Waterman's persuasive insistence on the inextricable interlacing of Gissing's life and work is another indication of his sympathetic understanding of a fellow-artist, equally concerned with "restoring us to our most vital selves" through literature.

¹Blake Morrison and Andrew Motion, eds. (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1981).

²Andrew Waterman, *From the Other Country* (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1977).

³Andrew Waterman, *Living Room: Poems* (London: Marvell Press, 1974).

⁴Andrew Waterman, "Writing Poetry," *Critical Quarterly*, Spring 1982, pp. 2-17.

⁵Andrew Waterman, *Over the Wall* (Manchester: Carcanet Press), 1980, pp. 66-67.

⁶*The Born Exile: George Gissing* (London: Temple Smith, 1974), p. 81.

"George Gissing"

A serious man. 'Quite particularly marked out,'
said James, 'for what is called in his and my profession an unhappy ending.'
But Wells, who knew you better: 'He craved to laugh.'

Conviction cut your brilliant youth's career:
committed first to gaol, then to life

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in 'the valley of the shadow of books', you clung
to art's romantic self-conception, while

confusion of love, sex, class and money hurled
you between alternate prisons, solitude
and brawling domesticity. Nell,
married because you'd stolen for her, gone

back to the streets, drink, syphilis and death,
your 'old search for some decent working-girl'
integrity could afford found Edith,
the violent shrew, 'impossible,' then mad.

Throughout, in thoughtful novels you were fair
to motives, character; noticed things – the plight
of those 'odd women'; disbelieved
in God or guns improving anything;

traced beneath jewellery and engraving works
Clerkenwell's dirt, crime, poverty, brawls, slums,
the spirit's 'Nether World'; and testing
hypotheses for living, touchingly showed

such prescience for your own perverse disasters.
"The Works of Reardon." "The work, at all events." –
the character's joke reflects his author,
who'd first know of another, 'Has he starved?'

'It's a comic story, isn't it?' asked a friend
I'd mentioned that book to. I felt your wraith
smile back, wryly appreciative,
as I thought of your *New Grub Street* brotherhood:

Whelpdale, given your America
of life on peanuts in a town called Troy;
Biffen, the corner-shop Flaubert, eating
his bread and dripping with a knife and fork

to make it 'seem more substantial,' a realist ravening
for Greek metrics; Reardon, abandoned by

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social-climbing Amy to find
Islington loneliness, loaf, coals, landing-tap

familiar, as if almost powers restored...
The 'realist' ends self-slain on Putney Heath;
and dreaming of Ionia at first light
'Reardon Becomes Practical,' and dies.

As in your turn Wells found you when you lay,
enticed by love you desperately meant
to Gabrielle's shrill menage in France,
lungs gone, dishevelled, delirious, babbling

'Who are these magnificent beings advancing upon us?
What is this splendour? What does it portend?'
and Latin fragments, Gregorian chants;
as death brought your life-sentence to its end.

Gissing and the English Language

P. F. Kropholler

In *New Grub Street* the critic Alfred Yule is given a presentation copy of a book by an insignificant author called Hinks. Yule looks at it contemptuously and remarks on Hinks's "mixture of antique pedantry and modern vulgarism." Yule is in fact engaged on an article about contemporary style. He cites a few examples: "Obstruent – reliable – particularization – fabulosity – different to – averse to." *Reliable* was indeed often disapproved of at the time. The prepositions after *different* and *averse* are still in dispute. The other words come within the category of "antique pedantry."

We may wonder how Gissing himself would fare at the hands of such a strict censor. Perhaps he would not altogether escape scot-free either.

The "split infinitive," which has become a little more respectable since, had a low standing. For instance, it was strongly disapproved of by Dean Alford, a well-known writer on the English language in *The Queen's English*, 1864 ("the *to* of the infinitive is inseparable from

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its verb.") and also by Mason in his *English Grammar*, 1867. Gissing, however, did not scruple to use it at one point in his career:

- "...had taken upon himself to more than hint that..." (*Demos*, ch. XVII)
- "...to publicly countenance their politics" (*ibid.*, ch. XXIX)
- "it was none of his business to openly take part with either side." (*ibid.*, ch. XXXV)
- "It was like his impudence to ever come at all." (*A Life's Morning*, ch. VII)
- "...to merely avoid the talk..." (*ibid.*)
- "...to still keep her secret from them (*ibid.*)
- "One doesn't expect such things to seriously weigh" (*ibid.*, ch. XXV)
- "It is a gain to openly confess this." ("The Hope of Pessimism," p. 82)
- "She had not liked to openly declare" (*All for Love*, ch. IV)

As all the examples are fairly early Gissing must have decided to avoid the construction afterwards.

Curme (*Syntax*, 1931) held that older grammarians "still combat" the use of *like* as a conjunction though it is "widely used in colloquial and popular speech." Gissing did not object to it even in the speech of educated characters.

"You'll tell me, like you did once before" (*A Life's Morning*, ch. XVIII)

“We shall be sisters again, like we used to be.” (*The Emancipated*, Part I, ch. II)
 “I can’t address you like I did when we first corresponded.” (*The Odd Women*, ch. XI)
 “It must be dreadful living all alone like she does.” (*ibid.*, ch. XV)
 “Speak to me like you did before.” (*In the Year of Jubilee*, Part III, ch. III)
 “Has he been speaking of me again like he used to?” (*ibid.*, Part VI, ch. IV)

Indefinite *one* has a genitive form *one’s*, Gissing uses *his*, which is now more usual in American English.

“One may find the associates of his intellect in libraries” (*Born in Exile*, Part II, ch. IV).
 But Gissing continues: “the friend of one’s emotions.”

“One closes his eyes” (*Charles Dickens*, ch. III)

Compare also the following:

“because one is a successful composer he must be a brilliant virtuoso” (*The Whirlpool*, Part II, ch. V)

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The following sentence contains a superfluous comparative: “French marriages are oftener happier than English” (*The Crown of Life*, ch. XVI).

Gissing realized that words were the medium of his art, as appears from numerous metalinguistic comments. He liked to add a value judgment to his use of a word, such as “in the expressive vulgar phrase.”

“Now, that’s what the books call *flirtation*.” (*Demos*, ch. XVI). The speaker is Alice Mutimer, a great reader of popular fiction.

“In journalistic language, a *fracas*.” (*The Emancipated*, Part II, ch. XI)

“[They] make things pretty sour for her, as the Germans say.” (*Denzil Quarrier*, ch. VI).
 The speaker, William Glazzard, has “seen a good deal of the world.”

“I dare say you have heard tell of me, as the countryfolk say?” (*ibid.*, ch. VIII)

“In the vulgar phrase, he had probably ‘taken stock’ of Mr. Warricombe’s idiosyncrasy.” (*Born in Exile*, Part III, ch. I)

“In our literary slang, he ‘visualized’ every character.” (*Charles Dickens*, ch. V)

“As the sweet language of the day will have it – ‘booming.’” (*Ryecroft*, Autumn XXI)

“Rosamund Elvan was what ladies call a good correspondent.” (*Will Warburton*, ch. XIX)

Some of the words commented on seem to have undergone some change in status.

Quotation marks – as in the *Ryecroft* quotation above – are another way of apologizing for the use of a word on account of its novelty, its vulgarity or its lack of precision. Here are some examples:

“‘quite’ the most important thing” (*The Whirlpool*, Part II, ch. X)

“something of a ‘boom’— the word then coming into fashion –” (*ibid.*, Part III, ch. V).
 The word has been traced back to 1879 and is of American origin.

“their male companion she ‘spotted’” (*The Town Traveller*, ch. XIV). *To spot* in this sense has been traced back to 1860.

“The traveller’s ‘line’ was tobacco” (“The Scrupulous Father”). There follows a remark on the speaker’s manly, right-hearted tone.

Accent and vocabulary are of course important as class-markers. Gissing makes extensive use of them to place his characters, especially in *In the Year of Jubilee*, where the social status of several characters is a little uncertain. Thus Mr. Lord's pronunciation "fell short of refinement, but was not vulgar." The French girls spoke "a peculiar tongue," which is analysed in some detail. It can be summed up in the remark that "it is slightly better than that of the

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servants." Mrs. Damerel's refinement is superficial, but she can pass as a lady thanks to her intonation which is that of the "idle class." Her grammar "did not limp." Her "silvery accents" are enough to impress Crewe, whose own "tongue betrayed him," a biblical phrase Gissing was rather fond of. Crew is a thoroughgoing innovator. He is the man of the future with a strong belief in the power of business and advertising. His use of the phrase "play it rather low down" must have sounded very up to date indeed. According to E. Partridge: *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (1949), it first appeared in the 1880's. Crew puzzles Nancy – herself a member of the younger generation – with his use of the phrase "come home on the cooking stove," which is not recorded by Partridge.

There is of course no doubt as to Gissing's own views on this type of English. Hugh Carnaby – an extremely violent character – "used oaths too freely" as well as "recent slang" (*The Whirlpool*, Part II, ch. VII).

Both Tarrant and his wife Nancy in *In the Year of Jubilee* show their assumed superiority to their surroundings in their speech, the former by his "university accent" (he has been to Oxford) and the latter by mimicking other people's vulgarities.

Marian Yule (*New Grub Street*, ch. II) is characterized by her speech from the start. She speaks "in rather slow tones, thoughtfully, gently" and she avoids fashionable phrases.

In the early novels with their working-class settings Gissing was often obliged to reproduce the lowest forms of Cockney. A. C. Ward in his monograph of 1959 thought Gissing's novels spring to life only when the characters speak the author's own language. Ward had no high opinion of Gissing's skill in reproducing Cockney English. Apart from being a Yorkshireman Gissing had the disadvantage of intensely disliking Cockney English. In *Born in Exile* (Part VII, ch. III) he refers to the "bestial jargon which on the lips of the London vulgar passes for English." In the same novel Godwin Peak (Part II, ch. II) prefers his French landlady's imperfect English, which is far from unpleasant to "an ear constantly tormented by the London vernacular."

Lower-class expressions are frequently accompanied by somewhat supercilious comments such as "the vernacular of the nether world," "Clara's sterling vernacular" or "much used by people of Miss Eade's education."

Convention did not allow the printing of vulgarisms below a certain level. Gissing's novels contain several complaints like the following:

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"Would that it were possible to set down a literal report of the conversation" (*The Nether World*, ch. XXIV)

He considered it a defect – though apparently an unavoidable one – that the criminal characters in *Oliver Twist* "never once utter a vile word" (*Charles Dickens*, ch. IV). It seems a little shocking when Hugh Carnaby in *The Whirlpool* (Part II, ch. XII) uses the word *whore* in his conversation with a lady. He has of course some biblical support.

Gissing was more sympathetic to provincial dialects. Some of his more attractive characters speak such dialects, for instance Earwaker's father, who in *Born in Exile* uses "words

of dialect” by no means disagreeable to his son’s ear. Gissing, who was a keen observer of shades of dialect pronunciations, knew people vary their accents according to their interlocutors, as when Louise’s “language was much less careful” in her conversation with Cobb (*The Paying Guest*, ch. VI). A provincial accent may assert itself in moments of emotion. May Tomalin’s provincialism became very marked when she spoke to Mrs. Toplady (*Our Friend the Charlatan*, ch. XVII). In *Born in Exile* (Part II, ch. III), Peak is constantly on his guard against provincialisms. He knows how easily one may slip into one’s childhood speech and he compares the pronunciation and style of various persons he admires or envies.

Though Gissing must have been most familiar with the Yorkshire dialect, he hardly made use of his knowledge. There are a few instances in *A Life’s Morning*, especially Dagworthy and his housekeeper. In “Christopherson” the narrator’s friend, Pomfret, speaks with “a strong Yorkshire accent” and is described as a typical Yorkshireman. Pomfret’s “Eh, but it’s a grand day!” and an occasional “ay” are the only hints at Yorkshire English.

Did Gissing himself use Yorkshire English in his novels? Twice we find *buffet*, according to the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* a Scottish or Northern English word meaning “a low stool.”

“[The door] slid longitudinally, and revealed a couple of buffets” (*Demos*, ch. XXIII)
“She brought a buffet close to Harold’s chair.” (*Thyrza*, Vol. III, ch. V)

John Earle, in *The Philology of the English Tongue* (1880), refers to the construction heard in all classes of society in Yorkshire: “Do you want the tea making.” It is also found in Gissing.

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“I want this explaining.” (*Demos*, ch. IX). The speaker is Richard Mutimer, a Londoner.
“Lydia does want the doctor fetching.” (*Thyrza*, Vol. III, ch. III). Spoken by Mrs. Poole.
“And might you want these other things takin’ anywheres?” (*New Grub Street*, ch. XIX).
The speaker is a London dealer in second-hand furniture.

On the whole Gissing was not an innovator. He tended rather to go back to the past.

In a review of *Thyrza* (reprinted in *The Critical Heritage*), the *Saturday Review* criticized Gissing’s use of *to quieten* and *to passion* (“the sweet lips that so passioned for his”). The reviewer held the doubtful view that “probably no one alive is entitled to make new verbs intentionally; certainly Mr. Gissing is not.” The reviewer did not explain why Mr. Gissing should have fewer rights than others. In fact *to quieten* is recorded by the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* as being used in 1828. *To passion for* occurs in Shakespeare (“’t was Ariadne passioning | For Theseus’ perjury.” *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 174). The verb here means *to grieve*. Gissing may have intended it to mean *to be eager*. He was here archaizing, as he so abundantly did in *Ryecroft*. He inclined to “antique pedantry” rather than to “modern vulgarity,” e.g.:

“One feels anything of that kind shrewdly.” (*Thyrza*, Vol. III, ch. VIII)
“...beginning to smatter with foreigners.” (*The Emancipated*, Part I, ch. VI)
“...to sit or expatiate in sunny weather.” (*New Grub Street*, ch. IV)
“[Her rage] burst forth, without restraint, eloquent, horridous.” (*Denzil Quarrier*, ch. X)
“Her eyes dazzled” (i.e., were dazzled). (*The Odd Women*, ch. XXIII)

However, the following quotation contains a very early example of *want to* meaning *ought to* or *must*:

“There’s a good deal of profit in the grocery business [...] But of course – as Allchin says – you want to lay out a good deal at starting.” (*Will Warburton*, ch. XVII)

The speaker is Mrs. Hopper. Warburton, a better educated man, uses *must* in his reply: “Yes, yes, of course, you must have stock.” F. Th. Visser, in his *Historical Syntax of the English Language*, III, I (1969), gives a quotation from 1913 as its first occurrence in present-day

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English. Some older examples have indeed turned up but Gissing’s use *must* be considered very early.

These remarks may be most fittingly concluded with a description in *New Grub Street* which at any rate shows Gissing’s ideal of how a novel should be written:

“Each sentence was as good as he [Biffen] could make it, harmonious to the ear, with words of precious meaning skilfully set.” (ch. XXXI)

“McNaughten’s Book”: A Hypothesis

Janice Deledalle-Rhodes
University of Perpignan

While doing some research on the sources of *Born in Exile*, I noticed that a work referred to in the text on three occasions had not been identified. I was intrigued by this, since to my knowledge Gissing was not in the habit of inventing books. Indeed, although his references to them are sometimes elliptical and take the form of brief quotations or mere allusions, it is usually possible to trace the works in question.

In this case the book referred to does not bear a title: it appears on p. 136 as “that book of McNaughten’s,” and is subsequently alluded to on two occasions, p. 203 and p. 374.¹

The difficulty of identifying the book and author may have arisen from a slight misreading of the following passage:

On his table this evening lay a library volume which he had of late been reading, a book which had sprung into enormous popularity. It was called *Spiritual Aspects of Evolution*, and undertook, with confidence characteristic of its kind, to reconcile the latest results of science with the dogmas of Oriental religion. This work was in his mind when he spoke so vehemently at Moxey’s; already he had trembled with an impulse to write something *on the subject*, and during his journey home a possible essay had begun to shape itself (pp. 131-132, italics mine).

It has been, I think, commonly assumed that the article Godwin Peak proposes to write concerns the book referred to as *Spiritual Aspects of Evolution*.² Although the title can be

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considered as typical of its time, and indeed as has been remarked, James McCosh, the Scottish-American philosopher, was the author of a book called *The Religious Aspect of Evolution* published in 1888,³ I have nowhere been able to find a mention of a work being read

about the time of Peak's first allusion to it⁴ bearing this title. Admittedly Gissing began working on *Born in Exile* in 1890 and might have had McCosh's book in mind, but he is usually careful about chronology and it is difficult to imagine that he would have committed so obvious an anachronism. *Spiritual Aspects of Evolution* not having been identified, and the interpretation of the passage being that Peak intends to write in answer to this book, it has been assumed that as the article is an attack on an unidentified "McNaughten," the latter is the supposed author of the book and thus that both book and author are the product of Gissing's imagination. However Peak does not say that he intends to write about *Spiritual Aspects of Evolution*. He expressly says that he had an impulse to write something *on the subject* and this "subject," which has been discussed at Moxey's, is explicitly referred to on pp. 117-118:

'Two kinds of books dealing with religion are now greatly popular, and will be for a long time. On the one hand there is that growing body of people who, for whatever reason, tend to agnosticism, but desire to be convinced that agnosticism is respectable; they are eager for anti-dogmatic books, written by men of mark. They couldn't endure to be classed with Bradlaugh, but they rank themselves confidently with Darwin and Huxley [...] Then there's the other lot of people – a much larger class – who won't give up dogma, but have learnt that bishops, priests, and deacons no longer hold it with the old rigour, and that one must be "broad"; these are clamorous for *treatises which pretend to reconcile revelation and science*. It's quite pathetic to watch the enthusiasm with which they hail any man who distinguishes himself by this kind of apologetic skill, this pious jugglery. Never mind how washy the book from a scientific point of view. Only let it obtain vogue, and it will be glorified as the new evangel. The day has gone by for downright assaults on science; to be marketable, you must prove that the *Origin of Species* was approvingly foreseen in the first chapter of Genesis, and that the Apostles' Creed conflicts in no single point with the latest results of biblical criticism' (pp. 117-118, italics mine).

This then is the subject on which Peak is spurred to write: The vain attempts "to reconcile revelation and science." In his conversation with Earwaker two days later, in which he has already given an account of his article, he casually mentions "that book of McNaughten's," as if

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it were a well-known work but had not as yet been the object of discussion between the two friends:

'That book of McNaughten's, [...] I suppose the clergy accept it?'
'Largely, I believe' (p. 136).

Peak will finish his paper a week later, "at a few vehement sittings" (p. 142). When he receives the proofs, he will deem it "a flagellation of McNaughten and all his tribe" (p. 203) and Bruno Chilvers will later call the article an "attack on McNaughten" (p. 374).

It is thus safe to assume that a well-known work by an author called "McNaughten," attempting to reconcile revelation and science was in Peak's fictional mind, and perhaps also in Gissing's real mind.

The next step was to find such an author of such a book at the period during which these events are supposed to have taken place. After an extensive research, my attention was attracted

by an entry in a catalogue which gave the Rev. John MacNaughton [sic] as the author of a work entitled *Science and Revelation, A Series of Lectures in Reply to the Theories of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, etc.*, published in Belfast in 1875. It appeared to be the only book fitting the case in question. However, further checking proved the entry to be somewhat erroneous: the book was a collective one; it contained nine articles, only one of which was written by MacNaughtan whose name had been spelt wrongly with an “o”. It may be noted in passing that the latter spelling is more common, and that Gissing may have remembered that the name was not spelt as usual and have substituted an “e” for the “a”. The book is nowhere mentioned in Gissing’s *Diary*, but this can be explained, for reasons which I shall expose later. It is with the circumstances of the writing of *Science and Revelation*, its reception by the public and the theories expounded in it that I shall now deal.

In the autumn of 1874, the British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Belfast. In his opening address its President John Tyndall

thought fit to assail some of the most important principles of religion whether natural or revealed. In that address, and in some others subsequently delivered, the facts of science were presented as antagonistic to the claims of every form of religion which recognised the existence of a personal God; and although the wonders of nature were disclosed, the hand of God was ignored.⁵

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Thus William Johnston, Ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, in his Preface to *Science and Revelation*. The ideas exposed at the meeting, those of Tyndall himself, of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and others aroused a good deal of public feeling and although, as Johnston remarks, “courtesy and precedent forbade any protest at the time,” it was decided by Johnston and other ministers of Belfast to reply to these “strange doctrines” by an “elaborate defence of the fundamental truths so wantonly impugned”⁶ in a series of lectures. These lectures were duly delivered during the winter of 1874-1875 at Rosemary Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, of which the former incumbent was the Rev. John MacNaughtan. MacNaughtan had recently retired for reasons of ill-health but he was apparently an extremely energetic and dynamic personality, and he continued to play an active part in the life of the congregation⁷ giving a sermon on Tyndall’s *Address* at Rosemary Street Church on the very Sunday after the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Lectures and sermons on the same subject were also delivered at other Presbyterian churches.⁸

The Rosemary Street lectures were first published separately in pamphlet form. They had by all accounts been very well received. In his Preface, W. Johnston notes that “they have been sought for in pamphlet form by tens of thousands.”⁹ In view of their popularity it was decided to publish them in book form and as well as in all parts of Great Britain the resulting volume was sold in Canada and Australia. The original individual pagination of the pamphlets, however, remains, making the book somewhat difficult to consult.

Thus, *Science and Revelation* was not originally planned as a book, and it is perhaps not surprising that some catalogues are in doubt about its title which is given in one as *Science and Religion*, and about the identity of its “author” who figures as Rev. John MacNaughtan in one and J. L. Porter (author of the first article which gives the name to the book) elsewhere. This general imprecision added to the fact that the lectures were delivered at Rosemary Street Church under the auspices of MacNaughtan may be the explanation of the references to “MacNaughten’s book.”

The reference to “MacNaughten and all his tribe” could also be explained by the collective

character of the book. I first entertained the hypothesis that the word “tribe” was used simply to denote people holding the same opinions, but it now appears to me much more probable that the term could refer to the determined and close-knit band of Belfast ministers who decided to work

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together in order to refute the “strange doctrines,” in other words to “the coterie of apologists,” to borrow David N. Livingstone’s expression.¹⁰

Moreover the fact that the book is not mentioned in Gissing’s *Diary* does not rule out the possibility that he may have consulted it, if only briefly; for neither does he mention having read Louis Figuier’s *La Terre avant le déluge* nor the works of Alexis Pfaff which occupy a significant place in the readings of Godwin Peak and Mr. Warricombe, but he obviously knows enough about them for his allusions to be pertinent. This fact does not imply a thorough reading of Figuier’s very technical work of nearly 500 pages; a glance through the Preface is enough to convince the reader of the author’s “conventional Theism,” and the “fanciful scenes” (pp. 36-37) reconstructed by Figuier for instance: “Vue idéale de la terre pendant la période carbonifère,”¹¹ “Palmiers fossiles restaurés”¹² or “Apparition de l’homme”¹³ to which Peak refers speak for themselves. As for “Professor Pfaff of Erlangen” (p. 166), it was perhaps enough for the contemporary reader to know that he had worked in collaboration with S. R. Pattison, a supporter of the biblical theory of the Creation and that the “pamphlet” (44 pp.)¹⁴ was thus one of those works which would have rejoiced the heart of Mr. Warricombe and his like.

Although Gissing did not enter into all the details of the Science-Religion controversy, he gives the reader a wide range of the various prevailing opinions on the subject, which were more subtly-nuanced than commonly supposed¹⁵ and of which *Science and Revelation* is a testimony.

In the first article of the series, J. L. Porter maintains that science and revelation having distinctive provinces, the one cannot provide proofs for the other. The scientists themselves are obliged to admit that the structure of the universe in an “insoluble mystery”;¹⁶ the observation of phenomena can tell us nothing about the origin of life. After a long development on the powerlessness of Huxley to solve the mystery, the Delphic utterances of Herbert Spencer and the illogical unscientific character of the *Origin of Species* to prove which Porter quotes Huxley, the author concludes that “just where [...] science stops short [...] Revelation steps in to supplement its teaching”; and that even in Genesis the story of the Creation appears to have a scientific basis “as if the writer, by a divine prescience, had anticipated the results of modern research.”¹⁷ In brief, “the Bible has been shown to be in full harmony with the facts of science”;

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but above all it gives man an ethical code and a prospect of an after-life which no scientific theory can provide him with.

Dr. Moore’s article on “Design in the Structure and Fertilisation of Plants” has a most scientific appearance with a wealth of technical details, Latin plant-names and illustrations. But the author completely by-passes any discussion of evolutionism by maintaining stoutly throughout that the adaptation of plants to their functions and environment is an irrefutable proof of divine wisdom.

Prof. Robert Watts’ “Examination of Herbert Spencer’s Biological Hypothesis” is more insidious. Mr. Spencer is not a scientist but is ready to accept scientific conclusions without proof. Furthermore, he admits that there is a cause, but maintains that this cause is inscrutable. And how, asks Watts, can we ascribe phenomena to an inscrutable cause? This long article is a

series of variations on the same theme, namely the unscientific, illogical and unphilosophical nature of Spencer's theories.

In the "Doctrine of an Impersonal God and its Effects on Morality and Religion," Spencer is also the target for Rev. W. Todd Martin. His "account of the evolution of religion is unhistorical." His "professed reconciliation of science and religion [...] is adjusted by the virtual negation of the latter."¹⁸ Science, for Mr. Spencer, is knowable, religion unknowable: the First Cause being unknowable 'God' must be referred to as 'It.' But Christianity has constructed its ethics on the basis of the relation existing between the human soul and the personal God and "the new philosophy aims at uprooting this Creed."¹⁹ The article deals with the disastrous consequences for morality of the doctrine of the impersonal God as elaborated by the evolutionists.

In "Miracles and Prophecy," the Rev. A. C. Murphy maintains firstly that there is no violation of natural law in the miracles recounted by the Bible which can all be explained, authenticated and justified; and secondly that the prophecies have been found to be true by those capable of interpreting them; and that in consequence both miracles and prophecies are "direct proofs that the Bible is a revelation from God."²⁰

Together with miracles and prophecies, the efficacy of prayer was a burning topic at the time and experiments were even conducted to verify whether or not prayer could produce any effect upon natural law. Prof. Henry Wallace's "Prayer in Relation to Natural Law" argues that, religion implying faith, "if prayer cannot be answered there can be no religion."²¹ His main thesis is that man is a "praying being"; from cradle to grave, he implores and receives; thus, "the

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confidence (entertained in the reality of the objective efficacy) is a natural instinct of the human mind."²² However this does not imply that prayer is invariably answered or of unlimited efficacy: God controls the efficacy of prayer to avoid disequilibrium in the universe. The efficacy of prayer, not being invariable or uniform, cannot be brought within the reach of scientific verification; but it remains an important power in every domain of man's life.

Rev. John MacNaughtan's "Man's Responsibility for His Belief" appears to be the most philosophical contribution to the book. His development of the idea that man cannot be divided into sections, judging only with the mind, but, on the contrary, that in all man does his *whole being* is concerned, leads him to the pragmatically-sounding conclusion that "what we believe determines what we do, and thus the responsibility covers the whole area of opinion and practice."²³

In "The Life and Character of Christ," the Rev. John Moran refutes in turn all the current relativist and skeptical critiques of the Gospel portrayal of Christ. He founds his refutation on the fact that the four independently written Gospels give an essentially similar account of Christ, which must thus be historically accurate.

Finally, in "The Achievements of the Bible: A Proof of its Divine Origin," the Rev. William Magill recounts the importance of the Bible in the Christian world and the good it has wrought. His strongest point is perhaps the question he puts: By what could the Bible be replaced? By philosophy, science, Comtism, mathematics, astronomy? It is true that he has already consigned Vedas, Korans, "heathen sages" and Paganism to outer darkness, but the question still remains, and the Bible is shown to be a historical necessity of which the influence cannot be overestimated.

It is not my intention here to make a critique of the book, which is of great historical interest, summarizing as it does the main arguments concerning all the crucial topics in this field; nor to insist upon its interest for the modern reader, who may see in it a prophecy of the consequences of the disappearance of moral order in the contemporary world.

However if “facts” are admitted, as W. Johnston remarks, it is difficult to see how “inferences” can be avoided, and it is precisely the methods of argumentation adopted by the contributors which constitute the book’s weakest point.

Quotations from the scientists are used out of context to refute their own, or other scientists’ opinions, or to support theological notions; ideas and opinions to which no one could

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take exception are supported by unacceptable arguments; and inversely, apparently logical and “scientific” processes of reasoning lead to scientifically unacceptable conclusions; finally, there is a good deal of question-begging.²⁴ In short, it would appear illusory to wish to reconcile “scientifically” Science and Revelation, which have, as J. L. Porter maintains in his strategically-placed first article “distinctive provinces,” and the attempt to do so inevitably entailed an extensive use of what Godwin Peak termed “the new sophistry,” and which was, precisely, the target of his irony.

To conclude, although there is no external evidence in the *Diary* or, to my knowledge, elsewhere, nor even internal evidence in *Born in Exile* to prove that the book I have been describing is the one referred to in *Born in Exile*, the circumstances related above would appear to make it at least a very likely candidate.

[I am indebted for some valuable help and information to Mr. Robert H. Bonar, Assistant Secretary of the Presbyterian Historical Society of Ireland, to Dr. David N. Livingstone of the School of Geosciences, The Queen’s University of Belfast, and, of course, to Pierre Coustillas.]

¹Page numbers in parentheses refer to the following edition: *Born in Exile*, P. Coustillas, ed., Hassocks: Harvester Press, 1978.

²Cf., for instance, Madeleine Cazamian, *Le Roman et les idées en Angleterre. L’Influence de la science, 1860-1890*, Strasbourg, 1923, p. 351.

³Dr. David N. Livingstone, in a personal letter.

⁴In 1884 according to the narrative, but when Peak refers subsequently on p. 118 to “the solemn jackasses who brayed against Darwin from ten to twenty years ago,” he is alluding to the absolute refusal of evolutionism which has been superseded by the “apologetic attitude” he is criticizing.

⁵*Science and Revelation. A Series of Lectures in Reply to the Theories of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, etc.*, Belfast: W. Mullan, 1875, p. 111.

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷J. W. Kernohan gives an appreciation of MacNaughtan’s work and personality in *Rosemary Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast*, Belfast: “Witness” Office, 1923, pp. 53-57.

⁸For a detailed account of these events, see David N. Livingstone “Darwin and Calvinism. The Belfast-Princeton Axis” (in press). MacNaughtan’s Sermon was published under the following title: *The Address of Professor Tyndall at the Opening of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Examined in a Sermon on Christianity and Science*, Belfast: Aitchison, Reed and Henderson, 1874.

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⁹*Science and Revelation*, p. iv. The lectures were, for instance, the subject of a notice in the *Canadian Monthly* for April 1875 (p. 370), which promised that “all the lectures will be regularly supplied by the Toronto firm above named [James Campbell and Son]”.

¹⁰David N. Livingstone, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

¹¹Louis Figuier, *La Terre avant le déluge*, Paris: Hachette, 1863, 3e éd. 1864, p. 93.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 222.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 408.

¹⁴Pfaff's work was published in German in 1876. The English translation was published with the collaboration of S. R. Pattison under the title *The Age and Origins of Man Geologically Considered. Present Day Tracts*, no. 13. Pattison was himself the author of *The Earth and the Word; or Geology for Bible Students*, London: n. p., 1858, and *New Facts and Old Records: A Plea for Genesis*, London, n. p., 1867.

¹⁵See, for instance, David N. Livingstone, *Darwin's Forgotten Defenders*, Michigan: W. B. Eerdmans, Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press, 1987.

¹⁶J. L. Porter in *Science and Revelation*, p. 12.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, pp. 35-36.

¹⁸W. Todd Martin in *Science and Revelation*, p. 3.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 17.

²⁰A. C. Murphy in *Science and Revelation*, p. 1-40.

²¹Henry Wallace in *Science and Revelation*, p. 4.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 6.

²³John MacNaughtan in *Science and Revelation*, p. 31.

²⁴These remarks do not, however, apply to the article of MacNaughtan himself, who approaches the problem from a more holistic, philosophical point of view.

“A Great Deal of Brain to the Square Inch”
A Forgotten Essay by Clara Collet

[If the role played by Clara Collet during the last ten years of Gissing's life and the nature of her activities as a social investigator are now fairly well known, her writings have received little enough attention. Her collection of essays published in 1902, *Educated Working Women*, is scarce and it contains only a small portion of the articles which she contributed to periodicals in the 1880's and 1890's. The fruits of her collaboration with Charles Booth are to be found in the multi-volume editions of *Life and Labour of the People in London*, the last of which appeared in 1902-1903, but Belinda Norman-Butler's biographical account of the Booths, *Victorian Aspirations*, never mentions her, not, its author once told me, because of any intention to belittle or indeed ignore Miss Collet's contribution to this mammoth enquiry into the life of the working-class in the last two decades of Victoria's reign, but because the publishers of her book

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thought the manuscript too long, and sizable cuts had to be made before the printers set to work. Clearly a bibliography of Clara Collet's writings will sooner or later have to be compiled. I have come across articles from her pen by chance, as a rule in journals that literary critics steer clear of in their explorations of the press. Gissing's letters to her, which will be published in Volumes V to IX of his collected correspondence, contain allusions to some of her essays (those read by him) which are not easy to elucidate. Still there is no doubt that a number of these appeared in the *Charity Organization Review*, and Gissing commented upon them generously.

In view of this situation, it has occurred to me that, since few of Gissing's admirers have ever had an opportunity to read any of Clara Collet's articles – not even the one she devoted to his work –, it would be of some interest to reprint one that he liked particularly. “A great deal of brain to the square inch, in everything you write,” he remarked in his letter to her of 16 March 1894. He had in mind the clever piece entitled “Three Ideal C.O.S. Secretaries,” first read at the

Denison Club on 14 February, which appeared in the journal of the Charity Organization Society for that month (pp. 119-128). "The paper amused me not a little," Gissing wrote. "Won't it be thought rather pungent by C.O.S. people? [...] You can't think how I enjoy your discussion of such a theme as this [...]. It strikes me as very thoughtful and clear. [...] I laughed & admired."

Let readers of the *Journal* see whether they agree with Gissing. Whether they do or not, this new printing of a typical Collet essay will serve – as a footnote to Gissing's letter to his friend dated 16 March 1894. We may be tempted to reprint in some future number another (earlier) essay from her pen, on penny weeklies – if it can be traced, that is.— P. C.]

Three Ideal C.O.S. Secretaries

If there are any here¹ to-night who have come expecting to be instructed and edified by having set before them the example of philanthropists who have successfully led the way to the goals towards which they themselves are working, I offer them my sincerest sympathy in the disappointment they are about to suffer. But I am myself most to be pitied, if, by promising a discussion of ideal persons, I have attracted an audience prepared for a eulogy of real ones.

My three ideal C.O.S. Secretaries never heard and never will hear of the Charity Organization Society² in their lives; and the one who came most near to doing so will, perhaps, have the shortest time to live. But all three possessed certain attributes which distinguish them from the ordinary man or woman and place them in the ranks of born (but not professed) philanthropists. The term "philanthropist" is not a popular one with us; partly because it suggests to us the qualities of the persons to whom the term is applied, instead of the qualities

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implied by the term; partly because those qualities can exist along with defects that can with difficulty be pardoned by philanthropists themselves, and by the average person not at all. A philanthropist is one who regards the whole as greater than the part, and loves mankind, or, at least, considers mankind more than men. We have only to turn this statement round, and say that he is a person who cares less for men than for mankind, to grasp what a truly disagreeable person he may be.

The power to subordinate the visible part to the imagined whole implies that the possessor is at least under the sway of abstract ideas if not necessarily governed by reason; the motive power may be sentiment pure and simple, or it may be sentiment tempered by reason; but intellect, whether of a low or high grade, in such a person takes the lead. But a philanthropist must be something more than an intellectual person. There is one part of mankind which, reasonable though we may be, is so ever-present to us that most of us assign to it an importance greater than to the whole minus that part, although to mathematicians it would seem a negligible quantity. The true philanthropist cares less for himself than for mankind.

Devotion to an ideal, unselfishness, and personal attraction are the characteristics which mark the ideal C.O.S. Secretary, and these qualities were possessed abundantly by the three persons whose relations with their fellow-creatures I have chosen for analysis. If to one I seem to do less than justice, and to dwell upon faults which either did not exist or should have passed unobserved in the dazzling light shed by nobility of character, I claim to have set down naught in malice, even though I have nothing extenuated.

With the knowledge that two distinguished Greek scholars are members of the Denison, and may, therefore, be present to-night, it requires no ordinary audacity, not to say foolhardiness, to venture on a criticism of the character of Antigone. But if fools rush in where angels fear to tread, they perhaps fulfill the purpose of their existence by inducing the angels to follow them. As one type of the high-principled, self-sacrificing woman, she is too stimulating for me to pass

her by through fear that ignorance of Greek thought and custom may lead me to impute to her as essential attributes what were really accidents of birth and education.

Of Antigone, the daughter, I have little to say; it is Antigone, the sister, who interests me most. And although her place in the world's affections is, I fancy, principally due to the view of her presented in the "Oedipus at Colonos," her position in its esteem is accorded her for her

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heroic devotion to duty, for her sacrifice of earthly happiness for the performance of the funeral rites exacted by the gods. In the "Oedipus" there is nothing to differentiate her from any other unselfish woman ready to devote herself to those she loves. Of the two, Ismene has the harder and less grateful part to play, living at the court of Creon, watching her father's interests, and visiting him at much risk to herself to bear him tidings. Antigone is presented to us in a more picturesque attitude, but is no more self-devoted. The conflict between duty and inclination does not here present itself. Oedipus was not a disreputable parent reduced to misery by faults and vices of an objectionable character; his calamities were decreed by the gods. To represent Antigone as moved by a sense of filial duty rather than filial love would have been to detract from the beauty of her character.

Nor, to tell the truth, am I at all clear as to the place of parents and children in philanthropy. The fraternal relation is a much simpler one. To deny satisfaction to the desires of those we know for the sake of those we do not know is merely to assert that when interests clash the welfare of the minority must be sacrificed to the welfare of the majority, mankind being made up of equal units. The insistence on the paramount importance of family ties and responsibilities makes the problem much more complex. On the one man one vote theory, we can say to children, "In supplying your drunken father with food, shelter, clothing, and money, you are encouraging other men in the hope that they too may indulge themselves with impunity. If you are acting from affection you should deny yourself this expression of it; if from a sense of filial duty, you are cherishing a delusion." That the living aged should take the consequences of their misdeeds in order to protect the future aged from having committed such misdeeds is, I know, a tenet of the C.O.S. But although the Society dwells more on parental responsibility than on filial duty, I imagine that it would hardly endorse the particular application of the general theory which I have just given.

If there is any inconsistency in the two theories, held with such unflinching certainty by the C.O.S., Antigone would have been the last to complain of it. She accepted as right the decrees of the gods; and her knowledge of those decrees she obtained from various sources. Her religious attitude shut out all scepticism. The performance of a rite imposed by the gods through the medium of a soothsayer was as obligatory in her eyes as the duties proclaimed to her directly by her conscience. Logic played no part in her creed; she bowed to authority and never reasoned with the divine powers. She accepted her religion as it was given her, and optimism,

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rather than rationalism, prompted her faith that the gods inflicted pain as a punishment and not for their own selfish ends. However rugged the path of duty, it lay perfectly clear before her, and was pursued at any cost.

But the dead and the unborn do not make up mankind, and the living may fairly claim a greater attention than their numerical strength would warrant, on the ground that they *are* living, and are more susceptible to human influences than their forefathers or their posterity. The relation of Antigone to her sister is from this point of view of more account than her martyrdom for religion. "In the opening scene of the play," says Prof. Jebb, "we find her possessed by a burning indignation at the outrage done to her dead brother; the deep love which she feels for

him is braced by a clear sense of the religious duty which this edict lays upon her, and by an unflinching resolve to do it; it never occurs to her for an instant that as a true sister, she could act otherwise; rather it seems wonderful to her that the author of the edict should even have expected it to prove deterrent – *for her*. With her whole heart and soul dominated by these feelings she turns to her sister Ismene, and asks for her aid; not as if the response could be doubtful – she cannot imagine its being doubtful; it does not enter her mind that one whom she has just addressed by so dear a name, and with whom her tie of sisterhood is made closer still by the destiny which has placed them apart, can be anything but joyful and proud to risk life in the discharge of a duty so plain, so tender, and so sacred.”

Here are Antigone’s own words: –

‘Such, ’tis said, is the edict that the good Creon hath set forth for thee and for me, – yes, for *me*, – and is coming hither to proclaim it clearly to those who know it not; nor counts the matter light, but whoso disobeys in aught, his doom is death by stoning before all the folk. Thou knowest it now; and thou wilt soon show whether thou art nobly bred, or the base daughter of a noble line.’

And Ismene stands condemned for ever for her answer:

‘Poor sister, – and if things stand thus, what could I help to do or undo?’

Ismene, Jebb tells us, is merely the average woman, and it is pleasant to meet anyone who has so high an opinion of us. Of her inferiority to her sister, Antigone leaves us with no shadow of doubt. Not for one single moment does it occur to Antigone that Ismene’s arguments should have any weight with any conscientious and courageous person. She does not think her worth

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convincing; she does not endeavour to persuade her to live up to a nobler ideal; she does not try to make her do right against her will. She feels quite certain of what is right, and is equally certain that Ismene knows it too, and is merely too cowardly and too worldly to acknowledge it.

Poor Ismene had no abstract principles. Life to her seemed far more complex, religion far less authoritative, than to her sister. She was in no sense a freethinker; probably she never dared to think at all, for fear of the direction in which such thought might lead her. She had lived at her uncle’s court, along with her two brothers, who were wholly absorbed in watching their own personal interests, and cared little for their father or sisters. She had striven to live peaceably with her neighbours, expecting nothing for herself, and concentrating all her desires on the good fortunes of her father and sister. Antigone had been called to go into the wilderness; Ismene’s part had been to live in the world, and many voices had proclaimed conflicting views of duty. She had loved her brothers while disapproving of their conduct. She had submitted to Creon as the lawful ruler of Thebes, approved by both gods and men. But the approval of the gods conveyed no enlightenment as to their moral code, for her father had been a far better sovereign, and had been made miserable by the Fates and not by any wilful misdeeds of his own. She had learnt to suspect that much which was called divine law was merely man’s desire; and in the orthodox religion she had become, without admitting it, an unbeliever. She had a hope, but no faith, that the gods had some share of justice and mercy, the two virtues strongest in herself, and she had arrived at a working principle of life, which for the pessimist is the only principle that makes life bearable – that responsibility is limited by capacity.

‘And now *we* in turn,’ she says to Antigone, ‘we two left all alone – think how we shall perish, more miserably than all the rest, if, in defiance of the law, we brave a king’s decree or his powers. Nay, we must remember, first, that we were born women, as who should not strive with men; next, that we are ruled of the stronger, so that we must obey in these things, and in things yet sorer. I, therefore, asking the Spirits Infernal to pardon, seeing that force is put on me herein, will hearken to our rulers; for ’tis witless to be overbusy.’

‘I will not urge thee,’ replied Antigone – ‘no, nor, if thou yet should have the mind, would thou be welcome as a worker with *me*. Nay, be what thou wilt; but I will bury him: well for me to die in doing that. I shall rest, a loved one with him, whom I have loved, sinless in my crime; for I owe a

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longer allegiance to the dead than to the living: in that world I shall abide for ever. But if *thou* wilt, be guilty of dishonouring laws which the gods have established in honour.’

‘I do them no dishonour; but to defy the State, – I have no strength for that.’

At the root of Ismene’s refusal, judging by the light in which Sophocles presents her, both in the “Oedipus” and after the arrest of Antigone, lies, not want of courage, but unbelief. She does not dare to say or to think that burial rites cannot be of overwhelming importance in determining the future life of a man, but practically she credits the gods with too much common sense to believe that they would punish her brother in Hades for such a mere detail. I am well aware of the awfulness of the charge I am bringing against her, and the horror with which she herself would have repudiated it. It does not matter how false the religion of a nation may be; to disbelieve in it is always wrong, and will be held so centuries afterwards, unless the unbeliever was fortunate enough to have another creed to put in its place. Ismene’s practical unfaith was most reprehensible, but it slightly modifies the apparent immorality of her last argument with Antigone.

‘I know that I please where I am most bound to please,’ Antigone says to her.

‘Aye, if thou canst; but thou wouldst what thou canst not.’

‘Why, then, when my strength fails, I shall have done.’

‘A hopeless quest should not be made at all,’ replies poor worldly Ismene.

‘If thus thou speakest, thou wilt have hatred from me, and wilt justly be subject to the lasting hatred of the dead. But leave me, and the folly that is mine alone, to suffer this dread thing; for I shall not suffer aught so dreadful as an ignoble death.’

To this withering reply, Ismene’s answer seems truly Christian: –

‘Go then, if thou must; and of this be sure, – that though thine errand is foolish, to thy dear ones thou art truly dear.’

Antigone speaks much of her loved brother, but she had seen but little of him for several years. It speaks volumes for Ismene that she never dreams of defending her obedience to Creon’s mandate by reminding her sister of her brother’s unfilial and unpatriotic conduct, of

which she herself had long been the witness. Throughout the play Ismene hardly speaks a line which does not demonstrate her personal affection for her sister. Of affection for Ismene, after the opening lines, Antigone shows no sign.

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After Antigone's arrest, Creon half accuses Ismene of having shared in the crime, and Ismene, who could not risk her life in a hopeless effort to bury a dead brother, is glad to die with her living sister. Antigone, as every sister would, refuses to allow her claim, and Professor Jebb accounts for her seeming sternness of language to Ismene by her anxiety to save Ismene's life, and considers that her taunts were necessary to make Creon see that she regarded Ismene as distinctly ranged on his side. This view seems to me quite ungrounded. Not only would Antigone's word always have been accepted, but she was not the woman to believe that it could be otherwise. Creon does not interrupt their dialogue with a word; and when he speaks it is obvious that so far from really suspecting Ismene of disobedience he is astonished at her present revolt. Whatever be the explanation of Antigone's words, they would leave a sting that would never cease to pain Ismene, who, poor little secularist that she is, loves Antigone more than anything, either in this world or the next. I quote the scene:

Is. I have done the deed, – if she allows my claim, – and share the burden of the charge.

An. Nay, justice will not suffer thee to do that; thou didst not consent to the deed, nor did I give thee part in it.

Is. But now that ills beset thee, I am not ashamed to sail the sea of troubles at thy side.

An. Whose was the deed, Hades and the dead are witnesses: a friend in words is not the friend that I love.

Is. Nay, sister, reject me not, but let me die with thee, and duly honour the dead.

An. Share not thou my death, nor claim deeds to which thou hast not put thy hand: my death will suffice.

Is. And what life is dear to me bereft of thee?

An. Ask Creon; all thy care is for him.

Is. Why vex me thus, when it avails thee naught?

An. Indeed, if I mock, 'tis with pain that I mock thee.

Is. Tell me, how can I serve thee, even now?

An. Save thyself; I grudge not thy escape.

Is. Ah, woe is me! And shall I have no share in thy fate?

An. Thy choice was to live; mine, to die.

Is. At least thy choice was not made without my protest.

An. One world approved thy wisdom; another mine.

Is. Howbeit, the offence is the same for both of us.

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An. Be of good cheer; thou livest; but my life hath long been given to death, that so I might serve the dead.

These are Antigone's last words to Ismene.

In the following passage we learn for the first time from Ismene a fact, never even hinted at previously by Antigone, that she was engaged to Haemon, the son of Creon. Ismene never, of

course, arguing with Creon that Antigone was morally right in her action, pleads with him on another ground. 'But wilt thou slay the betrothed of thine own son?' Nor, with one exception, does Antigone make the slightest reference to Haemon himself throughout the play. I have said with one exception. Creon tells Ismene that there are other women in the world for Haemon to marry.

'But there can never be such love as bound him to her.'
'I like not an evil wife for my son.'

And then occurs the exclamation: –

'Haemon, beloved! how thy father wrongs thee!'

The Laurentian manuscript which Jebb has used for his text gives this verse to Ismene. "But that is not of much moment," he says. "To me it seems certain that the verse is Antigone's, and that one of the finest touches in the play is effaced by giving it to Ismene."

One of the finest touches as regards Antigone – true. But is it quite so certain that one of the finest touches with regard to Ismene would not be lost by assigning it to Antigone? And with whose character does it fit in best? In the short time that Antigone had been at Creon's court, since the death of her father, she had become engaged to her cousin, Haemon. One of Oedipus' greatest griefs, to which he constantly recurs in the "Oedipus Coloneus," was that his daughters had no chance of marriage. Antigone had had none. Ismene, living in her uncle's house, had she been careful of her own interests, could surely have induced her uncle and her brothers to establish her in the married state, to which so much importance was attached. In not a single line of the "Oedipus" or of the "Antigone" does Ismene make the slightest reference to marriage. On the other hand, she had been brought up with Haemon in sisterly relations, and had, so far as can be judged, much stronger grounds for being attached to him than to either of her brothers. She is strongly impressed with Haemon's affection for her sister, with the "love

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which binds him to her." Had she been as deeply impressed with Antigone's love for Haemon, she could hardly have failed to use it as a motive in her attempt to dissuade Antigone from her sacrifice. Turn, on the other hand, to Antigone's words when she has at last realised the death that awaits her. In those last moments self-control gives way, and we learn what things in life Antigone valued and regretted. She laments that she has "had no portion in the chant that brings the bride," that "no song hath been hers for the crowning of bridals," and that she goes to her parents "thus, accursed, unwed, to share their home." It is marriage, not Haemon, that she regrets at the moment when, if ever, any thought of him would be expressed. And then she makes a statement, the startling nature of which is not wholly concealed by the beauty of the language:

'Unwept, unfriended, without marriage-song, I am led forth in my sorrow on this journey that can be delayed no more. No longer, hapless one, may I behold yon day-star's sacred eye; but for my fate no tear is shed, no friend makes moan.'

The sister who was breaking her heart for her and the lover driven to suicide by his grief counted for nothing.

But sister and lover forgotten, Antigone deserves the pedestal on which she has been

placed, all the more that her virtues lose nothing by being expressed in marble.

Antigone, if an Englishwoman in the nineteenth century, would have been a philanthropist. Whether she would have found her sphere as a Roman Catholic nurse of lepers, or as a West London deaconess, or as lecturer in a hall of science, or as a C.O.S. Secretary, would have been a matter of accident, according to the dogmas she was born amongst. In the last-mentioned capacity she would have been invaluable. She would never have swerved from the principles put forth in the constitution of the Society, and the importance of the Family would have been fully recognised. Her only drawbacks would have been lack of sympathy, absence of affection for her fellow-creatures; and a difficulty in believing that there could be any good in persons whose moral code differed from her own.

Antigone worked from first principles; Dorothea Brooke was working towards them; and those who adopt inductive methods are more frequently convicted of error than those who limit themselves to deduction. And Dorothea was always making mistakes. The key-note to her life is given us in the Prelude to "Middlemarch": "Many Thesas have been born who found for

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themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstances they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but, after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed more inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Thesas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul."

Dorothea had no creed which could "perform the function of knowledge" for her. She had a vague ideal, and, at the time we are introduced to her, a plentiful stock of what her sister Celia called "notions." "She had been brought up in English and Swiss Puritanism, fed on meagre Protestant histories, and on art, chiefly of the hand-screen sort; a girl whose ardent nature turned all her small allowance of knowledge into principles, fusing her actions into their mould, and whose quick emotions gave the most abstract things the quality of a pleasure or a pain." She had no parents, and was under the guardianship of a man who, born in our time, would have had the advantage of special training for the feeble-minded, and it is not surprising that she had a habit of regarding the counsels of common sense as springing from littleness of mind. She also is introduced to us in weighty consultation with her sister, and the inconsistency of people who turn their knowledge into principles, and at the same time test their principles by the emotions excited in applying them, is fully displayed. Celia had an "habitual awe of Dorothea and principle;" but she had her private opinions, and, when she thought it good for Dorothea, expressed them, and Dorothea occasionally received the criticism in a humble frame of mind. The relation between the two sisters is a very natural one, and one which left Celia free to respect herself as much as she respected Dorothea. Each felt a little superior to the other; a state of mind which, strongly seasoned with affection, conduces to happiness. Celia did not see that she "should be bound by Dorothea's opinions, though of course Dorothea herself ought to be bound by them; but Dorothea was not always consistent;" and Dorothea, who thought it would be wicked for her to wear jewels, considered that "souls have complexions too; what would suit one would not suit another."

There is no difficulty in imagining Dorothea a C.O.S. secretary; we have merely to advance the date of her birth some forty years or so, and we see her at once as one of the most

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ardent champions of the new cause. She was evolved from her author's brain at a time when the

C.O.S. principles were beginning to take definite form in people's minds, and she is more truly representative of 1870 than of 1830. She is full of self-consciousness; she longs to do good on a large scale; she is eager for self-sacrifice. She wants to leave the world better than she found it. All these are especially latter nineteenth century aspirations. She is lacking, too, in that instinctive knowledge of what is right, as difficulties present themselves, which was so characteristic of my third Secretary, and which seems to exist in some people as though it were a rich inheritance of experience. Dorothea suffers a little from what the *Spectator* has called enlarged conscience.

There is a prejudice against Dorothea because she married Mr. Casaubon, and an opinion that she deserved the consequences. But this does not disqualify her for the post I have assigned her. Charitable societies are largely recruited from persons who have made similar mistakes in life, and her detractors (nearly all masculine) would have been captured by her beauty and the sound of her voice. Dorothea, too, was the embodiment of charity, and, given experience, had an unlimited capacity for improvement. Faced by facts, she "no longer struggled against the perception of them, but adjusted herself to their clearest perception." And, given experience, Dorothea's impulses, so far as others were concerned, were always divinely right.

Mr. Casaubon would have welcomed the formation of a district committee, and after due deliberation would have gladly permitted Dorothea to be one of the honorary secretaries, regarding the work as eminently becoming to a clergyman's wife, and likely to distract her attention from her criticism of himself. At first he would have been the chairman of the committee, hating the work but trying to do his duty. The principles of the Society would have received his conscientious approval. Even when the term "deserving" was expunged from their vocabulary he would be the first to recognise that "helpable" was much more Christian, and at the same time denoted exactly the same persons, so far as he was concerned. The other honorary secretary would have been Sir James Chettam, and a better one it would be difficult to find. Mrs. Cadwallader's interest in other people's affairs would secure her punctual and regular attendance at the meetings, and Mr. Brooke would occasionally bring the case of some impossible person before the committee. In the early days no paid assistance would be allowed, and Dorothea would see all the applicants and take down their cases herself; but she would not

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have been allowed to visit them at their homes or to investigate the truth of their statements. Sir James Chettam would do some of this, and Mr. Farebrother, somewhat accidentally, would have taken a lion's share of this part of the work. Friction would arise before long between Dorothea, Sir James, and Mr. Casaubon. Sir James, admiring Dorothea's enthusiasm as heavenly, would always make it of small account in earthly dealings; he would believe in her abstract schemes, but would always distrust her judgment in relation with individuals; while by Mr. Casaubon Dorothea's defence of some unfortunate applicant would be merely regarded as an attempt to put her opinion before his own. Dorothea would be asked why she believed the man would amend his ways, and what evidence from his life in the past she could quote in support of her belief; Sir James would consider her belief in him very charming, but quite out of relation with facts; and while Dorothea was struggling to express in commonplace language that soul had spoken to soul during the interview, the only person to get a glimpse of her meaning would be Mrs. Cadwallader, who would tell her that, no doubt, if she could personally visit the man every week he would become a reformed character; but that life was too short, and applicants too many, for her to work on that system, and that the other members of committee did not possess her magic influence. And Dorothea would be most effectually silenced. Frequently, also, if her wishes were carried out, the views of her committee would be justified by results, and Dorothea would be driven to think that man was base, or she was incapable. We are told that, as a child, she "believed in the gratitude of wasps and the honourable susceptibility of sparrows, and was

proportionately indignant when their baseness was made manifest." Deliberate lying and fraud would probably not be successful with Dorothea; but when her applicants told her in simple language the story of their misfortunes: how they had struggled on patiently under difficulties, never touching a drop, and always respected by their neighbours, and how, industrious and skilled workers as they were, bad trade and other causes had thrown them out of work, she would believe implicitly the story told, and felt convinced that if ever anyone was honest these persons were. When later on, bit by bit, she discovered that every item was false, she would regard them as liars, and lose all faith for the time in her intuitions. Somehow or other, when things were at their worst, and the relations between certain members of the committee were growing strained, it would be suggested, by Mr. Farebrother perhaps, that Mary Garth should be engaged as a paid secretary. Dorothea would strongly resist such a proposal, for, as everyone

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knows, as Mary Garth could not afford to do the work without salary, she could not possibly do it for the love of the thing. Why Mary Garth *should* accept the proposal is a little doubtful; but the knowledge that as she was paid she would not be expected to own up to harbouring any secret leanings towards philanthropy would make the way easier to her. And from the time of Mary's arrival on the scene, Dorothea would discover that many of her difficulties were disappearing. Her faith in human nature would be somewhat restored when Mary Garth convinced her that the applicants who had deluded her quite believed what they said, and were idealists viewing themselves in a rosy light. Dorothea's "notions," understood by Mary, would be communicated to Sir James in the form of sensible suggestions. For the first time in her life Dorothea would begin to doubt whether after all common sense did necessarily imply common thinking. Companionship with Mary Garth would round off the angles Dorothea undoubtedly displayed. For the first time she would come in contact with a person endowed with a sense of humour, who could laugh at her and be in the right; and she would lose a little of that feeling of moral superiority which characterises the great majority of philanthropists. Mary Garth herself has no place in this connexion; she would not make an ideal secretary, because the spirit of the reformer is entirely absent. She is as little an ordinary person as Dorothea herself, but belongs rather to the misanthropes, who have, after all, much in common with the philanthropist.

Both Antigone and Dorothea stand alone among the women around them, set apart by the loftiness of their ideals and their freedom from all pettiness. But does not this isolation arise also from something defective in them? The lack of humour would be admitted by nearly every one. And it is more serious than earnest people are inclined to admit. It means that the events of life are not viewed in their right proportion, and in a C.O.S. Secretary this is a grave defect. I have already on a former occasion expressed my belief that people who are at once recognised as "very good" have something the matter with them, and are less, not more, humanly endowed than others. Dorothea's defects were partly due to deliberate repression, and her whole nature would expand as she grew older and abandoned her Puritan "notions." I hardly know whether to apologise to my third Secretary for even in imagination confining her to the narrow world of those who go about anxious to benefit the poor and the wicked, or to apologise to the ardent worker, full of world-sorrow, for suggesting that a woman delighting in life, both in the world

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and of it, uncrushed by labour problems and the evil effects of out-door relief, could be not only her equal, but her superior, on her own ground.

Portia of Belmont is in no sense isolated from other women by her superiority to them. On the contrary, part of her great superiority consists in her having a fuller measure of the qualities common to mankind. Antigone scorns Ismene; Dorothea smiles down on Celia. Portia, Rosalind,

and Beatrice are unimaginable without Nerissa, Celia, and Hero. They are bound together in mutual admiration and are on terms of absolute equality; they interact upon each other, strengthening one another. They each give and take, and they take as unhesitatingly as they give. The minor heroine is lifted into the wide world of her companion's thought and revels in it; while she, no doubt, supplies the latter with ballast. These minor heroines, be it Ismene or be it Celia, the daughter of Duke Frederick, never reach the stage of caring more for the many than for the few they love; but under the influence of a Portia or a Rosalind they acquire self-reliance and judgment, and each is as much to be trusted to do the right thing as her more brilliant companion.

Portia is to a certain extent distinguished from Rosalind and Beatrice by a greater gravity, due in part to the responsible position she had to fill, but also to what might be termed a greater weight of intellect. All Shakspeare's heroines are never afraid to show that they give much of their time to study and reflection. Juliet and Desdemona, reading by themselves, had evidently devoted much of their study to the literature of romance. Rosalind and Celia, Beatrice and Hero, give the impression of having grappled with less attractive problems. But Portia, more than any other of Shakspeare's heroines, is a student. We feel that there is no absurdity in her taking Bellario's place in court; evidently her study of law had been so deep that neither she nor Bellario had any misgivings as to her being able to act her part. And yet there is no one of Shakspeare's heroines more prompt in action. It is the promptitude of one who has done her abstract thinking thoroughly before, and now is called upon to use her insight in judging the circumstances which distinguish the real from the hypothetical case. This side of Portia, this wonderful intellectual power, although hardly thought of during the action of the play, is the weight that keeps the human side in due subjection. Bassanio is described by Nerissa as a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, and his scholarship was evidently no small recommendation to the woman who knew "she was not bred so dull but she could learn." It is this firm intellectual grasp that secures the perfect balance which distinguishes Portia. A well-balanced

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character is often, and sometimes very justly, held in contempt; it is so frequently due to the lightness of the weights or the clumsy adjustment of the instrument. But in Portia, to balance her intellectual powers, there must have been as rich an endowment of the human as was granted to Juliet herself, and her sympathies were as wide and deep as her understanding.

Portia would have been equal to any responsibility, even to that of C.O.S. Secretary. Two principles of the Society she would always have observed: she would have studied character, and she would have helped the helpable, not merely the deserving, knowing "that in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation."

¹At the Denison Club, 15 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C., a club for social discussions which welcomed ladies and gentlemen. It was founded in 1885 and named after Edward Denison (1840-1870), a son of the bishop of Salisbury. A philanthropist well-known for his work in the East End, Denison was one of the earliest members of the committees formed by the Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity in 1869, later to become the Charity Organization Society. [Ed.]

²One of the various philanthropic groups and movements that were particularly active in the last decades of the century. Although not formally religious, says Robert Ensor in *England 1870-1914*, it was born directly under Lord Shaftesbury's star in 1869 and did much to bring order into the chaos of sporadic alms. The Society openly "aimed at rationalising the many other charitable societies and making sure that all proceeds were distributed only among the deserving." Beatrice Webb, whose sister Rosalind was later to meet Gissing in Rome, was for a time a member of the Society. [Ed.]

Not So Recent Publications

Bouwe Postmus
University of Amsterdam

The Faber Book of Diaries, ed. Simon Brett, London: Faber, 1987.

Ill at Ease – Writers on Ailments Real and Imagined, ed. D. J. Enright, London: Faber, 1989.

The use of Gissing's writings in both these volumes, attractively produced by one of England's leading publishers and clearly aimed at the common reader, proves once more (if

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such further proof were still needed) how thoroughly Gissing has arrived at the literary scene of the late-twentieth century. This development must surely be credited to all those Gissing editors and critics, who are now reaping the fruits of their tireless efforts since the early sixties to put Gissing on the map.

Simon Brett, for his entertaining anthology of diary entries by English diarists writing in the British Isles, hit upon the novel idea of laying it out like a diary. Thus the fourteen hundred entries or so, by 108 diarists, have been placed in the chronology of the calendar, so that, e.g., Gissing shares the honour of the entries for January 21 with the illustrious diarist John Evelyn commenting upon the weather in the year 1671, with the poet Byron about to celebrate his thirty-third birthday in 1821 ("I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose"), with the newspaper editor Sydney Moseley (1888-1961), struggling in 1908 to decide whether being "natural" would not be preferable to being "moral," and finally with Virginia Woolf, who is regretting her reserve and lack of kindness towards a friend dying of pneumonia ("I must conquer this aloofness if I possibly can. So little one can do; but at least do it if possible"). Gissing's entry for the same date reads: "Not quite 6 pages. Bought some bottled ale, thinking it might help me to sleep, if I drank some before going to bed." Regular readers of the *Gissing Journal* will neither be surprised by the effects of the beverage, nor by Gissing's determined conclusion given in the entry for January 22, also included in Brett's book: "Bottled ale has given me a headache. Clearly I can't use it. Shall try a glass of hot water at bedtime." Making decisions is one thing, sticking to them another. Who could have suspected that only a fortnight later Gissing was to resort to the same – inefficacious – remedy, duly reported in his diary entry for February 5, 1888: "Bad headache, traceable, I suppose, to a bottle of Bass I drank last night."

Besides the two January entries Gissing's *Diary*¹ has yielded fifteen other passages found worthy of inclusion, bringing the total number to seventeen Gissing entries. Not a bad score at all, considering that George Eliot only gets 10, the great Victorian tragic actor William Macready 11, Elizabeth Barrett Browning 9, and Gerard Manley Hopkins only 13 entries.

A further examination of the Gissing entries in *The Faber Book of Diaries* reveals that, without in any way bending the selection criteria adopted by D. J. Enright for his *Ill at Ease* anthology, the majority might just as well have been included in the latter collection. For Gissing seems decidedly ill at ease when he writes that he "feel[s] almost ready for suicide"

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(February 7, 1888), that he is "haunted with the idea that I am consumptive. I never cough without putting a finger to my tongue, to see if there be a sign of blood" (June 3, 1888), that he

feels “very lonely and depressed” (June 17, 1888), or when he reports, with what sometimes sounds almost like masochistic pleasure, an extremely painful inflammation of his testicles (October 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1895). Surely, all of these entries could readily have been included in any one of the following sections that Enright distinguishes: ‘Melancholy and Love Sickness,’ ‘Manias, Phobias, Fantasies, Fears,’ and ‘Breakdown and Madness.’ Instead Enright makes do in his chapter ‘Generalities’ with only one (admittedly long) passage from *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, viz. the entire section XIV from Autumn, in which Ryecroft (who is not identical with Gissing) in Marcus Aurelius’ footsteps seeks to overcome physical pain (“a savage headache”) by an effort of will. One feels that Enright has missed golden opportunities for selecting from the diary of Gissing, as perhaps *the* expert on ailments real and imagined, hundreds of more intriguing and more revealing instances of human suffering. Even a superficial glance at his *Diary* provides us with a litany of complaints: a bad cold, badly swollen eyelid, intercostal rheumatism, attack of lumbago, nerves in a frightful state, eruption on the right side of the forehead, bad cold on account of the dampness of his books, long bout of influenza, emphysema, chronic bronchitis, moist spot on the right lung, fever and cough, diarrhoea, badly swollen left hand as a result of a fly-bite, phthisis of the right lung, eczema on his arms, pleurisy, general weakness, bad sore throat, etc. etc. The mere enumeration of these ills reminds one of the huge strides forward in the field of medicine that have been made since the days of Gissing’s all too common complaints. At the same time one is struck by the stoical courage of Gissing’s contemporaries like Turgenev:

Our old friend Turgenev is a real man of letters. He has just had a cyst removed from his stomach, and he told Daudet, who went to see him a few days ago: ‘During the operation I thought of our dinners and I searched for the words with which I could give you an exact impression of the steel cutting through my skin and entering my flesh...something like a knife cutting a banana.’ (Edmond de Goncourt, *The Goncourt Journal*, 25 April 1883).

All in all the composite picture of Gissing that emerges from these two books does little to adjust the stereotype portrait of the novelist as a groaning, self-absorbed hypochondriac.

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Maybe Gissing forgot himself in his huge enthusiasms, his love (so movingly expressed) of people, places, familiar and foreign, and his unequalled reverence mixed with profoundest enjoyment of classical civilization, as human beings are apt to forget themselves and their destinies in health. Perhaps he needed (and used) temporary sickness, real and imagined, to remind himself of his own destiny, forcing himself to make better use of the limited time granted to him. Not just for his own benefit, but also for that of his readers, old and new.

¹*London and the Life of Literature in Late Victorian England: The Diary of George Gissing, Novelist*, Pierre Coustillas, ed. (Hassocks: Harvester Press, 1978).

Notes and News

Now that the Centenary of *New Grub Street* has been celebrated in various articles in English and American newspapers, it is hardly surprising that a new edition of the novel should be announced. It is to appear later this spring, with an introduction and notes by John Halperin,

under the imprint of Ryburn Publishing, Tenterfields Business Park, Luddendenfoot, Halifax HX2 6EJ. This new edition is sure to prove an important landmark in the publishing history of the book, as it is a Library Edition, the text of which has been reset, and checked against that of the first edition. *New Grub Street* is one of several significant literary works due to be published by Ryburn this year. To the series will belong the autobiographies of Gibbon and Mill (both edited by A. O. J. Cockshut, of Hertford College, Oxford), *Mary Barton* (edited by Angus Easson, of Salford University) and Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Dred* (edited by Judie Newman, of Newcastle University). *New Grub Street* will be available in two hardback formats, both royal octavo (234 x 156 mm), one cased in Library Buckram at £25 (ISBN 1 85331 024 7), the other in Imperial Bonded Leather at £30 (ISBN 1 85331 028 X).

Another forthcoming book that should find its way to library and private shelves as soon as it is available is *George Gissing, Lost Stories from America: Four signed stories never before reprinted and seven recent attributions*, Edited with introduction and commentary by Robert L. Selig. This volume will make available to scholars and libraries the inaccessible works of

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Gissing's early literary career, along with information about his Chicago exile. Professor Selig's introduction is followed by all the stories that were not included in *Sins of the Fathers* (1924) and *Brownie* (1931), each accompanied by a separate commentary. The book (196 pp.) is soon to be available at £29.95 in England and \$59.95 in America from the Edwin Mellen Press.

Considering that few of Gissing's novels are currently obtainable in reasonably priced paperback editions, it is worth noting that Dover Publications (180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10014) still have in stock their editions of *Eve's Ransom* (1980) and *In the Year of Jubilee* (1982) at \$4.95 and \$7.95 respectively. Both are attractively produced volumes in pictorial covers. The text of *Eve's Ransom* was reset and that of *In the Year of Jubilee* reprinted from the first American edition of the novel issued in Appleton's Town and Country Library in 1895. Like the new American edition of *By the Ionian Sea* published by the Marlboro Press (see under "Recent Publications"), these two volumes are quality paperbacks, printed on excellent paper, which will not be seriously affected by the passing of time.

Volume III of the *Collected Letters* is now virtually ready at the publishers'. It covers the years 1886-1888, beginning at the time when Gissing was writing *Demos* and ending when he was having his first long holiday in Italy. The galley proofs of Volume IV (1889-1891) have reached the editors. Just as Volume III offers some startlingly new material, notably a photograph of Nell, Volume IV will contain a portrait of Edith Underwood and some recently discovered letters to William Gissing Stannard, alias Willie, whom Gissing knew as a boy after his return from America.

Various more or less enigmatic press cuttings have reached us. The first, undated, comes from a number of the *Guardian* published last January. Entitled "Queen Vinegar," it is a fairly critical report by David Foot of a play performed at the Hen and Chicken, Bristol. The subject of the melodramatic play by Rosemary Mason is Gissing's life with Nell. We hope to be in a position to give further details in our next number. The second cutting is from *The Times* for 22 January 1992, p. 19. It concerns the BBC TV programmes for that day. At 8.10 John Mortimer began his programme (Bookmark: Day Jobs) by remarking that in *New Grub Street* Reardon

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envies clerks who go to their offices every morning with a working schedule organised for them. Not so the poor writer, who starts the day with a blank sheet of paper and has only his imagination to get him through his work. The third cutting – an older one – is again from *The Times* in which Peter Ackroyd, on 12 December 1991, p. 18, reviewed the *Complete Essays* of V. S. Pritchett. Some Gissing material is to be found in this volume, but we have not yet been able to ascertain whether all Pritchett's writings on Gissing are included. Experience has taught us that the epithet "complete" is all too rarely to be taken at its face value. Whether such is the case or not as regards Pritchett's essays, Peter Ackroyd's remark that Pritchett is good on Gissing will convince few readers. A more stimulating and congenial approach to the writer and his work is to be found in – yes! – *Brig: Stirling's Top Student Paper* for March, in which Marcus Neacey, an honours student, expresses his enthusiasm for Gissing's work and deplors that his favourite author is not more often on University courses. His article is illustrated with Gissing's best portrait, taken by Russell on 16 January 1895.

Recent Publications

Volume

George Gissing, *By the Ionian Sea*, Marlboro, Vermont: The Marlboro Press, [1991], pp. 146, \$9.95. An orange paperback, reprinted from the 1920 Mosher edition.

Articles, reviews, etc.

Carol Hanbery Mackay, *Soliloquy in Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, Totowa, New Jersey: Barnes & Noble Books, 1987. Edwin Reardon's case is discussed on p. 44.

Vincent O'Sullivan (ed.), *Katherine Mansfield: Selected Letters*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989. Gissing appears on pp. 96, 114, and 297. On this last page is printed the letter to John Middleton Murry of 26 May 1918 which contains a mixture of praise and condemnation of *Eve's Ransom*.

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Barry C. Johnson (ed.), *Tea and Anarchy: The Bloomsbury Diary of Olive Garnett 1890-1893*, London: Bartlett's Press, 1989. This item, to which Martha Vogeler drew our attention, contains a vivid account of the lecture on Gissing that Clara Collet gave at Essex Hall on Sunday, 28 February 1892. Morley Roberts is mentioned in the entry for Christmas Eve, 1892, as "full of his own adventures."

Michael Wheeler, *Death and the Future Life in Victorian Literature and Theology*, Cambridge University Press, 1990. Gissing appears on pp. 179, 196 and 202-203, where *Workers in the Dawn* and *The Nether World* are referred to significantly in the light of Wheeler's subject.

Martin Seymour-Smith, *Rudyard Kipling; The Controversial New Biography*, London: Macmillan, 1990. A few lines on Gissing and *The Emancipated* occur on p. 172.

William J. Scheick, *Fictional Structure and Ethics: The Turn-of-the-Century English Novel*, Athens and London: The University of Georgia Press, 1990. Chapter 2 (pp. 47-73) is entitled "Compassion and Fictional Structure: Gissing and Bennett."

Wim Neetens, *Writing and Democracy: Literature, Politics and Culture in Transition*, Hemel Hempstead: Harvester, 1991. Chapter 3 (pp. 61-83) is devoted to *Demos*, and the book contains many occasional mentions of Gissing.

N. John Hall, *Trollope: A Biography*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1991. See pp. 412 and 550 for a brief discussion of Gissing's comment on *Trollope's Autobiography* in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*.

Russell Kirk, *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice: Essays of a Social Critic*, Peru, Illinois: Sherwood Sugden and Co., 1991. A new edition of a book first published in 1956. Allusions to *The Unclassed* and *Henry Ryecroft* by the author of an article which was a landmark in Gissing studies: "Who Knows George Gissing?" (1950).

Francesco Badolato, "Gissing e Pavese in Calabria," *Il Serratore*, November-December 1991, pp. 58-59, with the portrait of Gissing by Lilly Waldron.

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Marcus Neacey, "Why the Dickens is Gissing Missing?" *Brig: Stirling's Top Student Paper*, March 1992, p. 18.

Mark Samuels Lasner, *The English 'Nineties: A Selection from the Library of Mark Samuels Lasner*. Exhibited at the Grolier Club, 22 January-20 March 1992 (350 copies). On pp. 8-9 is to be found an entry on a remarkable copy of the first edition of *New Grub Street* in red cloth, containing a letter from Gissing to the journalist Frederick Dolman, dated 2 April 1891.

RICHARD MORRIS

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